THE STORY OF AMMI BRADFORD HYDE

ARTHUR HENRY HARROP

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THE STORY OF
Ammi Bradford Hyde

BY

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Dedicated

TO ALL WHO SEEK INSPIRATION IN
A LIFE NOBLY LIVED.

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FOREWORD

"The proper study of mankind is man."
—POPE.

"THE Story of Ammi Bradford Hyde" is not intended to be an exhaustive biography. The title chosen gives the writer a bit of leeway. It allows him to neglect some details and invite the reader to give some rein to imagination. At the same time, the title presents certain embarrassments. It suggests some attempt at a readable account that shall seek to keep the reader in a state of anticipation as the pages of the book are turned.

If it be objected that the book carries some matter not specifically connected with Ammi Bradford Hyde, the author's excuse and defense must be, that, as the story of the oak may well include the mention of the sunshine and the rain and the soil that contribute to the tree's successful growth, so the story of Ammi Bradford Hyde may ap-

propriately refer to all those circumstances which have surrounded him and those people with whom he has labored.

Dr. Hyde is still enjoying vigorous health. Only recently he gave striking evidence of his youthful spirit and agility by walking from his home in University Park down to the heart of Denver and back again the same day, a distance of fourteen miles. That night he attended a reception, was bright-eyed, alert, and cheery, and the next day was as fresh as a June rose. This book, therefore, seeks to bestow flowers on the living rather than on the dead.

The University of Denver,
March 13, 1912.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

Hyde, Ammi Bradford, prof. languages, Univ. of Denver; b. Oxford, Chenango Co., N. Y., Mar. 13, 1825; s. Asahel J. and Mary O. (Hinckley) H.; prep. ed'n Oxford, N. Y.; grad. Wesleyan Univ., Middletown, Conn., 1846 (M. A. same; S. T. D., Syracuse Univ.; Litt. D., Univ. of Denver); m. Utica, N. Y., July 20, 1850, Mira Smith (now deceased). Was in service U. S. Sanitary Comm'n, entered M. E. ministry, 1848; has taught in several colls.; Independent in politics; mem. Am. Oriental Soc., Am. Philol. Soc., National Geog. Soc., S. A. R., Phi Beta Kappa, Colo. Schoolmasters' Club, Denver Philos. Soc.

Author: Song of Solomon and Ecclesiastes (Whedon's Commentary), 1875; Essays, 1884; Story of Methodism, 1890. Cont'b'r to *Meth. Rev.* 58 yrs., weekly Sunday School Notes to *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* for 2,000 consecutive weeks, and to other jours.

Address: University Park, Colo.

—*Who 's Who in America.*

Ammi Bradford Hyde

I

YOUTH AND EDUCATION

Nestling among the hills of south central New York, in the county of Chenango, lies the little village of Oxford. Over a century old it is, for it was founded in the year 1793; but while other villages established the same year went ahead by leaps and bounds and now have all the ear-marks of the metropolis, Oxford contentedly plodded on, living the unostentatious life, patiently awaiting the day when the world should wake up to the fact that great men may be born in obscure hamlets.

It was during the first years of the infant nation that a little band of New Englanders, among them Elijah Hovey, all of them stout of soul, with nerves of steel, pushed westward from the Old Bay State to escape the distractions of a busy commonwealth. Fortune guided them until at last they pitched camp amidst beautiful hills cov-

ered with magnificent forests of pine and hard maple, through which ran, like a thread of gleaming silver, the charming and romantic Chenango River. Here they determined to establish new homes; for, with abundance of fish in the stream and game on a score of hills, with timber and soil rich in promise, they could not but feel that they had found a spot to which their hearts might fondly cling.

Their earliest business was cutting the splendid pine trees and sending the timber down the Chenango into the Susquehanna and on into Chesapeake Bay, and thus to the city of Baltimore. Later they worked up the forest into potash and black salts.

These sons of New England brought along with them some of the best of the colonial traditions, prominent among which was a wholesome regard for education; and so, after three or four years, in the year 1797, they built an academy in their young village. This institution continued an academy till about 1850, when it was shifted into a high school, which to-day gives the youth of the vicinity a very respectable preparation for college.

To-day, after the lapse of nearly a century and a quarter, Oxford is a village of a thousand inhabitants; and, until the railroad invaded the quiet retreat, the silence of the forest-covered hills was broken only by rush of water or cry of wild animal or shout of man; and even now, despite the thunder of the iron steed over the steel rails, Oxford retains much of virgin simplicity, content to lead a happy life devoted to the concerns of the dairying business.

But men are found everywhere. The old inhabitants of Oxford point with pardonable pride to the fact that their little academy sent forth some whom men have delighted to honor. They cite you to Horatio Seymour, governor of their State during the days of the Civil War; and with no little satisfaction they refer to John Tracy, at one time lieutenant-governor, and to Chester Cole, who afterwards moved to Iowa and enjoyed an enviable reputation as a lawyer in the city of Des Moines and, indeed, occupied for a time the office of attorney-general in the Hawkeye State. Nor have the village folk forgot another, whose career has been of less spectacular sort, to be sure, but who has enshrined

himself in the affections of a multitude widely scattered; and his name is Ammi Bradford Hyde.

Here, in the village of Oxford, on the thirteenth of March, eighteen hundred and twenty-five, was born the subject of our story. His paternal grandfather, Nathan Hyde, was a very energetic man, the strongest man, so people said, in his home county, that of New Haven, in the State of Connecticut. He could pick up a barrel of cider and toss it into a wagon, and he could leap over a six-rail worm fence without putting his hands upon it. He was a soldier in the American Army in the War of 1812, was captured, and spent some time as prisoner among the Chateaugay Indians. He used to tell an incident connected with the battle of Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, to the effect that, the second sergeant of his company seeing the captain and first lieutenant killed by a single cannon-ball from the enemy's fleet, shouted: "Hurrah! One more shot like that and I command this company!"

Ammi Bradford Hyde's maternal grandmother, Hopestill Brewster Hinckley, was sixth in direct line from William Brewster,

EDWARD HYDE, FIRST EARL OF CLARENDON, WHOSE DAUGHTER, ANNE HYDE, WAS THE WIFE OF KING JAMES THE SECOND OF ENGLAND, AND MOTHER OF QUEEN ANNE AND MARY.

who came across the Atlantic in the historic *Mayflower*. She was born at Colchester, Connecticut, the same year Napoleon Bonaparte was born. In many ways she was a remarkable woman. At the age of seventy-five she could sing, in excellent fashion, all four parts—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. And so, because of her skill as a vocalist, it came about that she sang merry tunes for a party to dance by on the Fourth of July, 1776, thus celebrating the completion of a fine bedspread upon which she had been for some time working. Miss Maria Hyde, the only surviving child of Ammi Bradford Hyde, still has in her possession a good-sized piece of this interesting fabric, now one hundred and thirty-three years old.

Ammi Bradford Hyde's father, fifth in descent from the Earl of Clarendon, went from Connecticut to make a new home for himself in Oxford, New York, in the year eighteen hundred and seventeen, eight years before Ammi was born. The Hyde family, it will be observed, was of noble stock; but, though of aristocratic lineage, the parents of Ammi Bradford Hyde had but little of this world's goods. They had, however, what

was of infinitely more importance—virile character and worthy ambitions. These priceless gifts they bequeathed in generous measure to their illustrious son, Ammi Bradford Hyde.

When the father went to Oxford, he proceeded along a certain road by which stood a blacksmith shop; and when he passed, at the hour of nine on the morning of a certain November day, the honest blacksmith was observed standing in the doorway. Just fifty years later, to the very hour of the very day of the very month, he again passed that blacksmith shop and saw again, after the lapse of a half century, that same blacksmith standing in the door of that same blacksmith shop. Impressed by the incident, he told Ammi about it, and the son never forgot it. Such circumstances, though of trivial import in themselves, illustrate the alertness of the family mentality; and those who have been so fortunate as to have acquaintance with the subject of our sketch know full well how that mental alertness on the part of Ammi Bradford Hyde has rendered him ever a fascinating companion—a constant surprise to those with whom he holds converse.

Ammi's first school experience was when he was between three and four years of age. In company with a sister he one day visited the ungraded school of the neighborhood. He always retained vivid recollection of how the girls were allowed to go out for fifteen minutes' play and how the boys were permitted to have their out-of-door turn after the girls had been called in. It was in the dead of winter, and hands and feet became chilled. On coming in, the girls pulled off their shoes to warm their feet at the fire, and, little fellow that he was, Ammi naturally copied their example; but, thinking to outdo them, he removed not only shoes, but also stockings, and then, invigorated by his exercise and overflowing with childish spirits, he patted his little feet on the hearth, attracting general attention. The schoolmaster, a man whose Irish blood gave him at once a ruddy face and a torrid temper, became irritated at the amusement thus afforded by the all-but-baby, and, seizing a stout strap which our Ammi himself had presented him previously with the remark, "Mister, this 'll do to whip the boys with," he gave the tiny chap several smart blows, causing the girls to weep

hysterically, and creating a scene of confusion that would to-day rouse indignation on the part of educators who know better and saner ways of handling boys.

But Ammi faced more serious dangers than a schoolmaster's flogging. Once while still an infant his life was despaired of. Indeed, it hung by the slenderest thread. All the family thought that the child had passed away, and the burial shroud was made ready; but the family physician would not give up. He worked away in spite of the incredulous attitude of friends, who said that his persistence indicated that he was in his dotage. When he brought the baby around, however, he was hailed as a miracle worker and his skill was heralded far and wide.

Again, when a good chunk of a lad, Ammi ventured in swimming with some comrades. By and by, losing his grip of himself, he started to sink, and for a brief moment he had that peculiar sensation that one experiences when on the verge of drowning. At this critical juncture he was pulled out by a companion. So, twice in early years the life that was to bless hundreds and thousands of men and women was nearly lost. Truly,

God's mercies are great and His ways past human ken.

Before Ammi was four years of age he could read and could read well, so that he presently read a book. That book was entitled "Romulus." It was some account of the reputed founder of the city of Rome. Originally the book was in German, and later turned by some one into English. It is still in the Hyde family, and is an interesting curiosity. Whether the book augured the child's future or not, who can tell? Be that as it may, it is at any rate true that the little boy grew into a man who became saturated with the charm of classic literature, Roman as well as Greek. No wonder that he has stored up in memory, ready to be summoned at a moment's notice, many of the choicest sentiments of the greatest classical writers! No wonder that in him classical philosophy and literature and art find an intense admirer and a generous patron!

In the fall of 1909 a conversation with the writer caused Dr. Hyde to revert to the reading of this little account of Romulus, and it occurred to him that it would be of interest to his friends to send them as a Christmas

greeting a poem connected with the circumstance. Accordingly he wrote the following:

"A TALE OF ANCIENT ROME, ENTITLED ROMULUS."

1830-1910.

O, volume timeworn, fragile, sere,
So is the hand that holds thee now,
And dim the eyes, that, keen and clear,
Did o'er thy witching pages bow.

Now living here, the scenes I find,
That did my glowing heart entrance,
Shepherds, fair maidens, champions kind,
The clash of arms, the festal dance.

As Tiber from the mountain rills
Gathers its full majestic flow,
From simple dwellers of these hills
Came Rome three thousand years ago.

Here faintly beamed her early dawn,
Then sovereign noonday splendors shine.
Soon, as with purple veiling drawn,
Her lingering, luminous decline.

As ashes gray the embers keep
Night-long in living, primal glow,
The soul's emotions safely sleep
To wake from dust years noiseless strew.

O, volume dear, such kindling rays
Flush all the panoramic view
As now with tender, earnest gaze
I, fourscore later, read anew.

Long before Ammi was large enough or old enough to enter upon his real school career, he heard from his grandfather Hinckley many a fascinating story of the Revolutionary War. What a privilege it was that he enjoyed! The grandfather had been an eye-witness of the scenes that he described.

When the storm of conflict broke loose, he was a student at Yale College. Books lost their charm in the presence of the more thrilling issue; and, hastening to Cambridge, Massachusetts, he entered the American Army, commanded by George Washington. It is not at all improbable that he was with the troops when Washington took command of them under the famous Washington elm that still stands, weather-beaten and hoary with age, at the edge of Cambridge Common.

The eager youth was consumed with the struggle that was on. He was helping make history. Through that dreadful eight years' period that followed he was near the great

general almost the entire time. He endured the horrors of Valley Forge with him. With him he faced the Redcoats at Monmouth. What a marvelous opportunity to learn about "The Father of his Country!" And so the youthful Ammi was often magnificently regaled with the exciting reminiscences made relative to our struggle for recognition among the nations of the earth.

Indeed, in a very important sense, Ammi Bradford Hyde knows from personal experience almost the entire national history of America. He carries it in his mind and heart, and thus is more fascinating in his talk about what has occurred in America than most men are likely to be when they write about America. He declares that his grandfather was so elated when Washington was finally elected President, that he jumped up and cracked his heels together and exclaimed, "Now, by George, the country 's safe!"

As a child, Ammi was full of buoyant spirits, a thorough young American. He was active and alert, with physical vigor to spare. Physical vigor was supplemented by mental vigor. Indeed, at the age of six he aston-

ished parents and friends by the manifestation of an unusual mathematical precocity. It so happened that his father was interested in sheep, killing and selling large numbers of them. On one occasion the father was contemplating a lengthy column of figures, desirous of being absolutely certain of what it footed up. Noticing his father's anxiety, Ammi, giving a glance at the column, without being conscious of any steps in his calculation, told his father and others present what the column totaled. Struck with wonderment, they added the column very slowly and carefully and discovered, to their lively surprise, that the boy had stated the sum exactly. The story of the occurrence could not but spread over the neighborhood, and many were eager to see for themselves what the lad could do in figures. It followed that he was often tested for the entertainment of friends and acquaintances. For six months, or thereabouts, he fascinated all with the lightning-like rapidity of his operations in simple addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, and in fractions and determination of interest; and he never made a blunder. But not more strange was his

wizard-like control of mathematical processes than the suddenness with which he lost it. And his later work in mathematics necessitated as much struggle of brain and travail of soul as are experienced by the boy of but mediocre ability. Nor did he ever have another such mental revelation, though he became a profound and brilliant scholar, a man of wide and varied knowledge—one possessed of philosophic attitude of mind and even seer-like vision.

At the age of seven, lad though he was, he worked out with a farmer. At eight his father offered him a silver dollar, a substantial inducement for a small boy in a poor family in those days, if he would learn French. So he undertook the matter and learned to reach French practically unaided, except for some suggestions regarding pronunciation from one who had some facility in French. Presently an eminent physician of Oxford went to Paris, bringing with him on his return a French waif by the name of Joe; and this Joe, albeit unable to read or write French, talked French with young Hyde and was of material assistance in adapting the American boy's tongue to the

idiosyncrasies of the French pronunciation. The Hyde family still retains a small United States History in French, in the front part of which is written: "Ammi B. Hyde, from his father, A. J. Hyde, Oct. 2, 1835." So, at the age of ten the lad got his French and his American history at the same time! And yet we think that boys of to-day are so much ahead of boys of seventy-five years ago!

At nine Ammi had his first formal schooling. This he enjoyed in the academy of his native village. It was the first frame building erected there, and was the first chartered educational institution west of the Hudson River. He began the study of Latin the first year in the academy, and when he was eleven years old the principal of the academy selected him to teach a Latin class. In this Latin class was, among others, Mr. Herbert Clark, still living in New York at a venerable old age. The remuneration for teaching the class was tuition for himself, his sister, and a brother; and some small perquisites. The Latin grammar in the hands of our young student was edited by Adams, a grammar that is nowadays stranger to Latin students.

At the age of ten Ammi began the study of Greek. The grammar he used in this connection was characterized by him later in life as a very poor working tool for a boy setting out to cultivate an acquaintance with the exalted literature of the Hellenic race. Some years later, when an appeal was made for books to send to foreign mission fields, this same Greek grammar (Kingley's) was sent—perhaps without serious regret—to Monrovia Academy, in Liberia. What its influence has been on the African Negro its donor never ventured to say, except that it could hardly have been responsible for thickening the veil of ignorance which, at the time of its journey across the ocean, obscured the vision of the people of the Dark Continent.

At the age of twelve to fourteen Ammi once more worked on the farm, but kept at his books by night and during any other available hours. He has always been an early riser. Throughout his entire career he has been a tower of strength. A rather slender man, five feet nine inches in height, weighing a hundred and fifty pounds, he has nevertheless been blessed with great endurance. As a young man a fifty-mile walk per

OXFORD, BIRTHPLACE OF AMMI BRADFORD HYDE, SHOWING EPISCOPAL CHURCH WHERE HE WAS "CONFIRMED."

day was no unusual thing, and he could lift seven hundred pounds clear of the ground. At the age of eighty-seven he moves along with head erect and elastic step—a sight to shame many a man of thirty-five—and is a splendid illustration of *Mens sana in sano corpore.*

When he was ready to assume the *toga virilis,*[1] that is to say, at about fourteen, a Presbyterian minister of the town became interested in the boy and invited him to study with him. The invitation was accepted with alacrity, and they plunged with zest into three languages at once. Thus the ambitious lad learned his first Hebrew, Syriac, and Chaldaic. The minister had no Syriac grammar in book form, but had a manuscript version which he had made from lectures he had received while in college. Young Hyde made a copy of this and so fathomed the initial mysteries of that Oriental language.

At fifteen he was glad to accept an offer of position as clerk in a general store. He still clung to his studies with commendable tenacity. After his term of service was con-

[1] At the age of from fourteen to seventeen Roman boys laid aside the toga praetexta (purple bordered garment) for the toga virilis (white garment).

cluded in the store, he went home and again worked on the farm, receiving eight dollars per month. From the farm he repaired once more to the academy, working for his board. On Saturdays he wielded the ax, keeping his father supplied with firewood. Thus he toiled on, getting at once his mental and his physical basis for the work of future years. Let no youth despise the necessity of physical toil against great odds. The whole story of Ammi Bradford Hyde should be an immense inspiration to seek sturdiness of body, training of brain, and culture of heart.

And now came a notable crisis in the young man's life. He had reached the age of eighteen. He had got about all that Oxford Academy could give him, and the question was, What next? At this point, his uncle, Ammi H. Hyde, then resident in New Jersey, being deeply interested in his nephew, proposed to back him financially for a start in college. And so the young and hopeful fellow, clad in a brown homespun coat and trousers to match, with a black suit for Sundays and special occasions, a modest trunk, and fifty dollars in his pocket, set out for Wesleyan University, at Middletown,

Connecticut. Never before had he been so far from home; and hence the journey down the Hudson, through New York City, on Long Island Sound, and up the Connecticut River, was a ceaseless entertainment to him. The depth of the impression on the youthful mind is attested by the fact that, up to the age of eighty, he made frequent pilgrimages back to this, his youthful Mecca, and almost invariably went by boat from New York to Middletown. In this fashion he had gone originally, and thus his fancy suggested that he should now and again return to pay his tribute of gratitude to his alma mater.

When he presented himself for entrance examination, he was asked by the Greek professor what Greek authors he had studied and what he knew about them. His answer was characteristic: "I pretend to know Greek. Examine me as you like. I will undertake to do something with any Greek book you place in my hands!"

The young student was six years older than the institution to which he submitted himself for testing. Wesleyan University was founded six years after Ammi Bradford Hyde was born; that is to say, in the year

1831, while "Old Hickory" Jackson was President of the United States.

The days, too, when young Hyde entered Wesleyan were extremely interesting. Hardly had he been a year in college when the world was startled by the invention of the magnetic telegraph, and about the time of his graduation the Mexican War broke out. Those were exciting times; and in the midst of storm and stress, when some of the most herculean political giants America ever gave birth to were occupying the center of the stage, our young friend was industriously preparing himself for a life of usefulness.

Wesleyan was at that time a small institution, with a handful of teachers and only about a hundred and twenty students. She had but two buildings, and little or no endowment. The salaries of president and professors was exceedingly modest. The president got probably not more than two thousand, and the professors not over a thousand or twelve hundred. All this is gratifyingly different to-day. Full professors receive from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred, and Wesleyan is strongly equipped

with buildings, apparatus, and endowment. Her Faculty to-day is noted for its scholarship and capacity and for research, and from her halls have gone some of the most influential of America's citizens.

At the head of the college when Ammi Bradford Hyde entered it as a student was President Olin. He was in the prime of life and a man of most unusual physique. He stood six feet three and was splendidly proportioned. In a pile of hats his was of size sufficient to discount the rest in pitiable manner. He was a speaker of sweep and swing, with gestures not numerous, but rugged and impressive; and his oratorical efforts were somewhat Niagarean in their ponderous onrushings. Olin did no teaching, but was always busily engaged seeking money and broadening the circle of the school's supporters. His home was often opened to the students; and Mrs. Olin was a decided help in cultivating the acquaintance of the students. She always remembered them, and never failed to greet them when she met them on the street. She had considerable means, and so the financial pressure upon the college did not seriously interfere with

the private concerns and comfort of the Olin family. The work of President Olin was of far-reaching character, and he is to-day regarded as worthy of sincere veneration by all Wesleyan's children.

Besides Olin, there was Smith, who taught mathematics and astronomy; Johnson, who held forth in the chemical laboratory; Lane, who delighted in Greek roots; Holdich, who revelled in logic; and Bagnall, who was a devotee of Latin. But, though few in numbers, both Faculty and students were alive. The daily program would have won the admiration of any present-day champion of the strenuous life. At six A. M. the students went to prayers. Even to-day they go at eight at Old Wesleyan! At six-fifteen they had their first recitation—an hour early enough, surely, at the season of the winter solstice! After the first recitation they partook of breakfast. At nine the first study bell rang. From nine till eleven they were in their rooms. At eleven they had their second recitation. At twelve they lunched. At two they were supposed to begin their studying again and so continue till four, when their third daily recitation occurred.

At five they had prayers. Thus they had devotions just before the first recitation and immediately following the last recitation. Verily, New England Puritanism was not entirely dead and gone in those years! At six they had supper. At seven the study bell once more rang out its warning, and at nine the students were expected to retire for the night.

