

Fred B. Weems

The Rathbone
Family Historian.

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Oberlin, Kansas.

THE RATHBONE FAMILY HISTORIAN.

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D. P. Rathbun

I am much pleased with the HISTORIAN, and deeply interested in your arduous undertaking.

Had some enterprising Rathbun or bone, conceived the idea years ago and put his thoughts into action, a great deal of trouble and annoyance could have been saved, and many facts and much information could have been gleaned, that at this late date, I fear,

will not be brought out. The thought came to me many times, in my boyhood days, that it would be a great pleasure and satisfaction, to look back and scan the doings of my ancestors and find something worthy of emulation.

It never occurred to me that I could be a factor in bringing about such an enterprise by gathering facts within my reach, from a generation, in the

prime of life, but now passed away, or impaired in mind by disease or the foot-prints of time.

Human nature is selfish, and the Rathbuns are no exception to the rule.

In the search for wealth and distinction, or perhaps struggling for mere existence our ancestors have gone, each his own separate way, having no thought, except the betterment of his circumstances and that of his family. New scenes and connections absorb his mind in his new field of labor, and early ties of kin and friendship are forgotten or lost to view in the exigencies incident to the life of a "pioneer."

The undeveloped condition of our country; the difficulties surrounding the traveler of long distances, have been a bar to communication, and friends and relatives, brothers and sisters, or perhaps parents have lost track of their dear ones, and become separated for it frequently happens that first cousins bearing the same family name, have never met and are as strangers to each other. Thus, we of the present generation, know little or nothing of our ancestors, beyond two or three generations. I am afraid, Mr. Editor, that if the Rathbuns are all like myself, you will find a difficult task in bringing your cherished scheme to a successful and satisfactory termination.

Every family of importance that can trace its ancestry back from generation to generation and from age to age, has certain traits or characteristics, traceable through a long line of descendants,

which finally become conspicuous and hereditary by common consent.

It is a matter of common pride on the part of the descendants of these Knights of old, to do nothing that would detract from their achievements or put a stigma upon a name so permanently established, and so gloriously won, but have a laudable ambition to emulate their example, or add new lustre to a name already emblazoned with deeds of valor and acts of bravery.

Although, as yet we are unable to trace the Rathbuns or Rathbones, back to any great extent, we hope through the medium of the HISTORIAN and the united efforts of those representing the name to be able to go far enough to establish a "famous" family.

The characteristics of our branch of the family, are a restless, indomitable spirit, a desire to cut loose from the environments of civilization, to seek new homes and new associations on the frontier, enjoying the freedom and liberty of the pioneer. They possess perseverance, pluck, energy and tenacity, while integrity, promptness, and liberality are prominent features. They are sensitive—quick to resent an insult and slow to forgive an injury, grateful and appreciative of a favor and ever ready to reciprocate. They have the courage of their convictions, and act upon principle whatever the obstacle; cool headed and brave in the face of danger; denounce imposition and fraud of every character. They are men of iron nerve, hardy, sturdy, large, bony,

sinewy, strong and athletic, slow to anger, but when aroused, fierce and obstinate. They would fight to the death rather than yield to a wrong; firm in their convictions, prompt and reliable in matters of business and their word is as good as their bond. Should these traits in the main correspond with others of the same name, then I am willing to claim relationship. In reading the account in the HISTORIAN of Cornelius Rathbun standing at the polls and depositing his republican ballot in the face of a glaring foe, I said that man is a true blue Rathbun; he is "a man after my own heart." I would have voted if ten thousand men, with as many guns pointed in my direction, tried to prevent me. It is in the race; they have no fear when a matter of principle is concerned. Erastus Rathbun, my grand-father, was born somewhere in Connecticut in 1759, and moved along with his two brothers, William and Henry, to Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Pa. I don't know the year, neither do I know whether he had other brothers or sisters. Grand-father died in Tunkhannock in 1829. His two brothers moved somewhere in New York, not very far, as my aunt Mary Ann says a stage driver used to tell her he often saw her cousins and they were intelligent and well to do. My aunt thinks her grand-father's name was also Erastus.

