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# The President's Page

## Presidential Inherent Power

In the Winter 1951-1952 Bulletin the Article on the Bill of Rights concluded:

*"The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter; the rain may enter—but the King of England can not enter. All his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.*

*Today the Bill of Rights stands as a shield and buckler and to Mr. Big Government boldly proclaims 'Beyond this Threshhold of Freedom, You shall not Pass.'"*

Since the article was written it may now be appropriately said that the Constitution and the Bill of Rights remains in 1952 a shield and buckler and to even the President of the United States proclaims "Beyond This Threshhold of Freedom, You too Shall not Pass."

The following excerpt is reprinted from the concurring opinion of Justice Jackson in the historic case of Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company, et al. v. Sawyer, decided June 2, 1952, and holding that the President has no authority under the Constitution to seize private property because of a national emergency arising from a nation-wide steel strike.

"Executive power has the advantage of concentration in a single head in whose choice the whole Nation has a part, making him the focus of public hopes and expectations. In drama, magnitude and finality his decisions so far overshadow any others that almost alone he fills the public eye and ear. No other personality in public life can begin to compete with him in access to the public mind through modern methods of communications. By his prestige as head of state and his influence upon public opinion he exerts a leverage upon those who are supposed to check and balance his power which often cancels their effectiveness.

"Moreover, rise of the party system has made a significant extraconstitutional supplement to real executive power. No appraisal of his neces-

sities is realistic which overlooks that he heads a political system as well as a legal system. Party loyalties and interests, sometimes more binding than law, extend his effective control into branches of government other than his own and he often may win, as a political leader, what he can not command under the Constitution. Indeed, Woodrow Wilson, commenting on the President as leader both of his party and of the nation, observed: 'If he rightly interpret the national thought and boldly insist upon it, he is irresistible . . . His office is anything he has the sagacity and force to make it.' I can not be brought to believe that this country will suffer if the Court refuses further to aggrandize the presidential office, already so potent and so relatively immune from judicial review, at the expense of Congress.

"But I have no illusion that any decision by this Court can keep power in the hands of Congress if it is not wise and timely in meeting its problems. A crisis that challenges the President equally, or perhaps primarily, challenges Congress. If not good law, there was wordly wisdom in the maxim attributed to Napoleon that 'The tools belong to the man who can use them.' We may say that power to legislate for emergencies belongs in the hands of Congress but only Congress itself can prevent power from slipping through its fingers.

"The essence of our free Government is 'leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the law'—to be governed by those impersonal forces which we call law. Our Government is fashioned to fulfill this concept so far as humanly possible. The Executive, except for recommendation and veto, has no legislative power. The executive action we have here originates in the individual will of the President and represents an exercise of authority without law. No one, perhaps not even the President, knows the limits of the power he may seek to exert in this instance and the parties affected can not learn the limit of their rights. We do not know today what powers over labor or property would be claimed to flow from Government possession if we should legalize it, what rights to compensation would be claimed or recognized, or on what contingency it would end. With all its defects, delays and inconveniences, men have discovered no technique for long preserving free government except that the Executive be under the law, and that the law be made by parliamentary deliberations.

"Such institutions may be destined to pass away. But it is the duty of the Court to be last, not first, to give them up."

(Signed) LEHR FESS

# The Director's Page

*The Junior Constitutional Convention*

It has been thought appropriate to introduce a new feature into the QUARTERLY in the form of the Director's Page. By this means the membership will be informed of outstanding enterprises being carried on by the Society. It is hoped that members will read these reports carefully so that they may be able to spread the good word about our Society, and show its increasingly dynamic role in the cultural life of our community. It is highly important that this be done because we must increase our membership. It is felt by the officers of the Society that the vitality of its work is not sufficiently appreciated by the people of this region. It is for that reason that we drop our modesty and do a little broadcasting to show that our Society is one of the most up-and-coming historical groups in the State of Ohio.

Typical of this spirit of dynamic public service was the Junior Constitutional Convention of May 2, 1952. It was held at the University of Toledo, and was participated in by over a hundred delegates from all the high schools, public, parochial and private in Lucas County. The affair was jointly sponsored by the Historical Society and by the Toledo League of Women Voters. Judge Lehr Fess, president of the Society, was the presiding officer of the Convention.

The Convention was carefully prepared for by the delegates. Early in the fall arrangements were made with officials of the city, county, parochial and private schools for the consideration, by civics and history classes, of the following questions: 1. Should the voting age be reduced to 18? 2. Should there be a short ballot for state executive officers with the terms of governor and lieutenant governor set at four years instead of two? 3. Should there be a unicameral legislature? 4. Should state judges be appointed by the governor on recommendation of a non-partisan commission? 5. Should certain obsolete parts of the Constitution be removed? Delegates were selected by teachers in the classes concerned, and came to the Convention assigned to committees which were pro or con on each of the questions named. Each committee had a table supervised by a member of the League of Women Voters. Debate was equitably and systematically controlled. Votes were taken and the decisions were: Question 1—Yes; Question 2—Yes; Question 3—No; Question 4—No; Question 5—Yes.

The Convention was the outgrowth of the Society's Essay Contest of 1950-51. The topic that year was: In What Way, If Any, Should the Constitution of Ohio Be Amended? Members of the Toledo League of Women Voters were the judges. So worth while were the suggestions made that it was thought legitimate to channel the thinking into a Junior Convention. This is all part of the discussion leading up to the consideration, by the Ohio voters in the 1952 fall election, of whether or not to have a constitutional convention.

Everybody associated with the Convention was impressed with the constructive citizenship-building quality of the undertaking. We of the Historical Society should feel mighty proud of having made possible this living proof that our people, both old and young, are capable of intelligent, dignified and dynamic participation in the processes of democracy.

RANDOLPH C. DOWNES.

# The Evolution of Sherwood Anderson's "Brother Death"

By Earl Hilton

To his friend Burton Emmett, who collected Anderson's manuscripts and wished to know more about the process of their composition, Sherwood Anderson wrote a brief explanation in a letter of May 12, 1927.[1] His short stories started, he wrote, with an "idea," which, he warned Emmett, was not a "theme." As the "theme" developed during the writing, or thinking, out of the story, the "prose surface" must be fitted to it. "Tone" was the key to the success or failure of the story. If it "belonged" to him, flowing out spontaneously, he continuued. If not, he stopped and started again at another time, not wishing to "force his stroke."

An examination of the manuscripts now gathered in the Anderson Collection in the Newberry Library in Chicago—a collection numbering over 2400 items and containing, for several stories, all manuscripts from the first notes to the completed form—makes it possible to see more clearly what "idea," "theme," "prose surface," and "tone" meant to Anderson. It enables us to see too the accuracy with which his brief account describes his creative process. The "idea," it becomes clear, is usually a brief but vivid sense impression—something seen with the eye or with the mind's eye which set Anderson's imagination in action. Thus, he explained to his son John in a letter of July 16, 1936, the brief glimpse from a train window of a young man, "outwardly a very clod," running blindly over moonlit fields remained in his memory to become the source, years later, of "The Untold Lie." "Theme" may be described as a hypothesis on human nature or human relations which Anderson felt might explain the meaning behind the brief scene which sticks in his mind, demanding an answer. Why should such a man be running through the night? The "prose surface," of course, is that flow of prose rhythm which will match the meaning Anderson postulates for the scene and the mood which he reads into it. "Tone" is the emotional content of the scene and the story behind it, as Anderson interprets it.

The same letter of July 16, 1936 from Anderson to his son John, then

beginning his career as an artist, adds one more important element in the short story process: the manner in which the "theme" of a story may change during—and indeed because of—the writing process itself. He had believed, he told his son, that the object which the painter or sculptor sought was already in the canvas or the stone, waiting to be released, but now his opinion was changed. He noted with approval Paul Rosenfeld's contention that "for the painter, painting is certainly an idea and not something that comes from an idea." As the painter made quick sketches, or the writer recorded passing thoughts or observations, there often came "a sudden realization of beauty." Like so many twentieth-century painters, Anderson had come to realize that the creative process is not a matter of giving form to ideas fully developed in the mind: the writing, painting, or carving is itself a process of thought, and may form, or modify, the "idea."

In "Brother Death," one of the best of Anderson's later short stories, praised by both of the recent major studies of Anderson,[2] the process employed by Anderson is both illustrated in detail and vindicated by the success of the result.

The various versions of this story, and the source from which it apparently came, are now gathered in two folders in the Sherwood Anderson Collection in the Newberry Library. They include an envelope, marked in Anderson's writing "Thanksgiving Notes," and in another hand (apparently that of Anderson's widow, Eleanor Copenhaver Anderson) a further explanation "(The one that became Brother Death. Save for how Stories are Written)." Presumably Mrs. Anderson had begun the collection of the story material in this envelope, with the idea that it might be used in a book of advice for beginning writers which Anderson contemplated writing during his last years, but never brought to completion. Also in this folder is a sheet labelled "Notes," and an incomplete scene, also labelled "Notes," but running into continuous narrative after the first line, apparently indicating that Anderson, having named a character, had been unable to remain in the planning stage, being forced to leave it to go into the imagined life of the person mentioned. In the other folder are gathered six versions of the story, the last virtually the published form. The first manuscript is handwritten, the other five typed. Each version represents an expansion over the one before it. There are only a few changes, written in on the margins, in the first draft. The typed versions also have few marks of revision, save

that one has part of a sheet cut away and replaced by a section from a new sheet pasted to the original. Yet in each the story is retold in full, bearing out Anderson's statement in his *Memoirs* (p. 435) that he could not "correct, fill in, rework" his stories, but must "try, and when I fail must throw away."

The "Notes" (apparently for a projected novel) begin with this: "Roger Whitman—in the latter part of the book—telling about the woman he married, about writing letters, reading them over, addressing them." The final note is this: "Mary's seeing the hungry marchers in the city in November, the gray still faces of beaten people, marching, trying to assert something." Then the notes are abandoned and we are taken into a scene, created in Mary's memory—Mary is here an adult—of her childhood. The emphasis is apparently on the problem of family relations. We have a father and a mother dimly characterized, and meet one son, named Ted. Ted appears as the mother's favorite, but not, as in the short story, in any particular relation to Mary. Nor is there any suggestion of illness about him. The father appears as something of a boor, the mother as perhaps overly "refined." The family name is Aspenwahl. Just before the scene breaks off, breakfast is prepared by the cook, a huge woman with legs like trees.

The thought of legs like trees became, through some subconscious process which I can not trace and which Anderson himself probably could not have explained, the brief mental image, the "idea," from which the story "Brother Death" grew. The picture of legs like trees was converted, by association with some picture in the recesses of Anderson's memory, to a vision of two stumps of actual trees, recently cut, as seen by a young boy who knows that he, like the trees, must soon die. The chapter of the novel breaks off abruptly at the mention of the word "trees" and the short story is begun. Brought over into new story are the names of persons, and perhaps the central problem of family relations.

The new story opens with Ted and Mary, now children of eleven and fourteen, and named Grey instead of Aspenwahl, regarding the stumps of recently cut oak trees and wondering if, immediately after they had been cut, they had been warm to the touch, and if they had perhaps bled, like amputated legs. Here, in the reference to amputated legs, is obviously another link to the original image, and a clue of sorts to the process of transformation. The relationship between Ted and Mary, and

their relation to the rest of the family, plus the significance of the stumps to Ted, are already clearly worked out in this first attempt. As in the later drafts, including the published version, Ted suffers from an incurable heart ailment. Although the parents try to conceal the fact, both Ted and Mary know that he has only a few more years to live. They, the imaginative members of a rather unimaginative family, are united in the determination that since no amount of care can preserve Ted long he should be allowed to live without restrictions. The high points of the story in this first telling are Mary's rebellion, which establishes Ted's freedom to take the pleasures and risks of normal childhood, and Ted's discovery of the stumps, with the consolation they bring him. They are to him "Brother Death," by their familiarity making the death he knows he faces less dark.

