

Following the Life of
Joshua Flood Cook LL. D
1834 - 1912

Shelby Co., KY 1834-1850:

Joshua Flood Cook was born January 14, 1834 near Bagdad, in Shelby County, Kentucky. He was the son of William and Lucy Flood Cook and the grandson of Rev. Abraham Cook, the pioneer Kentucky Baptist preacher. William and Lucy were also the parents of Joseph, Alexander, Mary and Abraham Cook. From 1847 through 1850, Joshua served a three-year apprenticeship learning the blacksmith trade. (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p. 130). (Shelby Co. Marriages, Vol. 2).

“He made a profession of religion when twelve years of age.” (The Baptist Encyclopedia, by Louis H. Everts, 1881, p. 272).

“And before I was thirteen years old I was led to Christ. And never, from that day to this, have I ever purposely done anything to dishonor my profession.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 138).

“Sometimes character is inherited from remote ancestors; some persons are more like their great-grandparents than like their own parents.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 25).

“By way of explanation I want to say that my ancestors, all of whom where from Virginia, owned slaves; that I inherited slaves, that I was reared among them, and from childhood played with them and loved them, and in after years, when they came into my possession, I was as kind and tender to them as if they had been of my own race, and in my whole life never bought or sold one; that I have contributed to their education, after they were freed.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 40).

“My grandfather owned a large body of Kentucky land; he also owned a few slaves and did not want to own them. When I was a boy he called them all before him and asked them if they wanted their freedom. As he could not give them freedom and let them stay in Kentucky, he sent across the Ohio River to ask if he could buy land and put them over there, and the privilege was refused. He would not have sold one of them any sooner than he would one of his own children, and the next thing was to send them to Liberia if they would go there. But the request of all the slaves was to be permitted to stay there - Kentucky - with him and live with him; and they did until some of them died, and others were kindly cared for after his death.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 46).

“Mrs. Stowe selected my county in Kentucky as the starting point of her story (“Uncle Tom’s Cabin”); and she used the name of one of the noblest families n the State, Shelby.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 50).

“Grandfather Flood was a typical Virginia English-Irishman, whose father owned a large estate in Virginia, and died before the Revolutionary War. According to the law of that day the oldest son inherited the great bulk of the estate. Grandfather had three brothers that I knew came to Kentucky, and I think they were accompanied by their two sisters. Of course, they were poor, and left Virginia to better their conditions in Kentucky. Three of them settled in Shelby County, and commenced, in the dense forests, to clear out their little farms.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 59).

“Grandmother Flood and her people also came from Virginia. They were Huguenots, as their name, Bondurant, will show.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 59).

“One day my father and Ned Flood were to do the shooting, and all went well until the last hog was to be shot.” .” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 67).

“They were devout Christians, and their children all became Christians, one of them becoming an eminent Baptist preacher. He had a peculiar name, Noah (Flood), and he is perhaps as well known in Missouri, whither he went, as any one, and is as much honored as any man in the state.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 60).

“Let me go back sixty years and tell what I heard around the fireside; for I remember it as well as if told me last year. All my grandparents were living at that time, nor did they all die until I was nearly twenty years old. The stories that were told around the fireside; how fresh in my memory they are! Nearly all my people on my paternal grandfather’s side (Rev. Abraham Cook) were killed by the Indians, and many of them were killed under the most cruel circumstances. I heard again and again the account of the attack on Bryan’s Station, told by my people who were there and I had intended to give the story as they related it to me, but in the “Winning of the West” there is a fair and impartial statement of it.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 76).

“My grandfather’s sister was there, and she told me, and she never omitted, in describing the attack, how young Reynolds took upon himself to be the spokesman, and that he knew Simon Girty personally. As she told it Reynolds said, ‘Simon Girty, I know you well, your are an infamous renegade. We all depise you; and every one in this fort would rather die than to surrender to such a dirty dog as you are. And if I had the meanest dog in Kentucky I wouldn’t disgrace him by calling him Simon Girty’.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 76-77).

“How often have I heard her repeat the story of the attack the Indians made upon the Cook cabin, in Innis Bottom on Elk Horn, four and one half miles from where Frankfort is now situated. In some way the account of that has been confused. I have not read a history of Kentucky in twenty-five years; though I remember the account given by Collins, an account which is measurably correct, and yet there is some little confusion in that and in recent accounts. In *the Courier-Journal* of October 8, 1905, there is a beautiful picture of the place where the Cook family was massacred. It was one of the prettiest scenes on the Elk Horn.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 77).

“There must be some confusion in regard to the time when the old fort was erected, for there was no fort there when my people defended their cabin. As told me, after things settled down in Kentucky so that people could leave Bryan’s Station, two of the Cooks, Hosea and Jesse, with a brother-in-law named Mastin, concluded to settle down on the beautiful Elk Horn. Mastin married Peggy Cook, who was there and knew of the circumstances. Jesse Cook had been out hunting and was shot, but they did not know it. The other two were shearing sheep. It was a charming spring morning, and they had cleaned their guns, and expecting no trouble had left them empty after cleaning that they might dry, as was often the custom with us in Kentucky. They were old flint-lock guns, and unless the priming was kept dry they were not reliable.

