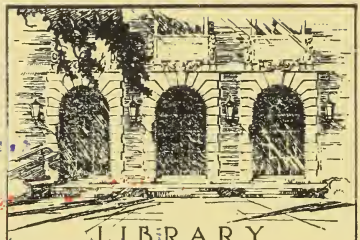
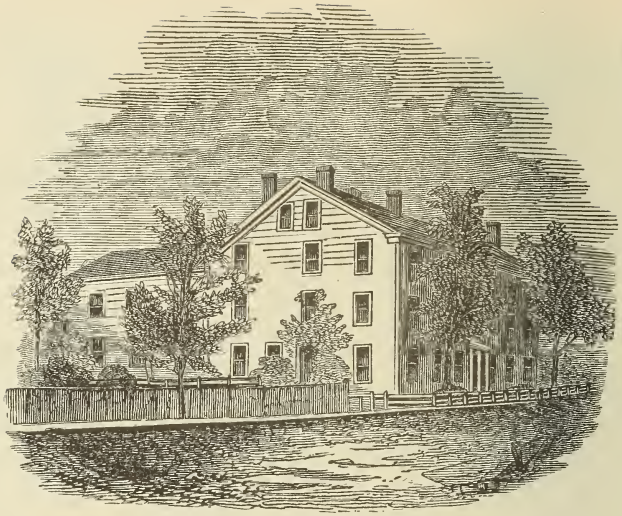
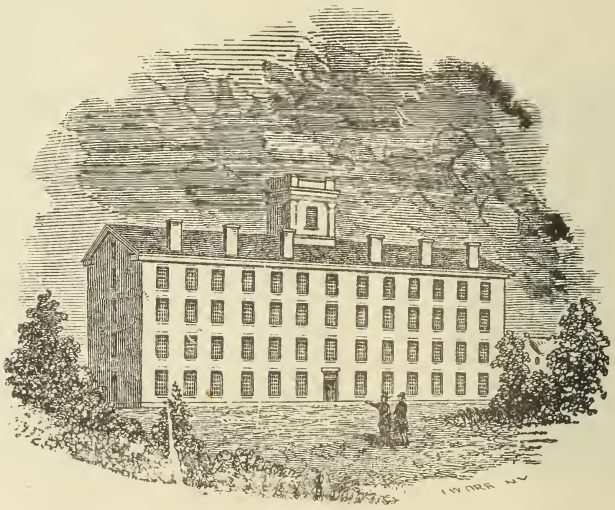




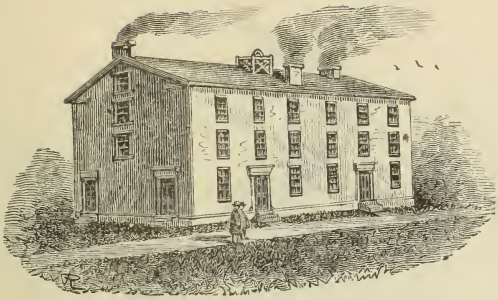
THE FIRST LADIES' HALL.

The second building, erected in 1834, was the Ladies' Hall of the early times,—a three-story wooden structure, 38x80 feet in dimensions, with two projecting wings. The dining room afforded sittings for 200 students and was soon filled. It stood west of Oberlin Hall, in the space between Second Church and the east side of College Place. It afforded room for sixty young ladies, serving its purpose for thirty years. On the completion of the present Ladies' Hall it was divided into five portions, which are now used for dwelling houses in different parts of the town.



TAPPAN HALL.

Tappan Hall was begun in 1835 and was completed the next year. It was named after Arthur Tappan, of New York, who gave $10,000 for its erection. It is of brick, and affords single rooms for eighty-seven students. Built in old style, and lacking modern improvements, it is doomed to make room for a costly college building in 1883.



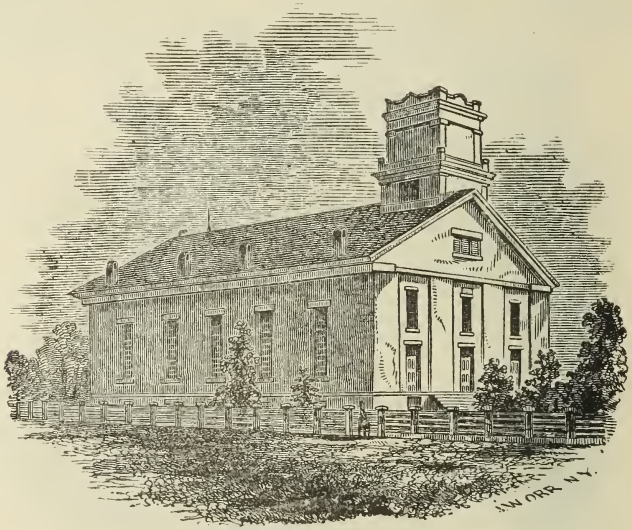
COLONIAL HALL.

In the autumn of 1835 the above college building was erected, Colonial Hall, so named because the colonists furnished most of the money required, and in return were allowed the use of the lower story for Sabbath worship. It fronted College street, with its end on Professor street. It was built of wood and was eighty feet long and three stories high. The upper stories furnished dormitories for forty-four students. It contained the College Chapel and continued in use until 1855, when it was cut in two and removed, to be used for dwellings.

THE HISTORICAL ELM.

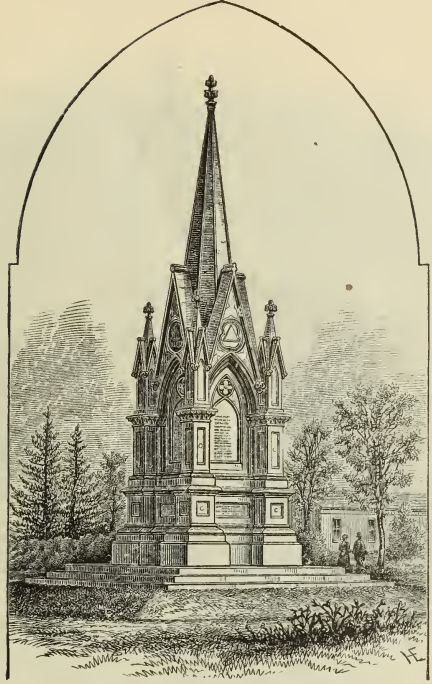
THE BIG TENT.

President Finney brought the "Big Tent" from New York in 1835. It was used for Commencement gatherings and other large meetings, until the First Church was built. It was one hundred feet in diameter and enclosed three thousand people. During 1842 and 1843 it was spread by the students each Sabbath for services. It was purchased by an anti-slavery society and was carried through the country for holding mass meetings.

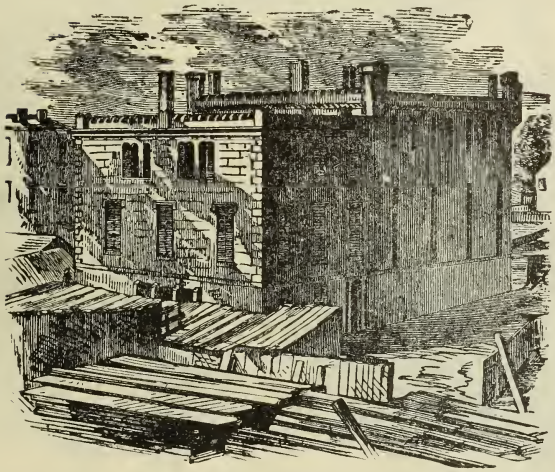


THE FIRST CHURCH.

The First Church was finished in 1843, cost some $12,000 and seats comfortably about one thousand eight hundred people. For many years it was the finest building of the kind in the State. Its chief quality is the arrangement of seats, by which the speaker has the entire audience close about him. It is still in a good state of preservation.

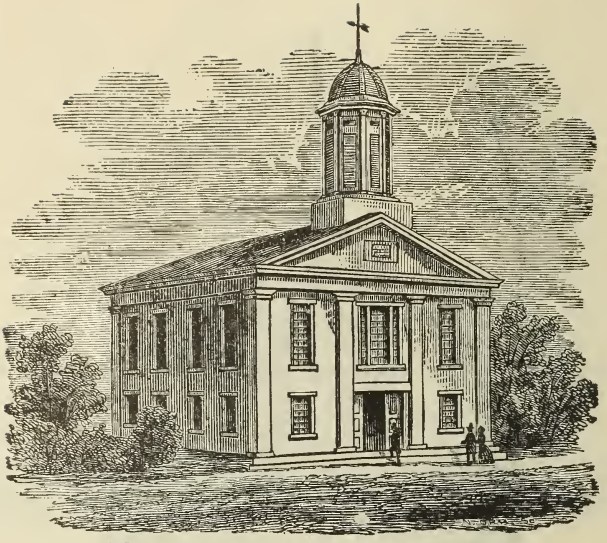


THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.



THE CLEVELAND JAIL.

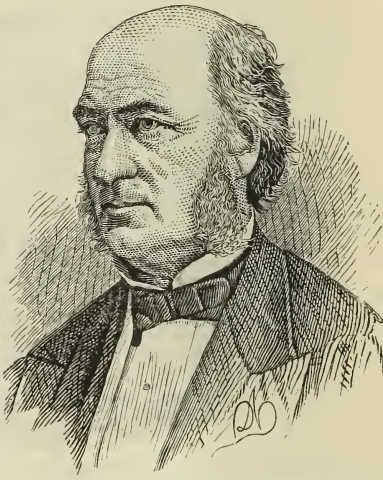
The above cut is a rather dim representation of the old Cuyahoga County jail, located on the Public Square in Cleveland, where the famous "37" of Oberlin were imprisoned.



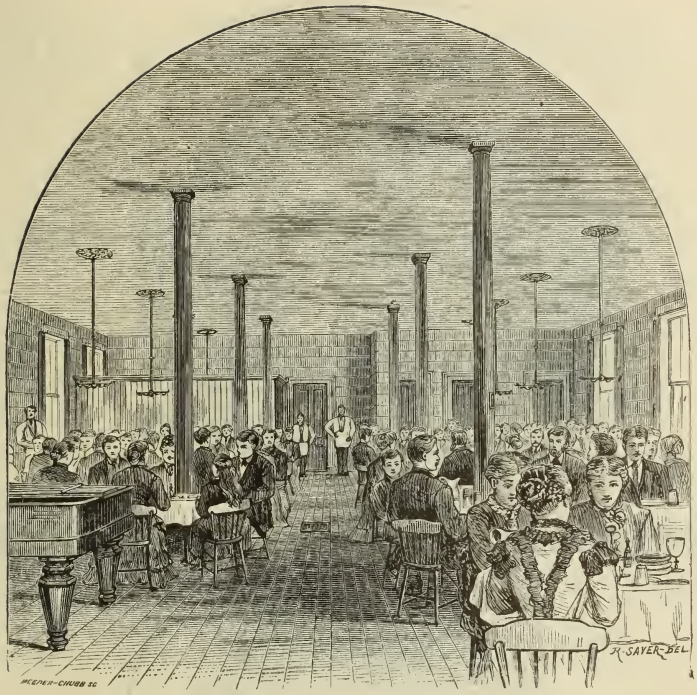
THE PRESENT COLLEGE CHAPEL.

☞ The Chapel was built in 1854-55, costing $10,500. It is to be enlarged soon, so as to admit the splendid new pipe organ which has been purchased.

PRES'T CHARLES G. FINNEY.



PRES'T JAMES H. FAIRCHILD.



INTERIOR OF DINING ROOM IN PRESENT LADIES' HALL

The residences of President Finney and Professor Morgan were built in 1835-6, on the west side of Professor street, (see diagram opposite page 12.) They are still standing, somewhat modified. The former is occupied by Mr. French. The latter, used by the Conservatory of Music, will soon make way for Warner Hall. At the time of their erection these buildings were considered by many good citizens as extremely extravagant.

"Cincinnati," or "Slab" Hall, a cut of which appears on our rear cover, was constructed in 1835, to accommodate accessions from Lane Seminary. It was a one-story building 144 feet long and 24 feet wide. Its sides, floor and ceiling were of unseasoned, rough boards, battened with slabs It is more minutely described on page 18. It served its purpose until the completion of Tappan Hall in 1836, and was afterwards used as a shop. One part of it still exists as a stable at 15 S. Professor street.

We regret that we have not a cut of Oberlin Hall, the first of the college buildings. Oberlin Hall was erected in 1833. It was about forty feet square, with two full stories and the middle portion carried up to the third story. This third story was called the attic, and furnished rooms for twenty young men. Oberlin Hall also embraced a boarding hall, chapel, meeting house, school rooms, college office and Professor's quarters. For a year and a half this building provided for all the operations of the college and all the public gatherings of the colony. It is still in existence, standing on College street, upon its original site, its ground floor being occupied by a jewelry store. Of course its general shape is much modified.

The cuts of Slab Hall, Council Hall, the Historic Elm and the Dining Hall are taken from President Fairchild's History of Oberlin.

The corner stone of the new Ladies' Society Hall, to be known as Sturges Hall, has already been laid. The long promised new central college building will be begun soon, and ground will be broken in March, 1884, for the new Conservatory building, Warner Hall. The two latter halls will eclipse in beauty and enduring qualities any building of which Oberlin has been able hitherto to boast.

COUNCIL HALL.

Council Hall, the most modern and most expensive of the college buildings, was put up in 1872-3, at a cost of nearly $70,000. The rooms were furnished by different churches throughout Northern Ohio.

PRESENT LADIES' HALL.

The new Ladies' Hall was begun at the opening of the war, being completed in 1865. Its cost was $40,000.

OBERLINIANA.

A Jubilee Volume of Semi-Historical Anecdotes connected with the past and present of

OBERLIN COLLEGE.

1833--1883.

Rich fifty years! Their worth out-weighs
The gold since found on western slopes:
In sacrifice and works of faith
Must rest at last a nation's hopes.
"First to the Lord; then to the work"—
This blazoned on thy earliest page,
Shall lead thee in thy larger life,
And be thy proudest heritage.

BY

A. L. SHUMWAY, '82,
C. DeW. BROWER, '83.

Printed by Home Publishing Co., Cleveland, O

To the memory of the saints who, relying upon God, with courage and patience conceived and founded

OBERLIN COLLEGE;

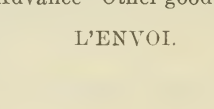
to the friends who have given their prayers and means to preserve the noble inheritance; to the Professors and Teachers who, in self-denying love and wisdom, have worked and taught to the highest good, walking in the footsteps of the Fathers; to the Oberlin men who, having shared in the toils and pleasures of college life, in every land have borne and are bearing "witness to the truth"; to our

ALMA MATER,

dearest of college homes, we humbly but lovingly dedicate this volume.

DR. JOHN MORGAN.

CONTENTS.



SALUTAMUS!

The luckless mortal whose unhappy lot it may be to turn the pages of this book will delve in vain therein for statistics and ordinary chronological tables. He will find very little theology, speculation or moralizing here.

The more serious aspects of Oberlin history have been portrayed in literature more than once, and there is no disposition to undervalue the work thus done by wiser heads and more experienced writers. The publication of this little volume is no invasion of the sphere of any of these more pretentious works. On the contrary, if there is any relation sustained by this book toward others already published, or to be published, that relation is a purely supplemental one. This volume is the after-course of filberts and almonds and oranges and bananas, which should properly follow the more substantial elements in the Jubilee repast. In other words, it is the anecdotal, and hitherto unwritten history of Oberlin College which is contained within these covers.

Doubtless there is no other town in Northern Ohio which has had so remarkable a history as Oberlin, a history into which the element of romance has entered so largely. This history has been so strange, often so thrilling, that it cannot fail to interest the general public. Certainly more than local interest must attach to the history of a town which has been called the nursery of anti-slavery feeling in the West; which has proved the practicability of "co-education of the sexes;" which has been the home and final resting-place of Charles G. Finney; which claims Mrs. Stowe's hero, "George Harris;" which has been one of the principal stations on the under-ground railway; and the name of which has been for a by-word and a hissing in the country. It follows that the romantic stories interwoven with this history ought to be preserved.

The stories within have been compiled with no little outlay of strength, time, and personal inconvenience. If this work is not rewarded in any material way, it will still be a substantial satisfaction to the publishers to know that they have rendered some service to the cause of Oberlin, by preserving these reminiscences of the early times. In a few years there will be no one left from whom an authentic recital of these stories could be had. It is eminently fitting that the present and all future generations of students should know at what a cost have been purchased the educational privileges which they enjoy here; that they fully appreciate the heritage which has been left them by the early Oberlin fathers. Ideas as to the way in which this work should be done may legitimately differ. We have endeavored to handle the history of the school reverently, and yet have not gone to the other extreme of prudery, which is quite as offensive. No one person's ideas as to what the book should be will be fully realized, of course; but we trust that all may find something of value contained in it.

In keeping with the character of the occasion upon which the book is introduced, it has been the effort to paint the brighter side of Oberlin life. A very brief outline of the early career of both town and college is given in the first chapter, to serve as a faint background to the picture—in order that it may not seem to be entirely devoid of historical setting. Only warm, bright colors have been used. Occasionally pathos, sentiment and fancy may have been employed to fill in with, but the presiding genius of the whole is comedy. The surprising and amusing sides of Oberlin life have been portrayed, with due effort to avoid the dangerous extreme of coarseness and buffoonry so common in college publications.

It may be well to state in this introduction that, (unless otherwise specified), the incidents as given are without exception vouched for as strictly true by those Personally acquainted with the facts. Perhaps the gathering up of these traditions could have been done more effectively by some of those still living who have watched the growth of Oberlin from the early times; but as these persons have either not been able or not inspired to take the matter in hand, it has been reserved for the students of modern times to do it as best they could. The result is, we hope, tolerably complete, considering the fact that nearly all the ncidents related had to be gathered by the interviewing process.

And now it only remains, in sending forth this modest candidate for local favor, to add that, while we regret that the haste with which it was necessary to get out Oberliniana has not been compatible with a more exhaustive treatment of the subject and a more perfect typographical make-up, we nevertheless count none of the time and labor which the book represents lost, whatever may be its reception at the hands of the public.

THE AUTHORS.

OBERLINIANA.

CHAPTER I.

PIONEER REMINISCENCES.

IN 1832, Rev. John L. Shipherd, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Elyria, and Mr. P. P. Stewart, an ex-missionary, conceived the plan of organizing a community in the wilds of Lorain county, which should become the secluded home of a collegiate school. During that year they prayed and talked over the plan with their wives, and in the next year came to this place.

The purpose of the colony was set forth in the "Oberlin Covenant" as that of "glorifying God in doing good to men to the extent of our ability." This was the animus of the community. To be sure, there were found also in this "Covenant" the inculcation of self-denial, economy and industry, together with the germ of the present anti-tobacco sentiment; yet *love* to man was the vital principle in the new colony.

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How far the reputation of Oberlin has been warped from this standard! The self-denial, the intensity of belief, and the earnestness of life characteristic of the early residents were made the subject of unsparing ridicule. The word Oberlin became synonymous with bigotry and asceticism; yet the faith of the early settlers was not one of austerity and gloom. The most trifling circumstances were outrageously distorted and heralded abroad over the land by the press. More often stories were fabricated out of whole cloth and circulated in the newspapers.

The New York Observer used the expression, "The latest Oberlinism," in reference to any instance of bigotry and intolerance. In short, the idea prevailed throughout the length and breadth of the land, that extreme fanaticism characterized the place.

Later in the history of the place this calumny asserted itself in open forms. A guide-board five miles north of town represented a

negro running at full speed toward the settlement. Another at the Half-Way House between here and Elyria showed a fugitive slave pursued by a grinning tiger. Papers publicly discussed the right of Oberlin to be. Non-intercourse acts were passed by the Presbyteries, and Oberlin theology branded as heresy. Candidates for the ministry were met with the question, "Do you believe in the Oberlin ways of doing things?" A monstrous pamphlet was published, entitled "Oberlin Unmasked."

Students seeking schools to teach did not dare to say they hailed from Oberlin, in such false odium was the place held. They could only reply to the question, "From Northern Ohio;" otherwise their application was hopeless. A large volume might be filled with instances of the slanders against the town.

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Once a white student, at Mr. Shipherd's request, drove a feeble colored servant girl a few miles for her health, the ride being prescribed by a physician; immediately the county paper issued an extra, denouncing the "amalgamation!" The next Cleveland paper announced in heavy head lines, "*Marriage Extraordinary,*" and gave the hideous details in full. It is needless to say that the account was copied by at least forty papers throughout the United States.

The vilest and most scurrilous accounts of imaginary events were published. Every mistake appeared as a monstrous crime. At a great conference of Western churches held in Cleveland, Oberlin was bitterly denounced. It would be too much to say that Oberlin was free from extremists, and doubtless mistakes were made by some; but kindness, charity, cheerfulness and purity were the chief characteristics of the early Oberlin fathers, and not noisy demonstrative piety.

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Mr. J. A. Van Wagner of '45 says in reference to this opposition: "We were shut out of the world, and had no sympathy from anyone. When I went away at any distance to lecture or preach, I didn't dare to tell them that I came from Oberlin. They would sooner give a night's lodging to a bear than to a man from Oberlin. Once, when I was out lecturing, I stopped at a good house with a very pleasant family. The lady of the house was bent on finding out where I got my education, and asked me several times. I dodged the question as long as I could, but at last she cornered me, and I had to tell her, 'Oberlin.' 'Oberlin!' she exclaimed, with an expression of horror and contempt that I shall never forget. That was the spirit which we encountered everywhere. I had a discus-

sion with a man at one time, and when he could not beat me in any other way, he told the crowd I was an 'Oberlin student!' I had the privilege of attending the State Congregational Association of Michigan one year, and the President of the University at Ann Arbor, who was a member of the Association, rose and spoke of the 'almost damnable theology of Oberlin.' That is the way they felt toward us and our theology."

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But this digression has been made in order that the contumely heaped upon the place might be considered in connection with this original compact of "love to all men." To return now to the little colony struggling against overwhelming opposition.

The chief features of the school, which were especially obnoxious to the public, were the manual labor system and the system of co-education of the sexes. Both of these have now vindicated themselves, but they were then looked upon as highly heretical. Reform was the essence of Oberlin doctrine, and for many of these reforms the world was not ready. The school was many years in advance of its age.

Often worthy, well-meaning men sought to crush the young enterprise, and they were conscientious in this. Newspapers all over the country, particularly the Cleveland Plain Dealer, were illustrated with cartoons burlesquing and misrepresenting the school. Was it just to criticise thus without having investigated the facts? Certainly no town ever became more universally unpopular, and certainly none was ever less understood. But the enterprise grew and prospered notwithstanding all this.

The first year there were 100 students present. In 1834 the eminent Dr. Dascomb came, and all rejoiced in his versatile learning. The attendance of ladies was about 40 per cent. of the whole attendance, and has since preserved about the same proportion. These ladies came from New England and various parts of the country. From Elyria to Oberlin, a distance of nine miles, they were often obliged to walk, sometimes when the mud was ankle deep.

The manual labor system involved at first, four hours' work a day from all alike. An institution farm of 800 acres, a steam engine, mills, machinery, and a workshop were established; the prices paid for labor varied from 3 to 7 cents per hour.

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The following incident was related by a relative of Mr. Pease, and is the reliable account of the events about which so much of interest centres:

"The *very* first prayer meeting in Oberlin was held by Uncle Pindar Pease and his nephew, P. B. Pease. They had traveled all day, (10 miles), from Brownhelm, driving through mud thick and deep. Hitching their oxen, they cut down a tree, the first ever felled in Oberlin, and ate their supper on the stump. Then both kneeled down by its side while Uncle Pindar offered prayer. After building a fire they curled up beside the log and slept calmly all night. Three years later, just beneath the shade of the 'big elm' tree, still standing, a log house was erected, in which lived Secretary Benham and his family. In the sleeping room, which was entered by a ladder, thrust through a hole in the floor, for a long time there stood a box—a small box—in which a child, destined to become one of Oberlin's best men, was lulled to sleep each night by the gambols of rats and mice."

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Mrs. Shipherd has given the following account of the unifying of the diverse views of Mr. Stewart and Mr. Shipherd, which resulted in the founding of Oberlin:

"In their deliberations they would exchange views; one would present one point of interest, another a different one. Mr. Stewart proposed a college, of which Mr. Shipherd could not see the necessity, as Hudson college was in its infancy and poorly sustained; but Mr. Stewart suggested the manual labor system, which Mr. Shipherd fully approved. Thus they labored and prayed, and while on their knees, one day, asking guidance, the whole plan developed itself to Mr. Shipherd's mind, and before rising to his feet he said, 'Come, let us arise and build.' He then told Mr. Stewart what had come into his mind,—to procure a tract of land and collect a colony of Christian families, who should pledge themselves to sustain the school and identify themselves with all its interests. They came down from the study, and Mr. Shipherd, with a glowing face said: "Well, my dear, the child is born, and what shall its name be?"

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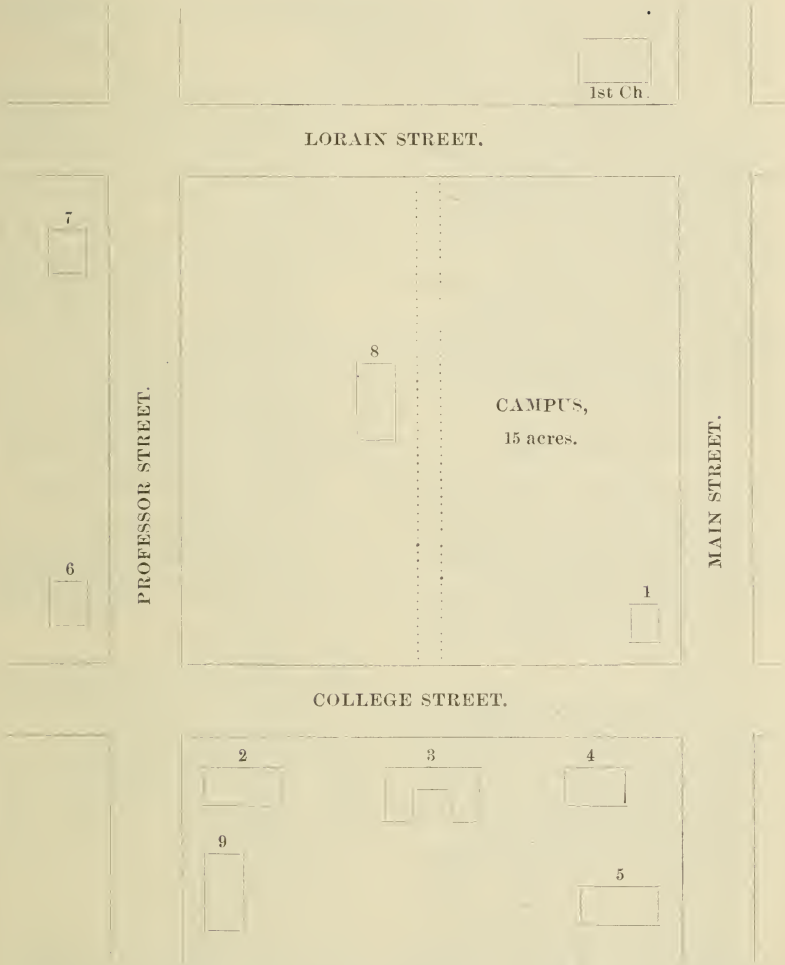
The name selected for the contemplated colony and school was Oberlin, after John Frederick Oberlin, well known as pastor of a parish in Eastern France, an interesting account of whose self-denying and successful labors in elevating the people under his charge, they had just been reading.

PRIMITIVE OBERLIN.



1—Original Log Cabin.
2—Colonial Hall.
3—Ladies' Hall.
4—Oberlin Hall.
5—Walton Hall.
6—Pres't Mahan's House.
7—Mr. Finney's House.
8—Tappan Hall.
9—Cincinnati Hall, alias Slab Hall, alias Rebel Hall.

The above diagram represents, in a crude way, the relative positions of the early buildings. The street named College Place had not then been laid out. Old Slab Hall, a cut of which appears on our rear cover, was superseded by the Laboratory.

For purposes of reference the following table, prepared by Prof. Frost, for the Jubilee Notes, is introduced at this point:

OBERLINIENSIUM EXCERPTA ANNALIUM.

PRÆNATALIA.

1800 Beginning of revivals after forty years of spiritual dearth.
1808 Beginnings of missionary effort among students of Williams.
1820 (*circa*) Beginnings of Temperance Reform.
1821 Conversio of F inney.
1828 (*circa*) A New School Theology recognized in New England.
1831 Garrison's *Liberator* started.
1832 Nov.— Shipherd and Stewart under the Historic Elm, consecrate the ground for a Christian Town and College.

NATALIA.—1833.

Apr. 19th.—Peter P. Pease begins the Clearing.
June.—First National Temperance Convention.
Oct. 2.—Pro-slavery mob at Chatham St. Chapel, New York.
Dec.—American Anti-Slavery Society formed. Arthur Tappan, President. School opened at Oberlin with 44 Students from 7 States.

AD MAJORA ENITENS.

1834 May.—Arrival of Professors Dascomb, Waldo and Branch, and their wives.
Oct.—First Senior Prep. Ex. Greek and Latin Orations.
Finney's *Revival Lectures* published in New York and abroad.
1835 Trustees vote to admit colored students.
Arrival of Anti-Slavery Students from Lane and Hudson.
Arrival of Mahan, Finney, Morgan and Cowles.
Society of Inquiry (Y. M. C. A.) formed.
1836 Oberlin Church with others forms a Congregational Association.
1836 Jamaica Mission founded. (More than 37 missionaries.)
1837 Financial failures involve the College in debt.
1838 *Oberlin Evangelist* started. (24 vols.)
1839 $\Phi.K.\Pi.$ Soc'y form'd. Later, $\Phi.\Delta.$
1841 The Degree of A. B. for the first time conferred on Women. Amsted Captives returned. Mendi Mission founded. (15 missionaries.)
1843 Indian Missions founded. (More than 30 missionaries.)
1844 Olivet founded, the first of some 25 Colleges which are the Offspring of Oberlin.
1846 Finney's Theology. Republished in England in 1851.
American Missionary Association formed.
L. L. S. Society formed.
1847 Oberlin students rejected as missionaries by American Board.
1851 Sale of Scholarships increases the number of Students from 571 to 1020.
1854 Chapel erected.
1856 Elioian Society formed.
1858 Kidnapped boy rescued at Wellington. Professors and others imprisoned under Fugitive Slave Law.
1860 Second Church formed.
1861 April 20.—Enlistment of Co. C.
1865 Ladies' Hall completed.
1866 First volume of Cowles' Commentaries.
1867 Churches take action agrinst Secret Societies.
1869 Fairchild's Moral Philosophy. A. Z. Society formed.
1871 III National Council lays the corner stone of Council Hall.
1874 Union Library Assoc'n formed. April 1st.--First No. *Oberlin Review*
1881 China Band formed. 10 missionaries start for Africa.
1882 Three months' Liquor War.—Special law secured for college towns.

Rev. Wolcott B. Williams, of the Theological Class of '53, said at the dedication of Council Hall:

"I suppose inquiry will be made as to what became of Mr. Shipherd. I will tell you. One day while he was here, he came home and said to his wife, 'What if we go to Michigan and found another college?' After consultation, she agreed to do it, and they went to Michigan, and laid the foundation of Olivet college. I think Oberlin did not, at that time, look very favorably upon other enterprises of that sort. I remember hearing from Oberlin people, expressions of wonder and sympathy for Mr. Shipherd, after he went away; and some time later, at a Thanksgiving meeting held here, Bro. Pease thanked God that he 'had gone to Michigan, had the ague, and got back alive.'

"Meanwhile, Bro. Shipherd had found the site of Olivet, by losing his way. When he got there with his colony, he found a house built, but it was not large enough to accommodate them; so they got some hay and made a bed out of doors. Mrs. Shipherd said to him, after looking over the ground, 'Your college looks a great deal better on paper than it does out here in the woods.'

"They stayed there till the next Spring, when he died. I have seen his grave, and on the head-stone is his age, 'forty-four years.' We were in the habit of calling him 'Father Shipherd,' and yet he was only in the prime of life. He was hardly more than a young man in years, yet he had founded two colleges. He had done a great work."

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Mr. Shipherd's one fault was an excessive virtue. He would never accept a larger salary than $400 a year, and on this meagre basis he had to take care of six bouncing boys. When he died Mrs. S. came back to Oberlin and battled for herself and family in a way which amazes us of to-day. She kept twelve boarders at one time, outside of her own family, and did all the work herself! The sons are all living to-day, three of them being successful business men in Cleveland.

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Mr. P. P. Stewart was a man of great largeness of heart—always doing for the poor. At one time, while he was in charge of the boarding hall, he rose after prayers one morning, when the students had finished their customary repast of graham bread, thin gravy and salt, and made a speech something like the following:

"Brethren, I have been thinking of a way in which we can bless others by the exercise of a very small sacrifice on our parts. I have

concluded to let you all know the result of my meditation, and it is this: Can we not substitute parched corn for our graham diet, and thus save something with which to feed God's lambs?"

The proposition did not meet with favor, however,—the students believing it necessary to draw the line right between graham and parched corn.

* * *

The following incident further illustrates the privations incident to the early life:

One of the Theological Professors went to a brother out of town, who had a team, and told him he wanted some wood drawn, but that he had no money, and asked him how he should pay him. The good brother replied that he would draw wood for him for one day for nothing, and then pointing to his bare feet said:

"But you see I need pay for my work." The Professor immediately jumped from his horse and pulled off his shoes and throwing them to him said:

"Here, take these: I have another pair and can ride barefoot."

* * *

The following will illustrate the spirit which actuated the early students. It was related by Rev. E. B. Fairfield, D. D., of '45, at the dedication of Council Hall:

"I can but very imperfectly express what I felt on the occasion of my coming to Oberlin. Cincinnati Hall was just passing away. I came here a young man, poor, and with nobody to help me, one hundred and fifty miles from home. After I had been here three months, I started to go back home, with two dollars in my pocket. It was a small sum to go so far with, but I went, making the distance on foot. After I reached home I said to my father, 'I want to go back to Oberlin, and I want you all to go.' So I came back; and not long after the family all came."

* * *

One of the first colonists coming from Massachusetts, in 1834, built a log cabin that year, near Oberlin, 13x16 feet within its walls, with single roof. In the summer he built a frame barn 30x40 and could not obtain sufficient help to raise it without calling on the students. A pig-pen that he afterwards built between his house and the street, and larger than his house, was often mistaken for his house, and people coming to see him generally knocked first on the door of the pig-pen. His only vehicle for a number of years, for use on his farm, or for riding for business or pleasure, was a two-wheeled cart, drawn by oxen.

It is often thought that Oberlin was from the start an anti-slavery institution. This is erroneous. The settlement of that question was effected as follows:

The students of Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, began the discussion of slavery. For eighteen successive evenings the discussion was continued most hotly. One young man, Theodore Weld, was conspicuous for his burning eloquence. Superbly logical, and with an irresistible charm of person, he succeeded in fastening overwhelming conviction of the evil of slavery upon the rest. The Seminary trustees met and prohibited this discussion. Four-fifths of the students left at once, and hiring a large building in the vicinity, proceeded to teach each other. It is interesting to note now, in connection with this action, the fact that a colored student carried off the honors at the last commencement at Lane Seminary, (1883). What a revolution in principles is this!

Arthur Tappan offered $5,000 and a professorship to the anti-slavery institution which would receive them, but there was no response.

In the meantime, good Father Shipherd, after prayerful consideration of this great question, felt it a duty to petition the trustees of Oberlin to open the new school to students irrespective of color, and so did. The trustees met in the morning, and a long and most earnest discussion followed. All day the discussion continued.

But women's hearts are often truest on such questions; and Mother Shipherd, while discharging her household duties, frequently passed the open door. At length in her anxiety she stood before it. Father Keep stepped out and informed her that the result was very doubtful. Immediately she dropped everything and gathered together the women of the place to pray for the result. All day the discussion continued, and all day those holy women prayed that the right might triumph. At length the vote was taken.

It was a tie!

Father Keep cast the deciding vote, and made Oberlin forever an anti-slavery school.

* * *

In the Spring the thirty protesting students from Lane arrived, traveling by way of the Ohio Canal. But Oberlin was *full* already. However, they were not discouraged, but proceeded to erect what was afterward known as "Cincinnati Hall," or "Rebel Shanty," a building 144x24 feet in dimensions. Soon after fifteen students left Western Reserve college on similar grounds. The unprecedented action of the trustees drew hither all anti-slavery young men. The place actually *swarmed* with students. Soon colonies

had to be sent out, and the suburbs of Sheffield and Abbeyville were founded.

Under the matchless eloquence of Weld and President Mahan (who came about this time), the students became most enthusiastic in their hatred of slavery. Every winter temperance and anti-slavery delegations went forth lecturing throughout the country. They were reviled, persecuted, mobbed. The school was intensely unpopular. The action of the trustees furnished excellent material for unscrupulous caricaturists, and amalgamation was generally thought to prevail here!

* * *

A brief description of Cincinnati Hall as a representative college building of extreme pioneer days may be of interest. A former student thus describes it:

"The Hall was built of green lumber and supported upon oak blocks, scattered at appropriate intervals, and of course after the unsettling of the first frost the outline of ridge and eaves and sill became decidedly wavy. This, with the outside battening of slabs with the bark still adhering, gave the building a picturesque appearance and made its architecture appropriate to its back-woods surroundings.

But no more notable building has ever been erected to give shelter to the throbbing purposes of Oberlin. It was popularly known as "Rebel Shanty," though its occupants always disclaimed the title. It was eight feet high under the eaves, one hundred and forty-four feet long, and twenty-four feet wide, divided into twenty students' rooms, twelve feet square, the remaining space in the south end being reserved for dining-room and kitchen. Each room had an outside entrance and one window. There was no internal communication between the rooms. It was built in the spring of 1835. After two or three years, more substantial buildings were completed, and it was used as a carpenter shop; in 1839 or '40 it was divided up and distributed about the place for various purposes."

* * *

About the time of the Lane Seminary accessions came Charles G. Finney, with his glorious eloquence, and Dr. John Morgan, who had been dismissed from Lane because of his *humanitarian views!* The generous offer of Arthur Tappan also secured the erection of the commodious dormitory bearing his name. Still the accommodations were insufficient. The rush to the place by the best of the youth was enormous.

A big tent, capable of seating 3,000 people, was purchased, and in this commencement festivities and Sabbath services were held.

In 1842 the first church, still in excellent condition, was begun. It was said, in those early chronicles, "to admit 2,700 people and shade half as many more." Doubtless this was extravagant, but certainly it was the largest building in the State for years. The worshipping body in the church was also the largest, with one exception, in the whole country. The resident membership rose to 1,200, the choir numbered 150 trained singers, and grand almost beyond conception was the melody they made.

Incidents might be multiplied almost endlessly, exhibiting the early spirit of the place. It was an *ideal* community; a sort of prophecy of half a century later. Somewhat like the early disciples, they had all things measurably in common.

* * *

The two following incidents illustrate the spirit of honesty which prevailed in the early days. We believe that the same spirit of integrity permeates the college to-day, and that the same could reoccur did the occasion arise.

