



*Nebraska History* posts materials online for your personal use. Please remember that the contents of *Nebraska History* are copyrighted by the Nebraska State Historical Society (except for materials credited to other institutions). The NSHS retains its copyrights even to materials it posts on the web.

For permission to re-use materials or for photo ordering information, please see:

<http://www.nebraskahistory.org/magazine/permission.htm>

Nebraska State Historical Society members receive four issues of *Nebraska History* and four issues of *Nebraska History News* annually. For membership information, see:

<http://nebraskahistory.org/admin/members/index.htm>

Article Title: Biographical Section of 1885 Transactions and Reports

Full Citation: "Biographical Section of 1885 Transactions and Reports," *Transactions and Reports of the Nebraska State Historical Society* 1 (1885): 87-145.

[Transactions and Reports, Equivalent to Series 1-Volume 1]

URL of article: <http://www.nebraskahistory.org/publish/publicat/history/full-text/NH1885Bio.pdf>

Date: 12/19/2012

Article Summary: Biographies / Obituaries of the following: Amelia Fontenelle Lockett; Governor Francis Burt; Mrs Mary T Mason; Dr Gilbert C Monell; Hon Phineas W Hitchcock; Joel T Griffen; Bishop Robert H Clarkson; Dr Enos Lowe; Mrs Caroline Joy Morton; Moses Stocking; Rev William McCandish; John McCormick; S S Caldwell; Honorable John Taffe; Elder J M Young; Charles Powell; Reverend Alvin G White

#### Cataloging Information:

Names: Amelia Fontenelle Lockett; Francis Burt; Mary T Mason; Gilbert C Monell; Phineas W Hitchcock; Joel T Griffen; Robert H Clarkson; Enos Lowe; Caroline Joy Morton; Moses Stocking; William McCandish; John McCormick; S S Caldwell; John Taffe; J M Young; Charles Powell; Alvin G White, Robert Furnas, Mrs A L Thompson, John S Bowen, O P Mason, G M Hiutchcock, George L Miller, W W Lowe, George S Harris

III.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY 00  
INTERESTING HISTORICAL NOTES PERTAINING TO THE FORTY-NINTH  
FAMILY AND EARLY DAYS OF NEBRASKA  
While in  
interest well preserved, chiefly by called by my friend Zerkow  
AMELIA FONTENELLE LOCKETT.

THIS lady, notice of whose death appeared in last week's *Economist*, was a native of Louisiana, and a direct descendant of a powerful family of the French nobility, a daughter, if we are informed correctly, of the Marquis de Fontenelle, a nobleman of great wealth and character, whose property was contiguous to the city of Marseilles, but who in all probability had sought, like many others, either health or increased fortune on the fertile shores of New France.

The family was in every respect a remarkable one. A young and adventurous brother of Mrs. Lockett, who left Louisiana at the early age of sixteen to embark in the perilous fur trade in the far West, in his traffic with the red men was deeply smitten with the charms of a young Indian maiden of rank in the then powerful Omaha tribe. After a romantic wooing, like a great many others, he determined to make her his wife, and the twain were united by the renowned Father DeSmet, the courageous missionary and priest, whose name is a household word in most homes west of the Missouri. The issue of that marriage was Logan Fontenelle, successively warrior, hunter, scout, and chief of his powerful tribe. No word of praise need be spoken of Logan Fontenelle to those who have ever heard his name. A large and thriving city in Eastern Nebraska is his monument and bears his name. Renowned for his courage, bravery, and kindness, and hospitality to the whites in their most critical time in the West, he was admired and loved by all from the Missouri to the Rockies. He was killed in battle about the year '54 on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri river—a spot where many pleasant hours have been spent by the writer of this—and a spot which neither he nor any one who has seen it will be likely to forget.

Mrs. Lockett was a lady of striking appearance, and the merest novice in the science of faces would not have failed to detect in her countenance the traces of the great strength of character which she possessed to the last. She was a thorough gentlewoman of the old French type, and spoke very little English. She had long been in feeble health.

One day, for some cause, she struck Lockett. This so

## INTERESTING HISTORICAL NOTES PERTAINING TO THE FONTENELLE FAMILY, AND EARLY DAYS OF NEBRASKA.

While at New Orleans during the Exposition of 1884-5, a very intelligent, well preserved, elderly lady called at my office, Nebraska Headquarters, introducing herself as Mrs. Thompson, then of Chicago, and cousin of Henry Fontenelle. She was an exceedingly fluent and interesting conversationist. She entered into details as to the history of the old French Fontenelle families. Before she left my office, I begged her on returning to her home, and at leisure, to furnish me in writing what information she had given me verbally during the to me pleasant hour of her visit. In due time I received the following :

CHICAGO, ILL., March 12, 1885.

*Gov. Robt. W. Furnas, New Orleans, La.:*

DEAR SIR—My daughter and self reached home safely. I regret we could not have remained longer in New Orleans. We enjoyed very much your pleasant company at Nebraska Headquarters. The souvenirs you were kind enough to give us will ever be cherished as pleasant remembrances of our visit to the Exposition.

In compliance with the promise made you I herewith hand you a rough sketch of mother's and uncle's lives, as narrated to you when at your office.

The records of the old St. Louis cathedral at New Orleans shows registered the baptism of Lucien Francois and Amelia Fontenelle, 1803. They were the children of Francois and Marieonise Fontenelle, then residing at a point below New Orleans, called Burat, a settlement near Pointe a la Hoche. They were originally from Marseilles, France, and of royal descent. A few years after the date given, one of those terrible freshet hurricanes visited the section where this family resided, swept away and drowned the whole family, destroying all traces of the plantation. At that time Lucien and Amelia were at New Orleans in care of an aunt, Madame Merlier, for the purpose of being educated, and were thus saved. About the year 1816, Lucien was a clerk in a New Orleans banking house. His aunt, who had charge of the children, was a very haughty, austere, cruel woman. One day, for some cause, she struck Lucien. This so wounded him

that the same night he packed up a small bundle of clothing and confiding his secret to the old colored nurse, Sophie, left for the wild West. Time rolled on and Lucien was not heard from. In the meantime his sister Amelia married Henry Lockett, an eminent young lawyer of New Orleans, nephew of Judge Henry Carleton, for many years judge of the supreme court of New Orleans. Fortune favored him with wealth and a family of daughters, who in turn married and settled in New Orleans.

Twenty years after Lucien left home, the servant of Mrs. Lockett informed her one day that a gentleman in the parlor desired to see her. On entering the gentleman clasped her in his arms and called her sister. She freed herself as soon as possible, denying any relationship, as her brother, she claimed, was a white man, and this one, to all appearance, was an Indian. He insisted he was Lucien Fontenelle, but the sister would not believe him. He then asked if the old servant Sophie was alive. She was, and was called in to identify him. She failed to recognize him from appearances, but stated if it was really Lucien, a flesh mark on his right foot would identify him. He pulled off his boot and stocking, when Sophie, finding the mark, he was thus identified.

He was a thorough Indian, to all appearances. He told his sister when he left home he went to St. Louis, there joined the American Fur Company, going all over the great North-west as far as Hudson bay, crossing the Rocky mountains and through what is now Oregon, Washington, and other western states and territories. He could speak ten or fifteen different dialects. He was intimate with the Chouteau family at St. Louis, and at one time expected to marry in that family. He was well supplied with means, and was lavish with his money. He said his home was where Bellevue, Nebraska, now is, and that he had married an Indian woman of the Omaha tribe, at which his sister became very indignant. He remained in New Orleans some six weeks when he left for his home among the Indians, promising to return some time again. On his way he was taken sick and died, as near as we could learn at a point which is now Alton, Ill. Where he was buried was never known. A few months after he left New Orleans a Catholic priest calling himself Father De Smet called on Mrs. Lockett, in New Orleans, and stated he had been with Lucien in his last moments, administering to him, and that his last request was that

he should see his sister and ask her to take his only daughter, and his fortune was at her command to care for and educate her, and the priest to educate the other children, three sons.

At that time Mrs. Lockett was wealthy and moving in most aristocratic society, and had no need of her brother's money. She told Father De Smet she could not take the daughter, and he was welcome to the money for the use of the children. She then thought no further of the matter.

In 1870 or 1871 a notice appeared in a St. Louis paper asking for heirs to some property in Bellevue, Nebraska. Remembering Lucien had resided there, inquiries were made as to what had become of his children. After corresponding with several persons it was learned from Father De Smet that he had performed a marriage ceremony between Lucien and the Indian woman, and that there were three sons and one daughter, whom he had baptized in the Catholic faith. Logan, one of the boys, had been killed in battle, and the others, he thought, resided in Nebraska. After searching for the property and records of grants Lucien had mentioned when in New Orleans visiting his sister, nothing was found further than that a grant had been promised, but not consummated.

In 1874 there was noticed in Chicago papers the arrival of a party of Indians from Washington in charge of Agent Gillingham and Henry Fontenelle, interpreter. A daughter of Mrs. Lockett, residing in Chicago, called at the St. James hotel where the party was stopping expecting to find some of the old Fontenelle family, perhaps a grandson of Lucien. She was joyfully surprised to find the son of her long lost uncle, after a lapse of thirty-eight years. Since then they have corresponded regularly.

Amelia Fontenelle died at Tallahassee, Florida, some two years since, at the ripe age of 81, still the same aristocratic French woman. While her fortune fled with the late rebellion she never accustomed herself to privations. She was connected to Hon. Pierre Soule, at one time member of congress. Also to Jules Caire, a prominent gentleman of New Orleans, as well as Dr. Armand Merlier, a celebrated surgeon of New Orleans, her first cousin. There are but two daughters remaining of the once large family of eleven children born to Amelia Fontenelle and Henry Lockett, one in New Orleans, the other in Chicago.

There are now living in Havre, France, two granddaughters of Madame Merlier, and second cousins to Henry Fontenelle. Their mother died some years ago. They have splendid residences in Havre, and are of the nobility.

Very truly your friend,

MRS. A. L. THOMPSON.

#### DEATH OF GOV. FRANCIS BURT.

Gen'l John S. Bowen, Blair, Nebraska, sends the following clipping from the *New York Times*, of date Nov. 9th, 1854:

THE DEATH OF GOV. BURT.—The Omaha (Nebraska) *Arrow* extra, of Oct. 18th, contains the following particulars of Gov. Burt's death: Francis Burt, governor of Nebraska, died at the old Presbyterian Mission House, at Bellevue, at about 3½ o'clock this morning, retaining at the last hour a realization of his situation, and surrounded by the friends who accompanied him from his Carolina home. Immediately upon his arrival in the territory he was confined to his bed by sickness, occasioned by the long and tedious journey hitherward, commencing, we are informed, upon reaching the limestone country of Tennessee in his overland journey to Louisville, Ky. Retaining, about an hour previous to his death, a consciousness of his situation, he called his friend, Mr. Doyle, who had accompanied him from South Carolina, to his bedside, and gave such directions concerning his private matters as the urgency of the case seemed to demand, then calling Rev. J. Hamilton to his bedside, after a brief conversation, he passed into that sleep which knows no waking. He was a native of Pendleton, S. C., and was about 45 years of age. He leaves an affectionate wife, two sons, and four daughters to mourn their afflicting bereavement. One son attended him and was with him in his last moment of life, and will return to the paternal roof with the corpse of him who in the prime of life, with high hopes, left his native land but a short time ago to enter upon the discharge of the arduous duties to which he had been assigned. In Governor Burt the people of the territory have lost an intelligent, efficient, and generous officer, whose death is most truly lamented by the people of Nebraska and the adjacent towns in Iowa.

## GOV. SAMUEL W. BLACK.

The following biography of ex-governor Samuel W. Black was written and furnished the Nebraska State Historical Society by his daughter:

SAMUEL W. BLACK, Colonel of the Sixty-second regiment, was born at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1818. He was the son of Rev. John Black, D.D., one of the earliest and most distinguished of the Covenanter clergymen of the state. He received a liberal education, and chose the law as his profession, in which he soon rose to a lucrative practice, and withal became prominent in political life, being especially effective upon the stump. He married, when very young, the daughter of Judge Irvin, of Pittsburgh, by whom he had four children. In the Mexican War he served as Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Pennsylvania regiment, and acquitted himself with great distinction. He was appointed United States Judge for Nebraska territory by President Buchanan, in 1859. In the spring of 1861 he recruited the Sixty-second regiment, of which he was commissioned Col. and was assigned to duty in Monell's brigade of Porter's division. He was engaged at Hanover Court House, where the enemy was put to flight and his camp and garrison equipage and many prisoners were taken. The enemy soon began to make himself felt on the left bank of the Chickahominy, and on the 26th of June, 1862, fought a stubborn battle at Beaver Dam creek. The Pennsylvania Reserves were upon the front, but the brigade to which Col. Black belonged was soon ordered to their support. Col. Black led his men forward with that fervor and enthusiasm which always characterized him, anticipating severe fighting, but the Reserves were able to hold their position, and Col. Black, though under fire, was not engaged. In the night the Union forces retired to Gaines' Mill, where, on the following day, the battle was renewed with great fury. At the very outset of the battle the Sixty-second Pennsylvania and the Ninth Massachusetts were ordered to advance under a terrific infantry fire. They charged across a ravine in their front, and gained the woods on the opposite side, handsomely driving the enemy. But while making the charge, and before the woods were reached, Col. Black, while the heroic effort which he inspired was in full tide, was killed. Few Pennsylvania soldiers, at

the time of his death, had made a brighter record, and none could look forward with better hope of advancement. He died deeply lamented by the whole state and mourned by a wide circle of personal friends.

