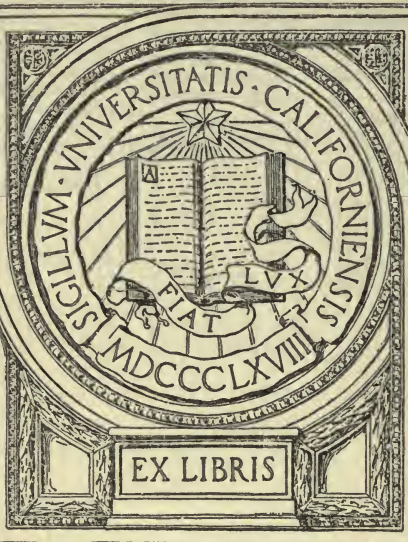


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My Trip to California in

'49

J. E. CARSTARPHEN

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## DEDICATION

To,

The memory of three sweet names; Hallie, Maggie and Daisy, once the joy of a fond father's heart, now adopted in the language of the angels, this little sketch of my trip to California in '49 is affectionately dedicated.

J. E. CARSTARPHEN.

March 14, 1914.

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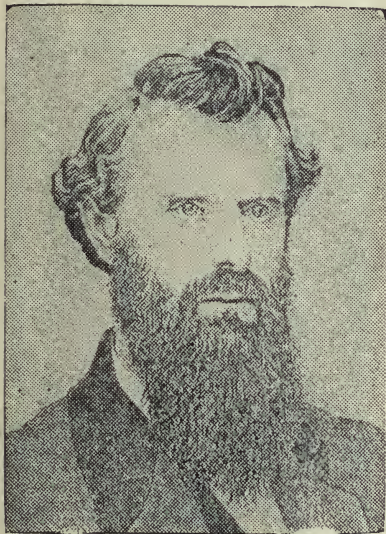
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**JAMES E. CARSTARPHEN.**

**One of Louisiana's Best Known Citizens—A Brief Sketch of His Life.**

During a period of thirty years—from 1853 until 1883, the city of Louisiana was blessed with many representative citizens who contributed to her growth and development, but none were more truly representative of the time, than the subject of this sketch, James E. Carstarphen.

He was one of the best known citizens within her border—known as a friend of every man and of every worthy enterprise.



Beginning his career in this city as merchant, then as bank cashier for over twenty-five years, he came to be known by everybody, and was interested in almost every movement that had for its object the advancement of the city, whether commercially, educationally, socially or religiously. His friends relied upon him as the supporter of every good cause. As Major Wm. Warner would say: "He stood up for Louisiana," on all occasions

and in every assembly. As cashier of the only bank in the city at that time, he was personally known to everybody, and was counted on for a contribution to every cause that had for its object the uplifting of humanity and the advancement of knowledge among the people. His contributions were cheerfully and liberally made to all. When the poor and unfortunate appealed to him for aid like Goldsmith's Village Pastor, "his pity gave 'ere charity began".

He was a man of remarkably cheerful disposition at home and elsewhere, and at the same time strictly business in his habits. To such an extent did this cheerful, pleasant manner with everyone prevail, that scores perhaps hundreds addressed him familiarly as "Mr. Cass". He was known among the younger class, as a friend of every young man who was trying to make a success of life. The writer remembers him in this regard more than forty years ago, with a feeling that is akin to affection. His cheerfulness is illustrated by his reply to his wife one day as he was leaving home for the bank: "Mr. Carstarphen" said she, "straighten up, keep that left shoulder up with the other".

"Now Bee, don't you know that was caused by my carrying a hod when I was a young man?" That was the end of the argument, and they parted with a smile.