Grand-father had seven children: Baldwin, Nelson, (my father), John, Mary Ann, who married John C. Wen-

del, Eliza, who married Dr. G. Conklin, Amanda married Henry Robbins, and Nancy, married John Tanney. These are all dead except Mary Ann, who lives the most of the time with her daughter, Mrs. Clark, at Peiro, Woodbury Co., Iowa, and aunt Nancy, who lives at Tunkhannock, Wyoming Co., Pa. I will give you the names and addresses of my cousins some other time. A few years ago I visited my aunt Nancy, in Pennsylvania, and saw the abutments of a bridge across Tunkhannock creek' built by grand-father, who was a stone mason by trade. They were well preserved.

Nelson Rathbun, my father, was a carpenter and contractor, and built the dam across the Susquehanna river. Father and family moved west in 1852 and located in Maquoketa, Jackson county, Iowa, along-side his brothers Baldwin and John who came west in 1843. I have two sisters, Mary H. Vangarder, Maquoketa, Jackson Co., Ia., and Irene Robinson, Woodland, Cowlitz Co., Washington. I lived on a farm, and attended the Academy at Maquoketa winters; at the age of nineteen I enlisted in Co. I, 24th Ia., Vol. Inf't.; served to the close of the war, being in every campaign and engagement with the regiment but never wounded. On coming home I married Adeline M. Button. We have one son, twenty-three years old, Geo. A. Rathbun, who is general agent of Fidelity Life Insurance Co., Philadelphia, and is living at home. I came to Omaha in 1873 and opened

the Rathbun Business College, and am still in the business. The early history of my ancestors is unknown to me, but drawing an inference from the early history published in the HISTORIAN, I think we must be descendants of either Joshua or Johnathan, who were from Connecticut. Perhaps the HISTORIAN will unravel the mystery in time. One idea struck me forcibly, and that is the perpetuation of the name John. Inasmuch as I have or had an uncle by that name, I shall claim a lineage from the old stock.

—o—

GIDEON RATHBONE.

BY J. Q. RATHBONE.

(Continued from page 147)

"The Rathbone plow" is still remembered by the few "old men" now living in McLean and adjoining counties. I carried about \$400.00 worth of the notes until 1855, and then burned them as worthless paper.

In 1840 I moved from Stout's Grove to Fawney's Mill in Woodford county, six miles northwest, taking charge of a grist and saw mill on the Makinaw river, where I remained about eighteen months; then returned to the farm at Stout's Grove, living there until the fall of 1845 when I relocated in Woodford county, at White Oak Grove, seven miles northeast of Stout's Grove. In this vicinity I lived until October, 1853, making farming my principle pursuit; improving a new farm by making rails, breaking up the prairie and putting up the necessary buildings. A portion of

the time working as carpenter and joiner and doing any other mechanical work that came to me, not discarding the manufacture of coffins for the dead, as well as erecting dwellings for the living.

In June 1853, I sold my farm of 160 acres of prairie and 20 acres of timber land at \$37.00 per acre. The latter part of June, I started West again in pursuit of a new location and home. At Hendson, a station on the Illinois Central Railroad, seven miles north of Bloomington and six miles east of my residence, I took train for LaSalle, Ill., at that time the northern terminus of that road. From La Salle I took stage for Iowa City, via Davenport. Reaching Iowa City, I found my brother, Cornelius Rathbone, stopped with him a few days and then proceeded on horseback to Cedar Rapids and thence up the Cedar River to Cedar Falls, from there west across the prairie to what was then known as the "Big Woods" on the Iowa river in Hardin county. During our trip from the Cedar to the Iowa river we had the company of a stranger who said he was looking for a new location, and when about half way across the prairie we came to a stream which we had to cross or deviate from our course—for it was a trackless prairie. On reaching the stream my brother rode his horse in and floundered across but, myself and the other man concluded to go farther up to find a better crossing, but did not succeed until dark had overtaken us and we were compelled to

"stake out" for the night. My brother being on the opposite side was obliged to ride around sloughs and other obstacles so far as to get out of sight and hearing. We were separated and obliged to lay out on the wild Unknown for the night, spending a sleepless night through fear that the stranger might slay and rob me. However all went well and a few hours after daylight we sighted each other again and were soon together. About 2 o'clock p. m. we reached the timber of the Iowa river, seven miles south of where Ackley now is located, on the sight of what is now the Leverton farm.

The next day we reached the cabin home of Jonathan Conger, a brother-in-law, who had been located in the county about sixteen months. The town of Eldora was then being surveyed and staked out as the county seat. Having looked the country over pretty well, on the 4th day of July 1853, I bought a claim of Nicholas Rice, including a small log cabin and a fenced field of ten or twelve acres, trading in the horse that I had bought at Iowa City.

