300z

Henry L. Robinson

# Henry Cornelius Robinson

Born in Hartford, August 28, 1832

Died in Hartford, February 14, 1900

It is a great thing to have lost such a man.
It is much greater to have had such a man to lose.
He was the child of the people:
He was the type of the people.

*From Mr. Robinson's Eulogy on General Grant.*

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and charity.

*Tennyson.*

Heart-affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry;
The critic clearness of an eye
That saw through all the Muses' walk;

Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man;
Impassioned logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course;

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unasked, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face;

All these have been, and thee mine eyes
Have looked on: if they looked in vain,
My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

*Tennyson.*

THE *Hartford Times* of Wednesday, February 14, 1900, contained the following announcement:

The Hon. Henry C. Robinson died at his home, No. 420 Main street, at a quarter before six o'clock this morning. All the members of his family were present at the final hour, and his death occurred in the midst of the group that held the tenderest and most affectionate of places in his heart.

In the same edition of the *Hartford Times* which announced his decease, the following editorial article appeared:

A genial and kindly presence was ex-Mayor Henry C. Robinson's, whose death occurred this morning. The full account of his useful and honorable life will be read with interest tinged with sadness, for his death will be felt to be a real loss to the community which he loved and helped. It seems hard to realize that his pleasant greeting on the street will be heard no more.

Mr. Robinson had the gift of conciliating personal friendship, and the ability to impress respect for his ability on all who came in contact with him. The important part he played in Connecticut affairs is of itself abundant proof of this, for it began early in his life, and it continued to the end. In law he was accustomed to take the broader view of a case, and his arguments were constantly marked by this quality, whether at the bar or before a legislative committee. His ability was multiform. As a lawyer he stood very high, but as counsel for the New York, New Haven & Hartford road he was as valuable as an adviser in business affairs as for his opinion on any legal point, or on the conduct of a case at law. He was almost as well known as a writer and speaker in two or three other departments as for his legal and political addresses, and in his Bible class in the South church he was always listened to with

interest, and almost always gave his hearers something that struck them forcibly and lingered in their memories.

He was a man much loved by his family and friends, and when this is true it speaks volumes for the kindliness and lovableness of a man. He was cheerful and hopeful, and in all these ways he confirmed his claim to regard, and set a wholesome example to others.

> The graves grow thicker, and life's ways more bare,
> As years on years go by;
> Nay, thou hast more green gardens in thy care
> And more stars in thy sky.

The *Hartford Courant* of Thursday, February 15th, contained a variety of articles concerning Mr. Robinson, which, by permission, are here reprinted; and first, the following sketch of his personal history and public relations:

Henry Cornelius Robinson, LL.D., was born in this city August 28, 1832. He was a younger son of David Franklin Robinson and Anne Seymour Robinson, and through them was descended from the first Puritan settlers of New England. He traced his ancestry on the paternal side to Thomas Robinson, who was, probably, a kinsman of the Rev. John Robinson, the pastor of the Mayflower pilgrims, and who came from England among the earlier arrivals and settled at Guilford, in 1667. His mother, who was a daughter of Elizabeth Denison, wife of Asa Seymour of this city, was a descendant in a direct line from Elder William Brewster, who was born in Nottinghamshire, England, and was one of the leaders of those who came over in the Mayflower, and the ruling elder of Plymouth colony.

Mr. Robinson was educated at the Hartford Grammar School and at the Hartford Public High School after its consolidation with the Grammar School. He was graduated from the latter in the class of 1849, and immediately entered Yale College, from which he was graduated with high honors in the "famous class of 1853." Among the members of this class, which was one of much distinction, were the Hon. Andrew D. White, ex-president of Cornell University and ambassador to Germany, Bishop Davies of Michigan, Dr. Charlton T. Lewis and Dr. James M. Whiton of New York, the late Isaac H. Bromley, George W. Smalley, Washington correspondent of the *London Times*, for many years the London correspondent of

the *New York Tribune*, United States Senator R. L. Gibson, the Hon. B. K. Phelps, E. C. Stedman of New York, the poet, the late S. M. Capron, Julius Catlin, General Edward Harland of Norwich, Dr. William M. Hudson, Wayne MacVeagh, the late Judge Edward W. Seymour of the Supreme Court, Judge Shiras of the United States Supreme Court, Dr. Henry P. Stearns, the late George H. Watrous, formerly president of the "Consolidated" road, and a number of others who have attained distinction in law, medicine, politics, and the arts and sciences.

After graduation, Mr. Robinson studied law in the office of his elder brother, Lucius F. Robinson, and after three years of practice by himself became a partner of his brother. This partnership was severed by the death of the elder brother in 1861, and Mr. Robinson continued in business alone until 1888, when his eldest son, Lucius F. Robinson, became a member of the firm. Recently, John T. Robinson, the youngest son, was admitted to the firm, the style of which is Robinson & Robinson. The firm is easily one of the most prominent in the Connecticut bar and is widely known throughout this section of the country. The firm has charge of a great many corporation interests, besides Mr. Robinson's well-known connection as one of the leading counsel of the "Consolidated" road of which he was for many years a leading director and a member of the standing committee.

Mr. Robinson all through his life was a disciple of Izaak Walton, and delighted especially in trout fishing, taking frequently days of relaxation from the duties of his profession during the season. He was, also, in his earlier days fond of hunting and gained a large knowledge of the surrounding country in his trips, thus developing his innate love for the beautiful in nature. Early in his professional career he became interested in the science of pisciculture, considering it from its important bearing on the food supply. In 1866, General Hawley, then governor of the state, appointed Mr. Robinson a fish commissioner. He accepted the appointment and at once bent his efforts towards the development of the fish industry in the state. He advanced fish culture by legislative enactments preventing pound-fishing in the Connecticut River, and by experiments in hatching. Wise legislation in this direction was repealed before it had become fully operative, owing to adverse influences of a partisan character. The first artificial

hatching of shad was made under Mr. Robinson's direction as fish commissioner, associated with the late F. W. Russell of this city. Mr. Robinson's methods and theories had the full approval of the late eminent naturalist, Professor Agassiz, who was deeply interested in the experiments and the legislation on the subject.

Mr. Robinson was elected mayor of his native city in 1872, overcoming a large democratic majority by the personal popularity he enjoyed and the confidence felt in him by the community generally. He served one term and gave the city an administration notable for efficiency. Municipal affairs were conducted on business principles and there was an economical administration of affairs. During his administration, Hartford became the sole capital of the state, in which movement Mr. Robinson took a large part. He was the instigating force in the establishment of several of the city commissions. In 1879 Mr. Robinson was elected a member of the General Assembly, having for his colleague General Lucius A. Barbour. His prominence in public affairs and his legal knowledge and brilliant eloquence made him chairman of the judiciary committee and leader of the House. He was successful in procuring the enactment of several important matters of legislation which included the change in legal procedure. Always a republican in politics from the formation of the party, Mr. Robinson continued to support its principles all through life, and his influence in party politics was always felt. He received the republican nomination for governor three times, in the spring of 1876, the fall of the same year, and again in 1878 at the celebrated convention in Allyn Hall, when he declined and Governor Andrews was nominated and was subsequently elected by the General Assembly, the greenback defection from the democratic party throwing the election into the Legislature. Each nomination Mr. Robinson received was by acclamation. He was a member of the national republican convention at Chicago in 1880 as one of the delegates from this state, which nominated Garfield and Arthur, and he drafted a large portion of the platform which was finally adopted.

Mr. Robinson's large law practice prevented him from accepting many appointments which were tendered him. He was counsel for many leading corporations in the state, and in the the contest for the governorship growing out of the dead-lock

of 1891–3, and the *quo warranto* proceedings which followed, was the senior counsel for the republican party. Mr. Robinson, besides his position as a leading director of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, was a director of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, the Connecticut Fire Insurance Company, the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company, a trustee of the Connecticut Trust & Safe Deposit Company, a member of the Hartford Board of Trade, and was for several years president of the Republican Club of Hartford. Mr. Robinson was also a charter member and president of the City Missionary Society for several years, president of the Henry C. Robinson Troop, a campaign organization, a director of the Hartford Hospital, American trustee for the Scottish Union Insurance Company, trustee of the Wadsworth Atheneum, and an original member of the Monday Evening (Literary) Club.

Mr. Robinson had been for over fifty years a member of the South Church and one of Dr. Parker's warmest friends. He was always very influential in church matters and had been a member of the church and the society committees, besides being for several years superintendent of the Sunday-school.

Mr. Robinson's well-known sympathy with philanthropic, charitable, religious, and educational movements led to his active participation with many enterprises of that character, his counsel being frequently sought in matters of that kind, as that which could be implicitly relied upon. For many years he served on committees, boards of directors, and ecclesiastical associations throughout the state, doing a large amount of work in these lines. He was a member of the Hartford Tract Society, a trustee of the Wadsworth Atheneum of this city, a trustee of the Hartford Grammar school, vice-president of the Bar Association of Connecticut and of that of Hartford county, the third president of the Yale Alumni Association of this city, following Judge Shipman and Mr. Twichell, and was one of the founders of the Connecticut Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, his title in the latter being gained from the service of his great-grandfather, Colonel Timothy Robinson, who served in the Revolutionary War.

Mr. Robinson's pre-eminent position in the practice of the law was gained by great natural gifts of oratory, diligent study, and much arduous toil and a large practice of much variety.

He had professional attainments of a high degree of scholarship added to which was high personal character. Few excelled him in brilliant eloquence, and his efforts in that line have been marked by a broad grasp of his subject and a full and sincere patriotism. His great gifts in this direction found expression in many addresses breathing patriotism, loyalty, and devotion to the broad interests of humanity and the interests of his country and his native city. Among his most prominent addresses, some of which commanded the attention of thousands at the time, were his oration at the dedication of the Putnam equestrian statue at Brooklyn, Conn.; the Hartford services at the deaths of President Garfield and General Grant; the semi-centennial of the Hartford Public High School; the nominating speech for Colonel Frank W. Cheney in the republican state convention in Foot Guard Armory; the address at the first banquet of the Connecticut Society of the Sons of the American Revolution at the Allyn House, where he presided; and the address at the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, at the Park Church. Especially interesting as models of eloquent oratory, fine diction, and fervent patriotism, were his many addresses on Memorial Day before members of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was also the orator at the dedication of the Putnam statue on Bushnell Park, and at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the General Assembly.

Mr. Robinson was for many years lecturer at Yale on the ethics of the legal profession. He has written extensively for magazines, principally for the *New Englander* and the *Yale Law Journal*. The most ambitious of his more recent writings was the "Constitutional History of Connecticut," lately published in "Hurd's New England States." The public bath-house, which has proved of so much benefit, was one of Mr. Robinson's ideas which found expression in his message as mayor, and was established during his administration. He was also an earnest advocate of a public market for this city. Mr. Robinson was tendered the appointment of minister to Spain by President Harrison, which he declined, and was also tendered the presidency of the "Consolidated" road several years ago.

Mr. Robinson was married August 28, 1862, on his thirtieth birthday, to Miss Eliza Niles Trumbull, daughter of John F. Trumbull of Stonington. Mrs. Robinson and five children sur-

vive him. The children are Lucius F. Robinson and John T. Robinson, law partners of their father, Henry S. Robinson, secretary of the Connecticut Trust & Safe Deposit Company, Lucy T., the wife of Sidney T. Miller of Detroit, and Miss Mary S. Robinson of this city. Mr. Robinson also leaves four grandchildren, who are, Elizabeth Trumbull and Sidney Trowbridge Miller, children of Mrs. Miller, and Lucius Franklin and Barclay Robinson, children of Lucius F. Robinson. Two sisters survive Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Sarah A. Trumbull, widow of Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, and Mrs. Shipman, the wife of Judge Nathaniel Shipman.

Mr. Robinson's office has always been a school for lawyers, some of whom have attained eminence in the bar and in other pursuits. Among those who studied law in Mr. Robinson's office are the following: Sylvester C. Dunham, vice-president of the Travelers Insurance Company, Judge W. F. Henney, James A. Barnes of New Bedford, Mass., Henry C. Gussman of New Britain, Daniel J. Griffin, now dead, George P. McLean and Austin Brainard, members of the firm of Sperry, McLean & Brainard, Andrew F. Gates, T. Dwight Merwin of New York, and a son of the Hon. Henry Barnard, now dead.

The *Courant*, in an editorial article, also said:

The death of Hon. Henry C. Robinson brings a sense of loss, not only to this community, but to the whole State. His was a unique figure in our Connecticut life; the place he occupied was all his own. As an orator, he stood foremost in the State; as a politician, he was a leading republican from the early days of that party; as a lawyer, he was at the head of the profession; as a citizen, he was full of patriotic impulse and public spirit; and, as a friend, he was sympathetic, cordial, and demonstrative in a way that bound others to him by a peculiar affection.

In the widespread grief that followed the first announcements of his critical illness, there were, of course, many allusions to the large outside successes of his life. But always the uppermost thought was of the man's great heart, of his kind and affectionate disposition, of the wide range and the wit and brilliancy of his conversation, of the charm of his sympathetic companionship—of the greatest of all his successes, his hold upon the hearts of those who were admitted to the privilege of

his abundant friendship. His encouraging way with young men has especially endeared him to many, now no longer young, who remember with gratitude his helpful friendliness in the days of their early struggles.

. . . . . .

One of the most noticeable elements of Mr. Robinson's nature was his great enthusiasm. He was of an emotional temperament and easily moved, sometimes even to tears, by a tender strain of music or a burst of eloquence. His feeling was intense, and in his large and many sympathies he was always abounding in enthusiasm, whether for friends, for books, for music, or for art. He was a genuine and devoted lover of nature, with the spirit of the true poet in him. He was fond of outdoor life, and, so long as he had the strength, was a devoted fisherman and hunter. No one knew better than he the brooks and fields of this county, or the delight of communion with them. A few years ago he fell down the steps that lead to his office, and the injuries then incurred incapacitated him for outdoor exercise and undoubtedly in that way shortened his life.

He was one of the founders and most enthusiastic members of the Monday Evening Club of this city, and his essays there were of a choice literary quality and were often enjoyed later by the public as Kent Club lectures, and at other occasions.

Of his lovely home life it is not for a newspaper to speak, but none who enjoyed his hospitality need be reminded of the pleasure it gave them, or the sweetness of the atmosphere which pervaded the household as it was revealed to them. Mr. Robinson, in his more than sixty years of life here, had come to be an essential part of Hartford. He will be missed in many ways, and mourned by very many outside the immediate circle of his intimate friends.

The following tributes from some of Mr. Robinson's personal friends are taken also from the *Courant* of February 15th: —

## from His Pastor, Dr. Parker.

*To the Editor of the Courant:*

In the great sorrow, and in the shock and confusion of thought and feeling caused by the death of my dear friend and brother, how can I write what I would and should, concerning him?

Love sees him through a mist of tears,
Transfigured in a new, strange light,
Wherein each virtue shines so bright,
That every frailty disappears.

For more than forty years we have walked together in an uninterrupted companionship of mutual confidence and affection. I have looked to him, and never in vain. I have leaned upon him, nor ever found him wanting or weak. I have derived wisdom, strength, comfort, and courage from him at every stage of the long way. We have taken sweet counsel together. No man ever had a more loyal, steadfast, and faithful friend than he has been to me.

And he has gone!

This complaint of personal feeling might be unsuitable for publication, but for the fact that it probably voices the feeling of many others in this community and elsewhere. Mr. Robinson had a host of friends, in all classes and conditions, for he showed himself friendly and made and kept friends.

There is but one feeling concerning him in this community — the feeling of bereavement. It is literally true that "the mourners go about the streets." Hartford mourns not only the loss of a distinguished citizen of whom she was justly proud, but of a good man of whom she was justly fond. No one of her sons loved her more or served her more devotedly and efficiently. No one of them was more intimately associated with her best traditions and interests. No one of them was a truer or more typical representative of her social, civic, and religious life. He seemed builded, as a living stone, into the very structure of her commonwealth. Universally and almost familiarly known, he was universally respected, honored, admired, and beloved. Omitting all consideration of his strictly professional qualifications, services, and successes, of which his legal brethren may more suitably testify, we recall the diversity of intellectual gifts which he possessed, and his culture and employment of the same, by which he achieved singular distinction, and rendered highly important service in the elucidation of public questions and concerns. His naturally vigorous and fertile mind was subjected to the discipline of hard study and close thought. A wide range of good reading in all departments of literature enriched him with the materials of apt illustration for his own discourse. He had imagination, and the

vision of it, and the poetic temperament. He had the logical faculty, and reasoned cogently, though not in supreme respect of logical terms and forms. His command of language was remarkable, and his use of it, in writing or speaking, was alike forcible and felicitous.

He seldom spoke without careful preparation, although the ease and grace of his speech seemed spontaneous and unpremeditated. The rhetorical efflorescence of earlier years proved to be only the condition and harbinger of that fruitfulness, both of thought and expression, which characterized the public utterances of his riper age.

We had come to regard him as our "chief speaker," the one to be brought forward on important public occasions. He was capable of eloquence. He had the oratorical art and power. Since Richard D. Hubbard died, no man among us surpassed him in these respects.

Mr. Robinson had in his nature an interesting commixture of conservative and progressive elements. He liked and clung to old ways, old forms, old customs, old traditions, yet not withstanding reasonable innovations. But no one was more hospitable to new ideas, to new interpretations of truth, to new light from any quarter.

He welcomed the investigations of sober scholars. He would not muzzle criticism. He was not afraid of new departures in theology, but would bid them depart in peace. His Christian sympathies were catholic because his human-heartedness was so large and warm.

Mr. Robinson was radically and unalterably democratic in principle and spirit. He believed in men, in the common people. He trusted them, and had no respect for aristocracy in Church or State. I have never known a man who had more faith in his fellowmen, and this, conjoined with a faith in God, made him an optimist. I have never known a man who exceeded him in respect of charity towards men. Those clear, keen eyes of his searched out and saw through shams and insincerities and lies, and made them blench. But those same eyes were ever detecting the better things in weak and erring mortals. His excuses and apologies for human faults and frailties were often as ingenious as they always were ingenuous. Out of the loving-kindness of his heart, he was a strength to the poor and to the needy in their distress. The thing he most

hated was inhumanity. Mr. Robinson had a practical Christian philosophy of human life as related both to nature and to God, as conditioned by infirmity and mortality and yet embraced in some good purpose of Divine Love, which enabled him to encounter and sustain great trials and sorrows with singular fortitude and serenity of mind.

He was splendidly courageous and hopeful. This, with his loyalty, made him a most helpful friend.

He bore up and fared on so heartily, so cheerily, so bravely! Weakness found strength, discouragement found courage in his presence and counsel. Somehow he contrived to turn the edge of complaints, and to divert the currents of despondency, and to set one in a higher and brighter and better course of thought and feeling. Minor music was not to his taste. Mr. Despondency was not his type of a Christian.

He had a good, sound judgment, a rich and saving common sense, underneath all the more brilliant gifts which delighted men's eyes. He was a great believer in human freedom,—in freedom of thought and speech and action. Within the sphere of his liberty as a conscientious and Christian man, he moved freely as he would, and thought others should do likewise, without overmuch regard to criticism. It was of great importance to him that people should diligently and religiously mind their own business. Virtue by repression and compulsion seemed impracticable to his mind.

Mr. Robinson was a very high-minded, as well as a strong-minded man; a great and pure-hearted man; a just, kind, generous, affectionate man; and, I may add, a profoundly religious man. He worked no ill, spoke no ill, thought no ill of his neighbor. He had less reason than most of us to pray for deliverance from "all uncharitableness." He was a bright and shining light in this city. He was a tower of strength in the church of God here.

It was pathetic to see this man who, only a few years since, rejoiced in almost perfect health of body, and exulted in athletic recreations by stream or wood or shore, cast down in grievous physical disabilities and pains, but it was beautiful to see his patient acceptance of his lot, and his fine exemplification of his own philosophy.

A friend who visited him one day said to me, speaking of his protracted and severe sufferings, "He bears them like an early Christian!"

Another man, of humble occupation, spoke the truth, who said to me but yesterday, "I suppose there was no man in Hartford so well known, and who will be so much missed by everybody, as Mr. Robinson." On the whole, what a fortunate, successful, happy, useful, and honorable life his has been! God be thanked for it. But what shall we do without him?

E. P. P.

## from President Greene of the Connecticut Mutual.

*To the Editor of the Courant:*

For thirty years I have had a double relation with Mr. Robinson. He has been my business associate and my friend. In both relations he had a distinctive and characteristic value.

As a director in the corporation of which we were members, and in which he was for many years the senior director, he took an enthusiastic interest in both the scientific and the practical side of its problems and affairs. His acute and clear intelligence, his zeal, his tact, his courage, his experience, his wide knowledge of men and of affairs of moment, as well as his great professional acquirements, made him a counselor of unusual value. Like every man of power, he made his own place, which another may never wholly take. The sense of his loss will never pass from the minds of those who were associated with him.