The boys boarded in a club, which was managed by a gentleman who was somewhat particular as to the manners the boys exhibited when at the table. On one occasion he felt called upon to visit the dormitory where Hyde roomed, in order to give a particularly active chap a private lesson in table etiquette. While the conference was in progress, Hyde stepped to the door of his room and saw two young collegians, A. G. Brigham and J. W. Beach, later president of Wesleyan, creeping up stealthily with a stick and a piece of rope, with which they secured the door of the room where the boarding-house keeper was laboring with the young gentleman of free and easy dining-room manners, leaving the two imprisoned. So the young fellows of the forties in Wes-

leyan University were dominated, as their lively successors to-day in a host of colleges, by a spirit of mischief which is just about as likely to run riot in the brain of the future bishop as in the brain of the future humorist.

Ammi Bradford Hyde was fortunate in his college friendships—those early friendships that stamp themselves so indelibly on a man's character. He was an intimate associate of that princely man, splendid Christian, and noted churchman, Edward Gayer Andrews, but recently passed across the border line between time and eternity. He had intimate acquaintance, too, with B. T. Roberts, founder of the Free Methodists and later a bishop in that Church, and with many others whose brain was capacious enough to direct a nation and whose soul was great enough to undertake the emancipation of the race. Mention may fittingly be made of Judge George Reynolds, of Brooklyn, who not long since gave Wesleyan fifty thousand dollars; Fales H. Newhall, long-time professor in Wesleyan; Orange Judd, who later built Orange Judd Scientific Hall at Wesleyan; Dr. Joseph E. King, educator and financier, founder and for over fifty years

principal of Fort Edward Institute, near Lake Champlain, and for a quarter of a century a member of the Board of Trustees of Wesleyan; John M. VanVleck, now emeritus professor of mathematics at Wesleyan; and Gilbert Haven, who became a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church. On the last named, the following tribute, by Washington Gladden, one of the most prominent of Congregational clergymen in America, in his autobiographical volume entitled "Recollections" is a most pertinent comment. Speaking of the prominent men he has met, Dr. Gladden says: "A fresh and pregnant personality, who often enkindled our spirits by his presence, was the Rev. Gilbert Haven, afterwards bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a man with whom it was delightful to disagree, and who had the happy faculty of stating with perspicuity the things which you knew you did not wish to believe. To few men do I owe a larger debt than to some who have put clearly before my mind the things which I knew to be untrue. It would be unfair to 'Gil' Haven, as we then familiarly named him, to leave the matter here. I suppose that I agreed with him in

ten matters where I disagreed in one; but there were various theological questions on which our differences were sharp, and his delightfully incisive and perfectly good-natured way of defining those differences was extremely serviceable."

Such were Ammi Bradford Hyde's choice companions in Wesleyan. With some of them he was associated in the Eclectic Fraternity, grown famous for the stalwart men it has produced.

Going through college was not financially easy. Here, as in Oxford Academy, he needed to use vacation periods to store up a humble sum which would permit further study. Hence it transpired that, during the long winter recess, which then ran through December and January and even into February, he taught school in Connecticut in the vicinity where an uncle lived. It was an ungraded country school, and he had to teach everything from the alphabet to Latin and French and Algebra. The pedagogic tiro even aided a certain young man to prepare for entrance into Yale College. He received sixteen dollars per month and "boarded 'round;" and, speaking of this feature of his

experience, he facetiously remarked that apparently the poorer the people the longer they wished him to stay. At one time he sojourned in a house which was shared by two families. The two used a common fire. Consequently, for a season our young schoolmaster boarded with one family whose table was spread on one side of the fire, presently changing to the table of the other family that refreshed the physical man at a table located on the other side of the fire. And so he had some experiences of a communistic or socialistic sort that have an echo here and there at the beginning of the twentieth century.

In 1846 he was graduated by Wesleyan in a class numbering thirty-six, the largest class up to that time sent out by the institution. He was one of seven to win honors and was therefore elected to membership in Phi Beta Kappa. The Commencement occasion was a noteworthy event in Wesleyan history. No less distinguished personage than Ralph Waldo Emerson was present to address the class. His speech was of far-reaching import and philosophical in character, duly impressing the young

graduates, some of whom doubtless wondered about the significance of some of Emerson's observations as did the person who boldly asked the "Sage of Concord" what he intended by a certain allusion, to which query Emerson replied: "When I made that remark, only two persons knew its meaning—God and myself. I have forgotten, and God won't tell!"

The music for the graduating exercises was furnished by a fine band brought from Boston. Its leader was Edward Kendall, a famous bugler. Kendall had previously been in England, and, a conversation occurring with a bugler who was the director of the queen's band, the latter remarked about a piece difficult of execution on the bugle, "I never could play that piece through." Thereupon, Kendall asked the musician for his bugle and himself played the selection with elegant effect. So interested in the circumstance was Queen Victoria, that she presented Kendall a solid silver bugle which he had with him at the Wesleyan Commencement of 1846.

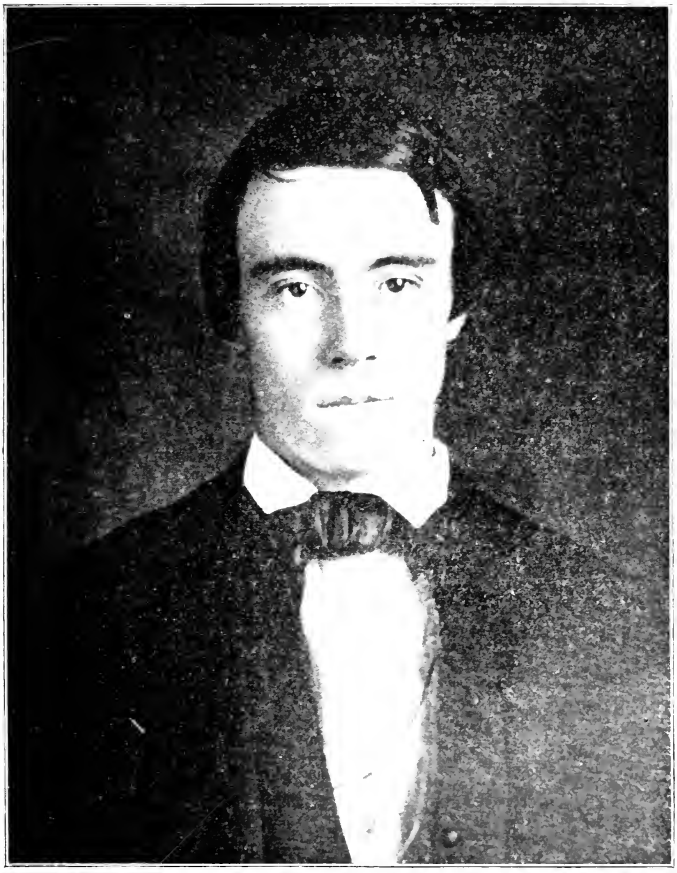
While at college, Hyde was surprised to be presented with license to preach. This

came unsolicited; nay, rather, it came entirely unanticipated. The responsible party was the Methodist Episcopal Church of Middletown, the seat of Wesleyan. The young man was temporarily nonplussed; but, concluding that the thought of others about him was perhaps a hint with reference to his possibilities and his duty, he bravely accepted the situation and not long afterward made his initial attempt at preaching in a country schoolhouse some two miles south of the college town. From that day on he sermonized effectively, edifying literally hundreds and thousands whose rare privilege it has been to hear him.

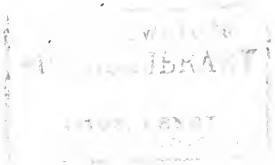
The Hydes were not Methodists, but Episcopalians by tradition. They were brought up in the faith of the Church of England; and their first American representative, after building an Episcopal church at his home in Oxford, Connecticut, brought from England an Episcopalian rector to serve the parish. In the burial ground near this church rest the ashes of this first American Hyde and three descendants who held the estate after him.

Early in Ammi's life there came to the

New York home of his branch of the Hyde family a young and struggling Methodist preacher, by name George Peck, who afterward became editor of the New York *Christian Advocate,* and had the unusual distinction of being twelve times member of the General Conference of his Church. Mrs. Hyde went to hear young Peck preach; and, inasmuch as he was penniless and had no place to go for food and shelter, she graciously invited him to the Hyde home. The result was that the mother and the sister of Ammi Bradford Hyde were converted and joined the Methodist Church. The father, too, coming under conviction and later experiencing conscious pardon of sin, sought his rector and told him his state of mind and soul, whereupon the rector, greatly puzzled, said: "I never had such an experience in all my life. If you feel that way, you had better withdraw from the Episcopal Church and join the Methodists." This he did; and so it came about that Ammi Bradford Hyde shifted his religious allegiance and became a Methodist even in his boyhood, loving the sect for its heroic struggles and friendship for the masses, and serving it with all his



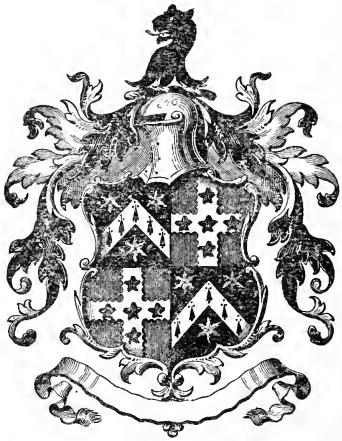
AMMI BRADFORD HYDE, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.



powers of body and mind and soul. But he could not wholly escape from the touch that the Episcopal Church had put upon his child life. Never has he forgot the lofty language of the Episcopal ritual; and his religious utterances, particularly his prayers, are replete with the beautiful phraseology for which the Episcopal prayer-book is justly noted. But, safe to say, in Ammi Bradford Hyde charm of religious expression is notably reinforced by sincerity of religious feeling and experience. The words on his lips are a true index of the attitude of his soul; and, to his way of thinking, no grace of utterance can be out of harmony with devout worship of the Great Father.

Even during the earlier part of his teaching career, while engaged at Cazenovia Seminary, he was active as a preacher, quite often filling various pulpits, and especially that of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Syracuse, eighteen miles away. Indeed, some friends strongly urged that he cease teaching and devote his time exclusively to the ministry; and, had he done so, he would doubtless have had as pronounced success in the pulpit as he has had in the chair of the

professor. However, he could not decide to abandon the active work of teaching; and so throughout his illustrious life he has taught and preached in the class room and preached and taught in the pulpit, being at once a scholarly preacher and a pious scholar.



BREWSTER
OF SUFFOLK & ESSEX.

THE BREWSTER COAT OF ARMS.

II

CAREER AS TEACHER

1. Cazenovia Seminary.

Even before Hyde's graduation, Dr. Henry Bannister, of Cazenovia Seminary, in Central New York, appeared at Middletown looking for a teacher of languages for Cazenovia. Being advised to try Ammi Bradford Hyde, he presented the matter to the prospective graduate, who gladly agreed to go to Cazenovia the following year.

At Cazenovia he served under two different principals, Henry Bannister and Edward G. Andrews. Some time after our young teacher began his work, Dr. Bannister resigned to accept a place as professor of Greek in Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois. His place as principal was taken by Andrews, who had been a teacher in the seminary for several years. He was of good stock. The family of his mother belonged to the religious sect of the Friends. His father was a pious and liberal-hearted

man. Edward was one of a large family, there being five brothers and as many sisters. He prepared for college at Cazenovia, and was graduated by Wesleyan in 1847. He then began preaching in New York State in humble places. In 1854 he was appointed a teacher in Cazenovia, and in 1856 succeeded to the principalship. In 1864 he was a member of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was at that time transferred to the New York East Conference. Here his capabilities rapidly showed themselves. He had a brilliant career, which culminated in his service as bishop of his Church. For over thirty years he was the only man elected from the pastorate to the episcopacy. He was a splendid all-round man, conspicuous for his genial temper and his sound judgment.

At Cazenovia, Ammi Bradford Hyde taught quite a variety of languages—Greek, Latin, German, and French. Those were days when teachers must have breadth of vision and capacity for a goodly number of hours of work per day. The subject of our story taught from eight o'clock to twelve and from one to four, had charge of one of

the dormitories, sometimes played policeman the major part of the night, and for his varied and vigorous services received the first year the magnificent sum of three hundred and fifty dollars! Indeed, he taught for fifteen years at Cazenovia before his salary ran up to six hundred. This seems a low figure, as, to be sure, it was; but the purchasing power of money was considerably greater then than now. He secured board, room, fuel, and washing for a dollar and a quarter a week! At that time an excellent beefsteak cost but eight cents a pound. It will therefore be seen that the salary was the equivalent of two or three times that amount to-day.

Before going farther with the experiences at Cazenovia, it will be of interest to note that, after graduating at Wesleyan, Professor Hyde was for many years a member of the Examining Committee which at Commencement time appeared in the classes at Wesleyan and proceeded to discover for themselves what the young students had been doing. The examiners quizzed, and quizzed freely; and our youthful teacher thus came into early contact with three excellent and

aspiring students—Foss, Ninde, and Warren —all of whom, by reason of their exceptional ability and exalted Christian character, were later sought by the Methodist Episcopal Church for the bishopric. Of one of them, Henry White Warren, he has been for more than twenty-five years a most intimate friend and neighbor in University Park, Colorado, and in whose honor he a few years ago composed a fine poem on the occasion of the bishop's birthday.

But, though more generally known than their examiner of college days, none of the three was more devout and none more versatile of mind or unique in personality; and it may be doubted if any one of them ever more strongly gripped the affections of his fellow-man. Unquestionably not one of them was superior to Ammi Bradford Hyde in princely gifts of character and thorough affability of spirit. Young and old, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, the honored and the despised, the sinner and the saint,—all men everywhere and always found in him a sympathetic friend and a true advocate; and his love for men won love for him.

But, to enter into some detail regarding

his lengthy experience at Cazenovia Seminary: Our young professor was versatile enough. He even organized a glee club, the members paying a fee of twenty-five cents. He played the bass viol in chapel service, and once in a while amused himself at the organ. This man of linguistic bent would not allow himself to become narrow in his interests or limited in his activities. He wished to touch human life in a variety of ways; and so he laid a broad foundation by learning something of everything. Thus he was prepared later to endeavor to know everything of something, and so it came about that, in the highest and sanest sense, Ammi Bradford Hyde has been to a very respectable degree a specialist. He so mastered his greatest of all hobbies, Greek language and literature, that he can hardly be approached on any matter, great or small, connected with that fertile field of study, of which he is entirely ignorant. His mind is a perfect thesaurus of information; and, once he grasps a fact, he is entirely capable of setting that fact forth in language as lucid as a beam of pure sunlight.

There were in Cazenovia some influential

families of culture, and Professor Hyde was fortunate enough to be introduced into their select circle soon after he took up his duties in the seminary. Not long after going to Cazenovia, he met a young lady by the name of Miss Mira Smith. Her home was in Utica, and she was of Scotch descent. She was a student in the young teacher's classes, and he soon grew interested to a greater extent than a teacher is really obliged to be in the welfare of a young lady pupil. The young lady's friends slyly teased her, but this simply added fuel to the fire and made it burn more brightly; and, any way, she was Scotch and not to be easily diverted from her purpose. It was the old, old story. Teasing friends fought a losing battle, and Ammi Bradford Hyde and Mira Smith determined to face life's struggles together. For fifty years they lived in blessed companionship, "each for the other, both for God."

At Cazenovia, Professor Hyde had in his classes a number of students the fame of some of whom later girded the globe. Reference to a few of them may interest the reader.

There were many Indians in New York State during Professor Hyde's younger days, but they were quite adapted to the ways of civilization. In Cazenovia our friend had the unique privilege of attempting to instruct one of the tribe of the Onondagas, Thomas Le Fort by name. He used to despair with reference to the progress he made with his copper-colored pupil, but later years showed that his labors were after all not in vain. This Le Fort had a touch of French blood in him, but had the looks and ways of the true red man. His father was chief of his tribe, and after his death Thomas's elder brother succeeded his father as chief, and when he passed off the scene of action, Thomas succeeded him. He embraced the Christian faith and became a sort of missionary among his own people. He is still living at Onondaga Castle, New York, and long carried on correspondence with his pale-face teacher, who came to think of him as one of his most interesting pupils.

There was William N. Clark, now professor in Colgate University, Central New York, said by some to be the most eminent living theologian of the Baptist Church in

America. Another pupil, Riley T. Taylor, afterwards was the founder and for fifty years principal of what is now Beaver College, in the southwestern part of Pennsylvania. Another was Charles Dudley Warner, at one time editor of *Harper's Magazine.* Still another was Charles Stebbins Fairchild, who was President Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury. After his distinguished services in the Cabinet, he retired to private life, making his home in Cazenovia; and in the year 1906, upon the occasion of a visit by Dr. Hyde to Cazenovia, Mr. Fairchild tendered him a magnificent reception.

Another interesting youth came to Cazenovia from his father's farm, ten miles away. His independent and resolute nature chafed at authority. In fact, he so irritated his teachers that there was serious disposition to dismiss him; but our professor interceded for him with vigor and skill, and he was allowed to remain. He ultimately graduated, and went off to the then Far West. In California he grew interested in the handling of meats. Then he returned eastward to Chicago and became the father of the mighty

meat industry which has assisted in making Chicago commercially famous. Such was Philip D. Armour, a man who at his death was worth fifty million dollars. A half century after Armour's school days at Cazenovia, Dr. Hyde, then professor of Greek in the University of Denver, on one of his trips East, stopped in Chicago to see his pupil of other years, now grown wealthy and powerful in the business world. Mr. Armour cordially received him and was much gratified to have a visit from his old teacher. He showed him marked courtesy, sending an expert with him to pilot him through the monster plant over which he presided, and then had Dr. Hyde go to one of the finest hotels, where he was magnificently cared for at Mr. Armour's expense. Indeed, Mr. Armour was quite minded to endow Dr. Hyde's chair of Greek in the University of Denver; but at that time he was so pledged to the needs of Armour Institute that he did not act at once for his beloved teacher, and he finally passed away without carrying to completion his half-formulated plan.

Known the length and breadth of the land was another pupil, Joseph H. Hawley, gen-

eral of the Union army in the Civil War, governor of Connecticut, and for thirty years United States senator from that State. Before the war, Hawley's father lived in North Carolina and was an ardent defender of slavery; but, suffering a shift of opinion, he moved to the State of New York, where he was outspoken in his opposition to slavery; and hence it was by no means surprising that the son gave his efforts toward freeing the Negro.

Another pupil was a fine-looking fellow, something of an Apollo in fact, who made a striking appearance as he strode along the street arrayed in his best attire; but in those days he was not particularly noted for his intellectual keenness, and was perhaps regarded as of only average intelligence. But he was fortunate in his marriage, and his estimable wife was largely responsible for his mental awakening. By and by the couple went to New Orleans, where the husband became immensely popular by reason of his engaging personality; and subsequently he was successfully supported in the Methodist General Conference as a candidate for the bishopric. He came to be regarded as a

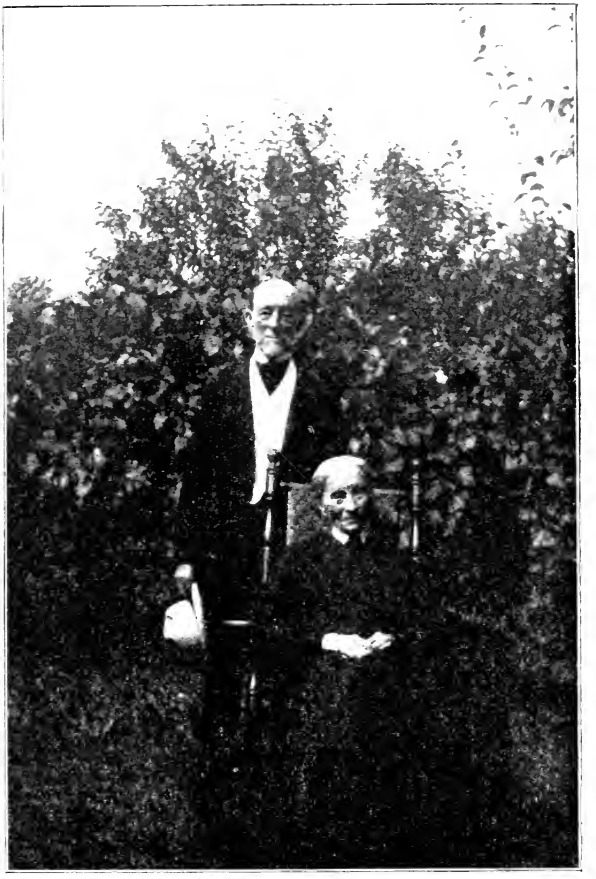
powerful man, and his name and work are to-day justly esteemed. And this was Bishop John P. Newman. So, leaders in Church and State have got some of their primal inspiration from the subject of our story.

Cazenovia Lake is an attractive sheet of water some four miles long and a mile and a half wide. It is fed by springs and is a favorite resort in summer for boating and in winter for skating. One day Dr. Bannister, the principal of the seminary, accompanied by Edward G. Andrews, then a teacher in the seminary, later Bishop Andrews, went out on the lake in a boat to fish. Tiring of their sport, they started homeward. They tugged and tugged away, blistering their hands and exhausting themselves, and marveling at their snail-like progress. After a time, discouraged, they cast their eyes toward the shore of the lake, where they saw a Mr. Fairchild, father of the later Secretary of the Treasury, standing and watching them, a grim smile upon his countenance. Calling to him, they complained of their difficulty in sending their skiff along and asked whether he could discover the hindering cause. Bursting into a hearty laugh, he remarked, "I

think you 'd better weigh anchor!" Thereupon they looked, and lo! they had been dragging the anchor for a goodly distance as they perspired and possibly thought imprecations which the character of their positions as educators would hardly permit them to utter aloud.

Another incident involving Edward G. Andrews: After some time he succeeded to the principalship of the seminary. One night in November, a night cold and raw and gusty, he was escorting a lady along the lake shore in the neighborhood of the village of Skaneateles. Ever and anon a vicious blast of wind swooped down upon them, and all of a sudden the young man's hat was dashed from his head and swept out into the inky blackness of the lake. It was never recovered; and its luckless owner had to return bareheaded to the seminary. Then it was that the muse prompted Professor Hyde to perpetrate the following on his superior:

"O Skaneateles, Skaneateles,
How fair thou art upon the atlas!
Must I return forlorn and hatless
Among my scholars?
I can not make good my loss at less
Than seven dollars."