The next day we started down the Iowa river for Iowa City, with one horse, walking and riding by turn, making the distance, 110 miles, in two and a half days. Reaching Iowa City, I there made arrangements for the entry of the land that I had selected, 480 acres, forty of which adjoined the town plat of Eldora. The landoffice for the district was then located at

Fort DesMoines, and I had to send there to make the entry or purchase, which was at the price of \$1.25 per acre,—this was long prior to the enactment of the "Homestead law."

From Iowa City I returned home to Illinois and closed up my business during the summer and fall, and on October 14th with my family and movable goods loaded in three wagons, two horse teams and one ox team, consisting of three yoke of cattle, and other loose cattle, started for our new home in Iowa. On the 29th of October at the hour of sunset we arrived in view of the "little cabin on the distant prairie."

Upon arriving at my place, I found it occupied by my brother, Ira Rathbone and family, with my son, Onatus, who had come on ahead of us in August. For a week or more we all occupied the little cabin as a home—there were twenty-two of us in all, including my aged father and mother. Of course our covered wagons were made to answer the purpose of sleeping apartments for a while. The Sunday following our arrival some of our friends and relatives from Eldora and vicinity, came to see us and bid us a welcome to the new country and home.

The winter, which was a very mild one for Iowa, was spent in making rails and hauling them out to fence and improve the farm. During the winter I made two sleds to use in heavy hauling, but owing to the scarcity of snow we had but about one week's use of them. We also got out logs and added two

more rooms to our cabin, cutting the side logs twenty-eight feet long and dividing that space into two rooms. In February we got it up and ready for occupancy, without doors, windows, or daubing. During the early spring we burned lime to daub or point up the cracks between the logs and to build a stone chimney.

Having but little land broken to plant a crop for the coming year, I rented a piece of ground at Eldora, and which is now a part of the town plat, to sow to wheat and oats.

All went well until harvest and I had made arrangements to go the following day to begin my harvest, but on Sunday evening a neighbor came to my house in a fever of excitement and said that he had just received word that a band of Indian warriors were coming down the Iowa river killing all the white settlers they could find, and he wanted us to go to his cabin and prepare to resist any attack the Indians might make; but I told him I could not credit the story. He seemed vexed and indignant at my incredulity and went away saying that I did not seem to care if my family were all killed. I told him I did not feel any danger. He went home, bolted and barred his door and got his weapons of defence all ready for the attack.

That night as a matter of precaution we saw that our guns were in order, and then went to bed with but a blanket hung up for a door. Our sleep was not disturbed by scalping knife or tommy-

hawk, morning revealing no signs of marauding Indians, so I drove to Eldora to begin my harvest as previously arranged. On arriving at Eldora I found the town in excitement from a similar report to the one my neighbor had received. A company of volunteers was forming to go up the river to meet the enemy and resist any further advance and slaughter. J. H. Drain, A. E. Webb, and others were soon ready and went to Iowa Falls where a similar report had been received. There being but few settlers yet at any point along the river, they got together in several places for protection. At Iowa Falls the house of Dr. J. F. Simons was converted into a fort, and five miles north of my place the cabin of E. S. Hungerford was also taken possession of by the few settlers for a few days and nights, the men standing guard and the women molding bullets. The excitement rose to such a height that I returned home and left my harvesting for a few days. The news of the Indian outbreak spread over the country like a prairie fire before a November wind and many of the settlers along the Iowa river loaded a few of their house-hold goods and families into their wagons and fled for safety. In one instance one man in Marshall county sold his farm, a quarter section, for a mere pittance, took his family into his wagon and went back to Illinois, remained there a few years and came back to Iowa, but never again was able to own a farm, although he lived in

Iowa for more than thirty years.

On my return home it had been definitely learned that on Sunday afternoon a band of about twenty Sioux warriors, dressed in war-paint, had passed down the river road, about eighty rods east of my place, had stopped at a cabin a mile southeast of me, in the absence of the family, went in and helped themselves to his supply of meat and bread stuff, taking about a half bushel of dried apples and departed, doing no other depredations. They were each well armed and had a raw-hide rope and meant vengeance, but not on the whites. It was soon after learned that a band of the Musquaquee Indians, who had a small reservation in Tama county, had been up into the Sioux's country and killed a member of that tribe and as a matter of revenge the Sioux Indians were following them hoping to capture and punish them according to their custom. A few days later they returned, passing through Eldora. Meanwhile the company had returned from up the river some eighty miles and reported no signs of hostility. Thus ended the Indian war of 1854.

