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In Memoriam.

PROFESSOR WILEY LANE

OF THE

HOWARD UNIVERSITY,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

16

OBITUARY ADDRESSES

ON THE OCCASION OF

THE FUNERAL

OF

PROFESSOR WILEY LANE,

DELIVERED IN THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, FEB'Y 18, 1885,

BY

REV. WILLIAM W. PATTON, D.D., LL. D.,
President of Howard University,

AND

HON. GEORGE F. HOAR, *of Massachusetts,*

TOGETHER WITH THE ADDRESSES OF

MR. R. T. MOSS, PROF. J. M. GREGORY, PROF. F. L. CARDOZO,
REV. F. J. GRIMKÉ, HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS,
REV. C. H. A. BULKLEY, D.D., MR. G. W. COOK,
AND PROF. THOMAS ROBINSON,

DELIVERED AT THE

MEMORIAL MEETING

HELD UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE

ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

In the Fifteenth-St. Presbyterian Church, March 3, 1885.

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1885.

PROFESSOR WILEY LANE.

BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Professor Lane was born of free parents at Elizabeth City, N. C., November 22, 1852. His rudimentary education was acquired under private instruction. After having completed the normal course of study in the school established in his native city by Mr. Thomas Cardozo he, in the year 1870, entered the Preparatory Department of Howard University. From the Preparatory he passed to the College Department, from which he graduated in 1877, taking the highest honors of his class. In the fall of the same year he went to Amherst College, where he spent two years in further study, and was graduated from that institution in 1879, with high class rank. Three months after graduating from Amherst he was appointed an instructor in the Normal Department of Howard University, and the following year was promoted to the principalship of the Department. In 1883 he was elected Professor of the Greek language and literature in the College Department. This position he held up to the time of his death.

OBITUARY ADDRESSES.

The funeral services of Professor Wiley Lane were held in the University chapel on Wednesday, February 18, 1885. Prayer was offered by the Rev. S. M. Newman, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Washington, D. C., of which Professor Lane was a member.

ADDRESS OF REV. WILLIAM W. PATTON, D.D., LL. D., PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

God is speaking to this institution by his providence in a very direct and impressive manner. One month since, we were assembled in this chapel, to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of a student; and to-day we gather, to perform the same office for one of the College Faculty. Solemnly are we reminded that we know not what a day may bring forth, and that consequently it becomes us to do with our might, whatsoever our hand findeth to do. Professor Wiley Lane, whose earthly remains lie before us, had characteristics which well deserve mention, and which should have special influence on the young who are present in such numbers on this sorrowful occasion.

First of all was his faithfulness in the line of study. When he came to this institution—a bright and amiable youth—it was with a conscious and clearly defined purpose. He came to study, and he did study. There are professed students who seem to come merely because they are sent by parents or guardians, or because they hope to see a little of the world, and to have a pleasant time with congenial companions. But Wiley Lane was intelligent and conscientious with respect to using the educational advantages which God had bestowed. He did his best, as a scholar, in the Preparatory and in the College Departments, and consequently always led his class. In that infancy of the University he could

not enjoy all the advantages which he desired, and which we can now better bestow; and so, after his graduation, he wisely added two years of careful study at Amherst College. There he manifested the same unwavering fidelity, and gained the respect of his fellow-students, and the warm commendations of his instructors. After he became himself a teacher, first in the Normal, and then in the College Department of this University, this trait was still conspicuous in the zeal and industry with which he devoted himself to his duties, and ever sought better to equip himself for his work.

Next we may notice his scholarly tastes and pursuits. Physically slender and frail, his qualities were principally intellectual. He was a born student. He loved learning for its own sake, and not merely as a means of livelihood. He enjoyed books and literary society. His scholarly taste, united with a native modesty and delicacy of feeling, kept him from whatever was low and coarse. He had a feminine shrinking from everything vulgar. No one ever saw Wiley Lane in bad companionship or in improper places. Always was he intent upon elevating and refining his nature, which he did by the constant pursuit of knowledge in his chosen department of classical learning, and as far as possible in other realms of science and literature.

One may also properly call attention to the success of his career. The word career, so often used with little meaning, may in this case be fitly employed, though his years numbered but thirty-two. Providence did much for him in this respect; for he lived at the time of one of the greatest social revolutions which the world has witnessed, and himself became a marked illustration of the almost miraculous changes which it made possible. I can put the salient facts into a single sentence. Though not actually born a slave, as I had supposed, he began life as a colored child in a slave State, at the very bottom of society, and he died professor of Greek in a university established by Congress in the National Capital. Two such terminal points may well be said to include a career, and for others of his race to include a prophecy.

The progress which our departed brother made from the first was so steadily onward and upward, that even so early a death leaves to his mourning relatives and numerous friends a name of honor that will not soon be forgotten.

And here I may be permitted to allude to what were his creditable plans for the future. Every thoughtful man plans for the future, and his plans mark his character. He must live for something more than the present moment. Wiley Lane, then, had his ambition; and this was his right, within reasonable bounds. Nor was his ambition merely selfish. It was for his race as well as for himself; it was for his race in himself, as one to whom God had given (largely through the liberality of his friend and patron here present, Hon. Mr. Hoar, Senator from Massachusetts) special opportunities. He sought to make the most of himself; to rise as high as it was possible, and to acquit himself thoroughly well in his allotted sphere. During the last year, I called his attention to the school at Athens, in Greece, sustained by American colleges for linguistic and archæological purposes, and I put into his hands publications descriptive of its work. This excited within him an eager desire to avail himself of its advantages, and arrangements were in contemplation which might place this within his power—indeed, they had almost reached certainty at the very date of his death. But it was not to be. As says the proverb, "Man proposes; God disposes."

But, in conclusion, I must add, as the highest trait of Professor Lane, that he was a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. At the time of his death he was a member of the First Congregational Church of this city, whose pastor has just led us in prayer. He was guided and preserved by Christian principle, amid the temptations which were spread before him as before other young men. He took an interest in the spiritual as well as educational interests of the University, as a professor needs always to do, was a steady attendant upon our religious exercises, and participated actively in them. Some present will remember that a month ago he

led our Thursday evening prayer meeting, and made well-considered and impressive remarks on the value of the Scriptures, bearing his testimony for Christ, with little anticipation that he was so near to the heavenly kingdom. Last Saturday afternoon, I saw him alone in his room. He was very weak, and his voice was but the faintest whisper. After a short interview I knelt by his bedside, and prayed with him; and it was most touching to see his smile of gratitude and pleasure, as he gave me his hand and looked for the last time intelligently into my face; for, alas! when next I saw him, he was unconscious. But we mourn with the Christian hope. We see before us his outward form, silent and still in death; but we know that this is not he; it is only the tabernacle in which he used to dwell. He has gone to his heavenly home, where weakness and pain will no more afflict; where he will be free from the limitations which earth puts upon even the best of her students; where prejudice and caste, to which he was so keenly sensitive, find no place; where character and capacity, and not color or race, determine position; where plans end in no disappointment, and where his noblest ambitions can have widest scope. God give us, who remain behind, grace to be faithful in our allotted sphere of action; to make our earthly life, in the noblest sense, a success; and to surrender it at last with faith in Him who declared himself to be "the way, the truth, and the life," and through whom the apostle was able to declare that "to die is gain!"