AMMI BRADFORD HYDE AND HIS SISTER, MRS. MARIA HYDE HIBBARD, NOW NINETY-FOUR YEARS OLD.

This picture was taken at Clifton Springs, New York, in 1908.

It was at the home of Mr. Fairchild that Professor Hyde once attended a *soirée,* or evening party, after having spent the preceding night patrolling the seminary grounds to maintain the proper nocturnal quiet there. Being exceedingly drowsy, he suddenly fell asleep as Miss Fairchild was talking to him. All at once he roused himself with a start and said briskly: "Very well, that will do. Now the next!" The good professor had gone off, class-room fashion! For a moment the lady was amazed, though she soon grasped the situation, and the merry laugh that followed hardly required an apology.

Our friend recalls with delight a visit made to Cazenovia by the amiable poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, for the purpose of delivering a lecture. Holmes was a small man with light hair and boyish countenance. He spoke on the theme, "Lectures and Lecturers." While there was some attempt at a philosophical treatment of the subject, Holmes's remarks were constantly punctuated with humorous observations; as, for example, he declared that there were various types of hearers—the hearer of analytic mind, the hearer who sought entertainment,

and the hearer "who went out;" and his theory about the last kind of hearer was that he got saturated and could n't stand any more. As for lecturers, Holmes asserted that it did n't require any special effort to secure an audience once. He maintained that a man might get a hearing once by merely announcing that he had jumped over Niagara Falls; but that such announcement would not secure for him so large an audience the second time.

After Holmes had closed his deliciously entertaining and instructive discourse, he was given a reception and proved himself refreshingly informal. The hostess so arranged it that Professor Hyde was at the humorist's elbow the greater part of the time and conceived a deep admiration for the benevolent disposition of the noted guest.

Thus the years at Cazenovia were sufficiently relieved by incident to make them refreshing, though they could not be other than arduous.

A visit to Cazenovia in 1905 prompted Doctor Hyde to write the following poem:

CAZENOVIA, 1846-1905.

The same fair village yet! I know it, sure!
Where threescore years agone I set my feet.
The wavy outline, gently carved contour,
White homes and shaded lawns that marge the street.

The lake's calm mirror brightens in the sun;
The outlet prattles to the morning's ear;
The birds sing free; the summer blooms are on;
The breath of June, the silvery showers, are here.

Home of my heart! While at each step I greet
Fair forms, the men and women of to-day;
Voices long hushed, hands unseen, rise to greet
The pilgrim of the hour from far away.

Here, lingering yet, affections freshly live;
Sweet friends! Your love defies the wasting years.
A smile to all your flushing smiles I give,
A rainbow bending o'er my struggling tears!

School, village, guarded by the low green hills
(Tent-circling camels! up at no driver's call)
For aye abiding be the glow that fills
With wide, full light to-day your Festival!

2. Military Experiences.

The demands of chronological order would suggest that the narrative of the events of the career as teacher be broken in upon, while a hasty glimpse is given to the war experiences of our subject; for they occurred between the date of his departure from Cazenovia and his assumption of duties in Allegheny College.

In the summer of 1864 the war spirit was ablaze the country over. The North was bending all its energies, as never before, to bring the desperate struggle to a close. Everywhere the draft was in evidence; and men who, under less pressing contingencies, would have been refused as soldiers in the Union army were now sought out. Thus it chanced that Professor Hyde, though well along toward middle life, older than the great majority of men in the service, presented himself at the recruiting station; but the examining surgeon, after due consideration, refused to approve him as a private soldier, because he questioned the applicant's ability to endure the multiplied rigors to which the private must inevitably submit. Refused en-

listment in the ranks, he thought to be of some positive use to his country in another way. He therefore became connected with the United States Sanitary Commission, which endeavored to contribute to the comfort of soldiers on the battlefield and in the hospital. Members of the Commission wrote to friends of wounded and dying soldiers, and in general performed the work which in the Spanish-American War was in the hands of the Red Cross Society.

Professor Hyde was sent first of all to Washington City to await orders. Some slight interval elapsing before orders were issued to him, he eagerly seized this, his first chance, to get acquainted with the national capital. He had glimpses of the leading statesmen and military celebrities, and learned something of doings at the White House, though he saw but little of President Lincoln. Subsequently, however, he did see Mr. Lincoln, and the most immediate impression he got of him was that he did not look like any of the pictures of him that were ever put before the world.

After a time he was ordered to the front, that is, into the Union Army which was op-

erating in the vicinity of Richmond and Petersburg. There, with the gigantic war drama before his eyes, he studied military matters and human nature, and did his best to compass the situation as the commander himself might have done. He was often at the headquarters of General Grant and was profoundly impressed with the wonderful control that Grant had of himself and of the situation. Sometimes he saw him riding at breakneck speed with two or three orderlies flying along in the rear in frantic endeavor to keep near their chief. Sometimes he saw him writing orders at midnight in his tent, all his resources of mind and powers of body bent to the herculean task. Sometimes he saw "the silent man" hovering sympathetically over the cot of a dying soldier, thus testifying to his tender spirit and his ready compassion. Who can with appropriate vividness portray the kaleidoscopic scenes of our friend's daily experiences? He looked upon men of every race. All nations under the sun were represented in the Federal army and all were striving for the preservation of the Union and the emancipation of the Negro. He saw colored regiments and

viewed with undisguised admiration those stalwart specimens of physical strength now arrayed against their masters of a year or two before. In his later years he recalled a battery manned by Negroes. This battery was at one time shifted to a position whence it had a good view of the town clock in the city of Petersburg, then in possession of the Confederates. As soon as the colored artillerymen sighted that town clock, they opened fire and sent a cannon-ball right through the face of the innocent clock and it was forever silenced. Jolly and brave were these Negro troops; but, when they were wounded, they quickly yielded to despair, and their common wail was, "I 'se got my call!" Thus they exhibited naturally enough the overwhelming despair that long years of servitude had instilled into their souls. And no wonder! How could they be optimistic, born of those who never owned a dollar's worth of this world's goods, never were permitted to learn anything of books, and toiled on year after year—never a holiday—with the dreadful cat-o'-nine-tails and bloodthirsty bulldogs in constant proximity? The marvel of marvels is that even one Booker T. Washington

could have sprung up in the half century that has elapsed since the frightful conflict that ended the dire curse of human slavery.

The Indian troops, too, were an interesting contingent of the Northern army. Among them was a Chippewa chief from the State of Wisconsin, a magnificent physical specimen, whom Professor Hyde greatly fancied. He was a type of that incisive mind that to-day looms large in the best of the remnants of the Red Race.

In the vicinity of Richmond there were a hundred and fifty thousand Federal soldiers. The fighting was often appalling. It scarcely ceased. The wearied soldier was soothed to his uneasy slumber by the monotonous boom of heavy artillery, and perchance rudely awakened by the sharp rattle of musketry in his very ears. Members of the Sanitary Commission, therefore, never lacked for something to do. From early morning till late at night they moved over the field of carnage, giving thirsty soldiers refreshing draughts of coffee and water, now and again pausing to hear the piteous plaint of the dying and pledging them that they would

write their last request to their dear ones at home.

Engaged in this work of mercy were a few women, not as many as now. They had caught the idea from the labors of that queen of women, Florence Nightingale, who a few years previously had been a ministering angel in the Crimean War; and their loving attentions were often all but the equivalent of those of mother and sister and sweetheart.

All sorts of eatables were sent down from the North for use in the hospitals. From Pennsylvania at one time went a hogshead of delicious pickled potatoes. Again, the Germans of that State sent some of their famous sauerkraut. Delicacies innumerable bore witness to the anxious thought of the women and children at home, and cheered and sustained many a battle-scarred veteran.

Professor Hyde both had and saw many hairbreadth escapes. Shells frequently exploded at his very feet, killing and wounding men on every side, but not coming "nigh him." Once he stood on an elevation watching the panorama of conflict, and as he stepped down another leaped into his place

only to be stricken instantly by a ball from the enemy's guns. Once he stooped and drank from a spring. Another, who right after him stooped at the same spot had his life snuffed out while quenching his thirst. On another occasion across a death-swept valley went a rider on horse at mad speed—head, body, tail making one straight line. A shell came screaming through the air, and all who saw it held their breath; for it appeared likely to blot out horse and rider. But lo! it clipped off the end of the horse's tail, the animal kicked desperately, and then sped on toward its goal. At sight of the horse's frantic remonstrance the men laughed loud and long and thought of the incident as a bit of grim fun. Thus does comedy ever hover near tragedy upon the battlefield, and the cry of pain yields easily to the peal of laughter. What a sublime and awful thing is war! And Professor Hyde took in all this spectacle with a keen and appreciative mind.

One day he was walking along when a soldier on a horse passed him. Reining up, the soldier said, "Will you give me five dollars for this horse?" Instantly it occurred to him that the soldier had come by the ani-

mal in a questionable manner. He replied that he could not give the amount asked, whereupon the other rejoined, "Well, give me a bottle of wine and he 's yours!" But no bottle of wine was forthcoming, and the soldier rode on his way.

Once he heard some drummer boys teasing a Negro lad. Presently a white boy remarked reprovingly: "I would n't tease a nigger. I might want him to give me a drink of water when I am dying!"

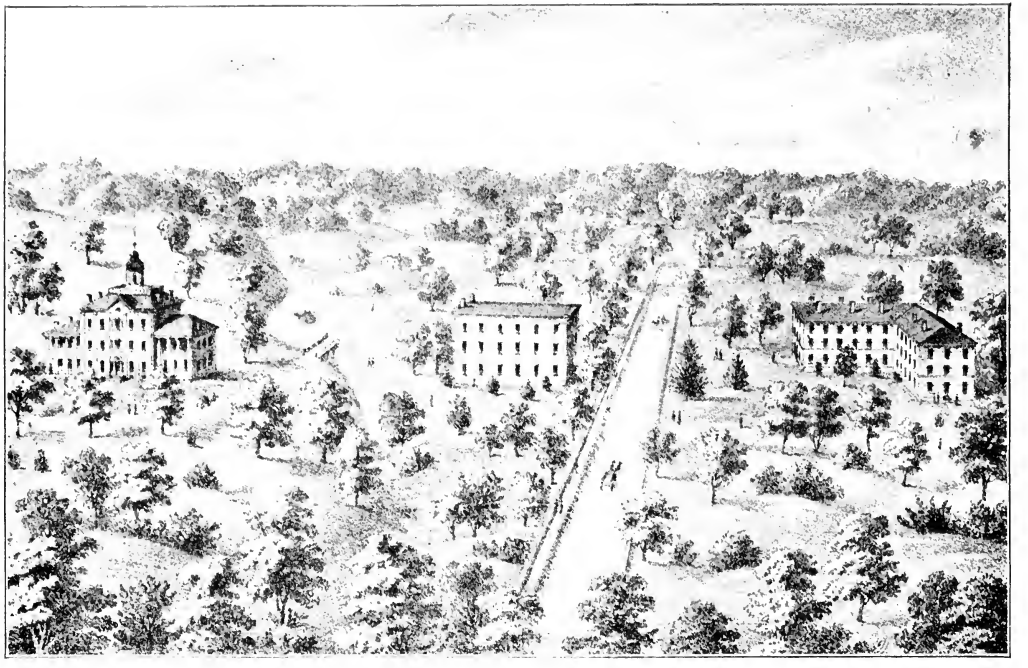
Thus charity gleamed forth from time to time, though bullets spit spitefully and shells shrieked defiance and men ever bit the dust. Was it William Tecumseh Sherman who said, "War is hell?" Virginia felt it in the year '64.

But the day came when our friend ceased his labors with the army and made his way back to his New York home. He had resigned his position at Cazenovia, and for two years prior to going to war he had held a most delightful pastorate at Rushville, New York. Closing his work there, he moved to Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pennsylvania; and of his activities there we will now speak.

3. Life at Allegheny College.

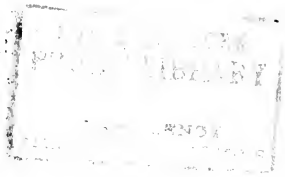
Allegheny College has to-day not over four hundred students per year and a Faculty of thirty, though it is substantially equipped with buildings, has a half million dollars of endowment, and is a maker of men and women of character and strength. But at the time when Professor Hyde cast in his lot with the college there were fewer students and a much smaller teaching force, albeit Allegheny was even then fifty years old. In those days Meadville seemed quite a Western town, and Mrs. Hyde looked with reluctance on the prospect of a sojourn there. She had many strong attachments in Rushville, and would have been entirely willing for her husband to remain permanently in the work of the Christian ministry. But he was captivated with the genuine aristocracy of the teacher's calling and hence could not think of giving it up permanently.

The first president under whom Professor Hyde served in Allegheny was George Loomis. He did no teaching, but devoted his energies to widening the circle of the institution's friends. His forte was in social



BENTLEY HALL. RUTER HALL. CULVER HALL.

GENERAL VIEW ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, 1875. MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.



and personal matters, but he was also a good preacher. It was President Loomis who succeeded in securing the interested attention of Mr. Culver, the millionaire, of whom a word farther on. Loomis also became closely acquainted with a Mr. Lewis Miller, whose home was in Akron, Ohio, founder of the original Chautauqua in New York State.

Loomis was succeeded by Lucius M. Bugbee. He had previously been a banker and had also had charge of the Cincinnati (Ohio) Female College. A son is now a preacher of influence in Massachusetts. President Bugbee was a good organizer and gave valuable service to Allegheny at an important period in her history. After a time he was compelled to resign because of ill-health. His wife, Emily, was a poetess of merit.

Following Bugbee came David H. Wheeler. He had been minister to Italy, and so was a man of some note in a public way. He had a very respectable mastery of the Italian language, and sometimes preached in Italian. He was considerable of an English specialist, and he published a book entitled "Byways in English Literature." This book was extensively used along about 1880.

The life at Meadville was a busy one for the Hydes. Here for the first time in his life Professor Hyde had a reasonable number of classes per day. Always before going to Allegheny, and much of the time after leaving Allegheny, he taught a great variety of work and heard a large number of classes each day. But at Meadville he at first devoted himself exclusively to the Greek language and literature, and had but three classes a day. However, he had become so accustomed to teaching extensively that it is not surprising that he soon associated himself with Jeremiah Tingley, then professor in Allegheny College, now engaged in a Pittsburgh high school, in starting similar college work for young women in the town, inasmuch as at that time Allegheny opened her doors to men only. He arranged his college classes to come in the forenoon, and his work with the young ladies in the afternoon. This work inaugurated with the young women was later taken over by Allegheny College, when she finally began to receive students of both sexes. So Professor Hyde was a pioneer in the work of co-

education in old Allegheny, dating from about the year 1875.

After some years of service as professor of Greek, he was urged by the president to become professor of Hebrew and English literature. Though the English literature was apparently "beside the mark" for him, he gracefully acceded to the president's wish. Ultimately, at any rate, the change was not regretted. Into the new department he took a wonderful classical awakening and was able to lay much needed stress on that vitally important side of English, viz., its classical element. At the same time his work in English was a splendid auxiliary in his subsequent handling of the classics. As for the Hebrew, it had much to do with giving a profound appreciation of the Old Testament and was later adroitly utilized in the numerous articles contributed to religious magazines and papers. So it transpired that he was a real lover and an inspiring teacher of classics both ancient and modern; and this accounts for the establishment of the Hyde Alcove of Ancient and Modern Classics in the recently erected Carnegie Library of the University

of Denver. To the Hyde Alcove Fund scores of money contributions were made by friends and former students who reside in various parts of America.

During Dr. Hyde's stay at Allegheny, the college found a staunch benefactor in the person of Mr. Charles A. Culver, still living, who was deeply engrossed with the possibilities of the great oil fields of Pennsylvania. Allegheny had but two buildings when Dr. Hyde went to Meadville, and they were barely respectable. Moreover, she had no endowment worth mentioning, save what was termed the Centenary Fund, amounting to some $80,000. The salaries were modest. The full professor got about $1,200, and the payments were likely to be rather irregular. To-day Allegheny pays her full professor $2,000.

Mr. Culver's attention was secured and he presented the institution a valuable mineralogical collection worth ten thousand dollars. He was solicitous, too, for the personal comfort and security of the teachers; and accordingly had their lives insured for two thousand dollars apiece. This idea was surely in advance of the times. But it was an earnest of what is likely to be done for

faithful, long-service teachers more and more. Mr. Culver also built for the college a men's dormitory, which was a distinct addition to the equipment. It appeared that he was strongly inclined to endow the college and that in liberal fashion; but just at the time when the expectation of the institution's friends was raised to a high pitch and there was extravagant dreams of future greatness for the college, Mr. Culver was suddenly overtaken by financial reverses. He and his brother together failed for something like four millions of dollars; and, although he met the disaster bravely and has made valiant efforts to re-establish himself, he has never recovered the princely fortune that he once possessed. He was regarded as a man of distinct commercial genius, and at one time was offered, but declined, thirty thousand dollars a year to go to Central City, Colorado, and manage some mining enterprises. He was looked upon as a man noble and unselfish, one truly devoted to the question of the proper fitting of the young for far-reaching endeavor in life, and Allegheny College had in him a sincere well-wisher.

As at Cazenovia, so at Allegheny College,

Dr. Hyde had some students who in following years attained prominence. Here again it was his province to stir the thought and shape the convictions of future bishops. One of them was Merriman C. Harris, now bishop of Korea. He was a young man of cheerful and open turn of mind and genuinely religious.

There came to Meadville one fall a young man of slight build and dark complexion and versatile mind. He was born in India and had never seen snow fly. Previous to coming to America he had married, but he left his wife in the Orient while he should be securing college training in America. He at once became acquainted with the subject of our story and with Mrs. Hyde. The latter urged that he bring his wife from India and give her the same opportunity for a college education that he had, saying to him that it was manifestly unfair to deny her an equal chance and that such a denial would make a gulf between them in the years to come. Accordingly the wife was brought over to this country, the funds for her maintenance being raised largely, if not entirely, by Mrs. Hyde. This incident is typical of Mrs. Hyde's ca-

pacity for bringing things to pass. Remember, she was Scotch! The young couple proved to be of unusual caliber; and in recent years the Methodist Episcopal Church has acted wisely in electing the husband to the bishopric, and to-day Bishop Oldham is familiarly known in both the Orient and the Occident. His fitting for his work as bishop was peculiar, for even as a young man his knowledge of conditions in India was amazing. Nothing escaped his eagle eye. He knew everything, from a mosquito to an elephant. Bishop Oldham is a master of simple but elegant English, a most fascinating pulpit speaker, without a peer in his understanding of the religious status of India, and possessed of deep piety. The work he is doing in the East is epoch-making and statesmanlike.

Wayne Whipple was another of our professor's Allegheny pupils. Against great odds he has successfully battled and has won for himself a substantial name as a writer, having already produced an exceedingly popular and charming "Story Life of Lincoln," and having now under way a similar life of Washington. To these two great Americans his books will give increased fame.

Familiar to magazine readers, also, is Ida M. Tarbell, whose "History of Abraham Lincoln," account of the Standard Oil situation, her articles on "The American Woman," and various other interesting and illuminating discussions have attracted wide and favorable notice. She was under Professor Hyde's tutelage, as was also a young man by the name of Lownds, who later was elected the only Republican governor the State of Maryland has yet had.

Camden M. Cobern, too, remembers with gratitude the intellectual impetus received in his illustrious teacher's classes; and through all the years of his experience as minister in prominent pulpits, such as Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church in Denver, and as professor at Allegheny College, he has profited by his contact with his inspiring preceptor. Only recently he succeeded him as writer of Sunday school notes for the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.* On the occasion of Dr. Hyde's eighty-fourth birthday he wrote him an affectionate letter, in which he said: "I count it as one of the best things in my life that I had you as my teacher at the time I needed most to get high

scholastic ideals. I had never seen any one before who impressed me as you did, and I have never seen but one since. Much, very much, I owe to you for your kind and skillful work in developing in the raw country boy a better method of living and thinking. If I shall amount to anything worth while in any department of thought, you and President Warren[1] will have to divide up the responsibility for that."

The informal character of our story may permit an item of totally different sort. There is to-day in the museum at Allegheny College the skin of a huge boa constrictor that was killed in Africa. It chanced that some natives were one day in the forest when they came upon the serpent and had to battle for their lives. Having killed the creature, as they supposed, they concluded that it would make a good present for their friend, the missionary from America. They therefore shouldered it and carried it into town. Arriving at the missionary's abode, one of the natives went into the house to tell the news; but while he was inside, the boa's

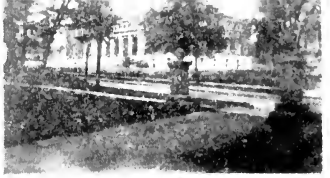
[1] For thirty-seven years President of Boston University, more recently Dean of the School of Theology in that institution; a man of precise scholarship and extensive knowledge, and noted for his inspirational teaching.

tail became suddenly active and, wrapping round one of the Africans, crushed every bone in his body! The other, seizing a stone, hammered the boa's head until it was dead for good and all, and it was then hung up and the skin stripped from the body. The skin was then dried, and the missionary brought it to America, where it finally came into the possession of Dr. Hyde, who presented it to the museum of Allegheny College, where it may be seen to-day. Though this is a "snake story," its truth is solemnly vouched for.

Our educator's labors at Meadville were ceaseless and diversified. Being in the prime of life and eager to accomplish things, he did not content himself even with teaching in two places at the same time, but his literary tastes prompted writing for papers and otherwise. And thus began in real earnest those literary activities that continued without interruption till he was past eighty-four. His literary doings will receive more extended treatment elsewhere. Writing was supplemented by preaching and lecturing. He was welcomed to the best pulpits of the surrounding vicinity, and he would have been

Library

Bridge



Cochran Hall

Dial

Bentley Hall

Arch

Newton Observatory

Cochran Hall Gymnasium

Chapel

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE SCENES OF TO-DAY.

received with cordiality as pastor by a number of prominent Churches. Furthermore, he was always a delightful speaker on any secular subject which he chose to discuss, and was invariably listened to with pronounced eagerness.