A professor relates how the farmers about Oberlin used to bring in nuts, apples, potatoes and other such produce, and tie them in bags to the fence in the college yard. The price of the articles was marked on the bags, and the owners would then go off about other business. On their return at night they would find the proper money in the otherwise empty sacks.

* * *

Rev. Geo. Thompson says that at one time during his student days, he made a long trip into the country one afternoon and brought back a quantity of apples. These were placed in a basket in one of the halls of Tappan, with a card marking the price. The students helped themselves and left the required amount of money in place of the apples.

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* *

Much has been said of the forms of diet observed. Tea, coffee, salt, pepper and meat were banished, even at the hotel; even warm food was at one time deprecated. Afterward what was called meat was served at the boarding-hall once a week. President Finney and other ministers preached openly against these indulgences. The boarding-hall at one time afforded two grades of board, the fifty and seventy-five cent tables. The first was called the "Graham Table," as providing that quality of bread with cold water, for breakfast and supper, with a half bowl of milk added for dinner. The higher priced or "Vegetable Table," had a little more variety, but furnished no pies or cakes.

It thus appears that extreme views did prevail here in those early times, but it was always the extremeness of conviction, and never that of dogmatism. They were *feeling after* the truth. This may also be shown by an incident often quoted as one of the most extreme. A Southern student had written anonymous letters containing outrageous propositions to a certain young lady. These letters were intercepted by some theological students, and a meeting appointed, under the lady's name, at a certain time and place. Said student was considerably surprised on said occasion at being seized, bound, and most severely flogged. Before flogging him, however, the theologues talked to him long and earnestly and prayed for him fervently. Afterwards, however, the leader in the punishment confessed, with tears in his eyes:

"I was all wrong, all wrong; and yet, before God, I *thought* I was right. I thought I was *serving Him.*"

The same man is now president of a prominent Southern college. We of to-day would be willing to say that the young libertine did not get half what he deserved; yet the incident is quoted to show the remarkable sincerity among the early colonists and students. They acted, not under impulse, but from conviction, and were always ready afterward, as in the instance above, to acknowledge their mistake if they had been in error.

* * *

Another peculiarity was the character of the Sabbath worship. Three long services per day were held. When the people became sleepy it was customary to rise and remain standing. Thus, often several hundred would be on their feet at once, and no comment was excited. President Finney was very plain-spoken and direct in his sermons. He would pray for the owner of a cow which was in the habit of wandering around promiscuously, and the act was not considered ridiculous. He could do what other men could not. He might pray for the organist with reference to his proneness to vanity, or for some professor who was inclined to be lazy, and no one could take offense. In any other this would have been unpardonable.

Although the community was so positive and settled in its own views, yet the people were never intolerant. Representatives of every creed and faith were permitted to speak in public, but it was customary to provide for a reply the same or the following night. The monopoly of intolerance was in the hands of Oberlin's blatant enemies.

The simplicity in dress and manners was marked, yet in perfect keeping with the spirit of the work to be done. President Finney

was once presented with a beautiful cloak; he refused, however, to wear it, preferring to part with it that the poor might not suffer for clothing.

*
* *

A notice, which would seem very strange should it appear in these days when Oberlin students are constantly sending boxes of clothing to the needy of other places, was printed in the Oberlin Evangelist for 1840.

"AID OF INDIGENT STUDENTS.

'The Oberlin Board of Education would respectfully suggest to their patrons that articles of clothing are of great value to the indigent students under their care. There is constant demand for all kinds, especially for socks, shirts, bosoms, and collars, fulled or broad cloth, and also such articles as are suitable for the warm season. The two latter kinds may well be sent before being made up. Donations in money are also earnestly solicited. 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.' L. BURNELL, Acting Agent."

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To illustrate the privations endured in the early days an old settler tells us of having paid out his last dollar one winter for "shorts" flour and carrying it home on his back through snow knee-deep. Having helped his wife to prepare some of it in the shape of griddle cakes they discovered, at the last moment, that there was no grease. The old saying: "When poor, grease your griddle with corn cobs," came to their aid, and the experiment proved a success. A king never enjoyed his banquet more than these pioneers did those cakes.

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In those same days for endurance the gentlemen's pants were often made out of cotton bed-ticking. Clearing up land was the occupation for the winter days. Economy, diligence, sobriety and faithfulness were lessons cheerfully learned, and which have never been forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

SLAVERY ANECDOTES.

IT is the object of this chapter to sketch in a very hasty way some of the incidents which form a part of the anti-slavery history of Oberlin. These incidents have been so numerous that we here are apt to think of them as commonplace, yet to the general reading public they must be most interesting.

At the start we desire to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Sabram Cox, Rev. George Clark, Deacon Peck, Mr. Munger, Mrs. Horace Taylor, President Fairchild and others, to whom we are indebted for the material for this chapter. Mr. Sabram Cox, upon whom a call was made, is an elderly colored man of rare intelligence and noble qualities of mind. He was at work for Mr. Lovejoy, at the time of the famous (or infamous) assassination of the latter, in Alden, near St. Louis. He was then only a boy, but was the only person who dared haul from the river in an express wagon the sunken printing press, upon which Mr. Lovejoy had printed his anti-slavery paper. As he drove through the streets with a coffin in which to place the body of his beloved friend and patron, he was hissed by the mob, and only escaped death by reason of his tender years. In the early history of Oberlin he played a prominent part, and his name will occur frequently in these sketches.

* * *

No man in Oberlin could be trusted on the slave question. An old Southerner once said that no matter how pious or reliable Oberlinites might be in other matters, they would be "like horse thieves when it came to a nigger." To betray a negro would have been to lose the respect of the community, and insure lasting disgrace and odium.

* * *

Reference has already been made to the origin of the Oberlin anti-slavery sentiment, and the strange but characteristic way in which the hostility of the college as an institution became pledged to the moral crime of trafficking in men's bodies. In the early times, it will be remembered that Oberlin was the only point in the North where anti-slavery sentiments prevailed. It thus became

from the first a sort of junction or focus for the converging lines of the "Underground Railway" from the South. From the town fugitives were transferred secretly to Cleveland, Black River, Vermillion, Huron, and Sandusky, and put aboard boats bound for Canada. The writer was shown a large cave between here and Black River, where *it is said* that fugitive slaves were concealed, thus constituting literally an underground depot. For the truth of this assertion we can not vouch.

* * *

To show the complete isolation of Oberlin sentiment, it is only necessary to say that there was not the least sympathy felt toward the place by any of the neighboring towns. The little colony was quite alone in the advocacy of anti-slavery. The towns in the vicinity were ready at any time to assist the slave-holders. Often they held indignation meetings, and discussed measures for putting Oberlin down. Anonymous communications were sent in threatening to burn the town, and for years an armed patrol had to be kept to guard it. Students were egged, stoned, sometimes seriously hurt, for the sole crime of hailing from Oberlin. One eminent evangelist, a man noted for his Christian love, told the writer that the legs of his horse were once cut in to the bone, for the simple reason that the animal had the misfortune of belonging to an Oberlinite. Yet these persecutors who were themselves so intolerant were punishing a dumb brute because he chanced to belong to a community which they fancied to be offensive because of intolerance.

* * *

Another instance is related of the way in which the early anti-slavery enthusiasts from Lane Seminary were treated. Rev. Amos Dresser, one of the "rebels," now of Franklin, Nebraska, was selling Bibles in the streets of Nashville, Tennesee, when some one inquisitively peeped into his buggy, and found that the books were wrapped up in old copies of the Philanthropist. He was thereupon arrested, tried, sentenced in due form of law, and treated to twenty lashes upon his bare back in the Public Square in Nashville! Does not such an outrage make the blood boil at the mere recital to-day?

* * *

The students of to-day can scarcely imagine what it must have been to live in Oberlin in those days. What a tremendous sensation it would take now-a-days to rouse two or three hundred student sat midnight and start them off on foot in a pursuit of slave-holders for miles; a pursuit involving weariness, often danger, and offering only the compensation afforded by the triumph of moral

right. Yet this was a common experience in those days, and the faithfulness of the people is attested by the statement that of all the fugitives fleeing here, and afterward purloined by "owners," *not one* was ever returned to slavery.

* * *

An incident will first be related which formed a part of the unwritten history of Oberlin for the year 1840.

A company of eight fugitives, having passed North, were delivered over to the keeping of Mr. Brown, at Brown's Landing on the lake. One of this company was a shrewd old man of some sixty years. As was customary the party was being kept until word should be received from the anti-slavery organization here that a boat had been engaged in which the fugitives might be taken to Canada. Mr. R. E. Gillet was at that time leader of this organization.

Accordingly word was brought one day that a boat was moored near the "Landing," and soon a messenger appeared with a note. This note was signed R. E. Gillett, and stated that the boat was waiting, and that the party would be rowed to it in a skiff by the bearer.

The company started, but had not proceeded far when the sagacious old man, who had been walking along thoughtfully, came to a sudden halt.

"'Pears to me," he said, "like as though dis ain't all straight, chilluns."

"Why, what's the trouble?" inquired Brown.

"I dunno," replied the old man, "only something tells me it ain't right."

"Oh yes, it must be," said the other; "here is Gillet's own name, and he is never deceived."

Still the old man shook his head solemnly, and in order to assure him Brown willingly agreed to wait, and investigate the matter. Accordingly the company returned to a chamber in the house, and a young man was sent to spy around near the boat.

Soon he returned in the greatest haste, and told them of a conversation he had overheard while concealed in some bushes, proving the forgery of the note. The colored party were hurried out the back way into the woods, and started post haste for Oberlin, the city of refuge. In a moment more Brown's house was surrounded by the horde of slave-holders who had been lurking in the vicinity, and had discovered the defeat of their plan.

The slaves, with the exception of the old man, continued their flight to Oberlin, pursued by their greedy masters. Arriving in the

town they were concealed in a house just in time to discover the slaveholders at their heels. The house was surrounded by the human cormorants, and it seemed as if escape was impossible. However, the citizens and students discovered the nature of the trouble, and soon appeared upon the ground in alarming numbers. There was no pre-arranged plan, but every one understood the case, and all worked together harmoniously. People entered the house promiscuously, and certain articles of apparel were surreptitiously put into the possession of the slaves. Scarcely any one knew how, but soon, in some mysterious manner, every one of the fugitives had been transferred to other quarters. Bonneted, hooded, shawled and variously disguised, they effected their escape under the very eyes of their pursuers

It was still, however, too dangerous to attempt to send the slaves away, and they were kept in another part of the town. Meanwhile a reward of $700 had been offered for the apprehension of the fugitives. This was too tempting an offer for some of our sister villages to resist, and certain residents of Elyria decided to reap the emolument of treachery. A certain lawyer B. set about the matter, and soon had a new blacksmith, in the employ of Isaac Penfield, in this village. The Oberlinites, however, were always on the alert for spies, and it was not long before this one was ferreted out.

But the question was, what should be done? A plan, suggested by the wife of Mr. Horace Taylor, an instructor in the college, was finally adopted. This plan was carried out and worked to perfection.

During the day it was whispered to this spy, that early that evening a covered wagon would leave town for Cleveland, drawn by four horses. At the appointed time the wagon was made ready, and there were stowed away in it instead of the seven real slaves, seven colored students and citizens, under the leadership of Sabram Cox. The horses were driven by two white persons, whose mission was to testify in court that the passengers were free Oberlin people. (It was then in the time of the famous Ohio Black Laws.) The colored boys were variously disguised. Some were dressed as women and had thick veils on; all were clad in rags.

The party drove without molestation clear into Elyria Center, and began to fear that they had sold *themselves*.

"Well," they said, "we'll go down to M.'s anyway, and have some refreshments.

As they were passing the hotel, however, a voice was heard,—

"There they come!"

The driver cracked his whip and yelled at the horses.

"Hey! stop there!" cried the crowd, and rushed out into the street.

"See here! What do you mean by stopping honest travelers in this way?" demanded the driver.

"O, we'll let you find out, rest assured," remarked the sarcastic voice of lawyer B.

The driver again tried to force his way through the crowd, but the lead-horses were seized and taken to the stable Lawyer B. mounted the stage triumphantly, and began pulling at the curtains.

"O, boys," cried Cox, in a subdued voice, "we're in an awful scrape!"

"I guess you are for once," chuckled lawyer B., still tugging spitefully at the curtains.

"Hold 'em down, hold 'em down!" came in muffled accents from within.

After more resistance an entrance was forced, and the slaves cowered trembling before their captors. But the odor of the $700 reward was becoming delightfully fragrant now, and made the slave-takers exceedingly good-natured.

"Help the ladies out first," said lawyer B., gallantly.

And with the most obsequious politeness he proceeded to help out the sniffling maidens.

"See how modest they are in the presence of so many men," cried one gaily, as he pointed to the thick veils

"Well, boys," said Cox, in a low voice, "we're in for it. We have got into a bad muss, but keep up courage."

The gang took their prisoners up into the bar-room, and began exultantly to congratulate themselves on the big haul they had made. Their success elated them so that they were inclined to be very gracious, even to their prisoners. Meanwhile the feelings of the supposed slaves may be imagined. The mock deference with which they were treated by their exultant captors was of course irresistibly comical to them; and many were the purposely ambiguous remarks made by one and another of them to the merriment of the captors, and of course themselves most of all.

Afterwards it was only necessary to say to the lawyer in question, with great gallantry, "Let the ladies out first, let the ladies out first!" in order to raise a laugh that would force him to retire precipitately from the room.

In jest and story the hour was prolonged till late into the night, the prisoners using every device to gain time. They were still in the bar-room gathered about a big fire in the long fireplace. Cox was sitting next to the fire, well muffled with rags, so as to conceal his identity. At length, however, the fire became so warm that he was forced to remove some of the wraps about his neck. As he

did so he was suddenly recognized by a former fellow student in college.

"By heavens!" exclaimed the latter, "if there ain't Cox, of Oberlin!"

Amid general consternation the facts of the deception became known. And now was the turn of the prisoners. Turning to the constable present, who had performed the arrest, Cox made some remarks to him which were certainly not ambiguous in their nature, for they made such an impression upon him that the same night he "folded his tent and silently stole away" from the town.

The affair had gone so far, however, that a hearing before the Justice of the Peace was unavoidable. Accordingly the matter was brought up in legal form, and after a ridiculous trial the seven negroes were acquitted, being identified by the white drivers. All this took time, however, and this time was most diligently used by the real fugitives. In the morning it was learned that the wagon of genuine slaves had passed through the edge of Elyria during the same night and already reached Cleveland.

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At one time a party of slaves arrived in town just in advance of the pursuers. They found warm friends here, and were concealed so as to elude discovery on the part of the slave-holders, for some time. But the latter still remained in the neighborhood, and it was unsafe to send the slaves away and dangerous to keep them any longer. In this emergency a happy plan was hit upon.

The students were emphatic in their sympathy for the oppressed slaves, and always ready to attempt any scheme for assisting them. There was at that time a young man named Cooley in the institution. Learning the facts in question he gathered together some of his companions and made this proposition:

"Let's disguise ourselves to-night and leave town rather conspicuously, in the role of escaped fugitives. Fun for us, you know, and then we will save time for the real fugitives, so that they may escape from town."

"Good," said another, named Whittlesey.

And so it was arranged. About dusk that evening the slave-holders were observed near the large elm by the hay scales, opposite the present Park House. A moment later and a rather deep, mysterious-looking wagon, with its contents covered, was driven by in the direction of the lake. Whittlesey was in front, driving.

The slave-holders took in the case at a glance, and were immediately mounted in pursuit. Whittlesey observed them and began driving very rapidly.

"Hey, there!" yelled the slave-holders, "stop that wagon and let us have those slaves!"

"Go it!" said Whittlesey, to his horses, and hit them a sharp rap with the whip. For several miles he led them an exciting race toward the lake. At length he permitted them to gain perceptibly.

"See here, you fellow!" they yelled again; "we know what you've got there, and it's no use. We want them niggers."

Whittlesey lashed his horses desperately. The other boys had disguised themselves by applying black silk to their faces, so that in the dusk the illusion was nearly perfect. They now dodged up their heads cautiously, and looked out anxiously at the approaching enemy.

"Oh hurry, hurry;" cried Cooley, wringing his hands in an agony of fear.

Whittlesey still lashed the animals furiously, but it was soon apparent that all was in vain.

"Boys!" he cried, reining up suddenly, "it's no use. I can't take you any farther. Get to the woods, and *run!*'

Out the students leaped and took to an adjacent cornfield, groaning and crying as they went. Such a chase as they led the slave-holders through that field! Cooley was the first to be overtaken. His sense of the ridiculous was too much for him, and throwing himself upon the ground he rolled over and over in irrepressible mirth.

The pursuers stopped in amazement and demanded what he meant.

"Oh, you poor, miserable things!" he managed to say between his fits of laughing; "What sublime idiots you are!"

And he tore away the silk and burst into uncontrollable laughter again. The disappointment and chagrin of the slave-catchers can best be imagined.

* * *

On another occasion some slaves had been concealed about the old boarding-hall. They were not in a position of safety, and the owners (?) were in a fair way to discover them. Accordingly one afternoon a large load of hay was hired, and left standing near by. During the night the slaves were transferred to the load and covered by the hay. On the following morning the hay was hauled to the lake, and the human part of the cargo embarked for Canada.

* * *

At another time a slave was in the greatest danger of apprehension. At a supreme moment a plan was conceived, and Alonzo Pease sent for (since he was quite essential for its execution). Mr. Pease

was the Oberlin artist whose death occurred two or three years ago. Mr. Pease brought materials, and worked an hour upon the slave. At the end of that time the latter was a very respectable Caucasian, and had the satisfaction of knowing that all the paints could be washed off. In this disguise he left the house, entered a carriage, and was driven right through the crowd of slave-hunters in the most public way, without recognition.

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Again in broad daylight a slave rode on horseback to Huron, disguised as the lady companion of a student named Sheffield, (now a prominent man at Napoleon, O.) His face was chalked and veiled. At Brownhelm the two stopped and took dinner with our own President Fairchild, and arrived in safety later in the day at Huron, having deceived their pursuers openly. The darkey was so amused at this novel method of escape, that when he found himself safe he laughed until he could have been heard a mile away, saying over and over:

"Fore God, massa neber know dis chile in dem ar close." Looking in a glass he exclaimed: "Go way, niggah, I neber seed you afore; 'specs you'se a runaway."

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In a lecture by Frederick Douglass, in 1876, on John Brown, reference was made to Shields Green, once a student and citizen in Oberlin. In this connection Prof. Frost writes: "Near the southeast corner of our cemetery stands an unpretentious monument of clouded marble, about eight feet in height, bearing the following inscriptions:

S. GREEN,
Died at Charlestown, Va., Dec. 2, 1859.
Aged 23 years.
J. A. COPELAND,
Died at Charlestown, Va., Dec. 2, 1859.
Aged 25 years.
L. S. LEARY,
Died at Harper's Ferry, Va., Oct. 20, 1859.
Aged 24 years.
THESE COLORED CITIZENS OF OBERLIN,
The heroic associates of the immortal
JOHN BROWN,
Gave Their Lives for the Slave.
Et nunc servitudo etiam mortua est, laus Deo.

Shields Green was residing in the family of Mr. Douglass just before the raid on Harper's Ferry, and at the call of Brown he repaired with Mr. Douglass to an appointed spot near the borders of Virginia. Here Brown confided to them the details of his plans, including the capture of Harper's Ferry. Mr. Douglass objected to this as unwise and hazardous, and finding entreaty unavailing he withdrew from the enterprise. Mr. Green, however, followed his old commander. When John Brown was finally surrounded, Green and one companion were in the mountains on some errand, and they returned to find that rescue was impossible. His companion counseled flight, and did himself escape, but Shields Green—the Oberlin student—replied that he preferred to 'go down and die with the old man,' *and he did.* There is scarcely a more touching incident in our national history."

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In the fall of 1842, a fugitive man and his wife, of the name of Johnston, reached Oberlin and found shelter in the house of one, Page, living on East Lorain street near where the railroad now passes. The place was about a mile from the center of the college campus, and was especially favorable for the capture of concealed refugees.

It was known that the pursuers of Johnston and wife were lurking about town, but no one apprehended the forcible abduction which followed.

About 9 o'clock one evening, when all was quiet in the town, a rap came at the door of this house in which the Johnstons were concealed. Immediately afterward the door opened, and in marched the slave-hunters. They approached the family brandishing weapons, and threatening to kill any one who interfered. Then they sought out Johnston and his wife, and put them in irons and started east.

It so happened that at this time there was a colored young man in the employ of the family who roomed in the rear of the house. Comprehending the state of affairs he accomplished a hasty escape from a back window, and started for town with all speed.

Reaching the old chapel he found many students still assembled at a college society meeting, the discussion of the slavery question having that evening been up for consideration. The word was quietly passed about, the meeting broke up, and the boys started in silence for Page's house. They never considered it wise to know too much about what was to be done, yet there was always a tacit understanding.

Other students, living in the dormitory, had already gone to bed. Suddenly there sounded through the corridor that electrical cry,

"Slave-holders in town!"

Nothing more needed to be said. Those words brought the students to their feet, and hurriedly dressing, they joined the throng that was starting for the scene of action. Then the chapel bell pealed out the alarm and others helped to swell the number. The company was under the charge of Mr. Horace Taylor, a beloved teacher in the school, and Mr. Carrier, the institution farmer at that time. The company was armed, it is true; yet the instructions were very explicit that all proceedings should be orderly and lawful.

The company pursued the kidnappers nearly three miles. The latter, it seems, had become over confident on account of their easy victory, and were occupying an abandoned hotel. The Oberlin brigade saved half the distance by a short cut, and approached in rather suggestive numbers. Some were on horseback, but most were on foot. The number, as estimated by one present, was about 300.

As they approached they could discern Johnston and wife handcuffed within, while the captors themselves were seated in the door way, armed with revolvers. The latter were three in number, consisting of a Southerner and his two sons. The overwhelming numbers of the rescuers discouraged them immediately, and they made no resistance.

"All we want, sirs," said Mr. Carrier, "is fair play. We will have justice."

It was arranged that Mr. Carrier and a few others should remain with the Southerners over night. The main body of students accordingly returned to town.

At sunrise, however, a still larger body of citizens and students returned to the spot. Arrangements were made by the slave-catchers for a trial in an adjacent school house, and the case was calle up. The trial was, of course, only a sham; and according to the predictions of the slave-holders, proved their claim to the slaves.

"And now I hope you are satisfied," said the Southerner; "and I hope we may be allowed to proceed."

"No, sir!" said Mr.Carrier, in tones that were not at all equivocal; "no, sir! The least we will agree to now is, that you go with us to Elyria. We shall not abide by this mock trial, and will employ justifiable force if you resist us."

Nothing else could be done, and so the party continued on foot to Elyria—no one feeling that it was a hardship. Loyalty to right was their sustaining principle.

At Elyria the case was brought up in a proper legal form. In case of defeat, however, the Oberlin people had provided for the escape of the slaves. A wagon and fleet horses were stationed near by; men were distributed through the room and on the stairs to pass the fugitives along; and the Sheriff had been won over, so that at the given signal from him the rescue could be made.

But when the case was brought up the slave-holders plead not ready for trial. The case was consequently postponed, and the slaves put into jail. In the meantime papers had been issued against the Southerners for entering a house and searching it without a warrant, threatening the occupants, and finally assault and battery. They were then put under $1,500 bonds for their appearance in court. Bail was furnished, and the next day they started South to Kentucky for further evidence.

That night the Elyria jail leaked. A report prevailed that an entrance to the jail was dug under the wall from without; but the more probable theory is that, while not under direct inspection, Johnston cleft a heavy rod from the jail banisters with an axe, and secreted it in his cell. With this he pried at the grating, and succeeded in removing two bars. Through this opening all the occupants of the jail escaped with the one exception of an old man who was too corpulent.

In the following February the three slave-holders started North again. They were quite wroth at the escape of their property, and vowed vengeance dire to the Oberlinites. But on the way pestilence overtook them. That dreadful scourge, cholera, carried away one and afflicted the rest, so that they turned back in the greatest fear. They never returned to the North.

What became of Johnston and wife no one could tell. We recently had the pleasure of talking with Mr. Munger, who was the only one for years who could answer that question. The couple were brought to his house and remained there in the greatest secrecy until the 21st of March, when H. C. Taylor drove them to Cleveland in his cutter. Not even the most intimate friends of Mr. Munger knew of this fact at the time.

* * *

It required great shrewdness in the early days to accomplish the rescue of the slaves and yet not seem to transgress the law. Usually there was no concerted plan, but all acted in harmony, as if there were a tacit understanding. Advantage was taken of the laws for search warrants. Only warrants to search one house at a time could be issued, and these must be procured at Elyria. The slaves could thus be suddenly transferred from one part of the town to

another, and the pursuers flanked. During all the years of Oberlin's anti-slavery history there were fugitives in town. Often one house would contain ten or a dozen, and at the same time a large proportion of the houses in town hold refugees. Thus very great numbers were sheltered and protected by the people.

* * *

The residents had to guard against spies constantly. An instance is told showing the way in which the fidelity of men of questionable principles was tested.

An earnest anti-slavery man, whom we will call Mr. S., residing southeast of town, had occasion to doubt the honesty of a certain neighbor of his by the name of W. Accordingly he resolved upon the following ruse: One morning when he had no slaves on hand, he called upon Mr. W. After miscellaneous conversation he at length drew the latter aside and remarked confidentially:

"Well, neighbor W., I want your assistance. I had a couple of darkies come to my place last night, and I propose to protect them. The slave-holders will pass your house on the way, and I want you to turn them from the track. At the worst, let me know when they are approaching, so I can be prepared."

To this Mr. W. readily assented, and S. returned home.

That night the house of Mr. S. was surrounded by a big gang of slave-hunters who were in search of a couple of escaped slaves. The marauders entered without ceremony and demanded the slaves.

"Oh, sir's," said Mr. S., in mock fear, "I have no slaves of yours or anybody else's. Indeed I haven't."

"Come, now," said the leader savagely, "none of this. We want them niggers, and what's more we're goin' to have them."

They searched the house thoroughly, but in vain.

"Now, see here," demanded the leader again angrily, "you've got them slaves, and do you fork 'em over."

S. protested his innocence again.

"What!" said the leader, "didn't you tell Mr. W. this morning that you had a couple of darkies come last night?"

S. dropped his head and could say nothing.

"Well, now, where are they?"

"In the barn, sir," faltered Mr. S.

"Show them to us at once!"

The proceeded to the barn and S. led them in great agitation to a stable.

"Oh, please sirs, don't hurt me, and you may have them."

Then he tremblingly opened the stable and said:

"Those are the darkies, gentlemen!"

And he pointed to a pair of black lambs which had been born the night previous.

* * *

The unselfishness of the pioneers of Oberlin in this work of helping slaves is shown by the fact that they never received any compensation for their services, although often struggling against stern poverty themselves. Their disinterested labors of love were also sometimes unappreciated by those whom they would help. Once Mr. Munger had kept in his house a colored man and wife for over three weeks, boarding them and caring for them meanwhile. For this assistance the latter had returned no service to their benefactors. One Monday Mrs. Munger was ill, and Mr. M. ventured to ask the fugitive if his wife would not assist some in the washing.

"Well," said the man, thoughtfully stroking his beard, "yes, I think perhaps she might, if you would pay her fifty cents."

This was an actual occurrence. Usually, however, the gratitude of the fugitives toward their saviours knew no bounds.

* * *

Various devices were adopted to detain the slave-hunters and gain time for escaping negroes. Once a gang of slave-hunters came up South Main street, in search of slaves who were at that time being transferred to a place of safety. The students heard of the matter, and came from their recitation rooms to the number of about 200, books in hand, to a place where the slave-hunters must pass. The latter approached cautiously, expecting a mob. Imagine their surprise at being addressed by one and another on various topics of interest. They were in a hurry, however, and tried to press on, but the students, effectually blocking the way, continued to talk amiably. With various excuses, and conversation all the while which was aggravatingly good natured, they managed to detain the infuriated Southerners for several hours.

* * *

At another time slave-holders arrived in town about dusk. Observing them, the students appointed a large deputation to look after their comfort while in town. All that night the slave-holders were followed about by this body of students, who kept up an animated conversation all the time, feeling that they were in duty bound to entertain their visitors to the best of their ability. At dawn the leader exclaimed with an oath:

"Don't these confounded Oberlin people ever sleep?"

And the company left town in discouragement, never to return.

Rev. Uriah T. Chamberlain, of the class of '38, who died in 1881, at the age of 70, was once sued under the fugitive slave law for assisting fugitives, and fined to the amount of $50,000. On appeal to a higher court he was fined one cent, but the costs were still to be paid. Finally on a third hearing, he was cleared by the advocacy of Judge Parish.

* * *

A party of students once blacked their faces and led the slaveholders a long chase toward Brownhelm. Overtaken at length, they made for a brook, and when their pursuers came up, astonished the latter by bathing in the water; and, lo! the black rubbed off.

Anti-slavery lawyers at Elyria would sometimes find technical flaws in indictments, and in the short interim before a new writ could be served, Oberlin parties would be driving the slaves rapidly toward places of refuge. Every legitimate method of evading the slave-trappers was employed. In extremely rare cases the more impulsive students would secure justice by irregular methods; but such conduct was always condemned and punished.

*
* *

Another incident selected at random from much material on hand shall suffice for this chapter. A fugitive had been helped to escape and while on the route to Cleveland, was chased by the sheriff and a lawyer from Elyria. Near Ridgeville it became necessary for the slave to hide in a place of safety until the attention of the officers could be diverted. A ruse was employed for the deception of the pursuers. There was a smoke-house near by and it was decided to direct their attention to this. Accordingly very mysterious things were observed in connection with this smoke-house. It was visited at night. Suspicious movements in and about it were noticed. It was locked and evidently guarded.

After careful observation the lawyer and sheriff became convinced that this building contained their victim. They accordingly set about accomplishing its capture. Help was sent for and soon a large force had gathered in the vicinity. From a neighboring forest the slave-catchers made their observations. A circle of men was disposed around the smoke-house, and at the proper moment the sheriff and lawyer gave the signal for the attack.

"Now, brave men!" cried the lawyer, "swoop down on it!"

And with energy worthy of a better cause they descended upon that poor inoffensive structure. In a moment the door was burst open, and they saw their poor victim cowering and trembling before them. It was a large, healthy-looking *ram*.

CHAPTER III.

THE WELLINGTON RESCUE.

TO attempt to bring within the confines of a single chapter anything like a comprehensive account of the famous Oberlin-Wellington Rescue is impossible. Only a meagre sketch of the outlines of the story will be attempted, and even that seems like the thirteenth labor of Hercules.

In 1856 a negro slave, known as John Price, escaped from his master, John G. Bacon, and was received and protected by Oberlinites.

Two years later a neighbor of Bacon's happened on a visit to the place in search of certain human merchandise pertaining to his own family's estate. While here he recognized the negro Price, and wrote to his former master of the fact. Bacon immediately sent north one P. P. Mitchell, with papers authorizing Jennings to accomplish the capture of Price. Securing legal assistance, Jennings accordingly set about consummating the arrest.

But the Oberlin people, always on the alert for kidnappers, suspected some unhallowed design, and it became necessary to change his tactics. He therefore availed himself of the assistance of a treacherous farmer living three miles north of the town. Price was persuaded to take a ride out of town with this farmer's son on the 13th of September, 1858, and when a mile and a half from the corporation, was captured by Jennings' assistants. By a circuitous route the party then proceeded to Wellington, a village nine miles south of Oberlin, and lodged in the Wadsworth House, where they were joined by Jennings.

But on the way they were met by a couple of young men riding northward. The latter immediately hastened their pace to Oberlin, and apprised the people there of the state of affairs. This was between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. Scarcely a word was said, but the citizens and students of Oberlin started south in eloquent silence. Wagon after wagon was filled. A crowd left this place estimated at from two to three hundred, and this number was swelled, at Wellington to five or six hundred. The people congregated about the hotel. The captors of the negro were in great fright, but they

were assured that no harm was designed for them personally. The negro was the person the crowd demanded. The slave-catchers then tried to persuade their prisoner to make a speech and say that he wanted to go back South with them. So John appeared on the hotel balcony, with the persuaders on each side holding him fast, and made the following memorable speech:

"I want to go back, because—because, I 'spose I must."

He was immediately hurried back to the attic, and the door was barricaded. Then a ladder was raised to the one window in the room where Price was concealed. No one was seriously injured in the rescue. Price was immediately taken north to Oberlin again, and for years the place of his concealment was a secret. Inquiry developed the interesting fact that he was brought by J. M. Fitch and Hon. James Monroe (then professor in the college—now an ex-Congressman, living in quiet retirement at his pleasant home in College Place), and concealed in the house of President James H. Fairchild until he was forwarded to Canada.

The slave himself was a rather stupid and worthless fellow, but it was the *principle* for which the people were contending.

It is said that Jennings and crew were a most scared looking set at Wellington. They knew what a mob was in the South—how they themselves would have treated the Northerners; and they thought that it was all over with them.

Several weeks of silent wire-pulling on the part of slave-holders followed, and on the 7th of December bills were issued against the following famous "37" of Lorain county, twenty-one of them being prominent residents of Oberlin. These names were as follows:

Prof. H. E. Peck,	Lewis Hines,
John H. Scott,	Lorin Wadsworth,
Ansel W. Lyman,	Eli Boies,
David Watson,	Richard Winsor,
Thos. Gena,	John Copeland,
Wm. Sciples,	J. M. Fitch, (Spt. S. S.),
Matthew DeWolf,	Jas. R. Shepard,
Abner Loveland,	Wilson Evans,
Chauncey Goodyear,	William Watson,
Henry D. Niles,	Walter Soules,
Jas. Bartlett,	John Mandeville,
Jeremiah Fox,	John Hartwell,
Hon. Ralph Plumb,	Matthew Gillett,
Simeon Bushnell,	Daniel Williams,
Henry Evans,	Chas. Langston,
Wm. E. Scrimeger,	Wm. E. Lincoln,

O. S. B. Wall,
John Watson,
Franklin Lewis.
Jas. H. Bartlett,
R. L. Cummings,

Marshal Johnson waited upon the indicted. So complete was the confidence reposed in the promise of the offenders (?) to appear in court that compulsion was not thought of. At the proper time all those who had been visited presented themselves at the depot, and amid the huzzas of a great multitude took the train for Cleveland. They reported themselves ready for immediate trial.

This discomfited the prosecution, as they needed more time. After much debate the accused were dismissed on their personal recognizance.

Between this and the time set for their re-appearance there occurred an event known in history as the "Felon's Feast of Oberlin." The thirty-seven indicted sat down with their relatives and friends to a most sumptuous banquet at the (then) Palmer House in this place. Good old Father Keep invoked the Divine blessing in a few touching words. Letters were read from numerous editors and public officials, expressing sympathy, and regretting that attendance was impossible. About a dozen toasts were proposed, and responded to with the eloquence begot of the sublime occasion. Among these toasts were such subjects as the following: "The inalienable rights of man;" "Loyalty to God, and loyalty to human government when it is loyal to God;" "The prosecution!" "The Felons' Feast;" "The 37 criminals of Lorain,—may we never fall into worse company!" &c., &c. On the 5th of April, 1859, the legal proceedings began. The incidents connected with the arrests were some of them of interest. Wm. E. Lincoln had left town to teach. While conducting his school he was forcibly seized, handcuffed and taken to the Columbus jail. He was subjected to a fast of twenty-eight hours, and confined in a filthy room, with only a straw pallet, and that infested with rats! This barbarous treatment because he had obeyed the injunction of the "Golden Rule!" Venerable Father Gillett was among those indicted. The prosecution became ashamed of their arrest of this old patriarch and several other eminently worthy old men, and did everything to relieve them of the charge afterwards. Father Gillett was earnestly besought to accept the privilege of release, but politely declined.

"*Will you go home if you are turned out of jail?*" inquired the prosecution.

"If the choice were to sleep in the streets or go home, I think I should go home," he replied, shaking with merriment.

And they turned him out.

The trial was one of great interest, commanding the attention of the whole country, and even creating no inconsiderable stir across the water. Hon. R. P. Spaulding, Hon. A. G. Riddle, and S. O. Griswold, Esq., volunteered their services free for the defense, and were engaged. The trial began on the 5th of April, and continued for weeks. The Court proceedings have been condensed so as to avoid repetition, and published; they cover 250 pages of fine print. Some of the pleas consumed days in their delivery. To one reading over these old speeches to-day, they are very impressive. What must they have been to that great audience which daily packed the Cleveland court-room in the midst of those soul-stirring times!

As a specimen of the forensic eloquence displayed, we select at random a single passage from one of the pleas of Mr. Riddle, immediately after he had been declaring himself a votary of the higher law. He said: "But what shall I say of that being who would betray one so unfortunate? Oh, that were a treason so measureless and profound, that the years of God's eternity will be strained to punish it! * * * * I have nothing to do with enticing slaves away, nor sympathy with those who do; but if a fugitive comes to me in his flight from slavery; if he is in need of food, and clothing, and shelter, and rest, and comfort, and protection, and means of further flight;—if he needs any or all of the gentle charities which a Christian man may render to any human being under any circumstances, *so help me the great God in my extremest need,* HE SHALL HAVE THEM ALL!"

Doubtless the influence of Oberlin in this rescue was a very important factor in the final solution of the slavery question. The Nation awoke to the fact that thirty-seven men were in jail for obeying conscience and the injunction of Christ too faithfully. These, moreover, citizens of a town proverbial far and wide for its extreme morality. Not obscure or desperate characters, but Christians, pre-eminent for virtue, and many of them prominent men! One a Sabbath school superintendent, one a Professor in a Christian college, &c.

All over the country meetings were called to consider the action of the Lorain county citizens, meetings which were no small agency in moulding popular sentiment at the North. Only one of these gatherings will be described. A call was sent out for a mass meeting to be held at Cleveland, May 24th. Early in the morning special excursion trains began to arrive in advance of the heavily laden regular trains. An Elyria special of six cars was immediately followed by an Oberlin special of thirteen crowded coaches; seven cars arrived on the early C. C. C. & I. train, sixteen

on the Lake Shore east, five on the C. & P., nine on the Mahoning road, and large delegations on subsequent trains coming hundreds of miles. A magnificent procession was formed with banners and mottoes innumerable.

The throng about the jail was indescribable. The long addresses delivered at the speakers' stand were received with great enthusiasm, being patiently listened to by at least ten thousand people, and thousands were unable to get near enough to hear. The confined Lorain county men had become popular and were made the recipients of a splendid ovation. Two thousand of their neighbors from Oberlin and vicinity shook hands with them, and hundreds of freemen enjoyed the same privilege, by reaching over the high board fence. Langston, Fitch, Prof. Peck, and Hon. Ralph Plumb, of the "criminals" made speeches to the dense crowd, which elicited such thunders of applause that often further utterance was for some time impossible.

As popular sentiment was elevated the prisoners became more and more lionized. Excursions from all over the country to the Cleveland jail (which then stood on the Public Square), were frequent.

On one occasion the scholars of the Oberlin Sabbath school of which Mr. Fitch was superintendent, went down to Cleveland over 400 strong. One of the most touching scenes in all history occurred when this band applied at the *jail* to see their beloved superintendent.