But who can describe his friend: the man who brought to every day's intercourse the cheerful face, the hearty voice, the personal interest, the intelligent sympathy, the helpful consideration, and the high spirit, that made an atmosphere of hope and strength wherever he moved. No picture of the man can be made by a recitation of the powers of his brilliant mind, his wit, the charm of his cultivated gifts of imagination and expression. It was their summation and blending in his personality, and made vital with his broad human sympathy and his strong, warm, sunny nature, that made the man who won the personal affection of all who touched him, and whose memory will remain to every such a distinct and precious possession.

JACOB L. GREENE.

## from Ex-President Dwight of Yale.

*To the Editor of the Courant:*

May I ask the privilege of saying a few words in your

columns in testimony of my high esteem and warm friendship for the Hon. Henry C. Robinson, the tidings of whose death will bring sorrow to a very wide circle of friends who respected and loved him. My first meeting with him was at a time when I was called into the service of our college as a teacher for a short period, about four months after my graduation in 1849, and in the early part of his freshman year. In common with his classmates he opened his heart kindly towards me in those days of our first acquaintance, and, as a consequence, the friendship of a life-time was begun. The class of 1853 has had a very honorable record in the history of the half-century which has passed since they entered upon their course as students at Yale, but the happiest part of their record, as related to my own personal life, is connected with the friendly association in which I have been permitted by them to share.

Henry Robinson — for so I like to speak of him — was in his college days what he has been in the long years that have followed them. In his case, the boy was truly father of the man. He had the same generous spirit, the same kindness of heart, the same enthusiasm, the same readiness of thought and of speech, the same manly character, the same truthful life, the same warm affection. Those days were, indeed, at the beginning, and were far distant from the end. But the beginning for him was the beginning of growth, and the end was but the richness and ripeness of the fruitage. I am glad that I saw the progress and development of the years and knew, in their passing onward, the fulfillment of the youthful promise.

I think of him now — as I have often thought of him before — as having had a unique and a very happy career. It was his good fortune to pass through his whole life in the home of his childhood — in the city which he loved and of which he became, as he moved on in his manhood, no unimportant part. He had the best elements of the old Hartford character, and he carried in himself those elements of goodness and of strength in all his living. He had, from the beginning, a delightful home and gave to it, out of his own generous love and devotion, a large measure of its joy. No one could see him, or think of him, without knowing that his children must love him as one of the kindliest of fathers. No one could enter the circle of his friendship without realizing yet more fully what he must be to those to whom he was bound by still closer

ties. The company of his friends was a large one — made up of younger men, as well as older. The younger ones were happy in the youthfulness of his affection. The older ones renewed their youth as they met him and talked with him. In his professional and public life he had most gratifying and most honorable success — that success which comes from ability and worth, from right principle and from true devotion to the welfare of others. In his Christian living he was large-minded, generous, full of love and good works, a disciple of the Master, who had received much of the Master's spirit. As life was advancing he gained more and more of that which makes the later years full of satisfaction and of peaceful enjoyment, and became more joyfully prepared for the future. He has died in the fullness of his ripe and complete manhood. Surely we may say that his career has been a happy one, ordered in loving kindness by the Divine Father. Surely we may follow him in our thoughts into the life beyond with much thankfulness for the past, and with great and blessed hopes for the future.

I know that his friends in his own city, who have been so long and so intimately acquainted with him, will say to one another, in these passing days, what is more worthy of him and more justly appreciative than I have said. But, as we bid him farewell, I hope that the words of a friend who, though living elsewhere, recalls in pleasant memory the earlier days and the later ones, may be allowed a place among the testimonies of friendship and of affection.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

New Haven, February 14, 1900.

## From President Perkins of the County Bar.

*To the Editor of the Courant:*

Death has removed from us the most shining ornament of the bar of this county, if not of the state. As one who has known him as long and perhaps as well as any one not of his own family, allow me to say a few words.

We were born within a few months of each other and attended school together from the time we were old enough till 1849, when we both went to college. We studied law almost together — I with my father and he with his brother Lucius, were admitted to the bar in the same year, and have

since practiced law together. His kindness of heart and sweetness of temper were such that, during all that period, there has never been an unpleasant word, or, as I believe, an unkind thought between us, and this is perhaps the more remarkable as to the best of my remembrance we were never engaged together in a case, but were always on opposite sides, where it so often happens that hasty words are spoken in the excitement of a trial.

This is not the place to speak of his abilities as a lawyer, an orator, or in any other of the many positions which he so well and ably filled. I know of no other man in the state who could fill his place. His death is a loss to the state, to his family, and his friends, and especially to the few remaining members of the bar, like myself, who have known, loved, honored, and respected him all our lives.

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

## from the Hon. George P. McLean.

*To the Editor of the Courant:*

As one of Mr. Robinson's students and as one of his younger friends for twenty-two years, it is unnecessary for me to say that I learned to love him, and it is impossible for me to express the deep sorrow that comes to me in the announcement of his death.

I came to his office in 1879, having with me a letter of introduction from a friend whom he knew. Mr. Robinson told me that, as he already had three students in his office, I could remain there only until he could find another place for me. Daily after that I expected the dreaded change, but it did not come.

I had heard much of his eloquence and learning before I met him. I had not been in his office a month before I knew that his heart was as sympathetic as a mother's. During the eight years that I occupied the room next to his, his strong and generous hand always seemed to be in mine. No matter what I did or how I did it, he not only excused but defended it. He did for me what my father could not do, and sometimes I felt that he helped me to the disadvantage of his own sons.

When I was a member of the General Assembly he had many important interests to protect, but he never allowed him-

self to discuss any of them in my presence. One day I went into his room and called his attention to this fact. His reply was, "My boy, I want you to look into both sides of my bills and do as you think right without a suggestion from me, and remember, vote as you want to." It was then I realized that his sense of honor was absolute and his friendships unconditional. I always saw in him that safe, sure poise of the qualities that make the highest order of citizenship. In the home, in the office, in the court-room, in the capitol, on the platform, in the forest, on the ball ground, in the parlor, he was always the same cultured, brilliant, fearless, upright man and friend.

The world to him was beautiful, full of good men and women and noble purposes. He loved truth and family and his fellowmen better than position or wealth. Life to him was a precious link in the bright chain of eternity. If he had faults they were as the dust invisible, in a book full of sweet poetry, sound philosophy, charity, courage, and hope.

GEORGE P. MCLEAN.

The *Hartford Times* of February 14th said:

Mr. Robinson was a foremost figure in New England Congregationalism. He was known as a leader in notable assemblages of the denomination. Last fall he was a member of the international council which met in Boston, and was an active participant in its deliberations.

His writings were voluminous, covering wide and distinct fields of research. His paper on the "Constitutional History of Connecticut" was one of the best efforts from his pen, and will be of unquestioned authority in the deliberations on that subject which are to take place hereafter in legal and legislative halls. His public addresses and orations were of the most brilliant literary merit. The oration delivered at the unveiling of the Putnam equestrian statue in Brooklyn was one of the most remarkable specimens of oratory that have been produced in Connecticut.

One of the most eloquent expressions of patriotism that the veterans of the Civil War have listened to in this state came from his lips, May 30, 1885. Under the auspices of the Grand Army in this city, he was the Memorial Day orator.

In this oration, the memory of which still lingers in the

hearts and minds of its hearers, Mr. Robinson laid down the conviction that: "There is such a thing as Christian thought in statesmanship, and it is consistent with the highest, truest manliness."

In the memorial address delivered in Rockville in 1897, Mr. Robinson spoke with the old enthusiasm of Connecticut's services in the country's behalf.

. . . . . .

Mr. Robinson was kindly and generous at all times in his dealings with men. His cheery word of "comrade," as he met them in the street and in the office, had a tonic that could not be forgotten in the duties and exactions of daily life. Mr. Robinson was the enthusiastic friend of out-door games and athletics, taking an increasing pleasure as the years advanced in the athletic life at Yale. And here it may be said that he was the typical Yale man, loving the university with the loyalty of a son, and counting its progress and history as of the greatest value. He was a member of the Hartford Yale Alumni Association, and was one of its first presidents.

Most of all, Mr. Robinson was a man of Christian belief and character. He was a member of the South Congregational church, and his religious life was exemplified in that body and in the home of rare interest and charm which was dignified by his presence and spirit. The catholicity of his faith was apparent in every act and thought of his life. Religion presented no narrowing influences in his examples of citizenship and neighborly courtesies. His faith bore fruit that cannot be thought of except with thankfulness that so good a man has lived and worked and been an example to be imitated in the community which he loved and honored so much.

## General Hawley's Tribute to Mr. Robinson.

*Special to the Courant:*

WASHINGTON, February 14.

On hearing of the death of the Hon. Henry C. Robinson to-day, Senator Hawley said: "One more old friend gone — during the nearly fifty years of our acquaintance, I never met him when his kind soul failed to show itself in a pleasant smile and a cordial grip of the hand, and his bearing toward all was that of a friend. He was a gentleman of honor, able in his profession, a lover of his country, public spirited, and sound in judgment. His private life was stainless. His departure will be sadly mourned by a great circle of friends and relatives."

*New Haven Journal and Courier :*

Henry C. Robinson, who died in Hartford yesterday, was a good lawyer, a good business man, a good speaker and writer, and a good citizen. Indeed, he was capable and efficient in whatever he undertook, and the range of his activities was wide. During a large part of his life he was prominent in politics and public affairs, and his state and city have profited by his public spirit, his sagacity, and his skill. He was wise and tactful in his dealings with his fellowmen, kindly in spirit, and given to good works. The Congregational church and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have long felt the influence of his zeal and wisdom. He will be greatly missed by many who have been accustomed to rely on his counsel, and he will be long and sincerely mourned by many who have been accustomed to rely on his friendliness and good will. In his death, his family, his friends, his church, his profession, his business associates, his city and his state have met with a great loss.

*New Haven Register :*

To lose such a man is to reflect the more seriously and fondly upon those who are left behind, and who are still in the turmoil and battle of life which so often compel us to put off appreciation of what is, in human character and association, until its influence and radiance are stilled. It was a pleasure to meet Mr. Robinson ; it was an honor to know him.

*Springfield Republican :*

Death came to Henry C. Robinson of Hartford, yesterday morning, and in his departure that city and the State of Connecticut lose much. His ability as a lawyer was commanding and his position at the bar long sustained, while as an influential personality in legislation and affairs he took rank among the strongest men his state has produced. In literary acquirement and eloquent speech the same rank was his, and he was a leader among the Congregational laymen of New England. He thus measured large in many lines.

*New York Evening Post :*

Mr. Robinson was very prominent in Congregational church matters. As a corporate member of the American Board of

Commissioners for Foreign Missions he took a leading part as a liberal in the series of "great debates" on the question of orthodox qualifications for missionaries. It was in one of those debates that he coined the phrase, famous at the time, about "venerable incorporators who elect venerable successors to the venerable dead."

*New York Tribune:*

His grace and power as an orator caused him to be frequently called upon to make memorial, welcome, and dedication addresses. He was the memorial orator at the Hartford obsequies of President Garfield and General Grant, and he delivered eulogies upon many prominent members of the bar.

From the *Hartford Post* of February 14th: —

Henry C. Robinson, who died this morning at the age of 68, united character with capacity, courage with courtesy, and strength with sympathy, and he was at once a student and a man of affairs. His death, not unexpected, removes from this community a great personal force, and the regret which his loss will beget will not be confined to Hartford or bounded by Connecticut.

Mr. Robinson represented an original type of mind, and he didn't waste any time loitering around stores which dealt in second-hand intellectual furniture. He was not disposed to take things for granted, and with a faculty for mastery, he loved to go to the bottom of matters and find out for himself. This habit of thoroughness made him a recognized authority within the range of his specialties, and gave to his views and utterances an influence which a shallow intellect might envy but could not achieve. Upon the constitutional and ecclesiastical history of Connecticut he was an expert, and in delving into this subject with his industrious shovel he spent many happy hours. The breadth of his activities and the range of his sympathies and of his scholarship may be indicated by the statement that he could address a religious gathering on Sunday, deliver a talk before a historical society on Monday, act as counsel in some technical and complex case on Tuesday, be a felt force in a railroad conference on Wednesday, and so on throughout the week. The State has developed few men who have

had a greater fund of basic information on a larger class of subjects than Mr. Robinson. He was never inclined, even for the sake of temporary advantage, to permit a point to get the better of a principle, and in his intellectual outfit no love for professional trickery was listed and no fondness for double-dealing was found. His robust character was a personal as well as a public asset, and it enhanced his influence in courts of justice as well as in the community.

Mr. Robinson was a man of eminent public spirit, and his ten talents and much of his time were at the disposal of the public, although upon him a large private business made many and constant demands. The things which concerned the progress and upbuilding of the community concerned him, and for any cause which promoted the general welfare he had a prompt and helping hand. With numerous philanthropic and religious enterprises has his name been officially linked. His judgment was keen, and to it all accorded an attentive ear, and upon it many were wont to rely. He knew Hartford and loved it cordially. He knew Connecticut and was proud of it. He knew his country and admired it. He was familiar with outdoor life, and in green fields, in the singing of birds, and in the study of wild animals he found delight and recreation.

In the larger and better sense Mr. Robinson was a politician, and although he never cultivated the practice of shaking the plum-tree, he was many times honored by positions of public trust, and he never violated the confidence which his fellow-citizens reposed in him. With legislation and with legislatures he had much to do, but for what he did on Capitol hill, even in the stormiest times, no apology was ever necessary and upon it no shadow of suspicion was cast. The literary style with which he clothed his utterances, oral and written, was incisive and forceful, and his words were as direct as his statements were lucid.

Mr. Robinson represented the best type of Connecticut citizenship — and no citizenship is better than the best Connecticut citizenship. Hartford is fortunate in having had such a man, and is unfortunate in losing him forever, although the work that he did and the influence which he exerted are not perishable products.

## Mr. Robinson's Funeral.

THE funeral services were held on Friday forenoon, February 16th, at eleven o'clock, in the Second Church of Christ in Hartford, where Mr. Robinson had been so many years a regular attendant upon public worship. The last service he attended in that place most dear to him, was on Sunday evening, December 31st, to hear the beautiful midnight service for New Year's Eve, composed by his honored townsman and dear friend, Dudley Buck. The ensuing report of the funeral services is taken, with slight alterations, from the columns of the *Hartford Courant:*

Simple but deeply impressive were the funeral services for the late Henry Cornelius Robinson, ex-Mayor of Hartford, at the South church yesterday morning. The church was crowded to the doors with a representative gathering of business and professional men, those connected with Mr. Robinson in the various enterprises with which he was identified, clients and friends all testifying by their presence to the regard and esteem they felt for the distinguished lawyer and citizen. In the congregation were clergymen, lawyers, judges, merchants, and business men from all ranks, with a large number of railroad officials and others from out of town. A corps of ushers seated the people as they arrived, seats in the body of the church being reserved for the various organizations with which Mr. Robinson was identified. The ushers were George H. Gilman, Francis R. Cooley, Austin Brainard, Robert P. Parker, Arthur Day, Andrew F. Gates, Robert W. Huntington, Jr., and Col. Francis Parsons. The bearers were Lucius F. Robinson, Henry S. Robinson, and John T. Robinson, sons; the Rev. Frank R. Shipman of Andover, Mass., and Arthur L. Shipman of this city, nephews; Sidney T. Miller of Detroit, son-in-law; Henry Robinson Palmer of the *Providence Journal*, a nephew, and Major Louis R. Cheney, a nephew by marriage.

The pulpit platform was banked with a wealth of floral pieces composed of roses, violets, lilies-of-the valley, palms, orchids, and other blossoms arranged in wreaths, placques, sprays, and bouquets, all from organizations with which Mr. Robinson was identified, and personal friends.

The services were conducted by Mr. Robinson's friend and pastor, the Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, ex-President Dwight of Yale University also occupying a seat in the pulpit. The choir of the church, under Mr. John M. Gallup's leadership, sang the evensong Responses, Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," "How Gentle God's Commands" to Dr. Parker's tune, "Dawn," which Mr. Robinson loved to hear, and the "Nunc Dimittis" set to music by Mr. Robinson's old friend, Henry Wilson. There was no address, but only the words of Holy Scripture, prayers, and sweet music. Just before the closing prayer and Responses, Dr. Parker read the verses composed by him and read at the funeral, in the same place, of Richard D. Hubbard, prefacing the recital by saying that the verses had much interested Mr. Robinson at the time of their dear friend's funeral service, and that they seemed no less pertinent to this than to that occasion.

The interment was in Cedar Hill Cemetery.

For the reasons given above, and because the verses are a link of love between the souls of three very dear friends, the following *In Memoriam*, read at Mr. Hubbard's funeral, was also read at that of Mr. Robinson:

The lips are silent which alone could pay
His worthy tribute. We can only lay
The laurel on his breast,
And bear him to his rest,
And say, farewell, dear soul, till break of day.

Amid the fickle and faint-hearted throng,
His heart was ever steadfast, brave, and strong.
His counsel gave us light,
His courage gave us might—
To see the right, to wrestle with the wrong.

That sturdy, stalwart presence was a tower
Of strength and hope, in many a trying hour.
In friendship warm and wise,
In large self-sacrifice,
In countless kindnesses we proved his power.

Dear brother-soul! within that realm unknown
Where thy good spirit now from us hath flown,
Canst thou look back and see
How lonely, without thee,
And how impoverished our world has grown?

In purer light dost thou now clearly scan
The lines of truth so dim to mortal man?
Dost see, amid our gloom,
The beauty and the bloom
Of some inclusive and unfolding plan?

Are mysteries disclosed? Misgivings stilled?
Dark doubts disproved? Hope's prophecies fulfilled?
We only hear our cries
Re-echoed from the skies,
In the vast, awful silence God has willed.

Oh, brother sweet! What would'st thou have me say?
Sleep well, fare well; the night is for the day
And not the day for night!
Sleep well, till morning light
Shall break thy rest, then rise and go thy way.

AT a meeting of the Hartford County Bar, held on Friday, February 15th, a committee, consisting of Judge William Hamersley, Judge David S. Calhoun, and Hon. William Waldo Hyde, was appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Mr. Robinson, and to report the same at an adjourned meeting. On the forenoon of Monday, February 19th, the adjourned meeting was held in the superior court room. President Charles E. Perkins presided, and opened the meeting with a few introductory remarks. Judge Hamersley presented the Report of the Committee, as follows:

"On behalf of the committee appointed at our last meeting, I present for your consideration a minute upon the death of Mr. Robinson, and move its adoption."

## Report of Resolutions Committee.

The Hartford County Bar places upon record this minute in memory of Henry C. Robinson, who died Feb. 14, 1900.

Mr. Robinson was admitted to the bar in 1855. He became at once engaged in practice, which soon increased in extent and importance. For the past thirty years and more he has been one of the few foremost lawyers whose ability and character have influenced and distinguished the State bar. In consultation he was suggestive and resourceful, in preparation thorough, in the combats of trials equipped with all the weapons of a singularly clear and alert mind, directed with the force of a combative and intense earnestness. In addressing a jury he was eloquent, forceful, and persuasive; in the discussion of pure questions of law he sought above all to discover the controlling principle of law, and had a clearness of statement and wealth of illustration in its presentation that made his arguments ever attractive and powerful.

His strong personality produced a marked influence peculiar

to himself, not only in the profession, but in all the relations of life. In the church with which he was associated he was a power for good from his earliest years. As a citizen he was progressive and patriotic, urging with his ardent insistence whatever seemed to him for the public good. The highest honors of public life in the State and nation were within his reach, but had not the power to draw him from his chosen profession. He twice accepted the nomination for the chief magistracy of his native State, when defeat was probable, and declined it when election followed nomination. He put aside the offer of an important foreign mission pressed upon him with flattering urgency. But his eloquence of speech and pen were always at the service of the public. The field of literature was most attractive to him, and his efforts in this direction indicate the success he might have won as an author. As friend and companion his charm was of a rare quality; it was all his own; the mingling of cordiality, humor, thoughtfulness, and enthusiasm.

His long career as a member of this bar has been marked by continuous work which has aided in raising the standard of the profession, in developing a sound jurisprudence, in increasing the respect for justice, and which will always associate his memory with our most treasured traditions.

Judge Hamersley, in speaking to the resolutions, said: —

In taking this action I assume for the time being my place as an active member of this bar. I join once more the circle most dear to me, which has marked the limits during a lifetime of my work and aspirations and closest friendships; and I ask the privilege of saying a few words of our late associate from an open heart — as brother speaks to brother.

