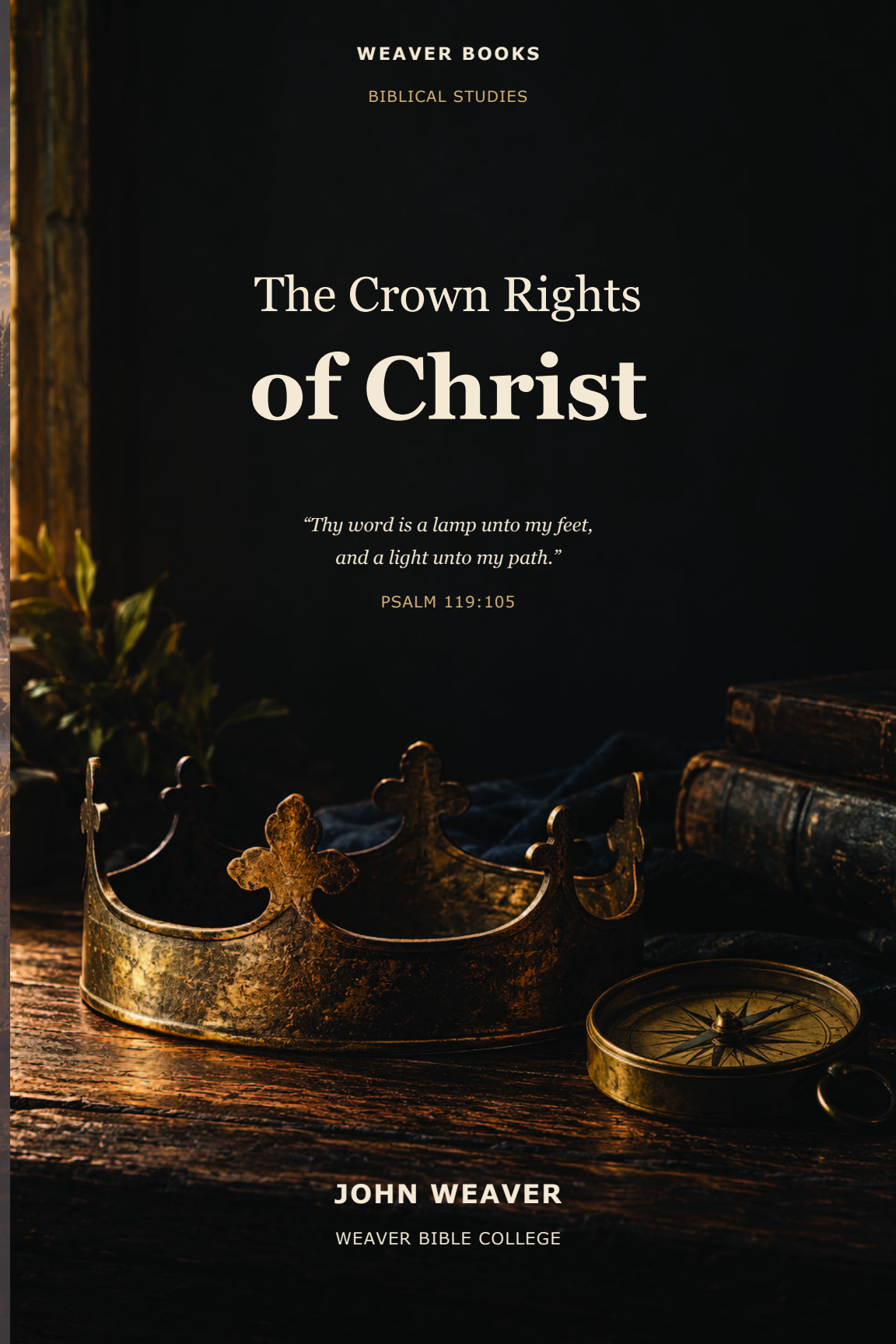
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BIBLICAL STUDIES

The Crown Rights of Christ

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
and a light unto my path."

PSALM 119:105

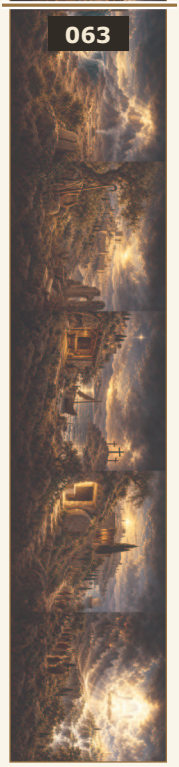


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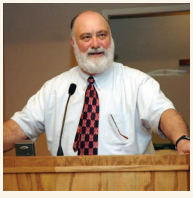
He is Lord of lords, and King of kings.

REVELATION 17:14, EXCERPT

This message connects courage, composure, and consecration with the claims of Christ's kingdom. John Weaver draws lessons from the account of 'the real McCoy,' asking how determination in an earthly cause can challenge the believer's own faithfulness. The volume invites reflection on confidence in providence and readiness to serve when circumstances test conviction.

“We need confidence—confidence in our abilities, knowing what we can do and what we cannot do; confidence in our God; confidence in His Word; and confidence in His gracious providence in our lives.”