They came under the direction of Prof. J. M. Ellis, still of this college. At the depot they were met by a large escort, and a procession formed, headed by an elegant banner thus inscribed:

1833. OBERLIN SABBATH SCHOOL, 1859.
J. M. Fitch, Superintendent.
"Stand up for Jesus." "Feed My Lambs."
"Them that honor Me, I will honor."

Each class was also provided with its own class banners. Leland's band headed the long procession of children. Altogether it was one of the most impressive spectacles ever witnessed. Interesting services were held in Plymouth Church, an affecting interview with the superintendent enjoyed, and the earnest little folks returned home.

It is exceedingly interesting to-day to read the daily papers of

that time. A long editorial of the Cleveland Herald of Saturday, April 16th, showed the reason why the indicted thirty-seven were not acquitted. It states that *every man* of the petit jury was an adherent of the Democratic party, and one of them a Deputy U. S. Marshal! Added to this was the outrage of justice that one member of the grand jury was the father of the betrayer of Price! The prosecution took the most indecent advantage in many other ways also; but the great wrong was in that the thirty-seven were condemned by a jury which had prejudged the case. The prisoners were not idle by any means during their imprisonment. After they had been in jail for some time they began to issue a bi-monthly publication, called the Rescuer. Their printing office was 5x10 feet. They used shackles for pounding instruments. A few quotations are clipped from the advertising columns:

PRINTERS AND BOOKSELLERS!

Fitch & Bushnell,

From Oberlin, O., * * * have established themselves in the front hall of Cleveland jail, where the Rescuer is published every alternate week. Having been successful in securing a large share of *Government attention* we expect, presently, to do a great deal of Government printing, for which we have no doubt we shall get our *pay.* * * * Bibles and Testaments will be sold to Administration Democrats strictly at cost; and to Lower Law men generally at very low rates, etc.

UPHOLSTERERS AND MATTRESS MAKERS.

Henry Evans & Brother, (late of Oberlin, O.) All persons who would secure a visit from "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," will please call and examine their work. You can rest on their beds *if you can rest anywhere.* Government officials need not apply.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

James Bartlett, late of Oberlin, O., feels confident that he can be of great service to those who, from constant gyrations in the *dirt,* have damaged their *soles.*

Lower law ministers, hunkers, and cat-footed politicians of all parties are particularly invited to call.

P. S.—Hides taken in exchange for work. *Dark copper-color* greatly preferred.

This "Rescuer" became very popular. Five thousand copies of the first number were printed.

The rescuers remained in prison three months awaiting the trial to which they had been doomed by the long preliminary hearing. At the expiration of that time the United States District Attorney nolled the indictments, on condition that the indictments against the Kentucky kidnappers should also be nolled. This arrangement was consummated by the Lorain county authorities, the Oberlinites refusing to be parties to the arrangement. The prisoners were accordingly set free.

Immediately the jail was besieged by thousands of sympathizers, one hundred guns were fired, and at 5 P. M. the great throng moved to the depot, headed by bands of music. There a speech was made by Judge Brayton, of Newburgh. Amidst three rousing cheers, the Oberlinites entered the cars, while hearts were thrilled, and eyes suffused with tears, as the band played the peculiarly moving air of "Home, Sweet Home."

At Oberlin what a reception awaited the rescuers! Thousands lined the railroad track, and packed the depot premises. Amid the thunders of artillery and inspiring martial music, the prisoners landed. Professor Monroe made a thrilling address of welcome closing with these words:

"Erect, as God made you, you went into prison; erect, as God made you, you have come out of prison, welcome! Thrice welcome! Fathers of liberty!"

Then the vast company moved to the First Church, and in a moment the great building was crowded to its utmost capacity. Not less than 3,000 souls were gathered within its walls according to the daily papers. The decorations were very elegant. Each rescuer was presented with a floral wreath and bouquets innumerable. Until long after midnight the meeting continued, and no one left the church. Nearly all the rescuers were compelled to speak, and such speeches! They are soul-stirring now; what must have been their electric effect on that inspiring occasion?

Then the great organ pealed forth, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" and the audience, led by a choir of one hundred and fifty singers, sang as never before or since.

A few days later Bushnell, the leading "criminal," returned. The long train was loaded with enthusiastic Clevelanders. The welcome address was made by Rev. E. H. Fairchild. After three cheers and a hundred guns the company adjourned to the church, which was again crowded. The entire sweep of the galleries was densely packed with ladies, while a conspicuous banner announced:

THE LADIES.

1,000

WELCOME YOU.

Thrice Welcome.

GREETING.

The great choir (which was then characterized by the Cleveland ress as unquestionably the finest in the country) sang the "Marseillaise Hymn," and the "Gathering of the Free," with such indesribably thrilling effect that heads were bowed all over the room ith emotion. Numerous brilliant speeches were made by those igh in authority, resolutions of thanks passed to Spaulding, Backus, iddle and Griswold, and gold-headed canes presented to those who ad supported with substantial aid the imprisoned citizens.

The Cleveland delegation returned late at night, after resolving iat Oberlin was "a little heaven on earth," and her music nothing iort of a prophecy of the seraph symphony.

And thus ended that which had been for months the newspaper ensation of the time; but the influence of the rescue and subsequent onfinement did not end there. It had moral bearings, and created wave of public sentiment that rolled over the country in ever idening circles, and at last found its full fruition in the triumph of igher law.

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Professor Churchill relates the following in connection with this ubilee meeting: "Deacon" Gray, one of the editors of the Cleveand Plain Dealer, was present with the intention of writing an ousive article about the meeting, in accordance with the Plain ealer's former principles. Being found out, he was given a seat on ie platform as a reporter. Miss Lois M. Church ('58), afterward rs. John G. Cowles, had been appointed to sing the Marseillaise ymn, and this she did with great beauty and power, the choir and ongregation, under the direction of Prof. Allen, unexpectedly join- g in the chorus. Every one was deeply affected, and "Deacon" ray was seen to wipe the tears from his eyes. He went away and rote a highly appreciative and eulogistic account of the entire erformance. His article appeared in the Plain Dealer, and in onsequence the Democratic press was greatly enraged. The author as called the vilest names, the papers charging that he had etrayed the party by supporting Oberlin. Mr. Gray afterwards ecame a Republican, left the Plain Dealer and fought in the war ith the Union army.

CHAPTER IV.

FAMOUS COLLEGE PRANKS.

WE glory in the absence of hazing and rushes at our inst tution. Of the few annual practices of a little irregul nature, which do prevail at Oberlin, however, none h become quite so tyranical from long observance as th in accordance with which the Juniors fly a flag from t top of the Chapel dome on "Junior Ex." day. Ordinari this custom is quietly permitted by the Faculty, and tolerated l the lower classes. Sometimes, however, the Sophomores take occ sion to "lower the rag," and elevate instead the emblems of t skull and cross bones, with their own class colors attached. Th sentinels may be seen pacing back and forth in front of the Chap Might frequently triumphs over other considerations. and on ra occasions the Faculty feel called upon to "mildly suggest."

* * *

Recently the writer was speeding along between Cleveland a Cincinnati on the night express. It was after midnight, and y Morpheus seemed to have no charms potent enough to conquer t weary frame. At length the profitless quest of slumber was giv over in disgust.

Suddenly a single word caught the ear of the disgruntled travel It was the only audible word that could be distinguished, but it w enough, for it was the talismanic word "Oberlin,"—a key whi is always potent to unlock the distance and reserve which m separate any two children of the parent school. In a mom the listener and the speaker had gravitated together in obedie to a prompting instinct, and then the midnight hours passed rapid The passenger who had pronounced the magic word proved to b well known Alumnus, resident in Chicago, and during the pleas interview which followed, he related an exceedingly interesting currence at Oberlin during his college days.

How often it happens that thus, far away from the prolific mot to whom we all look back with such kindly feeling, in the dead night it may be, two strangers meet, only to find themselves alrea acquainted, as it were, by such a proxy!

"Did you ever hear of the sawdust processions of a little o two decades ago?" he enquired.

"No, sir."

"They were a great institution. That was in the days when the irst Church was uncarpeted, and it was customary to deaden the ound during each commencement occasion by strewing the floor ith sawdust, two or three inches deep. The Juniors had general harge of the arrangements for commencement, just as they do ow; but the Sophomores used to attend to providing this sawdust. ence the origin and rise of the sawdust processions as a college stitution. It was customary for the Sophomores to procure horses, asquerade in innocent fun, and each man carry a bag of sawdust efore him on the beast assigned to him. When there were fifty or xty members in a class, the horses were walked about fifty feet art, making a procession over half a mile long, grotesque in the treme as it pursued its triumphal march to the church.

"But the ladies of the church decided to have the building car-ted, and that, of course, foreshadowed the end of this an-nal anniversary. The change was effected in 1860, I believe, and e Sophomore class of that year took advantage of the occasion to ake a farewell demonstration of the sawdust order, even though e primal excuse for the celebration no longer existed. It was a iusing affair.

"All the boniest and most wretched looking horses in town were cured for the parade, which took place just at dusk. Oh, how ariously the boys were made up! I shall never forget it. Some ore artificial horns. Nearly every profession was caricatured. here was one wagon load of imps,—students dressed in black, with tificial tails, horns, &c., and provided with springs to their feet, so at as the wagon moved along they could hop out of it and into it a curious demoniacal way. Many of the boys wore various-colored ghts, and as for the masks, they were hideous indeed.

"The procession started by very much such a signal as started ul Revere on his memorable ride. Suddenly, as if by magic, a red ght gleamed at the top of the old flag staff on the Square. You re-ember where the masts have always stood—right where that merican rival of the Leaning Tower of Pisa stood for so many ars. Well, I manipulated that light, and I don't mind telling ou how it was done. A red lantern had previously been hauled to e top of the staff, already lighted, but encased in a dark sack, to e bottom of which was attached a cord. I held the cord, and at e proper moment pulled off the sack. It was a powerful light, and ppearing so suddenly it produced quite a sensation. In order to ve a correct picture of the occasion you must remember that there ere about 4,000 people in the Park, on the qui vive for a demonstra-on.

"It was a tempus indeed, and yet I cannot think of a mean thing or a caricature calculated to injure anyone's feelings, connected with the whole affair. We paraded the principal streets of the town, and then came back to the centre of the Campus, where we had reared a large altar during the day. One of the principal features of the procession was a bull which was led around by the horns, and it was the intention to slay this animal on the altar in question, and offer him up as a sacrifice to the gods. His bullship became excited, however, by the noise and the display, and ran away thus escaping immolation.

"Not satisfied, however, at being cheated out of their barbecue the boys procured their old school books and solemnly burned them notwithstanding the protest of the Faculty at this action. Addresses funeral orations, and a general panegyric over the consumed classics followed, and an endless amount of fun was had.

"Yes, the boys were a little wild on that occasion. Not lawless, or careless of the feelings of others but simply a little effervescent, if I may employ such a term. No doubt the Faculty would have had to interfere, did the next class show a disposition to repeat the demonstration. But the war came then, and it sobered us all. Ah yes, the war knocked all the nonsense out of us. How soon it was after this affair that some of the jolliest spirits in our number gave up everything in the defense of principles taught pre-eminently at Oberlin, thus proving that they could be serious. They demonstrated then the genuineness of the stuff in them by yielding up their lives. Shall I blame them as I first remember their bright happy faces on that memorable night, and then think of the scarred, ghastly faces and gaping wounds that looked up from the field of battle so soon after?"

"But here we are," he continued, as a prolonged shriek from the engine announced the arrival of the train at Dayton.

And with a pleasant "Good night," he was gone.

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Professor Cochran, one of the early instructors in mathematics was an exceedingly nervous man, susceptible to certain kinds of annoyance, and very quick in expressing himself. One day while at the blackboard, in the course of a recitation by the class of 1847, his fingers rubbed against the board with a disagreeable sound while he was using a well worn eraser. Quick as the thought, he observed:

"I wish some of you would bring in a sheep some day, if you can find one handy."

Now, there was in the class a bright young man named Robert C

Kedzie, (now a distinguished chemist, and the father of our own lamented Prof. Kedzie), who was noted for the celerity with which he acted when overtaken by an impulse. The next day this young man—"Bob" Kedzie they called him—was walking through the Campus to recitation, when he espied a sheep grazing quietly near by. Quick as a flash he dropped his books, seized the astonished animal, conveyed it to the recitation room, and attached it to one of the legs of Prof. Cochran's table. Unfortunately, Prof. Cochran had forgotten his own words, and not seeing the propriety of the joke, made it a more serious affair than he would have done, had the relevancy of the whole proceeding dawned upon him immediately.

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Did any one ever wonder why the gorilla of the Oberlin museum is so devoid of that customary external covering of his species—hair? It happened in this wise: One night at the time when the Soldiers' Monument was building on Second Church Square, some college boys resolved that they must do something to break the monotony. Accordingly they proceeded to the College Cabinet, broke down the door, entered the room, and triumphantly bore his apeship away.

Hurrying along down South Professor street, with their strange prize, it occurred to them that no more conspicuous place for depositing it could be found than on the new monument. Accordingly one of the boys ran over into the Ladies' Hall premises and purloined a night-shirt from the clothes-line. With this and some other articles of clothing they rigged up the poor gorilla artistically. Then they fastened a rope about his neck and elevated him by means of the derrick until he was ignominiously suspended over the monument about twenty feet from the ground. There he was left till morning, when the natives near by were considerably astonished at the sight. Some early risers made the discovery, and rushed to the spot at once, greatly horrified to think that a lynching had been perpetrated right within the borders of consecrated Oberlin. The truth was speedily comprehended, and the gorilla promptly returned to his accustomed haunts in the museum.

But this was not all. The night was a chilly one, and that gorilla took a severe cold! It was discovered soon after that the skin had been greatly damaged by the frost, and that the hair was coming out. The raw night air, the fright of the gorilla at such rough handling, and perhaps more than all else, his humiliation and mortification at such a public exposure, seem to have brought about this effect. Even to-day visitors to the Museum comment upon this paucity of hair and the hang-dog look with which his apeship

surveys all invaders; but few have any idea of the harrowing experience which brought about both these characteristics.

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No college has fulfilled its destiny until some extensive prank has been indulged in at the expense of the Chapel bell. Oberlin passed through this critical experience about the year 1870. One morning the bell-ringer discovered, to his consternation, that the manipulation of the Chapel rope failed to awaken the matin echoes as usual, and ascending to the cupola, found that the clapper had been removed. The Faculty instituted an investigation, but the guilty parties had sworn eternal secrecy, and nothing could be learned. A temporary clapper was constructed by welding an iron rod to a cannon ball, and Treasurer Kinney offered a reward of $100 for the apprehension of the culprits.

After two or three weeks had elapsed, and no clue to the offenders had been discovered, a new clapper was ordered from Troy, N. Y. Afterwards the stolen one was discovered where the present base ball park is located, and so there are probably two tongues to the college bell on hand somewhere to-day. Subsequently the conspiracy was ferreted out, several students arrested for complicity in it, and substantial fines administered. The ring-leader, a Findlay youth, was discovered by means of the confession of his room-mate that he had noticed him spend considerable time in cleansing his hands, on the night when the mischief was done. The quantity of grease on the clapper would account for such an extended ablution, and a little justifiable "bluff" on the part of the Faculty, extorted confessions.

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Oberlin students have always possessed an instinctive aversion for disorder and dilapidation. It thus happens that on several occasions they have felt called upon, when they observed about them college sidewalks that had outlived their usefulness, to take steps toward answering their own prayers, as Finney would say, for new ones. Once when the walk extending through Tappan Square, and through the center of Tappan Hall also at that time, was in such a decayed condition that it was rather dangerous. The executive committee of the college did not have the funds at the time with which to renew the walks. Accordingly one night the boys tore up the entire walk and dumped it to one side. This firm but somewhat audacious course secured the blessing sought. On another occasion they paid the penalty of a similar rashness by replacing the walk. President Finney prayed publicly for the offenders on each occasion.

The following story is told of Dr. Dascomb: There used to be a fine grape vine growing around and over the back window of the Laboratory. Some of the boys on their mischievous rambles used to steal grapes from it. So the Doctor hit on a way to stop them. He put phosphorous in the eye sockets of the college skeleton and placed it close behind the window. The next morning torn leaves and trampled ground told the story of the hasty flight of a young grape thief. The Doctor's grapes were thereafter safe.

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Monday evening, September 25th, 1876, witnessed Oberlin's first and only cane rush. The Freshmen had felt their dignity injured because the Senior Prep's. had provided themselves with canes. Accordingly, after Chapel prayers, a number of Freshmen fell upon a a group of the offenders near the south entrance of the Campus. The ensuing scuffle ended by the appearance of the marshal. The Senior Preps. succeeded in taking away the cane of one Freshman, and this was sawed into bits and distributed as relics. Next evening the President expressed his disapprobation, and "cane rushing" became a thing of history only.

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Along in 1842 or thereabouts the Oberlin Squad was organized, with a view to ultimately forming a military company. The Squad was made up entirely of the colonists, a term about synonymous with the term "mix" in common use at some other colleges, and meaning the town people. Alonzo Pease, the artist, had a good deal of the martial spirit, and was chosen captain. The sight of this Squad, forever drilling on or about the Campus, seemed to irritate the college boys, and after a time some of the more mischievous ones organized a movement to caricature the enterprise. Accordingly an equal number of students banded together, and each one was assigned the duty of burlesquing some particular member of the obnoxious Squad. Of course every one took it upon himself to magnify the peculiarities of the person whom he was caricaturing. The mock Squad as it appeared upon the street presented one of the most comical sights ever seen in Oberlin. Crooked legs, hooked noses, distorted stomachs, and all sorts of deformities were to be seen, while the costumes were irresistably ludicrous. Equipped with tomahawks, cheese knives, shillalahs, agricultural implements, potato-mashers, etc., and bearing absurd mottoes aloft, this modern light brigade sallied forth.

Of course this sight was not calculated to please the noble Squad; but when the blare of fish horns and horse-fiddles smote the air the

indignation was exceeding great. Captain Pease ordered his company to face about, and discharge their weapons at the foe behind them. This the gallant members of the Squad did.

Now it so happened that one or two of the members had disobeyed the military regulations by loading their guns with gravel instead of using blank cartriges. Accordingly when the order "Fire!" was given, they smote the mock squad hip and thigh. The hand of a standard bearer was quite seriously wounded. This, in turn, enraged the burlesquing students, and they took the matter to the courts. Proceeding to Gibb's Tavern, a small hotel, half way between Elyria and Oberlin, they got warrents sworn out for the arrest of Pease and other "townies." A long legal war followed, which was finally allowed by mutual consent to lapse, after having reached the county courts. But this experience effectually broke up the Squad.

CHAPTER V.

OBERLIN ODDITIES.

THE Oberlin laundry-man is a very positive character. In fact he is original and in all his traits thoroughly *sui generis*. He is a tyrant in his way, and almost as much to be feared as the Oberlin hackman; yet both personages serve the public at a marvellously low price. The ubiquitous "Chinee" has of course discovered this washman's El Dorado of Northern Ohio.

Lest the writer should be led into exaggeration in a matter in which it is so difficult to speak calmly, it has been decided to copy verbatim a few pages from an authentic diary. The record therein contained is deemed typical of many experiences.

OBERLIN, April 11, 1878.

This has been my first Monday in Oberlin. It has been a memorable day. As I was dressing for breakfast, filled with pleasant anticipations of the morning repast, there came a hurried knock at my door. I opened and beheld a great burly colored man.

"Have you got anyone to do your washing this term?" he inquired.

I evaded a reply and dismissed him, thinking I would investigate before I engaged one. In a moment more there came another rap at the door, and an enormous colored woman entered, whose weight I should place at three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois, if I was called upon to commit myself on the subject. She was evidently much agitated.

"What is the cause of this unnatural emotion, my good woman?" I inquired.

"Oh, sir," she replied, and her eyes filled with tears, "I thought perhaps you might be willing to engage me to do your washing this term."

She had hardly disappeared when a little boy was ushered in.

"Ma wanted me to call and see if you didn't want her to do your washing this term," he placidly remarked.

I picked up a club which lay upon the table, brained the little fellow, and had just time to toss his remains into a closet, when the door opened again, and an aged negro man, perhaps a hundred and seventy-five years of age, appeared.

"My dear young man," he began, drawing me confidentially aside; "I should feel very happy indeed,—I would even be glad to lie down and die in peace,—if I thought that you might be persuaded to let out your washing to me for this—".

"Sir," I exclaimed, "you are an old man. Perhaps you are a father. If you will quit this spot immediately, I will have reverence for your grey hair and allow you to depart in peace. Otherwise you may have occasion to lie down and die *in pieces* sooner than you propose to do so. You see the door!"

He left quite hurriedly, and I bolted and barred the door after him. After that there came repeated knocks at the door, but I did not answer them. I went to the window and looked out through the shutters. Behold, there was congregated below a surging, seething mass of human beings, all contending for the nearest position to the door. There were old and young, male and female, black and white, and members of all races of people extant; there were the blind, the lame, the halt, the dumb, and representatives of every condition of humanity. Some were armed with immense market-baskets; others had backed ambulances up to the door, waiting to carry away the articles of soiled clothing I had on hand. Many were fighting among themselves to secure the most eligible positions in the crowd. I counted nine thousand human beings. At last, in desperation, I rushed to one of the rear windows of the apartment, and raising it, threw myself out on the pavement below, and perished. * * *

It is to be hoped that this post mortem wail, which voices the experience of so many students past and present, will be accepted as entirely reliable.

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A freak of the early times was a fashion of painting the houses of this consecrated community red. Perhaps there was no distinct

object in this. The Oberlin people were doubtless a peculiar people,—though never obtrusively so,—and they did many things simply to foster in their midst a sort of Christian communism. A few houses remain to-day of the conventional red color, to tell the story of this eccentricity. It may not be amiss to remark that in this respect, at least, the Oberlin fathers were forestalling later fashion.

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When Tappan Hall was painted the principle of employing student labor wherever possible, was followed. There are those to-day occupying prominent positions of trust, who assisted in this work, some of them without having ever touched a paint brush before So, also, there are those living who helped to shingle the first church, and who remember the circumstance with pride. This patronage of student labor is still characteristic of Oberlin.

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Oberlin mud is proverbial. This is not only because there is so much of it, but because it is so treacherous. It is only on rare occasions that the streets become so flooded with the article in question in its liquid form, that gondolas have to be resorted to; but verily the wicked stand in slippery places after a soaking rain. Many a time does the stray masher, (for, alas! it cannot be denied that there are a few stray mashers even in Oberlin,) feel his underpinning get tangled up, perform a few mathematically impossible gyrations, and then, after a few moments in a semi-devotional attitude, retire ignominiously behind the corner, while the sensible girls, who were the unwilling objects of his overtures, retire behind their handkerchiefs.

But the tantalizing part of it is that there is not sufficient discrimination shown by the Oberlin mud. The good as well as the wicked stand in slippery places. As an instance of this it may be well to state that the saintly Mrs. Dascomb was the first female victim to this want of discrimination. As she alighted from the vehicle in which she arrived in town for the first time, she left one of her rubbers sticking fast in the mud of the gutter!

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From time immemorial secret Societies have been prohibited in Oberlin, but from time immemorial select little circles of ladies and gentlemen, particularly those comprising a "table" at Ladies' Hall, have had their private organizations.

Each of these societies has its constitution, by-laws, officers, pun-recorder, periodical candy pulls, pancake matches and literary gatherings—oftenest in the large, "motherly" ironing-room of the

hall. Several of them have even established table colors, table songs, table rings, and similar auxiliary features. These societies usually keep up a circulating letter after leaving college. These are among the amenities of "co-education."

* * *

Oberlin has been the theatre of all kinds of crazes in its day,—especially those of a religious or scientific nature. The intensity of belief and earnestness of life characteristic of the young colony, are illustrated by some of the discussions which took the town by storm, and engaged the thought of every man, woman and child for a time. Once the subject of second adventism absorbed universal attention. A good brother, in his advent zeal sold his shelf of books, to print an Appeal. The marrow of it was, that if the day was "*near*" in Paul's time, it must be *very* near now. This Appeal was placed under each plate at the Boarding Hall. Another student equally zealous on the other side of the question, wrote: "If it takes 1800 years to get from *near* to VERY NEAR, how long before it will come?" and passed this comment around the tables.

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Even the attention of such men as the wise Dr. Dascomb was directed into certain of these subjects. Before the colony was ten years old the "Vegetable Diet" craze, if it may be so styled, engaged general attention. Mr. C. H. Baldwin describes this craze in an interesting way. He says:

"In the spring of '39 I returned from teaching, with extra fat and muscle. Dr. Dascomb offered me a room in the Laboratory, and a seat at his table, to make, with him and his family a test of vegetable diet. We had no meat, salt, pepper, grease or cream, or any condiment seasoning. We kept it up *honestly* for sixteen weeks. When green peas came on, boiled in filtered rain water only, the doctor said they tasted 'a little flashy'! I brought home, one day, a fine fat chicken, and asked the Doctor if, by some occult rules of logic, we could not prove it to be a vegetable, in its last or first analysis. The Doctor was too earnest to joke, or take one; so the chicken went untasted, and we feasted still on 'flashy peas.' I lost sixteen pounds in sixteen weeks, and got low down. I offered the road master twenty-five cents to commute my two days' labor. He refused, but at the close of the day said he had missed it in not taking me up! That evening I was invited out to a turkey supper, and gave up 'pure vegetable diet.' Soon the Doctor gave it up too."

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Dr. Dascomb also played an active part when the "Spiritualistic

Wave" rolled over the community. He was not too dignified or too learned to investigate any subject, and he could not endure the idea of being baffled in an investigation. Accordingly, when all the boys were sitting for manifestations, and he heard that they were getting table-tippings, spirit-rappings, etc., he asked permission to join their circle, and became one of them for the time being. It is not recorded that anything was revealed at these seances for which he failed to account, and his business-like challenging of the spirits soon dissipated all mystery.

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Along in '48 a mania prevailed at Oberlin, which may appropriately be termed the "ice water bath mania." Experimentalists in everything, the students decided by a practical test to discover the merits or demerits of the morning bath system, with cold water and a fireless apartment as features. Even when the weather was below zero they would break the ice in a pail of water on rising, and apply the cruel water from "top to toe." By a fearful experience they satisfied themselves that the more comfortable way was equally healthy. Many early students will remember an accident that befel a Junior named J. Tuckerman, (later Professor Tuckerman of the New Lyme Academy, Ashtabula county), about this time. He fell into the cistern near Tappan Hall when the water was bitter cold. Just his head projected above the water, and upon attempting to move, he found the water deeper in all directions. He yelled lustily, and was at length rescued, after a dangerous but very amusing experience, by a theologue. He declared then and there that he was done, once for all, with the cold water bath system on any scale.

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There are some "oddities" connected with an Oberlin religious service which might well be copied in all churches. The first of these is the uniform puntuality of those who attend. This marked characteristic doubtless results indirectly from the rule which requires the students to be prompt. Then everyone is on his feet before the first note of a hymn has been struck. Again, the audience does not "bolt" after the benediction, but by far the major portion resume their seats and chat pleasantly for a few moments. Revivals are also conducted on a high plane. Only two or three services a week are ever permitted, and the animus of these is: "*Follow on* to know the Lord." Impassioned appeal and exhortation are invariably wanting. Some evangelists would deem this a fatal limitation, but somehow in Oberlin it has the effect of creating a permanent revival spirit The inquiry meetings are also somewhat disguised. Usually they are held in the main church auditorium, after a short

sermon, and consist simply of quiet social intercourse throughout the house, while the organist plays softly on the great organ, perhaps. This elevated, undemonstrative spirituality doubtless accounts for the permanency of Oberlin conversions.

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It may not be counted a distinctively Oberlin spectacle, but it is, nevertheless, an interesting as well as amusing one which may be witnessed every night at college prayers. Take your seat in the chapel, near the door, where you can command a view outside and inside. The eyes tire of watching the long procession. For about eight minutes there is no cessation. The ladies enter by the west entrance and the gentlemen by the east entrance. It is very interesting to watch the bright faces. Blondes and brunettes, with all the intermediate types of complexion are to be seen. Occasionally a Mongolian, or almost as rarely an Ethiopian countenance varies the monotony. They come from nearly every country on the globe, and there are about a thousand of them. Many are laughing and chattering like magpies. Some are conning their lessons, even as they ascend the stairs, and they look preoccupied. Some you would not take for students at all. Now they are nearly all in. What a goodly sight it is,—a thousand up-turned, expectant, intellectual faces. Can you imagine a sight more impressive or inspiring? But look out of the window! yonder come two youths, flying across the Campus, with horizontal coat-tails, bent upon reaching the chapel before the last tap of the bell sounds! Does anyone recognize the picture?

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A large portion of the general public, especially at other colleges, imagine that among the peculiarities of Oberlin is a false austerity of life. A gentleman from Yale recently expressed his surprise to find such liberal sentiment here, and said: "Why, we had an idea at Yale that it was against the rules for a young lady to wear a feather in her hat at Oberlin." The truth is, that every wholesome amusement is tolerated at Oberlin, and is practiced with moderation. The only difference is that Oberlin students don't put every faculty of soul and body into an amusement, as some shallow, sickly people do.

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To be sure, smoking and chewing are banished; but is it asking too much that there be one spot on this green earth which has not been invaded by the weed? Go to Jerusalem, and even the sacred city is filled with the fumes of tobacco. On street-cars which are

labeled "Positively no Smoking," it is difficult to escape the persecutions of the deadly cigarette. In Oberlin a reasonable amount of pure, fresh air can be had.

After thorough investigation we are able, however, to say that there is positively no truth in the story that a pudding which had been placed once on the doorsteps of a house to cool, was arrested for smoking. The story is doubtless a wicked canard, invented by the enemies of the school. We were unable to discover, moreover, any remarkable amount of first-class wit in the story.

In a historical address delivered in Oberlin, President Fairchild once said: "If an Oberlin minister can be found who smokes, let him be caught and put in the cabinet." Very few are the graduates whom Oberlin sends out who use tobacco in any form.

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Among the list of peculiar things done in Oberlin must be included the cultivation of the College Campus in years past, under the defunct but useful-in-its-generation manual labor system. What is known in college history as the tree-planting era, dates back to 1848. Then the Campus was divided up among the four college classes, each class being allotted a quarter section. The Sophomore class was the only one which undertook this work of cultivation as an entire class. Each member was assigned his portion of the Sophomore quarter, and granted freedom in the choice of a crop. Trees were planted around the whole section, and to this wise procaution we are indebted for the luxuriant groves which are now the glory of Tappan Square,—perhaps the one material glory of the college.

The Kalakagathian Society, (the Good and the Beautiful), was formed. A committee of one waited upon Mr. Finney, who was found in the top of a tree grafting a limb, and the loan of his horse was secured. (In those early days there was no livery-stable, and students who wanted to go sleigh-riding. or in any other way avail themselves of equine strength, were accustomed to borrow of Mr. Finney.) The work of plowing was thus soon accomplished, and a few weeks later corn, beets, potatoes, turnips and melons were flourishing finely on the square. It is mentioned as an interesting fact that never was a melon known to be stolen from these college gardens! We must admit that midnight marauders would be apt to raid such melon patches nowadays, but the same general standard of public probity is still maintained. Burglaries are quite uncommon, and the doors of many houses are left unlocked all night to accommodate students.

Another society was formed of similar scope,—the Arboricultural

Society. President Fairchild tells of working side by side with Professor Hudson, while student and learned teacher wielded the hoe in unison, and paused together, perhaps, to wipe the perspiration from their classic brows by means of the plebeian shirt-sleeve process. Such incidents illustrate the laudable communism which characterized this community in those days, even though it was made up of diverse elements.

CHAPTER VI.

A CHAT WITH "GEORGE HARRIS."

OUTSIDE of Oberlin comparatively few people are aware that we have living in quiet retirement here in Northern Ohio, the original of a character in fiction that is known even where the name of Ohio is never heard. Such a character resides in Oberlin in the person of Mr. Lewis Clark, the "George Harris" of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who has spoken to so many thousands of people in all languages as the hero of that story.

Believing that a brief sketch of the life of a man who has played so conspicuous a part in the world's fiction could not fail to be of interest, the writer called at the home of Mr. Clark recently. Mr. Clark lives in a pleasant cottage on East College street, about half a mile from the Public Square. Notwithstanding his reputation he is still—as is so often true in such cases—in needy circumstances. In answer to the knock, Mr. Clark came to the door himself. The caller stated his errand, and inquired pensively if he was a nuisance.

"Oh, no," he said cordially, throwing wide open the door of his little sitting room and pointing to a chair: "never do I refuse anyone such an accommodation as I can furnish them. The agent of a New York Star Company has not been gone five minutes; he was trying to engage me to act the part of George Harris in his troupe. But you are perfectly welcome. They call me 'Old Accommodation' and I always want to deserve the name."

There is a halo of romance cast about the colored race by Mrs. Stowe's works, which appeals to every generous nature. The highest type of this worthy sentiment is realized in the noble character of the original "George Harris." Mr. Clark is an unselfish, kindly, jovial man of some sixty-nine years of age. In personal appearance he is a light octoroon, with gray hair and beard, and a little below the medium in height. He is a man with tender sympathies, and

generous almost to a fault. Many a fellow-slave in bondage has blessed him for his timely assistance. He came to Oberlin about ten years ago, with the purpose of educating his children in the Union schools, none of them having ever been inside a school house prior to that time. His eldest daughter, a young lady of twenty-three years, has been teaching with marked success in Washington, Ind. His eldest son, a youth of twenty, a few years ago came out second best in a cadet examination at Elyria, and has since received from Annapolis several offers of sub-positions; these, however, he declined, since five years of schooling did not satisfy him.

"What is your occupation Mr. Clark?" was inquired.

"Pruning, sir, chiefly, but I do any other work to support my family, and even then I can't pay the rent on my house."

"And yet you're happy?"

"Yes, sir! I'm happy as the day is long; there isn't a happier man in Oberlin. I'm full of gladness all the time."

"Ah, here they come," he added fondly, as five or six boys came trooping into the room. And well he might speak proudly; a handsomer, more intelligent group of boys few fathers possess. Just retiring enough, with bright eyes, and almost white complexions, they were truly jewels of which he might boast. He has nine children in all.

Mr. Clark was born in Madison county, Ky., about nine miles from Berea College, in the month of March, 1814 or 1815. He was then the slave of his grandfather, Samuel Campbell. His father was Daniel Clark, a Scotch weaver and a soldier in the Revolution. His mother was a mulatto slave, Letitia Campbell, the daughter of her own master. He was himself sold at the death of Legree (Tom Kennedy) to Legree's son, also bearing the name of Tom Kennedy, for $1,250. The latter was a kind master, very much like St. Clair, though somewhat addicted to drink. Mr. Clark saw Uncle Tom whipped near to death by the elder Kennedy, and saw eight others whipped just as hard, but did not die, since they were not beaten over the head with a club. The original Uncle Tom was a colored man by the name of Sam Pete. He has just died in Dresden, Dawn township, Canada, at the advanced age of ninety-four years. During that part of his life which has been spent in freedom, he has gone by the name of Rev. Josiah Henson. He was so terribly beaten that he could not to the day of his death lift his hands to his head to wash his face or dress himself. He could use his hands and arms upon any object that was in front of him, could shave his master, and do a great deal of hard work, but he could never feel "ob de wool dat grew on de top ob his head." He was called Uncle Si in real life by his parishoners and friends.

The plantation of Amos Riley, to whom Uncle Tom or "Si" belonged, and that of Mr. St. Clair were separated by Blackford's Creek, a small stream in Davis county, Kentucky. Riley's plantation was a small one, and Si was consequently hired out to neighboring planters. It was his good luck to work for St. Clair most of the time, who was just such a man and died just such a death as the book represents.

It is difficult to straighten out the tangles which have been made in the attempt to point out the originals of the various characters in Mrs. Stowe's famous novel. Doubtless the truth is that each of these characters was made up of several real-life personages. For instance, it is said that the qualities belonging to Simon Legree had their counterpart in the charactor of Bryce Lytton, overseer of Isaac Riley's plantation in Maryland. So also it is said that Colwell Campbell, who died in Madison county, Ky., a few years ago, furnished the novelist with many of the characteristics for St. Clair. It is believed, however, that with Mr. Clark's assistance the main facts were arrived at.

"Was there really an Eva St. Clair?" was asked.

"Oh, yes! But her name wasn't Eva—it was Susan—Susan St. Clair, and she used to read for Old Si, and then he would sing for her. She was an innocent, affectionate, God-fearing child."

"And did she fall into the water, and did he save her from drowning?"

"Yes, he and another slave were rowing her across Blackford's Creek in a small canoe to her father, who stood on the other shore. The canoe rocked, she became nervous, and fell into the water. He jumped in after her and saved her."

Yet even the full character of Eva was drawn from two or three little Southern girls; one of these is now dead, and with another Mr. Clark dined eight years ago, at her home in Stanford, Kentucky.

"Aunt Chloe," the faithful wife of "Uncle Tom," was Charlotte, the patient wife of Si. But instead of crying as she does in the play because Tom wouldn't run away, she wept when he announced his intention to do so. "George Shelby," Uncle Tom's great friend, was in reality Amos Riley, Jr., and he it was that took Si to New Orleans to sell him. While there he was stricken with fever, taken back to Old Kentuck and nursed back to life by Mr. Henson, who shortly after made up his mind that the Lord helps them who help shemselves, took his wife and four children, and made his successful break for the freedom he had once paid $500 for, and which he had really paid for a thousand times by his faithfulness to his different masters.

He picked up a few provisions, and put two little pickaninies in a bag and slung them over his shoulder. His wife led the other two little ones, a fellow rowed them across the river, and they trudged through the swamp and on to liberty.

Mr. Clark displayed a linen wheel at which he worked ten years, acquiring the reputation of being the best laborer in the county. He also operated the machine invented by him, as described in Mrs. Stowe's work. He further exhibited a sleeve, of which the material was corded by his sister, spun by his mother, and woven by his father, and which was worn by his sister on the auction block. Afterward she sent this to him to tell him where she was, as it was impossible to send a letter. This incident and several others related (such as Eliza's throwing her scarf in the river to lead her pursuers to believe she had perished), do not appear in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

When Mrs. Stowe got her information from Mr. Clark, she did not tell him her purpose, and, indeed, afterward told him that she had no purpose at the time. Mr. Clark started for the North in his twenty-sixth year, taking with him a body-slave, Isaac. The timidity of the latter, however, caused both to return, and Clark two weeks later consummated his escape alone, promising to return for Isaac in a year. This he afterward did, but Isaac was dead. The meeting at the tavern is fairly portrayed by Mrs. Stowe. At Cincinnati he disposed of his horse, and went to Portsmouth, via the steamer Sylph. Here he took a canal boat for Cleveland, arriving at the latter place in 1841. He had been told that Port Stanley was across a big river from Cleveland, and, wandering up and down the beach of the lake for several miles, he thought it must be a mistake, as he couldn't see the port anywhere. Only driftwood then lay where now the Union Depot and Lake View Park extend. He finally secured passage in a sail vessel, and arrived at the Canadian port in safety.

CHAPTER VII.

POLITICAL REMINISCENCES.

OBERLIN has always been active in the extreme in political matters. It is with pride that most alumni will view this record of activity, for nothing is more to be deprecated than a cloistered, exclusive culture.