Additions to the story serve three purposes. They add specific detail to replace generalities or add sense perception detail to scenes previously only suggested; they shift the point of view from which the meaning of the story is perceived (giving more of it through Mary's memories of her youth with Ted); and they change in part the "meaning" or "theme."

The addition of sense-perception detail and replacing of the general with the specific are largely done in the second telling. They begin, however, in one of the few revisions of the first. The first sentence of the story originally read, "There were two tree stumps . . ." "Tree" has been crossed out and "oak" written in the margin. But the addition of detail is left to the second version. For example, in the first account we are told that "The railroad that went down the Rich Valley crossed a corner of the Grey farm." In the second and all following it, the sentence is continued:

> and, from the road in the afternoon they could sometimes see trains, quite far away, the smoke rolling up. There was a faint rumbling noise and, on clear days, they could see the flying rods of the engine.

The change in theme grows slowly. The original theme of the story had been the significance of the tree stumps as symbols of death to the boy who knows that he too faces death. United with this, as the story developed, was the rebellion by the boy and his sister whereby he established freedom to live a normal childhood. The stump symbol and the

rebellion unite as means of adjusting the boy more happily to death and to what remains to him of life. The family behind Ted and Mary were originally seen as secondary; the family conflict was not the central point of the first version. But the stumps, an essential part of the first version, had to be accounted for. The conflict between Ted's and Mary's brother Dan and their father—the central issue of the final version—apparently entered the story in the process of authenticating the episode which would account for their presence. A motive had to be created to explain why the father should have cut the trees. Once created, that motive began to modify the whole story, as Anderson saw new possibilities in it. In the first attempt, the mother is already an Aspenwahl, a family more aristocratic, less property-conscious, than the Greys. As such, she of course objects to the destruction of beautiful trees for the sake of improved pasture. Ted and Mary obviously have Aspenwahl blood in them, and we are told casually that perhaps Dan has some. But Dan is also much like his father, and opposes the cutting of the trees with a stubbornness almost equal to that of his father. He leaves the farm after his father's order to cut the trees is carried out, but returns again in defeat because he can not bear to give up his inheritance. Yet this element in the story remains subordinate in the first account. The original ending runs:

> As for Ted . . . the whole thing in some queer way didn't touch him. At any rate he had something, standing always at his elbow—the figure of Death. It gave a curious sort of freedom to his figure. It made it always nice, being with him.

In the second version we are given a fuller development of the Aspenwahls, now made definitely into Virginia "horsey" aristocrats, now on the down grade financially but still capable of entering fields of experience denied to John Grey. It had also occurred to Anderson by the second version that "something" had died in Dan Grey as a result of his submission to his father. A new "death" entered the picture.

Anderson was at this time concerned with the problem of what property ownership does to the owner. He had been so concerned ever since his desire for a permanent home, plus the unexpected success of *Dark Laughter,* had made him the owner of Ripshin Farm, and in danger of becoming what he referred to as a "Virginia country gentleman." His letters contained references to the absurdity of any man's thinking he

could "own" the beauty of the Virginia foothill landscape, and attacks on the "Virginia gentleman" ideal as he believed he saw it held about him. No man is truly an aristocrat, he once observed, unless he leaves his land in better condition than he received it. It was apparently between the second and third versions of "Brother Death" that the significance of property in his own story came to Anderson. In the second version "something" had died in Dan on his return to the farm. In the third the death becomes clearly the result of the desire to retain property and the power which accompanies it. In the published form we are told that on Dan's return some such unspoken message as this had passed to him from his father: "Something in you must die before you can possess and command." And through Mary's mind we are given the effect of the incident on Ted, in the new final paragraph:

> But while he lived, there was always, Mary afterwards thought, a curious sense of freedom, something that belonged to him that made it good, a great happiness, to be with him. It was, she finally thought, because having to die his kind of death, he never had to make the surrender his brother had made—to be sure of possessions, success, his time to command—would never have to face the more subtle and terrible death that had come to his older brother.

It is apparent that now the original symbol has become subordinate. It is no longer the effect of the death of the trees on Ted, but the effect of the spiritual death of the brother, which has become the central theme. The episode which began as authenticating detail to explain the stump symbol has now become itself the central symbol, with the stumps reduced to the earlier unimportance of the family quarrel. In the figure in which Anderson explained his theory of composition to his son John, one could say that the process of carving has created a form which was originally neither in the stone nor in the sculptor's mind.

FOOTNOTES

1. All letters and manuscripts quoted from in this paper are in the Sherwood Anderson Collection in the Newberry Library, Chicago, and are used here with the permission of the Librarian, Mr. Stanley Pargellis.
2. James Schevill, *Sherwood Anderson* (Denver 1951), p. 300; Irving Howe, *Sherwood Anderson* (New York, 1951), pp. 158-159.

# Grandma's Hotel: The Gibson House In Attica, Ohio

By Phyllis L. Feeney

To most of us the days of the frontier and the pioneers in Ohio are pages in history. The forest, the Indians and the settlers have all passed, to be found only as recorded names on treaties, land-grants and deeds.

But to Mary Armstrong Wolford, the frontier is not at all remote. Mary, now an old lady of eighty-six, still lives in one of the first frame buildings erected in Attica, a town in Venice Township, Seneca County, Ohio.

Mary Armstrong was born in 1866 near Republic, Ohio. The state's agricultural-industrial development was still very young, and Mary grew up with the towns that her two grandfathers, Stephen Strauss and George Armstrong, had helped to carve out of the wilderness.

Mary's people did not bother to read or write much history. They were too busy living it. Even today the romance of history does not exist for Mary; it is the commonplace, everyday of living. The building up of the towns, the acquisition of an historical landmark for her home, the adventures of the logging camps in Ohio and Michigan are all strictly a part of the business dealings of Mary and her family.

Mary was one of the few girls of that era to receive a thorough education. She attended grammar school in Republic and later went to Heidelberg in Tiffin, where she obtained her teacher's certificate. At the age of eighteen, Mary taught school in a little, one-room schoolhouse at a place called "Bloody Corners" in Reed Township. The school itself was named, impressively, The Reed Township School.

After she had taught school for a couple of years, Mary married Benjamin F. Wolford and settled down in Scipio Township on a farm. She was an excellent wife and mother with her thrifty Pennsylvania-Dutch heritage. But Ben could not be content to spend the long winter months sitting in the farmhouse kitchen. Then, too, money was scarce and the

logging camps paid well. So Ben farmed during the spring and summer and followed the loggers during the winter.

Mary, with her customary German practicality, faced the fact that the loggings would not last forever and that she and Ben would still need an income besides their farming. When she heard that the Gibson house in Attica was for sale, Mary insisted that Ben sell the farm and buy the old hotel. Thus, she could have people around her during the long winter months while Ben logged, and at the same time she would have a steady income. For Mary planned to open a boarding house and restore the Gibson house to its proper use. As for Ben, well, acreage was easily available on the shares and he could farm as well near Attica as he could in Scipio.

The colorful history of the Gibson house interested Mary very little. The house had been built and used for a hotel and inn. It could be restored and made into a boarding house. It was in a good location, too.

The town, in 1908, was a growing community. The railroads had long been cut through; Attica Junction was a regular stop. Roads were being built and drummers and traders were passing through in increasing number on their way to the cities of Toledo, Sandusky and Detroit.

The history of the Gibson House is almost a legend. No one seems to know where "Colonel" Henry Gibson came from. He came to Attica about the middle of the century, put up a frame building on what is now High Street in Attica, one house down and across the street from the brick Armatage house which stands on the corner of High Street and the pike. Here the "Colonel" offered the road-workers and railroad section hands a bed and meals for a price.

Shortly, the "Colonel" expanded the boarding camp into a "hotel," containing six guest rooms. The original loft, now at the back, west wing of the building became the "cheap room," a sort of dormitory where, for a few cents, men who were passing through could sleep on a pallet. For the more prosperous travellers, Colonel Gibson provided three private rooms and two double rooms.

The hallway of the house extended from front to back on the main floor. To the left of the hallway, at the front of the house, were the

family quarters—the parlor and one bedroom downstairs and a stairway leading from the bedroom to a second room upstairs. To the right of the hallway, and taking up the whole west side of the house, were the huge dining and taproom, the kitchen, and off the kitchen, the pantry, where a stairway led to the "cheap room."

Opposite the kitchen, at the rear hallway, a stairway led to the more private guest rooms; and at the farthest end around the ell of the stairs, a home-made ladder led one into the stone-flagged potato cellar—a dungeon of a place, darker than midnight, constantly cold and damp, whose stone flags protected one's feet from the mud under the house.

Despite the fact that Attica already had one hotel "Colonel" Gibson had little trouble keeping his inn filled. "Colonel" Gibson and his wife had apparently been squatters in the town. It was not till long after the War between the States that a deed was recorded for this property. By that time, "Colonel" Gibson's "hotel" had lost popularity. Drummers and travellers were staying in the newer brick hotel which had been built after fire had swept away the old frame block on the main street of the town. Construction work had progressed beyond the town to north and south and the workers had moved to camps and towns closer to the terminus of the work.

However that may be, "Colonel" Gibson, in the late 1850's was enjoying a fair amount of prosperity. And at about that time, he became a known sympathizer with the Abolitionist cause. The hotel, situated just off the Columbus-Sandusky Pike made an excellent station on the Underground. Sandusky Bay was only about thirty miles farther north, and across the Bay lay Canada where a negro was free from pursuit by the "paterollers" who would return him to his southern owner and collect the reward. Many a runaway slave had rapped at the far door at the rear of the long hallway in the Gibson House, whispered to the Colonel, "Freedom lies north" and disappeared into the dungeon of the potato cellar, or, if there were no paying guests, up into the cheap room to spend the daylight ere he again journeyed toward the border.

After the Civil War, the hotel became less and less popular, and by 1900, it was not used so much. "Colonel" Gibson's wife died about this time, and he was now an old man. Until Mary persuaded Ben to purchase the house about 1908, the "Colonel" lived in the place alone.

The historical significance of the place did not occur to Mary as she and Ben prowled through its dark, dusty, mouldering rooms. Mary was busy planning its refurbishing and visualizing the house filled with guests and her three children's playmates. But Ben, unimaginative creature, plodded through the place frowning and sniffing. When Mary suggested a date for their moving from the farm into the town, Ben snorted. "Good Lord, Mary," he blustered, "don't you dare move a thing in this rathole until I fumigate it. I smell bedbugs!"

Undaunted by this discouraging pronouncement, Mary pushed her plans forward. Ben must fumigate immediately. As soon as that was accomplished, Mary moved in with her scrub-pails, whitewash brush and paints. Soon the run-down, vermin infested old building was restored. Even the tumble down, long porch across the front of the sprawling old structure had been rebuilt. The place sparkled with paint and glass and new wood.

Mary then began to "take in" boarders. Men from the logging camps, who in spring, worked on the road and the railroad, came home with Ben for a meal and a night's lodging and stayed on. Substantial Pennsylvania-Dutch cookery, such as Mary's, clean beds and a home-like atmosphere were not found in the shacks of the road camps, or the boarding-houses run by an innkeeper.

In the 1920's, when the big pipeline, bringing gas from the southern fields, was being laid, Mary fed and housed the pipeline gang. Her children, all grown now and parents themselves, except for one daughter, had left the hometown, but Mary did not want for company.

