Memorial

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..WIFE OF..

Thomas Hoyne

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LEONORA MARIA HOYNE.

Leonora M. Hoyne.

A year or more before her death, at the urgent request of her children, Mrs. Hoyne undertook the task of writing a sketch of her life. She had often told, in her charming manner, so many interesting incidents of her early life, and especially of her experiences as a pioneer in Chicago, that her children were anxious that these stories should be preserved, if possible, in her own language.

At the time she consented to undertake this labor she was apparently in good health. She was happy in her family, surrounded by her children, busy with her household cares, but interested in the world about her. Life had not lost its brightness. Her mind was clear and active, and her prospects of a happy old age seemed to be good. With her cheerful disposition she looked always upon the bright side of life. She found happiness in her surroundings, and pleasure in contributing to the comfort and happiness of others.

But alas for the uncertainty of life. Even her strength tended to shorten her career; for, ever accus-

tomed to an active life, and undoubtedly relying too much upon her powers of endurance, she overtaxed her physical strength, and when her disease came her power to resist the exhausting strain upon her system failed, and she died after an illness of but a few weeks.

It has been a source of deep regret to her children that they had not earlier urged upon her the preparation of this sketch, or been able in some way to push it more rapidly to its conclusion, but it is, at least, some consolation to them that the work was begun and some progress made in it. From time to time, in her leisure moments, which, in her busy life were few, she noted some of the events of her earlier life. Anticipating no necessity for haste, she made none, and although they realize that what she has written is incomplete, and but a taste of her interesting experiences, her children feel that even this fragment, coming from her hand, is a precious relic which should be preserved. She had intended to rewrite, correct and elaborate, but the opportunity for so doing having been denied her, the outline, as it is, will ever prove a source of pleasure to her children, her grandchildren and her old friends; and for them let it be carefully kept.

As written by Mrs. Boyne, this sketch is as follows:

Place of Birth.

"I was born on the 24th day of January, 1825, on my father's plantation, 'Garland Hill,' in Hanover county, Virginia. The day was memorable for one of the worst snow-storms ever known in that section of the country. I was not aware of the fact at the time, but have heard it frequently spoken of, and have not liked the 'beautiful snow' since.

"My father, John Taylor Temple, was of English descent. He was the son of John Temple and grandson of Samuel Temple. My grandmother on my father's side was Alice Taylor, and my great-grandmother was a Meaux. They were all of English descent, and I am proud of my ancestors and that the blue blood of the old English nobility runs through my veins.

"My grandfather on my mother's side was Rev. William Staughton. He was born in County Warwickshire, England, January 4, 1770. He published a volume of juvenile poems in his seventeenth year.

In 1788 he entered the Bristol Baptist Seminary to study for the ministry. In 1793 he went to South Carolina and preached at Georgetown for seventeen months. In 1795 he removed to New York, and in 1797 took charge of an academy at Bordentown, N. J., and was ordained there. In 1805 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, which, during his pastorate, increased in membership so greatly that the edifice was enlarged several times, and three churches were formed from it. Dr. Staughton identified himself with the Third, the Sansom Street Church, preaching every Sunday three or four times to audiences of several thousand, and also two or three times during the week. I think the people of that day were better Christians than we of the present time, who think one sermon in the morning enough for us. Perhaps we have not the amount of brains our ancestors possessed.

"In 1823 Dr. Staughton became president of Columbia College, at Washington, D. C., which position he resigned in 1827, in consequence of embarrassments of the institution which his utmost efforts were unable to remove. He returned to Philadelphia, and shortly afterwards was chosen president of the Baptist college and theological institute at Georgetown, Ky. On his way to the latter place he stopped in Washing-

ton, and died there December 12, 1829. His last words were, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.'

"I well remember the night my father was called up to attend him. My poor mother could not go to him, as one of my sisters was ill with the croup, and she walked the floor until my father returned. Alas! his spirit had taken its flight.

Childhood.

"Recollections of my early childhood are rather indistinct, but there are a few things that are clear.

"Ours was a typical southern home. The house, a large two-story, was square, a wide hall running through from front to rear on each floor, with rooms on both sides. Down stairs were dining and smoking rooms on one side; on the opposite, drawing-room, sitting and other rooms, which I do not remember. On the upper floor there were bed-chambers on both sides of the hall. The greater part of our time was spent in the hall, where comfortable chairs and lounges invited one to be lazy and take the world comfortably, and where one could always find a cool air. A broad veranda on the upper and lower floors extended around three sides of the house. I have a distinct recollection of the dining room, with the high-back chairs and massive mahogany table. I used to watch the butler wax and polish this table until it shown as bright as a mirror. There was the side-board with a glass of wine and a biscuit always ready for the hungry or thirsty. My mother's room was large and airy.

I do not remember the furniture, excepting the bedstead—a beautiful carved mahogany—four posts, and so high we were obliged to mount two carpeted steps, that always stood at its side, to get upon it. The bed was of feathers and was almost mountain high.

"The old-fashioned houses were heated by wood fires in large fire-places—a great back-log always burning—but they were not very warm, and at night the beds were cold. The warming-pan was used to warm our beds. It was a pan a little larger than a good sized frying-pan, with a cover fitting closely over the top. It was made of copper with a long handle attached. The coals of fire were put into the pan, the lid closed, and then the darkey maiden raised the bedclothes and slowly moved the pan up and down until every part of the bed was warm.

"The servants' quarters were some distance from the house. The kitchen was quite near, and I used to run there and hide from my nurse. Aunt Esther, the cook, would put me in a large hominy mortar and throw something over it. When found, shouts of laughter pealed forth from dear old aunty's lips, and aunty and baby Nora had rare sport.

"Gracie, my nurse, had a fine voice, and often sang to me a little ditty my grandfather Staughton wrote. It was her favorite. It ran thus:

"'Pretty little Nora, fresh and fair,
Sky-blue eyes and curly hair,
Rosy cheeks and dimple chin;
Pretty little Nora's heart is bounding.'

"When mother went to church in the winter time she carried a foot-stove in the carriage to keep her warm. This was a box made of perforated tin, except the bottom. It had a receptacle for live coals, and a wire handle by which to carry it. In the summer time, when the weather was pleasant, my parents staid for the second service. When they did so, a large hamper packed with edibles was strapped to the back of the carriage, and after service the footman spread the cloth on the grass under the trees and waited on us. I used to think it a great treat when I could go with my parents on these occasions.

"Two years after my birth, my sister, Virginia, came to us. She was a welcome little visitor, and we were glad to keep her, and loved her dearly.

"My father was fond of hunting. He had a fine pack of hounds and several hunters. Hunting was the favorite amusement.

We Move to Washington City.

"My father, being a slaveholder, decided to sell the old plantation, as he did not wish to bring up his children in a slave state. The plantation was sold to a relative. He freed some of his slaves and took four to Washington with him. One of them, old Aunt Oney, who used to be cook, was eighty years old, and father took the best of care of her while she lived. She was subject to the nightmare, and in the morning when she came down to breakfast, and father would say, 'Well, Aunt Oney, how are you this morning?' she would answer, 'Oh, Massa John, the old hag been riding me all night.' She died peacefully and was buried in Washington.

