

**A TRIBUTE TO
THOMAS
STARR KING**

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A Tribute to Thomas Starr King by Richard Frothingham

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RICHARD FROTHINGHAM

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BY

RICHARD FROTHINGHAM.



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THE INNER NATURE.

"O-DAY is the fourth of March : sad news will go over the wires to-day." Thus spoke THOMAS STARR KING, at San Francisco, at about eight o'clock in the morning ; and, a few minutes later, he was dead. As the intelligence spread through the city, there was sorrow on all faces. Unusual stillness was in the marts of trade. Public business was suspended. The courts and the Legislature were adjourned. The national flag was everywhere set at half-mast. The city was in mourning. "A Christian minister," — it was said from the bench, — "a Christian patriot, has fallen. Tears will fall for him in the homes of poverty and distress ; they will dim

the eyes of brave soldiers from the Mississippi to the Potomac ; and good men and true men all over our land, made better and truer by his great, brave, and lucid thoughts and his burning eloquence, will weep for him as for a brother.* And this was seen as the tidings of the calamity went over the wires and through the land. It expressed the general sense of a great public loss, and the wide feeling that one of uncommon work and gifts had gone to his reward. A proud New-England inspiration lifted the thought of the Pacific mourners to a view of the cheering side of the Providence, in words of solemn joy and triumph :—

“ Mingle, O bells! along the Western slope,
 With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope;
 Wave cheerily still, O banner! half-way down,
 From thousand-masted bay and steepled town;
 Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell
 Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell
 That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.”

The beauty of Israel had fallen on the high places. For him, however, there could be no mourning. The early vow had been faithfully

* Judge Blake, of San Francisco.