After twenty years of faithful and highly satisfactory service at Allegheny, he was urged to go to Denver and accept a chair in the University of Denver. He was assisted in making his decision to accept this invitation by the condition of his wife's health. The physicians recommended the change, confidently expressing the feeling that such shift would materially lengthen her life. And so the transfer was made, and it is pleasant to record that they never regretted their action. Mrs. Hyde was noticeably benefited by the climate, and Dr. Hyde himself has possibly added years to his Nestorian career under the turquoise sky of the Centennial State.

4. Labors in the University of Denver.

At the time when Dr. Hyde went West to his third field of educational activity, David Hastings Moore was chancellor of

the University of Denver. Having trained bishops, our excellent scholar was certainly fitted to associate with two chancellors of the University of Denver who forged ahead till they reached the highest distinction that Methodism could confer upon them. These men were David H. Moore and William F. McDowell.

Besides, having enjoyed the privilege of teaching those who afterward became statesmen of national reputation, he was a worthy co-laborer of Henry Augustus Buchtel, who, after being chancellor of the University of Denver for some time, was elected governor of Colorado, serving one term with conspicuous success; at the same time, upon the earnest solicitation of the Trustees, retaining the chancellorship of the university. No one was happier than was Dr. Hyde at the political honor conferred upon Chancellor Buchtel, for whom he has intense admiration and whose phenomenal work for the university receives his unstinted praise.

Dr. Hyde came to Denver in 1884, a quarter of a century ago. The place he accepted had been held by Charles W. Super, later

the well-known professor of Greek in Ohio University, Athens, Ohio.

At that time David H. Moore was at his best, surcharged with physical and mental vigor; and, though he still does yeoman service for the Church, with perhaps years of activity ahead, yet in those days he was in many respects little short of marvelous. He was a splendid mixer, a swinging orator, and a born leader. He was a colonel in the Civil War, and he has never lost the knack of putting the fighting spirit into people with whom he labors. He was and still is pre-eminently influential with the masses. Dr. Hyde thoroughly admired Chancellor Moore, and in the writer's hearing has paid glowing tribute to his strength and resourcefulness. He declares that Moore could easily have held high political office in Colorado, had he set out to win it.

In the year 1889 Chancellor Moore was suddenly surprised to receive a telegram from those in authority asking him to go to Cincinnati, Ohio, and assume the editorship of the *Western Christian Advocate*. He wired a declination. Again he was urged

to accept and was emphatically informed that a negative answer would not be considered. He therefore yielded and had a most brilliant term as editor, being promoted from the editorship to the bishopric.

At Chancellor Moore's retirement from the University of Denver, Dr. Hyde was made vice-chancellor, and the brunt of the heavy burden rested for a year upon his shoulders.

In those days the university had no home at University Park, where the Liberal Arts department is now housed. All the activities centered in the heart of Denver, in the neighborhood of Fourteenth and Arapahoe Streets, where are still located the professional schools of the institution. Dr. Hyde taught Greek, Latin, French, and German, and occupied himself the rest of his working hours with an assortment of duties, not the least of which was the regulation of affairs in general.

Presently William Fraser McDowell was selected as chancellor to take the place of David Hastings Moore. The new chancellor was a man of splendid parts, who gave a decade and more of service to the university at the most trying period of her history, be-

ing compelled to face those dark days when fortunes went skyrocketing and the sheriff's hammer threatened constantly. In September, 1908, former Chancellor, then Bishop McDowell, in a masterly address to the students of the university at the opening of the fall quarter, vividly sketched that gloomy period of the early nineties when, all business paralyzed, the university apparently hopelessly bankrupt, he one day went to his study in utter despair and comforted himself by taking out his college diploma and grimly reflecting that, though notes and mortgages were but so much useless paper and bank accounts but little more than a hollow mockery, he had in his mind and soul that discipline which, coupled with admirable physique, could be pitted with confidence against all the hosts of opposition. He was in the crucible then; but the severe testing he underwent contributed toward making him the commanding figure that he is to-day in the episcopacy.

Between the new chancellor and our good friend Dr. Hyde a strong attachment sprang up. But Dr. Hyde has always been eminently loyal to his superiors. No one element in his

make-up is more notable than his whole-hearted fidelity to those over him. He has always had large hopes for the University of Denver, and has been permitted to see the dawn of what is a truly remarkable era. His faith in Chancellor Buchtel and in the institution's prospects under his vigorous leadership is sublime—the faith that laughs at impossibilities and cries, "It shall be done!"

In the year 1891 Chancellor McDowell thought to give the venerable professor a rare treat by arranging for him a trip abroad. Accordingly he wrote to many of Dr. Hyde's friends and admirers scattered up and down the land, inviting contributions to a fund being raised to enable Dr. Hyde to see "his native country"—Greece! And so the night after the Commencement of 1891 he set out upon his journey. He was sixty-six years of age, and had taught Greek for forty-five years without ever having sufficient vacation or money to get beyond the borders of America. His career had been till then, as indeed one may say always, a career of astonishing activity and crowded with a multiplicity of exacting duties. With what feelings of restless

anticipation, therefore, he set out to view those historic scenes about which he had long read, and which, in fact, had given color to his whole life! His opportunity was limited. He could be away no longer than the summer vacation. He would be imperatively needed in September, when the new college year began. So he must forego matters of lesser moment and strike at once for things of supreme interest and concern to him.

Once across the Atlantic, he had a bird's-eye view of Hamburg and Berlin, and then struck out for Vienna, and thence made his way to Athens. Now he was on the ground where in days of old held forth the heroic commanders and soul-stirring orators and inspired poets who had become the idol of his scholastic realm. With what eagerness he rambled through the ruins of the famous city, thinking of Pericles and Demosthenes and Æschylus and Plato! What emotions surged through his heart as he stood on the battlefield of Marathon, and how the fires blazed within as he ever and anon repeated to himself those enlivening sentiments of Lord Byron:

"The Isles of Greece! The Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set!"

And again:

"A king sat on the rocky brow
That looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations,—all were his.
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?"

At the time of his visit to Athens, Dr. Hyde saw the famous palace erected by that wealthy and brilliant investigator, Dr. Schliemann, whose excavations at Troy have become known throughout the world. This mansion was built to represent the Homeric palace; and the noted German, in order to testify as fully as possible to his devotion to the mighty past of Greece and Troy, had named a son Agamemnon and a daughter Andromache!

In the presence of these and countless other objects of interest, our traveller spent

a summer all too short, yearning for two years rather than two months in which to contemplate those wondrously suggestive traces of that leader among nations twenty-five centuries ago.

But he must turn his steps toward the West again. Taking ship from Greece, he landed at Brindisi, the Brundisium of classical times, from which the Romans of the days of Cicero and Cæsar and Horace were wont to embark for Athens to study philosophy and finish off their education. The days were precious. Time was scarcely taken for the requisite sleep. Eighteen hours out of every twenty-four he bent all his energies to the delightful task. Proceeding up through Italy, he had a glimpse of Naples, saw Mount Vesuvius, and thought of the great eruption of 79 A. D., which buried Pompeii and Herculaneum and proved the fatal venture for Pliny the Elder.

Arriving at Rome he again endeavored to see everything of attraction to the classical scholar. It was no violent stretch of the imagination to feel himself in the Roman senate listening to Cicero as he hurled appalling interrogatories and bitter invective at

Catiline, who, like wounded animal at bay, showed in his crafty countenance mingled hate and fear and defiance.

He recalled Augustus and his friendship for Vergil and Horace and the rest. He thought now of gladiatorial combats, now of chariot races, now of Christians thrown to the lions. These and ten thousand other reminders of the life that had been there filled all his waking moments and even crept into his dreams; and he left Rome as he had departed from Athens, regretting that he could not linger. But he had been "born again" in classic lore.

With a sigh at the fleeting character of his experience, but intensely grateful that he had had it at all, he pushed north through the gorgeous scenery of Switzerland, and then, after a brief stay in Paris, he passed over to the British Isles, saw the leading points of interest in London and Edinburgh, and was off again, retracing his path across the Atlantic.

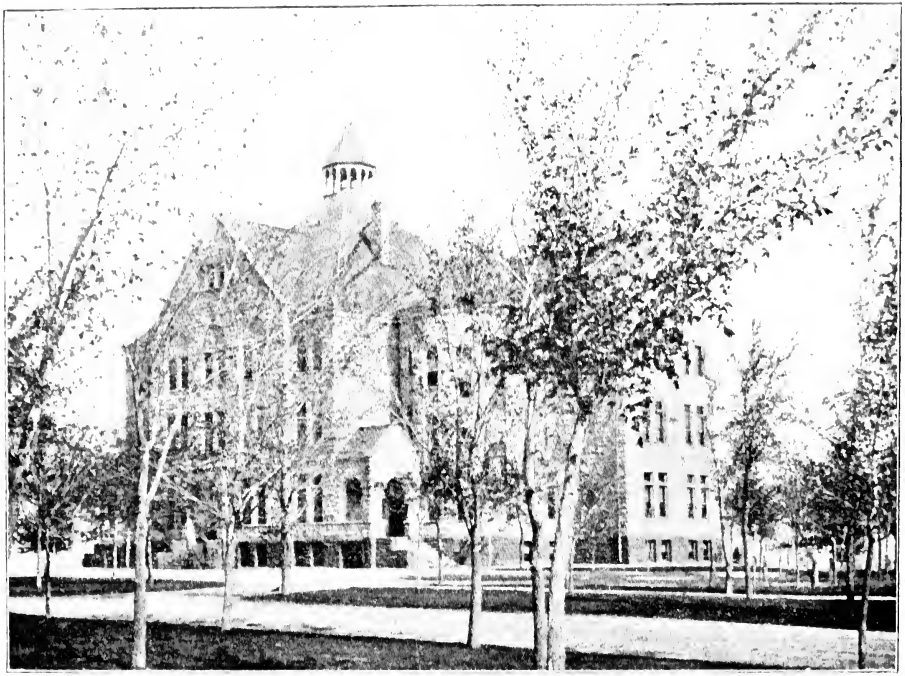
Back again on American soil and speeding Westward to the field of his labors, he could hardly realize that his sojourn abroad had been other than a vision; but in the strength

of that vision he resumed his welcome task, stirring the youthful mind by dynamic reference to what his eyes had beheld and his soul had experienced at first hand. As one result of his European holiday, he subsequently gave numerous lectures fraught with far-reaching suggestion and teeming with most delightful entertainment.

In his latest days he is enjoying the satisfaction that comes to the heart of every educator as he reflects upon the numerous youthful lives he has had opportunity to stimulate. And his sweetest consolation, aside from his hope of a glorious existence in the world to come, is the consciousness that, after he passes across the border-line, he can continue to live in the esteem and affection of a host of students who caught from him some notion of the unspeakable possibilities of a human life. His teaching career lasted for seventy years. He has wrought well. He has touched man's triple nature—body, mind, soul. No one, perhaps, could with clearer conscience appropriate to himself the words of the Apostle Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my work, I have kept the faith!"

AMMI BRADFORD HYDE

Ammi Bradford Hyde is unsurpassed for his sincere and skillful compliment of others and for the conspicuous brevity and downright humility of his statements regarding himself. Forced to call attention to anything in his life or work, he almost invariably prefaces the allusion by saying, "Pardon me for referring to myself." He never sounds his own praises. Others seek him. He does not advertise himself in cheap or regrettable fashion; and so he has lost some handsome positions. But he never learned to play the politician in seeking advancement. The result is that he has had a career at once humble and glorious—humble as men regard earthly preferment; glorious, since in his declining years he does not have to face the uncanny ghost of self-exploitation. A rare man! Regarded with love unfeigned in his latter days, when many men grow fretful and cynical and unlovely. What marvelous eagerness the young men and women manifest to catch every syllable of these latest chapel talks. Verily, in his closing days he is a most impressive exponent of the true values of life. "We shall not see his like again."



UNIVERSITY HALL, LIBERAL ARTS DEPARTMENT, UNIVERSITY OF DENVER.

In the *Methodist Review* for November-December, 1903, in an article entitled "The Teacher's Calling," Dr. Hyde gives a comprehensive notion of his conception of the line of activity to which his life has been mainly devoted. Consider a group of sentiments therein set forth:

One who entered it [the teacher's work] in the year of Victoria's crowning and who for seventy years went in and out accomplishing its service may be fairly thought to know something of its nature. Teaching is now one of the great "businesses," with branches many and varied, dealing or aspiring to deal with all the young of our species; that is to say, with all our species. Viewed in its aggregate, it is oceanic and sublime, fit theme for orators. . . .

The beginner in our calling may, like a recruit in the army, like a ship putting to sea, have initial stock and store in good supply, yet he is at its beginning only. Even here one endowment born, not gained, he must have—the teacher temperament. This is not easy to define. It is a fitness to be the colorless link between truth and soul, as the Colorado beet between sunshine and sugar, inexhaustible light and sweetness on either hand. . . .

Equipped thus fairly as he may be, he

finds as he begins his work his intellectual activity developed with new energy. The demand for it is enormous. It is not merely that even the simplest branch of every course of study is now rapidly unfolding, liable to change its aspect and call for methods somewhat new, but his study of his pupils is to be earnest, careful, unceasing. . . . If his teaching does not touch them it is wasted. . . . These [the pupils] are living volumes, and to master these is the teacher's task when schoolroom work is done, even to remember them on his bed and canvass them in his night watches. . . .

Another lively call upon the teacher is that for reverence toward his pupils. . . . Awkward, heedless, willful they may be, but they are human, and there is a duty to even the stupid and the bad. . . .

Still another grave demand upon the teacher is this—to create the atmosphere of the schoolroom. It was in a rude district of rural Connecticut, where an athlete had utterly failed, that it came clear to this pedagogue that three-quarters of his work was to be done with the heart. Years have strengthened the conviction. . . . Love your pupils. . . .

As for financial returns, the calling is one of earnings, not of profits. . . . In view of the cost of preparation, the teacher is the most scantily paid of all the intellectual la-

borers except those in the gospel ministry. . . . Virtue may be its own reward, yet it has some need of margin. . . . A professor's wife in one of our richest universities was asked how the Faculty could live so handsomely on salaries so meager. "By marrying rich wifes," she, smiling, answered. . . . On the whole, those called to the teacher's calling are not likely soon to put on purple and fine linen. . . .

As to social standing, the teacher has small cause of discontent. . . . Teachers are nobly at home in conversation. For this their daily service is a training. . . .

Stormy applause is not for the teacher. The breath of fame does not blow his way; the air of good conscience he himself may inhale, and it is fragrant and salutary, but breezes spiced with eulogy wing their way along lines of more startling achievement. . . . Our calling has small space on the scroll of fame, its workings being behind screen and out of the glare. One reads of the prowess of Achilles, and thinks little of Charon, the centaur, who trained him; of Alexander, quite apart from Aristotle as his tutor; of Julius Cæsar, oblivious of Gnipho, who taught him. Ah, well! The work needs not the label of the worker's name.

Eminently pertinent and comprehensive these statements; and the writer has been no

mere theorist. Thousands will bear witness that the truths uttered are woven into the warp and woof of his very being and are constantly emphasized in his daily life. He practices what he preaches.

Hyde Earl of Clarendon & Rochr.

THE HYDE COAT OF ARMS.

III

SELECTIONS FROM DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE

At various times during his life he kept a diary. The earliest efforts in this line were when he was about thirteen years of age. Some extracts from his youthful record will contain hints of interest. There is perhaps little that is unusual, but the efforts of the twelve-year-old boy are likely to carry a suggestion of what is in store for the future. Beginning in the month of November, 1837, he writes as follows:

Thursday, the 23d.—This morning was cold and blustering, with flurries of snow. As the first class was reciting in school the chimney got on fire, which made quite a rumpus. To-night it cleared off and was quite cold, and in the evening I wrote a letter to Washington G. Wheeler, of Lisle, an old friend. There was a cotillion party to-night at the fort hill house.

Friday, the 24th.—This morning was also very cold. I tried the ice, but it was so weak (for a small snow had fallen during the night) that it would not bear me. It was very cold all day. At night I went to Mr. Northrup's to get one of Peter's shoes mended. My boots were not big enough, so Mr. Walker had to make me another, the third pair. When I came home I read some very good stories in the lady's book.

Saturday, the 25th.—The morning was cold and snowy. In the forenoon in school the clock stopped.[1] At noon I went on the ice and broke in and got both of my feet wet. After drying them I went over the river and stayed with Henry a spell. It grew colder every moment. When coming home I looked into Dr. Butler's yard and saw father with Harry Balcom's team getting hay. I went and trod down hay in the wagon and drove home. After we had unloaded, I drove over to Mr. Balcom's house to leave the team. I like to drive horses, but father always likes an excuse from touching one. At dark it was very cold.

Sunday, the 26th.—It was very cold all day; but at night it was warmer.

Monday, the 27th.—It was very cold today also. This noon I took my skates for

[1] Note that school was "keeping" on Saturday.

the first time this year and went down on the ice to skate. I found Mr. Thurber's boys busily engaged in breaking up the ice because Mr. Hunt's boys had hurt somewhat their sliding-place, so out of revenge they were determined to destroy it altogether. Father talked some of getting another pig, for he thought he could keep one in addition to mine, but at last he concluded not to get one. In the evening I wrote my composition.

Tuesday, the 28th.—It was somewhat colder to-day. When the class in school had read, Dr. Clark came posting over to Mr. McKoon with the news that the ice on the cove was unsafe, that he had seen several boys of the Academy skate too near its edge, and that he (being a Trustee) wished Mr. McKoon to speak to the foreign scholars against going upon it: which he faithfully did, but at noon there were more boys on it than there had been at any time before. In the evening I went to meeting about the singing school, but at a little past eight o'clock I came home, cold, cross, and discontented. At noon there was a rumor that Mr. Judson's building over the river had got on fire, but I believe it only burnt a small place in the floor.

Wednesday, the 29th.—This morning it rained a little, but the sun came out and shone nearly all the forenoon. Our cow has got a notion of pulling me off in the mud

towards the place where some cabbages grew last summer, to pick up the leaves. We feed her about half of a bushel of rutabagas a day and what hay she will eat, and she keeps fat and gives about seven or eight quarts of milk daily. Our pig is now about two months old and grows rapidly. To-day he jumped out of his pen twice. In the afternoon the girls came up-stairs to hear the compositions read, for last Wednesday all spoke and to-day all read. Mr. Sturges is by far the best writer in school at present. In the evening I went to the Universalist singing school, but I do not think that Mr. Carpenter is as good a teacher as Mr. Bowers.

Thursday, the 30th.—This was the day appointed by Governor William L. Marcy for Thanksgiving, and completed the second week from the commencement of this journal. In the forenoon I piled up wood and helped father cut up a hog which weighed 294 lbs., and was the fattest one we have ever had. In the afternoon I took Peter and went over the river. I took some bags down to Mr. Dudley's for Mr. A. F. Lee (who gave me sixpence worth of quills for doing it), where I had an opportunity of seeing the pigs and hogs. Mr. Lee's hog is a "rauncher" and will probably weigh 400 lbs. before he kills. I could not get a fair view of Mr. Dudley's hog, but I presume that he is larger. Mr.

Dudley's pig is not half as big as ours, but I should not think he was quite so old. To-day George N. Williams was here from college, who formerly lived here. I finished the day by doing my chores and splitting and piling up wood. In the evening Jared and Henry came over to eat and drink Thanksgiving with us.

Friday, 1st of December, 1837.—It was very warm. Last night I dreamed a great many dreams.[2] While doing my chores I was taken with such a sickness that I could not go to school.

Saturday, Dec. 2d.—I was some better to-day, but not enough to go to school. It was very foggy this morning, from which father prophesied a cold turn soon. About noon the sun came out and it was very warm. In the afternoon, feeling better, I went over the river on an errand. When I came back, having stopped for a spell, the boatman got me into his boat and spattered me till I was "pretty considerably" wet. It was so warm this afternoon, that the grass grew, quite green and fresh. In the evening I went to a meeting at Mrs. Wilcox's concerning the singing school.

Sunday, the 3d of December.—To-day it was very pleasant.

[2] Naturally! It was after "eating and drinking" Thanksgiving!

Monday, the 4th of December.—This morning was somewhat colder. After the first bell had rung for school, C. I. Hayes called for me to go to school. Dwight Clark heard some classes for Mr. McNeil. In the afternoon there was a very little snow. In the evening illustrations on astronomy were given at the Baptist meeting-house by R. McKee, but I did not attend. I lent C. I. Hayes a shilling to pay his passage.[3] The Academy scholars went in for half price. To-day there was a man afflicted with that horrid disease St. Vitus's dance begging around town for money to go to Utica. His nerves were calmed only by music, and he intended to go to Utica to turn the crank for an organ in the museum.

Tuesday, the 5th of December.—It was cloudy and cold this morning. To-day Ethan Clarke, who has been on the canal, came to school. The day has been very cold, and at night it was very clear. It will probaby snow to-morrow, for there was a ring round the moon and no stars in it.

Wednesday, the 6th.—The weather was very fine for the season. In the afternoon I stayed at home to write a letter to grandmother at Camden. In the evening I went to the singing school. Mr. Bowers trained us till ten o'clock, when I was very tired.

[3] Admission.

Thursday, the 7th.—To-day it was rather chilly, but no snow. In the afternoon father worked on the road. In the evening I went to the fort-hill-house to see the boys who board there. About 7 3/4 we went down to Deacon Gile's to see some boys who board there. Now, Mr. Gile will not allow them to bring boys to their room. But one of them named Rogers, called Chick, came "suction" onto him. He made a key to fit the front door, and the Deacon being absent, Mrs. Gile let Chick take two of us through the kitchen, and while they were clambering up-stairs he slipped to the door and unlocked it. Our retreat was made in the same manner but with more caution, for the Deacon was now in his shop, and this is the only way they can get boys into their room.

Friday, the 8th.—To-day was very cold and it snowed some. In the evening I went over the river to see Henry.

Saturday, the 9th.—This day was also very cold. I finished seven orations of Cicero to-day.[4] I shall read no more this term. Clark Hayes asked me to-day to go to Guilford with him next Thursday. This evening I got an answer to the letter I wrote to W. G. Wheeler, at which I was very glad. I passed the evening very comfortably by the fireside.

[4] At the age of twelve!

