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The Otterbein Miscellany - May 1969

Lynn W. Turner
Otterbein College

Fred A. Hanawalt
Otterbein College

Lillian S. Frank
Otterbein College

James E. Carr
Otterbein College

Jan Jones
Otterbein College

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Authors

Lynn W. Turner, Fred A. Hanawalt, Lillian S. Frank, James E. Carr, Jan Jones, Philip O. Deever, William T. Hamilton, and B. R. Hanby

THE OTTERBEIN MISCELLANY

GULLIBLE'S TRAVAILS IN ACADEMICIA

Lynn W. Turner

THE SCHOLAR'S TORCH AND THE SEEKER'S KEY

Philip O. Deever

CORRESPONDENCE OF 1858-59

B. R. Hanby

VOL. V

MAY, 1969

NO. 1

FOREWORD

The *Otterbein Miscellany* is published once or twice a year as an outlet for faculty writing on a wide variety of topics. The college underwrites this publication in the belief that it will help maintain a genuine community of scholars. Papers are accepted, therefore, on the basis of their interest to the whole academic community rather than to members of a particular discipline. Editorial responsibility rests with a committee of the faculty.

Contributions are considered from the Otterbein College faculty and administration, active and emeritus — others on invitation only.

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May, 1969

WE PAY OUR RESPECTS

Only five years old, *The Otterbein Miscellany* bows in admiration to *The Quiz and Quill*, Otterbein College's undergraduate creative writing magazine, which closed its fiftieth year last spring. Issued first in 1919, *The Quiz and Quill* has never missed a Maytime appointment and has often succeeded in making a midyear appearance as well. Considering that the past half century in campus economics has brought several disconcerting cycles of thick and thin, and that previous to the current decade the Quiz and Quill Club has had to stand mainly on its own finances, the accomplishment is to be considered remarkable.

Indeed, *The Quiz and Quill* appears to have set a record. The magazine made its appearance during that exciting outburst of "little" literary magazines that came with the so-called "renaissance" in American poetry beginning about 1912. The movement had a stimulating work center and model in Miss Harriet Monroe's successful *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, published in Chicago, which in its size and intent immediately set a pattern. Within ten years there were scores of similar ambitious, small-format publications across the land — college, private and commercial — most of them only bright ephemerae that fluttered quickly through colorful but often brilliant courses. Few of the early ones survive today. *The Quiz and Quill* is believed to be the oldest continuously published example of these "little" creative-writing magazines on any Ohio campus.

Among the more precious papers in the Otterbein Room archives is the manuscript copy of *The Star of Otterbein University*, Vol. 1, No. 1, June, 1856 (on exhibit this spring). Its eight pages of double-fold foolscap, neatly ruled in columns, are filled with essays, verse and commentary in several hands, but mainly in the precise penmanship of Benjamin Russel Hanby. The *Star's* circulation was apparently personal and a second number may never have been born, but it symbolizes the beginnings of student-produced literary magazines at Otterbein. Appropriately, then, the *Miscellany* brings in this issue a series of travel letters written by Ben Hanby the year following his graduation. They give a substantial sampling of the young man's facile writing style.

Acknowledgments? Many should be made, as usual — particularly to the *Miscellany's* contributors, both those published here and those with manuscripts in progress; to Mrs. Sylvia Vance who has assumed the tedious labors of the assistant editor; and to the personnel of the Otterbein College printing department, especially Mr. Forest Moreland, manager, and Mrs. Margie Shaw, whose expert skills in typesetting and make-up are evidenced on every page.

The Editor

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Lynn W. Turner

GULLIBLE'S TRAVAILS IN ACADEMICIA

During all of the twenty-two years of my college teaching, I waited in vain for one of my students to turn in a paper which would be exciting because it explored some new frontier of history, or broke through one of the old barriers that circumscribe our discipline. To make a twenty-two year story short, no such good fortune ever came my way. The papers my students prepared were competent, workmanlike, even in many cases well-written, but none of them was ever, in itself, an adventure.

I used to discuss this disappointing facet of our academic life with my colleagues, both within and without the historical profession. Whether they taught Biology or French or Philosophy they usually assured me that their student productions were equally barren of anything that would alleviate the drudgery of a paper-reading evening. This, I should say, was true until I became a college president and thus removed myself, in their eyes, beyond the pale of respectability. Since then, it has been difficult for me to exchange confidences of any kind with members of a college faculty.

There was, however, one exception to this dull state of affairs — an English professor on the faculty of one of the institutions where I formerly taught, whose disdain for professional historians, based upon his opinion of their literary abilities, was exceeded only by his own remarkable skill in imitating them. Since, in his superior way, he was willing to tolerate a conversation with me now and then, I mentioned to him one day my disappointments with undergraduate research papers, and asked him if he ever received an English theme in the least way extraordinary.

“Oh, quite often,” he answered immediately. He seemed faintly amused at my astonishment. “Perhaps the subject of English literature stimulates the creative faculties more than does an excursion into history,” he continued.

To this subtle barb I could think of no adequate rejoinder, so I simply said, “I’m very curious. Will you let me see the next such paper that turns up in your classes?” This, I thought,

would call his bluff. But he replied immediately.

“Indeed I will. You will probably not have long to wait.”

I thought that this would end the matter, but within a month the English professor was back in my office with a manuscript in his hand, and the customary air of detached superiority on his face.

“Here is an example of what you asked to see,” he proclaimed. “It turned up in my class in Eighteenth Century English Prose.” I glanced at the neatly typewritten title.

“Gullible’s Travails in Academicia,” I read aloud. “Very clever. Looks interesting, at any rate. Who wrote it?”

“I can’t answer that question, for the simple reason that I don’t know,” he answered without hesitation. “It was laid on my desk this morning together with a dozen other papers of similar size and weight. The curious thing is that it seems to be an extra. There are twelve students in the class, but this is the thirteenth paper. As you see, it is entirely typewritten, so there is no possibility of identifying the handwriting. But then, this is the kind of thing that makes teaching English literature exciting.”

With this parting shaft, he left my office and gave me an opportunity to read the manuscript. Here is an exact, unexpurgated copy:

I am a lineal descendant of the man whom Dean Jonathan Swift made immortal as Lemuel Gulliver, but whose real name was simply Samuel Gullible. Of course, most of my ancestor’s family believed that he invented those weird stories about his travels to excuse himself for his long absences from his wife and children, and furthermore, that Dean Swift distorted poor, simple Samuel’s tales in order to vent his own spleen against Whigs, Dutchmen, women, and his fellow clerics. In fact, no person in our family ever knew how my ancestor Sam Gullible’s manuscripts ever fell into Jonathan Swift’s hands; all they knew was that even before old Samuel died the malicious dean robbed them of a fortune by publishing the tales and making them the laughing stock of England.

It may have been this inherited resentment against an ancient theft that aroused my interest in early eighteenth century literature, and particularly in the works of Jonathan Swift. I determined, for one thing, to find my ancestor's original manuscripts if I could, and to republish them without the Swiftian encrustations, thus restoring Gullible's Travails, properly so called, to their original character — (as an example) that of a moderately imaginative eighteenth century fabrication, rather than what Swift had made them — a vehicle for crude political propaganda. In pursuing this purpose, I have examined every known collection of Swiftiana in Dublin, Oxford, and London, without finding a trace of my ancestor's manuscripts. However, in some of Swift's unpublished correspondence with Stella, I discovered an obscure reference which led me to believe that Sam Gullible's son, Clumglum, may have recovered the manuscripts from Dean Swift before he migrated to Virginia in 1730. I also knew that members of this collateral branch of the Gullible family had served in Virginia's detached militia during the American Revolution and been paid in western land script with which they bought an estate in the Virginia Military County lands and settled near Chillicothe, Ohio. This led me to a search of various miscellaneous collections in the archives of the Ohio Historical Society, and ultimately I found here at my front door the manuscripts for which I had ransacked Europe in vain.

Suffice it to say that my suspicions were confirmed by study of the manuscripts which were almost illegible and in the utmost confusion. I immediately saw that Swift had not only distorted and rewritten great patches of the material, but he had reorganized it with little regard for its original purpose. My determination to publish an accurate edition of Samuel Gullible's narrative is stronger than ever, but I realize that the work will be long and tedious. In the meantime, however, I want to bring the world's attention to a very large portion of the original manuscript which Dean Swift utterly ignored in his freehanded treatment of my ancestor's work. Consequently, I hereby offer, with a minimum of my own editorial notes, the first published edition of —

“An Account of Samuel Gullible's Fifth Voyage, being a Flight in Great Travail on the Island of Laputa and a Sojourn among the Academicians.”

I will not even conceal from myself the fact that the contempt which I felt for my fellow-Yahoos after my enforced return to England from the felicitous land of the Houyhnhnms was eventually returned with compounded interest. My wife and children suffered my aversion during five years of patient bewilderment, but in the end they lost their taste for this kind of forbearance and began to berate me for my misanthropy. My situation at home thus became intolerable, and I took to spending most of my time in long rambles out of doors, into the deepest woods and the most desolate moors where I might escape, if only for a brief moment, my hated fellow-men.

One autumn day, when I was thus wandering in a most dejected state upon the empty waste, I was astonished to see what appeared at first to be a species of flying saucer approaching rapidly from northward at a great height in the sky. As it neared my station it began to descend, and I soon recognized it as the island of Laputa, where I had been on my third voyage, but what this flying metropolis was doing so far from its native empire I could scarce conjecture. The object of its flight was evident enough, however, for as soon as it became stationary over my head, two muscular soldiers in the black uniform of the king's guards sprang to a lowered ladder, clambered swiftly down and seized me roughly before I could cry out.

My apprehensions at this singular treatment were not allayed by the guards' rude commands to ascend the ladder and the immediate resumption of flight as soon as I had gained the verge of the island. This time, the sides of the flying island were deserted and I was hurried silently through empty streets to the king's palace. My guards delivered me to a palace servant who conducted me in the same silence to an antichamber of the throne room and left me there alone. During all this space of time, I sensed a receding motion of the island at great speed and thought that I should probably never see England again.

Presently, however, there came into the chamber my old friend, the Lord Munodi, whose hospitality I had so much reason to remember from that period more than twelve years past when he had entertained me on his estates in Balnibarbi. To my indignant questions he declined an immediate answer, but did explain that he was now the prime minister of the country. His manner seemed to indicate, however, that some great disaster had brought him into this post, and he would tell me nothing more.

At length I was ushered into the throne room, where I looked about in vain for the king. Lord Munodi led me, rather, to one side of the great chamber where a council of the principal nobles of the kingdom was assembled. I could readily see that a great change had taken place in their nation, and they now proceeded with many expressions of grief to narrate the story to me. Some four years after I had departed from Lagado, one of the projectors in the Grand Academy who had been engaged in spinning air in a great circular tube, had discovered a substance in his tube which, when combined with another chemical, produced an explosion far greater than had ever been made before with mere gunpowder. This so excited the public curiosity that he had been ordered to gather larger quantities of the two repellent substances and give a public demonstration of his new explosive in an open field some distance from Lagado. On the appointed day, a great concourse of people had gathered to witness the experiment, and even the king hovered over the spot in his flying island, so great was his interest in this new thing.

The projector, whose name was Oppenferm, had been too busy with his experiments to come to the field, but sent an assistant who brought the two chemicals together. Immediately there had been a tremendous explosion, accompanied by a glare of light and a searing heat which roasted alive all the people who had gathered in the field. A great cloud of poisonous dust had risen from the explosion and enveloped the flying island of Laputa, even though its pilots moved it as quickly as they could from the place. It was this poison which occasioned the death of the king and nine-tenths of the remaining people of Laputa, to say nothing of the thousands of those below on Balnibarbi who were maimed and crippled, and the thousands of acres that were laid waste.