At the conclusion of his remarks President PATTON introduced the Hon. GEORGE F. HOAR, of Massachusetts, who was a personal friend of Professor Lane.

ADDRESS OF SENATOR HOAR.

You have come to pay your tribute of affection and honor to a good man, a courteous, modest, pure, affectionate, honest, faithful, wise, true gentleman. Wiley Lane has been my friend for fifteen years. I remember well when I first saw

him. He came to my room one evening, fifteen years ago, with his brother and another companion, now a teacher in North Carolina, to talk over their plans for getting an education. I have known him well ever since, and taken pains to learn the estimation in which he was held by his teachers and associates. He went through the preparatory course here, and afterward the college course, in General Howard's time. He then spent two years at Amherst, where he was graduated in 1879. I attended the commencement of his class, and met him at the house of the distinguished President Seeley, who told me that Lane was "a universal favorite both with teachers and pupils." He then entered the service of this University, rapidly rising, until at last the youth born in North Carolina in the days of slavery took his honored and assured place among the scholars of the land.

The oldest of the great English poets, in the days when a few men seemed born to command and the mass of mankind to be commanded, drew his exquisite picture of his young knight, "Curteys he was, lowely and servysable." Courtesy, modesty, service. What can one say better of our friend than what Chaucer said five hundred years ago of the flower of English chivalry? He had the courtesy and grace of bearing that comes from the heart of the true gentleman. He had that modesty and diffidence that throw such a charm over the manners of youth. He aspired to consecrate his life to the service of others. He did not forget the race from which he sprang. He had continually in his heart the eager wish to serve the people with whom he had come out of slavery, and whom some of this assembly, before their heads are grey, will see numbering more than thirty million in this country—enough of themselves for a great, strong, and free people. In God's mysterious providence this hope, as he conceived it, has been baffled. But, after all, he has served his kindred better than he knew. It is not chiefly by legislation or by the decisions of courts or by the arts of politicians that the colored people are to gain and keep their equal place in American citizenship. It is by the individ-

ual examples they shall furnish of personal worth, of true manhood and womanhood, that in the end they will cause their rights to be respected. It may be that the early ending of this short life may cause his sterling qualities to be appreciated, as they might not have been if he had lived.

The last time I saw him, about a week ago, he was full of the hope of gratifying a desire which had long possessed him, to visit Athens, to fit himself still further for the duties of his professorship by the study of Greek literature and history in their native land. Through the kindness of Governor Long arrangements had been made for inserting in the appropriation bill the legislation necessary to permit his absence for a year from his post. The vision has been realized, but not as he had dreamed. He has gone to study truth and beauty in a fairer land than Greece, by the light of a sun brighter than ever sank beneath Morea's hills, in a temple imperishable, more glorious than the Parthenon, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Rev. F. J. GRIMKE closed the services with prayer.

OBITUARY ADDRESSES

AT

THE MEMORIAL MEETING

IN THE

FIFTEENTH-STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1885.

MEMORIAL MEETING.

A meeting in memory of Professor Wiley Lane was held in the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, Tuesday evening, March 3, under the direction of the Alumni Association of the College Department of Howard University. Mr. R. T. Moss, president of the Association, presided, and Dr. J. H. Howard acted as secretary. After music by the choir of the church, President WILLIAM W. PATTON offered prayer.

Mr. Moss then addressed the meeting.

ADDRESS OF MR. R. T. MOSS.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Members of the Alumni Association:

We have met to-night to pay tribute of respect to one of the ablest and most promising members of the Association. To one whom many of us knew as a member of the Preparatory Department, as a member of the College Department, as a member of the Alumni Association, and, finally, as Professor of Greek in Howard University. During all those years, true as a needle to the pole, his life tended to higher and nobler things. As a boy his life was above reproach, as a man his life was an example to us all. He united a strong mind with a noble heart and true faith. It was not surprising, gentlemen of the Alumni, that, knowing Wiley Lane as you did, that you earnestly requested the trustees of the University to promote him to the chair of Professor of Greek as soon as it became vacant. At the time many who knew not the man thought that the leap from teacher of English to teacher of Greek was daring and improper, but the very acceptable manner in which he performed his duties satisfied the doubts of his opponents, and called forth

the applause of his friends. This Association, founded in the interest of the graduates of Howard University by calling them together once a year, or once in three years, to compare notes of progress in the different professions chosen by its members, did honor to itself and to our *Alma Mater* by using its influence in behalf of so worthy a man.

As members of this Association we owe a debt of gratitude to the Trustees who befriended him, which we hope to repay.

But he has gone, and another one of our chairs is vacant. We should not be surprised that he laid down the pen of the scholar to take up the crown of the saint. We should not grieve when Providence takes the true, the upright, and the good, since they are, after all, strangers and pilgrims here, whom the trials and troubles of the world waste away. What to us is a blow God designs to be a blessing—He has taken him for more congenial employment.

There were two things that especially endeared Professor Lane to me during the long years of our acquaintance: One was his honesty in word and deed; the other was his love of family. By these two traits I saw plainly that he loved his race and mankind. No one loves mankind who is not true to himself, nor can he love his race if he loves not his family. Professor Lane's word was his law; it ruled him with great power. I do not remember of hearing an idle word fall from his lips. What he meant he said in a manly, straightforward way. After he had received his education and secured a good position, he did not waste his time in a vain show and the illusions of society, but his great heart went out to the brothers and sisters at home. He denied himself that they too might taste of the sweets of knowledge. If every young man of our race was willing to deny himself and help build his family up as he builds himself up, a great problem would need no solution, it would solve itself. But, gentlemen, I am detaining you too long, there are others here who will speak more eloquently and appropriately. I will call on Dr. Howard, the Secretary, to read the resolutions in memory of our deceased brother.

Dr. HOWARD, the Secretary, read the following resolutions:

THE RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take unto himself our beloved brother alumnus, Wiley Lane, it becomes us, as an Association, to express in fitting terms our esteem of his character, his talents, and his achievements:

Resolved, That by the death of Prof. Lane this Association has lost one of its ablest members, and his race a modest, scholarly, Christian gentleman, who was inspired by the generous ambition to win a place of honor in the field of letters, by means of which he hoped to benefit mankind and to elevate his race.