Sunday, the 10th of December, 1837.—This morning the snow was very nearly an inch deep. I attended meeting at the Methodist Church as usual. It snowed almost all day and was some warmer than yesterday, but very slippery.

Monday, the 11th of December, 1837.—This morning I saw several sleighs and cutters, but the snow was not deep enough to have the sleighing very good. I did not have much to do to-day at school. In the evening I went over to Dudley's shop.

Thursday, the 14th.—I did not do much to-day worthy of notice. The snow went off some to-day. In the evening there was a donation party at Mr. Burk's, the Church minister.

We have lived with the boy of twelve for three weeks, and have observed that his life had enough of entertainment to make it interesting. He was given work at home to teach him the dignity of manual labor, he was reading Cicero's orations in the Academy, and was able to write a fair composition. Evidently he was interested in the sports and entertainments of the village. Let us now add some diary entries that are of interest, but not taken consecutively:

SELECTIONS FROM DIARY

Thursday, 2d of January, 1838.—To-day I began to go to school. Clark Hayes was there, and many of my friends also. My studies will be Latin, French, Algebra, and Greek.[5] Many scholars who had not been at school for some time were present.

Monday, 14th of February, 1838.—Attended school again. Tolerably pleasant. In conversation Mr. Abbot said that many boys when young passed over a great deal of ground, but were not thorough. I took the hint, but let him stick me if he can on what I have read under his instructions.

Though fickleness is, I hope, no part of my character, yet I am heartily tired of the sameness of a journal and I think I will keep a commonplace book in which I can put down such anecdotes and events as please. For beginning see next page:

I have got the fattest pig and father has got the fattest baby I ever saw.

The Motto of the Horse

Up hill don't urge me—down the steep ascent
Spare and don't urge me when my strength is spent.
Impel me briskly o'er the level earth,
But in the stable don't forget my worth.

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[5] No wonder that he attained to great facility in these languages, inasmuch as he was studying them all at the age of twelve or thirteen!

"Soft!"

"Do you find the bump of generosity there?" said a silly fellow whose head was undergoing phrenological examination. "I find something here rather giving," said the man of heads, pressing his fingers on the skull.

Woman's Secrecy

She 's secret as the grave,—allow
I do, I can not doubt it;
But, like a grave with tombstones on
That tell you all about it!

A judge in Kentucky has decided that a dandy is a nuisance and may be kicked into the gutter the same as any other puppy.

Reasoning

If wine is poison, so is tea,
Only in another shape.
What matters whether one is killed
By canister or grape?

Such are the interesting items that crowd this diary kept by a boy of twelve. Let us now make the contrast as wide and marked as possible by contemplating some of the entries found in the diary sixty years later:

Birthday, Mch. 13, 1888—62 years of age. —A bright, warm day of the true Colorado

type. . . . Who thinks he grows old? I use glasses some, but am not gray. I can run, jump, and do anything as vigorously as ever in my life. During the year I found all my way watered and green with the Divine mercy. I have not lost an hour or an occasion by illness. I have lived within my income. I have made many mistakes, but here I am at 62, blest with a thousand blessings. How much I need, how earnestly do I desire to be in no bondage to the world, to serve Christ faithfully, to put my chief concern upon the spiritual world that I am soon to enter! Mercifully help me, O Christ, to be humble, pure, and true, such as may through Thee find acceptance with my Judge!

Birthday, Mch. 13, 1890.—A busy day it was. My place in school gave me little time to think of anything outside of regular duty. But what a blessing to be able at sixty-four to run, to work, to eat, and to feel a steady flow of cheerful emotions! My dear wife and daughter did their utmost to make the day agreeable and they perfectly succeeded.

Birthday, Mch. 13, 1895: 69 years old.—A day stormy and cold, but in our house bright and cheery. Our family life has events so few as to illustrate the saying, "Happy the people that have no history!" My dear wife, calm and comfortable; my daughter, ac-

tive and loving; Alice, our housekeeper, quiet, sympathetic, and faithful; myself flush with vigor as at any time in my life, with abundant work and ability to do it. Is not that a record? My "estate" has mostly vanished, and the prospects of the school are dark, but there is the living God, and in Him I strengthen myself. My engagements are, I believe, fairly maintained. For twenty-five years I have written S. S. Notes every week, and the demand for them does not fail. I have in hand as a cash task the "Art Glimpses," and am writing the Whedon Commentary. I am pastor of our Church, and I have 4 to 5 classes in school. Enough! . . . How strength, activity, and joy are given me! "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!"

March 13, 1899: 73 years old.—A busy day. . . . I am so little affected by years. My beard is grayish, but not my head, and I am flush with vigor. O, to be more like Christ as the years increase! . . . Judge Belden has this year gone, as have so many that I am but a survivor. As God will! Yet, "I have no fault to find with life." Gerasko aei didaskomenos[6] ("I grow old but ever learning!")

[6] γηράσκω ἀεὶ διδασκόμενος.

How the real man shows himself in these records!

But additional light will be got from a bit of his correspondence. It is greatly to be regretted that letters can not be presented, written at the various periods of his life. His correspondence as a whole would probably be as good as a history of religion and politics and literature and philosophy for the last three-quarters of a century. But the letters that are available speak of a crucial time in his experience—namely, his college days at Wesleyan. His letters are of high literary quality even when he is telling ordinary matters; and that is one proof of the excellence of his early awakening along literary lines. But to the letters. The first is one written just after his arrival at Middletown, in September, 1844. It recounts his experiences and impressions and reflections on the journey from Oxford, New York, to begin his work as a college student:

My Dear Father,—I avail myself of the earliest leisure to relieve the anxiety I know you must feel for my sake, and to give you evidence that, though at this distance, the

warmth of my affection for you does by no means diminish.

When I parted from you in Genesee Street, my feelings were indescribable. The years of anxiety you had endured for me, your constant affection, your devoted and untiring care in sickness and health all passed in rapid review before me, and then the withering thought that I had taken leave perhaps forever of those who were ordained of heaven to be my best earthly friends and who had so well fulfilled the sacred office. Such an event is an era in my life. The sunny hours of the child at home were passed forever. I was now entering the world to make trial for manhood. The trials, vicissitudes, and cares of life I cared not for,—they were dust in the balance; but, O, to think of the warm hearts I was leaving, relations for which nature affords no substitute (for where can we again find parents?) the agony of that thought was more than any can conceive who has never felt! Heaven grant that I may be spared another heart-rending trial like that! But the fiercest storm will pass. Reason resumed her seat and the heaving ocean of feeling dashed in vain against the rugged granite of resolution. The duties of life must be attended to. Times of natural sorrow none can avoid, but we may shun that more poignant grief which neglect of duty will surely bring upon us.

OLD DORMITORY AT WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

IN THIS BUILDING (RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE) AMMI BRADFORD HYDE ROOMED IN ROOM 64.

I proceeded immediately to the boat office to secure my passage. The boat, I found, was to start at 7.30 P. M. I then strolled round the city until tea time, looking at everything of interest. You know you wished to see a boat weighed. I saw it done. The boat entered the lock as usual. The water was drawn off by a gate in the bottom, running under the city to the Mohawk. The boat settled upon a platform of timber which was sustained by the iron rigging you saw, and weighed like common hanging scales. I returned to Uncle Thomas's to tea. It was served in superb style, and, in addition to the family, I found there a very fashionable lady named Gaines. She was highly dressed, wore an enormous bustle, and jewelry enough to buy a good farm. They treated me in the kindest manner, and I remember them with gratitude. Fifteen minutes after seven I was at the boat landing, but lo! the boat had gone, having arrived before its time and gone on. Such starting in life, or rather such not starting, may be ominous; but I was not to blame for it. Nothing was left for me but to stay over the night in Utica. The cars were going down, but my passage money had been paid by the agent to the boat captain and could not be returned. So, back I went to L 's and staid the night. In the morning I was on hand early, got a breakfast on the wharf, and a little past seven started for Albany. The

packet was full of a motley and diversified company, numbers of Dutch and Yankees and one Jew. This last was a wonderfully interesting fellow for one of his race, lively and agreeable. I soon got acquainted with a hearty old Dutchman, and enjoyed myself, forgetting for a while, in the novelties of the journey, my past and future anxiety. The country below Utica is fine, with much the same features we saw above. The canal is enlarged nearly all the way to Schenectady, and was constantly thronged with boats. The first place of interest is German Flatts, where I saw the site of Brant's house and of the old stone fort, noted in the Revolutionary War. Little Falls is a strange place. For a mile and a half the bed of the river, the flats, and everything but the towpath are one solid rock. A large village is founded on this. I believe I saw no gardens nor anything of the kind. A short distance back on each side of the stream rise perpendicular rocks to a great height, forming a singular and rather romantic scene.

Near the village the Mohawk falls irregularly for a short distance, better deserving the name of cascades than falls. A very good dinner was got for us on the boat, to which we did good justice. Nothing of moment occurred until we reached Canajoharie. Here a hickory pole had been raised,[7] and 2,000

[7] The fall of 1844, when James K. Polk was elected President of the United States.

people assisted. They had just finished as we came up, and had raised a balloon which soared finely up. A great number got on board to go home, and the way they cheered was good. They were in the best of spirits, ladies and all, and were sure of carrying all before them.

As evening drew on, I began to retire more to my own thoughts, gloom again crept over me, and I mused continually on the home of affection I had left. Should I ever see it again? Would it ever seem home again? Would she whose image fancy refused to withdraw from my sight, but presented in colors still more bright and vivid, the mother with whom God had blessed me, affectionate and patient mother—would she be there to welcome her child to her arms, or will the damp clods of the graveyard hide her from the embrace of an orphan child? But enough! my writing grows dim and my throat fills and aches. God help me!

My rest that night was small, and unrefreshing. At 4 A. M. we were landed at Schenectady and set off on the railroad immediately. The distance to Troy was thirteen miles, and we arrived in about an hour. On the way I saw hundreds of acres of good dry land covered with a second growth of brush. Wood must be valuable to pay on such land. I dislike a railroad. The noise

is tedious, the scenery is lost; in fact, their only recommend is speed.[8]

At Troy I strolled around the dock and looked at the shipping, etc. There were a few sloops and schooners and one or two steamboats. The great business seemed to be in coal and lumber.

At eight P. M. I started for Albany in the hourly stage. It is all the way like a splendid village, being lined with superb country-seats. In less than an hour I was whirled over a macadamized road to the Carlton House. Henry[9] was in bed at eight. I hastened to his room and forgot my cares in the warm embrace of a loving brother. You may imagine my feelings. He was well and fat. We looked and talked to each other as hard as we could, until meeting time, of things at home. His eager inquiries I could scarcely satisfy. We attended the Catholic Church. The service of mass was in itself interesting, but it led my mind back in time to the ages when mailed knights and crested spearmen bowed around the holy symbol and a credulous people were by it led to perish on the plains of Palestine. The sermon was adorned with the flowers of rhetoric, but lacked in spirituality. It did not touch the

[8] Thirteen miles an hour! Things have changed.

[9] A brother two years older. At that time, though but twenty-one, he was Assistant Attorney General of the State. Later he became a prominent lawyer in Wall Street, New York City.

heart. The congregation was large, mostly Irish. In the P. M. we heard Bangs (I think son of Dr.) in the building once a circus. He did very well. In the evening we went over to Greenbush and walked on the bank of the river. On Monday he had little to do and we went over the city. The State buildings are magnificent. His office is the finest you can imagine, large, lofty, and splendidly furnished. We ascended the dome and looked out over the town. But I must hasten. I reminded H— of neither clothes nor quinces, for the simple reason that I forgot it myself. He paid me no money, as he had not received his month's pay, but will aid me on demand.

At 5 P. M. I left in the boat. The boat was crowded, a fire company with a band of musick were on board. Some U. S. soldiers, in fact some of everybody. One of these was unfortunate enough to insult the sergeant, for which he was flogged till my blood ran cold, then tied and left on the bow of the boat to cool. I make no comments— you do that, father. The scenery I lost, my sleep was no better, and I was glad when we landed in New York. I put my baggage immediately upon the Middletown boat, and started round the city. The first in my course were the docks. I saw no ship under sail, but a splendid Liverpool packet was lying there, surpassing anything I ever saw. I can

not describe it now. I then went to the Battery, a beautiful walk shaded by the trees and fanned by the cool sea breezes. The Park is fine, in circular form, containing deer, etc. I saw the Bowery, City Hall, Tammany, Book Concern,[10] etc., and in the P. M. visited the museum. Here was everything from the mouse to the elephant, the humming bird to the eagle, the shiner to the whale,—in fact, a specimen of everything that exists in nature or art.

At 4 P. M. I started up the river to M—. I had no idea before of the extent of the city; but as we sailed nearly the length of it, I began to think it was quite a settlement. Ships and merchandise extended for miles, and no space between the buildings. We had a fine view of L— Island on one side and Blackwell's on the other, with the Penitentiary, etc. L— Island rises fast from the water and is well wooded. Hurlgate is a narrow, rocky channel, but presented nothing strange when we passed. The next thing of interest was a point whose name I could not learn, where they are building an immense fort. We soon had a fine sea view in one direction. John wants to know how it looks. All I can say is that right here the waves are large, out yonder smaller and bluer, farther still we can not distinguish them, and beyond is a deep

[10] Of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

blue line broken perhaps by a sail no longer than a finger.

I could not pay 50c for a berth to lie awake in, so when tired I lay down on some trunks and rested well. At daylight we were at M. It appears well, the city on the slope of a hill, the U— at the top. I went to the hotel and after breakfast to the U—. Dr. Olin[11] was not at home. I found Prof. Smith, who gave me a room. It is No. 64, South Section, the back corner of the 4th story. It was already furnished, partly by my chum. I have bought a bed and blanket (O, if I could have some from home!), the sheets, etc., are included. Two chairs, a bookcase, etc., are absolutely needed. Pillows I got new for $1.84, the best I could do.

Wednesday was spent in fitting my room. Others did the same, the building was cleaned, a busy time it was. On Thursday examination commenced. It was searching and thorough beyond anything I ever saw. It showed every one in his real merit. I did not enter as I expected. In Latin I was excused from examination, the course in Greek I review the junior year, in natural science and belles-lettres I enter the Junior, in mathematics I review Freshman and enter Sophomore. To graduate in two years will require great exertion and the whole time. My main trouble is for funds. You must write and encourage

[11] The President of Wesleyan University at that time.

me. I think, if not unfortunate, I can graduate in two years. I practice the most rigid economy, yet books I can not do without. The Faculty are a straight-haired Methodist-like set of men, criticise closely and impartially. I may at some future time describe them to you particularly. I board in the hall at $1.80 per week. The fare is plain but plentiful and well got up, the hall keeper a plain, agreeable, superannuated preacher.

The scenery about M— is fine beyond all I ever saw. The water, the flats, and the well-wooded hills recall the view you have south; but here it is in every direction alike.

Since I have been here I have had hours of anguish, but after prayerful inquiry I think I am in the path of duty and that here I shall be blessed. I never before felt so deeply the priceless value of a religion which sustains the soul in bitter trials. Thanks to Him who gave His Spirit to bless your prayers and counsels, I feel that I have a sure support in the trials of life and a Guide through the dark valley of death who will keep me from evil. I shall on Monday unite with the Church. Religion here is high, as you may suppose. The students are all men in years and character. I shall endeavour to be one among them. . . .

And now, my dearest parents, believe me as ever your earnestly loving son,

A. B. Hyde.

After he got thoroughly settled in his new situation, he wrote a most interesting letter to his parents, in which he speaks very suggestively and fully about his situation. The letter follows:

Oct. 26th, 1844.

My Dear Parents,—By way of relief to my own feelings, I have determined again to improve a little leisure I find at my command, in communicating to you my views and circumstances. I have taken care to provide ample space,[12] yet I have little fear of "running emptyings," for I flatter myself, nay, I know well that anything that concerns me will not be devoid of interest to you. I know, too, that you no longer have around you that warm, lively company, whose sociability was sure to banish despondency; and, did I think in my absence I could in any degree dispel the loneliness of which I fear you are often sensible, I would gladly devote to the task the time which others spend in pleasure or relaxation. You need not think I have forgotten my home. It is still the bright center of my earthly affections. The picture memory retains of it has lost neither warmth nor color, and there in bright relief is the form of her who bore with my peevishness in in-

[12] Four very large pages, written in a small hand and very close together. Would that young men away from home might see what a model it is!

fancy and my ingratitude in advancing years, and who I trust still regards with affection her absent son. My parents, my brothers, and my dearest sister are firmly enshrined in my heart, beyond the influence of time or distance; and if now while I write a bitter, burning tear moistens my paper, it is not that resolution falters or religion fails, but that affection must and will be heard. Yet I can not regret my absence from home. I know the trial was severe and the experiment doubtful; but now the clouds that hung around the dispensations of Providence are in a measure removed, the storm of feeling has in some degree subsided, and I can look with more calmness, perhaps with more truth, on the merits and tendencies of the steps I have taken. No period of my life affords me more satisfaction than that in which I set my face for Middletown. I look back to it with real thankfulness. I came to the right place in just the right time. Every day convinces me more and more clearly of this, and should my stay be no longer than this term, I can imagine no way in which I could have spent time and money to better advantage. I am sensible, if I may judge of myself, that at no time in my life I have made more real improvement. I have not allowed a day nor knowingly an hour to pass without contributing to the acquisition of knowledge, the cultivation of thought, or the formation of

character. My circumstances have been peculiarly favorable. My former life was admirably planned for my real good. It gave me iron powers of endurance, to it I owe whatever bodily or mental vigor and independence I possess. True, I am conscious of more improvement now than when I was on a farm; but the power to put under contribution my present advantages, the elements of sound character and the resolution and fortitude necessary to confront the trials and discharge the duties of life, if any such qualifications I have, they are, under God, owing to the indirect but legitimate effects of those habits of life which the judicious care of my parents selected and which a fortunate necessity confirmed. The coral insect may operate unseen and unfelt in the depths of the ocean, and lo! we discover and wonder at the broad and firm foundation of an island in the bosom of the deep. Be my future course what it may, if I am not a man it will not be because under your direction my time was wasted. I never forget for a moment the cost of my present privileges. I reckon it little less than the price of blood. I can not banish the idea that to support me a father may be depriving himself of the comforts which his age requires or a sister tasking the powers of her slender frame. If it be any consolation or return, they may be sure that the

unworthy object of their regard is not conscious of ingratitude to them nor knowingly guilty of misimprovement of their bounty. But, inconsistent as I may seem, I am thankful for poverty, for to it I owe both what I have attained and a disposition to advance farther. Emulation may turn to disgust, hope of future eminence may become an idle, worn-out tale, but necessity is a master who never slumbers, a spur that never dulls. It is the parent of exertion, a living cause of improvement. If a student enters college with right views, he need not take a step without benefit. Save, perhaps, the refinements of social life, I know of no branch of elegance or utility which may not be cultivated here. There is a constant collision of mind with mind. We have societies for extempore debate, for literary and argumentative essays, and for conversation. There are those here who will one day fill high places in society, their contact engenders competition, and competition elicits powers to which they were themselves strangers. You, of course, desire to know how I rank among those around me. For me to say is a disagreeable matter; but you, my parents, if you doubt my capacity to judge, will not accuse my motive nor lay to my charge a disposition to deceive them. As far as I may decide, my standing is all my most sanguine friends have a right to expect. I am not the

first. It could not be supposed that it is a boy's play to lead a hundred students like ours, but I do not stand in a second rank.

When I came here I made no display. I discharged my duties to the best of my ability and took no pains beyond that. The students by degrees began to notice me. I was elected to their societies and now for reputation and influence I would not change places with one in my acquaintance. Should you visit your son, you would find him honored and respected among the first. I feel that my station is one of fearful responsibility, to be reckoned at the head, or rather so near the head, of a body like this; but I have consecrated my attainments and powers to One who is able to keep me from falling, except it be for my good; and I value the honors I enjoy only as they are for His glory. Should my health be spared, you may be sure you shall not blush for the credit of your family here. What I have said is for you alone. I do not wish it to go further, though I do not fear investigation.

My religious advantages are good. Prayer-meetings on Sunday and Thursday evenings, class meetings on Monday evening. On Friday a few of us fast, meeting at noon to pray for that holiness without which no man can see the Lord. We have at times a glorious season. Every day reveals to me more and more clearly the worth of that re-

ligion which saves the soul here. Had I the tongue of an angel, I could not paint the gratitude "that glows within my ravished heart," for the gift of parents who pointed me early to the only good. If I had not the support of grace, I should shrink from the duties of life; but I know that God is my rock and my present help. In my religious experience my coming to Middletown was an era. But religious joys and trials are everywhere the same. You can recollect or conceive what mine have been better than I can tell them. My impressions are neither faint nor feeble as to my destiny in life, and my friends here are firm in their opinions on the matter. But men can not tell. Providence works its own designs, and I only say, if necessary, "Here am I, send me."

On Saturday evenings I go back three miles into the country to meet a class and have formed a pleasant acquaintance with the farmers there. College life and duties are, as I have once detailed them to you, regular and unvarying. In some respects I find them unpleasant. The principal feature of life here, as it regards me, is at once severe and beneficial, that is, absence from home. Many a time, exhausted by mental exertion or oppressed with bodily pain, do I long for the comforts of home, for a father's advice and a mother's sympathy, and before I think I am unmanned by the recollection

that I am far from their reach. But for all this, a consciousness of sustaining grace and a sense of duty performed are ample return.

