

Daniel Bliss

*And The Founding of
The American University of Beirut*



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*And the Founding of the
American University of Beirut*

“This College is for all conditions and classes of men without regard to colour, nationality, race or religion. A man white, black or yellow; Christian, Jew, Mohammedan or heathen, may enter and enjoy all the advantages of this institution for three, four or eight years; and go out believing in one God, or in many Gods, or in no God. But it will be impossible for any one to continue with us long without knowing what we believe to be the truth and our reasons for that belief.”

Daniel Bliss
1871

Edited by Carleton S. Coon, Jr.

Cover: The Coast of Lebanon, Mt. Sannine in the Distance. Edward Lear, 1861.

This painting is based on drawings the artist made during his travels in May 1858. It is the property of the American University of Beirut and was a gift of the Bayard Dodge family. It is reproduced here with the permission of the trustees of the American University of Beirut and through the kindness of Mrs. Johnson Garrett.

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Foreword

*Lucius D. Battle, President
The Middle East Institute*

THE REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL BLISS, published in 1920, was first shown to several of us at the Middle East Institute about a year ago. We read with delight this account of the founding of AUB, and each of us had the same reaction: it was a reflection of a time but was also timeless. It demonstrated the need for an educational institution in the nineteenth century and also showed the effort, courage, and perseverance of the founder in undertaking its creation. As one reflects on the difficulties encountered by Dr. Bliss, one can only compare them with life in Lebanon today and in recent years. The trials and tribulations and suffering were different than they are today, but they nevertheless were there.

The American University of Beirut, which has played so important a role in education in the Middle East, continues to exist in sad, troubled Lebanon. It has survived for more than a century and has been regarded as an alma mater, a friend, and a torch not only by its students and graduates but also by others who have been touched by its activities. The university, in many respects, is a symbol of the American presence in the entire area, not just in one country. Readers of this book may take continued pride in its existence and pride in the American who took this valiant and important initiative.

We bring out this edition with great pleasure and are most grateful to Mrs. Johnson Garrett, the great granddaughter of Daniel Bliss, for first calling it to our attention. To the others who have contributed—Carleton Coon, editor; David Dodge, a supporter; and all those who have helped in this effort—we are also grateful. “Reminiscences” will delight you, I believe, as it did those of us at the Middle East Institute.

Introduction

Carleton S. Coon, Jr.

DANIEL BLISS WENT to the Levant in 1856 as a Protestant missionary. After several years working in the environs of Beirut, he became the leading advocate of a proposal to establish a Protestant college in the area. When the college opened, in 1866, he was its first president, and he continued as such for 36 years. He died in 1916, aged 92.

The Syrian Protestant College, as the school was called in Bliss's time, prospered and evolved into the American University of Beirut, an institution that has had a profound influence on the modernization of the Arab world. It is all too true that in recent decades America's relations with the Arab populations of the eastern Mediterranean region have fallen on bad times, but it is useful to recall that they began well. The Bliss reminiscences provide many insights as to the quality of that relationship in its early years.

This is not an autobiography. Daniel Bliss was an activist and never got around to writing one. In his eighty-second year his family prevailed on him to write down his reminiscences. His recall was excellent and his style was admirable, but he was not writing for posterity. His "reminiscences" are just that, anecdotal, episodic, and disjointed. They do not constitute an authoritative history of the man and his times. They do provide insights into more basic matters, both foreign and domestic. The curious reader will find much, for example, that suggests what it may have been about early 19th-century America that produced so many individuals of strong character and conviction—some of whom were willing to transplant themselves to as alien a society as that of the Levant and were capable of doing so with such enduring effect.

The "Reminiscences" were originally published in 1920 in a book edited by Daniel Bliss's oldest son, Frederick. We

have deleted the extensive introduction and other material provided by the son in that edition, substituting for it a new prologue and epilogue by Daniel Bliss's namesake and grandson, now living in Maine. I have not in any sense tried to rewrite the original reminiscences, though I have shortened them a bit here and there and reorganized some of the material.

Prologue

Daniel Bliss II

I HAD NOT FULLY understood or appreciated my grandfather's full stature until after I came back to Beirut in 1920, after completing college, to teach in the Syrian Protestant College's Preparatory Department (now known as the International College). Then I saw at first hand the influence Daniel Bliss had exerted, almost unconsciously, in molding the character of the unique institution he had founded. No educational institution in all of the Middle East had in its student body so many different men, and later women, from so many different nations, belonging to so many different religions or religious sects, all studying, working, worshipping, playing together in harmony, and sharing the goal of the modernization and development of their respective countries.

At the founding convocation of the United Nations in San Francisco in 1945, an enterprising journalist researched the educational backgrounds of all the official delegates. The institution that had the largest number of graduates among that distinguished group was not Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, not Oxford or Cambridge or the Sorbonne, but the American University of Beirut—with a total of nineteen alumni!

In the first hundred years of its history, AUB has produced scores of prime ministers and countless members of parliament, cabinet ministers, and ambassadors, as well as the presidents and other distinguished members of dozens of national educational and scientific organizations not to speak of many industrial and business leaders throughout much of the world. In short, AUB's influence and impact on the renaissance of the Middle East has been incalculable.

I cannot believe that the present turmoil in the Middle East, and particularly in Lebanon, marks either the demise of AUB as an institution or the end of its influence. AUB's purpose

was and is now to give the young men and women of the Middle East an opportunity on equal terms to secure a superior education, based on a determined practice of real brotherhood among all the peoples of the region. The purpose of modernization and the practice of brotherhood remain as valid as ever as goals for all the peoples of the region however far from achievement they appear today. Perhaps even more now than in the past, the American University of Beirut deserves the wholehearted support of all of us who share those goals.

*The Founding of the
American University of Beirut*

Reminiscences

Childhood and Youth, 1823-1848

I WAS BORN ON the seventeenth of August, 1823, in Georgia, Vermont. My father, Loomis Bliss, was born July 15, 1773, in Western (now Warren), Massachusetts. My mother was Susanna Farwell; her mother was a Grout, a relative of Mrs. Grout, who was carried off by the Indians in the early history of the Colonies. My father was one of the seventeen children of my grandfather.¹ When an infant, my life was despaired of on account of some skin disease. It is said that my mother's hopes revived when old Doctor Blair remarked, "A child who can yell and kick like that will not die yet." Very likely the yells and kicks helped on my recovery quite as much as Doctor Blair's pills—a sort of "mind cure," for no kind of skin trouble has appeared on my body for these eighty-two years.



When I was a child in arms, my father moved from Georgia to Cambridge, Vermont, and bought a farm of meadow, pasture and woodlands. My memory goes no farther back than to the sheep, cows, horses, pigs, hens, geese, turkeys, partridges, squirrels, woodchucks and skunks. The most vivid "scenes of my childhood" are the cold spring near the tall balsam tree; the gathering of bechnuts and butternuts in the autumn; checkerberries, blueberries, blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, in their season. The washing of sheep in the river before shearing-time can never be forgotten, when the boys from seven to ten years old are allowed to go down into the water waist-

¹It was a fertile line. Thomas Bliss, who emigrated from England about 1638, had eleven children; his son had thirteen, including Daniel Bliss's grandfather. Daniel himself was one of nine children.

deep and wash the lambs. There was great fun also at shearing-time, when we caught the lambs and brought them to have their tails cut off and their ears marked. Our mark was one hole punched and one notch cut out to distinguish them from Mr. Sears' sheep, which had only one hole punched, and from Mr. Perry's sheep, which had only one notch. The one hole and the one notch in our sheep were on the right ear to distinguish them from Mr. Gilmore's sheep, which had one hole and one notch on the left ear. All owners had their peculiar marks recorded in the town records. When the shearing was over, the wool—each fleece, folded by itself—was sent to be carded, and it was soon sent back in the form of white rolls, about as large as your finger and about eighteen inches long.

Then commenced the spinning and the weaving for the clothing of the coming winter. There were no spinning Jennys then, but spinning Girls. I seem now to see tall, slim, blue-eyed Ann Ober (I was then seven or eight) stepping backward, giving the wheel a turn while she drew out from the roll a portion to be twisted, as the spindle revolved, into a thread for the warp and the woof of the cloth to be. When the thread was five or six feet long, giving the thread a reverse turn, she would retrace her steps forward with song and laughter, and wind the thread on the spindle; and then step backwards to repeat the process—cheerful and happy.

She would thus work, days, weeks and months. The threads were wound from the spindle, when full, on to the "swifts" into skeins, and from the skeins upon spools, and from the spools upon the "beam"; each thread (one by one to its own place) was drawn through a harness and a reed, three or four feet long, looking very much like a great double back-comb, and so on till the warp was formed. Other skeins were wound from the skeins onto small spools, called quills; these were placed in a shuttle to shoot the threads of the woof between those of the warp, and then each thread was brought to its place by a sudden jerk of the frame that held the reed; and thus the woof was formed by repeated "shoots and jerks." The great inventors have made thousands of adjustments in the manufacture of cloth, but they are all "cunning" applications of the principles that are older than historical times.

When the weaving was finished, the hired girl (no servants then) went home. The flannel cloth was then in part made into shirts for the boys, under-garments for Mother and the girls; and the rest of the cloth was sent to the fuller's to be thickened, coloured, and pressed; and prepared for making coats, vests,

breeches, trousers—called “trousers”—no pantaloons then. When the cloth came from the fuller’s and dyer’s—black, brown, blue, butternut or some other colour—then some one who could both “cut out” and sew came to the house and the whole family, from the youngest to the oldest, would be fitted out with warm, home-spun winter clothing. The finest web of cloth, from the finest wool, was coloured blue and from it Mother’s dress was made—there was never another dress so beautiful. Ann Ober spun the wool, but there was another wheel of different shape and size for spinning flax. There was no stepping backwards and forwards but a dignified sitting posture with a foot on the treadle. I never saw a hired girl at this wheel, but only Mother with her white ruffled cap, like the women of the olden time. “She layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She maketh fine linen. She worketh willingly with her own hands.” The cloth made from the flax, some coarser, some finer, was made into bags for holding grain, into sheets, table-cloths, napkins, summer shirts, vests, trousers, etc., under the direction of Mother.

Also the skins of the animals raised on the farm, when they came back from the tanners, were made into boots, shoes and slippers, in the house. There were shoe shops in the villages, and the owners were called shoemakers. Their hired men were journeymen shoemakers, but the man who went from house to house was called “whipcat,” and his occupation in going from house to house was “whipping the cat.” The proprietor, the journeyman and the whipcat belonged to different grades in the social life. The daughter of the proprietor would hardly accept the attentions of the whipcat—she possibly might those of the journeyman. Why the shoemaker going from house to house making and cobbling shoes was called whipcat, I have never heard; but so he was called, and is now, in many places.

There were other preparations for the winter which I well remember: the digging and storing of potatoes, the picking and sorting of apples, the making of cider, the killing of pigs and the cow or ox, the salting of pork and beef, the making of sausages, the stuffing of the skins with the prepared meat, the cutting off of the sparerib to be used on occasions. The fare was homely: meat and potatoes; a boiled (biled) dinner of corned beef, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, beets, and Indian bread; applesauce made of apples dried in quarters with boiled cider; bean porridge—not bean soup, but bean porridge; eggs new-laid by chickens, turkeys, geese—boiled, baked, fried or roasted; milk, butter and cheese; and there were

healthy stomachs to receive them. That sparerib—what eating! Not boiled, not baked, not fried—no pot, no kettle, no ovens needed—but the sparerib is hung up before the great log fire with a dripping pan beneath the rib, and the rib is turned round and round until every part is evenly and thoroughly cooked. Then there were the sweet “Johnny cake,” thick and light, the raised sweet doughnuts, not raised with saleratus, soda, baking-powder, or any other doubtful device, but by good honest yeast—the true leaven of old Jewish days; and there was—not the pancake, the griddle-cake—but the flapjack, or, better still, the slapjack, buttered and sweetened with honest maple sugar or molasses; then there were potatoes and milk, hasty-pudding and milk, bread and milk with strawberries, bread and milk with raspberries or blackberries, milk from our own cows, bread from our own corn, potatoes from our own field, berries from our own meadow and fields, and sugar from our own maple trees.

I was never stunted by child labour. Till I was ten years old and more, my work was riding the horse to plough the corn, bringing water from the cold spring, carrying wood to the kitchen, picking up chips, hunting hens’ nests. There was plenty of time to play: to chase sheep and to hunt squirrels without a gun but with our old dog Sounder. That old dog Sounder appears before my mind now, tall, black, heavy of limb and slow of movement, for his youthful days were passed. He no longer readily responded to the shout of the boys when they ran to shake off the squirrels from the butternut tree for him to catch. I have reason to remember his lack of enthusiasm for the hunt, for in an attempt to rouse him I lost a bone from my left big toe. It seems hardly fair to bring a charge against old Sounder after seventy-three or seventy-four years. He was not the cause but only the occasion of my having one bone less in my body than other men.

It was this way it happened. We boys, at school one day, ran a woodchuck into its hole under a wall. We stopped up the hole, and I was requested by the other boys to bring “old Sounder” the next day to catch the woodchuck, when we should dig him out of his den. Early in the morning I sought for old Sounder, and found him sound asleep round the corner of the house, basking in the morning sun, lazy as any old dog might be. My brother, old enough to be my father, was hanging a scythe—that is, adjusting it to its handle, called a snath. The sharp steel blade extended three feet, more or less, at right angles to the snath. Being ready for school, I ran round the corner of the house, shouting “Sounder,

Sounder," as was our custom whenever we found a squirrel in a butternut or an apple tree. Sounder roused himself from sleep and followed, as, running, I shouted at the top of my voice. Good for the woodchuck but bad for me, the scythe lay in the path to the gate. No time to go round, I leaped over the scythe, my heart bounding on seeing Sounder following, when my brother shouted, "Dan, you have cut yourself." I stopped suddenly, looked down, and saw sure enough the blood was flowing, and a small bone from the big toe of my left foot was hanging down, held by a small fibre of flesh, which some one from the house cut off with a pair of shears, while I yelled—but not to Sounder.

My grandchildren and great-grandchildren may wonder why my shoe did not protect the toe. Shoes! Boys and girls from ten to fifteen in those days in the country and on the farm enjoyed the luxury, all summer long, of going barefoot—a luxury which every boy and girl longs for, from the heir apparent in the King's Palace down to the child in the meanest mud hut. At the time of this occurrence I was between eight and nine years old. I must have been more or less taught in the facts of the Bible, judging from the train of thoughts following the loss of the bone. That train of thought was so impressed upon my mind that time and again it has recurred to me during my long life; and it was many long years before it ceased to be a great perplexity. The question was how this lost bone left in Vermont could be raised with the rest of my body, which might be buried far out West (my father was then talking of moving to Ohio). I put the question to Father; he, like a wise man, said it was a great mystery, but that God was able to raise the dead. My difficulty remained. It was not a question of God's power, for no child ever doubted His omnipotence. I could not see how it was to be accomplished. I seemed to see this bone, cut from the toe, with a multitude of the lost bones of mankind, flying through the air, rising, falling, crossing each other, going east, west, north and south, each seeking its own body from which it had been separated—by the scythe or the surgeon's knife. If not then, later on, questions of the Resurrection recurred to perplex the mind. Did the cripple's body, the bow-legged, the hunch-backed, the blind, the deaf, the cross-eyed, the emaciated body of the old man—rise?

Twenty years after, more or less, while reading a passage in Paul's letter to the Corinthians, it occurred to me that he had been asked a multitude of questions of seeming perplexity, founded upon a false assumption. Paul, without mentioning these questions in detail, includes them all in the literary phrase, "Some

men will say, how are the dead raised up and with what body do they come?" Then he burst out almost with impatience, saying, "Thou fool! these questions and objections are all founded upon the supposition that the particles of matter forming the body of flesh and blood are raised in the Resurrection." Not so. The particles of matter forming organized body, whether wheat, grain, animal or fish, bird or man, are in continual flux—appearing now in one form, now in another—today in the grass of the field, tomorrow in the ox, the next day in man, and then in the worm, in an endless round of activity.

Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade and plough disturb our Ancestors,
From human mould we reap our daily bread:
The moist of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter through the mighty void the dry.
Earth repossesses part of what she gives.

As your soul, spirit, life, your immortal part, call it what you will—as your soul drew to itself, clothed itself with a mortal body from particles of earthly mould, so your soul will clothe itself with a spiritual body, as truly yours and more truly yours than this body of flesh and blood which cannot enter the kingdom of God. "Thou sowest not the body that shall be, but God giveth a new body . . . and to every seed his own body." Since studying Paul I have never, except in memory, seen bones flying in space in search of the old body.



My mother died when I was nine years and eight days old, yet I well remember sitting on a stool by her side, reading my daily chapter from the Bible. I had difficulty from day to day in finding the place where I had left off; somehow the mark got out of its place. Mother said to me: "I can tell you how you can always find your place. Remember the chapter and the verse and you will not need any mark." I was delighted, but the Old Adam in me said, "Do not tell Reuben, Mother." (Reuben was my brother, three years older.) With a look of sweet sadness she repeated: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you," etc., and then followed loving remarks, full of the spirit of Christ, the words of which have long since faded away, but whose influence can never be lost.

I do not remember farther back than the time of my sister Ann's birth, when I was four years old. When six or seven I had the whooping-cough and was very ill. Mother, sitting by the cradle and thinking I was asleep, said to some one: "He is a nice little fellow, I shall be so sad to lose him." She used to call me "My little trout," because I was long, slim, and lively, like the brook-trout. Few indeed are the sayings that remain in my memory. My aunts, Mother's sisters, said that she was a most loving mother. I remember the last time she went to church. It was communion day. A Mrs. Parker fanned her as she sat in the pew for the last time. Soon after this communion, Mother passed away, sitting in her rocking-chair. I have never since heard the song "My Old Armchair" without seeming to see Mother drawing her last breath in the old rocking-chair. She was only forty-two when she died.

After Mother's death, my half-sister Eliza kept house for us during a year or more. Soon the family began to break up. Eliza went to Ohio to teach school. The older boys left home. Father changed farms and moved to Jericho, Vermont. Father and we younger boys constituted the family. Finally Father and I were left alone in the house. Once he had to be absent for three or four weeks and not wishing to leave me alone, dismissed the housekeeper and arranged with a good neighbour across the way to care for me during his absence. Everything went on smoothly for one or two days, but then Chauncy Skinner, son and heir, took on airs, and treated me apparently as a "poor relation" or as an outcast; whereupon I announced to Mr. and Mrs. Skinner that I should return to our house across the way. They protested, but I went and slept all alone in the rather big house. We had a cow and hens, flour and meal; so I lived on eggs, milk and johnny cake of my own make. It was the time of berries, red raspberries, black raspberries and strawberries. Well do I remember filling a pail full of the finest strawberries to be found, rejecting every imperfect berry, placing on the top of the pail a handful of long stems covered with berries and taking them over to the village, a mile away from the farm.

The first house I stopped at was the village doctor's. The doctor's wife came to the door; she seemed to me then the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She gave me a joyful greeting as if I had been her lost son. She did not know me but she knew that meadow strawberries were more luscious than any cultivated by the devices of man. She said that they were worth more than the strawberries found on the street. She bought them, or rather she took them, and gave me more than the market price. She added that

there was "no other boy that could find such berries," and that I must always, as long as the season lasted, come to her. So for six days a week I carried her berries, always trying that every lot should be better than the previous one. I have often thought of that lady and of her most gracious manner, but know nothing of her history, before or after.



It must have been in August, 1836—I being thirteen years old—when Father with his younger children left Vermont for Ohio. There were no railroads then. We went from Jericho to Burlington in wagons, to Whitehall by steamer, to Buffalo by the Erie Canal, and then by steamer to Fairport, Ohio. From Fairport we all went on foot, ten or twelve miles, to Madison, where we soon settled in the only frame house in that part of the town—all the others being made of logs. After my eldest brother Solomon was married, Father and I went to live with him on his farm in Leroy.

