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# WABASH COLLEGE.

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DECEMBER 31, 1877

DECEMBER 3.

"Forty-four Years Ago This Morning."

## "Forty-Four Years Ago This Morning."

For special reasons, being gentlemen, I shall detain you longer this morning than is our custom.

An Address delivered before the Students in the presently speak, College Chapel, at selection from the Scriptures.

*Joseph F.*  
BY PRESIDENT TUTTLE,

December 3, 1877.

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# WABASH COLLEGE.

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“DECEMBER 3d.”

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“Forty-four Years Ago This Morning.”

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The history of the college abounds in interesting dates and facts. One of these is mentioned and improved in this paper, read by President Tuttle at morning prayer, December 3, 1877. Prof. Caleb Mills, the venerable man whose name is so prominent in the article, was on the platform, and added to the interest of the occasion by his presence.

For special reasons, young gentlemen, I shall detain you longer this morning than is our custom.

As appropriate to the occasion of which I shall presently speak, I will read a short selection from the Scriptures.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 3, 1877.

“Cast thy bread on the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.”

“In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that, or whether both alike shall be good.”—*Eccles.* 11: 1, 6.

“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

“He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed; shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”—*Pss.* 126: 5, 6.

“Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain.”—*Pss.* 127: 1.

“I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase.

“So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase.

“Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one, and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor.”—*I. Cor.* 3: 6-8.

“O, give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His name; make known His deeds among the people.

“Sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him: talk ye of His wondrous works.

“Glory ye in His holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.”—*Pss.* 105: 1-3.

“Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name.

“O, give thanks unto the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever.”—*I. Chron.* 16: 29, 34.

“The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundations of this house; his hands shall also finish it. \* \* \* Who hath despised the day of small things?”

“He shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it.”—*Zech. 4: 7, 9, 10.*

“The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.”

For thine, O Lord, is the Kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

There are few events even in history that I can now name which would warrant me in this interruption of your duties even for a half hour. The calendar is full of dates that are dear to the lover of religion and freedom; and history has emblazoned on its pages many a name of man, of place, and of act that mankind can never forget; and yet how rarely do we interrupt the ordinary routine of college duty to name any one of these!

To us who are connected with this institution it is a fact of interest that we can still point out the spot consecrated by the deliberations of the convention of nine on the 21st of November, 1832, resulting in the resolution to found this college; also the spot on which, two days afterwards, five of the nine knelt in prayer, whilst “in the midst of nature’s unbroken loveliness” they dedicated the institution to God and man in the interests of christian education.

In a little more than a year from that time, on

that very spot, was to be seen a humble building, "designed to be occupied as a boarding-house for the teachers and students, and to afford accommodations for twenty-five students, boarding and lodging."

At a meeting of the trustees the previous July, at the suggestion of his classmate and friend, the Rev. Edmund O. Hovey, of the Coal Creek Church, in Fountain county, "Mr. Caleb Mills, of Dunbarton, New Hampshire, was nominated to fill the English Department, and E. O. Hovey was directed to write him on the subject."

Thus for the first time the name of Edmund O. Hovey and Caleb Mills appear on the same page of the history of Wabash College. From that time their fellowship was never for an instant broken until almost forty-four years afterward; on the 10th of March, 1877, one of the twain was "taken and the other left."

On the 2d of November, 1833, the Rev. John Thomson, secretary of the board, inserted an advertisement in the newspapers at Crawfordsville, Lafayette, Greencastle and Rockville, announcing that "the first session of the Crawfordsville High School will commence on the first Monday of December, and continue four months. Price of tuition, \$4 for the English Department and \$6 for the Classical. Board for a considerable number can be had for \$1 per week." In the same advertisement, headed "Crawfordsville High School," "the board of trustees inform the citi-

zens of this place and the public generally that they have obtained a teacher from the East to take charge of the school. He is now on his way and is expected here in a few days. He comes well recommended, and has with him a considerable number of books and other donations for the use of the school."

We have already seen that "Mr. Caleb Mills, of Dunbarton, New Hampshire," had been elected first instructor in the institution. He had been a very hard and conscientious student, and was famous for doing what he undertook with all his might. Few men were swifter in walking than he. Even in this debilitating climate for years he made light of a Sunday morning walk of seven miles to a preaching appointment, and a return home before night in the same way. As the first teacher in a Manual Labor School, it is also reported that "the Hoosier lad" who kept up with him in any sort of work was sure to feel tired when he was through.