It must be regarded as more than a coincidence that the school and town have been so overwhelmingly Republican in sentiment from the first. There has been no selfish, personal interest in politics, but a spontaneous enthusiasm has always attended the campaigns. How many alumni will remember with pleasure the innocent ardor of those days when their class marched to the polls with drums beating and flags flying. And how exasperated it used to make the few lonely Democrats who had been soured by long waiting for success, to see the great army of thoughtful young men deposit Republican ballots unanimously, but with the most orderly deportment!

Then there are the Mock National Conventions of modern years. Who will forget the appearance of the College Chapel on such occasions, when it is dotted with the banners and transparencies of the various States, and crowded with a thousand embryonic statesmen? These college Blaines, and Grants and Conklings are indeed worthy models for the real statesmen to study.

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Never in the history of politics was the result of an election attended by such a tremendous demonstration in Oberlin, and probably never in the whole Eighteenth District, as attended the news of Garfield's election. Treasurer J. B. T. Marsh received a telegram early in the morning with the full particulars of the election in the East, and immediately afterward the morning train arrived with the Cleveland papers and the business men of Oberlin returning from the city.

The glorious news spread like wild-fire; soon the college bell pealed forth joyfully, and the fire bells and school bells and factory whistles joined in tumultuously. The college work was totally suspended, the public schools were dismissed, and in a moment 4,000

people were on the streets. Numerous couriers galloped through the streets at full speed with horns blowing. Everybody seized a morning paper and a fog-horn, and blew as he read the glad tidings. Innumerable bands were improvised; the din was dreadful. Guns were fired. A student performed the perilous feat of climbing to the summit of the Chapel dome, and fastening there a large flag.

The students were wild with excitement, and began in their zeal to form processions. A dozen such organizations were formed by the respective classes, and paraded the streets with banners, flags, and anything they could find. The hardware stores furnished gratis all the tin horns and dust pans and bells of every description, which they had on hand. Banners of every imaginable device were improvised, and borne in the procession, some of which were irresistably comical. Every spare wagon in town was fitted up and crowded with passengers carrying symbols of victory. Hats were raised on poles, masks donned; horse-fiddles scraped; tin pans rattled; pumpkins carried; shells and lamp chimneys made into bugles; caps worn inside out; barrels borne aloft; lanterns lighted; peæns of victory sung.

Some students built a bonfire and burned up their hats in excess of joy. An effigy of Hancock was laid out in a coffin and tenderly carried in the procession. In mockery some individuals dressed in crape and received hearty applause. The excitement became so intense that the Theologues forsook the retirement of Council Hall and joined the procession, each bearing aloft a broom. Even Professors were discovered stealing around in the suburbs of the crowd with flags.

The ladies mounted the observatory on the roof of Ladies' Hall and planted there the stars and stripes. At length the enthusiasm became so universal that even they were obliged to come down and join the parade. Oh it was a goodly sight,—350 patriotic, refined lady students carrying flags and blowing bugles for Garfield. Every one forgot the solid walls of propriety that so often forbid innocent enthusiasm. Jeff. Davis escaping in women's clothes was caricatured. Roosters were slain and elevated on poles. The Ku-Klux were represented.

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In the afternoon a large number of the students and Faculty went to Mentor by special train. The scheme was not conceived until it was thought almost too late for its success. A little before noon a telegram was sent to the railrod authorities asking if a special train for the exclusive use of the Faculty and students of Oberlin College could leave Oberlin for Mentor at 1:30 P. M. A favorable

answer was soon returned, and the project was advertised as much as possible in the remaining hour and a half. A telegram was sent to General Garfield by President James H. Fairchild, saying that such an invasion of "Lawnfield" was designed.

At 1:40 the train of nine crowded cars pulled out from the Oberlin depot. Notwithstanding the lateness with which the enterprise was projected a very large excursion took place. By count there were 730 aboard, which would include nearly all the students.

Among this number were President James H. Fairchild, Professor J. M. Ellis and wife, Professor Judson Smith and wife, Professor George H. White, Professor A. A. Wright, Professor James K. Newton, Professor G. W. Shurtleff, Treasurer J. B. T. Marsh, Professor Rice and Professor Chamberlain of the conservatory, Rev. William Kincaid, Mrs. A. A. F. Johnston (lady principal), Mrs. Hatch of the Ladies' Board, and the following instructors in various departments: Miss Wright, Miss Patterson, Miss L. C. Wattles, Mrs. Meade, Tutor King, Tutor Hall, Tutor Peck, Tutor Cady, and Tutor Martin. A large proportion, probably one-third of the excursionists, were lady students,. The run to Mentor was made with stops only at Elyria and Cleveland. The time was spent in singing college and campaign songs and in various diversions peculiar to college students. Trumpets were very numerous and demonstrative. The various classes were distinguished by badges. The Sophomores wore frontpieces on their hats labeled "329." Flags and banners were countless. Professor Shurtleff was master of ceremonies, and issued the orders of procedure while the run from Cleveland to Mentor was being made. On arriving at the Garfield Lane the train paused, and a procession four abreast was formed as follows: Band; Faculty and instructors; theological students, under Professor Chamberlain; Seniors and Fourth Years, under Mr. E. D. Bostwick; Juniors and Third Years, under Mr. J. S. Morse; Sophomores and Second Years, under Mr. J. C. Moore; Freshmen and First Years, under Mr. Slater; Conservatory students, under Professor Rice; Senior and Middle Preps., under Mr. Wilson; all other students, under Mr. Bates; citizens. The crowd marched up the lane and gathered about the Garfield cottage. President James H. Fairchild introdnced the students as follows:

PRESIDENT FAIRCHILD'S SPEECH.

General Garfield: I have the honor and the pleasure of introducing to you this delegation from the Faculty and students of Oberlin College, reinforced by a representation from the citizens of Oberlin. We owe you, doubtless, first an apology for intruding to-day upon your quiet — quiet which must be so necessary to yourself and to your household. And it is

entirely unexpected to ourselves. We began the work of the day in our usual form, but as the joyful news came in upon us this morning, we found ourselves unable to hold the even tenor of our way; we were lifted so out of the plane of ordinary experience and life, that after such demonstrations as we could make at home, we found it necessary to engage an express train, and here we are.

We bring you our congratulations, our cordial greetings — not so much congratulations to yourself that this highest honor has come upon you, as congratulations to ourselves and to the land that this honor and these responsibilities have fallen upon one so worthy and so able to sustain them.

We anticipate, it is our prayer, our expectation, that this auspicious day but properly represents the prosperity and the honor which shall attend the coming Administration.

I am authorized to extend to you, in behalf of these seven hundred loyal citizens, the right-hand, as representing their cordial greetings upon this occasion.

At the close of President Fairchild's speech General Garfield spoke as follows:

GENERAL GARFIELD'S RESPONSE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: This spontaneous visit is so much more agreeable than a prepared one. It comes more directly from the heart of the people who participate in it, and I receive it as a greater compliment for that reason. I do not wish to be unduly impressible or superstitious; but, though we have outlived the days of the augurs, I think we have a right to think of some events as omens, and I greet this as a happy and auspicious omen that the first general greeting since the event of yesterday is tendered to me by a venerable institution of learning.

The thought has been abroad in the world a good deal, and with reason, that there is a divorce between scholarship and politics. Oberlin, I believe, has never advocated that divorce. But there has been a sort of cloistered scholarship in the United States that has stood aloof from active participation in public affairs. I am glad to be greeted here to-day by the active, live scholarship of Ohio, and I know of no place where scholarship has touched upon the nerve center of public life so effectually as at Oberlin. For this reason I am specially grateful for this greeting from the Faculty and students of Oberlin College and its venerable and venerated President.

I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for this visit. Whatever the significance of yesterday's event may be, it will be all the more significant for being immediately indorsed by the scholarship of the State. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, and thank your President for coming with you. You are cordially welcome. [Applause.]

The College Glee Club, under the leadership of Professor Chamberlain, then rendered one of their best selections, entitled "All honor to the soldier give." After this the entire body sang "My country 'tis of thee," and passed into the house at General Garfield's invitation, and shook hands with the family. Half an hour more was spent in exploring the premises.

After everything had been duly inspected and found to meet general approbation, the crowd filed down the lane and boarded the train at 5:15. The party arrived in Oberlin at 8 P. M.

Many persons will remember a peculiar incident attending the Hayes presidential campaign. On election day the dining room of the Ladies' Hall was patriotically decorated according to custom. Flags, festoons of evergreens, Chinese lanterns, lithographs, and paintings of the Republican candidate were the result of the emulation between tables. Over one table the issue of the campaign was set forth by means of a set of beam-scales attached to the chandelier above, with a large gilded medal representing a gold dollar on one side and a rag baby on the other. Of course the dollar was made to outweigh the doll.

On the following day it was popularly supposed that Tilden had won. The decorations were torn down and festoons of crape substituted instead, the pictures of Hayes turned to the wall, and the rag baby made to outweigh the gold dollar. About one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen were mournfully partaking of the evening meal, when a student carelessly moved a festoon so that it ignited in a gas jet. The material flashed up quickly, and the blaze circled upward until it reached one of the arms of the pair of scales in question, slowly burned in two the cord by which the doll was suspended, and then harmlessly went out.

As the rag baby dropped thumpety-thump upon the table below, the scales again reversed, the gold dollar went triumphantly down, and the empty arm went ignominiously up! In the meantime the usual Babel of conversation had been hushed, and everybody was watching the occurrence with breathless interest.

"An omen," spoke up some one.

And by a strange coincidence, just at that moment in came a courier and announced:

"A despatch just received says that New York is conceded to be Republican, and Hayes is elected!"

Of course the announcement was a litte premature, but it created a tempest of applause that did not subside for a long time.

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Oberlin usually makes a great deal of Decoration Day. The shapely shaft on Second Church Square is a silent but eloquent testimonial to the honor in which she holds her fallen heroes of the Rebellion. Of late years, however, a good many things have seemed to conspire to distract general attention from the anniversary, and in 1882 scarcely anything was done in a public way. The people were promptly horrified, when they discovered that the day had actually come, and no preparations for its observance were on foot. The sense of general humiliation was expressed by many of the merchants in the form of caustic mottoes which they displayed in the

windows of their closed shops. Portraits of slain military leaders were festooned with crape, and labeled: "Thus soon are we forgotten." At another place was the legend: "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note." In a third window the passer-by read: "Not a sigh, not a tear, not a word for the soldier dead." It is unnecessary to say that Oberlin outdid herself in 1883.

* * *

When Richmond was taken the Oberlin people rejoiced in the following manner, related by the Lorain County News:

"When there was no longer room for doubt, the volcanoes of jubilation broke forth, and such a hearty, happy welling up of joy and gladness it is rarely our fortune to witness. The old six-pounder was brought out on Tappan Square, and belched forth, a large bonfire blazed up, rockets shot towards the heavens, a balloon ascension was greeted by a score of voices singing "John Brown's Body," drums beat, and speeches by citizens and students occupied the time until a late hour."

* * *

July 19th, 1865, the "Big Church was filled to listen to addresses and take action concerning the giving the ballot to the negro. After several able addresses Father Keep offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we demand equal suffrage, not simply because, like the negro's musket it is now needed to save the freshly imperilled nation, but because Justice, whose eyes are bandaged so that she may never know the difference between the white man and the black, holds an even scale in her hand, wherewith she weighs the right of one citizen by the exact weight of every other."

* * *

Captain Grabill eulogized Prof. Shurtleff in the following words:

"Every one remembers the meetings for prayer that God's blessing might rest upon the student soldiers. At one of these, before Co. C went to Camp Taylor, the then Capt. Shurtleff gave utterance to these words: 'I have enlisted as a duty to God and my country; I shall fight it through.' He evinced this spirit throughout the war, and long months of prison life did not dampen his enthusiasm. He strove for the elevation of the colored race, and while the arming of the colored men was spoken of with contempt, and even the friends of the measure looked upon it as an experiment, Colonel Shurtleff risked reputation and character in the success of the new movement. The State Executive was timid and cautious, but the regiment was organized. It was the reward of his labor, and in many a bloody conflict did it bear witness to its courage and loyalty."

CHAPTER VIII.

PRESIDENT FINNEY.

IT is not our purpose to present in this chapter any account of Mr. Finney's life. His autobiography is a book which every Oberlin student should possess, as presenting in the most forcible way the history of one of the most remarkable men of the century. We have attempted here merely to gather a few anecdotes illustrating various phases of Mr. Finney's character and labors, which may serve as a supplement or appendix to other publications, and which we have reason to believe are authentic.

A great many of the stories about President Finney have no foundation whatever in fact. The newspapers during his lifetime delighted to retail extravagant jokes which were eagerly caught up and passed as current. While it is true that the man possessed many peculiarities of word and manner, still as *his*, with their original surroundings they seemed perfectly natural to those who heard or witnessed them. There was no buffoonery about the man. He might say or do things that would not have been tolerated in others, but when accompanied by his forceful manner and piercing eye, they attracted little notice. Says one of the old alumni: "I sat under President Finney's preaching for seven years, and during that time never heard anything from him but what seemed to be natural. His sermons were serious, solemn and ever new. His logical power was something wonderful." In the inquiry room he forgot everything but the person before him, and his God. He understood hearts so well that he would sometimes say things which would be astounding to listeners, but yet which would go straight to the mark and accomplish their aim. He was a man who, sometimes arbitrary, and having his oddities, yet lived very near to God; no sketch of Oberlin, however fragmentary, could be presented without giving a liberal recognition to the indispensible part which President Finney took in the building up of the town and college. He came with his personal presence and accumulated power, and impressed his thought and life upon the community and the school as few men could have done.

These few stories following, sifted from out of very many, ar offered without further comment.

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Mr. Finney thus described his first coming to Oberlin after th arrangements were made with Mr. Tappan:

"I came on to the ground in the Spring of 1835. The first livin thing that I saw, in wending my way from the State road, throug an unbroken forest, with no path, was a hedge-hog. He was a sym bol of the state of feeling that for some years prevailed in th country toward Oberlin. As he took a defiant attitude and erecte his quills in every direction, I seized a club and killed him. I hav had to fight a good many hedge-hogs since, but never killed anybody On arriving I found that the first living thing that was seen, whe Brothers Shipherd and Stewart arrived on the ground, was an ol bear, which they treed, on the spot where the Park House now stands There was no clearing here when I came, except what is now th Public Square. All around was an immense and unbroken forest and the deer were so plenty, that they seemed to look out from th woods upon us, to see what we were about. To escape from th pressure that was upon my mind, I would frequently take my rif and go into the woods, and would seldom go more than forty rod from the clearing, without seeing a deer. Brother George Clark who boarded at Mr. Shipherd's, where Mr. Hulburd now lives, sho a deer almost from the door ofthe house, that came out of the wood to see what we were about in Oberlin. Where this building no stands, was then a forest. The country around us bristled wit opposition. A year or two after I came here, I went out on to th ridge, toward Elyria, to get some slips of currant bushes. The ma was very cross when he found I was from Oberlin, and snapped out 'You're going to compel the young men to marry nigger wenche over there, and you're going to try to unite church and State.' Fo years the opposition was so great that they threatened to tear dow our buildings and force us to abandon the enterprise."

Beyond this, although coming from the great city, with all it refinements, which he exquisitely appreciated, to the small quarters the hard fare, the rains and mud of early Oberlin, he never allude to the contrast, or spoke of the sacrifice he had made. He referred with pain, to the jealousies he had witnessed among ministers, an solemnly charged the students never to indulge this spirit. Onc he exclaimed: "Why, if any brother can preach better than yo can, you should be willing to have him stand on your shoulders an proclaim the Saviour's love to dying sinners!"

Rev. George Clark tells his first experience in the following words: lthough the incident does not concern President Finney, we insert here as a companion picture to the above.

On our way here from Lane Seminary we lectured on Slavery as e had opportunity, and at Putnam, Muskingum county, helped or- anize *The Ohio State Anti-Slavery Society.* From Elyria to Oberlin e came on our natural conveyance, walking often through mud and ushes, hopping from root to root, climbing over old dead logs, and ie last of the way following a cart-path or Indian trail.

"Home at last, and such, indeed, it was. We stopped at the ouse of dear Brother Shipherd, now the back part of Brother Hul- urd's, next west of Council Hall. He was absent, but his faithful ife and boarders did the best they could for us. They put me to ed on the north half of a twelve foot board; an extra tall boarder, ow Rev. Dr. Wallace, of Manchester, New Hampshire, occupying ie south half and more. We sorted out our feet in the morning.

"Brother Finney has alluded to the hedge-hogs and deer, the bears nd wolves, and other wild game that roamed the forest then, and ften seemed curious to know what was going on in this settlement, ight in the midst of their ancient lairs. Still meat was scarce, nd most were too busy to hunt, and often it was impossible to se- ure it otherwise. In those days this was a great place for prayer. Ve had to live on God, and went to Him with 'every burden, every are.' We believed in the faithful Promiser, but 'kept our powder ry.' Once I remember we had been a long time without meat, and aking my rifle, in the early morning, I went out hoping to find a eer. Just back of the historic Cincinnati Hall, but a long shot ff from me, I saw a fine deer standing and gazing at me. I said to ıyself, now the Lord has sent us some meat. But to make a sure hot of it, I will steady my rifle against this tree two or three steps ff. But the moment I moved for the tree the deer, of course, moved ff. I reproached myself for my lost chance and followed on, re- olved never again to give up a good chance for a doubtful better. oon, however, he came out from behind a brush-heap broadside to, nd thinking if I could put an air-hole through his breathing ap- aratus I could stop him, I let go. I saw I had hit him, and fol- owed on and found him lying in the cart-path a short distance way. Taking out my knife I bled him, and then kneeled by his ide aud thanked the Lord that he had given us some meat."

* * *

An alumnus of 1846 writes:

"I remember the striking way in which he ended a sermon to the npenitent one Sabbath. Everyone had been greatly moved. He

spoke of the angels tolling the great bell of Heaven over the doom of lost souls, and grasping an imaginary rope, added tremendous force to his words by representing their solemn work.

* * *

At one time, Theodore Tilton, who greatly admired Mr. Finney, personally, but who had little sympathy with his views, came from a distance to spend a day in Oberlin. Strolling out with the President after supper, he remarked:

"Mr. Finney, I always thought that you were a real good man, but I don't agree with you in your religious views."

"Why, what views!" said Mr. Finney.

"Well, the doctrine of the existence of a personal Devil."

"Oh! if you only resist him you'll find out that there is one," was the reply.

* * *

Another anecdote characteristic of his aptness of answer is this: During the progress of the regular Friday afternoon prayer meeting one day, a lady arose, and in a gloomy, whanging tone of voice stated that she had lived in Oberlin for some time. That she had moved to Oberlin from another State in order to be among sanctified people. She had heard so much about the perfection of the Oberlinites that she had desired to unite with them, but she was sorry to say that she had found many faults among them and was greatly dissatisfied with the sad state of matters in the town. As she was proceeding to say more, President Finney, who always led the meetings, interrupted her melancholy strain by asking in a cheery voice,

"Sister, sister, how much have you done to make Oberlin better since you arrived amongst us?"

The sister sat right down.

* * *

Few men have lived in our day who have left such an impress upon their generation as Charles G. Finney. A man of wonderful eloquence, he went like a flame of fire through the churches of New York. He preached the "Law" in a way that thrilled with awe and terror, as all who have heard his first sermon on "The wages of sin is death," will bear witness. He pictured the world of darkness, lit up only by lurid flames, by the light of which the damned read on the high walls, from which they could not escape, *Wages!* Wages! WAGES! affecting his hearers as Edwards was wont to. But he had a tender, sympathetic side also. Like Mr. Lincoln, in the midst of all his sorrows and cares he might be moved in either direction, now to laughter, now to tears.

At the gathering of friends and alumni, at Oberlin, in 1876, in memoriam of President Finney, Rev. C. C. Foote, of Detroit, among other things said:

"Mr. Finney was a mighty reformer. I was present in Hartford when he broke the thunderbolt on slavery; and you all know that his voice was as pronounced against that crime of the present age —Freemasonry. I saw and heard him the first time when he was engaged in that glorious revival in Rochester, which has been already described. I, too, heard that sermon from the text, 'The wages of sin is death,' and for two hours it rained hailstones, 'every one about the weight of a talent.' When I came to Oberlin, I could not endure his eyes, but when I became acquainted with him, I liked nothing better. I once had what seemed to me the great trial of preaching in his presence; but when he had prayed for me, I could have preached anywhere."

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It was Mr. Finney's custom to offer a short prayer after each recitation, the moment the bell rang the subject in hand was dropped and the desires made known. One day when a class in theology had been quite voluble in expressing their own views, at the right moment Mr. Finney rose and said: "Oh Lord, don't let these young men think because they have let down a little line in the infinite sea of thy greatness, that they have sounded all its depths. Save them from conceit, Oh Lord!"

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At another time on account of ill-health he met his class at own house, where they enjoyed the luxury of the easy chairs and lounges of the parlor. Unfortunately these surroundings tended to drowsiness, and at one time a student fell asleep. As he dismissed his class that day he prayed that its members might be interested in their study and kept from sleeping. The next day the boys were dismayed to find that straight-backed wooden chairs from the kitchen had taken the place of the former cosy seats. Mr. Finney entered, and with a twinkle in his eye said: "You see, young gentlemen, that I have found a way to answer my own prayers."

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On another occasion, when the boys had been unusually dull and heavy, and the President had been in despair in consequence, as the bell rang the end of the hour he burst out in anguish: "Oh Lord, go with these wretched boys and help them to fish up their lost souls."

Mr. Finney's manner in the pulpit was characteristic, so that while never saying that at which offense could be taken, he would still occasionally be very personal in his remarks. For example, when preaching on the lack of faithful effort, he might turn around and say: "How is it with Brother Morgan here?" or, pointing to different parts of the church, "How is it with Brother H——'s neighborhood? Is Brother D. fully alive to the work?" His power, as one who knew him well told us, consisted in his clinching the nails after driving them. His sermons would be closed with ringing appeals which were irresistable.

* * *

His personal relations with his God were constantly evidenced. He walked as seeing Him who is invisible. One morning during family worship he was reading a passage of Scriptures, a certain verse of which seemed to puzzle him. He read it two or three times *aloud* and then turning to a student present said: "Brother Cook, what does this mean?" Not receiving the desired light he kneeled down and prayed earnestly for a moment, then, rising with glowing face, said: "Yes, Lord, yes; I understand it now," and proceeded with the exercise.

* * *

His knowledge of character and personal power are indicated by this incident. The names of the parties are omitted. During his presidentship a student was attending the college who was a decided sceptic. An aunt of the young man's wished him to be under Mr. Finney's preaching, and during a revival service managed to seat him in the inside end of the pew, in order that he might be kept from going out. The youth started once or twice as the speaker advanced his arguments, but each time was restrained at his aunt's request. After the meeting Mr. Finney came down the aisle and spoke to him. Being terribly angry the man spat in his face and rushed away. During the evening, however, he felt some remorse over his conduct, and going to the President's house met the man he had insulted at the door.

"Mr. Finney, I am no less a sceptic than I was before, but I want to spologize for my conduct after the service to-day."

Without a word Mr. Finney closed the door. The young man went away, fell under deep conviction of sin, and in the middle of the night went back to the same door and begged for help. He was taken in and prayed with, was converted, and became a consistent Christian.

A conceited young infidel, attracted chiefly by curiosity, once came into the inquiry-room. Mr. Finney approached him with solemn questions touching his soul's interest. Instantly the young man bristled up for an argument against the truths of Christianity. The great preacher saw at a glance that the tyro merely wished to display himself. He had no time to witness such a silly pageant, as a hundred anxious inquirers were waiting for him; he therefore gave the fledgling just one long look of mingled scorn and pity, and passed on.

No medicine ever touched the diseased spot more speedily than that look reached that man's guilty conscience. He saw in a moment that the man of God had read him through and through. that his immense conceit, and his palpable insincerity, had not so much as a gauze veil over them, and he was confounded. Instantly, his own sinfulness was revealed to him as never before. From that moment, he was struck under genuine conviction; was soon converted, and thanked Mr. Finney for that reproving glance. He spoke of the consummate wisdom of that *silent* rebuke, and freely acknowledged that nothing else could have touched him, or so soon have brought him to his senses.

* * *

President Finney had piercing eyes, seemingly with power to read one's inmost thoughts. His readiness to question the unconverted added to this insight, would often lead such students to cross a road or go a roundabout way in order to escape meeting him. But he was in reality a very cordial man, and Christians loved to meet him. To illustrate these traits we insert the following:

In 1836 Prof. Finney had the "lost voice" trouble, as it was called. A student who joined the college in that year, writes: "I had letters of introduction to him, and when I went to deliver them I was told that he could not talk to me. However he looked through my letters and then he *looked through me* until I felt it. Then he rose, gave me his hand, and talked very freely, and I never after lost his good will. His great eyes were his strongest force."

* * *

The same writer sends another: "One Sunday he preached a tremendous sermon. Many of the congregation were dazed or in fear. After we came home I sat down to dinner table with two Professors and a tutor. Talk became animated immediately after grace, and I said to Prof. H——: 'How is it that while I and others *feel* the sermon so much, you do not?" "Ah," said he, "you are not so old, nor have you thought so much." "Ah," thought I, "I'll wait till I am older, and think too."

We suppose that the following is true—at least it might have occurred:

A young man who had graduated at a certain Eastern college and afterward at Harvard, and who had an overweening opinion of the grandeur of Eastern colleges, and a very poor opinion of Western places of education, being on a visit to Oberlin, expressed his views one day to President Finney. He made the statement with considerable pride that he had graduated at two Eastern colleges, you know, and was quite superior in his way. Fixing his eagle eye upon the youth the President remarked: "Young friend, there is a man just out of town who has an immense calf. It was raised on the milk of two cows, and I suppose that if it could have had milk from another it would have been the biggest calf in the county."

* * *

As he was out walking one day, meeting a tailor by the name of Godly, he stopped and said: "I don't think I have met you before. What is your name?" On being informed he exclaimed, "Godly! Godly! Well, are you a Christian, Mr. Godly?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Well, then it might as well be Un-Godly," said Mr. Finney, sorrowfully.

* * *

At one time a young lady attending the institution happened to fall into very great need of money. Not knowing what to do, she made the matter a subject of prayer, and then, without having mentioned the trouble to any other person, determined to speak to Pres. Finney about it at the next inquiry and conference meeting. The evening came and the President was going from one to another, was counseling and encouraging, when, coming to this young lady, he thrust a five dollar bill in her hand and passed on without a word.

* * *

At one time, in one of the Eastern States, a certain young lady was in the habit of going to the revival meetings to create fun. Being a good mimic she would afterwards amuse her companions by taking off the words and manner of Mr. Finney. One evening when she was present the gallery crowded with people partially gave way and created quite a panic. Instead of seeeking exit at the doors or windows, as many were doing, she rushed to the pulpit, and clasping her arms around the man she had so often mocked, cried: "Save me! Save me!"

* * *

Professor Morgan's house, now the conservatory building, was

formerly surrounded by a fence; the two paths to the door were laid out from the street as at present. A peculiarity of the household was the length of time required to answer the door bell; a long time generally intervening before visitors were admitted. One day President Finney rang the bell and the Professor's son answered the call with unusual promptness. As he opened the door the President was just going out of the gate; turning around, he said: "Oh, Charles, is that you? I thought that I would ring the bell, go down town, and be let in when I came back."

* * *

Mr. Hopkins says that during the interest aroused in the year 1840, a young man named Weed became so impressed by Mr. Finney's powerful preaching one Sabbath, that he cried out aloud in his anguish over his sins. The preacher stopped and called upon him to come to the altar; the convicted one did so, and then Mr. Finney prayed that as the Lord had lifted the veil a little so he would fully disclose to the penitent one the riches of his grace. The young man was converted.

* * *

When the grist mill on Main street was burned one night about forty years ago. The President was present with the rest. On his way home, after the fire was about extinguished, he met a young man to whom he said: "Good evening, we've had quite a fire, haven't we? Are you a Christian?"

* * *

Rev. George Thompson vouches for the truth of the following: During one of the early years of President Finney's ministrations a student attended the college who pretended to be an infidel, a very rare kind of character for Oberlin. One day after hearing the President preach, this student called on him and said:

"Mr. Finney, I'm afraid I've committed the unpardonable sin."

"Well," replied Mr. Finney, "I guess you have." The so-called infidel, who had merely called for the sake of argument, was completely taken back, and being led to a better state of mind, was convinced of his folly, and, like many others of whom we have written, became a Christian.

* * *

The following incident relative to Judge Steele appeared in the Drawer of Harper's Magazine during 1878: It was one of President Finney's ways, as he was absent minded, to ask everyone he met or spoke to—for he knew everyone—for his or her name. He was in

the habit of taking a daily walk in which he regularly met a young man whom he always saluted with, "Good morning. I've met you before, I am sure. What is your name?" The young man, weary of making daily reply, one morning responded with a new name:

"Tom Nokes, Sir."

The President stopped short, surprised by the unfamiliar name, and fastening his eyes on the accustomed face, exclaimed brusquely, "*Why, John Steele, how you do lie.*"

It is presumed that he was never puzzled for the right name afterwards.

* * *

During the war, before Abraham Lincoln was fully converted to the anti-slavery movement, President Finney wrote three letters to him. "On bended knees," said he, "I wrote one, and then I prayed God so earnestly all the while that it might move him. But no answer came. I could not be at peace. I wrote again and waited. This time there came a little note, giving no thanks nor promises, only asking a question. I answered it, and knew that God had prevailed." It was not long after that that the Proclamation of Emancipation was made.

* * *

Mr. Finney took great delight in music, but had no sympathy with what was simply artistic. Once, after his church choir had rendered a difficult anthem, the words of which had not been distinctly articulated, he stepped forward on the pulpit and prayed: "Oh Lord, we trust that Thou hast understood the song they have tried to sing; Thou knowest that *we* could not understand a word of it."

* * *

We have been reminded of the great sermon on "Wages." Very many persons will also recall with interest President Finney's discourse on the Prodigal Son. Professor Monroe speaks of the great power added to the vivid words of the speaker by his dramatic gestures. When describing the loving anxiety of the father, he would shade his eyes with his hands, and then look far off for the boy. Then he would feel for his eyeglasses, and no one would for a moment think of the anachronism, so naturally and pathetically was the action represented. To illustrate further this great point of the anxiety and constant watching of the parents, he would walk to the end of the platform and, looking as if into the distance, would say:

"Ma, don't that look like our James?"

And would thus continue until there would not be one in the audience before him but would be stirred by the truths set forth.

* * *

Dr. Morgan himself relates the following: During a period when rain had been greatly needed, he officiated one Sabbath morning in the First Church, and during the services offered a fervent prayer for rain. Before the meeting closed a slight shower occurred, which, while not heavy, was still very grateful. On his way home from church, the preacher happened to walk behind two students between whom the following conversation took place. Said one :

"Did you notice what a remarkable answer to prayer we witnessed this morning? Rain was asked for, and a shower came. To be sure, not very heavy, but yet it did some good."

"Oh," replied the other, "that was nothing. You should hear President Finney pray for rain. When he asks for it, it comes down in a flood."

* * *

To instance the power in prayer and faith of the subject of these sketches, we have included the following well-known incident.

A very severe drought occurred during the year 1853. The fields were dry and the cattle suffering. The prospect of rain was almost hopeless. One Sabbath, when not a cloud was in the sky, Mr. Finney made the opening prayer of the church a cry for rain. After describing the sad condition of the people, he continued: "O Lord, send us rain! and send it now! Although there is no sign of it, it is an easy thing for Thee to do. Send it now, Lord, for Christ's sake!"

The services proceeded, but by the time he got half through his sermon the rain came down in torrents, so that he could scarcely be heard. He stopped and said: "We'll praise God for this rain," and gave out the hymn beginning,—

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys," etc.

Many in the congregation could not sing for weeping.

* * *

At another time Mr. Finney illustrated the familiar and argumentative way in which he was accustomed to approach and address the Deity, by a prayer for rain, in the following words: "O Lord, the long looked-for clouds are at last over our heads, and we pray that they may now burst and deluge the parched earth. Do not let them pass by and discharge their water upon the lake, as the clouds have done so often of late; for thou knowest that there is already water enough in the lake."

In this connection it will be proper to insert a poem written by a well known journalist, and which, with comments attached, appeared in the Lorain County News of May 2d 1866.

"*Editor News:*—I think your readers will feel a special interest in the poem 'Bless God for Rain', (a recently prepared *manuscript copy* of which I enclose,) because of the circumstance of its origin, and the recent visit of the author at Oberlin, and his public lectures delivered there.

"Several years ago, during a severe drought, prayer was offered in some of the churches for rain. Rev. Charles G. Finney made it the subject of special prayer day after day, and when the rain came the author of the poem heard him exclaim: 'Bless God for Rain!' He spoke with so much unction, while the tears ran down his face, that all who saw and heard him were deeply impressed by his exclamation of gratitude. The poem was first published in the Christian Citizen; and since that has made the tour of the press in Europe as well as this country:"

BLESS GOD FOR RAIN.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"Bless God for rain!" the good man said,
And wiped away the grateful tear;
That we may have our daily bread,
He drops a shower upon us here.
Our Father! Thou who dwell'st in heaven,
We thank Thee for thy pearly shower!
The blessed present thou hast given
To man, and beast, and bird and flower.

The dusty earth, with lips apart,
Looked up where rolled an orb of flame,
As though a prayer came from its heart
For rain to come; and lo, it came!
The Indian corn with silken plume
And flowers with tiny pitchers filled,
Send up their praise of sweet perfume,
For precious drops the clouds distilled.

The modest grass is fresh and green;
The brooklet swells its song again:
Methinks an angel's wing is seen
In every cloud that brings us rain.
There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests trod;
God wrote it ere the world was dry—
It is the autograph of God.

Up where the heavy thunders rolled,
And clouds of fire were swept along,
The sun rides in a sea of gold,
And soaring larks dissolve in song.
The rills that gush from mountains rude,
Flow trickling to the verdant base—
Just like the tears of gratitude,
That often stain a good man's face.

Great King of Peace, deign now to bless;
The windows of the sky unbar;
Shower down the reign of Righteousness,
And wash away the stain of war;
And let the radiant bond of love
In beauty mark the moral sky,
Like that fair sign unrolled above
But not like it to fade and die.

April 14, 1866.

* * *

Deacon Pease was what might in this generation be regarded as a rather austere man. He would criticise a man because there were more buttons than were actually necessary upon his coat. One Sunday President Finney preached on "Pride." After handling the subject in its more common phases he began to show how even the professing Christians are guilty of pride. He told how some were actually proud of their humility or their unselfishness. "Why," said he, "I shouldn't wonder if even our good Brother Pease is guilty of taking pride at times in the reflection that he has so little pride!"

* * *

To illustrate his power of double abstraction, Professor Penfield relates that on one occasion, while hearing a recitation from the theological students, while one was speaking he was observed to have his eye fixed on the window before him. Walking slowly across the room, and waving a few circles with his finger, he suddenly brought it against the pane, exclaiming, "Why, I declare, the first mosquito of the season!" The laughter of the class caused him to turn with the remark, "Go on with the lesson, gentlemen. I heard every word."

* * *

When Theodore Tilton was bidding him farewell at the close of his visit, while shaking his hand, Mr. Finney said: "Theodore, why did you print those loose articles on divorce? Theodore, you'll go to hell *as surely as you live.*" Tilton told this story to one of the members of the Faculty, remarking: "But Mr. Finney was sincere, and it didn't seem strange to hear him say it."

We take the following from the Oberlin Review:

Scene: Tappan Square. Time: generations ago. A knot of students on the walk and a young theologue approaching in the distance.

First student.—"Boys, yonder comes B—. Let's see if I can't make him swear." (Addresses B—,) "B—, they say that you think a great deal of President Finney, but you must acknowledge that that sermon of his last Sunday was the most wishy-washy thing ever uttered in that pulpit."

B—, (with frenzy) "Gosh! When the Lord God Almighty left off making President Finney's heels he just began on most men's heads."

This same student, whom many will recognize by his favorite interjection, used to get so enthusiastic while listening to President Finney's preaching that he would be betrayed into the same form of expression. One of the members of the present Faculty tells of seeing him bring his fist down upon his knee in the First Church gallery with an emphatic, "I say amen to that,— by gosh!"

* * *

Oberlin has always contained a strong anti-secret society sentiment. At the present day the rule still holds in the First Church prohibiting the admission to membership of persons belonging to "any masonic organization." In 1867, for nearly two months extra meetings were held every week, and often twice a week, to consider this important question. Mr. Finney took two entire Sabbaths in which to discuss the subject of Masonry. Up to the time of his conversion, the speaker himself had been a Master Mason, but gave up the lodge when he was converted, and during the remainder of his life was its bitter opponent. His principal objections to the system were that its spirit is intensely selfish and exclusive, and while claiming to be benevolent, shuts out more than two-thirds of the race, and those the most needy. "A Mason voluntarily commits his soul for a lifetime to a course of partiality, which is the direct opposite of that universal benevolence which is the essence of holiness, and which it is the aim of the Church to promote. Hence, though its members may intend no such thing, the Masonic institution is antagonistic to Christianity. And an intelligent and sincere Mason — one who knows the purpose and plans of Masonry and adheres to them, taking extra-judicial oaths contrary to the laws of the land — cannot be a Christian, and hence should not be received into church-fellowship."

* * *

Like Gough, he gestured a good deal, but much more appropri-

ately. Thus in the pulpit, one Sabbath, he spoke of the wicked combining against God, and said that they might just as well stand on the corner and ring a bell, shouting: "Hurrah for the Devil!" and, lifting his arm, he repeated this shout of the enemies of the Almighty, "Hurrah! hurrah for the Devil."

*

* *

Rev. Leonard S. Parker, '38 theol., once said.

"He was one of the most generous-minded men I ever knew—generous to those who made mistakes, generous to children. My little girl would get hold of his hand and walk clear home with him. My wife went to him at one time and told him that Mr. Spencer, a missionary among the Ojibway Indians, had no overcoat, and he sent him the best overcoat he had, one that had doubtless cost him fifty dollars.

He had no tinge of asceticism about him, not a single particle. He believed that self denial was a condition of discipleship, but he had no asceticism.

There was never a man that trained himself more like an athlete for his work, in eating, drinking and sleeping. How many miles I have walked with him in hunting! How often we knelt beneath those tall oaks in prayer! In all my intercourse with him, I never knew any bitterness of spirit in him."

*

* *

Dr. Morgan tells of hearing Mr. Finney pray somewhat as follows, once: "And now, oh Lord, we pray Thee for Andrew Johnson. Wilt thou show him that he is only a man, and after all a very poor specimen of a man. But if he persists in misapprehending himself, then wilt thou *put him to bed.* Put a hook in his nose and keep him from doing this mischief."

This was at a time when Johnson was quite feeble.

*

* *

A former student tells the following charming incident:

One time when President Finney was visiting in the East at the house of a friend, a young lady was introduced to him whose physiognomy seemed to him to indicate Jewish descent. Referring to this incidentally the lady showed that offense had been taken, which the President perceiving, said: "*All* the daughters of Sarah are not as beautiful as Sarah was." With this delicate compliment he completely disarmed the displeasure of the lady.