This was a blow from which Balnibarbi had not soon recovered; in truth, many people continued to die for months thereafter from the slow effects of the poison dust which caused the bones to soften and the body to become disfigured. The projector, Oppenferm, was thrown into prison by the authorities who reasoned that his absence from the public explosion proved his foreknowledge of what would happen which was, in effect, a plot against the life of the king. Others argued, however, that his absence had only been a sign of indifference, and that he was truly a public benefactor, having discovered a means by which the Laputians could rain destruction on any earth-dwellers who chose to defy them and thus conquer the world. The partisans on

either side of this question had become so absorbed in their disputes that they neglected families, business, and social life. The productive activity of the kingdom had come to a standstill — all, that is, except the production of the destructive chemicals, which had proceeded steadily, to the peril of the people, because no one had remembered to order it stopped.

When this crisis had developed to a point which threatened the very existence of the kingdom, Lord Munodi and a few other conservative grandees had quietly taken over control of the flying island and with it the government of Balnibarbi. Lord Munodi now explained that it was at his instance that the Grand Council had decided to come after me, convinced that I alone could help them to arrive at a solution of the problems which imperiled their civilization. The reason for this, Lord Munodi explained, lay in the things I had told him about my country during my former visit. Since we were governed by a Parliament which debated at greater length than even the people of Balnibarbi but finally muddled through to a conclusion, they decided that I might find a way to end their contentions.

Being an Englishman, I readily agreed to arbitrate their disputes, but first insisted, of course, that I should examine all the legal precedents which might have any bearing on the case of Oppenferm. Lord Munodi was much puzzled by my stipulation, since the courts in Balnibarbi kept no records, it being their belief that a judge was more likely to be prejudiced by reading how another judge had decided a different case than by confining his attention to the merits of his own. The Laputians, in fact, had little concern with the past and seldom kept or consulted records of any kind save for those involving immediate business or recent events. In fact, said Lord Munodi, the only persons to whom he thought I might go for this kind of information were the archeographers.

I desired to be taken to these people at once, and was therefore lowered to the ground in the capital city of Lagado near to the Grand Academy where I was told that I would find them. This somewhat astonished me since I had spent much time traversing the Academy during my former visit to Lagado without once even hearing of these same archeographers. My conductor, however, assured me that this was not remarkable, since the archeographers were the most inconspicuous of all the members of the Academy, being regarded with scorn by their fellow Academicians

and finding it difficult to secure money with which to carry on their researches. They were housed, he told me, in a neglected part of the Academy buildings, midway between the mathematical projectors on the one side and the projectors in speculative learning on the other, since no one, least of all themselves, could agree as to which side they properly belonged. With that explanation, I was conducted into the dimly lighted and dusty area in which the archeographers carried on their business.

The first door I opened admitted me into a very large chamber where the archeographers, or chroniclers as we should call them in England, were producing the books of history which would go to the markets for public sale. The manner of producing all the historical works was the same; it was done upon a most remarkable set of machines. When a book was to be commenced, the scholar in charge took down from the surrounding shelves all the volumes that had already been written on the subject as well as a few which had no particular relevance. He would then set his apprentices to copying paragraphs from these books on long cards. These were then placed in a machine which punched holes in them according to set patterns. When a great pile of these pierced cards had been assembled it was placed in another machine; one of the apprentices pressed a button and immediately, with a loud whirring noise, mechanical fingers plucked up the cards and slid them down a chute where they fell rapidly into separate compartments according to the way they had been punched. The apprentice then took up the cards from the first compartment and placed them in still another mechanism beside a similar stack of cards on which were printed chapter titles, footnote references, maps, illustrations, and such stock phrases as "the road to," "the rise of," "the causes," "the consequences," "it is presumed that," "this leads us to conclude," "the evidence is not clear," and "on the other hand." At a given signal this machine began to shuffle the two stacks of cards as our gamblers in England do when they play at whist, and after it had formed them into one deck again, it proceeded to copy in order the extracts on each succeeding card. When finished, this narrative formed the first chapter of the new book, and so the following chapters were made until the whole was finished, bound together, and ready for the market.

I learned in later visits that there were several levels of archeographers. Although none of them was held in much esteem outside and their books sold but few copies in comparison with

those written by cooks or fishermen, some chroniclers earned a little money from the booksellers while others had to hire publishers to print their works. The latter prided themselves on being "ethical" practitioners of the archeographer's art. They enclosed the major portion of their books in quotation marks, and put long diversions into footnotes. They also went through their manuscripts carefully with a pair of scissors and cut out every word of fewer than four syllables. The more successful chroniclers, on the other hand, illustrated their works with portraits of the most celebrated ladies from the theaters of Lagado and were not reluctant to let imagination supply the want of fact when their narratives would otherwise suffer. The only archeographers to grow rich from the sale of their books were those who brought out very cheap editions on a poor quality of paper, and took all the clothes off the female whose figure graced the covers.

I discovered that the young archeographers who had just entered into the profession were laudably ambitious to bring themselves quickly to public notice, and since their system of producing books gave no vent to originality, they had recourse to two other methods, either of which, if skillfully executed, soon brought them to the top of their profession. The easier of these methods was to choose the most famous and respected of the older archeographers — one preferably with many books to his credit — and to denounce him as a great liar. The more eminent the victim of this attack, the greater was the likelihood of its success. It was a device well calculated to attract attention. Once this object was accomplished, the younger chronicler would drop the attack and prove to all his new admirers that he was safely conservative; his reputation and fortune were then secure.

The other method of gaining recognition was more difficult but also more ingenious. It had been discovered by a young archeographer who noticed, as indeed many had before him, that the style of clothing and hairdressing favored by the female sex in Balnibarbi went through a regular cycle of change every thirty years, so that mothers found their daughters wearing the same kind of garments that they remembered their own mothers to have worn. The clever young scholar reasoned that styles in the art of chronicling also underwent cycles, but since it was a much less lively art than that of the costumer, the rate of change would be only half as fast. Accordingly, he read the histories of sixty years earlier and wrote a new one exactly like them. It was hailed as a pioneer work and became an instant success.

These archeographers of Balnibarbi and of all the neighboring kingdoms have an interesting custom of gathering together once a year in a building far too small to hold them all and filling the air with tobacco fumes while they gossip like ladies-in-waiting at the queen's court. A few of them, more earnest or more innocent than the rest, congregate in small chambers which are completely inadequate for the purpose, to read essays which are not quite long enough for books or entertaining enough for the corridors. Most of the audience regard this performance with rude indifference, but a few who have a reputation as critics to maintain attack the essays savagely, while would-be apprentices who wish to draw attention to their availability seize the occasion to make speeches which have no discernible connection with the subject of the essays. These gatherings usually reach their climax in a great dinner at which the archeographers gulp down rich foods which they cannot afford to buy at any other time, and listen to a colleague whom they have chosen to be the Chief-Archeographer-Plenipotentiary for one year try desperately to say something that has not already been said by all of his predecessors.

Although the mathematical projectors of the Academy were generously subsidized by the government, and also by the farmers and manufacturers of Balnibarbi who expected their enterprises to benefit by the experiments of the projectors, no one had much interest in paying the archeographers for what the outside world regarded as useless researches. Therefore, the archeographers of the Academy earned their bread by teaching the history of their country to the young Balnibarbians, for which they were paid salaries considerably lower, indeed, than those paid to mathematics and music instructors, but enough to maintain them in genteel poverty. Most of them regarded this chore with distaste and little enthusiasm since it took them away from their book-making machines. This spirit readily communicated itself to their pupils and made the subject of history the most unpopular one in the schools. This, added to the fact that the parents of the students had also in their day been taught to consider history a dull subject, accounted for the low esteem in which both the subject and its devotees were held in this kingdom.

More curious still was the fact that although the archeographers were paid for teaching, the rate of their wages and the ranks to which they were promoted depended upon the quantity of printed works which they produced; the consequence was that

they neglected their teaching and spent every moment outside their classrooms at the Academy library. And since the headmasters had no time to read all the books produced by their subordinates, and indeed little desire to do so, they judged them by their weight and number rather than their contents. The shrewder archeographers soon learned that the title of a short essay occupied as much space in their annual reports as the title of a long book, and that they might compose a dozen of the former in the time it would take to put together one of the latter. They accordingly began to write many essays, which created a problem since not even the booksellers wanted these productions on their shelves. One of the chief archeographers solved this difficulty by inventing a periodical in which the essays could be printed. The journal was then distributed to the archeographers themselves, and by this device they were enabled to pay for the publication of their own works without intolerable costs. As this device became more popular, virtually all the archeographers turned to it and began to write and submit essays at a furious pace. Soon there were too many for the periodical, so another journal was begun, and then another, and presently there were almost as many periodicals as there were archeographers, and no one had any trouble getting his essays published. This proved to be a happy solution of the problem. The multiplicity of periodicals was not embarrassing, since they did not have to be read and they made excellent fireplace combustibles after a sufficient number had accumulated. The writers of the essays could report long lists of published works, and the headmasters had only to bring out their rulers and measure the length of these lists in order to know what wages and promotions to recommend for each of their teachers. None of this activity, fortunately, affected the pupils in the history classes, who remained totally unaware of what their teachers did outside the classroom and totally indifferent to what they said inside it.

I soon concluded that my labor would be wasted in reading the books of these archeographers for the legal history of Balnibarbi, when they took all of their matter from other men's books, so I inquired as to the origin of these older volumes on the shelves of the library. Although the most successful archeographers copied their own works, or those of each other, some occasionally made use of a book which came from a workroom on a lower level of the Academy, called the Primus. The distinguishing characteristic of these books was that they were declared to be original, either because they were the first to be written about a particular

subject, or they reproduced the records in which that subject was mentioned.

The Primus was not one large hall, but was divided into a labyrinth of small cell-like chambers, each barely large enough to contain a table, a chair, and several shelves of books. In each cell, almost buried in dust and barely visible in the dim light, sat a pale and wasted figure, wearing large spectacles and poring over a fragile manuscript. These were the scholars who supplied the materials from which the archeographers in the upper level assembled their books. It hardly needs to be said that they received little recognition and virtually no wages for their work. Indeed, so detached were they from the world of daily affairs that they would have had no conception of how to spend the latter, nor any particular use for the former.

Since it was the business of these scholars to supply the basic facts of history, I believed that here I would find the precedents I needed for a decision in the case of Oppenferm; therefore, I was much interested in the means by which they made their discoveries. I found them agreed on one thing — they did not consult contemporary records since these were not to be trusted. Scribblers for the gazettes, letter-writers, journal-keepers, amanuenses, clerks of the courts, monkish chroniclers, secretaries to Parliaments, scribes and poets were all unconscionable liars. The art of writing, and still more of printing, they said, had been invented to conceal the truth rather than preserve it; therefore, in order to eliminate all possibility of bias, error, deception, and misunderstanding from history, the scholar must depend on oral testimony, heard with his own ears. To my objections that this predilection limited the period for which they could make any studies to the present, they replied that, on the contrary, they had means to obtain oral testimony from the actors themselves in any period of their history.

It will be remembered from the account of my third voyage, that I had already found in that part of the world a few individuals from every generation who were endowed with immortal life. These Struldruggs, as they were called, could be brought in and interviewed, about the scenes which they had witnessed during their early years, and if they had been important actors in these events, so much the better. All the scholar had to do was to write down their answers. Furthermore, if any doubt arose afterward about the integrity of the scholar himself, as had often

been the case in England when a hack writer collaborated with a great lord in bringing out his memoirs, scholars a century later had only to call in the same old Struldbrugg and ask for his story again.

Other scholars, however, insisted that no reliance was to be put in the memory of the Struldbruggs, and they developed a superior system which was, unfortunately, more expensive and beset with great difficulties. This was to journey to the distant island of Glubbudubdrib and prevail upon the Governor of the sorcerers there to call up the spirits of those actors in earlier events whom they desired to interview. This would seem to have been an infallible system since I had learned in my own visit to that island that the shades told the truth in every respect. Unfortunately, the sorcerers of Glubbudubdrib were willing to use their powers over the underworld in behalf of only the most eminent scholars from the Primus, and even then after the payment of a heavy fee. The spirits, furthermore, were somewhat erratic, answering the summons of the sorcerers only when they felt disposed to do so, and being obliged to submit to an interview concerning any given event with which they had been connected only once. This made it impossible for other scholars to confirm or re-examine the report which the favored historian brought back from an interview with any spirit, and led naturally to doubts about its integrity. What was even more discouraging, I learned that the statements made by the shades to mortal men were of a Delphic character and often meant something quite different from the meaning which the human brain imparted to them. Who can tell, for example, what the spirit of Galileo meant when it declared that it regarded the experiment he had made with dropping iron balls from the bell tower of Pisa as a matter of the utmost gravity. Thus it will be seen that much more of the history of Balnibarbi depends upon the memories of her unsung Struldbruggs than upon the testimony of her most eminent dead heroes.