During the 1920's and early thirties, Mary's grandchildren played cops and robbers through the old house. Its unjoined rooms and stairways offered the best of hiding places. The middle room upstairs, now a bathroom, but which had once been the Gibson's linen closet, made an excellent jail; the loft over the pantry, which Mary called a summer kitchen, was the robbers' roost. Down the alley was the barn, which could be reached by walking down the bricked garden path as well as from the alley; it made a wonderfully accessible bank or post office to rob when grandfather had the horses out in the fields.

Ah, yes, the Gibson house, which the grandchildren knew only as

grandma's house was truly a child's paradise. It only added to the fun to learn from dad or mom that grandma's had once been a house of mystery—a house that was a station on the railroad that had no rails, the Underground.

Today, Mary's great-grandchildren play in the big house, unmindful of its story, knowing and caring only that grandma has a "funny" house where you can hide and nobody can find you and you can choose among three stairways, two floors and even the barn down the alley where you want to hide.

Here, in her hotel, Mary lives with her grandson-in-law and her granddaughter, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Flood. Ben died in 1948, just a few months before his ninetieth birthday, although he remained for years, seventy-nine years old.

# The Ottawa Indians and the Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad

*A Dresden W. H. Howard Item*

EDITED BY RANDOLPH C. DOWNES

*America's Indian age and its railroad age had their first meeting —and misunderstanding—in the summer of* 1837 *somewhere in the Oak Openings between Sylvania and Toledo. Although the Ottawa Indians knew that they were about to be removed to lands beyond the Mississippi, they continued to hunt and play in the country which was their native land. One of the new pleasures that their young men had discovered was pony riding. The horse was not originally native to America, but the advance of the white men brought plenty of them to every new frontier. And that meant a new animal to the Indian borderland, the wild horses or Indian ponies, as they were called. The young tribesmen took to the horse with real enthusiasm because, unlike other wild animals, these new creatures could be caught and ridden.*

*Although the young Ottawas took to the horse, they did not take to the iron horse, the Pa-si-go-gi-she Pe-waw-bick, or, as the railroad engine was also called, the Chim-mi-chim-min-i-too, "the devil of the woods." The Erie and Kalamazoo, the first American railroad in the West, had been opened to horse cars in* 1836 *and to locomotives in* 1837 *running between Toledo and Adrian, Michigan. The strap-iron tracks were an intrusion to the Indians, and the wheezing locomotives a frightening spectacle to the spirited ponies. Hence, although the Indians restrained themselves from ripping up the hateful tracks, they could not force their ponies to cross them—at least, so the story goes.*

*The story teller is Colonel Dresden W. H. Howard of Winameg in Fulton County, writing in the Toledo* Blade *of March* 20, 1895. *Howard was born in Yates County in New York in* 1817, *and came with his parents when they settled in Grand Rapids, Ohio in* 1821.

*Thus in* 1837, *when he had the following encounter with the Ottawas, Howard was a young man of the same age as the Indians, and already well known as their true and faithful friend. The story shows that many young men of the* 1830's—*both Indians and whites —were on the most friendly terms and enjoyed each other's company. Colonel Howard wrote the story in* 1895 *on the occasion of the death of Otis V. Crosby, one of his comrades in a hunting and fishing trip to the Oak Openings in* 1837.

We had started early in the day to hunt on foot, but becoming somewhat weary along in the afternoon we sat down to rest. While seated in the shade of a large oak we observed a herd of Indian ponies feeding not far from us, and some of the boys remarked that if we could catch them we could have a ride of a few miles and then turn them loose, when they would take their back track, and soon return to the herd. I said I could catch some of them as I had ridden some of them when in company with their owners. We soon provided bridles from the leatherwood bark, growing in the creek bottom near where we were seated, and I had no difficulty in coaxing the ponies to give us a ride.

We were soon scampering at breakneck speed through the open woodlands, when we discovered a party of young Indian hunters, mounted as we were, and coming directly toward us. Our party was well acquainted with these hunters save my friend Crosby who was as yet very shy of an Indian, and at once dismounted and jumped behind a tree. We called a halt, as did the Indians. We were now within perhaps 80 rods of each other. I said, "I know the young Indians," and at once put whip to my horse and rode up to the party. They answered my salutation, but very curiously observed the pony with his bridle of bark and his back void of a saddle. I could scarcely keep my face straight for a desire to laugh, but after a few keen glances and a look toward my companions (whom they knew personally very well) a joyous and boisterous laugh burst from the whole band, and spurring their horses, galloped to my comrades. Much fun was experienced by all, and especially when they observed my friend keeping rather close to his breastwork of the big tree. I then called him up to introduce him to our friends. In riding along he assured me that he thought some of us would be shot for taking the ponies.

The party of hunters accompanied us, and we travelled on north, and

late in the afternoon, while riding slowly along, sounds reached us like distant thunder, and continued to approach, until we called a halt to listen, when we saw a black object, apparently about the size of a large horse, rapidly passing through the trees. Its rumble was like low and distant thunder, and we were nearly half a mile away from it, and could make out nothing definite about it until one of the Indians said it was an "iron horse," a "hot water horse, that spit hot water," and this explanation enlightened us. We all knew of something they called a railroad, but we supposed the wagons were drawn by horses of flesh and blood, but they had just made the exchange for a "Pa-si-go-gi-she Pe-waw-bick," a horse of iron. This locomotive, the first that any of us had ever seen, was running on the first railroad of this country, the Erie & Kalamazoo strap rail.

After the "Chim-mi-chim-min-i-too" (the devil of the woods) had passed, we all ventured forward and took a good look at this innovation of the Indian trail, composed of two streaks of strap iron spiked to four-inch stringers.

We had intended to go on further north and go into camp for the night, but our ponies to a "man" refused to cross this new invention, and we turned our faces south, and being on good horses reached the Indian encampment early in the evening.

# Midwestern: Professor Charles Henry Churchill of Oberlin

By Alfred Vance Churchill

## 1. *The Teacher*

If he had had his choice I think father would have devoted himself to Astronomy or Music. But he had given hostages to fortune. In order to support his family he turned to teaching and almost at once found his vocation. It has been said that "he was not a drill-master," but no one ever denied that he was a teacher. He enjoyed the work, gave to it the better part of his life, and "formed" some great pupils. Dr. Albert Allen Wright, the biologist, wrote that "He had the power of clear description and a lucid use of language that is rarely equaled. The more intricate movements of the heavenly bodies, or the most elusive phenomena of an electric current, he could describe in the clearest terms; and he spoke with such a quiet zeal, and with a voice of such winning qualities, that his hearers were drawn into an enthusiastic interest in any subject which he touched." President King (named Henry Churchill for love of my father) wrote that "he was a born teacher. He saw things himself most simply and clearly and seeing them he could tell others."

Father was singularly free from the prevailing faults of the pedagogue. He never exaggerated, and he took no delight in shocking his students, or in exciting admiration by brilliant paradoxes and other fire-works. It gave him pleasure to explain something to one who really wanted to understand it; but he never offered an example of his gift of exposition uninvited. Was it Charles Lamb who didn't like to meet a school-teacher "because they are always trying to teach *you* something?" Lamb would have had no fault to find with him. His intellectual curiosity was keen. He could listen all day to any one who knew more than he did.

"And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."

## 2. *Discipline*

Much as father loved his work and enjoyed his association with young people, there were things connected with college life which he relished little or not at all. He loathed working on the Disciplinary Committee. He loathed spying and tattling. His gorge rose at it but he had to serve his turn. I remember an incident which illustrates this feeling and shows at the same time how he got results by unusual methods.

At Oberlin, while father was still a young man, some boys, were suspected of gambling. That they were guilty was practically certain but there was no direct proof and my father was made a Committee of One to investigate. He began to prowl about the Square seeking for evidence. Passing Tappan Hall one evening he noticed a window darkened by a curtain. As there were no other curtains in the building he thought to himself, "Yes, they would be likely to put up a curtain." The room was on the top floor, the fifth room on the north. Consulting the plan and index of the building he found, sure enough, that the fifth on the north, top floor, was the room of a suspected student. The scent was getting warm. The unwilling sleuth climbed the stairs and followed the corridor till he came to the door. There was no streak of light under it. "They would cover it," he thought, "to muffle the sound." There he stood in painful uncertainty before the darkened door, hating his job more than ever and not knowing what to do next.

Suddenly it came to him—*the coup de savate!*—a trick he had mastered in boyhood. Smashing in the door with a blow of his two feet he stood looking at five men paralyzed with amazement—their mouths open and holding their cards in the air. He fixed them with his black eyes, deliberately—one by one—and turned away without a word.

I do not believe he told on them! I knew father well and am not unacquainted with college faculties. In my mind's eye I can see that Disciplinary Committee in solemn session, and can reconstruct the dialogue which would have gone something like this: —"Now as to the students suspected of gambling. We will first hear the report of the Committee, —Professor Churchill?" "Mr. Chairman—your Committee of One reports progress—substantial progress. With your permission I will defer an extended report, pending further developments. I think there will be no trouble from these students in the meantime." The members of the

Committee on Discipline look curiously at their young colleague but ask no further questions; the culprits stop their nonsense and become my father's best friends; he never mentions the incident of the dormitory and in the end it is the boys themselves, if anybody, who let the cat out of the bag.

In these matters father had a way of his own. His usual procedure was to get a laugh on the delinquent. He developed an amazing technique in this type of discipline which, in his hands, was invariably successful; for he always had the student body on his side and never failed to keep the respect and affection of the culprit.

In his early years at Hillsdale the authorities were distressed, at one time, by the costumes affected by women students. There was, in particular, a clique of girls that appeared at morning classes in tight-corseted, low-necked sleeveless dresses even when the weather was so cold they had to wear shawls. They enhanced the whiteness of their skins by dressing in black. The Lady Principal had lectured them time and again but to no effect. At last the President interfered and forbade their appearing in such attire.

It happened that on that same day he was called away from town and asked father to lead prayers the following morning. This offered the naughty girls a chance. They resolved to give their young professor a nice surprise. When the bell rang for prayers they filed into the chapel and took places in the front row with arms and bodies completely covered, but garbed in shrieking and impossible combinations of color. Before beginning the services their teacher acknowledged the change, with a pleasant voice, in these words:—"We are very glad to note the improvement in costumes. We may hope that time will bring improvement in taste" . . . Who would have imagined that girls of a hundred years ago, in a small religious college, would indulge themselves in outrageous styles, and in plaguing their teachers, announcing in one way and another that they were the grandmothers under their skins of college girls today?

There was a student at Oberlin who was always trying on that old game of pretending he had forgotten. Father laid for him. "Mr. X," he said one day, "what is it makes the earth turn around?" Mr. X., "I

did know, Professor, but I've forgotten that point." "Oh what a calamity for science—the only man who ever knew, and he has forgotten!"

Brother Frederick contributes this scene:—"We had a class at eight in the morning. At the time of which I speak, there was great political excitement in Haiti. Calland had brought the morning paper to class and was reading it behind the back of his seat. Suddenly father called out 'Mr. Calland!' Calland thrust the paper down and stood up looking like the cat that swallowed the canary. 'Mr. Calland, what is the latest news from Haiti?' "

This seems to be perfect as a reproof of a fine fellow for a slight fault. It is interesting to compare it with the punishment of one who had deserved no mercy. What can be done with the type of imbecile who goes around touching and handling everything?—in a physical laboratory? There was a student who was forever doing that. Father had warned him that he might hurt himself, or spoil an experiment by disarranging some delicate piece of apparatus. It was no use. So at last, when the incorrigible meddler picked up a hen's egg attached to a wire and began to examine it minutely, my dear father touched another wire to that one, completing an electric circuit and giving the luckless student a shock. His fist closed convulsively crushing the shell and squirting the contents in his face. The class screamed with laughter at his funny plight—hair, shirt, and hands deluged with egg.