Very soon after my admission to the bar, my office joined that of Lucius and Henry Robinson. It was at Henry's suggestion that Lucius, whose brilliant capacity had already won for him a high place as leader, asked me, a boy of 21, to appear with him in a case of some importance before the Supreme Court of Errors. The following year the death of his brother left to Henry the unexpected preparation of several cases for the next term of the Supreme Court, and he associated me with him in those cases. The opportunity thus given was largely influential in further advancement. There are many others at

this bar who are deeply indebted for their early progress to friendly aid from Mr. Robinson. I dwell on this because it furnishes, in some degree, a key to the character of the man. He had, not as an occasional impulse, but as an ever-present motive, a certain instinct of helpfulness which dominated oftentimes unconsciously his whole life. There are some lives that are like a smooth sheet of water, which changes not, except as it reflects with pleasing faithfulness its surroundings. The life of Mr. Robinson was far from such as this; it was more like a cluster of springs, each different from the other, and sparkling with the freshness of youth, uniting in unexpected combinations, but moving on in obedience to an unseen and unceasing force in a mission of wholesome service. It was this variety of characteristics, some seemingly contradictory, all bubbling with the spirit of irrepressible youth, that was his greatest charm; and it was the ceaseless motive behind all, the constant pervading purpose of helpfulness and right doing, that was his greatest power. His was a very human nature, full of impulse, enjoying the manly excitement of strife, swift to indignant repelling of wrongful attack, most responsive to healthy merriment; but backed by a tender and true conscience that sooner or later impressed its soft controlling influence on all his impulses and purposes. He had an intense repugnance to injustice and wrong that would seek expressions in vigorous denunciation and opposition; but he was tolerant, most tolerant of the unhappy wrong-doer. He loved to help his friends, but more than all he loved to help. His heart was catholic. Is it strange that such a man, in the many diverse relations of life which he has been called to fill, has found in each a host of warm personal friends? Is it strange that such a character, when united with the highest intellectual gifts, should have left those results of faithful work that compel us to honor his memory, and which form for his children a legacy beyond value?

In asking the adoption of this minute I represent your committee and the whole bar; but in doing so, I wish also to express for two friends of more than fifty years, my own heartfelt tribute of admiration, respect, and love.

## What Judge Calhoun Said.

Judge David S. Calhoun spoke as follows:

The death shaft which struck down Henry C. Robinson has

wounded me sorely. Not only did it despoil the little travel-marked company of us, the elders of this bar, of our brightest and most hopeful companion, but for me it ended, except in memory, an exceptional and valued friendship of more than forty years.

I have known Mr. Robinson since, in the ardor of youth, he commenced the study of law in the office of his gifted brother. I have watched his intellectual and professional growth and his so expanding influence, that in his later life he seemed to be an almost omnipresent and necessary force in every important public movement in this community. And I have gladly seen him reaping from his wide labors abundant harvests of success and honor.

And now that this strong and manful brother and stanch friend has gone, it would seem that words of just estimate and loving tribute would come easily. But his death was to me so unexpected, so startling and remindful, that as yet a voiceless feeling demands the first place.

Still I would not come empty-handed into this gathering of his generous brothers of the bar. With the other more fitting tributes to his memory I will offer a brief and simple one.

Mr. Robinson's position and influence did not rest on his professional ability alone; that, though of the first rank, was only a block in the structure.

We of the bar are naturally given to estimate each other by a purely professional standard; which, in a sense, seems a measurement of comparative height rather than of dimensions. In thus saying I would in no wise depreciate the attainments or the honors of the great lawyer. They are worthy of any man's best efforts, and are generally satisfying.

But occasionally one comes whose gifts and ambitions are so manifold that they cannot be hemmed within the usual bounds of a professional path, but they break out into other fields of thought and labor for their full expression and achievement.

And such a rare man was Mr. Robinson. His mind was so versatile — his tastes so varied — his enthusiasm so pervading, and his activity so restless, that the law, in which he was eminent, did not give him "ample room and verge enough."

Exacting as were his professional labors, he was yet a careful and loving observer of nature; he shared with men of

business the direction of great enterprises; as a citizen, or a trusted magistrate, his keen interest in public affairs and his thorough study of the true principles of wise government were conspicuous; his admirable essays on various subjects, and given to the public, show how wide was the range of his research and thought; he gathered and assimilated the best of general literature, and he was ever earnestly and intelligently helpful in the higher work of Christian benevolence.

Whatever he did was with a fervid impulse; and controlling and inspiring the whole man was his generous and sympathetic heart.

He was indeed a man of many parts; each so strong and attractive that together they showed a rare and finely composite character.

One referring to him can add no limiting appellation — it must be only as Henry C. Robinson.

Perhaps as little as any lawyer I have known, did he carry the impress of the office or the court room.

But doubtless the many will most vividly recall him as a public speaker, whose addresses on widely different subjects and occasions showed a store and variety of knowledge, a style clear and vigorous, yet enriched by illustration and imagery, a masterly perception of the power, beauty, and refinement of our mother-tongue, and greater than all, the uplifting sentiment and the strong and sincere feeling without which words are vain.

No wonder that with such ability, to instruct, and charm, and move, he became, as so well expressed by his pastor, "Our 'chief speaker.'" But —

The silver trumpet's sound is still.

## What William Waldo Hyde Said.

Ex-Mayor William Waldo Hyde said:

Mr. President: I do not feel that I can remain silent on this occasion, although I know how ill-fitted I am to speak of the life of our deceased friend and leader. For thirty-five years I have felt the good influence of the strong friendship which he ever showed to four generations of my immediate family. From my grandfather to my children — we have all felt the benefit of his love and good will, and, representing

those who have gone before, I most gladly testify to the reverence and love which I feel toward our departed friend. As I look back on the long period which has passed, every event of special joy and every occasion of especial trial has in some way a sweet association with Mr. Robinson. He was always ready with his love and approbation to make happier those things which we could enjoy, and in time of sorrow his sympathy did much to lighten our grief. His hearty handgrasp and strong words of encouragement were always ready, and he little realized how much we had learned to depend on him.

The great dominating feeling in our hearts to-day is one of wonder as to how we shall get on now. It seems impossible to think of Hartford without him. To speak of his great ability is a needless task for me. Others older and better equipped can do that more happily than I.

I have always, however, felt that in him was evidenced a far greater share of those gifts which belong to greatness than most men possess. Jealousy, which belittles so many natures, was absent from him. He loved to see others succeed. He was ready to help on those less fortunate than himself and let them get the credit of many things which but for him they would never have thought of. The results of his ministering love can be found in many younger men who have grown up under his influence, and who to-day shed their tears at his grave. He had another quality which seems to me pertains to all the great men of our profession. He could fight as hard as the hardest, and yet, after the battle was over, the sting was never left to rankle. He was of that large family of lawyers who could give and take without afterwards either remembering the wounds he had received or glorying in those he had given. Our admiration has often been awakened by his ability in getting at the important point and driving it home so as to convince the court or the jury.

It sometimes seems as if the lawyers of the old school had more of these qualities than have we to-day. We all feel, I think, that there are two distinct classes of lawyers recognized throughout the profession: the lawyer who is feared for his ability, and, while taking no undue advantage nor resorting to underhanded methods or acts, is sure to prove no mean antagonist. And then there is that other class of lawyers — happily not numerous, but that they do exist we must all admit — who

are feared not for their ability but rather for the methods and means which they are willing to employ.

I sometimes wonder whether the times are changing and the spirit pervading the bar is different, or whether it is because with increasing years the ranks of those whom we have made our examples and whom we have learned to respect and to love, are constantly growing less, that it seems difficult for us to believe that there is to-day in the bar the same strength and the same devotion to law for its own sake which were taught by those older men as the foundation of true success in the profession. Doubtless it is because of the latter rather than the former reason that such a question is sometimes raised.

As one by one those strong men have passed away and the question is presented to us whether it has paid for them to live and work and then die and be forgotten except by those who have known them intimately, it seems to me that there is only one answer which can be given. It has been their privilege to give to us ideals, which, if we can but realize, will make us in our day as worthy of remembrance as were they in theirs; and to us on our part, how inestimable is the advantage simply to be able to remember them, to have known them, and that we have had the privilege of seeing their successes. Surely, when a man has lived and gone through all the vicissitudes which pertain to the successful lawyer's career, most of his time being given to the aid of others, and but little time to think solely of himself, it is a great reward, if, when he has passed away, others may feel the effect of his influence and good works and try in the days to follow to imitate his course. This is about all there is left to us when death removes a shining member of our profession.

It seems to me that it is enough should it be our fortune to occupy such a position at the end as our friend does to-day.

## Remarks by Judge Dwight Loomis.

Judge Dwight Loomis spoke as follows:

I think such a remarkable character as that of Mr. Robinson, in order to do justice to his memory, requires some presentation, some careful analysis, of that remarkable character; but I concur in all that has been said most heartily. No one

could have had greater admiration or respect for Mr. Robinson than myself. His well-rounded character in every respect was most remarkable. He was a practical business man, and yet he had a most æsthetic taste; he was practical, and yet he was ideal — idealic in his aspirations; no man was ever more so. And it is most remarkable that he touched so many sides in a most eminent degree; he was gifted as an orator, gifted in the use of elegant language and rhetoric, and yet he was gifted in his logical power. But, as I say, I feel as if were I to continue with unpremeditated remarks I should fail to do justice to his memory. I feel his loss keenly, as I have felt keenly the loss of many eminent lawyers that have taken their departure. When you come to think of it, what a long procession of eminent men have departed from us.

## Remarks of Judge S. O. Prentice.

Judge Samuel O. Prentice said:

Mr. President: I feel quite as Judge Loomis has expressed the matter, that this, of all occasions, is the one most unfitted for unpremeditated remarks. I came here this morning without knowing that this meeting was to be held, and consequently have thought of nothing to say, and I feel it would be worse than folly, for me at least, to attempt to express my feelings without any premeditation whatever.

When I came to the bar twenty-five years ago, I found here a coterie of men who had won their honors at the bar, and among them was Mr. Robinson, in the full panoply of his mid-life hours. During all my professional and judicial career until now he has remained, in my thoughts at least, and in fact, one of the leaders of the bar of this county and this State — one of the men to whom I have been wont, as long as I have thoughts of law at all, to look up to as a man to imitate and emulate. It was not my privilege to be thrown with him especially intimately, as has been the privilege of some men, but it was my privilege to be thrown with him with some degree of intimacy; and added to the respect and honor which I paid him as man and lawyer, there came to me a love for his manly qualities, for the heart side of him, which has endeared him to me and made him represent to me not only one of the leaders of our profession but one of the leaders we may well cherish with honor,

love, and affection. So that I feel to-day as if we had lost not only one of our foremost but one of our best. I wish that I had thought of speaking further to-day, but not having done so I think I will say no more.

## Judge Henney's Remarks.

Judge William F. Henney spoke as follows:

As one of the older graduates of Mr. Robinson's office, it has been thought appropriate that I should say a word in favor of these most fitting resolutions. But the performance of a task demanded by every consideration of gratitude and friendship is rendered well-nigh impossible by the shock of personal loss. As I stand here to-day thronged upon by the memories of a thousand kindnesses, surrounded, as it were, by so great a cloud of witnesses to his loyalty and love, it were idle for me to attempt analysis.

It must suffice to call attention briefly to a few of the characteristics, professional and personal, which most sensibly impressed me through twenty-five years of happy intimacy.

Like truth, our friend was many-sided, and presented from whatever point of view a unique and charming personality. In the forty-five years he practiced his profession he enriched the jurisprudence of the State. In the great causes that were litigated during that period he bore a prominent part.

His death, as it seems to me, marks the closing of an epoch in the professional life of the State. Hitherto professional ability was one thing and business capacity quite another. To-day the commercial spirit is predominant, and great interests are looking to the bar not so much for legal attainments as for competent business sagacity, the ability to bring things to pass.

Busy commercialism with its demands upon the profession may produce lawyers of comprehensive business grasp, of shrewd financial forecast, of large administrative capacity; but never will it bestow upon a grateful community a Hubbard or a Robinson. They belong to an epoch when law was a science and the practice of it a profession. Prevailing influences at no distant day will make of the law a trade and of the law office a shop. Mr. Robinson saw this tendency and deplored it. He wanted no one in the profession who had not a genuine zeal for the law, or who followed it only for what there was in it. His

arguments always bore testimony to his legal acumen and scholarship, and his brief was invariably an elegant epitome of legal principles.

In any forum he was a dangerous antagonist; for his intense earnestness, his facility of illustration, his incisive logic, his fervid delivery, his ready and sparkling wit, above all the honesty and candor of his argument, armed him with hypnotic power. He looked with distrust on novel and multiplying rules of practice, on technical pleadings and fattening files. The technical controversies of the short calendar had no charms for him.

In his professional relations he was ever generous and considerate of others. The gratification afforded by his forensic triumphs was always chastened by a manly sympathy for his fallen antagonist. His knowledge of Constitutions, federal and State, was acute and ample, and the discussion of constitutional questions called into fullest exercise his marvelous powers. He had an instinct for legal principle that was unerring, and a mind quick to grasp and to analyze. In a search for authorities he would seem to digest a library while less gifted counsel was conning a book.

Viewed from other standpoints Mr. Robinson was still interesting and attractive. He loved simplicity. Ceremonies, pageants, and liveries were all distasteful to him as so many outcroppings of aggressive vanity. He indulged a hearty contempt for all things tainted with sham or insincerity; and yet, over the multitude of human foibles, many of them amusing, not a few distressing, he spread the generous mantle of a matchless charity. He was mindful in all his public utterances of the warning of Scripture, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am nothing."

In his judgment of his fellows I never knew him — I venture to say none in this presence ever knew him — assign to conduct an unworthy motive when explainable on any other ground.

Mr. Robinson's instincts and aspirations were all scholarly. He reveled in the domain of letters. The most grateful triumph of his literary career was the graceful act of the university he loved in conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. He was a teacher in the best sense of that term, and preferred

example to precept. He saw truth clearly ; and in his life and conversation, it found abundant and adequate expression.

It is this teacher element in a man that lasts longest and rings truest. Were the influence of attainments and character limited to the narrow span of the individual life, its sphere of usefulness were pitifully contracted. Not for the day and hour only did the supreme intelligence mould, build up, and develop this splendid personality. Untold generations have each contributed their just proportion to the make-up of this masterful manhood, and the myriad generations that follow shall know his potent manifestations in ever widening circles of influence and power.

It was a sense of this truth, as it always seemed to me, that inspired his well-known views of the dignity and responsibility of life. He felt that his influence for good or ill was an influence forever, and to this view may be attributed his moral power. It was from this fountain that he drew the intensity of thought and expression which constituted his real charm as an orator. His elegant rhetoric was but the result of a desire to present his convictions becomingly dressed. But the most interesting side of Mr. Robinson's character was the spiritual. Once in touch with that, you saw the man himself. He confronted one with a prodigal splendor of moral excellences. He was above all things cheerful and hopeful, and saw in the stress of present evil but the transient shadow beclouding the infinite love. There was no tinge of agnosticism in his make-up. In him faith was knowledge, and the trust breathing lines of Whittier were dear to his heart. His views of nature and of his relations to it were vast and comprehensive. He realized instinctively the oneness of the universe, and recognized the same supreme intelligence regulating the beatings of his own heart, prompting the aspirations of his own spirit, pulsing through limitless spaces, and guiding the remotest star.

For the cynic and the pessimist his heart went out in pity. He shared the sentiment so beautifully expressed in the verses :

> Alas ! for him who never sees
> The stars shine through his cypress trees ;
> Who, hopeless, lays his dead away
> Nor looks to see the rising day
> Across the mournful marbles play.
> Who has not learned, in hours of faith

The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose his own.

And so it came to pass that upborne by the unflagging faith that was in him he attained a nobler eminence on "life's rugged mountain side," than it is given most of us to know, commanding from day to day, through a widening horizon, ever broader expanses and sublimer realities of ineffable goodness and power.

Looking backward over his fifty years of industry and endeavor, so large, so various, so brilliant, and above all else, so honest, who shall assign limitations to the activities of that lofty spirit? By what means shall we estimate the values of the lessons of that instructive tongue!

Such are some of the aspects of this remarkable and gifted man as I knew him in the seclusion of his study and in the varying phases of his public life. What he was, what he must have been, to those endeared to him in the intimacies of the family circle, we partly may conjecture, but they alone can know.

And now in this hour of sadness, when silent is the voice so often lifted in generous eulogy of others, when dumb and speechless are the lips whose loftiest eloquence alone could do him justice, we are cheered by the reflection that that intense and inspiring personality shall continue to permeate the hearts and homes of the community he loved, with the myriad influences of a beautiful life and the fragrance of a blessed memory.

## Remarks by Mr. Austin Brainard.

Mr. Austin Brainard spoke as follows:

Having attained pre-eminence in the esteem of the bar of this state, Henry C. Robinson has passed into wider activities and fields of greater usefulness and greater peace.

So many members of the Hartford county bar have seldom been together as when they joined in the simple and harmonious services of Friday last. All felt that the law had lost an eminent disciple, the state a useful citizen, and each and all of us a friend.

As mayor of this beautiful and typical American city he anticipated in fact if not in words the dictum that "Public

Office is a Public Trust," and put into the commonplace of everyday administration the most advanced theories of official integrity. His motto was always "I serve," and no finer motto has ever graced the shield of chivalry.

As a private citizen he was always with the forces of progress, no good cause lacked his support, no evil cause but felt the weight of his condemnation.

As a friend his counsel was wise and his sympathies catholic. As a counselor in matters professional his advice was daily sought by young members of the bar. Generously given, it was helpful, forceful, and invaluable.

As was said on the death of Lowell: "Intellectual excellence, noble character, public probity, lofty ideals, art, literature, honest politics, righteous laws, conscientious labor, public spirit, social justice, the stern, self-criticising patriotism which fosters only what is worthy of an enlightened people, not what is unworthy — such qualities and achievements, and such alone, measure the greatness of a state, and those who illustrate them are great citizens. They are the men whose lives are a glorious service, and whose memories are a benediction."

## Remarks of Charles E. Perkins.

President Perkins, being asked by Mr. Hungerford to speak, said:

I do not feel, gentlemen, like speaking on this subject. Too many sensations would come over me, and I would hardly be able to trust myself. We all know what Mr. Robinson was. We all know that everything that has been said here is, if anything, less than the truth; and it is entirely unnecessary for me to retail again his abilities, his capacities, his kindness, goodness, and all his qualities; and I could not trust myself to speak to you on the subject. I should not desire, in the presence of this meeting, to be unable to speak, and I think I should be if I should try.

## Remarks of Joseph L. Barbour.

The Hon. Joseph L. Barbour said:

I did not mean to say a word, but I have very great affection for Mr. Robinson — very great affection from the time when I was admitted to the bar, when I was beginning, when I

was feeling my way — as for a while we all are. From the first, whenever I wanted to ask a question, whenever I wanted advice, and found my way to Mr. Robinson's office — and I did often — I shall never forget the quickness with which he would abandon whatever he was doing, and devote himself earnestly to the service I asked. It is one of the things a young man, starting out, appreciates. One of the lessons we, growing older, might learn from his life is to extend a helpful hand to the young men beginning, and not to ride roughshod over them when we get a chance. If we can learn that lesson from him, it will be a good thing for us.

While Brother Henney was speaking, what he said suggested to me as singularly appropriate some lines that have been floating in my mind ever since Mr. Robinson's death, running something like this :

"Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

It seems to me that is an apt simile. And another quotation I found in reading, the other night, a translation of a funeral oration by Georgius, an old Grecian orator, and which seemed particularly applicable to Mr. Robinson : "For what was there lacking in this man which good men ought to possess? And what qualities did he possess which men ought not to possess?"

The resolutions were then passed unanimously and the meeting adjourned.

In almost all the newspapers of Connecticut, and in a great many of other States, far and near, the tidings of Mr. Robinson's departure was noted with tender tributes to his memory, and often with appreciative and felicitous comments upon his personal character and public services. From these numerous and varied notices the following are selected for reproduction here: —

From Colonel Norris G. Osborn's Letter to the *New York Sunday Herald:*

Connecticut is constantly called upon to bear the loss of services of some man who has added materially to her honor, and at the same time been jealous of her good men. I have been called upon to review the life and career of several within the few years the Connecticut edition of the *Herald* has enjoyed its existence, and it is always a task made heavy by the realization that the loss to the State was a real one.

Every man who has reached the age of middle life has had occasion to see good men and noble women drop by the wayside, causing a real vacuum in particular places, but that the great human procession moves on without delay. This observation has brought to many a keen sense of the ridiculous, and straightway made of them cynics. To others it has unfolded the well-ordained purposes of Providence, and put upon them that great sense of duty which reveals itself in a cheerful, industrious, helpful, and useful life.