Of his personal traits the following obituary from the pen of John W. Forney, conveys a vivid idea: "Twenty-two years ago, more or less, a young man electrified the cities and towns of Western Pennsylvania by his peculiar and irresistible eloquence. He was more boy than man. His fine face and laughing eye, his well-knit and handsome figure, his winning voice, and his mother-wit made "Sam. Black" the wonder of more than one exciting campaign. The son of a Presbyterian clergyman who was an object of veneration and love in thousands of hearts, and whose life had been one prayer and sacrifice and thanksgiving to God, Sam. inherited a fervent religious sentiment, and frequently punctuated his political appeals and legal arguments with Bible points and periods, and how he loved that old gray-haired father! In his most impulsive moments, however surrounded or flattered or aroused, whether fired with indignation or reveling with merriment created by his exuberant humor, a mere allusion to his father called tears to his eyes and gratitude to his lips. To fall in the battle-field, and for his country, was to die as Samuel W. Black preferred to die. If there was one trait conspicuous in him it was courage, and courage of the purest chivalry. It called him to the fields of Mexico, where he plucked laurels almost from the cannon's mouth. It always made him the champion of the weak or the wronged. It made him irresistible at the bar, and in the exciting passages of public life it demanded the obedience of the bully and commanded the highest respect of the true gentleman."

His first great effort as a lawyer was in the celebrated trial of the notorious mail robber, Braddee, of Uniontown, in 1841. Upon that occasion he gave evidence of great genius and commanding eloquence. From that period until 1846 his rise in the profession was almost unprecedentedly rapid, when he abandoned the profession of the law for that of the soldier. As Lieutenant Colonel of the 1st Pennsylvania Volunteers in Mexico he distinguished himself at Cerro Gordo and Pueblo. His career in Mexico was so brilliant as to induce the Democracy to nominate him for Congress, while he was still in the field. In the Democratic State Gubernatorial Convention, in 1857, he was a prominent candidate for nomination, receiving upon several ballots forty-seven votes. Shortly afterwards he went to Nebraska.

## MRS. MARY T. MASON, WIFE OF JUDGE O. P. MASON.

She was born in New Hampshire, in 1836. Her maiden name was Mary I. Turner. She and Mr. Mason were married in Madison county, New York, 1854. They came to Nebraska in February, 1856, locating at Nebraska City, Otoe county. She died at same place, May 15th, 1874, aged 38 years, leaving four children, aged at that time, Jessie, 14; Grace, 10; Alice, 5; Bessie, 3. June, 1882, Jessie Mason and F. L. Harris were married, and located at Ord, Valley county, Nebraska.

Mrs. Mason was a devoted, working member of the Episcopal church. Her strength of character and nobility of life find expression in her life work, and the children she left. In early life her education had been conducted by her mother, who saw in her child the germ of the great mental powers that so enriched her maturer years. Finally her school career was finished, and her brilliant intellect coupled with kindly impulses of the heart won for her the love and respect of all her acquaintances, retaining them in after life as admiring friends. Loved, because lovable, of a disposition whose sweetness drew around her many warm and devoted friends. Her place may be filled at the social board she brightened and illuminated by her presence, but nothing can fill the aching void left in the hearts that cherished her, by her sudden recall to the angelic regions.

A newspaper, speaking of her death at that time, said:

It is a sorrowful task to speak to a bereaved household of the high order of mind that rendered their loved one a congenial companion to many gifted spirits; to remind them of her strong practical sense, that created the unostentatious comfort of her own home. It is hard to tell them this now, in their hour of bitter longing "for the touch of a vanished hand," for the "sound of a voice that is still." And yet we can speak comfort to all who loved her; for with the hope of a Christian faith we feel those traits are not lost in death. Stillness and dust may be our portion here, but from the outer gates of the invisible realm comes the blessed revelation that there is life for us somewhere.

The fond husband seemed

To have loved with a wild idolatry,

A being formed of mortal dust,—

One early doomed to die.

Yea, devoted husband, she whom you so fondly cherished, whom you cared for with more than woman's tenderness, and upon whom the winds of heaven were not allowed to blow roughly, is sleeping in the icy arms of death.

Loving relatives and friends, who so agonizingly prayed for the precious boon of her dear life, she is

Sleeping, sweetly sleeping,  
With clasped hands of silent trust,  
Folded with a Christian meekness,  
O'er her treasured heart of dust.

She was a member of the Otoe county Old Settlers' Association, and at the annual meeting preceding her death, read the following poem, prefacing with this language:

"Gentlemen, Ladies, and Little Ones; Fathers and Mothers, Sons and Daughters; what I have written is from the heart. Should it speak to the heart, my desire will have been granted."

Of the sun has risen in glory,  
Run his course and sank to rest;  
Moon has told her wondrous story,  
As she sailed far down the west.  
Buds have opened—blossoms faded;  
Ice-chains bound the brooklet's tongue;  
Snow-wreaths Winter's hand had braided  
Over tree and shrub been hung.  
Oft has Spring smiled on dark Winter,  
Kissed away his icy breath;  
Summer brought its warmth and shimmer;  
Autumn, hues that whisper "Death."  
Shifting scenes, like fleeting shadows,  
Flit along o'er mem'ry's page;  
Time and distance seem to narrow,  
Youth smooths out the lines of age.  
The present vanishes from sight,  
Pristine beauty fills the land;  
And on the left and on the right,  
Unmarred works of nature stand.  
A pilgrim band o'erlooks the scene,  
Behind them lie friends and home,  
Before them glimmers Hope's young dream—  
Above them Heaven's blue dome.

While underneath their wandering feet

The grasses bend, the brooklets flow;

And from their steps the deer retreat,

And hide themselves in covert low.

The wild flowers open starry eyes,

Wild birds carol soft and low,

Trees fling green banners to the skies,

As summer breezes come and go.

The ancient block-house shelter gives,

To hearts all brave—nerves all steel;

In soldier's barracks ladies live,

Learning lessons true and leal.

One by one homes dot the landscape,

Acres sown bring forth the grain;

Industry, abroad at day-break,

Wakes to busy life the plain.

Wall by wall a city rises—

Goodly sight and fair to see,

Future hands will draw the prizes—

Weave the laurels yet to be.

Wagons yield their place to railroads,

Moonlight pales before the gas;

Who can tell all the new modes,

Years and science bring to pass.

Pioneering has its hardships—

Witness those who're gathered here,

Need had all of heartfelt worship,

Bended knee and prayer sincere.

Out of perils, out of sorrows,

Out of dangers dark and drear,

Out of many dread to-morrows,

Safely out of dismal fear,

His right hand has led us onward,

Through the paths we could not know;

His great love has brought us forward—

In his strength still may we go.

Pioneering has its hardships—

But it has its pleasures, too,

Friendships true take root and flourish,

Watered by the heart's rich dew.

Joy and mirth made gladsome music

In the pauses of our care,

Dance and frolic, song and laughter,  
Rippled through the evening air.

Age looked on and smiled approval,  
Youth told o'er the story old,  
How love's darts denied removal,  
Cupid's cells would not unfold.

Children laughed and sang and shouted,  
Tossed their curls and waved their hands;  
Dog and cat and bird they routed—  
Those bright-eyed, mischievous bands.

Then, at last, the twilight faded,  
Wood and plain wore sombre hue;  
Shadows, ere while faintly shaded,  
Into deeper blackness grew.

Time's remorseless, restless finger,  
Marked those days so wild and free—  
Would not let them longer linger,  
In the way of yet to be.

Tender mem'ry took the treasures,  
Classed them with her rarest gems—  
Hung on high the pictur'd pleasures—  
Crowned the toils with diadems.

---

The past is not unmarked by graves,  
Those graves we oft bedew with tears;  
O'er many hearts the cypress waves—  
Hearts that throbbed with ours for years.

Hands we've clasped in friendship true,  
Folded lie o'er breasts of snow,  
Dear faces, lost to loving view,  
Pillowed lie on earth-couch low.

The old settler's chain has parted,  
Links are missing here and there,  
But, loved ones and true hearted,  
We shall find them bright and fair.

Just beyond the sin and sorrow,  
Just beyond the worldly strife,  
Where there is no dread to-morrow,  
In a land of endless life.

There we'll bind once more our love-chain,  
Make it lasting, make it strong—  
Wrenched, lost or riven ne'er again,  
While the ages roll along.

To-day we've met, to-night we part,  
 Who shall say when next we meet,  
 What heart shall miss its kindred heart?  
 Whose quick pulse has ceased to beat?

God of love and God of mercy,  
 Whoso'er it chance to be,  
 Fold them in Thine arms so gently,  
 Bear them safe o'er Death's cold sea.

Bring them safe to homes of glory,  
 Built by our Father's hand,  
 There to chant in loving story,  
 Memories of this precious band.

And, oh Father, hear, I pray Thee,  
 Hear these words and grant this prayer,  
 May each dear one now before me  
 Spotless wedding garments wear.

---

DR. GILBERT C. MONELL AND HON. PHINEAS W.  
 HITCHCOCK.

The biographies of these two old and prominent citizens were written by Mr. G. M. Hitchcock, grandson of Dr. Monell, and son of Mr. Hitchcock.

DR. GILBERT C. MONELL was born Oct. 20th, 1816, in Montgomery, Orange county, N. Y., and was his parents' second son. As his father could afford to do so in but one case, the elder brother was alone accorded a college education, and the subject of this sketch was thrown upon his own resources at an early age with a fair common school education. He, however, at once made the resolve to acquire himself what his parents were unable to give him. He took a salaried position in a country store, and began at the same time earnestly to prosecute the studies preparatory for a college course. He was enabled by strict economy and by a gift from his father, to raise a sufficient amount for a three years' course, and by self education while at work in the store, he fitted himself to enter Union College in the Sophomore year, abreast fully with those of his own age. He graduated at the age of nineteen years, and soon thereafter married Miss Lucinda Carpenter, in 1836, and then for a short time he continued his mercantile occupation, but only for the purpose of supporting himself while he

studied medicine in New York city. Completing his course there, he, with his wife and little son returned to Orange county, N. Y., and located in Newburg. Here a large practice soon rewarded his early privations, and in the specialty he made of the diseases of women his success was so great as to bring patients from New York city and New England.

After nearly twenty years of a hard working professional life the Dr., who had in the meanwhile acquired a competence, moved west in 1857, with his family, at that time consisting of his wife, one son, John J. Monell, and one daughter, Annie, and located in Omaha.

His two objects had been to establish his son in the West, and to break off the practice of his own profession.

Here Dr. Monell identified himself with the new republican party, and as an outspoken abolitionist was for some time a chief owner of the leading republican paper of Nebraska.

He was the founder of the *Rocky Mountain Daily News*, the first newspaper of Colorado.

He was one of the corporators of the U. P. R. R. and the chief local mover in that enterprise, and being also a confidant and friend of Mr. Ogden, of Chicago.

He was active in the early political struggles which established republican control in Nebraska.

He was a leading republican, supporting his creed by argument and money when it was neither popular nor politic.

After the war Dr. Monell retired to the seclusion of private life, where he devoted himself to study, which with him was a passion, and to charitable and religious works which so endeared him to the community in which he lived and worked.

He was the originator, incorporator, and director of the present state deaf and dumb asylum, the charter to which he surrendered to the state when the institution was well established.

He was the founder of the Omaha City mission, whose headquarters are still on the property of his estate.

The younger generation knew him only for his good deeds and quiet life; the older also for his political labors, and his friends in New York as a great physician.

He was a ready, dramatic, and forcible speaker, a philosophical student, an enlightened citizen.

He died Sept. 30th, 1881, aged 65. Mrs. Monell survives him and lives in Omaha with her married son, John J. Monell, while her daughter Annie, who married P. W. Hitchcock, died in 1877.

PHINEAS W. HITCHCOCK was born at New Lebanon, New York, November 30th, 1831. His ancestors were English, who settled in New England in early colonial days, and his father, Gad Hitchcock, was a soldier through the war of 1812.

He was the youngest of several children, and while never physically his father's equal he gave early indications of intellectual endowments and tastes which led his father to furnish the son with the additional advantage of an education, which for a plain farmer's son was a liberal one.

From Williams College, Mass., Mr. Hitchcock graduated in 1855, at the age of twenty-four years. He then began the study of law, which he continued for two years, at the same time supporting himself by journalistic labors on a daily paper of Rochester, New York. As a writer at this time, and in later years in Nebraska, when he occasionally contributed articles to the *Omaha Republican*, he was terse, forcible, and incisive in style, while his thought was original and strong.

In 1857 he moved west and located at Omaha. Here a new field opened before him and he soon entered it with all the energy and ambition a naturally active mind and nervous constitution would display in a country rapidly developing and at a time of great political changes.

Engaging actively in the practice of his profession, which he supplemented with a real estate and insurance business, Mr. Hitchcock at the same time felt a great interest and took an active part in the solution of the social and political problems of the day.

