

DR. THOS. HOLYOKE.

DIED.—In Grinnell, on the 10th inst., Dr. Thos. Holyoke. Aged 59.

No news could have fallen upon the citizens of this place with more startling effect than the announcement, on Saturday morning last, that Dr. Thos. Holyoke has been struck down with a stroke of paralysis. On Friday night he retired in his usual health. About 4 o'clock in the morning he remarked to his wife that he was having a severe headache. At 6 he got up and built a fire in a room adjoining his bedroom. As he returned to complete his dressing he remarked to Mrs. Holyoke, "I think I am going to be paralyzed," and fell forward, but saved himself by catching hold of the back of a chair. His family assisted him to bed and summoned a physician who, on his arrival, found the left side completely paralyzed. He was, however, still conscious, and able to talk, but with some difficulty. He recognized his friends and members of the family until 10 o'clock in the forenoon. From that time he grew steadily worse. At two in the afternoon he was entirely comatose, and at half past

eleven in the evening he expired. His physicians think the immediate cause of his death was cerebral hemorrhage.

The funeral services were held in the Congregational Church, Monday afternoon. No such sad assemblage has ever gathered in this town to do honor to the memory of the dead. The church was filled to its utmost, and hundreds went away unable to gain entrance. At the suggestion of Mayor Hatch the business houses and shops were closed from one in the afternoon until after the services were over. The public schools were also closed and recitations at the College suspended. The exercises at the church were conducted by Hon. J. B. Grinnell and Dr. Magoun.

Mr. Grinnell's remarks were as follows:

BEREAVED NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS.

The oldest living landmark of the town, the good physician, the citizen without reproach, the guileless Christian, and endeared husband and father and friend beloved, speaks to us from this casket with more than the impressiveness of human speech. One short week ago when, at a merry wedding festival, the deceased was joyous on being introduced as the honored oldest citizen of the town, then the speaker could find no language to express his joy; now a heart overwhelmed with sadness can not find a tongue to utter its deep emotion. Such are life's transitions.

"A time to mourn," said the royal preacher, the time to laugh or the time to dance with the occasion may not be defined, not so of the time to mourn. It is *to-day*, but not as those without hope.

On the death of a child, there may be consolation in the thought of perchance "taken from the evil to come." When the spirit passes from the worn and diseased tabernacle and days of usefulness are at an end, our grief is assuaged in the thought, life's "fitful fever over, he sleeps well"—the soul has gone home to its rest, the bosom of God. Ah! these are not the exceptions *to-day*. It is not the infant, or the old, decrepit man; rather one on whom many leaned; a polished corner-stone in our social temple; a man of affairs, abundant in ministries to the sick, and an active, devoted Christian. We mourn for a friend in association.

No living name is so truly blended with the history of this town, or none more honorably. He felled the first tree for a rude cabin in yonder grove, and reared earliest the home of comfort on this prairie. Being, (not by his own seeking), our County Surveyor, he marked out our streets and fixed the boundaries and landmarks of our farms with unquestioned skill and integrity; and a

counselor to the troubled and the poor man's friend he ever was. For the young, he was a Sabbath School Superintendent, an instructor and leader of the church choir in song. Education had no warmer or more intelligent friend than he. He was for years President of the Board of the Literary Fund of Grinnell University. A Trustee since the removal of Iowa College to Grinnell, for years at the head of the Executive Committee, and an able lecturer on physiology and health before the students.

His education, sociality and judgment made a vacancy in every business and social circle where he was not. A time to mourn, *in the loss of the good physician*. Who so near to a community as he who administers medicine to body and soul, faithful to allay the burning fever, or, when the grim messenger has gained his victim, closing the eyes of our beloved in death and commending

the bereaved to the God of the widow and fatherless. Such were the ministries of our friend, who for 20 years met the blinding snow storms and drenching rains far out in the country, attending the poor who had

no reward to bestow but the "God bless you!" and at last worn out by attendance and anxiety at the bedside of your friends so justly confiding in his fidelity and professional skill. We mourn for an eminent professional career closed, unclouded by one suspicion and there is the fit acclaim "Well and faithfully done." A time to mourn, in remembrance of the large and *honorable place he filled as a citizen*. His opportunities were numerous and well improved. With a naturally conservative mind he was abreast with every improvement and a full sharer in the labors of moulding a community. The county had his service as an officer, the State Agricultural College as a Trustee, and honorable service was performed in the State Legislature.

He donated the right of way for a R. R. from the East through his homestead that now joins the two oceans, and gave his thousands in the second largest subscription to build the Central R. R. of Iowa.— In tree-planting and fruit-growing, making long, weary journeys for the rarest standards, he was the pioneer, and an example in home decoration as evinced by his tasteful residence and grounds, where for him there shall never be again the early bloom of flowers and the sweet spring carol of birds, their owner and protector having gone to walk in the Paradise Gardens above.

