

# Our Dead Brothers.

---

AN ADDRESS

IN THE

COLLEGE CHAPEL, MAY 4, 1878,

BY

*Mac* JOSEPH F. TUTTLE,

President of Wabash College,

CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA.

①

# OUR DEAD BROTHERS.

---

AN ADDRESS

IN THE

COLLEGE CHAPEL, MAY 4, 1878,

BY

JOSEPH F. TUTTLE,

President of Wabash College,

CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA.

©

GEORGE TAYLOR DODGE,  
Fair Haven, Ohio,  
OF THE JUNIOR CLASS,

AND

CHRISTOPHER ROBERT BAILEY,  
Carlinville, Illinois,  
OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS,

WABASH COLLEGE,

WERE SUDDENLY KILLED IN A RAILROAD ACCIDENT, NEAR  
CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA, MAY 3, 1878.

It would be impossible to describe the grief shown as the dreadful calamity was comprehended. Not merely the young men in College, but the whole community were in distress at the sudden death of these two gifted and promising young men. Everything possible was done to prepare the remains to be sent home. At 8 o'clock the same evening, Mr. Frank Bailey, accompanied by President Tuttle, conveyed the remains of his brother to Carlinville, Ill., where, on the following Sabbath, the funeral was attended by a vast concourse of people.

At 2 o'clock the next morning, the remains of Mr. Dodge, in charge of his brother-in-law, were sent to Fair Haven, Ohio, where they were interred on Saturday.

The students, in each case, in military order and with muffled drums, formed an escort to the depot. And before the remains were sent away, in the solemn stillness of the night, in the presence of a numerous assembly, the Rev. James P. Stratton conducted a brief and touching religious service.

It was a day and night not to be forgotten.

The following Address was made at the usual Chapel service the next Sabbath afternoon, and is printed as a sign of the deep sorrow produced by the dreadful accident.

## ADDRESS.

---

As you remember, my young friends, other arrangements had been made for this afternoon service.

Nor did I seriously think of changing those arrangements until I had finished the mission which took me away Friday night. The fortitude of my companion as together we journeyed, the irrepressible sorrow of the father as I surrendered to him the trust you had committed to me for him, the more distinct realization of the greatness of the accident of Friday morning, and also of *your* grief at the death of your companions, a grief which needed *official* recognition in our own Chapel, all led me to attempt a line of remark however imperfect, albeit it must be realized amid the distractions of a journey on the railroad.

Your kindness will make all due allowance for remarks which have been sketched in such unfavorable circumstances.

We find ourselves enclosed within an unusually deep and dreadful shadow. The like we have in nature. Sometimes the skies are bright and the sunlight warm, and we rejoice in the good cheer. The very brightness of the skies, and the warmth of the sunlight and the joy the good cheer brings, so engross our attention that we fail to note the black cloud, fringed with angry lightnings, rising in the West. We are aroused by the sudden fading of the sunlight, and the chill which drives away the warmth and the cheer. A little while ago in the bright sunshine with its cheer and its joy, we are now encompassed with the deep and cold shadow which has swooped down upon us like a bird of prey.

The Holy Scriptures speak of the glories of *light* and can utter no more cheerful expression of the delightfulness of the new Jerusalem than to say "there shall be no more night there." And in describing the most appalling scene in life—its close—they could use no more lively figure than to call it "the valley and the *shadow* of death."

Two days ago the world about us was bright and nature uttered its joys in the gentle murmurings of the breezes, and the blending harmonies of innumerable birds. We were in unison with the scenes of that morning. Not a few of us as we inhaled the breath of Spring and heard the harmonies which filled and thrilled the air, said within our "heart of hearts," "Bless the Lord, O our soul, and forget not his benefits." As we met that morning in this place the words of our Psalter seemed to give voice to our gladness and also our faith. All unconscious of approaching shadow, we gave utterance to the grateful praise that swelled our hearts. All were not here, and yet it seemed as if our praise that morning was unusually jubilant and full.