Henry C. Robinson was a splendid representative of the latter class. I recall him by the graveside of the late Isaac H. Bromley, his classmate, to whom he was an appreciative and devoted friend. The body had been lowered and the services concluded. A tear stole down his cheek as he remarked to me, "Dear old Ike has gone. It is for us to go back to our work more determined than ever. That is the righteous law of life."

Mr. Robinson occupied a solid and at the same time a characteristic place in the life of Connecticut. He had seen something of public office, but more of public men. What he saw of the former was due more to the recognition, by others, in him of superior worth and honesty than to any fancy on his part for office. He would have been a power in Congress, the nomination for which he could have had for the asking, but it seemed to be his fate in life to let his own sense of usefulness have full sway and lead him where it would.

There is little sordid ambition in such a nature, no pluming of self over neighbor, and no suspicion of undervalued worth. He was sunniness and warmth itself, and when surrounded by those of whom he was fond or in whom he felt a confidence, his reserve burst its iron bounds and expressed in the most genial ways the delicious sense of humor and philosophy that was his.

Mr. Robinson was best known to the people of Connecticut as a lawyer and orator. As the years rolled by and his ascent up the professional ladder continued without a break, his name was mentioned early by men who were at the moment naming the leading lawyers of the State. If there was a dignified public oration to be delivered, his services were first sought; if the gathering were a Yale one it was his democratic utterance and charming imagery that brought the men to their feet with cheers and laughter.

I have always been accustomed, without a good reason other than my desire, to regard him as I did Bromley, as belonging to the people generally, as distinguished from the man or men who are forever posing as the conservator of one idea or one philosophy.

He was strong in his religious and political faith, but his heart was open and his sympathies at the disposal of men who, though equally intent upon their beliefs, were charitable and liberal-minded. A lover of nature and a creature of the soil, he was a hater of shams and humbug, and could be found fighting them wherever exposed.

Such a career as Mr. Robinson's was suggests to those who see value and example in it how much more substantial the legacy is he leaves to his family and friends than that left in immense piles of gold. The usefulness of the producing millionaire is by no means to be underestimated, for he employs

labor and stimulates industry, but, after all, the man who does his work well and honorably, as did Mr. Robinson, and leaves a name which is synonymous with charitable work, with genial accomplishments, modest wants, and true friendship, has done more to my fancy and imagination.

From the *Yale Alumni Weekly*: —

Of all the older Yale men one could hardly be selected whose death meant a personal loss to so many, both young and old, as does the death of the Hon. Henry C. Robinson of Hartford. It was not because of his public positions and public appearances, although the former were many and honorable, and although the latter won hearts as well as applause. Mr. Robinson is missed and mourned in the Yale family because he was such a good friend to so many — and particularly to so many young men. It was often a wonder to those of us who were given, from time to time, evidence of his thoughtful friendliness, that our affairs and hopes were a matter of concern to one whose mind and heart were so crowded with great interests and close intimacies.

It need hardly be said that, as senior member of the Advisory Board of this paper, he was always ready to give its plans and its problems his disinterested thought. How much of a difference his presence made at Yale meetings at Hartford and Yale meetings in other places; and indeed everywhere. How interested he was in everything that went on here, and how sanely and helpfully he viewed things and advised men. He was a good and helpful friend and supporter of Yale, just as he was of very many men of Yale.

From the *Hartford Courant*:

The death of Henry C. Robinson is, to me, an irreparable loss; I have not seen him in ten years — but what of that? The influence of Christian manhood upon the human soul is not measured by years but by the "power of an endless life"; Henry Robinson was a Christian optimist; he could not have been otherwise; his inherited tendencies were Christian, and with his cheery temper and wealth of affection, love of God and love of man were most natural and easy. During my five years' residence in Hartford (1853–1858) I saw him almost daily and deeply loved him. His power with young men was won-

derful — a tower of strength both to him and to them; during the great religious awakening of 1857 no man could have replaced Mr. Robinson in his peculiar Christian service with the young,— tactful, generous, manly, affectionate, frank, sincere, gracious, resourceful, and free as a child from cant, his service was most beautiful and rewarding; while Bushnell (single handed) was strangling Edwards's death-doom theology, Robinson (Bushnell taught) was singing of the boundless mercy of God and the pitying love of the Man Divine.

I am quite aware, Mr. Editor, that I am unveiling sacred things, but as no man liveth to himself so no man dieth to himself, and what Henry Robinson was, as mirrored in what he did, though a sacred possession, compels one to break silence, even in sorrow, and in joyful memory of the past, to bid him "Hail and Farewell."

Others may speak of Mr. Robinson as orator, lawyer, statesman, man of letters or of business, but I prefer to speak of him as manhood Christianized, for every work of his life, sacred or secular, testifies to his enthusiastic devotion to noble ends.

Imperfect? — yes, thank God for that; but why tarry upon imperfections which are incident to all human life, when we have found the run of the river which has already borne our brother into the city of God.

He was

> One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph.

S. L. Woodhouse,
809 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

February 16th.

# Minutes and Resolutions

ADOPTED BY DIFFERENT ORGANIZATIONS WITH WHICH MR. ROBINSON WAS INTIMATELY ASSOCIATED.

At the annual meeting of the Hartford Republican Club, Dr. William M. Hudson, in behalf of the Executive Committee of the Club, offered the following minute regarding the death of Mr. Robinson, the first President of the Club, which was unanimously adopted:

The members of the Republican Club, assembled at their annual meeting, place on record this minute of their appreciation of its first president, Henry C. Robinson, who died on the 14th day of February, 1900. How much of the success of the organization is due to the genial presence, kindly manners, and administrative ability of its first presiding officer it is difficult to estimate or express; but it is fully realized by all who have known the grasp of his friendly hand and the sound of his welcoming voice. While his enthusiasm, energy, and judgment made the success of the association a certainty, his devotion to clean politics, gentlemanly methods and sound manners made it a power for good in the community.

As scholar, lawyer, and legislator the state is deeply his debtor. To him as its chief magistrate the city owes many of its most useful institutions and wholesome regulations; and much of his thoughtful suggestion is engraven in its organic law. As a member of this organization his social qualities were pre-eminent, endearing him to all who were privileged to know him as a charming companion and friend.

Sharing with the city and state that he loved the rich legacy of his attainments and character, we spread upon our records, in memory of him, this tribute of esteem and affection.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company, held in their office March 9, 1900, the following minutes upon the death

of Henry C. Robinson was adopted, and it was voted to spread it upon the records of the company:

It is with profound sorrow that we record the death of Henry C. Robinson, who has been a member of this Board for nineteen years, having been elected February 15, 1881, and its legal adviser from its early beginnings. His wide experience in insurance and financial matters rendered his counsel and advice invaluable. As an associate he was generous and considerate of the opinions of others, kindly in his bearing, sympathetic and courteous to all. His life and character have made an enduring impression upon those who were brought into intimate official and personal relations with him. We shall sadly miss his kindly greetings, cheery words, and wise counsel. A sense of loneliness pervades the atmosphere of our meetings as we look upon the vacant chair. We record this minute as a tribute to his memory and as a mark of our high esteem for his life and character. Attest,

J. B. PIERCE, *Secretary.*

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of The Connecticut Fire Insurance Company held at the office of the Company the fourteenth day of February, 1900, the following minute was on motion adopted, viz.:

The loss which has fallen on the city in the death of Henry C. Robinson bears with peculiar weight upon this Company and each one of its directors. For nearly thirty years he had as a member of its Board given it the support and advice of an earnest nature and a brilliant mind. In the varied experiences of those years his courage never failed in adversity and his applause was never withheld in prosperity. His financial experience and legal attainments have played an important part in the success which has attended the Company, and the directors are doing but justice in paying this tribute to his memory.

Of the qualities which made him beloved his business friends also may speak. Successful effort won his unstinted praise, and he was more reluctant to criticise others than himself. He never lost the enthusiasm of youth, and the brilliancy of his wit was not tinged with malice or unkindness. His associates will never forget his loyalty, the unrestrained and generous com-

mendation of his broad and great nature, and the charm of his most interesting personality.

A true copy from the minutes. Attest,

CHARLES R. BURT, *Secretary.*

At a special meeting of the Directors of the Hartford Hospital, held at noon on February 17, 1900, at Number 815 Main street, Dr. Russell presented the following minute, which the secretary was requested to spread upon the records, and to send a copy of the same to the family of Mr. Robinson :

It is fitting that we should notice the death of Mr. Henry C. Robinson, who for many years was a Director in this Hospital. While we join in the universal regret at his death, we may express our own views at the great loss we have specially sustained. He gave to us at various times such good counsel, that he ought to be particularly remembered. In whatever he was interested, he gave his full thought, and that was considerate and wise ; he was seldom absent from our meetings, and realized that his duty as a good citizen was to support thoroughly this institution. The claims made upon his time for this and other benevolent objects were cheerfully granted, not grudgingly, but as a part of the duty which we all owe to the public. The claim fell upon him because he recognized this duty, and thus proved himself a true friend of humanity.

He was genial, frank, honest. To his high professional attainments he added a sense of right and goodness, that is commendable in any man, which brought to him universal esteem. His reputation as a good citizen will long live after him, and will be a bright example for those who follow.

At a meeting of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, held February 23, 1900, the following minute and resolution were unanimously adopted :

Henry C. Robinson was elected a Director of the Connecticut Mutual in March, 1864. His associate directors at that time were James Goodwin, president ; Zephaniah Preston, vice-president ; Guy R. Phelps, secretary ; John C. Palmer, E. B. Watkinson, Edwin D. Tiffany, General Nathan M. Waterman, Edward W. Parsons, Judge George S. Gilman, Marcus F. Hodges,

of New York, and Charles Lowell Thayer of Boston. By death or resignation these one by one have passed out of the directorate until in 1894 Mr. Robinson alone remained of their number.

The humane purpose of life insurance appealed strongly to his sympathetic nature; its technical and business problems and relations enlisted his intellectual interest, and he familiarized himself with them to a greater degree than is usual in one not holding an executive position. He acted throughout as the legal adviser of the company, and made a thorough and special study of insurance law. By natural endowment, by intellectual acumen and broad grasp, by sympathetic interest, by study and discipline, by great acquirements and unusual skill, he was a strongly-equipped director. During the thirty-six years of his service many important questions of policy and practice had the action of the directors, and to them all he gave careful and intelligent attention. Most prominent, perhaps, among these were the changes made in the basis and methods of distributing surplus soon after his accession to the board, and the change in the interest assumption in 1882. To the consideration of all questions he brought with his strong powers of clear analysis and close reasoning a quick apprehension of what was progressive and developmental, and its natural accompaniment, an enthusiastic courage; but he also saw clearly what was fundamental and vital and must be conserved as such in existing plans and methods. While the legal point of view was habitual, it was tempered and held in balance by his humane and generous nature, and the question of essential equity was never out of sight. To his intellectual, business, and professional values, Mr. Robinson added that personal charm which made official association a pleasure and a privilege; and the directors desire to place upon record their high appreciation of the value of his long and faithful service, their deep sense of official and personal bereavement, and the expression of their profound sympathy for his sorrowing household.

*Resolved*, That the foregoing minute be spread upon the records of the Company and that a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of the deceased. Attest:

HERBERT H. WHITE, *Secretary.*

A Resolution adopted at a Special Meeting of the Board of Managers of the Connecticut Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, held at New Haven, April 13, 1900: —

In the removal, by death, of our late associate, Henry Cornelius Robinson, our Society suffers one of the most serious losses which it has ever experienced.

The influence of his wise counsel and eloquent utterances has stamped upon our organization an impress of dignity and fidelity to its purposes to which we owe, in large measure, the standing which we have held among the State societies of our order. The memory of his rare personal character will ever remain with us as a shining example of patriotic citizenship and Christian manliness.

This feeble tribute to his memory is recorded with a profound sense of personal loss which finds no utterance in words, but finds a compensation in the reflection that our Society is better because he was our fellow-member, and that the world is better because he lived in it.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, held pursuant to legal notice at the office of the company in the city of New York, on Saturday, March 10, 1900, the following minute was adopted: —

"With the deepest regret this Board minutes the death of Hon. Henry C. Robinson, our late associate, who died on February 14, 1900. Elected a Director of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad Company in 1865, he served as a Director of that company until its consolidation with this Company in 1872, and thereafter continuously as a member of this Board. A man of stalwart integrity, broad culture, gifted with rare oratorical ability and intellectual vigor, he brought honesty, courage, and wisdom to all his duties. He has served as a member of all the important committees appointed by the Board, and has long been identified with the activity, progress, and success of this Company. His long service, experience, and ability, made him a conspicuous member of this Board, and his enthusiastic devotion to the interests and usefulness of the Company have been of inestimable value. Endowed with the most charming social qualities and gifted with brilliant conversational powers, he was always welcome at our meetings. We shall miss his genial courtesy not less than his sound advice. This corporation, to whose development he gave the benefit of his ripe experience, his great knowledge of men and affairs, and his loyal service, has lost a most valuable officer.

"The Board directs that this minute be entered upon its records and a certified copy thereof be forwarded to his immediate family."

A true copy from the records. Attest:

WM. D. BISHOP, *Secretary.*

## The pipe and the psaltery make sweet melody; but a pleasant tongue is above them both.

MR. ROBINSON'S unremitting industry, well known to all who were familiar with his habits of study and work, is attested by the number and diversity of discourses, essays, lectures, reviews, and other papers, which, in addition to his professional work, he was called or moved to prepare, most of which were printed in the newspapers, or in periodicals, or in pamphlets. In all this extra-professional labor, not only his industry, but the fruitfulness of his mind, the versatility of his intellectual gifts, and the breadth of his thoughts and sympathies were also manifested. He was deeply interested in all that pertains to human culture and welfare, and his voice and pen were freely employed for the elucidation and advocacy of those things which make for the illumination and improvement of human life. The range of topics which, from time to time, he discussed was a wide one, and his treatment of the subjects which engaged his attention was always intelligent and luminous.

Whether he spoke or wrote, or whether his subject was legal, political, historical, religious, literary, educational, civic, or artistic in its nature, his discourse or essay was marked by careful study, original thought, apt illustration, and a peculiarly felicitous and often eloquent form of expression. His strictly extemporaneous talks were always suggestive and often brilliant. He had, as his mother before him also had, the poetic temperament, and could, and did, on occasion, write graceful verse. Under the title of "Hartford Authors," he wrote, many years ago, a series of papers which appeared in one of the city newspapers, and were marked by a distinct literary discrimination and delicacy. When Mr. Dudley Buck's "Forty-sixth Psalm" was

first produced here, in his native town, the most appreciative review of it came from Mr. Robinson's pen. When Parepa sang here in oratorio, his "Few Thoughts about Parepa," published in the *Courant*, were recognized by many as the thoughts which had arisen in their minds, but which they could not utter. When, later, Nilsson came, he rendered a similar service. His obituary notices of prominent persons, published from time to time in our city papers, were not only tender tributes of friendship and affection, but admirable specimens of fine character-portraiture. He could find time to write an elaborate review of a new collection of hymns and music, or a "Word about the Lobby," or a criticism of the Life of Charlotte Brontë, or an essay on Fish Culture, or a paper on "The Significance of Dome and Tower," or a review of "Doctor Bushnell on Progress," or an article on the "Reduction of Railway Fares and Freights," or a series of sparkling letters to the *New Haven Palladium*. One of the best of his earlier diversions was a lecture in the old Hartford Seminary course on, "Art as a Flower"; and another thoughtful and scholarly discourse on a kindred subject was delivered by him before the Hartford Art Association.

Meanwhile his political speeches and writings were frequent. When Mr. Capron, of beloved memory, was taken from this scene of his most valuable services as Principal of the High School, Mr. Robinson delivered an address which deeply moved all hearts, and revealed him to Hartford people as their eloquent orator. His frequent addresses at the High School, on different occasions, are well remembered. His oration on the unveiling of Ward's statue of Putnam, and his later and more elaborate oration at the dedication of the monument to Putnam, were everywhere applauded as singularly forcible, thoughtful, and graceful works of genuine eloquence.

The pages of the *New Englander* were enriched by his brilliant review of Arnold's "Light of Asia," by his argument for a "Liberal Construction of Creeds," drawn from the usage of law, and by other articles as well.

Many still remember his noble address on the death of

President Garfield, spoken in the Second Church of Hartford, and that on Luther, spoken in the Park Church.

His lectures, earlier and later, before the Law School in New Haven, and those before the Kent Club in the same city, were received with unusual favor.

His Decoration Day orations, at Hartford, at South Manchester, and at Rockville, and his oration on Robert Burns, are comparatively fresh in the remembrance of our citizens, and are cherished with equal gratitude and pride.

At the Legislative Reunion, 1886, he was the orator of the day, and his historical address on that occasion was described as "a compendium of colonial and state legislative history."

At the General Conference of Congregational Churches at Norwalk, 1892, his address on "What shall We Do with the First Day of the Week" was a most timely and suggestive discussion of the "Sunday Question." Mention may be made of his address on "Medicine and Law" at the centennial celebration of the Hartford Medical Society; of his eulogy on General Grant; of his discourse on Christian Unity, at the Memorial Church in Springfield; of his talk to the Hartford ministers on the "Temperance Question as Viewed from a Legal Standpoint"; of his lecture in the Y. M. C. A. course on "Representative Government"; of his Letter to the *Courant* on "Towns and Representation"; and of his article in the *Yale Law Journal* in favor of "Constitutional Reform in Connecticut." Many important papers of his are not even mentioned here. His strictly political speeches are not noticed, nor the frequent talks on various subjects, which he freely gave at request at banquets, conferences, and festival occasions, nor the many delightful papers which he read, from time to time, at different clubs.

The purpose of this sketch is simply to indicate how versatile were his gifts, how broad was his culture, how catholic were his intellectual and moral sympathies, and how freely and generously he poured out from the treasures of his fruitful mind things of delight and refreshment for his fellowmen. This sort of work, enough for most men,

seemed to be a sort of recreation with him, and yet it all came out, naturally enough, from the wide range of his professional studies and interests. During his last illness he told the writer how he had meditated and purposed to write out a paper for the comparison and estimation of Drs. Horace Bushnell and Samuel Harris, whom he regarded as the two greatest theologians of our country in recent times. In another conversation he spoke at length and most interestingly of "The Old Jeffersonians" of Hartford, naming and describing many of them, and speaking fondly of "the last, but not the least of them," Mr. Alfred E. Burr, and saying that he would like to write an article about them. One of the last things which he wrote, and the last that was printed was a brief, tender note to the son of Mr. Burr, in which he expressed his regret that he was unable to pay the tribute to his old friend which it was in his heart to do. The last note which he penned or dictated was a brief message, unique and precious, to his old friend and Pastor.

From the mass of miscellaneous discourses, essays, and other papers by Mr. Robinson which fortunately have been preserved, a few selections have been made, and are herein appended, as fairly showing, perhaps, the quality of his thought, and the diverse phases of his meditations and expressions of truth. No attempt has been made to reproduce his forensic speeches, or even to present any illustrations of them. Nor has it seemed wise to dismember his more solid and substantial historical papers and addresses, for the sake of taking fragments from them.

In justice to his comprehensive grasp of constitutional and political principles, to his powers of argumentation, to his lore as a scholar, and to his best literary gifts, it should be said that quite a different selection might have been made, which would have seemed not less suggestive and instructive than that which has been made. But such a selection must of necessity have been far more extensive and less varied than was deemed suitable for the purposes of this memorial.

EDWIN P. PARKER.

# Some Selections

FROM VARIOUS DISCOURSES AND PAPERS BY MR. ROBINSON.

"But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

FROM the oration at the unveiling of Ward's statue of Gen. Putnam: —

The lifted veil has just disclosed to us the first entrance of art into our places absolutely public. I cannot pass such an event without expressing congratulations in it. No beautiful thing comes to society without beautifying it. Good and true works of art made free to the people must instruct and refine the people. All such plantings yield a fruitage of culture and liberal thought and elevated taste. The very sight of choice things in art develops the love of the beautiful which it charms. Our cities centralize intelligence and industry and enterprise and wealth and enthusiasm and benevolence. Into these centers let art pour her refining influences. Let her reproduce in color the crises of history. Let her repeat in marble and bronze the forms and features of heroes and benefactors. Let her teach the people the lessons which the face of a good man may teach, recalling the good man's deeds, and the good fights which he fought, and the good discoveries which he made, and the sweet charities which he perfected. . . . . .
Let me express the hope that this day shall not complete the memorials of our great men. Of this charity, of this consecration to art, and of this unveiling of patriotism, let us say "*transeant in exemplum.*" Connecticut's history is rich, almost beyond a rival. A century before Bunker Hill, Connecticut produced a hero who dared to brave the haughtiness of oppression to save our charter from tyranny — the intrepid Wadsworth. The bravest, gentlest soldier of the Mexican War was from Connecticut, and rests in yonder cemetery — Col. Thomas H. Seymour. We have not yet any memorial, in statue or column or chapel, of the heroes of our great war for the integrity of the Union, upon

whose graves the flowers of Decoration Day have just withered. In the War of the Revolution and the War of the Rebellion, Connecticut was most justly proud of the patriotism and executive excellence of her governors, Trumbull and Buckingham. Here in the capital of our State, by its legislative halls, now rising in white beauty, should these and other representative men, creators and benefactors, authors, orators, inventors, artists, and philanthropists be honored and memorialized.