“The women were cheerily singing some old gospel song, when all at once they heard the ringing of rifles close to the cabin. One of the men fell by the sheep he was shearing; the other man was shot, presumably near the heart or through it, but he ran and fell in the door and the women pulled him into the cabin and barred the door, which was made of heavy slabs. The cabin was made of logs closely fitted, so as to need no “chinking” as it was termed, up for about five feet; then the cracks were more open so as to admit light and air. There was no crack large enough to put a gun through for five feet or more, and there was no way to shoot out without climbing up that high except one place, and that was where the facing was pinned up on the logs and had sprung a few inches in one or two places. When the door was barred the Indians made signs as if they would be very kind to them if they would let them in. The one who had stayed behind to rob the dead man came up, and he could speak some English. Aunt Peggy always thought it was Simon Girty, or some one he had taught some English to. They fired the cabin first at the door, trying to burn the door out, but the women put this fire out with what water they had in the cabin. The Indians then climbed up and threw fire through the upper cracks. That was easily put out when it fell to the floor; but the women’s resources were very limited. Once fires were kindled so as to endanger the cabin in two places, but Aunt Peggy took the bloody shirt from her dead husband and put that out. One of the other women broke up a hen that was sitting, and rubbed the fire out with the eggs. In their desperation they used every available means.

“After this the Indians drew off for a consultation and the women had time to think things over. The guns were there, the old powder-horn was there, but they could not find the bullets. One of the women found a piece of lead, bit off a piece, chewed it as round as she could in that short time, and they loaded the gun with this, and when it was loaded she peeped through the crack at the door-jamb and saw the Indians out in the front. The chief, with his men around him, in order to strike terror to their hearts, told what he would do to them if they did not surrender; and thereupon the Indian sat down upon the body of Hosea Cook, having dragged it up in front of the home, and proceeded to scalp him, being directly in range - as old Aunt Peggy said, she thought that God manage it for them. The gun was put through the crack and the Indian was shot squarely through the body. “Women knew how to shoot in those days. Aunt Peggy said that when the ball struck the Indian he leaped high off the ground, gave a yell, and fell down dead. Though Indians are very brave when they have the advantage, when they think they are in danger they are veritable cowards. They took the body of the dead Indian and threw it into the

Elk Horn, and it lodged down against a rock, which is called "Indian Rock" to this day. By this time the women had found a saucerful of bullets, and Aunt Peggy said that, strange as may seem, they hoped the Indians would stay long enough to get a few more of them. But they left. She said during the whole scene there was not a tear shed, but after it was all over they took the bodies of their husbands and washed them and prepared them for burial. And the dear old woman said it seemed as if they shed tears enough over them to wash their faces. This is the story as I got it from my grandfather's sister and from my grandfather, who, by the way, was not there at that time but knew all the circumstances." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 77-79).

"When the cabins Jesse and Hosea Cook, near Frankfort, were taken by the Indians and both the Cooks killed, their brave widows showed a courage which has few parallels in the whole course of human action. The Indians, having failed to force the strong door which shut them out from the two women and their children, made attempts to burn the house. They ascended to the roof and repeatedly applied the torch, which was extinguished by the women, first with water, while it lasted then with broken eggs, and finally with the blood-saturated clothing of their dead husbands lying on the floor." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 234-235 from Chapter XIV written by Reuben T. Durrett).

"When I was a boy there was a splendid Female College in Shelbyville, presided over by a Mrs. Travis for a good part of a half century." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 84).

"One of the happiest and best regulated families I ever knew had sixteen children, all bright and good; and so far as I know there was nothing wrong connected with the name of any of them. One of the family married a congressman's daughter; I know several of them were ministers of the gospel; and some were teachers, some farmers, and some professional men. Though their father had only two hundred acres of land, they were well provided for; and had a vote been taken as to who was the best man in the county (Shelby), the father of these children, Israel Christie, would have probably been selected."

(Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 113).

"Aunt Betsy (Elizabeth Cook Christie), who raised sixteen children, told how she managed them; Aunt Ellen told how she raised chickens; but poor Aunt Ursula (Ursula Cook Miles), though she tried often to give her experience, never got farther than "My goose had-". And to this day I have never known what her goose had." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 131).

"In one neighborhood all my grandparents and nearly all their children were settled (vicinity of Indian Fork Church and Bagdad, Shelby Co., KY). Every house was near a fine spring, and around them grew magnificent forests." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 136).

"I look out on the north over the magnificent forests stretching to my grandfather's farm, and in nearly a mile northeast to the Old Indian Fork meeting house. Grandfather owned all this land, and had enough to divide and give homes to a large family of children." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 136-137).