(To be Continued.)

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CAPT. WAIT RATHBONE.

As I perceive there are descendants of Capt. Wait Rathbone, who are subscribers of your valuable work, I take the liberty to send you an anecdote of him which I copied from the history of Troy, N. Y. First let me remark,

the Captain served his country in the war of the Revolution, his son, Samuel was a cadet at West point, was a lieutenant under Gen. Van Rensselaer at the battle of Queenstown, was wounded while crossing the Niagara river and died soon after, lamented by the army. Another son, William Palmer Rathbone was a paymaster in the army in 1814.

The Captain resided, at one time in Lansingburg, N. Y. In 1790 he settled at Troy, and died at the residence of his son, W. P., in Hokokus, N. Y., November 14, 1832.

“Wait Rathbone arrived in Troy 1790. He was a man of some means from Connecticut. He wished to buy a lot of Jacob VanderHayden. He proposed to pay in cash and thus become the absolute owner. This offer was refused; he not understanding why Wait Rathbone should want to pay cash when, by paying a small sum each year, he could easily become its owner. The conduct of Jacob VanderHayden highly incensed Wait Rathbone and in this mood he proceeded to New York city with a view of seeking a residence there. Dr. Gale and Benjamin Coard being informed of the nature of the disagreement and aware of the monetary benefits which would result from the location of Wait Rathbone in Troy, at once called upon Jacob VanderHayden and induced him to change his mode of selling the New Englander a lot. Procuring a wagon the three proceeded to New York city, where they found Wait Rathbone, and after an

apology from Jacob Vander Haden, an agreement was entered into by the patron and Wait Rathbone, whereby the latter became the first occupant of a lot on the north-west corner of Congress and First St.

(History of Troy, N. Y., page 36.)

JOHN C. COOLEY.

—o—

THREE RANKS HIGHER.

A good story is told of Assistant Postmaster General E. G. Rathbone. While on his recent trip to the St. Lawrence, the general with a party was stopping at Frontenac. Ever having in mind his official duties, Mr. Rathbone one morning thought he would just step down to the Frontenac mail-slinging department and see how things moved in his line up on the St. Lawrence. The local office is situated in the pavilion on the dock in conjunction with the ticket and express offices. Charge of postal affairs devolves chiefly on a clerk who is quite assertive of his brief authority. Mr. Rathbone peeped in at the window to see the clerk busy at his work.

"How many mails do you receive here daily?" the Assistant Postmaster General asked.

"Four," was the curt reply.

"How many go out?"

"Same number."

"Where are the pouches received?" was the next question.

"Right through the window."

"How do you handle them when they go out?"

By this time the clerk's eyes were as

big as saucers.

"It seems to me that you are pretty fresh with your questions," he said.

"But I am connected with the Post-office Department of the United States Government," said Mr. Rathbone, "and I ask officially for information."

"I don't know whether you are or not," was the clerk's answer to this.

"I am Mr. Rathbone, of Washington, Fourth Assistant Postmaster General of the United States," said the inquisitor.

"How do you rank?"

"Fourth Assistant Postmaster General of the United States."

"Well," said the clerk as he took his seat, "I am the first assistant postmaster at Frontenac, and you can go plumb to hell."

Tableau. When Mr. Rathbone left Frontenac he sent the clerk a bottle of champagne with his compliments.—Syracuse Standard.

—o—

MORE DEMOCRATS.

While perusing the contents of THE HISTORIAN, which always affords me a great deal of pleasure, I ran across the local saying "A red hot republican paper could be made out of THE HISTORIAN, etc." As you have found only two that were not republicans, so I suppose I must be one of the two, and I sincerely hope the other party isn't a farmers alliance or people's party man. If he is, God help him, I can't. In the event of a reunion at Chicago, won't we be curiosities among so many republicans?

Would we stand any show? Where and who is the other party, is he a northern man? Wishing THE HISTORIAN God speed, I am

Very respectfully,

WM. R. RATHBONE.

CUERO, TEX.

