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MRS. MARY T. MASON, WIFE OF JUDGE O. P. MASON.

She was born in New Hampshire, in 1836. Her maiden name was Mary I. Turner. She and Mr. Mason were married in Madison county, New York, 1854. They came to Nebraska in February, 1856, locating at Nebraska City, Otoe county. She died at same place, May 15th, 1874, aged 38 years, leaving four children, aged at that time, Jessie, 14; Grace, 10; Alice, 5; Bessie, 3. June, 1882, Jessie Mason and F. L. Harris were married, and located at Ord, Valley county, Nebraska.

Mrs. Mason was a devoted, working member of the Episcopal church. Her strength of character and nobility of life find expression in her life work, and the children she left. In early life her education had been conducted by her mother, who saw in her child the germ of the great mental powers that so enriched her maturer years. Finally her school career was finished, and her brilliant intellect coupled with kindly impulses of the heart won for her the love and respect of all her acquaintances, retaining them in after life as admiring friends. Loved, because lovable, of a disposition whose sweetness drew around her many warm and devoted friends. Her place may be filled at the social board she brightened and illuminated by her presence, but nothing can fill the aching void left in the hearts that cherished her, by her sudden recall to the angelic regions.

A newspaper, speaking of her death at that time, said:

It is a sorrowful task to speak to a bereaved household of the high order of mind that rendered their loved one a congenial companion to many gifted spirits; to remind them of her strong practical sense, that created the unostentatious comfort of her own home. It is hard to tell them this now, in their hour of bitter longing "for the touch of a vanished hand," for the "sound of a voice that is still." And yet we can speak comfort to all who loved her; for with the hope of a Christian faith we feel those traits are not lost in death. Stillness and dust may be our portion here, but from the outer gates of the invisible realm comes the blessed revelation that there is life for us somewhere.

The fond husband seemed
 To have loved with a wild idolatry,
 A being formed of mortal dust,—
 One early doomed to die.

Yea, devoted husband, she whom you so fondly cherished, whom you cared for with more than woman's tenderness, and upon whom the winds of heaven were not allowed to blow roughly, is sleeping in the icy arms of death.

Loving relatives and friends, who so agonizingly prayed for the precious boon of her dear life, she is

Sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
With clasped hands of silent trust,
Folded with a Christian meekness,
O'er her treasured heart of dust.

She was a member of the Otoe county Old Settlers' Association, and at the annual meeting preceding her death, read the following poem, prefacing with this language :

"Gentlemen, Ladies, and Little Ones; Fathers and Mothers, Sons and Daughters; what I have written is from the heart. Should it speak to the heart, my desire will have been granted."

Oft the sun has risen in glory,
Run his course and sank to rest;
Moon has told her wondrous story,
As she sailed far down the west.

Buds have opened—blossoms faded;
Ice-chains bound the brooklet's tongue;
Snow-wreaths Winter's hand had braided
Over tree and shrub been hung.

Oft has Spring smiled on dark Winter,
Kissed away his icy breath;
Summer brought its warmth and shimmer;
Autumn, hues that whisper "Death."

Shifting scenes, like fleeting shadows,
Flit along o'er mem'ry's page;
Time and distance seem to narrow,
Youth smooths out the lines of age.

The present vanishes from sight,
Pristine beauty fills the land;
And on the left and on the right,
Unmarred works of nature stand.

A pilgrim band o'erlooks the scene,
Behind them lie friends and home,
Before them glimmers Hope's young dream—
Above them Heaven's blue dome.

While underneath their wandering feet
 The grasses bend, the brooklets flow;
 And from their steps the deer retreat,
 And hide themselves in covert low.

The wild flowers open starry eyes,
 Wild birds carol soft and low,
 Trees fling green banners to the skies,
 As summer breezes come and go.

The ancient block-house shelter gives,
 To hearts all brave—nerves all steel;
 In soldier's barracks ladies live,
 Learning lessons true and leal.

One by one homes dot the landscape,
 Acres sown bring forth the grain;
 Industry, abroad at day-break,
 Wakes to busy life the plain.