"The first death that I remember well was of a half-brother (?) of mine. I stayed by his bed almost constantly day and night for nearly a week, and when the end came my very soul seemed to go out with his life. I stood by the grave in the old family burying-ground (?), and the love I had for that boy has never diminished, and it comes to me as a sad, sweet memory to-day." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 138).

"I have no doubt, even after all these years, that if you would put a stake between Christiansburg and Shelbyville, and draw a circuit with a diameter six miles long, that you would enclose in it a population of as true and noble people as ever lived on earth. Nearly all the families were attached to one church. What a noble band gathered at the old Mulberry meeting-house where the Presbyterians worshiped!" (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 139).

"The Baptists were the prevailing denomination in all that section of the country and in this circle would be found "Six Mile". Though it was located in Christiansburg, it was called "Six Mile". I presume because there was the spring from which Six Mile started. The Baptist's had awkward ways of naming their churches. They liked to name them from some stream, as Benson, Fox Run, Elk Horn, and others. In this circle, in addition to those churches named, would be found Indian Fork and Buffalo Lick. The former was located where the Indians, when making their raids, separated; the latter where the buffaloes came to lick salt." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 139).

"My (mother) mother's name was Bondurant-of course this was Huguenot; and her father was a Flood, an Irishman. My paternal grandfather was English, and his wife, my grandmother; was a Jones, a Welsh family - all from Virginia families that we never have been ashamed of. By inter-marriage, within two or three generations we became kin to everybody; and there never was, that I can find, a war or any honorable conflict that we were not in it. They were not "broilers" and fighters at home, but peaceful, Christian people; but when it became necessary in defense of any principle or right the old rifles were taken from over the door, and they used them well. I always kept away from anger if I could, and the only time I ever spent in watching war and other people fight was from '60 to '65, when I was in the South." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 139-140).

"But my mind turns back to the old home I want to go once more to the old church where my grandfather (Rev. Abraham Cook) ministered for fifty years. He preached nearly every Sunday, and a great part of the time was pastor of four churches, which I think he organized. Indian Fork was his home church and where I first went to Sunday-school, a bare-footed lad with every rag I had on me made by mother at home. The Sunday-schools were not up to the modern style; they did not have modern appliances. We had no Sunday-school picnics or entertainments; those poor ignorant people thought that if

they would instill into our minds freely and thoroughly the doctrines of the New Testament, have us commit as much as possible--sometimes nearly a whole book--and explain them to us, pray it into us as far as they could, and have us commit to memory many of the old-fashioned gospel songs, that they had done a pretty good work. And I don't see in these days that anything better is done. Many whole chapters of the Testament learned then, and very many of those good old songs have clung to us from that day to this, and come more readily to us than things we have learned in the last decade or so." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 140-141).

"Sunday morning, the regular preaching day, was a great day. Old Indian Fork stood there on historic ground, where the Indian trail forked. Great forests were around it, and there was the grave-yard; for every church had its grave-yard. As it looked then it would have made a beautiful picture. By ten o'clock the people began to come. A great many came on horseback, the young men riding nice sleek horses. It was a disgrace not to have a good horse. The young ladies, who prided themselves upon their equipment, came up from every direction, and many of them had come for miles. They were beautiful riders, and I now think of them as cultured, elegant people. There were several stiles around the fence, and, the young ladies having dismounted, while their escorts went to care for and tie up the horses under the shade of the trees they primped themselves and made ready, and then marched into church, looking as pretty and fresh as a summer morning. A large number of the older people rode horseback, some came in wagons; and those within a mile or two would walk, they preferred it; often they would walk three miles to church. When the congregation was about assembled the old leaders would begin a song, and perhaps out of a congregation of three hundred ninety per cent. would sing, young and old. They sang by note, and their voices could be heard a long distance, with every part being carried. Old Uncle Dick Dodson for many years acted as choir-master. He would begin to pat his feet and announce his hymn, which was likely to be for the first, 'Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound'; next, perhaps, 'Am I a soldier of the cross?' and then, 'How firm a foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord!' By the time these songs were sung the hearts and minds went out to Heaven, and they sang a song that I cannot find in any published hymn-books of this day; it was the last hymn before the preaching commenced.

'When for eternal worlds we steer
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And hope in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then spreads her wings
And loud her heavenly sonnet sings--
I'm going home.'

"Omitting the rest of it, we come to the last stanza, which always seemed beautiful to me:

'The nearer still she draws to land,
The more her ardent powers expand;
With steady helm, and full-spread sail,
Her anchor drops within the vale.

And then for joy she folds her wings,
And soft her heavenly sonnet sings--
I'm safe at home.'

"The people were now ready to receive the gospel, and the faithful old minister, (Rev. Abraham Cook), six feet tall, with a pleasant smile on his face, announced his text, perhaps such a text as this-- 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose.'