Time to mourn for a Christian. In this pilgrimage of 22 years, the first male head of a family of the early members of this church is called away. He was a worshipper and led our song at the first meeting in the cabin, the second in the grove, and not from one held for prayer or sermon has he been absent, when practicable for him to be present—even confronting rain and imperiling health to meet his brethren and engage in social worship. He was a humble man, often tremulous in speech, and with a subdued utterance which we shall no more hear, but may gratefully remember the spirit and words of him whose life was a Gospel and whose voice is now hushed in death. A time to mourn for what he was in the family. Few public men spend so much time with their family, and of none more true than himself, there was his anchor and loved home. His attentions were minute and untiring. The aroma of flowers in his beautiful conservatory and the companionship of books were more esteemed than the praises of men. The companion, with precarious health, finds her staff broken and the valued counselor of her youth and increasing joy mute in death; the sons are left without a father and guide. He

who fondly hoped to see them gathered into the fold of the church, educated and useful, leaves to them gone a legacy of example more precious than all their temporal inheritance. Such a character requires no analysis, sincerity and devotion was its basis, a career of utility and of justice make it conspicuous to the world, and the adornments of a

Christian life are the crown jewels in his eventful career.

I should not omit his large experience and facilities for acquisition, being a teacher at the early age of 16 years near his home, then renewing his occupation when on a tour in the West, which gave him aptitude for the various labors to which he was here called. Unlike many of his associates he not only had a knowledge of Western men and institutions, but by a journey across the water gained health and more than the usual enlargement of views and cultivation of taste by a European tour. He was impatient of pretense and mere show, but in love with quiet, order and peace. His dealings were here with thousands in his profession, and in his business with all classes as druggist, in real estate, city lots and farms, landlord and banker, but our court records are searched in vain for his name as plaintiff or defendant. So remarkable an incident in Western society, which joined to a well-rounded life,

may justly claim for him the benediction, "Blessed are the peacemakers!"

In the personal history of our friend and family we all have a melancholy interest. Thomas Holyoke was born in the year 1818, in Brewer, Maine, and had he lived a little more than another month would have been 59 years of age. He studied at Bangor Seminary, and graduated in medicine at Harvard University, practising his profession

at Surrey and Searsport, Me., seven years, and at the latter place five years, where he was most happily married to Miss Clark. Their eldest son was the first child now living brought to the town, and their second son, deceased, being the first death in the circle of the young. Three sons yet remain, one at the Medical College at Chicago, one a student at Iowa College, and another at our Public School.

Oh, who is not a mourner here today! Store and Bank, his places of his resort, are not only draped in mourning, but trade is suspended in our city, while calamity broods o'er us as with raven wing, and the

whole community have come forth in sympathy with the stricken family to gaze for the last time upon their wise counselor, generous benefactor and endeared friend.

Would that we were more worthy to adorn and embalm with this floral wreath and flowing tears this precious dust, which we lay away confidently in the sepulcher awaiting the resurrection morn. There he will need no lettered memorial or monument, and though the whitest Parian marble should mark his resting place it will be only a semblance of his pure life and enduring name.

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SYNOPSIS OF DR. MAGOUN'S REMARKS.

Dr. Magoun began by saying that the circles which had been particularly referred to were not the only ones in which Dr. Holyoke's death would be felt as a great loss—the afflicted family, the large circle of friends, the business men,—the closing of whose places of business and their respectful and sorrowful attendance testified to their sense of

his worth,—the members of multitudes of families in which he had relieved pain and saved life, or the church of which he had always been a beloved and valued and trusted member. No less would the Trustees of the College miss and mourn for him. He had been a Trustee for more than sixteen years, having been elected the year after it was resolved to remove the College, in view of commencing the College work here.

He had also been all that time a member of the Executive Committee. They had asked him to share their trust not merely because he was prominent and held in high esteem in the town which he had aided to plant and to build, but because of his excellent professional education and acquirements, his interest in general education, his superior intelligence, his unquestionable integrity, and because he was thoroughly a Christian man. They found him in this duty and trust, what he had always been in other things—a man who never came forward unless called forward, a man of few words, but possessed of great soundness of judgment, sagacity, plain sense, honesty, conscientiousness, and fidelity. He was ordinarily in the Board retired, quiet, and silent; but its records and those of the Executive Committee show how largely he was called to act in the transaction of business, and the confidence reposed in his intentions and his wisdom.—He was a man to be entrusted with difficult business, a man to be trusted *utterly*. He was untiring in respect to the interests of the College,

vigilant against cost, loss, and mistakes, patient and attentive to minute affairs, thoroughly faithful to this trust as to others. He was the only Trustee who had been at the same time an instructor, giving gratuitously lectures to successive classes on the application of physiology to the care of health. He had special interest, we understand, in some branches of instruction.