[In view of recent events we have concluded to adhere closely to the original idea, and not convert THE HISTORIAN into a political sheet.—ED.]

—o—

KIND WORDS.

I am well pleased with THE HISTORIAN, and think it should be in the house of every Rathbun-bone family, and if they will assist you in collecting material, it no doubt will be a grand success. I am willing to do what little I can to make it such.

DR. N. RATHBUN.

—o—

I am very much interested in the work, and am anxious for your success and the welfare of THE HISTORIAN, for I think it is like talking to those that are absent, or even to those that are passed and gone. I feel as if I am getting acquainted with our family more and more, and that there are none to be ashamed of. The more we study each other, the more we ought to try to excel, for there is nothing like excellence of character, and that is what each ought to strive for.

MARIA RATHBONE SNYDER.

—o—

M. N. Rathbone, of Salt Lake City, who is a part owner in the North Star in American Fork canyon, was in Eureka yesterday. He is a miner and also an attorney. He had some business with Mr. L. C. Doty, and while here called upon the Miner and formed the acquaintance of the publishers.—Tintic Miner

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Conducted by Miss ANTOINETTE RATHBONE Herndon, Kansas, to whom all communications should be addressed.

Dear Cousins:—A little bird whispered to me to write to the "Corner" today, and as I have a holiday, I will devote a portion of it in introducing myself to you. My name is Louis Goldsmith Rathbun, Jr., and I am five years of age. I am named after my papa, who is postmaster of this city. My grandpa lives on the opposite corner from us, and his name is John T. Rathbun. Now that you know my name, I must tell you my occupation. I go to public school each day. It is only my first year. My grandpa was the first advocate of public schools here, so I am proud to go. I have a younger brother, John Hampton, and a little sister Recar. They are down on Long Island, where we spend the summer, but they will come home very soon now. With love to the cousins, I remain

L. G. RATHBUN, Jr.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

—o—

Dear Corner:—I will write you a few lines, now that my arm is well and strong, since it was broken. Our school was out last Friday. I am through the third reader. I don't know when we will move away from Sturdy Oak, but think it will be soon, and hope it will, because we have lived here a long time. Our new home will be named Fay-Glen Farm. My sister, Antoinette, named it that after brother Glen and me. I was

nine years old the 21st of September, and am a pretty big girl now. My brother is the editor of THE HISTORIAN, but it has been so long since he went away that I wouldn't know him if I should see him, but his picture looks like papa.

FAY RATHBONE.

Steamboat Rock, Ia.

—o—

PERSONALS.

—Prof G. R. Rathbun, of Omaha, has our thanks for several new addresses, received recently.

—E. R. Rathburn is traveling salesman for W. J. Cooper & Cole Bros., jobbers of plumbers supplies, of Lincoln, Nebr.

—We regret to record the serious illness of Mr. Albert H. Morton, son of Mrs. Charity Rathbun Morton, of Chicago, Ill.

—The name of H. Rathbone is among the list of traveling salesmen for the Swafford Bros., Dry Goods Co., of Kansas City, Mo.

—James A. Rathbun is cashier of the Kingston Savings Bank, of Kingston, Mo., and wishes the editor success "in all things honorable."

—Lucy E. Webb, of Pequannoc, N. Y. is much interested in the HISTORIAN, and would like very much to get all the back numbers from the first of July.

—V. W. Granger, a merchant tailor, of Toledo, Ohio, and member of the family, sends us a pamphlet with some splendid views in the vicinity of Toledo.

—Margaret Rathbun Tate, of San Francisco, Cal., writes that she has just recovered from a very painful period of sickness, which has lasted for many weeks.

—Stires & Rathbone is the firm name of a new millinery store recently opened at Herndon, Kan., of which Misses Lillie and Antoinette Rathbone are members.

—S. H. Rathbone, of Steamboat Rock, Iowa, has made application for a position in the Railway Postal service and will take the prescribed examination this month.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus S. Gibbs have returned to their home in Greenville, Mich. They have been visiting friends and relatives in Chicago, Milwaukee and Muskegon, Mich.

—Mr. J. C. Cooley is a lover of the beautiful in nature as well as in character, the one being the outgrowth of the other. He has planted two large beds of gladiolas of rare varieties this fall.

—Hugo B. Rathbun spent a few days visiting with his relatives in Chicago, during the World's Fair dedication exercises. He is a staunch republican, and hardly appreciates the surprising results of the recent election.

