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Chas. Harrington Earle



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Magazine of Western History

Chas. Harrington Earle



Charles Warrington Earle.

Born,

APRIL 2, 1845.

Died,

NOVEMBER 19, 1893.



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Memorial Addresses

BY

REV. FREDERICK A. NOBLE, D.D.

BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS, D.D.

WILLIAM E. QUINE, M.D.

HENRY T. BYFORD, M.D.

MRS. GEORGE SHERWOOD

PRESS OF SHEA SMITH & CO ,
CHICAGO.

ADDRESS BY HIS PASTOR

REV. FREDERICK A. NOBLE, D. D.

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL, NOVEMBER 22d, 1893,

In the Union Park Congregational Church.

DR. CHARLES WARRINGTON EARLE was born in Westford, a small town in Chittenden County, a little way north of Burlington, Vermont, April 2, 1845. The tonic of the pure air he breathed with his first breath, the exhilarating beauty of the landscape he first looked upon, the ruggedness of the hills and mountains about him, as well as the sturdy and heroic qualities of his yoeman ancestry, seem to have entered into his constitution, and formed part and parcel of his blood, and foreordained him to become the large-bodied and broad-minded and whole-souled man he was.

It was well that he should have opened his eyes to the light in the Green Mountain State, and that he should have spent the early years of his boyhood in such close proximity to Lake Champlain and Ticonderoga and Bennington, where there might often fall on his young ears from mature lips the thrilling stories of the struggles and disasters and resolute daring and brave achievements which are associated with these places of high historic renown. It was well, too, no doubt, that the father should have come in time to feel the migrating impulse, and that the family circle should have been transferred from the old home in Vermont



to a new home here in one of the northern townships of Illinois. This change of residence occurred when the boy was between nine and ten years of age. One can but wonder at the thoughts which passed through the lad's mind as he stood and looked out with those large, eager eyes of his upon the boundless prairies, and contrasted the new environment with the old, and just hungered for some elevation to climb. But the West, wide-open, fresh, hearty, growing, and just coming into consciousness of itself, was young Earle's opportunity. The West matched his temperament. The West challenged and aroused his enthusiasm. The West gave him a chance to do quickly what sooner or later he would have been sure to do anywhere, but to do quickly that which back under New England methods and traditions it would have taken much more time to accomplish.

For the six years following the settlement of the family at Fremont, in this State, the boy gave his chief attention to study. He attended public schools and select schools, and made such headway in the various branches pursued that he would have been abundantly prepared to enter college much before the average age had it not been for a sudden interruption of his work with books. Something more stirring and imperative than the quiet rounds of duty in academic halls arrested his attention.

While yet less than two weeks past his sixteenth birthday reverberations of the opening gun which was fired on Fort Sumter fell on his ears. At a single leap the ardent boy sprang out of boyhood into manhood. The devoted student became the enthusiastic soldier. The cloister was exchanged for the camp. Dictionaries were shut up, maps were closed, Greek and Latin authors, and mathematical treatises, were returned to their shelves, the musket was seized, the knapsack was strapped on, hurried farewells were said, and the beardless volunteer was away, to



share in all the hardships of army life, to meet the foe in battle, and to suffer and die, if need be, in defense of the old flag and the integrity of the Union.

It falls to the lot of another, our neighbor and friend Bishop Fallows, who from his own experience in that long and terrible conflict is so exceptionally qualified for the service, to relate the inspiring story of young Earle's connection with the army, and of the magnificently worthy part he acted in the four years struggle to suppress the Rebellion and restore to the government its rightful sovereignty over all the land from Lake to Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But it will be no intrusion upon the domain of this narrative for me to suggest that possibly the birth back there amid the hills of Vermont, so near the localities made immortal by Revolutionary memories, may have had not a little to do with the promptness and ardor with which he gave himself to his country in her hour of extreme exigency.

It is a great thing to educate a household in patriotism. Fortunate are the children whose parents have national heroes whom they revere, and whose illustrious names are often on the lips in family conversations. The American Flag is not an ordinary bit of dry goods. Battlefields where brave men have been offered in sacrifice upon the altars of liberty and human rights, and the soil has been enriched by the blood of lofty souls who have been ready to die that the Nation might live, are not mere quarter-sections or acre lots of real estate. It is a shame not to look with a large measure of reverence upon any man who has ever accepted the hazard of battle for the sake of this Great Republic. This boy soldier was born into a home and into an atmosphere where patriotism was at a premium. Patriotism was consequently an instinct of his nature.

When the war was over, and the boy of sixteen had reached the age of twenty, he laid aside the equipments of strife, and returned to his books. In fulfillment of a purpose he had never relinquished he entered Beloit College. Having completed his course in this institution, and having completed it, it ought to be said, in considerably less than the ordinary time, he took up the study of medicine. The medical profession, so those nearest to him have said, was his chosen profession from boyhood. He could not be persuaded to think seriously of any other avocation in life. In the year 1870 he had passed through his medical training and was ready for practice. Since that time, a period of twenty-three years now, he has lived here amongst us, very greatly honored and beloved by all, both as a man and a physician, and eminently successful in his chosen calling.

The special rank which Dr. Earle may be entitled to hold in his profession—his acquirements, his skill, his medical intuitions and insights, and his judgment in critical cases—it must be left to others, his associates in the profession, who have competent knowledge for the task, to assign. It would be out of place for me to enter upon this ground. But it is not out of place, it is within my sphere, as it is within my heart, to bear warmest testimony to the high estimate of his ability which his patients entertained, and to the tender affection with which his name has been cherished by them. He inspired confidence by his simple presence. He was so cheery always; he was such a globe of sunshine; withal he was so kind and tender, that he could hardly enter a home where there was sickness without making all the members of the home trust and love him.

The poor will miss him. In many a straightened home-circle the question has already been asked over and over

again, sometimes in a tone of consternation and despair, "What shall we do without Dr. Earle?" Or, "Where shall we find another Dr. Earle?" Dr. Earle was not alone among physicians in the consideration he showed to the indigent, and not alone in the tenderness of the bonds with which he bound the needy to himself. It is one of the glories of the medical profession that there are so many in it who cheerfully dismiss all mercenary considerations from their minds in treating with those who are unable to make payment for the services thus rendered. But Dr. Earle was eminent in his considerate regard for poor patients. Without a radical change of his nature it would have been impossible for him to be harsh and hard with the poor.

What, now, to be more specific in our analysis of his life and character, were some of the qualities which enabled Dr. Earle to draw people to him as he did, and to fill the large place he came to occupy in the esteem of this community?

Incidentally, we have already seen that he possessed to a distinguished degree the spirit of kindness—he loved to help those in need of help; the spirit of courage—he was ready to face bullets; the spirit of self-sacrifice—he could relinquish individual plans and hopes at the call of duty; the spirit of resolute determination—he could hold fast for years to a purpose once formed, and never loosen his grip till he had accomplished it; the spirit of patriotism—he did not hesitate nor stop to count the cost when the sacred interests of liberty and union were at stake, and he could do anything to ward off the great danger.

In addition, however, to these very marked and commendable traits, Dr. Earle was a man of splendid integrity. He was open, honest, sincere, constitutionally so, and habitually so. His frankness in dealing with the sick was refreshing. If a case seriously perplexed him, he was free to acknowledge it. If he

did not know what was the matter with a patient he said it out. He would not pretend to be what he was not ; nor would he pretend to understand complications which baffled his insight. In all his intercourse with the world he made the impression of uprightness. He made this impression for the reason that uprightness was an element fundamental to his nature. All seemings which were only seemings, all pretensions and equivocations aroused his indignation. Genuine himself to the core, he wanted all men to be genuine.

Dr. Earle was a man who delighted in the practical justice which gives fair play and an equal chance to all to win in the struggle for opportunities of usefulness and success in life. Were this the occasion for anything more than a general reference to the facts, what a telling tribute to his foresight and courage and unfaltering helpfulness might be paid to the memory of Dr. Earle on the ground of his early identification with the movement to admit women, on the same terms as men, into the medical profession. Woman has won her way now, and has little difficulty in securing the recognition in the sphere of medicine to which her merits entitle her ; but twenty years ago it cost something to espouse the cause of woman's right to be a doctor, and to accord her the same privileges, and the same generous courtesy, not alone while pursuing studies, but after entering upon practice, which was granted to a man. Dr. Earle paid the price, and took his position ; and from first to last he never faltered in the honor he bestowed upon the women who are in the medical profession. The exceptionally competent ones among them he called into consultation in difficult cases, as he called the exceptionally competent ones among men into consultation in similar circumstances. Many have occasion to mourn over this unexpected death.

"Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight."

But outside of his own family circle it may be doubted whether there are any hearts which will be so deeply touched with grief as the hearts of these women of the medical profession.

Dr. Earle was filled and energized by high aspirations. He had high aspirations in his profession. He saw the limitless spaces in it for investigation and new masteries. This was one of the motives which impelled him to his prodigious working and over-working. He saw unoccupied room at the top; but his aspirations took the direction of manliness also. He desired not only to be a good physician—skillful and successful—but he desired to be a man among men. Had he been a lawyer he would have said: "I want not only to be a lawyer but to be a man." Had he been a merchant he would have said: "It is not enough for me to be a merchant, but I must be a man." He had little time for consideration of interests lying outside his own pressing duties; but public affairs took a strong hold on his thought; and he was intensely concerned in all movements which promised good.

Dr. Earle had a large and robust personality. On meeting some men and talking with them for a little while, everything seems to grow small and dry and shrivelled. To meet this man and talk with him widened the whole world. He pushed our horizon back. The streets appeared wider, the houses larger, the firmament expanded, the beams of the sun were warmer, and the stars shone with an added lustre. He had his doubts and fears, and the tendencies to corruption in the administration of political affairs alarmed and distressed him; but somehow pessimism retreated from his presence. Whatever he might say he breathed into one through the hope that had expression in his

personality the brave temper of optimism. He had a largeness of outlook and a superabundance of spirit which were contagious. He was a large man.

One of the grounds of peculiar sadness which we seem to have in this bereavement is the early period in his life at which this strong and well-equipped man has been called to lay aside his earthly tasks and go out from among us. Aristotle reached the conclusion that at forty-nine a person might be expected to be at the prime of his intellectual powers. Dr. Earle had not quite arrived at the age of forty-nine. Save from the weariness of over-work and over-anxiety he was in the freshness and fullness of his splendid manhood. He was a growing man. He was growing in knowledge, he was growing in skill, he was growing in influence, he was growing in reputation, he was growing in the strength of the attachment with which wide circles were held to him. He was growing in the sense of his indispensableness to many homes and many interests in this community.