"He didn't commence by telling us about the higher criticism, or what the learned men had said; he didn't know anything about such things and he cared less. He had studied the whole Bible through nearly twenty times from beginning to end, and didn't need a concordance. He believed every word of it. He told his people about the great God that had purposed and had created them; he told them of God's love for a fallen race; he told them that in Jesus Christ God had given evidence that everything his children needed would be supplied to them, that when he had given the greater gifts his hand would withhold no good thing from his children; he appealed to them to love and serve the good Father who was preparing a home for them. Usually he would preach to them for two hours, instructing and exhorting them in the most tender way. And his people knew he meant and believed every word he said, and that his love for them was a tender love as of a shepherd for his flock. In all his life he never accepted one dollar as remuneration for any service he could render them. He taught them that it was their duty to support the gospel, but as he was better off, perhaps, than any member of the church, he did not need and he would accept nothing.

"Kentucky owes more to the old pioneer ministers who helped fight her foes, who defended their families and lived as any other citizens; who cared for them in sickness and in trouble, and by example and teaching led them to a higher life, and taught them by every means to be unselfish, than can be easily realized. Perhaps I might say here that the old dear Christian women of the State had more to do in the formation of character than everybody else. Blessed and sacred be their memories!" (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 142-143-144).

"My old grandfather (Rev. Abraham Cook), as minister, stood at the head of the grave (funeral of Uncle Meshack Pierson), and he looked very solemn, so much so that I was afraid he was sick. He was usually very cheerful and bright, and the prayer that he offered was so different from what it would have been had he been at the creek ready to baptize a lot of people. The people stood with their hats off and a good many of them were crying, and out of sympathy, mother said, I bawled too." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 154-155).

"On one occasion a young man who had a little smattering of learning came to preach for my old grandfather. They went up into the great high pulpit, and the young man was put up to try whether he could preach or not. He took for his text, 'now abideth faith, hope, and charity.' He started out pretty well, dividing his subject into three heads, and started on Faith. But before he got through with faith he lost himself, and turned back to his coat

that was hanging on the back of a chair and commenced to read a little essay upon hope and charity. Never before had that congregation seen a paper drawn out to help a man preach. He finally stumbled, halted, and quit. Whereupon, the old preacher rose and said, 'Brethren, I had not expected to say anything on this occasion, but as this young brother has exhibited nothing, I feel called upon to say something.' All over that part of the country afterward, when anything had not come up to standard, and didn't "exhibit" anything, the saying was, 'It is like the young preacher.' " (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 145-146).

Howard Co., MO 1850-1854:

In 1850 Joshua went to Missouri and lived with his uncle, the lamented Noah Flood, in the Union Church district. He attended Fayette High School and later taught at a country school. (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p. 130). (History of Baptists in Missouri by Robert Samuel Duncan, Rev. 1981, p. 874), (The Baptist Encyclopedia, 1881, by Louis H. Everts, p. 272)

Georgetown, Scott Co., KY 1855-1858:

He returned to Kentucky and entered Georgetown College in 1855, and graduated in 1858 with a B. A. degree. He was licensed to the ministry at Georgetown, KY in 1857 and was ordained in 1858 at Campbellsburgh, KY. (The Baptist Encyclopedia, by Louis H. Everts, 1881, p. 272), (The Baptist Ministerial Directory by George W. Hasher, 1899, p. 169).

"When I was in Georgetown College, from 1855-1858, my father being dead and the family scattered, I had no home and I spent a great part of my vacations visiting around with my college-mates through the different counties." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 116-117).

"The president of my college, one of the grandest men in Kentucky, Dr. Campbell, of Georgetown, was a Scotchman, and before coming to Kentucky he was a rank abolitionist." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 40).

"Fifty years ago it would have been impossible to tell how many relatives a member of an old Kentucky family had. They had married and inter-married and raised large families, until this people, in the best parts of the State, were practically one. One could never know when he would meet a relative. Fifty years ago (1858) a magnificent gentleman from either Indiana or Ohio approached me and said 'We are kins-folk; your father and I were cousins.' I thought that I knew all my father's cousins, for he had only two uncles living and I knew all their sons. I said, "Sir, you are not my father's cousin, as I see it.' He replied, 'Have you never heard that a child was born to the widow of Hosea Cook - the Hosea Cook who was killed in the massacre at Elk Horn - three months after his death? I said, 'Yes, I have been told so.' 'I am that child,' he said, 'the son of Hosea Cook who was killed three months before I was born.' Yes, it is true, the Kentuckian never knows where he is going to meet his relatives, and it is true that Kentuckians will

stick together to the third and fourth generation. My home has not been in Kentucky for forty years, but I love the old State as well as any man living in it. I love her history, I love her people, as every true Kentuckian does. 'Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian'." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 88).

"Outside of my own county there is no place in the State that has so many sacred memories to me as Georgetown. It was there that I attended college for three years, '55 to '58, and by common consent, I think it is agreed that no other years in the college had a better class of students, and though I spent half the days of life in college work, I do not think that I ever saw a school that was more faithful in instructing and guiding its students." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 149).

New Liberty, Owen Co., KY 1858-1861:

In 1858 he was invited to a post as Chaplain of New Liberty Female College and accepted the assignment. (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p. 130).