CHAPTER IX.

OBERLIN ROMANCE.

IDEAS as to what should be included under this chapter might differ. President Finney once said that the history of Oberlin College was extremely romantic in every particular. Following out this idea the title written above might have appeared on every page of our little volume. Others of different mind would expect to find here only those scenes to which the May moonlight is best suited. With a reckless indifference to literary proprieties we have included some incidents calculated to suit the hearts of both classes. We have also introduced some poetry as the extreme of sentiment, and have filled up the chapter with material which does not properly belong elsewhere anymore than it does here. So we trust to please everybody—or not please anybody,— just as you please.

In the first Ladies' Hall the dining arrangements were somewhat as at present. Certain ladies and gentlemen would combine and sit together for the term. Such arrangements were often exclusive. Mrs. Taylor, of '41, has given us a charming story of the table and associations with which she was connected in 1839. The modes of entertaining themselves might well be followed by those to-day who find their conversation limited to meteorological considerations.

In the morning they would talk over some religious topic, Bible verses or the like, as a means of beginning the day well. At noon recitations and study of the morning generally received attention; while at supper they took turns in reading some literary selection and remarking upon the author.

Again, they would slip questions under each other's plates, and the questions thus brought forward would be made topics for conversation. On one occasion a piece of poetry was found in this way, which brought in the names of those who sat at the table. It may revive pleasant recollections in many hearts, so it is here inserted as reproduced by Mrs Taylor entirely from memory. It was written originally by John H. Byrd, of '43:

Full grand are our Halls
And scattered all o'er
The shelves on the walls
Is classical Lore.

The Day is full warm,
Yet strange tho' it seem,
Some Snow in our palace
Can surely be seen.

'Tis not the cold, chilling
Snow of the north;
Yet Cowles are a'glowing
Down on the hearth.

A Byrd is here, too,
With its featherless Wing;
It opens its Bill
And struggles to sing.

Its theme is most lofty
Its Style's very poor.
'Tis a little too loud
Of this all are quite sure.

You will never Seymour
Of true pleasure and Bliss,
For a Wit-more of humor
We challenge the world.

When other tables less favored needed an infusion of life, or when a number of new students feli together and needed attention, Mrs. Cowles, who was then in charge, would come to the table and ask: "Who is willing to go and do missionary work?" Which meant leaving all the arrayed associations to sit with strangers, or with less-favored ones, and the call was always cheerfully acceded to.

*
* *

About 1836 and for some years after, the condition of entering the boarding hall was the performing daily of at least two hours' labor of some kind. Besides the work in the dining-room and kitchen, the young ladies washed the clothes of the gentlemen boarders. These clothes would be brought in bundles, and placed in boxes provided for them. After they were done up they would be replaced with a paper attached containing a list of the articles, and the owners would pick out their property. The gentlemen paid their steward for the work, and the ladies' steward allowed so much to the girls for their labor. As the clothes were not marked, no one bundle was supposed to be distinguished from another; but romance could find a place even in such homely matters.

The girls could often be seen, greatly flushed, fumbling among the boxes for particular bundles, and somehow or other, generally dug up their lover's clothes, preparatory, as one who was of their number told us, to always caring for them after graduation.

Think of the simplicity of those days! When a young lady would be seen darning a pair of stockings *very* carefully, and someone remarking upon it, would be told: "Oh, those are Mr. So-and-So's stockings."

After the completion of the first Ladies' Hall, in 1855, the prices paid for work were: common work, three cents an hour: cooking, four cents an hour. Board cost the ladies seventy-five cents a week, and included a room. The lower part of this new hall was used for domestic purposes. The second story was appropriated to the lady boarders, and the third story was used by the young men for a year after the erection of the building. Different stairways were used in going to the different floors. There were no table-cloths in the dining-room at the first; the wood was stained. The tumblers and spoons were of pewter and the ware was blue-rimmed. This condition existed for perhaps three or four years when the pewter disappeared and table-cloths were provided. The change wonderfully pleased the students, who thought they were coming up in the world.

* * *

The President of a well known Western college, a member of the class of '59, during his theological course at Oberlin, fell in love with a young lady of the institution, and his method of proposing is thus related by one of his classmates, well known to the Oberlin world: "As he was walking with me one day he suddenly said: 'I'll propose to a young lady to-night if you will.' Thinking that he was joking, I said 'I'll do it.' We both went to call that evening, but his lady happened to be engaged, so next day he wrote her a note about as follows: 'Dear Miss ——: I have to teach a class in Greek this afternoon, and my mind is so full of unrest that I cannot teach successfully, in fact I cannot teach at all, unless you promise to marry me. My success or failure depends upon your answer.' The answer came and was as follows: 'You may teach your class.' And so they were married." May the same success attend all good Oberlin boys now and evermore.

* * *

In strong contrast to the above is the following:

A certain member of the class of 1842, noted for his matter-of-fact manner, one day became impressed with the idea that he ought to get married. Being quite well acquainted with a young lady then boarding at President Finney's, he called upon her one evening, and without any circumlocution proffered his request. The lady informed him with thanks that she was already engaged to another. After cogitating for a moment the suitor remarked: "Well, do you know of any young lady about your disposition and as good looking, whom I could marry?"

"I do not think that my sister is engaged, and she is certainly as accomplished as I am." was the reply.

"Will you introduce me to her?" asked our friend. The introduction followed, and in a very short time the question asked the sister was repeated and favorably answered.

* * *

The mention of "Mrs Crosby's flower garden" will recall many a pleasant occasion to the older alumni. For quite a number of years following the college "beginnings" there were very few rules. Rules were not needed. The students came together to work. But even in this company banded together for earnest labor to the highest ends, some sentiment appeared. The young men could walk at any time with the ladies if they so desired, but, as we have stated elsewhere, there was little room or opportunity for courting. About three-quarters of a mile from the boarding hall lived some of those kindly affectioned people who can appreciate young people's needs. About this house was a garden with winding walks and pleasant shade. And a lady, whom we imagine perhaps herself once knew the spot well, told us that here the lovers would wander to whisper sweet nothings. And many were the tales which the flowers would have told could they but have spoken.

* * *

Misunderstood and falsified by the world the Oberlin people were obliged to stand alone. They prided themselves, as rightly they could, on being a peculiar people. The students believed that there was nobody outside of Oberlin fit for them to mate with. Their aims were superior to those of the rest of the world. Hence there were a great many marriages every Commencement time. The young men were obliged to go directly to their fields of labor, and with their wives begin their lifetime work, and often to save expense several couples would be married by the President at the same time.

* * *

We introduce the story below in this chapter because, in the first place the scene is laid at Ladies' Hall—but as that is reason enough we need not give the other reasons.

About the year 1837 or 1838 it became customary to provide a bowl of sweetened cream for supper, for every six students. This cream was placed in the center of a table and then passed around, each hungry youth pouring a few spoonfuls on his bread. One day an old farmer came to visit his son. He was given a seat at table to partake with his heir of the evening meal. After grace had been said, the father, beholding a bowl before him, took it upon his plate and began crumbling his bread into it. The terrified son, touching

him upon the arm, whispered: "Father, that's sweetened cream." "I like it all the better for that," was the cheerful answer, as the bread continued to fall into the bowl. Looking up a moment later, however, he saw the surrounding students silently crunching their dry bread without any addition whatever. The horrible truth dawned upon him, but, being a cool man, he merely went on crumbling his bread in the sweetened cream, and then—ate it.

* * *

The following was obtained from Mose Huston, for so many years head cook at Ladies' Hall.

About the year 1872 a gentleman interested in Oberlin stopped to investigate the workings of the college, and showed especial attention to the self-supporting system. Visiting Ladies' Hall he offered ten dollars to any young lady who would saw a cord of four-foot wood, each stick to be cut twice. Quite a number went at the work energetically, but only one had the determination and strength necessary to complete the task, and to her the reward so peculiarly offered was paid.

* * *

A graduate of '41 says: "At one time during my course the gate which led to Tappan Hall was very noisy. A certain lady friend of mine could look from her window and both see and hear the gate. Whenever I wished to meet her in the Ladies' room I gave the gate a special creak as I passed through at the same time touching my hat, and, lo! when I arrived she was in the room. I did not have to *send* for her. It was an agreeable mystery."

* * *

Some later students will recognize this incident. Two of Oberlin's young men were calling on New Year's day. As they were leaving a certain house the ladies offered them wine glasses filled with what looked like something which the Scripture saith "maketh glad the heart of man." One of the young men, with some surprise, quietly but calmly refused. The other thought of his temperance pledge and of the badge under the lappel of his coat, then looked at the glass and at the bright smile of the one who offered the glass, and smothering his conscience drank—*cold tea.* Each of them said the joke was on the other, and the ladies did not think that either of them ever had a dangerous acquaintance with wine.

* * *

A story has gone the rounds about Oberlin which is given for what it is worth. As it is the part of faithful historians to convince

themselves of the authenticity of a story, and then repudiate it editorially providing the verdict is unfavorable and it is thought best, nevertheless, to allude to it, so we, after turning the calcium light of investigation upon this tradition, are obliged to add reluctantly that it sounds like the wicked fabrication of an enemy.

Mrs. Stewart, in addressing the young ladies on the subject of etiquette, was wont to urge upon them the propriety of having at least one chair between them and any gentleman caller who might solicit the pleasure of an evening interview in the reception-room in the Ladies' Hall. She gave the same general instructions as to the distance which should intervene between ladies and gentleman at the table in the boarding hall. It is related that one evening she was horrified upon entering the reception-room to discover a lady and gentleman in the twilight, practically occupying the *same* chair.

"Sir," she said, with all the dignity which her amazement rendered possible, "do you understand how you are compromising this young lady by leading her to violate the rules?"

"Ye—ye—yes ma'am," stammered the no less startled youth; "but we were only following out your instructions."

"How is that?" inquired the still more astonished matron.

"You said that the ladies and gentlemen should have but one chair between them!"

* * *

A charming incident is told by Professor Churchill. When he was at Dartmouth College he became acquainted with a former Oberlin student, who intended some day to return to his Western home. For a long time they "chummed" a good deal. Being out walking one day, as they passed by the hotel, the Oberlin youth exclaimed: "Hold on! I see some one I know," and rushed in at the door. After waiting some time, his friend passed on. Next day, as his chum had not appeared he began to search for him, but could find no trace. For two whole days sorrowing search met no success, but then the mystery was cleared up. A young lady, one of Oberlin's poets, was very much in love with the absent student, and had been led by her devotion to seek him out. Her modesty had prevented her from calling on him after her arrival, and so she had taken her place in the hotel and had been waiting for some time to obtain his notice. The finale was the usual happy one.

* * *

The following incident partakes of the tragic. A student in the classical course many years ago, belonging to the same Oberlin class as the Dartmouth man alluded to, found his addresses rejected by a

young lady. His passion had become such a part of his life that after his refusal, in order to end his trouble he took a quantity of laudanum. The action of the physicians saved him from death, and the lady, softened by his terrible earnestness, relented and accepted him.

* * *

Until within recent years a long winter vacation of twelve weeks was granted the students in order that they might go out and teach. This chapter would not be complete without a reference to the self-denying labor performed by so many hundreds of our graduates, who often found in it their only means of support. One of our present theological professors (and his experience was but that of many) told us a story of endurance which reminds one of the heroism of the early "circuit-riders." In the winter of 1858 he started on foot for the southern part of the State. Reaching Columbus he found himself with but two dollars in his pocket and a number of miles from his destination. Shouldering his trunk, he started out, and after many hardships arrived at his destination, only to discover that he was not wanted. His being an Oberlin man was probably the reason. After resting a day or two at the house of a good Christian woman, he started off without his trunk to visit a classmate who was teaching at a place fifty miles away. It was the middle of winter and the roads were full of snow and ice. Streams were high and often impassible. Twice was he compelled to wade through deep water, and once was completely drenched by slipping from a log into a stream. Courage prevailed at last, and not only was his classmate met, but a school was found where he could teach. He returned for his trunk on horseback, and carried it back before him on the saddle, only after many a fall into the mud and ice.

This is but a single example of what Oberlin College men used to go through in their earnestness to obtain an education. And that spirit is still alive, and manifests itself when occasion demands it even to-day.

* * *

One of the editors of Oberliniana used to mop the floors in Ladies' Hall. The other was for a long time a waiter in the dining-room. And as this thought came to us during our writing, our pen stopped for a moment, and we leaned back in our chair and allowed memories of those former days to interrupt our work. How many of our alumni have worn the white jackets and aprons! How many in these later years stood each day before kindly "Mose," in the

kitchen — Mose, who with lordly air dispensed the meats designed for the waiting boarders! To many the mention of the "pastry-cook," "cook-shop" and "milk cellar" will bring up vivid scenes of former days. Yes, many a

"Senior and Tutor and Soph.,
And Junior and Freshman and Prof.,"

have laid aside their pride and performed every kind of service in that old dining room.

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The tale next recorded certainly contains romance enough for the entire chapter. Two facts connected with it make it of undoubted interest. First, the hero was for a long time Professor in the college. Second, the story is strictly true. Well then, once-upon-a-time, in the very early days, when the houses were few and room could scarcely be found to accommodate the college family, our Professor fell in love; very violently in love. It is recorded that after Chapel prayers, almost before the "Amen" had been uttered he would grasp his hat and hasten to the door that he might accompany the chosen one homeward. But, alas, in those days, such things could not be hidden. Rooms were small and students were everywhere. There was no place for telling secrets; no quiet parlors; no back gates; no walks. Oberlin was still experiencing the age of mud. And, if we may believe the chronicles, the unbroken forest all about was full of ravenous beasts ready to devour any strolling Pyramus and Thisbe. So our hero and lady were obliged to seek, as the sole and only refuge, the *pantry* in which to whisper sweet nothings. But the course of true love did not run any smoother with our Professor than it does with ordinary people, for, not being a politic man, he had the misfortune to anger the maiden. Sad was the day when she refused to see him. Life became a blank. As he could not plead personally, in his desperation he appealed to some lady friends; stated the case; requested them to make overtures for a return of favor. If they were successful they were to display a handkerchief from the window where the displeased one lived. Long and earnest was the conference. Restlessly did the gentleman pace up and down in the distance eagerly scanning the house. At last, when hope was almost given over, the glorious signal was given. The community rejoiced with them over the re-establishment of harmony, and in due time they were married.

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Our college would have been wealthier by $75,000 but for an unfortunate lack of faith on the part of the trustees in the early days. Mr. P. P. Stewart, when worth only $10,000, but looking forward to

great prosperity, gave his note to the college for a gift of $75,000. Shortly afterwards needing some help in his business he asked the college to lend him some money. They replied that they couldn't lend any money but that they would sell him his note for $75. Mr Stewart being provoked, took up their offer. If after years he became abundantly able to fulfill his former desire, but never offered to do so.

* * *

The following was taken from the Oberlin Evangelist for May, 1846:

"Robert St. John was a student who died in 1834, early in the history of the settlement. His was the first burial, with the exception of one infant or more, in the place designed for a burial ground. This was the first death among the students, the first among the adult population. He was buried at the setting of the sun, in uncleared and unenclosed ground, all of which tended to make a scene of solemn interest, and fasten upon the minds of those who participated in it, impressions never to be forgotten. But Robert St. John's is no longer a lone grave, for marble slabs and monuments have multiplied about it every year."

* * *

About the year 1843, the rule was still in force which prohibited students of different sexes from visiting each other at their rooms, no matter what the circumstances—a rule which, properly modified, still exists.

A certain young lady, boarding at the Hall at the time of which we speak, happened to be very sick. She was engaged to a young man whose duty it was to carry wood to the various floors of the building. Some lady friends of the parties, acquainted with the state of affairs, strongly advised the gentleman to visit his affianced. He was persuaded so to do, and in consequence all concerned were expelled from college. So determined were the Faculty to avoid even the veriest appearance of insubordination.

* * *

Up to the year 1858 the ladies who graduated from the classical course were not allowed to read their own essays, but a quiet Quaker lady, afterwards Mrs. Dr. Cravath, who graduated that year, besought the Faculty for the privilege. The request was not granted without an appeal to tears, but after that the practice was changed.

* * *

The college buildings are so closely grouped together that the walks to and from them are necessarily short. Particularly so to

he student who is taking advantage of the limited privileges with espect to walking with young ladies. In consequence, the walk of few rods, say from choir meeting to Ladies' Hall must be made to qual a longer one, if possible, and this can only be accomplished y taking time, for no turns to right or left are allowable. Hence as arisen that slowest of all movements called the "Oberlin step." oung people have been known to consume fully three minutes in rossing a single flag-stone, and the progress of a procession of tudents returning from some entertainment resembles the growth f the grass. You know it is moving, but the movement is imperceptible.

This idyllic habit is very properly deprecated by the authorities.

* * *

Until the year 1844 or 1845 it was customary for the Professor to ead all the graduation essays of the Literary students on Commencement day, the Faculty holding that it would be undignified and mmodest for the ladies to deliver their productions from the rostrum. During one of the years mentioned, however, the entire raduating class of ladies informed the Faculty, with all due respect, hat they would not graduate unless they were permitted to present heir essays themselves. This determined stand had the desired ffect, and ever thereafter the right was granted.

The class of '41 had the first "Lady A. B.'s" of the literary orld, and they deserved it. It had workers who earned their exenses by honest work, and others who "worked not at all," but ook the patronage of "aid." Thus men differ.

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What one of the Alumni has not at some time made a call at adies' Hall? With what trepidation did he ascend the front steps nd give his card to the bell-boy, while groups of girls were passing n and out. Why should so many know of his private affairs? Why ouldn't he pay a visit to a young lady without its being advertised? he lady comes. The parlor is entered. No bay-windows or hidden angles. And others are there too. It seems as if everyone ust hear your remarks about the climate. Finally you succeed in ecoming oblivious to all externals, when suddenly the ominous hapel bell peals forth and a moment after all is deserted.

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Even in these latter days the Hall has its terrors to the uniniated. The gentleman belonged to the class of '81, and we shall all him Mr. Age. Toward the close of his long course he deter-

mined to make a call on a lady friend at the place mentioned, a thing never before attempted by him. A classmate whom we shall call Olton, encouraged him in the hazardous enterprise and witnessed has departure at the proper hour. After walking around the Square Mr. Age proceeded to the Hall, and as he ascended the steps imagined that his neck-tie was awry and returned to Olton's room for assistance. The aid and encouragement were given and again the gentleman traversed the Square. Again his destination was reached and was carefully surveyed from all sides. Again the dreadful door was reached. Mustering up all his courage he seized the bell and entered just as the fateful outside bell called the ladies to their rooms.

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It may not be generally known how near Oberlin College came to being situated at Brownhelm. Mrs. Perry, of that place, related the following incident to Professor Churchill: Just after the building of Tappan Hall in 1835, Mr. Tappan came out from New York to pay Oberlin a visit, and going to Brownhelm was favorably impressed with the rolling ground and pretty scenery of the "ridge," which was part of Mrs. Perry's farm. He found that the place could be purchased for $2,000, and accordingly negotiated for its purchase. His intention was to buy land enough to exchange for the Oberlin property. Everyone who owned a lot in Oberlin was to receive a fair equivalent at Brownhelm, and the college, which was not yet thoroughly established, was to be removed to the better place. Mr. Tappan returned East to make out the necessary papers but arrived only to find that the great crash had come and left him almost penniless.

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The following poem appeared first in the "Oberlin Students' Monthly," for July, 1859. Its appearance there is sufficient guarantee of its merit. We hesitated as to whether we should place it with the other poems, or in this chapter. But the appropriate local sentiment contained, and fate of the author, were such as to recommend it for its present position. Its author was Orlando P. Brockway, of the class of 1862. He enlisted for the war with the other Oberlin boys in 1861. Was commissioned captain in August, 1863, and was killed in the trenches before Petersburg, July 19th, 1864.

BOTANIZING.

When the trees are gemmed with buds,
And the flowers begin their blooming
O'er the fields and through the woods,
How delightful to be roaming!
When the sun is getting low,
And the moon, perchance, is rising,
Did you ever chance to go
Botanizing?

There's a flock of laughing girls,
Looking all about their neatest;
But the one with auburn curls,
Don't you think she's much the sweetest?
There's a feeling at your heart
Indescribable, arising,
As across the fields you start
Botanizing.

Far from where the carriage whirls,
Leads your way across the heather;
Now yourself and auburn curls
Merest chance (?) has drawn together.
But the teacher eyes you stern,
(Just as if 'twas quite surprising)
While you wander o'er the fern,
Botanizing.

When the rest are left behind
By a step so much the fleetest,
Did it ever cross your mind
Forest flowers are far the sweetest?

Then along the woody stream,
Where there's no one supervising,
O! 'tis joy superb, supreme,
Botanizing!

Twine her hair with ivy wreaths,
Add, perchance, a sprig of myrtle;
Listen to the words she breathes,
Soft as any mourning turtle.
Soon the light begins to fade,
And the stars look down, advising,
That quite long enough you've staid
Botanizing.

Off the moss you now must rise
And your steps be homeward turning:
Look within the maiden's eyes—
Eyes that melt, though never burning—
Steals your arm around her waist,
Just to aid the nymph in rising;
Oh! what happiness you *taste*
Botanizing.

By the rest you're left behind;
Long ago their task was ended;
Certain now you'll be to find
The teacher mortally offended!
But don't promise not to do—
Spite of all the sage advising—
Just the same, next time you go
Botanizing.

For a great, great many years it has been customary, for those students who desired, to take a trip to the lake shore on the day following Commencement. Single and double buggies, band-wagons and barouches are mustered into service for the expedition, and a few hours of perhaps the greatest enjoyment of the year is the result. We would like to dwell upon the positive pleasure of such an excursion after the long months of hard work; of the picnic lunch eaten on the high banks which look far away across the water; of the rowing over the in-rolling waves; of strolls along the shore, and of the sunset, when with loviest coloring of cloud the crimson orb sinks in the distant lake; of the moonlight ride homeward, and the —— however, these reveries have led us away from the story we had to tell, and which will now have a very gloomy cast.

A student was engaged to a certain lady. As a remarkable exception, he was exceedingly penurious, and very few were the occasions upon which he had bestowed any attention which cost anything. Commencement was approaching and many of the young lady's friends were invited to take a trip to the lake. She was eager to go but had no invitation; but at length by considerable strategy she persuaded the gentleman to whom she was engaged to make the desired request. The day finally came. Boarding at the Hall, she made no preparations for a luncheon and neither did he. Noon came, as noons will, and the accompanying parties began to prepare for dinner. Seeing that something must be done, our gallant student sought out a farm-house and after considerable bickering purchased a *dried-apple pie* as a repast for his lady and himself. The afternoon passed. The ride home was almost finished, when after a long silence he said: "I want to do what's right, so if you'll pay half the buggy hire I won't say anything about the cost of the *pie*."

Next day the lady went to the President and asked if she was in duty bound to marry such a man. She was told that she was not. And she didn't.

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There are two things which ought to have been left as monuments of early Oberlin.

One of these has already succumbed to the ruthless destruction of workmen in order to make way for such a building as shall meet the demands of more modern scholarship. Reference is had to the dear old Laboratory that nestled among the locusts in the southwest corner of the Second Church Square. It is only with the keenest regret that many people can view the necessity (?) which occasioned its demolishment. It was such a little, inoffensive building! It seems as if there ought to have been room for it and the other hall as well. How delightfully quaint and antique it was, with the old-fashioned sky-light in the roof, the woodbine clambering all over the wall and hugging the whole building closer every year, the lilac bushes at the doors and windows tossing their foliage in the gentle breeze and dispensing their bountiful fragrance within, and the tall locusts above, showering the ground every spring with their wealth of perfumed blossoms!

The pretty picture is all spoiled now, and while we will not grumble at anything at such a time as this, it is very sorrowfully that we say farewell to the dear old building, so associated with tender memories.

Let us turn our thoughts instead to the other legacy, that grand old elm at the southeast corner of Tappan Square, which we still have with us. Long may it endure the blasts of winter, and long sway its majestic boughs in summer. It still has the prospect of a long career before it, and every precaution ought to be taken to insure its presence at the next Jubilee celebration, fifty years hence, in perfect health. To this end it should be protected with a neat iron fence and accorded all the honor that the famous elm in Boston "Common" so long enjoyed.

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A tribute has been paid to the departed Laboratory. Eminently fitting is it that old "Tappan" be remembered. Forty-eight generations of students have worked upon its venerable walls, and multitudes lived within its narrow halls. Time was when it was one of the finest dormitories in the State, but in latter years the walls were seamed with cracks, the floors were sunken, the partitions were warped and the plastering had fallen. Still the students clung to the few useful rooms. In its time it nourished as fond hopes and as happy lives as ever did the most splendid palace. A thousand of our graduates look back to it with love. It was their college home. In Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, South America and the Isles of the Sea, they may be found, ministers, lawyers, physicians, missionaries, authors. Many wearing the laurels of fame and honor; many governing in the councils of the nations; many giving up all,

that the heathen may become Christ's; very many resting forever from their labors. What a history those crumbling walls could have told could they but have spoken! How many hopeful joyous souls they have protected; how many aching hearts! How many ringing laughs have re-echoed through them, and how many hours of sorrow could they number. There ambitions have been revolved never to mature; there were laid the foundations for future success and there arose the prayers of faithful hearts.

Passing away in the jubilee year to make room for more ostentatious halls, "Tappan" will ever hold a sacred place in Oberlin's history, for kindly and faithfully did it serve its day and generation.

CHAPTER X.

SKETCHES OF FORMER STUDENTS.

ALONG in 1845-50 a bright young man might have been observed almost every day kneading dough in a great bread trough in the "cuisine" department of the old Ladies' Hall. He was an excellent singer, and as he moulded the flaky mass he would frequently break out in snatches of song. He was very poor, and had hard work to get along. The old Greek motto to the effect that work is no disgrace always held at Oberlin, and where is there a member of the great Oberlin family to-day who looks back with mortification at the honest toil by which he became what he is?

Yet even while a student this young man was characterized by that remarkable versatility and symmetry of character which have since given him the reputation of being an almost ideal man. In the departments of philosphy, history, and the natural sciences he was quite in his element, being a profound thinker and an indefatigable student. But in the lighter and more ornamental branches he was equally proficient. He loved flowers, and made botany a study at all times. He was a splendid penman. He would make fancy work, tidies, etc., that would bring the flush of envy to any girl's cheek. He was a natural singer. He was well acquainted with nautical language. He was versed in the practical philosophy of railroading. In fact he was a specialist in everything. Reference is had to Hon. J. D. Cox, railroad president, distinguished military leader and lawyer, governor of the Buckeye State, member of Grant's Cabinet, and now a professor in the Cincinnati Law School.

Mr. Cox married Mrs. Cochran, a daughter of President Finney, and then the widow of Professor Cochran. For a time they continued to live in Mr. Finney's house, but afterwards moved to Warren, O., where he struggled to secure legal practice. They were exceedingly poor at first, and for several years, despite his brilliant talents, the struggle was a stern one.

Mr. Cox is such a man as deserves political preferment. No man's record was ever more conspicuously pure. But he seems to be entirely estranged from politics now, and would doubtless refuse to sacrifice his present quiet, happy life.

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Just prior to the war there was a student in attendance at Oberlin, who afterwards graduated, whom the traditions affirm to have been as full of the spirit of mischief as almost any youth. Always faithful in his college duties, and conspicuous by reason of his rare scholarship, he was, nevertheless, possessed of an infinite fund of humor. He it was who engineered so successfully the memorable S. S. S., as they were called,— Sophomore Sawdust Seremonies — an account of which is given elsewhere. He was an excellent artist, and loved to caricature. Thus his "classics" were interlined with comical representations of Plato, Gorgias, Demosthenes and other ancient worthies. In his "Prep." years he helped get out the Semi-Monthly Thunderbolt, a sheet executed entirely with a pen, and copiously illustrated by means of his ready art. In this paper he assumed to belong to the "Big Fry," and would tell of tricks on the "Small Fry."

That youth was called Fred Allen. He is now the sedate and dignified Professor Allen, of the chair of comparative philology, in Harvard University.

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At one time chess and checkers were prohibited at Oberlin. During this period Levi F. Bauder, subsequently Auditor of Cuyahoga county for two terms, was a student in the institution. Being exceedingly fond of the former game, Mr. Bauder found it quite inconvenient to forego the pleasure of an occasional game, and accordingly indulged in the forbidden fruit at his discretion, until he was "hauled up" before the Faculty for the offense. When questioned as to his conduct he promptly acknowledged his guilt and added:

"But let me understand the scope of this rule. Like all rules I suppose it is merely a means to an end."

"Certainly," responded the examining Professor; "it aims at the

securing of a proper standard of scholarship. Such fascinating games have, in our experience, proved distracting, and consumed time that belonged to regular college duties. That is why the rule exists."

"Are you willing to judge me according to that principle?"

"Certainly."

"Let us consult the records, then."

And the two went together to the college books, only to find that the record of the offender was a clean score of 100. Mr. Bauder was not disciplined.

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A student who had plenty of money to spend was decidedly a *rara avis* during the first twenty years of the college's history. Among the poorest was Elisha Gray, the great electrician whose name is now a familiar word in every household. No great man ever evinced during his college days less of the stuff that was in him than did Elisha Gray. He was universally accounted by his classmates a sleepy student. In after years he enjoyed the luxury of informing in his quiet way those same classmates who had depreciated him in school, but who had come to revere him most profoundly, that he was not wholly a dreamer as he sat on the back seat in the recitation room; but that he was maturing in his mind at that very time many of the discoveries which the world should some day take occasion to call great.

When Mr. Gray completed his Sophomore year his health gave completely out, and he was obliged to forego the full course which he had purposed to take. Accordingly he engaged in farming pursuits in the country in the immediate vicinity of Oberlin, abandoning for a time utterly, all scholastic pursuits. His mind was still active, however, and when he did engage in study he had free access to the electrical apparatus of the college. His interest in scientific pursuits was thus stimulated, and soon his proficiency in this department became quite marked. In the meantime he met, loved and married an Oberlin girl, and the two together continued the stern struggle against poverty. His wife was a lady of considerable reserve, but withal a most faithful and loving helpmeet. At this time Mr. Gray was running a milk farm, and every morning the future great scientist might be seen dispensing the lacteal fluid to his round of purchasers. No doubt he was still dreaming and dreaming!

Mr. Gray's first great invention, worked out here in Oberlin about 1866, was called the "Self-adjusting Relay." It was an instrument regulating automatically the motions of the telegraph

sounder. Wires are made more perfect now, but in those days the transmission of messages was often interrupted for a considerable time on account of storms and unfavorable weather. Mr. Gray overcame this defect by introducing a counteracting battery, thus causing the instrument to adjust itself to all kinds of weather.

The history of the second grand triumph of his life, the invention of the telephone, is now generally familiar. Bell and Edison were improvers of the telephone, and as such deserve due honor; but Elisha Gray will justly pass into history as the genuine inventor of the telephone. Mr. Bell, by a blunder received a patent on the invention first; but the production of Prof. Gray's caveat, (filed nearly a year previous) soon rendered that patent null and void, and vindicated his claim as inventor. The same decision awarded him a five per cent. royalty on all telephones manufactured, (if he did not choose to monopolize the business in this country.)

Since then, decorated with the enviable titles of Doctor of Science, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Professor Gray has spent his time in lecturing, overseeing his business at the East, and devoting his spare time to further scientific research. His latest great invention is the wonderful Harmonic Multiplex Telegraph, by means of which quite a number of messages may be sent over the same wire at the same time.

Of course, the great popularity of the telephone is now yielding Mr. Gray an enormous revenue, and this leads to the subject of his benefactions. He is a remarkably generous man and is constantly making donations to worthy objects. He has pledged to Oberlin College the sum of $50,000. With the church he is actively connected, and finds time in all his busy life for the cultivation of the gentler virtues.

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In the year 1845 there came to Oberlin a green country boy of quite uncouth appearance and manners. He was afflicted with the customary emaciation of pocket-book, and sought out immediately a position as chore-boy in one of the families in town. After the hayseed had been combed out of his hair a little, he presented a not unattractive appearance, and proved himself possessed of average intelligence. When asked for his name upon joining the institution he responded, "Ferdinand V. Hayden." The name did not create a sensation then, for it had yet to become the power which it is to-day.

Hayden did not create any sensation of any kind, in fact, while in college. Indeed, he was conspicuously poor in the languages, and his final graduation was a conditioned affair. This was largely

because he made a specialist of himself in the direction of geology and the sciences in which he has since become so famous.

Professor Penfield relates a pleasant account of the way in which he first discovered that there was any particular metal to the man. The class were out in the fields, surveying, possibly. Prof. Penfield was a good deal of a botanist, and general attention became directed at some wild flowers. Young Hayden was exceedingly enthusiastic. Prof. Penfield, being familiar with the flora of Lorain county, made something of a dissertation on the plant in question, which aroused every latent faculty in the listener. Indeed, the latter was so immoderately enthusiastic that the other members of the class were rather inclined to amuse themselves a little in a superior way over his demonstrative interest in "common weeds."

The incident served to show to the Professor wherein lay the strength of the young man; yet even then none of the Faculty seem to have thought that he would attain anything specially worthy. When he graduated in 1850, they little thought that they had been training a future United States Geologist, who should receive more honors from European societies than any other scientist of his age. A few years ago Prof. Ellis met him and he took occasion to remark that he owed everything to Oberlin. Said he: "Had it not been for the impulse which I received at Oberlin in the direction of investigation, I should be driving an ox-team to-day."

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A good many will be surprised to learn that Professor Gunning, the distinguished evolutionist, not only went through college here, but also studied in the Theological Seminary. There has always been a suspicion that he isn't quite sound in his belief. He desires to be considered a theist, and it is said that he believes in prayer. He certainly is not an infidel, and seems to be permeated with a good deal of the Oberlin spirit. He was looked upon as a Christian while a theological student. He is a thoroughly sincere man, a warm friend of the college, and an honored alumnus.

While a student he was regarded as a good scholar. He was also an excellent "monthly rhetorical" speaker, and a successful crayon artist. This facility with the pencil serves him well now, when he has occasion in his lectures to represent on a blackboard the aboriginal chimpanzee.

When Mr. Gunning entered college he was assigned to a class taught by Tutor Hodge. Looking at the new student, the latter enquired: "What is your name, sir?"

"Gunning," was the reply.

"Gunning, Gunning," repeated Tutor Hodge. "Well, be careful that you don't hang fire."

Mr. Gunning never forgot this incident, and years afterward when delivering his lecture on the "Descent of Man," he was invited to a college where his old instructor happened to reside. During the course of his remarks before a crowded house, he proceeded, in his inimitable way, to picture on the blackboard the hairy progenitor of the race, and after completing the body, with a few skillful touches crowned the whole with the well-known lineaments of Tutor Hodge!

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Rev. Miss Anna Oliver has created a good deal of notoriety for herself. Recently the papers contained an account of the sale of her church, the Willoughby Avenue M. E. Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y. It may be interesting to the Oberlin public to learn she was once a student at this institution. It must be owned with reluctance that she did not leave a very favorable record behind her. She was studying theology in the Seminary, and insisted upon enjoying every privilege accorded her male confreres. Among the rights claimed was the right to join the theological literary society,— which was denied. Miss Oliver felt so much aggrieved at this that she terminated her connection with the Seminary,— it is said, to the relief of some members of the Faculty. Her extreme views were not in harmony with the general sentiment at Oberlin, and her recollections of the school are probably otherwise than pleasant.

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In striking contrast was the conduct of that other exponent of Woman's Rights, Lucy Stone, who was also a student at Oberlin. She has always had a great friendship for the school, and though now she has become the acknowledged leader of the Woman's Suffrage movement in this country, and the able editress of the Woman's Journal, she always makes it a point to attent the alumni meetings that are held in Boston. She was a bright, lovable girl, and developed into a woman whom all are bound to respect and admire, whatever their views. She is far from masculine or obtrusive in her ways, and consequently has real influence in the cause which she has championed. In every way except legally, however, it is said that she insists upon being Lucy Stone, instead of Lucy Stone Blackwell.

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The class of 1847 was quite a remarkable class. Besides Lucy Stone there were Antoinette Brown, (who also married a Blackwell,)

and Lettice Smith, (afterwards Mrs. Prof. Holmes,) all champions of the same general principles. None of them were rabid or unreasonable, and, indeed, we are obliged to concede to-day that they have been vindicated in respect to some of the views which they entertained For instance, they demanded the right to present their essays in person to the public on Commencement day. This demand was so much a matter of principle with Miss Stone that she would not write an essay to be presented by proxy, and so she was not represented on the final day.

It may be imagined that with three such devoted and charming advocates of a cause which has even now partially triumphed, all in the same class, there were many warm discussions of the woman's rights question. On the other side were Robert Kedzie, afterwards the distinguished chemist, and many others, especially in the classical course. With Miss Brown, Miss Stone and Miss Smith as leaders, the female element in the class quite generally espoused their side of the question, and the discussions, involving practically the whole class, waxed warm and eloquent. Robert Kedzie was so vigorous and caustic in declaiming against the movement inaugurated by these zealous reformers, that he actually made himself quite unpopular for a time with the fair sex, and finally lost the honor—justly his—of appearing on Comencement day. (At that time representatives of the class were still elected to Commencement honors.)

It may be interesting to many to learn in this connection that Miss Brown and Miss Smith were the only two lady students who ever took the complete theological course. Antoinette Brown was an earnest, warm-hearted girl, and sincerely believed that she had received a call to enter the ministry. What her present views are, cannot be stated, but the conservatism of churches in the matter of receiving female leaders must have discouraged her somewhat. Lettice Smith married a classmate named Holmes. As the wife of an educator she has doubtless been able to use her seminary training more or less. Lucy Stone was noted for her largeness of heart; and many a discouraged lonely student found in her a warm friend.

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Judge J. E. Ingersoll, of the Cuyahoga county bench, was probably one of the youngest students, if not the youngest, that ever went through Oberlin. In 1841 he entered college at the age of thirteen years. In 1845 he graduated at the mature age of seventeen years. When asked what arrangement he had to make in order to pursue a course while so young, he replied: "O, nothing was ever said to me officially about the matter, although I think there

was some rule then in existence on the subject. I rather wish that I had waited a few years longer, for while I understood the subjects I studied, it was of course impossible to assimilate everything I learned as I might have done at a more advanced age, and as I did a few years later when teaching the same studies."

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It was Professor Allen who gave the first impulse to musical study at Oberlin. He led the great choir in the First Church almost from the start, and left a marked impression upon the school in the direction of true musical culture. It would be pleasant now if he could look in upon our prosperous Conservatory, with its prospective grand hall, and its extensive reputation. He should also know of the phenomenal success of the Glee Club's Western tour of last spring. As this tour was perhaps the most successful ever made by any college glee club, it seems just that it should be mentioned more at length. Fifteen musical students banded together in an organization made up as follows: First tenors: Prof. Chamberlain, E. G. Sweet, J. D. Harrisor, John Atell; second tenors: Winfield Hatch, D. A. Bunker, F. M. Koons, P. C. Hayden; first bass: F. H. Swift, J. Severance, Arthur Burt, W. F. Day; second bass: L. P. Hamilton, John Peck, W. Kimball, Dan Bradley.

