

**IN MEMORIAM
JOHN
HENRY HAMPTON**

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In Memoriam John Henry Hampton by Various

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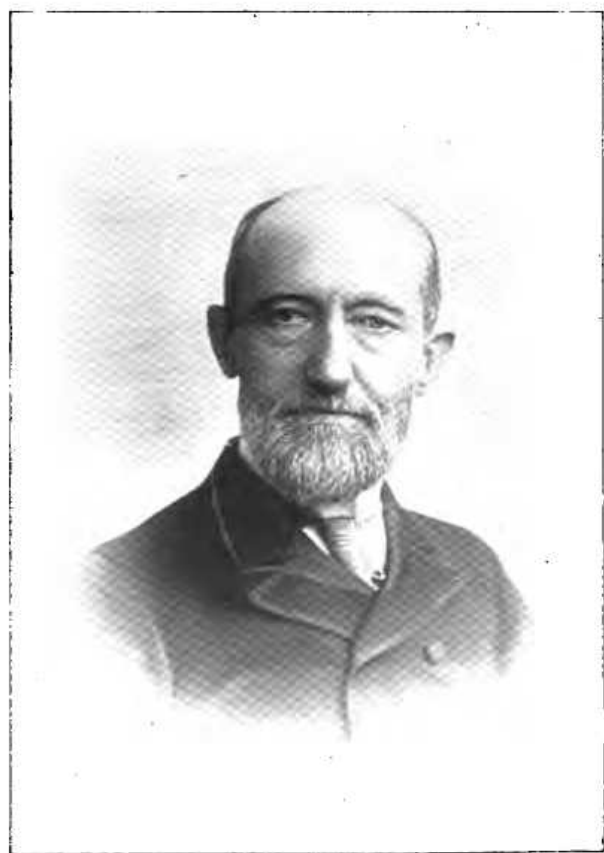
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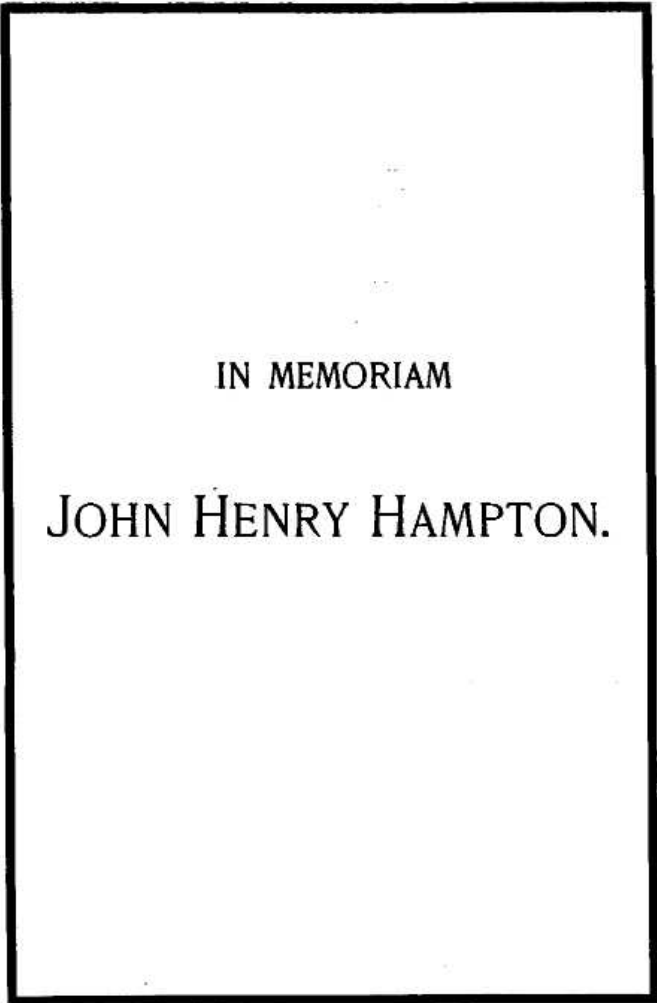
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1891

In the Report of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to its Stockholders, for the year 1891, the Board said:

"Your Company have also to lament the loss of one of the oldest officers of your legal department, Mr. John H. Hampton, of Pittsburgh, whose death occurred on the 11th of April, 1891. Mr. Hampton was appointed Assistant Solicitor of the Western District, February 22d, 1854, and remained continuously in your service until his death, a period of over thirty-seven years. During all that time he was devoted to your interests, faithful and able in their advocacy, and commanded the confidence and esteem of all with whom his official relations brought him in contact."

PREFACE.