The penalties meted out in these cases seem to correspond perfectly with the principles of punishment laid down by Herbert Spencer, yet who can conceive that that philosopher would ever have devised them? Father's punishment varied with the personality and motive of the criminal, sounding the whole gamut from friendly reminder, through ironical inuendo, to the rare instances of scorching sarcasm.

Some of the boys, prompted, no doubt, by an obscure sex urge, liked to make fools of themselves before the girls. While father was engaged in a long demonstration at the board, two fellows stepped into the middle aisle and staged a silent boxing-exhibition. The professor, without turning his head or seeming in any way disturbed, said he thought the ladies could see better if Mr. X. — and Mr. G. — would come up on the platform. The astonished exhibitionists did not know that spectacles and blackboard made a perfect mirror.

Another incident shows how quick the Professor's perception was, and what skill he had in extricating himself from an embarrassing situation. There was in one of his classes a fine lad who had never caused any trouble. Will Tenney had a keen sense of humor and was by nature extremely sensitive. The boys liked to plague him by making him laugh when he did not want too. One day father had been so much annoyed by their furtive doings that he nearly lost his temper. He asked Tenney to take the front seat. Tenney, red as fire, began to do as he was bid, while the others smiled. Instantly the teacher saw that he had picked the wrong boy! "Tenney," he said gently, "I asked you to the front seat because I have some hope of you."

One day he detained a youth after class and said to him something like this:—"R—, I was sorry to see that you were chewing tobacco yesterday. It was while you were pitching ball. It's a poor habit to form—bad for your health—and will be against you all your life. Besides that it is against the rules of the College which you have promised to obey. I ask you as a gentleman to think this over and act accordingly." "Thank you, Professor, I will." It must have been a very much puzzled young man who left that classroom, for the ball-field was isolated and no one could possibly have seen him except one or two of the team. Yet his teacher had said he saw him and he knew that his teacher did not lie. What the deuce was a man to make of that? Years afterwards father told me the secret. He had been out surveying a long way from the place, but happened to turn his theodolite toward the ball-field, he had quitely clearly seen the pitcher draw a plug from his pocket and gnaw off a chew with the movements peculiar to that act alone.

Here is one more case that has often been cited. Those old "co-educational class-rooms" were arranged to give as little encouragement as might be to social amenities between the sexes. The room was divided by a wide central aisle. The boys were supposed to sit on one side of the aisle and the girls on the other; but the back seat ran clear across the room, and the middle of that seat was a sort of no-mans-land. Now there was a fellow named Green who was in love with one of the girls, and these two had taken possession of that ambiguous middle of the back seat.

Green began to edge along a little day by day until he was fairly on the girl's side. The thing had become annoying and father had spoken

about it once or twice in general terms, but the results were temporary; in a week or two Green was back where he did not belong. Waiting one day until the close of the recitation, father addressed the class:—"You have noticed," he said, "that Mr. Green has a preference for sitting on the ladies' side. We are accustomed here to be ruled by the opinion of the majority—I am willing to submit this question to vote. Those who prefer that Mr. Green should return to his place and keep it the rest of the term will please signify the same *by smiling* . . . " When he could be heard again the Professor quietly added, "It seems to be unanimous."

### 3. *Courage and Kindness*

Father was quiet and modest. It could never have happened to him to be rebuked for taking the highest place and to begin with shame to take the lowest, like the man in the parable. He spoke freely to us of his parents as interesting and lovable people—not as objects of pride. He smiled at those who thought overmuch of family and said he "would rather be an ancestor than a descendant"; and—like General Grant—when praise was offered him he seemed not to hear it. His old colleague, President Frost of Berea College, says that "in Faculty Meeting he was retiring, but often came in toward the end of the discussion with the word that was decisive without seeming so!"

He was cool and courageous in the presence of danger and if he was ever afraid of man or beast you would not have suspected it. At least it made no difference in his actions. One day when we were in swimming in Lake Erie he saw one of his sons drowning. Father was no longer young, but he swam out to get him. That picture comes back vividly!

We had the most heavenly front gate ever provided for a small child's delight and at a certain period of my life it was one of my principal occupations to swing on it. But this joy was tempered with mortal fear. There was a half-breed tough who used to pass the gate, Raish Gibbett—a really bad fellow who spent quite a fraction of his subsequent life in the penitentiary. If I happened not to see him in time to run away, he would grab me off the gate in his bear-like arms, hold me close to his great teeth and shout, *"I'm goin' to bite your ears off!"* When father heard of this he faced Raish with an unmistakable look and told him

he "would not tolerate any such nonsense." There was no reply, but the "nonsense" was not repeated.

His heart beat warmly for his children. From first to last he had nine of them and every one was welcomed. He was generous and kind but not a bit soft. We had to behave ourselves and to obey instantly. He worked and played with us and made us fascinating toys. He showed no favoritism. When we were sick he was anxious, careful, fast and wise in action. I have known him to carry—most of the night—his little daughter down with croup. He always kept his faith in us and never failed us in anything; but he despised nepotism and would not use his influence to get honors or positions for members of his family.

He was good to children outside the family. Johnny Hopkins' cart "wouldn't go." Father made a new wheel, put his cart in shape, and patiently answered his questions. When the job was finished and the cart as good as new, the boy looked at his benefactor with beaming eyes and said "Gee! Mr. Churchill, but you're a bully man." Father thought it was a fine compliment.

One day in his old age his son Fred said to him,—"Father, I have a patient who is not coming on well. He needs a change. The fact is he needs companionship and cheering up. Would you mind his coming here to my house for a few weeks?" Of course father took the stranger in just like a brother. It was this spirit that led Dean Bosworth to write of him, "It does not seem improbable that he was the most tenderly and widely loved of all the men connected with the faculty of Oberlin College."

Father was generous to everybody, no matter how unworthy. He would be told that old Munger wanted to see him. "Poh! What does he want now!" But when he got to the door he greeted the unwelcome visitor with a smile and appeared very glad to see him. We amused ourselves with casuistical questions: Wasn't father "acting a lie" when he did that? (We wouldn't have caught him in a lie for the world but it was fun to think about it.)

He was tormented by swarms of would-be inventors who came to ask advice and other favors. Poor old Munger thought he had discovered "perpetual motion" and wanted a patent on it. Father explained to him

that his machine couldn't possibly work, but the man was old and unfortunate, and so hopeful! He was going to be rich. And if the Professor could only make him a mechanical drawing explaining his great discovery, it would surely be accepted in Washington. So the Professor made the drawing! He helped an old woman with the invention of an egg-beater. She too was "going to be rich," and strangely enough she really did make a lot of money. Needless to say that her assistant never saw any of it.

By nature father was careful and prudent, but he could face danger. He had been preaching one Sunday before the War on the wickedness of slavery, maintaining that the colored race must be freed and educated and denouncing the damnable outrages in Kansas. As he came out on the stone steps after the service, surrounded by a crowd of excited students who would have risked their lives to save his, he was approached by a ruffian who brandished a pistol in his face and swore that if he had him in Kansas he'd blow his brains out. "You, sir," said the preacher, "are an excellent illustration of my thought."

One summer day the news went like lightning through the town that our dog had gone mad. Father saw that the neighbors were warned to keep in their houses. Then he went out in his shirt-sleeves, got the axe, found the dog—and clove his skull. He would never have a dog after that.

An incident comes to my mind which, to those familiar with college Trustee Boards, may possibly represent a still higher type of heroism. My father had been doing his work in Physics for many years under difficulties. He had been obliged to make his own apparatus or go without. He had nothing to do it with except a foot-lathe which the College had provided, and a lot of tools most of which he had paid for himself. The authorities had become quite used to this shameful situation.

The professor of Physics had, however, been encouraged to hope that he might expect an appropriation from the Trustees at their present meeting. In this he was disappointed. He entered a protest and after some discussion was allowed to present his case in person to the Board. What else he told them does not appear, but he finished with something like this,—"There has been nothing said about an appropriation for instruments in Physics. I suppose you are waiting for me to die; for you know

very well that you can get no one else to take my place and work under such conditions." This was too much for Amzi Barbour, an old pupil of my father (class of '67) and a much-honored member of the Board. He wrote his personal check for $1,000 on the spot with a pencilled note: "Dear Professor, will this do for a beginning?", which was passed along to father by hand.

## 4. *The Liberal*

There were many honest people in Oberlin who would avoid association with anyone who was "not a good man." They would boycott a druggist suspected of selling liquor, a merchant believed to be immoral, or a bookseller who refused to close his shop on prayer-meeting evening.

Father was not like that. He was liberal in thought and act. Remonstrated with by some brother of the church, he would say that his Master had not refused to associate "with publicans and sinners," and remind the critic that God "sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." In all moot questions he was sure to be on the liberal side. When Finney and the First Church made a stand against Masonry, C. H. Churchill put his name to a formal protest "gravely questioning" their action.

Father read things on the Lord's Day that were not in the Bible, or the religious journals, and took walks on Sunday afternoon when no one else in the Faculty—except two young men who had studied in Germany—would do such a thing. He took his small daughter along. This hurt mother's feelings. She didn't think it "wrong" to walk on Sunday, but she feared it might "set a bad example."

Such sentiments were generally shared by Protestant schools and communities throughout the country. I notice in the rules of Harvard College, as late as 1832, that "Every student is required on the Lord's Day and the evening preceding to abstain from visiting and from receiving visits, from unnecessary walking, and from using any diversion, and from all behaviour inconsistent with the Sacred Season."

Father was not a bit prudish and on proper occasions would discuss matters pertaining to sex without embarrassment. When he returned from Europe he brought many photographs of architecture, sculpture and

paintings. In the eighties such photographs were rare. There were fine nudes among the sculptures and he hung some of them on the walls of his study. You might have travelled through northern Ohio and not found a nude picture on the walls, except in saloons and stables. When a friend suggested that, with his skill he might cover them up a little, "I ceased years ago," he said, "to apologize for anything the Creator had found good."

It is not easy to give a just idea of my father's religious beliefs. He had been reared in a Christian home and nurtured in the faith by Finney and Morgan, both of whom he loved and revered. The one was a great theologian, the other a great scholar. It would hardly have occurred to the modest pupil to question their fundamental position. Both these men were advanced thinkers in their day, and so liberal in their beliefs that they were accused of heresy. They were, in the noblest sense of the word, free-thinkers, for they insisted on the privilege and the duty of using their minds on all subjects—even on God and the Bible. They claimed the same privilege and duty for their pupils, and never forced their views on them. But they had never questioned the premises of their faith, held unquestionable by their ancestors from time immemorial as a direct revelation from God. To my father, as to his teachers, the Bible was the inspired Word. So I have no hesitation in saying he was a Christian believer.

Yet there were thoughts and tendencies at work in him that would not have been approved of by his colleagues, and which must have confused him during the brief periods he was able to devote to doctrinal speculation. He had works in his library that were far from orthodox. He owned a copy of Darwin's *Origin of Species* almost as soon as it came out—I have it still—and kept some little pictures of Huxley and Tyndall in his writing-desk. He even had Bob Ingersoll's *"Mistakes of Moses!"* I do not recall that he commented on any of them except once. A friend had quoted a passage of Scripture in contradiction of some fact or principle established by science. "So much the worse for Scripture," said father. "Darwin and Huxley didn't set the stars spinning. It's not their fault."

Once in a long while something would happen in family worship that gave the youngsters food for thought. We had been reading, in the morning chapter, some of St. Paul's reflections on women and marriage

which seemed to father to be low-minded and materialistic. "Poh!" he burst out, "I don't believe a word of it." "Why, Henry!" exclaimed my mother. "I don't," said father. It was a painful moment. I have heard him say he thought Paul had married a shrewish wife, and that she was probably the "thorn in his flesh" that he spoke about.