**A Bit of Autobiography.**

James E. Carstarphen was born January 22, 1828, in Ralls county, Missouri, near New London. When he was six years old his father, Chapell Carstarphen, was elected sheriff of Ralls county and moved to New London, the county seat, where James E. made his first start in school under the guidance and instruction of Sam'l. K. Caldwell, as his first teacher. (Mention of this name recalls the fact that in 1818, Samuel K. Caldwell assisted by Joel K. Shaw, had laid out the town of Louisiana.) At the end of three years, or in 1837, his father moved back to his farm, one mile east of Trabue's Lick, where James E. was reared on the farm—accustomed to all kinds of farm work—till he was fifteen years old, and where he attended the district school near Judge Fore-

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man's, three months in each winter during that time. In 1843, his father sold that farm and bought the Wilson farm, three miles west of New London and moved to it. Here James E. lived with his parents until he was twenty-one years of age. Part of the time was spent in teaching a district school, three months of each winter, and in working on the farm during cropping season, until the spring of 1848, when he went to Galena, Ill., and spent the summer of that year prospecting in that region for lead mines. In the fall of that year he returned to his father's home in Ralls county, Missouri, and taught a three months' winter school.

About this time, great excitement broke out all over the country, over the news of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in California. People from almost everywhere in the middle and western states were making great preparations to start in the spring of 1849 to the rich gold fields of California. They were outfitting all kinds of conveyances, and going in almost every conceivable way imaginable. Hundreds, yea, thousands went with ox teams, and quite as many with mule teams, and horse teams, and on pack mules and horses.

James E. Carstarphen being twenty-one years old on the 22d of January, 1849, thought he was a fit subject and of proper age to make the trip. And he fell into line early in the excitement.

He at once communicated with his older brother, Robert Carstarphen, who was then in Wisconsin, who had already made his arrangements to go west from that state, but on learning that it was the intention of James E. and his cousin, John M. Kelley, then of Ralls county, Mo., to start early, he came at once, and joined them in fitting out for the trip, with a splendid ox team, and the trio started on the 11th day of April, 1849, in company with twelve others, with their four wagons and ox teams, from New London via St. Joseph, Mo., to the Sutter Gold Fields:

The train, with five wagons, consisted in part of James E. Carstarphen, his brother, Robert B. Carstarphen, and his cousin, John M. Kelley;

Thomas, John and Humphrey Hildreth; Felix and Russell Smith; William Jackson, James Henry Hawkins, Richard Johnson and others, fifteen in all. (They were known as the Salt River Tigers, said a friend.) They drove across the state—following the old trail—to St. Joseph, Mo. where they loaded their wagons with provisions, such as flour, coffee, sugar, bacon, tobacco, etc., and other necessary articles for the long trip.

They crossed the Missouri river on May 1, at St. Joseph, Mo., and drove out to the Bluffs and waited one week for a sufficiency of grass to sustain their teams. On the 7th day of May they broke camp and started on their long and perilous journey, a distance of over two thousand miles, to Sacramento City, California, which they reached on the 5th day of September, never stopping more than one night on the same camping ground. This they found to be a long and tiresome trip; seldom finding anything more than a trail for a road; and never passing a house, or any sign of civilized habitation, except two forts, viz: Fort Laramie and Fort Hall, where U. S. government soldiers were kept to regulate and keep the Indians in subjection.

"Our train took the northern route via Fort Hall, hence we passed away north of Salt Lake City, where a small settlement of Mormons resided at that time. We met large herds of wild buffaloes on the western prairie and we encountered much difficulty in crossing large streams. We overcame these difficulties in part by dismantling our wagons, taking them entirely apart, and making boats of the wagon beds into which we put some of our stock and all our provisions and rowed them across the rivers. The rest of our teams were made to swim across, or driven up the river and crossed where the water was shallower.

"I may relate a little experience our men had when passing over a very steep mountain. We had reached the top of the mountain and were looking down into the valley beyond. How to descend that steep western slope was the question. We decided to unhook all but one yoke of oxen from each wagon and to tie the biggest rope we

had to the hind axle and wrap the rope around a tree, and with several men holding the rope, let the wagon down gradually. Ah, but we were glad when we all got safely down that mountain.