Yet in the midst of it all, and face to face with all these demands and all these glowing prospects of successes in the future, more brilliant even than those of the past, he was cut down, and his work was ended.

But for all this we must not think of his life on earth as an incomplete life. Measured by the intensity of his enthusiasms; measured by the wealth of joy he found in his fellowships; measured by the services he rendered as a beloved and trusted physician not only, but as a man, and the sympathies he manifested in so many ways towards the stricken and empty, and the sunlight he bore about with him everywhere and always, as though his own great heart were a perpetual generator of heat and warmth and illumination, and distributed with a lavish

generosity in darkened homes; measured by the sum total of his achievements, his life was long and full. This is the true way to measure. As Bryan W. Proctor has well sung:

“ They err who measure life by years,
With false or thoughtless tongue;
Some hearts grow old before their time;
Others are always young.

’Tis not the number of the lines
On life’s last falling page,
’Tis not the pulses added throbs,
Which constitute their age.

Some souls are serfs among the free,
While others nobly thrive;
They stand just where their fathers stood;
Dead, even while they live.

Others, all spirit, heart, and sense,
Their’s the mysterious power
To live in thrills of joy or woe,
A twelvemonth in an hour.”

A life may be stretched out over the space of many years, and still be a short life. A life may be brought to pause on what appears to be the very edge of the threshold of an active career, and still be centuries long when the reckoning is by deeds, ideas sent abroad, and moral forces set in motion, and the elements of virtuous character illustrated. It would be possible to name scores and scores of orators and authors and soldiers and statesmen who died young, who are living yet in memory and fame of their achievements.

We speak often of symbolizing lives which are arrested in the midst of great usefulness and promise by broken columns. Let no broken column be reared over this man’s grave. Rather let the sacred spot where his body is to lie be marked by a granite shaft—a shaft broad-based and firm-set in mother earth, and hewn four square to every wind that blows, and finished at the top.

Asked to characterize Dr. Earle by the use of a single word, I should say the word would be—loyalty. He was loyal to his own best convictions. He was loyal to duty. He was loyal to his home. He was loyal to his friends. He was loyal to his country. He was loyal to humanity in its distresses and needs. He was loyal to the highest ideals and the most imperative demands of his profession. He was loyal to God.

He has gone out from us. We weep and moan under our burden of sorrow. But his going is not into the night. It is into the Everlasting Day.

“The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not:
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil.”



ADDRESS

BY BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS, D. D.

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES,

In The Union Park Congregational Church.

THE war record of Dr. Earle reads like a romance. Sixteen years of age the April, Sumter was fired upon, he at once volunteered for the war, joining what became Company "I" of the Fifteenth Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

His father, not from any lack of patriotism, but because of the extreme youth of the lad, tried to dissuade him, even offering him "his time" and a good farm if he would remain at home. But the boy was resolute in his determination to fight for the old flag, and reluctantly the father consented. On account of his large size and mature looks, he readily passed for eighteen, and thus escaped the keen eye of the medical examiner and mustering officer. His service with the Fifteenth Illinois continued for about eight months, and was without incident of special note. He campaigned through Missouri under Gen. Fremont, becoming weakened and debilitated by the climate and his changed mode of life, and having received an

injury while unloading provisions from a boat, he reluctantly, at the earnest solicitation of his surgeon, accepted a discharge and returned home.

The following winter and spring he attended school at Burlington, Wis. A battery of artillery was organizing at this place, and being offered a position as bugler, he sought his father's permission to again enlist. This was not given, and as the battery was shortly afterward sent to the frontier and spent its term of service in fighting the Indians and watching the passes in the Rocky Mountains, without an opportunity to even see an armed confederate, he always felt thankful that his father's consent was refused and that he thus escaped this service in the far west.

In the early summer of 1862 he wrote Gov. Yates a personal letter stating the facts as to his enlistment and discharge, and asking the Governor if he could not be permitted to serve as an orderly to some General, or in some other capacity where the disability for which he had been discharged would not prove a barrier to his acceptance by recruiting officers and examining surgeons. The Governor was so pleased with his earnestness and enthusiasm that he made a personal reply, and sent him some blank muster rolls, suggesting that if he helped to recruit a company and did not secure some position, or failed of acceptance, he should again write him.

He at once enrolled himself as a soldier, but when the new company was drawn up in line on the Court House Square in Waukegan, the examining surgeon asked him many questions, looked over his papers, and after a protracted consultation told him to "stand aside." Instantly the tears mounted to his eyes, and he began to plead to be accepted. His captain and lieutenants interceded for him, stating that his previous service

would make him invaluable to them as a drill sergeant, and that they intended to make him first sergeant of the company. With the promise to the surgeon that he should be given this position they allowed him to be mustered.

He was from the first an enthusiastic drill-master, and was largely instrumental in making the company thoroughly proficient. The organization became Company "C" of the Ninety-sixth Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry. Within about six months, and before reaching his eighteenth birthday, he was promoted to the rank of second lieutenant. Six months later occurred the Battle of Chickamauga. The boy lieutenant chanced to be in command of his company—the color company of the regiment—in this terrible engagement, and nobly did he meet the duty and responsibility that came upon him. It was on that memorable Sunday afternoon, when the commander of the army, with almost half his forces swept from the right of the field, and when the sturdy Thomas was trembling for the safety of his well-nigh exhausted forces of the left, that Steadman's division, with which Earle's regiment was connected, came into the fight, and flinging itself upon the exultant enemy, held him at bay until darkness and exhaustion closed the struggle. Through all that dreadful afternoon Lieutenant Earle was one of the most conspicuous figures to be found along the line. Never screening himself for a moment, he was one of the foremost in each of the desperate charges to the front, and one of the last to leave the line in each retreat. Cheering his men by his voice, encouraging them by his example, at times firing their muskets as they loaded and passed them to him, his eye seemed everywhere, and the center of the line when uncommanded always stood its ground as long as any other portion. With nine of the ten men who stood with their colors killed, or wounded;

with both regimental colors torn to shreds with shot and shell; with seven of his eight non-commissioned officers stricken down; with two-thirds of his private soldiers dead or disabled; himself twice struck by bullets, and so injured that a less resolute or heroic character would have felt constrained to leave the field, he stood upon the line until night came and the retreat to Rossville was ordered. Then with his little remnant of a company—only ten in all—he marched back to the place of bivouac, threw himself down upon the ground and burst into sobs and tears. All day he had been a lion, but when the two stacks of muskets stood to take the place of the long row of the morning, it was too much, and he broke down and wept for the boys who had fallen in the fray. It was only for a brief moment that he gave way to tears, for a little later his voice was heard giving encouragement to such of the wounded as had reached the bivouac. It was a voice too hoarse to speak above a whisper, for all that bloody Sabbath afternoon it had been shouting in the battle. It spoke from the heart of one who had been among the bravest all that fearful day, but who had the sympathy of a woman now that the battle was no longer on. His regimental brigadier and division commanders made personal mention of his conspicuous bravery, and a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* spoke of him as “the lion-hearted boy lieutenant.” On Tuesday morning following the battle, his company, with three others, was captured on Mission Ridge, through the negligence or timidity of a staff officer sent to relieve them. When the army fell back into Chattanooga Monday night these men were left on the line, and at daylight found themselves surrounded and compelled to surrender. During the preceding day, three men who had been on duty with a wagon train during the battle, and one of the less seriously injured re-joined the

command; so that fourteen enlisted men of Lieutenant Earle's company were captured, nine of whom died in Southern prisons. On the long trip to Richmond he spent his last dollar, and even traded off his watch to procure food for the few boys who were with him.

Lieutenant Earle was confined in Libby Prison until the following February, when he escaped through the famous tunnel. After a week of wandering in the Virginia woods, contending with hunger and fatigue and cold, almost carrying his sole companion—a man older than himself, and possessed of heroic character, but who had during the last day of his wandering given up in despair and begged to turn back—he reached the Union lines near Williamsburg, and once more stood under the flag he loved so well.

A brief furlough home and he was again at the front bearing a new sword presented to him by his neighbors and friends, taking part in the oft-recurring battles of the Atlanta campaign, and commanding a company much of the time, being always a favorite and conspicuous officer.

At the close of the campaign he was given especial mention of bravery, promoted to the rank of first lieutenant and detailed on the staff of the brigade commander, first serving as aide-de-camp and subsequently as inspector. This latter position he held during the retreat from Pulaski to Nashville.

Having once been captured through the fault of an acting inspector, he vowed that no one should ever suffer from a like fault on his part, and so, night after night he withdrew the picket lines in person, checking off his lists to see that none were left, commanding the rear guard at times, and being night and day on the alert.

The night following the Battle of Franklin he was one of the very last to leave the line, and crossed the river after one bridge had been destroyed, and while men were standing ready to apply the torch to the other.

At the Battle of Nashville he was the first mounted officer to cross the enemy's breast-works in the final and successful charge of the fourth corps. In fact, it is an open secret that the brilliant movement of Whittaker's Brigade, by which the center of the enemy's lines were pierced and the success of the movement on the right assured, was made very largely at his suggestion and earnest solicitation.

Following this battle Lieutenant Earle resolutely pushed to the front, keenly observant of what the advance was doing by day, and attending to the posting of the picket lines at night. The mental anxiety, the terrific physical strain, the cold and exposure all conspired to break him down, and when the campaign had ended with the dispersion of Hood's army and the Union forces had gone into winter quarters at Huntsville, Ala., he was prostrated with congestion of the brain. His illness was severe, but he eventually recovered and served until the close of the war, at which time he was brevetted captain, "for efficient and heroic conduct in action."

It was a remarkable experience for one so young. Three years and one-half of active service, commanding a company in a dozen battles, twice wounded, once a prisoner, holding a responsible position as a staff officer through two extended campaigns, winning the affection and esteem of every man with whom he came in contact, whether carrying a musket or wearing the insignia of rank, repeatedly mentioned in general reports for conspicuous bravery in great battles and efficient services

and arduous campaigns, and finally returning home so young as to be compelled to wait almost a year before he was old enough to cast his first ballot.

Always hearty and of good cheer, never losing his temper no matter what provocation might come; hopeful, no matter how unpropitious his surroundings might be; brave to the verge of recklessness, scorning all that savored of the vulgar or obscene; maintaining a Christian character when the temptations and tendencies led almost wholly in another direction, he became an ideal soldier, the very incarnation of heroism, an inspiration to the resolute men whom he led; a loved and cherished comrade whom his comrades always delighted to know.