From the address before the Alumni Association of the High School: —

The high school, as included in the system of public schools, is free. I shall not enlarge upon the importance, almost supreme, to our republic of free popular education. Let me simply say that in making this fontal blessing free, a nation follows the laws of the Great Ruler himself. In the world of nature the best blessings are free. There can be no patent in the blue sky, nor monopoly of the pure air, and the sharpest land title to green fields cannot prevent the whole community of rich and poor from their enjoyment. The pure water, the warm sunshine, the glitter of stars, the tides of ocean, the rustle of leaves, the murmur of waves, the ripple of brooks, and the crimson of clouds can be controlled by no human fiat, nor be locked in by any miser's key. Such blessings in nature are too great for any exclusive use. In the spiritual world, too, the best gifts are open to the whole race of spiritual beings. The true light lightens every man. The true way is for all. The fountain of waters is at every thirsty man's right hand. And so the nation which offers to all its people free education makes gift of its best possibilities.

From the Historical Address at the first Legislative Reunion of the General Assembly of Connecticut, May 6, 1886: —

Two hundred and fifty years and a few days ago, on April 26, 1636, Roger Ludlow and four associates, representing Hartford, Wethersfield, and Windsor (then called Newtown), Watertown, and Dorchester, met in Hartford, as a General Court, for the government of the first planters of Connecticut. This body passed a law forbidding the sale of firearms to the Indians, con-

of New York, and Charles Lowell Thayer of Boston. By death or resignation these one by one have passed out of the directorate until in 1894 Mr. Robinson alone remained of their number.

The humane purpose of life insurance appealed strongly to his sympathetic nature; its technical and business problems and relations enlisted his intellectual interest, and he familiarized himself with them to a greater degree than is usual in one not holding an executive position. He acted throughout as the legal adviser of the company, and made a thorough and special study of insurance law. By natural endowment, by intellectual acumen and broad grasp, by sympathetic interest, by study and discipline, by great acquirements and unusual skill, he was a strongly-equipped director. During the thirty-six years of his service many important questions of policy and practice had the action of the directors, and to them all he gave careful and intelligent attention. Most prominent, perhaps, among these were the changes made in the basis and methods of distributing surplus soon after his accession to the board, and the change in the interest assumption in 1882. To the consideration of all questions he brought with his strong powers of clear analysis and close reasoning a quick apprehension of what was progressive and developmental, and its natural accompaniment, an enthusiastic courage; but he also saw clearly what was fundamental and vital and must be conserved as such in existing plans and methods. While the legal point of view was habitual, it was tempered and held in balance by his humane and generous nature, and the question of essential equity was never out of sight. To his intellectual, business, and professional values, Mr. Robinson added that personal charm which made official association a pleasure and a privilege; and the directors desire to place upon record their high appreciation of the value of his long and faithful service, their deep sense of official and personal bereavement, and the expression of their profound sympathy for his sorrowing household.

*Resolved*, That the foregoing minute be spread upon the records of the Company and that a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of the deceased. Attest:

HERBERT H. WHITE, *Secretary.*

A Resolution adopted at a Special Meeting of the Board of Managers of the Connecticut Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, held at New Haven, April 13, 1900:—

In the removal, by death, of our late associate, Henry Cornelius Robinson, our Society suffers one of the most serious losses which it has ever experienced.

The influence of his wise counsel and eloquent utterances has stamped upon our organization an impress of dignity and fidelity to its purposes to which we owe, in large measure, the standing which we have held among the State societies of our order. The memory of his rare personal character will ever remain with us as a shining example of patriotic citizenship and Christian manliness.

This feeble tribute to his memory is recorded with a profound sense of personal loss which finds no utterance in words, but finds a compensation in the reflection that our Society is better because he was our fellow-member, and that the world is better because he lived in it.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, held pursuant to legal notice at the office of the company in the city of New York, on Saturday, March 10, 1900, the following minute was adopted: —

"With the deepest regret this Board minutes the death of Hon. Henry C. Robinson, our late associate, who died on February 14, 1900. Elected a Director of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad Company in 1865, he served as a Director of that company until its consolidation with this Company in 1872, and thereafter continuously as a member of this Board. A man of stalwart integrity, broad culture, gifted with rare oratorical ability and intellectual vigor, he brought honesty, courage, and wisdom to all his duties. He has served as a member of all the important committees appointed by the Board, and has long been identified with the activity, progress, and success of this Company. His long service, experience, and ability, made him a conspicuous member of this Board, and his enthusiastic devotion to the interests and usefulness of the Company have been of inestimable value. Endowed with the most charming social qualities and gifted with brilliant conversational powers, he was always welcome at our meetings. We shall miss his genial courtesy not less than his sound advice. This corporation, to whose development he gave the benefit of his ripe experience, his great knowledge of men and affairs, and his loyal service, has lost a most valuable officer.

"The Board directs that this minute be entered upon its records and a certified copy thereof be forwarded to his immediate family."

A true copy from the records. Attest:

WM. D. BISHOP, *Secretary.*

## The pipe and the psaltery make sweet melody; but a pleasant tongue is above them both.

Mr. Robinson's unremitting industry, well known to all who were familiar with his habits of study and work, is attested by the number and diversity of discourses, essays, lectures, reviews, and other papers, which, in addition to his professional work, he was called or moved to prepare, most of which were printed in the newspapers, or in periodicals, or in pamphlets. In all this extra-professional labor, not only his industry, but the fruitfulness of his mind, the versatility of his intellectual gifts, and the breadth of his thoughts and sympathies were also manifested. He was deeply interested in all that pertains to human culture and welfare, and his voice and pen were freely employed for the elucidation and advocacy of those things which make for the illumination and improvement of human life. The range of topics which, from time to time, he discussed was a wide one, and his treatment of the subjects which engaged his attention was always intelligent and luminous.

Whether he spoke or wrote, or whether his subject was legal, political, historical, religious, literary, educational, civic, or artistic in its nature, his discourse or essay was marked by careful study, original thought, apt illustration, and a peculiarly felicitous and often eloquent form of expression. His strictly extemporaneous talks were always suggestive and often brilliant. He had, as his mother before him also had, the poetic temperament, and could, and did, on occasion, write graceful verse. Under the title of "Hartford Authors," he wrote, many years ago, a series of papers which appeared in one of the city newspapers, and were marked by a distinct literary discrimination and delicacy. When Mr. Dudley Buck's "Forty-sixth Psalm" was

first produced here, in his native town, the most appreciative review of it came from Mr. Robinson's pen. When Parepa sang here in oratorio, his "Few Thoughts about Parepa," published in the *Courant*, were recognized by many as the thoughts which had arisen in their minds, but which they could not utter. When, later, Nilsson came, he rendered a similar service. His obituary notices of prominent persons, published from time to time in our city papers, were not only tender tributes of friendship and affection, but admirable specimens of fine character-portraiture. He could find time to write an elaborate review of a new collection of hymns and music, or a "Word about the Lobby," or a criticism of the Life of Charlotte Brontë, or an essay on Fish Culture, or a paper on "The Significance of Dome and Tower," or a review of "Doctor Bushnell on Progress," or an article on the "Reduction of Railway Fares and Freights," or a series of sparkling letters to the *New Haven Palladium*. One of the best of his earlier diversions was a lecture in the old Hartford Seminary course on, "Art as a Flower"; and another thoughtful and scholarly discourse on a kindred subject was delivered by him before the Hartford Art Association.

Meanwhile his political speeches and writings were frequent. When Mr. Capron, of beloved memory, was taken from this scene of his most valuable services as Principal of the High School, Mr. Robinson delivered an address which deeply moved all hearts, and revealed him to Hartford people as their eloquent orator. His frequent addresses at the High School, on different occasions, are well remembered. His oration on the unveiling of Ward's statue of Putnam, and his later and more elaborate oration at the dedication of the monument to Putnam, were everywhere applauded as singularly forcible, thoughtful, and graceful works of genuine eloquence.

The pages of the *New Englander* were enriched by his brilliant review of Arnold's "Light of Asia," by his argument for a "Liberal Construction of Creeds," drawn from the usage of law, and by other articles as well.

Many still remember his noble address on the death of

President Garfield, spoken in the Second Church of Hartford, and that on Luther, spoken in the Park Church.

His lectures, earlier and later, before the Law School in New Haven, and those before the Kent Club in the same city, were received with unusual favor.

His Decoration Day orations, at Hartford, at South Manchester, and at Rockville, and his oration on Robert Burns, are comparatively fresh in the remembrance of our citizens, and are cherished with equal gratitude and pride.

At the Legislative Reunion, 1886, he was the orator of the day, and his historical address on that occasion was described as "a compendium of colonial and state legislative history."

At the General Conference of Congregational Churches at Norwalk, 1892, his address on "What shall We Do with the First Day of the Week" was a most timely and suggestive discussion of the "Sunday Question." Mention may be made of his address on "Medicine and Law" at the centennial celebration of the Hartford Medical Society; of his eulogy on General Grant; of his discourse on Christian Unity, at the Memorial Church in Springfield; of his talk to the Hartford ministers on the "Temperance Question as Viewed from a Legal Standpoint"; of his lecture in the Y. M. C. A. course on "Representative Government"; of his Letter to the *Courant* on "Towns and Representation"; and of his article in the *Yale Law Journal* in favor of "Constitutional Reform in Connecticut." Many important papers of his are not even mentioned here. His strictly political speeches are not noticed, nor the frequent talks on various subjects, which he freely gave at request at banquets, conferences, and festival occasions, nor the many delightful papers which he read, from time to time, at different clubs.

The purpose of this sketch is simply to indicate how versatile were his gifts, how broad was his culture, how catholic were his intellectual and moral sympathies, and how freely and generously he poured out from the treasures of his fruitful mind things of delight and refreshment for his fellowmen. This sort of work, enough for most men,

seemed to be a sort of recreation with him, and yet it all came out, naturally enough, from the wide range of his professional studies and interests. During his last illness he told the writer how he had meditated and purposed to write out a paper for the comparison and estimation of Drs. Horace Bushnell and Samuel Harris, whom he regarded as the two greatest theologians of our country in recent times. In another conversation he spoke at length and most interestingly of "The Old Jeffersonians" of Hartford, naming and describing many of them, and speaking fondly of "the last, but not the least of them," Mr. Alfred E. Burr, and saying that he would like to write an article about them. One of the last things which he wrote, and the last that was printed was a brief, tender note to the son of Mr. Burr, in which he expressed his regret that he was unable to pay the tribute to his old friend which it was in his heart to do. The last note which he penned or dictated was a brief message, unique and precious, to his old friend and Pastor.

From the mass of miscellaneous discourses, essays, and other papers by Mr. Robinson which fortunately have been preserved, a few selections have been made, and are herein appended, as fairly showing, perhaps, the quality of his thought, and the diverse phases of his meditations and expressions of truth. No attempt has been made to reproduce his forensic speeches, or even to present any illustrations of them. Nor has it seemed wise to dismember his more solid and substantial historical papers and addresses, for the sake of taking fragments from them.

In justice to his comprehensive grasp of constitutional and political principles, to his powers of argumentation, to his lore as a scholar, and to his best literary gifts, it should be said that quite a different selection might have been made, which would have seemed not less suggestive and instructive than that which has been made. But such a selection must of necessity have been far more extensive and less varied than was deemed suitable for the purposes of this memorial.

EDWIN P. PARKER.

# Some Selections

FROM VARIOUS DISCOURSES AND PAPERS BY MR. ROBINSON.

"But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

FROM the oration at the unveiling of Ward's statue of Gen. Putnam: —

The lifted veil has just disclosed to us the first entrance of art into our places absolutely public. I cannot pass such an event without expressing congratulations in it. No beautiful thing comes to society without beautifying it. Good and true works of art made free to the people must instruct and refine the people. All such plantings yield a fruitage of culture and liberal thought and elevated taste. The very sight of choice things in art develops the love of the beautiful which it charms. Our cities centralize intelligence and industry and enterprise and wealth and enthusiasm and benevolence. Into these centers let art pour her refining influences. Let her reproduce in color the crises of history. Let her repeat in marble and bronze the forms and features of heroes and benefactors. Let her teach the people the lessons which the face of a good man may teach, recalling the good man's deeds, and the good fights which he fought, and the good discoveries which he made, and the sweet charities which he perfected. . . . . .
Let me express the hope that this day shall not complete the memorials of our great men. Of this charity, of this consecration to art, and of this unveiling of patriotism, let us say "*transeant in exemplum.*" Connecticut's history is rich, almost beyond a rival. A century before Bunker Hill, Connecticut produced a hero who dared to brave the haughtiness of oppression to save our charter from tyranny — the intrepid Wadsworth. The bravest, gentlest soldier of the Mexican War was from Connecticut, and rests in yonder cemetery — Col. Thomas H. Seymour. We have not yet any memorial, in statue or column or chapel, of the heroes of our great war for the integrity of the Union, upon

whose graves the flowers of Decoration Day have just withered. In the War of the Revolution and the War of the Rebellion, Connecticut was most justly proud of the patriotism and executive excellence of her governors, Trumbull and Buckingham. Here in the capital of our State, by its legislative halls, now rising in white beauty, should these and other representative men, creators and benefactors, authors, orators, inventors, artists, and philanthropists be honored and memorialized.

From the address before the Alumni Association of the High School: —

The high school, as included in the system of public schools, is free. I shall not enlarge upon the importance, almost supreme, to our republic of free popular education. Let me simply say that in making this fontal blessing free, a nation follows the laws of the Great Ruler himself. In the world of nature the best blessings are free. There can be no patent in the blue sky, nor monopoly of the pure air, and the sharpest land title to green fields cannot prevent the whole community of rich and poor from their enjoyment. The pure water, the warm sunshine, the glitter of stars, the tides of ocean, the rustle of leaves, the murmur of waves, the ripple of brooks, and the crimson of clouds can be controlled by no human fiat, nor be locked in by any miser's key. Such blessings in nature are too great for any exclusive use. In the spiritual world, too, the best gifts are open to the whole race of spiritual beings. The true light lightens every man. The true way is for all. The fountain of waters is at every thirsty man's right hand. And so the nation which offers to all its people free education makes gift of its best possibilities.

From the Historical Address at the first Legislative Reunion of the General Assembly of Connecticut, May 6, 1886: —

Two hundred and fifty years and a few days ago, on April 26, 1636, Roger Ludlow and four associates, representing Hartford, Wethersfield, and Windsor (then called Newtown), Watertown, and Dorchester, met in Hartford, as a General Court, for the government of the first planters of Connecticut. This body passed a law forbidding the sale of firearms to the Indians, con-

demned Henry Stiles for trading a "peece" for corn, ordered him to "regaine the saide peece from the saide Indians in a faire and legall waye or els this Corte will take it into further consideracon;" selected and qualified a constable for each of the three settlements, made orders relative to "divers strange swine," and ratified the formation of the earliest church in this valley.

In this little gathering was the beginning of Connecticut's legislature and court. By what method of appointment the magistrates, who constituted this court, arrived at their office, it is not certain; but of the fact that they acted with the consent, if not by the express choice, of the planters, there can be no doubt.

One year later, May 1, 1637, when the court, which had held several intermediate sessions, was convened to consider the important subject of a war with the Pequots, the several towns sent their committees to participate with the magistrates in the counsels of the Assembly. There is somewhere in the mountain ridge that divides the watersheds, whose rainfall ultimately reaches northerly to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and southerly to Long Island Sound, a single spring, farthest away of all which feed the latter sea; perhaps no investigation has yet traced it, but it is there, and if we could to-day go to it, taste it, analyze it, and bathe in it, we should find that it is of the same pure stream which, for uncounted centuries, through four hundred miles of mountain and meadow, in waterfall, cascade, ripple, and lake, has made the beautiful river in whose baptismal waters our commonwealth found its name. And so the legislative gatherings of our State for two and a half centuries find their type in this gathering of 1637. It was a supreme, law-making body, representing the people and the towns of the colony. A year later the Rev. Thomas Hooker, in his discourse before the General Court, at Hartford, May 31, 1638, declared for doctrine: "That the choice of public magistrates belongs unto the people by God's own allowance," and "that they who have power to appoint officers and magistrates, it is in their power also to set the bounds and limitations of the power and place unto which they call them," and for reasons of this doctrine he urged, first, "Because the foundation of authority is laid firstly in the free consent of the people;" second, "Because of a free choice the hearts of the people will be more inclined

to the love of the persons chosen and more ready to yield obedience."

His lesson of exhortation was, "To persuade us, as God has given us liberty, to take it."

One year later, on the 14th of January, 1639, all the free planters of the colony convened at Hartford and prepared the first American constitution, and it may fairly be called the first written constitution of history which was adopted by a people. We can do no less than pause a moment and do homage to this great historical event. We honor the limitations upon despotism which were written on the twelve tables; the repressions of monarchial power in *magna charta*, in the bill of rights, and in that whole undefinable creation, as invisible and intangible as the atmosphere, but, like it, full of oxygen and electricity, which we call the British constitution. But in this, our Connecticut constitution, we find no limitations upon monarchy, for monarchy is unrecognized; the limitations are upon the legislature, the courts, and the executive. It is pure democracy acting through representatives and imposing organic limitations. Even the suffrage qualification of church membership, which was required by our older sister colony of Massachusetts, was omitted. Six hundred years before, the head of the Christian church had said that he had "power to depose emperors, and absolve the subjects of wicked princes from their allegiance." The "grand monarch" of France declared, "I am the State." The civilizations of the Orient had been the history of despotism and monarchy and nobilities. Law was the rule of civil conduct, made by the supreme power, commanding what was right and forbidding what was wrong; but the supreme power had been an individual. The Mosaic code was a long string of "Thou shalts," and a longer string of "Thou shalt nots." The Roman Senate was the legislature and the Roman Senators were nobles. If a plebiscite made a new law, it was the voice of a mob in the comitia. Here, in a New England wilderness, in the heart of winter, a few pilgrims of the Pilgrims, alive to the inspirations of the common law and of the British constitution, so full of Christianity that they felt the great throb of its heart of human brotherhood, and so full of Judaism that they believed themselves in some special sense the people of God, made a written constitution to be a supreme and organic law for their State.

Two hundred and fifty years have passed, and despotism is hiding in corners, while constitutional law is flooding the world with its light and bathing it in its peace.

From an address on Luther:

This man stands, in my thoughts, as a great emancipator of his race. It is difficult for us of to-day, girt with freedom as by an atmosphere, and protected by the majesties of constitutional law, to appreciate, even when we read of them, the chains and oppressions of that other day, tied upon human hands and human minds and human hearts. The assumptions of imperial princes and imperial pontiffs were unlimited, and were only endurable because of their jealousies of each other. The emancipating movement, of which Luther was the hero, was followed by others in England where a king went to the scaffold, and in France where liberty ran riot, until, at the extreme west, and over unknown seas, a purer free state was founded, to be forever separate from ecclesiastical government. . . . It is a narrow vision, indeed, which limits this influence of Luther, as a moral reformer, to the new churches. The old church felt it deeply, and confessed it. The old church listened to Luther's outcries for the decencies, and admitted their justice. His ecclesiastical and doctrinal variations from the old standards of tradition and decree were heresies to be stamped out with fire and sword, but his demands for a purer life found welcome. But thirty-five years after the Diet of Worms, a Roman pontiff, in his first bull upon taking his sacred office, said: "We do promise and swear to make it our first care that the reform of the universal church and of the Roman court be at once entered upon."

Where was the great personal power of this man?

Let me give but one of the many answers. It was because he was in all respects a man. He was full to the brim of human nature. Man is naturally patriotic, because he is born into government, and it is so within the universal consciousness. Luther was a patriot of patriots. Dominion of Germany by Italy or Spain or France was to him intolerable. Man is naturally domestic, he is born into the family. Luther was intensely domestic, and sang the sweetest songs of home. Man is naturally religious, for he is born with a spiritual and trustful nature. Luther carried his reverence and obedience to the throne of the

Infinite, and walked under His shadow in the burning sun, and in His light by night, and his courage and faith and enthusiasm and sociality and love of music were manly. Luther's grandeur is in his being a great, rough, noble specimen of humanity.

