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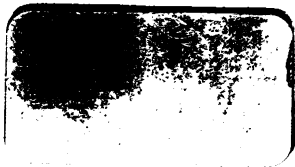
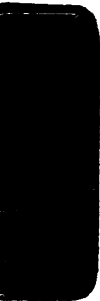
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*A. S. Kendrick.*





# COL. HENRY L. KENDRICK, U.S.A.

BORN, LEBANON, N. H., JANUARY 20TH, 1811

DIED, NEW YORK, MAY 24TH, 1891

## Address

BY THE

REV. MARVIN R. VINCENT, D.D.

## Obituary

BY

PROF. SAMUEL E. TILLMAN, U.S.M.A.

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**FUNERAL SERVICES,**  
**MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,**

**WEDNESDAY, MAY 27TH, 1891, 10 A.M.**

**ORDER OF EXERCISES.**

**HYMN.**—" Friend after friend departs."

**READING OF SCRIPTURE.**—Psalms xxxix., xc.; 1 Cor. xv. 35-58.

**HYMN.**—" Through sorrow's night and danger's path."

**ADDRESS** by the Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D.

**PRAYER.**

**HYMN.**—" Brief life is here our portion."

**BENEDICTION.**





## ADDRESS.

DEATH must needs bring some sorrow to the living. For most of us, the world becomes lonely enough as the years go on, and that is why we feel the more keenly the removal of the few whose presence and sympathy do something to break the monotony.

Otherwise I know not that there is much cause for mourning in this case—where one has rounded out the full tale of human years, and has filled the years with good, solid work, with duty faithfully done, and with genial ministries.

What I know of him who has passed away, makes me wish that I knew more, for it is no common man whom you lay in the grave to-day. I was on the point of saying that this life is the poorer by every such



man who passes out of it ; but that would be true only if this life were the end, and if the fruitfulness of a good life were limited by fourscore years. It is not only a truth of divine revelation, it is a truth of science, that life comes through death, and richer life through death ; and it is not the only point at which revelation and science are seen to be at one. The one corn of wheat which falls into the ground and dies, yields a multitude of seed corns, each instinct with life and with the power of self-multiplication. To every life, well and truly lived, what it draws into itself and accumulates for itself is its least significant part. That dies with it. Every such life is a centre of energy, generates new forms of power in other lives, passes into other lives to mould and shape them—multiplies itself, indefinitely and forever, in myriad activities and ministries.



Whether or not society recognizes the fact as a theological or religious or scriptural truth, all the same it recognizes the fact that the life of service and duty is the only life that is dignified, the only life that is worth anything. The most consummate manhood the world ever knew, came into the world to serve and not *to be* served. Society uses the man who can and will serve it, without much regard to his dignity, without much regard for anything but what it can get out of him for its own enrichment. Sometimes, indeed, it has stoned and crucified the men who have given it most. None the less the dignity remains to the man, and the fruits of the service hang thickly for the world's picking.

Hence this single word *service* furnishes the test by which a long life is to be tried. It may or it may not be much to have lived

for eighty years, and eighty such years as those which this life has spanned; eighty years so crowded with significant events, so richly generative of new ideas and new social forces so fruitful in achievements of literary and mechanical skill, marked by such radical revolutions in political thought, by such clash and readjustment of nationalities, by such study of social problems—I say it may or it may not have been something for a man to have lived during eighty such years. It does not follow necessarily that the significance of the years attaches to the man. It is quite possible for him to have occupied toward them merely the attitude of a spectator; to have let them run past him, as a panorama which is reeled from one roller to the other. Eighty such years are full of appeals to manhood. They may not have touched him. They are full of opportunities.

He may not have grasped a single one. They are full of needs. He may not have filled a single one. Eighty years may have passed over him like the running stream over a stone, with only the effect of making the stone smaller.

But eighty such years to a man who has been a part of his time, who has addressed himself to the solution of its problems, who has offered his shoulders to its burdens, who has knit himself into its relationships, who has laid his hand to its work, done his part to redress its wrongs, and given out his trained power to inform and stimulate and discipline other and younger lives—eighty years have made such a man a sharer in the greatness of his century.