My own dilemma illustrated perfectly the difficulties to which these methods gave rise. I desired my Conductor in the Academy to call in a Struldbrugg who had been a judge in his early life that I might question him about the cases he had adjudicated. Unfortunately, I learned that none of the Struldbruggs had ever been a judge, except one of the very oldest ones who had been chosen an arbitrator between contestants over property rights in the very earliest days of Balnibarbi's history, before a legal

code had developed. The Balnibarbians had learned from this experience never again to appoint a Strulldbrugg to judicial office, since the tenure was for life and this old fellow had been embarrassing the courts of probate for two thousand years with his antiquated ideas. Nor did the other technique prove to be any more productive. At a very considerable expense I made another journey to Glubbudbrib and called up every notable judge that I could remember and who would answer my summons, from Solomon to Lord Coke, but to no purpose. They were willing enough to talk about their own cases but had no patience to listen to mine, declaring that it was *nolle prosequi*, or outside their jurisdiction, or some such excuse. When I asked for the most famous judge in Balnibarbi's history to appear before me, there came a deaf old ghost who said that he could not remember a single one of his cases, since all Balnibarbian judges erased from their minds every memory of a trial as soon as it was over, so there would be no residue to prejudice their judgment in the next case.

These experiences made me despair of finding the information I needed from the historians of the Academy in order to decide the fate of Oppenferm and determine the future of the infernal machine that he had invented. In the meantime, alarming reports were reaching us that the stock of deadly chemicals was growing beyond the capacity of any warehouse to contain them, and that several young projectors wished to experiment with them in their own way. Finally, I came to the sad conclusion that the archeographers of Balnibarbi could offer no solution for the terrible problems of their country, and that every day I spent in their midst increased my personal danger. In spite of my friendship for Lord Munodi and many other good men there, I determined to escape from their doomed continent while there was still an opportunity. Accordingly, I disguised myself as a sailor and made my way to the port of Maldonado where I found a ship sailing directly for Japan, from whence I intended to travel to Holland as I had done before.

When my ship was a day's sail from Maldonado, we heard behind us an enormous explosion, accompanied by a blinding flash of light and a wave of heat which caused the very sea to boil around us. At the same time, back in the direction where lay the metropolis of Lagado, there arose a great mushroom of smoke and purple colored dust into the sky, as if the whole continent below were disintegrating. I stood stunned upon the deck, realizing that I was the last man who would ever visit Balnibarbi,

with its flying island of Laputa, its ghostly island of Glubbdub-drib, its great metropolis of Lagado, its Academy of Projectors, and in the center of it all but buried far below the surface, its Academicians who probably, until the very end, did not know what had happened in the outside world.

USE OF THE COCCYX

(*Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*: "[L., cuckoo, fr. Gr. *kokkyx*, *kokkygos*, cuckoo, coccyx; — from the resemblance to the beak of a cuckoo.] Anat. In man and certain apes, the end of the vertebral column beyond the sacrum.")

The use of the coccyx in modern man
Is a problem of some dimension,
That each of us is a bit "cuckoo"
We not too proudly mention.

Fred A. Hanawalt

Lillian S. Frank

THE CERAMICS OF JAN JONES

"I am trying to make warm, earthy pots," says Jan Jones. "When they come out of the kiln looking old, I feel whole."

Jan Jones received her earliest training at the Art Institute in her native city, Chicago. Her interest in art moved from drawing and painting to ceramics, which she studied at Michigan State University under Louis Raynor. When her husband, the late Murray Jones, received a Fulbright Fellowship to paint in Japan, 1959-61, she had the opportunity to develop her skill as a potter by studying with the internationally known artist, Kawai, and with his pupil-disciple, Arao. The privilege of working with these two men in Kyoto has had a very strong influence on her own work. Through her natural affinity with the Japanese love of material, respect for craftsmanship and warmth of expression, she has adapted the traditional Japanese techniques to the freedom of contemporary Western expression. In her most recent work she has become more involved with methods of hand-building.

Most of her work, both pottery and sculpture, is stoneware. For this body she mixes various materials, each contributing particular desired characteristics: fire clay from Ohio, ball clay from Kentucky, and grogg, a gritty pre-fired Missouri clay. Barnard clay is added to give the earthy brown color she wants. She also mixes her glazes. The resulting pieces are fired at 2,350 degrees Fahrenheit in a huge kiln, also of her own making, in the pot shop at her residence on Redbank Road near Westerville. This gas kiln, which is over five feet high, has an inner chamber of 130 cubic feet.

While teaching at Otterbein College and now at Antioch College, Mrs. Jones continues the development of her own expression through a sustained flow of work. Since 1961, she has had nine one-man shows including appearances at Hanamura Gallery, Detroit; Art International Gallery, Cleveland; Zanesville Art Institute, Bryson Gallery and Battelle Institute, Columbus.

She has exhibited in invitational shows in the United States Exhibition at the World's Fair in Brussels, 1959, in the Fibre

Clay Metal traveling exhibit in Europe, 1959-62, in Tokyo and various American art centers. She has won purchase awards at the Grand Rapids Museum, the Syracuse Ceramic National, and the Butler Museum of American Art.

Of her work, Mrs. Jones says further: "My pots are traditional with an oriental influence. I love the look of the clay and want it to be exposed a lot of the time. The glazes are quiet and are understatements — the form of the pot is the paramount issue to me. I love to work with handbuilding methods — particularly slab building, rather than wheel throwing. I have begun to work with porcelain but realize that my goals are the same — soft, rough pots that show my finger marks and are glazed with transparent glaze that shows everything. Nothing can hide. All must be humbly done — transparent to all."

LE CHAUFFAGE CENTRAL

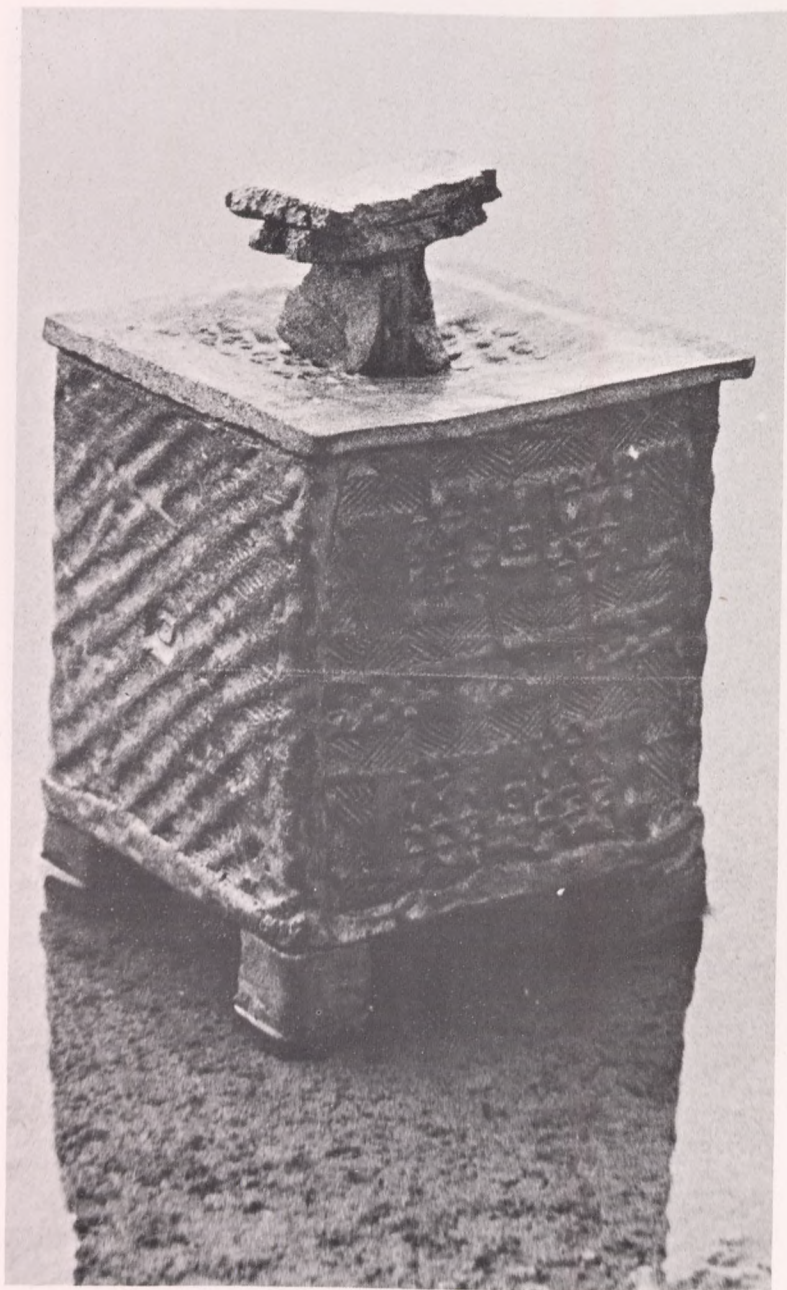
Ce feu dans la cheminée
chauffe mon coeur.
Les flammes lèchent
mes lèvres.
Ses lueurs dansent
sur une scène de chair
respirante.
Le matin les flammes se seront embarquées...
Le feu sera là.

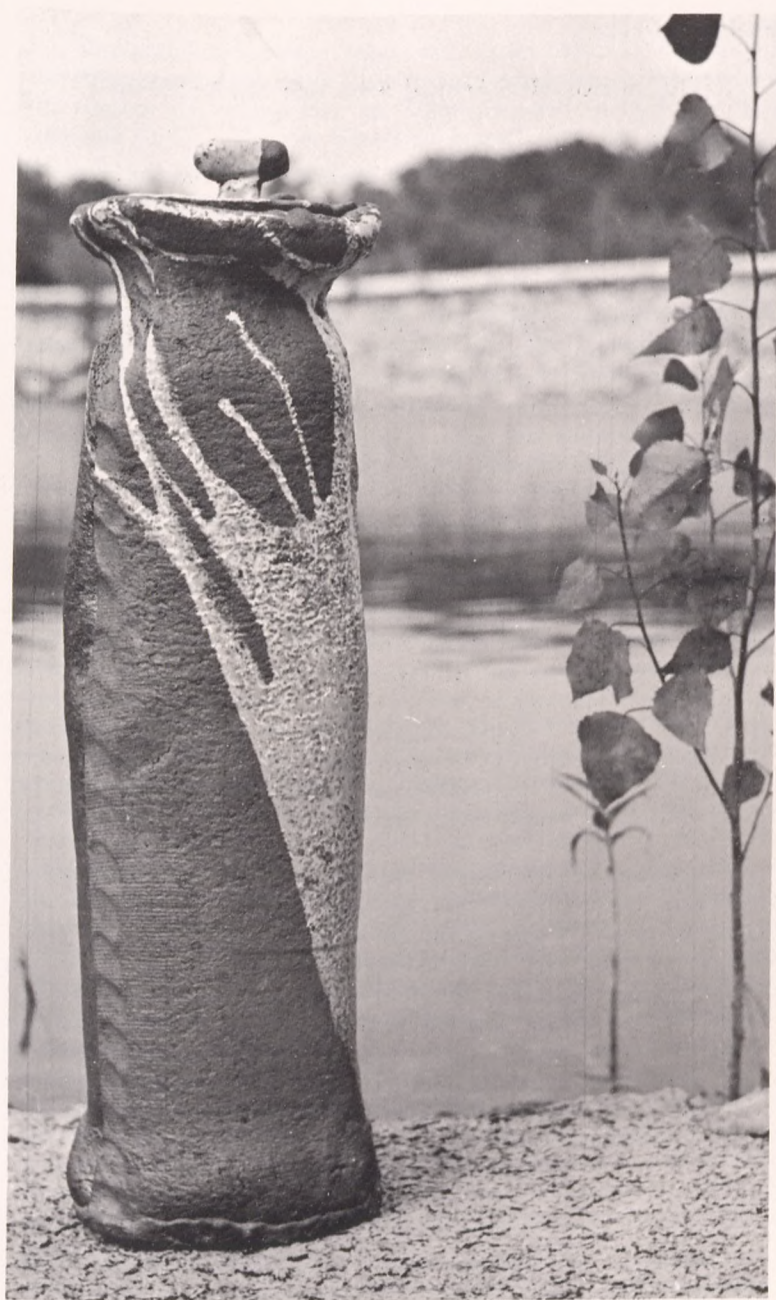
James E. Carr



THREE CERAMIC POTS

by Jan Jones





Philip O. Deever

THE SCHOLAR'S TORCH AND THE SEEKER'S KEY¹

All of us here know that scholarship is not the world's most popular subject! People often refer to the scholar's "ivory tower", by which they mean that he is not really "with it". Actually it never was an "ivory tower" at all. No scholar could afford that. It was an *ivy* tower, or better, an *ivy covered* tower. Inside, a stooped figure with pale blue eyes pored over dusty volumes, pursuing his own erudite researches in his own irrelevant ways. Mostly he wrote books no one read. Occasionally he lectured — about things his students didn't want to hear. He was in his glory when he was teaching Latin specialists to teach Latin specialists to teach Latin specialists.