He became a leading abolitionist, assisted in the organization of the republican party, and aided in establishing the first republican paper in Nebraska.

He was a member of the republican national convention, at Chicago in 1860, and had the honor of voting for Lincoln from first to last. He was appointed U. S. marshal by Lincoln in 1861, and held the position till 1864, when he was elected territorial delegate to the 39th congress. In that congress the territorial interests, in-

cluding the legislation in respect to public lands, Indian affairs, and timber culture, received his active attention.

When Nebraska was admitted as a state P. W. Hitchcock became surveyor general.

He was elected U. S. senator in 1870, and during the six years of his term engaged himself quietly but earnestly in furthering the interests of Nebraska and of the undeveloped West. He did not take prominent place as a speaker in the senate, but did achieve some distinction as a most successful advocate of the measures he introduced or supported. He was an untiring worker, and in his speeches, which were neither frequent nor lengthy, he displayed the ability to carry his point by the careful, candid, and forcible presentation of the facts with an emphatic and practical explanation of the requirements of the case.

His measures were those which were calculated to develop the West, to improve the condition of emigrants and settlers, and advance the interests of their struggling communities.

Mr. Hitchcock was defeated for renomination by a powerful coalition, which waged a bitter fight and expended much money. He thereupon devoted himself to repairing his fortune and possessions, which by the neglect of his later years of public life had been somewhat wasted and impaired. During the remaining four years of his life he declined official honors tendered him by the administration of President Hayes, and devoted himself more to his own private interests.

Mr. Hitchcock had, shortly after his arrival in Omaha, in 1857, married Miss Annie Monell, daughter of Dr. G. C. Monell, and by her had three children, Gilbert M. Hitchcock, in 1859, Grace Hitchcock, in 1862, and John G. Hitchcock, in 1865.

A very happy married life was suddenly interrupted in 1877 by the death of Mrs. Hitchcock, and to further add to the sorrows of Mr. Hitchcock's later years his favorite child, his daughter Grace, died in 1880.

From this time to the period of his death in July, 1881, Mr. Hitchcock was a sorrowful and broken-hearted man, living more in the sweet memories of the past than in the hopes of the future.

He died a few days after the assassination of President Garfield, with whom he had been a college mate at Williams and a friend in congress.

## JOEL T. GRIFFEN.

The following biography was prepared by his daughter, Mrs. L. G. Egbert:

JOEL T. GRIFFEN was born in Otsego county, New York, May 22d, 1817. His parents (Rachel Willson and Stephen Griffen) were of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, American born, his father being of Welsh descent. He carried on a small farm, beside running a grist mill, at which on mill days all the farmers congregated for a friendly chat and to procure their monthly flour and meal. It was proverbial of him that he was never heard to utter an oath or laugh out loud. Joel was the third son in his father's family, having two brothers and two sisters older, and a brother and sister younger. He was educated in the common or district schools of these times. He with his elder brother, Stephen, learned the trade of millwright, and spent several summers in building mills in the western part of New York and Northern Ohio. In 1835 his father removed with his family to Washtenau county, Michigan, which was then considered the far West. There he performed great labors in felling the immense forest which encumbered this portion of the state. And here in this malarial district was sown the seed of the fatal disease which attacked him in his later years. Returning to New York he married Miss Juliette Cobb Griffin, June 11th, 1840, and for a year or two owned and run a boat on the Erie canal. Yielding at length to the entreaties of his mother, he returned to Michigan and engaged in farming. After the death of his mother, in 1852, he removed to Oakland county, where he turned his attention to fruit raising and nursery gardening, also farming in a small way. He resided here until 1856. In May of that year he came to Nebraska, and located on the highest hill in the county, about three miles from the city of Omaha, then a very insignificant village. He returned to his home in Michigan for his family, consisting of three sons and two daughters. On his way to his new home he made (in St. Louis) the purchase of a stock of provisions and a house already framed and ready to put up, so that when he arrived in Omaha with his family July 20, 1856, he also brought his house and provisions to stock it. This house built of pine was known the country round as the pine house. At that time

the country was overrun with claim hunters, and as the inhabitants were few and far between night often overtook them, and any one who has traveled a prairie country after dark knows that with the most experienced it is an easy matter to lose the trail, and by his direction a whole candle was placed in a safe position in a western window before the family retired, and often the belated traveler has found shelter, guided by the light from the pine house. In fact, often after the beds were taxed to their full capacity he would jocosely remark that they were welcome to the widest board in the floor, and the floor would oftentimes be well occupied. In the prime and vigor of life, confident of his success and of the future of Nebraska, he gave his best energies to opening a farm, which was soon second to none in the country. He began immediately to plant trees, and urged others to do so, recognizing the fact that what Nebraska most needed was wood. His example was of great value to those around him, especially in this tree planting, which was attended with many drawbacks and much labor, and about the success of which everybody seemed in doubt. Now a grand tall forest covers sixty acres which in 1856 was bare prairie, innocent of tree or shrub. He was a staunch republican, and held a prominent place in the politics of his state. He was elected several times to the territorial legislature. He was elected to represent Douglas county in the first state legislature in 1867 and again in 1869. Omaha owes him a debt of gratitude for his efforts to secure the donation of Capitol Square for school purposes. He was postmaster of Omaha during 1870 and 1871. He resigned this office and engaged for some years previous to his death in the stock business, in which he had great success. He was a man of great executive ability and indomitable will, and once started in an enterprise would never give up until his end was accomplished. He was generous to a fault. I do not think any one ever turned away empty handed who applied to him for aid. He was fond of his home and children, and though not demonstrative, was a man of deep feelings, and his domestic afflictions had a marked effect on him. The loss of a son seven years of age, in 1856, and his daughter Ettie (a very bright and promising girl of eighteen), in 1875, each in turn bowed him down with a burden of grief and years. His health failed entirely in the summer of 1883, and he was persuaded to spend the winter in Southern California. Accompanied by his daughter Mary, he reached Los Angeles

November 1st; on November 30th he received the sad news of the death of his son Jay, who was killed on the Utah Northern R. R. This was the crowning sorrow of his life, and he never rallied from the shock. Weak as he was, he came immediately home, and slowly failed until, on March 10th, 1884, after much suffering, he passed away from this life to the life beyond. He is survived by only two members of his father's family, his younger brother and sister, who are at this time residents of Nebraska. He was buried under the auspices of the Masonic order, of which he was an honored member.

### BISHOP CLARKSON.

The Rt. Rev. Robert H. Clarkson, Episcopal Bishop of Nebraska, died at his home on St. Mary's Avenue, Omaha, Monday, March 10, 1884.

The following biography of Bishop Clarkson was an editorial in the Omaha *Herald*, written by Dr. Geo. L. Miller, editor.

"This morning's sun looks down upon a stricken city, and its grief brings a whole state to the ground in woe.

"At the hour of twelve-thirty of the clock yesterday morning, Bishop Clarkson breathed his last breath of mortal life. In the midst of this great calamity, could we be left to our own hearts we would sit with our personal grief in silence. But a few words must be written for the public record.

"ROBERT HARPER CLARKSON, was born at Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, on the 19th of November, 1826. He was of an old and honored family. His grandfather, the Rev. Joseph Clarkson, D.D., was the first clergyman ordained by Bishop White. He was rector of St. James' church, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, until he reached a great age, and he now lies in the church yard there. The Bishop's father was, during his son's boyhood, a man of extensive business and of great public esteem. Afterwards he lived in retirement. Many people in Omaha remember him, a genial, hearty, good old man. He died here several years ago.

"The Bishop's academic education was received at Pennsylvania College in the town of his birth, where he was graduated B.A. in

1844. Shortly afterwards he became tutor at the college of St. James, in Hagerstown, Maryland. The head of this interesting institution was the Rev. Dr. Kerfoot, afterwards bishop of Pittsburg. While there, young Clarkson studied theology under Dr. Kerfoot, and was ordained deacon, June, 1848.

“In some of its circumstances his early life was most happy. Far beyond what falls to the lot of most young men, he enjoyed the advantage of love and care and association of very rare men. While at the college of St. James, he learned to love, and was in turn greatly loved by the Rev. Dr. Mullenburg, whose memory still lives and will always live in St. Luke’s hospital, New York, which he founded, and in the lines of the hymn, ‘I would not live alway,’ which he wrote. He was the immediate successor of the elder Dr. Clarkson as rector of the church in Lancaster; a tie which bound him to the young man, and in his long life of many labors our bishop was to him as a son. Dr. Bowen, also rector of the same church, and afterward Bishop of Pennsylvania, was his uncle. For his piety, learning, and great labor, his name is a treasure in the Church to this day. He gave his kinsman his solicitous affection and assistance. Dr. Kerfoot lavished upon him the vast stores of his great learning, and made known to him not only the beauty of godliness, but the power and joy of exquisite literary graces. His cousins, the Passmores, were nearly of his age, and their poetic and highly spiritual natures quickened his own. And there were others who cannot here be named. And so it was that, by inheritance and education both, he was made for such a life as now on earth is ended.

“While at Hagerstown, in 1849, he won the hand of a daughter of the house of McPherson—a great name in those parts—and ever since she has shed on his pathway the radiance of wife’s affection and the help of wife’s care. On the day of their marriage, before the sounds of festivity were over, the young couple took up their long and weary way to Chicago; he to be the rector of St. James church, and both to be to their death the most cherished objects of the affection of the people there. It was a great venture. With little knowledge of men, and no experience in affairs, they came to the new, raw western city. Almost children, they were to be as leaders of the aggressive and vigorous manhood that was impatient of weakness and heedless of failures. But they proved themselves worthy son and

daughter of their great inheritance. Hardly were they settled in their new home than the cholera came to mercilessly scourge the city. Others in the sacred office fled before the terrors of the plague; they were steadfast through the whole period of its ravages. Day and night the young deacon held his way among the stricken, nursing the sick, helping the poor, holding up the hearts of the afflicted, holding the cross before the eyes of the dying, and burying the forsaken dead. Stricken down himself, he conquered the disease by his indomitable spirit, and weak and weary as he was, he went out again to the utter misery all about, never stopping to rest, never heeding the cries of fear. The record of Christian heroism tells no more affecting tale of devotion and self-sacrifice. He came out of the ordeal a conquerer, for he had conquered a city. Known of all for what he had been in the hour of agony, as ever afterwards he went in the streets and the houses there, all men paid him a loving, and almost worshipful homage.

“He was ordained priest January 5, 1851. Seventeen years he lived among that people. He built a great church, in its beauty surpassing all others in that city. He gathered a great congregation from all conditions of men. He set on foot, and nursed, and made secure many charities. Every young man coming there, of whom he could hear, was sought out and helped, and encouraged, and put in the good way. Every poor, or sick, or afflicted, or friendless person found a hand stretched out, a heart open wide for him, and the more he needed of any sort of help, the more was pressed upon him. The whole was a life of arduous work; a joy and a blessing to everybody. The friendships then formed still live—their strength unrelaxed and the gratitude to-day all it was when the service was rendered. And now the city of his first love mourns, and mourns with the city where he rests forever.

In 1857 he received his doctorate in Divinity from his *alma mater* and also from Racine College. And there, in that young school, he had his place. It was he who named the sainted DeKoven for its head, and by much persuasion, secured the appointment. And his unswerving devotion and unremitting service did much to make the college the great Rugby of America. In 1872 our own university honored itself by conferring upon him the very first of all the degrees of doctor of laws.

Eighteen years ago the general convention of his church elected him missionary bishop of Nebraska and Dakota. On the 15th of November, 1865, he was consecrated in his own church. The services of that occasion are a memory still. The Rt. Rev. John Henry Hopkins, the presiding bishop of the church, was consecrator, assisted by Bishops Kemper, McCoskey, Lee, Whipple, and Talbot. In 1870 Nebraska was erected into a diocese, and he was unanimously elected its first bishop. He retained jurisdiction in Dakota for some years, when the western part of that territory was detached and made a separate district with a bishop of its own. Last fall he was, at his request, relieved of his missionary jurisdiction, the work having outgrown his strength. And he now looked forward to years of labor to be given wholly to Nebraska.

He repeated in his higher office of bishop his work as priest. He came again to a new, raw land, whose prairies stretched out a vast waste with a few little towns where little churches had been built, and a sparse and poor population. It was as untoward a prospect as a Christian bishop ever looked upon. But he was no more dismayed than when he first left the home of his fathers. With what heedlessness of self; with what buoyancy of spirit; with what resolute patience, despite great discouragement; with what abundant, trying, exhausting labors, he has gone on and carried on the work none know or ever will know, who were not admitted to his inmost heart! He has built fifty churches. He has carried to good success his two schools. He has been the head and moving spirit, and source of strength to all the work of his Church. He has not kept himself to the places of ease, nor even to his own home, but has gone up and down all the country, preaching in school-houses as well as churches to a few disciples wherever they could be gathered. No journey has been too long or too hard for him to travel in all seasons, so that he could reach and help and encourage any servant of the Lord. He has preached such sermons that men who cared little for such things have said they never heard him but they longed to be better, and he has taught multitudes the very rudiments of our divine religion.