Wall by wall a city rises—
 Goodly sight and fair to see,
 Future hands will draw the prizes—
 Weave the laurels yet to be.

Wagons yield their place to railroads,
 Moonlight pales before the gas;
 Who can tell all the new modes,
 Years and science bring to pass.

Pioneering has its hardships—
 Witness those who're gathered here,
 Need had all of heartfelt worship,
 Bended knee and prayer sincere.

Out of perils, out of sorrows,
 Out of dangers dark and drear,
 Out of many dread to-morrows,
 Safely out of dismal fear,

His right hand has lead us onward,
 Through the paths we could not know;
 His great love has brought us forward—
 In his strength still may we go.

Pioneering has its hardships—
 But it has its pleasures, too,
 Friendships true take root and flourish,
 Watered by the heart's rich dew.

Joy and mirth made glad some music
 In the pauses of our care,

Dance and frolic, song and laughter,
Rippled through the evening air.

Age looked on and smiled approval,
Youth told o'er the story old,
How love's darts denied removal,
Cupid's cells would not unfold.

Children laughed and sang and shouted,
Tossed their curls and waved their hands;
Dog and cat and bird they routed—
Those bright-eyed, mischievous bands.

Then, at last, the twilight faded,
Wood and plain wore sombre hue;
Shadows, ere while faintly shaded,
Into deeper blackness grew.

Time's remorseless, restless finger,
Marked those days so wild and free—
Would not let them longer linger,
In the way of yet to be.

Tender mem'ry took the treasures,
Classed them with her rarest gems—
Hung on high the pictur'd pleasures—
Crowned the toils with diadems.

The past is not unmarked by graves,
Those graves we oft bedew with tears;
O'er many hearts the cypress waves—
Hearts that throbb'd with ours for years.

Hands we've clasped in friendship true,
Folded lie o'er breasts of snow,
Dear faces, lost to loving view,
Pillowed lie on earth-couch low.

The old settler's chain has parted,
Links are missing here and there,
But, loved ones and true hearted,
We shall find them bright and fair.

Just beyond the sin and sorrow,
Just beyond the worldly strife,
Where there is no dread to-morrow,
In a land of endless life.

There we'll bind once more our love-chain,
Make it lasting, make it strong—
Wrenched, lost or riven ne'er again,
While the ages roll along.

To-day we've met, to-night we part,
 Who shall say when next we meet,
 What heart shall miss its kindred heart?
 Whose quick pulse has ceased to beat?

God of love and God of mercy,
 Whoso'er it chance to be,
 Fold them in Thine arms so gently,
 Bear them safe o'er Death's cold sea.

Bring them safe to homes of glory,
 Builided by our Father's hand,
 There to chant in loving story,
 Memories of this precious band.

And, oh Father, hear, I pray Thee,
 Hear these words and grant this prayer,
 May each dear one now before me
 Spotless wedding garments wear.

DR. GILBERT C. MONELL AND HON. PHINEAS W.
 HITCHCOCK.

The biographies of these two old and prominent citizens were written by Mr. G. M. Hitchcock, grandson of Dr. Monell, and son of Mr. Hitchcock.

DR. GILBERT C. MONELL was born Oct. 20th, 1816, in Montgomery, Orange county, N. Y., and was his parents' second son. As his father could afford to do so in but one case, the elder brother was alone accorded a college education, and the subject of this sketch was thrown upon his own resources at an early age with a fair common school education. He, however, at once made the resolve to acquire himself what his parents were unable to give him. He took a salaried position in a country store, and began at the same time earnestly to prosecute the studies preparatory for a college course. He was enabled by strict economy and by a gift from his father, to raise a sufficient amount for a three years' course, and by self education while at work in the store, he fitted himself to enter Union College in the Sophomore year, abreast fully with those of his own age. He graduated at the age of nineteen years, and soon thereafter married Miss Lucinda Carpenter, in 1836, and then for a short time he continued his mercantile occupation, but only for the purpose of supporting himself while he