But even though scholarship *is* in some circles unpopular, we all know that such a presentation of it is an unfair caricature. It was behind the ivy-covered walls of the abandoned football stadium at the University of Chicago that some of the earliest experiments in atomic energy were made. That work may have been erudite; it was not irrelevant. Modern scholarship includes involvement. Scholars are called to be committed men and women: like Dr. Leroy Augenstein, chairman of the Michigan State University department of Biophysics, who goes about the country crying the alarm of the population explosion — like Martin Luther King who, don't forget, was a distinguished Ph.D.

To associate scholarship with involvement and commitment, however, confronts us with an awkward dilemma. On the one hand, a scholar is a scientist. He is trained to probe, experiment, search for truth, test hypotheses, suspend judgement, be willing to change his mind. On the other hand, involvement and commitment suggest taking a stand, staking your life on something or someone, acting on faith even though all the evidence is not in and may never be fully accessible. From which it is easy to conclude that scholarship and commitment are incompatible. They appear to rule each other out.

¹Address at the Otterbein College Scholarship Recognition Dinner, April 25, 1968.

The problem becomes especially acute when it is *Christian* involvement and *Christian* commitment we mean – like rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's. For the Christian gospel lays its claim upon a man in a way which tends to sweep all other claims aside. The gospel declares that once in history – and only once – in a particular person, Jesus of Nazareth, the eternal God supremely and finally revealed himself to men. That event was the turning point of history. The gospel maintains that, in Jesus, God conquered sin and death, the archenemies of human life. It insists that Jesus is the Lord of all, and it bids men to be reconciled to God and to give themselves to Jesus' way of love and service in the world.

How can one possibly be a scholar and at the same time submit to such a final and all-inclusive demand for involvement and commitment as that? It is like asking, "How can one be a free, scientific, scholarly bachelor (whether of Arts or Science or what not) and at the same time be an involved, committed, faithful married man?" It sounds as contradictory to speak of an involved, committed Christian scholar as to speak of a married bachelor!

One way of putting this problem into focus is to ask whether or not the word "Christian" is an appropriate adjective to apply to a scholarly discipline. The answer is clearly No. There is no such thing as Christian mathematics. There is just mathematics. Christian French, as a description of the discipline of learning that language, would be meaningless. There is no such thing as biology that is Christian. There is biophysics or biochemistry, but not Christian physics or Christian chemistry. Even in the realm of art there is a real question as to whether or not it would be proper to use the word Christian to describe or govern it. Indeed, many think that much which passes for "Christian art" is neither art nor Christian.

A scholarly discipline is controlled by the principles peculiar to that discipline. And all scholarship is committed to the rigorous pursuit of knowledge, to the research and experimentation that such pursuit entails, and to the willingness to allow the knowledge we discover to lead where it will and to accomplish what it can – regardless.

From this it appears to many in our day that scientific schol-

arship and the commitment of Christian faith are incompatible. Some men choose to be scholars, reject Christian faith, and look disdainfully upon all "believers". Others choose to be Christians and attempt or pretend to ignore science. Still others try to be both scientific scholars and men and women of Christian faith — but keep these two interests in their own segregated ghettos of the mind.

But now we have to ask of our segregated scholarship and of our segregated faith an embarrassing question: What happens to the Christian who discovers that the approach of science is sound? What happens to the scholar who can no longer deny the central claim of Christian faith? What does any honest thinker do when he discovers the paradox of new truth in a strange and different quarter?

One remarkable instance of that kind of confrontation comes from the first century. In St. Paul's day there were scholarly Greek minds at Corinth and Athens who had drawn an obvious conclusion: "There is no such thing as resurrection." Then Paul came to them proclaiming the incontrovertible truth of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. "There-is-no-resurrection" had achieved the status of what we might call "scientific law". What was it to do now that a new specific instance ran counter to the old established view? Or to put it in blunt general terms: What happens when the scholarly principle of accepting and following the truth wherever it leads, whatever its consequences, compels one to acknowledge the victory of Jesus Christ over sin and death?

Somewhere I learned that an educated person is one who is never embarrassed in the presence of a new idea. Applied here that means that in such a situation no honest scholar or scientist can abandon his science, but neither can he refuse to accept the new truth which now compels his allegiance. Instead, he has to accept the demand to put a new perspective upon his total view of life and of his scholarly discipline as a part of that life. In this case, maybe he has to redefine what resurrection means. Maybe he has to ask himself what kind of involvement, what kind of commitment the victory of the Risen Lord requires.

I maintain that scientific scholarship and Christian commitment *are* compatible. It is true, as we have seen, that the word Christian is not an appropriate adjective to apply to a science or

scholarly discipline. But it *is* an appropriate adjective to describe a scholarly man. When a bachelor marries, he ceases to be a bachelor, that is true. He does not cease to be a man. Indeed, marriage fulfills his manhood, puts a new perspective upon it. Involvement and commitment are what marriage adds to a bachelor's life. Similarly, commitment, involvement as a Christian, are not the repudiation of our scholarship; they are the way to give that scholarship new dimension, new direction.

Scientifically it may add nothing to a doctor's knowledge because he is a Christian. But what is it that makes the names of Albert Schweitzer and Tom Dooley stand out? There are those who will testify, both doctors and patients, that the doctor who is also a committed man of Christian faith has a plus in his practice which can sometimes mean the difference between death and life.

Two contemporary columnists have pointed recently in the direction I am here taking. One is Sydney Harris, who writes of two Yale graduates who became equally competent in programming computers. One of them had majored in physics — which makes sense; the other, in English literature — which seems contradictory. What they both had in common, Harris claims, is logic. That is, beyond their technical, scientific skill is the ability to organize knowledge purposefully. As Harris puts it, "Paradoxically the computerized society does not call for more standardization or conformity, but for more creativity, more imagination, more broad thinking — if we are to become its master, not its slave." The deeper dimension is not inimical to scholarship; it is essential to it.

Sylvia Porter, who writes on economic and financial affairs, reports that, "...the U.S. business community now is beginning to move operations, and jobs, into big city slums, to educate and train the hard-core unskilled and unemployed, to tackle such massive nation-wide problems as air and water pollution." She maintains that business is finally beginning to recognize its need for involvement and commitment. Big business now sees that profit is not its only purpose; it has social responsibilities for the welfare of society. Interestingly enough (and this is a compliment to students) Sylvia Porter reports that not enough college graduates have shown an interest in business lately, and that the reason has been the reluctance of business to involve itself and commit itself. Young people want their lives to count

for more than mere money-making.

If we have ears to hear, both Sydney Harris and Sylvia Porter are eloquent voices telling us in practical terms that the kind of involvement and commitment implicit in Christian faith does not emasculate scholarship. It releases it and fulfills it. On all sides we hear about the knowledge explosion. What about the wisdom to balance our knowledge, to guide it, and to bring it to flower? It is wisdom to permit scholarship and faith to round each other out and to fill each other up.

To put it philosophically, the new math will ask: What do all these figures add up to in the end? The new physics will consider: Who is it who undergirds this vast, mysterious, living organism we call the universe? The new psychology will probe beneath the surface of the self to a more profound understanding of this sinning, serving, smiling, sighing creature who is MAN. The new communications media will tell a more honest and compelling and realistic story and will move the masses to a more completely human end.

Or to put it practically, our need is for social scientists committed to social justice, language scholars concerned about genuine communication, writers who try to make us understand the wonders and the difficulties of being human, researchers who try to find the ways to help and heal the race, political scientists devoted to the ideals of community and the family of nations, teacher-scholars whose goal is to enlighten and enlarge the minds of men.

Picasso has a suggestive abstract in which he puts three eyes in the face of a man. Perhaps that is his way of reminding us that there is more to life than meets our scholarly, scientific gaze alone. Somewhere on our face, too, the eye of faith belongs.

TWO POEMS BY ALEXANDER WILSON

Alexander Wilson (1766-1813) has the rather unusual honor of belonging to the intellectual history of two nations: in his native Scotland he was a talented writer of the kind of dialect poetry that his contemporary Robert Burns made popular, and in the United States he stands as John James Audubon's most distinguished predecessor as painter and chronicler of American birds. Before he left Scotland in 1794, apparently to escape persecution for his radical politics, he wrote the humorous "Watty and Meg," which was to remain in print in Britain continuously through the nineteenth century and which was attributed to Burns, who graciously said that he had not written it, though he wished he had. And Audubon, with perhaps the greater arrogance of the greater genius, copied as his own Wilson's magnificent painting of the Mississippi kite.

During his twenty years in America, Wilson never devoted himself wholeheartedly to verse; once he had conceived of *The American Ornithology*, that project absorbed most of his creative energies. In the poetry he did write on this side of the Atlantic, however, he pointed in an important direction: the arts in America had an absorbing subject in wild American nature. Thus he foreshadowed the greater work of such painters as Audubon and Homer and of such writers as Melville and Thoreau.

The two poems below indicate something of Wilson's range. The first, published in the *Ornithology*, suggests the intimate relationship that once existed between man and nature on this continent; the second is a whimsical tribute to the teaching profession, which for Wilson was never much more than a depressing way of supporting himself when he could not be engaged in something more interesting.*

*Alexander Grosart, ed., *The Poems and Literary Prose of Alexander Wilson* (Paisley, Scotland, 1876).

The Fish-hawk, or Osprey

Soon as the sun, great ruler of the year,
Bends to our northern clime his bright career,
And from the caves of ocean calls from sleep
The finny shoals and myriads of the deep;
When freezing tempests back to Greenland ride,
And day and night the equal hours divide;
True to the season, o'er our sea-beat shore,
The sailing osprey high is seen to soar,
With broad unmoving wing, and circling show,
Marks each loose straggler in the deep below;
Sweeps down like lightning! plunges with a roar!
And bears his struggling victim to the shore.
The long-housed fisherman beholds with joy,
The well-known signals of his rough employ;
And as he bears his nets and oars along,
Thus hails the welcome season with a song:

The Fisherman's Hymn

*The osprey sails above the Sound,
The geese are gone, the gulls are flying;
The herring shoals swarm thick around,
The nets are launched, the boats are plying.
Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
Raise high the song and cheerly wish her;
Still as the bending net we sweep,
'God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!'*

*She brings us fish — she brings us Spring,
Good times, fair weather, warmth and plenty;
Fine store of shad, trout, herring, ling,
Sheeps-head and drum, and old wives' dainty.
Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
Still as the bending net we sweep,
'God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!'*

*She rears her young on yonder tree,
She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em;
Like us, for fish she sails the sea,
And, plunging, shows us where to find 'em.*

*Yo ho, my hearts! Let's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
While slow the bending net we sweep,
'God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!'*

1812

The Dominic

Of all professions that this world hath known —
From humble cobblers upwards to the throne,
From the great architects of Greece and Rome
Down to the maker of a farthing broom, —
The worst for care and undeserved abuse,
The first in real dignity and use,
(If kind to teach, and diligent to rule),
Is the learned Master of a little school.
Not he who guides the legs, or fits the clown
To square his fists and knock his fellow down;
Not he whose arm displays the murd'rous art
To parry thrusts, and pierce the unguarded heart:
For that good man, who, faithful to his charge,
Still toils the op'ning Reason to enlarge,
And leads the growing mind through every stage,
From humble A B C to God's own page, —
From black rough *pot hooks*, horrid to the sight,
To fairest lines that float o'er purest white;
From *Numeration* through an op'ning way,
Till dark *Annuities* seem clear as day;
Pours o'er the soul a flood of mental light,
Expands its wings, and gives it powers for flight,
Till Earth's remotest bounds, and Heaven's bright train,
Are trac'd, weigh'd, measur'd, pictur'd, and explain'd.