His work has been before our eyes, although we have not seen it all. The poor missionary has cried to him in his utter poverty; the young man has craved his aid; the afflicted and sorely sinning have sought his counsel and comfort. And so it is that his true work, his

great work has been abundant and distressing where men could have no thought of it. And its fruits have been on every hand. They are that love that now makes so many, many men and women he has helped to a better life rise up and call him blessed.

His last great works are in our midst. The child's hospital was his child, and he loved it with a father's love. That is one. But the joy of his last days was the cathedral. He toiled and was full of anxious fears for it. There was no detail of the work he did not know, and follow, and care for. And when the work was completed and he looked upon its fair beauty, and he came to consecrate it on that lovely November day with his brethren of the episcopate about him, and his clergy around him, and his people of the goodly company he rejoiced with a great joy. His last act there he entered into with his best delight—the marriage of the daughter of one he dearly loved. And now, after that, comes the end in the holy precincts. While yet in health he spoke again and again of his wish to be laid beneath the shadow of his cathedral, and even pointed out the spot. And when he saw the time was coming fast, he repeated his request that there he should be laid. The solemn promise then was given him, and he rested on it.

And so it is to be that two days hence he is to be carried from his home, which he filled full with the affection of his great heart and the light of his happy spirit, by the hands of his own clergy to his cathedral amidst a whole people weeping and mourning, and then, his dearest friends and the prelates coming from afar to honor him, he is to be laid in the place he had chosen for himself. And it shall be from generation to generation a holy shrine for men to come to pay homage to a sainted name.

#### THE OBSEQUIES.

On Thursday morning at eleven o'clock the holy communion will be celebrated at the cathedral.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the body of Bishop Clarkson will be carried by his clergy to the cathedral.

At two o'clock the services at the cathedral will begin. The burial will be in the cathedral yard under the window of the south transept.

It was the desire of the deceased prelate to be buried on Sunday afternoon, in order that laboring people of all classes might witness

the services. This has been impracticable, but it is earnestly hoped that all classes of our citizens will be present, if not within the cathedral, at least in the yard when he is laid at rest. Large numbers of his friends and of the clergy from abroad, among them several of the bishops, have signified their intention to be present.

---

### DR. ENOS LOWE.

The biography of Dr. Lowe, following, was furnished by his son Col. W. W. Lowe:

DR. ENOS LOWE was born at Guilford Court House, North Carolina, May 5th, 1804. When he was about ten years of age his parents moved to the territory of Indiana, locating at the small settlement known as Bloomington, in Monroe county, the community being mostly composed of quakers, his parents being of that denomination. When a mere boy he began the study of medicine, and soon began the practice of the profession in the midst of the many vicissitudes and privations incident to a new, wild, and sparsely settled country. Little by little, however, he accumulated enough from his practice to enable him to seek higher culture in the profession, and he entered the Ohio Medical College at Cincinnati, where, in due course, he graduated with honor and high standing. He now located as a practitioner at Greencastle, and some time after moved to Rockville, continuing in active practice there for some years, during which he was sent to the Indiana legislature. In 1836, the border country having gradually extended westward, he determined to spy out the new land, and accordingly made the journey on horseback to St. Louis; thence going up the Mississippi river to Flint Hills (now Burlington), then the home of Black-Hawk and his Sac and Fox Indians. Being favorably impressed with the new country, after a brief sojourn he returned to Indiana, and during the fall of 1837 moved, by wagons, across the country to Burlington, where he continued in active practice of his profession for the following ten years, his practice becoming so extended and laborious that the writer has known him to ride thirty and forty miles to visit the sick. During his residence in Burlington he was one of her most active and patri-

otic citizens, and was one of the leading spirits in laying strong and deep the foundations of that now beautiful and prosperous city.

Among his pioneer cotemporaries of that day were such men as Hons. A. C. Dodge, Chas. Mason, O. D. Browning, J. C. Hall, Robt. Lucas, B. Henn, V. P. VanAntwerp, Jas. W. Grimes, Henry W. Starr, and others who became distinguished in the history of the state and nation. In 1847 he received, from President VanBuren, the appointment of receiver of public moneys at the land office in Iowa City, to which place he removed at once, and held the office for four years. He was a member of the Iowa legislature, and president of the senate. He was a member of both constitutional conventions of Iowa, and president of the second. About the close of his term as receiver, he was tendered the position of collector of customs at Puget Sound, which he declined. In 1853 he was appointed receiver of public moneys at Kanesville (now Council Bluffs), whither he removed, held the office two years and resigned. In the meantime, he and a few friends created the Council Bluffs and Nebraska Ferry Company, of which he became president, and he at once went to Alton, Ill., and bought the steam ferryboat "General Marion," had a full cargo put on board, and brought her to Council Bluffs. From this small beginning, the ferry company, under his guidance, became a strong organization and a most important factor in settling the great trans-Missouri country. They built several fine steamers (some of which were destroyed by ice), and during all the period preceding the advent of railways and the building of bridges, maintained a most efficient and satisfactory means of communication. Prior to the establishment of this company, or about that time, he and some few other gentlemen made a treaty with the chief, Logan Fontenelle, and his tribe, the Omahas, by virtue of which they were permitted to occupy a certain area on the west side of the river. The laying out of the town site of Omaha followed immediately, the surveying, mapping, and marking of the public highways and claim-lands being done by A. D. Jones, under Dr. Lowe's supervision as president of the ferry company. From this time he became identified with Omaha and Nebraska, and was ever active, energetic, and zealous in forwarding the public interest. No one in the community devoted more labor or gave more time gratuitously to the public weal than Dr. Lowe, and when the safety and future of the community were in

jeopardy he gave most liberally from his personal means and private property, besides devoting much of his time to the cause and making many journeys at his own expense and without reward. At this time he took a prominent and conspicuous part in the committees sent to New York and Boston to secure the building of the Union Pacific railway bridge at Omaha; and it may be well to record the fact here in the history of this pioneer, that, but for the persistent labors of those committees, *the Union Pacific bridge would not have been located at Omaha.* The citation of this fact alone is sufficient to show how great a debt we owe to such men as Dr. Lowe—a debt that can never be paid, and is all too likely to be forgotten by those who step in to fill the places of the fallen pioneers.

In 1866 the Old Settlers' Association was organized. Dr. Lowe was chosen president, and held the position until his death.

At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion, Dr. Lowe, though somewhat advanced in years, felt that every able-bodied man should aid in stamping out the attempt to destroy the Nation's life, and at once entered the service as surgeon of the First Nebraska regiment, going into the field in the department of the Missouri, under General Curtis (another eminent western pioneer who has ceased from his labors), but at the solicitation of his son, General W. W. Lowe, the Doctor was soon transferred to his command in the Army of the Cumberland, with whom he served as brigade and division surgeon until his health became so impaired that, upon recommendation of his son, his resignation was accepted, and he returned to his home in Omaha. The invigorating climate of Nebraska after a time restored him to health and comparative vigor, and he renewed his active labors in the community, only to cease when health and strength departed. Many important industries and enterprises owe their existence to his creative power, nerve, and courage, among which may be named: The Omaha Gas Manufacturing Company, of which he was president; the Omaha & Southwestern Railway Company, in which he was director; the organization of the State Bank of Nebraska, of which he was vice-president; the Grand Central Hotel Company, and many other enterprises of more or less note and significance, all going to show his faith in the future of Omaha and Nebraska, and his readiness to uphold his faith by his works. And still further back in the early days, long before the U. P. railway was thought of, he and

other incorporators succeeded in getting an act through the territorial legislature, approved March 1st, 1855, to incorporate the "Platte Valley & Pacific Railway Company," for the purpose of constructing and building a railroad, single or double track, from the Missouri river at Omaha City, and also a telegraph line up the North Platte river and on the north side of the south fork. I have in my possession the original record book of proceedings of this organization, and from a memoir in the book, written by Dr. Lowe, I quote this remarkable sentence: "Let it be remembered that this great work (a Pacific railway) was actually commenced within the corporate limits of Omaha, in February, 1860." He made strenuous efforts to induce capitalists to put money into the enterprise, but they looked upon the idea of a trans-continental railway as visionary and impracticable. A few years later, however, it bore fruit, but the original projectors of the work were not participants in its benefits.

Dr. Lowe was also one of the incorporators of another pioneer railway, the Council Bluffs & St. Joseph R. R., in May, 1858.

"The character of Dr. Lowe, like his noble and stately form, dignified and commanding, never tainted by infidelity to public or private duty; always generous in service to friends and the community; wise in counsel as a citizen, and singularly gifted as a physician, with insight into disease, and a pre-vision of the thousand forms of its malignity, and of the issues of life and death, which wait upon it; is of right entitled to the veneration and perpetual remembrance of all who have made their homes in the city of Omaha, and among whose founders he was one of the first for twenty-five years of its history. After the full period allotted to man on earth, full of years and of honor, he laid himself down to rest in death."

On July 22d, 1828, Dr. Lowe was married to Kitty Ann Read, a native of Mercer county, Kentucky, who died at Burlington, Iowa, February 19th, 1870. The Doctor died at Omaha, Nebraska, in the afternoon of February 12th, 1880, of paralysis resulting from exposure. The only child, a son, Gen. W. W. Lowe, the writer hereof, now resides at Omaha, Nebraska.

## MRS. CAROLINE JOY MORTON.

CAROLINE JOY MORTON was born on the 9th of August, 1833, at Hallowell, in Maine. Her father was Hiram Joy. He was of Irish descent. His ancestry, as far back as the family records in this country go, were seafaring people. They who go down to the sea in ships learn to cast out fear, and meet danger and toil and watching with steady nerve and toughened muscle. Their children have a heritage of courage and resolution, and the breath of the salt sea air is their constant stimulant. Her mother was Caroline Hayden. She, too, was reared in the rugged hill country of Maine, and breathed the same strong air and dwelt among the same stern and vigorous scenes.

Hiram Joy, when a boy, was apprenticed to the trade of a saddler and harness maker. Hard, steady, honest work was his lot, and he bent to it with a native fidelity and docility; and he had a strong desire to help himself. His education was such as the district school of those early days, in that new country, could give. It was not much, but what it was he made wholly his own. And so heritage and education and circumstance all contributed to make him a man—a strong, hard-working, practical, tenacious man. In 1834 he removed to Detroit, Michigan, and followed the trade to which he had been bred. He had early success in it, and kept to it with his natural force and tenacity. In the spring of 1835, after a violent illness of a few weeks, his wife died, leaving the little girl, who was the only pledge of their married life. They only who have had the same experience, or have seen close at hand others in like condition, can understand what a calamity and what a risk were here. The desolate father and the unconscious child—what now should be their way in the world? He was of a temper and a training to find distraction in his work; but she, the little girl, not able to care for herself, nor even know the nature of her loss, according as she should fall into good hands or ill, so was she to be and so was to be her life. Of all sweet charities, the care for little friendless children is the sweetest—in hospitals and orphanages, if more cannot be done—but a home for the tender soul, made its own by the love and pity of strangers, is the best refuge. It is a sad thought of this world and the men and

women in it, how many motherless children there are and how few such homes are open to them.

But happily the little Caroline was one of these few, and she never ceased through all her years to bless her lot—and with good reason. Her mother had near neighbors whom she loved and trusted, and to whom had not come the gift of children, and with her dying breath she charged them with her baby, to rear in virtue and all godliness of living. Deacon David French and Cynthia Eldred French were fit to be so trusted; mild in their ways, loving in their natures, and Christian in their lives, they accepted the charge, and they kept it with fidelity. Afterward she bore the name of Caroline Joy French. Until her marriage their house was her home, and till her death they were to her father and mother, and she was to them a daughter. In 1850 her father Joy removed from Detroit to Chicago. He met the usual vicissitudes of life, but accumulated an ample fortune, enjoyed general respect and confidence, and died in 1868.

Caroline was first sent to an Episcopal school in Canada, opposite Detroit, where she remained until she was nearly fourteen years old. She was then removed to the Wesleyan Seminary at Albion, Michigan, remaining there until nearly seventeen. She was then placed at the celebrated school for girls in Utica, New York, which was under the charge of the Misses Kelley, graduating in her twentieth year. Her school life was much the same as that of such girls generally. Tractable, diligent, conscientious in the prompt performance of all her duties, and at the same time genial, vivacious, generous, and happy, she was a favorite with teachers and scholars alike. To her alma mater she always bore a loving loyalty, and to the Misses Kelley a most affectionate respect and admiration. It always pleased her to speak of them and the school, and she did so as one appreciating what both had done for her.

While she thoroughly mastered what are generally called the solid studies of such schools, she was an apt and delighted pupil in music, drawing, and painting. Her love of music was natural and very strong. She was well instructed upon the piano-forte. When she left school she was a very fine performer on that instrument, her years being considered; and in the other arts she showed taste, skill, and a desire to excel. So many young ladies do something in these ways and give promise of excellence, that it may seem superflous to men-

tion them. The difference is, that generally when the serious cares of life press upon them they cease their practice, and soon lose the skill which they have gained, while all through her life she almost daily found time, in the midst of many duties and occupations, to study and improve herself in these accomplishments.