During his army service there was always plenty of volunteers for any scouting or foraging expedition, no matter how hazardous, if it was announced that Lieutenant Earle was to command it. And so it came about that in after life there was no soldier gathering where he was not most cordially welcomed, or where the story, simple but graphically told, of his prison experience, and the escape from Libby was not in demand and listened to with rapt attention.

And now that he is dead, there is no soldier in his large acquaintance who will not truly mourn his "muster out."

Companions of the Loyal Legion, we, above all others, shall miss the royal presence of Dr. Earle, which was ever an inspiration among us, and his beaming face of strength and manly beauty which was ever a benediction upon us. I call upon you all to witness that no one coming within that charmed circle of our elect companionship ever brought more cheeriness and sunshine, or received a more hearty and spontaneous welcome. Joy spread like contagion from the grasp of his hand, and from

that grasp, I for one, almost always instinctively passed to the circling of my right arm about his form, so far as I could get about it.

It was the great soul within him, overflowing with kindness, with sympathy, with humanity that was the potent magnet drawing us all so close to him.

That life, so well rounded and complete, is a beacon light to each of us in our upward and onward march to the better land. The loyalty he bore to his country, his fellow-men, his God, has given a deeper meaning to that thrilling, all-endearing term. We each of us can fight better the good fight of faith, because he lived, and fought and triumphed, and has been translated to the abode of the just.

Through his splendid bravery and the immortal heroism of the men who shared his patriotic spirit, the flag they bore—the flag of beauty, of liberty, of glory—still waves over one undivided nation. They conquered the peace which binds and blesses us North and South to-day; the peace which comes by righteousness, which we must ever strive to preserve.

“Peace and no longer from its brazen portals,
The blasts of war's great organ shakes the skies,
But beautiful as songs of the immortals
Love's holy melodies arise ”



“CHARLES WARRINGTON EARLE.”

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION OF THE UNVEILING OF
THE BUST OF DR. EARLE IN THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND
SURGEONS OF CHICAGO, MARCH 9TH, 1894.

BY WM. E. QUINE, M. D.,
President of the Faculty.

THE big, powerful, inspiring, mirthful and tempestuously active personality who went by the name of Charles Warrington Earle, broke acquaintance with his friends and passed into memory, November 19th, 1893, after an illness of one month.

The story of his youthful military career has already been told from pulpit and by press in terms of glowing eulogy; and it remains for me to set forth the achievements and characteristics of the mature man, the DOCTOR.

I am not forgetful of the fact that on such occasions as this, when the mind is keyed to noble thoughts and the heart is heavy with a weight of sorrow, it is customary to limit consideration to sober traits and events; and that the slightest

disposition to levity is likely to be regarded as out of time and tune. And yet, if mirthfulness, cheerfulness, light-heartedness and readiness of wit; if infectious buoyancy of spirit and eagerness for harmless jest; if effusive friendliness for all mankind and gushing, bubbling, overflowing fun were resistless forces in the life of our friend, they would seem to be proper subjects for contemplation at this time. Who would attempt to paint Earle in sombre colors? Not I. Would you? Do you not know the social, commercial and professional value of unfailing good nature? Do you not know the effectiveness of a hearty resounding laugh, or even of a friendly smile, in contrast with the unresponsiveness of a morose or churlish spirit? "Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Weep, and you weep alone." But good nature does not have to laugh at everything. It may preserve a stern, immobile front in the presence of meanness, vulgarity or crime. Earle was good-natured and indulgent and friendly and cordial and all that, but he was quick to take a stand and ready to defend it. And so I shall try to represent him in nature's hues and to give due prominence to each important feature. I am here not to produce a picture but to paint a portrait.

Immediately after his graduation from the Beloit College in 1868, with the bachelor's degree, Dr. Earle entered the office of the late Prof. W. H. Byford as a medical student, and matriculated in the Chicago Medical College. He was a prominent figure in his class from the beginning. Companionable and loquacious but thoroughly earnest and studious; noisy and bustling and full of laughter and song, but a model of character and of habits; unaffected and friendly with everybody and just as unaffected and friendly with the president of the institution as with anybody else. He had an easy but pushing self-assurance which his transparent good nature made inoffensive; and frowning

dignity was soon warmed and melted. Earle had met men before; he had looked them in the eye over blazing musket and glistening steel and it took more than a rebuff to make him cringe and shrink away. *He* was something of a man, too, and a lofty show of consequence did not frighten him at all. He enjoyed the humors of the quiz immensely. He was alert and ready nearly every time—and just as ready for a rough frolic or a merry college song between times. I can hear him now as his roof-shaking voice leads the dismal chorus, “Saw My Leg Off;” and I can see him as his vociferous and unreasonable demand for a grave surgical operation is abruptly cut off in the middle of a sentence by the entrance of the professor. There he sits! an obvious counterfeit of innocence and the very embodiment of irrepressible mischievousness. I was not acquainted with him then. I knew him, secretly disapproved of him, and contemptuously passed him by: for *he* was only a *junior*. *I WAS A SENIOR, YOU KNOW.*

The earliest distinct recollection I have of him is right tumultuous and of doubtful dignity. A number of his classmates had conspired to “pass him up;” and, awaiting a favorable opportunity, they made a furious and well planned attack. For a few minutes Earle was at their mercy, sputtering, expostulating and struggling—but ignominiously ascending; and then, by some accident or feat of strength he got a footing, and immediately after the atmosphere became so thick and murky with arms and legs and breech presentations that it was difficult to see what was going on. But by and by the misguided young men *began to come down* and to assume, with ill-timed impetuosity, various unstudied attitudes on the floor. And there stood Earle triumphant—slashing young giant that he was! There was a rip a couple of feet long in the back of his coat. One end of

his shirt collar was still fast to its moorings but the other was floating over his shoulder. His face was flushed. There was an unfamiliar gleam in his eye, but on his lips the old unconquerable smile, as he said in rollicking challenge and derision: "Come on, fellows." But they did not go. All were meditating—except the one who was trying to catch his breath; and they concluded that Earle was such a good fellow, you know, 'twould be a shame to subject him to any indignity; and so they let him go.

Dr. Earle graduated near the head of his class, in March, 1870, and began the practice of his profession in the office of his honored preceptor; but the historic fire of 1871 determined him to settle in the West Division of the city, where he remained and worked and thrived and grew strong till his death. He was married, at the time referred to, to Miss Fanny L. Bundy, who, in every sense and from every point of view, has been a most worthy companion and helpmeet; and who, together with a young lady daughter of charming refinement of character, and a son who worthily bears the name William Byford Earle, survives him.

From the very start the young doctor exhibited marvellous activity and accurate appreciation of the pre-requisites of a successful career. Of his classmates he easily took the lead and maintained it to the end. He outstripped them every one in achievement, professional distinction and popular esteem; and there was not a day in twenty years when he was not in position to say to the foremost of them all, "*Come on, fellows.*" He was full of self-confidence and aggressively ambitious to become a medical teacher; and soon after the founding of the Woman's Medical College of Chicago he was elected Professor of Physiology in that institution. He became in time sincerely and profoundly interested

in the medical education of women; and although he has occupied various positions of honor and advantage in other colleges, it may well be questioned whether he was ever connected with any which claimed so much of his affection as the one referred to. His relations with this institution underwent various modifications with the progress of years, and at different times he occupied the chairs of physiology; obstetrics; practice of medicine and clinical medicine; and diseases of children. He was the first teacher on this continent to occupy a separate and independent chair on diseases of children. He was also secretary of the college, then treasurer, and upon the death of Prof. Byford, in 1891, he was elected president. I have no hesitation in saying that, next to Prof. Byford, the Woman's Medical College is more deeply indebted for its present solidity and high standing to the energy, capacity, fidelity and perseverance of the subject of this address than it is to the agency of any other person, living or dead.

About the year 1872, two years after his graduation, Dr. Earle was elected Lecturer on Zoology in the Chicago Medical College, and delivered an admirable series of lectures during the spring session of that year. This is the first instance, I believe, of zoology being included in the curriculum of any medical college on this continent; and I also believe that if the innovation had been maintained, the institution referred to would have rendered even greater service to the cause of medical education than it has done and would now occupy even a prouder place than it does as a leader in educational methods. Earle was not specially qualified for the position but he was eager to obtain the recognition of his *alma mater* and the advantage of permanent connection with it; and so he applied himself to the formidable task before him with all his transcendent industry

and force and with such effect that his lectures were a popular feature of the course from beginning to end; and this, notwithstanding that zoology was an optional study and counted for nothing in the required course of instruction. Although Earle always referred to this achievement humorously I believe he was genuinely proud of it—and he had good reason to be—to the last year of his life.

A little disappointed at his failure to obtain permanent connection with his *alma mater* he competed, two years later, for a position in the Spring Faculty of the Rush Medical College, and was defeated; but time has demonstrated that the triumph of another was an error in judgment on the part of the Faculty and that Earle was, incomparably, the most eligible applicant for the place. Glibness is not everything to a medical teacher—character and industry and intelligence are worth considering also. But if Earle had succeeded in this competition it is an open question whether the College of Physicians and Surgeons would yet be born. During the year 1876 he began to agitate the project of establishing a new medical college in the West Division of the city, near the Cook County Hospital; but notwithstanding his enthusiasm, courage and tenacity of purpose he did not succeed in interesting a sufficient number of suitable persons in the enterprise to make a successful start. A few years later other gentlemen of position and ability saw the opportunity, determined to utilize it, and invited and obtained the efficient co-operation of Dr. Earle. The outcome is the institution in which we are now congregated. Dr. Earle ranks, therefore, as one of its founders, and as the sole originator of the agitation in 1876, which culminated in decisive action five years later. He was the first professor of obstetrics in this college and a member of the original Board of Directors; and

he continued in these relations till the year 1888, when, in consequence of internal dissensions he was forced to withdraw. But his hour of triumph was not long postponed; for, two years later—and not only without effort of his own, but against his wishes—he was unanimously re-elected to his former positions, and with greater influence in the organization than ever before. In the year 1892 he was elected Treasurer of the College, *vice* F. E. Waxham, resigned; and President of the Board of Directors, *vice* A. Reeves Jackson, deceased; and he discharged the complex and responsible duties of both positions till the beginning of his fatal sickness. He was also prominently connected with the Post Graduate Medical School of Chicago, and in July, 1892, he was unanimously elected Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Children in the Rush Medical College, resigning the position a month later. At the time of his death he was President of two medical colleges and of the Chicago Medical Society, and ex-President of the Illinois State Medical Society.

