

IN MEMORIAM.

On Sunday morning, March 2, the late E. B. Chandler, at the ripe age of 75 years, entered into final rest. His death, as if in answer to his own prayers for release from long suffering, was sudden and painless. It came to him without warning, and he did not live ten minutes after the seizure, which was in the nature of an apoplectic attack, accompanied by hemorrhage.

Twenty years ago his health became impaired, which, aided by a fall, caused total blindness. For sixteen years this strong and good man has been shut out from the world of his former activities and usefulness almost as completely as though he had never lived in it. Accompanying the loss of sight was a condition of nervous excitability for at least the last half of these long, weary years which deterred him from going out of doors at all. With what patience and fortitude he bore his heavy burden only those who had opportunity to observe what he endured can properly appreciate. A truly Christian resignation to the will of God, which never for a moment deserted him, and a strength of character and masterful self-control rarely seen among men, can alone account for it.

Erastus B. Chandler was a native of New York. He was born at Rutland, on the 9th of October, 1827. He was one of a large family of children who, from the circumstances of their environment, had to begin to make their own way in the world at an early age. Of his struggles in boyhood he was always reticent.

At about the age of 30 years he is first heard of in the then remote west in the little town of Keosauqua, Ia., where it was his good fortune to make the acquaintance and win the confidence of Augustus Hall, one of the strong men of the sister state, who had been appointed by James Buchanan chief justice of the Territory of Nebraska. No abler jurist ever sat on the federal bench in Nebraska than Augustus Hall. Mr. Chandler accompanied Judge Hall and his family from Keosauqua, driving one of the two carriages which conveyed them to Omaha. As a proof of confidence in his ability and fitness for the duties of clerk of the federal court over which he was to preside, Judge Hall gave Mr. Chandler his first real start in life by promptly appointing him to the clerkship of it. This was in 1858—four and forty years ago. No more trustworthy or competent man ever served a court in that responsible office.

Fidelity to trusts and loyalty to friends were marked traits in the strong and sturdy character of E. B. Chandler. No blot rests upon his

good name. In person he was of an attractive presence; tall and symmetrical in form, with black hair and eyes and of dark complexion, he was always a gentleman in manners, courteous and kind to all, and few men ever lived in Omaha who had a wider circle of attached friends among our higher citizenship.

Mr. Chandler was married March 16, 1865, to Miss Clara D. Kennedy, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Margaret Kennedy, and sister of Mrs. J. J. Brown, who then resided in Florence. Mrs. Chandler was an exceptionally beautiful and attractive woman in personal character. She died August 20, 1872, leaving Della, her only child, but three weeks old, motherless, and the stricken father sadly bereft. But strong and willing hands and tender hearts guarded the little one and the now womanly woman every minute from that hour to this, and then darkness and gloom, and something closely akin to despair, came upon the father, such filial devotion and sacrifice that was made by Della Chandler-Patrick in caring for and consoling him can never be measured in words, nor can the sterling virtue which shone in her resplendently through every trial be mentioned without the suggestion of how much she and her lamented father owed to James J. and Mrs. Brown.

Mr. Chandler was a devoted Christian from a deep and abiding conviction. He belonged to the Protestant Episcopal communion. In close association with Mr. J. M. Woolworth he took an active and abiding interest in the building of Trinity Cathedral, of which he was a vestryman, and in which, by his own request, his funeral services were held. In more recent years he became a member of All Saint's whereby, for as many as eight years, Mr. Chandler had the benefit of a wise and faithful counselor and a devoted friend in Rev. Dr. Mackay.

E. B. Chandler was one of the most genial and agreeable of men. He was a very solid man in mental strength and force of character. He was the embodiment of business honor and integrity. His sense of justice was as keen and unerring as his sense of duty. He was in the first rank in his town and state at all times as a good citizen. His death comes as a personal bereavement to many who knew his manly qualities of head and heart, but they will not forget that his own frequent prayer for the end was answered when, at last, he "floated out upon that dark and unknown sea that rolls round all the world."

GEORGE L. MILLER.

LEWIS AND CLARKE.

[Diary extracts for the year 1805.]

"Sunday, March 10th. A cold windy day. Tetuckopinreha, chief of

the Ahnahaways, and the Minnetaree chief, Ompschara, passed the day with us and the former remained during the night. We had occasion to see an instance of summary justice of the Indians: a young Minnetaree had carried off the daughter of Cagonomokshe, the Raven Man, second chief of the upper village of the Mandans. The father went to the village and found his daughter whom he brought home and took with him a horse belonging to the offender; this reprisal satisfied the vengeance of the father and of the nation as the young man would not dare reclaim his horse, which from that time became the property of the injured man. The stealing of young women from the village is one of the most common offences against the police of the tribe, and the punishment of it always measured by the power or the passion of the kindred of the female. A voluntary elopement is of course more rigorously chastised. One of the wives of the Borgne deserted him in favor of the man who had been her lover before the marriage, and who after some time left her, and she was obliged to return to her father's house. As soon as he had heard of it the Borgne walked there and found her sitting near the fire; without noticing his wife he began to smoke with the father when they were joined by the old men of the village who knowing his temper, had followed in the hopes of appeasing him. He continued to smoke quietly with them until, rising to return, he took his erring wife by the hair, led her as far as the door, and with a single stroke of his tomahawk put her to death before her father's eyes; then turning fiercely upon the spectators he said that if any of her relatives wished to avenge her, they would always find him at his lodge, but the fate of the woman had not sufficient interest to excite the vengeance of the family. The caprice or the generosity of the same chief gave a very different result to a similar incident which happened some time afterwards. Another of his wives eloped with a young man, who not being able to support her as she wished, they both returned to the village, and she presented herself before her husband, supplicating his pardon for her conduct; the Borgne sent for her lover, and at the moment when the youth expected to be put to death, the chief mildly asked if they still preserved their affection for each other, and upon their declaring that they did, and that want and not change of affection had induced them to return, he gave up his wife to her lover, with a liberal present of three horses, and restored them both to favor."