My health is good, I fear too good; for I shall presume on it and at last it will fail when it will be too late to recover. I eat very moderately for me and do not fail to exercise. I had your advice to get into a boat and row, and I have done so. You shall have the particulars. It was one fine Saturday, and three of us had made up our minds to go down the river six or seven miles to Haddam. We roamed along the river an hour before we found a boat, an old thing, but with a good sail, and in this at half-past ten we put out. Of course, I was perfectly "fresh," nor was either of my companions much of a sailor; but the best one took charge and we started in high spirits. The breeze was fresh but fitful and almost at right angles with the river. We would catch the wind and run for a few minutes as near to our course as possible, and then all at once halt still and lie there. But look! there is wind off there on the water, it comes nearer and nearer; look out for the sail! Now comes the breeze, striking the broadside of the sail and tipping the little boat till the water almost pours over her side—throw the sail round and ease it or we are capsized, and away the boat flies like an arrow, foaming and splashing through the water. But in a few minutes we

are reminded again that we have no power over the elements. The wind dies down, and there we lie. We summoned all our philosophy and with the help of a Greek Testament on board we wore out the intervals very well, reading, criticising, etc. Three miles below M— we entered the narrows. Here for a half mile the river bends rapidly and is hemmed in by lofty rocks, making the navigation difficult, but we got through after a while. . . . By fits and starts we got on, and about one P. M. reached H—. We looked around, went to a rope-walk where they were making a ship rope ten inches in circumference, and started back at three. Our return was a jewel of nautical experience. At first there was a fine breeze, we put out bravely into the middle of the stream, and tacked back and forth. Soon all was calm, and there we lay at work with oars to keep from going down stream. Then the wind would come again. In an hour we had hardly gained a mile. I was sitting there quietly in the middle of the boat, when puff! came the wind right over a hill. Round went the sail and away went the valued memento of a dear brother,—my hat, dancing like a thing of life over the blue waters of the Connecticut, and my hdkf, as if rejoicing at a release from durance, hastened off as fast as possible at a right angle from it. But there was no time to think of these. The boat was about

as good as upset, and off we ran before the wind to save ourselves. We tacked and returned to look for the articles lost and had almost reached them, when a steamboat came up and sent our little craft half way to the moon with its swell. After it passed we made out to get them, but here we are down to Haddam again! Well, we kept on tacking, gaining ten feet on our course average for a half mile's sailing, till sundown found us still there at that detestable Haddam. Now, if we would ever see the old Wesleyan, we must begin to do something. We steered up to the shore, turned the Conn. into a canal, and the bow-line into a tow-rope (you know a N. Yorker thinks of this first), I took the helm, and my friend played the horse. In the face of our troubles I was wicked enough to throw the head of the boat out into the stream and laugh heartily once in the while to see the "horse" drawed in spite of himself into water a foot over his hind feet. We towed until tired, then got some pins, hung our oars, and rowed home, five miles against a strong current, in pitch darkness. Was not that "exercise?" I often wished myself mowing on Broad's flat, with Cooper and Haydon, by way of taking breath! You see we had a taste of all the sailor's fortune, calm and storm and all. I was all the better for the trip, but do not care about trusting myself soon again to the caprice of the ele-

ments! I will not attempt to give you an idea of the living majesty, the airy, graceful sublimity of a ship under full sail. To call it a "thing of life" is downright dishonor, it does not begin to express it. . . .

Dr. Olin[13] is now with us. He is seldom seen, but everywhere felt. He is six feet, three inches high and very large in proportion, not corpulent, but bony,—a perfect colossus, plain as plain can be in personal appearance. He never seems conscious of effort, but in every motion there is awful dignity, in every word there is a fearful power. I hope I may never have to endure a reproof from him. I would as soon meet Jove with his thunderbolts! A boulder of granite with a hard finish of flint would not be half so unyielding as he is. The word "compromise" I believe never occurs to him as applicable to the most trifling college duties. And yet his feelings are tender and his affections strong and deep as the Amazon. In a word, he is a great man, and you can not be near him without feeling the fact. I heard him preach once. He began slowly and feebly, his eyes were not shut, but seemed to sink into his head until they were scarcely visible and his voice at a faint tenor key, just like Bishop Hedding, but fuller. At first I could perceive no order or arrangement in his thoughts; he roved over the whole em-

[13] President of Wesleyan at that time.

pire of human reason. I saw the vast force he was collecting, but could form no idea of its application. By degrees he began to converge, the velocity and power of his thoughts increased, there was no resistance, he swept us along with irresistible force; we heard the muttered roar of the cataract to which we were hastening, but we felt we were entirely in his power: there was a terrifick, deafening thunder, a fearful plunge, and lo! all was calm. The enchanter had loosened his hold, and we gasped for a breath of air again. I taxed to the utmost my powers of memory and two-thirds of his sermon I retain now, but the rest—I might as well have thought of blotting up the thunders of heaven. Such a man is Dr. Olin.

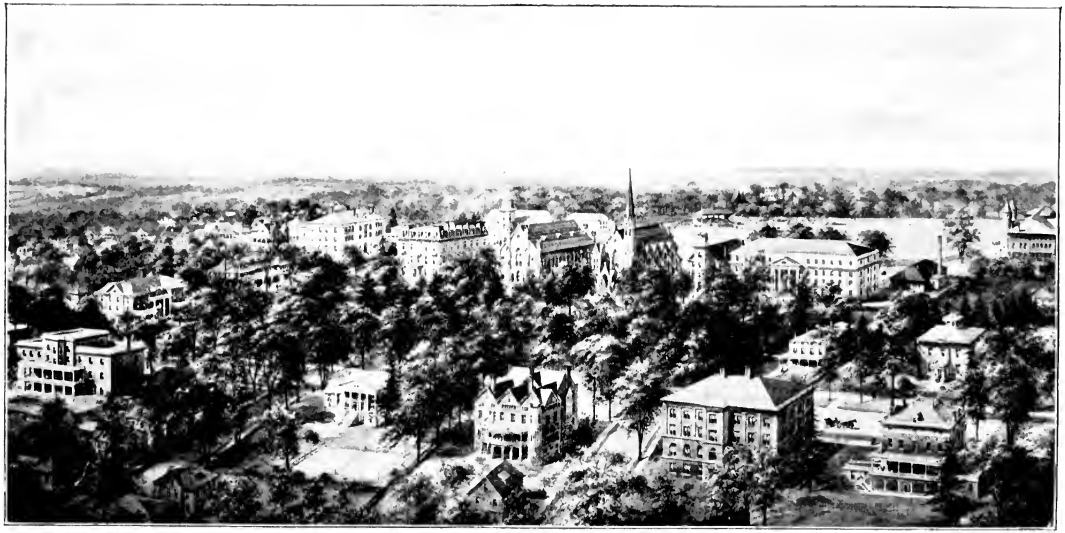
I have endeavored to get a school this winter. . . . By teaching one year I shall have means to pass my last year with ease. With this view I make all my acquirements practical. *I pass nothing which I can not explain to others fully.*[14] If I pass the year as I have commenced, I shall be able to teach all the previous course. My whole knowledge is here in constant use. I have a pupil in Hebrew, one in French, and am a standing oracle which all students consult on almost all questions. . . . I find life here pleasant. Can we ask anything more than a sense

[14] How few college students nowadays study as if they were getting ready to teach the lesson!

of favor of God and of daily improvement? I never lose sight of the object of my course, —preparation for life. From 4 A. M. till 10 P. M. I am on the stretch for improvement social, intellectual, and religious. I know I can be somebody, and *by the grace of God I will not be a cipher in the world,* let my lot be cast where it will. I am somebody here. There is an aristocracy in college, not of wealth, but of talent; and though I wear six days in the week the clothes in which I left home, and spend no money to gain good will, I have found good and abundant entrance into its ranks. I feel, too, that I have no lack of mental power. In mathematicks, where I had found trouble, I find I can grasp the most difficult reasoning with comparative ease. Indeed, in the class there is but one before me and he is a mere recitationist, knowing little but the narrow round he daily traverses. My fondness for this branch increases, but not at the expense of my love of languages. . . .

You will see at once that some parts of this letter are for your eye only, not that I have given anything but truth; yet to others it would appear vanity and future failure would therefore be attended with the greater shame. Trusting to your discretion in this matter, I remain Your son,

A. B. Hyde.



GENERAL VIEW OF GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS AT WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY; AS THEY APPEAR TO-DAY.

The third letter here presented was written during a sojourn in the rural district of Connecticut where he taught school for some months. It shows him confronting some problems which had so much to do with his career for life; and the contents of this letter will be of interest and value in an estimate of his life:

Feb. 2d, 1845.

My Dear Father,—Your excellent letter has reached me, but the reply to it has been delayed already beyond your patience. I am not, however, deficient without an excuse—perhaps a valid one. My school, as you may suppose, engrosses the most of my time. My studies occupy the effective part of the remainder. And when these have received their full amount of attention, I have seldom vigor of mind and body left enough to write even to the dearest. My courage this winter is undergoing a peculiar trial; and I made up my mind to inflict none of my experience on you until the experiment should have been fairly made, so that I might give you some light as to the probability of my success or failure. I am now on the last half of my time. I am alive. My reasoning powers are unimpaired. And when the last scholar at

night becomes inaudible and invisible, and the school-house is left to "books and shucks and me," *I usually succeed in establishing my own identity.*

I hardly know what to think of the business. Some things connected with it are very pleasant, others are very unpleasant. On the whole, it is about like any other. . . . The school numbers not far from thirty. It is as far advanced as any district school that I ever knew. Some are in Latin, some in French and Algebra, and none who are unable to get some kind of a lesson.

I can not say what success I have had, as I can compare it with no former effort. But all my patrons appear satisfied, fully so, and are making proposals for another winter. If they are contented, why should I complain? I am under obligations to please them, for they leave nothing untried to please me. If to have a flaming rural reputation, to be welcomed with smiles at every house, to be an oracle to both the old and the young, and to be in the good graces of every old lady and nearly every young one in the district could make a stay desirable, mine would surely be so.

If I could surrender myself to forgetfulness, I would be glad. But I do not know, a presentiment of being hereafter called to fill some arduous station, a sense of my need of qualification for such a one, childlike as

the idea may be, keeps me from sharing, or at least from enjoying the ease that is offered me. It has become a settled habit with me to find my rest in labor and my weariness in relaxation.[15] This winter I have done what I could. And if the principle of the widow's mite may apply to intellectual as well as to charitable labors, I have done respectably. I expect on my return[16] to be even with my class. Some attention, too, I have paid to other studies.

But the winter, whether well improved or not, is passing rapidly away. In about seven weeks I hope to be at M—. My wages will be very convenient then, will they not? But they will melt away like snowflakes in the river! I hope to make them last until May. I have a great many ways for money. My wardrobe reminds me strongly that I have no mother near by to look after it. I will have to get me a number of articles on my return to M—, pants, vest, etc. Perhaps you may wish to give me some advice about it.

My rotary boarding-house is a matter of most interesting variety. I have boarded at Mr. Smith's, Mr. John Smith's, also at Mrs. Nichols's, whom you perhaps knew by her maiden name of Oatman, at Mr. Harger's, and at Mr. Horace Candee's. It is suggested for my comfort that "change of pas-

[15] Let the young collegian of the present ponder that remark!

[16] To Wesleyan.

ture never fails to fatten;" but in my case it does. I am beyond fattening.

The worst part of my stay is that I have no means of religious or literary society; or, if any, they are scanty. My Sabbaths are divided among my Episcopalian and Congregational constituents, with an occasional visit to the Methodists in Derby. I almost faint for want of some good, heart-reviving meetings. Perhaps my religious enjoyment has been allowed to depend too much on the favor of circumstances. Isolation, then, for a time, will awaken me to the fact. It has already been good for me. It has led to a searching of heart, prayerfully, I trust, thoroughly made. The question has often been revolved by me whether I would wholly or partially give myself to the Christian service. And at times, when I have made a rational decision, I allow the assaults of worldly prospect to shatter the bulwark of my faith. Shall I join the votaries of human learning and share the delights of their enchanting pathway, or unite with those whose route is up a rugged Calvary, whose fame is the sneers of men, whose glory is a cross of anguish? Heaven help me! I have chosen. . . . What could I do without the consolations of religion? Exhausted by the cares and perplexed by the trials of life, where else could I turn for strength and refreshment?

I need not recount the circumstances which combine to make my situation more than I thought I could ever bear. It is enough, that, soul-trying as it is, grace is still sufficient. The hardest of my task is yet to come, but I will ask only for "daily bread." And though my bodily vigor is not what it was at the commencement, and my progress in study[17] will be but trifling, I will not complain; for the time is short, and, if I live through, it may at some future time be pleasant to think of the events of the winter. It is possible that I shall be the means of some permanent good to those around me, and the thought of such a possibility is a "strong comfort." I have heard of those who "walk the world and strew their path with friendships," and have often thought that it was my fortune to follow close in the footsteps of such a one. Every place in which I have been has furnished me friends, some more and some less, but all places to some extent. And here I have some whose company is a valued feast, whose sympathy revives, and whose approval strengthens. . . .

Do not expect me to stay at home or anywhere else, to be idle or doing but little, after I graduate. I will sooner go a mis-

[17] Attempting to keep up with his college work during his absence from Middletown.

sionary to Africa. Perhaps I shall at any rate. . . . I will write again if I ever get back to M—, but it is impossible for me to do so while here.

Believe me as ever yours,

A. B. Hyde.

IV

LITERARY ACTIVITIES

From early years Ammi Bradford Hyde was fond of the literary side of education. While in Wesleyan University he was as deeply engrossed in writing and speaking as he was in mere class-room performance; and his literary efforts were a distinct supplement to his recitation of lessons learned in text-books. He was shrewd enough to see that the literary side of his training was vitally essential to effective handling of himself among men. Would that young college students felt so to-day! The literary touch is altogether too rarely found among our young people who are seeking a college degree. Lamentable though it may be, it is nevertheless a most solemn and deplorable fact that commercial instincts are giving color to the higher education of a large section of the West; and the civilization of that section of our country will never be entirely what it should be, until the dollar mark ceases to

be omnipresent in the thoughts of the person who ventures to call attention to the fact that he has had college training.

But our young friend of the forties at Wesleyan had a loftier ideal. Some of his literary endeavors of those earlier years can not fail to be of more than passing significance to the youth of to-day, when, unfortunately, in many colleges athletic contests are claiming the lion's share of attention. But the subject of our story did not make the fatal mistake of the famous athlete, Milo of Crotona, who, often victor at the Olympic and Pythian games, in his last days bewailed his waning physical strength and is pitied by Cicero in his esay on Old Age, where he mentions the folly of giving first thought to the training of the body. While our young collegian rejoiced in the ability to run and leap, he took far greater delight in mental gymnastics.

It is of perennial interest to observe the character of early manifestations to see whether they were a reliable forecast of the achievements of succeeding years. And in view of the splendid literary work done by Ammi Bradford Hyde in the period of his

mature manhood, the reader will no doubt be glad to see what his youthful intellect could produce. The following oration, written by him and delivered in Wesleyan University at the Junior Exhibition, May 7, 1845, shows a mind aroused to correct procedure of thought and noteworthily appreciative of effective verbiage. Few young men in our colleges to-day could surpass this effort. The title of the oration indicates a mind alert to the philosophy of human experience. The title is, "The Influence of Obsolete Institutions." It is as follows:

Dissolution awaits all human structures. Splendid cities have flourished and fallen, and their ruins now strew the earth. Broken columns and fallen arches deface the spot where not long ago a stately palace proclaimed the pride, or a lofty temple bore witness to the piety, of men. The kings who ordered, the artists who planned, and the laborers who erected them have passed away. And the world now regards them only when, with curious wonder, it investigates the monuments of their skill, their splendor, and their toil. But when the eye rests on these scattered remains, whether they are found buried beneath the drifting sands of the desert, or shut in by the dark luxuriance of Western

forests, the mind acknowledges their power. They lead it back along the course of time. They introduce it to the society of those who first intruded on the stillness of nature, who trod in haughty triumph along the halls of these prostrate edifices, and who cowered among the tottering monuments of their early glory. They tell us of the brevity of human power and the fallacy of earthly splendor.

Such are the ruins of the works of art. It is not so with the creations of the reason and the philosophy of men. They fall, it is true. The world is everywhere encumbered with their scattered fragments. Their forms are unknown where they once reared themselves in all their majesty. But there lingers around these fragments a living, acting spirit. There gleams from them a light which lends its aid to reveal the path which society today should travel, while they contribute their influence to form its present character. Whether they were in their nature political, social, or religious, if they gave mind an impulse or a modification, neither can be lost. The elegant fabric of Grecian society has long been dissolved; but the spirit of refinement by which it was marked transferred itself to Rome and softened her iron rigor. If it slumbered through the reign of darkness, it was first to greet the return of civilization; and now the memory of Greece is cherished in the love of art and letters, in the laws of

taste, and in the precepts of philosophy. The proud empire of the Romans has fallen. The scepter of the world has left it, and the history which preserves the record of its splendor tells, too, of its extinction. It still lives in the rich inheritance it bequeathed. The trophies of its arms have perished; the triumphs of its generals are forgotten; but jurists now consult and obey its codes and pandects, and the consent of the world proclaims their value. Its laws govern, while itself has passed away.

This enduring power is not confined to states. It is strikingly exhibited in the institutions of society and religion. Chivalry has died away. Its titles are empty names. Its exploits are known only in the tales of the past. That splendid combination of courage and love, of generosity and romance, which was given to foster the weakness of reviving society, which restrained the powerful and protected the timid, has gone. It was the morning star that beamed on the pathway of an emerging world. It was the dawn of social improvement; and if it was absorbed in the advancing brightness of general reform, it was not lost. Succeeding times have obeyed its principles. Its form and figure have disappeared, but to-day its spirit lives. It is interwoven with the framework of society. It lives in all that gives grace to humanity. Its courtesies temper the

severities of war, and embellish the enjoyments of peace. And where woman is elevated to the rank which heaven designed her to occupy, where weakness is shielded against force and innocence against oppression, there is felt the living, acting power of chivalry.

At its decline Puritanism arose. When one had passed to the weakness of age and had become a cloak for the crimes which it once reproved, the other usurped its place. The characters of the two were different. One was light, airy, and graceful. It comes down to us in all the enchanting garb of fiction. Its era was the golden age of honor, of gallantry, and of love. The other was stern, rugged, and unyielding. It was robed in the gloomy attire of despotic discipline. Its age was that of enterprise, of uncompromising devotion, and of severe and rigid liberty. Puritanism shared the fate of chivalry. The minds of men marched on and left it behind them, and it lifts its imposing form far in the horizon of the past, to mark, by its growing dimness, the progress of humanity. The impress which it left on the world was not so transient; it is visible now among us. It is seen in the liberty wrested from monarchy in England, and in the rational freedom of America. It is felt in the struggles of the Old World, and the prosperity of the New. In a time of moral laxity it taught self-denial; in an age of tyrants

it taught men, in the fear of God, to govern themselves; and now, where independence is enjoyed, we may read the honors of the institution that nursed its feeble infancy, and where virtue now makes a stand against national vice, she is cheered and stimulated by the example of those who dared rebuke a licentious court and turn back the tide of universal profligacy.

The superiority of society in our day over all that has preceded it, is our boast and pride. We compare these latter days with the age of Augustus and Pericles, and congratulate ourselves on the contrast. The world has never seen an age like ours. The human intellect, no longer trammeled by superstition nor limited by a blind belief in fatality, is soaring upward to its home. It is asserting its connection with the Infinite. It is lifting the veil from the mysteries of creation. It is exploring the wonders and solving the design of the universe. The human soul is basking in the beams of a dispensation before which the darkness of mythology and the mists of bigotry are fleeing away. Freedom visits the earth and sets up her throne on the ruins of despotism. Vastness of design and energy of performance are the characteristics of the day. But have we elevated ourselves to the position which we sustain? Have the labored institutions of other days, the productions of the toil and

wisdom of other men perished with their short-lived authors and conferred no lasting benefit on their race? It would be interesting to search out the causes whose effects are now visible upon the common mind, and to inquire whence came the elements now combined to form the general character. We shall find them scattered through the history of the world, raising themselves here and there in the dim vista of years, confined neither to a particular age nor to a particular country. The frostwork of circumstances has melted away, the clouds of prejudice and the rubbish of error have disappeared, and their lofty summits reflect upon us, unsullied, the effulgence of truth.

And shall we say we owe nothing to them for our increase of light? We have culled from the ruins that crowd the plains of time all that is valuable and given it a share and a place in the fabric which we have erected for ourselves. And if we owe so much to the past, if generations of men have labored and the fruit of their toil is ours, can it be that we are putting forth no influence which shall live beyond our own time? We may accelerate or divert the stream of human action, and our effort shall be felt along its course as far as to the shore of eternity. And when our country shall have shared the fate of others that have gone before it, when unsightly relics shall mark the place of our

Capitol, and a race of strangers occupy the soil whose defenders shall be forgotten, the spirit of our free institutions will live on, triumphing over fallen pyramids and warming the ashes to which it owed its life. Its home shall be humanity and the sphere of its action the theater of the world.

The intrinsic merits of the foregoing speech are obvious and particularly worthy of remark as the effort of a young fellow of twenty; and, if in addition to the intrinsic merits, Cicero's definition of the good orator as the good man be added, the effort is doubly worthy of note, since the exalted morals of the writer are beyond question.

But one might wonder whether the oration was wholly his own; whether he did not at least avail himself of certain legitimate help at the hands of schoolmates and even of instructors. But any doubt as to his readiness as a writer will be quickly dispelled by a consideration of the positive literary quality of those letters written to his father and mother while he was in college. And that is one reason why these letters appear in this story. Indeed, the form, content, and scope of his letters are most satisfactory evi-

dence of his superior powers of thought and utterance.

From an early age, about nine years, he wrote poetry. He wrote on a great variety of subjects, employing various styles of versification, and in many ways giving proof of the fact that the Muse was his ready and willing servant. His poetic effusions were prompted by circumstances—the result of some actual inspiration. He did not write, as even the English poet laureate may sometimes do—under stress of duty to generous patron. The poems he composed were often printed in various papers and magazines; but not till past eighty years of age did he allow a collection of poems to be published in book form. Finally, yielding to solicitation, he permitted some of his choicest efforts to be put into a small volume. The book was got out privately in a limited number of copies to be used as gifts to particularly intimate friends. These poems are short, rarely running over half a dozen stanzas; but they abound in beautiful sentiments and choice expression. The subjects indicate a wide range of thought, as follows: "John Wicklif," "The Winter Sun-Gleam," "The Mount of Temptation,"

"George Washington, His 146th Birthday," "John Ruskin," "Lucy, An Idyl of Real Life," "The Snowflake," "Pansies—Pensees—Thoughts," "The Afterglow," "A Peak in Colorado," "She Was Blind from Birth," "The New Planet Eros," "To My Brother and Neighbor, Bishop Warren, on His Birthday," "University of Denver," "The Bugler of Balaklava," "Cazenovia, 1846-1906," "Indian Summer," "H. A. Buchtel, Governor of Colorado, Inaugural, January, 1907," "A June Diurnal," "An October Noontide," "To Our Conductor of Athletics (September, 1906)," "Kairos." Though the titles just presented are not all that appear in the modest volume, they indicate that the writer's range of thought was anything but narrow. Inasmuch as the limited number of copies of this book of poems has prevented the author's numerous friends from having the privilege of possessing the book, it may not be amiss to present several of the poems here:

AMMI BRADFORD HYDE

THE MOUNT OF TEMPTATION

O, Quarantania, wild and lone,
  No flower is blushing on thy steep,
No veil of verdure round thee thrown,
  No springs in silvery music leap;
All bare and dry in stony death
As blasted with a demon's breath.