We went to mining at Deer Creek, now in the state of Nevada, using crude cradles for separating the gold from the dirt—such as were used in the placer mines. This netted us a yield of about sixty dollars a day on an average, in gold nuggets. We uncovered one gravel pit which for a short time yielded a return of about one thousand dollars of gold a day. Our party worked at the mines for about one year, and netted about five thousand dollars each. We then decided to return home. We arrived at San Francisco in October, 1851, and purchased steamship tickets to return by way of Panama."

In the previous chapter Mr. Carstarphen has briefly told the story of his trip across the plains to California in 1849, and now he will give his account of his return home. Thus, we get the facts, without embellishment or exaggeration, and we also hear the story at first hand.

"Having been successful in the fifteen months we spent in the mines in the mountains, five of us decided to leave the 'diggings,' and return home, not by the long, hard and monotonous route we had come, but by steamship from San Francisco. All kinds of people were flocking in from everywhere and we were unwilling to risk losing what we had gained, by remaining longer away from civilization. Besides, provisions, tools and everything we used could be had only for fabulous prices. Potatoes were a dollar a pound; eggs, 50 cents each; a pair of boots, \$100; a Colt's revolver, regarded as a very necessary article by a majority of miners, sold for \$150; lumber was \$500 per thousand feet, etc.

"We arrived in San Francisco on November, 1850, and all bought tickets to Panama City, on the morning we arrived. The ship was to sail in three days. The first night we spent in San Francisco, awaiting the sailing of the ship, three out of our party of five, took the cholera (we had run into that disease on our way from the mines). My brother, Robert, died before morn-

ing. Richard Davis died within two days afterward, and James E. Carstarphen lingered for five days between life and death, and recovered. He was very stout and rugged and simply wore the disease out, with the aid of homeopathic treatment. The three survivors, viz: J. M. Kelley, John H. Davis and James E. Carstarphen, exchanged tickets and a week later, took the next steamer for the City of Panama, and on our arrival there packed up our bedding and gold of which each man had from three to five thousand dollars, hired a man with a pack-horse to assist us, and set out on foot to cross the Isthmus for Colon, following the trail which is now the site of the Panama canal, making the last part of it, however, in skiffs down the Chagres river, where we took shipping for New Orleans by way of Havana, Cuba.

We were compelled to carry our gold in the form of nuggets and dust in buckskin sacks until we could exchange it for coin or currency at either New Orleans or St. Louis. From New Orleans we took the old steamer City of Alexandria to St. Louis, arriving there eight days later. At St. Louis we sold our gold at the old banking house of Page and Bacon, at sixteen dollars an ounce and took steamer for Hannibal and the next day by stage coach to New London, arriving home just before Christmas, 1851, having been absent about twenty-one months.

"At this date, December 1, 1913, Jas. E. Carstarphen is the only member of that party of fifteen who started April 11, 1849, from New London on that trip, who is still living."

From that date, Dec. 25, 1851, Mr. Carstarphen has led a very active life. In the spring of 1851, he bought a farm in Ralls county, adjoining the Helm's farm, four miles southwest of New London, on which he made improvements and sold it at a nice profit. He then, in company with his uncle, Mr. Briggs, bought 200 head of cattle, took them to Sangamon county, Ill., grazed and wintered them there, and sold them. He then bought cheap Illinois land and did well with it. He came back to Missouri and settled at Louisiana; in 1853, and embarked in several enterprises. He was first in the dry goods business with John S.

Melon for one year. He sold that and went into the stove, tin and iron business with Rufus B. Saffarans. They purchased vacant ground on the northwest corner of Third and Georgia streets and built four two-story brick store houses for rent. He then sold his interest in the stove and iron store and took a position as clerk in the newly organized branch of the Bank of the State of Missouri, located at Louisiana, Mo. This position he held for three years, at which time he was elected cashier and held that position until 1882. During these years Mr. Carstarphen was active in many enterprises of the city of Louisiana. He was a member of the firm of Rule & Co. in the flouring mill, which they purchased of S. W. Farber and company. He was engaged with Judge Wm. C. Orr and Conrad Smith in the contract of building the court house in Bowling Green in 1867. He was one of the incorporators and first directors of the Louisiana and Missouri River R. R. company, and one of the directors of the Louisiana and Missouri R. R. Bridge company at Louisiana, also a director in the board of education for several years.