Her best education was at home. Through her girlhood her foster-parents loved her tenderly, as the best natural parent loves his own child. But their affection was judicious. She was made to understand that her business in her girlhood was to do everything and omit nothing that would improve her physical, mental, and moral nature. She was taught that health was to be cared for as well as books, and that kindness, charity, and regard and respect for others, were as necessary as any advantage personal to herself. Definite religious training was imparted. The clear, decisive, positive teachings of religion were constantly impressed upon her mind, and she accepted them with docility and faith. She never forgot them, and when in her turn children were given to her, she seriously and rigidly imposed on them what she had received. But she was not only taught all sound religious knowledge, but she was trained to the conscientious performance of religious duties. She was not reared in a dark, austere, formal, ascetic system. Religion was to her the thankful enjoyment of all the good gifts of God, and her service to her divine Lord was willing, sweet, and sincere.

There was also another line of instruction for her. Her mother carefully taught her the duties of good housewifery. The art of wholesome cooking, and the other work of the well-regulated kitchen, and the care and service of chamber, dining-room, and parlor, were familiar to her even as a child. And amidst it all was one lesson of prime value which she learned and never forgot; it was the ethics of use, and the immorality of waste. She was generous, she was made on too large and liberal a mould to be penurious, or to deny herself or her children, or any others whose pleasure was in her care, any proper indulgence; but she was taught that wastefulness, even in the little things about the house, as well as criminal extravagance, was wrong and led to other wrongs.

At this time she was in person and mien a striking and handsome young woman; tall, slender, vigorous, active, and graceful, with luxuriant brown hair, hazel eyes, clear, dark complexion, always dressed

with taste and a due regard to occasion and circumstance, she was observed and admired by all who saw her. Her genial, cordial, gentle manners; her direct, honest, vivacious conversation; her pure, truthful, sincere nature drew to her the affections of all who knew her.

Her circumstances were very happy. Her father lavished upon his only child all his affections, and they who stood to her as father and mother were very indulgent, giving her all that wealth can buy and the largest freedom consistent with their Christian convictions and teachings. And so it was that, inheriting from her ancestry, hardened by the sea, a strong, resolute, and vigorous nature, receiving from those who were charged with her care the nurture and training of loving, Christian parents, and educated in the best methods of the best schools, she entered upon the duties and responsibilities of life an admirable Christian woman. Everybody wished her God-speed.

At the age of fourteen she was engaged to be married to him who became her husband. Nor in all her girlhood had she any experience incompatible with her promise, nor did her heart ever for a moment draw back from it. In fulfillment of that early betrothal, on the 30th of October, 1854, at the residence of David French, corner of Congress and Brush streets, Detroit, she was married to J. Sterling Morton by the Rev. Joshua Cooke, minister of the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian church of that city. The young husband was her senior about a year; he had been educated at the University of Michigan, and Union College. He inclined to adopt journalism as his profession. On the day of their marriage the young pair bade adieu to the homes of their youth and turned their faces westward, to make for themselves a home in Nebraska. It was a new land. Six months had not passed since the Indians had ceded to the United States their title to this territory. Few pioneers had penetrated its borders. It was an absolutely unoccupied and vacant country.

There was a certain romance in this adventure. They gave up homes that had been made for them and the ministries which had there waited on them, the culture and elegances to which they were wont, the indulgences and pleasures of cities and of competence, for a new land where even grain for food was yet to be sown, houses to be built, and the first foundations of society to be laid. They came in a spirit of adventure, to do for themselves what their fathers had done before them, to begin their lives with the life of a new community, to

impress themselves on its institutions, and become a part of that great moral and political establishment which should fill these regions with a consistent, organized, and beneficent society. It was the same large spirit which from the earliest history of men has driven them always westward from the homes of their childhood to new countries, where they should plant new seats and establish a new civilization.

This young woman, vigorous with the nature which she inherited from a stalwart ancestry, brave, resolute, self-reliant, joined her young husband in this work, and bore her part in it with a heart never for a moment doubtful of the issue. The sequel shows that she was of the right stuff for the task, and that reward was equal to the effort and the sacrifice.

How far their new home was from the place of their childhood may be seen by tracing their journey, and the modes of their travel. They went by rail from Chicago to Alton on the Mississippi river, thence to St. Louis on that river by steamer, from St. Louis up the Missouri to St. Joseph by steamboat, and from there to Council Bluffs by stage. The whole distance occupied seven full days and nights of hard, tedious riding.

Early in November, 1854, Mrs. Morton was settled with her husband in Bellevue. Bellevue was the initial point of settlement in the new territory. For many years before, Col. Peter A. Sarpy, representative of the American Fur Company, had there a trading post, at which many treaties between the government and the Indians were negotiated and executed. Here, too, was the extensive mission of the Presbyterian church to the Omahas, under the charge of the Rev. William Hamilton. The governor of the territory, Hon. Francis Burt, had established himself at Bellevue, and it was expected that it would be made the capital of the new territory.

The home of the young pioneer was a log cabin of two rooms; it was upon the bluff about a mile below where the depot of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company now stands, and where the Missouri sweeps by in a wide and easy curve. In the mild, sunny fall of the year, the spot was one of beauty. The valley, dressed in the dull russet of the season, stretched many miles away, the view was met to the east by rugged bluffs far beyond the river on the Iowa side, and by gentle, soft hills on the west, while up and down the river—its current not turbid to the view, but silvered

in the distance—ran on its quiet course through miles and miles of the sleepy valley. Below the bluff on which the cabin stood, all that remained of the tribe of the Omahas had their tepees, and were the nearest neighbors of the new comers.

It was a strange experience for the young wife, she was almost alone. In the little hamlet the only other women were the wives of the Hon. Fenner Ferguson, the Rev. William Hamilton, Mr. Tozier, Mr. Israel Bennett, and perhaps one or two others whose names cannot be recalled. With her own hands she cooked such hard fare as could be had, and performed all the other offices of the little home. But there was no sigh for the good things left behind; no contrasting the hard present with the pleasant past. She looked with careful and abiding hope and faith to the future, always seeing in it honor and abundance and happiness for her and for him to whom she had given herself. There came often to them others who had entered on the same life, to claim their hospitality and their cheer, and a hearty welcome and brave words were given out of a generous and sympathizing heart. Many of these guests are gone, but some remain who recall with peculiar pleasure the humble home, the young wife, the cheerful, merry words, the welcome, and the generous hospitality.

In a few weeks after his arrival in the territory, Governor Burt died. The Hon. Thomas B. Cumming, the secretary, succeeded to the executive, and convened the first legislature at Omaha, where the capital was permanently fixed.

This dampened the hopes of Bellevue, and in April, 1855, Mr. Morton and his wife removed to Nebraska City. He "claimed" the tract of land near that city where they were always afterward to live, and in June they began to build the home which is known as Arbor Lodge.

Here now began in truth the real work of life, the making of a home in which should dwell not only herself, of whom she took the least account, but her husband and the children who should be given them—in which should dwell, besides, the undoubting affections of husband and wife, the kindly charities of generous souls, the woman's ministries for all within the household, and the reverend, constant, and faithful obedience of God's holy will and commandments.

The place was the naked prairie, except where a little stream with wooded banks divided the field in two. The strong, heavy grass

formed a tough sod which had never been broken. No sign of the white man's abode or steps was anywhere to be seen; it was an utter solitude, save as the bright sun shone through the clear, dry air down upon the green grass ever waving in the continual wind. The young people together marked the space for the house, a slight elevation, from which could be seen the wide valley and the distant hill on which Kearney was afterward built. The house was a long one-story building, with ample porch in front. Its rooms were, for the country and the time, large, and all its parts betokened comfort and hospitality. It was the good beginning of a home. The wife entered most heartily into the work of reclaiming from its wild nature the land about, joining to her husband's her own taste in laying off roads and lanes, and planting trees, and shrubs, and hedges. The tough sod was broken and sown; fences were built and avenues of trees were marked and planted. The work went on year by year; the soil became soft and tractable under abundant culture. The orchards of all fruits of this climate were planted, a few acres at first, more and more every year; barns, stables, sheds, and cribs for grain were built. The animals of the farm of the best blood were bought and bred and reared. Flowers and flowering shrubs, and vines and evergreens in great abundance, attested the woman's presence; time lent its aid, and the whole, along with the mistress and the family, trees of ornament and fruit, hedges and vines and flowers, under her nursing oversight, grew, until Arbor Lodge, with its more than seventy acres of orchard of every kind of fruit and all its other acres rich and mellow, and rejoicing in the good culture it had received, became a very bower, well described by the name it bore.

It was not, of course, all her work, but it was all work done under her inspiration. She knew every tree and shrub and vine, and of each had some sweet memory, and many were called by names given by her or her boys in token of some sweet association. There was the little conifer brought by her own hand from the mountains and guarded now by a stone, marked with an inscription none can read without a tear. There was the apple tree of special favor, whose fruit she most enjoyed, and known as "Mother's Tree," and so it was all about. The place is now, to those who loved her most, all alive in every spot with memories of her—her spirit as it formed and guided and nourished seems now to dwell in every thing.

A few years ago the house, which had shared the constant growth, room being added to room as there was need, was too straightened for the family, and was unequal to the taste and wishes of its mistress. The faithfulness and real poetry of the dwellers in it now showed themselves. The house was not abandoned or cast away and a new one built. The very timbers and frame and structure of the old one were sacred. Whatever greater elegance might be had in a new house, it could never have the far higher grace of association, and so it was kept, built upon and rebuilt, and there it stands to-day, an ample, handsome, delightful mansion, but still the house in which this gentleman and lady began their life and have reared their children.

It is within the renovated, enlarged, and rebuilt house that Mrs. Morton is most seen. Music of the best and highest order always sounded through this home, and there stands the piano which shall never more under her skilled fingers sing for us songs without words. Upon it is the cover those same fingers embroidered; and so clothed are table, chair, and sofa in every room. Paintings of decided merit, irrespective of the painter's name, are on the walls, some her own work and some her choice. Bric-a-brac, some collected, and much more decorated or made by her, are everywhere. The whole house seems written all over, in every place, with the sacred words, "wife and mother," for all was done by her for her husband and for her sons. What a contrast was Arbor Lodge when her eyes closed on it forever and when first they saw it, and what a life to have wrought that work!

Her first boy, Joy, was born in Detroit, on the 27th of September, 1855. Then, on the 22d of May, 1857, came Paul, in the same place; Mark was born on the 22d of November, 1858, at the hotel in Omaha then known as the Herndon house, now occupied by the Union Pacific Railroad Company for its general offices; and Carl was born at Arbor Lodge, on the 18th of February, 1865.

Arbor Lodge is Mrs. Morton's memorial, but she lives truly in these sons. As she in her youth had been trained and educated with care, affection, a discreet indulgence, and well tempered severity, so she reared her children. What most she taught them was truth, sincerity, fidelity, respect for men and reverence for God. Much she did by precept, but far more by constant and intimate companionship.

She entered heartily into all that interested them. Together they often went out, with generous provision for the hunger which was sure to come, and spent the whole day in the fields and woods, gathering nuts, lichens, ferns, shrubs, and flowers, always carefully disposing of the treasures they brought home, so that they might afterward be put to use. And often, too, they passed the whole day together in the house enjoying music, games, reading, and the telling of tales full of humour and fun. In the midst of all she was the heedful mother, correcting faults and approving what was good, and also a sister, putting no restraint on any of them, and sharing every feeling, impulse, and emotion. The mother was in this woman. How her eyes were gladdened by what she saw! She held her early marriage to be the happy circumstance of her life, and she rejoiced that the same good fortune came to Joy and Paul; and when they brought their wives to her she took them to her heart as daughters. Those were the radiant days of her life.

She was too good a woman ever to forget that when she was a little motherless child a kind friend had taken her home and reared her with judicious care. She was always remembering this when she saw another such an one, and her heart went out to it with especial tenderness and sympathy. Her friend, Mrs. Chandler, died very suddenly, leaving behind a little one who needed a home and a mother's care. She took the little Dela to Arbor Lodge to rear and train and make a woman of, such as others had made her. With what love and tenderness and patience and judicious care she did her duty to the child, and with what anxiety she gave up the charge when she gave up all the rest of the world, they only know who saw it all.

In 1858 Mr. Morton was appointed secretary of the territory, and much of his term he was acting governor. The duties of his office called him to the capital, and he had his family with him. Omaha at that time was a town of perhaps 2,000 inhabitants. There were enough to make a pleasant society, but not so many but all could know one another. During her residence there Mrs. Morton entered very heartily into social life. She was genial, affable, charitable. She was at this time a handsome lady; perhaps she never appeared to better advantage than she did then. Many who shared that early life remember her as she was then with especial pleasure. But it was in the society of her own home that she held the largest place. In

the earliest days, when hospitality was a necessity, she learned, if ever she needed to learn, to exercise it generously and graciously. Her door was always open to all comers. The poor were never sent empty away, and her friends shared whatever she had with an unlimited freedom. Arbor Lodge was always a gay house. It was a place of dancing, and games, and jollity. The young especially resorted thither with an assurance of welcome and pleasure.