Resolved, That his work as professor of Greek in Howard University was well done, and promised, had he lived to an older age, to place him side by side with the most eminent Greek professors of his land.

Resolved, That his brief career of energy teaches the aspiring young men of his race that no position of honor and trust is beyond the reach of him who unites a pure life with scholarly pursuits.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased as an evidence of our respect, love, and sympathy, and that a copy be spread upon the minutes of the Association.

ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR JAMES M. GREGORY.

"Can it be that perpetual sleep rests upon Quintilius! When will Modesty and the sister of Justice, uncorrupted Faith, and naked Truth find any equal to him?"—*Horace*.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Professor Wiley Lane died at his rooms in Howard University, after a short illness, on Monday, February 16, at

1.30 p. m., being in the thirty-second year of his age. His sickness was occasioned by a cold contracted on the stormy night of the previous Monday, and no doubt aggravated by exposure on Tuesday following, one of the coldest days of the season. Everything was done for his recovery and comfort that skillful physicians could prescribe or loving hands perform. And, although his sufferings toward the last were severe, he passed away quietly, without a struggle, and his spirit winged its flight to its Maker. In the breaking of the golden bowl and the loosing of the silver cord, the all-kind Father seems to have dealt gently with him.

Silence best indicates individual sorrow. A heart torn by anguish would avoid making a public display of its grief. At such times words are inadequate to express the strong emotion which agitates us. Tennyson well says :

" I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within."

One thus depressed in spirit is in no condition to speak. I would, therefore, prefer to remain silent on this occasion and listen to the eulogies to be pronounced by the distinguished gentlemen whom I see present. But Professor Lane and myself were so intimate, that for me to keep silent, when so many are paying tribute to his memory, would not seem the part of a true friend. It will, however, be difficult, I will say impossible, for me to speak, in the time allowed each speaker by the committee, of all the elements which make up a character so beautiful as was that of Mr. Lane.

We were associate professors and friends. He honored me with his confidence in private matters, as well as matters in which we were officially interested as instructors in Howard University. I here make my own the sentiment of Horace, writing of his friend Virgil : " I, in my right mind, can compare nothing to an agreeable friend." He was a frequent visitor at my house—there every day. Many who were not acquainted with us, as they saw us together in the

city, thought we were members of the same family. I was almost constantly with him in his sickness. Just a short time before he died I approached his bedside and asked him if he knew me. He said "yes" quite distinctly. I asked him if he had anything which he desired to say, if he could speak. He shook his head and pointed to his throat, indicating that the trouble was there. I was much interested in his success as professor. I gave him all the assistance and counsel of which I was capable. I was anxious that he should distinguish himself as professor of Greek, as he was the first colored man who had held that position in Howard University. I desired that he should succeed and continue in his work for a still further reason; because this was the first instance in the history of that institution, where two colored men were at the same time professors in the College Department. He was my junior in age only. I yield to him in learning and attainment. I entered the University first; in the order of time I ought to have been first to leave it; and, too, I think with Laelius, when speaking after the death of his friend Scipio Africanus: "It had been more equitable that as I entered upon life first, I should likewise first depart from it."

His was a beautiful character, from whatever point viewed. Nature endowed him with a discriminating taste for order and beauty. He was always neat in his apparel. Even when a student he had the reputation of keeping the neatest room in Clarke Hall. The same was true of him as an instructor. His books and papers were kept in order. He had a place for everything, and everything in its place.

He was a man of refined sensibility, and to some he may have seemed over-sensitive; anything rough, uncouth, or vulgar jarred upon his nature and found no response in his soul. He was a man of polished manners—a perfect gentleman. He had no bad habits of any kind, and he had no association with persons of improper character. Politeness was one of his chief characteristics; to ladies he was re-

spectful and courteous, and showed at all times a proper deference for old age.

He was a kind brother and an obedient son; was ready by act or word to do that which would promote the happiness or prosperity of his brothers. It is well known that he maintained at the University, at his own expense, two of his sisters for a considerable period of time. He entertained the deepest affection for his father and mother, and spoke of them in the most kindly terms. Many a time have I heard him mention the sterling qualities of his father, which he placed above mere book education. I have heard him say, that to the early impressions made upon his mind by the teachings of a Christian father and mother he owed all that he was.

He was not in any respect a deceitful man. There was nothing about him false or pretended. He did not carry one sentiment in his heart and another on his brow. Loyal to the truth, he gave no countenance to error. Truth and error were to him two contending and opposing forces, and he unhesitatingly took his stand on the side of truth. He proved a friend in adversity as well as in prosperity, for, as the poet truthfully says, "A sure friend is found in an uncertain affair." He permitted no one in his presence to speak disparagingly of those in whose integrity he had confidence, but would defend them as occasion required. He turned a deaf ear to the voice of slander, therefore he was never annoyed by the scandal-monger. He took great pains to accommodate his friends, often going out of his way or making sacrifices to bestow gifts or do them favors. He frequently took counsel with those on whose judgment he relied. I think I can say with truth that I never met a person more careful in maturing his plans; I mention this because it will account, in some degree, for the success which was always his.

He was just in his dealings with those with whom he came in contact. His very life was ordered by the principles of justice. He gave every man his due, and, if he erred

at all, it was on the side of justice. He would not tolerate the least injustice to a student on the part of any one. Like Moses, he was ready to turn and smite the Egyptian in behalf of his fellow Israelite when outraged and unjustly treated. The students, therefore, looked to him as their friend and protector. He did not think it sufficient to give instruction to the students in the class-room simply, but he was the personal friend of each student and made each student his friend; he inquired into their circumstances, their plans, and was interested in matters pertaining to their health and dress, and all the little details of college life.

As a professor, he was devoted to his work and faithful in the discharge of every duty. His criticisms upon the Greek text were appropriate and suggestive. The students had confidence in his ability, and felt that they were making progress in the studies which they pursued under him. He was no idle student, but sought to master the Greek language and literature. He entered upon his work as Professor of Greek with enthusiasm. In giving instruction to his classes, he was not content with a mere translation of the authors prescribed in the curriculum, but he sought information from every source; he required his pupils in the preparation of lessons to examine ancient geography, Grecian mythology and antiquities. Before his sickness he was reading with much care Grote's History of Greece and kindred works bearing on Greek manners and customs. It was this idea of *thoroughness* in his work that prompted him to plan for a sojourn in Athens. It may not be inappropriate at this point for me to remark that, as Dr. Richards' assistant, it was my pleasure to instruct Mr. Lane in some of the branches of the Preparatory Department when he first entered the University, and I can bear testimony that the same fidelity to duty marked his course as a student which afterwards characterized him as an instructor.