In those years I had a great desire for a higher education. There was an academy at Austinburg where boys could pay their way wholly or in part by manual labour. A boy about my age was going to that school, and I begged Solomon, Father and the rest to allow me to go with him. No one favoured my attempting such a wild undertaking. I remember, although fourteen or fifteen years old, I cried and wept like a baby when my way was utterly blocked. I was so foolish as to wish that I might lose an arm or a leg, or in some way be disabled for manual labour, and then they would be compelled to allow me to prepare myself for a teacher in view of future support. The boy went to Austinburg, and I fell into the routine of work, play and village school, till I was sixteen. Then came a change, and my sojourn from that day till I had a home of my own—seventeen years after—was among strangers. At the end of summer Solomon said to me one evening that his wife was not strong, the children were young, and that she wished to be relieved of extra care and to be alone. This preamble hardly prepared me for the shock his following words gave me. In a most kind way he suggested that I find a place for the winter where I could do chores for my board and schooling. I passed a most miserable night, realizing that I was without money, without a home, and knowing that there was no one in all our town that wanted a boy to do chores. The next morning Solomon gave me some work to do. I said, "No, I am going over to the South Ridge—the great road

leading from Erie to Cleveland—to find a place.” “So soon,” said he.

The first home I called at was Mr. Axtell’s tavern. Mr. Axtell was a man of considerable wealth for those times, owning the tavern and a large farm, well stocked. The place seemed to me then as a palace would now. Mr. and Mrs. Axtell, their three grown-up sons, two daughters, servants inside the house, and men about the stables were imposing. Mr. Axtell, on hearing what I wanted, asked whether I could milk cows and take care of cattle. Having received a positive, affirmative answer, he took me into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Axtell and her two daughters were. Then he said: “You are the boy we want; come tomorrow if you are ready.” He added: “Your work will be to take care of thirteen cows; feed, water, and milk them, and bring in the wood for the kitchen and parlour stoves.” Then I went to Painesville (five miles) and bought a Kirkland’s grammar, slate and pencil, and then returned to Solomon’s for my last night.

The school which I attended while working for Mr. Axtell was a good one. I commenced grammar in a class of young ladies and boys, who, most likely, had studied the same books, winter after winter. They would rattle off the rules, and say with almost the same breath: “It is an active, transitive verb; indicative mood, present tense, third person singular, and agrees with so-and-so.” At first I hesitated at every description of a word, to their great annoyance. But before spring, in “parsing” Milton or Pollock’s “Course of Time,” they hesitated. The winter passed most happily. I suppose that sometimes it was not easy to go through the snow and cold in the early morning from a quarter to a half mile to the barn where the cows were—hard or easy I did it, and I did it well. The Axtells made me one of the family. I spent my evenings in the sitting-room with the ladies, studying my lessons and reading. The daughters treated me as a very young brother, of whom they were very fond. One day Squire Axtell was very angry. He saw me carrying wood into the bar-room and inquired: “Who told you to do this?” I replied, “Emery.” (His son.) He rushed into the bar-room, and burst out into forcible language, saying to his sons: “Daniel is my boy; you must never under any circumstances ask him to do anything.”

School through, I bade goodbye to the Axtells and went in the spring to live for a few months with my brothers Zenas and Harlow, who had bought a lot of wooded land and were chopping down the timber and preparing the land for cultivation. This was in the spring of 1840, the year the country went wild with

boisterous enthusiasm over the campaign, when W. H. Harrison was elected President of the United States of America. In clearing the land, the tall white oak trees—forty or fifty feet without a limb—were felled, sawed in sections four feet long, halved and quartered, and then rived with mallet and frow into smaller pieces three-quarters of an inch thick, and carted to Fairport and shipped to be manufactured into staves for hogsheads, barrels, casks, and other cooper work. A part of my business was to drive the oxen that hauled the wagon loaded with these rough staves. During part of the summer I kept house for my brothers, frying pork, ham and eggs; boiling potatoes and vegetables; cooking chickens and wild game. At one time I was set to ploughing in this new ground, full of roots. Every few feet the plough would be caught; the oxen would strain, turn round and finally stop. I yelled and screamed at them so that the next day I could hardly speak from hoarseness. Then my brothers relieved me from further work in this direction. The neighbourhood was a bad one; drunkenness and quarreling were common, and, as I learned afterwards, immorality was prevalent. Was it cowardice—moral, physical or both—which led me to hide in the bushes behind the house from two fellows, older than myself and twice as strong as I was, who had asked me in the afternoon to join them in stealing a beehive, declaring with horrid oaths that they would kill me if I refused. I did refuse. They said: "Wait till evening and you will see." They came to the house after dark and found me not.

They never after referred to the matter or to anything else of the kind. About this time a good deacon living in an adjoining neighbourhood said to me, "Daniel, I wish you to leave this place." I was frightened lest some one had slandered me, and said to the deacon, "Why, what have I done?" He smiled and said, "Nothing. You are too good a boy to live in such a place. That is all." Thirteen years afterwards the daughter of the good deacon, about my age, recounted to me what her father and uncle had said, how "Daniel Bliss had escaped uncontaminated from the perils of those former days." Soon after the deacon had expressed his anxiety for my well-being, there was a "logging bee." The men of the place came with their oxen to haul the logs together, and roll them in heaps to be burned. It was a fine sight to see ten or a dozen yokes of oxen putting forth their strength in hauling those huge timbers, and to see forty or fifty men with handspikes and skids, laughing and shouting, each gang vying with the others in making the largest pile in the shortest time. It was a fine sight in the beginning—the

saddest I ever saw at the ending. Strong drink, the curse of the world, flowed like water, and changed all good feeling into hate, manly strength into brutality. Men cursed, quarreled and fought. When two brothers began to maul each other, I ran from the field. In the evening, one of the brothers, mad with drink, prowled with gun in hand about the streets to shoot his brother. I had an indescribable feeling of sadness mingled with shame that I should be living in such a place.

The sadness and shame did not last long, for out of them, before I went to bed, came a determined resolution to leave the place, after seeing Father, who was then living with Eliza. So the next morning I started off, but instead of going round the road to the bridge, six or seven miles, I went direct through the woods, wading Grand River up to my waist, carrying on my head what clothes I had. Father and Eliza exclaimed, "How providential that you have come today!" A crisis in my life was at hand and I knew it not. Then Father told me that Mr. Curtiss, part owner and chief manager of the tannery in "Pains-holler," wanted an apprentice; and that he had, the day before, applied to him for me. Father added, "You must go." That settled the matter. Father seldom gave positive commands, but when he did he expected to be obeyed.

On the whole, I was glad to get back to the old neighbourhood where I had caught woodchucks, 'possums, and squirrels in the woods, dace from the rapids of the river, bullpouts and black bass from the deep holes under the driftwood, and muskrats along its banks. I remained with Eliza a few days, helped her husband, Mr. Morse, cut and "shuck" his corn, and then went to the tannery. I was to have my living, clothing, three months' schooling yearly, and two suits of clothing at the end of four years.

I had hardly commenced work before Dr. Merriman—the leading doctor in two counties—asked Father to let him have me to train, to teach, and to make a doctor of. Most of the doctors then (there at least) were trained in that way, and not a bad way either. The offer was a most tempting one, but there was no thought of a change of plan. Our word had been given to Mr. Curtiss, and was as sacred as any indenture. I have often wondered what my life would have been if Dr. Merriman had spoken ten days before he did. It is a foolish wonder; for the past in any life may be full of ifs!



Mr. Curtiss was a man of sterling integrity, common sense, and of much wisdom. Without much education

he was fond of debate—especially on religious matters. They called him a Universalist, a Free Thinker, an Infidel. At the close of his life he joined the Methodist Church, but still contended for the Spirit of the Bible, not the letter; not for the precepts and examples themselves, but for the principles underlying them. His reproofs were often severe but effective. Soon after going to him, I made some remark about the Bible. He looked up and said, "Have you ever read the Bible through?" On being answered, "No," he replied, "Don't make a fool of yourself, then, by talking about it." It was a small matter, but has been useful to me many a time. One day several men were in the shop discussing some weighty thing, and I expressed my opinion. When they left, he came by my side and gently parted my hair. I asked what was the matter. "Nothing," said he, "I was only seeing if you had any gray hairs"—thus reproving me for my forwardness.

As I look back, I never opposed what I now believe to be true Christianity, and yet the neighbours regarded me almost, if not quite, as an infidel. Old Father Abby often spoke to me on the subject of religion with tears in his eyes. One day he said to me, "Dan, you are the most dangerous boy in town. Your influence is very bad." I asked why, what evil had I done. He replied, "None, that is the trouble. If you were drunk half the time, your influence would not be so bad. You neither lie, swear, drink or quarrel, and others point to you and say, 'Dan Bliss is not a Christian, and yet what a good boy he is.'" After I had been in the Theological Seminary a year my brother took me to see Mr. Abby. He received Reuben with hearty greeting, and me with respectful but cold courtesy. Reuben told him that I was to be a minister and a missionary. The old man came forward, took my hand, and with deep emotion said, "I am so glad. Thank God! I was afraid of you. I know that you had been to college, had become a learned man, and I was afraid that you had come here to destroy my faith."

Soon after commencing my trade, I gained a great victory over myself. I knew the proverb, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," but I failed to put it in practice. The turning point came. I was left alone one day in the shop, charged with a slight but most responsible piece of work. It was this. Fifty or sixty calf skins, each one by itself, were that day to be put for the first time into the bark extract. According to the methods of those days, these skins were taken out one by one, spread out on a platform one above the other, and then, after ten or fifteen minutes, returned to the vat, one

by one, and sunk beneath the ooze as before. For the first day the skins were very slippery, almost as slippery as a piece of elm bark soaked in water. I drew up about half of the lot, and spread them out: they all slipped in. I repeated the process with better success till two-thirds or more were pulled out; they fell back again, and I yelled and screamed. Again I got nearly all of them on the platform; they slipped back. I seem to hear now the echo of my voice from every part of that solitary tannery, and I seem to see the hook fly from my hand as I hurled it to the farthest part of the building. I sat down in a great rage, one, two, five minutes, I know not how long. Then came a change; call it conscience, call it reason, call it the better self, call it my good angel, call it the Spirit of God, call it what you will; I said to myself, and I said it aloud, "Dan Bliss, this is shameful. You have a good place, a good master, he trusts you—do your duty." I rose perfectly calm, went across the building, picked up the hook, piled up some of the skins—they fell back. I said, and I said it aloud, "I can do it again." Once more I did the same—they fell back. I said, and I said it aloud, "I can do it again." The third time was a perfect success. After ten or fifteen minutes, I returned the skins to the bark extract, and was the happiest boy in town. Since then I have had annoyances far greater than ploughing among the roots in Madison, or piling up slippery skins in Pains-holler, but never have irritations roused up my spirit into fury.

I learned the trade well, and during the last year of my apprenticeship the establishment was virtually under my control. Mr. Curtiss had a generous nature and was always ready to commend where praise was deserved. During one stage in the preparing of hides for the tanning process, they must be carefully watched. If they remain in a certain emulsion too long, they are ruined. This emulsion is affected by a thunderstorm as milk is, and acts more powerfully on the skins. One Sunday, at meeting-time, there arose a thunderstorm. I slipped out of the house, hurried to the tannery and commenced to rescue the hides from a perilous condition. Curtiss having learned that I was seen running towards home, came on as fast as he could and assisted in the work. He said, "Dan, were it not for your knowledge and faithfulness we should have met with a great loss." Such a man never has a strike among his workmen.



The firm of Pain, Curtiss & Co. dissolved six months before the term of my apprenticeship ended. They had a

legal right to my services for the following six months, but they generously set me free from further work. So in the early spring of 1844 I was without business and had no abiding place. I was cast down, but for a day or two only. A Mr. Judd, the one who taught school in the Axtell district when I was there, asked me to join him and his brother in the business of grafting fruit trees. Every spring more than a thousand men in gangs of three or four went from Northern Ohio into Pennsylvania, Southern Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky, grafting apple trees with choice fruit. Usually one went in advance to engage jobs, and then the others followed with tools, ladders, and scions. I was sent in advance into Venango and Clarion Counties, Pennsylvania. Besides a prospectus and recommendation, I took with me a few specimens of apples. My first application for a job was a flat refusal. It seems that, years before, a party of this kind had cheated the people fearfully. Having lost or used up their scions, they cut scions from one orchard and grafted the next with them. True or not, this was the reputation of grafters in that place before the word had been degraded to designate certain financiers, as more euphonic than the word "thief." I called on the postmaster and other prominent men, and they assured me that although there was plenty of work to be done, no one would allow strangers in their orchards after their experiences. I told them that we were true men, that my recommendations were genuine, and that I would stay in the place till the postmaster could write to Painesville to assure himself that all was right. They agreed to this and said that if the answers were satisfactory they themselves would recommend us to the farmers. They gave me a conditional recommendation, and I went to work with no loss of time and with success. In due time, the Judds came on and finished the work. In June two of us returned and counted the living scions, receiving at the rate of \$40 per thousand. My share of the net income was over \$100.

My experience on this trip was new and interesting and instructive. I lived with the people. There were no hotels except in the larger villages, but every farmer was accustomed to entertain the casual stranger, and receive forty, fifty or sixty cents for supper, bed and breakfast. I was a great talker in those days, and entertained the family circle to the best of my ability, and had one night a jolly time at the house of a young married couple with whom the school "marm" was stopping. It was the night for the spelling school, and the marm insisted that I should give out the words. I did so, and

heard on every hand, "It takes a Yankee to teach school." There were no fifty cents to be paid in the morning, but a hearty "Goodbye, come again," instead.

On the trip I saw an illustration of how easily simple, good people are deceived by "quacks" and charlatans. In fact I once acted the part of a charlatan in spite of myself. A little before night I called on a family consisting of father and mother, past middle life, three daughters of a comely age, and a son. I was made welcome and shown into the parlour. I observed that the boy, with rather a pale face and white hands, was studying his book. The mother and a daughter were busy about the house getting supper and caring for the milk just brought in from the cow-house. Another daughter made some slight adjustments in the parlour. The third daughter was teasing her mother to permit her to go, that evening, to a party with some one. The mother refused but, after repeated teasing, consented. The father came in, and being appealed to, replied with a loud "No." The daughter said no more.

After supper, all sitting before the warm coal fire in the parlour, the old man asked me what my profession was. I told him that I was engaged in soliciting jobs for grafting fruit trees. "Yes," said he, "I know that. But I think that you are a lecturer on phrenology." (They were found all over the West in those days.) I assured him that I was not a lecturer on phrenology—that, although I had read some of O. N. Fowler's book, had heard lectures on the subject, had had my head examined, knew where they said some of the bumps were located, yet I knew nothing about the science, and did not believe much in it. My denial seemed to confirm the old man in his opinion that I was a lecturer on phrenology. They all begged that I would examine their heads. Wishing to be agreeable, I consented, and commenced with the boy. I said, "This boy loves study, has a good memory, is not inclined to hard work, will not be a farmer, will study some profession," and so on. "That is it," said the old man; "Mother puts him up to it; his hands are softer than the girls'; he won't work, wants to be a doctor." The daughter that was helping her mother to get supper came next. I enlarged upon her domestic virtues. She was her mother's mainstay, always ready to help in all kinds of work. The next daughter was equally useful—was more artistic, had more taste, was very orderly, could not endure dust, liked to have a place for everything, and everything in its place, and so on. (Applause.) The last daughter came, and I said, "This girl is fond of dress, fond of society, not quite happy unless she can go and come and see people and when the time

comes, she would not object to having a 'beau.' "Capital," said the old man, "something of that kind happened tonight." To the mother I gave a loving disposition, great love of home, great kindness of heart, and if she had any fault, it was a lack of firmness, a tendency to yield against her better judgment to the wishes of her children. The old man rather sadly said, "Mother, I have often said so." To the old man were given most of the manly virtues—integrity, perseverance, kindness, and especially firmness, and it was added that no child asked the second time, "when you say 'No.?' " "That is so," said all. The old man remarked when the examinations were over, "Many phrenologists have been around who claimed to know everything, but who got things wrong oftener than right. You claim not to know anything, and have told us exactly what we are." The next morning the old man, instead of receiving anything, offered to pay me for my lecture. I never before or since came so near to playing the humbug.



Soon after settling up the grafting business, I commenced work with Messrs. Curtiss and Davis, who had bought a tannery in Geneva, Ohio. In the autumn they asked me to go into company with them on equal terms. Each partner was to receive six percent on his capital yearly, and the net earnings were to be divided equally after the interest on capital had been deducted. This arrangement seemed to close the door to my old aspiration for an education, but instead of closing the door, it stimulated the old desire more and more. Sundays were the saddest days of the week, for after the church services there were the long hours of thinking over what I was, and what I wanted to be. Having heard for years before many orations from eloquent men during the campaign when W. H. Harrison was elected President, and again at this time when James Polk was chosen, and when slavery, the Mexican War, and other exciting questions were coming to the front, I longed to be able at some time to mingle in public affairs. Well do I remember how I stopped suddenly from scraping the hair off the cowhides and addressed Cook, the hired man. What I talked about has escaped my memory; whether it was politics, religion, life, or things in general, I know not. But Cook stared with mouth open, and finally said, "Dan Bliss, God Almighty never made you to work in a tannery. Get out of this." Well, I was vain enough then to be a little flattered by this ignorant, feeble-minded Cook.

Soon after this my health gave way, and I had a doctor for two weeks or more. As I now look back and remember his treatment, I must have been suffering from depression more than from bodily ailment, for he gave me more anecdotes and funny stories than pills. Whatever the cause may have been, it was the occasion of bringing on the final crisis. I told my partners that I should withdraw from the firm and sell my interest in it. They accepted the situation, returned to me my few dollars of capital, and a portion of the earnings for the past year and a half.

In the early autumn of 1846 I entered Kingsville Academy, and commenced the study of Algebra, Greek and Latin. On my applying for entrance, Mr. Graves, the Principal, asked my age, attainments and purpose. Being told I was twenty-three, he replied, "A man who intends to go through college should commence Greek and Latin at a much earlier age." I said to myself, with far more confidence than judgment, "I will teach him Greek and Latin before I die."

After three months' study, I commenced to teach in a little red schoolhouse on the middle ridge, about a mile from the Academy. The school had a bad reputation. The larger boys had frequently turned the master out of the house, and broken up the school. I was paid so much a month, and was to "board round." The first day or the second I made up my mind who was the ringleader in the school, and said that, if agreeable to his mother, I would go home with him the next night. The same course was taken with the other leaders. It worked like a charm. The historical bad boys were my best friends.

The trustees told me not to include in the number of boarding places the family of Mr. Meacham, for he was a quarrelsome drunkard. The two Meacham boys, between seven and eleven years, were very bright and lovely. Their clothes were never ragged, but were always patched with different colours. My heart went out towards them. They were very poor, and were looked down upon by the other scholars. One day before closing the school I said to them, "Tell your mother that I will come to your house tomorrow night." Many a boy and girl slightly shook the head. The two boys were much pleased. I found the Meacham house small, two rooms only, with little furniture. The wife was tall, good looking, and evidently by nature capable of great possibilities. The husband had a sturdy back, a whiskey face, but was then sober. The evening passed off as pleasantly as could be expected. The little boys were treated much better after that. They begged me to come again.

Nearly at the end of the term I went. The man was drunk. He was a noted fighter, and, when under the influence of liquor, very quarrelsome. He had his jug of whiskey, and as the night advanced became more and more drunk. Finally he insisted that I should drink with him. On being refused, he became angry, and swore that he would thrash me. To show anger would enrage him more; to show fear would bring on an attack. He rose, struck an attitude, and with clenched fists and a shake of the head, shouted, "Come on." The wife was alarmed. I said in a low tone of voice, "Meacham, I could thrash you if I could get mad, but I can't get mad at you, Meacham." He laughed a drunkard's laugh and said: "You are a blank-blank good fellow," sat down, dozed awhile, and then went off to bed. I tried to comfort the wife, the mother, the woman, by talking of her boys.