On November 4, 1858, he married Susan Goode Farmer, a teacher at New Liberty Female College. Susan was born near Frankfort, Kentucky August 8, 1838 and lived the early part of her life in Christianburg, Shelby County, Kentucky. (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p. 9, 130).

In 1859 he became president of the New Liberty Female College, which position he held until he went south in September 1861, where he remained during the Civil War. (A History of Baptists in Missouri by Robert Samuel Duncan, Repub. 1981, p. 874)

Their first child, John Ernest Cook, was born on July 17, 1860 at New Liberty, KY. (The Baptist Ministerial Directory by George W. Hasher, 1899, p. 169).

He received the M.A. degree in 1861 from Georgetown College, Georgetown, KY. (The Baptist Ministerial Directory by George W. Hasher, 1899, p. 169).

"Frankfort was always to me one of the most charming places in Kentucky, and it has always grieved me to hear of any effort being made to remove the capitol from it. I spent nearly two years in that town, and I remember the people as an elegant, hospitable class, almost entirely thoroughbred Virginia-Kentuckians." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 148).

"On July 21, 1861, the Battle of Bull Run was fought. The last bond between the States was broken. The Southern troops hurled back what they called 'the Northern horde' upon Washington. The day this battle was fought I was at Frankfort, Kentucky, and it was a day long to be remembered. The young men almost went wild; and I heard as the Confederate flag was waved through the streets, such expressions as this 'We'll follow that flag, and cheer it even to hell!' " (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 175).

Summit, Pike Co., MS 1861-1865:

“At the beginning of the Civil War, Joshua joined the Confederate cause and assumed a chaplaincy at Summit, Mississippi, also teaching in the schools there. Their daughter Lula was born in Corinth, Mississippi August 27, 1862.” (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p.130).

“The meanest, lowest, basest character in the book (“Uncle Tom’s Cabin”) was Legree. If there ever was such a character in the South, I never knew of it, though for years I owned a plantation in Mississippi, and traveled all through the South.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 55).

“My place in the South, as the crow flies, was about one hundred miles from the old battlefield (Battle of New Orleans battlefield).” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 106).

“, and General John C. Breckinridge, with whom I spend a good deal of time in the South during the war,” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 128).

“When he (General John C. Breckinridge) was at camp in Byrnesville, Mississippi, before the battle of Shiloh, with his Kentucky boys around him, he, more than any other, realized what was before them, and I think he suffered as much for others as he did for himself. One evening I was at headquarters; we had been talking until late, and all the camp was still, there was scarcely a sound heard that would indicate that an army lay there. Unexpectedly the band struck up “My Old Kentucky Home”, and seemed a surprise to all. I looked at the General and saw great tears streaming from his eyes, for he loved his old Kentucky home.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 160).

“It was carried to its destination, my home in Mississippi, put in a vault (body of Willie Farmer from Shelby Co., KY), and when the war was over all that remained of the young soldier was brought back and laid beside his mother (Christianburg, KY graveyard). Without General Breckinridge I never could have done that.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 162).

“He and General Ben Hardin were in camp at Jackson, Mississippi, before the fall of Vicksburg. General Helm and I had been out swimming in Pearl River, and when I came back I felt fresh, hopeful and bright. I went over to General Breckinridge’s headquarters, and it seemed he understood my feelings. He came to me, and said ‘Cook, we shall never win. We shall all be a set of rag-a-muffins.’ I was shocked and surprised, and never breathed it to a human being. This was before Vicksburg fell, after the South had gained many victories and when we felt almost invincible.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 162).

“Another man that I admired greatly was General John Morgan, I knew him before the war, and my only two living brothers (Abraham or Alexander or Joseph) were with him, when not on detached duty, in many of his most important raids.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 163).

“The saddest sight I saw during the war was when the wounded were brought in from the battlefield of Shiloh. Not only were the wounded Southerners brought in, but a great part of the Northern men. Their suffering and distress would have melted the hardest heart. For twenty-four hours, while trying to minister to them, my eyes were scarcely dried from tears, nor did I eat one mouthful or sleep one minute.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 179).

“My mother was dead six months before I knew it, and my only sister nearly a year before I learned of it.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 180).

“I can illustrate the general feeling among the best men of the South, I think, by an incident in my own life. I was called upon to make an address at the Social Union, Tremont Temple, Boston, some time after the war, and was introduced, by agreement, as a ‘Rebel.’ I began by saying I was not much of a Rebel like many were; that I only had a light case of it; and for the moment I seemed to be apologetic. I could see that some were delighted with my seeming apology, while others seemed rather disgusted. Finally I straightened up my six feet of length and said, I had it about this bad--If every Blue-coat in America had been in one heap and a magazine was placed under them, I would have crawled in and fired it. And before the war closed I felt that should we be overwhelmed, I would rather go and live with the root-digger Indians than to have associated with you Yankees. I would have left no stone unturned to help the Southern men; but when it was all over and calm reflection came to me, I said, ‘Thank God the country was not torn asunder, and that we have a government that will protect every inch of territory.’ And if need be, to defend it, I would crawl to Bunker Hill Monument, shedding drops of blood all the way, and defend this country with my life.’ I told them that my ancestors had been in the Revolution; that they had fought in almost all the battles for the gaining of this country; that a majority of them had been killed by the Indians in Kentucky. I told them that I loved every inch of American soil, and that I would teach my children, and those who came under my instruction, to do the same. A great shout went up, ‘Thank God for such Rebels!’