"We lived in Washington during Van Buren's administration.

"My mother was a beautiful woman—tall and stately, with a fine figure. She had the pure lily and rose complexion of her ancestors, and one could almost see the blood coursing through the veins, the tissue was so delicate. Her eyes were a deep blue and her

hair dark brown. I remember her distinctly as she was attired one evening for one of the President's levees: Her robe was of rich silk, en-train, waist decollette; on her head a turban of some light gauze material and two beautiful ostrich plumes which fell gracefully almost to her shoulders. Truly she was a queen of beauty!

"The turbans worn in evening costumes were not at all like those of the present day, but wonderful creations of beauty, so light and airy that it seemed as if a breath would blow them away. I think her jewels were pearls."

Trip to the West.

"My father left Washington in 1833 and came west to Chicago. My mother and family visited my aunt, Mrs. Wythe, in Philadelphia. While there, my nurse, a mulatto girl, was stolen from us by abolitionists, and shut up. My mother was almost crazy about the poor girl. She thought she had been murdered. After several days had passed, one of the abolitionists came around with her, and said she should not go as a slave. After much fuss and feathers she was bound to mother. The poor girl was sick afterwards. She was afraid she was going to be taken away from mother, of whom she was very fond.

"After our visit in Philadelphia we went to Cincinnati to visit my mother's sister, Mrs. Lynd. Her husband was Rev. Samuel Lynd, a Baptist minister, who was then pastor of a large church in that city, and beloved by his people.

"Mrs. Lynd was a saint upon earth, and has gone home to reap her reward in the city of the blest.

"We left Cincinnati and the dear ones there and went to Niles, Michigan, where my dear father met us.

He had made all arrangements for our journey to Chicago. He had hired a man who owned a fine team of horses and a new wagon to take us through to Chicago, he riding in a buggy with a gentleman. Father had stocked the wagon with boxes of provisions; enough to last us through. The journey was uneventful. We feared the Indians, but were fortunate enough not to encounter them. We camped two nights, the men sleeping on the ground before the camp-fire, which they kept burning all night; mother, the children and the nurse occuping the wagon. Poor mother did not sleep but kept watch. They were fearful nights for her. The wolves were howling around us, and but for the big fire would have come nearer.

"The drive on the border of beautiful Lake Michigan was delightful. The wheeling was heavy, and a good part of the way we were riding in the water, as the wet sand was not as heavy. We arrived at Mau's, a half-breed, who had a log hut about where Calumet is. He gave us something warm to eat and drink; what it was I do not know. After feeding the horses the driver called: 'All ready,' and we embarked in our Hoosier 'schooner,' as the wagon was called, and were again on our journey to the 'Garden City of the West.' And it was truly a garden. Flowers of every description were blooming on the beautiful prairies. But I digress

—we arrived in the evening and went to old Wattle's Tavern, which was on the point where the North and South branches diverge from the main river, but it was not then as it is now. There was a small foot-bridge to cross, and we were soon at the door. The tavern was a long, two-story shanty, without plaster or paint. The first floor had a long dining room, bar-room and a kitchen. The upper floor was a long room with rows of beds so close together that there was barely room for a chair between. On entering that delightful apartment, my father said quietly—for he was always cool—'I cannot put my family in such quarters as these. Have you no place where we can be alone?' After a long talk in which my father insisted upon having a private room, the old man said: "My family live in the log house at the end of the building, and if you will pay me well you can have that.' Father agreed to do so, and we were soon settled in the old log hut, and glad to have a place to lay our weary heads.

"The hut was like most of them. The logs were chinked with mud, and one could see the daylight through, or lie in bed and see the stars above twinkling in the sky.

"It was hard for my mother, who had lived in luxury, to be brought to such accommodations, but

she was brave, and dear father's health was the first consideration with her.

"The Indians were about us in numbers, and my poor mother was in mortal fear of them, but never hesitated to do them a kindness when she could.

"Old Wattles had a well of fine water on his place, which he would not allow anyone to draw from except those in the tavern. He kept the pump locked. One day my mother saw a beautiful squaw, as graceful as a swan, coming towards the shanty. She carried a small pail in her hand, and went to the Wattles to ask for a little water for her husband who was ill with a fever and could not drink the river water. In a few minutes she came back, her pail still empty. Mother called her in and by signs found out the trouble. She was soon made happy, as mother filled her pail for her, and daily she came to our hut for a drop of water, which we always had ready for her. My mother became very fond of her, and named her 'Onkenesta.' One morning when she came mother washed the paint from her face, arranged her hair a-la-Grecque, then gave her a hand-mirror to see herself. She smiled but said nothing. She was a beauty, and a model any artist would have delighted to copy. On the morrow, when she came again, the ugly Indian paint was on her face and she was content.

"When the Indians pulled up their tent poles and departed, Onkenesta disappeared, but mother did not forget her. She often spoke of the beautiful dusky woman.

"We did not remain long at the Wattles tavern. Father chartered a vessel and sent to Green Bay for lumber, and before the summer was over we had a nice little home of our own. It was a story and a half high and there were five rooms. The front room on the first floor my father used for his office; the second room we used for a dining room and also for a sitting room; the kitchen was back of that. There were two bed-rooms up stairs.

"My father had drugs on shelves. I had forgotten to say that he studied medicine in Philadelphia. Trouble arose in the college there and the professors advised him to go to Baltimore to pass his examinations, and his diploma was given him by the college there.

"The Indians annoyed father very much, insisting that the drugs were whisky. One morning three braves came in, asking for whisky. Father told them he had none, and they still insisting, he quietly took down the ammonia bottle and handed it to one of them, who opened the bottle, smelt of it and handed it to the next, and so on to the third. The

three then walked out without a word. That was Indian stoicism.

"Our furniture came from Buffalo by boat. The vessels arrived sometimes once a month, sometimes at longer intervals. The goods were carried across the bar and in barges up the river.

"The piano was a curiosity. One day while I was practicing, a six-foot Indian walked in. I arose from the stool, but in a moment was down again, as he laid his hands upon my shoulders and sat me down upon the stool. He motioned me to go on. I did so. After playing until my fingers ached—the time seemed ages long—he let me stop, and, going to my mother, offered her cranberries without number if she would sell me to him. He spoke a little English. He said he heard a piano at the mission at the Sault St. Mary. While he was talking our man-servant came in, took him by the shoulders and pushed him out of doors. Another time, while mother and I were sitting at the dinner table alone, a towering shadow darkened the door. We looked around and an Indian walked in, came up to the table, took up the dish of meat and walked out. He sat down on a log near the kitchen door, ate the meat, brought the dish back and left as quietly as he came.

