

**IN MEMORY OF
CARLTON
EDWARDS**

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In Memory of Carlton Edwards by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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CARLTON EDWARDS.

It is a heaven upon earth, to have the mind move in
charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of
truth.—*Bacon.*



ALBANY:
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1863.

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LIFE AND CHARACTER.

When our friend dies, having finished the work given him to do among men, and we pause to consider our loss and dwell upon his character, we find all at once and with some surprise, how difficult it is to record his worth in human words. We feel that our language ought to be electric and subtle as the spirit of whom we speak, and it becomes to us suddenly clumsy, inapt and insufficient. To recount his labors and tell how many things he achieved in a short life is readily done, but it fails utterly to convey the thought we justly entertain respecting him. Like every other narrative of events and circumstances shaped and modified by human endeavor, the honest story inspires us with respect and kindles within us a certain interest, but it does not affect us like the presence of the living man. To our hearts it is a mere skeleton

record of naked facts, and we make haste to speak of the qualities that belonged to him—of that certain something appertaining to his nature which attracted us towards him and justifies our regard. Incapable of speaking the vital word, we grow prodigal and lavish upon his memory all adjectives of love and affection, choosing them with care as one gathers a garland of flowers with which to adorn his tomb. It is the common resource of the simple and the wise—the last helpless effort of speech—grave and impressive just because it is the very voice of humanity.

Our language is rich, copious and capable of expressing the nicest shades of meaning, and yet it stands always a certain remove from our unspoken thought. A great multitude of our words are simply images and figures of speech, shadows and suggestions of the manner in which we think ; and many of them are only tokens of the attitude in which we stand towards each other, or towards those who have departed from among us. This latent imagery of the language, the material element which runs through it, appears everywhere ; and it explains how it comes to pass that whenever we would communicate a just estimate of our friend or speak adequately of his worth, we begin always by giving some account of him and of his relations with the

outside world. Not because these relations are in themselves of any special value, but because they serve to reveal what we desire to make known.

CARLTON EDWARDS—now a name of pleasant associations—was born in Albany on the 18th of July, 1829, and grew up here through all the years of boyhood, with its exuberant spirits, its activity, and its studies and trials. But we say nothing, for nothing can be said, of this long happy day when the bright boy danced through the house, touching all hearts and wounding none, filling home with the winning ways and unmatched gaiety of childhood. Like all the rest of the boys, he went to school in the Academy, and was trained there under the reign of the able and much loved Dr. Beck. At length, properly fitted, he entered Union College, where he graduated with credit in the summer of 1848, then twenty years of age. A friend of his speaks with great partiality of his oration on that occasion, as evincing remarkable vigor of thought, grace and culture. In the autumn of that year he became Professor of Languages in the Military Academy at Oxford, in Maryland, remaining there till the following summer. On his return, influenced doubtless by the example and implied advice of his father, James