“I give this as an illustration of how I believe the best men in the South felt, and they have proved it since. I said to those people that while I was thankful for the results, there were wrongs that they had committed and injustices which they had done us, which they seemed readily to admit, for the spirit of brotherhood had come to abide in this country. And it gives me satisfaction to know that when the last sun I shall see set shall go down, it will cast its dying reflection, the last of the day, on a land the most happy and prosperous the world has ever known.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 177-178).

“I had a lovely cousin, the wife of Rev. Thomas Daniel, of Shelby County, Kentucky, who had no children. She heard of the condition in Louisville, (500 little waifs, children of Southern soldiers that had been killed) and determined to go there to see if she could not find a child for her home. It was upon her mind, and in the night she dreamed that she saw these children and saw the one she wanted. Next day she went to the city,

proceeded to seek children out, and looking among them her eyes fell upon the picture given her in her dream. She started forward and said, 'That is my child.' The little one, only about a year old, reached out to her and said, 'This is my mama.' My cousin took her to her home, and no mother ever more tender to her child than she was to that one; and on her death bed it was her request that I take that child, then about fifteen years old, and educate and care for her, and she left her a handsome competence. I educated her and saw her married to one of the best men in the State. After her marriage it came out, in some way, that her name was Scott and that all her people had died, the last of whom was her aged grandfather, who had followed her every day with his prayers. And God surely answered those prayers, for no child ever had a better home or better surroundings." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 180-181).

Eminence, Henry Co., KY 1865-1866:

"They returned to Kentucky in 1865 where Joshua was pastor of the Baptist Church at Eminence, Kentucky through part of 1866." (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p.130).

LaGrange, Owen Co., MO 1866-1896:

"On September 7, 1866 Joshua began the presidency of the LaGrange Male and Female Seminary which in 1879 became LaGrange College. They moved to LaGrange by steamboat with two children. The condition of the college when Dr. Cook took over the presidency was deplorable. The buildings needed repairs, there were no books nor equipment for instruction, the college was in debt, there was no list of potential students, teachers had to be secured, and public confidence had to be regained. All of these things needed immediate attention. Dr. Cook quickly took charge of the situation and the 1866-67 term started during Dr. Cook's first month on the job." (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Wasgood, 1995, p.130).

"The LaGrange College building (colleges generally had only one structure in those days), begun in 1857, was finally completed in 1869, the same year that Dr. J. F. Cook began his noteworthy career as president. The first catalog was issued in 1868-69, and the first graduating class--seven students--held ceremonies on June 16, 1870.

"Upon the completion of this building, Dr. J. F. Cook was elected president and entered upon his duties at the age of thirty-two years. At that time the college had a debt of ten thousand dollars, the building was in poor state of repair, and there was no money in the treasury. In fact, the outlook for the college was almost hopeless, but such was the energy, enthusiasm, and tireless industry of President Cook that he carried on the college for many years in a most successful way. The debts were paid, large student attendance was had, an endowment fund was built up, and his career as president of the college is another illustration of the truth of the vital importance to an institution of any kind of a man fitted to do the work which the institution undertakes." (History of Missouri Baptists by R. S. Douglass, 1934, p.507-508).

“The college was, like most in its time, divided into a preparatory and collegiate department, one doing what we would now call junior high and high school work, the other doing what might now pass for college work. Latin and Greek were the major subjects, with some study in the sciences. A standard degree took four years; one could take a ‘normal’ course, to prepare for teaching, in three years.” (Frontiers: The Story of The Missouri Baptist Convention by J. Gordon Kingsley, 1983, p. 89).

“Dr. Cook accepted a 10-year contract to finance and direct LaGrange College. He proved he was equal to the task, and during subsequent years had his contract renewed twice and was president thirty successful years with unequaled accomplishments.” (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p.130).

Joshua received a LL.D degree from Baylor University, Waco, TX in 1868, and “he wears very gracefully and modestly the merited title of Doctor of Laws.” (The Baptist Ministerial Directory by George W. Hasher, 1899, p. 169). (A History of Baptists in Missouri by Robert Samuel Duncan, Repub. 1981, p. 875).

“Dr. Cook built and impressive 14 room brick house at the edge of LaGrange ‘on the Hill.’ It was completed in 1868 and was the center of many student and faculty activities. Two more children were born to Joshua and Susan, William Flood Cook on January 2, 1868 and Cecil V. Cook on December 9, 1871.” (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p.130-131).

