

As husband, father, son, brother, friend, he was the very embodiment of devotion, tenderness, loyalty. No pressure of business, no care ever dethroned those to whom he was attached by these ties from the choicest place in his thought and heart. They were first and always, and his last gentle murmur was the name of his beloved wife.

And so he has ceased to be—as a mighty power that has performed its purpose—a priest who has fulfilled his mission.

Dominus eum ad mercedem ejus vocavit.

CONWAY WHITTLE SAMS.

It seems meet and right that we inscribe upon our records a memorial to Conway Whittle Sams. We owed him greatly for his long and unselfish labor as our Secretary. We increased the debt when we honored him with election as our President.

Born in South Carolina, of a family whose possessions had included broad domains in the Sea Island plantations, his birth but little preceded the ruin of that family's fortunes in the Civil War. His father, a clergyman, brought the boy to Baltimore. In that city he was educated, and there he devoted himself to the public service. An inherited love for public life no doubt came to him from a maternal ancestor—his great grandfather—Samuel Tyler, Chancellor of Virginia, and brother of John Tyler, President of the United States. Moved by this influence, he was impelled toward the service of his fellow citizens; and, often to the detriment of his legal practice, he filled the positions of member of the City Council; of the General Assembly of Maryland; and of Judge of the Appeal Tax Court of Baltimore. In all these offices, he was true and just in all his dealings, and his work was marked by painstaking industry, and enthusiastic thoroughness.

As judge of the Appeal Tax Court, to which he was appointed in 1900, and of which he became Chief Judge, receiving, in all, four appointments, he showed himself quick to apprehend facts, resourceful in expedients, just to rich and to poor, and fearless in the course chosen by

his reason and his conscience. The reputation he won in this trying position marked him as well fitted for the judicial office, and in May, 1908, the Governor appointed him to a vacancy on the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City. There the brief term allotted him by unkind fate was all too short to prove his quality. But his whole previous life had been a studious preparation for the judiciary. He had looked forward to it for years, modestly hoping to prepare himself to be a judge. As he said of himself, he devoted time and study to the effort to become a judge capable for the work, and satisfactory to the people and the bar. In a paper found among his effects, he told how, standing on a lofty building in Baltimore, after his appointment, he looked over the miles of its streets, its throbbing industries, its peaceful homes; and how he felt that, within range of his vision, were thousands of men, and women, and children whose property, whose liberty, whose very lives might depend upon his action as a judge. This sense of the gravity of his position, his studious and laborious habit of life, his freedom from greed, his fearless courage, and his cheerful common sense would have made him, had he lived, a notable judge. He would have prevented wrong, corrected evil, and terminated contention.

In his brief record of his work as politician, lawyer, and judge, his friends will miss a proper description of the man. By some of them he will be remembered as a sportsman. On the baseball field; on the tennis court; on the golf course; or carrying a gun through fields and woods; it was out of doors that his healthy mind found its recreation.

To others he will be recalled as the unassuming, useful member of the Convention of the Diocese of Maryland, or the vestryman of a struggling congregation. To others, the cheerful spokesman at good men's feasts, always ready with his jest, but never passing the bounds of reasonable mirth.

We may recall him in many different relations of life—he was blameless in them all. Sound in mind, sound in spirit and, almost until the end, sound in body. He led

a good, useful, joyous life. If we make him an example to us all we shall not go far astray.

GEORGE SAVAGE.

George Savage, ex-Chief Judge of the Orphans' Court of Baltimore City, died November, 1909, of a wasting disease, that incapacitated him for professional work for six years. He was born at his father's estate near Savage's Station near Richmond, Va., in 1845. At sixteen he entered the Confederate Army and served through the war in a famous Artillery Command, known as the Otey Battery, and was badly wounded at the Battle of the Crater, when the Confederate line of defence at Petersburg was exploded by mines. He removed from Richmond to Baltimore in 1867, being then engaged in journalistic work. He prepared himself for the bar, and graduated in Law at the Maryland University. He was Secretary to the Mayor of Baltimore City during several of Mr. Latrobe's terms, and then for some years Secretary to the Police Board, and was for a while in partnership with John E. Semmes, and then with Archibald H. Taylor. He was twice elected a Judge of the Orphans' Court, and was appointed Chief Judge, and served in that capacity some three years—to the end of his term—but for reason of ill health, could not be a candidate for re-election. Judge Savage was a diligent reader and student, and accomplished the unusual feat of making himself master of the German language without ever visiting that country. He not only spoke it with fluency, but made a number of public speeches in that language, which were often praised as monuments of style. In particular, his Oration on Bismarck at a public meeting at the Academy of Music, was celebrated among his German fellow-citizens as eloquent, and rarely appreciative of that Statesman's work and character. Judge Savage had an unusually wide acquaintance in the City and State, and was regarded as a most public-spirited man, taking practical interest in everything affecting the interests of the City. He was an earnest and zealous Mason, and was the Grand Master of his Lodge, the Concordia.