If such his toils, sure honor and regard,
And wealth of fame, will be his sweet reward;
Sure, every mouth will open in his praise,
And blessing gild the evening of his days!
Yes, *Blest, indeed*, with cold ungrateful scorn,
With study pale, by daily crosses worn;
Despised by those who to his labour owe
All that they read, and almost all they know;
Condemned each tedious day, such cares to bear

As well might drive even patience to despair.
The partial parents' taunt, the Idler dull,
The Blockhead's dark, impenetrable skull;
The endless sound of A B C's dull train,
Repeated o'er ten thousand times in vain.
Placed on a point, the object of each sneer,
His faults enlarge – his merits disappear.
If mild – "Our lazy Master loves his ease,
"He lets his boys do anything they please."
If rigid – "He's a stern, hard-hearted wretch,
He drives the children stupid with his birch;
My child, with gentleness, will mind a breath,
But frowns and floggings frighten him to death."
Do as he will, his conduct is arraigned,
And dear the little that he gets is gained;
E'en that is given him on the *Quarter-Day*
With *looks* that call it *money thrown away*.

Great God! who knows the unremitting care
And deep solicitude that Teachers share,
If such our fate by Thy divine control,
O give us health and fortitude of soul,
Such that disdain the murd'ring tongue of Fame,
And strength to make the sturdiest of them tame!
Grant this, O God! to Dominie's distress;
Our sharp-tailed Hickories will do the rest.

c. 1810?

THE PICIDAE

A hungry woodpecker on a steel flagpole
Is really not incredible,
But it doesn't take him long to find
This source of food impeccable.

Fred A. Hanawalt

B. R. Hanby

THE "ANOTHER LETTER" CORRESPONDENCE OF 1858-59

On Wednesday, June 22, 1858, Benjamin Russel Hanby was graduated from Otterbein University. The next day two more events, also important, became part of his career. First, he was united in marriage with Miss Mary Katherine Winter of Westerville, and, second, he was appointed by the Board of Trustees, currently in session, to act as an "Endowment Agent to operate in the Eastern Conference."

With a creative itch that had turned during his college years as much to words as to tunes, Hanby was soon sending back reports of his travels to his good friend John Lawrence, editor of *The Religious Telescope*. These accounts Lawrence began publishing in August under the serial caption "Another Letter." Lawrence dropped Hanby's dates, unfortunately, and appears at times to have combined letters. He also added subheads in the earlier letters, a privilege the editor of the *Miscellany* has continued in later ones.

The eight installments, which ran till the following May, do not make a complete and connected series, but they report not only Ben's adventures with the constituency but much of his college and Westerville background. His own personality at twenty-four seems to be vividly reflected. These letters are now the only body of correspondence from the noted songwriter's pen known still to be in existence.

The new bride's role is a silent one, naturally, and her location is uncertain except at the start of the travels and again upon Mr. and Mrs. Hanby's return to Westerville in the spring after a nine-month absence.

It is of interest to note from the Trustees' records that Hanby received a salary of \$500 during his honeymoon year and collected scholarship endowment funds for the college to the amount of \$9,150.

THE EDITOR

ANOTHER LETTER I

/Printed August 4, 1858/

A Discovery

Bro. Lawrence: — It will be seen in the proceedings of the the Prudential Committee of Otterbein University in a recent number of the Religious Telescope that when the vote was taken on the manual labor question, the nays stood four and the yeas three.

The brother whose vote decided against that resolution, declared that there was only one objection. The scheme was a moderate one, and it appeared to be perfectly practicable, but he could not admit the right of the institution to require the students to work. That was *Slavery* and he was opposed to Slavery in every sense of the word.

Now that remark set me to thinking, and I have been led to a most mortifying discovery, viz: that a system of slavery has been imposed on me a good portion of the time for the last nine years! Yea upon all of us boys; girls too, we are *all* slaves: Our teachers have required us to work over our books, when it was anything but agreeable to us to do so. No matter whether we happened to like the study we were prosecuting or not, we were *obliged* to go, *nolens volens*, (whether or no!) to the recitation room and recite. We were required to attend prayers every morning, even if we had to walk a mile to do so. We were required to attend preaching on Sabbath at the chapel, Bible lesson on Monday morning, and all lectures through the week pertaining to the general interest of the college. We were required to write an essay and read it before a part or the whole of the school every two or three weeks.

In my own case, in fact, I am satisfied that the walking back and forth to and from the chapel during the last nine years would carry me through the furrows of the largest corn field in America, and the force exerted in urging the pen to write those compositions would, if concentrated, be sufficient to plant the said field in corn or potatoes! Isn't this too bad! I never thought of it before. Besides, we were not allowed to leave town without permission; we were not allowed to be out of our rooms after 7 o'clock in the evening; we were not allowed to marry! There!

Was not the last vestige of liberty taken from us? Why didn't I discover this sooner, declare my independence, and stand up for my rights?

A Day Dream

Bro. L. I have turned my face toward the East. A hurried good-bye was spoken to the loved ones at home, *we*, (for there's a lady along with me), seated ourselves in the coach, and the gallant team of Redding & Co. landed us at Columbus, just one hour before the starting of the eastern train. Once fairly aboard the cars we begin the monotonous joy which I need not here describe, and as the motion of the train is too rapid to survey the country with any satisfaction, I generally find it convenient to read a newspaper or go off in a reverie or day dream. While engaged in this Bunyanistic occupation, a note was handed me, which I opened and read, and if you will say nothing about it I'll show it to you. Here it is:

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!

TWO COTILLION BANDS!

VANITY FAIR!

Motto. — "We'll dance all night till broad daylight."

Rev. B. R. Hanby and Lady are most respectfully invited to attend the Masonic Ball to be given at Vanity Fair to-morrow evening, in the billiard saloon of Fashion, Folly & Co. Rev. Mr. Blind Guide will deliver the address.

Worldly Mind, }
Proud Heart, } Managers.

You shall also have the benefit of the accompanying private note:

DEAR BEN: — I am glad to hear that the United Brethern church is at last coming over to the Masons. This is wise. Your church might long ago have

numbered its membership by thousands amongst the most wealthy and fashionable circles of the land, had it not been for that foolish restriction in your discipline. Take that away and the slavery clause, and I see not why your church may not become as wealthy and popular as any of the other churches. Get John Lawrence and Henry Kumler and all the rest of your prominent men to join us and your church will soon be pretty well masonized. But stir up the laity! Why do they stand back when so many of your preachers are coming over? Enlighten them as fast as possible. Meanwhile don't fail to come to the ball. Yours always,

What think you Bro. L?

The Country

At Wheeling we stayed for the night. Put up at the Sprigg House. Scenery magnificent, rooms clean and cool, waiters attentive, steaks well done, bills high!

Hired a carriage next morning for Claysville. Now we were proceeding more at leisure; now we had a chance to see the country. Oh these hills! these hills! For twenty years I have longed to see them. How my full soul swells with delight at the prospect! The morning cool, the road smooth and clean, the air balmy.

This noble old National Road, with its beautiful arched stone bridges, its gentle grades, its delicate windings through a country broken into hills, whose long smooth sides are tufted with forests or dotted with tasteful farm houses — certainly affords a most delightful drive.

Reader, are you subject to "the blues?" are you naturally sad? have you failed in business? have you been disappointed in love? are you a dyspeptic? hire a carriage at Wheeling and ride to West Alexandria! More anon.

Yours indeed,

B. R. HANBY

ANOTHER LETTER II

/Printed September 1, 1858/

Personal

DEAR BRO. L.: — Some portion of the time after reaching East Pa. was spent in company with my worthy classmate brother Daniel Eberly and father Erb, Bros. Dickson, Colestock, and others. I find my class mate a little ruffled at the (perhaps) injudicious, but certainly innocent section of the Prudential Committee on the *session* question. He thinks they were altogether too fast, and it is likely they were. They perhaps admit this themselves, as I perceive they have reconsidered their action.

Like other of our brethren, he feels doubtful of the expediency or propriety of a manual labor system in connection with Otterbein University. On this question I do sincerely hope that brethren will exercise toward each other the utmost charity and forbearance. I, for my part, am very anxious to see the rule of 1854, (to which the P.C. were referred,) carried out immediately, at least so far as to recognize the principle involved; but I would not be willing to see such a step taken if it would alienate the feelings and sympathies of *many* of the Board. To carry a measure of that kind by a very *small* majority will be a violent proceeding and produce much harm. I hope that the matter will be thoroughly discussed in a proper spirit, that brethren will be able to see eye to eye, and that my class mate with others, will come out in favor of a judicious system of manual labor.

Brother Dickson is a tall, slender man, of somewhat delicate make, easy and graceful in the pulpit, but not enough "body for his mind," as phrenologists say. His look is a little stern to strangers, and not calculated to prepossess one in his favor at first sight; but there is a vein of dry humor in the man that soon begins to manifest itself, spiced occasionally with a stroke of pleasant sarcasm, that you rather enjoy although you may yourself be the unresisting victim. He has his worst side out, so that you have to modify your opinion of him afterwards. He let off some pretty sharp sentences at "*that committee*" during our first interview, which frightened "the agent" somewhat, and made him wish himself elsewhere. But the storm was soon spent, and the sunshine came back by degrees, and the expression of counte-

nance became gradually more benevolent, and I soon learned to enjoy his company. He is very active and efficient as a pastor, and especially as an agent for our church periodicals, in which laudable work I commend his example to others.

Yesterday a quarterly meeting was held at Fairview. Bro. Colestock, P.E., preached an interesting discourse. He is a very pleasant speaker; his countenance beaming with cheerfulness, his voice clear and musical, his utterance very sweet and distinct. He would have made a very successful lawyer. How glad I am that he did not do it. Turning aside from what the world calls greatness, and from the company of the refined and wealthy, he chooses to become a follower of the Nazarene, a standard bearer of the meek and lowly Jesus, in a church made up exclusively of "common people." As might be expected, the "common people" hear "him gladly." May such talent ever be sanctified. We need it in the pulpit. Other churches can provide for the bar.

The Prospects,

so far, are anything but flattering. Money seems very scarce, and what little there is is already "spoken for." The people here are very wealthy, and all the church seems to know it, and whenever money is to be raised for almost any purpose, from a village church away out west somewhere, to the missionary enterprise, all eyes are turned toward East Pennsylvania, and straightway agents are deployed to "wait on the brethren." In the region where I am now operating no less than seven individuals from the west have, within a recent period, made their appearance at short intervals, and all after *money*! This is very much against the *eighth* solicitor I do assure you. I wonder that the people here receive me so kindly as they do. Besides they are frequently asked for means to carry on home enterprises. To these they have responded liberally, but it is no easy thing for them to realize that they have sufficient interest in an institution away off there in Ohio, to make it their imperative duty to invest their money in it by hundreds.