From an article in *New Englander*, on "Assent to Creeds":

There have always been two methods of construing things written or spoken, be they constitutions, charters, public statutes, wills, contracts, symbols, creeds, or statements. One method is broad, catholic, liberal. It reaches the underlying principles of the instrument. It notes relations. It does not destroy the dial, because the shadows which were written on its west side in the morning are missing at noon, and have gone over to the east in the afternoon. It notes fallibility in everything human, and sees that all human utterances are more or less imbued with inconsistency, want of harmony, and imperfection. But it still trusts human nature and human achievement, and the Divine inspirations in man. It sees spots on the sun, but continues to plant, relying upon the source of heat, and to open its eyes for vision, relying upon the source of light.

The other method is strict, narrow, literal, petty, sticks always in the bark, yellows in dust, and glories in punctuation and syntax. It sees things only by the light which struggles in through a single window. Universal light makes it blind. At night its torch must still be a tallow dip. Electricity would be impious.

The former method contemplates systems, is comparative, analogical, feels outward facts and forces of which all things are more or less resultants. To it the moon is a satellite of a moving planet, that planet a single member of a solar system, and that system an integral part of a universe, each with relations and changing relations to the rest.

To the other method the moon is ever only itself, a cold, blackened, worn out, uninhabitable lump of matter, answerable only to some laws of chemistry and philosophy, which are supposed to be unchangeable. But the moon itself is too far away for the latter method. While the former finds daily and nightly use for the telescope, the eye of the latter is always at the microscope.

The broad physician studies the whole physical system of man and searches the universe for analogies, and treats his patients constitutionally ; the narrow one feeds his own hobby ; sees in each patient a disordered liver, if that is his specialty, and indulges only in local treatment. The strict constructionist in our Lord's time swore by the temple and said his oath was nothing ; but bowed in reverence before his oath if he had only sworn by the gold within it. Shylock was a strict constructionist, and Portia gave his philosophy homœopathic treatment by fighting the fire of his strict construction with the fire of her own. The difference was that Shylock believed in his strict method of construction, while Portia redeemed hers by the broad charity and decency which inspired it. The Pharisees were strict constructionists, they were scrupulously particular to tithe cheap herbs, and were immaculate in their vestments. And, whoever else, in the progress of the world's history, have disappeared through an indefinite failure of issue, these strict constructionists have never lacked for lineal descendants in the governments, and churches, and theological schools of the world.

The argument of this article claims :

1. That a liberal construction of instruments is wiser and better than a strict one.

2. That creeds and symbols afford no exception to this rule.

3. That reasonable liberty of construction should be allowed to the undertaker of a trust.

(And incidentally) 4. That the limitation of the use of property to the progagation of unalterable opinion is an offensive form of entail and against public policy.

From an address at the Memorial Church, Springfield, Mass., December, 1888:

It is a time of agitation, but agitation means life. It is a day of sincerity ; the messages are direct and practical. It is a day of decency ; the barbarities which have clung to historic Christianity have been buried in a soundless sea.

It is a day of search for pure truth. Christian men, simple men and scholars alike, are going back to the shores of Galilee, to find the words of absolute truth and the life of absolute holiness. They are thirsting to find the pure waters of life at the fountain.

It is the day of toleration and consideration. Ancient Oxford, home of much learning and patriotism, home, too, of some bigotry and subservience to authority, delivers her highest degree to James Martineau. The gates of the universities have swung open to dissenters.

The revival of learning and architecture three centuries ago was closely associated with a reformation in religion which created a new church and purified an old one. The intense zeal of science to-day has improved and quickened the religious world into a new devotion to truth, into new tolerations, and into purer worship of the one God and Father, Creator of all things visible and invisible, ruling material nature, and, as well his children, the sons of men in social life, in organized government, and in the renewal and inspiration of their spiritual nature, by the majestic girdings and ongoings of supreme law. And in discovering our own growth and progress, in seeing that yesterday's wisdom is so often to-day's folly, mankind is learning modesty and reverence. Few men now fancy that their garments inclose infallibility, or that their fathers' did. The large-minded, great-souled men hesitate at attempts to measure the being of the Infinite with their petty calipers. In a life where we can know only in part, we learn the immense value of probabilities and working hypotheses. The verities which may be demonstrated by mathematical science or mathematical logic are few. Science has sought for centuries for a standard of measurement. It has asked the eternal rocks for assistance, has appealed to the law of gravity in the swing of the pendulum, has summoned frost and fire to give a possible unbroken temperature, has called on the densities of the ores, has invoked the vibrations of light, and to-day, after expenditures most lavish, and fret of mind most subtle, science blushes to tell us that she cannot give us a perfect yard-stick. And shall we ask for demonstrations of things invisible? Demonstrations are not the law of our being. The day sky is blue, but it is not cloudless.

And while the sincere Christian thinker has no hesitation in admitting that there are clouds and shadows in the day, he yet rejoices in the sun in its course, for when he goes away from the region which sustains and guides and controls him, he goes out into night. Our blessed religion answers the tremendous inquiries which have always thrilled humanity. Is there a first

cause? Christianity points to the eternal Creator. What is his being? A loving father. What of my own weakness and wrong? He wants to forgive them. What means the grave? Behold the empty tomb of Joseph, and hear of the mansions in the Father's house. What of history's long story of tyranny and crime? Every son of man is a son of God, and the hairs of his head are numbered. What of the emptiness of circumstance and power? The Son of Man came to minister. What of the struggles and defeats and the injustices and inequalities of this troubled world? Out of them comes character, manly faith the corner-stone of the temple, its crowning arch built into a keystone of love, which fills a world of sorrow with music, and makes the dry land sweet with the lily of the valley. Into the service of our inspired and inspiring religion, here in this goodly spot, we welcome this minister of good things.

From the Oration on Burns:

It is the poets who move the world's thought. The conquerors make territorial lines, preserve and confuse races, and fill the largest pages in the histories. The statesmen build governments, and frame constitutions and laws. The scholars select and save from the wreck of time the fittest of human efforts. The speculative philosophers work away at the insoluble problems which constantly roll back upon them, like Sisyphus' stone, and their lectures and treatises engage the attention of a select few, to their improvement chiefly by way of intellectual gymnastics. But the poets, and they do not all write in rhyme, see the invisibles, which are the realities, and report them to our souls. They sing the songs of our noblest nature; they deal with the themes which in individual and social and organized life are the great and eternal things; their methods are unhampered by chop logic, they move by intuitions; they are limited by no narrow curtains of "pure reason," so-called, they scan and traverse the boundless realm of imagination; they wait not at the finite, they compass the infinite; they measure not with the limited span of fingers and hands, they take in the spaces open to human vision with the eye of body and the eye of soul; they walk not with feet in the dusty roads, they fly with wings in the upper air.

When the human mind is shut up in the conclusions of

demonstration, it is shut into a prison. It is at its best when it is aflame with enthusiasm and inspired with imagination. Then it makes report, not from tables of logarithms and verbal results drawn from major and minor premises of statement; but it draws down, as light from the sun, flashes of intuitive truth, and sounds into human ears the universal things which the past of human experience suggests and the future of human development assures.

. . . . . .

I know of nothing in the history of our western Christian civilization which is more disgraceful to it than its treatment of the Jews. For centuries the Christian nations denied them citizenship, denied them even a domicile, denied them domestic peace, hung badges of dishonor upon their persons, and hunted them like wild beasts to the hills. Even enlightened England, not so enlightened then, drove them out and forbade them to touch her borders. Oliver Cromwell, the greatest of England's rulers, partially wiped out the disgrace. And now, after having thrown upon the Semitic people every political oppression and every social obloquy open to ingenuity for centuries, and just as the Christian world has come into decency in the matter, a revival of the old hate is agitated. And what is this race that is treated to such persecution? The toughest, most sinewy, most elastic race in history. Centuries of infamous oppression have not chilled their manhood, and now, after all these ages of persecution, the fomenters of this strife are enraged because, they say, a race of seven millions of people is usurping positions of influence and power. What a tribute to their royalty these bitter pens are unconsciously making! And what has this race done for humanity? Look at its greatness. Its sacred literature is held by the Christian world in reverence, and by much of it even in idolatry. Think of its long roll of law-givers and leaders, of poets, prophets, and philanthropists, its service for learning and scholarship and literature and art.

The men who lift up the lowly, who exalt the valleys, who scatter broadcast the blessings of education and health and music and flowers and green trees and babbling brooks and the story of the stars and the sweet comforts of home and the enlightenment of a pure and free press, who emphasize man's right to life and liberty and self-government, who call us to

the Heavenly Father, who substitute service for attention and glory, peace for war, love for selfishness, law for imperial decree, the uplift of the many for the supremacy of the few, democracy for despotism, are the great men, for they are the men of humanity, the universal men.

From the Eulogy of General Grant: —

It is a great thing to have lost such a man; it is much greater to have had such a man to lose. He was a child of the people, he was a type of the people, and the hearts of the people are keeping sad time to the funeral march of twenty thousand soldiers. The nation pauses in its activities. The reaper and the loom are at rest, and even the money-changers have locked their vaults. Upon the billows of every sea and in the repose of every harbor drooping halliards have compelled the flags of all nations to tell a story of death. The courts of Europe and kings' houses in the Orient wear symbols of sorrow. The gates of the great Abbey have swung open, and in the company of buried soldiers and statesmen and poets and kings the chief singers and organists and orators have expressed England's unaffected grief. Millions of moistened eyes are turned to the new tomb upon the Hudson.

Is it all for the sword which he wore to victory? Is it that he planned campaigns with the skill of Cæsar, waited with the wisdom of Scipio, pounded with the sledge-hammer of Wellington, charged with the thunderbolts of Napoleon? Is it that he surveyed the whole vast field, friends and enemies, in fortresses, camps, and battle-lines, with the eye of an eagle in the sky? Is it that military success never betrayed him into carelessness, nor repulse led him into discouragement? Is it that while some of his associates and antagonists were chivalrous, some prudent, some tenacious, some brilliant, he was all of these? Man has always admired and idolized the martial heroes. Dominion, power, civilizations, have moved on in the track of the conquerors, and have crowned them. But there have been heroes and heroes. Heroes there have been whose genius waited as a slave upon the lust of power, and heroes who bowed in their service only to the nobilities, patriotism, freedom, and righteousness. Admiration, wonder, and subservience are attendants upon the obsequies of the former; around the graves of the latter are the hush of devotion, the tears of

gratitude, the tides of love, and the exultation of human brotherhood.

These heroes, with supreme purpose, unshaken by temptation, to bless man and to obey God, are the flowers and types of humanity in its great success. The genius of our hero has already had much discriminating eulogy — nothing has yet been said finer than the words of his tent comrade of so many campaigns: "He was the manliest man." Such a character is an inspiration to the race. For the world grows truest and best, not in its books, but in its characters. We learn in them what man can be. By what our hero was, and even more by what he was not, he has put high honors upon human nature. A soldier who sought not pæans or pageants, a statesman who yielded no single span to the tugs of injustice and the mad thunders of the hour. Unskilled in the ways of political life, untrained in the philosophies of statesmanship, he yet dared to lift that strong arm, and that voice which was often so mightily silent, to scatter the tempest which urged the inflation bill, when politicians and statesmen retired to their chambers. For the Indian, so many times a victim of fraud and bad faith, he had counsels and measures of protection and defense. When an un-American insanity raged and chafed against an Oriental race, and political leader after political leader bowed before it, his lips, so often closed, opened to condemn it. When a President of the United States asked him, it is said commanded him, to stain his soldierly honor, his quick response of firm refusal and the unconcealed hilt of his invincible sword assured the mistaken executive that he was endeavoring to command the impossible. Higher than all men, higher than the President, yes, even than himself, were those invisible forces of right and truth and honor and patriotism, whose power to him was as exacting as are the attractions of the heavenly bodies to the sea. And like the other great leaders, like Washington and Cæsar, Cromwell and Napoleon, Mahomet and Joan of Arc, he believed with more than an intellectual assent, even with the belief of his whole nature, in an individual force behind all things, visible and invisible, in whose guidance his own career was held. Napoleon called it fate. Grant saw in it an infinite personal God, whom he reverently worshiped.

And what demonstrations has our history given of the possible purity of free government by the lives of two men? Once

our country, delivered from colonial dependence, was ushered into a course of national history, and its warrior leader forbore to be a conqueror or to build up a throne for a family. And then the nation was rent by disunion and rebellion, and its life hung in the issues, long contested, of war vast beyond precedent, and its warrior-deliverer laid aside his sword and compelled the restoration of peace and industry. Can records, other than the pages of our history, show two such soldier-patriots as Washington and Grant? They teach us that man is greater than thrones, than traditions, than institutions; and this is democracy.

Under God, Grant saved a nation by the victories of war; saved it from disunion, discord, broken life, and a future of endless jealousy and battle; saved it for freedom; saved it for peace. He believed in peace. His wise interventions, coming like a gospel from the west, scattered the clouds of war that overhung the lands of China and Japan. He believed in his country. He was an American in every atom of his being and in every throb of his heart. Alive to the good things in other people's, he loved his own matchless land more than the rest.

And, as if his mission was not fulfilled when he laid aside his stars, nor when he surrendered the executive chair, nor when he called forth in his trip around the world such honors from prince and peasant as had never been yielded to an American, in these last days of suffering and sickness, while he has fought his fight against pain and weariness, with no word of complaint nor sigh of selfishness, his heart has gone out, like the blessing of a sunset, to the whole people whom he loved and saved. It has been like the holy words of benediction, spoken again and again by the prophet of Patmos in the last days of his century life. He must be deaf, indeed,— deaf as the granite ledge, which hears not the everlasting anthem of the billows which beat upon it,— who hears no command to national peace and love in those dying messages spoken to the battalions who called him chief and to the battalions who called him foe.

When his last will and testament is offered to the courts of law, it may dispose of few acres, few bonds and shares, little which political economy calls wealth, but to every American he bequeathed a legacy better than lands or jewels, as he

breathed out upon them from his chamber of death his *moritumus saluto.*

> Right life! And in the hour when life is ending
> With mind set fast and truthful piety,
> Drawing still breath beneath calm brows unbending
> In happy peace that faithful one doth die.

From the Decoration Day address, at Hartford, 1885: —

For seventeen years the members of the Grand Army of the Republic have added new charms to these hours, already charming in the calendar of nature, by setting them apart for a sacrament of soldierly love. Seventeen years ago, with strong arms and in the full vigor of manhood, to the music which then seemed an echo from yesterday's battlefields, in long lines, you bore to these sacred acres bunches and wreaths and crowns of spring flowers to ninety-three graves. To-day, with closer ranks and fewer battalions, and with many a ripple of silver locks below your caps, you are decorating the mounds of four hundred and eighteen graves.

. . . . . .

By these rites of beauty which you have established, all the more impressive because they are expressed in no mystic words, but only in the language of love, and wear no vestments but the wreaths of Nature, you have been educating the youth of our land in lessons most sweet and sacred. For what is individual or social life without sentiment? Without it let us go to the caves. If there is nothing for us here but to chase a dollar in mines and shops and stores and fields, with no thought of the unmaterial joys of home and country, then is your march to-day a waste of muscle, and the incense of these roses is a mockery. But man is man, and not alone an animal, hungering and thirsting and sleeping. He is born into the family and into society; his are all the manifold possibilities of development in social life. As well say that a man's hands and feet have no use, as to say that his sentiments and affections and virtues are useless. Your memorial marches and songs and flower chaplets are teaching the people lessons of love and reverence for the martyrs, and of devotion to the nation which they died to save.

The web of the stars and stripes is but a creature of the shuttle, and the old bell in the tower of Independence Hall only broke the atmosphere into certain vibrations, but the col-

ors of the one will last as long as the hues of nature, and the music of the other is as undying as the music of the spheres.

. . . . . .

And it is here, noble veterans, survivors of this brave band of heroes, that you have strange power above the power of other men. It is the consummate power of tragedy. From these graves which you are honoring, and from your own graves which will be honored to-morrow, voices are speaking and will speak, which must find a hearing; for the struggles and sufferings of man are universal in their sway, and so, as tragedy is the ultimate of struggle and suffering, its power over human hearts is universal and measureless. The leaves which are stained with blood are the text-books of human life.

. . . . . .

Veterans, to-day we bow before you in gratitude; with you we bend before these graves in reverence and love. Yonder sleeps one whose burial wrote a long page of life to many of us. We had witnessed military funerals before, but his was the first burial of real war,—a noble soldier, slain by the red hand of treason and the first-fruits of the patriot martyrs, to be laid to sleep in these sacred fields. He fell on the deck of the *Freeborn* in the last of June, 1861. A few days before the country was in tears by the dead body of the young and heroic Theodore Winthrop. He was carried to the New Haven cemetery on the same howitzer on which he leaned a few weeks before on his way to the front, and followed by soldiers and friends, and by the students of the old Yale which he had loved and honored. It was the 3d day of July when yonder sod was broken to receive the body of Captain Ward. It had lain in state in the old capitol, and thence was brought to this sacred resting-place. How the hearts of this community were thrilled and their eyes glistened as that body, wounded to death for our country, was borne through the streets wrapped in red, white, and blue. The minute-guns, the tolling bells, the muffled drums, the reversed arms, the orchestral dead march, the body-guard of marines, the long battalions of soldiers in escort, some of them our home companies and some of them volunteers waiting for the field, the burst of sympathy, the resolve of patriotism and holy vengeance girding all, like a uniform, the halo-crown of martyrdom hovering, as a presence almost visible, above the dead, made a scene altogether strange, and lifted the curtain upon

the realities of war, the wickedness of rebellion, and the beauty of sacrifice. How little did we then know that a half million more of noble lives must be given to establish peace upon righteousness! Not all that precious dust was to be gathered, like his, to its final rest in the outburst of sympathy from loving friends, but whether at home or on the bloody field, in the shadow of night and by the wearied hands of comrades, or under the waters of the deep, the bodies of those martyrs shall sleep forever in the benedictions of patriotism and in the guardianship of angels.

Your wreaths of flowers, like the sacred dust they honor, will be lost in the atoms of nature, but the light from these graves will shine as long as the stars shall burn in the belt of Orion.

From a Speech delivered at a New York Yale Alumni Banquet:

When we drop our knives and forks we turn from things material to things invisible. And after all, in spite of the materialist, the invisibles are our largest realities. First in order we drink to Alma Mater, but our eyes may not find her sheltering arms, and her fostering bosom we cannot touch. And then we drink again to this sentiment to which you have asked me to respond, the Yale Spirit. Where is the camera which shall shadow a likeness of the Yale Spirit, and where is the brush and what are the pigments which shall paint its portrait? How and where shall we find it? We may go to the old fence and whittle its fibers, and we are taught again the old lesson that no golden eggs are discovered by dissecting the goose. We go to Chapel, sit 'neath the elms, walk around the relics of the old Brick Row, but neither mensuration, nor chemistry, nor optics will reward our search. We watch the blue blades of the crew, as they dip into the waves and rise to the sunlight with the accuracy of the pendulum and the power of the driving-wheel; we look at the blue stockings and blue "Y"s on the breasts of the boys, as the team trots down the field; we see the flutter of a thousand blue flags, and hear the rifle crack of a thousand 'rahs, and the sonorous choruses of Brek-ke-ke-kex Ko-ax-ko-ax and the oceanic roar of ten thousand Ya-a-les, as the ball sails through the goal post winging its flight to victory; but all these things material and sensational report to us that until we have

added the invisible sentiments to the sensations we cannot find the Yale Spirit. Electricity is not locked in the dynamo — the dynamo only sets free the subtle and invisible power. The spirit of '76 is not in the Bunker Hill monument, nor in the bronze statues of Washington and Putnam, but in the patriotism and self-sacrifice of the men who fought by the rail fence with Putnam, or crossed the Delaware, bled and starved at Valley Forge, and triumphed at Yorktown with Washington.

Where and what then is the Yale Spirit? Pick up the seal of dear old Alma Mater and read its legend, *Lux et Veritas.* In the invisible sentiments which these words enshrine, the Yale Spirit has its inmost home.

Light! At daybreak the Yale Spirit waits for high noon, and at sunset it looks for another sunburst "with new spangled ore" to "flame in the forehead of" another "morning sky," and in hours of midnight darkness it cries to the watchman, "Watchman, what of the night," and listens in undoubting faith for the reply, "The morning cometh."

Truth! The Yale Spirit waits by the everlasting rocks of Truth, upon which billows of lies and bigotry and selfishness and despotisms and wars and anarchies and chaos break in froth and foam. It hears truth — harmonies in law — the laws of science and religion and progress and civilization. And to the final judgments of truth uttered after full and fair trial, it yields obedience — no matter at what cost of prejudice and bias, no matter what record of semi-sacred traditions and philosophies are tumbled into the waste basket.

