TRIBUTE FROM A BROTHER

IT CAME FROM EUROPE CONCERNING ONE WHO DIED HERE.

He Was in the Fullest Sense a Christian Gentleman, a Noted Scholar—His Life From Earliest Youth Was Absolutely Pure—Devoted to His Family.

Paris, July 1, 1895.

To the Editor of the JOURNAL AND COURIER:

A man has just died in New Haven who was not known to many; for he was retiring and of shrinking and delicate sensibilities; but those few who were admitted to his friendship found themselves in the soothing presence of one of the best and purest of created beings. He was in the fullest sense a Christian gentleman. He would rather suffer than have others suffer. He would rather be blamed unjustly than have just blame addressed to anyone. He would rather be injured, almost insulted, than have others hurt. He was considerate, kind, polite, woy out into the finest details. He never intentionally hurt the feelings of anyone; and if he heard by accident any word or deed, had been misunderstood he was most unhappy till explanations had been made and accepted. He was polite for politeness sake. He meeded out the same politeness to those who were in authority above him as to those who were by authority under him. The equal worth of all manhood and womanhood he knew and respected while regarding and valueing social, legal, and religious, orders and ranks. At the same time he was absolute in his convictions, keen in detecting error, mercyless in exposing illogical conclusion, outraged by the discovery of parading ignorance. He had the highest ideal of his position as a teacher of science and would have brought to it every possible attainment of heart and mind. In some respects he was old fashioned. He thought, as was thought a generation or two ago, that every scientific man should be a Latin scholar, and that scientific correspondence should be conducted in Latin. He was always pleased to receive a Latin letter from one of his foreign contemporaries and took the pleasure of a jolly school boy in answering in Ciceroman sentences. He enjoyed delightfully turning off a phrase that had the true ring and build of the best Latin. At the same time to French he would return French; and to German, German, deploring all the while the use of the modern tongues. Some accused him of lagging in the procession of scientific advance; but he was most conservative. He would accept no theory on supposition. He demanded the scientific proof of every scientific proposition presented before he would alter an established notion. The plausibility of the Darwinian theory he admitted, but he would not touch the theory till its lacunes had been better filled, its links better connected. He was satisfied to follow in the paths established by his predecessors. He would not look beyond the gleaming reach of authoritative headlights, satisfied with the finds of orderly discovery, finding most satisfactory objects of thought and research within the lines laid down by predecessors. He might have spread his name over more territory had he joined the band of scientific theorists who are but another body of the impressionist school of the day. But his quiet and conscientious work in establishing more strongly the foundations of authoritative science will live long after ostentatious bubbles have been pricked; catch penny theories exploded. Of late he was becoming interested in genealogy and was applying to human families the keen detective powers of research which had made him authority in all those plant faililes to which he had directed his attention. To expose a bogus ancestor afforded him as much satisfaction as the discovery of a new family of fungolds.

But let those speak of his works who know them. To me the man was everything, the delightful companion, the faithful friend, the gentle monitor, the wise advisor, the strong rock of faith and trust against sorrow, distress, cruel accusation, unjust persecution, the far more than cousin, the revered and loved elder brother. His life from earliest youth had been so absolutely pure that the lesteful jester was silent in his presence. No oath, even the most ordinary, ever came from his lips. His greatest joy was absolute devotion to his wife and children. Oh! How they will miss him. The terrible shock when his eldest son was taken away left an impress that was never removed. Some of his thoughts were ever away in the spirit land with his darling son. His own great loss gave him the keenest sympathy with the losses of others. That such a man in his prime physically, and in the joy of intellectual development, should be stricken down and tortured to death by unknown horrors beyond the reach, or the ken, of the best therapeutic diagnosis of the century, shows how far away man still is from any knowledge of life, its principles or its powers. If man is to work out his own salvation from death, he has hardly taken a step yet in the right direction. There is no consolation in such a death. It was never intended that there should be. We were created to live, not to die. Death is an enemy. Death is of the devil. The last victory will be over death. Faith in that victory must inspire the intermediate fighting and keep it up. How can one be resigned to the inevitable? Resignation to be a victim requires choice; and there is no choice in the matter. There is faith to believe that the souls of his children He will keep till "that day," and there is assurance of the historical fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. But that is all. Humanity will ever cry out against death. Humanity can never be reconciled to suffering, death, bereavement, solitude.