On February 1, 1854, he was married to Miss Bellina Jackson, youngest daughter of Julius C. and Harriet M. Jackson, at Louisiana, Mo. Six children blessed their happy union. These were Hattie, George B., Margaret, Fannie, Daisy and James E., all of whom except James, lived to be grown and married.

Hallie married Mr. W. G. Tinsley, a well-known Louisiana banker; Margaret married Hon. Richard B. Speed of Nevada, Mo., an editor and newspaper publisher, and a noble good man; Fannie married Mr. William Brady of Denver, Colo.; Daisy, the youngest, married Mr. James E. Atkinson of Nevada, Mo. George is well known in Missouri, having held many positions of trust in the state administration. He was bank examiner for four years. Was assistant coal oil inspector, under Governor Stephens. About six years ago he went to Del Rio, Texas, where he is prospering in the general dry goods business. He also owns a ranch of good proportions in that county. Mrs. Fannie Brady is a successful Christian Science practitioner in Kansas City, Mo.

She accompanied her father to Los Angeles in the early summer of this year (1913) and tried to induce him to settle down there and grow up with the country.

In 1880, Mr. Carstarphen's wife died in Denver, Colo., and was buried in the Jackson family cemetery, near Louisiana, in the autumn of that year. They were very much devoted to each other during their married life and he has rarely, if ever, failed to make a special trip once or twice a year to look after her grave and to place fresh flowers upon it and upon the graves of his deceased children.

In 1882, Mr. Carstarphen married a sister of Judge D. P. Dyer of the St. Louis federal court. Of this happy union no children were born.

It was soon after this, in 1883, that he entered the customs service in St. Louis, as inspector of customs. The custom house was then at Third and Olive streets, but in September of that year it moved into the new building at Ninth and Olive streets. He has since served continuously in that department for over thirty years, being most of the time in charge of the cigar department, one of the most important in the customs service.

Hon. John J. O'Conner, chief inspector of customs, at the port of St. Louis, says: "Mr. Carstarphen was at all times, during the period of his service in this office, a thoroughly reliable and faithful official. He never tried to shirk anything, and was always ready to assist others in their work." Continuing he says: "He was a man of most exemplary habits; always the thorough, polished gentleman. He never smoked nor chewed tobacco, cursed or used vulgar language. He was not known to be affiliated with any particular church organization in the city, but he never failed to attend religious services at some church on Sundays.

"In recent years he usually attended the Christian Science churches in St. Louis.

He was a tall, handsome man of graceful carriage and he never lost that personal charm of character which endeared him to all who knew him. He was a special favorite at the custom house, where his pleasant and genial manner endeared him to his fellow-employees.



On occasions he would hum old religious songs of his childhood days, and the music of his voice was as sweet and clear as the sound of a silver bell. He was never known to be angry; and none had the temerity to be profane in his presence. On his birthday, the 22nd of January last, he was remembered by his associates presenting him with their greeting and a huge bouquet of flowers, and on his leaving for California in June, on his vacation, he was presented with a handsome "grip" with the best wishes of his companions. He is now in Del Rio, Texas, with his son, George, but his desk at the custom house still awaits him, and it is considered a favor to be permitted to use his desk and chair. It is the earnest wish of his fellow employes that he may be able to return to his office and that they may enjoy many more years of his association."