And in more ways than one he showed his good sense, and not least in this, that in September, whilst preparing to come to Indiana, he married a wife, whose long life here, in midst of labor and trials sufficient to have discouraged the stoutest, has proved her worthy to be associated with him in his undertaking. How much Wabash College owes to such christian women as she cannot be told. Indeed, no true history of this institution can be written which

does not name the wives of its early instructors and friends. Their names do not appear on the catalogues of the college, but they were even as the shower and sunlight, which do not appear in the yellow glories of the wheat-field and granary. These silent and modest forces as truly helped to produce shock and grain as the more obtrusive ox and plow and plowman. And so these noble christian women as truly helped to found and build and nurture the college in times of darkness and peril, as did their husbands. Whether we ever admit young ladies to our classes or not, we can never exclude women from the royal fellowship of hearts and hands that bore the college from its cradle to its throne.

I was speaking of the "well recommended" young man from New Hampshire who, in October, 1833, was making his journey to this place, accompanied by the wife who must share all his well-earned success in life. The journey, which we can now accomplish in less than two days, then required several weeks. After this tedious journey of several weeks he reached Crawfordsville about the middle of November, and soon began housekeeping in the little house still standing at the rear of Center Church. No doubt during the first two weeks he occasionally visited the building in which he was to teach. The town was then in its eleventh year, and was still closely hugged with the forests. He could not go from the town to the college without passing through



woods in which the squirrels were hunted, and in which it is said that even then occasionally the deer and wild turkey were to be seen.

The college was in a small clearing, which, as Prof. Hovey says, was in "the midst of nature's unbroken loveliness." The building was not finished, and on Monday morning, just forty-four years ago this very morning, Prof. Mills went to that unpretending building on an errand, the results of which are not yet, as we trust, all reached. For a man of so much purpose, buoyancy and conscience there would be little sense of discouragement in the uninviting array of educational facilities before him. He there met Rev. James Thomson, the real originator and founder of the College.

It required for the dignity of the occasion that Ulysses S. Grant, the President, and Don Pedro, the Emperor, should both place their hands on the little wheel to start the great engine that was the heart of "Machinery Hall;" and so it needed the hands of these two men, James Thomson and Caleb Mills, that morning to swing open the doors of Wabash College, and then with prayer to touch the lever which set in motion this educational engine that has been throbbing honestly and with some power just forty-four years.

At 9 o'clock that Monday morning Mr. Thomson offered the prayer and made an address. Then

Prof. Mills enrolled twelve names, and Wabash College was in motion.

The following are the names of the twelve students that met Prof. Mills on the morning of Monday, December 3d, 1833:

1. Thomas S. Flathers, Montgomery county.
2. James McCauley, Hendricks county.
3. Auley McCauley, Hendricks county.
4. John Cradic, Owen county.
5. Samuel N. Steele, Owen county.
6. James B. Jones, Owen county.
7. Robert W. Allen, Montgomery county.
8. Robert N. Allen, Parke county.
9. Benj. F. Gregory, Warren county.
10. Geo. McCaslin, Montgomery county.
11. Samuel S. Thomson, Crawfordsville.
12. B. Franklin Woodman, Crawfordsville.

Of what has happened since that eventful morning I need not speak at length. One of the youngest of those twelve pioneer students is seated on this platform, a man of three score years. Robert W. Allen still lives, well along toward three score and five.

Of the nine men who in convention resolved to found the college, and of the five who knelt in the snow to dedicate it to God, only one survives, the venerable Rev. James A. Carnahan.

Among the men who have taught classes in the college, Edmund O. Hovey, John S. Thomson,

Hosea D. Humphreys, Elihu W. Baldwin, Charles White and Atlas M. Hadley are dead, as is James Thomson, the man, who, as the first act in the drama that opened forty-four years ago this morning, said, "*Let us pray,*" but Caleb Mills, the first teacher, still survives to span with his official life the public life of the college. How dark and gloomy the days have been, how severe the trials and the labors endured, and how heroic the devotion which have characterized the men who have made our college what it now is, I have no words to express adequately. The dark background of that past only helps to a greater brightness the beauty of the present.

The 3d of December is a memorable day in our calendar, and I need not crave your pardon for marking it thus with special mention. We love our college and are proud of it. As we thus recall incidents which belong to its early history, as we in this history find the names of the dead and the living, those who sowed in tears and those who reapt in joy, those who in sorrowful weariness plowed the ground and then died, leaving to others to garner the golden sheaves and shout the "harvest home," we find they all wrought in our common work, and that they share our common harvest.

Of the workers. whether dead or living, early or late, prominent or humble, and of their work,

I may use the words of Whittier on "Seed-time  
and Harvest:"

Who calls thy glorious service hard?

Who deems it not its own reward?

Who for its trials counts it less

A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield

The sickle in the ripened field,

Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,

The reaper's song among the sheaves;

Yet when our duty's task is wrought

In unison with God's great thought,

The near and future blend in one,

And whatsoe'er is willed is done.

Our life, though falling like our grain,

Like that revives and springs again;

And early called, how blest are they

Who wait in Heaven their harvest-day!

Of the workers, whether dead or living, early  
or late, prominent or humble, and of their work,

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