And there was another charity which this good lady exercised, the care and help of the poor. Those whom others did not care for she took as her own charge. There was a poor half-breed Indian boy who had been put out at the school near Nebraska City by his father, but who had been neglected by him; he drifted away from good influences, and at last committed some trifling offense for which he was lodged in jail. The story accidentally came to Mrs. Morton's ears, and at once she set about securing his release and providing him with proper care. She asked no aid in the task but went about from man to man all over the town, getting their signatures to a petition for his discharge, and having gained that she collected money to send him to his father, seven hundred miles away. When a neighbor told her that her servant, a poor motherless girl, aspired to be a teacher, Mrs. Morton adopted the case as especially her own charge. She inspired the girl to educate herself and then to secure a place in the country to teach. When she was suffering excruciating pains in her last sickness she heard that there was a vacancy in the high school in Nebraska City which she thought the young teacher could fill. Dr. E. W. Whitten, her attending physician, was a member of the board of education, and she besought his aid; he discouraged the effort because there were many other applicants who had friends of influence, but Mrs. Morton was not to be put off; indeed in the very fact that the girl was friendless she found reason for her appointment. The evening came on which the election by the board was to be had; the doctor was attending her, but suffering greatly as she was, she refused his services and charged him to hasten to the meeting and tell the members that this was a poor, friendless girl who had educated herself and was worthy of the place; that she would go to them in person and beg the appointment but she was too ill to do so; and from her sick bed she asked this favor of them. When the doctor came the next morning, heedless of her own condition, her first question was, "What

did the board do?" When told that they had unanimously granted her request the expression of gratitude and happiness on her worn and emaciated features told of the self-forgotten, generous nature of the invalid. Her suffering only made her more heedful of others; her approach to the gates of Paradise made her spirit more than ever loving and charitable.

Mrs. Morton was not a highly intellectual lady, she made no such pretensions. Her numerous occupations and her imperious duties in so many directions did not leave her time or strength or inclination for studies and labors of a severe character; but she was thoroughly intelligent. She kept well up with current literature and with passing events. She was well informed upon the topics which occupied public attention, political, social, and religious, and she discussed them with discrimination and temperance.

The relations of Mr. and Mrs. Morton were singularly happy. It was in their childhood that they plighted their affections, and in their early maturity that they were married. There was too much force and vigor in the wife for the man to outgrow or weary of her. With no separate wish or ambition, but with common purposes and common views of life, its just modes and aims, they were each the complement of the other, and the two together were one. To her husband was the admirable man; she shared his trials, his hopes, his disappointments, his ambitions, his growth, and rejoiced to be in all good and ill fortune his true helpmeet. To be his wife in all service and affection was her pride and joy. This was the peculiar felicity of a very happy life. And now, just as the hard work was done and the full reward was at hand, the end came. The beautiful house, the perfected homestead, rooms and decorations, trees, flowers, walks, and drives, animals, servants, and friends and sons and husband; memories, charities, friendships, affections, and the dear light of day, just when they were most cherished, were all to be given up. She looked back on all these blessings, not with repining but with devout gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts. She looked forward with the same courage and faith which she bore through life. She always had a perfect contentment with what was given her; she had realized all she aspired to. In her last illness she said: "My sons have never made my hair gray. Very few women have lived so long and so happily in a human home and shed so few

tears as I." It was her habit during her husband's absence to keep a daily diary; the last entry is dated February 2, 1882. She writes: "I am suffering great pain to-day, but perhaps when the trees blossom again and the birds begin to sing I shall be better, but when I look around me and see how comfortable a home I have, I feel very thankful, and had almost as lief be sick as not."

Mrs. Morton, by a fall on the third day of July, 1880, injured her knee. She gave it little attention, and shortly afterward had another misfortune with it. She suffered great pain. The best medical attendance failed to relieve her and the disease progressed rapidly; during her illness prayers were read for her at every service in St. Mary's church, where she was a communicant, the knowledge of which was a great comfort and help to her. Her rector visited her frequently and prayed with her and for her, and administered the help and consolations of the church. A few days before her death she called her husband and her eldest son to her bedside and said: "Let me read the prayer for the sick." She wished to read it herself to express her prayer to her heavenly Father with more fervency. She read it with clear and decided but pathetic and pleading tones, and then committed to him the issue.

The last day was the 29th day of June; she lay in the library, the windows of which open to the east and receive the first light of the coming day. The time was sunrise; the windows were open, and the first warm breath of the morning came in fresh and sweet from the fields and flowers; her breath was drawn with the sound of a lullaby as though hushing a babe to sleep, the same note she had used when quieting her infant children. Joy said: "Paul and Mark cannot get here, they will never see you in life again; won't you send them a kiss by me?" She kissed him twice distinctly and perfectly. It was the last conscious act to send a kiss to each absent son. She closed her eyes and the heart was still. The night was over and the day had come.

The late afternoon of the second day following Mrs. Morton's death, Arbor Lodge was the scene of a striking event which was in harmony with her life. By common consent all business in Nebraska City was suspended and the pall of mourning was upon all the silent and empty streets. About four o'clock the people of the town, and multitudes from every part of the county, and representatives from

all portions of the state took their way toward the desolate home. There were all classes in the company, but most to be observed was the throng of the poor and of those not largely blessed with worldly means. The number of them was very great, and the sorrow of face and tone and manner spoke of a personal bereavement. They to whose wants had for so many years been given kindly and untiring ministries, they whose misfortunes and sorrows had been cheered by words and acts of thoughtful sympathy, they who had seen this life of tender, vigilant, and unselfish service for others, all came to this mansion with their other fellow citizens and fellow mourners for the one common purpose.

It was a June afternoon, and, save in the hearts of the throng of people, all was peaceful and sweet. Her own four sons, Joy, Paul, Mark, and Carl, carried her forth, assisted by four of the near friends of the family. With the setting of the sun she was laid to rest in the cemetery, Wyuka, and the grave was strewn with flowers by the hands of her own boys.

The little field thus consecrated by the sacred dust now deposited in it has been fitly marked. A shaft, twenty feet high and three feet in diameter at the base, has been erected in the midst. It is in the form of a trunk of a forest tree, which has been riven and broken at the top. At its base fitly disposed emblems of the life now ended—a sheet with the music and words "Rock of Ages," the needles and materials of embroidery, the painter's palette, pencils, and brushes, graceful ferns and large lichens, a vase upon its side with broken lilies, and ivy twining to the top. One branch hangs, symbolizing the broken life. Upon the opposite side is the cavity of a decayed knot, in which are three fledglings which have left the nest, while on the top of the trunk, looking down upon her little ones, is the anxious mother, and one other, the youngest of the brood under her wing. The little field is protected by a fence of stone, the base being a perfect resemblance of rows of stumps of trees cut to a uniform height, upon which are logs lying horizontally as they are laid in a log house.

The whole is symbolic of a life in the new country, in familiar sympathy with nature in her tenderest moods.

The inscription is: Caroline, wife of J. Sterling Morton. Died at Arbor Lodge, June 29, 1881, aged 47 years. She was the mother of Joy, Paul, Mark, and Carl Morton.

## MOSES STOCKING.

MOSES STOCKING, of Saunders county, Nebraska, died at his residence, Friday, Sept. 30th, 1881, of paralysis. His wife, all his sons and daughters, except Mrs. White, Oregon, and Mrs. Bosworth, Colorado, were at his bedside.

The following autobiography was written by him, at the request of Geo. S. Harris, Land Commissioner B. & M. R. R.:

*To Geo. S. Harris, Esq., Land Agent of the B. & M. R. R. Neb.:*

SIR—In complying with your request to furnish you a short autobiography of myself, I am aware that I shall lay myself open to the charge of vanity and a desire to become conspicuous on very small capital.

I have no knowledge of the family name or history further back than my grandfather, who was a small farmer and also a tanner and shoemaker in Chatham, and later at Middletown, in the state of Connecticut. His family consisted of three sons and a daughter—my father, born in Feb., 1775, being the youngest. The oldest son, Moses, entered the marine service at the age of sixteen, in the war for independence and fought under the command of the heroic Paul Jones. Every member of the family, so far as I am able to learn, were whigs of the revolution, and gave their aid and sympathy to the party that defied the British throne. This was also true of my mother's family, the Ishams, of Colchester, Connecticut.

In 1809, my father, Reuben Stocking, emigrated to the state of New York, and settled among the hemlocks of the town of New Berlin and county of Chenango, where I was born in April, 1813. After spending in that locality ten years of the very prime of his life, in Feb., 1819, a bankrupt in purse and with a family of ten living children—the three oldest of which were girls, he moved to Monroe county and for three years was a renter. In the spring of 1822, he pushed on to the county of Genessee, and settled upon a tract of wet timbered land. Here commenced such a struggle for life as few families on these fertile and beautiful prairies will at the present day appreciate. In debt for 110 acres of wild land, one-third of which was swamp, no capital, wheat worth 25 cents per bushel, the Erie canal unfin-

ished, merchandise to be hauled in wagons from Albany, everybody poor, few schools and those of a low order. Poor as they were I was only enabled to attend them a month or two, snatched from the labor of the woods during the snowiest portion of the winter—no public libraries or newspapers from which to glean knowledge, nor time to read except the short period between a hard day's labor and much needed sleep, nor other light than a tallow dip or the kitchen fire; it is no marvel that when in my 17th year and I had finished my last day's attendance upon a school, I had only acquired the plainest rudiments of an English education.

At this age I was active and robust in constitution, possessed of a retentive memory, and ambitious to excel.

At this time Dr. L. B. Coates, of Batavia, offered me a situation in his drug store with the privilege of studying medicine under his direction. This offer I appreciated and ardently desired to accept, but poverty's stern form interposed between me and my ambition. My father had become broken in constitution, his family was still large, a heavy debt hung over his farm and I was his main dependence in the labors of the field. The doctor's offer had to be declined. This I considered as the turning point in my life; and changed it from a career of letters and scholarly attainments, to the rough realm of the frontiersman.

Continuing with my father, except when working out as a hireling, until my 23d year, I then determined to push into the western country and explore it for myself. Consequently the evening of the 3d of November, 1835, found me a passenger on the unlucky steamer North America, Capt. Appleby, bound for Detroit.

The day had been beautiful, but as we steamed out of the port of Buffalo a cloud black as Erebus lay beneath the fast declining sun. Before we could reach the bay of Erie, one of the most fearful storms of that stormy lake broke upon our staunch craft, in all its fury. Added to the other dangers was the hull of Commodore Perry's old war ship Superior, aground in the channel of the bay; in attempting to pass which the North America ran aground. We shipped her rudder, lost her anchors and drifted against the piers, where we lay until the afternoon of the second day before we got off.

From Erie I made my way to Ashtabula, Ohio, on foot; thence by stage to Willsville, on the Ohio river; thence on foot to Wheeling,

West Virginia, where I stopped three weeks with a brother there located and engaged in the jewelry business. Leaving Wheeling somewhat sooner than I contemplated I fortunately avoided a little hand to hand encounter that had been planned (without consulting me) by a highway robber, who expiated his crimes upon the gallows the next year.

With a heavy pack, pursuing my way on foot on the national pike to Dayton, Ohio; thence up the Miami valley to Fort Wayne; thence down the the Wabash to Huntingdon; thence north by section lines much of the way, fording rivers and taking the chances of finding food or lodging, tracing my way slowly through the dark forests, often marching to the tune of howling wolves, I reached, on the 8th day of Jan., 1836, in St. Joe county, Michigan, the home of an aunt, a twin sister of my mother's, whom I had been especially charged to find. Resting for one week, I had arranged my pack for a start on the next day to continue my tramp to the Mississippi, when a sudden attack of inflammatory rheumatism put me under the doctor's care instead of on the road. I remained here about sixteen months. The financial crash of 1837 having stagnated all business rendered the sale of land impossible, and being dead on my feet with ague, I returned to New York in the fall of that year. The next summer I worked for an old neighbor, married in the fall of 1838, and with my wife and father's family returned to St. Joe county, Michigan, determined if we could not sell our lands to make a living by improving them, but as events have proven, this was a mistake—we had better have given them away and searched for a healthier climate, for after fourteen years more of hard labor, sickness, and suffering, we were compelled to get away from that living graveyard, and sold a splendid farm of 186 acres for the paltry sum of \$2,000, on seven years time.

Leaving my family in Michigan, the 16th day of March, 1853, found me at Glenwood, Mills county, Iowa, with a span of horses and \$700 in cash. Having long been accustomed to a level country the hills about Glenwood appeared mountains to me, which, with a wrong impression of the climate together with ignorance of a prairie country, combined to make an unfavorable impression upon my mind and I continued undecided till about May, when an offer from the late J. M. Cooledge, of Glenwood, induced me to start for California with a drove of cattle. Notifying my family of my intended move-

ments, the 19th of May found us on the west side of the "Big Muddy" and our first camp in the Indian country was pitched on what is now Main street, in the city of Plattsmouth. On the 28th day of September, after four months of severest toil and never ceasing watchfulness, we reached the banks of the far famed Sacramento river, worn out, exhausted, and alkaliéd.

The following September I bade adieu to that wonderful land of sunshine and fruits, and took passage on an ocean steamer for my home in Michigan, via the Isthmus and New York. Looking around among old scenes and friends for a few days I determined to leave that sickly locality as soon as possible. Closing up all affairs, the 22d day of November found my family on board of a wagon and on the road for Glenwood, Iowa, where, after a cold, tedious journey, we arrived December 25th.