The wisdom of the Apostolic injunction, "Let every man be slow to speak, slow to wrath," etc., was illustrated by the following incident. There was a class of young women from sixteen to twenty years old in the school. While reading, they stood in a row, and I walked up and down in the front of the line. On one occasion while nearly at the head of the class and walking towards the foot I said to one of the girls: "Julia, you may commence." She replied: "I won't." Wrath struggled to express itself. Unconsciously the victory over self in the old tan-yard prevailed, and I walked on, then turned back, and repeated, not in a commanding but rather in a commending voice, "Julia, you may commence." She read beautifully. Before leaving the town at the close of the term, I called at the many homes where I had been made a welcome guest. As I was leaving Julia's house, she said: "Mr. Bliss, I insulted you once and you did not hear me, but I shall feel happier to confess." On hearing that I had heard, she shed tears of gratitude, and thanked me for not disgracing her before the whole school.

Soon after my return to the Academy, the Principal asked me to become a pupil teacher, while continuing Latin and Greek. I used to teach in the Mathematical Department, to receive my full board and tuition in the Principal's or Vice-Principal's family. At the breakfast table after these arrangements had been made, Deacon Luce said: "Mr. Bliss, you came to Kingsville a perfect stranger. After three months you were invited to teach in one of the most important schools in the township, and next you are invited by the Principal to become a teacher in the Academy. Now in your prosperity, do not, like Jeshurun, 'wax fat and kick.'" I have never forgotten this advice.

Mr. Fowler, my teacher in Greek, was an accomplished scholar and took much interest in my work. Mrs. Graves, the wife of the Principal, was a fine Latin scholar and assisted me much in Virgil, while for six months I was a member of her family. There was a great gathering at Commencement. After many compositions, orations and much music, the Principal announced, "Now the valedictory will be given by Daniel Bliss, who is a candidate for college." It was most natural that I should be given the valedictory. There were only two of us in the class and the other fellow was at home sick.

My friend Hawkins and I had each received catalogues from Amherst, Williams, Hamilton and Union Colleges, and had studied their courses, the expenses and the facilities for earning something during the course. On our journey East we were to decide which one we should make our home. My choice of Amherst was probably owing to the fact that when I had looked over the catalogues, the unconscious impressions in favour of Amherst were greater than those which were consciously received.

The night before I left Kingsville, Deacon Whelply said many gratifying things, congratulated me on my past success, hoped that my going to college would be a blessing, etc., and then with a loving shake of the hand he said: "Remember that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." His look, his handshake, his words impressed the great truth upon my mind more than all of Sacket's good and great sermons.

Reminiscences

College and Seminary Days, 1848-1855

Amherst, 1848-1852

HAWKINS AND I arrived at Amherst on November 7, 1848, after dark, and then commenced a new experience.¹ We called at Dr. Hitchcock's, and he sent a tutor with us to find a boarding-place.² He took us back of the village Church, now College Hall, to the house of the Misses Kingsbury, two New England old maids, such as one reads of in books, but seldom meets in real life. We boarded there the rest of the term. One morning at the breakfast table, Hannah—she of the big head—said in the now lost drawl of the Yankees: "Mr. Bliss, where are you from?" Being answered that I was born in Vermont but had spent most of my life in Ohio, she said: "Wal, I thort you had all the energy of a Vermonter and all the awkwardness of a Buckeye."

The next morning the President sent me to Professor Snell to be examined in Mathematics.³ The Professor was pleased, for I had studied all of the Freshman and part of the Sophomore studies. Then Professor Tyler, of blessed memory, examined me in the Classics.⁴ I hesitated, faltered, stumbled, and fell

¹Needless to say, Amherst College was a very different place in 1848. According to Bliss's son, the faculty numbered less than a dozen, including eight full professors. The curriculum was heavily oriented toward Latin, Greek, and theology. A stated purpose of the college was to train men for "civilizing and evangelizing the world."

²The Reverend Doctor Edward Hitchcock was president of the College, and also held the chair of Natural Theology and Geology.

³Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy (i.e., Physics).

⁴William Seymour Tyler taught Greek at Amherst for fifty-nine years and was evidently one of the towering figures of his time and profession.

at times. By way of excusing myself, I said the methods of pronunciation in the West differ from those in the East. "Yes," said he, "but you do not seem to have any method." Dear old man; like Coriolanus—"what his breast forges, that his tongue must vent." I took Professors Snell and Tyler's notes to the President. He read them, and with his own kind smile said, "Mr. Bliss, the reports are favourable. You can enter the Freshman Class." Hawkins and I bought some second-hand furniture and moved into Middle College, North Entry, First Story, Front Middle.

Two serious questions confronted me. First, could I keep up with my classes? And second, how could I support myself? Amherst at that time, in order to enable students to teach, gave six weeks' vacation, from Christmas on, so that one could teach three months and be absent from his classes only three weeks. This I clearly saw could not be done on my part, on account of my imperfect preparation for entering college. I wrote on the fly-leaf of my account-book, "The way looks dark, but I must and will press on. I have only sixty-five dollars now, and forty dollars due me from Ohio." At the end of the term I obtained an agency for some magazine and travelled as far as Northern Vermont, and visited my brothers in the meantime.

The agency paid all expenses, and a little over. On returning, Mason Moore, nephew of Miss Lyon of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and I boarded ourselves in our own room (Hawkins had left College). We had an air-tight stove, with a movable top, in which we roasted potatoes and boiled water. Bread and milk, potatoes with milk or without, baked pork and beans, roast beef (cooked by the Misses Kingsbury in their own house), constituted our substantials. At the end of the term my weight was 161 pounds, which was more than at any other time. Our entire food expenses amounted to \$8.26 each for the term. On the other side of the account, my saw-horse and wood had brought me in \$17.60.

Those who reposed confidence in my ability to saw and carry up wood two or four stories were seven Freshmen of my own class, two Juniors and one Tutor. If they looked down on me because I was doing manual work, I did not look up to them because they were not. Herein lies a principle on which I enlarged on a certain occasion. During my Senior year a young man came to me saying that the President had sent him to me for information and advice. He stated his case. His means were small. I went over the various ways in which a few men could help themselves, and said: "There are recitation rooms to be swept; Chapel to be cared

for; fires to be built in winter; lamps to be kept in order; bell to be rung; sawing wood for students; various odd jobs; helping janitor in vacation, etc." His countenance fell. He looked sad. And then I added: "You can do several of these things on condition that you can do them openly, joyfully, feeling that you are just as good and noble and more noble under your circumstances than if you did them not." He left College.

I looked after Professor Tyler's garden, more or less. A few weeks after I arrived at Amherst, Mrs. Tyler invited me to the Thanksgiving dinner and they were my dear friends as long as Professor Tyler and she lived. I weeded the flower-beds, hoed the vegetables and cared for the fruit trees. I soon had charge of a Boarding Club which continued under my care till the end of Junior year, for which service I received my board. My duties were looking after the accounts and presiding at the table.

During the first term of Sophomore year Dr. Hitchcock urged me to apply to the Education Society for its usual grant. I told him I would rather stay out a year and earn some money. He referred to my age, the need of men in the mission field, etc. The application was made, and the grant ordered. I helped the janitor, never in term time but during vacation, when he put the buildings in order for the following term. Junior year I rang the bell, and was librarian of the Eclectic Society. For these services I received \$200. This office was much sought after, and was in the gift of the Society. The only time I did any work that interfered with my studies was during haying time. The examination in German took place soon after my return. The German teacher examined all of the class except me. I reminded him that he had forgotten me. He looked over his glasses and said: "You, you don't know one t'ing, you not here, you von ignorance." Finally he heard me and said, "Vell, vell, you did know one t'ing, two t'ings, some t'ings, I give you goot mark."

During the long vacation, Senior year, I obtained an agency for selling Bill's *History of the World*, made some money beside all expenses, went through Dutchess County and vicinity, and had various experiences. Having canvassed and obtained all the orders I had time to fill I remained several days at a hotel in Dover Plains, which was then the terminus of the Harlem Railroad, waiting till the books arrived from Norwich. One day the most disreputable mob I ever saw before or since arrived from New York for a prize-fight. The hotel people seemed to wonder that I did not go to the field to see the contest. There was an old stage driver at the hotel, a hard drinker. I said to him, "You 'steam' yourself too

much." He replied, "Yes, I steam myself too much, and you esteem yourself much too highly." My remarks did not help him. His did me.

The whole expense of my four years' course, exclusive of tuition, which was remitted, was \$807.44. Of this I must have earned, in the way indicated, over \$350.00, having been absent from my class, in earning this amount, only eight and one-half days.



I look back with some satisfaction to a stand I took Sophomore year on the subject of hazing. We called it "rowing." Our class had suffered fearfully. Sometimes we were in danger of losing life or limb. I was never molested. Whether it was because I came later, or because I had a hickory club in my room, or whether it was because I had long hair and was supposed to be strong—whatever the reason, I was never molested. At the commencement of our Sophomore year the class began hazing in a degree unknown. In the morning I requested the President of the class to ask the members to stop a moment after prayers. They stopped. I said: "Fellows, I have one request to make, that if you do any hazing, you will do it behind my back; for if I see you hazing, I will go directly over to the President and give him your names, and you can call me a Faculty Dog as soon as you like." I expected hisses and shouts of derision, but instead Grassie jumped up and shouted: "Bliss is right! You may call him Faculty Dog and you may call me Faculty Cat, but I am with him!" There must have been a Faculty Dog in the class, for the next day Professor Adams thanked me for the stand I had taken on hazing, and said: "Now if you will take the opportunity to watch—" He never finished the sentence, for I interrupted him by saying: "I will not be a spy and I despise the tell-tale." The next Sabbath H. B. Smith preached upon the text, "Whatsoever things are honest," etc., and referred to the stand John C. Calhoun took on hazing at Yale College during his generation. It was embarrassing to see so many heads turned towards me.

I also look back with satisfaction to the great pleasure Dr. Hitchcock gave me by inviting me, Junior year, to accompany him on a private geological trip to the White Mountains. We went in his own one-horse carriage, stopping at country hotels, driving slowly or more quickly as inclination or circumstance

demanded. Sometimes we left the horse and carriage for a day or two and made side excursions by train or stage coach. The object Dr. Hitchcock had in view was to ascertain, if possible, any trace of the glacier period, or terraces made by the receding water. At one time we ascended Mt. Lafayette. Mr. Carter, the Amherst postmaster, joined us. About to descend, I suggested that we go down not the way we ascended, but by another road. The Doctor protested, saying, "You know not where your road will lead us; never leave the known path unless you have a competent guide," etc. Carter started down before us. While standing for a few moments, the Doctor saw, far to the right of us, a wide bare rock extending out of sight down the mountain side. He exclaimed, "We must go there—that is something—run after Carter, and meet me there." We met on the bare rock. There were the marks of a glacier. The old geologist was delighted. He himself proposed that we follow down a certain valley, which "must pass near our hotel." We walked on and on two or three hours. The Doctor took out his compass and exclaimed, "We are lost, we are going almost in an opposite direction to our hotel." Soon the Doctor saw a cast-off fish-pole and said, "Thank God, this is a sign of civilization." We walked on; it was nearly sunset. The Doctor said that he would perish if he were obliged to spend the cold night in the woods. Soon he saw above the steep banks a light indicating an open space void of trees. He hurried me up the bank. I shouted back, "I see a house in the farther end of the field, and smoke coming out of the chimney." The hotel was four miles away. He sent me on to the hotel to find means of getting him and Mr. Carter home. They were both almost exhausted. The landlord soon sent for them, and they arrived about ten o'clock at night. In the meantime a good supper was prepared. When the Doctor was refreshed by rest and food, he expatiated on the great discovery—the undoubted signs of the glacier. Finally the landlord said, "I can remember my father telling me when it took place, a hundred years ago." You can imagine the Doctor's feelings. The marks of a landslide a hundred years old had been attributed to a glacier a hundred thousand years old. I have often thought since that the conclusions—not the facts—of scientific men are sometimes 99,999 degrees from the truth.



Senior year was a very pleasant one. I was elected First President of the Eclectic Society. From the first I had taken a very active part in all the events of the Society, especially in the

debates. Seldom did a meeting pass without my taking part. In my Junior year we had a famous debate, which was adjourned from week to week. Other students, not members of the Society, came in, and sometimes a few people from the town. I wrote to Wendell Phillips, and received documents from him on Abolition. The question was this: "Ought we to obey the Fugitive Slave Law?" One provision of the law required of every citizen, under penalty, to assist, when called upon, the constable, sheriff or marshal in arresting and returning any slave, held to bondage, back to his master. According to that law, no one could give a runaway slave a night's lodging, a meal of victuals, or a cup of water, without exposing himself to fine or imprisonment. Henry Moore and I were the chief speakers on the negative side. The great majority of the Society, especially the best speakers, were on the other side. They had on their side Law, Order, Duties to Government, Injunctions of the Old and New Testaments to obey those in authority, etc. Moore and I must have said some extravagant things. Stebbins was in the chair. He repeated to me—it must have been twelve years after or twenty—one or two of my sentences. This was one: "Did I desire to make an acceptable sacrifice to the Prince of Darkness, I would take this Fugitive Slave Law, embody it in the form of a Northern 'dough-face,' and sacrifice him on the altar of expediency, erected upon the demolished ruins of moral principle." And another: "At the sight of the marshal or the sheriff, the minister of the Gospel must leave his sacred desk, the lawyer his study, the doctor his patient, the merchant his counter, the farmer his plough, the mechanic his shop—yes, and more—the old man must start staffless and the cripple hobble crutchless at the call of this accursed Fugitive Slave Law." Bombast it was, but bombast carries with it something like argument.

In those days many graduates came on the stage and spoke at Commencement. The name of the address indicated in a measure the standing of the student in his classwork. There were first-class orations, second-class orations, disquisitions and dissertations. I had a second-class oration. There were six first-class orations, and I was told that my name stood first on the list of second-class orations. So I must have been the seventh in scholarship out of a class of forty-two. These were days of great political excitement. Congress had passed a resolution that there should be no agitation of the slave question during the session. Mr. Nash, one of the townspeople, who had heard the debate on the Fugitive Slave

Law, asked me to choose my subject for Commencement from the great questions of the day, adding, "You are the only one to handle them." My subject was "Agitation." Dr. Warner, the Professor of Elocution, heard the oration, commended the style, diction and the address as a whole; but added, "I cannot allow it to come on at Commencement." He gave as his reason for refusing it the fact that there would be present many Alumni from the South, and others sympathizing with them; adding that "they were all our guests, and to have your oration delivered as you would deliver it, would be like a man who had invited a friend to dinner, and then kicked him out." I asked the Professor if he would regard it as discourteous if I should appeal from his decision to the Faculty. He said that he would be delighted to be relieved of the responsibility. Professor Tyler heard the oration and brought his hand down with vigour, and said, "It shall come on." The papers praised and blamed about equally. The next day, or soon after, I took my autograph book to Professor Warner, and I find in it now the name of that perfect gentleman written beneath the words: "Agitate till your spirit finds perfect rest in God." Here is the address:

"Motion is the law of the material universe. The agitation of the earth, air and sea escapes not the observation of the grosser senses, while only results tell us of the imperceptible commingling of minute particles. The element, seen in the rock today, tomorrow appears in the tender plant, and the next day is a part of our own being. Morning and noon joyfully sip from land and sea vapours, which gentle night again distills in the dews of evening. The fire-god, riding on the burning wave, throws from the interior of the earth the melted lava, which, worked by the rains of heaven, descends into the rippling streamlet, is borne to the ocean, crowding from their bed the waters, forming new continents for the habitation of man. The planets, as they revolve around the sun, and the solar system about a greater centre, and that around the great intelligent first cause, tell us plainly that rest belongeth not to material things.

"As motion is the law of matter, so activity is the law of mind. When God first breathed into man the breath of life, he became a sentient, feeling, active being. He drank in thought, filling the memory and furnishing the fancy with materials for a new creation of its own, when the bodily senses should sink to rest. Activity is the law of mind. When repose comes over the watchful senses the mind sleeps not. In dreams we love and hate, make peace and war, and do battle for truth. We will to speak, but the tongue stirs not; we will to go, but the limbs move not. The will remains in its strength and energy, only that mysterious link which gives it power over the mental and physical frame is broken. Not inactive then but unobeyed. Motion and activity are laws superinduced by Deity upon the world of matter and upon the world of mind—and also in the world of principles there are agitation and conflict. Truth and error, in nature

opposite, are strongly commingled in all that is human, and it is the life-work of man to separate the one from the other. Truth will conquer. Error must be exiled. The history of the past tells us that the most successful in this war of extermination have, in their day, been branded with the opprobrious name of Agitator, Radical, Enthusiast, Fanatic. Yet the following age has revered their memories, celebrated them in song and handed them down to their children in lasting remembrance.

“Truth has ever been the aggressive and Error the conservative principle. And why not? Truth can lose nothing by agitation but may gain all; and Error can gain nothing but lose all. It was the Ark of God that came to Ashdod and challenged false Dagon. It suffered no harm but Dagon fell. He was set up again but again he fell with loss of head and hands, and then that Agitator the Ark was removed to another place and Dagon prospered. Tyrant, Despot, Pope and Priest are ever the enemies of agitation, and, when in their domains a master spirit arises and disseminates freedom and truth, the rack and inquisition clutch another victim. There can be no quiet when antagonistic principles meet. The great model Agitator brought not peace to human society but a sword. Children fought with parents and parents with children; pallid fear shook the limbs of kings, jealousy blackened the face of monarchs, envious priests shook their skinny fingers, and the gaping multitude hooted and mocked. Society was aroused from its stupor—no longer did the angel of moral death flap his blackened wings over the stagnation of corrupt humanity. But a change came. The wise man and the sober-minded man and the very conservative man declared that the peace and union of society required that all agitation should stop. Then Truth slept in the tomb and error unrivalled reigned—but reigned not long—for Truth came forth and with a weapon sharper than a two-edged sword marched on from agitation to conquest and shall march till

‘Error’s monstrous shapes from earth are driven,
And Truth again shall seek her native heaven.’

“There will be agitation in religion till superstitions and forms and dogmas shall give way to piety and sound doctrine—in morals till the lion and the lamb shall lie down together—in politics till aristocracies and oligarchies and democracies shall end in one grand Theocracy. Agitation in politics?—No: the edict has gone forth, and finality is now written on Agitation legislation. Finality! Strange word in the vocabulary of political language, doubly strange in the light of the nineteenth century, and triply strange in the land of the free. Has a nation attained to perfect legislation or is it satisfied with less? Has Republican America lately communed with the shades of the past and caught the spirit of the Mede and the Persian? O! tell it not lest the crowned heads of Europe rejoice. Finality! There is no finality this side of the gates of the New Jerusalem or the brazen bars of Hades. Chain the lightning in its track and hold the thunder still, but freemen will discuss and agitate principle as long as

‘Liberty like day
Breaks on the soul and by a flash from heaven

Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.’

“The patriot and the philanthropist will apply the caustic and the knife till the hideous ulcer is removed from the body politic.

‘O, not yet May’st thou unbrace thy corselet nor lay by
Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom, close thy lids
In slumber, for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new Earth and Heaven.’”



In the spring of Senior year I had ascertained, through my cousin, that a select school was desired in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, and Professor Tyler assisted in drawing up a circular to the effect that “Daniel Bliss, graduate of Amherst College, would open a school at such a time and place,” etc. Here followed Professor Tyler’s recommendation, and those of others. It was a comfort to feel that if the school were a success, I could pay off all obligation, and enter the Theological Seminary free of debt.

After Commencement I left Amherst for Shrewsbury to take charge of the school. It opened prosperously with more pupils than were expected. So many came in fact that my cousin was employed to assist me. The school was a success. The boys played Julius Caesar, and there were readings and lectures from time to time. Old Dr. Brigham, in expressing his satisfaction, said: “I do not know, or much care, how much you have taught them, for you have brought harmony into the village, and cast out discord, which is worth more to us.” I made \$200 in eleven weeks, returned to Amherst and paid my debts.