"While we were living in the cottage the great

Indian war dance took place. Judge Caton gave a graphic description of it in one of his interesting lectures. Poor mother was almost crazed with fear. She laid down on the bed and covered her head with a pillow to shut out the fiendish yells of the red devils who were dancing before our door, brandishing their tomahawks and knives, firing pistols and making the air ring with their horrid noise. There were nearly a thousand warriors naked, excepting the breech-cloth about their loins, and in all their war paint, which made them still more hideous. I stood on a chair at the window and peeped through the shutters to see the fiends. And I can assure you they were more like an army of devils than anything one can imagine. The picture was indelibly fixed in my mind, and as I write is vividly before me. I think if I were an artist I could put it on canvas as it appeared to me on that day.

"This blood-curdling dance took place after one of the government payments. The Indians were dissatisfied. They thought they had been cheated, which was undoubtedly true, and as they danced before their doors threatened to kill all the white inhabitants unless they made them presents. My mother sent the man out to buy paint and tobacco, which he distributed among them, and they went on to the next house. The women and children were sent to the fort for the night.

"The fort at that time was a picket enclosure with a block-house inside the enclosure, having apertures for lookouts on three sides. It remained at the foot of Michigan avenue and Water street until the widening of the river. A representation of it can be seen at that corner, a tablet having been placed on the building standing there. Major Wilcox and Captain Baley were then in command. Dr. Maxwell, a genial gentleman, was post surgeon. His daughter and I were good friends, as were also the daughters of Major Wilcox. I spent many pleasant hours during my childhood in old Fort Dearborn. I now have the dial-post which stood in the center of the parade ground. My husband bought it at the time the fort was torn down, and placed it in our yard, at our home 267 Michigan avenue, where it remained for many years. A few years since, noticing that it was beginning to show signs of decay from the effects of the weather, I had it removed and placed as a pedestal in the front hall of our home, where the precious relic now stands, a constant reminder of the scenes of my childhood.

"John C. Hogan, a trader, had for the time and place, a large store near our home on Water street, between what are now Franklin and Market streets. In this store was the first 'Post Office,' Mr. Hogan

being the postmaster. It was not large nor elegant. Its walls were of leather. It was an old boot-leg tacked to one of the posts in the store. The mail was put into this receptacle, and each person helped himself to his own mail.

"Mr. P. F. W. Peck had a store on the corner of La Salle and Water streets. He had a stock of goods of all descriptions, but principally for the Indian trade, as that paid best, the white inhabitants being so few in number. I think in 1834 he gave up his store and bought land, which in those days was cheap. His judgment was good. He bought wisely and was able to hold what he bought. A few years later he married Mary K. Wythe, a niece of Dr. William Staughton and cousin of my mother, Elizabeth A. Temple. She and her mother, Mrs. Kezia Wythe, came West, I think in 1835.

"In 1834 my father built a fine house on Lake street near the corner of Franklin street, and we felt like princes when we moved from the cottage to our new home. This house was a frame of two stories and an attic. There were four rooms and a hall on the first floor, the hall running the length of the house to a back porch, at the end of which a door opened into a woodhouse, and the well was at the foot of the steps that led down to the garden. The upper floor had four bed-

chambers, a hall and stairs leading to the attic, which was a half story and was occupied by the servants as sleeping rooms. The well was an expensive part of our premises. My father took extra care when it was bored, and the work was continued until the water was as clear as crystal and as cold as ice. My brothers, John H. Temple and Staughton Temple and my sister, Josephine Ellen, were born in that house. There my father brought Allen B. Freeman and his wife when they came to Chicago, and later on, Mr. Hinton, his wife, six children and nurse. They were with us six weeks. During that time my brother Howard was born. My mother used to say my father kept a Baptist hotel.

Early School-days.

"The first school I attended was kept by Miss Eliza Chappel in the summer of 1833 in a little log house that had been used as a store by John Wright. The front room was the school room. The back room was Miss Chappel's living room. She was a kind and gentle teacher and we were very fond of her. She taught in the little log house until January, 1834, when she went to the Temple Building, which my father erected, or largely paid for, and which stood on his ground at the corner of Franklin and South Water streets. It was a long two-story building. The upper story was used as a school room, and the lower as a church, where Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists worshiped the same God and lived in good fellowship together until each denomination was able to erect a church of its own. Miss Chappel resigned the position in the autumn of 1834, returned to the East and was married to the Rev. Jeremiah Porter in June, 1835.

"Granville S. Sproat was the first public school teacher. He was a Bostonian. The scholars were

fond of him and he was a child with us. Out of doors he wore a long Boston wrapper, something like the ulsters of the present day. At the recess hour in the winter he used to go with us on the river, which was frozen and as smooth as glass, to slide. There would be two or three girls sitting on their feet hanging on to the tails of his coat, he dragging us along amid shouts of laughter. The poor man did not like the West. It was too wild for him, and he returned shortly after to the 'Hub.' The Inter Ocean of October 9th, 1892, gives the names of the pupils at that time in the school taught by Mr. Sproat and Miss Chappel. My name is not there, but it should have been, as I was one of that class. Celia Maxwell, Captain Baley's children, and the Brooks children were all my friends, and we spent many pleasant days together. I think Bessie Hamilton was in our class also.

The second school was presided over by Miss Willard. It was a school for young ladies only. Among the pupils were Lucy Smith, daughter of Theophilus Smith; Emily Handy, daughter of Major Handy; Eliza Wright, sister of John Wright. I have forgotten the names of the other girls.

The third school was Isaac T. Hinton's, the second Baptist minister, who came to Chicago. He taught in the old shanty the Baptists built on La Salle street,

near the corner of Washington, where several years after they erected a more commodious and elegant building. The pupils were Elizabeth Butterfield, daughter of Justin Butterfield, one of the most noted jurists of his time, (he became a great friend of my father, who admired him for his talent); Mary Jefferson, the Misses Fowler, and Miss Steele, who is still living and has a lovely home in Waukegan; [she married a gentleman of the same name, but not related to her]; Miss Withers, from the southern part of the State, my sister Virginia and myself. There were others, but I do not remember their names.

"Mr. Hinton opened a boarding school to increase his income, as his salary was small and his family large. We went to the boarding school, as we were always fond of Mr. Hinton. He was a fine teacher, having been educated at Oxford, England, and a fine classical scholar. He preached a series of sermons on the Prophecies which were well attended.

"I was baptized in the month of February. The day was cold. The ice in the lake was cut far enough for the candidates to walk out into the water, and we were immersed. When we reached the shore our clothing was frozen so hard we could not bend it. We were wrapped in blankets and driven home. None of the candidates, of whom there were five, took cold or

felt any bad effects from the exposure. We all felt that we had followed our dear Saviour down into the water and he would care for us.

"Mr. Hinton had a call to New Orleans in 1841, and died while the yellow fever was raging there. His family he sent away, but would not leave his flock, and fell a martyr to the people he loved.

Illinois and Michigan Canal.