And such repute may fairly be claimed for him who is gone. It is a popular saying that the longest life is short, and that the most

active man can accomplish comparatively little ; and in a certain sense, that is no doubt true. And yet I think that every one who may have studied the facts, must be surprised at the fulness of certain lives, the amount and variety of activity and of accomplishment which are packed into them. As I look over the outline of this life I am impressed with this fact in it. Its record begins with the first year of legal manhood, in the severe training of the military school ; and I cannot find a break in the line of service from that time, until, at sixty-two years of age, he was retired from the active service of forty-five years, thirty-five years of that time having been spent as an instructor in the school where he had received his military education, and the remainder in active military duty.

Taking this record on its face, it is not the record of a man who played at soldier. It in-

cludes real and hard fighting, frontier duty and pioneer work, as well as the less stirring but no less important work of instruction to which so much of his life was given. He gave back to his country the fruits of the training which she gave to him. He won his way up through successive grades of his profession by sheer merit and hard work.

And in the more quiet, more monotonous, less brilliant and stirring work of teaching, to which he devoted so large a part of his years, he did not serve less truly and efficiently his day and generation. There is always a popular tendency to crown striking achievement in preference to laborious fidelity; to regard the most brilliant man as the greatest, the best-known man as the most successful; and yet it is true that a large share of the world's best and most fruitful work is done by men of whom the world knows nothing. And

that is a fact which specially attaches to the position of a teacher. His work belongs among the underground forces. He is feeding the roots, and nobody cares for the roots when he admires the blossoms or eats the fruit. Nobody thinks of the workman who lays the foundations in dark depths, when he gazes on the beautiful architectural lines or walks the sunny, spacious rooms. And it argues a clear and right perception, and a sound principle in a man who can steadily face and take up duty year after year, with no regard for the conspicuousness or the brilliancy of his work, and with a willingness to let the best that is in him pass over into other lives and show its beauty and its power in those. It is much that a man should be willing to pass his life in sowing a harvest which others are to reap.

And so it appears that this man did not



pass the least fruitful portion of his life away from the camp-fire and the battle-field, and in the quiet haunts of study. What has been wrought by the contact of that trained mind, that ripe experience, and that kindly, manly nature, with successive classes of young men during thirty-five years, is something beyond the power of figures to state, beyond the power of any human balance to weigh.

But, after all, admiration is not the element which binds us most closely to our fellows. Life, not power nor achievement, is our real point of contact. We want men to live with, not to look at. The man who is only admirable, even though his work is genuine and his achievement valuable, does not make good his claim to be our brother. An iceberg with its crystal pinnacles and rainbow tints is magnificent, but we dare not anchor to it. Great-

ness or power or talent, which is not held in solution in love, is an element of repulsion and separation. The man we love is the man who wins us. It is at the heart, and not at the brain, that we come into touch.

And it would be hard to find a better illustration of this than was furnished in the case of our departed friend. Among the testimonies which have come to me from various sources, his professional successes have been taken for granted, and at their true worth; but the emphasis has been laid in warm and earnest words upon his heart qualities. The witnesses come from his military life, his academic life, and his later life of retirement. Even among the wild Indian tribes with whom his duty as a soldier brought him into contact, his presence and his words were invested with a peculiar persuasiveness, and inspired a peculiar confidence from the kindness of his

spirit. His interest in his students was a personal interest. On a certain occasion when an examination was in progress, he showed so much anxiety for the success of the first two students who were examined, that one who was present remarked that they must be his kinsmen or personal friends; but as the examination proceeded, it was observed that he exhibited the same interest in all the other candidates. Pleasant incidents are told of little plans carried out by him at regular intervals for the purpose of relieving the hard monotony of his students' life and of affording them recreation and pleasure.