JOHN WEAVER



John Weaver

John Weaver's sermons form the teaching collection presented by Weaver Bible College. This volume gathers his teaching from that collection.

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Dominion and Reconstruction

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CHAPTER 1

The Real McCoy

Introduction and Biblical Foundation

In 2 Timothy 3:14, the apostle Paul says, “But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them.” Paul tells Timothy that he has learned a number of things and has been assured of these truths, but he must also know from whom he learned them. He learned them particularly from the Apostle Paul.

It is interesting that we can remember certain things learned from certain individuals simply because they have made such a vast impression upon our minds. I can sit here today and tell you many things I have learned from individuals, and when I learned those things, because they were indelibly marked upon my brain.

The point is this: We can learn from every individual. We can even learn as Christians from non-Christians—not necessarily theology, but there is common grace given to men. Just because someone is not necessarily a Christian does not mean that the individual does not have talents, gifts, and abilities from which you and I may profit.

Origin of the Phrase 'The Real McCoy'

The title of the message today is “The Real McCoy,” based upon the life of Arthur C. McCoy. All of us have used this phrase. When we say he is the real McCoy, or it is the real McCoy, we indicate that something is genuine, authentic, and true. It is the real thing and not a substitute.

I do not know if you have ever wondered where we derive our phrases from or why we say what we say. I have a book in my library titled Why We Say What We Say. It contains the origination of many words and phrases and explains how they came into our vocabulary. I searched that book for “the real McCoy,” and I did not find it.

I had to do some research on my own. When you hear the phrase “the real McCoy,” you can think of other phrases like “the whole nine yards” or “the full money.” “The real McCoy” is among the phrases we use most frequently.

I searched the internet and found that the name McCoy is derived from Mackay, pronounced Mackay in Scotland, from Missouri’s Mackay in Edinburgh, who made a fine brand of whiskey from 1856 onward. They promoted their whiskey as “the real Mackay.” Undoubtedly, these people were probably from the clan of Rhea, Scotland, so it could have been “Rhea Mackay,” which then became “Real McCoy.”

The Scots National Dictionary says, “The Real Mackay,” spelled M-A-C-K-A-Y—we would say Mackay, but they would pronounce it Mackay—is a Scots phrase that first appeared in print in 1856 as “a drappie o’ the real Mackay,” or “a drop of the real Mackay.” It was the same phrase adopted as a slogan to promote the whiskey. Webster’s Dictionary quotes Robert Louis Stevenson in an 1883 letter: “He’s the real Mackay,” or “the real Mackay.”

In Scotland, Mackay was pronounced like the word “I.” When these people moved to Ireland, it was changed to McCoy. The Irish families named McCoy, McKay, Mackey, McGee, and Magee all came to Ireland in the thirteenth century. Thus we say, “the real McCoy.”

Several origins are given for the phrase. The second is said to derive from Scotch whiskey smuggled into the United States by

Captain William McCoy during Prohibition, because only McCoy's whiskey was known as the real stuff. "Uncle John's Bathroom Reader Plunges into History Again," described as a great, nearly 100 percent accurate source of trivia, says on page 144: "The most infamous rumrunner was Captain Bill McCoy whose liquor was of such high quality that it led to the expression 'the real McCoy.'"

A third possibility attributes the phrase to the boxer Kid McCoy, actually Norman Selby, who fought under that name. I doubt this one is really the origin because it happened much later.

He was born in 1873 and died in 1940. He was an American welterweight boxing champion, and as the story goes—there are various versions of it—he was challenged by a drunk to prove that he was the real McCoy and not some lesser boxer fighting under his name. It is said that Norman Selby, the real McCoy, then took his fist and knocked the drunk to the ground. The drunk got up, rubbed his chin, and said, "Oh yes, he's the real McCoy."

Well, whatever the origination of the phrase or wherever it originated, when you consider the life of Arthur C. McCoy, who was a Confederate soldier, a freedom fighter, and a larger-than-life spy and smuggler, you will be forced to confess that he was indeed the real McCoy. I have not found any reference to the Christianity or the lack of Christianity in the life of Arthur McCoy.

Arthur C. McCoy's Early Life and Character

He was, however, one of the bravest and most courageous men about whom I have ever read. He faced death on numerous occasions with a smile and a cheerful attitude. I do not know how anyone could live as he lived and not know Jesus Christ savingly. Even in the heat of battle, he would uncover his head and kneel and pray fervently over a fallen comrade.

I understand common grace, and I know God can give men lots of common grace so that their lives are decent without giving them special saving grace. At any rate, I believe that as Christians there are many things we can learn from the life of Arthur C. McCoy. Whether he was a genuine Christian or not, I know not. He was one of the most courageous men I have ever read about. We have been

commanded to be courageous. In Joshua 1:9, Joshua was told, “Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.” God has commanded us to have courage, not to be fearful, and not to be dismayed. In 2 Samuel chapter 10 and verse 12 we read: “Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God: and the Lord do that which seemeth him good.”

You have the parallel passage in 1 Chronicles chapter 19 and verse 13, where the Word of God says, “Be of good courage, and let us behave ourselves valiantly for our people, and for the cities of our God: and let the Lord do that which is right in his own sight.” Over and over in Scripture, we are commanded to be full of courage. The Bible tells us that we are not to be moved with fear at all, for God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind.