"On the ninth of January, 1836, an act was passed for the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. There was great rejoicing. Judge Theophilus Smith read the Declaration of Independence, and Dr. William B. Egan delivered an address. He was a fine speaker, eloquent, bright and sparkling, and always kept his audience interested. He and my father were warm friends.

"My father and Dr. Levi D. Boone took contracts for construction on the canal. Together they built a double house. Father's family had the west side and Dr. Boone's family the east. The location was at what is now called Summit. The Greenwoods also built on the opposite side of the road, and the ladies being congenial, they were not as lonely as they would otherwise have been. The gentlemen were absent all day at the diggings, which were about three miles away. Later on, my father erected a larger house nearer the works, as during the summer, when we girls were at home, the first house was too small. It was not as pleasant as the location at Summit, but it was better

for father, as he could spend more time at home. The location was bad. The land was low prairie, and in the spring the ground was covered with water. Father bought us a canoe, and when we came home on Friday afternoons we used to have great fun paddling over the prairie. Mother was taken ill with the ague, and father broke up housekeeping and came back to the city. He took rooms at the United States Hotel, as our house had been rented and the lease had not expired.

"The canal contract was not a paying business and father sublet it and was glad to get rid of it.

"Our favorite pastime while at the Summit was horseback riding. The young people would go in parties and have gay gallops over the prairies. In one of our frolics I was mounted on a horse I had not ridden before. Our horses were in use, and the gentleman I was with had brought a fine animal for me. One of the young ladies proposed a race, and everybody was willing. We stood in a line, and when the word 'Go' was given, we did go. My horse spurned the ground. He fairly flew on the wings of the wind, and the other horses were excited. Miss Greenwood fell into a bush but was not hurt. I had no time to look back, as I had all I could do to hold my horse. One by one the party were left behind and my horse slackened his

pace. I turned and went back. My escort was frightened. He expected to see me thrown, but I was in for it, and did not fear, and carried off the ribbon. When young I had no fear, and rode any kind of a horse. I never was conquered by a horse but once, and that brute was vicious. After I had mounted, he tried to bite my foot. I rapped him on the nose with the whip; then he tried to rub me off against the trees, and his last performance was to sit down on his haunches like a dog. I was afraid after that and dismounted. I did not want to give in, but the gentleman with whom I was, said: 'I will not let you go; that brute will kill you.' My father had a fine span of horses and a span of ponies. I preferred the carriage horses. One of them was a fine saddle horse and I spent many pleasant hours on his back. We understood each other's moods and were the best of friends. I felt very sad when he died.

"Captain Carver, father's partner in the canal contract, was a very excitable man and could not control the men, as he would get angry himself. My father was always cool, and would do more by a look from his searching eyes, decided manner and quiet tone of voice than the captain's stormy scolding could accomplish. One day while we were at luncheon the captain rushed into the dining room crying out: 'Get your gun,

Dr. Temple, and come over to the diggings, the men are fighting like demons and I can do nothing with them!' Father arose from the table, took his hat and quietly left the house, the captain following him closely, but he did not take his gun. He walked into the midst of the fight, and, mounting an embankment, said in a quiet tone of voice: 'Now, boys, what is all this fuss about? Drop those rocks and go to work! Are you men or demons?' He stood looking at them sternly but saying nothing more. One by one the men threw down the stones and rocks in their hands, and went to work. The men respected him and a word was sufficient.

"At another time the captain came in as if he had wings, calling to father in a frantic manner: 'Dr. Temple, the shanty is on fire, and there is only one board between it and a keg of powder in the closet!' Father took a heavy overcoat from the hat-tree, walked rapidly over to the shanty, opened the closet door, wrapped the keg of powder in the coat and brought it out in his arms as calmly as if it were a bunch of roses, the men looking on in amazement."

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Here abruptly ends what Mrs. Hoyne had herself written. We cannot complete the story as she would have told it, but can perhaps briefly relate the main features of her subsequent career.

It must be remembered that when Mrs. Hoyne arrived in Chicago she was but eight years old, yet during that brief period she had passed from the luxurious surroundings of an old plantation in the slavery days of old Virginia, through the brilliant light of Washington life, to the rude log hut in the frontier settlement of Chicago. Is it strange that these vivid scenes should have been indelibly stamped upon her memory?

Strange and almost incredible as are the incidents related, this was but the beginning of a life of wonderful experiences and marvelous changes, all of which tended to develop and strengthen a character naturally strong and self-reliant. How interesting would have been her account of her marriage and the struggles of her early married life! But since we are denied the privilege of reading her own account, we can but recall, from the memory of her friends, a brief recital of some of the prominent points in her subsequent journey.

As she has said, the canal contract was not a paying business. How could it have turned out otherwise? Dr. Temple was a gentleman of the old school, a man of wealth, highly educated. Born and brought up in the aristocratic atmosphere of old Virginia, he carried through life the courteous manners and the dignified

bearing of an old-time gentleman. He was educated as a physician, and practiced his profession throughout the greater part of his life. He was a scientific man, and had the temperament of a scholar. He was a deeply religious man and an ardent Baptist. While attending the medical college at Philadelphia he was naturally brought into friendly relations with Rev. Dr. Staughton, then one of the leading divines of the Baptist Church, and this relationship naturally led to his marriage. He was but nineteen years of age when he married, and his wife was but sixteen.

Established and situated as he was, why did Dr. Temple abandon an atmosphere which it would seem must have been congenial to him, to seek the life of a pioneer? Mrs. Hoyne, in her sketch, makes one reference to his health, but does not fully explain that the cause of his change of residence was failing health. This was, in fact, the turning point. His lungs were weak and he feared consumption. He felt that an outdoor life would ward off the threatened disease, and with this object sacrificed the comforts and pleasures of civilized life for the trials and dangers of the frontier.

Coming to Chicago, as must be supposed, with some means, and being a young and active man, he sought employment for his money as well as for his

mind, but not being trained in methods of business nor experience in the work he undertook to accomplish, he lost money instead of making it. Like many others, he became largely interested in real estate. Then came the panic of 1837, when the storm broke and swept to destruction all business enterprises. Chicago real estate suffered. It became worthless, and if the holder had bought on time and was in debt, bankruptcy stared him in the face. Dr. Temple was caught in this storm and badly crippled by it. He returned to the practice of his profession, was compelled to curtail his expenses and struggle with a limited income to support and educate a large and growing family. In this struggle Leonora nobly bore her part. She was the eldest child, and naturally it fell to her to share the cares and burdens of the family.

In 1840, at the age of fifteen, Mrs. Hoyne married. Her husband, Thomas Hoyne, came to Chicago in 1837, with a letter of introduction from Rev. Archibald Maclay, a prominent minister of the Baptist Church in New York. He was cordially received by Dr. Temple's family, and appreciated the welcome to this happy home in the wilderness.