In the latter years of his life, having no domestic ties, he resided at the Union League. Members of that association speak of him in terms of affection which are rarely called forth under such circumstances. He was a universal favorite. The courtly old man won

all hearts to himself by his quaint courtesy and genuine kindness of spirit. The charm of his personality lay far deeper than conventional suavity. It was the outcome of a kindly and generous nature. It was said of him that he was never heard to say an unkind word of any one, even of those who might have merited severe allusion ; and in this it is heartily to be wished that he might be imitated by some of those who make larger professions than he did. It is this genuine courtesy, this affectionateness, this genial kindness which, more than his well-deserved military honors, enshrine him in so many hearts to-day. Amid the reserve and coldness and brusqueness which so often mark the intercourse of men, such a warm, genial spirit was a light, a benediction, and a lesson—an appeal for a larger and better estimate of human nature.

I speak as one who believes with his

whole heart that Jesus Christ is the supreme ideal of manhood, and that no one but Jesus Christ can mould and inspire the highest manhood.

This man made no religious profession. He was connected with no Church. I wish it had been otherwise, for the Church needs just such men. But, knowing that he was a diligent and constant reader of the Scriptures, I see in this loving and kindly nature the reflection of the New Testament, and I give the credit for it to Christ. I know nothing and care little about his theological opinions, but I have the word of him who, of all men, knew Christ's heart best when He was on earth—that "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." And when I find a love which puts itself at men's service, which draws their hearts to itself, which is

linked with high principle, and proof against the temptation to evil-speaking, I am sure that God is not far off. All Christians are not within the lines of the sects by any means, even as all who are *not* Christians are not *outside*.

And so let us accept and profit by the lesson of this life. It is a good, wholesome lesson; a lesson of fidelity, industry, duty, and charity. The soldier has served out his time. The campaign has been bravely accomplished. The camp fire is out, the reveille has sounded, the tent is struck, and the veteran is away forever and at rest. God's peace be with him and with us who stay behind!

# OBITUARY

WRITTEN FOR THE

ASSOCIATION OF THE GRADUATES

OF THE

U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, N. Y.

BY

SAMUEL E. TILLMAN,

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, MINERALOGY, AND GEOLOGY, U. S. M. A.

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HENRY LANE KENDRICK was born at Lebanon, N. H., on the 20th of January, 1811. On his father's side he was descended from John Kendrick, who was born in England in 1604, settled at Newtown, Massachusetts, in the early part of the seventeenth century, and died there in 1686. His maternal ancestors were also English and equally

early settlers in Massachusetts. His mother was Thankful Howe, the daughter of Abner Howe, who was a captain in the Revolutionary Army. His father was Stephen Kendrick. His parents lived at Lebanon, N. H., and there were born to them a family of nine children. Of this number only one now survives, Mrs. Peaslee, the widow of the late distinguished Dr. Peaslee, who is seventy-six years of age. One of the family of nine died at the age of thirty-six, but the average age of the other seven was nearly eighty-one years.

Colonel Kendrick's youth was passed at Lebanon, N. H. He attended school at Northfield, Vt., for a year or two, but with this exception his preliminary education was acquired in the village school at Lebanon. He entered the Military Academy on the 1st day of September, 1831, and was graduated on the 1st of July, 1835, in a class num-



bering fifty-six, among the members of which were G. W. Morell, Horace Brooks, Montgomery Blair, George G. Meade, Herman Haupt, W. N. Grier and T. B. Arden. Upon graduation, Kendrick was assigned as a Brevet Second Lieutenant to the Second Infantry, and after a short leave returned to the Military Academy as Assistant Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology. He was promoted to be Second Lieutenant, Second Infantry, April 1, 1836, and was transferred to the Second Artillery, June 16, 1836. He became Principal Assistant Professor in the Department of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology, July 8, 1838, and served in that capacity until January, 1847, when he was relieved from duty at the Academy and went to take part in the war with Mexico. He attained the rank of Captain in the Second Artillery in June, 1846, and remained in that