“For myself,” said the speaker, “the more I see of men and communities, and the outcome of human lives, the more I prize and honor that steady, sober, uniform, what—to those younger and less experienced than himself—would seem monotonous attention to common personal duties, that persistence in meeting one’s obligations which marked him as a man, a physician, a College Trustee, and a Christian. Men are remembered, and missed and mourned by their fellow men

for what they are in themselves and for what they do. He has been rightly called here “the good physician.” Those who have lived by him deem him a good neighbor, we all pronounce him a good citizen, and in the College Board we shall sorrowfully remember him as a good Trustee. If there is anything young men ought to prize it is the quiet power of such character as his, that sought not mention among men, that shunned display of itself, that kept him true to his duty.

To how many this death comes home! Not only to those who must mourn him most, here present and in the remote East, but to all of us. Of the three who first set foot here twenty-two years since to make a home for themselves and for us, I was two years later the guest of one, an invalid, now an active business man at the East, and who would have then said that the first of the three to be called away would be Holyoke, skilled in the care of health and cure of disease, rather than Hamilton? Of the twenty who organized this church in 1855, fifteen were living till a few days since;

now they are fourteen—there were eight men who survived, and their number is lessened to-day. To his professional brethren, who met him in medical meetings and in consultation at the bedside of the sick and the dying, to the families of this region where his practice was so kind and wise, there will be a vacant place. To all of us who have been wonted to see that well-known form, slightly bent, passing regularly across the width of what was the town for many years,—between his

home on the east and his place of business on the west,—this town will hardly seem *our* town without Dr. Holyoke. To this church with which he was ever in his place, till disease obliged him to shun the excitement of social and public meetings how it will come home. To the Trustees who are to have no more his help and counsels. Four out of thirty-eight who have been Trustees have passed on before—Guernsey, Butler, Sargent and Starr,—the latter but a few weeks since. So when men begin to build up a great college work like this, God begins to remove the builders. I had been four years a Trustee when Dr. Holyoke was chosen, and it came home to me powerfully to-day to notice that omitting one between us (elected for a day, that business might not be impeded,) the two elected the same year whose names stood on the catalogue between mine and Dr. Holyoke’s are gone. One remains elected the same year with him, his senior in years, Rev. Stephen L. Herrick. Nine survive of the first half, the Davenport Trustees, of whom I am the youngest, and nine

of the second half, elected since Dr. Holyoke. How soon the older Trustees will be called up! Father Turner, Dr. Robbins, the two Adamases, Father Emerson, and, now that God has begun to remove the second half of our body, how soon shall we all be gone, and the College work be in other hands!

The last religious service in which our friend and brother took part, outside the closet and the family circle, was in the afternoon of the day of prayer for Colleges at our Chapel. I hesitated to ask him to pray, because of his limitations from heart disease, but I did, and he prayed. Dear young men and young women of the College, he *prayed for you*; it was his last united prayer with us. May it be answered for your souls, and *answered soon.*"

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT BY OFFICERS OF THE BANK.

At a special meeting of the Directors of the First National Bank of Grinnell, held on the 12th day of February, 1877. President Alonzo Steele in the chair.

On motion of B. Timmerman, Esq., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The wise Dispenser of events, has suddenly called away by death Dr. Thomas Holyoke, a Director of The First National Bank, of Grinnell, from the date of its organization and for three years President, we, who are in sadness, make the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Bank has lost an officer of unquestioned fidelity, the town a citizen of great worth, the unfortunate a devoted physician, the church an exemplary member and his family an endeared husband and father.

Resolved, That in expression of our sorrow the Bank be draped in mourning, and closed this day for business, and that we will attend the funeral services this day.

Resolved, That this expression be placed in the Bank records and a copy be presented to the family and the press.

By order of the board of Directors.
CHARLES H. SPENCER,
Cashier.

As we go to press, the following touching tribute comes to our hand from Prof. L. F. Parker, of the State University. We take the liberty to quote:

"In your notice of the good man gone, Dr. Holyoke, do not fail to remember that many, *very many* beyond the limits of Grinnell will be blinded with tears when they learn the sad news. In the earlier days, when we knew each other there as men are rarely known, the good physician was more than welcome; for, with his medicines, he brought judicious counsel and a brother's heart into our families. He was a good man, good in talent, judgment, heart; good at home and abroad, in word and deed. His goodness was a perpetual blessing to family, community and the world, an honor to humanity and Christianity.

The first settlers there and many of the older students can tell you how they loved him. They will all echo the words of a double graduate of the college who has just said to me, "He will be mourned by many a student, for he was *very* generous to them. He was my physician." Yes, on his grave will fall the blessed rain of orphan's tears, for his good deeds have not been "writ in water." In haste, yours truly,
L. F. PARKER