And then we went to our usual duties with no thought of a sky that was already darkening with evil. And yet even then the storm was gathering and the shadow falling. How suddenly that shadow fell! how as from a clear sky that storm burst as with a sort of unutterable fury! As we expressed our faith in the words of the Psalter, and our joy in the notes of song, and our fidelity in acts of duty, two of our number—only a little way off—by a sudden casualty had been swept in an instant out of life, and their bodies which when we last saw them were grand in the beauty and strength of their young manhood, had become so marred that there was no one who looked on them, however strong his nerves, who did not tremble and sicken at the sight. In one awful instant, the beautiful limbs, the cunning framework that enclosed the vitals, and the dome—the mind's peculiar home—that crowned this master work of God, had been so broken that no human skill or love could restore them. Oh, how many things enter into this casualty to afflict our sensibilities and unseal the fountains of our grief! In the unusual horror of that scene we thought not to blame those thus snatched away for the rashness of the act by which they themselves invited death. If they did that rash act in the thoughtlessness and the overflowing exuberance of a peculiarly forceful young manhood, they have expiated the act with their own tragic death.

Through our blinding tears we see only the thoughtlessness of the act, and its fatal conclusion, whilst in the ten-

der sympathies of the hour our memories conjure into life reminiscences of our brothers and friends as they were to us in a hundred scenes sacred to the best feelings of our natures. Yes, these garments that must be hidden in the ground, a little while ago covered the manly forms of our brothers. These remains that the most assiduous skill cannot bring together so that even a mother may look upon them without a shudder, were once the tabernacles which God made with matchless skill for our brothers to dwell in. We gather around the confined remains and we say, "these a little while ago belonged to our brothers." Nay, so strong is the instinct of nature which associates a man with the body he dwells in that we kept all that dreadful day saying, "this is Dodge's coffin!" and "this is Bailey's!"

Here in the hall of prayer and praise, the class-room, the place of sport, and the arena of serious endeavor, when full of the elasticity of youth and the cheerful gladness of heart not yet much acquainted with the bitterness of life they leapt or ran, or laughed, when their feet trod the sober paths of daily duty and when with a bound as glad as their own young hearts they began that last walk from these grounds toward the fatal spot which was to be made sacred by the libation of blood that was poured out of their very hearts—I say every where in all scenes and from first to last they were our brothers.

We do not utter an empty regret as over the fate of strangers but shed our tears at the untimely death of our brothers.

In the grief we feel, and the sympathy which is wrung from our hearts by their sudden "taking away" we let our affectionate tears blot from the record of memory anything in them we would rather forget, and only with thoughts of what was good and noble and hopeful in them we stand by their graves and exclaim with an inexpressible tenderness, "alas! alas! they were our brothers!"

God only is wise and good. In Him are all the attributes which commend Him to us in such an hour as this. Our ken is feeble, our fathoming line short, our wisdom folly. The formula for us is found in the grand words of the Psalter which we were reading in this place last Friday morning— that dreadful morning by us never to be forgotten—"The Lord reigneth, etc." (Ps. 97:1-2.)

It may seem a mere coincidence that on such an occasion our attention should be directed to such a formula, than which I can now think of none more appropriate and consoling. A great and mysterious calamity—as we sometimes name such an event—was even then an accomplished fact, although we did not know it. Even as the bolt of heaven sometimes does its fearful work not far away and still we are ignorant of it. It was a calamity that should shock this little community of ours and the larger community of which we are a part. The telegraph would flash it far and wide, but chiefly to the homes in which the victims of it were very dear, making the hearts of those far away bleed and ache with an unusual sorrow. Who can measure the grief that message was to bring? But chiefly, it was a calamity that was to affect two young, strong, hopeful, educated men, who were doing their best to get themselves in readiness for some important life-work. Yes, a calamity big as death hung over *them*. All that is comprised in *life* with its work, and its hopes, and its possibilities, and its glories, was then trembling in suspended balances that were unseen by them, or by anyone but Him who held them.