regiment until March 3, 1857. During the war with Mexico, Captain Kendrick was engaged in the siege of Vera Cruz, March 10-29, 1847; the battle of Cerro Gordo, April 17 and 18, 1847; the skirmish of Amazoque, May 14, 1847; the defense of Puebla, September 13 - October 12, 1847; and as Acting Ordnance Officer from December 10, 1847, to June 16, 1848. He was brevetted Major, October 12, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the defense of Puebla, Mexico. For a short period in 1848, Major Kendrick was in garrison at New York harbor and at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. In 1849 he commanded an artillery battalion on the march from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to Santa Fé, New Mexico, and was engaged in an expedition against the Navajo Indians in the same year. He was in station in Santa Fé from 1849 to '51, and was engaged in a

second expedition against the Navajo Indians in the latter year. He commanded the escort of a topographical party exploring Indian country from Zuni River, New Mexico, to San Diego, California, 1851-2; being engaged in a skirmish with the Navajo Indians, November 16, 1851. He was in command of Fort Defiance, New Mexico, from 1852 to 1857.

Those who have only known Kendrick as Professor at the Military Academy are acquainted with but one part of his career and one side of his nature. As an officer in active service Major Kendrick displayed an energy and efficiency which were unsurpassed. In the war with Mexico he showed himself an able and good soldier, and received his full share of the honors of that campaign. It was, however, during the subsequent eight years of frontier service, less known but not

less important, that his rare qualities as an officer and man were so effectively shown.

I have often heard him relate experiences of this service, from which one could not help being impressed with his great fitness for and success in the important work confided to him in the then remote West ; besides, the independent testimony of the officers who served with him gives the same proof. His eleven years' service in the Department of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology at the Military Academy, attended, as it was, by kindred study and reading, and close observation, gave him a fund of knowledge which proved of the greatest practical benefit in that frontier service, where so much could be gained by taking every advantage of natural opportunity. This he did to the fullest extent. His varied experiences while in command at Fort Defiance, 1852-'57, illustrate

this. In addition to his purely military duties, which he performed with unflinching interest, he was an active and successful farmer in behalf of the Government, always locating and securing good hay crops, providing good gardens and directing their proper cultivation ; maintaining small herds of sheep and cattle for the comfort of his command. He was able to advise and direct in all construction work at his post, and he often did instruct his inexperienced carpenters in the work required of them. He was busy from early morning until late at night, visiting the corrals, workshops, gardens, hay camps, fatigue parties, etc. ; he saw, knew, and superintended everything that went on at his post.

Besides the interest in and consideration for his own command, Major Kendrick was equally solicitous for the welfare of the Indians over whom his position placed him. These

Indians, the Navajos, knew him well, and besides the respect and regard which his character and varied acquirements induced among them, had for him a warm attachment and admiration which has continued among the survivors until this day. Within the past half-dozen years he had received kindly messages from some of the old men, and in 1885 or '86, I think it was, a representative of the Navajos came from Washington to New York especially to see their old friend.

It was Major Kendrick's wide and varied information and kindly disposition as a man, equally with his judicial fairness, that so lastingly impressed these Indians. He administered their affairs with a firm, impartial hand, and in all mutual relations required from them an exact accounting to the Government. His decisive manner of dealing

with them was shown by his action in 1855, when one of his men was mortally wounded by an arrow fired by an Indian. Major Kendrick made instant demand upon the tribe for the culprit, immediate war being the alternative offered. The trial and execution of the offender took place within four hours after his delivery at the post.

Major Kendrick's frontier life was brought to a close by his appointment to the Professorship of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology, United States Military Academy, March 3, 1857. This appointment was made without his application or knowledge, but was most agreeable to him. The manner in which the appointment was brought about is given by Colonel H. C. Symonds in his "Report of a Commissary of Subsistence," page 37.

Just as Professor Kendrick returned to

West Point, the department over which he was to preside was enlarged by the transference thereto of the important subjects of Electricity and Magnetism. The department, thus enlarged, embraced the subjects of Heat, Chemistry, Electricity and Magnetism, Mineralogy, and Geology. It is high and sufficient credit to Professor Kendrick, that in all these important, growing, and practical branches of science he kept his department well abreast with their rapid advances. By the use of the best text-books, by numerous condensed insertions of his own, by entertaining and instructive lectures, he gave his pupils all the opportunity for learning and improvement in his department that their time permitted. As he had previously turned his academic study to practical use in the field, he now drew unceasingly from his field observations and experiences to enforce and illustrate the



great practical benefits, to an officer, of knowledge and training in the scientific branches of his department. Professor Kendrick's frontier service was so active, varied, and full of instructive incidents, that it furnished him a deep reservoir upon which to draw for illustrations; and it seemed to his pupils that he must have spent a score of years in that service instead of less than half that number. These experiences kept him in touch and sympathy with many of our graduates long after their cadet lives had ceased. His stories and illustrations given to the cadet came back with fuller meaning to the graduate at his distant post.

