

A PIONEER PROFESSOR'S GRAVE IN CHINA

The native Chinese, in a wave of anti-foreign sentiment, had destroyed the tombstone, but its fragments were placed in order and found to hold the inscription: "Rev. F. P. Gilman, 1853-1918."

The one who found the broken stone was Professor Robert C. Miller, of the Zoology Department, University of Washington. He is on a leave of absence to teach in Lingnan University, Canton, China.

He visited an outlying district and, in a recent letter, has this to say of it: "Hainan is a large, but remote and little visited, island, with a polyglot population of aborigines and Chinese immigrants from various provinces. It is said that in one area eight dialects are spoken within a radius of thirty miles! There is only a handful of white residents, mostly American Presbyterian missionaries."

The letter continues: "Mission work was started here by the Jesuits in the sixteenth century. In the little foreign cemetery there are graves dating back to the seventeenth century. I saw one tombstone bearing a scarcely decipherable Latin inscription and the date 1660.

"But what interested me most was to find in this cemetery the grave of the Rev. F. P. Gilman, 1853-1918, a pioneer Presbyterian missionary who arrived in Hainan in 1886 and there spent most of the remainder of his life. He was a graduate of Princeton University in the class of 1879 and, according to records of the Hainan Mission, was Professor of Science in the Territorial University of Seattle from 1880 to 1882. Do you know anything of him? Perhaps you have more information of his life and death than I do. But it was a moving experience to me to discover, in this remote and unexpected place, as it were, the grave of a colleague, and one of my forerunners in the teaching of science at the University of Washington."

Professor Miller experienced numerous difficulties in that disturbed community but the courageous missionaries are remaining at their station. They expect the agitation to cease and when it does they will restore the tombstone over Professor Gilman's grave.

The inference lacks substantial basis that more would be known here about Professor Gilman than Professor Miller was able to glean at the scene of his self-sacrificing labors. Pioneers, whose memories reach back a half-century, will easily recall the affable

personality, the unflagging industry and zeal of Professor Frank P. Gilman as he sought to cultivate the manifold fields of science now requiring the services of a small sized army of professors, instructors and assistants in the same institution.

In the catalogue of the Territorial University for 1879-80, there is found in the faculty list: "F. P. Gilman, A.B., Professor of Natural History, Physics and Astronomy." Later in the same slender pamphlet, under the heading of "Remarks," two entries are as follows: "A valuable microscope and Chemical and Philosophical apparatus have been purchased during the year, and more will be obtained as needed;" and "In the department of Physical Science, the University will be much strengthened by the addition to its Faculty of Prof. Gilman, who comes from Princeton College highly recommended by Dr. McCosh, as having special attainments in science and aptness to teach."

In the next two catalogues, 1880-1, and 1881-2, Professor Gilman or his extensive departments do not appear in "Remarks." His name appears in the faculty lists with a slight change in his departments. In 1880-1, he is listed for Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy and Geology. In 1881-2, the only change is the dropping of Astronomy.

At the end of the catalogue of 1881-2, there are published a letter of resignation by President A. J. Anderson to take effect July 1, 1882, and a resolution of commendation by the Board of Regents, dated May 5, 1882, and signed by G. A. Weed, Secretary.

The next catalogue shows L. J. Powell as the new President and O. B. Johnson, LL.B., as "Professor of Natural History." These scant official items comprise about the only record preserved of Professor Frank P. Gilman's work at the Territorial University of Washington. They show the dates of beginning and ending of that service and give some hint of his rather strenuous duties as a teacher.

None of the Regents of those days have survived but there still remain among the living a number who were his colleagues on those early faculties such as, Charles M. Anderson, Louis F. Anderson, and Oliver P. Anderson, all sons of President A. J. Anderson, and Miss Mattie L. Hansee and Newton McCoy. Of course there is a larger number of students who will recall the genial, earnest and sympathetic professor who left his academic career to go away as a missionary to China.

There were few receptions in those days and only scant opportunities for getting really acquainted with the instructors except in

the classrooms. One memorable exception involved Professor Gilman. He was the only instructor invited on a cruise of the yacht *Sappho*, planned and conducted by a group of the young men students in the summer of 1882. Landings were made at Laconner, Deception Bay, Whatcom (now Bellingham), San Juan Islands, Victoria, Port Townsend, and Whidby Island. Every one of those young men became a warm personal friend of Professor Gilman. He took part in the campfire programs, the swimming parties and numerous jokes. Present day students call such a man a "regular feller."

While encamped at Deception Pass, the boys gathered a supply of fresh clams. When sailing leisurely toward Bellingham two of them, Clarence L. White and Abraham Lincoln Jacobs, agreed to run a race eating raw clams. The present writer was designated to open a clam, rinse it in the sea water alongside and hand it on the half-shell to one of the racers. George A. Colman kept count. Professor Gilman did not like clams in the raw but he became interested in the race. All was well until one of the clams showed a greenish color. It was handed to Jacobs who quietly remarked that the clam had a touch of liver-complaint and then gulped it down. The clam-opener immediately lost interest in the contest and looking up at Professor Gilman saw that he too was disturbed. His ruddy face was turning yellow. He hastened to the boat's rail and forfeited all he had eaten for some time previously. For years thereafter those young men never tired of relating the uncomfortable outcome of that race of the clam-eaters.

In the half-century that has followed those boys have become old men. They and the others of their fellow students who still survive will be interested in this report of a shattered tombstone telling how Professor Gilman was faithful unto death in his chosen field of labor among a distant people.

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