Andover Theological Seminary: 1852-1855

In the Autumn I went to Andover and presented myself to Professor Stowe,⁵ who examined me in New Testament

⁵Professor Stowe, a strong Abolitionist, was in the position, unusual for the times, of having a wife whose fame eclipsed his own. Harriet Beecher Stowe published *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* in the spring of 1852; the Stowes thereupon transferred to Andover from Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, just in time to meet Bliss and enter this account.

Greek. He opened the book to a chapter which I knew by heart in the English. I applied the King James Version to the Greek Text and was admitted to the Seminary. I boarded at Mr. Eaton's, Vice-Principal of the Academy. After a few days Professor Park sent for me, and in his inimitable style said that he was much distressed for the welfare of the Seminary because the price of board was advancing so much that students would be deterred from coming to Andover; that he had heard that I had much experience in forming associations where the students could obtain good board for about cost price. He did not use the word "club" as being too common. The result was that he went in person with me to Salem Street, and introduced me to the Misses Phelps. Arrangements were made for a club over which I presided through my whole course at Andover.

At the end of the first year I visited my father in Ohio. I saw him for the last time. One Sunday we walked to a meeting in the red schoolhouse, which stood in place of the old log schoolhouse. Walking silently along he abruptly said: "Daniel, are you going to be a missionary?" After the answer he walked on a space and slowly with trembling lip said: "I would not, unless you can say with one of old, 'O Lord, send me not unless Thy Spirit go with me.'"

In due time I was licensed to preach and supplied with several pulpits. The Society of Enquiry appointed me at Commencement to give the Annual Oration. I chose for my subject, "The Claims of the Missionary Work upon the Mental Strength of the Ministry." Professor Park asked me to attach an appropriate text to the discourse, and to deliver it in Park Street Church, Boston, which he was to supply that Sabbath. I did so. Afterwards the piece was published by the American Board and is known as Number 14 in their Tract Series. I was ordained to the Gospel Ministry by a Council Meeting at Amherst. Dr. Woodbridge was Chairman at the first sitting. He finally withdrew from the Council on account of a disagreement between him and the candidate on some theological question. The Council reassembled, ordained me, and Dr. Stearns gave his approval of the ordination by asking me to preach in College Chapel the next Sabbath. Good old Dr. Woodbridge, on leaving, met me in the hall below, put his hand on my shoulder, and said: "I hope that you will do well, young man, but I can't lay hands on you!"

On the twenty-third of November, 1855, I was married to Miss Abby Maria Wood,⁶ of Amherst, and thus my single life ended—I being thirty-two years, three months and six days old.

⁶Abby Maria Wood was born in 1830 in Westminster, Massachusetts. She was a childhood friend of Emily Dickinson. Daniel Bliss first became acquainted with her during his last two years at Amherst, according to their son, who adds the following characterization: "She was refined and delicate in form and in spirit; with brown hair, transparent complexion and clear, blue eyes, which grew dim neither in sickness nor in old age. Her health was uncertain: her will indomitable. Her mercurial charm of manner was no less characteristic than her relentless sense of duty. She had wit and she had wisdom. Unlike Mr. Bliss, she had been bred under the full Puritan tradition"

Reminiscences

The First Voyage to Syria,¹ 1855-1856

AFTER THE FIRST DAY we had constant gales for three weeks, not one clear day. The vessel was in constant motion. We could not stay on deck without being tied to a mast, or to the sides of the vessel, and without blowing about with every gale. We were in imminent danger if we walked in the cabin—we often fell headlong against the stove or table or perhaps into a stateroom under the berths. We were black and blue for bruises. The water got into my berth and wet it through and through and there was no earthly way of drying it—no sun, and the stove had fallen down twice in the night with all the fire in it, thereafter we had no fire. But all voyages are not like ours. The Captain had been at sea twenty-five years and never had so uncomfortable a passage.

The night of the twentieth of December will never be forgotten by us. About four o'clock in the morning, the day before, the wind had changed to the southeast. Such a day! The wind howled and whistled and shrieked in at every crevice and with increasing violence as the day went on. We could hear the water washing constantly over the decks. The voices of the Captain and the mates mingled with the howling of the storm. We grew sicker and sicker and more forlorn and before night the cabin was nearly deserted. About six o'clock an immense wave struck the fore part of the vessel, submerging her entire decks with water and setting afloat water-casks, boxes and everything

¹On December 12, 1855, less than three weeks after their marriage, the Blisses sailed from Boston for Syria, where Bliss had been assigned to carry out his missionary activities. Six other missionaries sailed with them. For the most part, Bliss left it to his wife to describe the trip, and most of this chapter has been excerpted from letters she sent home. (Her words are set in italics. The final section, on Malta College, Bliss himself wrote.)

not made fast. The vessel seemed to sink to a great depth, then to settle with a sort of tremulous motion as though she could never rise again. The Captain said she must have had fifty tons of water upon the deck at that time. At the moment of the crash came the cry to the cabin "Man overboard!" Those who were able rushed to the entrance and found the wave had struck the second mate and thrown him overboard. But his arm caught on a rope or chain and the return wave threw him with great violence upon the upper deck. He started to go down to the fore-deck, but the stairs had been washed away and he was hurled down by a sudden lurch, severely cutting his face and hands. He was carried senseless and bleeding to the Captain's room, where the passengers took care of him.

The Captain took in all the sails save the main topsail, but it was torn in shreds by the wind and a part of the yard-arms broken off, and this probably saved the vessel. The scene upon deck was terrible. The man at the wheel was often knocked down and finally lashed there to keep him in his place. At about nine the Captain "hove to," tied the wheel, and said there was nothing more that earthly power could do. The sailors were much alarmed. We heard more than one cry, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me." In the cabin all was quiet. Once we sang "Rock of Ages" and then each one seemed communing with his own heart and his God. We all found afterwards that the same thought had come to each one of us, that no missionary had ever been lost at sea on the way to his station, and we felt God would not permit so many to be swept away at once. After twelve the wind abated a little and died gradually away through that night and the next day. For days we were often meeting vessels more or less dismantled by this gale.



The first two Sabbaths no one was able to preach, but afterwards we had services, though sometimes the preacher had to hold on with both hands to keep straight. After we were able, we had prayers every morning in the cabin and studied familiarly the Book of the Acts in the evening. We were a musical company and passed many pleasant hours in singing. . . .

The passengers were a very pleasant company. We did not once "fall out by the way." Mr. Pollard's stateroom was opposite ours, and one night, there being much motion, their half-barrel of apples tipped over and the apples rolled over into our room (we slept with all our doors open). Our cracker box followed and apples and

crackers promenaded the cabin with great unanimity. Mr. Bliss has a fondness for apples, and the first thing I saw was him sitting on the floor eating an apple at the dead of night! I laughed till I almost cried. We had much fun over our misfortunes.

We reached Gibraltar New Year's Day. When we arose that morn the coast of Spain was just coming into sight. Land to our sea-weary eyes was a welcome sight . . . We saw old Cadiz in the distance and many other walled towns . . . At noon the rock of Gibraltar came in sight. When we had our first full view of it, the sun, shining upon it through a mist, covered it with a thousand rainbows. I hardly ever saw a more glorious sight. All day we were seeing strange sights and hearing strange sounds, and at night we had such a magnificent sunset behind Apes Hill opposite Gibraltar. The next morn we were again within a watery horizon but in a few days were among the islands of the Mediterranean. . . .

Malta Harbour

. . . we are still at anchor before Valetta, the principal city of Malta. We entered this harbour last Thursday morn at ten o'clock and anchored about two rods from the shore. It seemed strange to be near the land again and everything looks so unlike our own America, we began fully to realize we had left that blessed land

Valetta is built upon the sides of a hill and you ascend and descend the streets, moving over it by flights of steps. These make walking a long distance quite fatiguing. It seemed good to tread terra firma once more, though we all came home quite tired from our unusual exertions

We arrived at Malta on January 20, 1856. The place was filled with British soldiers, some on their way to England and others on their way from England to Crimea. Peace had been made between Russia and Turkey a few days before our arrival and the war was over. They were the first soldiers armed and equipped that I had ever seen, for I had never lived near a garrison of American soldiers. While at Malta the Rev. Mr. Wisely, agent of the British Foreign Bible Society, invited us to dinner to meet Lady Parry, the wife of an ex-Mayor of London, and others. All seemed to be full of the military spirit. One of the guests asked me about our navy and army. I replied that our navy was very small and that our army was still less, only a few thousand men for the whole country. He was inclined to depreciate America and extol England and finally asked

what we could do in case of a war with England. I replied, more promptly than courteously, that we should do about as we did in 1776. The conversation took a turn at this point. We met a Dr. Keith, the author of a small work on Prophecy used at Andover in my day. He unfolded to me some of his interpretations and said, "You see how clear and simple they are." I was glad that he did not put this statement in the form of a question, for my answer might have embarrassed us both.

We visited Malta College, which was founded a few years before and disbanded a few years after. . . . The object of this College was to educate young men for teachers, preachers, Bible-readers, etc. Many of the scholars received their education free of expense. But all such pupils had to be natives of some of the countries around the Mediterranean; they had to come well recommended and agree to settle in their native country or in the East, as preachers, schoolmasters or religious teachers of some kind. You understand, of course, that it was a Protestant college supported by contributors from England and elsewhere. Rev. Mr. Carr was at the head of the institution, a man of great learning, and I should judge that he was very devoted. There were only about fifty scholars connected with the College at the time. We dined with Mr. Carr and with the scholars, for all boarded together, pupils and professors. There were boys there from ten or eleven different nations—Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, Turks, Jews, Abyssinians, etc. It was very expensive to carry on the course of instruction, for often a professor (or master as he is called in the College) had to be obtained to teach one pupil. At dinner Mr. Carr told me that as many as chose on leaving the table retired into a small chapel for prayers. Some one of the advanced class offered a short prayer, and then all returned to their rooms. This was their daily habit after dinner. How interesting! Then, too, their custom was to remember the different nations on particular days—Monday they asked God to bless America; Thursday was the day when they prayed for Malta and Italy. Mr. Carr asked me to lead the devotions, so we knelt and prayed to our common Father. We did literally come from the East and the West, from the North and the South, and offered our petitions. Yes, there are a few names in Malta that remember to call upon God.

At Sea, January 30th.

. . . we have commenced our travels again. This is a French steamer and the officers can speak nothing but French. I am

the only lady among the cabin passengers and have plenty of attention from this polite nation. I have a maid in rather too constant attendance, for she seems to think I am very young and delicate and will not let me stir on deck without much extra wrapping up, etc. . . . Such a motley crowd as fills the deck. Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Arabs, Abyssinians, and I know not how many other nations. Many of them are pilgrims going to Jerusalem and many are feeble soldiers from the Crimea. They are a pitiable looking set. It is among such as these we are to labour. It is hard to realize that some of them have souls. Their faces are so entirely devoid of expression. . . .

We were a whole week at Smyrna. Smyrna is a very disagreeable city. The streets are so narrow that if you meet a camel or donkey you must dodge into a niche in the wall or doorway while they pass. Then they are paved with little round slippery stones which make walking quite a perilous thing. There is a little stream of water constantly running through the centre of the street, which is not always very pure!

The weather is very delightful and growing warmer all the time. Five of our Atlantic party left Thursday for Constantinople. We had been together so long it was quite a trial to be broken up. . . .

Beirut, February 11th.

Here we are in Beirut, our home, where we arrived last Thursday morn at sunrise. Scarcely was our anchor dropped when three missionaries were on board to welcome us. All the places along the coast had looked so miserable that I had felt heartsick, but the view of Beirut from the vessel was perfectly enchanting. A brisk little donkey awaited me at the landing, which proved as easy as our pony in riding. The streets of the city are much wider and cleaner than in Smyrna. The missionaries live outside the city walls among beautiful gardens. Mr. Hurter's, where we are, is really a mile from the landing. Mrs. Hurter gave us a cordial welcome, and we sat down to a real New England breakfast of slap-jacks, which seemed so good after our French cookery. Thus we were brought to the end of our travels.²

²The anniversary of that first landing, Bliss's son relates, "was ever a high festival in our family." Furthermore, "for more than fifty years," it was Mrs. Bliss's "especial delight to prepare her breakfast table for persons newly coming to Syria, or for friends returning from a furlough."

Reminiscences

Missionary Life in the Lebanon,¹ 1856-1860

AT LAST I am in my home and I snatch a few moments from putting a new house in order to tell you of its situation.²

We have been appointed to Abeih, the finest station for situation and the most healthy in the Mission.³ We left Beirut last Tuesday. Two-thirds of the way was like riding up your stone steps. I had a man to walk beside me and put his hand on my back when it was so steep. I can't say I felt any fear, for the horses here hardly ever slip. . . .

Our house was built several years ago by the Mission and is of rough-hewn stone, drab colour. The outside stairs lead to a court, open in front; into this open five rooms fourteen feet high. The upper ceiling is of wood like a barn in America, the joists plain and

¹When the Blisses arrived in Beirut, they joined a Congregationalist American mission that had first established itself in the area thirty-three years earlier, in 1823. The strategy the missionaries followed, dictated by local circumstances, centered on working with and influencing the three major indigenous Christian communities—Maronite, Greek Orthodox, and Greek Catholic—rather than proselytizing Muslims. By the time the Blisses arrived, however, there were small groups of Protestant converts working with and supporting the missionaries at their various “stations.”

²In 1843 the American mission established a high school at Abeih to train teachers and preachers. It soon developed into Abeih Academy, an influential, if small, school which was in a sense the forerunner of the Syrian Protestant College. The curriculum of its 24 students was heavily oriented toward Bible studies but also taught Geography, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Logarithms, and Physics from Arabic language textbooks prepared by the missionaries. Mr. Calhoun, who ran the Abeih station, supervised the academy, ministered to the needs of a small Protestant congregation, and managed a boys' elementary school. Bliss was expected to assist Mr. Calhoun as well as to continue his Arabic studies.

³Bliss's son reports that mission headquarters decided to send the Blisses to the relatively healthful station of Abeih because Mrs. Bliss appeared “delicate.”

bare. The floors are of cement. The walls are nearly four feet thick, which make pretty recesses for the windows. We have a full view of the Mediterranean and can see the steamers come and go, although we are some miles from the water. The whole view from the front of the house is very beautiful. We often see clouds piled upon clouds upon the sea and in the valley, all below us . . . There is a pretty little garden before the house. There are more roses than you have in your garden at Amherst—white, blush, monthly, and tea-roses in great profusion. We have excellent water here, clear and cool . . .



Abeih

Early in June a messenger from Hums⁴ brought the sad and distressing news that Mrs. Aiken was very ill indeed and that Mrs. Wilson, the only other Frank lady, was confined to her bed.⁵ Neither Mr. Calhoun nor I could see any way to help in the case, but, thanks to the female mind, Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Bliss said at once that Miss Cheney and Mr. Bliss should go, start immediately, taking with them our cook, Jirjius. In a few hours we were well on our way to Beirut hoping to find a chance sailing vessel to take us to Tripoli that night. We found one and were safely landed in Tripoli the following morning. Saleh, a good Moslem friend, found for us three horses and a mule for the tent and the luggage, and we soon started on the long journey for Hums. We camped for the first night at the "Fountain of Robbers," had a refreshing sleep and were not robbed. We started early in the morning and rode on in the broiling sun till ten o'clock, when we saw a man approaching us, walking at full speed. We thought that he might be a messenger and we hailed him. He was a messenger and said that he had letters from Americans at Hums to Americans at Tripoli. Miss Cheney sat silent and anxious on her horse while I read the letter and then she said, "What is it?" I replied, "Mrs. Aiken will have died before we reach Hums." We rode on and on for hours with scarcely a hope, yet we did not quite despair of seeing our friend till the horses' hoofs, resounding on the pavement of the outer court, brought Mr. Aiken

⁴Hums is the present-day Homs, a city in the Syrian interior, situated a short distance northeast of the present Lebanese border.

⁵The term "Frank," derived from the French of the Crusaders, was used throughout the Levant for Europeans, and often for foreigners in general.

out, bareheaded, with a wild, almost frantic look, shouting out, "Dead and buried!" It was true. That beautiful, charming Mrs. Aiken, the daughter of Judge Cole of Albany, from whom we had parted a few weeks before in perfect health, was "dead and buried." Mr. Aiken (he was a classmate of mine at Andover Seminary) continued shouting, "Bliss, I expected you; I knew that you would come. It is just like you. Dead and buried!"

I remained a few days in Hums trying to comfort my old classmate and then returned to Abeih, leaving Miss Cheney to care for Mrs. Wilson. I came back by land in two days from Hums to Tripoli. On the way to Beirut I slept a night at Batrun and arrived at Kefr Shima about dark, slept till two or three o'clock in the morning, and then continued on to Abeih, arriving at the door of Mr. Calhoun's house (Mrs. Bliss was there) just as he was saying his morning prayer, "Oh, Lord, bless the absent one, and bring him back in safety in Thine own good time. Before they call I will answer, and while they are speaking I will hear."



We have visits from a good many people. They go round looking into all the rooms but seldom touch anything, I mean any of the furniture. They seem to feel I am their personal property. Three ladies of rank called the other day. I was busy putting the house in order and had my white hood on. They took it off and felt of my hair and my shoulders and talked all the time among themselves. One day twelve women came together, all Druses. I gave them the usual salutations in Arabic, and then, when they asked me some questions, told them in Arabic I did not know the language. They laughed and said, "She tells us in Arabic she does not know Arabic!" Soon Mr. Bliss came in and they drew their sheets over their heads at once. They looked so funny, like twelve poles with sheets thrown over them. Some of them had horns upon their heads like a farmer's dinner-horn under their veils. These are regarded as a great ornament and signify that they are married.

I find the Arabs more honest on the whole than I had supposed. Jirjius, our servant, is very faithful. We pay him ninety piasters, or about \$3.60, a month. Eggs are very cheap here, six cents a dozen, and growing cheaper still. We take three quarts of milk per day at two cents a quart. We have good bread. The flour is raised in Damascus and is like Indian meal in substance

I often make plans for doing this or that, but am interrupted by the Arabs, who make very long visits. I am, of course, glad to see them as long as I can talk with them or understand them, but my stock of Arabic is very limited. They have a great many salutations, all of which have their appropriate answers. I am learning these slowly. Sometimes when a woman has been here half an hour and everything has been said which we can think of, she will rise, touch her forehead and breast and go through all the salutations again. I have hard work to maintain my gravity . . .



The first Sabbath in July was communion here. I attended the service and sat with twenty-seven native converts around the table of our Lord. Although the service was in an unknown tongue, it was deeply solemn and impressive, and when I looked upon those converts and realized from what depth of ignorance and superstition they had been raised, and to what they had been raised, I could but feel this work a glorious, noble one. Only a few to be sure, a mere handful among multitudes, but these in turn will exert an influence the results of which we cannot calculate.

Mr. Calhoun has usually an audience of seventy to eighty. That Sabbath ninety were present. This is the most flourishing church of the Mission. But there are very few women in it. Their minds are so little disciplined, so untrained to thought, impressions are very weak and transient, indeed they have so little education, they understand but little of the preaching.



Mr. Razook, our second teacher in the Seminary, was talking in his village with a priest on the subject of religion. There were present ten or fifteen individuals who were interested in the conversation. Razook, it seems, had pressed the fellow pretty hard, and appealed to the Bible in support of all his propositions. Whereupon the priest took the Bible and pretended to read something as follows: "Behold it shall come to pass in the nineteenth century, that men shall come from the lands of England and America, teaching false doctrines and turning men away from the truth—of such be afraid." This was too much for Razook; he leaped to his feet and cried out, "You are a liar!

There is no such thing in the Bible!" The company broke up. Perhaps some believed the priest had read what was written, for they were wholly ignorant of the Scriptures. The next day the priest saw Razook—they were alone—and said to him, "You must excuse me for doing what I did last night, for what else could I do—there were those men who belong to my church, and they would not respect me if I did not defend the Church." So you see that lying is allowable, provided that it be in defence of the Church. I hope that priest may not realize the fulfillment of the saying, "If any man shall add unto these things God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book."