Mr. Hoyne's life in Chicago is too well known to need illustration here, except as it may be necessary

in connection with the subject of this sketch. He was a poor lawyer, who had sought the West to work out his destiny. Happy day! when he first beheld his future wife. He has often described in his animated manner this occasion, when, as he knocked at the Temple mansion, the door was opened by a fair-haired girl, whose large blue eyes expressed surprise and gentle inquiry as to the object of his mission. The eyes evidently made a deep impression upon the homeless youth, for he never forgot that first look, and from that day seemed determined to make the possession of those deep blue eyes his own.

But romance and poetry will not feed the hungry nor clothe the naked, and, though love and poverty often go together, love must be strong indeed or poverty will drive it out. In this case love was strong enough to fight the fight and drive poverty from the door.

After the wedding a bridal tour was proper, even in Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Hoyne took one. A horse and buggy afforded ample means of transportation and they drove out to Major Mulford's, on the Ridge Road, about a half mile west of where Calvary Cemetery now stands. This was a journey of about nine miles, but as it was over a sandy road most of the way, it was considered a long journey. Anna Mulford

(afterwards Mrs. Gibbs) had been the only bridesmaid, and it was, therefore, especially fitting that the new-made husband and wife should be received at her home. The welcome of Major Mulford and his lovable wife can be imagined better than described by any one who ever had the privilege of sharing their generous old-fashioned hospitality.

Major Mulford was a well known figure to the old settlers. Tall, stately and dressed in his old-fashioned white stock, with his smooth-shaven face, he looked like one of the Revolutionary fathers. And dear old Mrs. Mulford, with her white lace cap and her white lace neckerchief—how the children of a later day did love to visit her, and how well they remember the motherly prodigality with which she supplied them with red-raspberries and rich cream.

Major Mulford was a magistrate, a Justice of the Peace, and held court in the old farm house, when occasion required, which in that community was not often. He must have presided with great dignity, and his dignity must have carried terror to the hearts of wrongdoers. In his old age the Major used to relate with great pleasure the story of a famous trial which took place before him, in which Mr. Hoyne appeared for the prisoner. He always insisted that this was Mr. Hoyne's first case, and he loved to describe, with

much detail, the appearance of the distinguished counsel, the fiery eloquence of his address to the intelligent jury who sat around him on the grass under forest trees, and the utter indifference of the barefooted client who sat apart upon a rail fence, whittling a stick. What the result of this great trial was is involved in mystery; for while the scene itself was picturesque, the verdict of the jury and the decision of the court seem to have faded out of the memory of the spectators.

After the wedding, and the famous wedding trip, the newly married couple commenced their life in earnest. Mr. Hoyne was young, active and earnest. He had a proper appreciation of the duty of a husband, and had made provision for his bride. They commenced their housekeeping in a frame house on Clark street, about half way between Lake and Randolph streets, near Ashland block, opposite the site of the Sherman House. Mr. Hoyne occupied the lower front room as his law office, the rest of the house being used for the family. Rigid economy was necessary. The income of Mr. Hoyne as city clerk was four hundred dollars per annum, and this, with the addition of the fees received in his practice, was the extent of his resources; but this seems to have been sufficient to supply all of the necessities of life. Luxuries were not expected nor to be had.

Mr. Hoyne, with that ardent desire for improvement which always possessed him, became a member of a debating society, which, for want of more convenient quarters, was accustomed to meet weekly in Mr. Hoyne's office. This office was heated by a wood stove, and a smoke pipe passed through the room immediately overhead, thereby, in accordance with the economical ideas of our ancestors, utilizing the surplus heat to temper the atmosphere of the chamber above. To avoid the danger of fire from an over-heated stove, the floor was protected by a tin drum, through which the pipe passed from the lower to the upper floor. This drum was made of two sheets of tin with an air space between, and perforated at the upper and lower ends to allow the circulation of air through the air space. This was an old and common contrivance then, and is probably in use now, though not often seen in city houses. In addition to the advantage gained by the transmission of heat to the upper room by means of the stove-pipe, the ventilating holes also served to carry to the room above the fumes of smoke and the vitiated air of the office below, and also acted as a very effective means of communicating the sound of voices from one room to the other. It was also convenient, in case of necessity, to enable the occupant of the upper floor to view the premises below. By lying upon the

floor and applying the eyes to one of the holes, a view could be obtained of anything in the direct line of vision. This view was necessarily circumscribed and limited to a small space, but it afforded a view of the top of a head or a good-sized spot on the floor.

Mrs. Hoyne was not slow to discover the admirable arrangement thus prepared for her entertainment. She had, no doubt, often listened to the thunder of debate below, and been lulled to sleep by the mellifluous voice of some silver-tongued orator as it trickled through the tin conveyer. She was young—very young—and naturally filled with pride at the eloquence of her husband. She may have been thirsting for knowledge, and anxious to learn more of Roman history, or to be instructed in the great questions of the day, which were being so ably considered below. Be this as it may, she could not help but hear, and not being a selfish woman, she was willing that some of her dear friends should hear also. Among the members of this society were many of the brilliant young men of the city—some, alas! still unmarried. Mrs. Hoyne, therefore invited a few of her chosen friends—young ladies—to attend one of these famous debates. With many injunctions of secrecy and warnings, the little company above assembled, soon after the dignified body below had met.

The debate proceeded with spirit; one after another of the contending orators scattered eloquence about him, and great streams of it issued through the tin drum, to the great delight and entertainment of the audience above. As the great question under consideration was batted from side to side, the excitement increased both above and below. The orators grew warm. Defiance was hurled at the defier until, at last, one of the speakers, overcome with enthusiasm, in a climax burst through the chains of parliamentary propriety and flooded the room with such a Niagara of language that the tin drum rattled in its socket, and the prudence of the young ladies was overcome. They burst into a shout of applause and laughter.

The effect below was sad and startling. All further debate ceased. The meeting quietly, and without comment, adjourned. It never met again in the same place.

Mrs. Hoyne continued to occupy this house for about two years. It was here her first child, Temple S. Hoyne, was born.

But now came a change to Galena. This city seemed then in the ascendant. Chicago was in the mud, literally and financially. Galena was busy and prosperous. The lead mines had attracted to it capital and people. Mr. Hoyne concluded to try his fortunes there. Dr. Temple had already moved to that city.

The journey was not a pleasant one at that time. There was no railroad, but a line of stage coaches made the trip. In the spring the first four miles of the journey was through mud and water—mostly water. With a young baby in her arms, this must have been a tiresome trip for the young mother, but it was safely accomplished, and she never complained of its hardships.

Life in Galena was uneventful. A mining community has in it many elements of a rough and dangerous character, but aside from this, Galena had among its citizens many men and women of character and refinement, and many of Chicago's prominent men subsequently came from Galena.

After an experience of two years in Galena, Mr. Hoyne returned with his family, now increased by the addition of another son, Thomas M., born in Galena, to Chicago. His experience there had been satisfactory, but sufficient to convince him that Chicago had the greater future.