Early in May, 1880, Mr. Carstarphen left his home in this city in company with his wife, Mrs. Bellina J. Carstarphen for Colorado to try the invigorating air of that climate in the hope of restoring her health, then rapidly failing. The change proved unavailing and in one short month she passed away, in the noontide of life in her forty-eighth year. She had sustained and honored the relations of daughter, wife, mother, sister, neighbor and friend. She had filled well her sphere in life as a sincere and consistent Christian. For thirty years she filled her seat in church and Sunday school and encouraged her Christian friends by her example of piety, humility and practical benevolence. Her hand was ever open to the cry of distress, her heart to the wants of all the poor. She delighted in the study of the Bible. One could not listen to her pure and heavenly conversation without feeling deeply impressed with the obligations of Christianity. Her death was a severe affliction to this congregation. She was greatly useful in the church, nor was any more beloved. This was attested by the long procession that followed her remains to their last resting place—the longest funeral procession in the history of Louisiana. All mourned her as a friend. Bro. E. D. Pearson, who conducted the services, said: "As an active, earnest faithful worker in the

cause of religion, we shall not, perhaps, see her like again, in this generation."

A beautiful pen picture of the life and character of our subject is given by Hon. John J. O'Conner in the previous chapter. The writer would call attention to two or three traits of character that deserve special mention. These shone out in the days of his greatest usefulness and activity in this city. He proved himself to be a many sided man, capable of filling many positions at the same time.

As a public-spirited man—a leader in this respect, he led out in almost every enterprise that helped to develop and adorn Pike county. And yet he looked well to the interest of his own family. Many public spirited men forget their families in their eagerness to serve the public.

The Carstarphen mansion erected in 1868 and '69, in this city, like Zion of old, was beautiful for situation. Built on a high and beautiful tract of ten or fifteen acres, surrounded by terraces, shaded by native forest trees, it was easily the most attractive building in this city. It was known as the "Carstarphen Castle."

Not the mere love of display prompted the outlay of almost \$25,000 in its erection, but a desire for the comfort, convenience and happiness of his family. Here were the very latest city improvements—hot-air furnaces, stationary washstands, private water power and sewerage, advantages enjoyed by people who live in the city, and such as were rarely found outside the metropolis. It stood for seven years as a monument of his genius and ambition. A fire broke out in the middle of the night, late in September, 1875, and before assistance could reach the spot, the building was a wreck; the tottering walls were all that remained on the morrow, of that splendid edifice. This was a great loss, not only to the owner, but to the city of Louisiana, and caused a feeling of universal regret throughout this community.

He was an active promoter of the public school system, in this city.

In the summer of 1869 he often visited the site of the "J. Sam Brown School", while that building was un-

der construction. His presence encouraged the builders; he was treasurer of the board and ex-officio supervisor of construction.

His eminent fitness for the position of school director was shown in 1875, when a new principal was to be chosen. Mr. O. C. Bryson and a friend introduced to him a former college-mate from Kentucky, stating that the young Kentuckian was an applicant for that position. On the next day Mr. Carstarphen called to one of the gentlemen, saying "Your friend stands a good show of being elected principal. I think he would make a capital teacher. Did you notice how close his hair grows to his head? That's a sign of a good school teacher. He'd flog the tallest boy in school if he didn't toe the mark and obey the rules. He's as ambitious as Julius Caesar, and I don't think it would be six weeks before he'd have every boy in his room striving for the highest mark in his classes." The young man was employed, taught the session through and on the closing day of the session addressed the school, concluding with these words: "Whether you take Horace Greeley's advice to go west, or stay at home, I hope you will all use the knowledge you have gained here and make your mark in the world as useful and honorable citizens, and finally, that we may all meet up yonder—in Congress Hall."

"He taught them," said Judge W. C. Orr, "to aspire to a seat in congress above all other earthly vocations. To be ambitious to serve the people and their country." Mr. Carstarphen's prediction proved literally true. The ambitious teacher had inoculated the entire class. "Our" Champ's ambition was contagious.

Mr. Carstarphen was known as an active worker in the church of his choice. He was accustomed to say to the deacons, "Put me down for one-tenth of the entire expense of the church annually." The result of his proposition and his example of contributing weekly was that others fell into line and soon the whole congregation was working in harmony.