Thursday P.M. I attended the examination of the boys' school under a native teacher. It was in the chapel. I counted thirty-nine boys between five and fifteen years. For once they all looked clean and were dressed in their best. Their dress is very pretty, mostly white: full trousers, and red jackets embroidered with black. They all wear red caps with black tassels, both in and out of doors. It was as bright a looking school as ever I saw in America and the answers were prompt and distinct. I did not hear a whisper or see a sign of restlessness during the whole time. Much religious truth is taught them, and it cannot be God will permit it all to be lost. The very waking up of their minds, giving them a desire for knowledge will do much towards breaking their chains. But there is much more hope for them than for women. Every influence around the women, social and civil, is to degrade them. Their faces wear a monotonous expression, and their minds are really not capable of the simplest mental process. Before they know how to walk or to talk they are often betrothed, and they are married from the age of twelve to fourteen. Then they are perfect slaves to their husbands. If they offend him they are beaten like children. Among the Druses a man has only to say to his wife, "Go to your father's house," and she is divorced. The wives of the Druse nobles can never leave their houses save at night, enveloped from head to foot, and then a man goes before to see if any men are in the way. It seems very important that the girls' school should be renewed, for these young men in the Seminary will soon need wives and there are none for them. The subject looks very dark to all the missionaries here just now. My heart is full upon this subject.



January, 1858. We have lately opened a new girls' school. The schoolhouse is in our yard. The teacher is a young lady brought up in Mr. Whiting's family. Her name is Rufka, the Scripture name for Rebecca. She is a member of our family. She has thirty-four scholars from five to fifteen. They are bright girls and seem eager to learn. In them is our hope for the females of this dark land.



Suq-al-Gharb

In the Autumn of 1858 we were removed to Suq-al-Gharb, about five miles north of Abeih. Although still connected with Mr. Calhoun, my responsibilities and labour were increased, as I had oversight of the schools in Suq and vicinity.

There was much opposition to our work in Suq from the monks occupying a large monastery in a village near us. We opened a night school for boys and young men. At first it was well attended, even crowded. Soon, however, only one boy presented himself at the appointed hour. He informed me that the monks had forbidden every one in the village to attend the "missionary school." This boy continued to come, bringing with him a lantern. I asked why he did this. He explained: "At first I came in the dark; now I bring a light that the monks may know and see that I come." This boy, at that time ten or eleven years old, finally came to the College, studied medicine and became a Judge in the Lebanon Court. He was a Protestant, protesting against all assumed authority whether it was claimed by Pope, Bishop, village Priest, or by a Congregational Minister or Presbyterian Session. He was examined two or three times for church membership and each time was told by the examining committee or session, who were very conservative, to wait awhile. He said that he would like to unite with the Protestant Church, but he thanked God that the gate of Heaven was always open and that all who loved the Lord Jesus could enter, who never said, "Wait a while." He was admitted, lived and died a consistent Christian.

When the school was broken up by the monks, I kept on with the one boy, but soon several others came in. In the meantime there was much talk in the village. I took the ground that if the monks objected to our school they should open one for

themselves, so that the children should not grow up in ignorance. This seemed reasonable to the people, and public opinion influenced the authorities of the convent, and a school was opened by them and taught by an intelligent monk named Jerasmus. He came to me almost daily, or more correctly, nightly, for instruction. His school prospered for several weeks till finally he was called to leave the convent and proceed to some place on the Upper Nile. It was said, truly or falsely I know not, that the authorities felt that Jerasmus's views were not in accord with the creed and practice handed down to them for more than a thousand years and that if made known would disturb the peace of the more stupid "holy" men of the convent. Many years after this I heard that he had died far away in Upper Egypt.

When we first settled in Suq, we were received with polite coldness by some and ignored with equal politeness by others. We accepted the politeness in each case, and ignored the coldness and slight in both. Soon a few of the children of the better classes were attracted by Mrs. Bliss's music on the melodeon, began to learn Arabic hymns and to sing them too, not only in our house, but in their own homes. The leading man in the village, a member of the Greek Church, intolerant of other religions, had three little girls who learned many Gospel hymns, and the father was so proud of their attainments that he used to call upon them to entertain his many guests. These three little girls who sang to their father fifty years ago became the wives of three leading Protestants, one a preacher, another an assistant editor in the American Press, and the most learned Arabic scholar in the East, and the youngest is the wife of a most influential man in Egypt, an editor and proprietor of many publications. All these three girls have large families, all of whom are Protestants; several of their children are graduates of our College. The father lived to an old age. He always remained a member of the Greek Church. He read his Bible through many times and when he came to die they asked him if he wanted the priest, but he said, "No. I have the Bible and God. It is enough."



I may as well mention the fact at once: I have never acquired the Arabic language so as to use it fluently or correctly. I have never attempted to deliver a sermon extemporaneously, yet I preached in Suq, Deir Qobel and other places almost every Sabbath during 1859-61. My plan was this—not the best plan, but my plan—to write out in full the sermon

in English with as much care and thought in it as if it were intended for an English audience. Then I would translate it, sentence by sentence, into Arabic and my native teacher would correct it and write it out into Arabic.

My teacher, while I was studying Arabic, was something of a poet and took a great fancy to the tune "Home, Sweet Home"; he wrote a hymn based upon the words of that beautiful song. He obtained from me the meaning of the English words and then found equivalents in the poetical language of the Arabs and wrote out the rhyming couplets. Not being musical myself I would send him to Mrs. Bliss for the rhythm. He often returned to me crestfallen, tried again and again till finally we have one of the most popular hymns in the Arabic language set to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." Those three little girls sang it and so have thousands of others and millions will yet sing it, for the poet brought in it the idea of everlasting love. Coldness and slight began to disappear on the part of the people. "A little child shall lead them."



There have been many deaths here recently, though there is no prevailing disease. The wailing often continues for several days and is really terrible. It can be heard all over the village. My husband has now gone to attend a Druse funeral. Two women of rank have lately died, who lived near here, and the wailing for a week has kept up day and night. Women come by the scores from a distance. They bury the dead almost immediately, without a coffin, merely throwing a cloth over the body. One of these women was buried in a dress which cost hundreds of dollars and the grave is watched day and night lest the dress may be stolen. The whole idea seems to be to draw off the mind from the subject of death. After the ceremonies are over it is never mentioned even in the family.



During the first Winter and Spring of our stay in Suq-al-Gharb, the measles broke out in the village. Almost every house had one, or two, and sometimes three sick children at once. Although the women had not called on Mrs. Bliss, she, contrary to the etiquette of the place, called at every house where there was sickness or had been a death. She was welcomed by all, for she not only instructed them how to care for the children in

keeping them warm and in giving them proper nourishment, but she also took with her a sympathizing heart, and often, when there was need, creature comforts. Sympathy and calves' foot jelly are no part in the "Plan of Salvation," but a great help in illustrating it.

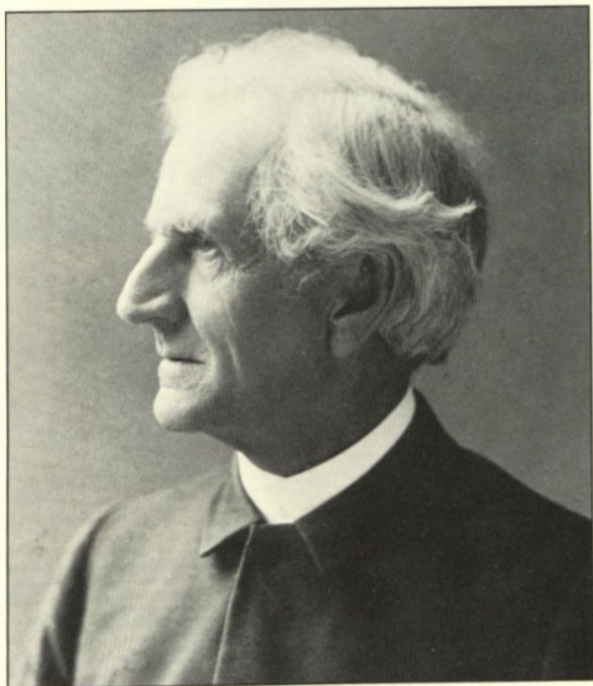


I went yesterday to see a neighbour who has a babe five days old. The woman's thin mattress lay on the floor and she sat upon it, while the room was filled with smoke from the fire built in the middle of it, on the floor. It was a wretched, comfortless looking place, and yet the family are well off, able to live as well as we do if they chose. They brought me a dish which they always prepare for visitors upon the birth of a child, water flavoured with anise-seed and cinnamon, with nuts floating on the top. The baby was bound up in strips of cloth from head to foot, and tied into a cradle, its feet and hands tied down separately. Infants are always rubbed over with salt and water for a week after their birth and then rubbed with oil every day for a month, and after that they are seldom or never washed. They are kept in their cradle nearly all the time, lying flat on their backs. Their heads behind become flattened and have a very ugly shape. They are only taken from their cradles two or three times in the twenty-four hours. Poor little things! I really cried the first time I saw one tied so, and the idea is dreadful to me now. . . .



We have great reason to hope that a better time is coming for Syria. I do not know of a village in which there is not some light. This is a peculiarity of our work here. There are not many conversions, not many places where the majority of the people have embraced the truth even in theory; but the light, the truth, is found in some measure everywhere. Let us pray that the Spirit may descend, and fan into flame the sparks that have fallen among the thousand villages of this goodly land.

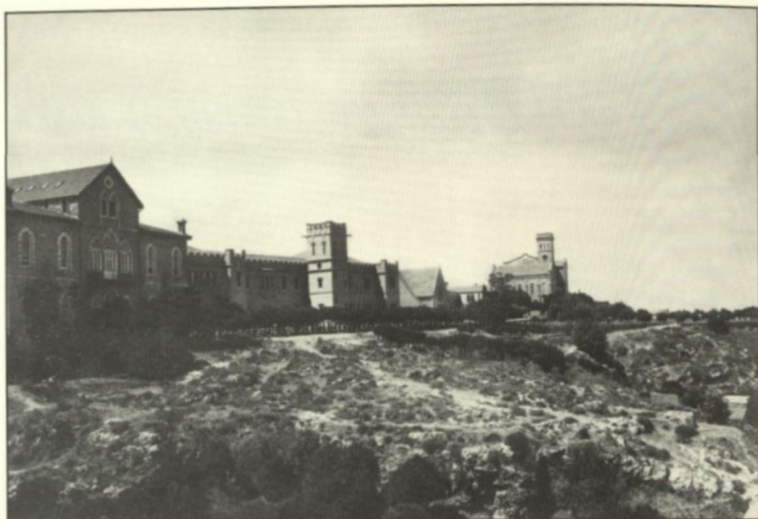
AUB: The Early Years



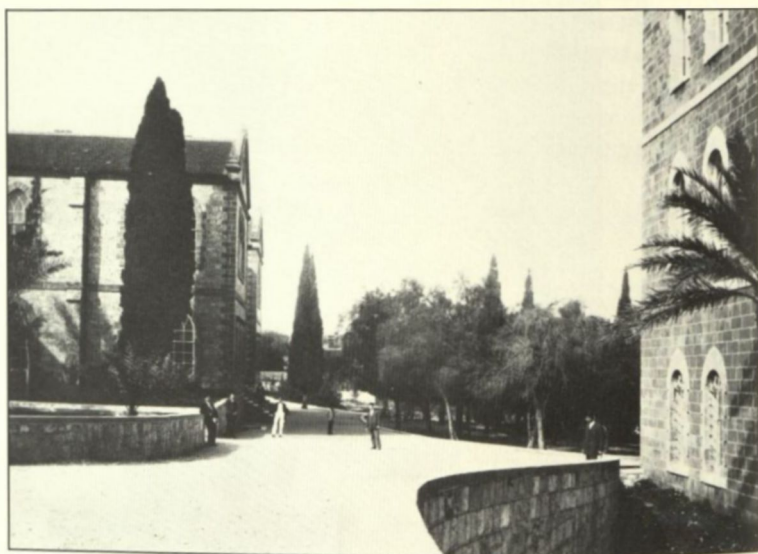
Above: Daniel Bliss in his seventieth year.

Right: Daniel and Abby Bliss at ages 82 and 75, with their grandson, Daniel, the day before his seventh birthday, President's House, Beirut, March 14, 1905.

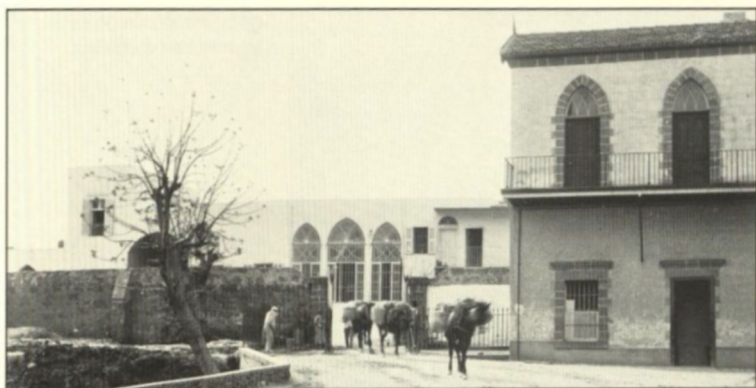




View from the Dental Department of the campus buildings.



View of the campus from near the main entrance.

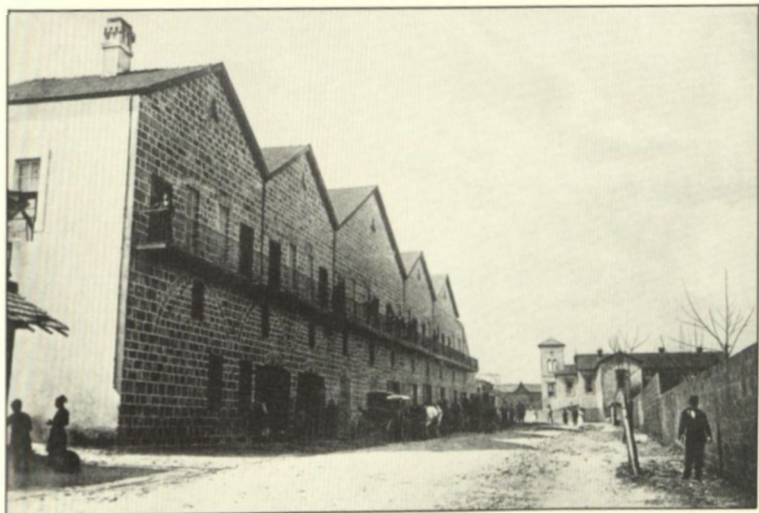


Above: Supplies being brought to the campus.



Right: Jesup Hall.

Below: Rue Bliss (Midhat Pasha).



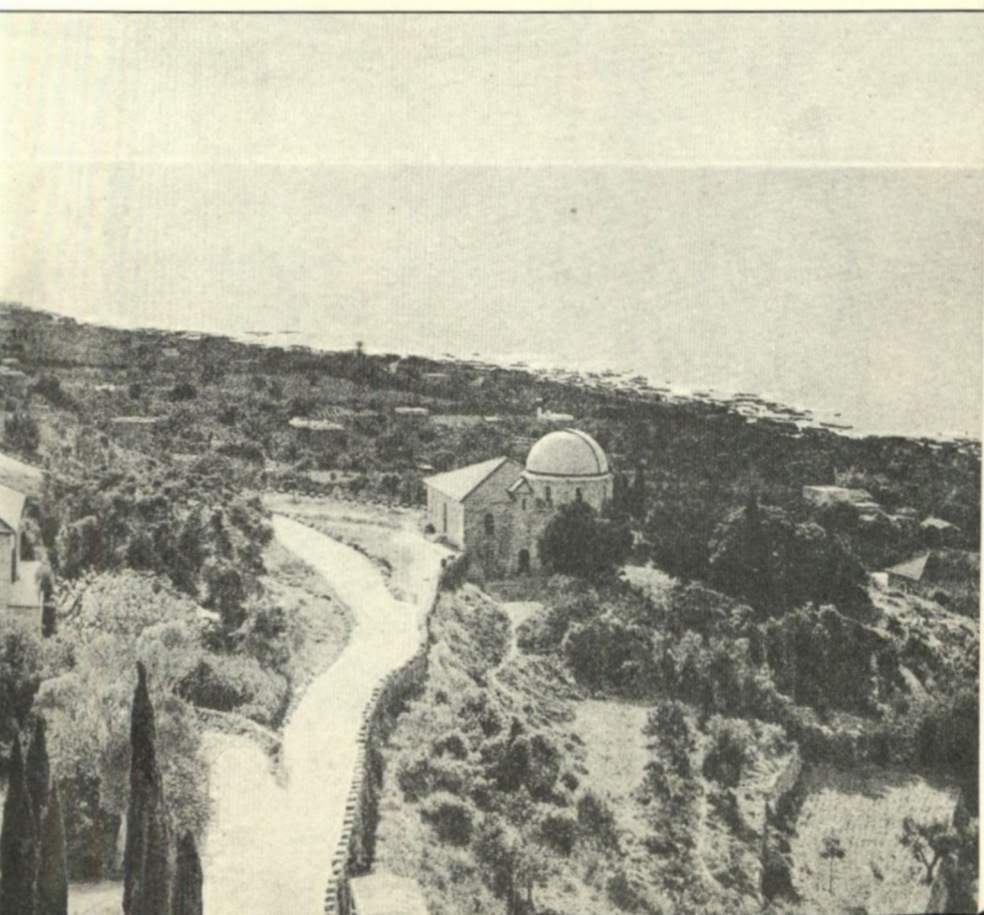
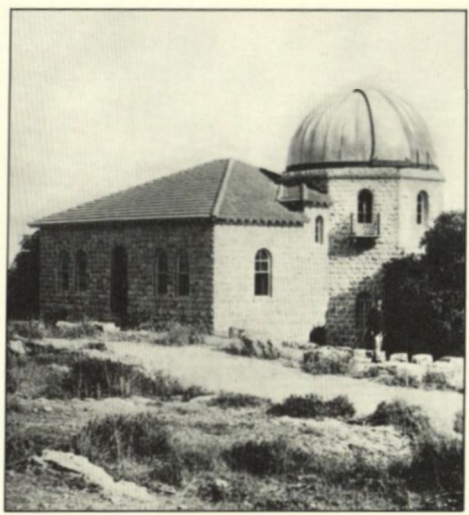


*Left: The Medical
Department building.*

*Below: An overview of the
campus.*



The university's observatory.





Natural History Museum—Post Hall.



The library.



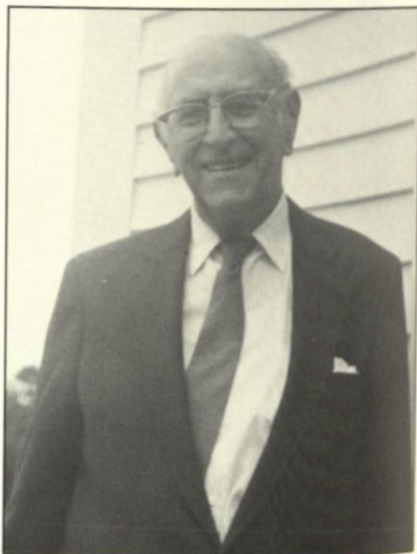
Above: Dr. Post holding class on surgical sections at the Prussian Hospital.



Right: First college class to graduate—1870.



Dr. Bliss and Bliss Hall.



*Daniel Bliss II
at Popham Beach, Maine
August 1989*

Reminiscences

The Massacres of 1860

THE LAST HALF of the year 1859 and the first half of the year 1860 were anxious times. Lawlessness, quarrels and even murders were frequent. The old feuds between the Maronites and the Druses were revived. Everybody went armed. The Maronites were boastful and the Druses were preparing.¹

Suq-al-Gharb was near the storm-centre, Abeih on the periphery. We heard more and saw more of the coming storm than they did in Abeih. I was young and Mr. Calhoun thought I was over-anxious, even an alarmist. One day in June he and Mr. Ford of Sidon called at our house in Suq and jocosely greeted me before they dismounted from their horses, saying, "Brother Bliss, where is your civil war?" They came in, and I told them what I had seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. They were alarmed. The next day, not far from Mr. Calhoun's house, the first man in the long struggle was shot. The strife commenced.

