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THE OGLETHORPE STORY



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Danville, Kentucky⁵⁵, whose pastor, Dr. E. M. Green, was an alumnus of old Oglethorpe college, put \$1,000 beneath it and **Monroe⁵⁶**, North Carolina, did the same with an open-

in the Middle West, and who, having gone to Louisiana during the last ten or twenty years, have formed a Southern Presbyterian Church and have come very close to leading the entire Synod in those qualities and labors which characterize excellence.

We told the story of Oglethorpe University to this church just a week or two ago. When we learned that the entire choir was from Illinois, and almost the entire church from elsewhere than Louisiana originally, we knew that it would be a splendid opportunity to test the appeal of Oglethorpe University to the Presbyterianism of the Nation; the result of this test was magnificent; two members of the church each gave \$1,000 to Oglethorpe, and other members made up a contribution of some \$1,750 more, this making a total of almost \$25.00 per member for every man, woman and child in the organization. This should mean to all intelligent people a great deal more than the fact that Oglethorpe has received a fine contribution from some generous-hearted friends. It shows, among other things, what brothers can do when they pull together. It shows what fine Louisiana Presbyterians the Illinois Presbyterians make, and it leads us all to that irresistible hope that some day there shall be on the books, as there is now in the hearts, no line of division between the Presbyterians of this nation.

And so the whole Southern Presbyterian Church extends to you western men and women of Crowley, who have come down to the Pelican State to throw in your lot with what we may call our people and our Church, a cordial greeting of thanks and appreciation. You did a great thing and you stand for a great thing, and your Church that is built upon God and united Presbyterianism is a great Church.

(55) COLLEGE DAYS IN OLD OGLETHORPE.

By E. M. Green.

When the Presbyterian Council met in Washington City in the fall of 1899, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, who was at that time pastor of a church in that city, invited the whole body to a reception at his house. When presented to him, I remarked that I was a student at Oglethorpe University while his uncle, Dr. Samuel K. Talmage, was president of that institution. He seemed much interested and said, "Please walk into the next room and see his portrait." Stepping into the room indicated by a wave of his hand, I enjoyed one of the pleasantest surprises of my life—a picture hung on the wall which I instantly recognized and the history of which I well knew, but which I supposed had been destroyed during the war—it was the portrait of President Talmage, presented by the students in 1859. Its history was this: Seeing that the health of their beloved president was failing, the students held a meeting and resolved to have a handsome portrait of him painted by a distinguished artist who had temporarily opened a studio in Milledgeville. A committee, of which I was a member, was appointed to wait on him and ask him to sit for the picture. He was much affected by this evidence of regard on the part of the student body, demurred kindly because of the expense they would incur, but yielded to their request, and in the course of a few weeks the portrait was finished and handsomely framed. On commencement day it was unveiled and was presented to the board of trustees by one of the students selected to perform that duty, Stinson



View of Silver Lake, which furnishes an attractive feature of the university life at Oglethorpe, where boating, fishing and swimming refresh the boys after a hard day's work. This lake covers eighty-two acres and is approximately a mile long.

handed generosity, doubled by the financial situation in the Old North State.

And then came one of those things that makes a man know

Little, in a brief and very appropriate speech. It was accepted for the University by the president of the board, the Hon. John T. Gresham, of Macon. And now I looked on that portrait once more which I had not seen since that memorable commencement day, forty years before.

Returning to the parlor, I found Dr. Talmage still standing at the head of the receiving line, and asked him to tell me how this portrait so long lost had come into his possession. He said that after the death of his uncle, in the dismantling of the college building, the portrait was sent to the home of the widow near by, probably for safe keeping, and visiting her soon after the war she presented it to him, and it had been in his possession ever since.

Soon after this Dr. Talmage died. A few years later when the surviving alumni of Oglethorpe University proposed to have a reunion, I wrote to the Rev. James H. Taylor, of Washington City, requesting him to see Mrs. Talmage and have a photograph of the portrait taken and sent to me to be shown to the old students, who would be happy to see it. He found her at the hotel, and she told him that after her husband's death the home was broken up and the portrait had been sent to their son, Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, in Philadelphia. I immediately wrote him, making the same request. He replied that he would have a photograph of the portrait taken and sent to me; but his death occurred soon after and there my quest ended.

The Professors.

In the old days it was thought that four professors were enough for a college. Whether more would have been better, I may not say, but as things were those we had seemed to be all that we needed; teachers and students were brought close together, and felt the mutual benefit of personal contact and intimate acquaintance; all did good work; fairly good scholars were turned out from the institution every year, very many of them became useful men, and some quite prominent both in church and state.

Dr. Talmage was a gentleman of the old school, courteous and kind, of dignified and elegant demeanor, an eloquent preacher, and a scholar of culture and polish. He always commanded the respect and affection of the students.

Professor Lane was a man of great simplicity of character, "an Israelite in whom was no guile." He was universally esteemed for his goodness and was an excellent and faithful teacher.

Professor Smith was a more rugged character, a man of philosophic mind and great strength of character. He was very kind, though somewhat reserved, and got nearer to the students than any of his colleagues.