PERIANDER.

WALLINGFORD.

The selectmen have complied with the new law and selected as jurors, George D. Hall, Almon Doolittle, Elijah Russell, William Prisk, Henry Prageman, Curtis A. Doolittle, E. J. Hough, J. W. Mix, Frederick S. Andrews, H. L. Davis, Amos Ives, E. H. Rich, James M. Cooper, M. E. Cook, G. W. Woodhouse, G. W. Barkes, A. L. Judd, William Luby, jr., G. H. Reilly, W. M. Casey, Elizur Clinton, Daniel Thrall, Frank M. Bartholomew, Linus H. Hall, J. W. Blakeslee, Ira A. Munson, and Charles Munson.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Rowden are home from Block Island.

Attorney O. H. D. Fowler and wife arrived home yesterday from the Catskills and other points of interest. The journey was by carriage, and proved a very pleasant one. Attorney E. P. Arvine of New Haven, who accompanied Mr. Fowler on the trip, remained at the mountains and will return by boat.

James C. Roach began his duties yesterday as clerk in the postoffice.

R. A. Bolton is home from a visit to Jersey City.

The companies of the fire department will attend the funeral of Walter T. Steele this afternoon. The deceased was engineer of the steamer.

William Hassett of Jersey City is the guest of his uncle, William Hassett of Whittlesey avenue.

Frank Stevenson is in Westbrook, Me., for a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Frances Payne is home from a two weeks' visit to Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. David Briggs have a new daughter.

The wedding of Frank Kelly and Mrs. Kate O'Donnell will occur this morning at the Holy Trinity church.

Hall & Elton company factory will start to-day, if the blanking press arrives here on time, as is expected.

DID NOT COMMIT SUICIDE.

F. Langenbach, of Norwich, is Seen in This City.

Frederick Langenbach of 56 Yantic street, Norwich, a gardener for Mrs. Lorenzo Blackstone of that city, who was reported in yesterday's state papers as having disappeared from his home last Thursday and having in all probability committed suicide, applied to Rev. W. D. Mossman of the City missions last Monday to secure money for transportation to New York. He said that he had a job at Norwich that paid him $45 per month and house rent. He has a wife and three children, and both he and his wife are members of the United M. E. church of Norwich. Rev. Mr. Pettner is the pastor. He said that his wife and family went on a church picnic last Thursday and while they were away a friend induced him to drink a little beer. It made him act very strangely and he was placed in the lockup for a short time. This made him so ashamed that when he was released he wanted to get as far away from Norwich as he could. So he had walked all the way to New Haven. He stated that he had $235 in the savings bank and had written to the bank to let his wife have what money she needed, and had also written to his wife. He appeared to be in a very high-strung condition. Mr. Mossman tried to get him to take the first train back to Norwich and he agreed that if he did not go he would come back to the evening meeting at English hall. As he did not come back the inference is that he went back home to his family.

At the Waterloo Banquet.

[From Advance Sheets of the July Cornhill].

He was a factor, or estate agent, for one of the oldest of the old Scotch families. Four generations had occupied the land in his time, and each succeeding nobleman had honored him with confidence and friendship. A stanch, trusty man was he, and of the good old-fashioned type. He had many strange experiences. Here is his account of one of them:

"When in London on one occasion I met a man in the streets whom I remembered as having been at one time valet, afterwards steward, to a Scotch nobleman. He was a man with decided personality, by no means bashful, Sharp by name and sharp by nature. Recognizing me at once he saluted in his usual faultless style, and I stopped to exchange a few pleasantries. Before we separated he remarked:

"'Now, sir, what can I do for you in London? I shall ever remember your kindness in procuring good situations for my sons, and shall be glad to be of any service to you. Give me the opportunity now.'

"I said I was obliged to him, but really every sight in London seemed to have a money value—that I had no difficulty.

