Frontier Church Going [Col. George Croghan]
known common meter hymn, those who had sat through his two hours of agony joined him in the song, and I caught my first idea of what gentle soothing music brings. This hymn, like a hundred others I have heard beneath that tree, and like thousands such as the settlers sang out doors in early times, might be described. Not the words—these are preserved. Not the notes—these are familiar. But what will not the future offer for a fragment of a frontier sacred chorus! But it may be sufficient to suggest that when the leader “raised the tune” he sang alone for half a line, then a voice or two near him took it up; led slowly by the leader and by others retarded, the volume was increased and the time delayed. The rear rank joined perhaps a full beat later, and every throat but the Indians’ poured its suppressed ardor on the air. An enlivening scene even to the red-skin, what was it to impressionable, sympathetic, ecstatic youth. I did not shout that day, but elsewhere, under the same influences I have many times seen the ground literally strewn with writhing, screaming penitents, strangling for relief. That great volume of discordant sound grew harmonious in a large sense, for it softened, rolled and echoed back from across the stream.

I know that the customs of those times, the style of dress and music have all passed away. I am thankful for the changes time has brought. But there is a matter I would like to know. Were we foolish, spiritual gluttons in that day, or are religious people now only finding crumbs beneath the table of the Lord?

COL. GEORGE CROGHAN, the gallant defender of Ft. Stephenson, who has held the office of Inspector General of the U. S. Army, for the last eighteen years, passed up on the Ohio a few evenings since, on a visit of inspection to the N. W. military posts. The old fellow wore the flowers of health on his cheeks, and looked as though there were several good fights in him yet.—The Bloomington Herald, Sept. 8, 1843.
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