Many other difficulties are constantly presenting themselves, which I must here withhold, although the correspondence is "confidential." Still I think the brethren here should be induced, if possible, to take an interest in Otterbein University. They are fully able to help if they were only willing. There is a heavy

responsibility resting on the owners of so much wealth, and, I say it in kindness, I have already been made to tremble, when going away from princely mansions empty handed, lest their owners should be grieving the Great Giver by withholding their aid when one of His darling enterprises is suffering. But let me not judge harshly. They may be, I hope are, using their means liberally for the promotion of God's cause in some way or other.

Yours sorrowfully,

B. R. HANBY

ANOTHER LETTER III

/Printed October 20, 1858/

The Future of the U.B. in Pa.

Dear Bro. Lawrence: — In passing around among our people there is no feature of the church so encouraging to me as the earnest, active, enterprising spirit of our ministers. I find them, for the most part, an intelligent, warm-hearted, clear-headed set of men — self-made men — fully up to the times, and full of the progressive spirit. Their labors generally prove very acceptable, not only to our own, but to sister denominations and are crowned, in many instances, with signal success. If their piety is but in proportion to their energy and their talents (which I certainly believe), and if their progressive tendencies do not lead them to make progress in the wrong direction, by overleaping the wholesome barriers erected by our fathers (which, I think, we need not fear), there is much to hope for in the future of the U.B. Church in the East.

There are two drawbacks, however, which the conferences here feel severely. First, some of their best men have been called to important posts in other parts of the church, or have been transferred at their own request. Second, many of their flock are attracted by the "great inducements" held out in the west, and emigrate thither.

On the other hand, among that portion of the church who are likely to remain here, I have found some, yea many, remarkable children. O, Brother L., my heart warms when I think what

“mighty men in the Gospel” some of the pious little boys, whom I often meet in my travels, may yet become! I have found some, even of a very tender age, upon whom the Lord is already evidently laying a burden for the souls of sinners. Surely, unless these children belie their promises of usefulness, the pulpit of the United Brethren Church hereafter will be ably filled.

Personal Experience

You invite correspondents to record their religious experience. Most gladly do I embrace the opportunity. Within the last three months I have experienced some of the most serious trials of my short Christian life. But God was in the midst of all, to cheer, to uphold, to strengthen, to bless. The business in which I am engaged is one in which discouragement, disappointment, and grief often follow each other in protracted succession; but in the midst of all, how precious to me has been the presence of the “Man of Sorrows.” O, thou bleeding, dying Lamb! how I have learned to love thee since thou hast called me, too, to suffer. It is easy to be moved, yea, to be deeply affected, in the great congregation, when sitting beneath the droppings of the sanctuary, or listening to the voice of the multitude going up to God in prayer or praise; but to receive, alone, in one’s closet, such a visitation of divine grace that there is scarcely room in the poor earthly vessel to contain it, is of more rare recurrence. Such a visitation God has graciously granted to such an unworthy worm as I. Rejoice, O my soul, and be ready to declare what great things the Lord hath done for thee!

The institutions of learning in this country are by no means what they ought to be. Poor students are kept out of them, because they cannot foot the bills. Labor is very unpopular. If a student were to pay his way by ringing the bells, lighting the fires, sweeping the rooms, boarding himself, &c., as the writer had to do, he would be hooted out of the college. The result is, that none but children of wealthy parents attend these institutions, and, after living six or eight years at college, they go out into the world fit for no important work whatever. Those who have been diligent come away with enfeebled constitutions, from too great fondness for study, and too little fondness for exercise. Those who have been idle have, as a natural consequence, contracted habits of vice and profligacy, and prove absolute nuisances to society. They are fond of brandy smashes; they

drive fast horses, smoke meercaum pipes, sport massive jewelry, have a great aversion to all kinds of business, and delight in the *sobriquet* of Young America. This state of things has come to such a pass, that many people are absolutely *afraid* to send their children to college. If they prove good students, they come away with damaged health; if bad, they come out with ruined morals; and what a fearful re-action is the result. Some, disgusted with the existing state of things, and supposing they cannot be bettered, are opposed to colleges in *toto*. Others, more hopeful, have gone into the erection of a college to educate the poor as well as the rich, for business! The design is to make *business men*, as if the great fault of Americans already were not their money-making propensities. I quote from their circular:

Another object — to many of no less importance — is to afford the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, and others, an opportunity of giving their sons a thorough, scientific, practical education, at a comparatively moderate expense; — an expense within the means of the great mass of our farmers and business men. This is to be effected by requiring of every student, irrespective of his own or his father's wealth, to labor a certain portion of every day in the field, the barn, the garden, or the shop, as season or circumstances may require.

Manual, as well as intellectual labor, will be required of all: — to excel in both, being equally honorable, and alike necessary to the attainment of the highest honors of the institution, the student, as well in the field as in the study, will press forward with high hopes and joyous expectations.

In boyhood, there is no stimulus so great, no incentive so powerful, as ambition. Manual labor schools have failed, and always will fail of success, where labor is associated with the necessities of poverty, in contrast with the immunities and privileges of wealth; where one class labor because their parents are poor, and another class do not labor, because their parents are rich. To insure success, all must start together on terms of perfect equality, with no standard but skill in labor, and attainments in learning to elevate or degrade. The boy must be made to feel that he is the architect of his own fame, as it is well that he should be of his own fortune: — a lesson which lies at the very foundation of success throughout the whole voyage of life.

An actual distaste for manual labor; the low repute in which it is held; habits of idleness from this cause; dissipation arising from lack of excitement; ignorance of the applications of science to the business of life; are among the evils of our present system of collegiate education — evils which this Institution proposes greatly to lessen, if

not to remove. The education is to be practical as well as scientific. It is designed to make business men. How many students pass through the whole routine of a collegiate course acquiring little else than abstract ideas.

Doubtless much of the above is true, and to the manual labor feature, of course, I take no exceptions, say heartily approve. But, mark the object. Money making is their foundation principle. In the entire four year's course I find no study calculated to promote mental discipline, refine the taste, or cultivate the morals except *incidentally*. The classics are studiously excluded. No mention is made of mental or moral science, Butler's Analogy, Elements of Criticism, Logic, Rhetoric, Belle Lettres, or any thing of the sort. Nothing will be studied except what can be made use of in the art of money making. I suppose this college will be a success. Sixty thousand dollars have already been raised. The farm is purchased, the buildings under contract, &c. If this kind of colleges are to supersede the present ones, doubtless business men, or rather money making machines will be multiplied, but farewell to Eloquence, Poetry, Philosophy, History and the fine arts, if an era so *intensely* practical is dawning on us. When I tell the people that we have a college out west where young men pursue the classics, &c., and yet are not ashamed to labor, a classical institution at which a poor young man may graduate, and insist upon it that this is the golden medium between these two unhappy extremes, they look at me with an air of surprise which seems to say, "it can't be true."

My letter is too lengthy.

Truly yours,

B. R. HANBY

ANOTHER LETTER IV

/Printed December 1, 1858/

Dear Bro. Lawrence: — My last was written at Shiremanstown, at which place a letter came from Brother J. P. Bishop, inviting me to come and labor on Big Spring Circuit, which is this year traveled by himself and Brother Weidler. Yes, Brother Bishop, we will be glad to meet your smiling face once more. A few days taken to visit the loved ones at home, and we are again flying over the rails to our prospective field of action. The cars always

go too fast when they are multiplying the distance between us and those who, a few moments ago, gave us a tearful farewell. We are approaching Newville. Will Bro. B. be there to receive us? We lean our face against the window pane to look. Yes, yonder he stands, and we snatch up cane and carpet-sack, and soon are shaking his friendly hand. There are many disagreeable things connected with traveling; but there are also some pleasant flashes of sunshine among the clouds, and not the least grateful of them is the luxury of seeing some cherished friend waiting for you at the depot. We repair to the house of a brother living near; are received with the utmost kindness, partake of an excellent dinner; sell a couple of scholarships; get in Bro. B.'s carriage, and go on our way rejoicing.

Revivals

Several protracted meetings were going forward on Big Spring Circuit: one at Springfield is still kept up, after the lapse of five weeks — one of the most interesting works I have ever witnessed. Up to this time nearly fifty conversions; and it is thus, so far as I can learn, all over the east. I think the returns to the next annual conferences here will show a year of unprecedented prosperity.

Churches

A neat church edifice was awaiting dedication, when I reached this circuit; and before I left, through the energy of Brother Bishop, funds had been secured for another, and thus it is on all the circuits. Our preachers go into those United Brethren cathedrals — the school-house, and begin an onslaught on the kingdom of darkness. Repentance toward God, and salvation through penitance toward God, and salvation through Jesus, are the themes on which they dwell. The people hear, heed, repent, are converted; a class is organized, and soon by the side of the school-house, rises a neat, substantial church. In many parts of Ohio splendid residences may be seen along the roadside, not far from which the observing traveler will notice a cabin, still standing though deserted. That is the house in which the now wealthy farmer "commenced life." So here, whenever you come in sight of a country church, especially a United Brethren house, you may confidently assert that the old school-house that is sure

to be standing somewhere in sight, is the place where the itinerant "set the ball rolling." When the young divine has finished his course in theology among the older churches, the first question is, "What congregation will give me a call?" But the itinerant boldly starts out upon untrodden ground, enlists and organizes the soldiers of Jesus, instead of waiting for them to organize themselves; plants a fort, and mans it, and anon is off for other fields, where fresh battles await him, and additional laurels are to be gathered and cast at the feet of his Savior. The churches of some other denominations are grander and more costly here than our own; but I firmly believe that in proportion to our numbers, we have a greater number of houses of worship than any other denomination.

Mournful Tidings

After laboring day and night to the utmost of my strength for nearly a month, visiting, talking, and praying with from one to five families daily, and preaching or exhorting every evening, and that, too, without hearing from home, friends, wife, or any one else, by letter, I began to conclude that I now had had a taste of itinerant life in earnest. With considerable depression of spirits I repaired to Chambersburg, where a pile of letters had accumulated, and my already burdened heart was almost crushed with the intelligence of the death of our much-loved school-mate, Donald R. Kumler. I visited, in imagination, my father's residence, where they closed his eyes in their last long slumber, and looked in upon the stricken parents and weeping attendants, as they stood around our dying brother's couch. I thought of the mournful intelligence that spread with the dawn o'morning, from room to room among the students, and from house to house through the village. I could read upon every countenance the lineaments of grief. I followed the solemn procession to the chapel, I listened to the voice of our beloved professor, trembling with emotion, as he paid the last solemn tribute to the departed, I heard the sobs of his school-mates, and my heart was sad.

Our Teachers

The impression is quite general here that our teachers at Westerville are not pious, or if so that they are not members of our church. Many who read this, have perhaps labored under a

like impression, and it will be a relief to them to know that all our teachers at Otterbein are with us heart and soul, as earnest thorough-going members as we have anywhere. The cause of this false impression among the people is that many of the teachers in the colleges here, are either infidels or lifeless formalists (little difference), and they suppose it is the same with colleges in O.

It is reported on good authority here that a professor in one of the leading colleges of Pennsylvania regularly works his garden on Sabbath. I have it from a student of a very prominent institution not a thousand miles from where I am writing, that the few students who *are* trying to cultivate genuine piety in the college, meet with no encouragement from their teachers, who are a set of whitened sepulchers, and encounter a great deal of persecution, as might be expected, from the majority of the students. The name of that college is but another name for every imaginable species of vice and recklessness. Is it any wonder that people here are skeptical about the influence of colleges? Still they have received me with the utmost kindness, and have taken a moneyed interest in our school. Prospects are bright, though the labor is arduous.

Yours as ever,

B. R. HANBY

ANOTHER LETTER V

/Printed February 9, 1859/

Bro. Lawrence: — The East Pa. Conference has just closed its session. It was my privilege to be present most of the time; and the pleasure I experienced on making the acquaintance of the brethren of the conference, and of the people of Union Deposit, will not soon be forgotten. And then, there were the brethren from the West, Brother Dodds, Brother Kemp, Brother Owen, and Brother Staub. It was particularly grateful to my Buckeye vision to meet them.