As an illustration of his many duties, and the successful manner in which he met all of them, I mention one day's work of his in 1869, with

the details of which this writer was familiar. He met the directors of his bank at 9 o'clock; later, the directors of the gravel road company, and still later some of the directors of the Louisiana & Missouri River R. R.; and after supper the school board and went home and played blind man's buff with his children till bed time. When his name was announced in connection with the office of treasurer of the State of Missouri in 1878, an enthusiastic delegation was sent from Pike county to the convention favoring his nomination.

### Wise in Counsel.

An instance illustrating Mr. Carstarphen's foresight and business caution. It was in the summer of 1869. This city, to use a modern phrase, was on a boom; two railroads were being put through connecting us with the east and west, and the north and south; the Mississippi was being spanned by a steel bridge. There was great commercial activity as well as educational. The J. Sam Brown school building was about finished; Baptist college was flourishing with J. T. Williams as president with a full corps of teachers. William Christian, president of Troy Institute conceived the idea of making Louisiana an education center of Northeast Missouri. With a view of locating in this city he came here in July, 1869, and made a survey of the field. After looking at Jackson grove as a suitable site he had about decided to purchase the two story frame building on Seventh street, one block north of Georgia street, in which Prof. Parker, at one time state superintendent of schools, had formerly taught. Now, said his friend, O. C. Bryson, let us go to Mr. Carstarphen and hear his advice on the subject. They went and Mr. Carstarphen heard Prof. Wm. Christian through as he stated his reasons for his contemplated change. Then turning to him in a friendly manner, but in words that Christian never forgot, said: I will be very glad to welcome you to our city as a citizen, and will do all I can to help you. But if you expect to make a financial success of this enterprise—your private institution of learning—I can tell you in advance that you

will be doomed to disappointment, because our public schools are going to swallow up every private enterprise. It is only a question of a few years when they will put Baptist college out of commission, because they are the "People's College". The best teachers that the country affords will be installed in our public school, and every equipment necessary to the teaching of all the branches in high schools. The people support the public schools and they will patronize them in preference to private schools.

Come on and become a citizen with us and perhaps you may be chosen as one of our teachers."

This interview settled the question with Prof. Wm. Christian and he left that afternoon for his home at New London. He had been encouraged by his friends in this city and at home to locate here and had received a flattering invitation to do so. In Mr. Carstarphen he recognized a sagacious, farseeing business man and accepted his advice as against all others. Meeting him a few years afterward in St. Louis, he remarked, Carstarphen is a long-headed man. He saved me from financial loss. His prediction in regard to the public school proved true to the letter.

Mr. Carstarphen was instrumental in securing for the Louisiana public schools such men as Prof. G. L. Osborne, Prof. H. M. Hamil, Prof. J. M. White, and Prof. J. I. Nelson, all of whom stood in the front rank of public school work.

### His Genealogy.

"I am the son of Chappel Evans Carstarphen, who was born in December, 1798, in the northern part of South Carolina, and died in June, 1876, at Hannibal, Mo. He was married in 1825 to Miss Margaret Briggs, who was born in 1803, near Frankfort, Kentucky, and died in 1871, at Hannibal, Mo. She was the daughter of Robert Briggs. Chappell Carstarphen was a farmer by occupation, a whig in politics, and a Baptist in religion. He resided near New London most of his life, and in Hannibal for a few years previous to his death, at the home of his son, William P. Carstarphen, a druggist in Hannibal.

### Children of Chappel E. Carstarphen.

1. Robert Briggs, born in 1826; died in California.
2. James Eula, born January 22, 1828.
3. John C., born in 1830, married Juliet Owens.
4. William Price, born in 1832, married Sarah Brown.
5. Richard C., born in 1834, died in youth.
6. Benjamin Franklin, born in 1836, died in youth.
7. Sarah Jane, born in 1838, married Wm. Wellman.
8. Elizabeth, born in 1845, married Dr. John Lanus.
9. Oney, born in 1847, married Muggy Kem, of Louisiana.