Arthur McCoy was a captain under General Joe Shelby. Later, he fought with guerrilla leader George Todd, who was associated, of course, with Quantrill. After the war, McCoy did ride some with Jesse and Frank James. McCoy was fierce, brave, and courageous. One author wrote: “Federal soldiers, cotton speculators, Yankee agents, itinerant preachers, and psalm singing schoolmasters, these would be Yankees, fled from McCoy's scene of operations in ludicrous haste, spreading the most frightful reports of guerrillas, demons, giants, and whatnot. McCoy once suggested to a federal colonel under a flag of truce that as the vocabulary of epitaphs had been exhausted upon his men and upon himself, he would thereafter ask as a special favor that he and all of his men might be called guerrillas.” Not gorillas, but guerrillas. Arthur C. McCoy was known as the wild Irishman who served under General Joe Shelby.

McCoy was born in Ireland in 1825 and came to America, where he eventually went to the gold fields in California. He was a 49er. In 1850, he was in Centerville, California, not far from Placerville, where Drury James had a claim. Drury was the uncle of Jesse and Frank. Jesse and Frank's father, Robert, also went to California and died in the gold fields. He was a Baptist preacher. Whether he was preaching or looking for gold, I do not know, but he died there. Since

the James family and McCoy were so close together, one wonders whether their lives ever met in 1850. It would have been a great coincidence if they did, because McCoy's life was closely connected with Jesse and Frank in the 1860s and 1870s.

Before the war, Arthur McCoy lived in St. Louis, Missouri, where he worked as a coppersmith in Blackman and McCoy, a stove and tinware business he shared with William L. Blackman. Shortly before the outbreak of the war, he changed occupations and became a painter. He did not simply paint houses; he also painted steamboats. His knowledge of steamboats gave him a working knowledge that later made him an able burner of steamboats. It may surprise you to learn that during the war years, over sixty Union steamboats were sabotaged and burned on the Mississippi River.

McCoy was also a member of the Liberty Fire Company, one of the volunteer fire companies in St. Louis, until paid fire companies were established in 1858. His involvement gave him great opportunity to know both sides and associate with some of the leading people of St. Louis. In fact, Mayor John M. Wymer was also a prominent member of the Liberty Fire Company. Most of the major secessionists were members of these fire companies.

McCoy went into business with Thomas Farmer, naming the painting business Farmer and McCoy. It seems that he also met his wife through the fire company. In December 1855, he married Louisa Gibson, who was baptized Heloise and was the youngest daughter of a well-to-do St. Louis family. His brother-in-law, Robert Loudon, who became a notorious Confederate spy, mail runner, and saboteur, married Mary Gibson, Louisa's sister, whom he also met through the fire company. McCoy therefore had a great connection with the fire companies. He went to Alton, Illinois, for a little while, but returned to St. Louis in 1859.

By 1860, Arthur and Louisa had two sons, Joseph, born in 1856, and Arthur William, born in 1858. Their first daughter, Elizabeth, was born in 1861.

Basil Duke was a Confederate officer during the War of Northern Aggression, most notably serving as second in command to John Hunt Morgan, whose brother-in-law he was. Duke wrote a popular

account of Morgan's famous raid, titled "1863 Morgan's Raid." After Morgan was shot and killed by the Yankees, Duke took over his command. He was also one of President Jefferson Davis's bodyguards when Davis fled Richmond, Virginia, through the Carolinas. Duke said that Arthur McCoy was one of the founding members of the Minutemen, the secessionist organization formed in response to the Unionist Wide Awakes.

Everybody in this room has heard of the Ku Klux Klan. Everybody. I do not care where you go; you hear KKK. But have you ever heard of Washington's Klan? Have you ever heard of the Loyal League? Do you realize that the Northerners had their equivalent? In fact, the Congressional Commission that investigated the original KKK said that, had not the Washington Klan or the Loyal League been in existence, the KKK would have never arisen.

So here you have the Minutemen, who were Southern men, coming together in opposition to a group that was already formed, the Wide Awakes. It was Arthur McCoy's wife, Louisa, who sewed the secessionist flag that flew tauntingly over the Berthold Mansion in St. Louis. Arthur McCoy was also one of the individuals who helped raise the Missouri state flag over the courthouse.

Now you say, but the courthouse already had a state flag. You have to remember that the Yankees had already come in and were taking control over St. Louis. In fact, they ran off the governor, ran off everybody, and placed in control individuals who were pro-North. One author wrote about Arthur McCoy, and there is a little discrepancy between these accounts as to his height, which really does not matter. Some say he was six feet or over; some say he was 5'11", but listen to what one author said.

Arthur McCoy was six feet and over, a little stooped about the shoulders, very long in the arms, having a stride like a racehorse, and a nervous energy expending itself even while he slept. All the lower face was massive, the lower jaw especially square-cut and huge. His eyes were cold, glittering, penetrating blue—eyes that might be cruel as a serpent’s, and then soft and tender as the eyes of confidence and trust.