—Mrs. N. J. Rathbone, of Eureka, Utah, started the first of this month to make a visit and spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Clarrisa Bigalow, at Marshalltown, Ia. She stepped in Ober-

lin and Herndon, Kan., with her nephew, F. P. Rathbone, and nieces, Misses Lillie and Antoinette Rathbone, for a few weeks.

—Mr. Z. Lambert Rathbone, of Glencoe, Pa., is on a business trip to Chicago and the northwest.

—Miss Fannie Rathbun, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has returned from her trip to Cadillac and northern Michigan.

—We understand W. S. Rathbone, of Nemaha City, Neb., has purchased a farm in Mitchell county, Kansas, near where his sisters, Mrs. O. L. Taylor and Mrs. J. H. Allen, live.

—Robert P. Rathbun, of South Bethlehem, Pa., a direct descendant of the Block Island Samuel Rathbun (2) is very anxious to know whether or not any of his ancestors served in the Revolutionary war. Who can tell him?

—Maggie Rathbun has concluded that Duluth is too slow and so she has joined the Lester Division. May she be prospered in her business six days in the week and may the seventh always find her at home in the old First.
—Duluth Paper.

—It is now believed that the Rathbun House, which was burned last summer, will be rebuilt. . . . A prohibition gathering was held in Gillett Hall Monday evening. Rev. Mr. Rathbun, of Syracuse, addressed the meeting.—Syracuse Standard.

—W. G. Rathbun, of Clyde, Ohio, writing of the reunion says: "I think

there is enough of the kin and name to bring together a class of people that would vie with any family on earth, and would be one of the attractions of the world. I hope, should it take place, to be one of the number."

—Daniel King, of Rochelle, Ill., a double cousin of Henry and Benjamin Rathbun, is visiting them near Traer, Kansas. Mr. King is the son of Mrs. Dolly Rathbun Biers, and a very pleasant gentleman to meet. THE HISTORIAN is pleased to have made his acquaintance.

—The republican rally in Williamstown, N. Y., was one of the best political rallies ever held in that town. It was called to order by Robert Stinson and Hon. W. H. Sellack was chosen president who briefly and appropriately addressed the meeting. The following gentlemen officiated as vice presidents: E. A. Castle, B. C. French, John Bartlet, J. W. Rice, R. L. Rathbun, S. Canfield and Robert S. Paul.—Oswego Times.

—There is already considerable gossip in Washington regarding the Republican candidates for governorship of Ohio. The nominating convention will not be held until next fall, but the statements that have found their way into print, to the effect that Gov. McKinley will not seek re-election, has stirred the friends of prominent republicans to discussing the possibilities of the future. It is generally believed that Major McKinley will be renominated, but should

this prove not to be the case there will be no lack of aspirants. The local interest in the matter centers around the fact that Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Rathbone has received quite a number of letters from Ohio requesting that he allow the use of his name. Mr. Rathbone said yesterday that he had not given the matter any consideration, and that it was too early to discuss it. —Washington Post.

—o—

A SAD LETTER.

The following communication was received too late to be given in full this month. The happy occasion spoken of was made sad in four short weeks by the death of the bride. The obituary will be given in next issue.

HOPKINTON, R. I., Nov., 16, 1892.

DEAR HISTORIAN:—The inclosed account of the wedding of Alice M. Rathbun, her sudden death and lines in Memoriam, I trust you will be glad to receive. She and I obtained access to an old family bible of the family and with our father's help wrote up what genealogy we then had time to and sent to Mr. John C. Cooley, Oswego. There is one family bible missing which father says would give missing members of the family. Our father's name is Rowland R. Rathbun, son of Joshua, son of Amos Rathbun (if I remember my great grand father's name correctly—however Mr. Cooley has a correct copy of our line). Father was 70 years old the 11th of Sept., 1892. He has recently purchased his third farm, after which he remarked

that he didn't know but he was most too old to have another farm on his hands to care for, and was afraid it would make him "land poor." He has raised a family of nine children. He has collected most of his property with his own hands and head, assisted by the co-operation of his capable wife, Mary A. Williams, daughter of his own cousin; so you see we are doubly Rathbuns.