He had truly a literary mind. He may have been surpassed in certain particulars by some of his brother professors

in the University—most of them had the advantage of him in age and experience—but none surpassed him in his devotion to his work, none in the breadth of culture which he brought to his profession. I have known teachers who paid more attention to the mechanical part of their work as professors of Latin and Greek, to mere forms of parsing and technicalities of grammar, but I never knew one so young who more comprehensively grasped the thought and purpose of the author. To instruct in the *substance* rather than in the *shadow*, this was his idea of giving information in the class-room.

In addition to the fact that Professor Lane had a literary mind, he possessed what some men of literary powers lack,—the power of close application. No amount of literary work seemed to tire or wear him out. No temptation of pleasure or pecuniary interest could allure him from his literary pursuits. Had he lived, he might have become an author of no mean reputation, for he had in him all the elements that conspire to make a successful writer. Technically speaking, we may not characterize his mind as vigorous, but it may be called a clean-cut mind; and like some who take first rank as authors, a mind while it did not soar did not descend, was always even and equal to itself. He had a large vocabulary, was never at a loss for the use of words; they seemed to come to him without effort. His was an analytical mind. His writings showed that he had a perfect knowledge of his subject; that before writing he had prepared a skeleton of what he wished to say. It is a fact to which all will bear witness that, in his letters and speeches and lectures, his thoughts always followed each other in logical succession. It is a matter of observation that sometimes persons who claim for themselves literary excellence, are deficient in this very particular in which Professor Lane excelled. They cover a good deal of ground, they make long speeches; but when they put themselves on paper, and an opportunity is thereby given to analyze their thoughts, it is found that they have said very little which

is valuable. Clearness, simplicity, and beauty of expression distinguish his style as a writer.

His great aspiration in life was to write something that would live after him. He had a plan which he purposed to follow after his return from Europe, indeed his subject for a work was already selected. He wanted to achieve that which would, because of its merit, engage the attention of his fellows. He believed largely in individual effort; he believed that the prejudices formed against a race because of former condition, could be most effectually removed by the success of the individual members of that race in their various callings and professions. The late decision of the Supreme Court on the civil rights' bill shook his confidence in the efficiency of the statutes intended to secure such rights; and he was of the opinion that *class* legislation was rather injurious than beneficial. He believed that education and wealth were to be two powerful factors in the elevation of the colored citizen and, eventually, in the elevation of the colored people.

In the death of Professor Lane we are reminded, that in the midst of life we are in death; that death is no respecter of persons, but with his sickle keen he cuts down the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned. I do not know of any one who has more beautifully expressed this thought than Rome's great lyric poet: "Pale Death with equal tread knocks at the huts of the poor and the palaces of the rich." Professor Lane early in life made a profession of the Christian faith, and continued steadfast in that faith to the end. He was a constant reader of the Bible. A short time before he was confined to his bed by sickness he had charge of the University prayer meeting, which occurs on Thursday of each week. On this occasion he said that at the prayer meetings he always desired to have something instructive to say, and when he knew it was his turn to take charge made selection of a subject early in the week. Accordingly he had on Sunday made choice of the "Bible" as the basis for his remarks. It happened

at this time that the great evangelist, Mr. Moody, was about closing his labors in the city, and at the request of President Patton, on Monday of the *same* week, addressed the students in the college chapel, taking the "*Bible*" also as the theme of his discourse. Mr. Lane regarded it a happy coincidence that he and Mr. Moody should have chosen and presented the same subject to the meetings over which they respectively presided. It may be it was not a mere coincidence. Who can tell? They, in the selection of their subject, may have been directed by a special providence. I shall never forget the utterances of Professor Lane at that meeting, he was unusually impressive; he dwelt upon the necessity of getting into the habit of reading the Bible while in one's youth, of forming an attachment for it and of becoming familiar with its teachings; it would then all through life be our comfort and support.

Speaking from a human standpoint, the death of one so gifted as Professor Lane is a great loss. It is a loss to the race with which he was identified and which he labored so zealously to elevate; it is a loss to society and this community, of which he was a respected and useful member; a loss to Howard University, where he was an honored professor; a loss to his family, of which parents, brothers, sisters, all say he was the "jewel." But, if he could speak, he would bid us be of "good cheer." Nay, he does speak, his whole life speaks; he bids us seek consolation in the hope of the Christian, which is the sure anchor of the soul. His death, then, in this higher sense must not be considered a loss; with him it was *gain*,—to die in the Lord is always gain. However well he may have been situated here, however pleasantly surrounded, however loved by friends, his present abode is infinitely more pleasant than it could have been with us. There his happiness will continue complete eternally; he there is brought in contact with the good and excellent of all ages, with God the Father, with Christ himself, than whom there can be no truer friend. Instead of our grieving for Professor Lane we ought to grieve for our-

selves. But in departing he has left us a rich legacy; he has bequeathed a noble life and an inspiring example. Had he lived full three score years and ten, what more could he have left of all that is good and pure and worthy of emulation? How shall we most fittingly cherish the memory of such a man? We shall cherish his memory, not by sorrow and vain regret, but by imitating in our daily lives his virtues and his noble qualities.

ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR F. L. CARDOZO.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

When I became Professor of Latin at Howard University, in the fall of 1871, I received a letter from one of my brothers, the late T. W. Cardozo, who was then Principal of the Grammar School at Elizabeth City, N. C.; telling me he had sent three of his brightest pupils to the Preparatory Department of Howard University, Mr. Rooks Turner and Messrs. John and Wiley Lane, and that he wished I would take a personal interest in their advancement.

I did so. I watched the career of these young men with special interest. Our young friend, the late Professor, and Mr. Turner, graduated from the Preparatory and College Departments.

After Mr. Lane completed his College course at Howard University he went to Amherst College, and agreed to consider his four years at Howard as equal to two at Amherst, and entered the third year, and graduated from that institution after two years' more of study.

I saw Prof. Lane after he graduated from Amherst. He told me he was then considering an offer from Berea College in Kentucky, and one from Howard University as Assistant in the Normal Department. He accepted the position here, and, in the resignation of Dr. Shadd, became Principal.

When the position of Greek professor became vacant, Prof. Lane aspired to that position, and he spoke to me freely of his desire and his motives.

I took a deep interest in the matter, and was pleased to see him elected.

On the Sunday before he died I heard of his illness and of his intention to go to Greece and further qualify himself for his lifework, and the next day I was shocked to hear of his death.

There were several qualities in our young friend that I think were very beautiful and impressive.

He was a young man, of a *lofty ideal* and a *noble ambition*.