Being more desirous of schooling my children than acquiring wealth induced me to locate near that sheltered town, but the experience of fifty-five years discovered to me that I had made a mistake on that point—that there was but little educational spirit in the place; further, that in a commercial point of view, I was on the wrong side of the "Big Muddy." Consequently I crossed the river and located a claim on Four Mile creek, in Cass county, Neb., where I moved my family in the spring of 1856, rented ten acres of poor breaking for wheat and corn, upon which a good crop was raised. I erected a double cabin and broke about forty-five acres on my claim, upon which I raised about thirty acres of very good sod corn, but had the misfortune to lose it by a prairie fire. While attending the death-bed of a sister at Glenwood, the Pawnees stole my best ox and both of my cows. The death of my sister and her husband, within two weeks, left upon my hands their small children to provide for and educate, increasing my family to twelve persons at the commencement of the terrible winter of '56 and '57. Speculation being rife through the country, and town sites almost as numerous as the population, I was induced to take an interest in the Cedar Island town site, which, after much trouble, turned up a blank.

The dry season of 1857 gave but an indifferent crop off my forty-five acres of but partially rotted sod, excepting in potatoes and pumpkins, the yield of which was truly astonishing, but the sudden change in the weather late in October, accompanied with high wind and snow,

spoiled nearly all of the potatoes. In 1858 I put the same ground (which had now become well rotted) in wheat, oats, barley, corn, and potatoes, all of which presented a most promising appearance up to July. In fact, I had cut and shocked the barley, and cut one day on the wheat, when near sunset, a rain of twelve hours duration set in causing a most unprecedented flood on Four Mile creek. I barely saved enough of damaged barley for the next year's seed. The news of the discovery of gold on Cherry creek, in Colorado, reached the river in September. I with a party of a dozen from Plattsmouth, Pacific City, and Glenwood, on the 18th, started for the newly reported discovery, determined to prospect and discover if possible the existence of the precious metals in that then unknown land. Spending some six weeks of the most beautiful weather in prospecting along Cherry creek, the Platte river, and several of its tributaries, also among the foot hills of the mountains, and finding float gold in almost every hole we dug, the conclusion was forced upon us that when the season should favor penetrating the recesses of those grave old mountains, we should be enabled to open the vast storehouses of their hidden treasures. Therefore, when winter set in upon us, about the 1st of December, we turned our attention to the location and building of a town, as a base of future supplies. This idea gave to the world the present city of Denver. I had already seen enough of the country to be convinced that for stock growing it was second to California only in the greater severity of its winters; also that on trial a large portion would prove to be a fine agricultural region. At that time this idea was generally scouted.

The above views determined me to return to the Missouri, dispose of my farm, and arrange affairs so as to return to Denver in early spring. About December 14th, a party of two Plattsmouth men and three Laramie men, three wagons, and half a dozen yokes of cattle, took up our line of march for Plattsmouth, arriving home January 8th, 1859. At Plum Creek, on the trip, a lucky shot from my rifle brought down a buffalo cow, which saved our party from starvation. On looking into the market after my arrival home, I found the whole community struck dumb with a commercial panic. To sell a farm was an impossibility, cattle suitable for the plains very high, and could be purchased only with gold. I could make no shift that would not bankrupt me, and again I turned my attention to farming,

raised good crops, and extended the area of broken ground. In the spring of 1860, not having yet been able to make a desirable shift so as to return to the mountains, I determined to push the farming to the extent of my ability, and put in fifty-five acres of wheat, thirty acres of corn, with some minor crops. I next hitched up a pair of cows, and some two-year old steers with my oxen, started a breaking plow and the planting of a crop of sod corn. Each day's work was leveled smoothly and dragged with brush and harrow. The corn came up finely. By the first week in June, some forty-acres had been broken and planted. The wheat was headed out beautifully, the thirty acres of corn had been plowed once and second plowing commenced, and the ground clean and corn growing finely. A better prospect for a good crop could not be desired, when, presto, a change came over the spirit of my dream. About 4 P.M., June 10th, a cloud dark as Erebus came wheeling up from the horizon with the speed of a locomotive—wind blowing by turns north-west, west, and south-west. Instantly dropping chains, I started the teams towards their pasture, but before proceeding two hundred yards the storm burst upon us in all its fury. I tried to get off the yokes but found it impossible; the cattle ran for shelter at the top of their speed. The only armor between my skin and the hail and rain was a cotton shirt. Thoroughly drenched in a moment, smarting from the driving hail, I seized a grain sack, and drawing it across my shoulders as a partial protection, hurried towards Four Mile creek as fast as I was able, and on reaching it jumped in, and got under a bridge for shelter, standing in water knee deep until the storm was over, by which time I was pretty thoroughly chilled. A more complete wreck of bright prospects than my farm presented after the storm was over could scarcely be imagined. The corn field that looked so fine two hours before was now as bare as fresh-ploughed fallow; not a hill not a plant was left to show that it had been occupied. The wheat field was no better, nothing left but pelted and broken fragments of what had been wheat plants. But, thanks to the recuperative vigor of the plants and fertility of Nebraska's soil, the corn pushed rapidly up in sight again and made a tolerable crop. The wheat stubble sprouted up and headed out with small heads, making about five bushels to the acre, and ripened but little later than the regular harvest. Having lost by fire, flood, and storm the greater portion of three out of five crops,

which I had planted in Nebraska, and fallen short of reaching expenses of the farm about \$700, I determined, in September of that year, to turn over my farm to the management of my wife and three sons, the youngest yet in his teens, and for myself endeavor to strike something that would enable me to pay off my debts. Notifying my creditors of my intended course, they each readily assented. Accordingly making a careful estimate of the quantity of wheat required for seed and one year's board, I soon had the small balance in Hersel's mill, and in due time removed therefrom forty-two sacks of flour. Putting forty of them in a wagon, and hitching thereto one pair of grown and two pairs of two-year old steers, the same cattle that had already plowed and harrowed seventy-five acres of prairie that season, about noon of the 10th of October, set out for Denver.

At Wahoo Ranche I overtook the train of C. L. Cooper, and traveled with it. At Plum Creek we were caught in a severe storm of rain, hail, and high wind, so cold that their work stock froze in the corrals. At ——— creek met a snow storm that fell six inches deep; very cold weather followed the storm. At other times on the trip had very pleasant weather. Arriving at Denver, found the market glutted, left a portion of our load to be sold on commission, with the balance we started for Faryal at the foot of the Snowy range, arriving on the 14th of December, but was compelled to store our load for want of purchasers. Before reaching Faryal our cattle took the sore tongue disease, then prevalent, which reduced their flesh very much, so that when we reached winter quarters on the plains near Colorado City, they presented a sorry appearance. In February took charge of Mr. Cooper's train of seven wagons at a salary of \$400.00 a year, including the privilege of my own wagon in the train and also of looking after my farm when at the Missouri river. Under this arrangement performed the business of freighting till the close of 1863, traveling each year from 3,000 to 3,500 miles, and subsisting the stock exclusively upon the grass that grew on the routes traveled. In the meantime my family had made more than a living from the farm.

In the spring of 1864 I sold my teams, and found myself in possession of \$2,000, and out of debt. The Indian hostilities having rendered freighting a precarious business, I determined to try droving. Accordingly, in company with Jacob Penny, I went to Kansas for a drove of cattle. Collecting about 300 head on the Verdigris,

we made our way back to Nebraska, arriving at Wyoming about the first of July, where we sold the greater part of our herd to the Mormons, who were outfitting at that point for Salt Lake City. This venture paid us a fair profit.

Having had some experience in wool growing, I now determined to procure a flock of sheep—a class of stock that would require less help to manage, and also allow me to stay at home. For this purpose, I started in October for Wisconsin; but finding prices high and holders unwilling to sell, did not buy in Wisconsin. Returning via the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, heard of a flock of merinos at Marshalltown, Iowa, just arrived from N. Y. From this flock I purchased 100 ewes and 100 lambs, and in Story county, Iowa, I bought 90 coarse wooled sheep. In July, 1865, I started for Michigan for more sheep. Bought 500 head in Jackson county, mainly ewes and lambs. Started them on the 22d day of August, from the town of Concord; arrived at Plattsmouth the 22d day of November, after one of the most tedious journeys ever performed by sheep. Rain, rain, rain, and but two mud holes between Laporte, Indiana, and Chariton, Iowa; the Mississippi river making the division. Previous to leaving for Michigan, I had selected a location in Saunders county, and within the railroad land grant, for a sheep farm, and directing that a quantity of hay be put up for wintering. For this point, on Christmas day, I started with a flock of above 500 sheep; leaving the remainder—stock, farm, and family—in charge of our three sons. That farm of 240 acres we still own. My family moved from the Cass county farm in the spring of 1870, to our lands in Saunders county, being located on both Wahoo and Sand creeks, near where the waters of the two creeks unite.

Here in Saunders county we have plodded along slowly, adding something each year to our improvements and steadily increasing our stock. Our sheep farm at this time consists of 1040 acres of deeded and homestead land, on which we have comfortable buildings, 400 apple trees, 320 acres under cultivation, 400 acres enclosed in pasture with 1,200 rods of fence, 20 acres seeded to timothy, about five acres planted to forest timber. Besides which we occupy one section of railroad land of which 120 acres are under the plow, 400 acres of meadow, 160 rods of hedge planted, and on the same land there are 400 feet of shedding 16 feet wide, 14 inclosures fenced with

pine fencing, and three corn cribs made with pine lumber. Our stock consists of 1,500 sheep, four head of neat cattle, 25 head of horses and mules, and about 45 head of hogs.

#### MOSES STOCKING.

Mr. Stocking served Saunders county two years as county commissioner, and a more faithful, intelligent officer Saunders county has never before or since had. He was the first man to introduce blooded cattle in the center of the county. His first purchase was from the celebrated Daniels herd, of Sarpy county, consisting of a cow and bull. The cow cost \$225, and is still owned by his son George H., and the bull, a yearling, cost \$150. From this small beginning there is now a large herd of fine grade and pure blood cattle.

Mr. Stocking was for years a prominent member of the State Board of Agriculture, and at the time of his death was one of three men in this state that were elected life members of the board. In 1875 he delivered the address at the State Fair, in Omaha, which was a production worthy of the man and the occasion. He was always an active member of the board, and was also a prominent member of the State Horticultural Society.

January 16th, 1878, he was elected president of the Wool and Sheep Grower's Association. He was an original member of the society and drafted the constitution and by-laws which were adopted. He was appointed a committee of one to draft additional by-laws, providing for the regular meetings of the same.

He was an active member of the Fine Stock Breeder's Association, and was elected a vice president at its first organization.

He was a member of the State Historical Society, and one of the charter members of the same.

He was a member of a committee of awards on wool at the great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, and also received an award on fine wool there exhibited.

He wrote an exhaustive history of Saunders county, which was published in pamphlet form in 1875. Being an early settler here, familiar with all prominent incidents connected with the early settlement of the county, and personally acquainted with all the early settlers, made him peculiarly qualified for the task. This little book in years yet to come, will often be referred to by the future historian of Nebraska, and particularly of Saunders county.

In the fall of 1871, he was employed by the B. & M. R. R. Co. in Nebraska to examine their lands. He made a personal examination of the entire belt, and made his report of the same which is now on file in the B. & M. land office at Lincoln. About this time he contracted a severe cold which settled on his lungs, and from that day to the end his lungs were never sound. He was subject to frequent hemorrhages of the lungs, often bleeding two quarts at a single time. These spells greatly prostrated him; but he was possessed of a remarkably strong constitution, and his rapid recovery from his great prostrations was often remarked by those intimate with him. But the terrible disease was continually gnawing at his life and exhausting the great vitality with which he seemed to be invested. Though diseased in body, his mind was clear up to the last sickness. His mental faculties were always sound, and under his greatest prostration he was always cheerful and hopeful.

He was no politician, though once, in the republican convention at Lincoln, his friends run him for the office of governor. He received a very handsome vote, but failed to get the nomination.

He spent much of his time and talent in the interest of the public. He labored hard to advance the farming interests of the country and at the same time left sufficient to provide for the few that were dependent upon him for support. He was a true lover of his country and her institutions. He delighted in the substantial progress of the state of Nebraska, where he lived for more than twenty-five years. A marble monument, erected on the first ground broken by him in Saunders county, in the burying ground of the Knights of Honor, points the spot where the mortal remains of our honored and much lamented citizen repose.

#### NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

I very much regret inability to obtain more full biographies of the following deceased early settlers. I made efforts by correspondence with friends and relatives, but without success. It is hoped hereafter they can yet be made more complete.

## REV. WILLIAM McCANDLISH.

Rev. Wm. McCandlish died at Omaha, Nebraska, August 5th, 1884. He was born in Scotland; came to America when he was seven years old. He was educated for the ministry at Washington college, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, and was ordained as a minister of the Presbyterian denomination in 1837, and has been actively engaged in that service and in the bible cause from that date to the very hour of his death, having but returned from carrying a bible to a neighbor at 9:40 in the morning. He complained of coldness in the feet, lay down on his bed and passed away as quietly as a tired child would drop to sleep. He leaves a wife and three children, residents of Nebraska, in which state Mr. McCandlish had made his home almost continuously since 1858.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV. WILLIAM McCANDLISH.

