

**Robert Julius Lynn**  
**May 20, 1863 - Jan. 11, 1896**  
**DEATH ENDS EARTHLY WOES**  
**Robert Julius Lynn**

\*\*Death loves s shining mark—a signal blow” and yet it opens the gate of fame and shuts the gate of envy. It is the liberator where freedom cannot release; the physician where medicine cannot cure, and the gentle comforter of him, whom time cannot console.

The poet, the painter, the orator, have each portrayed death as the grand destroyer, the enemy that whispers of miseries, the prince of phantoms, the king of terrors, the ghoul of shadows; and the grave has been surrounded with sepulchral gloom and the melancholy insignia of sable trophies, as if the man we loved had been summoned from the feast of life for an existence with the slimy worm of the mouldering earth tn the blind cave of eternal night. On the contrary an enlightened reason and a Christian philosophy teaches us to believe that the grave is but an exit, and death a jewel of the just, that lives when all life dies.

Life is the jailer of the soul and death its deliverer. That which we call life is but a journey to death, and that which we call death, the true passport of eternal life. That which makes death formidable is within our own control and the shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better world, and the longest life too short if it leaves noting beautiful to blossom behind it.

A week ago this day, Dr. Robert Julius Lynn passed in the early morning of his manhood from death unto eternal life. Born at Monticello, Wisconsin, thirty-two years ago last May, he grew towards manhood on his fathers’ farm. At eighteen he began teaching to gain the means to graduate at the Monroe high school in 1887. For two years following he taught school at Dunkirk, N. Y., and then returning to Wisconsin, for two years more he taught acceptably in the town of Center in this county. At Center, in the fall of 1891, he was wedded to the partner of his joys and tears, Miss Addie Belle Crow, second daughter of Calvin S. and Louise V. Crow, well known citizens of Rock county. Their wedding bells were still ringing joyous notes when, with the world full of brightness, they departed to Spend their honeymoon within the classic shades of Ann Arbor, where he entered upon the study of medicine, and, pursuing the full course of four years, graduated with distinguished honors on the 27th day of June last. So marked was his ability in pathology of certain diseases that he was often called upon as a member of the class to aid Professor Herdman in his demonstrations of nervous diseases.

The signal honor was accorded Dr. Lynn upon bis graduation, of an appointment as a member of the faculty of that time-honored institution, as Demonstrator of Nervous Diseases and Electrotherapeutics.

Dr. Lynn began the practice of medicine in Footville in September last, with much success. It is recorded that during the four months of his practice and nearly one hundred cases, he lost not a single patient, and performed several operations requiring nerve, skill and grea technical knowledge, among which was a successful operation performed on the eyes of O. F. Wallihan.

During the last two years of his college life Dr. Lynn became acquainted with the fact that he was doubtless to become the victim of the deathly malady of diabetes. He fought the destroyer in vain. The hand that had soothed his fellow and with technical cunning had unloosed the bars of pain of others could not arrest the steady progress of the enemy who had entered the citadel of his own life. He surrendered to his maker on the eleventh of January, 1896. He was nor only a bright scholar but a bright social mind and a bright mason, an affiliating member of the Footville Lodge F. and A. M. He had heard the far cry of the “widows son” and oft times had extended the relieving hand— but for him there was no “ram in the thicket, no rescuing angel in the sky.” The last Christmas was spent at a reunion with his wife's family at Janesville and the following New Year's with his aged mother at Monticello, where a few days later he passed on to a new life and became s pioneer to smooth death’s ragged road and break tho bars of terror that nature throws across cur pathway and welcome home the loved ones left behind. \* \* \*

--January 21, 1896 Janesville Daily Gazette

*NOTE: Interred in the old Monticello (Zwingli) cemetery.*