When the battle was doubtful or desperate, when the wreck was darkest and thickest and the dead lay rank and plentiful, his eyes seemed to transform themselves and become absolutely scintillate; that is, they flashed or threw off sparks. He sang little snatches of song in battle. He rode out in advance of his own skirmish line and challenged federal skirmishers to single combat. Under fire, he would get down on his knees, uncover himself, and pray fervently beside some mortally wounded comrade. He seemed never to know the meaning of fear and begged incessantly to be sent upon forlorn and desperate service.

He was a spy without peer in either army, and a scout who seemed to have leagued with the devil and received from his majesty invaluable protection papers. He charged pickets for pastime and rode, yelling and shooting, through federal outposts at the head of fifty or sixty followers, at all hours and in any weather. Seven times during the war, through the federal lines and past scouts, patrols, cantonments, militia, and predatory bands, McCoy came into St. Louis with a thousand letters at a time and departed fence with as many more.

McCoy's Wartime Exploits and Espionage

The truth is, he smuggled more than letters. He also smuggled caps for Confederate rifles and pistols. After the war, McCoy rode with Jesse and Frank James on several occasions. How did he get in with Jesse and Frank James, when McCoy was a city boy from the eastern part rather than the western part of the state?

McCoy would have gotten in with Jesse, Frank, Cole, Jim, and Bob Younger because he was a captain under General Joe Shelby. John Jarrett was also a captain under General Joe Shelby, and Jarrett had married Cole Younger's sister, Mary Josephine. There is a connection right there. Secondly, McCoy rode and fought some during the war with George Todd, a captain under Quantrill. Obviously, there was this connection, and he could have met these men at any particular time.

Before giving what I would call some of the most courageous illustrations I have ever read, I want to give you a newspaper editor's account of Arthur McCoy. This editor is credible because he worked

with John Newman Edwards and John C. Moore. Edwards was adjutant to Joe Shelby, and Moore was a captain or officer under Shelby. Thus, McCoy, Jesse and Frank, John Jarrett, and even Quantrill and some of his men, when they came under Shelby, would still be under General Joe Shelby. A relationship was formed, and orders were given.

This editor was associated with John Seymour and John Newman Edwards. There were three editors at the Kansas Times. He wrote: "Agreeable to your request, I give you some sketches of the notorious band of Missouri highwaymen whose latest exploit, the robbing of the train on Iron Mountain Road, is the sensation of the hour.

"I go of course on the presumption of the telegraphic dispatches that the perpetrators of the robbery were Arthur McCoy, the Younger Brothers, the James Boys, and Will Shepard. If this presumption is mistaken, I hope these young gentlemen of the highway will pardon me. But it must be said that there is nothing in their records at least that would tend to throw doubt upon the assumption of the telegraphic dispatches to the press." He did not want to get in trouble with them.

"My knowledge of the boys dates from the time when I was associated with John Seymour and John Newman Edwards conducting the Kansas City Times. The boys had been Confederate soldiers serving part-time with Shelby and Marmaduke, and Moore and Edwards had been sometime their commanders and had been, before the boys became outlaws, their associates and friends. Thus, I learned much of their personal history whenever their exploits made them the theme of conversation in the Times office, which, by the way, was quite frequently. Arthur McCoy, who may be said to be the executive officer of the band, is a remarkable man with a somewhat remarkable history.

"Before the war he was a resident of St. Louis, where he occupied a respected position in society for some time, which he partially lost by his reckless behavior during the two or three years immediately preceding the outbreak of the conflict, which means secessionism. At this time he joined one of the fire companies of St. Louis, and his combative propensities soon gave him an unenviable notoriety. He was probably the worst customer to fool with that ran the machine in

St. Louis at that time, which is saying as much for his fighting capacity as can be put into a few words."

McCoy is about five feet eleven inches high, dark-complexioned, with dark brown hair and a well-portioned, altogether handsome face. He weighs, I suppose, about 175 pounds. He is well-educated; that is, he has a common education and is a man of considerably more than average intelligence. During the war, he did a great deal of service as a spy. This was the school from which he graduated—the desperado that he is. I have not time or space to record any of his adventures as a Confederate spy.

But those who know what sort of warfare was waged west of the Mississippi know that the part he played often involved desperate work. There are several instances which go to show that none of it was ever too desperate for him.

McCoy has one of those peculiar organisms whose possessors seem to deserve no credit for their courage. His bravery, which is absolute, is a sort of second nature: the result, not of pride or the fear of being called a coward, but of a fierce insensibility to danger and a total recklessness of personal hazard that gives him nerve under all circumstances. His hand goes to his revolver butt or to his knife hilt by an instinct as a tiger. His aim is infallible, and the thrust of his bowie is decisive. I do not suppose McCoy ever shot at a man whom he did not hit, nor that he was ever in a situation where his judgment was not as clear as his impulses were sudden and deadly.

I do not know how he will die, but I suppose, as he has lived violently, that when he does lie down with his boots on forever, those who brought him down will not soon forget the circumstances—unless they should forget them immediately by keeping him company. I do not know how many thousands of dollars in rewards are set on the head of Arthur McCoy, but it amounts to considerably more than a year's salary of a cabinet officer—a quite snug little fortune. Though avaricious as I am, I have not the remotest idea of attempting to make money by earning those rewards. As between the two, I think I would prefer to undertake to earn the same sum by swimming over Niagara Falls. Moreover, most men who know McCoy earn the same fix that I am in.