The route pursued was through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin to Minnesota, and back. Almost everywhere the singers were treated with marked attention, banquets and receptions being tendered to them at several points. At Minneapolis the club sang in concert with Minnie Hauk, and afterwards with Litta, and the Amherst College Glee Club. Wherever they spent Sunday they were importuned to lead the singing and willingly consented, thus making the services peculiarly interesting and impressive. The boys made a decided hit wherever they went, and although their stops were frequently fifteen, and even eighteen hours' ride apart, and their expenses very heavy, they found when they arrived home that their experience might be summed up in the following gratifying record: One thousand nine hundred miles traversed, thirteen concerts given in five different States, and $1,461 made, nearly half of which was net profit; a great many western sights seen and friends visited; an alma mater widely advertised, and the members themselves honored in a conspicuous way. It was a unique and profitable mode of spending the two weeks' interim between two college terms of study.

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John M. Langston, the distinguished colored orator and present United States consul to Hayti, was a student at Oberlin. Gradu-

ating in 1849 he went to Albany, and applied for admission to the celebrated law school there. As there was a rule at that time prohibiting the admission of colored students, the officers of the school informed him that the only way in which he could pursue his education there would be by claiming to be a Cuban. This he was too conscientious to do, and indignantly returning to Oberlin, went into the Theological Seminary. He was perhaps the only student permitted to study theology here while not a Christian. Afterwards, however, he believed, was baptized and joined the church.

Many pleasant stories are told about his youthful modesty and timidity while here. At one time a party was given at his house in town, at which there were several distinguished guests present. Young Langston insisted upon waiting at the tables. He was expostulated with and urged to sit down with the rest, but firmly refused to do so. Once he related while in attendance upon an Alumni meeting here, an account of his *debut* in the literary society to which he belonged. He was quite dissatisfied with his effort, and went home when society was out, filled with discouragement. Seeking the privacy of his own room he threw himself upon his bed, buried his face in the counterpane, and wept as though his heart would break.

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If an Oberlin student is helpless when turned loose upon the world, then we disown him. The strength of character and persevering zeal of the early lady students is illustrated well in the case of Mrs. Martha Haskins Pierce, who describes her coming to the colony as follows:

"I was one of the first students, having arrived there in 1834, four months after the school opened, accompanied by my brother, who read the notice of the school in the New York Evangelist. After reading of this opening for acquiring an education, the same evening he came in a sleigh some seven miles to where I was teaching, bringing the paper. He said he was going in the spring and wished me to accompany him. I told him I would go if my parents were willing. He wrote me in a few days that my father was not willing to have me go so far from home. But in about one week when I came home as usual to spend the Sabbath, my father had concluded to consent to my going. Then we made ourselves ready and started on what seemed to many of our friends, a long and perilous journey. When we arrived at Cleveland, we hired a man with a strong team to take us to Oberlin. After leaving Elyria, as the driver came to the corduroy railroads, he began to rebel. When we were to leave the main road some two miles from Oberlin, he

refused to take us any farther. So we left our trunks in a shanty with no lock on the door, to remain over night. We bravely started on through two miles of dense forest, but did not proceed far before I found myself sinking in the mud. Brother said he must go back and get me a pair of his boots. So when nicely booted we made our way through a lonely forest. The tall, straight trees, and sweet singing of new birds was very exciting, and highly enjoyed by me."

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Professor Barbour was a Scotchman. He belonged to the class of 59. Before the completion of his college course he was married, and accordingly withdrew from the institution in his Senior year in compliance with the rule then rigidly enforced, whereby married students were excluded from the privilege of belonging to the school. Afterwards the full honors of graduation were conferred upon him; so that we of to-day may proudly include him in the number of our honored Alumni. He, also, belonged to the noble army of self-supporting students, and enjoys to-day the consciousness of knowing that he earned in the fullest sense the wisdom which he accumulated here. The particular branch of work in which he engaged was that of paper-hanging and upholstering. The thoroughness with which he performed all his work is pleasantly illustrated by the fact that until a year or two ago the walls of Dr. Morgan's house were adorned with paper which he had hung, and which had stood the test of twenty year's use. Until recently, also, there was some furniture in the possession of the college which he upholstered. He, also, is earnest in accrediting Oberlin with the honor of making him in large measure what he is.

Prof. Barbour, some years ago, in a speech before the New England Society, said:

"I will tell you what kind of hazing I got when I went to Oberlin. I did not know a single person in the State of Ohio. I went there, and the first person I met was a church deacon, and I asked him where the college office was. This Godly man, seeing that I was a stranger, left his wheelbarrow and said, 'Come along, I'll show you.' As we walked along he talked pleasantly to me.

"I went into Tappan Hall, and instead of being smoked out, as I might have been elsewhere, a man said: 'You are a new student. Have you got your wood yet? Well, here is my saw; go to my pile and help yourself till you buy a load.' So, through every little want, I never knew anything but the utmost kindness. It seemed as if every one there was on the lookout to see how much goodness and kindness he could show to strangers. I would to God that every college in the land would follow those examples."

Emeline Horton, while attending school at Oberlin, was a tall, dignified, graceful girl, rather reserved in deportment except in the society of her intimates, but actuated by generous impulses. She pursued the Literary course. While a student she evinced an interest in the science of medicine, but no one ever thought that she would afterwards take the helm of the leading Woman's Medical College in the country, and become eminent not only on this continent, but also in Europe, as an educator in this department. She never made her views offensive, but on the contrary commanded universal respect. As a student she was particularly good in the classics. She married a Mr. Cleveland, who was a theological student here at the time when she pursued her Literary studies. Her death took place two or three years ago at Philadelphia, where her lifework had chiefly been spent.

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It is pleasant to remember that Emily Huntington Miller belongs to the great Oberlin family. The soil here has not been esteemed entirely favorable to the cultivation of the muses, and one would hardly look for so gifted a daughter of song among our number. While a student here Miss Huntington excelled in literary work. She was a graceful writer in poetry and prose alike, and her class exercises elicited general comment. She was one of those whose school days contained a prophecy of the future which awaited them. Graduating in 1859 she married Mr. Miller, of the class of '60. Her life has been devoted to literary pursuits, and all are familiar with the eminence she has attained. As a student she was a sensitive, retiring young lady, endowed with warm sympathies, and particularly tenacious of friendships. Her graduating exercise was a poem. In a later chapter will be given a few verses from her facile pen.

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Mr. M. E. Strieby, the Secretary of the American Missionary Association, whose reputation is co-extensive with that of the great society with which he is connected, was a member of the class of '38. The following extract from one of his letters tells what has become of many of the "former students" whom we have been sketching:

"The missionary spirit of Oberlin deserves both record and reverence. Its five hundred school teachers sent out annually for years, in the West and South, are as true missionaries as ever went to heathen lands, for not only in the school, but in the home, the prayer meeting, the Sunday school and the church, were they an evangelizing force. In home missions they soon came to be a power. Dr.

Badger, the veteran Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, used to say that if he wanted a man to go where the work was hardest and the pay least, he would go to Oberlin for him. For years the American Missionary Association could find missionaries nowhere else for its self-denying and unpopular fields. Among the Indians of the Northwest, the refugees in Canada, the emancipated slaves of the West Indies and in the jungles of West Africa, the graduates of Oberlin were ready to sacrifice their lives."

* * *

Prof. Monroe, in speaking of Company C, the Oberlin company during the late war, pays the following tribute to the valor of those student soldiers—our nameless former students:

"On a Saturday evening we had a large meeting in the First Church. I had brought with me some blank forms for enlistment, and I made such explanations as seemed to be required. There was no need of urgency. When it was announced that the papers were ready for signatures, young men were seen coming rapidly forward from all parts of the house and the pulpit was soon crowded. A more eloquent sermon was never preached from it. There were many tears upon the faces of spectators, but none upon those of the young men. Forty-nine names were obtained that evening. The next day, which was the Sabbath, young men came all day, at intervals, to join the growing company. I do not think it ever occurred to them or myself, that there could be anything incongruous between the spirit by which they were animated and the devotional feeling suitable for the day. The roll of names was much increased by Sunday evening, and at a meeting held in the College Chapel early on Monday morning, was further enlarged until it included a full company of one hundred men, all college students. How well I remember the handsome young faces of those volunteers, as they came to subscribe their names—

'Such splendid purpose in their eyes'—

and their cheeks flushed with the fine fever of their high resolve. There was no levity among them. They were thoughtful but cheerful. How gentle, ingenuous and manly they appeared! Not a word was said about pay or promotion. The company was mustered into the service, April 30, at Camp Taylor, in Cleveland. Early in May it was ordered to report at Camp Dennison in the southern part of the State and stopped a night at Columbus on the way. In that city the men had some difficulty about accommodations. I found sleeping places for a portion of them in the Senate Chamber. The rest I escorted to the basement of the Capitol which the appliances

for heating the building had made at least warm and dry. I remember the cheerfulness with which they called to each other from different parts of this huge vault, and wrapping their blankets about them and using their knapsacks for pillows, laid down upon the cemented floors or upon the brick furnaces for their night's sleep.

"Toward the close of May I visited them at Camp Dennison, taking with me supplies, letters and messages from Oberlin. I found them not only practicing the manual of arms, but holding weekly prayer-meetings in the street between their barracks, and morning and evening worship in each of the messes into which the company was divided. This practice of family worship was maintained to the end of the war. Leaving out of the account skirmishes and slight engagements, they bore a part on at least a dozen well-known battle-fields. On some of these, they were placed in the most exposed situations and suffered terribly. At Cross Lanes, after they had maintained an unequal contest, upon a little eminence on which they had formed, until all the companies about them had fled, several of their number were left severely wounded upon the field, twenty-nine, including their Captain and five other officers, were taken prisoners and the rest of the company were temporarily dispersed. The company was soon again in the field and fought bravely and with heavy loss at Winchester and Port Republic. From the severe fighting at Cedar Mountain only four of them escaped unhurt. At Ringgold, Colonel Creighton shouted to their regiment:

"'Boys, we are ordered to take that hill. I want to see you walk right up it.'

"They did so and took it. Fourteen of the twenty men of Company C who were in this action, were struck down, six killed and eight wounded. When they were mustered out of the service in 1864, thirty-one of their number had lost their lives by battle, seven by diseases, one by drowning, and the great majority of all had been wounded. Several members of Co. C, transferred during the war, to other regiments, were promoted to the rank of Captain, Lieutenant-Colonel or Colonel. Among these were Sheldon, Cheney, Andrews, Cross, Grabill and Cooper. Prof. Shurtleff, who was made Captain of Company C at its organization, after his exchange as a prisoner of war was effected, re-entered the service as an officer on the Staff of General Wilcox, in which capacity he fought at Fredericksburg. Subsequently, commissioned as Lieutenant-Colonel, he was engaged in the series of battles before Petersburg. For gallantry in the charge upon New Market, where he was wounded in

the hand and thigh, he was promoted to the rank of Colonel. Near the close of the war he was nominated and confirmed as Brevet Brigadier General."

* * *

It was just at the close of the spring term, 1856, that some of the preparatory students went out to Brownhelm to spend two or three days upon the lake shore.

There was Willie Ball, son of Dr. Ball of New York city, a noble little fellow, but not averse to an innocent "lark." Poor fellow! he afterwards graduated at Williams and years since went "over to the silent majority." There was Bennett, a rich young fellow, also from New York city, whose father had sent him to Oberlin for prudential reasons. There was Belden, also a New Yorker, whose father, a clergyman, had sent him to Oberlin for about the same reason. Belden afterwards became identified with Wall street, and was the principal broker of poor Fisk and Jay Gould upon the memorable "Black Friday" in 1873, and was the scape-goat for those virtuous children of Mammon. "Xen" Wheeler, who afterwards went to Yale, and is now the United States District Attorney at Chattanooga, was one of the party. Andrews, then of Oberlin, but now of Cleveland, was one. How it happened that Dan B—, then a Senior, went with these jolly Preps. it would be hard to tell; but he did. He is now a much respected minister of the Gospel. The boys stopped at a farmhouse on the shore, and the next morning B— and Wheeler got up early and went down to the lake for a swim before breakfast.

They got a boat and went out and took their swim, but the wind blew fresh from the lake, and by the time they were through with their bath the boat had drifted some distance up the lake. It was a disagreeable job for the undressed and chilly bathers to get the boat back to the landing. B— deserted, and dressing himself, proceeded to the house, leaving Wheeler to care for the boat or let it drift. Some of the other boys came down after the departure of B—, and with their aid the boat was secured. Wheeler didn't feel pleasantly over the conduct of B—, and the others shared his sentiments. Accordingly at the breakfast table, in the presence of B—, it was resolved to take him down after breakfast and duck him in the lake.

B— heard the plot but did not think the Preps. would venture upon such an assault upon the person of a Senior; but after they got through their breakfast they grabbed him, and in spite of all protestations and entreaties carried him to the lake bodily, and soused him in. Somehow the matter came to the attention of the Faculty, and a public reprimand was administered to the Preps., Principal Fairchild officiating.

This is something of a "wild oats" reminiscence, perhaps, but the persons participating in the experience,—(Yes, they have all sobered down, now,)—recall the circumstance with so much interest that it was thought best to include it. The outcome illustrates how the tangles in young lives are straightened out here, and how even the wildest have been entirely "tamed" by Oberlin training.

* * *

A graduate of Dartmouth, associated with Oberlin as a member of the Faculty for more than twenty-five years, and a man of wonderful inventive genius, Prof. C. H. Churchill, has exercised a very wide spread influence, and one not confined to his special department. We look upon him as a Professor solely, but he also belongs to the army of former students, having studied in the Theological Seminary here. When he joined himself to Oberlin in the capacity of an instructor, he was offered the Chair of Music, but refused to take it, with characteristic modesty, on the ground of incompetency. He accepted the Professorship of Mathematics and Physics, and has held the position ever since.

He made the first pipe organ ever used in an Oberlin church, an organ which had four sets of pipes, with swell, and which he himself played for a year in the First Church. Thomas E. Monroe, of Akron, the well-known preacher, made the case for this organ. In later years he manufactured a telephone in his workshop, and a phonograph was turned out on his lathe which acted as successfully as any that could be purchased. A galvanometer made by him for college uses was superior to either of two costly ones which had been purchased. The advice and assistance given Mr. Gray and Mr. Munn by him was very largely instrumental in perfecting the invention of the telephone and atmospheric train signal. Mr. Gray's experiments with electricity, particularly with the inductive coil, were largely carried on with Prof. Churchill's aid. He has never sought fame, but has been content to wield his influence in a retiring way, and it has been an influence which every Oberlin student who has studied with him will remember with gratitude. The Chair of Physics which he now holds will never be filled by a man more eminently fitted in every way for such a position in a great college. His modest generosity and delicate consideration of the feelings of others have become proverbial. How many will echo the sentiment of an alumnus who recently said, "I always thought twice before I asked Prof. Churchill for anything, because I knew that if I did he'd rob himself, if need be, to get it for me!"

CHAPTER XI

OBERLIN POETRY.

OBERLIN College has never possessed any songs which could properly be denominated "college." At several times during her history more or less interest has been aroused over this lack of that which forms such a prominent part of the student's life elsewhere, and committees have been appointed for the purpose of collecting or preparing the poetry which might properly be said to belong to Oberlin. But all these efforts have hitherto proved unavailing. With the exception of the society songs and the songs which each class feels compelled to claim as its own on "Junior Ex" day, and sing at Commencement, nothing is found. It is true that the students are singers and enjoy trolling the common college songs: still very little of this nature *distinctively* of Oberlin is recorded. It would be remarkable if the contrary were the case, for Oberlin life does not present the soil necessary to the successful growth of the average college song. It is hardly probable that the college will ever possess a rollicking song book; she certainly does not need one, for the truest earnestness and high developement which Oberlin demands is incompatible with the writing, printing and singing of the nonsense-verses which make up most song books.

Poetry, real good poetry, we have never lacked. Poets whose first lines were given to the world in Oberlin, are now known around the broad globe! And, again, much of that written was ephemeral, the creation of the hour.

We have tried to select, some few specimens from different authors who were well known in their Oberlin day and generation at least, trusting to revive pleasant memories in the hearts of many of Oberlin's sons and daughters as well as to preserve some few of many excellent poems. Of course, no matter what or how fine poetry our authors may have written since going out into the world, we can only appropriately introduce here that which was written in or about Oberlin. It would also be impossible to make such a collection exhaustive. We have attempted only to insert a few poems of interest.

Prof. Morgan states that he once called on Prof. Allen in order to obtain accurate information relative to the real authorship of the hymn always credited to Prof. Allen. He was informed that the general opinion should be directly reversed, for while he was the sole and only author of the *music* which always accompanies "Must Jesus bear the Cross alone," he had only re-written and adapted the hymn from another, with the exception of the third stanza, which was his own. The original hymn ran: "Must Simon bear the Cross alone," etc.

OBERLIN COLLEGE HYMN.

COMPOSED BY PROFESSOR ALLEN, '38.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

Disowned on earth, 'mid griefs and cares,
He led his toilsome way;
But now in heaven a crown he wears,
And reigns in endless day.

How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till from the cross set free,
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

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The following is the Phi Delta Society song. It was first sung at the twenty-second anniversary held Aug. 21st, 1861.

Φιλῶ Διάλεκτον.

PHI DELTA SONG.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

AIR—"*Lauriger Horatius.*"

Io! mihi amici
Omnesque sodales,
Jam Phi Delta dicite

Laudes litterales,
Semper enim comitat
Musa non proterva,
Addit et consiliam
Sapiens Minerva.

CHORUS—Valeat sodalitas
Omni in tempore,
Ante omnes ceteras,
Gloria majore.

Neque nos deseruit
Hermes is facundus
Cultor eloquentiæ,
Semper verecundus.
Usum simul adhibet
Cum jucundidate;
Floret sapientia
Artesque amatæ.

CHORUS—Valeat, etc.

O, Phi Delta optimum,
Sempiternum esto!
Careas discordiis
Marteque infesto.
Vireat ingenium;
Adsit spes, gratæque
Fides et concordia,
Amicitiæque.

CHORUS—Valeat, etc.

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ALPHA ZETA SOCIETY SONG.

A. M'CASKEY, '82 O. C.

Let the gold lie in the mountain
And the silver in the mine,
"We seek Truth," Old Alpha Zeta,
And our motto shall be thine,
We seek truth, Old Alpha Zeta,
And our motto shall be thine.
CHORUS—Hail, all hail then, Alpha Zeta,
Sound the chorus loud and long
Let "Ἀλήθειαν Ζατοῦμεν"

Be the watchword of our song.
In the days that are before us,
Far away on sea or land,
Heart to heart we'll join the chorus
Of her true and trusted band.
Heart to heart we'll join the chorus
Of her true and trusted band.

CHORUS—

* * *

"PHI KAPPA PI" SONG.

BY REV. P. S. BOYD, '69

[Rev. Pliny Steele Boyd is at present one of the leading ministers connected with the Congregational church in the East. He is settled at Amesbury, Mass. While in college he attained considerable reputation as a writer of poetry. For many years he has been a constant prose contributor to the "Independent," "Golden Rule," and other leading periodicals.]

A year, a year hath fled, boys!
Since our defunct Lyceum,
Last held her anniversary,
And sung her last "Te Deum."
But now she's changed her name, boys;
Ay, she has changed her name,
As many a merry maiden does,
When she becomes a dame.

CHORUS.—"Friendship and progress," swell the chorus high,
And ring out the watchword of the Phi Kappa Pi;
"Friendship and progress," swell the chorus high,
And ring out the watchword of the Phi Kappa Pi.

And now we'll sing a song, boys;
To the old and last adieu!
Thene raise our merry voices high,
In chorus to the new;
The old must pass away boys;
Let no regrets be heard,
So long as something better comes,
And progress is the word.

CHORUS.—

In friendship we'll be true, boys!
In progress we'll be brave;
We'll fight the battle of the right,
And win an honored grave;
To truth we'll e'er be loyal;
For truth will live and die,
And thus do honor to the name
Of our Phi Kappa Pi.

CHORUS—

* * *

The following poem was the first which appeared in the first paper published in Oberlin, Jan 1839. Vol. I, No. I, Oberlin Evangelist. It is worthy a place for that reason, as well as for its intrinsic worth. The author is to well known too the Oberlin world to need any introduction.

HYMN OF THE EARTH.

NELSON W. HODGE, THEOL. '41

Again I wheel my airy flight,
To bring the months and seasons round;
To spread the sable shades of night,
And give the day, with glory crowned.

With joyful speed I haste away,
And urge the tardy wings of Time,
As dawn the splendors of the sway
Messiah bears from clime to clime.

The isles upon the western sea,
Where blows the citron-scented gale,
Will hail the New Year of the free,
In songs of joy from hill and vale.

The Prophet's creed—the baleful beams—
The waning Crescent feebly flings,
Will pale, as wide the *Sunlight* streams,
"With healing in its sacred wings."

Upon the mountains, dark and drear,
Where vices reign, and sins destroy,
The feet in beauty will apppear,
Of those who herald Zion's joy.

Then let me on my circlet run,
Till praise by every tongue be given
To God on high—"His will be done
On earth, as it is done in heaven."

* * *

HISTORICAL EPIC.

J. B. HINMAN, '62.

The argument of the following poem is as follows: First couple The ancient origin of PhiKappa Society. Second couplet, Its ped gree. Third couplet, The change of name. Fourth, Reflections on th same—peace for the past and prosperity for the future. Fifth, Th birth of song in the Society and consequent glory. Sixth. Th grand success of a patriotic colloquy. Seventh, The successful pa and glorious future.

AIR—"*Alma Mater.*"

Far back in the annals of our old Alma Mater,
Lies the birth of Phi Kappa—all others come later.
CHORUS—Hurrah! Hurrah! Phi Kappa forever!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Phi Kappa forever!

In infancy christened the "Young Men's Lyceum,"
She daily expanded, and sung her "Te Deum."
CHORUS—

Old *Tempus*, advancing, observed her improvement,
And kindly projected a classical movement.
CHORUS—

O lacryma Lyced, quiescat in pace,
Et vive 'la Phi Kappa in omni aetate.
CHORUS—

She sang the first song, boys; she was crowned with the sorrel—
While her friend, the Phi Delta walked off with the laurel.
CHORUS—

The colloquy next won the bays for her *caput;*
And her valiant sons pledge that they ever shall "stay put."
CHORUS—

The past holds her jewels, the present is smiling,
The future looks gracious, all sadness beguiling.
CHORUS—

ODE TO PROF. DASCOMB'S SKELETON.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Thou art not fair,
And yet, perchance, some trace
Of beauty rare
Once lingered round thy face.

Thy youthful limbs
No costly robes adorn,
Not even the cuticle
Protects thy bones forlorn.

There was a time,
Thou hadst three coats of skin,
The outer, middle
And the principal coat within.

And long ago,
Within the coats of skin,
Were muscles many,
Some were thick, some thin.

And nerves did course through every part,
And arteries, and veins;
But each and all have vanished, gone,
And not a trace remains.

And once, within thy cranium,
There dwelt an active brain;
And o'er thy scalp with skillful care,
The silken locks were trained.

An eye, a nose, and ruby lips,
Thou surely once didst own;
A tongue was thine; a larynx too,
Perchance made dulcet tone.

But now, alas! thy form how changed!
And yet more changed thy face!
The rounded outlines all are gone,
The beauty and the grace.

And naught is left but naked bones,
With joints of rigid steel;
Thy empty sockets coldly meet
The gaze, thou canst not feel.

In lank indifference, thou hang'st
Suspended by a wire.
Thou hast no robes, so Doctor D.
Has hung thee near the fire.

And there thou hang'st from day to day
Unmindful of the throng,
Which gathers round to count thy bones,
The flat, the short and long.

And so farewell! thou ghostly ruin,
Thy fate we must deplore,
And though thou hast so many bones
We're glad thou hast no more.

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MAIDEN CHARMS.

[From the German.]

W. H. BUSS, '79.

Flaxen locks in rich profusion,
Eyes like stars that flash and sparkle,
Rays of life from blue seclusion,
Cheeks of rose and roguish dimple.

Little mouth for kissing priming,
Lips the tint of rosy morning,
Voice as clear as Sabbath chiming,
To the house of worship calling.

Rare indeed the charms external—
Gifts of Nature's rich bestowing,
Yet alone are charms eternal
That from depths of *soul* are growing.

Others all are frail and fleeting—
In the storm of Time, are human.
Like the lifeless bust of marble
Is the handsome *soulless* woman.

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* *

Shortly after the building of the Town Hall the following parody appeared in the Weekly News for December 21, 1871, relative to the so-called eagle which had been placed on the dome of the building. As the verse is as appropriate now as ever, for the inimitable humor

will be appreciated by anyone who will glance at the Town Hall today, we reproduce it in full. It will add to the interest to know that the author was no other than our Professor Churchill.

RAVING, BY POH!

Once upon a summer evening, while I sauntered tired and lone,
Up and down the park, a vision froze my very blood to stone.
Ah, distinctly I remember, how the sight transfixed each member,
Pictured on this mortal eye, from the dome against the sky.
Deep into the blue vault peering, long stood I there wondering, fearing,
If that dreadful thing could fly.

Then the wondrous fowl beguiling my sad fancy into smiling;
First a smile came, then a roar. Till each muscle tense relaxing
And the echoes louder waxing, brought returning sense once more.
Surely, said I, this is something. Let's the mystery explore.
Let my mirth be still a moment, while the mystr'y I explore;
This is fair and nothing more.

Straight I sought a tempting grass-plot, fronting bird and tower and door,
There upon the green-sward sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking of all the ominous birds of yore—
Of harpy, buzzard, owl and raven, vulture, hawk on sea and shore;
Of all the grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous fowls of yore.
Was the like e'er seen before?

Presently my soul grew bolder, and I spake for each beholder,
"Sir," I said, "or Madam, truly, your forgiveness I implore,
That we warned you not from lighting where your form is such a bore;
But the fact is we were napping, and so gently you came flapping,
Perching o'er the Town Hall door, and so handsomely entrapping
Us, we're sold forever more!

But yet hasten thy departing, bird or fiend," I cried, upstarting,
"Get thee back unto the furnace and the fires Plutonian shore."
And my lips have often muttered, "Other birds have flown before;
On the morrow he may leave us—quit the dome above the door."

But the ghastly fowl sits lonely on the placid dome, and only
Wears a gesture of departing, seeing some far-distant shore.
But we cannot help agreeing that if any human being
Ever yet was blest by seeing such a fowl above his door,
Such a gesture little meaning, little relevancy bore.

Let him fold his royal pinions, let him lift his glorious crest.
Let his eye express dominion, let his gesture token rest.
Bends the fish hawk from his cliff, peering in the deep blue flood;
Searching out a gliding victim for his gasping, famished brood.
But the *eagle's* power and pride lifts erect the kingly form,
Sternly bidding like defiance to the sunlight and the storm.

*
* *

The verses following are part of a poem read at Commencement 1865, by their author Miss Fanny M. Jackson, a colored lady who graduated with special honors from the classical course.

THE GRANDEUR OF OUR TRIUMPH.

Is the grandeur of our triumph
The Republic's preservation,
That her name is not a byword
In the mouth of every nation?

Is it in the new-born glory
Which around our country glows;
In her heroes' names immortal;
In the conquering of her foes?

Surely not, e'en though the whole earth
Shook with her triumphal cars;
Though all nations bowed before her,
And her glory touched the stars.
* * * * *

When the dark days came upon us—
Bloody days when no man slept;
When at Bull Run and at Richmond
O'er unnumbered slain we wept.

All for love of Christ and country,
In the trenches dead they lay.
Greener grows the turf, and sweeter
Bloom the wild flowers there to-day.

Then came also days of fasting,
When our country bowed her head,
While in sackcloth and in ashes
She sat mourning for her dead.

For her dead and not her sins,
So her ears no victory greeted;
For the Lord was still against us—
We were smitten and defeated.

Till a great cry rose amongst us;
Till the whole land blushed with blood
At the stubborn sin which kept us
Under heaven's avenging rod.

But the cloud of death was lifted,
Stayed the flow of martyrs' blood;
When our country, humble, contrite,
Groping found her way to God.

As from out the Jordan's waters
Came the spotless Lamb of God.
As from heaven the light eternal
Flashed its glory round our Lord.

So from out of war's red sea,
Baptized anew in freedom's name,
Our country comes with snowy robes,
And heart with holy fire aflame.

Then the Lord rebuked the foemen;
Quickly all their boastful horde
Fled like leaves before the whirlwind
At the coming of the Lord.

* * * * *

Unto God belong the praises;
His right arm the vengeance deals;
In the whirlwind of the battle
We have heard his chariot wheels.

We have heard His mighty trumpet;
We have seen his flaming sword,
And the grandeur of our triumph
Is the glory of the Lord.

*

* *

YOUNG AMERICA.

P. STEELE BOYD. '60.

This youth is Uncle Samuel's eldest son;
(I hope the next will not be quite so *wild*)
He has no mother; (he has need of one)
He's known at home as the "*Old Woman's*" child;
He says he only called her so "for *fun*;"
'Twas by that sort of fun the boy was "*spiled*,"
O, had the youth possessed a noble *mother*,
The world had known a *man*; mankind a brother.

This wondrous youth was early sent to school;
And studied—everything—excepting science:
His rule for study—if he *had* a rule,
Was "lessons *last*." This gave him *self*-reliance,
Foundation firm whereon to build! A fool,
With such a start might bid the world defiance;
To cap the climax he was *sent* to college—
For what, who knows? For anything but knowledge;

To play a part or to *display* his parts,
To play at checkers, chess, or cards, or dice,
To play the dandy, play the juggler's arts,
To play off tricks on friends not over nice,
To play the fool with cupid's dangerous darts,
To play the "*sharper*," in the haunts of vice:
At many a game, in many a boisterous *revel*,
This learned youth has learned to play the—"Old Nick."

Once out of college—and with no profession,
Our young American essays to wait
For "something to turn up"—forsooth a session
Of Congress—or he hopes some public gate
Will open to him, giving him possession
Of some fat office in the halls of state;
And hints that if at home no high position
Offers, he *might* accept a foreign mission.

His principles would never interfere
With *duty* as a party politician;
He pulls the wires by instinct; still more queer—
A ready-born political magician—
Can make the white, the blacker side appear,
Or e'en the truest seem the false position;
With hot *dis*-unionists can hold communion,
And shout—for anything—to "save the Union."

Perchance, while waiting, he may dabble lightly
In art, or *science*, law, or peddling, teaching;
Perchance in *literature* will flourish slightly;
Or he may give his time to doctoring, preaching,
Or turn reformer, howling fiercely, mighty,
Against all manner of villainous over-reaching;
No man, meanwhile, more like to cheat the nation,
Or better fitted to o'er-reach creation!

He's a universal genius, in short;
Ready for all things upon all occasions—
For making war, or peace, or *love*, or sport;
For writing essays, sermons, or orations,
For smoking, chewing, gambling, drinking *port*;
For dancing, swearing, lying, all invasions
Upon good morals, he is ever ready—
In sooth, he's *everything*, excepting—steady.

* * *

CLASS SONG of '81.

WRITTEN BY EVA L. EMERY DYE.

Hail ye classmates! Hail the morning,
When we chose our motto bold.
Vain regret and murmur scorning,
As the heroes did of old,
With a will that falters never,
With a heart to dare forever
In one earnest grand endeavor,
Joins the class of '81.
CHORUS—Then loiter not but for the right,
With ever steady step press on
Relying on the God of might,
"Ὁδον ἑυρὲ ἢ ποιήσον."

Catch its joyous echo ringing,
While a heart of us survives,
Inspiration ever flinging
'Round the duties of our lives.
With our faces lifted upward,
With our footsteps pressing onward,
Toiling aye and ever sunward,
Bends the class of '81.
CHORUS—Then loiter not, &c.

When the silver locks are threading
Every brow so fair to-day,
And our wearied feet are treading
Down along life's sunset way,
With the flag of triumph o'er us,
With the hope of heaven before us,
Stronger still may thrill this chorus
Through the heart of '81.
CHORUS—Then loiter not, &c.

CLASSIS SEX SEPTUAGINTA.

W. G. FROST, '76.

CLASS SONG.

Qui adestis amicorum
Spectatissimorum, laete
Classis sex septuaginta
Gratulator vos; salvete.

CHORUS—Laeti sumus et hilares,
Nec ignari pensi,
Semper in Collegio
Oberliniensi.

Professoribus profugi
Fratres veri et sorores,
Saepe graviori passi,
Nunc erramus juniores.
CHORUS, Idem.

Antiquissimi poetae,
Et umbrae philosophorum
Victi sunt; inveniemus
Finem omnium laborum.
CHORUS, Idem.

Jesta ducunt ad gerenda,
Anni fugiunt veloces;
Ex futuro jam audimus
Evocantes fati voces.
CHORUS—Ad majora enitentes,
Nec ignari pensi, etc.

Nos jungemus ad alumnos
Tum, curriculo peracto,
Et nonnulli ad alumnas,
Vinculo amoris facto.
CHORUS—*Enim Baccalaureati*,
Sunt sic deprehensi, etc.

Et dum aura datur erit
Nobis gloria cantare
Almae matris clarae laudes,
Et homores ille dare.
CHORUS—Ad majora enitentes,
Nec ignari pensi, etc.

DANDELIONS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, IN OBERLIN NEWS, 1867.

In my lady's garden,
Hedged about with green,
Flame the stately tulips,
Gold and crimson sheen,

Nodding in the West wind,
Gleaming in the sun,
In their cloistered garden
Hidden like a nun.

Round about my cottage,
Thick as stars at night,
Dandelions fill the grass
With their faces bright.

Down the lanes they cluster,
On the banks where bees
All the sunny morning,
Drain their golden lees.

In the dewy pastures,
Up the grassy hill,
Where the sheep go cropping
Daisies at their will—

Little barefoot children
With their fingers brown,
Pluck them by the handful,
Weave them for a crown.

Ah! the stately tulips
May be rare to see,
But the children's blossom
Dearer is to me.

And my dreams of spring time
One sweet picture hold—
Banks of tender grasses,
Dotted thick with gold!

*
* *

The song of no Oberlin poetess has been purer and truer to nature than that of Eva L. Emery, as she was known in her college days,

of '82, classical course. She is at present teaching in Sidney, Iowa, with her husband, Charles H. Dye, also of '82. She is a prolific writer, and like Emily Huntington Miller, a woman possessed of many graces of heart as well as mind. A few characteristic poems are given below:

ALMA OBERLIN.

EVA L. EMERY DYE.

I've trimmed my sail in Northern seas,
And trod Atlantic snows,
I've faced the keen Sierra breeze,
And plucked the Alpine rose;
But 'neath each sky as e'en of yore,
My heart hath loyal been,
To the sweet Alma evermore,
Sweet Alma Oberlin.

I've seen thy sons on Southern soil,
Locked in the prison pen,
I've seen thy bleeding heroes toil,
To free their fellow men,
On battle-fields of every hue,
I've seen them valiant win,
By thee nerved on to dare and do,
Sweet Alma Oberlin.

I've seen thy daughters 'mid the isles
Of far Pacific seas;
I've seen them where the tropic smiles
Above the Ceylonese;
I've seen them brave and beautiful,
As maids to kings akin,
Thy royal daughters dutiful,
Sweet Alma Oberlin.

Deep in my heart I bear the seal
Stamped by thy signet ring,
And evermore, thro' woe or weal,
Thy praises will I sing;
For honor, truth and right are thine,
And aye, have ever been.
So loyal beats this heart of mine,
Sweet Alma Oberlin.

CHRISTMAS TYDE.

EVA L. EMERY DYE, '82.

Ye yule-log burns for Christmas tyde,
Ye long greene lane is hydden,
And to each hearth-stone farre and wyde,
Ye Christmas guest is bydden.

Ye hall is light with evergreene
Mixt with ye mistletoe,
And holly berrys blaze betweene
With red coquettish glowe.

Ye midnight chimes awake ye lande
To madd, forgetful myrth,
As if a Prince of Pleasure planned
Ye poetry of earth.

For high and lowly, weak and wyse,
Have caught contagious joy,
And blythesome hearts and merrie eyes,
Play on without annoy.

Peal out, ye bells, ye carolls chyme,
For Christmas rules belowe;
Ye eye, ye fire of winter tyme,
Mid-sommer in ye snowe!

*
* *

We include the following, because, although not written by an Oberlin man, it is yet about Oberlin, and will commend itself to every one who has heard Burdette. It is from the Burlington Hawk-eye, and was written by Mr. Burdette shortly after lecturing in Oberlin, April 14, 1882:

"Our visit in Oberlin is a red letter day in our calendar; it is full of sunshine by the courtesies of the grave and reverend Seniors, the Jester's old Junior friends of last year. Lightly rest the new silk hats on their deserving heads, and if their lives are only as full of music as they filled the parlor of her little highness, (Mrs. Burdette), they will carry melody into the world when they leave college. It was a cheery banquet which they spread for the Jester after the opera was over; they brought the bright sunshine of the college world into the rooms of the invalid, and when we left next day for Port Clinton, the beautiful floral offering they brought to her little serene highness, shed perfume and loveliness through the car.

Thoughts of themselves will mingle with other pleasant memories of the favorite flower that clustered among the roses, and hereafter, when the perfume of heliotrope steals upon our senses, we will think of

THE BOYS OF OBERLIN.

So fair the world before them lay
  Fast fleecy clouds of boyish care
Drifted across the morning gray
  That kissed their upturned faces there.
So proudly duty called them on,
  So fair the honors they hoped to win,
Our older hearts beat time with theirs—
  These care-free boys of Oberlin.

They sang, with sunrise in their hearts,
  The college songs you used to sing:
And laughter rippling through the parts
  Timed all their joyous caroling.
Lightly the rosy-fingered morn
  Touched hearts and voices, chiming in
Their chorused songs of laughter born—
  These merry boys of Oberlin.

When the high sun with burning ray,
  Beats on their hearts that throb so high,
And the long, toilsome, burdened day
  Shines on them from a noon-tide sky,
Still may their song from cheery souls,
  Rise o'er the world's discordant din,
And lighten burdens when it rolls—
  These earnest boys of Oberlin.

Rise clear and high and brave and strong,
  While steadfast feet step off its time,
And strengthened men shall march along
  Glad for its soul-inspiring chime:
And fainting hopes shall bless its day,
  And with new life and strength begin
To walk their soul-inspired way—
  These gray-haired boys of Oberlin.

The lengthening shadows creep along
  Highway and meadow, glen and hill:
We hear their grand, heart-swelling song
  Ringing down their pathway still.

Changed to a glad, triumphant psalm
For victories over wrong and sin;
And evening closes, soft and calm
Above the boys of Oberlin.

* * *

The poetry which appeared in the Oberlin Evangelist was all of a devotional character. The two selections we have made from it are both by Rev. N. W. Hodge, and both illustrate the devotional spirit of the early years. The Student's Monthly witnessed the production of the more sentimental verse, while the Review is the recipient of whatever the fervid fancy of the amateur college poet evolves. The following was taken from the Evangelist for March, 1840.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Farewell sweet day! thy placid close
Steals silent on: the fading light—
The trembling star—the winds repose—
Foretell the solemn, quiet night.