But the Yale Spirit is not complete in the motto of the seal. To the foundation words, *Lux et Veritas*, it adds "*et fortitudo*," which translated for the benefit of the fading memories and incomplete scholarships of the alumni brethren means "sand." This is the quality which wins debates after many a defeat,— a quality in this regard incarnated in many an undergraduate, and conspicuously in that accomplished professor, scholar, and loyal son of Yale, Arthur T. Hadley. This is the quality which carries the batsman to the winning run when two men are out and when two strikes are called in the ninth inning; it scatters flying wedges and guards back formations on the grid-iron, and it has carried the blue to the front in so many a fight, moral, intellectual, and physical, and so many times in face of so many odds.

We have now added *fortitudo* to our *Lux et Veritas*. We must add one more word, "*lux et veritas et fortitudo et fraternitas*." This last is after all the supreme characteristic of Yale. On the campus brother meets brother and man meets man. As the sum of ethics is found in that combination of love and justice, the brotherhood of man, so Yale is stronger than the strongest in her recognition of worth and nobility in her men, without criticism of their antecedents of lineage or wealth, and in her sons standing together as brothers in peace and as a phalanx in strife.

Among the latest absurdities of our rage for societies whose membership relates only to the past, I observed a society whose membership is limited to Americans who may rightfully claim for some buried ancestor a coat of arms. Fraternity needs stronger cords than that. When a maniac upon that subject once asked the late President Pierce what was his coat of arms, the President replied, "My father's shirt sleeves at Bunker Hill."

Last fall a football trophy was in peril and it almost seemed a certainty that the tradition that Yale is never beaten twice by the same team would be broken. This Yale spirit of brotherhood, which we find added in the quartet to light, and truth, and sand, seized the bugle and rang an alarm like Robin Hood's through Sherwood Forest. And from the East and the West and the North and the South the heroes of many victories, football experts beyond compare, came in troops to the athletic field to save the blue flag, and to keep the old motto from breach. I should like to name this loyal legion from Walter Camp, *facile princeps!* to Captain Butterworth, honor to him! Yale enthusiasts all, coming to help as plucky a captain and plucky a team as ever honored Yale at football, but Brother Twichell will do that thing better than I can. But that spirit of Yale brotherhood was invincible, and another victory over brave and stalwart Princeton was added to the long catalogue.

It is this element of Yale Spirit which has led so many of our loved professors, Brush and Sumner, and Lounsbury, and Brewer, and Gibbs, and Chittenden, and others, to reject many an offer of a higher salary and a more pretentious title. Like Moses of old, in the language of one of my old deacons who had a way of mixing scriptural phrases, "preferring rather to

suffer affliction with the people of God than to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter." It was this sense of loyal brotherhood which led that remarkable specimen of mathematics, angles, and learning, our old friend Prof. Loomis, to give so much of his private fortune to the University. Recently it has led that professor, easily first of all Americans, perhaps of all living men, in his special science, Professor Marsh, to give his valuable private archæological collection to Peabody museum.

This then, in brief, for we have many voices to hear, is the Yale Spirit — light and truth and courage and brotherhood. And why do we rejoice in it? Not alone nor chiefly because it makes a fine ideal, but because it adds to the best resources of individual manhood. It makes us as lawyers better, as clergymen better, as journalists better, as merchants, farmers, railroad men, all better and stronger and braver and purer. And more, it makes us better Americans. And what a privilege, what a duty to be a true American! What legacies of honor and bravery and patriotism! What traditions of freedom and independence and minding our own business is his heritage! While yielding to no one in admiration of the English common law and English literature, I pity the man with an American birthright who is a modern anglomaniac paying his devotions to the weaknesses of the English aristocracy, waving palm branches and weaving halo crowns for Charles I. as a martyr, sending messages of congratulation to that highly respectable woman who by the accident of birth is queen of England upon New York's relations to her ancestor, George III. You remember the lines written or quoted by Thackeray:

> George the 1st was very vile,
> George the 2d viler,
> And no mortal ever heard
> Any good of George the 3d.
> When the 4th to hell descended,
> Praise to God the Georges ended.

It is often and truly said that the life of the scholar is antagonistic to the life of the soldier. But the scholar has no antagonism to the patriot, and when patriotism calls to arms, the scholar's ear is quick to catch the sound. In 1774 Yale's President Stiles said: "We are to have another Runnymede in

America," and in 1775 he was busy in camp. In 1779 old ex-President Naphtali Daggett, with his fowling piece blazing at British regulars, made one of the most striking pictures of the Revolution, and a greater man than either of these presidents, a tutor at College, and a brigade chaplain in the Army, educated the youth of Yale, and everybody else in the reach of his influence, in the burning lessons of American independence, Timothy Dwight, grandfather of our own loved Timothy. Don't forget that from her small number of alumni, less than one thousand in all, Yale sent 234 officers and soldiers to active service in the Revolution. What seat of learning can tell a better story of devotion? And when our country again called to arms in 1861, Yale sent 758 of her alumni to defend the Union. And what a catalogue of heroes these earlier and later wars made for Yale! We may not name them — let us rather remember the "glorious milky way of their multitude." But, as to young Lycidas, dead ere his prime, let us drop one leaf, be it Judge Finch's "fame leaf or angel leaf," to that incarnation of the Yale Sprit, Nathan Hale.

May the breath of the old Simon Pure triple X Yale Spirit never forsake the Campus, nor the bosoms of the alumni, nor the activities of the nation! May it long live in its purity and power to make good students in the republic of letters, good citizens of the republic of Old Glory, and good men in the brotherhood of humanity!

An Address at a New York city Banquet of the Sons of the American Revolution, in 1892: —

The distinguished president of the New York society, who fails to fulfill his destiny unless he secures seven oratorical triumphs a week, in his characteristic opening address told us we had no politics and all kinds of politics here. His words and this company of eminent statesmen upon my left suggest to me possibilities. Perhaps the Sons may be called to larger political duties in the coming nominating conventions than we suspect.

It is not impossible that our friends at Chicago may fall into confusion and anxieties for a fresh candidate. What more seemly thing could they do than to come to the Sons and drop their honors on the head of him who sits by my side? Our pres-

ident says that he is always young. Let him be the young men's candidate of the Sons!

> The heart, the heart is the heritage
> That keeps the old man young.

(Turning to Mr. Dana and bowing.)

And if our other friends at Minneapolis become confused and anxious for a new candidate (it is understood that New York State has none as yet), what better could they do than to come for one whose thorough agricultural experience at Peekskill will insure him the support of the Alliance, and whose nineteenth-century railroad experience will gain him the votes of the rest of the country, and whose brain is large enough to fill out any grandfather's hat in the National Museum, and who sits to-night at the head of our table.

Let me congratulate the society upon to-day's work of the convention in its important step toward a union with our sister organization. This separation should not be continued. Two associations with kindred inspirations, banners, and legends, but living in different tents, are yet separated by the narrowest kind of a stream, and one so easily bridged. God send that the bridge be built at once!

You have introduced me as hailing from Connecticut; it is the best place to hail from. We point to our roll and its 650 members with honest pride, but with larger pride for the reason of it. The Connecticut Sons of the American Revolution are many because the Connecticut fathers in the Revolution were many.

Connecticut's territory was seldom the scene of battle. Her zeal was more than the zeal of self-defense and the protection of farm and home. There was no border-line between Connecticut and Bunker Hill, and Connecticut and Trenton. Enjoying as we do to-night the princely hospitality of the New York Sons, the close ties that bound Connecticut to New York in the Revolution rise to our thoughts. There is Fort Washington, and we recall the heroic defense of it by the colonists from Pennsylvania and Maryland and Connecticut against the overwhelming assault of British grenadiers, infantry, and Hessian hirelings, and we see watching the conflict, and with unchecked tears in their eyes as they saw the bloody bayonets driven into the hearts of the garrison, side by side, George

Washington and Israel Putnam, and with them Gen. Greene and Col. Knox.

There was Bowling Green with its gilded leaden statue of George the Third, torn down and sent to the hills of Litchfield, where the brave women of Connecticut melted it into bullets and loaded them into 40,000 cartridges to replenish our slender stores of ammunition.

I think of yonder Long Island,—Long Island which you stole from us, as well as several other Islands, not to mention the east banks of the Hudson, including Peekskill and all the then unguessed greatness which has since come out of it. Long Island — to it we sent our most charming sacrifice — bright with the light of youth and hope, purest of soul, and noblest of purpose, willing to die as a spy for a cause which held his heart. And if we gave Nathan Hale to Long Island, Long Island gave to Connecticut Benjamin Tallmadge, the most effective of the Revolutionary dragoons, the pet of Washington ; and the tie which then bound Connecticut and New York in that noble colonel has bound us together ever since in his worthy descendants.

In the winter of '76 Washington sent for cavalry to Colonel Sheldon's regiment at Wethersfield. To Colonel (then captain) Tallmadge was committed the charge of four companies. They crossed Connecticut and the Hudson and down to the headquarters at Morristown. The horses of Captain Tallmadge's own company were dapple-gray and accoutred in black leather. They reached Litchfield on Saturday and spent the Lord's day there. Connecticut people went to church on Sunday then, and they do now, although it looks as if those of us who are with you to-night would have to worship in New York this time.

It was a striking scene in the old church upon the Green. Cornwallis's fleet was almost at our shores, and rumor had announced it and added to its size. In the old pews were the villagers and the patriotic troops ; in the pulpit was the Rev. Judah Champion.

To refresh your memories of the inspirations of the Revolutionary church militant in New England, and to remind you of the oratorical powers of the Reverend father, let me read you his prayer at morning service :

O Lord, we view with terror the approach of the enemies of Thy holy religion. Wilt Thou send storm and tempest to toss them upon the sea and

to overwhelm them upon the mighty deep, or to scatter them to the utter most parts of the earth. But, peradventure, should any escape Thy vengeance, collect them together again, O Lord, as in the hollow of Thy hand, and let Thy lightnings play upon them. We beseech Thee, moreover, that Thou do gird up the loins of these Thy servants who are going forth to fight Thy battles. Make them strong men, that "one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." Hold before them the shield with which Thou wast wont in the old time to protect Thy chosen people. Give them swift feet that they may pursue their enemies, and swords terrible as that of Thy Destroying Angel, that they may cleave them down when they have overtaken them. Preserve these servants of Thine, Almighty God, and bring them once more to their homes and friends, if Thou canst do it consistently with Thine high purposes. If, on the other hand, Thou hast decreed that they shall die in battle, let Thy spirit be present with them and breathe upon them, that they may go up as a sweet sacrifice into the courts of Thy temple, where are habitations prepared for them from the foundation of the world.

And now a word or two of the duties of our society.

We have learned by the hardest of lessons that we are a nation with a nationality, an indestructible nation beyond the assault of secession and division — that the Declaration was by the people, and that the Constitution was by the people. This elemental truth on which our life depends must never again be questioned.

When it is yielded, it will be time to go again to Riverside, where the cornerstone of our great soldier's tomb was laid a few hours ago with the earnest words of the president of our national society, and the memorial eloquence of our chairman of this evening, and to pull down the pile and to scatter ashes over the sacred acres. It will be time to tear the name of Lincoln from our histories.

But there is another truth which we must never forget and which our society may well memorialize.

If the Declaration was made by the people, it was made by the colonies struggling to Statehood. If the Constitution is an organic law by the people, it is also a treaty between newly-born sovereignties. If we are a Nation, we are also a Union. Ours is the Nation of the United States. Our early legend was "*E Pluribus Unum.*" When the fathers lighted up the sky for their descendants and for humanity, it was not by a single sun, it was by a constellation, whose song was as joyful as the song of the morning stars at the birth of creation.

And the best future of the republic calls upon us to keep

alive the flavors and traditions of the several communities. It would be dull indeed if we were fused into a uniform manhood like that bastard of art — a composite photograph.

Geography forbids it; nature forbids it. The hills, the prairies, the seas, the lakes, the rivers, the mountain laurels, the golden-rod, the arbutus, the violets, the daisies, the roses, the fruits, the trees, the climates, all tell us that our enormous power is in our diversity in unity. Keep up the local histories. Tell and tell again the old tales of the East and the West and the North and the South, and let the local treasures of character and industry and wisdom and love come in to carry us on farther in growth and development.

Another thought for the society. Pardon me for saying it is not unimportant.

Our duties to the fathers, of filial reverence and affection, are sacred. Our sonship is also a precious gift. But if our sonship stands only in the written disclosures of a genealogical tree, it is but a mockery.

> The pedigree of honey does not concern the bee,
> A clover any time to him is aristocracy.

For us the question is one of honey and not of stalk.

My reverend and honored friend upon my right, a bishop of the Church, I am sure will assent to my proposition that the best Apostolical succession is the one which succeeds to the qualities of the Apostles.

If we would be worthy sons of the fathers, let us not rest our credentials upon entries in the family Bibles. Let us inherit their virtues — their faith, no night was too dark for them to see the stars; their hope, no night was too long for them to wait for the coming, from below the horizon, of the sun; their courage, which no snows of New England or floating ice in the Delaware could chill, which hunger and thirst and nakedness could not cast down; their patriotism, which tolerated no personal ambitions nor selfishness, but which suffered and struggled on and on, by day and night, in winter and summer, to build a republic, whose banner — may it float forever! — shines with the stars of "old glory."

An Essay on Christian Missions, read at the Monday Evening Club in Hartford:

The question suggested for our discussion to-night is girt with difficulties on every hand, and the little stock of wisdom which the essayist has been able to bring to its consideration has only made it clear to his mind that in this matter we are walking as yet only in twilight; but it is the twilight of a rising and not a setting sun.

This essay, which is intended as a suggestion to bring out the wisdom of the club, moves from the standpoint of enthusiastic adherence to a pure Christianity as declared and inaugurated by its founder, whose Lordship and mastery it unqualifiedly admits. This Christianity is assumed to be the complete system of religious life and truth open to man. While on the one hand the claims of many of its adherents that all other religions excepting the Hebrew religion are false and abominable, are not supported by the words or life or principles of the Master, who claims for himself a fulfilling and not a destructive mission, on the other hand, the suggestion now not infrequently made that Christianity is to be succeeded by something better in future larger development of the race, is rejected.

It is true that historic Christianity is constantly changing, swinging now nearer to and now farther from its pure original, as it conforms more or less to the composite elements which have come into the chemistries of its constitution, or obeys more or less the extrinsic forces which have rushed in, like a flood, upon it. And doubtless it is true that the Christianity of the future must and will come back more and more to its simple sublime original thoughts and purposes — the dross of all kinds which encompasses the pure ore, the chaff of all kinds, wood, hay, and stubble in which the solid grain is found, must all be burned.

There are a thousand things which are and have been of this historic Christianity, many of which have already dropped away and many more of which will drop away, while the most fitting of them will survive. Thus, while our Lord was particular to avoid all ecclesiastical establishments, His church has taken on, as it must have done in the nature of the case, all kinds of methods and incidents of ecclesiasticism, as Popes, and Priests, and Prelates, and Princes, and Presbyteries, and

Metropolitans, and Councils, and Synods, and Convocations. And while our Lord founded no school of philosophy, His church has assumed all kinds of philosophy — Augustinianism, Calvinism, Scholasticism, Neo-Platonism, Nominalism, Realism, and countless other "isms."

Savageries, too, have attached to the church, as inquisitions, the sword of the crusader, excommunications, and heresy hunting. Most of these have dropped altogether out of church history, and the rest are only lingering for a few days in the sere leaf.

But despite all the occasional tyrannies and violence of its ecclesiasticism, the occasional subtleties and absurdities of its philosophy, Christianity has gone forward to elevate and civilize mankind, and there has been no period so dark but in many hearts there burned the pure fire of Christian life, and in many minds there reigned in purity the unutterably great truths of Christianity.

And this last thought is our first point in discussing the subject of Christian Missions.

Christianity is essentially an aggressive and pervasive thing, and that universally. It is tied to no nation, is controlled by no climate, is bound up in no single age or æon, is chained to no dynasty nor family. Its field is the human heart, its family the human race, its scene, time and eternity. Its Divine master charged his friends and disciples to preach the gospel — good news — to every creature.

From his own lips the assurance came that He incarnated the everlasting love of God; that he came to save men's lives, not to destroy them; that he was the way, the truth, and the life; that he died to attract a world, and his last legacies were peace of soul and the promise of his own everlasting presence.

This gospel was to be preached to every creature. He compared its nature to the most rapid upspringing and growth of vegetable life, from the tiniest seed to the measureless fruit, from the dying kernel to the diffusive leaven, elevating the material of the single human heart and of the heart of society, and making them healthful.

He fulfilled the righteousness of Judaism; He took gifts from the learned men of the Orient; He talked with the Greeks before his tragic death; He pictured his Kingdom here and hereafter as flooded with incomers from the East and the West

and the North and the South. His picture of the crisis of souls revealed all the nations parting to the right hand and to the left in the discriminations of character.

The Christian system has prevailed nearly nineteen centuries, but the world, counting by heads, is still pervaded by the leaven of his Kingdom, to less than one-half of its population.

The work must go on, and it falls to our generation, as it has to its predecessors, to carry it forward.

And we ought to come to the duty with no less devotion and with more wisdom and power than did the fathers. True, we have not the accident of the great Roman Empire reaching out over all the world as at the first; but we have much greater elements of power in our modern inventions and the processes of modern civilization. For the first time in history we know who and what the so-called heathen are.

Our missions have largely aimed at the conversion of savage tribes. We are discovering in worlds only yesterday almost unknown great strength of civilization and intellectual culture and moral goodness.

And, as significant of the immense assistance given to Christianity by our modern inventions, remember that in the last twenty-five years in which the English have introduced railroads and telegraphs and canals and education into India, the pervasion of Christianity has been greater than in all the previous history of missions there.

One fact which has hitherto been a great hindrance to missions is likely, by and by, to be a great advantage. I refer to the differences of view in Christian philosophy and in church organizations, as marked by differing sects and religious bodies, and which have heretofore been the subject of jealousy, quarrel, hate, strife, and often even of bloodshed. These differences are to become a source of missionary strength. The idea of Christian Unity is taking on a more rational form. It is getting to be conceded that men will not think alike until they look alike — the analogy of differing features in human faces — of differing trees and flowers and rocks and hills and streams and clouds in nature are absolutely significant of intellectual distinctions which will never fuse, and ought never to fuse, into a monotony. Unity is to be sought in a common obedience to God, a common discipleship to His sublime Representative, a common love to man. The common meeting of

Christian disciples will soon be at the Lord's table, and not at man's table, furnished by men, with tickets of invitation issued by men only to other men who have certain antecedent outfits of philosophical opinion or ecclesiastical degrees. And when Christian unity stands in Christian character, with no surrender of individual or denominational views, except as they interfere with that mutual respect for and charity to our neighbors which the gospel requires, and which in all other matters but religion the present tolerant age requires, then the separation into sects, which is both natural and wise, will give the really United Christian Church a power of extension never before known. For as there are and will be sectarian differences in Christendom as it is, they must also exist in extended Christendom as it will be.

These well-known facts can be used in the true economy of missions. The African will be left to his natural preferences — to the fervors of Methodism or even of the Salvation Army, to the comprehensive and complete ablutions of Anabaptism, and to the gorgeous tinsel and gorgeous beauties of the Roman Ritual. The Buddhists and Theosophists will naturally come to Christianity through the most highly cultivated and thoughtful and broad communions.

The benighted heathen, in many places where Rome and the Greek Church and the Abyssinian and Coptic Churches have nominal power, would be best set right by the beautiful decencies, and by the respect for historic office and authority of the Reformed Episcopal Communions, and doubtless that austere and chilling philosophy, which has done so much for civilization from the time of Augustine to Calvin, and from Calvin to the present century, but which now seems to be everywhere yielding in Christendom to more reasonable and wholesome views of God and man, will still have a part to play in lands whose culture and development is behind that of the United States and England and Germany.

Intellectual and temperamental distinctions will be recognized and the form of Christianity which best fits the place and the man will be not only given the field, but assisted in the field by other Christians. This is already conceded in literature and education of the mind, and why not in religious education ?

This mutual respect involves no surrender of individual

belief, partiality, or love. I may fancy the social life and ways of my own household, but I may not treat with disrespect the conscientious views of my neighbor who sits up an hour later at night, dines at noon, and wears full dress at family table.

Society is broad enough for great differences in the presence of underlying principles of courtesy and refinement.

And the immense advantage of sectarian differences, in presence of individual charity and respect, must be apparent to any student of history. The Roman Catholic Missions, which at times have been distinguished by great success, have usually treated Protestant churches as heretical, and the paths of heresy and heathenism as only two highways to a common hell.

Much has been already accomplished. I know that it is easy to show that in some quarters, particularly in savage lands, the relapses of so-called converts have been very marked. Usually these men have been induced to submit to baptism as an escape from a flaming hell, or to assent to some statements of which their ideas were as clear as the clouds of chaos (if there were clouds in chaos), and their relapse, if made, has not been very large ; but without counting so-called converts, the influence of our missions has been grand and good. And that at least in these two regards : first, by giving to other nations our Scriptures ; and second, by giving them our educational methods. Whatever one may think about the unity of the Scriptures, and of the dishonor which superstition has often placed and does now often place upon our sacred literature by idolizing it, it is submitted without fear of dispute by fair men, that it is better and truer and more highly inspired, and when we include in it, as we may and must, the words of our Lord, incomparably better and truer than any other literature that is or has been.