Father never got as far as what was at that time called the "Higher Criticism," but he was more in sympathy with it than he knew. For if a thing seemed to him to be contrary to reason he would repudiate it. He thought parts of the Bible had been unfortunately included and that the glosses that head the chapters of Solomon's Song were far-fetched and "silly." The Rev. Nathan Fuller who used as a student of theology to talk things over with him, says he found father "very advanced in Biblical criticism."

Father's conception of the Divine Being did not differ essentially from that of many noble men of the last two thousand years,—philosophers, mathematicians, artists and poets—so great a host that it would be foolish to mention names. There would be no need for defining the conception were it not for a tendency on the part of our younger generation to misunderstand—and perhaps to be a little ashamed—of the beliefs of their fathers. It is the part of wisdom to try to understand their ideas even though we may not be able to accept them.

The God my father believed in was the Father of an infinite majesty and the God of Love. Though he received the Old Testament along with the New as an inspired revelation, he instinctively grasped the idea that evolution must be looked for in religious thought as in the physical realm. The Jehovah in whom he put his trust was as different as possible from the "petty tribal divinity" of professsional Javeh-baiters of the present day. Therefore he did not waste our time on the small jealousies and cruelties of the primitive deity but read to us, instead, the sublime words of men whose religious conceptions were not equalled by any thinkers of their day, unless possibly by those of Aknaton—the lone prophet of Egypt. "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." "The LORD is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy . . . Like as a father pitieth his children, so the LORD pitieth them that fear him . . .O give thanks unto the LORD, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever . . . When I consider the moon and stars that thou hast ordained, what is man

that thou art mindful of him? . . . The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." Such were the passages that father selected to read to us, day by day. "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it . . . Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me . . . Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength and my redeemer."

The years following the war saw the beginning of a long struggle between the traditional Protestant faith and modern science, as the minds of Christian thinkers were gradually brought in contact with the ideas of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and a score of other scientists and philosophers. Besides this, a schism was being created within the church itself. With the ever-widening knowledge of the origin and character of the sacred writings, and ever keener critical investigations of scholars regarding the evidences of Christianity, together with their researches in comparative religion, there arose a painful and sometimes bitter controversy between the older and the younger leaders of religious thought.

The pain—the mental anxiety and spiritual torture—of such speedy changes in religious conviction are hard to comprehend and can never be realized by those who have not shared them. Especially to those whose faith has been firmly established in early childhood; who have never doubted the love of a heavenly Father and who are suddenly left alone in the universe—"orphaned," as Howells calls it—because they can no longer believe in the "infallible Word" on which their faith was founded. Quorum pars fui. I shared in all that. Those anxieties and tortures darkened my youth. Fortunately for their own happiness, the majority of men change their minds but slowly. They succeed in clinging to the beliefs that are essential to their mental peace, leaving it to their children to complete the destruction and put away the debris.

This is not the place for a discussion of the subject, even if the writer were competent to the task. Yet it would be gross negligence, lack of candor on my part—and an injustice, too, to readers who may hope from these pages to get a better understanding of the development of Midwestern culture—not to speak of these experiences and do what I may to throw light on them.

Perhaps nothing that fell under my personal observation will better serve this purpose than an occurrence that may be known as the Hume incident—something that caused intense interest and excitement among Protestant Christians throughout the country.

Robert Hume, a friend of my father, was a missionary of the noblest type, one of those—like J. F. Oberlin and Father Damien—who must win the admiration and love of the worst prejudiced missionary-hater in the world. He—and his father before him—had given his life to India. He was devoted to her people and toiled for their welfare both physical and spiritual. In his schools they received instruction in trades and other occupations, as well as in religion. A single fact will indicate the breadth of his mind. In the School of Divinity, founded and built up by him for the training of native preachers, he established chairs of Hinduism and Mohammedanism that were held by non-Christian scholars of those religions. These men were left free to teach the principles of their faiths as they saw them.

Humes' plans for the amelioration of the lot of the poor were noteworthy. He imported trained agriculturists, engineers, and doctors. His work in these fields was so well approved that it was supported, in part at least, by government funds. The very first time that a British Royal Decoration was conferred upon a non-Britisher was when the Kaisar-i-Hind Gold Medal "for Public Service in India" was given to R. A. Hume, January 1, 1901, in Queen Victoria's last New Year's Day Honor List.

To get the full force of the story we must know, further, that Hume had been born in India and some of his pupils had been his playmates in childhood. He loved his people and sympathized with them as friends and neighbors. He was acquainted with their ancient culture and apprehended their mental and spiritual gifts.

In these circumstances Hume became aware that his students were deeply concerned as to the fate of their fathers in the life to come. He was visited by a committee who told him that they had loved those fathers; that they revered them for their honesty of purpose. They desired to know whether such good men were really doomed to everlasting torment when they had never known the Christ and had had no chance to accept salvation through his bood. They found it impossible to believe that the

God of love, of whom Hume told them, would condemn his children to such a fate through no fault of their own . . . And they ended by declaring that, if such were the case, they were prepared to forfeit their share in Christian Redemption and take their chances with their fathers.

Hume was profoundly affected. He meditated deeply on the matter and told his students—in the end—that he believed they were right. He offered them the hope that God would give good men a "second probation." Returning to this country about 1884 to get a little rest and raise funds for his great enterprise in the field, and while giving the usual missionary addresses before various bodies, Hume related this experience. In fact he let his position be known—very modestly and inoffensively—both in America and India.

From that moment his orthodoxy was suspect. He was put to the question by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who repudiated his "heresy," and for two or three years forbade his returning to his labors in India. This was done in spite of the fact that a petition had been sent to the Board from every missionary in the Marathi Mission in the Bombay Presidency, asking for his return.

The question of a "Second Probation" shook the Congregational church to its foundations. The *Andover Review* devoted hundreds of pages to it; Andover Seminary was almost ruined by it. The new doctrine found strong defenders—Henry Ward Beecher among others—who presented the justice and mercy of the God of love in moving and eloquent words. Dr. Lyman Abbott also supported it, and George P. Fisher, famous church historian of Yale. But the American Board, for many years, hung on to eternal damnation. There was a terrific struggle, but the majority of the Board were convinced that such a doctrine would "cut the nerve of missions." They feared that unless the churches believed in everlasting punishment they would never support the missions; and if the "heathen" didn't believe in it, they could never be "converted." Perhaps the majority of Protestant congregations would have sided with them.

Faced with this burning issue Oberlin, for once, showed less than its traditional liberality. There were no public debates on the subject as there would have been a little earlier; and whereas our College and Seminary had represented the most progressive tendencies of the New Theology a generation before, the sentiment of the place was now against lib-

eral opinion as represented by Beecher and Abbott. Dr. Judson Smith (Secretary, and a leading spirit in the Board) who was, or had been, a professor in the Oberlin Seminary, opposed it fiercely.

If we had no free discussions, we had sermons. I shall never forget the trembling voice and quivering knees of our good kind President Fairchild as he closed a discussion on the subject, saying that he had considered it long and prayerfully, and that he could not avoid the conclusion "that the heathen are perishing." His face on this occasion did not wear its customary expression of cheerful urbanity. That night I paced the streets in agony and weeping, but in the end had come to the conclusion of Johann Friederich Oberlin—of which I had never heard—that "if God could damn one of his creatures eternally, he would cease to be God, he would become devil."

I never heard my father express himself definitely on the question of probation after death. That he thought about it would appear in remarks he made from time to time. "It is blasphemous to place limits on God and his mercy." "One of the last things Jesus said on the cross was 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' It shows that he had forgiven them and expected God to forgive them."

As for Hume, father thought it an outrage for the Board to keep such a man from going back to his work. Eventually Hume was in fact allowed to return to India, I think in 1887, a concession to a great man but not to the principle involved . . . We knew Hume intimately. He used to stay at our home when in Oberlin and we all loved him—father, mother, and all the children.

It may be said in conclusion that the winds of doctrine raised no great storm in my father's breast. He was not much inclined to theological speculations. He regarded character as far more important than creed, and was natually suspicious of man-made theologies. He would have agreed with Emerson that "The narrow sectarian cannot read astronomy with impunity. The creeds of his church shrivel like dried leaves at the door of his church."

### 5. *Graduate Studies*

Father had graduated from Dartmouth in 1845 at the age of twenty-

one. The following year he made his first journey to Oberlin in order to marry Mary Jane Turner, one of the daughters of "Father Turner" who has already been introduced. He had known her as a girl in New England. This lovely woman accompanied him to the scene of his first teaching position. It was Ohio City, now a part of Cleveland. (At the time Cleveland was "a lively little village" of about 1200 inhabitants.) He gave instruction in the various branches in the High School of that place and in the Academy at Brooklyn Center nearby. Here they lived very happily for about three years.

Father told us that on that first Journey West he had the choice, part of the way, between the Erie Canal and the railroad. The early railroad tracks were composed of thin rails of strap-iron laid on long beams of wood. After the trains had passed over them a few hundred times the rails were liable to become loosened and bent upward at the ends, in which case they had an unfortunate way of shooting up through the floor of the car and impaling the passengers. Toward this danger my father entertained the prejudice natural to a man who was later to be a professor of physics. He chose the canal-boat; but as the boat sank about half way along the route he was compelled to resort to the train after all.

The young man did not yet know what his life-work was to be. His studies at Dartmouth so far from assuaging his thirst for knowledge had only increased it and he was resolved on some years of graduate work. The only plan open to him was to take his family and enter the Theological Seminary at Oberlin, supporting himself meanwhile by private teaching. Many of the best educators of the time had studied Theology, while any other form of graduate study—especially in the West—was very rare. A course in the Seminary would give him Hebrew, New Testament Greek, Ecclesiastical History and other valuable subjects. Oberlin was only sixteen years old to be sure, but was already a notable institution of learning.

It was a bold and precarious undertaking, for a man with a wife and child, to leave his safe position and go—without a call—to a new place, but he made the move. He provided for his family by giving private instruction in vocal and instrumental music, thorough-bass, drawing, French, and land-surveying. He sang in the choir; built and played the first pipe-organ; led the choir when the leader was not well enough to do so, and preached once in a while when opportunity offered.

Father never regretted his years in the Seminary. His contact with Finney, Morgan and others, was most valuable to him. One of the studies he enjoyed was Hebrew literature. Mother told me that when they were married, before she had become accustomed to his idiosyncrasies, father would sometimes rise at dawn to fix the fires and be gone so long that she became anxious and went to look for him; only to find him standing by the window in his night-gown reading something—perhaps the song of Solomon or the Book of Job—in the original Hebrew.

He was graduated from the Seminary in 1852 but was so happy there in Oberlin, and his wife so happy too, with her parents and friends, that he stayed on studying and teaching for two years longer. Then in 1856 he accepted an invitation as Professor of Latin and Greek to Hillsdale College in Michigan.

Hillsdale was one of several small but good colleges that had already been founded in the Midwest. Here, too, father conducted the choir and added to his income by giving private lessons. He kept his own garden and cow. Brother Fred remembered sitting in a swing and watching him milk. Mary Jane, his wife, was a good mate. Here were born to them two more sons and a daughter. In a letter to me of November 1913, he speaks of "dear old Hillsdale where I spent four of the happiest years of my life."

The reader has already been told that President Finney wanted to get Father back to Oberlin. In 1856 Finney offered him the position of Professor of Sacred Music and Associate Professor of Mathematics. Nothing could have pleased him better than such a position, but he refused it on the ground of insufficient preparation in music. "Oberlin," he said, "should have a professionally trained musician." Accordingly he stayed three more years at Hillsdale when Finney gave him a second call as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. This time he accepted with a glad heart.