The return trip was made in winter, and with two children to care for, was full of trials and anxieties for the mother. Arriving at the Rock river, it was found that the swift running stream with the floating ice prevented the usual crossing by ferry. The only means by which a crossing could be made was a small, open

boat, large enough to hold but one person in addition to the oarsman. Mrs. Hoyne was urged to cross with her babe, leaving her eldest child to be brought over afterwards, but she insisted that she would take both with her, for she said it was better for all to go down together if any must perish. So, sitting in the bottom of the boat, with her baby in her arms and her two-year-old child between her knees, the perilous trip was made, the boatman going down stream as he crossed and landing in safety far below the point of departure.

Mrs. Hoyne's second home in Chicago was on Michigan avenue, between Lake and Randolph streets, on the lot now known as No. 91 Michigan avenue. Mr. Hoyne had been able to purchase this lot and to erect, or move upon it, a small two-story frame cottage with a wing on the south side. This lot Mr. Hoyne still owned at the time of his death, in 1883. This was a very desirable residence neighborhood. Mr. J. Y. Scammon lived upon the corner of Randolph and Michigan avenue. Mr. S. B. Cobb occupied a palatial residence with a wide piazza and Grecian columns done in pine, on the corner of Lake street and Michigan avenue. Orrington Lunt was Mr. Hoyne's next door neighbor on the south, and in the same block lived Hiram Wheeler, Jerome Beecher and other well known people whose names have been now almost forgotten.

Mr. Scammon, then, as ever during his life, loved flowers, and had what seemed in that day a magnificent garden on the corner. It was well protected against the inroads of the bad boys of the neighborhood by a high board fence, through which, at regular intervals, there had been mercifully cut a set of four or five openings about an inch in width, like a series of grid-irons, through which childish eyes might peer at the beauty within, without touching it, and dream of the beauties of Paradise.

In this cottage Mr. and Mrs. Hoyne lived many years. Here their son James T., and Leonora Elizabeth were born. It was here they had their greatest struggles in life, and gained the battle, for it was during these years that Mr. Hoyne grew in reputation as a lawyer and garnered the fruits of his toil.

During these years of toil Mrs. Hoyne was indeed a helpmeet. By her sunny disposition she made his home happy. By her cheerful words of encouragement she many a time lifted him from his moods of despondency. Nor was her help confined to words. Her hands were always willing and able to work. By her industry and economy she prevented waste and extravagance in household affairs. She was never idle. She had a genius for work and a talent for everything. She was a splendid housekeeper, and when deprived

of competent help, which often happened, she was able to help herself, whether it was to cook a dinner or milk the cow. Her needle was ever busy. After the cares of the day were over, and the children sound asleep, she spent the evening in repairing the rents of the day in the children's clothes, putting a patch upon the boys' trousers or making a new suit for one of them. Tailors and seamstresses were not as conveniently at hand then as now. The duties of a wife covered a broader field. She was expected to be able to make a husband's shirt and knit his stockings. This Mrs. Hoyne did for many years. She kept her children neat and well clothed, and did it to a great extent by her own labor, and even when the necessity for so much toil had passed, she still loved to knit the boys' socks. Many an evening, in the family circle, by the light of the lamp, have they seen her fingers fly in and out through the yarn, and wondered how she could knit so fast while at the same time she seemed deeply interested in the book that lay open in her lap.

There seemed to be nothing she could not do that was necessary to do. With hammer and nails, saw or knife, she was always ready for the emergency. There was no end to her resources. If a stove-pipe, a door, or any of the numerous inconvenient things about a house which will get out of order, had gone awry, she

knew at once what the cause of the trouble was and how it could be remedied, and she proceeded at once to correct it without waiting for assistance. Mr. Hoyne had no mechanical genius whatever, and was helpless in any emergency that required it. He would laughingly admit his ignorance and call upon "Nora" to help him out of the difficulty. She was delighted to show her skill in relieving him.

If her children wanted a new toy or any sort of implement or construction she was the one called upon to devise ways and means, whether it was to build a hen-coop or manufacture drop-curtains and wardrobes for a theatrical performance. She never declared anything impossible.

In 1853 Mr. Hoyne built a new house at 267 Michigan avenue, and moved into it as soon as it was completed. This was then considered a very fine structure. It was a two-story frame, and by comparison with the old building was enormous. Mrs. Hoyne at first objected to going so far out of town, but soon became reconciled to the location.

This house stood upon the north side of a lot eighty feet in width by one hundred and eighty in depth. The surroundings were somewhat rural, but Mr. Hoyne was here able to gratify his desire for a garden and some shrubbery. The kitchen garden

furnished a few vegetables in course of the season, which were produced at an expense out of all proportion to their pecuniary value, but the extreme satisfaction of now and then having the products of one's own land upon the table more than compensates for the expense of production.

There were some disadvantages in living so far out of town. There were no street cars nor stage lines. The only means of getting down town was the old-fashioned one of walking, and it was about a mile to Lake street. There was neither water nor gas in the house. The water was furnished by a water-man, who called three times a week and filled the family water-barrel from his cart, a large barrel on two wheels. He obtained his supply from the lake opposite by driving into it and dipping up the water with a long-handled dipper.

The city gas did not for a number of years extend further south than Adams street, and an evening walk from down town in a dark night was, after parting with the last street lamp at Adams street, a gloomy and unsatisfactory journey.

Neighbors were few and far between at this time. Henry G. Hubbard lived on the corner of Hubbard court in a little two-story brick house, and south of him was his garden, extending from Michigan over

to Wabash avenue. There were no other neighbors on the same block. The place was as quiet and retired as though it had been ten miles from any city. There was no travel on the street, as the roadway was unpaved and the sand six inches deep. But with all its disadvantages this was a delightful spot for a home. The broad expanse of Lake Michigan lay open to view, unobstructed by railroad tracks. The air was pure and free from smoke, and the quiet of country life rested the weary brain and nerve. It was in this house that Frank G., Eugenie and Gertrude were born.

On this spot Mr. and Mrs. Hoyne passed the remainder of their days, but not with the same peaceful surroundings. As the city grew its improvements came. Neighbors increased, gas and water were put in, the Illinois Central crept along the lake front. Michigan avenue became the fashionable residence street. The city extended until, from being on the outskirts, the old home came to be in the midst of the residence district of the South Side, and as the city still pushed out and business followed on, it was at last down town, so that before Mrs. Hoyne died she found herself surrounded by business, and even seriously considered the possibility of being compelled to abandon the old house. Fortunately she was not obliged to do so.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyne celebrated their silver wedding in the year 1865. All of the old residents were invited and a large number were present, among them being:

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Beecher, Mr. and Mrs. Silas B. Cobb, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Shipman, Hon. Jno. Wentworth, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Kimbark, Mr. and Mrs. James McKindley, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. B. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Burton, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. W. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Surdam, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Phelps. It is difficult thirty-odd years later to recall the names of more than the neighbors.

At this silver wedding Hon. Jno. Wentworth called the company to order and read from an old paper the notice of the marriage in 1840.