President Alexander Owen

Much has been said about Brother Owen, the quondam mason

(brick and stone, not *free*), preacher, author of the never-to-be-forgotten "C S" articles, editor of the Christian Repository, and present incumbent of the presidency of Otterbein University; and if your readers generally are as curious to see him as I was, they will be gratified with a short personal description. Brother Owen is about six feet high, and wide in proportion; easy and gentle in his movements and mild spoken in his conversation. His features are large, but open and agreeable. You would hardly think that the owner of so good-natured and benevolent a countenance *could* get up so sharp a stick and administer to "*that board*" so merciless a punching as the last number of the Magazine contains! His eyes and hair are dark, however; — may be that accounts for it. As a preacher, I learn that his labors have proved very successful; and, as president of Otterbein University, I am satisfied that he will fully sustain himself, and realize the highest expectation of his friends. God bless him, and spare his health.

East Pennsylvania Conference

The deliberations of the conference passed off pleasantly — much more so than I expected. I looked for some hesitancy in adopting the missionary apportionment, \$900; but it was passed unanimously, and with but little discussion. I looked for loud complaints at the action of the office on the Botschafter question; but Brother Dodds' explanation seemed to satisfy them. I looked for a fierce discussion of the college question; but the committee's report was adopted unanimously — not quite either. One dear brother, with tears in his eyes, arose and declared that conference had been deceived. He had hoped that we would have a school at Westerville, well hedged about against the attacks of the wicked one, but it is not the case. He had confidence in Brother Lawrence, our editor; and from the editorials he had learned that music had been performed at Westerville, to which Brother Lawrence would have preferred to hear his grandmother sing, "Come, thou fount of every blessing." This was to him a sufficient reason for withdrawing his confidence from the school; and, considering its source, he regarded it a very authoritative one.

The brethren of this conference are an earnest, zealous, hard-working set of men, mostly German, and from childhood imbued with the idea that education is a curse, and a pair of

whiskers ditto. But, to their credit be it said, they have learned to think for themselves, and are heartily taking hold of enterprise and reform, and have become of course, more liberal in their views, and more charitable. Their returns or reports to the conference are encouraging. Time rolls on, and the work of conference is all done up. The preachers bid a sorrowful farewell to the good people of Union Deposit, and scatter in every direction, seeking their respective fields of labor. God go with them!

Personal

Traveling in the cars again. Plenty of company this time; – pleasant conversation. Ah! how these things relieve the ride of its monotony.

One day, as we were riding along in the cars, a lady, who had lost some sleep, appropriated the sofa in the side of the car, and reclining on it at full length, was in want of a pillow. Her husband arose, and commenced the difficult operation of folding his voluminous shawl into the required shape. It was amusing to see him taking it by the corners, stretching himself upon tiptoe, extending his arms to their utmost limit, and vainly endeavoring to get it into folds anything like rectangular. He would get hold of the wrong corners, or one of them would slip out of his hand, or as fast as he would fold one part, the other would come unfolded. The lady laughed, the passengers smiled, and I asked myself the question, "What is more awkward than a man?" Seeing the gentleman stretching his arms, grasping the thing over and over again, renewing the attack at this point and that, and yet making no headway, I generously flew to his relief, and then, "the plot thickened." The monster shawl was stretched half way down the aisle. I at one end, he at the other, but we could not work together; in spite of all we could do, *opposite* corners would come together instead of adjacent ones. The lady shook with laughter, the passengers grinned good humoredly, and as I subsided into my seat I felt that I had practically answered my own question – "What is more awkward than a man?" namely *two* men! – grateful, however, for having been made an instrument in relieving the monotony of the trip, and in putting the passengers all in a good humor.

Mechanicsburg, Jan. 19.

The brethren of Pennsylvania Annual Conference are coming

in to this place to attend their annual session. It is refreshing to witness their hearty greetings. This morning Bishop Glossbrenner opened the conference. Shortly afterwards Bishop Russel entered the room; a tall dignified old chief, with stately bearing, straight as an arrow in spite of age and labors – and was greeted with many marks of affection and respect. God bless the gray haired soldiers in Israel!

Affectionately yours,

B. R. HANBY

ANOTHER LETTER VI

/Printed March 16, 1859/

Brother Lawrence: – Accompanying this letter is my report. It is not by any means what I could wish but it is, nevertheless, a statement of the results of a very hard month's labor. The last twelve weeks have been occupied in canvassing territory not the most immediately productive, but such as should be canvassed for all that. There were other fields where I might have reaped a richer harvest, with half the labor, but a part of my mission is to awaken the listless, and to conciliate the bigoted or prejudiced portions of the church; accordingly a part of my time has been spent in communities where but little could be done immediately more than to arouse the people and set them to thinking, and I am very sure that some agent will come along after a while and set them to acting. Surely some such pioneer work as this is needed, but this operation of "breaking up the ground" is one of sore temptation and trial. I have labored in communities this month where it was a disgrace to any man (in the eyes of many of the people), to be seen in my company, where, in fact, if a man would take a scholarship he would endanger not only his reputation but even his business. If a tradesman, they would not only scandalize him for it but refuse to deal with him. If a minister, they would refuse to hear him preach.

These people are very wealthy. I know of some congregations worth from half a million to two millions of dollars. Single individuals worth from fifty to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. They are opposed to education, have few if any books, are deeply distressed about the school taxes, raise their children

so as to make as much money out of them as possible at the least expense, take no interest in Sabbath-schools, contribute to the missionary cause only when they can't help it, pay from two to six dollars per year to the preacher, in a word make it the sole object of their existence to take all that God will let them have, (giving Him back as little as possible), and — make their way to heaven!* I reply, they will never read them for they don't take the Telescope. But God forbid that your readers should think there are no exceptions. Among the younger portions of the church I found some noble spirits, — men who see and feel the necessity of progress in the right direction. I can appreciate the interest those brethren took in me and my cause, for their kindness was tendered at the cost, to them, of some persecution from others.

I am at this time in York, Pa., where I have been kindly received by Bro. J. C. Smith (station preacher at this place) and his pleasant little family.

Meetings are held nightly and there are good prospects of a revival. The congregation in York is composed of a plain looking people, the leading members mostly German. The Church was purchased originally of the Methodists. It is proposed to erect a new one, and surely a new one is needed. The house is frequently crowded to overflowing, and many go away without gaining entrance. For the present I close.

As ever yours,

B. R. HANBY

*There is evidently an out in Br. H.'s manuscript at this place.—Ed.

ANOTHER LETTER VII

/Printed March 23, 1859/

DEAR BRO. L. — My materials for letters are out of proportion to my time for writing them. Accordingly I must pass over hastily or leave entirely unnoticed, many things which it would gratify me to mention, and in which your readers might feel some interest. As for my stay at York I will simply say, that it was a pleasant one, and not altogether unprofitable, I hope, to the

brethren there and to our school. Having been the recipient of much kindness from Bro. Smith, his amiable family, and the members of his congregation, I took leave of them very reluctantly. Bro. Smith and another friend accompanied me to the depot, and soon I was flying over the rails again, on my way to Baltimore. As I had never been to the city before, Bro. Smith gave me explicit directions for finding the residence of Bro. Shropp, (stationed preacher) all of which I carefully noted in my memorandum. The country through which we were passing on our way to Baltimore, bore something of a contrast to that with which I have been for the last four months familiar; and indeed, any one who has traveled through the Cumberland, Lebanon, and other of the great Pennsylvania valleys, will be very sensible of the change on leaving them, go where he may. No where else will he find so many substantial, comfortable-looking farm houses, such monster barns, such thorough and skillful farming, and such evidences of wealth and general prosperity. Now we were traveling through a country broken by hills, in some parts mountainous, subjected to every variety of culture, from the most thorough and careful, down to the most unpardonably reckless and shiftless. The houses plainly indicated the diversified character of the inhabitants. Here is the elegant mansion – the home of refinement and taste; there the simple, neat, and unpretending dwelling of the tenant; yonder the tottering hut, betokening wretchedness and squalor.

Baltimore

Arrived at Calvert station I stepped from the cars, and stood upon the platform as I am often wont to do, noticing the anxious faces in the crowd, looking eagerly after the friends they have come to welcome. There is a lady at the front car, evidently in a state of great expectancy, watching the egress of passengers. Now she comes to the next, and the next, looking more anxious than ever. She has reached the last car, and is still looking, looking – is it in vain? *There they are! There they are!* How changed her countenance as she rushes forward to greet her handsome husband, and press the little “two-year old” to her bosom!

But who comes to greet *me*? Nobody! I’m not without a friend or two in this great city, but they know nothing of my coming. “Nobody,” did I say? Ah, yes, here comes a little Irish newsboy,

who, having just "sold out," is looking for something to do. His face is wreathed in smiles. Gently he takes hold of my carpet sack, "Please let me carry it for you, won't ye?" "Hold a moment." I drew forth my memorandum. "Out Calvert street to Baltimore, up Baltimore to Hanover, down Hanover to Conway, up Conway nearly one square."

"My little man, I have to go, perhaps, nearly two miles, it will be too far for you."

"Och no! I'le carry it to any part o' the city for a bare levy, indade, sir!"

"But it is very heavy. I can hardly manage it myself. You are very little. Not more than ten years old, I judge."

"No, sir, but I'le carry it. Let me show you! Indade, sir, I'm used to it;" and he with difficulty lifted it to his shoulder.

"You're a brave boy, but that is too much for you," said I, lifting it down again.

"I'le do it for a dime, sir."

"Well, try it once; we'll see how you get along with it."

The burden was replaced upon the feeble little shoulder, and away my young Irish hero trudged or rather staggered with his load. The streets being crowded, he was often jostled as he threaded his toilsome journey along the pavement, a little way in front of me, and then he would totter to one side and with difficulty steady himself from falling. "Poor little fellow!" I mused, "he has commenced too early to bear life's burdens, and struggle against the jostlings of earth's heartless throng; and doubtless he is only *one of thousands* of the little ones in this great city who are prematurely pushed out into life's boiling, bubbling current, to stem its waters with unequal strength.

"Stay, my little friend," said I, as I saw him struggling to change his load to the other shoulder, "it is too heavy, you must not carry it farther," I took hold of the sack, but he clung to it.

"Indade, I can, sir, and I *want* to do it. Only a dime, sir, to any part of the city."

"It's not the price I'm thinking of. You are undertaking too much. It will make you sick."

He still importuned. I looked at his ragged clothes, and at his anxious eye. He was evidently quite tired. Alas! poverty was impelling him to cling to a burden that *I* knew, and *he* knew was greater than he was able to bear. How stern a stuff is life made of to some!

"What will you do with the money, if I employ you?"

"Take it to my grandmother, sir."

"Why not to your mother?"

"She's dead sir."

"And your father —"

"He's dead too."

"Well, now, as I'm very fond of the company of little boys, I'll make this proposal: I'll carry the carpet sack, and you go along with me for company. You can tell me the names of the streets, and explain to me many of the strange things I see around me, and at the end of my journey you shall have your dime." He seemed greatly pleased, and walked along by my side, describing objects of interest in his childish way, and displayed no mean ability in his altered vocation as guide.

After threading a number of streets, and turning a number of corners, my attendant halted.

"This is the place," said he.

Otterbein's Grave

I looked around and observed an ancient church edifice within a high brick enclosure, lifting up its old fashioned cupola, brown and grim, as if looking a stern rebuke at the modern buildings around and saying, "Why do you young folks crowd me out of my place? I got here first." I could not think at first that it was the place I sought. I had formed a very different idea of the situation.

I approached the gate and peeped between its bars to see if I could recognize Otterbein's grave. There sure enough was the slab which covered the remains of that venerable servant of God. I payed and dismissed my youthful guide, and entered the residence of Bro. Shropp, where I received a cordial welcome. While here I sat in Otterbein's study, at the round table over which he had often leaned, and looked over the old church record, many of the contents of which were written with his own pen. But the church, the parsonage, and the surroundings of the place, all savor of decline and decay, and make a gloomy impression on one's mind. The congregation has been greatly reduced by various causes, and three or four other churches in the city have been erected in various denominations by members who formerly belonged to this. The little force is rallying, however, in spite of past discouragements, and those of the Brethren with whom I become acquainted seemed in very good spirits. I believe they intend remodeling the church and parsonage during the coming summer.