A day after this I went to Beirut. On my return I found at the first khan, a short way above the plain, a large number of men, horses and mules. The men were very much frightened and informed me that a messenger had been killed at Ainab, a village about two hours up the mountain and that the Druses had obstructed the road at that point. This was disquieting, for I had seen in Beirut a messenger with letters from Dr. Thomson to Mr. Bird. As I approached our house about sunset a large number of our neighbours met me and confirmed the report of the killing of the messenger, and added that he was Mr. Bird's messenger and that his

¹At the time, the Maronites controlled the region north and northeast of Beirut, while the Druses were dominant in the south. The violence that erupted in 1860 was part of an ongoing struggle, more political in its nature than sectarian. For a fuller description of the struggle and its context, see K. S. Salibi, *The Modern History of Lebanon* (New York: Frederick A. Praeger, Inc., 1965.)

body was thrown out for the dogs to eat. On my reaching home Mrs. Bliss suggested a plan, which had been running through my mind in a less definite form on the way, viz., that I should go over to Ainab, about a mile distant, get the letters, for they might be most important, and demand the body and bury it for the comfort of his relations. He was a Protestant church member. So after supper a dozen or more of our villagers came with their guns and pistols to accompany me, all of whom were dismissed with thanks. Then I and my helper, who carried the lantern, proceeded on our errand of peace and mercy. When within a quarter of an hour's walk of Ainab we stopped at the house of a Scotchman, who had a large silk factory. He was surprised to see me at that time of night and more surprised when he heard of my purpose, and tried to dissuade me from so rash an act, saying: "You are young in the country and inexperienced, you might be killed," etc. Before we had finished our conversation a school-teacher came in from Ainab who had seen the messenger before and after his death, and from his description of him I began to doubt whether he was Mr. Bird's man. So I said to my Scotch friend that I would follow his advice and not go to Ainab, but that I would go back home by Aitat, where lived the chief of the Druses, and demand of him the letters and the body of the man if he was Mr. Bird's messenger. This seemed more absurd to my friend than the first proposition.

Daud carried the lantern to the palace of the Sheikh and remained outside. The large room was well filled; there was a council of war. All rose and the seat of honour was offered me beside the "Tongue of the Druses," as Husein was called. I politely declined the honour. I said I came on important business; I told what I had heard about Mr. Bird's messenger. "The Tongue of the Druses" advanced and said: "God forbid. Your messenger came to me about noon. I was afraid for him and I sent an escort with him." It was true. Then I took a seat and drank coffee.

Daud and I arrived at our house a little after midnight. Mrs. Bliss was waiting and watching for us. She saw the light of the American lantern as we came up the hill and was comforted. She heard a shot or two and was disconcerted, but the lantern came on. The light was for us, the shots for something else.



A few days after this evening the Druses, one hundred, more or less, started from Aitat, ten minutes' walk from our house, and rushed down the hill towards al-Hadeth, a large

Maronite village situated about four miles below on the plain, towards Beirut. In this village were gathered quite a number of young men bearing arms, defying, with their flags and shouts and shots, the Druses from above. From the terrace of our house we saw the Druses march and heard their war song—no, not march—there was no order, no keeping step, no rank and file, but each man bounded over rocks and obstacles at his best. In an hour, more or less, we saw the smoke ascend from the houses nearest the mountains and then the fire swept on beyond till all the village was consumed. At sunset the Druses returned with their booty: beds, bedding, brass cooking utensils, clothing, etc. One man had a large book on law. I said to him, "You cannot use that. Give it to me." He did so and I soon returned it to its grateful owner.

I inquired from several of the men what had been done. The reply was: "We have burnt every house and killed all the people." I was satisfied that they spoke the truth so far as the burning was concerned, for we saw that with our own eyes, but we questioned further about the killing in this way. "Did you kill a hundred?" "A hundred! What is a hundred! All!" "Did you kill a thousand?" "What is a thousand! All! Ten thousand!" The facts are these. The Druses robbed and burnt the whole village. The inhabitants, when they saw from afar the coming of the enemy, fled on horses, mules, asses, camels and on foot; men, women, children in arms, all fled except one poor, lame old man, and he was killed. This is rather an exaggerated case of the difference between the daily reports and the events which actually took place. It was reported that five thousand were killed at Deir-al-Qamr. The actual number of killed and missing was about eight hundred. But I am not writing a history of the civil war, I am merely jotting down a few personal experiences for my children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.



After the burning of al-Hadeth, for several nights I walked about the Girls' School, which was not far from our house. Not that I feared an attack from the Druses, but an attack upon the "nerves" of the girls and the teachers. The strain was so great that the missionaries decided that the school be abandoned and that Mrs. Bliss and I should close our house and proceed to Beirut, as my services were needed there. Thousands, men, women and children, had fled from their ruined homes in the

mountains and were homeless in Beirut, wholly dependent upon charity.



Beirut: 1860

A few days after our arrival at Beirut a most urgent letter came from Mr. Bird in Deir-al-Qamr, saying that the town was surrounded by Druses, that his house was filled with refugees (Protestants) and that they were about destitute of flour and that none could be bought at any price, as the Druses prevented all provisions from entering the town. Dr. Thomson immediately said that I must go. He was disabled by a sprained ankle. Mrs. Jessup required her husband's presence. Dr. Van Dyck could not be spared.

We hired ten or twelve mules, loaded them with flour and started. The muleteers were all Moslems except one (he made us trouble later), for we thought it not wise to take with us either of the contending parties. The cavass [guard] of the American Consulate accompanied us, a fine, tall, well-built Moslem, wearing a long Damascus sword and mounted on a large horse. We went the first day to Abeih, where Mr. Calhoun insisted that one or two loads of the flour must be left for him. All went quietly till we came to a Druse village, about one hour from Deir-al-Qamr. All was quiet there and the cavass and I passed through the village and were giving our horses a drink at the fountain when we heard angry shouts of men and the shrill shrieks of women from below. We put spurs to our horses and galloped down to the square, where we saw three or four men and a multitude of women and children surrounding our mules and beginning to unload the flour. The cavass raised himself in the stirrups, drew his long, semi-circular sword, turned to me in the confusion and shouted, "Shall I smite?" I replied, "No!" and, waving my hand gently to command silence, and observing the chief man among them, said to him in a low tone of voice, "What are you doing with my flour?" All was silence for a few seconds and then he replied, "I am ordered by our government not to allow anything to pass through this village to Deir-al-Qamr." There was a murmur. He had made a point. Another move of the hand. I said, "Did you know that there was a treaty between the great Sultan of Turkey and the King of the United States of America

(I used the word "King," as the term "President" was not known out there) that an American may pass through all parts of Turkey unmolested and take with him such things as are needed for the journey?" He thought a moment and then said: "I know not of treaties or Sultans or Kings. I know that I must obey my own Governor." There were more murmurs and shouting. He had made another point. Another move of the hand and another silence obtained, and I said in a lower tone of voice and very confidently: "Very well. Then you proceed according to rule in such cases. You take the mules, the flour, the pack-saddles and everything and give me your receipt, signed and sealed by yourself, with the cavass and these men as witnesses." He hesitated, looked at the cavass, at the men who crowded about him, and then bowed low, as if to take the dust from the ground, and put up his hand and said: "For your Honour's sake we will let you pass." Soon the loads were readjusted and we were on our way to Deir-al-Qamr.

In the evening several of the leading men of Deir-al-Qamr came into Mr. Bird's study to inquire about the state of the country. They had for days been surrounded by a guard of Druses sufficiently strong to prevent all communication from outside. I told them of the massacre at Hasbeya and expressed the opinion that there would be one at the Deir. They were much alarmed and asked what could be done. I stated that the main body of Druses was now at Zahleh and that only a small guard was in the vicinity of the Deir, and advised them "to flee this night with all the men and boys to Beirut, leaving the women and girls at home." They were really demoralized and alarmed, and objected to following my advice, saying that some of them would be shot by the guard. "Very likely," I replied, "but not many." It may sound strange that I advised them to "leave the women and girls at home." It is not strange when you know that in time of war no Druse was ever known to molest a woman or girl. It is against their principles, if not their religion.

The next morning after this interview we started on our return to Beirut, anticipating a quiet time. But soon after starting I saw behind us a man with a gun on his shoulder coming after us. I supposed it was some Christian, who, having escaped from the guard through the line, hoped to join our party and go on in safety to Beirut. As the man approached nearer I saw that he was a Druse and that from his looks he meant mischief. My road at this point was of a circular form and the man took a cross-cut so as to meet me at the junction of the footpath and the main road. As he approached within ten or fifteen feet of me, the man began to finger

his gun and took it from his shoulder. In the meantime I had dismounted and stood in front of him and said, "What are you going to do?" He replied, "I am going to shoot that man." He pointed to my one Christian muleteer who stood at my horse's head at its side. Then I said: "This man is from Beirut. He has no part in this war between the Maronites and the Druses." He replied: "No matter. He is a Christian." Then I said: "He is my muleteer." The same reply: "No matter. He is a Christian." At this he shoved the barrel of his gun past my side, when I brought my hand with force on his shoulders, shook him and said: "There is to be no shooting in my presence." The coward let back the trigger of his old flintlock and said: "For your Honour's sake I will not shoot," and went away. I have thanked God a thousand times since that I had not a pistol—never carried one.

A half hour after this another Druse proposed to shoot the muleteer. As we approached Beirut, near my home at Suq-al-Gharb, an old enemy of his appeared and, cocking his gun, said, "Now I have you!" But then my horse's head appeared around the corner. The Druse knew me and gave salaams.

All through these scenes I was not conscious of being afraid, but on arriving home my wife said, "What is the matter with you? You look as pale as death."



Yes, I was frightened once coming along by the side of a garden in a lonely place wholly shut off from my view by a high hedge of bushes. I came opposite a narrow wicket gate in which stood a Druse with his hand at the breast pocket, where pistols are usually kept. From this he drew with a quick motion—not a pistol, but a long, cool cucumber! He laughed and I laughed. The cucumber was refreshing in that hot June noonday and cooled me off.



In less than a week after I returned, word came again that more flour was needed at the Deir. I told Dr. Thomson that I could not go again without a guard of Turkish soldiers besides our own cavass. Our Consul sent his chief Dragoman [guide] with me to the foot of the mountains to request from the Turkish General, who was encamped there, a small guard of soldiers. We found no one in camp except a

secretary. He informed us that His Excellency had heard that there might be trouble at Deir-al-Qamr and had therefore started the afternoon before for that place. I asked where His Excellency encamped last. He answered, "At Shweifaf" (three miles away), and then I asked where he would encamp that night. He replied, "At Jisr-al-Qadi" (thus taking a day and a half to cover a distance over which I have ridden in five hours). The Dragoman and I turned back. I said to him: "We shall hear of a massacre in Deir-al-Qamr tomorrow." We heard of it before we reached Beirut. . . . Eight hundred men, from that village alone, were massacred. His Excellency had planned, of course (!), to get to Deir-al-Qamr in time to prevent the massacre, but he failed. Mr. Bird and family had left the Deir a few days before the awful bloodshed.



After the massacre at Hasbeya the women were left in great danger from the Moslem soldiers. A man came from there who was saved by throwing himself among the dead bodies and hiding beneath them. His clothes were covered in blood and stains. On hearing that the women and girls were in peril, Dr. William Eddy and I called on the English Consul-General and volunteered to go and bring the women to Beirut on condition that he would send with us a cavass with the English flag. The American flag was little known or respected then in the interior. The English Consul-General declined to comply with our request, saying that "the flag might be insulted and that would complicate matters." Dr. Eddy and I were indignant for we were dominated by compassion for the poor women in Hasbeya and not by the higher (or lower) demands of diplomacy.



Most of the inhabitants of Southern Lebanon fled to Beirut for safety. There were many thousands of them—men, women and children, all destitute, with little clothing and no food. English merchants, missionaries and others advanced money for the present necessities and made an appeal to England and America for funds. The response was quick and most liberal. More was received than was needed and more than was actually given out. A committee was formed called "The Anglo-American Relief Committee." The English in Beirut kept the accounts and

received the clothing sent from England, but the distribution was left mostly to the American missionaries. I assisted for a few days—a week or more—and then was taken down with a slight fever followed by a large, dangerous carbuncle on the side of my head.



For some time every one had expected an attack on Beirut. It was reported that an agreement had been made by the Druses on the mountains and some of the baser sort of Moslems at Beirut to attack the city on a certain night—the Druses to loot the houses, the Moslems to attack the bankers, the merchants and the shops. That the arrangement was made is certain. Why it was not carried out is not clear to me even more than forty-eight years afterwards.

We were living in the upper part of the city at the house of Mr. Hurter. About sunset I was asked to meet the missionaries at the printing press. It was agreed that all the Americans in the city should spend the night there. An arrangement was made with the English men-of-war that in case of an attack we would send up rockets and boats would land at a certain point and take us on board. I returned to Mr. Hurter's and there witnessed a degree of trust, confidence, faith and obedience seldom seen. I said: "Ladies, put on your bonnets and follow me, asking no questions." Mrs. Hurter, Mrs. Bliss and Miss Hurter, without a word to me, put on their bonnets, gathered the children together and followed me down the stairs, down the narrow path between prickly-pear hedges to the stronghold of the American Press. We arrived at the Press safely. The children slept well and there was no alarm.

About this time there was a great commotion in the city. It was said that a Christian had killed a Moslem; true or not, the report spread. The whole Moslem population of the baser sort were everywhere brandishing their sticks and clubs and threatening all Christians. I was standing on the terrace of Mr. Hurter's house and saw three young men make an attack on a Christian lad just below. I jumped down and mildly asked them what the boy had done. They said that he had entered the harem (women's apartment), a great crime. I got between them and him and told them if he had been guilty he must be punished by the proper authorities, and that I would go with them and enter a complaint, but that they ought not to take the law into their own hands. While haranguing them I gave the Christian boy a shove and he ran away. Soon after

this, an hour or so, I mounted my horse and rode down the street towards the Press to confer with Dr. Thomson. The roofs of the houses were covered with women. They screamed out with shrill voices: "Butcher him! Butcher him!" Whether they referred to me or not I do not know. I was in a hurry; I did not stop to examine. The city was quieted when a Christian was caught—the supposed murderer—and killed. It was reported that he said, "Although I am innocent, I am ready to die if my death will quell the people."

The next day, or perhaps it was the same afternoon (I write from memory), a man-of-war came into the harbour having on board a thousand Turkish soldiers commanded by a Hungarian General, a Christian who had served in the Turkish army since the days of Kossuth. In an almost incredibly short time he had landed the troops and distributed them through the town in bands of fifty, forty, twenty-five, ten and five. He himself on horseback rode through the streets with drawn sword ordering the crowds to disperse and not infrequently accompanying his orders with blows from the flat side of his sword upon the shoulders of some white-turbaned Moslem. Mr. Ford, having known the General once before in Aleppo, called almost immediately upon him and told him of the situation. The General was thankful for the information. Mr. Ford asked the General if he could hold the town. He replied that he could if he could trust his men, and then asked Mr. Ford to call again. After an hour he went again at the time appointed. The General said, "It is all right. We have the control. I can trust my men." Shortly after this I called on the General and being from the mountains he questioned me about the roads, the defiles, the distances, the water along several routes and made sketches of my descriptions. He expected then that he might be called from the plains. He had been to Sidon before I saw him and left behind him the mobs quieted there. He said to me, "I told the Governor of Sidon, 'You take care, for heads are very loose these days.'" That Hungarian General was dismissed from the Turkish service very soon after. Was he too energetic?

A contingent of the French army arrived in due time, encamped in the pines on the plain of Beirut, and sent detachments into the mountains. This gave confidence to the people and they soon began to return to their villages and commenced to repair their houses. The houses on the mountains are made of stone and therefore the walls, for the most part, were not materially injured by the fire. Quiet, for the most part, prevailed. The Druses were alarmed, of course, supposing that Western armies were like

their own hordes carrying destruction before them instead of being an organized band to suppress wrong, to protect the weak and to give every one his natural rights. Still the Druses had some reason to fear, for in one or two cases the camp followers committed murder.

I was in Beirut one day and on my return to the mountains at Kefr Shima, a village partly on the plain and partly on the hill, I saw a half dozen Christians make an attack upon as many Druse muleteers who had ventured down to Beirut. The Commander of a French company was encamped in a village near by. He, of course, had no knowledge of the events going on. I wrote on a piece of wrapping paper to Dr. Thomson and sent it to Beirut. The English Vice-Consul called on me at Suq-al-Gharb to obtain all the particulars. Representations were made by different Consuls-General to the General of the French Army of Occupation and he was glad of the information. After that we heard of no more murders by camp-followers.



The French remained one year; order was restored. The Government of the Lebanon was made semi-independent. A new order of things was agreed upon by the Sultan and the five great Powers, which order continues till the present time. The great crowd of refugees for the most part returned to their homes, although many settled down in Beirut, especially those from Damascus. The great work of caring for the destitute was transferred from the city to the mountain villages and small towns. Through the advice of the Anglo-American Committee the American missionaries divided the country devastated by the Druses into sections, each section to be cared for by some one of their number. Some forty villages fell to my charge, each one of which either I or my assistant teacher visited weekly for several months, distributing among them clothing, bedding and money according to their necessities.

Over seven thousand garments were cut out in our house: dresses for women, girls, little children and even for unborn babies. Then they were made into bundles containing not only the cut-out garment, but lining and thread and needles. Once or twice a week there would be a distribution at our house to some villages previously agreed upon, or my teacher and I would take them with us to the village.

I remember a pitiful sight. We had gone to a village with a load of things and, while we were dealing them out, a woman whispered in my ear and said, pointing down to a certain house, "There is a woman there with two daughters who cannot come out, for they have nothing to wear." We had with us several dresses all made up. So I left my teacher and took three garments and knocked at the door. An arm, bare up to the shoulder, was thrust out. I handed in the dresses. When far up the hill on my return I saw three women standing with uplifted hands and voices saying "God bless you; God bless the English and the Americans. God bless the missionaries!"

The next week I did not go to the village in person but sent the money to the priest with a list of the names, and requested him to make the distribution. The following week I called on the woman who had received the garments and asked her how she was getting on. She replied that after I had left they were very comfortable but that they had suffered last week for want of food. "How is that," I said, "for you had your money as usual?" Rather hesitatingly she replied, "No. He kept it. I do not deny the debt I owed him." I returned to the priest's house and in the presence of quite an audience made an address more in the spirit of the Imprecatory Psalms than of the Sermon on the Mount. On returning home I related the events of the day. An Englishman, an ex-Colonel of the Indian Army, hearing the story of the priest and the poor widow, burst forth wholly in the spirit of the cursing Psalms and declared that he would ride over to the village and horsewhip the priest. But having by this time regretted the spirit of my address before the priest, and his neighbours, I persuaded the irate ex-Colonel not to go on his ride. The priest is not a specimen of all priests, for among them are men of high character.

The distribution went on through the Winter and early Spring with many episodes, some amusing and many sad. Once a poor woman appeared at my study and related a sad story. "My husband has been killed; I am a poor widow; my home is destroyed; my relatives murdered, and I am left destitute with three little children. I am from Jezzin and I am going to Beirut. I left my three little ones under a fig tree at the junction of the road out there." Her story moved me but I coldly though kindly said: "Jezzin is not under my charge. You must go back beyond the junction to Abeih and Mr. Bird, who has charge of that district, will listen to your appeal." She went sadly away and left me feeling sadly for her. A few days after this there appeared a woman closely veiled, who

said that she was a maiden lady, a Druse from the village just below us, and that she knew we made no distinction between the different sects but were always ready to help the destitute, etc. I rose from my chair, took her not too tenderly by the arm and said: "You are a poor widow from Jezzin. Your three children are under a fig tree at the junction over there. Go." She went. Although she was closely veiled, I had recognized her by her voice, as well as from her manner of speech.