The brief facts given in regard to Major Kendrick's life in the field show that he was of different temperament than from what he was after he became Professor. It was, however, as Professor Kendrick that he was most

widely known and loved, and will be longest remembered. In this connection it seems not inappropriate to refer to his well-known disposition to leniency, which in the opinion of some almost amounted to a fault—certainly at times, seemed detrimental to the interest of his own department. This disposition was in large part due to his kindness of heart, and in this respect at least, a credit to his nature ; but there was a consideration of which I have heard him speak as having had great weight with him, and of which I now fully realize the importance : From the time that he took charge of the Department, in 1857, until his retirement in 1880, all the branches of study in that department were being developed, in every direction, with extraordinary rapidity ; his pupils, as a rule, had had no preliminary training in these branches ; his instructors were continually changing, and

he thought it more difficult to get a good instructor in his department than in the more exact branches ; finally, the time at his disposal was very limited—a set of conditions which, he said, made right much allowance for the cadets.

While Professor Kendrick had known the régime of General Thayer and was a great admirer of that remarkable man, he was never inclined to exalt the past at the expense of the present ; on the contrary, he delighted to dwell on the improvements which time was continually bringing about. This readiness, shown both before and after his retirement, to acknowledge and appreciate beneficial changes, was very marked in one of his age, and showed a mental freshness very unusual. No one of the Academy's sons ever took a more constant, unwearying interest in all her affairs. His concern extended not

only to the academic departments, but to all West Point. He watched and weighed all changes, with an interest and anxiety that never decreased. The West Point Army Mess was an especial object of interest, and he believed it to be a great benefit to West Point and to the younger officers who lived there. He had social acquaintance with a greater number of cadets than any other professor during or since his time.

Professor Kendrick loved the institution deeply and unselfishly, and from the time that he reported, sixty years ago, to the day of his death, he was loyal and devoted to her welfare, and gave to her advancement every effort. Apart from all professional relations and associations, Professor Kendrick was a most unusual man. There was a perpetual charm of variety about him that made him a delightful companion. He was always good

tempered, and never a prey to humors. He was sympathetic to a marked degree, without being depressive. His quaint way of viewing things often amounted to decided originality. He was accordingly sunny, bright, and refreshing, and all the world was better for his existence.

Professor Kendrick was honored by the degree of LL. D. from the University of Missouri, in 1868, and by a similar degree from the University of Rochester, in 1869. Dartmouth College conferred upon him the degree of A. M., in 1844. He was tendered the appointment of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, September 13, 1861, but declined it. In speaking of this appointment on one occasion, he told me of another incident not generally known. In addition to the two classes graduated in 1861, the then Secretary of War desired to add a third, and he was

only persuaded therefrom by the earnest protest of Professor Kendrick. The latter always thought that such action would have greatly weakened the Academy. It may be well here to record another fact: the provision of that section of the Revised Statutes which declares that "no officer in time of peace shall be dismissed except in pursuance of a sentence of a court-martial or in mitigation thereof," was drawn by Professor Kendrick and the late General Alvord; and by their request to, and through the influence of, Mr. Henry Wilson, then Chairman of the Senate Military Committee, it became a law.

On the 13th of December, 1880, at the age of nearly seventy, and after more than forty-five years of active service, Professor Kendrick was at his own request, placed upon the retired list of the Army. He continued his residence at West Point until 1883, and

from that date until his death he made the Union League Club in New York his home. In his new home he made many friends and was greatly admired and respected. He was chosen, and served, 1889-'90, as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Club; and, shortly before the illness which caused his death, he was made an honorary member of the Club, an honor then shared by less than a dozen other men and only conferred as a mark of the most distinguished consideration.