But the scholar of the faculty was the young professor, still in his twenties, who had just returned from Heidelberg with the highest honors of that great university, where he was known as "the wonder of America." Professor Woodrow possessed the finest general scholarship and could have filled with ability any chair in the college, but he was specially accomplished as a scientist. His instructions were highly valued, and in later days his attainments not only in natural science, but in other departments of learning, were recognized both in this country and in Europe.

that there is a God in Heaven and that He lives in the hearts of men. Dr. J. W. Bachman, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of **Chattanooga, Tennessee**⁵⁷, a man of clear outlook

Lanier.

At the beginning of the last term of the collegiate year, April, 1857, a new student appeared one morning in the sophomore class room. He seemed very young, with a sweet girlish face, and his manner was very shy and diffident. The question passed around the class, "Who is this little innocent that has dropped in here this morning?" and the answer was, "Sidney Lanier of Macon." The first time that he was called to recite, his Latin was read with such fluency and translated with such elegance and correctness that, young and almost childish as he seemed to be, he was recognized as easily the peer of his older classmates.

Sid Lanier soon became a favorite in the college, and by his gentleness and courtesy, his purity and real manliness, he gained the affections and commanded the respect of all his fellow-students.

It was soon learned that he was master of the flute; and with Little LeConte's violin and John Lamar's violoncello a college orchestra was formed that gave us exquisitely beautiful music. In his junior year he proved himself a fine student; and his essays, somewhat out of the line of the ordinary student's thought, were always interesting, but a little above our comprehension. At the end of the year he dropped out of the class and we graduated without him. But the next year he returned and finished his college course. The rest of his brief career the whole English-speaking, poetry-loving world knows.

The Old Stand.

In recent years, visiting my sons who are on the medical staff of the Georgia State Sanitarium, near the site of old Oglethorpe University, I have frequently stood on the ground so familiar to me a half century ago. But all is changed, not a building is standing that made the university of my college days. The main building, a large and imposing structure, stood at the head of the campus, while rows of cottages on either side provided rooms for the students. It was proposed to erect two large dormitories, one on either side of the main building, and one of these was built and still stands, being now used as a private sanitarium. But there is nothing left to remind one of the Oglethorpe of my day. On the 20th of July last I stood near by the spot where the old Central building once lifted its majestic form, and I remembered that 55 years ago that very day the class of '59 received their diplomas and separated, each to go his own way in the world, never all to meet again in this life. Of that good class some soon ended their brief careers on the field of battle, and of many others I never heard again. So far as I know, only four of that class remain today, all ministers of the gospel, viz.: Rev. Dr. George L. Pe'rie, of Charlottesville, Va., our first honor man; Rev. J. D. A. Brown, of Aberdeen, N. C.; Rev. W. B. Bingham, of Mt. Olive, Miss., and the writer of these reminiscences. If any others of that class are living, we would be glad to hear of them.

I remember, too, that 57 years before, at the annual commencement, the handsome and accomplished young minister who had just come from Staunton, Va., to become pastor of the First Church of Augusta, Ga., Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, had brought his little family to visit his wife's brother, Professor James Woodrow. The young professor was very proud of the baby,

and kindly sentiment, invited me to tell the story in his church at a time when the clouds were deepening rather than being dispelled. The Belgian Relief Fund was claiming the atten-

his little nephew, just six months old. Looking admiringly at the little fellow as he sat in the middle of the floor, playing with his rattle, so plump, serious, and quiet, he said to me, "Did you ever see such a splendid, dignified baby as Tommie? He looks to me like a moderator of a General Assembly." Had he been a prophet he would have said President of the United States. Tommie lost somewhat of his good looks as he grew up, and also lost his first name; but as Woodrow Wilson he is known to the whole world.

But time moves on and changes come. "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh," babies grow up and become moderators and presidents; college students become old men and end their days; and it may be that a new and greater Oglethorpe may arise out of the Oglethorpe of old.

(55) DR. GREEN AND DANVILLE.

Fifty-three years ago there was a boy at old Oglethorpe University named Ed Green.

As he reads these lines what memories must come to him of those days!

He has written out for you to read in the Westminster a good long Story of Old Days at Oglethorpe which will begin with the next number of this magazine. Having read them, we can promise our readers a treat.

In the meantime let us announce that Dr. Green's people at Danville, Ky., put him on the Board of Directors of his old Alma Mater.

Dr. Green is the only living alumnus of Oglethorpe who is an ex-moderator of the Assembly.

Dr. Green says he is over seventy years old. It is one of his few real mistakes.

By the way, he is chairman of the Alumni Committee appointed to reorganize the Alumni of Oglethorpe at the next meeting of the board of directors. This meeting will be held on January 21, 1915, when the cornerstone of the new Oglethorpe will be paid.

(56) MONROE AND HER PRESBYTERIANS.

Monroe, North Carolina, is considered one of the best all round towns in the state.

The Seaboard Air Line Railway has made it a sort of headquarters for many clever conductors and trainmen of their line by selecting Monroe as a division headquarters. When you come south from New York you notice that you change conductors at Monroe.

A man who was born and reared on the Seaboard comes to know the conductors almost as brothers. They are a fine body of men.

Yet the city is not a "railroad town." Its population is cosmopolitan and includes all ranks of life.

When we went to Monroe to tell Dr. Gurney's good people the Oglethorpe story we expected to find just such a church as we did find.

You see we knew Captain Lane and Dr. Gurney and—J. M. Belk.

Have you ever met Belk?

Well, any sensible church would be glad to trade a dozen perfectly excellent men for one J. M. Belk.