Dr. Earle was the most efficient college man I have ever known—not the *ablest* but the most efficient. His efficiency was due, in part, to superior business ability and to extensive acquaintance and influence with prominent business men; but in larger part it was due to enormous capacity for detail and to vehement and untiring industry. He was a great burden bearer. He had the disposition and the tact to work harmoniously with his colleagues, and such inexhaustible steadfastness and courage that he was a tower of strength in every emergency. He was not unreasonably self-seeking. He never got angry and refused to play. He kept in line always and never faltered for a minute. Personal considerations were always subordinated to the interests of the cause. He was worth a dozen colleagues who *will* have

their own way or pout and sulk and refuse to do their part. He was worth a dozen colleagues of meteoric brilliancy and instability who dazzle and scintillate a little while, showing what they can do, and then flicker briefly, and finally pass from view. He was worth a dozen colleagues whose chief function is to criticize the work of others and who do precious little work themselves apart from taking care of number one. He was a worker, enthusiastic and tireless. He was not master of the intricate problems of medical education as viewed by those who have grasped the philosophy of the subject. His range was narrow. He was a great teacher and would not have been out of place in any faculty on this continent; but he was not a great educator. He was not a profoundly versed philosopher and did not pretend to be; but he could make ends meet. Philosophers may charm the sense with the grandeur of their conceptions and confuse the mind with their subtleties of reasoning; but they are rarely practical men of affairs. They haven't any bank account and they wear shabby clothes. Earle did not know everything but he did know how to write a check that would "go." He was a resourceful, hard-headed business man, whose aim was not the success of a theory but the success of an institution. He was not a pioneer. He had no taste for martyrdom. It may even be doubted that he was in full sympathy with modern innovations in medical teaching to the extent of their adoption in this institution. Not that he objected to them *per se*, but because they necessitated an enormous outlay of money for equipment and an enormous and permanent increase in running expenses. He had no desire for official acquaintance with the sheriff. He was shrewd and self-reliant but high-minded and proud and careful of his good name. He was not a great organizer; but he was an inspiring leader who

was always in the van and rushing on, looking over his shoulder and calling back cheerily, "Come on, fellows." He was willing to carry, and he enjoyed carrying, mountains of responsibility. He was promptly responsive to every demand of duty; true as steel to every trust reposed in him; of a courage equal to any danger; up and ready for any new sacrifice of comfort, convenience or money that fidelity to a cause required of him; helping others to bear their little burdens, stimulating them to greater effort and chiding them when they shirked; laughing, bustling, joking, hustling and working, working, working—to death. He was a man of invincible hopefulness. No matter how dark and threatening the cloud, it had a silver lining. No matter what danger confronted him at night he had invincible confidence that "Joy cometh in the morning." He inspired hope and courage in everyone and while cheering them on and laughing their fears away he planned through sleepless nights and rushed and strained through anxious days to battle danger down. He did everything with all his might and moved with resistless momentum from start to finish. He was never half-hearted in anything; but he was positive, vehement and enthusiastic in every relation of life. He was cordial and even confidential with his associates and yet inclined to be critical and exacting. He was not quick to acquire prejudices but when he had acquired them they were liable to prove strong and lasting, and consequently, he was not always reasonable and just. He had opinions and he could maintain them sturdily. He was intolerant of incompetency and inattention and still more intolerant of the pollution of the lecture area with ribald story or irreligious speech. He, himself, was clean of mouth. I never knew him to utter an immoral expression. He did not use profanity at all, but he had two or three innocent and highly original expletives which answered the

purpose very well. He had natural aptitude for teaching which was gradually improved by intelligent observation and thoughtful experience. He habitually covered more ground in an hour of lecturing than many teachers are able to do in double the time. He was a great condenser. He never entered the lecture-room unprepared. He was always master of his theme and expatiated upon it positively, systematically and exhaustively. Some highly educated men, authors as well as teachers, are unable to express themselves clearly, and they are liable to complicate the subject they are trying to elucidate. Earle was a good explainer. His language was well chosen, simple and direct, and his delivery was always vigorous and earnest. In the lecture-room, as elsewhere, what he had to do he did with all his might. His presence commanded instant attention and his utterance maintained it. He never indulged in rhetorical display nor talked against time. He had something to say and he knew when he had said it. He passed lightly over hypotheses and theories but dwelt upon facts with exhaustive thoroughness. He was not a theorist. His teaching was solid and authoritative through and through. His relations with students were sociable, indeed, almost free and easy; but there was an undefinable dignity about him which forbade undue familiarity. Nobody ever attempted to take great liberties with Earle.

Although an unequivocal partisan in favor of his own college he was not an "offensive partisan," and his relations with competing institutions were unique and interesting. He had warm friends in every faculty in Chicago; and if that can be said of any other teacher I have yet to learn his name. President of a department of the Northwestern University and of our own college, which is in competition with the University,

and professor elect in the Rush Medical College—all at the same time—is a record of tactfulness and good fellowship which has never been equalled, so far as I know. Without effort or design he did more to unify the medical profession of this city than any other of its members.

Dr. Earle was an exemplary student. Although habitually occupied in various directions at the same time and all but crushed by the pressure of multitudinous duties he nevertheless kept abreast of medical progress. He toiled while others slept, and with all his powers of application. His endurance was phenomenal—*he* appeared to think unlimited—and he habitually abused his magnificent physique by overwork. He toiled intelligently, indexing or epitomizing his reading to obviate the necessity of doing it a second time, and to have at command the fruits of previous studies. He could apply knowledge with admirable skill and effect—and this every doctor cannot do. Ability to acquire knowledge is one thing; ability to impart it is another; but the ability to use it is the key to practical success. A splendid teacher or author may be a poor practitioner, and the most skillful physician of the day may be an ignominious failure in the laboratory or lecture-room. Earle could apply knowledge as well as he could impart it and his rank as a physician was thus fully abreast of his reputation as a teacher. He could not and did not claim extensive, refined or varied scientific attainments; but he had what scientists of world-wide fame may lack—keen penetration, reliable judgment, effective personal influence and a vast fund of accurate and varied knowledge which he could wield with telling effect in the management of disease.

Notwithstanding his intense preoccupation he took time from needed rest to make numerous contributions to current

medical literature. I have counted thirty-seven productions of his pen and brain in periodical journals and I remember several others which have not appeared in print. Literature of this kind, in so far as it contributes to the diffusion of knowledge and to the crystallization of opinions and of methods of practice, has lasting value; but, unfortunately, only a small part of it embodies either the charm of originality or the merit of reliability. Earle's productions were, in nearly every instance, original and independent, representing the thought of the man, and in some instances, notably in relation to inebriety, they were in vigorous opposition to prevailing opinions. As the chief physician of the Washingtonian Home for nearly twenty years, he had acquired enormous experience in the management of intemperance—over ten thousand cases having passed through his hands; hence it must be admitted that he had solid ground for opinions of his own. With him drunkenness was a vice, not a disease. "A child could not inherit a craving for liquor any more than it could a craving for codfish balls." He did not believe that intemperance was cured by medication or by any other agency than that of will power, aided by removal from temptation till resolution had time to grow strong and total abstinence had become a habit of life; and he had no patience with "Cinchona Cures" or "Gold Cures," or other measures of specific medication.

His earlier compositions were rugged and strong and without pretence of rhetorical continuity or ornamentation; and though he gradually acquired facility with the pen, to the last rugged strength was more prominent in his productions than grace or elegance of expression. Some of his orations delivered at college commencement exercises were of superlative merit and all of them were refined and lofty in sentiment. He was often eloquent and, on rare occasions, powerful.

Very few men have the honor of making an enduring addition to the sum total of human knowledge. It seems to me that Earle has done this. His paper on "Pancreatic Anæmia," an unpretentious thing of three or four pages, is, to my mind, his most important contribution to medical literature. It is not a classic—far from it. At this day it would be regarded as superficial, and yet it is sound and strong in every part and connects the morbid anatomy with the clinical history of this type of pernicious anæmia more clearly and positively than had ever been done before. It impresses me as being a solid thing whose merit is not as generally recognized as it deserves to be.

The intimacy of Dr. Earle's relations with the profession at large affords a fine example of self-abnegation for the inspiration and guidance of us all. He was probably the busiest worker in medical societies our city contained. The Chicago Medical Society, the Pathological Society, the Practitioners' Club, the Gynæcological Society, the Medico-Legal Society, the Illinois State Medical Society, the American Pediatric Society and the American Medical Association all claimed him as an active member, and the British Medical Association as an honorary member. The term "active" is ordinarily used to designate a voting member and it does not imply activity as a worker in the organization. But Earle was an active *worker*. He was the head and front of every general professional movement. He was active in presenting essays, in collecting and exhibiting unique specimens, in doing committee work, in participating in debates and in every other way that afforded opportunity to advance the interests of the organization or of the profession or community at large.

How such a busy man could find time for other occupations is difficult to see, but his social propensities were strong,

and he had lively interest in political and other questions of public import. He was a member of the Irving Literary Club and of the Lincoln and also of the Illinois Club, while his love of army associations and reminiscences made him a familiar figure in the local organizations of the Loyal Legion and the Grand Army of the Republic. Of several of these organizations he had been president. He was a leader everywhere and his prominence never outran his popularity. He was ambitious for success; and professional prosperity, personal popularity and official distinction were honestly and honorably sought by him and modestly enjoyed. He was a modest man, personally. He was bold and forward in everything except in reference to himself. No one ever heard him utter a boastful word. He invariably disclaimed merit, and with every appearance of sincerity, and lauded without stint or reservation his inferiors when they were put in contrast with himself. He was as far removed from egotism as any man I knew and as quick to note this characteristic in others. But notwithstanding his personal modesty he had unyielding self-respect and self-confidence and determination of purpose. He did not spend much time in bowing and scraping when there was an important issue at stake.