At last the calamity, big, black, appalling, fell. They—the chief ones interested—are gone from life in the twinkling of an eye. The dream, or if you please, the reality, of life with them was over. And then the news of what had occurred spreads and flashes from ear to ear and from home to home near and far away. And hearts ache and affections bleed, and stout hearts tremble. Yes, it was a great calamity, and where could I find grander, truer, or more consoling words than these from the Psalter read that morning: “*The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice, let the multitude of isles be glad thereof. Clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.*”

In the midst of this deep shadow we *will* say, “The Lord reigneth.” We will not say “the laws of Nature explain this shadow,” but we will say, “*Clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.*” We will not defy God and ask Him “What doest thou?” but we

will in some remote degree formulate both our grief and our submission in the words of our Lord Jesus, "Not my will but thine be done."

Our brothers are gone, not to return. And may we not learn something that may make us wiser and better? Is this lesson as to the shortness and uncertainty of life too old to be worthy our notice? Or is it to-day the utterance of a heartless and professional sanctimony? I trust not, but at the worst, grant that these *living* lips that now speak accomplish only a professional task: do the dead lips of our brothers act a part? Those lips do not move, and yet we seem to hear from them words as to the shortness and uncertainty of life which flame like lightning.

None but God knows the *fact*, and yet I feel as sure as if I knew it as a fact, that could we find recorded in some divine phonograph the words, the prayers, the waves of articulated entreaty and terror that burst from our brothers' lips as they fell beneath the cruel wheels, and reproduce those sounds here, there would be no articulation, or word, or cry, but would give force to the claims of religion.

Is it the cant of "the priest, and the pulpit," when I affirm that out of the roar of that train which crushed the life from our brothers issues "a still small voice" which appeals to us in the words of an old book, "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!"

I grieve that they are gone. I frame theories to account for what they did. They were overflowing with life. They were strong and active and often did deeds that seemed to others reckless, and they did these deeds without harm. They were fearless and athletic, and that morning they risked a venture which no one can think of without a shudder. They meant no harm or wrong, and yet their rash act was blame worthy.

Oh, I would that some wise friend, or some unseen influence had arrested their purpose. But it was not to be. I grieve that in this way they died. I speak not now in words of heartless condemnation. That little act cost them life. It was a tremendous penalty for what seemed to them and perhaps to others so trivial an act.

And shall my word be deemed cruel and harsh as I plead that you, young men, remember in your physical and moral risks that you have no right to venture into places where mortal, or at least, life long harm may be inflicted? But if not for your own sakes, at least for the sake of those far away, let me denounce



the rashness that in any manner risks all that is dear in life and which may plunge loving hearts into grief that shall never be fully assuaged.

But it is not of the method of their death, but the fact that I am now speaking. They are gone. Our bell shall never again ring a note for them to hear. They shall never again join us in the songs of the hours of worship, or the enjoyments of the hours of sport, or the labors of the hours of duty. They are gone from us forever.

And forgetting to blame them we only regret their fate, and amid sincere sorrow bid them farewell.

Ere this the mortal remains of our brothers have been committed to graves separated by hundreds of miles. Those graves to day have been sprinkled with the tears of those who loved our brothers. I would that we might have been there with them.

William Motherwell has expressed a longing he felt and which it may be we have all felt when he wrote these words:

“When I beneath this cold, red earth am sleeping,  
 Life’s fever o’er,  
 Will there be for me any bright eye weeping  
 That I’m no more?  
 Will there be any heart still memory keeping  
 Of heretofore?  
 \* \* \* \* \*

“When the Night shadows with the ample sweeping  
 Of her dark pall,  
 The world and all its manifold creation sleeping—  
 The great and small—  
 Will there be one even at that dread hour, weeping  
 For me—for all?  
 \* \* \* \* \*

“Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling  
 Thou gentle heart!  
 And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,  
 Let no tear start;  
 It were in vain—for Time hath long been knelling—  
 ‘Sad one, depart!’”

In our human infirmity we could wish it had been otherwise, and that to-day they two—our brothers—were here with us, that they two—our brothers—might not be filling those distant graves! But our will is not God’s will, and whilst we bow to that will, as long as we live we shall hold our brothers in kindly remembrance, and if perchance we shall ever find ourselves standing by the r graves, with uncovered head we will recall them as they were when with us, and utter the sincere regret we shall ever feel over their untimely fate!

Farewell, brothers, farewell! we may not utter the word so tenderly as those who weep to-day at your distant graves, but even they shall not more sincerely speak that word than we do. Again, brothers, farewell!