In 1869 Mr. Hoyne moved the frame house to the south side of his lot and erected in its place a large three-story brick house. His family was now nearly grown and he was able within the new house to furnish ample room for those who still remained at home, and also to enjoy the luxury of a large library room with a well-filled library, a thing he had long looked forward to. This spacious room was the feature of the house. In fact, Mr. Hoyne's friends often thought that he

built the library and then the house around it, and he was willing to admit that it was the room to which he gave most thought and attention in his plan. It was the family room. Here, before the cheerful grate fire on a winter's evening, with their sons and daughters around them, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyne enjoyed the comforts of life and the fruits of their labor. During this happy period they seemed to appreciate the blessings which had been showered upon them, and a spirit of cheerful content seemed to reign over them, the influence of which was felt by all who were admitted to the sacred precincts.

Thus briefly have we extended the outlines of this remarkable life. It is impossible to fill in the details, but this sketch would fall far short of its purpose if it failed to attempt some estimate of the character of Mrs. Hoyne in addition to the glimpses of it afforded by the few incidents related. Difficult as it is to do justice to the subject, let us hope we may at least succeed in preserving more clearly for her children and friends some of the features of that character which made her so dear to them.

And first in order, it is proper to mention her religion. She was a religious woman. Naturally she became early in life strongly imbued with the Christian faith. Her father was a devout man; her mother

a Christian woman. As she has said, she became a member of the Baptist church while yet a child, and she entered that church in a manner to impress upon her youthful mind the awful solemnity of the vows she was taking. She never in her life wavered in her faith or faltered in her duty, although she had more than her share of trials and bore many burdens which her faith cast upon her. Her firmness upon this subject was like the spirit of the martyrs, and the stake could not have forced her to retract. But yet with all her decided convictions she was not intolerant. She believed she was right, but she did not feel it her duty to force the consciences of others. There was too much love in her nature to permit sectarian prejudices to reach the low level of hate. The influence of her religion was shown all through her life. She loved her church, and she showed her love by her work and by the sacrifices she made for it. She was faithful in her attendance, and while her children were young insisted upon a strict observance of their religious duties. In the earlier days of her married life she was necessarily compelled to walk to church, but this never deterred her, whether the weather was fine or stormy. At one time she attended church on the North Side and always went morning and evening, walking both ways, a distance of nearly two miles.

Her hand was always ready to do any work to be done, whether it was in sewing carpets for the church or making quilts for the poor. When the old Chicago University was young and poor—it was always poor, however—she was one of that noble company of women who undertook to furnish it, and they did it not merely by begging the money for the purpose, but by actually making the carpets for its floors, and such other furnishings as woman's work could provide. Some of the alumni of the old University will remember the work of these women and the untiring energy they displayed in its prosecution.

When it is remembered that Mrs. Hoyne became a wife at the age of fifteen, it is remarkable that she was so well able to assume the cares and responsibilities of a household. And yet she was to her husband always the true, loving, helping wife. She always retained his love and respect and as he grew older he came to rely more and more on her judgment. She made her home bright and happy by her cheerful disposition; she smoothed away the care from his brow, by removing obstacles which seemed insurmountable; she surrounded herself and him with friends, and drew to her social circle what was best and most elevating; she sympathized with him in his defeats and rejoiced with him in his triumphs; she let him see with her eyes, and

thus often cleared away the clouds which confounded friend with enemy. He was highly sensitive, and thus sometimes led to construe as an offense what was not so intended. She was calm, self-possessed and able to influence his better judgment, remove doubt and restore amity. He often gave her credit for being a better judge of human nature than he, and was ever ready to listen to her opinion as to the motives of men. Mr. Hoyne felt, and often expressed his feeling, that his success in life was largely due to his wife.

As a mother, Mrs. Hoyne was all that woman could be. Her life was a life of sacrifices for her children. No self-denial, no toil or trouble was too much. Her love was equal to any emergency. She clung to her children with this same love and self-sacrifice to the day of her death; to please this one, to remove any little annoyance for that one, to smooth out any friction or misunderstanding that might have arisen, was her constant thought and care, and her chief desire was that her children should continue to be her children even after they had passed the period of childhood, and though they had married and introduced new members into the family circle, she yet sought to hold the old ties firm as ever. To do this in any family requires great tact and great love. That she was able to accomplish it is sufficient evidence

of her wonderful power. She always kept herself in touch with her children. She was one of them. She entered with enthusiasm into all their plans for pleasure, and was active in devising amusements for them. She enjoyed their entertainments as well as they, and seemed as young and happy as any one of them. It was for this reason that her children always felt so attached to their home. It was the center of their happiness, and during their youth, their friends were always ready to attend any entertainment that Mrs. Hoyne gave and were anxious to have her join their youthful parties. She never frowned upon youthful pleasure but encouraged every innocent amusement which could make home pleasant and attractive.

How many of the old friends will remember the dances in the carriage house back of the house, the bare walls of which had been decorated by Mrs. Hoyne with old shawls, blankets and other spare wearing apparel, and where, in the cold winter nights, the great coal stove was barely sufficient to take the chill out of the frosty air, but it was warm enough for the youthful dancers, and to the music of three pieces, they had more real pleasure than the gorgeous ball-room and a grand orchestra could afford. In all this Mrs. Hoyne showed her worldly wisdom; for she recognized the fact that the young must be entertained, and

that if they do not find their pleasures at home they will seek them elsewhere. Thus did Mrs. Hoyne retain her place as the central figure in the family circle, and up to the day of her death she was not forgotten in any family party. She was always entertaining and agreeable, and by her presence added to the pleasure of any assembly.

Mrs. Hoyne was one of the most industrious and capable of women. Her fingers were ever busy, and she could accomplish wonders with her needle. When it was necessary, she disposed of that drudgery—the family mending—with regularity and without worry, and besides, had time for fancy work, which she always had on hand. She ever had time to attempt other tasks that to most women seemed appalling. She received a prize from the Mechanics' Fair held in 1856 for the best knit bed-quilt, and in later years made several silk bed-quilts for her children.

In household affairs she was indefatigable. She knew every detail of her housework. She had practical experience of it all, from the kitchen up. She could cook, if need be, anything required, and her "cookies," the boys thought, were the best ever made.

But with all these accomplishments of the home which her children so love to remember and talk of, she had still time for thought and work in the broader

field of life. Her heart was full of charity for suffering humanity, and where her heart went her willing hand followed. Blessed be her memory! a memory so fragrant with the simplicity of her character, the sweetness of her manner, the gentle touch of her loving hand, that time can never efface it from the hearts of her children and friends.

In the year 1858 she wrote for a literary society (The Weekly Visitor Association, of which her children were members,) a novel entitled "The Old Plantation, or Life in Virginia," under the *nom de plume* Nellie Bly. This novel the following year was printed by her son Temple, and bound by Culver, Page & Hoyne, with which firm Frank commenced his business career in 1872.

Her love for Chicago, even up to the time of her death, was almost as great as her love for her family. She was never happy when away from her home.