As a practitioner Dr. Earle was remarkably successful, not only from the professional point of view but also, and especially, in point of popular favor. He had an enormous patronage. If any member of the profession has done a larger volume of family practice than he, I do not know who the person is. For many years before his death he employed an assistant, and his practical sense was nowhere more clearly shown than in relation to his selection of a person for this place. He invariably picked out a young man of high qualifications and promise who

was specially trained and skilled in departments of investigation in which he himself was not, so that the two working together could and did represent the science and the art of medicine with a degree of thoroughness, precision and success that is seldom equalled in family practice. The special skill of the assistants, alone, or at the command of a less practical mind might be of little value; but Earle could use it with telling effect and at the same time have the aid of his trusty lieutenant in keeping his great army of clients well in hand. As a family physician Dr. Earle was thoroughly conscientious and devoted. He had more than a commercial interest in his people. He loved them. He was true to them. He served them night and day with all his ability and all his generous sympathy. He wept with them when they were in grievous trouble and he rejoiced with them in times of gladness. He was their friend. He studied his cases carefully and required his assistants to study them, and he got to the bottom of them before he rested. In case of doubt or wearing anxiety no member of the profession was more ready than he to advise the calling of counsel. He never tried to appear better than he was. He was genuine to the core. The family doctor is sometimes deterred from suggesting consultation, even when he earnestly desires it, by the knowledge that such a course is commonly regarded by non-medical persons as a confession of ignorance and inferiority. It exalts and recommends the consultant, and straightway the anxious friends desire to retain *him* as the regular, attendant, and to dismiss the devoted and loyal family physician. Such considerations as these had but little effect on Earle. He never lost sight of the fact that his first duty was to his patient and when he was apprehensive or uncertain he was prompt to confess the truth. He deserved

the confidence of his people and had it. He knew he had it and the knowledge kept alert his sense of personal loyalty. Without the slightest ostentation he made practical application of the "Golden Rule" every day of his life. He was unsparing of himself. Not only did he do the best he was capable of doing but he worked without ceasing to do better. He was an ideal family doctor. His sound learning and judgment, his habits of thoroughness, his captivating devotion and his practical skill would command recognition and success in any community; but the addition of his irresistible personality was a guarantee of pre-eminence in public esteem. His imposing presence; his obvious strength; his cordiality and gentleness; his friendly earnestness and care and familiarity; his honest and responsive sympathy; his rollicking laughter and encouraging self-confidence; and the quickness and tenderness of his emotions all contributed to make him a comfort and a delight in many a sick-room and to many an appealing heart. To such equipment and to such character and attainment success must come by a process just as natural as that by which a rose bush rises to the grace of inflorescence.

Earle's natural buoyancy of spirit, his eagerness for enjoyment, and the acuteness of his sense of the ridiculous, made him a delightful companion. He could not keep from laughing when the reflex centre was tickled; and he found occasion for laughter everywhere. Things that a person of ordinary impressibility would pass unnoticed or regard as inane were, to him, suggestive of rib-cracking comicalities. "There was tickle in his laugh." It made you laugh, too, and you couldn't help it. No matter how grotesque the grotesqueries; no matter how monstrous the absurdities; no matter how extravagant the extravaganzas; the convulsive ecstasy of responsive appreciation into which Earle was thrown was sure to make

him more ridiculous and more conspicuous than the original cause of merriment. His good nature was perennial and all conquering. He could contend with persistency for what he thought was right but his contention was without the bitterness of personality and never degenerated into a quarrel. He never did a small thing nor had a mean thought in his life. He was unfitted by nature for such parts, just as he was unfitted to use a fine cambric needle. With him the springs of the milk of human kindness were always overflowing. He was ready to be anybody's friend and consequently he had an army of friends around him. Somewhere in literature—perhaps you remember where—I have seen the expression, "We love Him because He first loved us." Earle attracted friends by being friendly—not by maintaining an artful pretense of friendliness, but by being genuinely friendly. He could not help that. He was born so. No matter how busy he was he was ready to stop to do a good turn. No matter what contentions had occurred, after all was said and done, and whether he had lost or won, he was ready to make up. He never harbored resentment. A disagreement never made him disagreeable.

One was hardly prepared, on superficial acquaintance, for the discovery of the great depth of seriousness that lay beneath that buoyant and joyous exterior. But his life work was serious enough—toilsome, drudging, killing. His intensity of purpose was serious enough. His conceptions of personal honor and good citizenship were serious enough. His efforts to serve his fellow men were serious enough. He was serious when he ministered to the widow and the fatherless without thought of compensation and when he held out his strong hand to help a professional brother in distress. He was serious hundreds of times when he pored over his studies from night till morn

without resting. He was serious in the conviction that there is a life beyond the grave. He was serious in his aim to lead a blameless and an honorable life; to carry warmth and sunshine with him where'er he went; to be an honor to his profession, a source of pride and comfort to those who shared his name, and a blessing to the community whose confidence in him was founded on a rock.

“You see that man laughing?
You think he's all fun,
But the angels laugh, too,
At the good he has done.
And the children laugh loud
As they troop to his call;
But the poor man who knows him
Laughs loudest of all”

EARLE, OLD FRIEND:—For quarter of a century we have met and parted with friendly grasp, you and I. We have counselled one another and chided one another and planned and toiled together for many a year. We have broken bread together. 'Twixt us did truth abide and it bound us together as with bonds of iron. We were friends. Each knew the other through and through and just where to find him in case of urgent need. Not that either was the unreasoning slave of the other, and ready, standing at his back; but that each was the complement of the other, and, though unlike in disposition as in physique, when standing close together we looked out upon the world with eye to eye.

Little more than a year ago we were in this room together, you and I; and with colleagues and pupils about us, all joined in doing honor to the memory of a departed friend—the first President of the College. And as thou stood'st here before them all, and grandly spoke for him whose lips were still, in the privacy of

my own heart I picked thee out to speak for me when I had gone. For I knew thee well. I knew that thy constancy could reach beyond the grave, and that for me thou would'st search among the ups and downs of human strength and human weakness constituting my career, nor cease until thou had'st brought forth an unbroken thread of good intention running through them all.

But thou art gone! Resistless hands have "passed thee up." And I am left, and even now am standing up boldly, as I have often done before, and speaking as bravely as I can—for thee.

Farewell, Old Friend! Colleagues who knew thee long ago and have worked together with thee hand in hand through blinding heat and chilling storm, are gathered here to say farewell! And some of us have come to know that we are no longer young; that our step is not as elastic as it was; that our hair is getting thin and gray; that our children and friends are mostly on the other shore; and that we may have a dream ere long—a not unwelcome dream—in which we may see the shadowy figure of an old friend, and hear from afar a familiar voice, saying, "Come on, fellows."

And we may be together once again, you and I; and with children and friends around us, and hearts bursting with gratitude and joy, we may look down upon those who are left; and upon the strangers who have come upon the scene; and upon those who have toiled in other colleges, as we have toiled in this—colleges we used to consider *rivals*, you know; and we may see here and there, perched on earth's highest pinnacle of fame, and loved and honored of all the race, one of our own boys! And as we gaze upon the noble throng, delving in books and in laboratories and at the bedside of suffering man; hurrying and

straining by night and by day to lessen the sum total of human misery and to make the earth brighter and better than it was, we may exclaim through choking sobs of love and pride, "God bless them, every one!"



ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE MEMORIAL MEETING OF THE CHICAGO
GYNECOLOGICAL SOCIETY, APRIL 20, 1894.

BY PROF. HENRY T. BYFORD, M. D.

Gentlemen of the Gynecological Society:—

As time bears us on from childhood to adolescence and from adolescence to old age, we turn back with ever increasing frequency to the contemplation of death. We come into the world surrounded by friends, with their smiles, hopes and fair omens; we are thoughtless and happy. One by one those friends pass away, and we know that they cannot come back to us. They leave us sorrowfully, they take their smiles with them. An almighty hand has plucked them and holds them forever from us, and we may not murmur. The world is no longer the same. The vacant places in our hearts have not been filled—cannot be filled. We have ceased to be thoughtless and happy. Hopes and fair omens are illusions of the past, and the loneliness of death seems nearer.

I well remember those younger, hopeful days when I first met our lamented brother. It was his first year in the practice of medicine, my first year in the study. He practiced and I studied in the same office, and we have worked side by side ever since.

His life history up to that time was like a romance. He was born April 2nd, 1845, at Westford, Vt. When but sixteen years old he entered the army and fought in the War of the Rebellion as a common soldier. He was, however, soon disabled and sent home. Scarcely recovered, he organized a company of recruits, but upon presenting his company to the recruiting officers the boy was rejected as physically unfit for the campaign. All of his work, all of his enthusiasm, all of his hopes, all of his interest in life seemed suddenly shattered. He wept in bitter disappointment. Upon the urgent solicitation of his comrades he was finally allowed to go with them in the capacity of orderly sergeant, and was soon after made a lieutenant. In the Battle of Chickamauga Lieut. Earle was in command of Company C. He led forty-five men into battle, and came out with only ten. Many of his friends were slain, and when at night the arms were stacked and he looked over the remnants, he threw himself down on the ground and wept again, this time for them. Fierce as a lion but a few hours before, he was now tender-hearted as a woman. It stands recorded of him in this engagement that "he stood by the colors throughout the fight, and, though all but two of the color guards were killed and wounded and the colors cut to pieces, he faltered not an instant." He was taken prisoner soon afterward, and spent four months in Libby Prison. He escaped through the famous underground tunnel, and wandered six winter nights through the swamps of the enemy's country,

until he finally regained the union army in an exhausted and starving condition, almost carrying a friend whose mind had already begun to show signs of serious derangement. The story of this experience as told by him never failed to thrill his audience, and has long ago become famous. He made a flying trip home, but hastened back to engage with the remnants of his faithful "Company C" in many a battle, and win for himself a captaincy as a reward for personal bravery. Yet, after so serving his country, he had to wait a year before he was old enough to cast his first vote.

The war over, he attended Beloit College, putting five years of study into three, and then entered the Chicago Medical College, and graduated with honors in 1870.

From this time on we knew him well. He plunged into medical life as he had into military life. He rapidly became a member of about all of the medical societies in Chicago, and then, on account of his fitness and unlimited capacity for work, became their Secretary and their President. For seventeen years he was attending physician to the Washingtonian Home, and latterly was attending physician to the Wesley Hospital. He was one of the founders of both the Woman's Medical College and the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago; and was Dean, and Professor of Diseases of Children in the former, and President, Treasurer and Professor of Obstetrics in the latter. He was also Professor of Obstetrics in the Post Graduate Medical School, and at the time of his death was the President of the Chicago Medical Society. Besides being a member of many minor organizations he was Charter Member of the American Pediatric Society, and of the Chicago Medico-Legal Society, member of the British Medical Association, Illinois State Medical Society, and Chicago

Pathological Society. He was one of the Organizers and Presidents of the Chicago Gynecological Society, and prized this membership above all others. We feel that of all men we were his brothers.