My darling sister, Alice, was greatly interested in our family history and if she had lived we intended to write out many narratives which my father remembers of old deceased members of our family, as his memory is so clear and perfect. Dear Alice and I had laid many plans for visiting the Rathbun Hotel, Chicago, that we might meet the cousins of our large family at the World's Fair. But God saw fit to snatch her from us in her youth and happiness, leaving our lives o'ershadowed with grief.

Yours Respectfully,

S. LIZZIE RATHBUN.

—o—

KENYON-RATHBUN.

Mr. Walter D. Kenyon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander C. Kenyon, and Miss Alice M. Rathbun, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland R. Rathbun, were married Wednesday evening, July 20, 1892, at the home of the bride's parents, Hopkinton, R. I. The wedding was what is termed a wild-flower wedding, ferns and daisies being the chief feature of the adornments. The parlor was prettily decorated with boquets of daisies

and white pond lilies. In the corner of the room where the bridal party took its stand, was a beautiful bower of ferns and daisies in the novel form of a wigwam, from which extended graceful festoons of fragrant flowers. The floor of the bower was strewn with ferns, daisies and pond lilies.

The guests present numbered between fifty and sixty, and were composed entirely of near relatives of the bride and groom. Among these were the daughter and sister of the bride's uncle, Hon. E. P. Williams, of Galesburg, Ill. Promptly at 6:30 p. m., Miss Mary W. Rathbun began playing Mendelssohn's wedding march, which gave due notice that the bridal party was approaching. Rev. L. F. Randolph, the officiating clergyman, leading. Next came the bridesmaid, Miss Mattie D. Rathbun, dressed in white and bearing a large bouquet of bridal daisies, and the groomsman, Mr. Gardner B. Kenyon, followed by the bride and groom.

The bride appeared fair and beautiful, attired in bridal white, with chiffon lace and carrying a bouquet of white lillies. The groom was very becomingly attired according to custom. After receiving congratulations, refreshments were served. A variety of pleasing and useful presents were received.

After the customary reception, Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon started for the depot, amid showers of rice and old shoes, taking the steamboat for New York, where they took a delightful trip up the wondrous Hudson.

THE RATHBONE FAMILY HISTORIAN

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Miss Antionette Rathbone,
Herndon, Kansas.

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IN AN EDITORIAL WAY.

Life is God's workshop,
Where men are
Measured and planed,
Hammered and sawed,
Beveled and squared,
Mortised and grooved,
Fitted and proved,
Worthy a place in the mansion above.

Life is God's smith-shop.
Where souls are
Heated and drawn,
Tempered and welded,
Polished and sharpened,
Pounded and drilled,
Melted and chilled,
Worthy the hand that knows how to build.

There is noise and dust,
There is smoke and pain,
Yet every stroke is eternal gain.
Then why should we murmur,
If in them, material we're made,
While o'er us, God works at his trade.

—F. P. RATHBONE.

To write the history of a family is not the pastime of a summer's vacation but the work of years. The past year has been only the dawn to a brighter day for our people in this direction.

When the first issue of this magazine was mailed there was barely one hun-

dred names upon the list. Since that time nearly a thousand have been added and sample copies mailed. Every letter received brings others, until we now send *The HISTORIAN* from Washington to Florida, from New Brunswick to Texas; more than that, it goes regularly to London. Yet we know it has not reached every family that would be glad to give it a place in the circle and contribute to its columns.

The main feature during the past has been to find our friends and awaken in them an interest in themselves as well as in the whole family.

The second volume will begin to show what ground it is gaining, and the articles will be teeming with inspiration from many pens. It is not necessary to be scholarly in order to write an interesting paper or anecdote. A simple narrative plainly told will be just as pleasing.

It is to be regretted that an account of the weddings, deaths, births, and such matters of importance in the history of the family are not reported to the *HISTORIAN*. An account of the wedding of Miss Alice M. Rathbun at the time, would have been very gratefully received, also the news of her sad and untimely death would have called out the sympathy of every Rathbone toward the bereaved family. We trust all readers will make it a special duty to report at once, every item of family news. It is the only way to make the magazine truly the family medium.

The aspirations of the *HISTORIAN* reach above the mere chronicler or biographer, it would become the literary light of a family of which there are already many bright stars. It would become the champion of all high minded and life helping thoughts that may be devolved from the minds and hearts of its friends. It desires sermons, essays, talks, stories, poetry, anything of a pure nature or high standard.