A large share of her love was also given to her church, of which she was a constant attendant, and for many years, when time permitted, she was a member of the church choir.

Mrs. Hoyne died November 15th, 1893, in the sixty-eighth year of her life. She had been ill for about two weeks, suffering from an attack of bronchitis, but no serious consequence was at first apprehended. Her

throat had been sensitive for years, and every fall and winter she had suffered from similar attacks, which readily yielded to treatment. She had been so well and seemed so strong that it did not seem possible that she should not be able to overcome this attack. During the summer she had been a frequent visitor to the World's Fair, and had shown the same lively interest in this wonderful exhibit that she always took in all that concerned Chicago. She had been able to endure the fatiguing walks about the grounds, spending many a long day there. She attended on October 9th, "Chicago Day," and mingled with the enormous crowd that filled the grounds and buildings on that occasion. She went frequently in the evening, and later in October, when the weather had become cooler, she spent a day there and remained until evening. While she did not realize it, she may, perhaps, by these frequent visits have overtaxed her strength, and during her last visit she caught cold, which resulted in her illness. She was exhausted by a cough which prevented her sleeping at night, and gradually lost strength, until it became apparent she could not recover. She seemed to realize this as soon as anyone, and finally inquired of her son, Dr. Hoyne, whether she was going to die. And when he, as gently as was possible, expressed to her the hope that she might yet rally, but at the same

time the uncertainty of life, she understood him. She showed no fear or uneasiness. She met death as she had met all the trials and responsibilities of life—calmly, courageously. Some things she wished to do before she died, and she set about them at once. She called for her son Thomas, and dictated to him her will, requesting him to prepare it in legal form and bring it to her for execution as soon as completed. At one o'clock she called for her lunch, and seemed determined to keep her strength until her work was finished. After she had eaten, she was able to sit up in her bed. The paper was read to her and approved by her. She signed it with a firm hand, and when it was finished her mind seemed relieved from all care. Within an hour after this she died, calmly and peacefully, surrounded by her children, and without pain or suffering.

And so ended this beautiful, useful, faithful life. The end was as she would have had it. It came to her in the possession of all her faculties ; in her old home surrounded by those most dear to her, and with sufficient warning of its approach to enable her to prepare to meet it, yet without a long and painful illness. Her strength had been such that her happy activity had continued almost to the very end. She had lived to see her children married and settled in life, all living happily about her, with one exception. Her daughter

Eugenie died in 1889, and her death had been a great sorrow, but her infant son Eugene had been the constant care of Mrs. Hoyne since her daughter's death, and the sorrow for the lost one found relief in the love she poured out upon the little boy.

Few lives exhibit so many marked contrasts, and it is given to few men or women to witness in a lifetime so marvelous a transformation of a wilderness, inhabited by savages, to a metropolitan city, which, in the year of her death, became the center of attraction of the civilized world, and through all the rapid changes which wrought this marvelous result, she lived a contented life, satisfied with her lot in life and not unsettled by her prosperity. Faithful in the discharge of every duty, loved by all who knew her, and loving all about her. She might well love life, for during it she had received the rewards of her faithfulness. She did love life; she enjoyed it to its fullest extent. If she could have chosen she would undoubtedly have preferred to continue yet longer in the world which surrounded her, but since this blessing could not, in the Divine wisdom, be longer continued to her children, they can rest content in the happy reflection that she was reconciled to the will of God, and went from earth to the greater rewards which her well-spent life had earned for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyne's Children.

Temple Staughton Hoyne was born in the Clark street home; married to Francis H. Vedder, of New York State, Oct. 17, 1866. They have one daughter, Maud, married to Charles Clinton Buell, Oct. 23, 1893. Mr. and Mrs. Buell have one son,

Temple Hoyne Buell, born Sept. 9, 1895.

Thomas Maclay Hoyne was born in Galena, Ill., and married Jeanie Thomas Maclay, of New York, Jan. 25, 1871. Mr. and Mrs. Hoyne's children are:

Maclay Hoyne,
Thomas T. Hoyne,
Archibald L. Hoyne,
Susan D. Hoyne,
Eugene Hoyne,
Mary Lawrence Hoyne.

James Taylor Hoyne was born in Chicago in the house which stood on the site now known as No. 91 Michigan avenue. He was educated in the public schools of Chicago. Preferring mercantile life to a profession, he, while yet under age, entered the wholesale grocery house of Pollard, Doane & Co., and continued in their employ for five years.

Upon the organization of the German Savings Bank of Chicago he entered that institution as a teller, and was subsequently promoted to the office of assistant cashier which latter position he continued to occupy until the failure of the bank in 1877. He assisted in winding up the affairs of the bank, and then engaged in the real estate business in which he continued until his death.

In 1874 he married Emma J. Bangs a daughter of the late Nathan Bangs, Jr., of New York. James T. Hoyne died May 18, 1895.

Lizzie Hoyne Williams was born at No. 91 Michigan avenue; married April 30, 1879, to Clifford Williams, of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Williams have had three children:

Clifford Hoyne Williams,
Ernest Williams, (died in infancy).
Temple Williams.

Mary Ellen Hoyne was born at No. 267 Michigan avenue in 1853 and died in a few days.

Frank Gilbert Hoyne was born at No. 267 Michigan avenue; married Florence A. Ashton, of Chicago, April 24, 1884. They have two children:

Leonora Hoyne,
Helen Hoyne.

Eugenie A. de Bronkart, the third daughter of Mrs. Hoyne, was born in Chicago at 267 Michigan avenue. She attended Dearborn Seminary and graduated from that institution.

In 1887 she was married to Gustave C. de Bronkart of Denver, a prominent real estate dealer in that city. She resided in that city and her married life though short was one of remarkable happiness. On the 27th day of December, 1889, her son Eugene was born, and on the 7th day of January, 1889, she died leaving her bereaved husband and infant child.

Mr. de Bronkart was taken ill in the summer of 1893 and his affection proved to be chronic Bright's disease. Mrs. Hoyne during her lifetime and especially during her last illness was much distressed by Mr. de Bronkart's illness, and upon her death, he in turn seemed to be greatly affected. In the summer of 1894 he came to Chicago and at the residence of Mr. James T. Hoyne, received the careful nursing of Mrs. Hoyne. He continued to suffer until September, when he died. Eugene, after the death of his mother, had been in care of his grandmother, who found relief for her sorrow at the loss of her daughter in the love which she bestowed upon little Eugene. Upon the death of Mrs. Hoyne, Eugene was sent to comfort his father, who seemed to find great pleasure in his company. Upon

the death of his father, Eugene went to reside with James T. Hoyne and his wife. Notwithstanding the repeated afflictions of the little fellow, nature's remedy has kept him still bright and happy, though his surroundings have perhaps made him more thoughtful than usual for one of his age.

Effie Gertrude Wells, the third daughter, was born at No. 267 Michigan avenue; married Samuel R. Wells, of Chicago, March 20, 1888. They have one son:

Hoyne Wells.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U S A.