He was a prolific author. Besides being a constant contributor to the periodical press, he was one of the writers of "Keatings' Cyclopedia of Diseases of Children," and of the "American Text-Book of Diseases of Children;" and when taken sick had an article in preparation, which will appear in the "American Text-Book of Obstetrics." But he did not live to enjoy the increased honor and reputation that these important additions to medical literature would have brought him.

Outside of the profession he was no less popular and scarcely less prominent. He was a member of the Loyal Legion, of the Illinois Club, the Lincoln Club, and the Irving Literary Society. He wrote notable essays on temperance, education, military themes, and other similar topics. He was passionately fond of music, and a good singer. He was a favorite after-dinner orator. He possessed a commanding—almost colossal—figure, a handsome face, a powerful intellect, a magnetic temperament, and a voice whose sonorous and sympathetic vibrations immediately asserted kinship with his audience. I doubt if there is one here who did not love to hear him talk.

He was eminently social, and seemed to become rested, and to gather strength from friendly intercourse. He took no vacations, his only recreation being his intense enjoyment of everything in which he was interested. His buoyant, responsive nature and intense mental and physical energy made activity

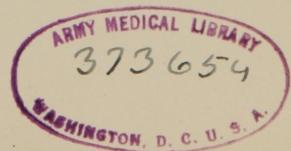
an enjoyment in itself. He drew pleasure from everybody and everything, and thus worked without weariness, and infused his own enthusiasm into those about him.

His relations with his patients cast a bright halo over his professional life. He delighted to give money to his poorer patients rather than to receive it from them. The sympathy and Christian charity he could not conceal, made more tolerable the sufferer's lot, and even made death seem easier. His presence was better than medicine.

His private life was full of the beautiful. The well-known encouragement and assistance given by his wife was a striking example of womanly devotion, in giving up all to him, and for him. No breath of scandal or sound of domestic dissension ever disturbed the peace of his fireside. Hospitality was one of his most prominent characteristics, of which we all had numerous proofs. His best side was not shown to the outer world, but in his home.

His public acts gave rise to less criticism than could have been expected considering his activity and influence; indeed, were we to judge of him by his motives we might say that he could not do wrong. He did what he considered right first, and considered his own advancement afterward. He was at one time persuaded to accept a Professorship in Rush Medical College, but when soon after he became convinced that he was doing an injustice to the college he had abandoned, he left Rush and went back. Who can withhold admiration and confidence from a man whose acts were based upon such high principles.

But, alas, it was largely this that was his undoing. So busy he was that he did much of his reading in bed at night, until overcome by sleep, when his book would often fall to the



flopr. Yet he always found time to attend to the wants of an insatiate multitude. Not only his patients, his offices, his friends could have abundantly of his time, but even students who were neglecting their opportunities would receive verbal and written advice, dictated by his sense of duty and kindness of heart. His example might be safely emulated by the rising generation, in all except this excess of zeal. A little more time for study, for reflection, for developing original ideas, for systematic intellectual and literary labor, for relaxation and recreation would have enabled him to live longer and to do much that he was as yet only hoping to do. Had he concentrated his prodigious energy, enthusiasm and talent upon one thing, it might perhaps have been better. He fondly dreamed that he still might aid in the establishment of a children's hospital, and hoped in the near future to write an individual book on Children's Diseases.

He had yet much to do for women. His genius as an organizer, leader and financier was nowhere better exemplified than in the success of the Woman's Medical College of this city. His heart was in the work, and the students were all his children. While the Woman's Medical College is remembered, he will not be forgotten. He might be called the hope of our struggling women in medicine.

But these self-imposed burdens for the benefit of his friends and his profession were too much for even a man of his great physique. He took the world upon his shoulders, but the world was too heavy. He fell, crushed by its weight. But what a glorious fall it was. Striding, struggling, restless and unresting, day after day and night after night he was cheerful and uncomplaining, until he sank suddenly and could not rise. A hero on the battlefield, he was a hero to the end.

His career cannot be called ended—it was cut short. All that he accomplished in medicine was done in twenty-three years. Had he lived another twenty years, to round out his rightful three score and ten, he might indeed have attained to something to excite our wonder.

What Mirabeau was to French politics Earle was to local medicine in Chicago—a popular, irresistible, all-pervading influence. Earle was greater than Mirabeau, for he had not the vices of his great mental and physical prototype.

I am even tempted to use the expression of the melancholy Dane: “Take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.” You may smile. You say: “Why Earle did not invent new operations, new methods, or make revolutionary discoveries. Earle was not a luminary of the first magnitude.” But I tell you he was. He did not, indeed, focus his light upon one small spot and shine like a lonely star, whose brilliancy depended upon surrounding darkness, but he diffused it about him like the softer but greater “milky way.” He worked not to show his own light, but to lighten the earth. He was not a genius in one thing—he was great in many things. Instead of laboriously scaling the cold and glittering point of one lofty pinnacle, he leaped from height to height, illuminating all. His students whom he inspired, his colleagues whom he supported, his fellow soldiers whom he cheered, his patients whom he helped, all knew his greatness, and I do not know that he cared for the adulation of others. He sought not the distant praise of the multitude, but rather the appreciation of those with whom he rejoiced and sorrowed. The sublimity of love was in his heart, the tenderness of love shall be in his memory.

A MEMORIAL

BY MRS. GEORGE SHERWOOD.

READ BEFORE THE IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY,

DECEMBER 8, 1893.

Tennyson, in his memorial lines to his beloved friend, Arthur Hallam, writes :

“ How pure at heart, and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead,

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden days,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory, like a cloudless air,
The conscience, as a sea at rest.

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.”

Tenderly, reverently, with uplifted soul, and with bated breath do we approach the portals of that world through which those who have “gone before” have passed. Standing in such

sacred nearness to, and catching faint glimpses of the eternal presence where their existence is now centered, shall not the radiant vision so enchain our senses that we shall be lifted above these narrowing and swift fitting scenes of time, and thus while we linger just outside the portals of the land that is "fairer than day," they "listening at the gates," shall hear no "household jar" in that lower sphere where, at longest, we shall only "tarry but a night." So shall spirit touch spirit, and they shall always dwell with us.

"Imaginations calm and fair,"
And "memories like to cloudless air."

As one by one, those whom we have known and loved, who have walked with us and talked with us along life's highways, each in his own time, for it is appointed unto all men once to die, "wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams," "how poorer and poorer, and lonelier and lonelier this world becomes." How full of mocking echoes of voices that were once sweeter music to us than any songs of birds. How shadowy the hands that in our waking dreams we seek in vain to clasp. How bitter and hard a task it is to take up our pilgrim's staff and journey on without them.

But they cannot wholly leave us, for love is immortal, its light fixed and white as the stars, and deathless is it as God himself. And love, this love that has once been ours, nor night nor death can quench. It not only lights all the way from the cradle to the tomb, but it over-arches the river that divides the heavenly land where they walk in light, from this darkened world where we sit in tears. It is one and the same, here, there, now and always. Death cannot lay its blighting finger upon it. It is a spiritual entity, and death cannot touch spirit.

Then if love live on, and know no change save to strengthen as eternity lengthens, has not this accident of nature, this that we call death been shorn of its power, and may we not in triumph ask :

“ O grave, where is thy victory ?”

Death is but the path that must be trod, if man would ever pass to God. Death is more than this—it is another life. Call not those who have passed on, dead. *They* live ; 'tis we who die. Life and love being then their measureless portion, they are forever blest. They are the children of the King, and now have come unto their heavenly inheritance. They have “washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” We miss them. We are the mourners, they, the victors. We call their names with sobs in our voices. If but our mortal ears could be attuned to heavenly harmonies we might list their voices joining in the hallelujah chorus of the skies. If but the mist that veils our earthly vision could, in a twinkling, be lifted so that we could pierce the thin veil that hangs between this world and that other so near, would we, think you, call our loved ones back to this lower plain, this earthly tenting ground? Would we who sit here to-night with a hush upon the heart, and a vague sense of sorrow and unrest, because we have another vacant chair and a loved voice answers nevermore to our roll-call, would we call our beloved brother back if we might? Ah! we are so weak, so short-sighted, it is best that the choice is not given us.

A strong, loving presence has gone out from us. A great, warm heart is stilled. We listen in vain for the cheery tones of the voice that was ever raised in kindly greetings to the lowest and humblest as well as to the companion and friend.

To this great soul all mankind was his neighbor and friend. His love was limitless as the world in which he lived, and which he made better and brighter for his living in it. Charity, the golden name for love, was a distinguishing trait in his character. To the poor and the needy he was not only the kind friend and the wise counsellor, but the self-sacrificing and tender-hearted physician as well. The sick poor man never appealed to him in vain. He never spared himself, and he never gave grudgingly.

Not to many is it given to be so deeply mourned by so many of earth's lowly ones. Said a lady who is present: "It was one of the saddest funerals I ever attended, because so many poor women and children about me were sobbing as if their hearts were breaking." He needs no other monument than that. Write him down the poor man's friend—let that be his epitaph.

He had a genius for work. The world makes large drafts upon its willing workers, and he was ever in the front ranks of those who responded to her calls. Relying upon his magnificent strength and wonderful vitality, he seems not to have measured the powers of his endurance. He threw himself, with all his time, all of his talents, and his lofty ambitions, with all the ardor of his kindly nature, into those places where the call for earnest work seemed most urgent. Friends noting the high tension under which he labored, foresaw danger and raised the warning voice. But, always nervous, energetic, eager, he seemed never to have known the meaning of the word rest. So, as had been predicted, while yet in the glory of his prime, the full fruition of his powers, and in the midst of his usefulness, when it seemed to us who loved him, that a score, at least, of

the completest and best years of his life should be yet in store for him, suddenly the "silver chord was loosed," the pale hands dropped their tasks, and he went away. But who doubts that

" Unto him is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven."

Loyalty was another marked feature of his character. Loyalty was written in letters of gold on the tablets of his heart, and thrilled through every fibre of his being. He was loyal to home, loyal to friends, loyal to country, loyal to duty everywhere, under all circumstances, and at all times. Read his record as a soldier while only a boy yet in his teens. His country was in peril, and his young blood was fired at the thought. Brave soul that he was—the shot and shell of the battlefield had no terrors for him, and before yet he had come to man's estate, he had made for himself a name on the roll of his country's heroes that many an old veteran in the service might well covet.