Though Father's scholarship was recognized through election to honorary membershsip in Phi Beta Kappa in 1885, it is clear that his chances for sspecialization of any kind were very small. His education, on the other hand, was broad. They used to say of Dr. Morgan that with an hour or two of preparation he could teach any course then offered in the College. The same was said of father and one or two others. There were

not so many courses in those days as there are now. From first to last father did actually teach most of the usual subjects, though not all. In 1890 he was allowed to drop his courses in Mathematics. After that he enjoyed "a restricted field" — nothing but Physics and Astronomy — and teaching only fifteen hours a week! This was the sole "concentration" he ever had a chance at.

Such conditions are hard for the professor but may not be altogether bad for the student. There is certainly some advantage in being taught by a man who knows all your other subjects almost as well as he knows his own. G. Frederick Wright, the geologist and theologian, speaks thus of his student days at Oberlin:—"The professors throughout the country were not mere specialists . . . but broadly educated men, who were able to speak with intelligence and effect upon almost any topic of public concern; at the same time their knowledge of the special subjects they were to teach was ample for the instruction of the raw students who sat at their feet. F. C. Hayden and Major J. W. Powell, the two most prominent pioneers in the United States Geological Survey; Elisha Gray, recognized by many electricians as the inventor of the telephone . . . and Charles Hall, the inventor of the processes now exclusively used for the cheap production of aluminum, all were the product of the teaching of the days before specialists had superseded all-round professors in college chairs."

### 6. *Versatility*

His friends always spoke with admiration of father's ability to do whatever had to be done. "This rich luxuriance of nature," wrote Dean Bosworth, in 1904, "expressed itself in his marvellous versatility. One occupation and the gratification of one set of tastes could not begin to give scope for the great reserves of vitality that his personality possessed. He was teacher and preacher; he was mechanic, poet, musician and literateur. He could build the organ, and play on the organ after it was built. He could compose the music. He could design the chapel in which the organ should stand, and when the chapel was built he could lead the great choir or could stand in the pulpit and preach the gospel. He was artist, artisan and critic. The range of his information made him at once the ideal and the despair of the younger men who knew him."

In order to avoid misapprehensions I shall speak of a case or two in which his admirers were misled by enthusiasm. Father has been praised as a draughtsman and artist. It is true that he had a great love for drawing and painting and no one knows what he might have accomplished in that field. But as a matter of fact he never enjoyed either the contacts or the leisure that would have enabled him to develop his gift. He never had a chance to draw either from the antique or from life, and did not attempt original work in either landscape or portraiture.

On the other hand he acquired a good deal of skill in copying. I remember an elaborate and fairly large copy that he made of Cole's "Voyage of Life-Youth," that used to hang in our living-room. It was done in a peculiar technique of crayon or charcoal on a ground of diamond-dust, and very well done. This was probably his masterpiece and there were few better pictures to be found in Oberlin in 1853.

In many schools and colleges at that time copying was synonymous with drawing and one who could copy skillfully was an "artist." The art department of our College was presided over, from 1864 till 1885 or thereabouts, by a cultivated maiden lady who taught very little if anything else than the copying of drawings and paintings. "I attended Miss Wyatt's classes," says Frederick, "for a year or two and there was never any free-hand drawing taught. No models of any kind, living or plaster. It was all copying. The shading was done with exceedingly sharp pencils from HHHH to BBBB, beautiful work but very tedious. Nothing original. No teaching of seeing lights and shades in objects. No real art. She was a very lovely character but she taught as she had learned in England." President Fairchild, who studied with this lady, describes her as "an experienced and skillful artist who has been eminently successful in imparting her art to others."

The case for mechanical and architectural drawing was very different. Father was familiar with the T-square and compass. He had a beautiful set of instruments—with drawing boards, pencils, brushes and colored inks. He would plan a little church for a parish that was too poor to pay an architect, figuring on specifications until he had reduced prices to a minimum and knew—to the last brick—exactly how many it would take for the building. In the same way he designed the First Church Chapel, bringing the cost far below that estimated by a professional architect. One of his pupils, the Rev. Nathan Fuller, later built two

churches from what he had learned from father's instructions. He understood architectural and linear perspective and taught me whatever I know of the latter subject—all I needed to know for my particular purposes as an artist.

About six years after the close of the Civil War he designed the "Soldier's Monument." This monument, built at a cost of about $5,000, was a simple structure with tablets inscribed with the names of citizens and students who had fallen in the War of the Rebellion. Although it was received with praise at the time, the Soldier's Monument was harshly criticised later. I believe there was some talk of destroying it. Objections were made to the use in it of Gothic forms. But Gothic was the only style permissible for public buildings in the English-speaking world at that time. In our town the Theological Seminary and even the Public School Building were built in that style about the same year. Shortly before that the Parliament Houses and the Victoria and Albert Memorial in London had been designed in a species of provincial Gothic (after "the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe").

At any rate this monument differed from others of its time by not hurting the eye. Its beautiful detail, being executed in sand-stone, has suffered greatly. But its fine proportions are visible in the old photographs. Until I see a more beautiful one of that unfortunate period I shall continue to believe—paraphrasing the words of Dr. Boteler (quoted by Izaak Walton) on the strawberry—that "doubtless God might have raised up a better designer and produced a better Civil War Monument, but that doubtless God never did."

Father's mastery of spoken English was acknowledged and brought a demand for his work in the summer Teachers' Institutes that used to be held before Normal Schools were common. I have been told that it was funny at times to hear him lecturing to teachers on English grammar, and to watch the author of the text-book they used sitting by in silence—listening and learning.

His colleague, Frank Jewett, who had been Professor of Chemistry in the Imperial University at Tokyo, came to him one day requesting an extraordinary favor. A noble family of Japan were sending a son to take chemistry with him and had expressed the desire that the young man should acquire an excellent use of English. "I can't have him learn Eng-

lish of anyone else," said Jewett, and asked father to take him into his family. Again I remember that a very prominent member of the faculty had written, at the request of President Fairchild, an important paper for publication. When it was finished the President brought the manuscript to my father, asking him to revise and correct it. The victim insisted that it might be more appropriate to submit the paper to a member of the English Department. But the President said there was no one better suited to do the revising than the Professor of Physics; so father did it, for it is hard to refuse a president—or a monarch.

How well I remember him writing at his desk, and the scratching of the petulant goose-quill!—for he never could get used to the steel point and always wrote with a gold pen or a quill—preferably a quill.

An important work father did for the town was the surveying and laying out of beautiful Westwood Cemetery and all its walks and drives, in accordance with the topography of the ground, drawing elaborate and finely-tinted maps. My grandfather Vance was the superintendent of the cemetery. I am told that it was he who selected the site and persuaded the town to buy it; that he did the work in accordance with father's plans as a free gift to the town. I have not verified the fact but it would have been like him to do it. This was the only piece of landscape gardening father was ever engaged in so far as I know. With his love of beauty—of trees and all growing things—it must have given him great pleasure. He received no other reward.

Another piece of his pioneering work was to make a beginning in the study of art history in the College. It was one of the regrets of his life that he himself had been so largely cut off from the enjoyment and inspiration of the works of the masters. He could not see students graduate from college without even the slightest knowledge of art. So he began a series of lectures—the first art lectures in Oberlin. Of course there was no college credit for these. The students just came and listened.

He began, naturally, with the art he knew most about—architecture—and encountered at the very start a staggering difficulty in the total lack of illustrative material. For at that time there were no lantern slides, while photographs were not only few and inadequate but too small for class use. He had to rely almost wholly on the illustrations to be found in books; and in order to show a picture of a building to a whole class at

once he was obliged to copy it in greatly enlarged scale. So he copied dozens and scores of illustrations—whole buildings and details. At last he had a huge leather-bound portfolio full of them, on heavy double-elephant sheets which he could hang up and leave for his pupils to study. These were used for years afterwards by Mrs. A. A. F. Johnston who, together with Professor Charles B. Martin, an able scholar and critic, continued and developed the lecture-work in art and made a great success of it. The last I knew the drawings were still preserved in the College archives.

Father's skill in copying stood him in good stead in making these illustrations of architecture. He developed a remarkable technique in the use of brush and ink. You could not purchase a bottle of Higgins in those days and keep ink on hand. You had to get "India-ink" (from China) in a stick, and grind it on an ink-stone. It was a truly magnificent ink but it lasted only a few hours—two or three days at most—before it began to deteriorate and you had to grind a fresh supply. For years my father's study was a studio, with brushes, and bottles, and saucers of ink and great drawing-boards lying all about. One of the vivid impressions of my childhood is the curious smell of India-ink forever hanging in the air.

The lectures on architecture aroused interest among the students at home and were asked for abroad. Father gave them at educational institutions in Philadelphia and I believe in Baltimore and other cities. I find as late as 1884 the announcement of a course of art lectures at Oberlin, in which Professor Churchill begins with seven on architecture, Professor C. G. Fairchild follows with four on painting, Professor Smith with four on sculpture and Professor Ellis four on poetry. "There was a large attendance." Again we are reminded not to despise the day of small things!

While many of father's deeds are forgotten, everybody who knows our history seems to know that it was he who invented the College yell. The year was 1889. All the Eastern colleges had yells, so why not Oberlin? A call was issued for sealed proposals. Hearing of this, father took an envelope from his pocket and began to draft that immortal and awe-inspiring battle-slogan which is still in use. It was made in accordance with the principles of physics and metaphysics, being adapted to the organs of speech and appealing to the sentiment of the students. "What is desired," he said in his letter to the Committee, "is a clear, easy, hilarious yell; having unity, variety and rhythm."

## 7. *"Absence of Mind"*

Father had the absent-mindedness traditionally ascribed to the mathematician. It was his own kind and not the usual thing. He did not—like Lyman Beecher—lose his spectacles on his forehead or "spend half his life looking for his hat," though some of the things he did will seem not less strange to those unfamiliar with the type. For example he came home across the lawn one bright summer day and walked under the lawn-sprinkler into the house. "Why—I didn't know it was raining," he wonderingly remarked, as he shook the water from his sleeves.

People told all sorts of tales about him of which some fitted and some did not. A man who was merely amused at his peculiarities told this one:— "Our good Professor," he said, "was going to be married at nine o'clock in the morning. Some of his friends were afraid he'd forget, and went around to remind him to dress. Returning later they found he had gone to bed." This only shows how little the raconteur knew his subject. Father doubtless did things just as ridiculous as that, but there would have been no going to sleep—or mathematics either, for that matter—on his marriage-morning. He was no laggard in love.

When Peters Hall was opened for use, one of his students evoked applause with the following story. He said father wrote a card for the door of his new office—"Back at two o'clock." He told how the Professor returned after dinner, saw the card on the door, and "walked to and fro before it waiting for himself to come back." This is characteristic and plausible and may have happened, though I do not think it actually did.

Studying at home one evening and finding that he needed something or other, father picked up the tall German student-lamp and went hunting for it from room to room. Failing to find it, and thinking he must have left it in his laboratory, he started off for Peters Hall—an eighth of a mile away—in his bed-room slippers and still lugging the heavy student-lamp.

He came home from College in the afternoon and found a lot of young boys playing on the front lawn under the apple trees. The smallest one was crying. "What's the matter?" asked father. "He hit me," answered the child, gesturing vaguely in the direction of the culprit. "What!"

said father turning to the one he thought had been pointed out, "I'll teach you to pick on a little fellow half your size." So incontinently he picked him up and spanked him. It was the son of a neighbor. And it was the wrong boy!

Father was on the whole very careful and neat in his dress—black broadcloth and white muslin necktie fresh every day—but once he appeared before the student-body to give an important lecture sans collar and necktie. He shot himself by accident one day with a 32 calibre Smith and Wesson revolver. This is the more strange, because he was not only used to handling instruments of precision but was careful and prudent by nature and habit. He had been cleaning the fine weapon and had taken out the cartridge-shells. There was one shell that had not been fired, and this he must have reinserted. He had the revolver "broken," with the muzzle pointed away from him, so that it did not seem dangerous. He was holding it near his face and brushing away a last speck of dirt when the thing went off. The ball struck the bone over the right eye, passed upward just beneath the skin, and issued high on the forehead. We came very near losing our father that morning.