"'Oh, but, sir, I probably could get you a sight that money could not buy. Now try me.'

"'Well, then, Sharp, could you take me to the Waterloo banquet to-morrow?'

"It was, to my mind, the occasion of interest above all others.

"'Impossible, absolutely impossible,' he said at once. 'Why, you can't know what you are asking, sir. Not a living soul except the officers who fought in the battle can get to the banquet. The rule is positively sacred. The King is the one exception, and he has to consider himself a privileged guest.'

"'Oh, well,' I said in mock resentment, 'you insisted on my naming some sight which money could not buy, and the very first I mention beats you. Good day, Sharp.'

"I was turning away when the ready witted fellow sprang after me, and with a show of spirit said:

"'Well, sir, you have put me to test. I will undertake to show you the Waterloo banquet to-morrow night. On this occasion, however, you must obey my instructions. You must come, in evening dress, to the opposite side of Piccadilly from Apsley house, at five o'clock punctually. Keep your eye on the window directly opposite to the side or east gate. You will see me appear there exactly at the hour. If I hold both arms above my head and beckon to you with my hands, you may consider that all is right. If you see me keep my arms down and shake my head, all is wrong; you may go home. If all is right, prepare to walk leisurely across the street towards the gate, which you will find guarded by policemen as well as by soldiers. Time yourself to arrive at the gate just as I do, for I will be visible. And then, sir, leave the rest to me.'

"We parted for the day, and I made several calls in the afternoon, one of them, strangely enough, on Sharp's former master, who urged me to come and dine with him the following evening, holding out as an inducement that he would get several mutual acquaintances with whom we should be sure to have a night of fun and storytelling of days gone by. I declined again and again, saying I was already engaged.

"'Come, come,' said his lordship, 'put your engagement off; remember I promise you will meet those worthies. Do.'

"'Well, my lord,' I replied, 'I may live to meet them again, but I shall never have another chance of my to-morrow night's engagement.'

"'Come, come,' (a common expression of his lordship's, who was as good a man as ever flavored a glass of old port). 'What is this great engagment you are so bound to?'

"'Well, my lord, I am going to the Waterloo banquet to-morrow night.'

"You should have seen him whistle and laugh as he exclaimed:

"'Why, man, you can't possibly be so privileged; even I could not go.'

"'Oh, I am quite aware of that, my lord, but I am going.'

"'Come, come, how is this to be accomplished?' he asked.

"'Well, do you remember Sharp, whom you had first as valet, then as steward years ago. He has promised to let me see this sight of all sights.'

"His lordship reflected a short time, and then remarked:

"'Well, sir, if that man Sharp has undertaken to let you be present at the Waterloo banquet, he will fulfill his promise. At a levee on one occasion he was in attendance on my two sisters and myself. The crush was unusually great, and one of my sisters grew faint, the other very nervous. I turned to Sharp for help, and he, rising to the occasion at once, offered his arm to one of my sisters. She took it, and Sharp, asking us to follow him, managed to make his way through the press to a side door, which he opened. We found ourselves in a charming room, with luncheon on the table. Sharp locked the door, and, offering my sisters chairs, we enjoyed an excellent repast and some good wine. Fortified in this way we were able to stand out the fatigues of the levee. Yes, Sharp is a wonderfully clever fellow.'

"Next day, I was at my trysting place in plenty of time, but far from happy at the role I expected to play. I dreaded being found out and disgraced.

"Prompt to time, Sharp appeared at the window. His hands were high above his head, his face beaming with delight. How he happened to be in Apsley house I never found out. He was a strange fellow. I slowly walked across the street, picking my steps with unnecessary care, trying to anticipate the challenge of the sentries by finding some plea for entrance. All at once I became aware of some one shouting my name, and calling me a great, lumbering, dilatory fellow, who was always late. I looked up in amazement, but Sharp, for Sharp it was, only shouted the louder, 'Come away, confound you, come away at once; you're keeping back all the preparations.' He seemed so very angry, that the sentries and policemen were completely taken in, as in fact I was myself in more senses than one.