Day, on which rests Jehovah's smile
Farewell! May still thy influence blend
With all that would the soul beguile,
And all my weekly paths attend.

Oh may my life e'er emblem Thee,
Hallowed of God—serenely sweet—
Its peace like some wide river be,
That gently flows a silvery sheet.

Day on whose morn the Savior rose,
Farewell! thine evening calm be given
To us, at life's deep solemn close,
A foretaste of the rest of heaven.

* * *

(From the Oberlin Student's Monthly.)

THE GOOSE-QUILL.

L. G. WARREN, '58

Let everybody stare with wonder,
When epic poets roar and thunder—
When tragic bards, to horrify us,
With subjects dire and awful ply us—
Content I sing—a little thing—
A goose-quill from a goose's wing.

The ancients used with painted reeds
To chronicle their wondrous deeds;
Whate'er they would hand down to us
They wrote it with a calamus.
Thus Plato wrote, and Aeschylus—
Thucydides and Tacitus;
Thus Tully wrote, and Martiales—
Thus Horace, Ovid, Juvenalis,
Sallust, Nepos, Virgilius,
And all the rest that bother us.

Twas thus that he, of times remote,
Mohammed's clerk, the Koran wrote;
On clean, white shoulder-blades of sheep;
Then threw them in a chest to keep—
One chapter on each shoulder-blade;
So these combined the Koran made.

The seventh century of our era,
(About the time there is some query,)
Though 'twas an age degenerate,
Produced a man of genius great,
Who introduced a pen much better,
And made posterity his debtor,
The tools from folly's emblem pluckt,
That wisdom uses to instruct.

The benefactors of the race
In history often find no place.
Who was among the sons of men,
The first to use a goose-quill pen?
The present age can ne'er be sure.
Was he a Christian, Jew, or Moor,
A Greek or Roman, Goth or Hun?
Who was his father? who his son?
He made his MARK upon the age;
But wrote no name on history's page.

Not from the swan that all admire,
Not from the bird of Jove, high flyer
The implements of wisdom came,
But from the goose that men defame.
From this, if rightly I discern,
A useful lesson we may learn:
Small things we never should despise,
Nor turn our nose up if we're wise.

Poets twelve centuries and more
Have used the goose's wing to soar,
For favors thus received they slander,
And pluck both every goose and gander.
Of late bards have so multiplied,
With quills they ne'er could be supplied,
Besides, 'tis fitting—all must feel—
An IRON age should write with STEEL.

*
* *

JUBILATI.

COMPOSED FOR THE OBERLIN STUDENT'S MONTHLY, DECEMBER, 1859.

EMILY C. HUNTINGTON MILLER, '57.

If all the stars of the summer sky,
And all the beauty that fills the eye
Were woven in one picture of wondrous hue,
With the gold of the sunbeam shining through—
It never one-half so fine could be,
As the picture my own heart paints for me—
As the picture my own heart paints for me.

If all the songs that were ever sung,
Were mingled and blended into one,
And chanted dreamily, soft and low,
By a witching voice with a silver flow—
It never one-half so sweet could be,
As the songs that my own heart sings for me—
As the songs that my own heart sings for me.

If the starry realm with its haunted streams,
Which the young heart sees in its rosy dreams,
Were filled with the hopes of waking hours,
And wreathed with the green earth's richest flowers,
It never one-half so bright could be,
As the future my own heart paints for me—
As the future my own heart paints for me.

*
* *

The names appended to the following poems were well known to the readers of the Review for 1878 and 1879, especially. W. W. Fay, W. H. Buss, B. A. Imes, Eva L. Emery, Vincent of '81, Vickery, C. S. Wood and many others will be well remembered by Oberlin students as worshipers who kept alive the flames upon the altars of Erato and Calliope.

RETURNING.

EVA L. EMERY DYE, '82.

Not of knights and deeds of battle
Sing the bards of modern time;
Not of castles foe-beleagured,
Do they weave romantic rhyme,—
But of peace whose mellow music
Blends with life's unceasing chime.

Clearer comes the waking chorus,
Caught from Eden's first refrain,
Pouring love upon each grievance,
Binding balm upon each pain,—
All humanity is marching
Back to brotherhood again.

* * *

(Oberlin Review, December 25, '78.)

A SIMPLE EVENING SONG.

From the German of Uhlig.

TRANSLATED BY PROFESSOR MORGAN.

Once again day's hours
All have taken flight;
On the area of heaven
Ready stands the night.

So we know completed,
One more day's employ;
And to rest we turn us,
Rest and quiet joy.

* * * *

Join the trusted circle,
Each with cheerful heart,
So with gentle footstep
Eventide depart.

Lovely peace, delight us
With thy sweetest smile;
Holy love, enchant us,
Woe and care beguile.

Then the wearied members
Give to slumber blest,
Till the morning sunshine
Laughs us from our rest.

(Oberlin Review, Feb 6th, '78.)

BENEATH.

W. W. FAY, '81.

Beneath the ice-bound Delaware
You see
An eager stream both pure and strong:
Beneath a man's surface rough and bare
May be
A stream of love that thinks us wrong.
Time enough then to judge and sneer
When we
Know that which now we only guess;
Quite soon enough for thee to fear
The sea
When it shall threaten thy success.

*
* *

(Oberlin Review, Feb. 20th, 1878.)

AFTER READING "BENEATH."

W. J. VICKERY, '81.

When on the fettered Delaware
You see
The sun of Springtime smile,
The ice-bands loose their wintry snare.
So he
With rough exterior, erewhile
The warmth of love doth stream,
May melt
The uncouth covering of his heart;
The beauty of the sea's bright gleam
Is felt
When moonlight melts the clouds apart.

*
* *

(From the Review for Oct. 3d, 1877.)

VALE, ALMA MATER.

SONG OF '77.

B. A. IMES, '77.

From the friends we love and scenes so dear
From our pleasant toil and daily cheer,

We turn at last to take our way,
For now has come the parting day.
Alma Mater, farewell,
Adieu! Adieu!
Peace be with thee
Farewell!

Instructors true, as now we part,
We offer thanks of grateful hearts,
And first shall hold in memory's claim
Each honored, well remembered name.
Alma Mater, farewell,
Adieu! Adieu!
Long life to thee,
Farewell!

Dear Alma Mater, joy to thee,
And future bright, with large success.
We'll cherish thy prosperity,
And ever rise thy name to bless.
Alma Mater, farewell,
Adieu! Adieu!
Beloved home
Farewell!

* *
* *

ODE TO OBERLIN.

SELECTION FROM THE COMMENCEMENT POEM OF W. H. BUSS, '79.

Born of the Spirit of God
Shed o'er this world abroad;
Christened with prayer
In the silent woods, and the stranger air;
Fostered by shepherds whose spiritual sight
Saw in thy radiant face
The light of heavenly grace,
A rising star o'er sin's appalling night,
Oberlin, thee I sing;
From theme so nobly pure let inspiration spring!

Thy rare historic page
Doth reverent thought engage!
Deep in my soul
I feel thy course hath been of God's control;

And onward far my faith doth lead,
And paints thy future bright
With farther reaching light,
And thy fair form from every fetter freed.
Then let my song of thee
Reveal what thou hast been, and what 'tis thine to be.

From source of fragrant fame
Arose thine honored name,
John Oberlin;
Thy pastor, patriot, strong in God to win
With patient, ceaseless toil, the souls of men from sin.
And thou, his mighty namesake, hast been led
Through many devious ways
To work Jehovah's praise,
Thy labor, too, with self-denial wed;
For God through thee did send
Deep truth the darkened world was slow to comprehend.

* * * * *

But in that light, new born,
Of purer truth, the morn,
The eyes of men beheld
Night's deadly growths revealed, but not expelled.
Ay, men beheld fair Freedom's shackled form;
Within the realm, her own,
They heard the bondman's groan.
Then gathered there the truth-revenging storm!
And braving taunt and ban,
In patient strivings for the rights of man,
My Alma Mater, thou stoodst foremost in the van!

Yea, in thy feeble youth.
Didst battle for the truth;
For Freedom boldly spoke
Long ere the tempest of God's anger broke,
Nor failed his standard in the deadly hour,
When slavery's haughty horde
Was smitten of the Lord,
And Freedom stood unchained forevermore.
Then, having wept thy slain,
Didst turn with humble zeal to peaceful toils again.

* * * * * *

Nor e'er have known surcease
Thy victories of peace,
Thy country not alone,
Hath prestige reaped, thine holy arm hath sown;
Thy sons equipped not more in mind than heart,
On every sea and shore,
The realms of sin explore,
And heavenly freedom to the bound impart,
Who, of its joys possessed,
In every clime arise, and call thy memory blest.

* * * * * *

O, born of heaven, now
Renew thy loyal vow!
Thou who hast led
Truth's valiant armies on, be still their head!
The spirit's sword be might in thy hand!
Thy glorious shield of faith
Save multitudes from death!
O'er all the earth the reign of Christ expand,
Till sin no more shall gracious truth withstand!
Then shall thy work be done,
Thy mission then achieved, thy crown eternal won.

*

* *

The author of this chapter was unable to persuade the writer of the two following pieces to permit the use of his name:

THE VICTORY.

She was plump and soft and fair,
He was young and active;
She was graced with beauty rare,
He not unattractive.

Rich with life so fresh and warm,
Who would not discover,
That, soul-feasting on her form,
Soon he learned to love her?

She, instead, despised him; still,
Thinking none could match him
To discharge a lengthy *bill*,
She resolved to catch him,

So, her action shrewdly planned,
Lest some slip de-feet her,
Raising high her jeweled hand,
Caught she that muskeeter
Buzzing 'round to eat her!

THE BROKEN SONG.

A form was nestling by my side,
A song was trembling on the air;
O would that form might e'er abide
That song be ever throbbing there!

A voice was heard: "Not now," she cried,
"Some other time I'll finish, John."
Then fawn like, fled; I sadly sighed,
The song was hushed, my birdling gone.

The years flew on; a nameless smart
I knew but naught of good or ill;
Yet in my numb and aching heart
That song was trembling, throbbing still.

One day the form came back, but brought
Time-silvered locks and wrinkled brow;
With weary smile my hand she sought,
And whispered, "John, I'll finish now."

*
* *

The author of the *preceding* two poems was unable to persuade the editor of this chapter to affix his name to the following poem, of which he was the author, so it also appears anonymously.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

BEFORE.

I sail through storm, I sail through calm and ever sadly onward sail;
One form I seek o'er all the seas nor ever in my purpose fail.
I cannot rest; my soul opprest doth ever urge me on and on—
On river, lake and inland sea, from morn till night, from dark till dawn.
I seek a face that years agone had brought great longing to my heart.
From dreams of sleep, from thoughts of day that vision never will depart.
To purchase peace, to still unrest—this is the object of my quest,
And I will sail and I will search till to my heart that face is prest.

AFTER.

As slave who delves, and delves to find the yellow gold and sparkling gem,
And suffers pain and every want to fill a monarch's diadem;

And having found a jewel rare comes forth to light and life unbound,
While everything of nature holds a charm which ne'er before was found—
So I can hear this glorious day from bird, from tree, from sea from shore
An endless, happy, wordless song—a song of love not heard before,
For I have found the long sought face—and we shall part, ah! nevermore.

*
* *

(Dedicated to Rev. John Morgan.)

SONNET.

SIGHTLESS, THEY SEE.

C. S. WOOD, '75

"'*Eyes have they but they see not*," said the Son
Of Man to those who fain would shun the light,
Eyes that behold with but a sightless sight,
Eyes that the mountain summits never won.
Yet some are blind and see. The sightless balls
Of Milton pierced the terrible abyss
Of hell, and with those awful eyes of his
He gazed on heaven, beyond the jasper walls.
Homer, tho' blind, saw infinitely more
Than all the hosts he sung beleaguering Troy,
For he beheld, with all a poet's joy,
"The light that never was on sea or shore."
"*Eyes have they but they see not.*" Might not we
See deeper things had we no eyes to see?

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(Oberlin Review, August 1875.)

HAND IN HAND.

C. S. WOOD, '75.

Low lying hills against a hazy sky,
A misty reach of river intervening,
One solitary crow flaps slowly by,
And caws a gusty shout replete with meaning;
An aged oak bent forward as if leaning
To kiss the water gurgling at its feet,
Tall rushes nod, the river ripples nigh;
This is the framing for the picture sweet.

A lovely form bathed in the mellow light
  Rests listlessly against the oak so olden,
And with a double glory is bedight,
  Of golden sunbeams and of tresses golden,
She by the noble youth is there beholden,
  Who stands before her fain to kiss her feet.
He is a haughty lord, a stately knight,
  And she a lowly maiden fair and sweet.

With haunted eyes she gazes in his face,
  Soft liquid eyes filled with all fond beseaching.
With stifled groan he turns to leave the place,
  He hears her sobs, he sees her hands outstretching.
Forgetting then his haughty father's teaching,
  Forgetting all save his o'erweening love
He clasps her to his heart in fond embrace,
  While glimmering stars come faintly out above.

The sun sinks low behind the distant hills,
  Upon the misty river shadow's falling,
A parting gleam the oak's old summit fills
  With glory, now the crow has ceased his cawing,
The purple mist along the stream up-crawling.
  They rise, and on the river's margin stand,
And as the evening all her balm distills,
  They wander through the meadows, hand in hand.

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(Oberlin Review August, 1875.)

A GIFT.

M. W.

A tiny, tiny nosegay
  To wear upon your breast,
I send you sweet blossoms
That fairies' lips have pressed.

The first sweet thing within it
  Is a loving thought of you,
That rises rich and tender,
  A pansy filled with dew.

I give you all the love, dear,
  That beats within my heart;
And that's a red, red rosebud
  With petals just apart.

A rose-geranium leaflet,
A spicy, sweet-souled thing,
I choose you from all others,
O love, to be my king.

Now you've the fond remembrance,
The homage reverent,
The love—so sweet a nosegay
To friend is rarely sent.

And if you'll only wear it
Upon your heart for aye,
'Twill be as sweet forever
As it has been to-day.

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(Oberlin Review, Mar. 1875.)

THE SONG AND THE SINGER.

C. S. WOOD, '75.

I hold it wrong
To judge a song
By measure of the singer;
The sweetest chime
Swings out of time
When rung by careless ringer;

And clashing bells
Their angry swells
Subdue to mellow measure,
When by the word
Of master stirred
They ring in woe or pleasure.

Suppose a bird
Should now be heard
To chant among the rushes
Some wild sweet air;
Should I declare
That song must be a thrush's?

Or shall I say
Without delay,
The notes are sweet and ringing,
That song is prayer
No matter where,
Or what the bird, that's singing?

And shall I say
The paroquet
Sings sweeter than the linnet,
Than sober coat
A scarlet throat
Must have more music in it?

Ah, no! for shame,
"What's in a name?"
The linnet small and lowly,
May sing a song
More clear and strong,
And pure, and sweet, and holy.

Poor Robbie Burns
Is said by turns
"To hae got unco' happy"—
Yet grander song
You'd search for long
Than *he* made o'er the "nappy."

That song is grand,
Its truth will stand
Forever and forever.
The man though weak,
Found strength to speak
Great truths, forgotten never.

And so I hold
It true as gold,
(Because of careless ringer,)
That it is wrong
To judge a song
By measure of the singer.

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* *

(Oberlin Review, Nov. 12, 1881.)

THE COLLEGIAN'S FOUR STAGES.

(Written for the College Song-Book.)

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

AIR—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

With youthful grace, as Freshmen first,
Both tender *et verides*,
To Alma Mater's skirts we cling,
In "infant" grace and *fides*.

CHORUS—Now great Apollo lend thy aid;
With "B. A." crown our labors;
And fitting sacrifice we'll bring
Cum lyra, pipes and tabors.

The Sophomores we next behold,
(*Capillas* nicely curling)
Embarked, *sans doute*, on learning's sea,
And every sail unfurling.

The Junior comes, *per pony post*,—
Hat, cane, th' *impedimenta*;
While Latin, Greek and other lore
Perchance *non sunt inventa*.
CHORUS—Now great Apollo lend etc.

At last, the Senior, but not least,
While all applaud, admiring,
Makes his exit, dubbed "A. B.".
To mighty deeds aspiring.

And now is reached the wished-for goal,
And vanished cares that troubled—
"M. D.," "A. M.," may be in store—
Perhaps a big D doubled.
CHORUS—Now great Apollo lend thine aid,
With "B. A.," on our labors,
A fitting sacrifice will bring
Cum lyra, pipes and tabors.

(Oberlin Review, May, 1883.)

ON A FROST IN MAY.

L. J. GARVER.

Winter kissed fair Spring last night,
And she shivered with affright—
For his lips were chill and white.

And his cold breath froze her blood,
Till like winding sheet she stood
On the fields and in the wood.

Yes, he crept up in the night,
Like a thief, and took his flight
At the dawn of morning light.

(Oberlin Review, May 1883.)

THE OLD LABORATORY.

SHERMAN FITCH, '85.

Lament this lost memorial of our birth!
An old-time pile, where chemist Dascomb wrought,
And fathers Finney, Mahan, Fairchild taught,
Rudely defaced and levelled to the earth!
Beneath this ancient roof daughters of mirth
And beauty, and sons of loftiest aim,
Together trod the rugged paths of Fame
And Wisdom's triumphs won. There was no dearth
Of learning or of reason in the stream
Which flowed forth from that pure, paternal source,
To swell the tide of Alma Mater's strength, or dream
An aeon since, but now a living Force!
But though this Hall, coeval with our past,
Disgraced relic is—'tis not the last!

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* *

(Oberlin Review May, 1883.)

TAPPAN HALL.

L. J. GARVER.

Mysterious monument of other days.
That like Egyptian pyramids, doth tell
Of dead and buried ages—as we gaze
Upon its form, our hearts with wonder swell!
The winds and rains have beat upon its sides,
The angry lightnings played about its brow,
And, like a ship that through the tempest rides.
It stands before us sadly shattered now.

Yet it holds many pleasant memories,
Like bright dreams locked up in the walls of sleep,
For those whose home it was in other days,
Who will return in a short time to weep
Sweet tears of gratitude while thinking of
The happy hours they courted Science here,
Or wooed Philosophy, or fell in love
With Poesy, of all the three, most fair.

As an old man, baffling the storms of life,
Sinks suddenly in death beside the way,
So, in the midst of elemental strife,
This sacred edifice will fall some day

If 'tis not soon laid down by hands of men;
But let no ruthless hands tear it away;
For noble were the builders of it then—
Far back within that ancient, holy day.

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* *

SONG.

From the German of Heine.

E. H. BRECK, '85.

Heart, my heart, be not despondent,
But in patience bear thy fate;
What the winter rough has taken
Mayest thou in spring await.

Think how much has still been left thee,
And thy world is still how fair!
And, my heart, whatever pleases
May'st thou love without a care.

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* *

(Oberlin Review February 25, 1882.)

FORGET ME NOT.

(A tale of the old time.)

E. H. BRECK, '85.

Long ages ago in the sweet month of May,
A knight and a lady were walking one day,
On the banks of a beautiful stream,
When afore her eye spied,
On the furthermost side,
The glint of a blossom, its glitter and gleam.

A wish from her lip was a word of command,
A kiss on her lip and he sprang from the land
To capture the blossom of blue,
But the eddies closed black
As he flung the prize back—
"Forget me not, lady, I perish for you."

'82 CLASS SONG.

EVA L. EMERY DYE.

Octogenta Duo.

Alma Mater, semper cara,
Dulcis ad discipulos,
Tuas laudes nos cantamus
Gauditer ad populos.

CHORUS—O Fortuna generosa!
Brevis, laeta, studiosa,

Vita in collegio,
Te salutat jubliosa
Octoginta duo.

Juniores exhibemus
Summam sapientiam,
Nunc ad linguas eloquentes
Date audientiam.

CHO.—O Fortuna, etc.

Age! fratres et sorores,
Victa sunt gravissima,
Docti summus Juniores,
Rerum in scientia.

CHO.—O Fortuna, etc.

Doctrinæ philosophorum,
Artes mathematicæ,
Nobis facultatem addunt
Permulta cognoscere.

CHO.—O Fortuna, etc.

Beata ad professores,
Duces admirabiles,
Qui in corda nobis ponunt
Disciplinas nobiles.

CHO.—O Fortuna, etc.

Ubi Dei vox vocabit
Nos in vita morteve,
Alma Mater, ad te amor
Durabit florescere.

CHO.—O Fortuna, etc.

'83 CLASS SONG.

C. DE W. B.

Gladly we praise thee,
To thee all praise is due,
To thee devotion true,
Dear '83.
Thy name, soul stirring word,
Will o'er the earth be heard;
Borne by thy children's love
Dear '83.

Under thy banner
Many the battles fought,
Many the lessons taught,
In college days;
Many the halcyon times
Singing our heartfelt rhymes.
Binding our souls as one
In love to thee.

Our college we sing;
To her our best we bring
And far the challenge fling,
For Oberlin.
Deep graven on each heart,
Her truths shall ne'er depart,
She is our guiding star
To purity.

Though fast the time fly
Never will frienship die,
Never will break the tie
Of '83.
These halls we'll ne'er forget
Nor classmates often met;
They'll hold eternal place
In memory.

* * *

CLASS SONG, '84.

O. L. COOK, '84.

College home, thy praise we sing.
Guardians of thy noble fame;
Round our hearts will ever cling,
The fond mem'ries of thy name.

Thy true star shall be our guide,
Through the years that lie before.
And thy greatness still our pride,
Cherished home of '84.

Chorus—Forward, classmates, forward, ever,
Hope may soar on tireless wing,
If we still in each endeavor,
Φέροντες Νικῶμεν, sing.

Alma Mater, thee we praise,
For the truth and precepts taught.
For the joys of college days:
They shall never be forgot.
Ne'er shall break the ties that bind,
'84 in friendship true,
Closer, be our hearts entwined,
Though we soon must bid adieu.

Soon will close this college life;
Soon must sterner work begin.
How 'twill cheer the battle strife,
Mem'ry dear of Oberlin!
Trial or tempest ne'er shall turn
One stout heart from paths of right.
Though for rest our hearts may yearn,
Who would falter in the fight?

Part we must the toil to share,
In the untried strife to come,
Honor's crown some brows may wear,
Fortune's frown may rest on some.
Forward then, be our command,
Forward, till at heaven's door,
Reunited we shall stand,
Everyone of '84.

CHAPTER XII.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A pleasant story is told about Principal Fairchild, which illustrates the copious vein of humor in his make-up. A student was reciting a formula in one of his classes, and stumbled at the point where the words "preserve the principle" should follow. Becoming confused, he hesitated and stammered. In the meanwhile a youth in the class, who afterwards became quite a prominent pencil artist, was seized with a bright idea. He was almost faultless at caricature, and he rapidly drew a picture of a pickle jar, with the unmistakable face of Principal Fairchild within, but all shriveled up. This cartoon he passed about the room, producing thereby uproarious merriment. Every one recognized the "Principal preserved," and the laughter was irrepressible. Mr. Fairchild demanded the paper when he caught sight of it. As he glanced at it the humorous qualities of the little sketch quite overcame him, and he collapsed into a fit of ungovernable laughter with the rest.

"Why," said an alumnus, in relating the affair, "he laughed so long and so violently that we were almost scared. And even after the lesson had been resumed, he would break out afresh every now and then, as he recalled the appearance of the ludicrous caricature."

* * *

It was actually deemed a sin, by some, in the days of restricted diet, to pamper the stomach with dainty viands. Once a girl received a box from home during that period, containing some good wholesome food which could only be called rich by contrast with the hall board. She called in two classmates. One of them hesitated for a time on moral grounds, but finally nibbled a little at a doughnut. It tasted so good that she finally ate several more. Then she suddenly became conscience-stricken at the enormity of her guilt and said:

"Oh, girls, it *was* wrong, I am sure it was. It did taste awful good; but it's all over now, and I feel sure that it was wicked."

They discussed the matter for awhile, and all three concluded that the best thing they could do was to pray over the matter. So they got down on their knees and asked to be forgiven if in eating the doughnuts they had offended even in a small degree! This was an abnormal sensitiveness of conscience, doubtless, and was an exceptional case. Good sense moderated, for the most part, even these eccentricities of early life here which we of to-day cannot understand. Besides, it must be remembered that this same experimental diet-craze extended practically all over the country, and excited attention in most of the Eastern cities. A similar sensitiveness of conscience now-a-days would doubtless be better than the illiberal liberalism which is so widely prevalent.

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From 1842 to 1853 Nelson W. Hodge was instructor in Preparatory Latin and Greek. Early students will remember him and his fun-loving peculiarities about as vividly as anything connected with their college life. He was an inveterate punster, and it was easy to tell when some ridiculous sally was coming by the way in which he cocked his head, and the quizzical expression of his one eye—(he lost the other in childhood.) In repartee he was almost peerless. At the same time that he was so irrepressibly jolly and witty, he could lash with his tongue unmercifully if occasion required. Thus the term "hodging" became early incorporated into the Oberlin vernacular to indicate a severe and sarcastic verbal arraignment.

There was no subject and no occasion which was proof against his banter, and especially his puns. Occasionally, but very seldom, a student would get even with him. Once a youth named Walker, —now a well known alumnus—gave him the "retort courteous" after his own fashion. Walker had always asserted that if ever Tutor Hodge made him the butt of any of his puns, he would give him as good as he got. Accordingly one day he was called up after there had been considerable trouble over a certain passage.

"I believe you have quite a record as a pedestrain," said Tutor Hodge, dryly; "Won't you walk into that passage and see if you can straighten it out?"

"Really, Tutor Hodge," said Walker, without the faintest trace of a smile, "such a Hodge-podge has been made of the passage already that I do not feel equal to the task."

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The students of to-day may be interested to know the history of our college bells. The first one came in 1834, and was swung be-

tween two stumps at the east end of the boarding hall. S. S. Daniels, of the class of '44 was the first bell-ringer. Afterwards the same bell was placed on the roof of Colonial Hall, which served as Chapel at that time, and did service until 1860 or thereabouts. Then the Musical Union purchased the present bell for the newly erected Chapel, and the old one was turned over to the Union School, where it now tinkles cheerfully every day. This first bell, even when it surmounted Colonial Hall, was without a belfry, and of very light sound. President Finney is said to have remarked with reference to it once that it made "about as much noise as a squirrel's tail in a plush cap."

The present bell has quite a reputation for purity of tone. It has certainly enjoyed a wonderful career of usefulness. It has tolled as solemn funeral processions wended their way toward the cemetery; it has performed this sad service in behalf of Dr. and Mrs. Dascomb, Mr. Finney, Prof. Mead, and many others. It has rung out joyfully the tidings of Republican triumph at the polls. It has sounded its paean at Union victories in the late war. It pealed forth the universal rejoicing at the Proclamation of Emancipation. It has given forth the warning in case of fire in the village. It has rudely terminated interviews in the reception-rooms of Ladies' Hall. It has relieved the suspense of thousands of students who were afraid they would be called upon next in class. In short, it has enjoyed a wide range of diverse experiences. May it ring on and on for many years to come,—its tones growing more mellow and more freighted with precious associations year by year.

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President Fairchild has a way of saying a thing which carries with it great force—perhaps because every one knows that what he says is always well weighed beforehand. Accordingly upon the very rare cases where he indulges in even mild sarcasm, his words leave an ineffaceable rebuke. Many students will remember an occasion back in '77 or thereabouts when two students engaged in a personal encounter, the one a popular candidate for exhibition honors, and the other a universally obnoxious member of the same class. The Faculty decided that the former student could not serve as orator, and the President made an announcement in measured, dignified tones, somewhat as follows:

"We feel compelled to remove the honor upon Mr. X. As. Mr. Q. has no *honor* to be forfeited, the punishments must appear to be disproportionate."

No one could say whether or not President Fairchild was purposely ambiguous, judging from his grave face and serious manner.

In very early times there stood a sun-dial between Colonial Hall and the Ladies' Hall, near where the Second Church now stands. That sun-dial was the pride of the town. It was made of stone, and came to be in a sense the official time-piece of the town. One day it was discovered that it had been broken, evidently shattered by a stone. Then there was great perturbation in Oberlin. The community was of that size that any such piece of vandalism engaged universal attention. On every side the question was heard, "Who broke the sun-dial?" In his sermon on the following Sabbath President Finney took occasion to speak about the great wrong it is to injure that which belongs to another, and suddenly looked up from the Bible in his peculiar, abrupt way, and asked in a deep, thrilling, sepulchral voice,

"Who broke the sun-dial?"

The effect was electrical, and perhaps had the culprit been there the arrow of conviction would have entered his soul and forced him to confess then and there.

But the whole matter was shrouded in the deepest mystery, and it was not until twenty or thirty years afterwards that the secret was solved. Then the son of one most prominent trustees of the college acknowledged that he had performed the unhallowed act while a toddling child. He was visiting Oberlin, and was stopping at the Ladies' Hall, where his mother was a guest. While at play he threw a stone which did the mischief. For a moment he stood transfixed with horror at the ruin he had wrought. Then he rushed to his room, crawled under the bed and cried himself to sleep. Of course he did not want to confess a few years later, in view of the importance attributed to the affair.

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Shortly after President Mahan's arrival as he was preaching one Sabbath a slightly crazed man who happened to be in the audience rose to his feet and exclaimed: "Step down, Brother, and give me a chance to talk."

"Sit down and calm yourself," said the President, "for it is written, 'The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets.'"

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An old student relates the following as authentic;

In the early days a green country youth appeared one day in the business office of the college, and after staring and walking about awhile, asked if anybody could tell him where Oberlin college was. He said he had been in town two days and hadn't found it yet. When told that he was then in the sanctum sanctorum of the object

of his search, where business matters were attended to, he was amazed, and staring at President Fairchild exclaimed,

"Goodness gracious! is that so? Wall, I guess I'd like to jine."

The President's venerable countenance lit up with animated pleasure at the thought of securing another student, and he inquired which of the various branches of studies he would like to pursue.

"Well," said the youth, "I guess I'll take spellin'."

Being informed that he would be expected to take two more studies he said, "I guess I'll take gogerfry."

"Yes," said the President, "We teach geography; what else will you study?"

The youth, evidently perplexed for an answer, arose and stood fingering the buttons of his homespun jacket, while staring wonderingly out of the window, and repeating to himself *soto voce*:

"Spellin', gogerfry, spellin', gogerfry—yes, I'll do it, and astonish dad." And turning to the President he said: "Wall, I don't know, but I guess I'll take *theology*."

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A similar incident occurred when Professor Peck was in charge. The young applicant was asked what he wanted to study. "Well, I'll study jometry and Latin, and I guess I'll take chronic sections."

The Professor advised him not to take the last study for fear it would give him the rheumatism.

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Some of the girls coming to the institution find the customary statement of their age a cross. Once on opening day a young (?) lady refused point blank to comply with this requirement. The teacher to whom the refusal was made, turned to Mrs. Johnson and explained the state of affairs.

"Well," said Mrs. Johnston dryly, and without looking up from her work; "just put her down 'venerable.'"

* * *

In extremely primitive days, it was esteemed no offense to modify Scripture passages a little, so as to give them a distinct application. At one time provisions had been missing from the larder of the boarding hall quite regularly in the morning, when the matron went to prepare the morning repast. Sentinels were accordingly stationed at the door of the pantry for a time during the night.

A former student tells how he was detailed to keep guard one night. Getting quite hungry before morning, he peeped in at the

well-laden shelves. There was nothing which he could safely take except a slice from a large, tempting cheese. After a time he concluded to make the experiment, and cut off a slice where he thought it wouldn't show. The next morning at prayers, when they were reciting verses according to their custom, the matron recited as follows when her turn came:

"Thou that teachest thy brother not to steal, dost thou steal — CHEESE?"

And she cast a searching glance at the astonished culprit.

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An amusing story is told by Professor Churchill. Only a few years ago he was surveying one day on West Lorain street, a long distance from the college. Some forms could be distinguished playing ball on the Campus, and Mr. Peck asked the Professor whether he could tell who they were. Turning his theodolite upon the players, it happened to rest exactly upon the pitcher just as he was raising his hand to his mouth to take a chew of tobacco, at the same time banteringly shaking his fist at Tappan Hall! The face was perfectly familiar to the observer at the theodolite, and we allow the result to remain shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

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Among the early helpers of Oberlin, among the few who appreciated the work and gave freely of their abundance, must be mentioned Willard Sears, of Boston, who for many years gave Mr. Finney what support he received. This gentleman was a thorough-going Abolitionist and is not to be confounded with David Sears, another wealthy citizen of Boston, but of opposite political belief. Willard Sears was very much of a philanthropist and in after years remarked that during his prosperity he believed that God couldn't get along without him very well. During the California fever of '49 he loaded two ships with valuable cargoes for the mining camps. One arrived safely in the harbor, but during the night the sailors departed in a body for the mines. The captain was awakened by a tremendous bumping, and running on deck discovered that he was colliding with another ship anchored alongside, the crew of which had likewise deserted. There was nothing that the two captains could effect unaided. The two vessels were broken up and the cargoes lost. As the insurance expires as soon as anchor is cast Mr. Sears lost everything. His other ship was wrecked on a reef off Cape Horn. He looked upon the disaster as somewhat of a lesson in respect to the assistance he thought he was giving to the Almighty.

Charles Conkling, of the class of '50, still possesses the records of the formation of the first ladies' literary society, from which we quote:

"The young ladies of the—convened on Tuesday, July 21, 1835, in the lower hall of the Seminary, and adopted the following constitution:

Article 1. We the undersigned, members of the Female Department of the Oberlin Collegiate Institute, Lorain county, Ohio, associate ourselves to be called and known by the name of the Young Ladies' Association of the Oberlin Collegiate Institute for the promotion of Literature and Religion."

The society chose the following officers: Miss Emily H. Ingraham, President; Miss Mary Williams, Secretary; Miss Sarah C. Capan, Treasurer; Miss Elizabeth M. Leonard, Critic. This society, like that of the young men formed in the "attic" of Oberlin Hall, seems to have been reorganized later. Mrs. Clara R. Commons, of '53, writes that she well remembers the "split" in the L. L. S. in '52 or '53 which gave rise to the Ælioian Society. Kate Van Valkenburg Waite, of the class of '53, was a prime mover of the new society.

* * *

Under President Mahan there was a good deal of discusion of the "Heathen Classics" as they were designated. President Mahan was severely opposed to the study of Latin, and many are living today who studied Hebrew instead, during his presidency. Professor Waldo was a champion of Latin, on the other hand, and public debates were resorted to between him and the President in order to arrive at the truth if possible. In the course of one of these debates President Mahan bitterly denounced the study of Virgil. Of course a good many students were present, and some of these bent on a frolic, and others who were convinced of the justice of the President's criticism, brought their classical volumes to a funeral pyre which had been constructed, and there incinerated them. It seems that President Mahan had in his earnestness made the remark that such a book as Virgil had better be burned than read,—and so the boys claimed that they were literally following his advice.

This custom of burning text books has never been practiced very extensively at Oberlin. Some classes have felt called upon to cremate their Butlers after having mastered them in the class-room. On such occasions the ceremonies have often been quite elaborate,—all the ancient funeral rites being observed. Then, at the last, the ashes would be gathered up from the extemporized altar, and each student would be provided with a memorial phial of the same.

If any one is ever heard to remark that sports are banished at Oberlin, just send us his address, and we will see that he is provided with a railroad ticket to this point, to the end that he may inspect our Base Ball Park. It would almost seem just that the triennial catalogue should include among alumni the names of our contributions to the athletic world. Some of the best base ball players in the country have received their training and acquired their proficiency in Oberlin. A series of championship games are annually played, and the successful class carries off the championship emblems. How many will recall at the mere mention, memories of great games in the past, when three hundred pairs of eager feminine eyes surveyed the sport from the grand stand, and the partisan enthusiasm of the contending classes waxed great. And how the victors were borne from the field of battle in a barouche drawn by a long ropeful of gratified classmates, and perhaps banquetted in the evening by their proud lady classmates!

Recently an amusing incident occurred during an examination in which the Faculty were very properly arraigning a student for a serious infraction of the college rules in a matter involving a game of base ball. Said the examining Professor:

"Who played first base?"

"I don't know," doggedly responded the offender.

"Who played second base?"

"I don't know."

"Who played third base?"

"I don't know."

"Who played fourth base?"

"Nobody!"

* * *

Reference has been made to the organization of the Ladies Literary Society. The history of the first gentlemen's society dates back almost to the founding of the institution, in 1833. It was organized in the attic of the first building, Oberlin Hall, with the young men sitting in the doors of their little rooms facing the passage way. In the half dozen years after the school was established, this and other organizations served their purpose, but it was not till September, 1839, that an organization was made which was destined to live with the college itself. The "Dialectic Society," afterward called the "Young Men's Lyceum," known now as "Phi Kappa Pi," was this first society. A few months after, the "Philomathean Society," now known as "Phi Delta," was instituted. In 1869 the increasing size of the young men's societies caused the formation of a new one, which is known as "Alpha Zeta." These societies have a wide

reputation for the character of work performed in them. A standard book on College Societies places them at the very head in this country.

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It was at Oberlin that Mr. Garrison got his first batch of apostles to travel and spread his Liberator. It was from Oberlin that the "patriots," in Kansas received arms, money and men to fight the border ruffians of Missouri; it was from Oberlin that the great army of anti-slavery workers, preachers, teachers and lecturers went forth to work; it was from Oberlin that nearly one-half of the adult population marched off, when the war began, to fight the rebellion. And these non-tobacco-chewing, non-whiskey-drinking, non-swearing, praying, howling, ranting "religious fanatics," made good soldiers, and withheld not their blood and their lives to free the Union.

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Always patriotic, the Oberlin students outdid themselves during the Garfield campaign. An account is given elsewhere of the grand spontaneous demonstration in honor of the General's election. But the surplus enthusiasm was not spent, even after such an escape valve had been opened, and it was found necessary to make some presentation. General Garfield had been at Oberlin so often, and was so well known by most of the students. Accordingly Alonzo Pease, the artist, was visited by a committee of students, and consented to sell a fine oil painting of George Washington which he had on hand. The picture was such a one as he had been in the habit of getting $500 for. This was enclosed in a massive gilt frame, and expressed to Mentor, along with the following note, so as to reach its destination on the 22nd of February—the birthday of the father of his country:

Oberlin, February 22, 1881.

"General J. A. Garfield:

Sir: We have been directed by the students of Oberlin College to present to you, as a mark of their confidence and esteem, this portrait of Washington on the anniversary of his birth. They desire us to express their belief, that as his successor, you represent the patriotism that carried our country through so many perils in the hour of our struggle for independence, and the wisdom that guided her councils under his hands in the no less important time when freedom had been secured. They trust that as a result of your administration, so soon to commence, the harmony promoted by Washngton, and disturbed by slavery, shall be restored; and the exer-

cise of his just rights shall be denied to no citizen in our land.

The portrait is a copy from Gilbert Stuart's painting, now in the Boston Athenæum, and is executed by Alonzo Pease, one of Oberlin's sons. We have the honor to remain your obedient servants,

THE STUDENTS' COMMITTEE."

General Garfield replied in a pleasant manner, thanking the students for their "appropriate and much prized gift."