As the Spring of 1861 approached, I found that there were many names on my list of recipients who were no longer absolutely needy, strong, able-bodied men and boys. We saw also that indiscriminate charity tended as usual to debase and pauperize. So when I reported my observations of the situation to the Anglo-American Committee, I proposed to repair the road, a mere bridle-path, from the foot of the mountain on towards Deir-al-Qamr, and to pay full wages to those who worked. The committee fully approved the plan. Then Daud, my helper, went to the villages with lists in hand. When we found a family consisting of a widow with small children, the list remained as it was. When we came to where there was an able-bodied man, the weekly sum, previously given, was reduced by the amount the man could earn by his labour. It was astonishing how much less our weekly free disbursements were, and still more astonishing how the work put new life and hope into the community. It was a joyful sight, when a hundred men and boys at the time appointed appeared at the foot of the hill with crowbars, mattocks, shovels and stone-hammers, laughing and shouting for joy. The stone-arched bridge we built at the foot of the hill still stands after these forty-eight years and will continue to stand till it gives way to a wider one for the automobiles of the future.

Reminiscences

*The Founding of the Syrian Protestant College,
1861-1866*

DURING THE YEARS 1861 and 1862, the Reverend Dr. William M. Thomson and I frequently conversed on the subject of higher education for Syria and the Arabic-speaking peoples of the East.¹ Experience had led the missionaries to regard with little favour the plan to educate young men out of the country. The Malta College, which was designed to educate young men living in countries bordering on the Mediterranean as near their home as possible, had not been a success. Individuals who had been more or less educated in England or on the Continent, exerted very little influence, on their return, in elevating their countrymen, but on the contrary their defective education tended rather to unfit them for usefulness by taking them out of sympathy with their own people. Quite a number of these did not return to settle in the country but remained abroad; and of those who returned not one ever became a man of influence as author, teacher, or preacher. On the other hand, several men, who had been educated in the Mission Seminary, under the care of Mr. Hebard, and at a later period in Abeih Academy, first under the care of Dr. Van Dyck and then of Mr. Calhoun, became prominent men and contributed to the great object for which Missions are established. But while the general demand for education increased, the course of study in the Abeih Academy was more or less modified to meet the specific wants of the Mission in furnishing common-school teachers and other native helpers, and thus became even less adapted to meet all the demands of the country than it was at an earlier period.

¹Some years before he wrote his "Reminiscences," Daniel Bliss prepared a fairly lengthy report of the founding of the College. The first section of this chapter is an abstract of that report, prepared by his son.

It was manifest that to educate large numbers out of the country, even if in the course of time a foreign education should prove satisfactory, would require more money than the people could pay and more than the benevolent would furnish. It was also manifest that missionary societies, depending, mainly, for their support on small contributions, given for the direct preaching of the Gospel and for teaching children enough to enable them to read understandingly, could not divert their funds for this higher education.

These considerations led to the devising of other means to meet the evident demand. Many points, connected with the whole subject, were discussed, in an informal way, by the missionaries and others before any definite plans were proposed. It was generally conceded that the time had come to establish in Syria an institution which should become, in time, equal to the better American Colleges. The opinion was held, with few to dissent, that the language of the College should be the Arabic—that all instruction and textbooks should be in that language, except the instruction given in learning foreign languages. It was seen, from the first, that funds to establish such an institution would have to be furnished from America and England.

This fact brought up the questions of raising the needed funds, of caring for them, and of the general control of the institution. It appeared evident that a Board of Trustees, legalized by some responsible government, was necessary to give confidence in an enterprise calling for large donations, contributions and legacies from men of wealth. It probably never occurred to any one even to ask the question whether such a Board of Trustees should be legalized by the Turkish Government. It was taken for granted that a charter must be obtained either from England or America, and that a Board of Trustees in one of these lands, or in both conjointly, should be legally authorized to hold and invest funds and to administer them in the interest of the proposed object.

The difficulty of carrying on a College by a Board of Trustees four or seven thousand miles from the base of operations was recognized and, to mitigate this difficulty, it was suggested that a Board of Managers living in Syria and vicinity should be created to act for the Trustees in all local matters.² At this point a very

²This Board of Managers was created when the College was established. It initially included the British and American Consuls in Beirut, British and American missionaries, and British merchants. The need for such a Board diminished as communications improved, and it was dissolved in 1902.

important question arose—viz., who should compose the Board of Managers and who should be the President of the College. It was a favourite theory of Dr. Thomson and of some others that, so far as possible, the College should be indigenous, identified with the country, taught largely by native teachers, and that the President should be a Syrian. On further consideration, this theory was abandoned. Mr. James Black, an English merchant of large experience in dealing with the people of the country, stated that he could not recommend an institution to the patronage of benevolent men unless its President and Board of Managers were Americans or Englishmen. He gave it as his opinion that the natives themselves would have far more confidence in its efficiency and stability if it were controlled by Franks than if controlled by natives. Remarks made about the same time by several natives, both Moslem and Christian, on an entirely different subject, corroborated his sentiment. There was a proposition to bring water to Beirut from the Dog River, and a meeting was called to form a company. After much discussion a preliminary canvass was made to ascertain the amount of stock that would be taken in case a charter was obtained. This brought out the remark from several natives: "If you will take control of the company and be responsible, we will furnish the money. We cannot trust ourselves." The company was not formed. Ten or more years after, an English company supplied Beirut with water.

The fact that the natives themselves expressed in words and, even more, by their acts, greater confidence in foreign control than in their own, led us to abandon the theory of having the Board of Managers composed wholly or in part of natives and of having the President a native. It was thought best that American and English missionaries and other American and English residents in Syria and Egypt should constitute the Board of Managers, they all belonging to some branch of the Evangelical Church, and that the President should be chosen from the missionaries of the Syrian Mission. At the meeting of the Mission on January 23, 1862, Dr. Thomson brought up the subject and suggested that Mr. Bliss be the Principal. It was then voted that Messrs. Thomson and Bliss be a committee to prepare a minute in relation to the contemplated literary institution to be located in Beirut.

Mr. Bliss was surprised at the mention of his name as Principal, for in his conversations with Dr. Thomson, while all the other missionaries had been spoken of in this connection, his name and qualifications had not been mentioned. He therefore asked to be excused from the meeting for a day or two to enable him

to consult with his wife at Suq-al-Gharb, before accepting or declining a position involving so many changes in their life work.

On Monday, January 27, the committee, in their report, recommended the establishment of a Literary Institution of a high character, to be guided and guarded by the combined wisdom and experience of the Mission, and that this important project should be submitted to the Prudential Committee of the American Board in Boston for their consideration and sanction, with the request that the Mission be authorized to appoint Mr. Daniel Bliss to be the Principal of the Institution, it being understood that, until the expected endowment were secured, he should continue his connection with the Mission and derive his support from the Board. This recommendation was endorsed by a vote of the Mission. It may be noticed that, while keeping in closest touch with the Mission, the proposed College was not to be organically connected therewith.

A correspondence with the secretaries in Boston and others brought out the following points: that the proposition made to the Board was the first of its kind and hence required very serious consideration; that it was most important that the establishment of the College should not jeopardize the training of a Christian ministry, a work which was as yet by no means accomplished; that as, owing to the demand of the country, the creation of a higher institution was inevitable, it was essential that the first of the kind should be established by Protestants, not by Jesuits; that the pupils should be educated with reference to the business which they might propose to follow, as ministers of the Gospel, lawyers, physicians, engineers, secretaries, interpreters, merchants, clerks, etc., thus avoiding the reproach of sending forth helpless and useless drones upon society; that, where suitable persons could be obtained, the native Arab element should be introduced as fast as possible into the professorships and other teaching positions, in all departments of the College, in order that the Syrians might have every facility for qualifying themselves to assume, at no distant day, the entire management of the institution; that care should be exercised to prevent the students from becoming denationalized; that, in the interests of the independence and self-respect of the student body, the principle of self-support should be fostered as far as possible.



Acting on the vote of the Mission, Mrs. Bliss and myself, with our children, sailed for the United States on August

14, 1862, landing in New York on September 17. Soon after our arrival the Annual Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was held at Springfield, Massachusetts. I was appointed to speak on a resolution in regard to reinforcing the Missions, and the late Honorable William E. Dodge was to be the next speaker. As I had had no rest from the long journey from Syria, my haggard appearance seemed to enforce upon the mind of Mr. Dodge what was said of the magnitude of the work and of the necessity of reinforcing the overworked missionaries. When he spoke he used words to this effect: "When our young brother was speaking I was so moved that there was not a dry thread in the shirt on my back." Mr. Dodge was unknown to us except by name at that time, but he invited Mrs. Bliss and me to dine with him at the Massasoit House. We had a private table—the company consisted of Mr. William E. Dodge, Mrs. Dodge, their son, Reverend D. Stuart Dodge and his wife. During the dinner Mr. Dodge asked Mrs. Bliss if her husband had come home on account of his health, and she assured him that his health was perfect, then stated in a general way the plans for the proposed College. The conversation soon became more general and the needs and objects of the enterprise were more fully explained. Before we rose from the table Mr. Dodge said to his son, "Stuart, that seems to me to be a good thing; we must look into it." Subsequent events revealed the results of his remark. The fountain of benevolence in Mr. Dodge's heart was large, but a new channel was opened for his benefactions.



Raising money is a most disagreeable business, the best way we look at it.³ Yet I have not been received by any one with any degree of incivility, but on the contrary with kindness and respect. . . . I do not feel discouraged in the least. The money is somewhere and one of these days we shall find it. . . . I have

³Bliss remained in the United States for nearly two years while the Syrian Protestant College was being legally established. On May 14, 1864, the legislature of the state of New York passed a bill incorporating both the Syrian Protestant College and Robert College in Constantinople. Meanwhile Bliss retained his status as a missionary attached to the Board, while spending most of his time raising funds for the proposed college.

given up setting the time [for completing the endowment.⁴ It will come in God's own time, which is better. . . . The whole course of benevolence in the world is too much dependent upon personal influence. The reputation of the solicitor and his standing have more to do with contributions than the object to be aided. . . . I am fishing in deep waters, for large fish. When I fail, I will take some small fry. . . .

Last night I went to the Church of Dr. —. Asked him how long I should speak. He replied, "How long a time do you wish?" I said, "Just as you wish, from five minutes to two hours." He looked at me sharply and said, "If you can speak five minutes or two hours, you are the most remarkable missionary, secretary or agent I ever saw. Some of them come here and tire my people out. I don't let them in often. . . ."



On September 10, 1864, we sailed with our three children for England.⁵ Our stay in England was most agreeable. We made the acquaintance of many charming people, and this notwithstanding that the sympathies at that time of the great majority of the English people were not with the American Government in its effort to maintain the Union of the States. This general dislike was indicated by a remark of our Ambassador, Mr. Adams, when I called at his office. He said, "I am glad to see an American missionary; for this class the English have nothing but words of commendation."

I took with me letters of introduction to Mr. Schmettau, the Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, which was then a powerful organization, under the Presidency of Lord Colthorpe. He received me cordially and said: "I am so glad you have come just at this time, for Mr. — has asked me to provide a speaker for a large drawing-room meeting soon to meet in the interest of the Alliance." In those days any gentleman wishing to promote the interests of the Alliance threw open his house and invited a hundred or more guests to listen to information from some foreign country. I was glad of the opportunity to meet such a representative assembly. The parlours were well filled with ladies

⁴The target for the endowment was \$100,000, which Bliss met before leaving for England.

⁵Thanks to the American Civil War the dollar was depreciated against the pound; it was agreed the project required sterling as well as dollars for initial funding.

and gentlemen. I spoke for an hour or more on the history of Syria, its inhabitants, its extent, etc., and gave a detailed account of the missionary work conducted by the different societies, commencing with the English Church and Bishop Gobat's School at Jerusalem, and ending up with the work of the ABCFM [American Board of the Commission for Foreign Missions]. This prepared the way to speak of the Syrian Protestant College which, most likely, was wholly unknown to every one in the audience. The reasons for establishing such an institution were given and a statement of its charter by the State of New York was made, also the standing of the Trustees. Then I stated that I had just come from America, where a hundred thousand dollars had been secured towards an endowment. Up to this point I had spoken easily and freely, without embarrassment, for the subject was familiar to me after talking on it for two years in America. But the embarrassment came when a hundred thousand dollars was mentioned. Our host in a falsetto voice called out from the further end of the room: "A hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks?" Some laughed outright; some tittered; ladies covered their faces with their handkerchiefs and I stood "cast down but not discouraged." I simply said: "I will come to that point in a minute." I was embarrassed and talked on, as the lawyers say, on time, not knowing what I said. Then in a minute, suddenly an answer came to me, from where I know not. I said: "Now, sir, in regard to your question. This hundred thousand dollars, or this twenty thousand pounds, is in 'greenbacks.' Two months ago it would have taken two hundred and forty dollars of greenbacks to make one hundred dollars in gold, or in your own currency two months ago it would take two hundred and forty pounds in greenbacks to make one hundred in gold. I see from the quotation in the London Times today that it would take only one hundred and thirty-eight dollars in greenbacks to make one hundred dollars in gold." Then with uplifted hands and voice I said: "And, ladies and gentlemen, the time is coming when a hundred pounds of greenbacks will be worth as much as any hundred pounds of gold ever coined in the English mint," and sat down amid the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. Several came forward and said: "We do not agree with your philosophy but we admire the American confidence in the final success of the big country."

This meeting gave me an introduction to a large circle of influential and benevolent ladies and gentlemen. I spoke before these at some other meetings, on which occasions the mission work in the Near East and the College were dwelt upon.

Also I travelled under the auspices of the Turkish Mission Aid Society to many parts of England, Scotland and Ireland and made addresses to larger and smaller audiences. . . . Articles about the College were published in various periodicals. . . . A prospectus and circulars, similar to those used in America, were commended by over forty of the leading men in the commercial, political and religious world.

We were in Great Britain from September 23, 1864, to February 13, 1866, a little less than a year and a half, and collected a little more than four thousand pounds, which enabled us to commence and carry on the College till the one hundred thousand dollars of greenbacks were at par. After we left England some small contributions were made to the College.

Reminiscences

The College President,¹ 1866-1912

THE COLLEGE was opened on December 3, 1866, with a service of prayer. I read the third chapter of First Corinthians; Dr. W. W. Eddy offered prayer; Messrs. Jessup and D. S. Dodge made addresses. There were present sixteen students.

We were housed for two years in four or five rooms of an insignificant building, for three years more in a house of larger dimensions, with two smaller buildings attached, and we were for two years in a still larger building with no attachments. We remained in this third house until 1873, when we removed to our present campus.

During these seven years we scarcely had a name to live up to, although we were very much alive. A college on wheels does not impress the East with the idea of stability. We were not anxious to appear great, but we were anxious to lay foundations upon which greatness could be built. Our plan for a four years' course in the Medical Department was made at a time when nearly all the Medical Schools in America had a three year course only. . . .

For the first year, although we had no Faculty, we had a distinguished native scholar to teach Arabic. He was the author of several works on the Arabic language, and was also a poet of no small reputation. Our tutor of French was from a family of noted scholars. The house-tutor was a Mr. Shadoody, a born mathematician; he was also a poet and composed, or translated into Arabic, some of the sweetest hymns found in our Arabic hymn-book. During this year Doctors Van Dyck and Wortabet were appointed Professors in the Medical Department. Dr. Wortabet

¹This chapter incorporates a second set of "Reminiscences," written when Bliss was eighty-nine, i.e., several years after he had completed his main set of "Reminiscences."

spent a year in England and was ready to commence his duties in the College in October, 1867. Dr. Post joined us the next year and was later followed by Professors Porter and Lewis. For some years Arabic was the language of the institution in all departments.²



Soon after my arrival in Beirut the all-important question arose regarding the final location of the College on land and in buildings of its own. The Reverend D. Stuart Dodge, now President of the Board of Trustees, was then living in Beirut. He and the President of the College undertook to find a suitable location for our new home.

For the space of a year or more, at the solicitations of property-owners, or on the recommendation of friends, many places were visited in different parts of Beirut. We rode everywhere through the city, looking as we rode. Finally we saw the site where the College now stands and decided that we had found the finest site in all Beirut if not in all Syria. Only a few days after we had seen the place, Mr. John J. Phelps gave \$5,000 towards its purchase. We said nothing to anyone, neither did we visit the place again until the negotiations were completed. We had learned in this country at least if the owner of a horse or any kind of property asked you to buy from him you could arrange the price on fair terms; on the other hand, if you asked him to sell the horse or the property you would find great difficulty in arranging the matter.

We employed one of the shrewdest natives, a broker, to obtain the property. He commenced at once by requesting us by no means to mention to a living soul that we desired to purchase it, or that we even knew the site. Weeks passed and nothing was heard from him. Finally he requested me to put myself casually in the way of the owner, whom I knew only by sight, but in no case to speak to him or recognize him. During many months I must have passed by his shop scores of times or met him on the street, but never looked at him. I was out not to see but to be seen, not to court but to be courted.

One day—I remember it well—we met on the crowded street. As usual, I looked right on; when I had passed on

²In the College's seventeenth year, the medium of instruction was switched from Arabic to English for the following reasons: it had proven impossible to provide Arabic textbooks that kept up with the advances being made in many areas of colleges studies; an increasing number of students had mother tongues other than Arabic; it was difficult to find qualified professors who could teach in Arabic.

a few steps he said, "Sir." I turned, lifted my hat, and bowed. He continued, "Mr. Gharzuzi tells me that you wish to buy some land for your school." I replied, "Mr. Gharzuzi is a land agent and wishes a commission. Good morning, sir." I continued my walk to the first corner and then hastened to tell Mr. Gharzuzi what had happened. He clapped his hands, and said, "Thank God, we have got him,"—and so it was. After a few weeks the land was purchased. This may seem a roundabout way of doing business. It was done not to take advantage of the owner, but to keep him from taking advantage of us. We paid for the property far more than its market value; it scarcely had a market value. It was a home for jackals and a dumping place for the offal of the city. In all our dealings we followed the command, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves"—harmless in not cheating others, wise in keeping others from cheating us.

Since this first purchase, which was by far the largest and cheapest, we have obtained many other lots varying in size from a quarter of an acre up to four acres. Each purchase has its history, some very annoying and one most laughable. There was a small plot not more than one quarter of an acre, just south of the Observatory. It was essential to us in the future. We waited as usual to have the owner speak to us and propose to sell it. He did not speak, but chose a wiser, if not so harmless, way. One morning, sitting at my study window, I heard talking outside. Looking out I saw several men, among them a venerable and distinguished gentleman clothed richly though not gorgeously. They were walking sometimes on this plot of ground and sometimes on our property. I went out, saluted the old gentleman as became his station, and asked what was the occasion of his honouring me with this early visit. He replied, "I have a piece of land here and have brought a few neighbours to verify its boundaries." The neighbours were four Moslems who had before I went out enlarged the boundaries almost to the door of the Observatory on the north, and almost to my study window on the east. I pointed out the line that marked the limits of his land. "I see," said he, "but these neighbours tell me that you built this wall without notifying me, which is contrary to custom and law." Then a friendly neighbour informed me that, when I was in America, Dr. Van Dyck had added a few stones to make the boundaries more apparent. I begged pardon for having contradicted him, and at the same time said, "You see, sir, that these few loose stones have been added, but the half-embedded stones mark the true boundary." He replied, "I know absolutely nothing about the matter at all, but these neighbours of yours are ready to testify that the boundaries are

as they have indicated." For a few moments I was perplexed, for if four Moslems are ready to testify in court no statement from others can alter their testimony. I saw no possible way out of the difficulty but one, and that was for us utterly impossible. If five Moslems could be "induced" to testify before the Judge that the boundaries lay along the half-embedded stones, indicating at the same time that the four other men were unduly influenced, the case would have been settled legally and correctly, but in a way utterly corrupt, as we could not find five Moslems who knew the true boundaries.