"Once indoors, Sharp assured me all was right, but, for my part, I was wishing myself anywhere but in Apsley house. In the side room where I took off my overcoat, I was introduced to the Duke of Wellington's house steward, and—oh, mercy me!—to the chief inspector of police in charge of the force on duty. This gave me such a start that I implored Sharp to let me put on my coat and go. But the fellow was as cool as ever I saw him, and only said, 'Nonsense, sir.' So here was I, a justice of the peace and deputy lieutenant, to be exposed in Apsley house as an impostor. Sharp had vanished and I had to keep up a conversation with the chief inspector. I was in a desperate fright. What I talked about I have not the smallest recollection.

"Then back came Sharp, as respectful now as ever. 'Come this way, if you please, sir.' I had to follow. He led me into the grand hall and placed me at the foot of the staircase, on one side, telling me I was not to move six inches till he came for me again.

"I obeyed.

"After gathering my wits and looking round, I saw, opposite me, a 'boardly' man, like myself in every way, even to the clothes. H also was motionless, and never a word we spoke. Now we had not stood very long when the Duke of Wellington himself come down the stair and stood stock still between us on the centre of the lowest step.

"It was the hour of arrival, and, standing there, he received all the old heroes in a true military fashion. All seemed punctual to the minute. What a sight it was! Veterans with legs a-wanting, arms a-wanting, lots not winged at all. None without medals and orders purchased by daring bravery.

I felt my blood rise. To look at such heroes was a glorious joy. The scene was worth ten years of my life.

"A few minutes after the company had arrived, there was an extra stir at the door. The group divided and straightened up, and, sir, before I had realized what had happened in came the king.

"He walked through his old warriors, and well he might look proud of them. The Duke stepped forward, bowed, and shook hands. Then up the stairs the two went, the Duke one step behind his sovereign. The officers followed, and all was quiet. I was thinking how privileged I had been, when, from behind, came friend Sharp's voice, 'Well, sir, how have you got on?'

"'Oh, first rate,' I said. 'It was magnificent. Now let me go.'

"'Not at all; the best is yet to come.'

"He took me into the picture gallery, next the banqueting hall, where we found the chief inspector again, and several other gentlemanly looking individuals. We examined the pictures and fine old furniture, Sharp going in and out, as if he had the entire responsibility of the house.

"Coming up to me one time, he told me to stand steadily while he put something in my tail pocket. When he had done so, he explained in a side whisper, 'I have plucked a feather out of the king's hat, and one out of the duke's. Keep them as mementos of this day.'

"Just fancy my feelings as I looked at the chief inspector, and thought what a fine job he could make of me. Shortly after this, Sharp desired me to be in readiness to draw back one-half of a large sliding door, so as to throw the gallery into the banquet-hall. My vis-a-vis of the staircase appeared on the scene again, and took his stand by the other half. We acted to orders, and there, full before my eyes, as the doors slid back, was the brilliant assembly, the Waterloo banquet. The table glittered with its plate and crystal; there was the great circle of gallant hearts, the king, the duke. The remembrance is still fresh as ever; the gay uniforms, the bright light, the silver clink of the glasses, the perfume of the flowers.

"I stood in a recess of the gallery, and feasted my eyes.

"As I watched, the old Duke rose, glass in hand, his steady eye upon the company. A silence fell for a moment, and, raising his glass, he said, in a voice charged with respect, pride, and dignity, 'The king's health.' Then, turning with a bow, 'Sire, your health.' It was done with noble simplicity. The company rose as one man. I tell you, sir, if I had shouted till the roof rang, and been shot for it, I wouldn't have cared. Talk of patriotism? My old spirit was a fury." (In fact, the old gentleman seemed to have reached a climax, for words failed here.)

"When the company broke up, I was taken by the duke's steward to a snug room, where I again found my friend the chief inspector—who had now no terrors for me—and some others. Here we enjoyed a most excellent supper.

"At last Sharp brought my overcoat and helped me into it, remarking as he did so, 'Be careful, sir; in one pocket I have put the hand-glass used by the king, in the other the one used by the duke; they are wrapped in paper. And be careful, also, sir, of the feathers.'"

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Travellers' Guide.