In quite a different class are the following examples:— His darling and only daughter arrived at home after a term at Lake Erie College. Her father with a bright smile bade her good morning and passed by. Then turning back impulsively he embraced her exclaiming, "Why *Mary!*"

One day he and mother were looking out through a window watching my brothers and their friends at play in the yard. "Etta," said father, "who is that boy out there by the lilacs?" "That is Buck Wheelock." "No—no, I know *him,* I mean the one in the green jacket." "That," answered my mother, "is your son Edward." "Poh! of course!" "Here Charley, Frank, Fred, Edward, Alfred—whatever your name is—come in here I want you" was almost a customary locution when he needed one of his sons to help him . . . I remember all these things, but better than all do I remember the sweetness of his smile when we passed him on the street. We smiled back but there was no other greeting, for he was always preoccupied.

One summer evening on the porch of the old Quadrangle Club at the University of Chicago where I was teaching, I heard former pupils of

Sylvester, the famous mathematician of Johns Hopkins, telling tales about him. One of them was this:— His wife had sent him down-town to buy some cheese to go with his apple pie. He began, on the way, to arrive at the solution of a problem that had occupied his thoughts. There was chalk in his vest-pocket and he looked about for a black-board. Seeing one nearby, he began to work on it. The board he had found happened to be the tail-end of a grocer's cart. When the delivery boy got in and drove off, the great mathematician followed into the street and along the highway—still figuring—until the horse began to trot. When at last he was forced to notice the strange antics of his blackboard, the Professor desisted from the chase.

Now this anecdote does not illustrate absence of mind, but concentration. With such men the two are much the same thing. My father had, in an eminent degree, the faculty of concentration. Nearly every evening found him at the table in our big living-room preparing his lessons for the following day. He had a perfectly good study and desk of his own but preferred the company of his family. Had the family consisted only of sedentary adults this might have been comprehensible, but no—half the time the children would be there too. I can see him now, studying by the mellow light of the student-lamp with its dark green shade—the children building block-houses and knocking them down with a noise like the falling of the walls of Jericho, or piling up chairs and playing stage-coach around the big table itself. He pays no attention to them. He may even put out a hand and caress a tousled head as it passes, but without taking his eyes from the book. He will be quite undisturbed unless they begin to quarrel or yell. Then, after two or three rebukes, a brisk but effective spanking—no interruption really.

While his attention is thus deeply engaged we take advantage of it to play tricks on him. Gathering about his chair one of us must begin, rather softly at first—with something like this,—"Father, can we go now? Can we go out and play now—can we, Pa? Pa, can we go out in the yard now and cut Mary's head off? Pa, can we go and cut it off now?" And father, never raising his eyes from the paper:— "Yes, yes, go along," pronouncing in the mildest and quietest tone of voice the death-sentence on his own little daughter! (Wild and ecstatic dance of the children—including the daughter—hands clapped over mouths to prevent explosions of laughter) . . . Lost in a problem of astronomy father might have been stabbed like Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse.

I must not leave the impression that father was like a man half asleep. Not at all. He was keenly alive. When he got to talking with you a rapport was quickly established, his eyes smouldered and sparkled, his face grew animated, his hands moved in short quick gestures. And while he was the most absent-minded man I ever knew, his presence of mind was perfect also.

I remember the day that he saved a girl from burning to death. She was a colored girl, living in our family and working her way through college. It was about five o'clock one summer morning. She had risen early and was beginning to get breakfast. It happened that we had recently acquired a new gasoline-stove and she was not used to it. Finding it needed refueling she had climbed up on a chair, and while pouring the highly inflammable fluid had managed to spill some of it on her dress. When she started to light the stove the flame leapt from the burner and ignited her clothing.

The accident took place in the wood-shed at the other end of the house. My father was suddenly wakened when the girl burst into his bed-room—wrapped in flames and horribly screaming. I was wakened too and came downstairs on the run to find him holding the girl on the floor with all his bed-clothes pulled tight about her—only her black head sticking out—and his knees on her body. The flames were already smothered. She was not much hurt.

The others came in one after another in their night-shirts. When we had recovered sufficiently to be capable of thought we noticed with considerable astonishment that I, the second most absent-minded member of the family, had my bed-clothes in my arms . . . Once again (only once more—thank God!) I was to hear screams like those that waked us that summer morning—sounds between hysterical laughter and the barking of a dog. It was years later in Germany—in Cologne it was—and some of us were just ready to go up into the towers of the cathedral, when we heard those sounds coming from a neighboring house. We were told afterwards what had happened but I did not need to be told.

Those who did not understand father considered him to be deficient in memory. In fact he had a prodigious memory—for the things that interested him. He had many friends among the farmers. When disputes arose about boundary lines they would refer the matter to him. He would

survey their lands and give his decision, which was accepted more often than not without a question.

One of these friends, a man named Baldwin—called "Turkey Baldwin" for his success with the bird of Thanksgiving—got into trouble over the line of his farm. The matter finally went to court and my father was called as a witness. He had surveyed the line sometime before. It was a complicated and crooked line involving many "settings" of the theodolite and many measurements and figures in degrees and minutes. Unfortunately Baldwin had lost his copy of the findings and father had mislaid his own; but when called on to testify he reconstructed the survey, giving the measurements and figures from memory. The opposition laughed at this, said the figures could not possibly be reliable, and proved by competent testimony that the witness—though honest enough—was a man of notoriously poor memory who had given an important lecture at the College without a collar or necktie on. At the crucial moment father found his notes. His statement had been correct in every particular.

One of his class-mates at Dartmouth had been presented by his parents at baptism with a long, elegant and euphonious name. Twenty years after he left college, father stepped into the washroom of a railway station and, noticing something familiar about the back and legs of a fellow stooping over the wash-basin, began solemnly to intone,—"Arthur-Fitzroy-Livermore-Livingston-Norris." He had not reached the final syllable before a voice came sputtering through the soap-suds,—"Hen Churchill—you rascal—is that you?"

Whether it has anything to do with memory I know not, but my father could tell the time, generally within three or four minutes, at any hour of the night. Also he knew how to get a problem clearly posed and let it work itself out during sleep.

## 8. *Faults*

There was a photographer once who had made a fine negative of father and submitted a proof that pleased him very much. But when the finished photographs arrived he was disgusted to find that they had been smoothed down and spoiled by retouching. "How did you dare," said father, "to take out those wrinkles that I have been seventy years in ac-

cumulating?" He would have been equally displeased had I represented him as a man without fault. So I shall not attempt to minimize the fact that though his mind was clear and orderly his writing-desk was not. He was the despair of the housekeeper. He did not often put his study in order and was enraged if anyone else tried to do it—with the sole exception of his daughter. When he had mislaid something he would remark with an indefinable air that he presumed it had been "straightened up." The shop of his laboratory, too, was generally in a mess; though in this connection it should be remembered that they allowed him no assistant. Here, too, Mary sometimes helped him. He said she was the only person of her sex he had ever known who "had respect for junk."

He had little idea of finance and none of household economy. He was neither selfish nor extravagant; he spent nothing on himself. But he was always buying tools for the laboratory whether he could afford it or not. By the time he was forty years old he was hopelessly in debt and never would have gotten out except for the assistance of grandfather Vance and of his dear cousin Lothrop Nelson, the husband of his sister Lucretia, who loved him as Jonathan loved David.

Though liberal in spirit father was narrow in his political views. Like many thousands of men in the North who had taken active part in the fight against slavery, and lost friends in the war of the Rebellion, and wept at the death of Lincoln, he could not dissociate honorable statesmanship from the Grand Old Party.

I have told elsewhere how he helped the surgeon by taking an X-ray of Jamie Brand's broken wrist, at a time when no one else in Oberlin had the apparatus for such photographs. His kindness and inventiveness led him into other works of charity and mercy that were more than questionable. Two or three times he made electrical appliances to help cripples and invalids when their physicians had failed to effect a cure. I suppose he could have been arrested for it, but he never was.

I think it was in the fall of 1876 that our base-ball team, hitherto invincible, went to Hudson for a match and got badly whipped. Oberlin couldn't make a hit. Hudson's pitcher was a wizard in league with Satan. The fact was that the wizard had been East and had learned to "pitch curves."

It was the pleasant custom of those days for the home players to entertain the opposing team over-night. Accordingly A. G. Comings, the pitcher for the Oberlin team, was entertained by Hudson's pitcher whose name was Allen. The generous host explained the magic to his guest and offered him the clue to his art. By hard work Comings soon became reasonably expert and one day astonished the boys at home with a demonstration that to them was little less than miraculous.

My brother Fred, a member of the team, announced the news at dinner that noon. It made a sensation. Father had him tell two or three times over what he had seen, and then remarked in a disgusted tone of voice, "Poh! that's impossible." In the afternoon he went to the ball-field and observed for himself. He admitted at supper that he had seen the balls curve and the next day in Physics, the pitcher being present, he referred to the phenomenon and explained its laws. "But, Professor," exclaimed the pitcher, "that isn't the way it curves!" Sure enough, father had shown why the ball travelled *the way it didn't*. But by the following day he had evolved an explanation for its actual behaviour—and this time he was right. Evidently he shared with Emerson the conviction that consistency is the mark of a narrow mind.

Father's angelic patience in the class-room was sometimes obscured, to the point of invisibility, when he got home tired out at night. He expected perfect and instant obedience at all times and you would smart for it—plenty and quick—if he didn't get it. (If you wanted to ask "Why?" you could ask afterwards.)

The hot temper that used to scare his mother was gradually mastered. Only once that I know of, and perhaps not then, did he strike one of his boys too hard. The game of duck-stones had been absolutely prohibited in our yard because father knew it to be a very dangerous sport. One day hearing a frightful yell—I shall remember that sound to my dying day—father came running out of his study and found that Worthy Decker's head had been cut open by a flying stone. They had been playing the forbidden game and his own son had cast the stone. He took him into the barn and thrashed him with a carriage-whip.

Yet he was, for the most part, the soul of sweetness and patience, helpful in our pleasures or difficulties—even with our lessons when he felt it proper to be so. One of his sons recalls that he was sometimes annoyed

when we,—his own offspring—couldn't see through some problem as quickly as he thought we ought to. He remembers father's saying, on one occasion, "Poh! have I brought a litter of fools into the world?" But an outburst of that kind was so very rare that I hesitate to record it.

After supper in the evening he had great pleasure in going to the organ and playing and singing to himself. On these occasions he wished to be undisturbed. If the children got noisy he would say—"See here! I want you to be quiet." Two interruptions were about all he could stand. At the third offence he would turn quick as lightning, give one or two of us a spanking—it hurt too—and go back to his music. Ten minutes later he couldn't have told which ones he had punished. We bore these vicissitudes lightly and forgot them almost as soon as the pain was over.

It was different when he was impatient with mother for that we could not understand. It grieves me to speak of this but it must be done or truth must be sacrificed. The two were devoted to each other. Father never denied her anything and helped her in every possible way. But husband and wife were fundamentally different in temperament, while both were high-strung and emotional. There were ways, mostly little ways, in which they could never understand each other. While neither had any financial sense, my mother thought she did have some slight knowledge in that direction, because her father had it and had taken pains to give her instruction. Mother was fond of fine furs and deeply appreciated her husband's loving gift; but she failed to see how a man of his intelligence—a mathematician too—could spend money for mink-skins when he was already in debt. Besides he would make mistakes in his check-book and overdraw his account; or would pay a debt in cash and lose his note of payment. Once he paid a hundred dollars into the hands of a young clerk in August Straus' tailor-shop. It was a dead loss. That payment never appeared on the books.