Rev. William McCandlish was born September 12th, 1810, in Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland; he came with his parents to Newville, Pennsylvania, in 1817. At the age of 15 he commenced teaching school. He afterwards went to Canonsburgh, Pennsylvania, and graduated in 1834; then went to Allegheny Theological Seminary, and in 1837 he was ordained a minister in the Presbyterian church. He preached a few months in New York, then accepted a call to the church in Wooster, Ohio. He was married to Miss Maria Howells, in Allegheny City, September 10th, 1838. In 1849 he removed to the church in Lewiston, Illinois; in 1854, to a church in Quincy, Illinois.

In 1858 he went to Fontenelle, Nebraska, with his wife, four sons, and one daughter. The two oldest sons entered the army in 1862; the second son, Theodore, died in the army November 26th, 1862.

Mr. McCandlish acted as missionary in different places in Nebraska and Iowa. In 1868 he removed with his family to Omaha, and accepted the position of agent for the American Bible Society for the states of Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, and sometimes for Dakota and Utah. Mr. McCandlish died at his home in Omaha, August 4, 1884.

## JOHN McCORMICK.

JOHN McCORMICK died at Omaha, June 2d, 1884; he was born on the 12th of September, 1822, at Johnstown, Westmoreland county, Penn. At an early age he was taken with his family to Cadiz, Ohio, and in 1856 removed to this city, engaging in the land and banking business. During the panic of '57 his business was injured, and in '59 he became the head of the grocery house which for a long time bore his name. He remained in business till 1869, when he engaged in grain, with which he had been identified up to his death. He built the first elevator in the city, and in other ways was counted among the leading citizens of the town.

For many years Mr. McCormick was to a great extent at the head and front of affairs in the then young city of Omaha. Public-spirited, liberal, and progressive, he stood high in the councils of those who fought the battles of our early existence. He was a great believer in Omaha and its future, and by his example in making permanent investments did much to secure that stability which has been the secret of our success. As a business man he was safe and reliable; as a friend always staunch and true, and in his family relations most devoted and kind. His removal from the scenes of his hardest commercial labor leaves a void that will be difficult to fill, as there are but few men who could exert the same influence and shape affairs so successfully as Mr. McCormick. The funeral will take place at 2 o'clock Wednesday (to-morrow) afternoon, from the family residence, corner of Dodge and Eighteenth streets. Following are a few points in the life of the deceased, which will be read with mournful interest:

John McCormick was born at Jamestown, Westmoreland county, Pa., September 12th, 1822, his father soon afterward moving with his family to Cadiz, Harrison county, Ohio. Mr. McCormick received his business training in a general country store, and about 1845 embarked in the same line of business on his own account. This he carried on prosperously until about 1856, when he moved to Omaha, and engaged in banking and real estate operations with Wm. Hogg, style of firm John McCormick & Co. In March, 1859, in company with Mr. J. H. Lacey, still a resident of this city, he started the

first exclusively wholesale grocery house, the firm being Lacey & McCormick. They did a large and lucrative business, and shortly afterward the partnership was extended, two of Mr. McCormick's brothers taking equal interests in the concern, and the style being changed to John McCormick & Co. Mr. McCormick was married twice, his first wife being a Miss Miller, by whom he had a daughter, Miss Woodie McCormick. The second wife was Miss Elizabeth Miser, a sister of Mrs. J. H. Lacey, two sons, Charles and John, being the fruit of the union.

In the business and social circles of Omaha the deceased was always a prominent character. When, in 1859, the present town site of Omaha was bought from the general government, John McCormick was selected as the man to hold it in trust, and the entire property was deeded to him. At the proper time he transferred the title to D. D. Belden, then mayor, and from this source all our real estate titles start.

Mr. McCormick was also quite prominent in the political affairs of the early days. He represented this district in the senate during the close of the territorial time, and was a member of the first city councils. He was largely of a speculative turn of mind, and took heavy ventures in government contracts for supplies and transportation, and also in city real estate, all of which resulted profitably. Omaha's first grain elevator, which stood near the spot now occupied by the B. & M. freight depôt, was built by John McCormick. At the time of his death he was an active partner in the elevator company at the transfer, and the owner of valuable real estate on Farnam and other streets in the heart of the city, besides several tracts of land outside the city limits.

---

#### S. S. CALDWELL.

SMITH SAMUEL CALDWELL died at Omaha, ....., 1884. He was the son of a farmer in Marion, Wayne county, New York, where he was born in 1834. He was a graduate of Union College, and came to Omaha in 1859. He was a lawyer by profession, and undertook its practice here, but soon afterwards engaged in the banking business, which he successfully pursued with a high reputation as a financier for nearly a quarter of a century. He was at first in the

firm of Barrons, Millard & Co.; then in the firm of Millard, Caldwell & Co.; then in that of Caldwell, Hamilton & Co.; and latterly in the U. S. National Bank, of which he was vice-president and the largest stockholder when he died.

Mr. Caldwell was a broad-headed man, self-reliant and resolute, of high public spirit, and capable of large undertakings. The monuments of his enterprises will stand long after all that was mortal of him shall have returned to its kindred dust. The Caldwell block fitly bears his name, because, at the time it was built, without his energetic efforts it would not have been built at all. The Omaha & Southwestern railway, of which he was president, was, to a great extent, his own creation in a financial point of view. It was the parent of railways connecting Omaha with the south-western interior of the state. Mr. Caldwell was one of the leading spirits and chief organizer of the Grand Central hotel enterprise, which was regarded as a great undertaking at the time it was erected. For many years he wielded a powerful influence upon Omaha affairs, and with his positive views and energy of purpose, whatever he undertook he was pretty certain to accomplish. He was a man of fine mind, strong character, commanding personal dignity, and refined and cultivated tastes. Under a somewhat forbidding, and somewhat curt manner, he carried a warm and gentle heart, whose sympathies were never in such full play as when he was in his own home surrounded by those whom he so dearly loved.

Mr. Caldwell was married to Miss Henrietta M. Bush, of Tioga, Pennsylvania, in April, 1863, a lady who, as woman, wife, and mother, has occupied the highest position in our Omaha social life for twenty years.

---

### HON. JOHN TAFFE.

HON. JOHN TAFFE died at North Platte, Nebraska, March 14, 1884, aged 57 years. He was a native of Indianapolis, Indiana, where he was born Jan. 30, 1827. He received an academic education, and after a diligent study of the law was admitted to the bar in the city of his birth.

In the year 1856 he moved to this state and located in Dacotah county, where he resided until his election to congress. In 1858-9 he

served in the lower branch of the territorial legislature, and in 1860 was elected to the council and made president at the organization of that body. He married the daughter of Col. John Ritchie, of Omaha.

In 1862 he was commissioned as major of the Second Nebraska Cavalry, and served for a period of about fifteen months. Shortly after this he ran for congress, and though twice defeated by Mr. Daily, was elected to the fortieth and forty-first and re-elected to the forty-second congress, by an overwhelming majority of nearly 5,000, the vote standing in his favor 12,375 and for his opponent 7,967.

In his congressional course Mr. Taffe was a faithful worker in the interest of the state of his adoption, energy and zeal being the predominating features of his work in the halls of congress as well as at home. His work was successful without ostentation, and thorough with all the elements of a practical nature.

In the forty-second congress he served as chairman of the house committee on territories, while, at the same time, holding important positions on two other committees.

After leaving congress he became editor of *The Republican*, and filled the chair with considerable ability and success. He was a plain, practical, and earnest writer, and, on political issues, throughout the state, in those days, was considered almost infallible. An excellent proof of this is found in the fact that in a certain presidential election he not only forecast the vote of our own state to a nicety but also that of many of the states of the union.

After his retirement from *The Republican* he returned to the practice of his profession, taking some interest in mining operations.

He was honest and honorable in all his dealings, and loyalty to friends was the ruling characteristic of his head and heart.

---

### ELDER J. M. YOUNG.

ELDER J. M. YOUNG was really the founder of the city of Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska. He was born in Genesee county, New York, near Batavia, on the old Holland purchase, on November 25, 1806. In 1829 he married Alice Watson, at that time eighteen years of age, and who now survives him at the age of seventy-four. The following year he moved to Ohio and from Ohio he went to Page county, Iowa,

in 1859. In 1860 he came to Nebraska and settled at Nebraska City. In 1863, near the end of the year, he came to Salt Creek and selected as a site for a town, and what he predicted would be the capital of Nebraska, the present site of Lincoln.

The following persons located here at the same time: Thomas Hudson, Edwin Warns, Dr. McKesson, T. S. Schamp, Uncle Jonathan Ball, Luke Lavender, Jacob Dawson, and John Giles. It was the original intention to make the settlement a church colony, but the idea was never realized as projected.

On eighty acres owned by him Elder Young laid out the town of Lancaster, which was made the county seat. He gave the lots in the city away, half to the county and school district and half to Lancaster seminary, a school which he hoped to see established here for the promulgation of his faith. He built from the proceeds of the sale of some lots a building which was called the seminary, and which was occupied by the district school and church. It was burned in 1867 and was never rebuilt.

A church was organized here, and Mr. Schamp was its first pastor. Elder Young was then president of the Iowa and Nebraska conference. The next year after the capital was located the stone church was built. Elder Young's dream was to build up a strong church in the capital city. He worked assiduously for this object, and put into the work some seven or eight thousand dollars of his private means. When the church went down, and he saw that his labor in so far had been in vain—that his dream could not be realized—he was almost broken-hearted, and this was the chief cause of his departure from Lincoln, which took place in 1882, when he went to London, Nemaha county, the scene of his closing days, in the year 1884.

Elder Young began his labors as a minister soon after he moved to Ohio in 1829. He was president of the Ohio annual conference for several years, and was president of the Nebraska and Iowa conference for about twenty years. He was a man of rare vigor and zeal for the cause to which he gave his life.

Besides his wife the deceased leaves four sons to mourn his loss. John M. Young, of Lincoln; James O. Young, of London, Nemaha county; Levi Young, of this county, near Raymond, and Geo. W. Young, of Taos City, New Mexico.

The Elder had all the preparations for the funeral made under his

directions before his death. In Wyuka cemetery, where his remains were laid, he had already erected a monument over the graves of his brother and his brother's wife, and bearing also the names of himself and his wife. He had a portion of his funeral clothes made under his directions. His request was that Elder Hudson should preach his funeral sermon, and that R. D. Silver, for whom he entertained a strong friendship, should be one of the pall bearers.

### CHARLES POWELL.

CHARLES POWELL died at Omaha, ———, 1884. He was born in Geneva, N. Y., on May 13, 1811, and was therefore at the time of his demise 73 years of age. He was married in 1843 to Miss Catherine M. Bacon, a lady who was a native also of New York, the wedding taking place at Jonesville, Mich. Mr. Powell came to Nebraska in 1858, and located at De Soto, to which point he transported an extensive outfit of machinery with which he started a mill, one of the first and most valuable to settlers in this territory. Two years later Mr. Powell brought out his family, and after seven years residence at De Soto they removed to this city, where in the social, religious, and commercial life of the community they have been valued factors.

Four years ago Mr. Powell, whose health had always been somewhat delicate, retired from business life, and was elected by the people of his ward to the office of justice of the peace, which he has filled honorably and well. One of the oldest vestrymen of Trinity, having been chosen to the vestry in the days when the people worshiped in the church at Ninth and Farnam streets, Mr. Powell has also been a member of the board of education, one of the Old Settlers' Association, and also a patriarch in the order of Odd Fellows.

During the war he served with the Fifth Nebraska Cavalry. Each and every trust bestowed upon him he discharged with fidelity. Throughout his long and well rounded life he was eminently a good citizen, a modest man, and a true friend. He leaves a wife and two children, Mr. Archie C. Powell and Eloise B. Nichols, to whom the tenderest sympathies of the community go out.

His son, Mr. A. C. Powell, is paymaster of the Kansas and Colorado lines of the Union Pacific Railway.

## REV. ALVIN G. WHITE.

REV. ALVIN G. WHITE died at Lincoln, Nebraska, ....., 1884. He was born at Northfield, Massachusetts, June 18, 1833. He early in life moved to New Hampshire, and was called at that time into the ministry. He was licensed as a local preacher in 1853, while in the Wesleyan University. On account of failing health he was not able to finish the college course. He moved to Illinois in 1855, and taught school for two years. In 1857 he joined the Rock River conference, and during the year was married in 1843 to Miss Ella Thompson. In 1858 he transferred to Nebraska, and served as a supply for one year on the Brownville charge. He entered the Nebraska conference in the spring of 1860, and was returned to Brownville. He then served the church at Pawnee City for one year. His next field was Fort Calhoun, where he labored for two years. Then for three years he was chaplain in the United States army. He was then made presiding elder, and in this field he did the most important work of his life, and had his greatest usefulness. He served a full term on the Omaha district, when that district covered an area of 20,000 square miles. In this field his able ministrations, his untiring labors, his wise counsels, his care for the preachers and their families, and his urbane deportment greatly endeared him to all the people in that portion of the state.

He then served the full term as presiding elder on the Kearney district. When he began that work there was not a church nor a parsonage in that district, which comprised a territory larger than the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. He was then appointed to Lincoln district. At the end of two years he was appointed to the South Bend charge, where he labored one year. Then his work for the next two years was on the Roca and Bennett charge. The last year of his ministerial life was spent at Wahoo.