Quite a crowd had gathered by this time and there was much loud talking, when relief came from an unexpected quarter. A quack doctor in the circle assumed an attitude, and addressed the crowd with outstretched arms. His gestures and facial expressions were abundant enough to last a Frenchman a whole day, and more graceful than an Englishman could imitate after a year's practice. He then stepped forward, took the owner by the hand and said, "Sir, it is not becoming for you, a great and honourable man, a leader of society—it is not becoming that you should be talking about boundaries and prices." (Prices had not been mentioned.) Turning to me with a bow, he continued, "And you, sir, what is this! What are you, a learned man, a philosopher, the President of a College—what are you doing? It is not becoming that you should descend from your high station to talk about prices and boundaries." Looking first at me and then at the owner he said, "You two have nothing to do or to say in this matter." Then he said to the owner, "You appoint a referee, and I will be your choice," then to me, "You appoint a referee and your Steward is your choice." Then turning to the crowd, "All of you, do you approve of my plan?"—(they shouted "Aafak": bravo)—"and we two will fix the price of the land." Then taking the owner by the hand and bringing him to me he said, "Shake hands as a sign that you approve of our plan and that you will accept our decision." We shook hands, I knowing that our Steward would not allow the price to be exorbitant, and he that his man (the doctor) would also demand a fair price. And in a few days the little three-cornered piece of land was deeded to the Syrian Protestant College, and the price paid was little more than we were willing to give.



In 1871, the Trustees suggested that I spend the summer in Constantinople and consult President Hamlin of Robert College and Dr. Isaac Bliss of the Bible House about

building. I obtained some valuable information about how to build and how not to build. . . . The buildings were erected of the best kind of sandstone. The quarry from which the stone came is now exhausted. Labour was cheap at that time compared with the present: to our headmason we paid eighty cents a day; less skillful masons, seventy cents; stonecutters, from forty to fifty cents; unskilled labour, from fifteen to twenty-five cents. At one time we had over two hundred at work. The buildings were well constructed and now after almost forty years (1912) are in perfect repair. The plans, made in New York, were complete in details, so that we, though unacquainted with building, were able to follow them. Commencing with the simple ground-plan we learned to work out the more intricate parts.

The cornerstone of the Main Building (College Hall) was laid by the Honourable William Earl Dodge, Senior, on December 7, 1871. In introducing the speaker I said: "This College is for all conditions and classes of men without regard to colour, nationality, race or religion. A man white, black or yellow; Christian, Jew, Mohammedan or heathen, may enter and enjoy all the advantages of this institution for three, four or eight years; and go out believing in one God, or in many Gods, or in no God. But," I added, "it will be impossible for any one to continue with us long without knowing what we believe to be the truth and our reasons for that belief."

It was almost two years before the three buildings were finished: the Main Building, the Medical Hall and Ada Dodge Memorial (greatly enlarged since). At last we had become a real College community with a home of our own. The students felt the change. No one appeared to wish to go down town or anywhere else. One night in December, when the full moon was shining on the glassy sea below us, they had a high time on the broad level road between the College and the Medical Building. Their shouts sounded out as merrily as the shouts in Amherst in my days. Tutor Ibrahim shouldered the shovel and the hoe and led off forty or fifty fellows after supper to dig holes for planting trees.

On March 13, 1874, we accomplished the risky task of hoisting the bell to the College tower. The students pulled well at the rope and the Faculty were summoned to join them to hear the bell rung for the first time at five P.M.



I had little experience in governing students in America, never having taught there except a district school for

three months and a select school for twelve weeks. I had no trouble in governing those schools, and yet I am inclined to think that students in the East are more easily kept in order than are those of the same class of students in the West. If this is true, it may be partly owing to the fact that Eastern people generally have a greater fear of those in authority than Western people, for they have learned by the experience of centuries that sometimes their rulers are terribly cruel. Moreover, the East has greater reverence than the West for parents, teachers, the aged, and religious leaders, and hence, when they come in contact with teachers in schools, they are more easily governed.

We were more ready to commend the good qualities of our students than to denounce their faults. We utterly repudiated the system of encouraging one student to spy on another—a system quite common in most of the schools at that time. I trusted the boys. Sometimes I treated one as if he was telling me the truth when I knew he was lying to me. I cannot explain the philosophy of it, but trusting a boy makes him trustworthy. In those early days some students said to my wife: "We cannot lie to Dr. Bliss because he trusts us"; possibly that may have been so.

Sometimes in case of trouble between two students I would ask two or more Seniors to see the boys and settle up the difficulty, as I did not wish to bother the Faculty with it, and because any action the Faculty might take would have to be recorded in the minutes, and it would be unpleasant reading in years to come. This method worked out well in most instances. Again, a boy would complain of another, and commence to tell what the other had done and said. Then I would stop him and ask him to tell me what he had done and said; then I sent for the other boy and asked him to tell me what he had said and done. This usually settled the matter. Or two would come in and charge each other with wrong-doing, and each would claim that he himself was perfectly innocent. Then I would say: "Boys, I believe that both of you think you are telling the truth, and the best way to settle the case is this: that the innocent forgive the guilty." The next day they might be seen walking hand in hand.

Let it not be thought that this undignified and almost frivolous way of disciplining students unfitted me for resorting to quick and drastic methods in cases of gravity. There is no inconsistency between the two methods of treatment. We were patient in cases of small irregularities but when a student endangered the morality of the others, then we were forced to isolate him

as in the case of smallpox or plague.



It will be safe to say that from the commencement of the College greater effort was made to educate the students rather than simply to instruct them. I use the word in the etymological sense. Generally speaking, knowledge in the East has been handed down the ages through tradition instead of books, and hence the people have remarkable memories. Encyclopedias and Concordances are very useful but they injure the memory. To fill the mind with facts and dates makes a learned man, but not necessarily an educated one. I remember a medical student who would make a perfect recitation from the textbook, but his ignorance on the subject was profound. I had a classmate who would demonstrate a proposition in Euclid perfectly in the words of the textbook, but was utterly confounded if the letters describing the figure were placed in a different order.

Facts are the seeds of thought and like seeds in the vegetable world are of little value garnered up; but under the power of reason, will and conscience are made into ideals and laws that govern matter and mind. So at the commencement of the College, we endeavoured to stimulate not the memory, which was usually well developed, but the reason and the other governing powers of the mind. In other words, we wished to make men who would see in all events the beauty and the glory of living.

Perhaps from some defect in myself I was unable to teach abstract truth unless that truth was clothed in some concrete form. A people, accustomed for centuries to hear truth taught through similitudes and parables, do not take readily to bare Western logic. I remember in my Moral Philosophy class the textbook mentioned the "duty of unconscious influence," but with all the explanations given in the book, and my comments on the same, the class did not lay hold of the meaning until I had recounted several instances where others had influenced me, though being wholly unconscious of doing so. At another time the question was discussed: "What are the characteristics of a true gentleman?" After the usual qualifications were mentioned it was said that a true gentleman, if he has knowingly or unknowingly wronged anyone, would acknowledge his mistake and ask to be pardoned. The whole discussion did not seem to make much impression until I told the following story: When I was in London the Archbishop of Canterbury wanted to inquire of me about some matter in the East in

which he was interested, and therefore wrote me a note inviting me to breakfast on a certain day. The train was late and on my arrival at the palace the large party had nearly finished the first course. The butler quietly seated me at the Archbishop's right hand, and after greeting me, his Grace turned to finish his conversation with the person at his left hand, and did not notice the butler handing me the first course; but turned around just in time to see him set before me the second dish. Then he said to his butler, "Bring the Doctor the fish." The butler replied: "Your Grace, I have served it." Upon which the Archbishop rose partly from his seat and said in his sweet voice: "I beg your pardon."

This story impressed the class when they understood that the Primate of England stands in the social world next to the King, and outranks all others in the Royal Family, and yet he begged the pardon of a servant because he had implied that he had not done his duty. My title in the catalogue is President, and Professor of Bible and Ethics. It would be more truthful though less classic to say Professor of Story Telling.

In the Bible classes no attempt was made to combat error or false views, but we followed the method by which darkness is expelled from the room by turning on the light. I also tried to look at the subject under discussion from the standpoint of the listeners. For instance, the question was asked: "Is it wrong to ask the Saints and the blessed Virgin to pray for us, to intercede for us?" Had the question been answered: "Yes, it is wrong," two-thirds of the class, who were in the habit of calling on the Virgin and Saints, would have turned a deaf ear to all that might have been said afterwards. Had the question been answered: "No, it is not wrong," the Protestant boys would have reported to their parents and to the missionaries that the President of the College had turned Roman Catholic or Maronite. So I turned to the one asking the question and said: "I thank you for asking that question. It is an important one and a most natural question." (The Protestant boys sat in their seats with upright heads, expecting the others would be placed on the left hand with the goats.) "A most natural question for you to ask, living in this country, for everything is done here through mediators or intercessors. If you wish a favour of me you do not come to me directly, but you go to some Tutor and ask him to ask me. You have been to my wife and besought her to induce me to give a holiday. I have bought several horses, rented several houses, bought various pieces of land, but always through a broker, that is, an intercessor. Not only in business matters but in political and

social affairs also the intercessor must be appealed to. You cannot call on the Pasha of Beirut directly; you must first pass the guard, the doorkeeper, see his Secretary, and he will go and ask the Pasha to receive you. Not only in this country but in England and all over the world you must appeal to intercessors. I cannot call upon the King of England directly, but must appeal to the Ambassador of the United States, who will intercede with I know not how many English officials, and then perhaps I might possibly see the King. Your question is a most natural one. You say: If I cannot visit the President of the College, the Pasha, the King, without intercession, how can I go direct to God ?” (The heads of the Protestant boys hung low). Then I added: “There is an infinite difference between the President of the College, the Pasha of Beirut and the King of England on the one hand, and the Lord Jesus Christ on the other. They never have invited you to call; He says: Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden. We know little, He is all wise; we have little compassion, He is full of grace and truth and loves you more than all the Saints in Glory can possibly love you. So, whether it is right or whether it is wrong to ask the Saints to intercede for you, it is wholly unnecessary, it is useless, it is a loss of time— ‘Before they call I will answer, saith the Almighty.’ ”

Upon another occasion it was asked if it is right to confess one’s sins to another. It was answered, “It is not only right, but a solemn duty to confess your faults to any one whom you have wronged, but your question, in view of the practice of many, implies: is it right to confess to a priest our sins in general and in particular? There is no objection to your doing so, if you seek his advice in the hope that he may make some suggestion which will be helpful to you, just as you tell the physician your symptoms and habits that he may know what to prescribe for you. Your question implies still another question, namely, has the priest power to absolve you from your sins? He has not power to absolve your sin, but he has authority to say that you are absolved under certain conditions. One time in New York, in an almost deserted street, a tall, fine-looking man accosted me and said: ‘Father, may I speak with you?’ ‘Certainly,’ I said. He continued: ‘I have sinned. I signed the pledge and took an oath before the Bishop and before God that I would never drink again. I have broken the pledge; I got drunk. Is there any forgiveness for me?’ I placed my hand on his shoulder and said: ‘My friend, if your confession is from the heart, and your sorrow real, and your determination firm not to repeat it, you are absolved and your sin is forgiven.’ He said: ‘Thank you, Father,’ and

went on his way rejoicing, and so did I, for I had applied the Gospel in its essential fullness to the poor man.

“So any priest, any man who believes in the Gospels of Jesus may say to any man, ‘If you are truly penitent your sins are forgiven you.’ But no priest, no man, can pronounce absolution without that great If. Jesus Christ, who knows what is in man, and, seeing the contrite spirit, can say without the If: ‘Thy sins are forgiven thee.’ As in the physical world gravitation is found where there is matter, so in the spiritual world God’s forgiving grace is found wherever and whenever a contrite spirit is found.” I closed the talk by saying: “Some people have no clear idea in matters of religion what is cause and what is effect. Some seem to think that God loves mankind because Christ came and died for them. Just the opposite is true, for God so loved the world that He gave His only Son to us. Some think that God loves us because we love Him. The opposite is true: we love God because He first loved us. Some seem to think that the Atonement made a change in God’s attitude towards us: God changeth not, and the Atonement was made not to change Him but to change us. Some seem to think that God was angry and Christ came to reconcile Him; Paul says the opposite is true: God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself.”



1912

Well, in bringing these rambling Reminiscences to a close, if anyone should ask me, “Who made the College?” the answer might be the same as Topsy, in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” made when asked, “Who made you, Topsy?” She said, “Nobody, I jist growed.” No one can tell all the influences that enter into the accomplishment of any great enterprise. The Prophet Daniel, more than 2,000 years ago, wrote: “Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased.” Whether he referred to our age or not, we know it is preeminently true of the last two centuries. Explorers, travellers and merchants for the last hundred years or more visited the East, and awakened curiosity, and begat a desire among the people for knowledge. The little schools by the Mosque, the Synagogue and the Convent, stimulated that desire. A few young men went to Europe and came back with at least a show of knowledge. The American Board, founded a hundred years ago in

old Salem, Massachusetts, soon sent its missionaries to Syria. Then there followed in order Jonas King, William Goodell, Isaac Bird, Whiting, Thomson, Van Dyck, De Forest, Calhoun, Eddy, Ford, the Jessups, William Bird, Gerald F. Dale and many others, calling men from darkness into light. The higher schools, whether Jesuit or Protestant, increased the desire for knowledge more and more. The events of 1860 were a kind of mental earthquake that shook the people out of a self-satisfied lethargy and made them long to know more of the world outside of Syria. This desire for knowledge was more or less indefinite, floating in the air until 1862, when the Syrian Mission gave it a bodily shape by appointing one of its members to establish a school of higher education, in order to meet the growing demand. Good men in America and England responded to the call for aid, a goodly sum of money for that time was raised, and the Syrian Protestant College was commenced in a small way in 1866.

The question of who made the College is not so important as the question: What has caused its continuance and its remarkable growth? First of all, trust in God and faith in man as such, without regard to race, colour or religion, lie at the foundation of the Syrian Protestant College. We open its doors to the members of the most advanced and the most backward of races. As for me, I would admit the pygmies of Central Africa in the hope that after the lapse of a few thousand years some of them might become leaders in Church and State. Why not? For hath not God made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth?

In the second place, the College had grown because it has had from the beginning, and now has, a Board of most wise and liberal Trustees, under the successive leadership of those strong Presidents, William A. Booth, William Earl Dodge, Senior, his son of the same name, Morris K. Jesup, and D. Stuart Dodge.

Thirdly, the College has always had, and has now, a remarkable set of Professors and Instructors, both foreign and native. With scarcely an exception they are very radical and very conservative: radical in proving all things, conservative in holding fast to that which is good. And finally, the greatest cause of the success of the College is based on the character, standing and influence of our graduates and others who were with us for a longer or shorter time. Without claiming for them superiority to or even equality with the graduates from the Universities of the West, we know that they are far more honoured and respected by the people of their own countries than Western graduates are by their own

people. Hence the life and work of our graduates is the best advertisement for our College. The following illustrates the general feeling towards them: Rustem Pasha, late Turkish Ambassador to the Court of Saint James and former Governor-General of the Province of Mount Lebanon, once remarked to me: "I do not know how much mathematics or how much history, philosophy or science you teach at the Syrian Protestant College, but I do know this, that you make MEN, and that is the important thing. And I wish I had one of your graduates to put in every office in my province. I would then have a far better Government than I have now."

I am convinced that at this time, April, 1912, the College is in a better condition than ever before. For the past few years it has advanced along all the lines of influence. This is as it should be; for if a succeeding generation does not advance upon its predecessors the world will stand still, even if it does not retrograde. May the College ever have as its motto the words of Paul: "This one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth to those things which are before."

Epilogue

Daniel Bliss II

I WAS FORTUNATE TO have had a special relationship with my grandfather, Daniel Bliss, whose "Reminiscences" are being reprinted here.

Daniel and Abby Wood Bliss had four children. Mary, the eldest, married Gerald Dale, a missionary, and they had four daughters. Frederick Jones Bliss, the next child and the eldest son, who was the editor of the original *Reminiscences of Daniel Bliss*, was unmarried; and the youngest son, William Tyler Bliss, married but had no children. The middle son, Howard Sweetser Bliss, and his wife, Amy Blatchford, had five children. The first three were daughters; I came next, followed by another boy. So after seven granddaughters, I was the first grandson, and my parents, luckily for me, named me Daniel after my grandfather.

I first saw my grandfather in 1902, when my father succeeded his father as president of the Syrian Protestant College. I was only four-years old at the time, but I knew from the beginning that he was something special, and I was made to feel, at least by my grandmother, that I was something special to him.

When I was seven, my grandmother began to invite me to Sunday noon dinner and continued this practice throughout the winter months until 1914, when I left for school in the States.

Every Sunday morning, Grandpa would walk over to the chapel on the SPC campus to attend the service which my father always conducted, and which most of the students and all the American community attended. I would meet him there and sit with him in the front row, right under the pulpit. My grandfather's only infirmity in his old age was a growing deafness. He sometimes used an old fashioned hearing-aid horn, though he disliked its obtrusiveness. More often he just cupped his hand to his ear to hear my father, who had a strong speaking voice. I would find the hymn

numbers for him in the hymnal and he would join in the singing of the hymns.

After Chapel I would walk home with him past Post Hall, out through what used to be called the Medical Gate, around on Rue Bliss (not so named by the municipality until after my grandfather's death), to the corner of Rue Abdul-Aziz, where my grandparents lived on the top floor of the Dorman House. (Mary Bliss Dale, the oldest granddaughter, had married Dr. Harry G Dorman, the head of the SPC Medical School, and they had six children, my grandparents' first great-grandchildren.)

For Sunday dinner we usually had roast stuffed chicken, rice or mashed potatoes with gravy, beets or some other local vegetable, always homemade jelly or jam, and usually mince pie, my grandmother's specialty. All through my life this has been my favorite menu, and even now, past my ninetieth birthday, it is my first choice when I dine out.

The Lebanese are excellent cooks, among their many superior skills and capabilities, and their sweet desserts are notable. But there was something about New England pie crust and mince meat that my grandmother felt she had to do herself, and she did them to perfection. There was even a secret ingredient, and I was made a partner to the conspiracy. When the pie was ready for the oven, my grandmother would take me into the pantry, unlock a special cabinet, and take a black bottle from the shelf. She would pour a few dollops onto the pie, and turn to me and whisper, "This is from the medicine bottle for Mr. Bliss." (She always referred to her husband this way, even among family.) "Every day," she would explain, "I give Mr. Bliss a few drops of 'B' for his stomach." I always thought that the 'B' stood for 'Bliss Medicine.' Much later I learned that it stood for brandy, good medicine for my Puritan New England forebears, but it made wonderful mince pie, and supposedly prolonged my grandfather's life to almost 93.

My grandmother was a loving person, as witnessed by the way she took care of the many refugees in the 1860 massacres. But she had a mind of her own and a strong determination to follow it, a useful characteristic for the wife of a college president in a foreign land. I loved her dearly but also stood a little in awe of her.

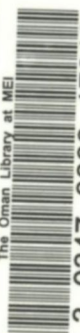
After these Sunday dinners, Grandpa and I would sit on the balcony watching the passers-by on the street below us, the tram cars, and the arabiyehs or horse-drawn fiacres, the students strolling on the campus past Post Hall and the Medical Building,

and an occasional rowboat along the shore, or a steamer heading out into the deep blue Mediterranean. We never spoke much on these occasions. I cannot remember any specific conversations. But even now I can remember the feeling of contentment and privilege I had just sitting there—two Daniel Blisses, 75 years apart, but somehow very close. Then, when it was time for Grandpa to have his nap, I would kiss him goodbye and walk back through the campus grounds to Marquand House.

The last formal occasion when I saw my grandfather was at the wedding of my oldest sister, Mary, to Bayard Dodge, on February 12, 1914, in the garden at Marquand House. My father performed the ceremony and my grandfather gave the benediction. Years later, the new groom, whose wedding ceremony my father had conducted and my grandfather had blessed, succeeded to the presidency and led the college to its full stature as the American University of Beirut.

Daniel Bliss died in Beirut on July 27, 1916, and was buried in the old Mission Cemetery next to the Mission Church in downtown Beirut.

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