Unfortunate things happened at mealtime. Father, in a fit of abstraction, might take a spoon to carve the meat. There was a silver butter-knife that was badly balanced—the handle was much too heavy. I'd like to know how many times that wretched knife fell clattering from the butter-plate. Mother knew how he disliked the thing and tried to keep it off the table; but by accident it would get on again, once in a while. It

was too much. One day he picked it up and broke it in his hands. It had been a gift too!

Then, mother liked her food well-salted. She was fond of salt fish—and salt pork. Now my father abhorred salt. When such dishes were served he gave a look of disgust, and when things were salted too much (though she tried faithfully to avoid this) he would ask for bread and milk and maybe some honey. If he said anything the explosion was over in a moment. He never sulked. On his side, the whole thing was forgotten in no time.

Not so with mother. She did not sulk either—oh no—but mother could not speak a sharp word and forget it a few minutes afterwards: indeed I do not remember her speaking a single sharp word in her life. But she turned on him a look that was harder to bear—a look of disappointment and grief—a look of being hurt. Perhaps her wounds healed less quickly for the very reason that she could not utter a word.

However that may be, I could not bear to see my mother hurt. It was beyond me, then, to make allowance for the man who was putting up such a heroic fight to sustain and educate his great family; who was occupied every week—through countless hours—with serving on Committees, on School-Boards, with serving as County Examiner for teachers, as Inspector of Schools, as Instructor in Teachers' Institutes, with surveying land, with lecturing on Education or on Architecture at home and abroad; with leading choir, or preaching; with designing a church or chapel, or monument—without pay; working at home in his garden or cow-yard; acting as his own butcher and cutting up a whole quarter of beef for the family. Not to mention things done for the church or private charity. Not to mention his own private studies. Not to mention making his own apparatus. Not to mention teaching fifteen hours a week on top of all this. I could never realize, until I had the experience, what it meant to keep control of the temper and nerves all day until the power of control was dead. I could not understand until I myself had known the bitterness of hurting the one I loved best because I was too tired to think—or perhaps to care.

I was in no better position to understand mother. She is remembered by everyone who knew her as the soul of generosity and kindness, not only to her husband and children but to all humanity. Her devotion and

unselfishness were beyond anything I have ever seen—beyond all reason.

Mother was endowed with great physical and nervous energy but was high-strung and sensitive. She worked too hard—had worked too hard throughout her married life. She was incapable of stopping. Father would have wished her always to keep sufficient help in the house whether he had the money or not; but she would go without in order to save expense. She was by nature intensely religious and had a very tender conscience in addition, a combination that made her take things far too seriously—always . . . Also she was a cheerful, merry, laughter-loving, sweet-hearted woman. The reader may make what he can of this paradox.

One more memory must be recorded, at whatever cost to the chronicler, because it helps to reveal the inner life of his parents and of the time. Sunday afternoon it was our custom to sing together a while, after which we knelt down and each member of the family offered a prayer. Now it was impossible for my mother to pray, in the presence of others, without tears. Her prayer as long as I can remember—her prayer for twenty years—was always interrupted by pauses of silent weeping. It was hard to bear! I shall tell the whole truth, it filled me with rage—alas! yes—against my own beloved mother. I had no clue. I could not know that her weakness was more painful to herself than to us. No one told me that her conscience would not allow her to give up, on account of it, her part in family worship . . . One crowning tribute to my father's memory. Never by word or look did he betray the least impatience or embarrassment.

### 9. *Humor*

As father matured his sense of humor became more subtle and mellow. His laughter was soft and rich, seeming to come from way down deep in his chest. He could not resist the temptation to pun once or twice in a while but he was not proud of it; and when mother bit her under lip in pretended disapproval—only pretended, for his witty sayings were a constant joy to her—he would say, in a tone of apology, "Well, Etta, you don't know how many I suppress." In my college days the pun was under a cloud. Students wore on their lapel a small bell called the "chestnut-bell." When someone got off a stale story, or pun, they rang the bell; but they didn't often have occasion to ring it on father.

There was in those days a Negro hack-driver named Lee who at one time was accused of stealing a trunk and brought before the county court at Elyria. He had a family of children perfectly graduated in scale from short to tall like the pipes of an organ. In order to excite sympathy, his lawyer had the mother and all the children at the trial. Father was present as a witness for the good character of the defendant. When he saw that long line of brown faces he called them "Lee's Miserables."

He did not make puns on his pupils' names. He had a real aversion for this and would roundly condemn one of his colleagues who had the habit of doing it. Father must often have been tempted, but he yielded only once in his life as far as we knew. There was a fellow in his Astronomy class who had succumbed to the charms of a small, girlish young student by the name of Hayes. After trying in vain to get the young man to relax his attention to the lady and give it to the lesson, father sadly said,—"I think Mr. X—doesn't see the constellation very clearly because there is always a little haze between him and the stars."

Speaking of punning on names I witnessed and reported to father, about this time, a happening that pleased him quite a good deal. A new student stepped into the gymnasium. Somebody in the crowd asked his name and he said it was Pearl. "Haw, haw—are you the pearl of great price?" "No, gentlemen, I am the pearl that was cast before swine."

As for practical jokes father lost his taste for them as he entered manhood. His ultimate effort in this field was performed on a pig. It is true that he was already a student in the Theological Seminary, along with Uncle Henderson Judd, and both of them were old enough to have got past such undignified sports. Together they had fenced in a piece of ground and made a fine garden. One day they noticed that a pig had effected an entrance to the garden and was rooting it up. They found on investigation that he got in through a hollow log that lay under the corner of the fence. Having observed that the log was bent in a long curve they managed, with an outlay of zeal and energy worthy of a better cause, to turn it so that both ends were outside the garden. After that they hid themselves and waited for the pig. He came along presently and dove confidently through the log but found himself still on the outside of the fence. Again and again he tried—always with the same result. For our grave divinity students the expression of astonishment and

personal injury on the face of the pig was a sufficient reward for their toil.

There was an English gardener who used to help us—a queer, short, little bow-legged man named Spriggs. (Could Charles Dickens have beaten that? honestly it was his name!) In his old age he used to come around asking for alms. He would say he was going to die and beg father for a shilling for his last meal. He had tried the same ruse a good many times. So at last father said,—"Spriggs, I gave you a shilling last week to go home and die and you didn't keep your promise. Now don't bother me any more."

The year that he lectured at Baltimore there was a lively interest in the prevention of cruelty to animals and the sentiment against vivisection was particularly active. Father was being treated with the proverbial hospitality of the South. At a dinner given in his honor the guests had been served with the Marvellous oysters—alive of course—for which the city is famous, and later with a succulent dish of terrapin—presumably boiled alive.

After a few slight exchanges his beautiful hostess broached the subject nearest her heart. "We Anti-Vivisectionists are fighting to protect the helpless creatures God has given into our care. Your institution, Professor, has always stood for the right—we hope you are with us in this great cause?" "Yes, certainly," replied my father with a merry twinkle, "we always chloroform the oysters before serving them," and the incident closed in friendly laughter.

Healthy and strong, loved by his wife, his children and his friends, and inspired by the thought that he was doing an important—if only a humble—piece of work in the world, I feel sure that his life was happier than that of the majority of men.

## 10. *Closing Years*

It was a full, rich life. Impossible not to wonder at the man's ceaseless activity and what he accomplished. There was really no end to it. And for everything that he did there were scores that he wanted to do. He began, for example, a translation of the New Testament which, greatly as

he admired the matchless King James, he felt should also be familiar to us in simple modern speech.

During the fifty-one years of his life as a teacher he received offers to the headship of educational institutions—including a tempting invitation to the presidency of a university—but declined, feeling that his gifts did not lie in the field of administration. He carried a full professor's schedule at Oberlin for nearly four decades. His eye was not dim and if his natural force was abated he was still vigorous.

At seventy he began to ride the bicycle. "I got him first," says Carroll, "to ride on the tandem which I had built for the purpose of getting better acquainted with Alice Harding . . . Father learned to go alone in three lessons of twenty minutes each on my bicycle—not my tandem—after we had thoroughly discussed the principles involved, and brought out the apparent paradox between the acts of balancing and steering." One day after he had retired and gone to the far West to live, a street car coming unexpectedly around a corner knocked him off his machine but he was not badly hurt. He rode until he was seventy-seven.

The fact is that throughout his professional life he had prized his health and taken care of it. He ate moderately, bathed every morning, walked a good deal, and practiced deep breathing. He was a sun-worshipper. Ne'er shone the eye of heaven too hot for him, and the warmest days of summer were the best for work. He wanted light—plenty of light—and would tolerate no curtains on his study-windows.

He worked hard, but would not over-strain his powers. And he would have his sleep. Every day as far back as I can remember he took a nap after the noon meal. Moving his chair back from the table and always with newspaper in hand, he dropped quietly off and slept for about fifteen minutes. During that time mother made us keep still.

Sunday was his day of rest. As long as Finney kept the pulpit nobody could relax; but when his successors came in, father began to sleep in church. He developed an amazing technique. Sitting at the right end of our big family pew and resting his elbow on the partition—with his hand to his head—he lapsed into dreamless, noiseless slumber, hardly to be detected by anyone except mother who sat next to him. He didn't know we knew it and probably was never himself aware how habitual it

became. Though it hurt her feelings, mother never disturbed him. Possibly she realized that it was saving his life.

In the course of time, when he was about fifty years old, father found he must have a period of rest during the long vacation. (This occasioned surprise.) He took his whole family to the lake shore to camp—an original thought at that time—and we finally got in the habit of going every summer. Father, with the help of the boys, built the shanty, the bunks and tables and chairs—rocking-chairs for the women—not to mention bathing-tents, sun-parlors and other conveniences. That was the part he enjoyed the most—that and the bathing and swimming. He found rest in change.

Time dealt gently with him and old age stole on him unawares. His locks, "black as the raven wing of midnight," turned slowly to gray and then to white but "his dark features were always benign, and scarcely changed in all his long life in Oberlin." Whether he looked back over the past and dreamed that he might have been a great astronomer, or musician, we shall never know. He seemed to have no desire for fame. But perhaps it was only that he found it out of the question. His many activities had precluded exceptional achievement in any one direction. No doubt he regarded this as God's purpose. The College of his day had need of every one of his gifts and he gave freely.

Only those who have toiled at pioneer work in new fields and have seen their deepest thoughts and best efforts unrecognized or only half understood, for years on years, can know the loneliness which must sometimes have beset him; when those whose business it was to see did *not* see what he was trying to accomplish. But he must have been comforted in his darker hours by doing what his hands found to do, and by the thought that the work of his hands would at length be established. He would have understood Jane Addams when she said she did not "help people in order to earn their gratitude."

It was a fixed principle with father that a teacher should retire at seventy; so at that age he resigned as he had always said he should, but they kept him on for three years longer. By that time mother was dead and the family was scattered over the world from India to the far West. His daughter had gone to Seattle to live and one of his sons was established there as a surgeon. Fred took father into his home and for seven years

he lived there quite happily. It was hard to be torn from his friends and colleagues. But he read many things he had always wanted to read; he played with the children and helped them with their studies. Received with open arms by old students residing in the city, he frequented their homes and clubs and occasionally lectured or preached for them. In the last few weeks his mind was darkened, but he was "always gentle and considerate and to the last was able to ask the blessing at table . . ."

His body was taken to Oberlin and laid to rest in the family lot in Westwood Cemetery, with all that in life he had held most dear. At the memorial service the walls of the old First Church resounded once more to the tragic grandeur of "Behold the Lamb of God," from the *Messiah,* sung by the Musical Union in remembrance of the man who had been their first leader and had taught them to love the music of the great masters.