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IN MEMORIAM: JOHN WILLIAM HENDRIE.

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BY FRANCIS WAYLAND,  
DEAN OF THE YALE LAW SCHOOL.

John William Hendrie (Yale '51), died at his residence in Sound Beach, Connecticut, November 25, 1900.

Mr. Hendrie's generous contributions to the building fund of Yale Law School call for grateful recognition in the columns of this journal, while his early struggles to secure an education, the intelligent self-reliance with which he applied his college training to the business of active life, and the wisdom manifested by distributing during his lifetime a large share of the fortune which rewarded his efforts, are full of most valuable lessons to young men.

From his early manhood he had distinctly before him the goal to be reached, if it could be attained by patient industry, self-sacrifice and dogged perseverance.

Many sons of New England farmers leave the old homestead and go West in the hope of leading easier lives where the soil is more fertile and the skies are more kindly. Young Hendrie was true to older and nobler traditions. He worked faithfully on his father's farm, caring nothing for the cheerless labor, which, in those days, was inseparable from such employment. His later occupation of school-teaching was diversified by successful efforts to supply his neighbors with lobsters and fish. Indeed, he shrank from no form of labor promising addi-

tion to a fund which should enable him to secure a college education. He asked for nothing that he did not earn. He did not seek opportunities; he made them. He did not quarrel about compensation, but took what he could get. His was, surely, no "royal road to learning." The versatility of his enterprises indicated not only the activity of his mind and the scope of his resources, but his controlling determination to rely solely on his own effort. There was intense interest and pathos often, in his account of the pitifully small wages which he was wont to earn by many hours, early and late, of severe toil in all weathers. But with what honest pride would he say: "I paid my own way through college and graduated with money in my pocket." "Rely on yourself; nothing is worth having which has not been honestly earned; keep your eyes open and make use of your brains and your education"—these were some of the maxims by which he was governed and which he sought to inculcate on younger men.

Immediately after his graduation he resumed his occupation as school-teacher, continuing in this work until he had accumulated what in these days would be considered a ludicrously small capital. In 1854 he removed to San Francisco. "He was one of the few men," said an eminent banker in that city, "who had formed a correct estimate of the resources of California, of its importance to the Union, and of San Francisco as the chief Western city. He made his plans accordingly and arranged for a business that, while always within his own control, required years for their full fruition. The result justified his sagacity by the wealth that came to him without loss to anyone else, and his integrity was so well known by his bankers and friends that his word was as good as his bond." His own narrative of those years of incessant toil is told in his characteristically simple fashion. "I commenced business in July, 1854, and sold out to my partners in the spring of 1863. The entire time engaged was but little more than nine years, but in that time, so favorable had been the condition of things, that I was able to retire, permanently."

Thereafter his home was on the farm where he was born, though he spent several winters in California and twice visited Europe. Here, in the old homestead, he lived the life of a prosperous farmer, making a careful study of soils and crops and cattle, enjoying to the full his well-earned leisure, and here he gave a cordial welcome to the many friends, old and new, who gathered about him.

Perhaps nothing afforded him greater pleasure than to be the almoner of his own bounty. This was especially true of the closing years of his life. The city where he had accumulated his fortune, the town where his boyhood was spent, Stamford, where he had many warm friendships, and the church where he worshipped, were the recipients of his thoughtful generosity. But to his *Alma Mater* his heart turned, always, with sincere gratitude and affection. "I may say," he tells us in the modest sketch of his life which he wrote for the Class book ('51), "that in all the years that have gone since graduating day, I have remembered the benefits bestowed on me by Yale University. \* \* \* On the sea, in the desert, in the woods, and amidst oranges and palms, the experiences of Yale have furnished pleasing reminiscences."

That his loyalty to his college was something more and better than mere sentiment is abundantly proved by his large contributions to its Law Department, making possible the completion of "Hendrie Hall." His latest gift to his *Alma Mater* was a fund, the income of which is to be applied to the encouragement of proficiency in debate.

Mr. Hendrie's memory will long be cherished by the alumni and friends of Yale University, as one of its most liberal and intelligent benefactors.