Why do I musing linger here
  With eyes more set in tender gaze
Than on soft Gerizzim or where
  The flocks on goodly Hermon graze,
Or where the glowing lilies gem
The tender green of Bethlehem?

The dimness of the ages flies,
  The Tempter, as of old, I see,
Wily and strong before me rise,
  Flushed with his wide, long victory,
Fair-spoken, murderous, dark within,
And but one conquest more to win.

Who is to front him? Who is He
  White-lipped with fasting, faint and worn?
Is He the champion, ah me!
  By whom this day's events is borne?
O, where was ever battle-field
Where such as these must win or yield?

Now all is o'er. The wan and pale,
The swart and strong has overcome,
Like sullen cloud upon the gale,
The Tempter seeks his shadowy home,
While angels wipe the Victor's brow
And cheer with tones of comfort now.

O, desert mountain, wild and bare,
On thy bleak side such combat came!
Our foe of foes was broken there,
How beams for aye the Conqueror's name!
From fields where war's loud trump is blown
I turn,—*Thou* art my Marathon!

KAIROS

The Olympic Contestant, entering the foot race, knelt at the altar of Kairos—Opportunity—by the Stadium Gate:

Once sure it comes, not surely twice,
The race we each must run.
Our most of effort is the price
At which the goal is won.

Ready at Kairos? Who is he?
The athlete tried and trained.
Whose early vigor, flush and free,
Full strength and skill has gained.

AMMI BRADFORD HYDE

Long was his discipline, and stern,
To struggle and abstain;
Sore wearisome, the art to learn
To breathe, to poise, to strain.

Yet felt he fresh resolve upspring
With cheer for every day.
In air he heard glad voices sing,
Saw bright-winged hopes at play.

Here he is now! The gate swings wide;
The Stadium opens free
Already in his glow of pride
He feels the victory.

For Kairos ready? Not for vain
High love thy gifts has given.
Fail? No! The brave shall always gain;
'T is noble to have striven!

What if Life be Olympic drill
And Death its Kairos shrine?
We bow, and silent, passing, join
An unseen Stadium line.

THE BUGLER OF BALAKLAVA

O Bugler brave whose call rang clear
Upon the crisp autumnal air
With Cardigan, while on the rear
Dashed the Six Hundred charging there.
The smoke, the crash, the stain are gone,
That bugle fifty years unblown.

"Move!" "Trot!" Charge!" swept the column on,
Where thirty thousand, waiting, stood.
While spoke the guns in threatening tone,
And shrieked all horror's frantic brood.
"Retire!" rang out! The fray was o'er;
How many heard the call no more!

The winter snows, the spring's soft rain,
The summer's verdure heal the ground.
The war-vale wears no scar or stain;
The songs of birds are heard around;
The bugler, far away, still dreams
Of storm and smoke and war's red gleams.

Then to his lips his bugle lays:
"Move!" "Trot!" Charge!" ring upon the air!
But where are they of fargone days?
No Light Brigade sweeps forward there.
Do horse and man, a ghostly train,
Rush viewless down the vale again?

AMMI BRADFORD HYDE

Hero of years, at front no more,
With Cardigan to sound his call;
The Light Brigade has gone before,
Thy breath sings requiem for all.
Rest, soldier born, thy laurels won,
A warrior's service bravely done!

ON THE ÆGEAN

The sea-murmur is with Æschylus, laughter; with Sophocles, weeping.

Art laughing, Merry Sea?
Athena's dawn has reddened in the East
And day is blooming over land and sky.
Joy, hope, and love stir freshly in our hearts.
Laugh on, O gladdening Sea!
We, too, will laugh with thee.

Art weeping, Mournful Sea?
Light has gone out behind Arcadia's hills
And darkness shrouds old millions in their graves,
But all their pangs chafe in our living hearts.
Weep on, O saddening Sea!
We, too, will weep with thee.

A JUNE DIURNAL

Dawn— and the stars fade out.
The glistening dew smiles welcome to the beam
That wakes the world with gilding, dancing gleam,
To toil and sing and shout.

Noon—and the midway sun
Puts forth his strength to aid the sparkling shower,
Bringing to perfectness corn, fruit, and flower
Ere summer's course be run.

Evening—how wide the calm!
The weary world sinks gently to its rest;
The hours move softly on the sky's blue crest;
The cool air breathes of balm.

Midnight—what thousand eyes
Watch o'er the sleepers in their slumber deep,
And silent joy in all their movings keep
Until red morning rise!

O cycle swung in air,
Central in boundless realms of deep-hushed light,
Harking the call of changeful day and night,
What living charm is there!

AMMI BRADFORD HYDE

AN OCTOBER NOON-TIDE

I sit half sinking in the yellow wave
  Dripped from the walnut bending o'er my head.
With many a tint the woodland floor is brave,
  And whispers merry to the rambler's tread.

See the far hillside! How the autumnal beam
  Has clothed all foliage for a revel gay;
Each bush aflame in every warmth of gleam!
  How sweet this early perfume of decay!

October! Now in large, majestic round
  The changeful year has marched along the land!
Life stirred, suns blazed and darkening tempests frowned
  In order simple, fascinating, grand.

And this is Consummation. What Spring gives
  Of rich, new life, the summer's suns and rains,
September's ripening mid the fruits and sheaves
  Have wrought and gone, and this, their work, remains.

Full well I know soon comes a chilling breath,
  And all these bright things crumble into mold.
Then over all the brown and silent death
  Spreads Winter's shrouding mantle, white and cold.

BREAKING GROUND FOR THE $100,000 SCIENCE PLANT, GIFT OF ANDREW CARNEGIE, NOVEMBER 15, 1911.
CHANCELLOR HENRY A. BUCHTEL HOLDING SHOVEL. BISHOP WM. F. M'DOWELL
FACING CHANCELLOR BUCHTEL.

Yet, couched upon this gold and amber, who
  Should dreary think on bitter days to come?
Now is the sober joy of Autumn true.
  Let the calm heart be here at rest, at home.

TO OUR CONDUCTOR OF ATHLETICS*
(September, 1906)

IN CONNECTION WITH ATHLETICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DENVER

Olympic Artist! Welcome here!
  Called to a noble, earnest charge,
We greet you with a glowing cheer,
  Counting your errand fair and large.

Not movement, attitude, alone,
  Not strength, fine bearing, manly form,
Not prowess where exploit is shown
  Where strife grows strenuous and warm.

Better than limbs to service trained
  Are Courage, Truth, and Honor high,
Are hearts in loyalty sustained
  Scorning to speak or act a lie.

Be our Bayard! Like him endowed,
  The bloom and pride of chivalry
Whose arm dismayed the faithless crowd,
  Whose heart ennobled rivalry.

*John P. Koehler.

Then from your pattern and your voice,
  Your atmosphere of manliness,
Our men aspiring, shall rejoice
  To rival you in every grace.

And more; each in his time shall long
  For the world's help to lend an arm,
With muscle trained, elastic, strong,
  With honor's, truth's, compassion's charm.

One of the latest poems written came out in the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* of June 3, 1909. It is as follows:

LIFE'S EVENING MIRAGE

The morn of June is on. The sovereign sun
  Touches and warms the upper skyward air;
Night's lingering breath, though all its hours are done,
  Cools the low reaches of our atmosphere.

Magic of beauty! Mark the bending rays
  Lift a bright world beyond the horizon line!
Its glow and shade entrance the wondering gaze,
  While near and far in wide perspective join.

Such spell of radiance works the westering sun
  Before the inward eye of memory;
Its living beams o'er rising visions run,
  And fresh the long-trod landscape glorify.

The far-off lighter breath of early years
  Catches the rose and saffron of the morn;
Midlife care-laden, even showered with tears,
  Tinges of rainbow-weaving now adorn.

All at one view! O Mirage passing strange!
  Where is the rudeness? Was there never gloom?
Far spreads the scene; then with a gentle change
  All softly melts. Night's quenching dews are come.

The first literary contribution to a journal was a critique on Dante, which was published in the year 1848, and displayed remarkable penetration for one so young. It was a rather venturesome thing, perhaps, to attempt a subject that has always been worthy of the steel of a well-trained knight of the pen; but the risk did not prove to have been unwarranted. This critique Chancellor Henry A. Buchtel, of the University of Denver, once read to the students in their chapel service and declared that but few young men of the same age could equal it in keen power of analysis and adroitness of statement. And the compliment was not inappropriate.

In the year 1875 he wrote a commentary on the Song of Solomon and Ecclesiastes for

Whedon's Commentary. For over forty years, never missing a week, he prepared Sunday school notes for the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*. The last notes appeared in the issue of June seventeenth, 1909; and the editor spoke of his extended services in the following manner:

In this issue of the *Advocate* the final installment of notes on the Sunday school lessons by the Rev. Ammi B. Hyde, S. T. D., of Denver University, is printed. . . . For two thousand consecutive weeks he has furnished his lucid and suggestive comments upon the lessons chosen by the International Committee. The uniform and superior quality of the notes is well known to the thousands of the *Advocate* readers. They have furnished insight and illustration to both teachers and students of the Word. Into them the Doctor has put the wealth of his scholarship, the freshness of his thought, and the warmth of a Christian heart.

Appended to the same editorial is a farewell word from Doctor Hyde. If his words embody one feature that is of paramount significance, it is his sweet-spiritedness at the moment of discontinuance of the work of more than twoscore years. He says:

The conclusion of a service which has long appealed to one's thought and feeling is personally serious. . . . The service has covered no small portion of one's mortal life. Its regularity and its subject have been congenial, and it has been animated by a sincere desire for its usefulness to those who might accept it. Its patronizing editors have been generous in every form of courtesy, and its veteran accountant has been a brother beloved. Those who have read have been patient and sympathetic. One leaves with tenderness so goodly a company. But, as a war brings out its own heroes, so each generation brings out its own workers. None who when this service began were standing around the *Advocate* seem now visible. Others in their glorious prime are doing its work well and worthily. May our Master cheer their labor! And may the successor[18] to these columns be able to divert from the Sacred Word the "stream that makes glad the city of God," the rills that shall enliven the schools of his region, and on him may the approving lips at last pronounce, "Well done!"

For fifty years Doctor Hyde was a contributor to the *Methodist Review*, and he wrote also for various other journals.

[18] It so happens that the successor was once a student of Doctor Hyde in Allegheny College—Camden M. Cobern, now professor in that institution.

For many years he produced essays on a variety of topics of general interest. These were historical, biographical, and philosophical; but everywhere the philosophical bent of his mind is in evidence. The essays were written for different magazines and papers, and in 1885 a volume of essays, six in number, was published. It was dedicated to "Mira Smith Hyde, seeing that to her pure taste and patient criticism and to her sympathetic appreciation is chiefly due any merit this book may have." Something of the author's habits of mind is shown in the "Introductory Note." He observes:

The reason which this modest volume offers for its existence is direct and intelligible. Above the horizon of history—which is never a plane like that of ocean or prairie—arise, as the peaks in our mountain walls of Colorado, eminent personages, seen from afar. These personages, men and women, were not trees or stones; they had parentage, friendships, and surroundings. They illustrate our human nature; and an inquiry into their character, career, and influence is a refreshing and a remunerative exercise. . . .

It is good also for the mind to make foray into the domain of abstract ideas. Sentiments in the form of proverbs and

axioms are afloat (and long years have been so) which it is well to challenge. . . . Thus the Essays are the recreations of a busy life, after a fashion congenial with the writer's calling. Should they for a passing hour bring cheerful company and animating thoughts to other minds—especially, should they awaken something better than they bring, they will have done their errand.

In this choice little book of 159 pages the author treats the following subjects:

"Knowledge and Power," "A Thousand Years Ago," "Philosophy of the Unuttered," "Gustavus Adolphus," "Miss Burney," and "Gambetta." These essays are virile in thought, clever in phrase—a thesaurus of suggestion.

But the most ambitious book undertaken during his life was the "Story of Methodism." It contains about five hundred good-sized pages. It was written when the author was sixty-five years of age (1890). At this time in life he was magnificently fitted to write such an account. Of course, the mere matter of composition hardly held his attention at all. He was a rapid and masterful writer. His English was chaste and

of broad capacity; and, as for the facts and geographical territory that must be covered, the author had for two and a half score years been preparing himself. His natural inclination to canvass thoroughly any subject that claimed his attention had made him familiar with spirit and detail of that powerful religious sect which to-day claims vast attention and is engrossed with plans for the salvation of the entire human family.

So the writer did not need to pause in the midst of his writing to consume time and strength in collecting material. To be sure, he might have gone much more extensively into the minutiæ of his subject; but his purpose was to write a story, not a history. It was to entertain and inspire, rather than to provide cyclopædic information.

In his prefatory statement the author remarks:

A story is a little different from a history. The latter is properly a full, labored, and careful presentation of a given line of facts in their relations of cause and effect, of time, place, and order. A story has less of dignity, perhaps less of precision. It purposes to entertain while it instructs; to

give not all that is knowable, but that which most men would care to know. History is for study. A story is for easy reading and telling; a story ought not to be tedious with detail. It must leave many things unsaid, and many other things that seem unsaid must melt and mingle with the current of the tale.

The writer's special inspiration for his undertaking was the opportunity to talk with those who had known Methodism's founder, John Wesley, in England. He therefore set about his work splendidly equipped; and the book he produced has been astonishingly popular. A hundred thousand copies have been sold, and it has had deep and lasting and wholesome influence in America and England. No question that it has increased the standing of Methodism in the minds of men in general, and has decidedly added to the intelligent appreciation of Methodists themselves for their own Church and intensified their loyalty therefor. In fact, it may worthily be accounted one of the most important books produced in connection with the Methodist Church; and future writers along the same line will find it a substantial source of information.

This monumental work was composed in the months of July and August, after Doctor Hyde had finished a year of exacting work teaching, writing, preaching, and lecturing. When asked how he found such a feat physically possible, he exclaimed, "O, I was just full of physical vigor and felt like throwing it away!" And that at the age of sixty-five! What an incentive to lofty attainment is such an old age, and how it should fire the young with consuming desire to emulate it!

His widespread interests are evidenced by his membership in educational and patriotic organizations. He belongs to the American Oriental Society, the American Philosophical Society, the National Geographical Society (of which he was one of the founders), Sons of the American Revolution, Phi Beta Kappa Society, Colorado Schoolmasters' Club, and the Denver Philosophical Society. For a number of years he has been honored by being placed first on the annual program of the last named organization, and he always presents a study at once distinctive and fresh and thought-provoking.

Ammi Bradford Hyde's wide knowledge, inspirational teaching, and brilliant literary

work earned for him the degrees of Master of Arts (Wesleyan University), Doctor of Sacred Theology (Syracuse University), and Doctor of Literature (University of Denver).

As a closing word in connection with this sketch of his literary career, nothing could be more appropriate than that truly wonderful and eminently truthful tribute paid Doctor Hyde at the Commencement of the University of Denver, in May, 1909, when he received at the hands of the university the degree of Doctor of Literature. In presenting him to the chancellor for the degree, Bishop William F. McDowell said:

"I present for the degree of Doctor of Literature Ammi Bradford Hyde, graduate of old Wesleyan in the days of Fisk and Olin, worthy companion of a long line of scholars, a contemporary of the great of all ages, a citizen of all centuries; teacher of literature, interpreter of literature, maker of literature; living definition of the historic Christian scholar; lover and teacher of youth; loyal and obedient disciple of the truth, firm and faithful believer in Christ, and true friend of God—worthy of all honor from this university which he has long and nobly served."

To this Chancellor Buchtel, always an ardent admirer of Doctor Hyde, made beautiful response, saying, among other things: "You yourself, Doctor Hyde, are a classic. . . . May you return late to the sky!" The probabilities are that, in giving this degree, the University of Denver never honored herself more and never bestowed honor upon a worthier subject. The ceremony of conferring this degree was a most touching and elevating incident, fit climax of an impressive and memorable occasion.

V

WIT AND HUMOR

Though a man of solidity of thought, a real philosopher, he is blessed with a rich vein of wit and humor. He is a master of the difficult feat of commingling the two in such proportions as to avoid at once rabidness in the former and dullness in the latter. His wit is not bald, his humor not insipid. In this connection he possesses some qualities that are deserving of emphasis.

In the first place, he is distinctly original in many of his deliverances. Aside from other considerations, this is largely due to his constant attempt to grow in thought and variety of expression. One might well believe that he has been a devotee of Tacitus or Victor Hugo. His mind can not be content with trite or hackneyed utterance. He does some thinking on his own account; and even the members of his own household were kept alert for a novel way of putting a truth.

They came to expect it of him, and they were seldom left long in suspense. His mind does not creep. But the temptation to employ the unusual does not proceed to the point of absurdity. His fun is always of high quality and has its own distinctive hue and refreshing charm.

Again, his jests never go wide of the mark—nay, rather, they rarely fail to hit the bull's-eye. And one important reason why his sallies are perfectly pat is that he sees the end from the beginning and has a mind intent upon the proper application of all details. And so the laugh that greets his humorous efforts is sincere and hearty—not tinged with hint of the partial awkwardness of the joke.

Unlike many who indulge in funny remarks, he does not allow his love for facetious utterance to lead him toward sterility of thought, where fun becomes inanity. At bottom, nothing but vigorous, far-reaching thought satisfies him. The cheap and tiresome jest of the street has for him no attraction. If he can not surpass the common fun, he prefers to remain sober of utterance.

Furthermore, there is a rich and subtle

flavor about his jocose remarks. Here, perhaps, is the crowning virtue of his fun-making. The philosophy of successful and enduring fun entails a distinct and peculiar delicacy. This quality rendered Bob Burdette so long the idol of the American people. But our Doctor Hyde could have readily duplicated Burdette's freshest and brightest efforts. He, too, could have entertained vast audiences as a humorous lecturer of fine fiber. He could have been a mighty teacher in this field; for his fun would have surprised and entranced and would certainly have struck at the basic principles of life and conduct.

And, finally, his jocoseness is perennial. But he does not render himself wearisome to others. He has a thorough sense of the fitness of things. He rarely if ever overdoes his fun. He has commendable balance in this field of his mental activities as well as in the weightier matters. And so it happens that, in the domain of wit and humor, he is well rounded and sane and wholesome, and he never lets his tendency to humor degrade his scholastic dignity or lower his self-respect or cause him to make culpable attacks upon

his fellows. His wit and humor are a strong asset, but are kept duly subordinated to the loftier side of a profoundly awakened mentality. But some examples will best show the character of his wit and humor, though it goes without saying that the fun when transferred to cold type lacks something that comes by way of Doctor Hyde's inimitable look and peculiar attitude. Only those who know him intimately will see, despite the printed page, the man in action; and all such will find it by no means a difficult matter to see the word coming, not so much from the printed page, as from the sensitive lips of Doctor Hyde himself. Let memory lend but trifling aid and old friends will readily see the Doctor Hyde of former days once more scintillating to the astonishment and delight of assembled acquaintances. Students who years and years ago had the satisfaction of being in his classes will again feel the exhilaration of the class room, its entire atmosphere permeated by Doctor Hyde's own rich personality.

One day in his eighty-fifth year he was out walking. As he moved along briskly, with every indication of vigor, he happened

to meet his friend the Rev. John Davis. The latter paused as they approached each other and remarked, "I hope you 're well to-day, Doctor!" Doctor Hyde halted and, with a profound bow, but an utterly impassive countenance, remarked, "Your humble servant is as a grasshopper in your presence!" Without further ado he resumed his walk, leaving his friend in a paroxysm of poorly restrained laughter.

On a certain occasion he was at the post-office to get his mail. When it was handed to him he glanced rapidly over it and, seeing a letter addressed "Rev. A. B. Hide," he turned with great gravity to Professor Van Pelt, who was standing by, and remarked, "Here is a letter for you. That name does n't belong to me!"

At another time he went to Sunday morning preaching service in Grace Church, Denver, and with becoming reverence took a seat, carefully placing his excellent hat upon the bench by his side. Presently there entered the same pew a good woman who failed to see the Doctor's hat. Consequently she played havoc with it. Instantly she was covered with confusion and stammered forth her

humiliation and regrets; but without the slightest trace of irritation, the Doctor suavely remarked, "When I entered this pew that hat was felt, but now it is sat in." A happy faculty that of displacing anger with humor! And the lady was duly comforted and restored to her wonted ease.

Subsequently, one who heard of the incident in Grace Church, urged on by an irrepressible curiosity, said to Dr. Hyde, "Now, did you really say that?" To which he rejoined, "I 'm like the chrysanthe— mum!"

He had power to make light of serious things when they pertained to himself. After a short illness with erysipelas, in his eighty-second year, he appeared in chapel and was warmly applauded, for there had been general anxiety as to the possible outcome of his sickness. The students clamored for a word, and the Doctor spoke about as follows: "I thank you kindly for your pleasant greeting. I had some difficulty, I confess, in my recent illness. I suppose I was really pretty sick. I actually felt quite on the b— (bum was at that time a slang synonym for being in dire straits) ragged edge!"

Those who were students in his classes

had abundant opportunity to discover the entire gamut of his fun-making proclivities. He could meet any situation with a delicious bit of humor or a tinge of sarcasm. One day the boys, previous to going into the Greek class, agreed to cross their legs in the same manner and change position, crossing and recrossing at the same instant. Like well-drilled soldiers they proceeded to carry out their concocted scheme. After half the hour had passed, the professor, noting that there was something preconcerted, ventured with appreciative emphasis: "Gentlemen, you seem to be un-knees-y today!" And the jokers confessed themselves bested by their resourceful teacher.