Every man has an intellectual and moral ideal, a pattern or model which he places before his mind's eye, and which he strives to attain to. If the ideal is a low and fixed one, he very soon reaches it, and becomes contented and satisfied, he is as wise and as good as he wants to be, better than most men, and equal to the highest, and all he wants is an opportunity to display his brilliant qualities before the world.

You sometimes see this very amusingly illustrated in the young graduates of colleges. They think because they have graduated from a college they are necessarily the very embodiment of wisdom, and they look with scorn and contempt upon those who have not been to college.

Prof. Lane did not belong to this class of graduates. When he graduated at Howard University he felt how little he knew, and how vast and boundless was the field of knowledge, so he does a singular thing, he goes to an older and wealthier institution, and one, therefore, with greater advantages and facilities, and begins over again. Very few men act in this way.

And, again, after being a professor for a few years, he was not satisfied with the knowledge that he had of the language he taught, but desired to go Greece, and there study on the spot the language and the people and the localities referred to in that remarkable literature.

Prof. Lane possessed another quality that very often accompanies a *lofty ideal*: he was a modest and unassuming young man. He never impressed you in conversation as desirous of pushing himself forward so that he may con-

vince you of his superior wisdom, but always expressing his opinions with diffidence, and yet with firmness.

I remember hearing but one production from Prof. Lane's pen, that was his lecture on art. I was profoundly impressed with the ability displayed in that lecture.

The masterly analysis he gave of the philosophy of beauty showed a perfect acquaintance with the metaphysical theories on that subject.

I went to hear that lecture a second time, and liked it better than the first.

There is another feature of Prof. Lane's life that I desire to call your attention to, and that is the quality that Senator Hoar called attention to in his beautiful eulogy at Prof. Lane's funeral.

That is his *serviceableness*, his desire to be *useful*.

I had occasion to notice this especially when he aspired to the Greek professorship and encountered opposition. He spoke of his desire to occupy the position and to fill it acceptably, so that he might aid in removing the stigma upon his race of their inability to fill such positions.

He felt that degradation keenly, and he was firmly convinced that all was needed to remove it was an opportunity to show its injustice.

Men may desire an education as a means to an end—as the instrument to acquire a livelihood or wealth or fame; or they may acquire knowledge for its own sake, or for the purpose of benefiting others. It was this last purpose that animated our young friend.

How singular and mysterious it is that after so many years of careful preparation this beautiful young spirit should pass away just as it entered upon its lifework.

And yet, after all, the *influence* of this example remains. It is one that should stimulate young men and induce them to imitate him.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

ADDRESS OF REV. F. J. GRIMKE.

Mr. President, Members of the Alumni Association of the Howard University, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I rise, not for the purpose of indulging in any extended remarks, but simply to add a word to what has already been said in reference to the life and character of our departed friend and brother. There is no one here to-night, perhaps, to whom the announcement of his death was more sudden and startling, for I was not here, and did not even know that he was sick. The day before my departure for New York, on business connected with my church, Prof. Lane was at my house and spent the evening, during which we talked about many things, and, among them, of his expected trip abroad. I never saw him looking better, or when he seemed to be in better spirits. About eleven o'clock we shook hands and parted. The next day I took the train for New York. On my way back I stopped in Philadelphia, and only the night before I left for home was talking to some friends about him and of his plans for the future. The next evening between ten and eleven o'clock I reached home, and among the first things that I was told was that he was dead. For a moment I could not believe it. But I was assured that it was really so. And then came flashing into my mind the sermon which I had preached on the Sunday before my departure for New York, from the passage "And what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." Little did I expect that a practical illustration of these words would come from the quarter where it has. Little did I think that this dear friend and brother who had so much to live for, and whose future seemed so big with noble possibilities, would at this time be cold in death. And I am sure that no thought was farther from his own mind. It was the thought of life, not of death, that filled and thrilled him. But the all-wise Disposer of events decreed otherwise. And instead of meeting to wish him a pleasant and profitable journey and a safe re-

turn, we are here to-night to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory.

I have known Prof. Lane for some time, and have always had the highest respect for his character as a gentleman and no small degree of admiration for his ability as a scholar. It was not, however, until his application for the position which he so well and ably filled as Professor of Greek in the University that I became intimately acquainted with him. It was my privilege as well as pleasure to urge his appointment, in connection with Mr. Douglass, Mr. Cook, and our friend, Gen. Kirkpatrick, of Lynchburg, Virginia, a man who should not be forgotten on an occasion like this, who, though a general in the Confederate army, an ex-slaveholder, and a member of the Democratic party, gave his voice and his vote in support of the idea of the advancement of colored men to high and responsible positions in our educational institutions. It was a spectacle which I shall never forget, an ex-Confederate general, an ex-slaveholder, a member of the Democratic party pleading for the appointment of a black man as professor of Greek under the very shadow of the Nation's Capitol; an ex-slaveholder, and yet with the most advanced ideas, with the clearest conception of the true policy to be pursued in the management of such institutions. The closing words of his address on that memorable occasion were these—turning to his white brethren, he said: "We must decrease in these institutions, but they must increase." In connection with such men, Mr. Douglass, Mr. Cook, Gen. Kirkpatrick, and others, it was my privilege and pleasure, as I said before, to represent the case of Mr. Lane before the trustees, which resulted in his election.

After that I saw him quite frequently. It was always a pleasure to meet him, and as I came to know him better I felt more strongly drawn towards him. He made a favorable impression, I believe, upon all with whom he was associated. He was by instinct a gentleman, and lived habitually in an atmosphere of purity. He was as far removed from all that was coarse, or common, or vulgar, as any one

could be. His thoughts were chaste, his feelings pure, his actions virtuous; and this was true of him, not only in manhood, but also in childhood. He was, even in his boyhood, singularly free from such moral defects and blemishes as are common among the young. Hence, his influence, as far back as we can remember him, has always been elevating and ennobling.

He was a very superior man intellectually. I know of nothing which gave me greater pleasure than the high testimonials to him in this respect from all of his teachers, in connection with his application for the position to which he was elected and which he filled so well. I regret that I have not these letters in full, but I have a few extracts from them which will serve as samples.

Dr. Richards, his first instructor in Howard University, says:

"It would be too little praise of him to say that he easily led his class, numbering eighteen. He would certainly have taken a very high stand in any class. Mr. Lane at that time gave high promise of thorough and accurate scholarship—indeed of becoming father of the man he is making."

Professor Fairfield, his professor of Greek in the University, says:

"He recited to me in various Greek authors during his sophomore and junior years in college, and I found him always an earnest, attentive, and successful student. He has impressed me, as I have become more and more acquainted with him, as a natural linguist, and he has, I think, an appreciation of the Greek, and an interest in it, decidedly beyond that of the average college graduate. In scholarly culture and taste I do not think the chair of Greek would suffer under his occupancy."