And it is quite possible that portions of the old Hebrew Scriptures, which have been more or less of a hindrance and stumbling block to pure Christian souls, by reason of bad education as to what they were and wherein they were profitable, may be even an element of great power in Christianizing some of the old nations.

Doubtless Old Testament history helped Mahomet, as doubtless the apostolic misapprehension of our Lord's second advent

and of the end of the world helped the early church to great success.

The oriental mind has no apprehension of the value of time, of individual rights, or of the beautiful mission of woman — absolutely elemental things in Christianity.

Given now our methods of education, our advances in the sciences, our railroads and steamboats and telegraphs and incredibly ingenious machinery telling the story of the value of time and the worth of industry, and our democratic ideas of the rights of the individual under constitutional law, and the dignity which we give to woman, Christianity has got a civilization to carry it along, her own civilization too, so certain to supersede the inferior civilizations of the East, that it must ultimately leaven the whole lump of humanity. And while, if we look only at the square miles where Christianity is the dominant religion, and count only the number of faces which are uplifted to the highest ideal of God, we must admit that the harvest seems to be afar off, yet, if we look beneath the surface to the civilization which has been already wrought in these peoples by our education and by the inspirations of our Scriptures, we shall see that in spite of untoward agencies made by the greed of Christian folks, as by the opium trade and rum trade, and by bodily lust, India, and Japan, and China are becoming pervaded with the Kingdom whose real coming is not with observation, as of processions and drums and banners and cannon.

It is a fair question whether certain things in Scripture which have been interpreted to mean that Christianity must first triumph in the hearts of the unlettered have not been pressed too far. Passages like "The foolishness of preaching," "Not many wise, not many mighty," "Out of the mouths of babes," etc., have been often quoted as somehow forbidding us to hope for progress in the schools of other philosophies than ours. When we look at the culture of India it would seem as if the ripeness of its intellectual life must be a ripeness for intellectual truth.

While Christianity always weakens when it aims at conflicts, it cannot weaken while anywhere engaged in honest contest for truth, and an intelligent and courteous and loving effort to bring the philosophy of life declared by our Lord into the thought of the great and good men of India, and Japan, and China must be successful.

A word now about statistics. I have not gone into the history of missions, it would take too long ; nearly all branches of the church, and all Christian nations have attempted to carry them forward ; on the whole, our American people have done their fair share, and as well as the others, and better than most. But our doing is, after all, not over large. England spends $5,000,000 a year in foreign missions. The United States perhaps one-half that amount.

It is doubtful if over $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 is spent by the whole of Christendom upon foreign missions, and yet the United States spends $900,000,000 a year upon ardent spirits, wine, and beer.

Our American people spend for this investment, which on the whole is a horrible one, forty times as much as the Christian world spends directly to carry on this work. But as has been before referred to, this Kingdom of Heaven comes not by observation, and the agencies of our century are radiating Christianity as never before in ways which do not appear in the books of religious statistics.

This age with its justice to history, its critical interpretations, its scholarship, its new science of comparative religion, is gradually discovering as the real stars in our sky at night and the sun in our sky at day, the elemental truths of Christianity. A personal God, and He a loving, forgiving Father, maker of heaven and earth and all things visible and invisible, a perfect life in humanity bringing us back to His love and revealing to us in the supreme of moral character the true being of the Invisible God, man His child with a divine nature and a personal immortality, good character the condition of eternal life and bad character the condition of eternal death, the everlasting distinctions between right and wrong, the brotherhood of the human race, the greatness of the individual soul, the beauty of self-sacrifice, righteousness the foundation and love the consummation of moral being, the ugliness of selfishness, the charm of ministration, the beastliness of aggrandizement and greed, the worth of sincerity, the hollowness of sham and hypocrisy, the rewards of charity and consideration, and the hideousness of intolerance and bigotry.

In the presence of such immortal living truths as these, catholic facts for the experience of human life, how petty do our sectarian distinctions, to which we are so much attached,

appear! Let our missionaries be equipped with these things, no matter what their names may be.

And if we could only complement the good words and good works of our missionaries with good lives in business and society of our sailors and merchants and visiting midshipmen, and our East India Bombay companies and our horse railway companies, the triumphs of our missionary labors would be immensely increased. The gospel was radiated from Jerusalem. Let us go there to-day. At what is supposed to be the Holy Sepulchre, representatives of two large communions, each claiming to be the only orthodox and the only catholic church of Christ, celebrate religious ceremonies. They are preserved from violence and personal conflict by the scimitar of the Musselman soldier, who keeps the peace between them. Greek, Roman, and Armenian Christians look at each other in disdain and hate. Is that all there is of Christianity in Jerusalem? Oh, no, there is lineal succession of the Master in spiritual things there. I read only a few weeks ago in a letter which sketched in a graphic way the idolatries and mummeries and quarrels at the sepulchre, of a little band of American young men taught of an American layman in their own country, who passed in and out on missions of love and charity and mercy and education, and were cordially welcomed by Moslem and Armenian, and were honoring and promoting a living Christianity.

Doubtless the gentlemen in brilliant wardrobe, quarreling at the tomb, consider these young men to be uncommissioned adventurers and schismatical heretics.

We sometimes wonder that Buddhism numbers more adherents than Christianity, that Mohammedism contests with us in Asia and Africa, and this, two thousand years after the Resurrection.

But the world was many thousand years old before the Sun dawned, and it is yet only morning. The world was full of individual despotisms entrenched in force and in the forms of law. Where is personal despotism now? Human slavery is of the past. The nobility of woman has been discovered. The infinite capacity and value of each individual man and his rights and wrongs — human ability for self-government — education becoming universal — superstition and idolatry disappearing — the insane no more hunted to the hills — the sick

and the sad the objects of tender ministration — rank and heritage and accidental superiority yielding to virtue and worth — these, and how much more has Christianity wrought! And now we are discovering the merits and demerits of other religions, and of their sacred books, and the many precious things which we hold in common with them, the demerits, too, in our own historic religion, for demerits it has none in its original purity. We have learned that one seer is worth to his age a dozen fore-seers, one benefaction worth a hundred winking images, that the Son of man and all true sons of men "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister"; that the Almighty Father has written every law in love, that truth is harmonious, that there can be no warfare between science which discovers laws of God, and the study of invisible things which discovers other laws of the same Infinite Being.

And in this regeneration of an imperfect humanity, knowing in part and easily drifting to selfishness and to the engrossing pursuit of things which are seen, Christianity has wrought greatly, in spite of fightings and fears without and within, and has even greater works to appear in the coming centuries.

Decoration Day Address at Rockville, 1897, to Burpee Post, G. A. R.:

Our holidays seem to be few when we look abroad to some other nations and back to other ages. To the pious fathers the word itself was significant of idleness and superstition. It was entered into the statute-book by indirection, but it is there now, and is not a bad word. Of the few days which our calendar calls holidays, none is so tender in its sentiment as Decoration day. It comes when the brook of May's budding life meets the river of June's mantle of luxuriant verdure. Its symbols are not the ripe grain of Thanksgiving nor the evergreens and holly berries of Christmas, but the unfolding blossoms of roses and honeysuckle and laurel.

Twenty-nine years ago you instituted this sacrament of love for your comrades — a sacrament whose visible elements are pure and sweet flowers, and whose inspirations are patriotism and fellowship. A great nation uncovers before you in your march, salutes you in reverence and gratitude, and, as you leave your garlands upon the graves of the dead, kneels with you in benediction. The friends of law and free government all over

the round globe beat time to the music of your tread. Thirty-six years ago the first cannon-ball broke the masonry of Sumter; thirty-two years ago the clouds of war rolled away at Appomattox. A new generation of men has been born, new tides of immigration have poured upon our shores, new inventions have been made, distances have been beaten down, the nations are in close touch, and there is no isolation in the peoples of the earth. The children who listened in wonder to your stories of battles are men and women now, and are studying the news from Cuba and Thessaly. Your column is smaller by the birth of each new spring, and the majority, which is at rest, is growing larger and larger.

It is an honor to contribute to the services of the hour words of sympathy and gratitude — to meet with this vigorous Post and to salute it — to recall the noble officer whose name is honored by your selection, and which honors you by its use. He was a typical Connecticut soldier; clean, pure, unselfish, brave, and patriotic. His career, from his enlistment in the Fourteenth to his mortal wound at Cold Harbor, won him a high place in the long catalogue of heroes who died to preserve unbroken the union of the States. He left us in the morning of life, but he had finished a work of devotion and sacrifice. And who shall say that the stream of his young life, lost to our sight, like the sunken river Humboldt, has not somewhere already reappeared and found fairer banks and bluer skies than ours? What son of Connecticut, though his tongue stammers and his voice is feeble, can speak of the Connecticut soldier but in words of enthusiasm? Her contributions of men and means in the colonial wars, in the war for independence, and in the war for freedom and the preservation of the nation, have given our commonwealth an enviable eminence. And yet no hostile camp has been pitched within her borders. Her soldiers, undisciplined and untrained, but hardy and tough, under Putnam and Knowlton, at first recruits, but later veterans, under Terry and Birge, Hawley and Harland, Foote and Burpee, and the other leaders, left friends and homes for the common causes of the colonies and the nation.

And what pages of history show such an army of volunteers as rallied around Old Glory from '61 to '65? It was an army of the youth of the North stirred by conscience and honor and duty-call. The adventurer was an exception. The rank and

file were patriots. They loved home, they loved law, they loved education, they loved liberty, they loved the flag, and for these sanctities they were ready to offer themselves for service and suffering and death. It has been well said that the signal successes of the German army in '66 and '70 were due less to German generals than to German schoolmasters. It is equally true of the success of the Army of the Republic. They went to the front not as conscripts or hirelings, but as volunteers, whose minds have been educated in the school, whose hearts were warm with love of country, and whose souls burned with devotion to God and duty. For them it was a short step from the awkward-squad stage of the recruit to the easy swing and cool courage of the veteran, not only, or chiefly, for their tough fibers of muscle and nerve, but for the intelligence and conscience which were inclosed in the folds, and under the caps, of blue.

We look to our books, and the stories of wars are chiefly of generals and officers, whose names are written in capitals — the private soldier is unnamed, though his bravery is recorded. Rarely does his name appear in the newspapers. By and by, when he dies, it is carved upon a headstone or written upon a wooden slab. But where would the record of the brave officers appear but for the valor of the unnamed hosts? You did not enlist to get your individual records into print, but to save your country and to fulfill your own sublime sense of duty. Who can tell me the name of anyone of the three hundred Spartans or the seven hundred Thespians who fell with Leonidas at Thermopylæ? Who can give us the name of any one of the six hundred and seventy cavalrymen of the Light Brigade who rode into the "Valley of Death" at Balaklava under Lord Cardigan? And is the substance of their immortality lost because these heroes have left on the pages of literature no "shadow of a name"?

We are doing honor to the memory of patriots and founders by many organizations. The descendants of the Pilgrims, of the founders, and the Colonial warriors, of the Revolutionary soldiers, and the sons of Grand Army sires, are forming associations to honor their distinguished and patriotic predecessors. Sisters and daughters and wives join the movement. It is well, and more than well; and organizations to honor you and your devotion will and should multiply. These organizations are

wholesome. They develop sentiment, and what is life without sentiment? They induce historical study; they bring out local traditions and the lessons of good individual lives. They bind us closer to our native land. But they bring also new dangers. We have no classes in our country, and need none. Lincoln split rails, Grant worked in a tanyard, Cleveland was a sheriff. If our patriotic societies stand upon gold badges and insignia and only the glory of the fathers, they will develop snobbery and pride. If they keep alive the virtues of the fathers, and educate the people in lessons of liberty and law and education and religion and American principles and Connecticut traditions, they will add to the strength and progress and best development of the nation. So may they always do!

This year abounds in memorials. The City of Brotherly Love, the home of the Liberty Bell, and the birthplace of the Constitution has added to the memorials of the Father of his Country a statue of noble proportions and commanding form. And with fitting words the President of the United States has delivered to the commercial metropolis the memorial tomb at Riverside, where shall rest, side by side with the companion of his struggles and his glories, the great captain of the armies of the Republic. The magazines and journals, after peppering us for a year and a half with endless charges of birdshot in the cause of realistic fiction, and until our skins were full and our blood tainted with Trilby, opened upon us with Napoleon, and for months and months cannonaded us with Napoleon by hot shot and bombshell. At last they have given us a welcome rest from exploiting his career, and have refreshed us with stories of Grant. What a blessed change! These two generals had a community of skill in the art of war. Napoleon, by what is called genius, carried the so-called science of war to large results. Grant, by getting up earlier than the enemy, by staying longer on the battlefield, by renewing an attack when his opponents and most of his associates fancied he was whipped, by hammering away at anything and everything in front of him with the power and persistence of the storm-waves of ocean, by never for a moment losing his presence of mind, or dropping from his thoughts any part of his own army and its necessities, and the enemy's as well, gave the students of the art of war food for thought. But, if these two eminent personages had in common the distinction of military eminence, as men they

were antipodes. One incarnated selfishness, the other patriotism; one reveled in glitter and glory, the modesty of the other was only equaled by his graceful simplicity; one loved and worshiped himself, the other loved his fellow men and worshiped his God; one studied the heavens to find the star of his own bloody destiny, the other looked for the sun of righteousness arising with healing wings upon a day of peace and a re-united country; one thirsted only with zeal to draw his sword, the other hastened to return his to its sheath; one hesitated before no cruelties and lies, the other sought only mercies and truth; one cared for no promise nor regarded any, the other kept his word in the keeping of a white soul and an invincible courage. The sufferings of his troops were nothing to one, the galled flesh of an artillery horse touched the compassion of the other; to one his country was a desirable scaffolding to use in building for himself and his a throne and a dynasty, to the other his country was a supreme object for service and consecration. Humiliation of a conquered foe was sweet to the Corsican; there was no room in the hand of Grant for the hilt of Lee's sword, and the cavalry horses surrendered to him by the men whom he had fought for four years were returned to them for the peaceful services of agriculture. Napoleon was a great soldier by the standards of death and destruction, but when his soul was weighed against truth and honor, and chivalry and sympathy and the charity of St. Paul's epistle his scale flew into the air like a balloon. Grant was a great soldier, perhaps the greatest captain of his age, but when the scales which weigh character are brought forth (how trivial now are swords and shoulder straps!) and righteousness, sincerity, purity, magnanimity and modesty are the weights, we have a standard of human excellence on hand rarely surpassed in the world's list of military heroes, not by Gustavus Adolphus, not by Joan of Arc, hardly even by Washington. The magnificence of the demonstrations which surrounded the last committal of his sacred dust to its tomb by the Hudson was less in real power than the silent tribute of love and gratitude which moved from the hearts of millions and was eloquent above the roar of cannon. The tears of the boys in blue mingled with the tears of brave men in gray, the children of the heroes of the Grand Army marched side by side with the children of Confederates. Stern soldiers kept guard by Napoleon's coffin

when it was laid down in the Paris chapel. Armies and navies honored the burial of Grant, but more, a civilized world wept at his tomb. The magnificent tribute to the silent soldier was deserved. The tribute to the unique character and nobility of the man was even better.

And what are you telling us to-day, survivors of the Grand Army of the Republic, and what are we saying to you? To you blessings and honors and grateful hymns! You risked life for us, and for yourselves, and for the generations to come. The best we can say, the best we can do, is all too little for you. The greater rewards of your own consciousness of duty nobly done, of a nation saved, of humanity advanced, of liberty and self-government re-established, will ring as bells in your heart as you go down the "slopes of sunset," led, may it be, by the Father's hand, and till you go to rest, one by one, with the bugle call sounding "good night."

And what are you saying to us by your memorial services to-day? You are bidding us look up to the hills from whence came your strength and to join in your doxologies and alleluias to the God of our fathers. You are bidding us look about us and see this fair land, with its vast resources of commerce and agriculture, with its factories and farms and schools and colleges and churches, with its manifold and many peoples, all covered by the protections of its Constitution and laws, and to love it. You are bidding us look forward to its inestimable future of greatness and progress. You are bidding us remember that there are other enemies than the bayonets of armed resistance to law; enemies less conspicuous, but no less dangerous — corrupt morals, physical, intellectual, and spiritual degeneracy, snobbery and pride, irreverence for law, breaches of faith and denials of human rights, oppressions on this side and license on that. You are bidding us hold the Stars and Stripes in love and reverence, and to let them never be waved and tossed about at the hands of demagogic adventurers nor blatant jingoes. You are telling us that our country is large enough for our best activities and statesmanship, and that the government of the world has not yet been confided to us. You are bidding us sympathize with every righteous struggle for freedom and self-government. You are bidding us bury all bitterness of the past in the onward and friendly activities of the Republic in all its climes and latitudes. You are bidding us to be kind to

our neighbors and to be strong in the strength of minding our own measureless business. You bid us be true to our traditions, jealous of our history, enthusiastic for our advance ; to rejoice in the old pillars of fire and cloud, and to look for new light and shade to guide and protect our future. You are telling us of the manliness and success of a life which you consecrated to your country's service in the days of battle, that so you might make a highway for the feet of the blessed messengers who are bringing in the gospel of peace, a peace that endures. If we would learn the bitterness of war and the infinite mercies of peace, we go to you whose scars and empty sleeves are your credentials. To you, in this regard, would we commend the loud-mouthed orators who breathe fire and flame from their tongues, and shake swagger from their arms, in the protection of the chamber walls of the United States Senate.

March on, veterans, to the city of the dead! Lay your fresh flowers upon the dust of your comrades ! Their voices call to you from tent and battle front.

The picket-line in Virginia, the camp-fire in Carolina, the mine, the trench, the hospital, the storm of battle, the bayonet charge, the thirst, the wounds, the martyr's death, the victory, are in your souls to-day, as flashed from the lenses of a biograph.

Ring out again the old chorus, " Marching thro' Georgia," shout again the " Battle-cry of freedom." The voices of your sleeping comrades may be in the harmony, though you may not hear them ; their forms, clad again in blue, may be by your side, though you may not see them.

Two Carols by Mr. Robinson from a volume of "Christmas Carols" prepared and published by the "Union for Home Work," of Hartford, 1876:

EXULT, ye sons of men,
'Tis clearest morn!
Exult, ye sons of men,
The child is born!
Born into human life,
O Light Divine!
Through clouded human life
Forever shine.

*Chorus:* Glory, peace, good-will,
To God, to men;
Glory, peace, good-will,
To God, to men.

Carol sweetly, children,
The Holy Child!
Carol gently, children,
The mother mild!
Carol in the twilight
Of matin gray;
Carol in the twilight
Of closing day.
Glory, etc.

O Jesu, fill the mountain,
And fill the grove;
Fill prairie, sea, and mountain
With thy sweet love.
Ye sons of men acclaim Him,
The Holy Child!
The Son of God, acclaim Him,
And Mary mild.
Glory, etc.

## BETHLEHEM STAR.

When Bethlehem's star upon the sky
Its light of glory flamed,
The Orient sages caught its ray,
Its heavenly guidance claimed;
Obedient to its holy charm,
Rich gifts of love they bore,
Prostrate at gentle Mary's feet
The Saviour-child to adore.

From manger birth, through life of toil,
To waving palm from scorn,
From palm to cross, from cross to crown,
Thy path, O Woman-born!
And heavenly star, and halo-wreath,
And light white robe were Thine;
And thunder voice and resting Dove
Declared Thy life Divine.

O Bethlehem's star! bright morning star!
Guide us to Jesus' feet!
Our souls to love, our lips to praise,
Our hearts with His to beat!
From sin to penitential tears
To purify our night;
Through tears to faith, in faith to peace,
In peace to purest light.

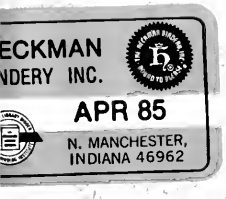
H. C. R.

The gracious heart that overflowed
  At every suffering human call;
The pity without drop of gall,
  The sympathy that warmed and glowed;
The kindly eyes not keen of sight
  For wrongs that weaker brothers wrought,
But through the fog of folly caught
  A flash of something that was bright;
The soul that throbbed in quick response
  To deed of flame and wingèd word,
That bathed in Nature's healing fonts,
  And sought the flower and loved the bird;
The brain of power, the speech of grace —
  Whose tones for truth and honor fell —
The faith that saw Redemption's face,
  And heard the whisper, "All is well."

---

Here in this world they told of Thee,
Lord, didst Thou need them more than we?

*Annie Eliot Trumbull.*


ECKMAN
NDERY INC.
APR 85
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962