It is not possible for one person to do all the writing or get the personal history of the many members of so large a family. It is difficult for a person to write or tell a satisfactory sketch of his own life, yet each one may add a little to the general fund.

We want some reminiscences from the older ones upon the general topics, "Memories of Father," "Recollections of Mother," etc. These need not be lengthy to be acceptable and may be handled in any way suitable to the writer. A little study will suggest to each one the way in which he or she may add something to the value of the *HISTORIAN* as a true history of our people.

Many letters come to us asking the line from the writers, back to the first family in this country. To these we must say, that particular branch of the work is left with Mr. John C. Cooley, of Oswego, N. Y., who has been engaged upon it for many years and has

the unquestioned right to be cited as the best authority now living. Besides we are unable to give any such information with any degree of accuracy. Mr. Cooley has been wanting to get his work completed and published for several years but has had so much difficulty in getting in information and records, that he finds it almost impossible to get his volume to press.

The Pythian Sisters News, has taken up the idea of the Rathbone city project, lately brought before the supreme lodge, and says the sisters will give it their cordial support. When the ladies take up a work it will never be abandoned until accomplished.

Now that the difficulties our fathers contended with in the settlement of this country, are overcome and railroad services are so general, we can hunt up our relatives and have many happy reunions. Every one planning a trip should look over the pages of the HISTORIAN and get the names of those possible to find, and call upon them. With this idea in view we have been particular to give many names and addresses.

In order to "rejoice with those who do rejoice and weep with those that weep," a few words upon the political revolution may not be out of place. While the majority of our people are republicans in politics and weep so to speak, they are loyal to the government

and true to the principle of, "the majority rules." The issues upon which the campaign was conducted were purely economic, and involved no moral questions. The old troubles growing out of the war were forgotten, the pension question seems to be settled to the general satisfaction of both soldier and citizen and with the exception of the labor troubles in few localities, everything settled down to the tariff issue. Both candidates had filled the office, a condition that never existed before, and were known to possess peculiar fitness for the high trust of so great a people. With these conditions so nearly identical, any voter could change his former views without any great sacrifice of principle. One party advocates a tariff for revenue and protection while the other demands a tariff for revenue only, and since the farmers have only raised what the latter demands, it is not easy to find the line where one ceases to be a republican or when he becomes a democrat. This being true, if the successful party carries out its promises, there will be but little difference in the outcome. However should any of the old issues that have divided the people, begin to assert themselves it will more clearly draw the line and with it, former results. The HISTORIAN can only say to the victors, Let not victory soil your love for the vanquished, and to the defeated, Be as charitable to the victors as you would have had them be to you, and let us all unite in making history in either

sphere that will bring dignity to ourselves and honor to our name.

The enlistments under our banner by becoming subscribers since last issue are Mrs. E. A. Van Horne, Mrs. Omer Leyns, Sylvan Rathbun, Della P. Hamlin, Hall Rathbun, Helen M. Rathbun, V. W. Granger, James A. Rathbun, Robert P. Rathbun, Arthur B. Rathbone, Wm. Rathbone, Mrs. H. P. Bigalow, B. P. Sharp, John F. Rathburn.

Many correspondents ask if Rathbun and Rathbone is the same family, and if the HISTORIAN is conducted as much in the interest of one family as the other. It is our opinion that the name was originally spelled RATHBONE and has been changed by different ones at their own option. In a letter from a gentleman in Canada, he says that in looking over some old papers of his father's he finds that he spelled his name Rathbone, while the writer signs his, Rathbun. A Michigan family of brothers spell it both ways, but the BUNS say that they think BONE is the correct spelling. We would like to hear from any one who may have decided views upon this question, and invite them to use the columns of the HISTORIAN to express themselves. Perhaps when Mr. Cooley gets out his work it may clear up many uncertainties under which we are all laboring. It is quite probable that some of our Block Island friends could trace out the change in some cases and give the reason for it. At present our list is

about equally divided between the two. We have not learned of any family in England or Ireland using but the one spelling. If the name is of Irish origin it would undoubtedly be spelled and pronounced Rathbone. If it originated with the German or French as surmised by Mr. Cooley in an article that appeared in the HISTORIAN, it would be the same. The inference we draw is, that Rathbun is a change made by later generations in this country. The dialect of the New Englanders would naturally tend to change the broad sound of the last syllable, while the broader dialect of the western states would sound it in full.

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