Professor Tyler, of Amherst College, says:

"He ranked high, quite above the middle of his class, and showed an uncommon accuracy and aptitude for the Greek

language, both in regard to its grammatical structure and lexicography, and also its literature. He stood in the first third of his class, so as to be entitled to the honor which he received of a nomination by the faculty and an election by the students as a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. From all I know of him here I should think that he might fill and adorn a Greek professorship in Howard University."

President Seeley, of Amherst, speaks of his reputation for scholarship among both the teachers and students as excellent.

Another thing which I admired especially about him was his aspiring nature. The trend of his soul was ever upward and onward. On the wings of a noble aspiration he was ever pressing forward. His whole life was a practical illustration of this fact. This was the thing which led him to leave his home in the South to seek the advantages of this institution. This was the thing which led him, after he had gained all that this institution could give, to seek the still greater advantages of one of our Northern institutions; and it was the same spirit which led him, when Professor Fairfield resigned as professor of Greek, to make application for the position. It was not because he was over-ambitious; not because he cared for the mere empty honor of an appointment at the hands of the trustees. He cared nothing for the mere name. No; it was the possibility of a career for himself, and through himself for the race which he represented, that touched his heart and stirred his ambition. He wanted it because it would give him scope for larger self-development and a wider influence for good, and I am glad that, notwithstanding some sought to discourage him, a majority of the trustees of the University had the magnanimity, were big enough of soul, to take this aspiring Negro by the hand and say to him, "Yes, come up! come up!" And when he fell, pierced by the shaft of death, it was still on the wings of a noble aspiration: his face was towards that land made sacred by the memories of great names—statesmen, poets, philosophers, historians, orators, artists—Solon and Pericles, Homer

and Sophocles, Socrates and Plato, Thucydides and Xenophon, Demosthenes and Æschines, Phidias and Praxiteles. His face was towards grand old Athens, that he might perfect himself in the knowledge of the noble language to the teaching of which his life was to be devoted. And, standing here to-night over his new-made grave, as it were, let me say to you, young ladies and gentlemen of the race with which he was identified, catch his noble spirit. Dare to aspire. Dare to aspire to become teachers and professors in our colleges and universities. Let no man or set of men, whoever they may be, or whatever may be their professions of friendship, beguile you into the belief that there is anything immodest or presumptuous in such aspirations. These positions are for you and for your children. Fit yourselves for them and then go up and take them, is the message that comes to us to-night from those lips now silent in death.

A young, promising life has suddenly gone out—a pure soul, a bright intellect, a noble specimen of a man. As individuals, as a race, we mourn his loss. We can ill afford at this juncture in our history to lose such men; but let us not be discouraged; hundreds and thousands of educated men and women are coming up to take his place. He is but a prophecy of what is to come. Thank God, the night is far spent and the day is at hand. Ethiopia is at last stretching forth her hands to God.

ADDRESS OF HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen :

In the whirl of excitement of this city, the press of strangers in the midst of which I have been to-day, I am little fitted to make any remarks on this interesting occasion, and I had hoped that, considering the number of gentlemen announced to speak, I might be allowed to remain silent. I, however, gladly bear my testimony to the high character and worth of our deceased friend, Wiley Lane, and mingle my sorrow

with yours that one so young should be cut down in the midst of his years and his usefulness. It is to me a great satisfaction that the meeting before me is so large, and the respect to our departed friend is so full and pronounced. Woe! woe! to any people who fail in tokens of respect to their noble dead. Your assembling here to-night is proof of your grateful appreciation of a good and true man, who, though gone from us, has left us a high example of character and a sacred radiance of goodness. Mr. Lane was not only, as some say, a credit to his race, he was that and more. It is something to be a man. It is more to be a man among men. It is something to be a scholar, and Wiley Lane was a man among men and a scholar among scholars. He made the impression upon me of being a Christian gentleman, not merely an honor to the Negro race, but an honor to humanity. I accept the estimate given of him by his friend, the Rev. Mr. Grimke. I was not as well acquainted with Mr. Lane as many who now hear me. My first knowledge of him was obtained a year ago at the Monday Evening Literary Club in this city, when he gave an essay on art. I listened to that essay with surprise and delight. It was a new field of thought opened to me, and a new revelation to me of the mental ability of our departed friend. He discussed the subject with the ease and ability which belongs to the student, the scholar, and the man of severe esthetic taste. After listening to him as I did with pleasure and hope on that occasion, I cultivated his acquaintance, and esteemed him highly as a rising young man and an honor to humanity.

ADDRESS OF PROF. C. H. A. BULKLEY, D. D.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I had hoped that my place on the program of these memorial exercises would have been at the latter end, when I might have need only to fill up the few gaps left by the preceding speakers. Especially did I desire

that the call for my remarks would not be made immediately after the silver-tongued and silver-haired speaker, whom I first heard nearly fifty years ago, and whose eloquence has not been excelled by any orator of our land. The Divine Book tells us that "the memory of the just is blessed," and Shirley, an old English poet, has written,

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

There seems to me a peculiar fitness in such a memorial service as this, because of the natural tendency and traditional custom of humanity to recall and record the excellences and achievements of the worthy dead. While, indeed, their memories are enshrined within our heart of hearts, and they, though lost and gone, still speak with soundless tongues to us,—who thus may need no outward memento of them,—yet our native sense seems to demand, for the fullest strength of memory, some visible or audible sign of their past existence and career.

The God of Israel recognized this when, through Moses, he ordained that memorial stones should be gathered and upbuilt by his people in recognition of his power and love, as they were rescued from Egyptian bondage and led by him across the Red Sea, the Desert, and the Jordan into the promised land. So we find, through all the ages, that marble monuments, lofty arches, and pyramidal plinths and shafts have been erected to memorialize the names and deeds of the world's noblest martyrs, heroes, discoverers, and inventors. The press of to-day is the most prolific proclaimer of such worthies, and the words of praise we speak for them are crystallized by it into lasting form. It is fitting, therefore, for us, this evening, to recount the virtues of the one whose loss we mourn and whose memory we cherish. When I think of Professor Lane, taken away just as he began to ripen for his scholarly career, and remember that some of us who have been associated with him have passed our three score and ten, I recall that line of the poet Words-

worth which, in his long poem, "The Excursion," he puts into the mouth of an aged character—

"Oh sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer-dust
Burn to the socket."

That sad demise which we here and now lament, may, indeed, to some seem premature and mysterious. But if we believe in a far beyond, a world of higher life and grander thought than this, which, as Isaac Taylor shows, in his *Physical Theory of Another Life*, may be only a wider sphere of action and a fuller unfolding of this life's powers, with occupations similar and congenial, we may see, instead of mystery, a clear uplifting of soul to grander positions and nobler achievements—thus realizing the truth of what the poet Dana expressed, when, in one of his Shakspearean lectures, he said :

"Death! What is it but a more mysterious going on of Life?"