Colonel Kendrick was in February asked to act as a pall-bearer at General Sherman's funeral, and it was in the performance of this last kindly act to his beloved friend that he contracted the cold which resulted in his own fatal illness. He was out of the Club only a few times after his return from that funeral. A short time before his death, in speaking of

his illness to his intimate friend, Mr. Agnew, Colonel Kendrick said, that could he have known beforehand all that was to follow his attendance at General Sherman's funeral he would still have done as he did. "I could have done nothing less for Sherman," were his words.

Colonel Kendrick's illness was accompanied with much suffering, and he was not unaware that his life was probably drawing to a close, but he bore all with resignation and even cheerfulness. In early May, while speaking to me of the approaching graduating exercises at the Academy, he said: "You need not reserve a room for me this June; I shall not need it." When I told him that the old Academic building was to be taken down in June, he said: "It will be there as long as I live, and I rejoice that it will." The closing days of his life were peaceful and quiet, and



he breathed his last at 6.30 P.M., Sunday, May 24th.

A military funeral in New York was tendered by General Howard, but was declined. Funeral services were held at 10 A.M., on May 27th, at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Marvin R. Vincent officiating. A body of men, the like of which, for character and reputation, has seldom been seen together, followed on foot the remains from the Union League Club to the church. The coffin was heaped with flowers sent by thoughtful friends who had not been permitted to see him for months. Among these was also a beautiful offering from the employees of the Union League Club, a touching tribute to Colonel Kendrick's kind and considerate nature. On the afternoon of May 27th, the body was conveyed to West Point, being met at Garrisons by the Academic

Board, in full uniform, who acted as pallbearers. After a brief service at the chapel, beneath the cloudless sky of that faultless afternoon, with the Corps of Cadets as an escort and the population of West Point as sorrowing spectators, the mortal remains of Professor Kendrick passed for the last time under those beautiful trees that he had known so long and well, through the very shadows of the institution that he loved so much and to whose renown his services had been so long and faithfully devoted, and were carried to their last resting-place in the spot that he himself had selected in the cemetery at West Point.

His life had extended over four-fifths of this marvelous century, and he had done well all the duties that so long a life brought. While these duties were important, their performance is no true measure of the good his

life accomplished. His was a life full of quiet, unobserved opportunities for good deeds and influences, and he met them all so gracefully that he seemed almost a special creation for the part he played so well. It is not possible to fully estimate the total effect of his conscious and unconscious example upon all the young men who passed under his influence during his forty-five years of active service, thirty-five of which were spent in intimate contact with the cadets and younger officers of the Military Academy.

There is a certain immortality for all those who leave behind a life of good deeds, of high thoughts and noble aspirations. The influences of such a life cease to be discerned, but they will never cease to operate—they spread in ever-widening circles through all time to come. Such a life surely was that of Professor Kendrick.

Considering the limitations to which all terrestrial things are subjected, it would be unreasonable to expect a more perfectly filled or completely rounded life than was that of Professor Kendrick. He had a long, useful, honored, and honorable career. Retiring at his own request, his gracious nature, mellowed and enriched by the ripening years, showed no blighting touch of age ; no taint of bitterness marred the sweetness of his relations with his fellow-men ; he who had ever followed the golden rule of charity, whose lips were sealed when he could not utter praise, reaped the reward of persistent kindness, and passed his declining years overwhelmed with friends and burdened with ever-increasing appreciation.

Even in death his last desire was granted, for his obsequies at West Point were exactly as he had expressed the hope that they would

be. In the bright peacefulness of that May afternoon he was borne to rest under his country's flag ; the sunset glory, flooding hill and plain, lighted up the closing scene—a divine benediction upon the noble and useful life.

“ He was a man, take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again.”

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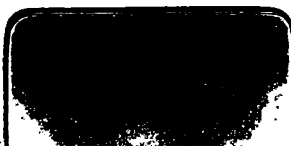


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