So, here is a newspaper editor saying that McCoy obviously is not someone to be harassed, provoked, or riled, because he did not tolerate exasperation. All who knew him knew absolutely of his courage, bravery, and determination. McCoy also happened to be in the Battle of Shiloh.

He was always eager to fight. At the first tap of the drum, he espoused the cause of the South and joined the 1st Missouri Confederate Infantry and Bowen's Immortal Regiment. I say immortal because that regiment was practically decimated at the Battle of Shiloh. Only a few of the 1st Missouri were left alive. As they marched past General Beauregard, he took off his hat and said, “I salute 1st Missouri. I uncovered a courage that has never been surpassed.”

Arthur McCoy was in that regiment, one of the few who came out alive. Courage and coolness were exemplified in every area of his life. He knew how to fight, and he knew how to fight without fear. On one occasion, when a Yankee officer named Clayton was in the area, McCoy hovered around him closely for three days. In that time, he cut off two picket posts, captured seven wagons, killed a notorious Union bushwhacker living near Pine Bluff, and returned loaded with arms and accoutrements.

The only time McCoy was captured was because his horse was killed. McCoy and five other Confederate soldiers had a running battle with seventy-eight Yankees for eleven miles. Six Confederates fought off seventy-eight Yankees, and it took the Yankees eleven miles even to kill his horse. Interestingly, the Yankee officer who received McCoy was Clayton, whom he had previously fought against. Clayton took him and treated him very kindly.

One day, an unrecognizable man appeared at Shelby's camp. His hair was matted and wet, with trash in his hair and beard; mud, sand, and sediment covered him. He approached the sentry and said he needed to see General Shelby. They allowed him into camp, washed the dirt from him, and combed out his hair. It was Arthur McCoy.

They had taken him first to Pine Bluff and then to Little Rock, where they thought the penitentiary was too good for him. They put

him on a boat to take him to Alton, Illinois, and imprison him there. Alton was a notorious Yankee prison; if you were sent there, you pretty well died a miserable death. It was kind of like Marion, Illinois, today, where there is a federal prison.

The water was so poor and everything was so bad. If you were sentenced to Marion, Illinois, you were either going to come out dead or broken in your health. It was the same thing there. So they had him on the ship, taking him to Alton, Illinois. General Shelby had launched an attack. By the way, McCoy had been captured at least a month or so earlier and had been going from place to place.

They had him on this boat, and Shelby was attacking a certain town and a boat, the Queen City. McCoy heard the guns. He knew Shelby's guns, and he knew there was a fight going on. By the sound of the guns, he could tell that it seemed the Confederates were winning. So McCoy got the engineer or the captain of the boat. He dressed in a workman's suit, as he had been a workman on the boat, and went with the captain or engineer to the top deck.

The soldiers were walking their guard—Yankee soldiers who were supposed to be keeping him there. McCoy was determined to escape, and the engineer was helping him.

You have to remember that McCoy painted steamboats, so he knew many of these engineers. Robert Loudon, his brother-in-law, also painted steamboats. Loudon had a friend, Ab Grimes—Absalom was his name, Absalom Grimes—who happened to be a pilot. Any friends of Loudon would necessarily become friends of McCoy. The Yankees noted that all riverboat men were notoriously Southern-leaning.

The captain was up on the deck with McCoy, and the engineer was there. The captain looked at McCoy and said, “I tell you, we can't move from the wharf until this thing is fixed,” motioning to some part of the machinery. McCoy said, “I tell you, that dang thing can't be fixed until you send it to the Little Rock Foundry.” The captain and the engineer said, “I know better.”

“Come with me and I'll show you.” The guard heard every word, not realizing that Arthur McCoy was a Confederate officer. He seemed to think that two boatmen were arguing over a piece of

machinery. The engineer, the captain of the boat, and McCoy went down to the wheelhouse, where McCoy simply slipped into the water noiselessly. Then he began to float down the river, right past all the guards and all the other ships, floating down that river for several miles.

Finally, tired, he pulls over to a little sandbar to rest. Lo and behold, as he looks down the river, within three hundred yards is a Union gunboat. He cannot cut through the woods because, at this point, the White River is about ten miles wide, nothing but swamps and mud. So he gathers canes and reeds and bundles them up.

McCoy pushed them out into the water, got on the other side of them, and floated right past the gunboats and all the Union sentries. He went another eight miles down the river until he reached the place where he knew Shelby's camp was located. There he got out and went to the camp, covered with mud and sediment.

Here was a man who was so cool it was unbelievable. After several months of captivity, he required three days of rest. After those three days, he heard about a Yankee steamboat, the Mariner, in the Mississippi River that had struck a sandbar. He knew the area, so he took a group of men, cut through the woods, and surprised the sentries guarding the steamboat. He and his men waded about two hundred yards into the river, waist-deep. The steamboat was loaded with coal. He captured the officers and all the men, took all the rifles and pistols from the boat, and then set fire to it and burned it while it sat in the river.

Here was a man who simply would not and could not stop. He seemed never to run out of energy. Not only did he have limitless energy; he begged to be sent on desperate missions. General Marmaduke, resting at Springfield and planning another attack at Cape Girardeau, needed musket caps and pistol caps. He sent to General Shelby, asking for ten men whom he could send to St. Louis. St. Louis was controlled by the Yankees, and he needed men to obtain the caps.