He had unlimited capacity for prodding derelictions on the part of students, but his method precluded permanent dislike on the part of the victim. Once he had among his students a young chap of persistent and exasperating carelessness. He never had his lesson prepared, and he exhibited surprising fertility in the matter of excuses for his unpreparedness. One day he solemnly announced that he had had the misfortune to lose his book, whereupon the ready professor

impassively queried, "Mr. Blank, you don't suppose it could have been *translated,* do you?"

At another time it became incumbent upon him to go to the rescue of a sensitive lady teacher, one of his co-laborers. She besought him to rebuke a frisky fellow who annoyed her by chewing gum in her classes. After duly impressing upon the young man the glaring impropriety of such conduct in class, Doctor Hyde said to him: "Job eschewed evil. Now, will you promise me upon your word of honor that you will eschew gum as Job eschewed evil?" The penitent student, looking at the severe face that concealed an inward amusement, humbly agreed so to do.

His alertness to student habits is shown in refreshing style by the following incident: A manly fellow, now in middle life and one of Doctor Hyde's staunchest friends and heartiest admirers, one day, with typical student abandon, remarked to a young lady as they were about to step inside the Greek room, "O, I never look at my Greek lesson till I start from home!" Apparently the remark reached only the ear of the young lady, for whom alone it was intended. Time

passed, and at the end of the term the young man discovered, to his chagrin and even mortification, that a grade of seventy or thereabouts (just enough to pass him) had been sent into the dean's office. Despite the fact that he knew he had done indifferently, he was a bit nettled at the low grade, and so had the hardihood to say to the professor: "Doctor Hyde, I notice that you gave me only seventy for last term's work. Did n't I deserve a better grade than that?" And the vigilant teacher turned a penetrating eye upon the remonstrating questioner and said, with significant intonation and well simulated asperity, "Well, my brave man, how much do you think a fellow deserves who never looks at his Greek lesson till he starts from home?" And the boy was nonplussed and silent, and recalled the familiar saying, "Walls have ears!" But the Doctor's shot went true, and the pupil later demonstrated his ability to learn Greek.

Facetiæ Miscellaneæ

Let attention be called to a number of brief and spicy observations of varied sort, elicited by one phase and another of class-

room experience. These remarks were jotted down by a young lady on the margin of her Greek book, as they were made by the instructor. Their reliability is, therefore, not open to question:

Characterizations of certain facts about the Greek language: "Kind of a rag-bag—that second aorist."

"Did you ever try to pull a cat backward on the carpet? Everything works against you; but try it the other way and it 's all right. So with the verb: work right with it."

Class dismissed on April 14, 1899. Applause at announcement that the class would not be detained for recitation. The Doctor said: "There is only one thing pleasanter than to recite in Greek; and that is not to recite!"

Concerning tense of a verb: "It must be imperfect," said Mamselle M—. "Very," remarked Doctor Hyde. "Her perplexity is in tense!" (Did n't know tense of verb.)

"Your Greek is like our green peas—got a chill!"

"He swears as deacons do" (regarding

Dr. Howe, of the University of Denver, whose strongest oath used to be "kai gar!").

"That is one of the charms of Greek; it 's like the rising of the sun—always the same, yet always new."

"Greek on the blackboard like immortal gleams of truth across the dark bottomless."

Hints regarding inattention on the part of students: "You notice Mamselle T—. I thought it was the window rattling." (A thrust at the young lady for constant whispering to her neighbor.)

"Now, here 's Mamselle who has a very good pair of ears and did n't hear a thing."

To Mamselle C—e, who whispers incessantly: "Mamselle keeps the caldron boiling."

"I 'm afraid you were dreaming, floating in the air, sailing on a cloud."

"Now, Mamselle, you 've got your head on your shoulders, though you are n't using it."

"I am talking with this estimable person whom I addressed."

Generally suggestive: "Mild advice, like milk-and-water poultice—soft—prepares the way for something harder."

To a student unable to proceed with

translation: "Time goes on even if you do n't."

To the class on a day when the recitation was particularly prosaic: "As brilliant today as lead buttons on a gray coat."

"Let the bucket down into the well of memory—the old oaken bucket."

"If a man lost his left hand, then his right hand would be left."

"Who stole my maple sugar? Some one has carried it off syrup-titiously."

With reference to a difficult lesson: "You did n't put it on the fire early enough: when anything is tough the wise housekeeper puts it on early."

Assigning a lesson: "Take down as far as your emotions and feelings will allow."

On May 26, 1899, Doctor Hyde had a very bad cold, and he remarked: "I 'm getting ready to sing double bass at the concert tonight. Did you ever hear singing that required more effort on the part of the listener than of the performer?"

With reference to a recitation period in the afternoon: "My venerable colleagues, Professor Russell and the rest, skim off the

cream. By this time we have the blue liquid."

"Don't make a face at me, Mamselle; that 's as bad a face as I ever saw on you."

"Think of this, Mamselle, because you 're a philosopher: What 's the difference between eating up and eating down?"

To a student who is irregular in attendance: "Mr. R— is a bird of passage: now you see him, now you don't."

"This lesson is too easy—eat it with a spoon."

To a student who is rather stupid: "Now, make the best intellectual effort you are capable of."

To a young lady who is eating chalk: "Mamselle, tell us out of your rosy lips."

To Miss Mason, who is reciting with questionable accuracy: "That 's very Masonic!"

To a young man with a mop of football hair: "Now, think inside that rich head of hair of yours!"

To a class where recitation is proceeding slowly: "This blessed silence! I could hear something drop—if it made noise enough!"

"Quite a difference between a diary and

a dairy: one may be quite dry, the other quite watered!''

''Your book, Mamselle, has some spinal complaint'' (the book had a broken back).

''What was it that caused all our eyes to be directed at Mamselle and our ears hereward? It was a little *translation* when we changed places, as if Mamselle suddenly became *bald* and I became *handsome.*''

''Before I was four years old I got such a whipping I made the walls ring with my interjections!''

''Fighting is a form of association!''

''Mamselle, you 're running light to-day, like Mr. Pritchard's express wagon when there 's no trunk in it; but to-morrow you 'll run like his wagon when there 's a trunk in it, and you won't rattle so!''

''Your engagements did n't allow learning a little thing like that, Mr. B—?''

''Of course it 's an augment! How could you doubt it, young skeptic?''

''Look at it quite steadily, as if you 'd burn a hole in it!''

''There 's something in your elocution that indicates that there 's something absurd in my question, Mr. B—.''

VI

AMMI BRADFORD HYDE, THE MAN

Ammi Bradford Hyde is even yet a man of great physical vigor. While of only average size, he possesses the energy and endurance of many a man of more stalwart build. He has been very free from sickness. This is due largely to temperate habits. His thorough self-control manifests itself on his bodily side as well as on his mental side. He is most judicious in the quantity and variety of foods he eats. He well understands the importance of regularity and moderation; and so he has been notably immune from many ailments that occasionally annoy even the most sturdy and long-lived. In his eighty-fifth year he remarked that he was a stranger to rheumatism.

His five senses remained almost as good as new until he was eighty-three. Then, much to his regret, his eyesight began to fail him; and, though it has greatly interfered

with his activities, yet he is by nature and cultivation so optimistic that his closest associates are hardly aware that he keenly feels the embarrassment. But he was blessed with truly wonderful eyes; for up to the age of eighty-three he was ceaselessly busy with his eyes and they served him magnificently.

But failure of sight interferes but little with his thoughts. Doubtless it even intensifies the richness of his meditations; and, furthermore, his mental processes are so well ordered, so precise and logical, that they readily take in and retain what is read to him.

Aside from dimmed eyesight, one marvels at his virility. He walks erect and with quick step and climbs long flights of stairs unaided and with confidence. It seems little less than miraculous that, in addition to his heavy work in the class room, and that for seventy years, he should have found time for a multitude of other labors. He wrote and preached and lectured extensively.

His is a democratic spirit of the noblest sort. Elsewhere attention has been directed to his aristocratic lineage; but his immediate family were in humble circumstances. How-

ever, they had lofty aspiration. They had the rare combination of aristocracy of character that regards the mind as the measure of the man, and democracy of manners that never seeks to erect a barrier between one's self and another. Thus in Ammi Bradford Hyde genuinely democratic spirit is splendidly manifest. He is the friend of the young and the old. He does not scorn the rich because of his riches; he loves the poor because he is a man. He is known to all as father and friend.

He loves to be helpful. Once, when he himself really needed assistance in order to insure his physical safety, he saw a poor woman laden with bundles, starting from the car to her humble home a half mile away. He promptly insisted that he be permitted to accompany her and relieve her of her burdens; and, though she expressed anxiety lest he be giving himself unwarranted trouble, he cheerily pushed aside the suggestion and helped her even to her own door. Then, with a bow and a pleasant "Good evening," he disappeared, his identity unknown to the object of his thoughtful attentions. He knows what it is to go about doing good.

Among his recent services was the teaching of a Bible class at the Children's Home, three-quarters of a mile from his residence in University Park, Colorado. Regularly each Sunday afternoon he walked to the Home and back again, and gave all the wealth of his love to the unfortunate waifs who fell to his lot for instruction. Who can tell what seed he has sown in their young hearts and what it means to them for time and for eternity?

Small boys never make him the subject of ridicule. No one ever thinks of him as unapproachable or as desirous of seeking to make those less learned feel their inferiority. He always regards with marked tolerance the opinions of others; but such tolerance is never charged to barrenness of views or lack of courage in defense of his own convictions. He bears with all men and accords them full opportunity to set forth their ideas.

He is exceptionally free from censoriousness—a fault so common particularly to the aged, who find it difficult to view with patience the impulsiveness of the young and the imperfections of the untrained. The

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writer wishes to emphasize the gratitude which he feels for the fraternal attitude observed by Doctor Hyde. Old enough to be the grandfather, he has always acted the brother and comrade. His solicitous inquiry after the writer's opinions, even when those opinions must seem untenable or at best imperfect, proclaims most emphatically his capacity for putting himself on the level of another. His advice is always given in such delicate and indirect manner as hardly to seem advice. It is always absolutely devoid of offense. And yet how few aged people discover the secret of effective dealing with those who are younger, and who may possess the common and often warranted aversion to the spirit of carping criticism that not infrequently dominates the patriarch.

Doctor Hyde has the power to debate with frankness and force and yet carry away no acrimony. He values truth and can give it generous estimate wherever he discovers it. Nowhere are the thorough manliness and absolute self-control of the man more strikingly illustrated than in Faculty meetings of the University of Denver, which he faithfully attends even to-day. Backed by the voluminous

experience of extended pedagogic service and fortified with discriminating insight into human nature, he never shows irritation or contempt or disgust at any suggestion, however defective or unfortunate. For the most part he sits in dignified silence, an absorbed listener, a man always welcome. When he does speak, it is to say something that is worth while. No one ever wishes that he would stay away because he is a thorn in the flesh. He is as staunch a friend of the young and inexperienced teacher as of the older teacher of rare and reliable judgment. And so all love him with unrestrained and sincere and hearty affection.

Another noteworthy characteristic is his self-poise. Who that knows him ever saw him overwhelmed by the unexpected? Nor is it mere bodily control. His wits are quick and perfectly regulated. On the occasion of his eighty-fourth birthday he and his daughter were dining with friends, when a crowd of neighbors, admirers, and acquaintances invaded the home where the dinner was in progress. The visit was a total surprise to him, and, almost before he was aware of what was going on, he was surrounded and

a speech of congratulation was being made felicitating him on his ripe old age and his honorable career. To this speech he most happily responded. His utterances were modest, brief, pertinent. He thinks and speaks so constantly in classic phrase that he never needs to make special effort to speak pleasingly and even charmingly. He has a reverence for words and selects them most carefully. He is always ready. He always forecasts the possibility and therefore acquits himself becomingly.

He is a marvel in conversation. He has tirelessly cultivated the noble art. In college he belonged to a society that had regular meetings to practice conversation. The knowledge he possesses is extensive and varied. Nor is it merely bookish. He loves men. He has intelligent appreciation of human nature, and it has been ever a teacher to instruct and inspire him. He has never got out of touch with the lowly; and so he can talk with such delightful simplicity that the day laborer welcomes no other man more gladly than him. He always manages, without belittling himself, to talk about those themes that are uppermost in the thought of

the man into whose company he has fallen. His choice of phrase is thoroughly in keeping with the degree of his hearer's enlightenment. He has that noble and exalted taste that induces one to use such language as will render the listener comfortable and at the same time charm him and stir up his better feelings and his worthier impulses.

He converses readily and to almost any extent whatever. He can both suit his hearer's moods and at the same time shift them at will. With the hand of the accomplished musician he sweeps the strings of the hearer's soul with Orphic effect.

In a crowd he moves with enviable ease from one to another, never at a loss for some humorous or comforting observation. Often has the writer seen his amazing capability for engaging the attention of others in a well-filled room, where all too frequently even the best feel a painful paucity of ideas and words, or lessen their dignity by indulging in cheap remark. Indeed, one's real culture and kindliness are often most sorely tested under such circumstances; but seldom has our friend failed to come out of the occasion with the genuine admiration of those present; and

that, too, with the utmost regard for the exactions of manly modesty.

He has never sought to be the target for the crowd's gaze. Rather, he has made every effort to keep attention from centering upon him, and has thus shown real breadth of mind and loftiness of spirit. He can carry on a conversation single-handed if necessary; but he possesses great tact and skill in calling out the response that is always essential to mutual entertainment. He takes perhaps deeper satisfaction in getting the other party to talk than in talking himself; and particularly so, if the other seems timid or halting of speech or uneasy of manner. Indeed, the educative value of his conversation must have strongly impressed all who have known him with any degree of intimacy.

But few are masters of the art of profitable and entertaining conversation. At one time in the life of Benjamin Franklin, he and an acquaintance were detained for some days, cut off from communication with the outside world, during a severe mid-winter blizzard in Pennsylvania; and the friend in later narrating his experience declared that he had seldom known such a fireside com-

panion as Franklin. In like manner, those who know Ammi Bradford Hyde will doubtless agree that temporary isolation from the rest of the world would prove a choice privilege, if the time could be occupied in conversation with such a consummate master of the excellent art of lofty conversation.

Nor should his courtly manners be passed unmentioned. He is a perfect Lord Chesterfield. He is always ready to step aside for another. He is willing to wait till others have uttered their opinions. He knows something of what it is to let the occasion seek the man and not the man the occasion. He has the fine and unaffected manners of the thorough gentleman. His politeness never engenders in others a feeling of uneasiness or loathing. But this does not mean that he is altogether reposeful and easy in bearing, for he is not. He often seems stiff and physically conscious, notably so in his public deliverances; but he has the far more desirable ease—that of mastery of the intellectual side of the situation. And it surely is more desirable to be able to say something with certainty and effectiveness and composure of mind than to be an adept

in the polished manners of the dancing master, coupled with emptiness of thought.

And so his courtliness of bearing is a courtliness based upon capacity for utterance pregnant with thought and a lively regard for the feelings of others. A pupil of Doctor Hyde once did him the honor to say of him that, after an acquaintance in and out of the class room extending over a period of twenty years, she could not recall a single instance where he had spoken rudely or in any wise disrespectfully to anybody or of anybody in her presence. And this testimony embodies the heart and soul of his courtesy.

Nothing, however, is of greater consequence in his life than his overwhelming desire to be useful. It shows itself in his correspondence with his family while he was pursuing his college course. The reader need but revert to the letters that appear earlier in this story. Ever and anon he indicates that his dominating thought is *Ich dien* (I serve).

His life is not a story of seeking advancement. He has not appeared anxious about earning a large salary, though such desire may be perfectly legitimate. He has always

labored for exceedingly modest remuneration and could doubtless have done much better; but his prime thought has always been to give his best effort to the educational institution where he was engaged. With him the discovery of truth and the rescue of less trained minds from the bonds of ignorance and the gall of iniquity have been the directing and animating consideration. He has always had the open mind, he has always been accessible, he has always given himself freely to those with whom his lot was cast. He has always entertained a vivid conception of Christ's large lesson to the race—SERVICE. He has never made honor-seeking first. What honor he has received has come to him in the course of his service, and so has come unsullied and shining with its proper luster.

In him the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians finds a fit abiding place. Though he speaks "with the tongue of men and of angels," he is not sounding brass or tinkling cymbal; for he has charity. Endowed with seer-like vision and richly blessed with faith that has brought results, he is no zero through lack of charity. His is the spirit that would give his goods to feed the poor, and he has

charity. He knows what it is to suffer long and be kind: he is but little acquainted with envy: he vaunts not himself, is not puffed up, does not behave himself unseemly, seeks not his own, is not easily provoked, does not harbor evil thoughts. He rejoices not in iniquity, but rather in the truth. He has decided capacity for bearing, believing, enduring.

And those most familiarly acquainted with him will allow this all but impossible tribute to pass unchallenged. He stands erect before his own household and before his God. Diogenes might well look with lighted lantern at mid-day for this sort of man! Well may be applied to his character, when he is gone, that beautiful tribute that the Roman writer Tacitus paid to his father-in-law, Agricola:

If there is an abode for the spirits of the departed; if, as the philosophers believe, great souls are not blotted out with the body, rest in peace; and call us and thy home away from womanish longing and effeminate lamentation to the contemplation of thy virtues, which can not fittingly be mourned nor bewailed. Let us cherish thee rather with imperishable praises; and, if nature grants us the power so to do, let us imitate thy illustrious example. That is genuine honor, that

is fitting devotion to manifest to our loved ones. And I urge thy friends so to cherish thy memory that they may cleave rather to the form and figure of thy soul than to the form and figure of thy body—not that I think that we ought not to regard the likeness made of marble or bronze; but, as the human countenance is unenduring and perishable, so the likeness thereof is unenduring and perishable. But the fashion of the soul is lasting—which thou canst not shadow forth and declare through foreign substances and by sculptor's skill, but through thy own character.

And all these qualities of body and mind so unite as to produce in Ammi Bradford Hyde well-rounded Christian character. His is a workable Christianity, prompting kindly utterances about his fellow-man and enabling him to remain in unbroken calm. Daily he lives as if it were his last. Daily he walks with God. Death has lost all terrors for him. Once he said to the writer: "Don't be too anxious about a larger house for a while. One fine day I shall journey out to Fairmount,[1] and then you can take my house."

When his eighty-fourth birthday anni-

[1] A beautiful cemetery in Denver, Colorado.

versary came round, he was the recipient of nearly a hundred letters of congratulation. These letters came from every section of America and from many notable people. The letters are rich in tributes that are most appropriate in an attempted analysis of Ammi Bradford Hyde's character. The reader will doubtless welcome some of these letters:

Drew Theological Seminary,
Madison, New Jersey.

Dear Dr. Hyde,—I have just learned that to-morrow is your birthday, and I beg to add my congratulations and felicitations to the many which you will receive. I have known of you for many years, and have had for you the highest esteem and affection. Bishop Andrews frequently spoke to me of you and of the notable work which you have been doing these many years. Your praise is literally in all lands. The Church honors you, thousands bless you and love you. May God give you yet many other years!

Yours affectionately,
Ezra Squier Tipple.

103 Eliot St., Milton, Mass.
March 9, 1909.

Ammi Bradford Hyde, S. T. D.

My dear brother,—I congratulate you on reaching your 84th birthday. I have pleasant memories of you in Wesleyan University in the years 1844-1845. We were bound together by a threefold bond—the same Public Society, the same Greek-letter Fraternity, and the same Church. We have survived many noble companions of those days. I reached my 84th birthday on the 5th of last October. I hope you may enjoy the year as much as I do. I find joy unspeakable in Christ Jesus.

Yours with the Abiding Paraclete,
DANIEL STEELE.

Central Christian Advocate,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Dr. Hyde,—I have sat at your feet for so many years; I have been noting your work in the *Pittsburgh Advocate* and *Methodist Review* for so long; I have been forced to see that perennial youth and keen wit and ripe wisdom, and exalted, because self-forgetful character—forced to see them because there was nothing else to be seen; that it is a pleasure that stirs my deepest life to write you for your birthday. I thank you for your influence on myself, and for that long and majestic influence you have had on the

Church, whose most eminent leaders have been your associates and friends. God bless you!

CLAUDIUS B. SPENCER.

March 12, 1909.

The Chamberlin Observatory
of the University of Denver.
March 12, 1909.

Dear Dr. Hyde,—For some twenty-five years we have walked together in brotherly association, striving to help those who have come under our care to prepare for life's battle. In influencing them toward higher ideals you have been privileged to speak words of uplift in private to hundreds of them. In the public services of our chapel exercises you have not failed to urge us all to lay hold on the noblest things in this life, and you have always presented Jesus Christ as the heart's Supreme Master. But, besides all this, you have lived among us the Christ-life, with patience and fidelity performing your allotted tasks, giving as conscientious attention to the humble ones as to those of larger moment. Your willingness of mind and sweetness of spirit have made your companionship delightful to us all. May the good Father in Heaven graciously grant you many more birthdays, each made bright by the shining of the Sun of Righteousness!

Affectionately your friend,

HERBERT A. HOWE.

What joy must such tributes bring to a man in his latter days! Ammi Bradford Hyde will live on and on and on; and, as force once exerted in the physical world is never lost, so his work will be reflected in the lives of thousands yet to be.

THE MAN

The following poem is fresh from the hand and head and heart of Dr. Hyde, and was called out by the approach of the 13th of March, 1912, his eighty-seventh birthday:

MORNING ALL THE WAY.

I sit beneath the westering sun
  While lengthening shadows eastward fall;
I trace the path my life has run,
  And clear-eyed memory scans it all.

The star that led from primal night
  That far-off day when I was born,
Has moved perennial, calm and bright,
  To herald a continuous morn.

Fresh-breathing dews and perfumes rise,
  Dawn peeps o'er dawn, still coming on,
Stars fade out from the warming skies
  Before an ever coming sun.

The Plans Divine new scope unfold;
  Man, waking, new achievement dares;
Light, backward beaming, gilds the Old.
  Unwithering, Nature's beauty fares.

Westward I turn and gaze. No Night!
  Dawn far and faint, with rosy ray
Betokens still the growing light
  That leads the wide, Eternal Day.