John C. died a few years ago and is buried at Frankford, Mo. William P. and his wife, nee Sarah Brown, daughter of J. B. (Buck) Brown of Hannibal, Mo., both died in Denver, Colorado, in 1911. A son of Wm. P. Carstarphen lives in Denver, Colo., and is at the head of the Carstarphen electrical works of that city. He has made his mark in the world as an electrician, says the venerable "Buck" Brown of Hannibal, his grandfather, known as a pioneer druggist of north-east Missouri.

Mrs. Jennie Wellman, my sister, is living at New London, Mo., at the age of 72 years. Oney, my youngest brother, studied law, and after serving a term as prosecuting attorney for Marion county, Mo., removed to Denver, Colo. For the past twenty years he has held a government position in the General Land office at Washington, D. C.

George Barnard Carstarphen, my oldest son married Miss Bertha Hamilton of Fulton, Mo. They have a family of four daughters—Bertha, Hallie, Ethel and Helen, all splendid girls, they take after their mother and her side of the house! I can go no further back than my parents. My grandfather and mother both died when Chappel E. Carstarphen, my father was an infant, and he an only child."

In a letter dated March 7, 1913, written as his desk in the U. S. custom house, St. Louis, he says:

"Your's to hand and read. Though

I had to hunt up Willie and have him read it to me, I am so short of sight I couldn't read it,—but he, a splendid, good fellow, soon made it plain to me. He and I went to work—he writing and I answering your inquiries until we came to my father's ancestors, then I broke down, as all the knowledge I have ever had of his history is that his parents both died when he was a baby, and he an only child. Hence I could go no further back on our lineage. My own personal history and that of my wife and children I think you will find O. K. I have some notes of my early life that I shall send to you that you may write up a brief sketch for the Press-Journal, Newt Bryson's paper, in Louisiana, where I was best known and where the happiest portion of my life has been spent. I feel that I would love to settle down there, to finish it up. I have more love for Louisiana than any place on earth. My old home, where I first located permanently in life, and where my first wife and four of my children are buried, out there under that great old oak, a beautiful monarch of the forest, where I too, when time with me shall be no more, hope to be laid. Adieu, my dear sir and friend.

“J. E. CARSTARPHEN.”

Mr. Carstarphen's feelings at the time of writing this letter, are so well expressed by a lady, a descendant of this family, living in the far west, who visited the Jackson homestead a few years ago, and in her return to the west wrote a very beautiful and tender tribute to her childhood's home that I give her language as a fitting close to this sketch.

It seems that her memory and his were filled with the same beautiful pictures which the mind had wrought.

“Dear old home! I greet you with all my heart! I love you: the creek, the branch, the rocky hills, with the green cedars standing as sentinels; your woodland with wild flowers and tall trees; your maple grove, where as a child I used to dring out of sugar troughs the sweet water as it flowed from the trees; I sipped from trough to trough as the birds flew from limb to limb, with not a thought or care of days and years to come that could bring sorrow. I can see the kind black faces, big and little, so busy with buckets carrying the sweet water to the big boiling kettle. Those woodland scenes.

“And you dear old soil! I love that too, because the most sacred dust to me of mortal bodies rests beneath the myrtle beds and the great spreading oak, awaiting the final resurrection.

“In my far-away home, I long for your woody pastures and rocky hills. If I never see you or meet your dear people again, these pictures of my childhood home will ever linger in my memory.”

And with Goldsmith, he can say:  
“In all my griefs—and God has given  
my share—  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to  
crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay  
me down”.

And, as a hare when hounds and horns  
pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at  
first she flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexatious  
past,  
Here to return, and die, at home, at  
last.

CLAYTON KEITH.  
Louisiana, Mo., Feb. 13, 1914.

Kat



Lithomount  
Pamphlet  
Binder  
Gaylord Bros.  
Makers  
Syracuse, N. Y.  
PAT. JAN 21, 1908