General Joe Shelby sent McCoy alone. When McCoy reached Marmaduke, the general asked, "Where are the others?" McCoy answered, "We don't need any more. All I need is one man. The two

of us can get in and get through a whole lot easier than ten." He had begged to go on this mission as well.

Remember, all this area of Missouri was controlled by the Yankees. McCoy chose Captain John W. Howard to accompany him. They left on January 13, in snow and ice, without a passport or diplomatic documents—without anything but their courage and determination, along with several hundred letters to be mailed from Confederate soldiers to their families.

Slowly and painfully they worked their way toward St. Louis, because General Davidson's cavalry was everywhere, and they were doing everything possible to avoid it. When they reached Pilot Knob, they found an old man who was glad to see the boys in blue. Howard was dressed in a blue overcoat with gray pants, while McCoy wore a federal uniform and a blue overcoat. The old man asked McCoy if he would carry some letters to his sons, who were in the militia in St. Louis.

Captain Howard asked, "Any money in them?" "No," said the old man, "just business." "Good," said McCoy. "If there's money in them, the dang Secesh might try to rob us for the valuables." They gathered all the information they could from the old man and continued on their way.

Along this same journey, they repeatedly stopped at houses, because there were no inns or motels, and they had to be fed. At one house, Mrs. Smith, who had southern leanings, fed them and allowed them to rest. She had two sons in the Yankee militia. When they arrived, her sons said, "Why yes, you can rest. I'll post my boys out to keep you from danger." Thus two Yankee militiamen stood sentry while McCoy and Howard, two Confederates, took a three-hour nap. Then they continued down the road.

They met Mr. Stovall, and McCoy asked, "Are you a good Union man?" Mr. Stovall replied, "As good as the best." McCoy then asked, "Have you seen a passel here red-headed man riding a little shaved tail mule?" Stovall had heard about the man down the road and said, "I saw him just recently." "Well," said McCoy, "he's a deserter from General Davidson's cavalry, and I'm on his trail. I must have a guide

to get me through this territory to St. Louis, because that's where he's going."

Stovall could not go himself, but he had a neighbor who knew the territory well and was also in the militia. McCoy told him, "Go get him." When the neighbor arrived, Stovall said, "Captain, here he is." McCoy looked at the man: a vicious militiaman mounted on a fine horse and well armed. McCoy said, "I hear you're a good guide."

"I desire you to accompany me." The militiaman replied, "I'm sorry, I cannot accompany you." McCoy reached into his saddlebag, pulled out an official-looking letter, and said, "General Davidson has given me this document for my authority. It empowers me to impress or to kill, and I am willing to do either one or the other, or my name is not Captain McKeever." The militiaman answered, "Very well, I will accompany you." Thus, a Yankee was now leading two Confederate soldiers through this territory.

They came upon a cavalry encampment. By this time it was raining, cold, and wet. The cavalry had gone thirty or forty yards off the road because of the rain; they were not going to stand in it. The Yankee leading them said, "Well, we'll have to stop, or they'll shoot." McCoy replied, "I'm not stopping for anybody in this rain." Then he said, "Howard, close up." Howard took his reins and struck the Yankee's horse, and all three rode straight through—without a shot.

Finally, they reached the place where they were supposed to be, right outside St. Louis. They pulled up, dismounted, got a room, took a bath, leisurely shaved, and then went soldering into a public barroom. About twenty Federals were drinking there. McCoy shouted, "Hello, infantry! Come and take a drink with some of the crack fellows from Davidson's cavalry."

All at once, the Yankees gathered around them to get free whiskey. They began asking about Price and Marmaduke, the rebels, the bushwhackers, and everything connected with them. Finally, one very brawny man came up to Captain Howard, struggling to identify him. At last he said, "Who are you? I know you. I've seen you before in St. Louis."

Howard's composure was absolutely wonderful. He said, "Well, of course you've seen me in St. Louis. Very likely I've been there often.

I'm Captain Beard of Hubbard's 1st Missouri Cavalry Battalion." Since all these Yankees were infantry, and most had not yet been to the front lines, they had no earthly idea that these two fine cavalry officers were overawing them in the Yankee Army. They had no idea that they were literally Confederate soldiers. Once in St. Louis, the first thing they did was have two fine Confederate uniforms made by St. Louis seamstresses. They had not only the uniforms made, but also all the lace and all the gaudiness—everything on them.

McCoy's Brazen Acts and Narrow Escapes

Finally, they passed within two feet of the sentries at the armory. McCoy said, “I’ll get the caps.” He went in and got over forty thousand caps, which he put in his saddlebags. Then he looked at Howard and said, “I’m not leaving this city till I have a little fun.”

McCoy and Howard went into one of the places where ladies played the piano and entertained people. As they sat there, two Yankee majors came in. They had been sitting around talking while the ladies played the piano. All of a sudden, McCoy got up, went into a coatroom, and took off that blue Yankee overcoat. There he stood in full Confederate uniform, covered in golden lace. He came out and said, “This farce of being a Yankee has played out. Miss, give us Dixie.”