'Twere hard to count the sum of the many manly virtues of this our noble, great-hearted friend who has gone. On the social side of his nature spring-time and sunshine ever waited. Who of us can forget the cheery greeting, the cordial hand-grasp, the ringing laugh, the heart-lifting cheerfulness which emanated from, and seemed always a part of, his being. He made all the lives that his own life touched, richer and fuller.

He will long be missed along many lines and in many ways. In his profession, where he took high rank, his compeers will miss him. In the hospitals, where the eyes of the suffering watched for his approach and brightened at his coming, he

will be missed. In the lowly homes of penury and pain, where he brought healing and courage, he will be missed. In the fast thinning army ranks when the veterans gather to rehearse the deeds and daring of the days that tried men's souls, they will miss *him*, the once boy hero of Libby prison. Those who were proud to call him friend, will miss him, because they found in him the realization of the full meaning of all which that sacred term implies.

This Irving, of which he was so long a loyal member, will miss his genial presence, his ever-ready helpfulness, and the magnetism of his strong personality. But more than all, will they who sit by the darkened hearthstone in yonder desolate home, and wait, and ever more wait in vain, for his coming, miss him. She, our well beloved one, to whom in these bitter days our hearts go out in yearning tender sympathy; she, the bride of his young manhood; she, the cherished and proud and happy partner of all his triumphs and successes; she, the faithful and devoted one who kept her long, sad vigils beside him, until they said "it is over, he sleeps." Ah! she will miss him as none other can; for she loved him well. For her the sun is now darkened, and the night has closed in about her. She will live because she must, but the light of her life has gone out. We stand still in presence of this numbing pain, this crushing loss that weighs her down. Words were void, meaningless as the idle wind. Sympathy, our sympathy she has in boundless measure. We would pour the balm of healing into her bruised heart were it possible. Only her children, and her own strong sense of duty can bring her back to the old ways in life again. So, loving her tenderly, and praying for her each rising and setting day, we leave her to God, and to time, the only healer. To our brother, our friend beloved, whom

we shall meet and greet nevermore here, we now say *good night*,
but in some fairer land where day shall never end, and night
shall never spread her black wings over us, we shall greet him
with a glad *good morning*.



Other Memorial Meetings were held by the

Chicago Medical Society,

November 20, 1893.

The Chicago Pathological Society,

November 24, 1893.

The American Pediatric Society,

May 29, 1894.

The Illinois Club,

May 24, 1894.

Resolutions on the Death
OF
DR. CHARLES WARRINGTON EARLE,

BY THE
Woman's Medical College of Chicago.

WHEREAS :

In the providence of God, Dr. Charles Warrington Earle, Dean of our School, has been removed from among us by the hand of death.

For over twenty years he has been actively identified with the interests of the school, and in the formation and consummation of every plan for its building up and for the medical education of women. To this end he has ever given unsparingly his time, his labor and his means, cheerfully bearing always more than his share of our burdens and anxieties.

No one could come into such intimate relations with him as did our faculty without knowing him as a man of the bravest and most earnest spirit; one whose great heart overflowed with kindness and love; one whose characteristics were

honesty, conscientiousness and self-forgetfulness; one who was a true physician, learned and skillful in the profession he has adorned for twenty-three years.

His genial and kindly presence was a benign influence in the sick chamber, for into many hearts were dropped such words of cheer and hopefulness that drooping spirits were revived, suffering and sorrow were assuaged, and new courage given to battle with disease and death.

His professional attainments were of such high order that his influence extended farther than his own community and city; and he brought to the chair he has so ably filled, and to the consultation room the fruits of long years of experience, and study, and labor, which were of incalculable value.

His labors among us are ended, but the influence of his grand and kindly life remains, and the work accomplished in these years for the medical education of women has reared for him a monument more enduring than bronze or marble, in the hearts of all those who have served with him, and have come in contact with him in that work.

Be It Resolved: That, while feeling our own loss so deeply, we do hereby also extend our deepest sympathy to those of his own family so greatly bereaved, and especially to his wife and children, upon whom this affliction falls so much more heavily than it does upon us.

Resolved: That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and that a copy be sent to the family of Dr. Earle.

D. R. BROWER,
JOHN EDWIN RHODES, } *Committee.*
ELIZA H. ROOT,

CHICAGO, Nov. 25, 1893.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of Northwestern University, held at the University office in Evanston, on November 24th, 1893, the following minute referring to the death of Dr. Charles Warrington Earle was presented, and on motion, it was ordered that the same be spread at length upon the records and, that the Secretary be instructed to furnish a copy of the same to Dr. Earle's family.

“The Executive Committee of Northwestern University has learned with profound regret of the death of Charles Warrington Earle, A.M., M.D., Dean of the Woman's Medical School of Northwestern University, and Professor of Diseases of Children and Clinical Medicine. We desire to place upon record our sense of deep sorrow and our profound regret over the death of so efficient, devoted and valuable an officer of the institution, and we hereby instruct the Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of Northwestern University to communicate with the family of the deceased and the Faculty of the Woman's Medical School, our appreciation of the devoted and unselfish services of Dr. Earle in the cause of medical education of women, and our sympathy with them in this great affliction.”

FRANK P. CRANDON,
Secretary.

DEAR MRS. EARLE :

We want to tell you of our sympathy and sorrow. We feel, as every Alumnae of the Woman's Medical College must, that womanhood and all of the oppressed have lost an honored and beloved champion, and each one of us a friend.

We mourn with you.

Sincerely,

MARY E. BATES, '81.
EDITH A. ROOT, '75.
CHARLOTTE G. HAWK, '89.
IDA NOYES BEAVER, '91.
FLORENCE WETZEL, '88.

DENVER, COL.,

November 21, 1893.

At a Special Meeting of the Faculty of the

College of Physicians and Surgeons

the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS: It has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to summon from our midst our colleague and friend,

CHARLES WARRINGTON EARLE, A.M., M.D.,

President of the Board of Directors, and Professor of Obstetrics, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons;

Resolved: That in the death of Prof. Earle the college has lost one of its founders and most highly esteemed teachers, the medical profession one of its greatest leaders, and society a valued member;

Resolved: That we deeply sympathize with the family of our deceased colleague in their great bereavement, and commend them to Him who orders all things for the best, and who alone can heal a wounded spirit;

Resolved: That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the college and a copy thereof transmitted to the family of our deceased colleague, and to the medical and secular press of Chicago.

D. A. K. STEELE, M.D.,
HENRY T. BYFORD, M.D.,
HENRY PARKER NEWMAN, M.D., } *Committee.*

WHEREAS: It has pleased the Divine Providence to take from our midst one of the founders of our college, and one of our most beloved instructors DR. CHARLES WARRINGTON EARLE.

Be It Resolved: That we, the students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, deeply deplore the death of our learned and most loyal President, and realize the personal loss occasioned by his untimely end.

Resolved; Further, that we extend to his bereaved family and relatives our deepest sympathy in the hour of their affliction.

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved family, and that a copy be spread upon the minutes of the various classes of the institution.

G. WINDELL,
F. A. TURNER,
F. A. WEATHERFORD,
I. H. COLE,
GEO. C. WASSER, } *Committee.*

November 25, 1893.

American Pediatric Society.

DEAR MRS. EARLE :

It is my duty to express to you the sympathy of the American Pediatric Society, in the loss of one of its most active and enthusiastic members — your husband. From its organization Dr. Earle has been one of its prize members, and has won the admiration of all for his acuteness of observation, practical methods of management, and frankness in dealing with the diseases of children.

When our society convenes in May formal action will be taken, so I am sure that I am now voicing the sentiments of all the members.

Very truly,

SAMUEL S. ADAMS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

December 2, 1893.

Practitioner's Club of Chicago.

INASMUCH as one whom we have all been honored in calling *brother*—CHARLES WARRINGTON EARLE—has been removed by the great Power which ordains all things; and,

INASMUCH as the honored departed one was at all times one of our most active members, always alert in that which promised good to the profession, always ready with hand and spirit to promote social and intellectual advancement, therefore, be it

Resolved: That we herewith express our deepest sympathy to the afflicted family, and that a copy of this proceeding be spread upon the records of our organization.

Adopted by a unanimous rising vote at a special meeting of the Practitioner's Club, of Chicago, held November 22, 1893.

GEO. HENRY CLEVELAND,
Secretary.

Resolutions on the Death

OF

DR. CHARLES WARRINGTON EARLE.

WHEREAS, God in his infinite wisdom, has called Dr. Earle from the active duties of his noble manhood, to the higher pursuits of the life to come,

Resolved:

I. That we, the students of the Chicago Training School, are sincerely sorrowful that by his removal to the Heavenly Courts of Knowledge, we have lost the privilege of ever again beholding his manly form and of listening to his cheery words of instruction in our class room: But we remember that our loss is his eternal gain.

II. That we were deeply impressed by his great zeal in his profession, by his clear, forcible manner of presenting truths, and by the marvelous tenderness of heart, manifested by his evident love for the "dear little people," and his anxiety for their welfare.

III. That we extend our warm sympathy to his bereaved wife and children, lovingly commending them to the tender care of the Comforter.

CHICAGO TRAINING SCHOOL,
FOR CITY, HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS,
114 Dearborn Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

FANNY MEYER,
MAMIE MELTON, } *Committee.*
JOSEPHINE TINGLEY, }

November 20th, 1893.

Military Order
OF THE
Loyal Legion of the United States.
Commandery, State of Illinois.

CHICAGO, December 20, 1893.

At the stated meeting of this Commandery, held on the Fourteenth day of December, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-three, the accompanying report of a committee appointed to prepare a tribute of respect to the memory of our late Companion, First Lieutenant and Brevet Captain Charles Warrington Earle, was read and adopted.

By order of Lieutenant

RICHARD S. TUTHILL,
Commander.

CHARLES W. DAVIS,
Lieut. Col. Recorder.

CHARLES WARRINGTON EARLE, a native of Vermont, having come with his father to this state, enlisted ere he was sixteen years of age in an Illinois regiment. From May, until

September, 1861, he served as a private, most of the time in what is known as Fremont's Missouri Campaign. At the date last named, a sallow stripling, weak and wasted, he was discharged for disability.

Returning to his father's home, the invigorating air that blew o'er the hills of Lake County, expelled the poison with which his system had been filled in the swamps of Missouri, and August 11, 1862, he again enlisted as a private; this time in what afterward became the 96th Illinois Volunteer Infantry. Because of his intelligence and experience, he was made First Sergeant of Company C, of that regiment, and thereafter rose to the rank of First Lieutenant, in which capacity he commanded his company at the battle of Chickamauga.