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From time immemorial the ladies have prided themselves upon the discipline they maintain, whereby they suppose themselves able to cope with possible fires at the Hall. Mrs. Johnston has had charge of the training of late years, and many have been the drills which principal and girls have enjoyed together. If you want to mortally offend an institution lady, you have only to call in question the self-possession and skill which the Hall girls fancy they would be able to display in case of an emergency. The gentlemen, on the other hand, have doubtless most of them looked at the Hall more than once with a nameless sort of half-wish that there might sometime be a conflagration there, just so as to give them an opportunity to display their heroism, and rescue some fair Dulcinea. Well, one fine spring day three or four years ago, the alarm of fire was sounded at the Ladies' Hall. The appointed signal, (the ringing of the dinner bell at any hour save meal time) was given. Here was the long-looked-for opportunity. With commendable composure the female fire brigade went to work. Every girl had her part assigned, and knew just where to get her bucket. But one fact suddenly checked their zeal. It was passed from mouth to mouth that it was the gymnasium that was on fire. Without any remarks, the girls formed in line, under the direction of Mrs. Johnston, and passed pails of water from the pump in the Hall court to the firemen. But there has always been a dim though terrible suspicion that the girls were only half-hearted in the work. It made a difference when it was the gymnasium that was burning and there was no danger of a spread of the flames. Visions of release from all daily physical exercise, except that required in making the bed, danced before the excited imaginations of the girls. Suffice it to say that a calm, sweet peace settled down over the workers as they saw the Indian clubs, the dumb-bells, and even the squeaky old piano perishing in the flames. The boys looked on, and have always since felt that so much work could not have been done by that female fire brigade without checking the fire, providing no one had purposely misdirected her energies.

The Conservatory of Music was founded in 1865 by John P. Morgan, a son of Dr. Morgan, one of the first musicians of his day, and afterward the well-known organist of Trinity church, New York. From its first establishment the school has constantly grown, until it catalogues over 350 names. It is thus seen that there are but one or two other schools of the kind in the country which are numerically as strong. This success is due very largely to the indefatigable efforts of Professor F. B. Rice, who has now been at its head for thirteen years.

Among its graduates are—Calvin B. Cady, Professor at Ann Arbor; Amelia White a professional soprano; Willard Kimball, Professor at Grinnell; Lottie E. Bingham, singer, Philadelphia; Howard Carter, organist; E. B. Geer, Professor in music at Tabor; George Andrews, organist; and L. W. Burr, composer. Professor S. N. Penfield of Dr. Cuyler's church, Brooklyn, is also an Oberlin musician.

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Two years ago the following statistics were collected by the writer. The figures will need to be modified by the result of the last two years:

The graduates of the institution number 2,105. To attempt to estimate the number who have received instruction in the school seems like an impossible task. After poring over the ponderous catalogues we find the annual footings to be altogether 42,421, Quite a large city might be founded and peopled exclusively by Oberlin students. Supposing that on the average the liberal amount of forty per cent of this number mentioned has resulted from *re-enrollment*, this would indicate that at least 25,453 persons have pursued their studies at this college. In fostering the movement of higher education at the West, no other college compares with Oberlin. She has educated twelve college presidents—five of them now in service, 150 professors and instructors, while a large number who labor to enlist Eastern co-operation are her graduates. The New West Education Commission avers that it has no other such ally.

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We append a list of President Finney's works, taken from an article by Prof. G. F. Wright, in the Bibliotheca Sacra for 1876: (1) Lectures on Revivals of Religion, pp 438, of which nearly 200,000 copies have been sold. Translated into Welsh and French. (2) Lectures to Professing Christians, (3) Sermons on Important Subjects, (4) Skeletons of a Course of Theological Lectures, (5) Lec-

tures on Systematic Theology, (6) The Character, Claims and Practical Workings of Free Masonry, (7) Memoirs of Rev. Charles G. Finney, written by himself. President Finney was a constant contributor to the Oberlin Evangelist and Oberlin Quarterly Review, and in later years to the Advance and Independent newspapers.

* * *

Those who do not think Oberlin can turn out anything except ministers should read the following list of well-known "legal lights" resident in Cleveland alone, most of whom are graduates: Judge S. O. Griswold, Judge J. E. Ingersoll, John C. Grannis, (dead) T. E. Burton, City Solicitor George S. Kain, ex-City Prosecutor J. B. Frazer, County Prosecutor Carlos M. Stone, Assistant County Prosecutor Alex Hadden, Police Judge John C. Hutchins, A. H. Weed, Charles F. Morgan, J. W. Tyler, Frank Canfield, ex-County Prosecutor Homer B. DeWolf, George A. Groot, P. H. Kaiser, P. W. Payne, W. C. Rogers, W. F. Walworth, R. J. Winters, H. L. Terrel, M. W. Beacom, J. F. Herrick and L. Breckenridge.

* * *

One day as Prof. Churchill was experimenting in his laboratory in old Colonial Hall a German citizen of the town called upon him and noticing a Leyden jar upon the table asked the Professor what it was. "Smell of it," was the reply. The Teuton innocently applied the brass ball to his nose and received the full benefit of the charge of electricity it contained. Instead of being provoked he took it as an excellent joke and requested that the same trick be played upon some of his friends. Next day he presented himself, accompanied by his wife and mother-in-law, whom he had persuaded to come and see the "smelling bottle." The Professor charged his jar, and the German's fun succeeded beyond question.

* * *

At another time experiments were being conducted before the class with the inductive coil. The wires were attached to the ends of an egg, which was illuminated by the discharge. After class a number of the students gathered round the table and one of them took up the egg to which the coil was still fast. Suddenly a spark passed through. An instantaneous closing of the hand followed, and portions of the egg flew into the student's face. Imagining that it was blood, he turned with a shriek and fled.

* * *

In the same class room, under the same genial Professor, once studied a student who had a proclivity for sitting on the side of the

room reserved for the ladies, and just back of them. Having been spoken to about this dereliction a number of times, but after a day or two always drifting back to the coveted position, the Professor one morning remarked: "As many of the ladies as desire Mr. Blank to take a seat with the gentlemen will manifest it by smiling." It is needless to add that the vote was unanimous.

* * *

Both Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were earnest advocates of constant and vigorous exercise. By the former of the two the ladies who worked at the hall were advised to carry two pails of water instead of one; to carry as many dishes at once as possible. Wood sawing was also recommended to them as a valuable exercise. The gentlemen were urged by Mr. Stewart to rub with coarse dry towels for cleansing purposes as far as possible instead of water. He gave lectures on gymnastics and advised sun baths, urging the students to frequently lie out on the roof in the sun. On account of this peculiarity the boys named him "P. P. Stewart, the Tanner." His main hobby, however, consisted in a midnight gymnastic exercise entitled the "jumps." A member of the present faculty told us that he well remembered being one of a number of students who inhabited Tappan Hall twenty-five years ago, and who were under the "jump" system. "Whenever we woke up at night we were to spring out of bed and, standing upon our toes, rapidly spring the body up and down, at the same time shaking the arms and head violently. Many a time have I gone through these motions at midnight, and as I laid awake after it, could hear the boys in other rooms dancing in like manner. But when Mr. Stewart left, the 'jumps' disappeared with him."

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The following brief sketch of Oberlin College journalism, prepared by Mr. D. F. Bradley, is worthy of a place in this chapter for purposes of reference:

The Review, college paper, was set on its feet in the Spring Term of 1874. Previously to this there had been no college paper published by the students, although a series of papers edited by the Professors had been issued from the earliest days of the college. The Oberlin Evangelist had a career of several years, but was edited and published as a religious paper, not as a college paper. After this came the Oberlin Quarterly Review, which was more secular than the Evangelist and frequently contained articles written by students in the Seminary and College.

In 1874 it was thought that in view of the large number of stu-

dents in the college a paper, edited by students and conducted by them without dependence on the Faculty, would be successful, and the project was set on foot with C. N. Jones, now Professor of Mathematics at Ann Arbor, as editor-in-chief, assisted by other students. Of the fifty-one editors of the Review, two have died, five are now college professors and one a tutor; thirteen are teaching in the public schools, seven are preaching, one is a missionary, six are practicing law, three are studying law, six are studying theology, none have become journalists; fifteen are married.

CHAPTER XIII.

TEMPERANCE BATTLES.

TO thoroughly appreciate the attitude of Oberlin on the temperance question, to understand the hostility towards billiard-playing and every form of vice, it is necessary to study well the history and traditions of the place. The men who founded Oberlin college and town did so with the intention of permanently maintaining the sound principle expressed in the covenant, "Glorifying God and doing good to men to the extent of our ability." These pioneers desired not so much a desirable situation as a condition of things which would keep out the vices which prevail in cities. They prayed and worked to the end that a school might be established where a thorough Christian education might be given at slight expense and with a minimum of danger. And their followers in the work have been faithful to the examples left them. No such little space as is here afforded could compass the struggles and triumphs of fifty years in respect to these things. The heart agonies, the silent prayers, the personal work for temperance, can never be recorded on earth, but they accomplished their Divinely intended end. The thousands of parents who have sent children to Oberlin because they believed that there they would be safe from temptation, have not been disappointed in the past, and with God's help, just as far as it is possible in accord with law and good order, Oberlin will remain pure from the accursed thing.

* * *

Whoever has lived in Oberlin for any length of time cannot have failed to witness one or more of the wonderful mass meetings in the

"Big Church," when it seemed as if every person in town was present, and every one fully aroused on the subject of the meeting, with the members of the Faculty and mayor on the platform, the prayer for guidance, the resolutions and soul-stirring response, the devotional spirit pervading all, and the courage with which the whole vast assembly were filled, to go forward with renewed strength in the fight against evil, are things never to be forgotten.

Such a meeting was held on the evening of January 20th, 1880, to consider the growing use of tobacco in the town, and to devise means for ridding the town, so far as possible, of the evils resulting from the trade. The speakers were Prof. Ellis, Prof. Smith, Prof. Frost, Rev. James Brand and Rev. J. Brant. In spite of the fact that no students use the weed there was annually sold nearly $12,000 worth of the article in Oberlin at that time.

We give a report at length, that the spirit of the town in regard to the matter may be better understood.

Resolutions offered by Mr. E. J. Goodrich, and passed unanimously, were as follows:

WHEREAS, The existence of a tobacco store tends to impoverish the community without contributing to the welfare or usefulness of any one, and fosters idleness, personal extravagance and rowdyism and leads towards dissipation; and

WHEREAS, Such a store is of the nature of a saloon, a continual temptation to the young, inviting them to waste time and money and to form bad associations and unwholesome and vicious habits; and

WHEREAS, Such a resort is especially undesirable in a College town; and

WHEREAS, The tendency to these evils is manifestly increasing amongst us; therefore

Resolved, That we, citizens of Oberlin, unite in protesting against the existence of a tobacco store in this place.

Supt. Clark, of the public schools, offered the following:

WHEREAS, The use of tobacco is shown by experience and the highest medical authority to be detrimental to health and to tend to weaken the moral faculties and increase the appetite for stimulants, and is besides both expensive and offensive; and,

WHEREAS, The use of it by boys and young men is especially demoralizing and harmful; and

WHEREAS, The use of it by students is a violation of their obligation of loyalty to the college;

Resolved, That we most earnestly protest against the sale of tobacco in any form, by any persons, to students or minors.

A committee was appointed to present the resolutions to the persons engaged in the trade, and in consequence the tradesmen with but one exception, pledged themselves to give up the sale.

* * *

A new saloon was opened in May, 1875, but the students and town people united in "opposing" it, resolving that it should not be allowed to remain. Large and enthusiastic meetings were held in the basement of the Second Church on Monday morning and Tuesday afternoon. Committees were appointed to visit the saloon-keeper, to engage in moral work and to ascertain whether the nuisance could be closed by any legal process. On the following Friday the First Church was crowded with old and young to hear the report of the committees. The report was presented by Hon. James Monroe, who gave an account of Ohio temperance legislation and explained new amendments and changes. Stirring addresses were made by Rev. James Brand and Professor Mead. Mr. Brand's remark that we did not propose to have any saloon to "regulate" was received with enthusiastic cheers, which told plainly what were the feelings of the audience on the saloon question. The result of the matter, the closing of the saloon, proved how efficient was that feeling.

* * *

In the following year, in September, '76, the liquor dealer invaded the place again in the shape of a certain Mr. Jenkins, who opened a saloon near the depot.

The Temperance Alliance took up the subject, and requested the pastors to bring it before the people; sermons were preached. Thursday a mass meeting was held; crusading followed, and in two weeks Mr. Jenkins said he had sold out all his stock except a barrel of cider, and when that was gone he would go too. Dr. Siddal bought it for vinegar. The saloon locked, Mr. Jenkins left for another saloon outside the corporation, where he distinguished himself in a drunken fight, wherein he was badly injured.

* * *

During the last temperance war in the winter of '81-'82, the society formed to carry on the crusade, called the Oberlin Temperance Alliance to an energetic and novel way to raise funds for their cause. A mass meeting of students and citizens was held in the First Church. The method pursued was that each one who wished to give aid would subscribe a portion of his property subject to the tax of the society to whatever extent necessary. The excitement was intense. Subscriptions came in from the first as rapidly

as Professor Shurtleff could call them off. Soon many were standing waiting a chance to cry out their $500 or $1,000. A whole seat full of students arose, and from one after another $500 was pledged till the last one, bound to outdo the others, made it $1,000. The excitement was contagious. One member of the class of '85, who will long be remembered for his sweet tenor voice and eyes that smiled behind his glasses, blushing with enthusiasm and excitement, called off a thousand dollars for his class, a thousand for his ball nine, a thousand for his foot-ball eleven, and a thousand for himself, and to his honor be it said that when the assessment was levied he paid it to the uttermost farthing. A professor rose three times to pledge a thousand for himself, another for his wife and another still for his daughter. $200,000 was pledged with the understanding that it could be drawn upon to the last cent if necessary to meet the expenses of the Alliance. The meeting closed with a fitting benediction on its good work and grand success.

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The critical point of the last temperance crusade was reached on Saturday, the night of the Litta concert. On account of the concert in the First Church, very few students were at hand. A large crowd of loafers from town and some imported from outside, filled the obnoxious drug store. Everything was ripe for an encounter of some kind. The roughs were eager to provoke one. Two theologues, Messrs. Lucas and Mack, were on duty that night, and were subjected to all manner of insult and abuse. Camp chairs which they had with them were taken from under them and they were cast out of the store, but to return again and resume their guard. Three '83 men, Brower, Trible and W. P. Boyd, came in to aid the theologues if necessary. The roughs, not content with trying to smoke out the students by filling the room with the offensive fumes of the poorest quality of cigars, began the cowardly insult of standing in front of one of the students and puffing the smoke directly in his face. Then manly courage was put to its strongest test. The two theologues and one of the college men, firm and unmoved, stood within a few inches of the mouths that poured forth volumes of offensive smoke. This required more courage to endure than to resist, and but few possess it. The other students, Boyd and Trible, of fewer years and hotter blood were less willing to endure, and with the first puff of smoke that came into his face Boyd seized the cigar from the mouth of his insulter and ground it under his heel. The rough in return struck a blow at him which was avoided. At the same moment Trible, who stood by, struck the rough a stinging blow in the face. With shouts of "Down with them," "Put them out," the

crowd rushed upon the students. It swayed a little back and forth, then all went together through the front of the store, taking door and all with them.

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The same evening another incident occurred of a notable character. After the first encounter the crowd returned again within the store. Several times the rush through the door was repeated, accompanied with the breakage of glass. Among the students who collected in course of time at the store, was J. H. Garnett of '83. During a scuffle a noose of sheep cord was passed around Garnett's neck and an attempt made to drag him out. What might have happened cannot be told. But Garnett being a man of strength and determination, braced himself and by great exertion drew the rope from the crowd and carried it off as a trophy. A short speech was made by Levi Whitney, warning the crowd to beware lest there be blood shed. It had effect and the excited boys scattered peaceably to their homes.

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During this last crusade an exciting meeting was held in the College Chapel. Some of the prominent ladies of the place had been subjected to shameful insults from the attendants in the drug store that was such a source of offence. It seemed as though affairs had come to a crisis and that something must be done to end the trouble. Speeches were made by many of the students. The excitement was intense. It cannot be denied that but for a word from some one older or higher in authority, the students would have hastened to remove druggist, liquors and all beyond the limits of the town. The wiser, though hardly less enthusiastic Professors, only restrained the students by timely advice, from more these aggressive measures. The meeting closed with the universal sentiment that if the time came to use force, it would be used unhesitatingly, but in all events due regard would be paid to law and order.

* * *

Oberlin never pursued pleasure as a business and never encouraged amusement as an end. On the ground of a manifest tendency toward idleness, dissipation and vice it opposes billiard saloons, not by blind prejudice but by judgment based on intelligent observation of the character of the proprietors and patrons of such establishments. In September '78 it became known that the proprietor of a billiard hall, beer saloon and bowling alley in a neighboring town had established a branch of his business here. A committee of seven reliable men conferred with the proprietor and assured him

that Oberlin needed no billiards, that his business was obnoxious, that it would never prosper, that every lawful obstacle would be thrown in his way, that good people would everywhere oppose him, and that such opposition would never be withdrawn. He still persisted, confident and defiant. Repeated conferences were of no avail. Then the plan of systematic visitation was adopted; and day after day, week after week, Christian men and women guarded the place, thus entering a silent protest which deterred all but the most reckless from entering. While the faithful watchers did their work the Village Council was also busy. First an ordinance was passed closing the saloon at 7 P.M. This was soon followed by another requiring a tax or license of fifty dollars on each billiard table. These had the effect desired. Soon they were violated and the offender fined twenty-five dollars and costs, to be committed to the county jail till all was paid. The proprietor being allowed to search for bail disappeared, and the saloon, closed and deserted, with its empty cigar boxes, broken bottles and mystic placards testified to the result of the exertion of Oberlin's moral influence.

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Concerning the same trouble the Congregationalist said: "Oberlin people have been greatly stirred lately by the opening of a billiard hall in their midst. The First Church has held crowded meetings addressed by the clergy, who believe that gambling and drinking go with billiards, and that they are a waste of time and destroyer of character. A committee waited upon the proprietor, who, thinking that the atmosphere of Oberlin might not be congenial, desired to sell out for fifty dollars. This the citizens refused to pay. His hall has been visited constantly for a week by Christians, who talk with the players; and if the smoke becomes too thick, they go to the sidewalk and talk with those who are about to enter. Such persistency always wins." This may be an appropriate place to state that Oberlin still maintains her standard in respect to rules regarding moral conduct. The rule against the use of tobacco, which has always been one of Oberlin's distinguishing features, still receives the entire and unquestioning support of the Faculty, and is now as strictly in force as at any time during the history of the college The rule stands on the books and its character is known to every member of the institution. Everyone who comes to Oberlin knows of it. Leaving out the question of right and wrong of the use of the weed, the question simply is, can a student in Oberlin violate this rule and continue to receive the respect of his fellow students and himself? Whatever may be said about how far the Faculty enforce the rule, and they do enforce it strictly,

we are sure that we speak the sentiment of the students in general when we say that students do not and cannot support or respect men who violate the rule.

The Faculty compel no man to come to Oberlin, and they are always willing to grant an honorable dismission to anyone who wishes to continue the use of tobacco and *to go where there are no rules against it.* The students know this, and the man who stays in Oberlin and attempts to violate the rule has to face this fact and the adverse sentiment of his fellow students.

* * *

An incident that occurred in the summer of '81, well illustrates the feeling prevalent among the students on the temperance question. For some time one of the drug stores, kept by Mr. Rowland, had been suspected of selling liquors for other than medicinal purposes, and the evidence in that direction seemed conclusive. Prayer meetings were held daily to implore aid in removing this evil. The answer came. The first step was taken by Rowland himself, who proposed to stop selling liquors for any purpose whatever, provided all the other drug stores in the place would do the same. After a short time such an agreement was made and signed by all the drug sellers. Upon the day this agreement was concluded there was a game of ball on the college grounds, and during its progress the announcement came that the agreement had been signed. The boys stopped their playing, and with their hats in hand gave three rousing cheers for Oberlin and temperance.

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It was a humiliating chapter in the temperance history of Oberlin when Gilmour's band gave an entertainment in the First Church a few years ago. Kegs of beer were smuggled into the choir room under the organ loft, and the members of the troupe, even to the "lady" (?) vocalist, regaled themselves extensively therefrom. Think of it,—in that room where the sainted mothers and sisters of Oberlin used to gather in the afternoons all along during the war to pray for the Union cause; that room, so hallowed by sacred associations for forty long years! It is with satisfaction that we record the fact that on the following morning the responsible members of the company were visited in their rooms at the hotel, and warrants served upon them. They settled the affair as quickly as possible, folded their tents and stole away.

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The temperance history of Oberlin would not be complete without reference to some of the deeds of violence which have been perpetrated on both sides in the ardor of partizan zeal. The out-

side world hears more of the "persecutions" of saloonists by the students and citizens than of the numerous unlawful offenses of the saloonists themselves. That some over-zealous students should be found among a thousand spirited young men is not remarkably strange. It should be known, however, that the Faculty deprecate all such demonstrations and have even disciplined the guilty parties on such occasions, when they were able to discover who they were.

In the spring of '77 two young men, neither of them yet twenty years of age, started the construction of a saloon in what was known as New Oberlin. New Oberlin is a very small colony located about one mile east and one mile north of the First Church. The settlement was originally designed for a branch school, and Mr. Hall, one of the college trustees, even went so far as to divide up his land into lots in his zeal in the cause. The scheme never matured, however.

These young men. the B—— brothers, erected a building near the railroad track, and had it almost ready for business. In fact, on the morrow the place was to be occupied, and its career of iniquity begun. Imagine the surprise of the young proprietors on this inaugural day to find, when they visited the spot in the morning, that every vestige of the building had disappeared! The authorship of the destruction has always been shrouded in mystery; otherwise some of the offenders might have been brought to justice, for even the most zealous advocates of temperance here are so conservative and law-abiding that they will not countenance such destruction of property. One of the editors of Oberliniana was successful in solving the mystery, however. The mischief was done by neighborhood people almost exclusively. One of the ring-leaders of the affair was one of the few citizens of Oberlin who are addicted seriously to drinking, and he was probably actuated by the motive of protecting his property, which was near by. He succeeded in getting the B—— boys to go to town and spend the night, and then the work was done. The timber was loaded on wagons and carted away until not a trace of the structure remained behind.

Still it remained a mystery for some time as to where the building had been conveyed. Small fragments were found a mile or two away, but the bulk of it was carried to Black River and committed to the current of that stream. A few days later the *debris* floated out into the lake at Lorain, O.

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Another somewhat similar case is reported. One morning a saloonist, who had possessed the audacity to establish himself on

S. Main street, near the Methodist church, was horrified to discover that his windows had been broken in, and the kegs of liquor therein removed to the street and tapped. These cases were exceptional, however. The spirit displayed is in general one of remarkable toleration and moderation. All sorts of ruses are adopted on the other hand, by the saloonists who would offend the community. They have put red pepper on their stoves and burned it there, thus forcing crusaders to retire. They have insulted ladies and treated gentlemen with brutality, when there was no offense given whatever. They have decoyed minors to come for liquor, and then showed that it was all a conspiracy to lead to their own arrest by proving that the minors were in the ruse, and had merely left the liquor there to call for it. Then they would in turn sue their prosecutors for damages on the ground of malicious prosecution—and get beaten. The indignities have been mainly inflicted by these acknowledged enemies of the community.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OBERLIN OF TO-DAY.

A great many alumni will wonder, particularly at the Jubilee celebration, whether the Oberlin of to-day is different in any respect from that of their recollections. For the benefit of such, the following impressions of an alumnus upon paying a recent visit to the institution are given. It may be interesting in later years to review this Jubilee peep into the various college departments.

What is Oberlin to the boy or girl who comes there for an education in 1883? Well, old alumnus, as you are here before the crowd, let us step around and see for ourselves. Externally things are certainly improved. You were here when the Ladies' Hall was completed in '65; Council Hall was added in '71; and there is the Soldiers' Monument. We call the Campus "the Park," now, and it begins to look finely. I have counted about fifty good-sized elms in it. The paved street from the depot and the neat walks and the well kept lawns have made such changes that "Oberlin mud" hardly sustains its old reputation. People don't fling mud at us so

much as they once did, either. This clay soil is said to be the cause of our surprising good health here. Perhaps the mud they used to throw at us had a wholesome effect morally. But I believe we do as well without it. Oberlin has as good a moral atmosphere as ever. Of course, with greater advantages, we ought to improve. Last year the proportion of Christian students was supposed to be greater than ever before, and we have the largest College Y. M. C. A. in the world.

But I want to show you the intellectual work of Oberlin at the present time. No, the expenses are not much greater in proportion than they were when you were here. You paid $1.50 for board and room, and received six cents an hour for work. Your son pays $3.00 a week and earns fifteen cents an hour. The term bill is $10.00 which a little more than covers the actual expenses of care of buildings, and grounds, fuel, office work, etc., so that tuition is virtually free. The average expense for the four years with the class of '81 was $900.00, a quarter of the class earning their own way. The country is richer, and parents are able to help their children more; but a large majority help themselves more or less, and the Socratic sentiment, that work is no disgrace, will always prevail here.

Did you notice the requirements for admission to college? There you saw that we have not fallen behind in the standard of scholarship. And they are not paper requirements. A considerable per cent. of applicants for admission are put in the Senior Preparatory class, and college students are conditioned and put back every term. There isn't a newfangled notion on education that is not discussed here, and the best of it put in practice. Members of the Faculty keep up a Greek Club, and a Latin Club, and there is a Scientific Club that only lacks the name.

It will do you good to go through Council Hall and see the men and methods. There is Professor Ballantine, a real Oberlin man but who happened to graduate at Marietta and Union, sending his classes to the board with their English Bibles to write in Hebrew any verse he may call for. There is Professor G. Frederick Wright, at present holding the chair of N. T. Language and Literature in the Theological Seminary, who is not less widely known as an authority in the Logic of Christian Evidences than in the fields of science. A contributor to the Bibliotheca Sacra, his defence of President Finney's theology, July 1876, against the attacks of Prof. Hodge, of Princeton, is searching and complete. As the tracer out of the terminal moraine of the great Ice Age, through the Eastern States, Pennsylvania and Ohio, he has settled many difficult problems, and has earned a world-wide reputation for his successful investigations. The following is a partial list of his works: 1.

Studies in Science and Religion; 2. The Logic of Christian Evidences; 3. Death and Probation; any one of which may be obtained of E. J. Goodrich, Oberlin, O. Prof. Wright was a member of the class of '59, a class which numbers many other notable names. In the next room is Professor Judson Smith, the man Amherst and Andover have tried so hard to get, characterizing with his nervous energy, old Hildebrand, or summing up the Council of Chalcedon. Yes, Professor Mead's successor is the Currier of the *Monday Club Sermons*. He is pouring all his rich experience and wide observations into his lectures on Pastoral Theology and Homiletics. And President Fairchild, candid, clear, full-orbed; isn't he the ideal man for Systematic Theology? If you should come at the right time you could see Chamberlain's drill in elocution, or hear some successful pastor or distinguished specialist from abroad, talk to the theologues.

In visiting the college let us begin with Society Hall. The literary societies are more prosperous than ever. Did you belong to *Φ. K.* or *Φ. J.*? The three societies occupy one room on successive evenings. The rest of the space upstairs is devoted to the College Library—shamefully crowded—the last shelf full three years ago—16,000 volumes well selected. Mr. Matson, of '61, gives his whole time to the library, and the humblest student in the institution has the benefit of his judgement and experience in looking up any subject. Now you may hear a class in German conversation, conducted by Professor Newton, or a division of the Senior Preps, in Virgil, reciting to Tutor Hall. Or, would you prefer to visit the Greek room? The walls are decked with busts of Grecian gods and orators. This is all the result of the restless energy of Professor Frost, the youngest, and I had almost said the most enthusiastic and progressive member of the present Faculty. We shall find the Seniors reading Plato at sight, or the Sophomores struggling with the tragedians. "Two plays a term, or three, with omissions," the catalogue requires.

In French Hall we shall find Professor Churchill, genial as ever, (no, he never accepted that call,) teaching free-hand drawing; or he may be in the park, showing the adjustments of the new surveying instruments. Professor Shurtleff (Yes, General Shurtleff; the same,) is telling a division of Sophomores the latest discoveries in Rome. The Latin course embraces some new authors—Pliny's Letters, Plautus, Juvenal, and Lucretius. Professor Ellis is lecturing to the Seniors upon the sensibilities—supposed to be a peculiarly appropriate topic at that stage of the course—or patiently elucidating the principles of political economy. He is turning gray. Yes, metaphysics is still the most absorbing study in the course.

We have no time to-day for a look at Miss Wyett's classes in drawing and painting, or Principal White's alert class in Homer's Iliad. A graduate of a German university, who visited here a few weeks ago, said in a public address that the work of our Senior Preparatory and Freshman classes in Greek come the nearest to the work in the German Gymnasia of anything he had seen in this country.

In the Old Laboratory Mrs. Johnston is illustrating Guizot from her extensive travels, to the delight of the Fourth Years; or Miss Nettleton is teaching United States History.

But there is the bell for Thursday lecture, and we have not nearly completed our rounds. Have you seen the chapel since the seats were arranged in an amphitheater? Well it is a delightful room. And such music! There is not another place in the world where you can hear a thousand voices carrying all the parts every evening. Professor Rice has made this Conservatory an immense affair. There are three hundred students every year who come for music alone. The chapel seats nearly a thousand, and frequently overflows. There were 1493 students here during the last year, and the higher classes are larger than ever before—202 in the classical course, 164 in the literary. The Classical Preparatory school is well manned, and is the largest fitting school in the country. It is worth something to be associated with such a company of young people. They come from fifty-three states and countries. There are sixteen colleges in the Ohio Association, and Oberlin actually brings more students from outside into the State than the other fifteen put together. The colored students once constituted eight per cent. of the whole, but recently only about five per cent. Some of them are among the brightest. What will the Thursday lecture be about? Something important, no doubt. These lectures are conducted for the general good of being, and embrace every subject of interest to mankind. We frequently have distinguished men from abroad, like Bronson Alcott, Secretary Strong, Secretary Hayden, Professor Orton, Wm M. Taylor, etc., but really depend upon the Faculty.

Now, you thought that Oberlin was getting rich; you begin to see that while the resources are much greater than they once were, the work accomplished is also much greater. As the President said in his last report: "It would not be extravagant to say that we are trying to do the work, in quantity and quality, of a first-class university." But whatever is done, is done honestly, We don't call ourselves a university, nor do we adopt university methods with college students. There is a good range of electives, but a man can't elect to omit the most important studies in the course.

But you have not yet seen the scientific departments at all. The

laboratories where each student performs his own experiments. manages his own microscope, and really studies the carefully arranged cabinets, we will visit to-morrow.

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In a long editorial which appeared in the Advance two years ago last fall the following words were used: President-elect Garfield's remark, "I know of no place were scholarship has touched the nerve-center of public life so effectually as at Oberlin," is a signal illustration of the promise, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, * * * and he shall bring forth thy righteusness as the light." The key to Oberlin's history is her sublime devotion to righteousness. Founded with an evangelistic aim, deeply earnest in piety, she imperiled her very existence for the sake of the oppressed. But, never swerving from her original purpose, she has come out victorious and invigorated. The persecutions encountered have developed in her a toughness of moral fiber, a solidity and elevation of moral tone, and an unfading glow of religions fervor, which especially fit her to deepen the moral convictions of the young, to give them a high conception of life, and inspire them with earnestness to realize it.

Her contribution to the ministry is unequalled: Yale sending eight, Williams eleven, Amherst twenty-two, and Oberlin thirty-eight per cent. of her male graduates into it. The New England churches have in preparation for the ministry one man for every fifteen hundred members; the Ohio churches, largely molded by Oberlin, have one man to every four hundred and ninety-five members—a ratio reached in no other State. Most of these find their fields in the West. To aid Oberlin is to furnish men to the Home Missionary Society. Since the war, Oberlin has sent into the universities and schools for the freedmen ten times as many teachers as any other school. Money invested in Oberlin gives powerful support to the American Missionary Association. The investigations of two of her sons, Professors F. V. Hayden, of Washington, and Elisha Gray, of Chicago, have not only promoted science, but contributed immensely to the material interests of the country."

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Joseph Cook is a great friend of the college. In the course of his lecture at Chautauqua on, "The Teachings of Plymouth Rock," he said:

"It was Puritanism in the form of Congregationalism which planted the common school in the rocky soil of New England. It was Puritanism in the form of Congregationalism that founded Yale,

and Amherst, and Williams, and Dartmouth, and Harvard itself. It was Puritanism which founded Oberlin, one of the most glorious names among the colleges of the West. I had almost said that, if I were to single out to-day the collegiate institution which, better than any other represents the spirit of New England and Puritanism, I should affirm that that institution is Oberlin. At an early day Oberlin was right on slavery. It is right on temperance and all moral reform. It is right on what are called the minor vices, some of which, by the way, are practiced only too freely in the colleges which call themselves Christian. Oberlin does not long keep a young man in her circle that tipples. Indeed, she drops from her lists any man who, after being warned, continues the use of the filthy weed called tobacco. Oberlin shuts up her whisky-shops. Oberlin will not have her youth tempted. If to-day you want an illustration of what I mean by the Puritan spirit, take Oberlin. When I stand on the Oberlin platform to lecture, the institution seems to me like that marvelous Pantheon in Rome where there is a window in the dome between the head of the observer and the sky. In this church—an old Roman structure, where Raphael lies buried—there is an opening through which you look directly out into God's azure. I go into some other colleges, and find the dome really closed and illuminated by figures of the great among men in the intellectual and moral world. I go to Oberlin and look through an open window in the top of the dome of severe culture, and find God. In that attitude I would have the whole civilization of our land. This is Puritanism, free, open thought, looking into the eye of Heaven, and acting out in Church and State all it learns from the Heavenly vision."

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Henry M. Field, writing for the New York Evangelist, in a long and eloquent tribute to Oberlin, says: "The college is thoroughly democratic. A gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the institutions throughout the country, said to us recently, 'Oberlin is the only college in the United States where there is absolutely *no caste*.' No man is above his brother, except as he proves superiority by his largeness of brain or power of character. Nor does it matter whether the 'brother' be white or black, for although Oberlin was not founded as a college for blacks, yet there was never any 'color line.' 'A mon's a mon for a' that.'"

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The Rev. W. H. Bidwell, for so long a time editor of the Eclectic, in a letter to the New York Evangelist, wrote as follows regarding

Oberlin: "No college in the world, within my knowledge, has grown up to manhood in so short a time, and accomplished so much good. It began life amid hard struggles, with narrow means and great self denial. It was the vigorous offspring of eminent Christian parentage, and was early baptized into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. It was nursed and nurtured amid prayers and tears for the Divine benediction, and has grown up in the warm atmosphere of continual revivals, and the songs of new-born souls, till the present time. Oberlin did not happen. It had a sacred appointment in the cause of literature and religion, under a new and modern departure. It came into being in a primeval forest, within hearing of the midnight howlings of the wolf. Its home-plot was three miles square. The forest trees stepped aside to make room for the new comer. Human voices were heard; human habitations reared their framework; and soon the clarion voice and thrilling tones of Charles G. Finney, the matchless preacher and man of God, were heard all around, and Oberlin became a living, moving and breathing institution of religion and sacred learning."

* * *

L'ENVOI.

HAVE we enemies? Now can they rejoice, for we have written a book! Our work is finished, and as we look back upon the past weeks' labors, visions of fruitless interviewing, of the searching of many books, of the writing of many letters, of the midnight oil, came crowding upon us. Our volume is not as comprehensive as we could have wished; the pages do not show, perhaps, the time and work expended upon them; but a great feeling of satisfaction steals over us, giving a genial glow to all these visions of ours. We have edited a book—that alone is sufficient to stir the soul. If we make but one alumnus happy; if but one grey-haired matron smiles over these recollections of old times; if but one student sees some of his own life reflected from its pages; if but one poet rises up and calls us blessed for having immortalized his verse—it is enough!

Go forth; then little book! product of wearisome but gladsome toil. Go forth and take your place beside the thousands of other bound pages in the stores and libraries. May you continue to be serviceable long after your authors have edited other, greater and grander works. May you still live to make some one smile after they have returned to dust. Pathetic thought! we shall soon disappear, but you—may be consigned to the waste basket.

FINIS.

OBERLIN COLLEGE.

Department of Theology.

Instruction in this department is thorough and up to the times. Free and vigorous discussions of all religious questions by the students themselves. A special interest in foreign and home missions now prevails.

Furnished rooms in Council Hall. Board $2.00 and upwards. Sufficient aid for those needing it.

Department of Philosophy and the Arts.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Requirements for admission:

ENGLISH: The Common brancnes, including English Analysis; United States History (Ridpath's preferred); History of Greece and Rome; Science of Government (Alden).

MATHEMATICS: Arithmetic, Olney's School Algebra, and Plane Geometry, (Wentworth's preferred).

LATIN: Grammar (Allen and Grecnough's preferred); Cæsar, two books; Cicero, five orations; Virgil, six books; Sallust's Catiline, or Cicero's De Senectute; Jones' Latin Prose Composition.

GREEK: Grammar (Hadley's preferred); Anabasis, three books; Iliad, three books; Jones' Greek Prose Composition.

Students deficient in Greek are admitted if they are in advance in some other studies, and make up the Greek afterwards.

Annual Examinations for admission to College for 1883, June 25, 26 snd 27; also September 11, at 9 A. M.

Elective studies during the Sophomore and Junior years. One hundred and fifty young men and fifty-two young women are pursuing this course.

LITERARY COURSE.

Candidates for admission to the First year are examined in English Grammar and Analysis; Arithmetic; Olney's School Algebra; Latin Grammar, Jones' Reader; Cæsar, fourth book; Jones' Latin Composition, twenty lessons; Ridpath's History of the United States; Geography.

Candidates for advanced classes will be examined in the previous studies of the course.

Elective studies during the Second and Third years.

Department of Music.

The Conservatory enjoys great advantages, religious, intellectual and social, from its connection with the other departments of the Institution. The Course of Study is designed to secure a symmetrical musical education, and embraces Theory, Piano Forte, Singing and Voice Culture, Organ and Violin. Public Rehearsals weekly. Choice and ample Musical Library. This Conservatory may fairly claim to be the leading school of music for the Interior and the West. Expenses very moderate. Thirteen Instructors, besides Lecturers. Diplomas on completion of course.

Department of Preparatory Instruction.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL, ATTENDANCE 306; ENGLISH SCHOOL, ATTENDANCE 407.

These schools are under the general supervision of the College, and the immediate charge of Professor Geo. H. White, and a large corps of assistants. They afford the best opportunities for preparation for a college or literary course, or for such select studies as constitute the usual Normal or Academical course.

General Information.

Each recitation and term examination is marked and recorded. Libraries, cabinets, laboratories, and all other facilities. Best opportunities of hearing good music and first-class lecturers. Vocal music free. Course of lectures by the Faculty and invited speakers throughout the year. Literary societies unrivalled. Term bills, $10 00. Board $2.00 and upwards. Spring term opens Tuesday, April 10; Fall term, Tuesday, Sept. 11. For particulars address

J. B. T. MARSH, SEC., OBERLIN, O.