The woman jumped up to the piano and started playing “Dixie.” As she did, the two Yankee majors turned and started for the door. In time, they did. The pistols were out. McCoy and Howard said, “Gentlemen, you might as well stay and enjoy the night.” He said, “We’re not about to get hanged over having a little bit of fun.” So they made the Yankees drink.

There are two endings to this story. One is that the Yankees finally got drunk and were put to bed. But I have read in several places that, before the night was over, McCoy made one of the Yankee soldiers put on a Confederate uniform and dance to “Dixie” while the other sat there and applauded the whole time. Whether he danced or did not dance, they were totally drunk. They went to bed, and by early the next morning McCoy and Howard were on their way out. McCoy had the forty thousand caps. Howard then separated from McCoy and went southward to organize a company to take to Arkansas.

But it is not over. McCoy was not even back; this was only one mission. As he rode out of St. Louis in the cold, gray early morning, he passed Benton Barracks. A Yankee sentinel stood by the road with his rifle at right shoulder shift. McCoy rode up to him and said, “I’m a Confederate officer. I represent the Confederate president.”

"If you should present arms to me, I should consider that you had presented them to Mr. Jefferson Davis himself. Present arms!" The sentinel thought the man was mad or drunk. It was still early morning; no other soldiers were up yet. McCoy's revolver was out in a flash on the young Yankee's breast. He said, "You will not present arms to me—not to save your life."

"But you see, I have the drop on you. Do you want me to kill you?" Still thinking that McCoy was one of his own, or drunk and merely trying to play a prank, the young sentinel replied, "Shoot and be damned." McCoy's face darkened instantly as he cocked his pistol. "I will not shoot you unless I give you a chance for your life."

"I shall ride back 50 paces. Turn my horse and charge you. You have one shot in your rifle. I have 18 in my pistols. But I too will only use one shot. You have one chance to save your life."

When the Yankee soldier saw McCoy ride back 50 paces, turn, and start the charge, he began to see that this was serious. He took his rifle from his shoulder, cocked it, and waited. McCoy charged within 10 paces. The young soldier fired at 10 paces and missed. As he did, McCoy came by, pulled out his pistol, and shot the Yankee down with one shot. Thankfully, the Yankee did recover. McCoy then turned and just sawed it off. All the Yankees began to file out of the barracks, and the cavalry was mounted.

None of them ever really went after him. He marched away literally unmolested. On this same trip, some 20 miles out of St. Louis, he met trouble because he had to cross a bridge controlled by the Yankees. McCoy was on the bridge and right on top of a Yankee sentry before he saw him.

"Halt" was the challenge. "Well," said Captain McCoy, "what do you want?" "I want you to get down and show your pass," said the boy in blue. "What, sir?" said McCoy in a voice of thunder. "Do you

dare to insult an officer of the day with a saber by his side with such a piece of insolence as this? Can't you see my rank, sir?"

"Well," said the bashed federal in a sorrowful tone, "I was only trying to obey the order of my captain." "Your captain, eh? Where is your captain, sir? Had he done his duty, this thing would not have happened to you."

“He should have taught you to say, ‘Halt! Who comes there?’ and let me answer the challenge. Instead, you halt me improperly and show you have not been well instructed. Where is your captain?” “He’s passed over the bridge with the rest of the company to put them on picket.” “Very well,” says McCoy, somewhat mollified, “I can excuse you, but I cannot overlook the negligence in your captain.”

"I will go over and straighten him out right now." With that, he just punches first to his horse and takes off, leaving the young sentry. When McCoy reached the other side of the bridge, where the woods were, he turned into the woods and left the captain without straightening him out. Thus he avoided the entire company of Yankees through his coolness, calmness, and brazenness. This man was absolutely astounding.

The Daring River Reconnaissance

Later in 1864, McCoy performed a deed that brought cheers from both Southern and Northern troops. General John B. Clark was attacking Glasgow from one side of the river, while General Shelby was attacking it from the other. Between the two lines were the Federal forts and garrison commanded by General Chester Harding. A large steamboat lay at the wharf, and General Shelby wanted to know whether it was serviceable. If it was, he wanted someone to take it and bring it to him so he could put his troops aboard and move them to the north side. But he did not want to sacrifice any soldiers merely to find out whether the boat was serviceable.

So he called for volunteers. Fifty men volunteered, one of them Arthur McCoy. McCoy begged and pleaded to be allowed to go. He said, "You've got to remember, I've painted steamboats, I've been on steamboats, I know steamboats." Finally, General Shelby permitted

him to go. McCoy took a little skiff, a small wooden boat, with an oar on each side. He had to pull the oars with his back to the enemy. As soon as he began, the Yankees opened fire.

They were on a hill, firing down. Collins, who was with Shelby, used his cannon against the Yankees, giving McCoy as much cover as possible. Though the firing continued, McCoy continued to row. There were at least a thousand rounds fired at him—two hundred Yankee soldiers firing five rounds each.

One of the oarlocks was cut, and the boat had four holes in it. A lock of McCoy's hair was shot off, and his hat was shot off and fell into the river. At that point, McCoy stopped rowing, reached out and got his hat, stood up in the boat, bowed to the Yankee who had shot it off, and kept going. He got to the boat, obtained the information, and then had to row back through the same field of fire. Not one drop of his blood was shed. Miraculously, he went through all that fire and then rowed back through it without being hit. On one occasion, McCoy fought a duel to the death. It was not of his own making, but he did fight it.