His was a part of Granger's command that on the third day came up in time to hurl back the triumphing foe to save the day and the army. Three times wounded on that memorable field, he remained with his company, and with it, owing to a mistake of a staff officer, he was captured after the Union forces abandoned Missionary Ridge.

A prisoner in Libby, the hope of escape was ever present with him. Into a hole, back of a stove, in a chimney, thence down to a cellar, whence a tunnel, prepared by stout hearts and eager hands, led through the foundations of a three story brick building, beneath the pavement, alongside of foul and noisome sewers ran the narrow way through which he and one hundred and eighteen others crawled to the open air.

Dodging sentinels, mingling with rebel citizens and soldiers, cautiously and stealthily he made his way to the fortifications that surrounded Richmond, and over these on hands and knees in silence and darkness, groped his way; thence on, till as daylight appeared, he sought the friendly shelter of a half frozen morass, and in its chill and damp embrace laid down to wait for the coming of night. Thus, from morn to night, and night to morn

for six days, guided by the stars, he wended his way. Twice he crept in the darkness to negro quarters, the habitation of a slave ; to the homes of the yet despised and down trodden, and twice in such humble abodes he was warmed and fed with all his hosts had, while a cordon of dusky sentinels ranged without to give warning of the approach of whites. At last, when hunger and cold, the chill and ooze in which they lay, and the fatigue of the wearisome way had unsettled the mind of his one companion, he reached an outpost of the Union army.

And for what did this slender boy, not yet a voter, do this? Only that he might once more stand before his country's foe, again interpose his body between the armed hosts of rebellion and the nation's life. It cannot be amiss in these days, if now and then, at least in this presence, the disinterested patriotism of such as was our dead comrade is recalled.

Thirty days leave of absence was given him, thirty days to look at the old farm, to see and embrace family and friends, to tell to listening neighbors the romantic story of his escape, to shake off and out the foul exhalations of prison and marsh ; to travel two thousand miles and rejoin his regiment. The month gone, and he is again where danger is most imminent and foemen most frequent.

Participating in all the battles of the Atlanta campaign ; present at Franklin and Nashville ; serving as Aid-de-Camp, brevetted Captain for gallant and meritorious service at Chickamauga, Resaca, Atlanta, Franklin and Nashville. At the close of the war he resumed the studies he had left, took up pursuits always kept in mind, and so came to be the able, learned, conscientious, faithful physician and surgeon he was for many years.

As husband and father, as neighbor and citizen, as instructor and friend, as physician and companion, as soldier and man, he was without fear and without reproach. No one who knew Charles Warrington Earle as we knew him, can ever lose faith in humanity. No one who saw him in the shock of battle, can ever want for an example of manly courage. No one who entered

into the recesses of his heart and felt the touch of his strong hand, can fail to know what friendship is.

DEAR FRIEND :

Whatever chaplet honor wears,
Whatever rank can valor claim
Whatever guerdon truth doth hold
Is thine :
And thou art ours.

ARBA N. WATERMAN, }
WILLIAM E. CLARKE, } *Committee.*
DANIEL R. BROWER, }

Action of the Congregational Club

ON THE DEATH OF

Dr. Charles Warrington Earle.

At a meeting of the Congregational Club of Chicago, held on the evening of December 18, 1893, the following Minute was read and adopted and ordered entered on the records of the Club:

The members of the Congregational Club have heard with surprise and profound grief the announcement of the death of our beloved fellow-member,

DR. CHARLES WARRINGTON EARLE.

Dr. Earle was born at Westford, Vermont, April 2, 1845. He died here in Chicago November 19, 1893. Thus he opened and closed his eyes to the world inside the limit of fifty years. But these years which his career covered were such years—so full of agitation and invention and progress, and so momentous to the interests of freedom and the unity of the nation under whose flag he was born, and the advance of Christian civilization, that it is hard to find a parallel to them in the preceding ages. To all that was going on he was open-eyed and sensitive, and his pulse beat in liveliest sympathy with every movement which originated in

patriotism, or love of righteousness, or a desire to help humanity forward.

While, therefore, according to the common standards of men his life on earth was not long, it was an intense life, and one crowded with experiences and activities which were a credit alike to his head and heart.

Trained in a Christian home, Dr. Earle came at a comparatively early age into the Christian life. Educated in a Congregational College, he naturally fell into Congregational associations and identified himself with the Congregational fellowship. In all his achievements, whether in academic halls, or on the battlefield, or in the line of his chosen profession—a profession to which he was so devoted, and to which he lent a rare lustre, Congregationalists feel that they have a share; and they bow with a common sorrow under the thought that they are to grasp his warm hand and look into his radiant face and hear his cheery voice no more on earth.

It is a comfort to us, and it will be an inspiration to remember with what a prompt and large generosity Dr. Earle gave of his substance to aid in the establishment of Christian churches and Christian institutions within the borders of our great and growing municipality, and which it is evident can be saved only by the regenerating power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. His hands are folded on the breast, and his earthly activities have been brought to pause, and he sleeps the sleep which knows no waking this side the Valley of the Shadow; but like other large and wise and devoted Christians who have ceased from their labors and passed on before, his works abide as well as follow him; and there are many Missions and Churches all about us whose success and promise are due in part to the contributions he has put into them.

It is a comfort also to be assured that when Dr. Earle was called away from these earthly activities and duties, he was ready to go. Having lived in the faith, and walked in the faith, though unconscious through many of the closing hours of his life, there

can be no doubt that he died in the faith. We mourn over his loss, but we triumph in his triumphs, and we rejoice in his joy.

To the sadly bereaved widow, and to the smitten children, and to the aged parents bowed under a grief so overwhelming, and to the brothers and sisters who have sharply suffered under this break in their circle, and to all others who are afflicted in this affliction which has come upon them in the death of Dr. Earle, the members of the Club extend their tenderest sympathy, and express the hope that the precious promises of the Scriptures to those who mourn may be realized to them in their hour of need.

H. M. SCOTT,

President.

J. H. TEWKSBURY,

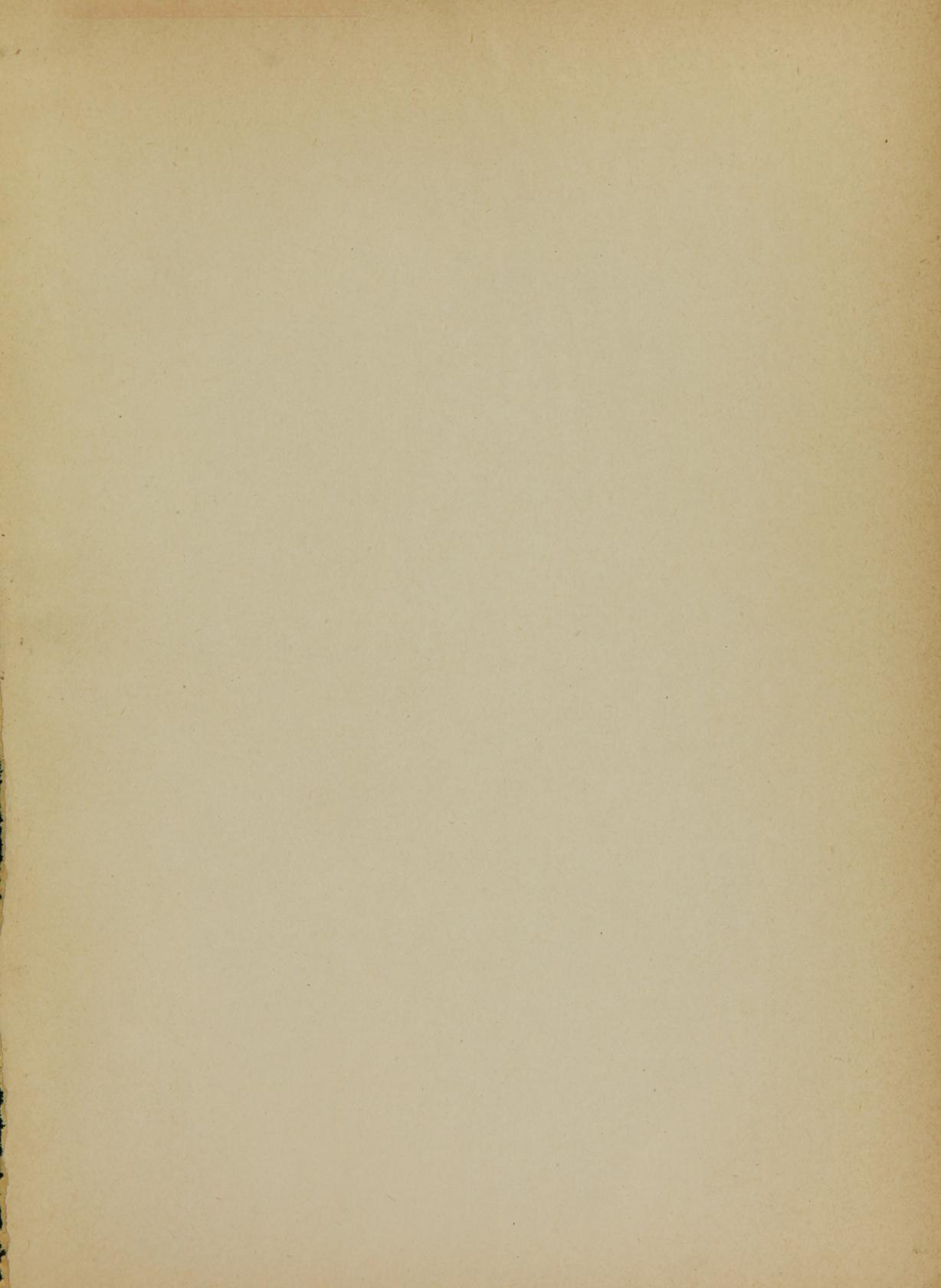
Secretary.

“**H**E went *on* at noon, not down The sun does not set at mid-day. It may pass under eclipse. The body has become impersonal, not he. His mind, his character are in sight and active. Thought treads in dainty slippers, love in none at all. This nimbus glows and tells where he is and what.”

“**B**UT strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind,—
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.”

“**W**HAT is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent.
Hearts are dust; heart's loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.”

“**E**TERNAL form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside:
And I shall know him when we meet.”



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