In giving my added testimony to the worth of Professor Lane, I shall dwell mainly upon two simple points—his *tenderness* and his *conscientiousness*. The first characteristic has already been alluded to by others, as peculiarly manifested towards the nearest of his relatives. Their education and comfort were generously and tenderly looked after by him. But especially was his sympathy extended towards the pupils under his care.

While readily assenting to what has been said of his deep sense of justice, I cannot but remember that often, when severe discipline was to be administered to some derelict student, his benevolence almost, if not quite, overbore that sense of justice and plead mercifully for the offender. Thus, however, it may be said of him, as Goldsmith wrote in his *Deserted Village*, of its pastor, that "e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side." . . . It has sometimes seemed to me that Professor Lane's tenderness was carried to an extreme most painful to himself, and was the result largely of his very delicate physical organization. He was most keenly

sensitive to every slight, and felt deeply every look and word and act of censure. We all know how that the characteristics and operations of the human mind are largely dependent upon and determined by the physique of the man. How often, when I have observed the smallness of Professor Lane's hands and feet, the fineness and symmetry of his form, I have thought, if there be anything in heredity, that his, somewhere in the past, must have been an ancestry of culture and refinement, and that this often rendered him keenly susceptible to any insult or neglect, which he or any one of his race was called to endure. So strong was this sensitiveness that even those who came to him with fullest sympathy did not at first gain that confidence which he afterwards would warmly give when convinced of their sincerity. That sensitiveness also led him, as has been the case with many a retiring scholar, to shun a mixed society and a doubtful association, not only because uncongenial to him, but because he would not protrude himself upon any. I speak not of these characteristics as condemnable, but rather as accounting for what in his life too often made the clouds gather on his path. His high ideal of duty and his deep sense of responsibility, by reason of his delicate sensitiveness, caused him many a sleepless night and troublous day, which others in like circumstances escaped, because of their tougher mould and longer experience. These were the forces, I think, that told sadly on his framework, which, uniting so much of the feminine element with the masculine, in his constitution, tended to unfit him for wrestling with the world's hard forces, and for resisting the onsets of dangerous disease. Humanly speaking he might have lived longer had he been less delicately organized and less tenderly exercised.

But it is of his conscientiousness that I desire more particularly to speak. Of his relations and scholarship in this regard others have well and truthfully spoken. His high sense of duty and his deep feeling of obligation led him to be faithful, diligent, and exact in every department of labor

to which he was called. No one could ever accuse him of slighting his work. It was as a Christian man, particularly, that I first had occasion to observe him. As we sat, for one season, at the same table, opposite and near to each other, we became mutually drawn together in converse upon points touching a truer Christian life than such as is found generally in the church. Professor Lane had an aspiration most strong to reach a higher plane of faith. His delicate nature occasioned more or less doubt as to his own religious character and attainments, and when the possibility of a more enlarged and elevated experience was unfolded to him, he expressed the strong desire that to this he might attain. The same high spirit which made him yearn greatly for the sight of Greece and the fuller study of her scenes, her poets, her warriors, her historians, and her philosophers, impelled him also to wish that his might be an entrance into a loftier region of faith and love towards God. The one classic aspiration was not granted him to be here fulfilled; the other has been, and is now, vouchsafed. He seems, to my vision as a disembodied spirit, free from harassing care, independent of congressional favor, and unsusceptible to fatigue, hovering over the ruins of the Parthenon, standing on the Acropolis, wandering and conversing with Plato and Socrates in the academic groves, listening to Demosthenes on the Forum, sailing to Salamis with Themistocles, and visiting the fields of Marathon and Thermopylæ with Miltiades and Leonidas. I doubt not but that thus his scholarly tastes and aspirations have been fully met in the spirit world. But beyond and greater than this, I seem to see him standing as Paul did on Mars' Hill, and with him passing on towards Palestine to bow on Calvary's height, to visit the great Temple's site and the Sepulchre of our Lord. But higher still than this, I think of him as ascending to those celestial heights where the greater Temple stands, lit by the radiance of the Lamb. O glorified spirit! With thee, when our life's work here is done and we leave this world's preparatory school for God's great University above, we hope to bow

there also and sing, as thou dost, with thee and all the saints, Redemption's song of glory, honor, power, and dominion unto Him who sitteth upon the Eternal Throne!

ADDRESS OF MR. GEORGE WM. COOK.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As a fellow alumnus, and as a friend, I join in paying tribute to the memory of Professor Wiley Lane. I join in this memorial occasion with feelings of sorrow, richly alloyed with joy; of sorrow, because of the loss of a friend—a friend to myself and a friend to humanity. A loss not to be retrieved by any beneficences, and only to be compensated for by the lesson of his life and the beauty of his death. Of joy, because of the noble heritage of his spotless character.

I said the beauty of his death. To me there is a peculiarly beautiful moral and physical phase about his passing from life to the great unknown. He died in an abiding faith in the Christian religion and with the consciousness of a well-spent life.

The night before the day on which he died, the struggle between fainting nature and ravaging disease had been terrible, and tired humanity conquered in the flesh, Professor Lane lay quietly breathing his last. Soon the pulse was no longer perceptible, and placing my left hand on his chest I soon felt the last flutter of his heart, saw the last action of his temples, saw a beauty on his gently quivering lips, and I knew that heaven was receiving its own.

The leading facts of his life can be told simply, and in a few words. He was born, was graduated from two colleges, became Professor of the Greek language and literature, vindicated his claim to the position by merit, and died. But if the character of the man is to be summed up briefly in words or in time, the work must be done by a master mind, and compressed into the strongest language. We have lost one in whom "the elements were so mixed that the world called him a man."

We mourn our loss, and well we may; for on Professor Lane as on a pillar this Alumni leaned to vindicate our oft-made declaration, that the American Negro has the capacity to receive and the power to impart the highest culture. This declaration was as often denied, and that denial put us on the defensive, and on trial. In this regard there is no more important branch than the technical study of the Greek language and literature; there is no study more full of opportunities for the exercise of tendencies towards the beautiful in nature and art; none affording greater occasion for grappling with ennobling themes, whether social, political, or religious.

How far Professor Lane contributed to our side of this question is best attested by the record at Howard University, as shown both in the curriculum and in the students under his care.

Through years of practice and experience it is no small achievement for one to vindicate the truth of a theory generally mistrusted; but who will deny Professor Lane the distinction of having performed such a task at the age of thirty-two years, after but two years' service?