New York, New Haven and Hartford R. R.

June 16, 1895.

Trains Leave New Haven as Follows:

FOR NEW YORK—*4:25, *4:35, x6:00, *7:30, *8:10, 8:30, *9:35, x10:30 a.m., *12:00, 12:05, *1:30 (parlor car limited), *1:35, 1:45, *2:30, 3:00, *3:30, x4:15, *5:10, *5:20, *5:30, 6:30, *7:30, *8:10, (8:15 *5:10, *5:20, *5:30, 6:30, *7:10, *8:10, (8:15 Bridgeport accom.), *9:10, 9:15 p.m. Sundays—*4:25, *4:35, 8:00 a.m., x5:00, x6:15, *7:10, *8:10, 8:15, *9:10 p.m.

FOR WASHINGTON, via Harlem River—*1:10, *11:50 p.m. (daily).

FOR BOSTON, via Springfield—**1:10, x10:10, *11:05 a.m., *1:05, *5:52 p.m. Sundays—*1:10 (night), *5:52 p.m.

FOR BOSTON, via New London and Providence—*2:03, *2:25, *11:35 (parlor car limited) a.m., *12:05, *2:50, *3:00, *4.15, *4:55, *6:55 p.m. Sundays—*2:03, *2:25 a.m., *4:55, *6:55 p.m.

FOR BOSTON, via Air Line and N.Y. & N. E. RR.—*4:57 p.m. Sundays—*4:57 p.m.

FOR MERIDEN, HARTFORD, SPRINGFIELD, Etc.—*1:10 (night), 6:40, 8:00, x10:10, *10:50 (for White Mountains, first stop Hartford,) *11:05 a.m., 12:06, *1:05, 3:15, 5:00, *5:52, (6:15 to Hartford), 8:05, 10:05 p.m. Sundays—*1:10 (night), *5:52, 8:25 (accom.) p.m.

NEW LONDON DIVISION.

For New London, etc.—*2:03 (night), *2:25 (night), 7:50, 9:30, 11:05, *11:35 (parlor car limited) a.m., *12:05, *2:50, *3:00, 3:05, *4:15, *4:55, 5:15, 6:15, *6:55, 9:05 p.m. (Guilford accom.) Sundays—*2:03 (night) *2:25 (night), *4:55, *6:55 p.m.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

For Middletown, Willimantic, etc.—8:03 a.m., 1:30, *4:57, 6:05 p.m. Sundays—*4:57 p.m. Connecting at Middletown with Valley Division and at Willimantic with N. Y. & N. E. and N. L. N. RR; at Turnerville with Colchester branch.

NORTHAMPTON DIVISION.

For Shelburne Falls, Turner's Falls, Williamsburg, Holyoke and New Hartford and intermediate stations—7:45, 11:04 a.m. and 4:00 p.m.

For Northampton and points this side—5:55 p.m.

BERKSHIRE DIVISION.

For Derby Junction—4:20 p.m. For Derby Junction, Birmingham, Ansonia, etc.—7:00, 9:40 a.m., 12:00, 2:27, 4:20, 5:35, 7:50, 11:20 p.m. Sundays—8:10 a.m., 8:30 p.m.

For Waterbury—7:00, 8:00 (via Naugatuck Junction), 9:40 a.m., 12:00, 2:27, 5:35, 7:50 p.m. Sundays—8:10 a.m., 6:15 p.m. (via Naugatuck Junction.)

For Winsted—7:00, 9:40 a.m., 2:27, 5:35 p.m. Sundays—8:10 a.m.

For Shelton, Botsford, Newtown, Danbury, Pittsfield, State Line—9:40 a.m., 4:20 p.m.

For Albany, Buffalo, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and the West, via State Line—9:40 a.m., 4:20 p.m.

For Litchfield and points on S., L. & N. RR.—(via Hawleyville) 9:40 a.m., 4:20 p.m.

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Leaves New Haven daily, at 10:30 a.m. Sundays, 9 a.m.

Leaves New York daily, 11:30 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays, 12 midnight.

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Through rates given and bills of lading issued to points West, South and Southwest.

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