In the Western Army, you have to remember, there were many Confederate Indians. One of these regiments was a Choctaw regiment. The young half-breed captain had a very sensible pony that would perform all kinds of tricks—dance, bow, and whatever else was asked of it. It could have been a circus pony, it was so well trained. McCoy owned a very savage stallion, big but fleet of foot. Somehow, the Indian put his pony in with McCoy's stallion. When they awoke the next morning, the Indian had no pony, because the stallion had killed it. The Indian was absolutely incensed and demanded satisfaction. He was going to kill McCoy's horse, but McCoy stood in his path with a drawn saber and said to the Choctaw, "Arm yourself."

"Shall it be with a sword or pistol? You want satisfaction? You may have it. My horse's hide is more precious than my own; therefore, not one hair upon it shall be ruffled." The Indian chose the saber. A ring was formed, and they began to fight. McCoy was cut on the shoulder and in the right temple. The Indian had been slashed several times, once across his saber arm. Both were growing weak and losing blood. Finally, McCoy made a feint. When the Indian

moved, McCoy ran him through with his saber. The Indian died that night.

Post-War Life and Mysterious Disappearance

Here was a man who did not know fear. Even in the most fearful circumstances, he was calm. McCoy fought fearlessly, frequently, and ferociously. When the Southern generals had to withdraw from Missouri, it was McCoy and a few men—fifty or sixty—who kept the pressure upon the Yankees. It was McCoy who sent word back to the Southern generals of what was going on and what was happening.

After the war, the two James brothers, Cole and John Younger, and Arthur McCoy were known as the Terrible Quintet. In fact, John Newman Edwards wrote a book, The Terrible Quintet, naming these five. After just a few months, when the book came out, John Younger was killed in a gunfight with the Pinkertons.

Jesse and Frank James, of course, had become famous, but within sixteen years they were out of business. Some say Jesse was dead; some say he was not dead. In fact, there is evidence that his death may have been faked. As to Arthur McCoy, however, it is a puzzle what happened. John Newman Edwards, who knew all these men personally, said that McCoy was one of the most five prominent men in November of 1873. There is no confirmed death date for Arthur McCoy.

The family believes that he died in Texas in the early 1880s. Some sources place his death as early as 1874, several weeks before the Gads Hill train robbery, in which he is often named. But a reliable source places his death in 1880, for Louisa McCoy also listed herself as a widow in 1880. After Arthur's death, she remarried. She moved to Oklahoma Territory, where her second husband died, and then she and her children moved to Oregon and into Idaho, where she remained a widow and alive until her death at age eighty-one.

What can we learn from the life of Arthur McCoy? I can list a number of things: courage, coolness, confidence, and consecration for a cause. Those are just starters. Have you ever stopped to think that courage is absolutely necessary in our personal life, especially in dangerous situations?

Lessons for Christians: Courage, Coolness, Confidence, Consecration

If the Lord lets us live another year, I believe our situation in this country is going to become far more dangerous than it is right now. We need courage. We need coolness. We need to have a calm mind and think calmly in difficult situations. Do you realize that, in a desperate situation, most people go to pieces? I will never forget one incident that happened to me. I could not have been over four or five years old, probably three or four.

My mother had gone fishing with my father, and I was a little boy behind her. She had one of those bass lures with a treble hook on the end. She took her reel to throw it. It went behind her—she is left-handed—and that thing came back and caught me in the jaw. When she moved, it sank the hook into my jaw. When my mother saw what had happened, do you know what she did? She picked me up and ran screaming to the house.

That hook was still attached to the reel. She drugged me, she drugged the line, and she drugged the reel, which was pulling on my jaw. Thankfully, my father was there. He chased her down, stopped her, took me away from her, broke the hook off, pulled it back out, and took me to the house of doctor. Dad was calm; Mother was not.

All I am trying to say is this: when times get desperate, it is no time to lose your cool. We need confidence—confidence in our abilities, knowing what we can do and what we cannot do; confidence in our God; confidence in His Word; and confidence in His gracious providence in our lives. We need to understand what Robert E. Lee meant when he said, “Duty is ours, the consequences belong to God.”

We also need consecration—a consecration to a cause. Those men who fought in that war were consecrated and dedicated. They fought. Can we do any less for the cause and kingdom of Jesus Christ? What did He say in Matthew 6:33? “But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these other things shall be added unto you.” In order to fight fearlessly, with courage, confidence, and coolness, we must have consecration to Jesus Christ and to His Word.

We must consecrate ourselves afresh and anew and learn to say, like Martin Luther when he stood before Charles V and all the hosts of the Roman Catholic Empire, “Here I stand, God help me, I can do no other.” We need to learn from the life of Arthur McCoy and ask God to give us some of what he had. May God give us men.

Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, we bow before Thee. We thank You for Your love, Your truth, Your grace, and Your mercy. Lord, help us to learn from those whom You have used in time past. Give us grace, courage, coolness, confidence, and consecration unto Thee. In the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, we ask and pray. Amen.

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