True we have lost this pillar, but not as a reed that snaps unexpectedly in the test, but as one which does not give away until its successful service has been proved beyond a doubt. Bold, indeed, must the opponent be who will attempt to justify an assertion contrary to this record.

All questions of public interest successfully claimed his attention and concentrated thought; but those which elicited his soul's best inspiration bore directly upon the rights and liberties of men and nations. The affairs of the North American Indians demanded and received his consideration; the recent troubles in India were matters of concern with him; he watched the Irish agitation with interest, and was ever ready to enter the arena in the struggle attending the solution of the Negro problem, both here and in Africa. These questions were to him things of daily labor and duty, in fact his grand work.

Professor Lane was a born philanthropist, always ready to contribute to the support of good works, both from the impelling force of principle and from the promptings of sympathy. Were I to seek for the weaknesses inherent in his nature, I would find indiscriminate sympathy most prominent.

His industry was marked: in the fact that he had a task to perform, the result was secure. The allurements of society or the gratifying of some personal desire could not draw him from his duty; and well we know the character of his work when finished. He lived a life of devotion to his profession.

Prof. Lane's moral character was above reproach. His ethical perception was at once deep, clear, and delicate; his adherence to principle was firm, and when he maintained ill-chosen ground, it was a fault, not of moral obtuseness, but of judgment. Even then his firmness was pleasant, for it was the *firmness* which would not allow him to yield until conscience demanded an abandonment of his position.

There are three classes of men in the world: One class who have a backward movement, who personify the vices of men; another may be said not to go backwards or forwards, but who hold a conservative position, who are satisfied with existing conditions, ever ready to accept the benefits accruing from the industry of others, and look with indifference upon vice as long as they are not unfavorably affected; then there is that more noble class who are in the vanguard of civilization and progress, who contribute to the welfare of man—they are men who create. There can be no doubt as to Professor Lane's identity with this last fraternity. He neither retrograded nor stood still; his aim was far in advance; he was journeying hence and scattering blessings as he went.

I think that I knew him as few here knew him: as a fellow-student we were intimate friends; when apart we were correspondents; as co-laborers we were members of the same general and special faculties; for the last three consecutive

years we dined at the same table. Questions of the day we discussed together, sometimes agreeing, sometimes as opponents. I saw him in the agony of his last illness, witnessed the last quiver on his dying lips, closed his eyes when dead, and saw him laid to rest in his native State. If these relations argue any authority for my words, I sincerely, and with confidence in the truth of my declaration, pronounce, as my eulogy, Professor Lane a Christian gentleman, with a commanding intellect, an indefatigable industry, a noble and lofty ambition, extraordinary natural culture, scholarly tastes, and the purest sentiments.

HE HAS GONE TO PEACE AND HAPPINESS;

“But wherefore weep? His matchless spirit soars
Beyond where spendid shines the orb of day;
And weeping angels lead him to those bowers,
Where endless pleasures virtue’s deeds repay.”

ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR THOMAS ROBINSON.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The time is too far gone for me to add my testimony to what has already been said about Wiley Lane as a student and professor among us; but I must speak, late as the hour is, of the two years' residence of my departed friend at Amherst College. It was my privilege to first suggest the idea of his going there, and to speak in his behalf to the officers of that institution and to his noble friend, the Massachusetts Senator, for the furtherance of that idea. The young man, while a student in the University, showed elements of great promise and I was desirous that he should have chance for further development. The opportunity opened. He entered the Junior Class of Amherst College. All through his first term there I was anxious. He worked hard at his studies, too closely, I feared, for his physical strength. Those first twelve weeks passed. Favorable accounts came from his instructors. His success was insured. Through

the rest of his course he maintained the same earnest spirit, faithful application, and true gentlemanly demeanor that marked his entering term. These characteristics won for him alike the respect of students, instructors, and citizens, and the personal love and attachment of all who knew him intimately. Since his death I have received letters from his classmates and others making affectionate enquiries concerning his life, and expressing sorrow at his early and sudden departure, and I cannot do better than give some extracts from one of these letters. Mr. Charles S. Palmer, one of his classmates, writes:

“I learned only a few days ago of the death of our friend Lane; I had expected to meet him in Washington next week; and this is another of those startling surprises which make us aware of the realities of life.

“I was well acquainted with Wiley Lane, perhaps as well as any man in our class. I have not seen him since we separated at graduation. * * * When, at the Thanksgiving recess, I sent a line to him renewing the interrupted friendship, he replied with a letter full of the old hearty cordiality. By some mistake we failed to meet—our last chance in this world, as it now seems. So I have only my recollections of him at Amherst; but those are of a quality amply sufficient to picture what he has been with you, what he would have been if spared, what he *is* in his higher matriculation.

“Wiley Lane was one of the best natured, one of the most symmetrical, gentlemanly men in our class. It is hard to analyze the character of a friend, or to weigh him fairly. In scholarship he easily won our respect. * * * In mental and moral and political science he impressed me by a mental grasp of thought above the average; in debate, especially in ability to address himself to almost any question without previous preparation, and to do this with good effect, with a dignity and grace of bearing. All this was common impression. In Christian character and experience, as far as he opened himself to us, he showed the make-up of a high soul, of deep, sincere conviction, and of a fine-grained spirit

most delicately and sensitively adjusted. It is no unfair comparison to say"—I think friend Palmer puts it very mildly here in speaking of our old *Alma Mater*, for it should be understood that the students of Amherst stand so well in these matters that they are deemed fit, by a not altogether radical faculty, to practically govern themselves.—“ It is no unfair comparison to say that the men of our college are at least up to the average of development in all the manly graces. But Wiley Lane excelled the most of us in ability to perceive those fine and nice distinctions which characterize ‘nature’s gentlemen;’ his loyalty to them was an instinct. I must not run on; honest words are few and simple. The testimony of a friend for a friend should be brief as it is sincere. His memory is that of one who never intruded his acquaintance upon us; he admitted us on terms of conscious equality. I have tried to give my impression of him as I had it, as I shall always keep it. I do not write this as a formal statement; it is a natural expression of a natural admiration. You are at liberty to use it as you choose.”

Now, Mr. President, as many of my hearers know, I am not accustomed to speak of man as a black man or white man, or any other modification of the genus; but there are occasions when the full force of manhood does not appear without the qualification. The extracts of the letter read, and similar letters unread, mean very much as they stand; but when it be considered that Wiley Lane and one other gentleman were the only representatives of the Negro race among four hundred students, drawn from all parts of the country, and that they had to stand on their merit and not on personal favors, such testimonials mean infinitely more, and go far to show how the earnest, faithful life of any man will always count far more than his physical circumstances.

The question was put on the adoption of the resolutions offered by Dr. Howard, and they were unanimously adopted.

The benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. F. J. GRIMKE.