“In 1876 I served as Centennial manager for Missouri, and with Honorable Thos. Allen, a man of wealth and culture, opened small mounds in southeast Missouri and took from them almost enough pottery ware to make two wagon loads.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 100).

“On a farm which I bought through which flows the Wycacunda, between those two streams, were many mounds.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 101).

From The Board of Trustees Report of 1880: “We have been blessed in the men that have been furnished us by the churches to educate for the ministry, and in every position in which they have been placed, whether in theological seminaries, in the pastorate or in missionary labor, they have stood among the best. We have them, now, pursuing their studies in seminaries in America and in Europe, and in active labor in several states, extending to the Pacific Coast. It was known that we had no money to provide board and clothing for our ministerial students, and we not often had the indigent apply to us. It is known that we have no money to pay their tuition, and though we have had about fifty students in the ministry who have been educated in this institution partially or through the whole course, yet free tuition has been furnished to all of them, with, perhaps two exceptions; and over 150 students, children of pastors and orphans of our denomination, have received free tuition in this institution. More than ten thousand dollars’ worth of this work has been done without any available aid from endowment, and has, in a large measure, been the gift of President Cook to the denomination. Through the past years of financial troubles and failures, he has stood by the work unflinchingly, and though

involving himself in debt, has never failed to furnish, free tuition to the classes mentioned. During the past summer he was brought near the grave by serious illness, caused, perhaps, by excessive labor. Many of the best public and graded schools are taught by pupils from LaGrange College, and five of the number are college presidents.” (A History of Baptists in Missouri by Robert Samuel Duncan, Repub. 1981, p. 873-874).

“During his administration the institution has constantly gained in finances and character. He is a fine scholar and an excellent teacher, and while he rules his school he has the love of all his students, and he is highly esteemed by all who know him. He is gentle and yet firm, modest and yet dignified. He exerts a happy influence over all that enjoy his society. He is making numerous pillars to support our great republic with wisdom and honor.” (The Baptist Encyclopedia by Louis H. Everts, 1881, p. 272)

“As an educator Dr. Cook has no superior in the state (Missouri), as is fully attested by the many prominent men in the various professions whom he has educated. In addition to his college work he has preached almost every Sabbath and often weeks at a time. His preaching is characterized by simplicity, boldness and ‘the faith once delivered to the saints.’ He stays in the old ruts of theology, and cares little for modern progressive ideas. He is a ‘self-made man.’ Intellectually and morally, his individuality is strongly marked. He has a general air of frankness, straightforwardness and honesty.” (A History of Baptists in Missouri by Robert Samuel Duncan, Repub. 1981, p. 875).

He is listed as preaching at LaGrange Baptist Church 1866-75 and Dover Baptist Church 1876-1896. (The Baptist Ministerial Directory by George W. Lasher, 1899, p. 169).

“A tragic event happened on commencement Day, May 15, 1890. Dr. Cook’s wife, Susan Goode Farmer died. She had been a great support to her husband, and although he recovered from this loss, he did not regain the untiring enthusiasm and drive that he had enjoyed in his earlier days at LaGrange.” (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p. 9).

“Soon afterwards, Dr. Cook attended the Wyaconda Baptist Association Annual Meeting in 1890 during August. Although he went there somewhat depressed, he returned home with his spirits improved.” (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p. 9)

“Dr. Cook came home from the Association in good spirits. He went there feeling that he was about ready to surrender his charge to some younger and more enthusiastic person, but was told that he would be expected to bear the burden of the college during his natural life. He came home inspired, and determined to make renewal efforts and think no more of surrendering this charge until relieved by physical infirmity.” (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p. 9-10 from *LaGrange Democrat* Sept. 5, 1890, p. 5, col. 3.)

“Dr. Cook remarried in 1891. His second wife was Bessie Hughes of Saline County, Mo. Unfortunately she died of tuberculosis (then called consumption) on May 8, 1894 almost

4 years to the day when Cook's first wife had died. The following year 1895, he married again, this time Miss Drusilla Hiron of LaGrange. Drusilla and Dr. Cook had one son, Howard Elliott Cook who was born in 1900." Howard was a Japanese prisoner-of-war 1942-1945 in World War II. He was an invalid the rest of his life. (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p. 10, 131).

"All of Dr. Cook's children by his first wife graduated from LaGrange College. John Ernest and Cecil V. became Baptist ministers. Lula Cook married a Baptist minister, Rev. W. H. Stone. William Flood Cook became a business man in Kansas City." (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p. 131).

Webb City, Jasper Co., Mo. 1896-1900:

"Dr. Cook resigned from the presidency at LaGrange College May 8, 1896 to accept the presidency of a new college, Webb City College. It was a brief tenancy." (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p. 131).

"I was an invited guest, and our distinguished Kentuckian, Henry Watterson, made the principal address (1898 New England Society Dinner). It was great occasion, and to an old Kentuckian who had spent a quarter of a century in the West, an occasion of great expectation. Many distinguished men were high up on a high platform where they could be seen and they certainly showed up to great advantage. Though it had been about ten years ago, the picture is very vivid in my mind." (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 129).