WHEN the Bar meeting in honor of Mr. Hampton's memory was held, my emotions were such as to render speech by me impossible. I, therefore, bring my humble tribute now, by way of preface to this memorial volume.

I shall not attempt to do more than indicate, by way of outline, some of his characteristics. There is not room to say all that I would, and if there was, I fear that even those who knew of the intimacy of our relations might judge me guilty of extravagance.

John H. Hampton's place at the Allegheny County Bar is that of one of the most distinguished in a long line of distinguished names that adorn its history. Law was his vocation, and he delighted in its practice. His judgment was sound, his knowledge accurate, and of the arts of the advocate, he was a rare master. To the trial of causes he brought always a thorough preparation, a mastery of the facts, and a knowledge of the legal principles applicable thereto. A student of men rather than of books, his keen knowledge of human nature gave him great advantages at the counsel table, of which he never failed to avail himself. He had no superior—I never saw his equal—in the examination of witnesses. What remained in the breast of a witness relating to Mr. Hampton's side of a case, after he had conducted an examination or cross-examination of him, was of no value. Ingenious in method, fertile in resource, wise in expedients, and cool and col-

lected in the heat of contest, he was never taken unawares, and was always ready to see, and to profit by, an advantage. He was possessed of a fine sense of humor, and that faculty of illustration that appeals to the average man in a jury box. Eloquent of speech, he could be pleasant and plausible, or sarcastic, vehement and convincing. He was, when he wanted to be, a master of invective. In the trial of a case he was a thorough partisan. His faith in his client's cause was complete and unflinching. He never anticipated defeat; never believed himself defeated till the final judgment was entered. He was the most suggestive man in counsel that I have ever met. He stimulated thought in others; pointed the way, where, before he pointed, no way appeared. He had a lofty conception of his profession; an instinctive contempt for those who would debase it. He despised a mean action and a mean man. As a lawyer he lived up to his conception.

He was the most companionable of men. He loved the society of his fellows. Amongst them, his rare memory, his ready wit, his wonderful fund of anecdotes, his keen sense of humor, his exuberant humanity, made him a master spirit. No one could entertain better than he, and he loved to do it. When in health, the world turned to him its bright side and displayed itself as full of possible enjoyments. He was a great fisherman, and loved the woods and fields and all the sights and sounds of nature. How often have I seen him, long in advance of the season, affectionately handle his rods, and prepare his reels and his tackle, while he talked of the mountain streams and the fishing, as though even then in the enjoyment of them, while around us were only law books and the paraphernalia of a law office. At such times he was as jubilant of life, and as free of care, as a boy, with the world's burdens yet to be learned and borne.

His was a kindly nature, both benevolent and beneficent. Many were his acts of generous aid unostentatiously done. Many a burden did he lift from the weak and weary without the knowledge of any other than himself and myself and the party relieved.

There were many others, I have no doubt, of which I knew nothing.

He was particularly fond of young men, and delighted to help and encourage them. Industry and talent attracted him. The young lawyer who dared to face him in contest, and who conducted a good fight, made instant entry to his admiration and his good graces. No devotion to his own cause blinded him to the merits of such an adversary. Thereafter it was an exceptional case if they did not become mutual admirers.

He was the very soul of honor. He believed that there is no legacy like to that of an untarnished name, and he lived accordingly. He was scrupulous and exact in his business methods. He aimed always to be just to others, and insisted that they should be just to him.

While never holding or aspiring to public office, he took always a lively interest in public affairs. In his earlier days his was a prominent figure in political campaigns, and as a speaker, no name was greeted with heartier welcome than his. In the list of our leading citizens conspicuous for enterprise and interest in the public weal, his name was among the most prominent.

I hesitate to speak upon paper of the familiar life that for twenty years and more we led together. It seems like airing sacred things. He was my preceptor first, then my business partner and most intimate friend. No two men not knit by the ties of blood were ever closer, more intimate, more confiding in each other than he and I. We were daily companions, bound by the same pursuits, thinking aloud in each other's presence, and enjoying each the other's most sacred confidence. No harsh or unpleasant word rises up now out of all our past to mar for me its memory. To me he was more than kind—affectionate. He encouraged my hopes, stimulated my ambition and strengthened every worthy purpose. He rejoiced in my successes, joyed with me, sorrowed with me, and filled the place of a loving elder brother. Envy he had none, while of sympathy he was full.

Even yet I fail to appreciate that I shall never again hear his voice, or look into his eye, bright with a cheery welcome, and feel the warm grasp of his friendly hand.

Mayhap we shall meet again—who knows?—walk hand in hand in the Elysian fields, and take up the broken links of a friendship to be thence perfected and unbroken.

JOHN DALZELL.