The next morning after calling on an acquaintance, I proceeded, in company with Bro. Shropp, to visit some of the interesting buildings, public works, etc., of the city. We first went to the English United Brethren Church, recently erected, and is by this time dedicated. It is a neat, substantial brick edifice, with a good slate roof, an excellent basement room entirely above ground, a vestibule and gallery. The basement has a white finish, the upper room is frescoed. The seats, instead of standing in straight lines, all curve inward toward the pulpit. The building is worth about ten thousand dollars, collected mainly from benevolent persons outside the United Brethren Church, through the energy and tact of Rev. N. Altman.

The pastor for the present year is Rev. I. Baltzel.

Of the further particulars of my visit to Baltimore I may speak in a future communication.

In Quest of a Conference

After a stay of one day in the city I took the cars for Frederick, at which place I landed about noon of the same day. Where to go next I could not tell. I had inquired at York, and at several places in Baltimore, where the Virginia Conference was to be

held, but strange to say no one could tell me. Bro. Altman's wife told me that her husband had started to conference as much in the dark as myself. He had gone to Frederick and from there he would have to inquire. On reaching Frederick I proceeded to "inquire" as fast as I could, but no one could inform me. No U.B. church in that place. I feared I might not find out in time to leave the place that day, and being in a fix something like that of Bro. Vonnieda on a certain occasion in the far west, I felt it desirable to get out among the U.B. hotels again. Seeing a stage on a corner about to start off, I ran and hailed the driver.

He could give me no information about the conference, but assured me that there was a good congregation of United Brethren at Boonsboro; and "maybe some of them could tell me."

"How far is it from here?"

"Sixteen miles."

"How soon do you start?"

"Right away. Get a-board if you want to go."

I rushed into a confectionary, taking advantage of a suggestion by Hon. Edward Everett in "Mount Vernon Papers" — (the only thing in the whole series that has paid me for the reading) — and invested six cents for a dinner — three for an apple and three for crackers. Having hastily seated myself in the coach, we were soon lumbering off in real old Alleghany-mountain style.

I suppose there was a time when traveling by coach was considered a very respectable and comfortable method of getting over the ground, but railway passengers have by some means become incapacitated for its thorough enjoyment. In fact I "inwardly" pronounced the coach a nuisance, before I had ridden a mile, and feared I should prove *myself* such to the rest of the passengers ere my arrival at Boonsborough.

Two miles were barely accomplished when a new difficulty set in. All the teeth on the left side of my head began to ache at once, with such intensity that it was really surprising — the unanimity and harmony of action among them. I have since talked with a friend who believes that all diseases are diabolical. I am inclined to believe it is true in two instances at least; namely:

Job's complaint, and the *neuralgia*.

Here was a case that calls for sympathy from all your readers. Let each imagine (1) that he has to travel half a day over the mountains, (2) in chilly, damp weather, (3) in a close coach, (4) unable to decide whether he is going in the right or the wrong direction to conference, (5) with his teeth dancing out of their sockets in a grand carnival of pain, and (6) that he is an *agent of Otterbein University!* A combination of horrors truly. Not one moment from that time to the present, (near three weeks), has your correspondent been entirely free from pain. The dentists have made examination, not an unsound tooth to be found. They pronounced the "wisdom tooth" to be the cause of the whole trouble — crowding the others too hard. It was extracted a week ago, (the dentist declaring it one of the most difficult operations of the kind he had ever performed), and here the pain is yet, assisted by an attack of quinsy, and contraction of the muscles of the jaw, rendering it almost impossible to talk or to eat; two very inconvenient restrictions on a voluble man with a naturally good appetite.

But to return. On arriving at Boonsborough I was directed to the house of a dear brother, who was a member of our church, they told me, and then some gleams of sunshine came across my path. I gave my name, was received with the utmost cordiality, and assured that I was only a few miles from the conference room and I should be there before sunset if desirable. In a few minutes a fine, easy-riding carriage, with a beautiful fleet-footed gray horse was at the door, and I was told all was ready. Oh what considerateness! Seeing that I was ill they had provided *two* magnificent buffalo robes, with one under me and one over me, in a fine carriage with *such* an animal, and the gentlemanly son-in-law of mine host for a driver, the trip to Rohrsersville was all that I could have wished, minus the toothache; in great contrast to be sure with the ride of Brother Weaver described to you in one of his recent letters. The carriage drew up in front of a Bro. Rohr's residence, and as I entered Bro. Perry arose and greeted me with brotherly courtesy, and kindly introduced me to the rest of the company. I felt happy in the midst of those dear brethren, and grateful to my Heavenly Father for thus ordering so pleasant a termination to so painful a trip. Of the Virginia Conference, and other matters, more in my next.

Yours in Christ,

B. R. HANBY

ANOTHER LETTER VIII

/Printed May 25, 1859/

DEAR BR. L: — After a much longer delay than I at first intended, I resume my pen to apprise your readers of my movements.

Westerville

My last was written to you from the sick room. After partially recovering I deemed it proper to return to Ohio, rest and fully recruit and then return to my labor. Accordingly we — wife and self — bade a reluctant adieu to the friends at Chambersburg, whose kindness to us as strangers in a strange land we shall ever remember with gratitude, and took seats in the coach for Hagerstown, after a short and pleasant stay with Br. Lower — pastor of the congregation at that place — a small excursion into the country on behalf of O. U. — we resumed our journey for Boonsboro. My impressions of the Hagerstown work were very favorable. This was formerly an ancient stronghold of Brethrenism, but of late years the glory of the church seemed to have departed.

Under the energetic labors of its present pastor, however, a new start has been taken, a neat, commodious church building erected, and there are now prospects of doing great good. From Hagerstown our way lay through Boonsboro, at which place we tarried for the night. The brethren in this place are in good spirits, having been visited with a powerful revival recently. They contemplate erecting a handsome, substantial church soon, in place of the old one.

The next morning we were off at an early hour for the nearest station on the Balt. & O. R. R., and by one o'clock of the same day were rapidly rolling along the rails homeward. At eight o'clock we entered Westerville, the home of our parents on both sides, the place of residence of some of the dearest and most beloved of our friends, and the scene of our last seven years' labors and respites, sorrows and pleasures — as students in Otterbein University. Right glad were we, after an absence of nine months, to get back to "the dearest spot on earth" to us. Our friends not expecting us at such an hour were quite surprised

— and judging from the demonstration — pleasantly surprised to see us.

The next morning we were once more permitted, in God's providence, to meet with the dear brethren and sisters of Westerville in the house of the Lord.

How sacred and holy a charm does *religion* lend to *friendship*. Doubtless there are intimate and lasting friendships formed among those who know not God, but I can not believe there is any approach in their enjoyment of social endearments to that of those whom the blood of Christ hath purchased, and whom the love of Christ constraineth; and on that lovely Sabbath morning, as we stood amid circles of smiling friends, I can truly say, "*I was glad* when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." Soon we were mingling our voices in prayer and praise in the great congregation where, in other days, the Lord had frequently distilled upon our fainting spirits the refreshing dews of grace. It was a day to us of sweet and holy joy.

It was our privilege on the following Sabbath to meet with the *children* of the church, of which I must here make some mention. A year ago last winter a special effort was made among the children with a view to their conversion. Meetings were held for their benefit, sermons and exhortations delivered in a style suited to their comprehension, and they were urged to the duty of immediate repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Their hearts were at once subdued, and almost with one consent they submitted themselves to the Lord. A juvenile class of some sixty members was organized — of ages principally from five to sixteen — a regular pastor was appointed to them, and they started out in a religious life with commendable zeal. They were faithful and punctual in their attendance at class meetings and preaching, and their class leader was always able to make a favorable report of them to the official meeting. Last winter they shared in the revival which took place in the church, and several new converts were added to their number.

They are now in a prosperous condition, spiritually, their meetings well attended and very interesting. This shows what may be done with children, under God, provided they are properly instructed and cared for. I do wish that all who are skeptical about the early conversion of children could attend some of those prayer meetings. He would soon get rid of his misgivings.

I found the friends at Westerville, generally, in good health and spirits, and indulging high hopes for the success of Otterbein University. Business is growing brisk, large, handsome residences are rapidly rising in every part of the town, the workmen are busily engaged in finishing the large college building in which the next commencement exercises are to be held, and matters and things generally, with reference to the school, seem to wear a more cheerful aspect.

Virginia

After a pleasant visit of two or three weeks I bade adieu to my friends and returned to the East, reaching Baltimore the next morning after starting from Columbus. I am now on Churchville circuit, in the heart of Virginia, which is traveled by Br. S. Brashear and my much esteemed schoolfellow, Samuel Evers. We have been traveling over the circuit on horseback, and as the weather is very pleasant, the scenery perfectly grand, and the people among whom we are laboring very hospitable, I pronounce this one of the happiest seasons of my life. I am glad to say that not one man, so far, has expressed any other than sentiments of warm sympathy for our school, and scarcely a single one has refused to render us practical aid. The brethren on this and other circuits suffer greatly from emigration. I presume that at least half of the entire number taken into membership on this circuit have removed to the west. It is estimated that from a single preaching point have gone out at least one hundred souls.

But this is a small discouragement compared with the secrecy and slavery question. Our position, as a church, with regard to both these evils, is looked upon with profound contempt by the older, wealthier, and more worldly-minded denominations, and if your readers generally, feel as much anxiety to know the whereabouts of our people in Virginia, on these two important points, as I did, they will be glad to learn the "facts of the case," some of which shall be presented in a future letter, together with some notes of my visit to Virginia annual conference.

B. R. HANBY

Bibliography

The Hanby letters are reprinted from *The Religious Telescope*, Vol. VIII, August 4, 1858; Vol. IX, September 1, October 20, and December 1, 1858; February 9, March 16, March 23, and May 25, 1859.

CONTRIBUTORS

Dr. Phillip O. Deever, who returned to his alma mater to deliver the annual scholarship dinner address in 1968, is professor of Biblical Literature at the Evangelical Theological Seminary. He contributes frequently to church publications and has written *Invitation to Preach*, a manual for young men interested in the Christian ministry.

William T. Hamilton, Department of English, is currently preparing a selective critical edition of Alexander Wilson's writings, especially of the American poems and prose. To establish a clear text, Professor Hamilton is working not only from earlier printings but from Wilson's manuscripts. Mr. Hamilton previously appeared in the first issue of the *Miscellany* (1965).

President Lynn W. Turner first reported "Gullible's Travails" to the December, 1968, meeting of national Phi Alpha Theta. Dr. Turner's articles, addresses and reviews have appeared in *American Heritage*, *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, *Indiana Magazine of History*, *American Historical Review*, *Pennsylvania History*, *The Torch*, *The Historian*, *Builders*, the *Miscellany* and elsewhere. He has contributed to *Papers in Illinois History* and is the author of a biography, *William Plumer of New Hampshire* (1962).

In one of his last letters from the hospital, the late Professor Emeritus of Biology Fred A. Hanawalt enclosed a sheaf of verses with which he had been regaling doctors and nurses. Even in a terminal illness, he could bring a sparkle to life. His friends and students long delighted in his way with words. Professor Hanawalt's more serious writings, on various natural history subjects, appeared frequently in journals and bulletins of his field.

Jan Jones, instructor in the Department of Fine Arts, 1965-1968, now teaches at Antioch College. Her work appears in the permanent collections of Everson Museum, Syracuse, New York; Grand Rapids Museum; Butler Museum of American Art, Youngstown; Zanesville Art Institute, Dayton Art Institute, Ohio Wesleyan University and Otterbein College. She recently completed a wall relief and a baptismal font sculpture for St. Matthews Episcopal Church, Westerville. Lillian S. Frank, who introduces Mrs. Jones' art, is associate professor and former chairman of the Department of Visual Arts.

The French poems and translations of James E. Carr, Modern Language Department, have appeared in previous issues of the *Miscellany*.

NEVER SAY DIE

To say "He died," we oft avoid,
For this seems too funereal.
Let's say his idiopathic turns
Led him to things ethereal.

Fred A. Hanawalt

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