"LaGrange College, at LaGrange, Missouri, with J. T. Murier, LL.D., president, was made famous under the administration of Rev. J. F. Cook, LL.D., who devoted thirty years of the prime of his life as president of that institution. From it have gone forth many of the leading men of this and other states in the ministry, in the learned secular professions, and to the bench and college presidencies. Dr. Cook has made through LaGrange College an historic impress. The school being coeducational has contributed largely to the education of Missouri's daughters. Dr. Cook is now president of Webb City College, where he is likely to enlarge his usefulness and magnify his reputation." (History of The Missouri Baptist General Association by W. Pope Yeaman, 1899, p. 355).

LaGrange, Pike Co., MO 1900-1912:

"In 1900, he returned to LaGrange, serving as minister at Alexandria, Missouri and other small churches. He died May 12, 1912 at LaGrange." (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Wasgood, 1995, p. 131).

"Joshua Flood Cook's achievements as the longest tenured president of LaGrange College, 30 years, and his accomplishments in that position are unique in the annals of educational history. He will be remembered as an outstanding person among the college presidents of his time." (Hannibal-LaGrange College History by J. Hurley and Roberta Hasgood, 1995, p. 131).

“After having spent half of my life in college work, I retired in order that I might enjoy social life and the pleasure derived from general reading. It was known among many of my personal friends that I was the connecting link between this generation and my people, who went to Kentucky before it was admitted a state; that I was thoroughly imbued with the Kentucky spirit, and that I had been reared among those who took the most active part in the winning of Kentucky and in its settlement.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 10-11).

“So I determined to save Governor Crittenden’s manuscript entire, and to use it in a book I have in preparation, ‘Old Missouri, or The Pikers’.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, p. 1908, p. 13). Hannibal-LaGrange Library reported to the compiler that they do not have a book by either title.

“That I may not be misunderstood, I may state that, in my whole life, I have opposed the use of intoxicants, and perhaps to-day am as consistent a prohibitionist as can be found.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 91).

“My old grandfather (Rev. Abraham Cook), who, in my estimation, was the highest type of manhood I ever saw, preached fifty years to one community, or rather four churches (Indian Fork, Six-Mile, later known as Christianburg, Buffalo Lick in Shelby County and Mt. Carmel in Franklin County) that he had organized, had at one time distilled a great deal of whiskey and brandy. He told me that he had studied carefully through the entire bible nineteen times, and in looking over the whole matter he thought that whiskey was great evil. He discontinued the manufacture of it, and I do not remember having seen in his home so much as a bottle of whiskey. Of course some drank, and it was common to see it on the sideboards of other Kentucky homes, but it was not on his. And there may be a curse that follows these things, but a census of his family was taken some time ago, and it was found that of his blood or relatives, twenty-six of them became ministers of the gospel. It may be that such results would have come from the kind of whiskey.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 94-95).

“From the time of began my career, a fatherless boy, to the present, the only one left of that family that cared for the poor wanderer, never have I been turned unkindly from any door or failed to receive the best hospitality the home offered - from the poor hut to the most elegant and wealthy homes in this country, and the homes of statesmen and foremost men of letters and of culture. Such fortune has followed me in many states, in the largest cities, and all through one of the gloomiest and most fearful wars of modern times. How often has it seemed to me that I had been drawing from the fund of mother’s kindness to a creature in want, and that it has been paid with compound interest again.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 123).

“One of the most beautiful and inspiring events that has occurred in this country was the home gathering of Kentucky people in Louisville in June, 1906. Such a gathering has never been seen in this country.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 259).

“The time appointed for the homecoming was from June 13 to June 17, and it is just and proper to say that the suggestion was made by a daughter of Kentucky living in Denver, Colorado, Miss Louise Lee Hardin.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 260).

“I remember it well (Louisville) as it was in the fifties, and the impression that it made on me at that time vividly before me now.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 262).

“Then was a superior class of people, as hospitable as they were in my old county, Shelby. The old Louisville hotel was my stopping place, and I have found very few better hotels since. We went there sure of good treatment, and when we married we carried our brides there, and we were treated as Kentuckians want to be treated.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 262-263).

“It would be a pleasure to mention by name many of them, people I have known almost all my life; but one that comes to me first was one of the purest and best men I ever knew, Preston H. Leslie. He was eighty-eight years old, and he came all the way from Helena, Montana, to mingle with his old-time friends. He served Kentucky well, having been in the State Senate for eight years, and Governor of the State from 1871-1875; he was Governor of Montana, he was United States Attorney for the District of Montana, and during his entire life has always been an earnest Christian.” (Old Kentucky by Dr. J. F. Cook, 1908, p. 264).

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Compiled by Chas. L. Cook, 1st Cousin twice removed, Feb. 10, 1999
3212 Buckhorn Dr., Lexington, KY 40515-1009