



CHICAGO  
LITERARY  
CLUB

IN MEMORIAM

EDWIN HOLMES SHELDON

CHICAGO LITERARY CLUB

IN MEMORIAM

EDWIN HOLMES SHELDON

DIED DECEMBER 18, 1890

AT the regular meeting of the Chicago Literary Club, held February 16, 1891, the accompanying report of a Committee appointed to prepare a tribute of respect to the memory of our late fellow-member, EDWIN HOLMES SHELDON, was read and adopted.

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN,  
*Recording Secretary.*

**E**DWIN HOLMES SHELDON, a member of the Literary Club, died in the City of New York on the 18th day of December, 1890, at the age of sixty-nine years. The period of his attendance upon the exercises of the Club was limited, as most of his time during the later years of his life was spent in travel or at places visited in search of health, but he retained his membership and interest until his death. He was one of that band, now rapidly wasting, whose lives have been closely interwoven with the life of our city almost from the beginning.

Coming here in 1846, a young man of twenty-five, he at once engaged with Mr. William B. Ogden in the business which, in connection with Mr. Ogden and his brother, Mahlon D. Ogden, during their lives, and afterward with his son, he prosecuted with signal ability and deserved success until admonished by age and weakness to put aside the burdens of active life. During the long period of his residence in Chicago he

was not only most efficient in the conduct of business enterprises tending to her material prosperity, but also a willing worker in the fields of religion and philanthropy. As Senior Warden of St. James Church for many years, member of the Board of Managers of Graceland Cemetery since its organization, President of the Historical Society from 1870 to 1875, Trustee of the Hahnemann Medical College, member of the School Board for three years, and trustee of the Northern Insane Asylum by appointment in 1875, he gave a proof of his constant interest in the progress of our city and society and his readiness to give to all good works the aid of his purse, his zeal, intelligence and wise judgment.

He was a man of serene mind—a man of reflection—thoughtfully patient, prudent and conservative; in manner gracious and modest, gentle in speech, and quickly responsive to every expression of refined taste or delicate fancy. Few men have so loved and studied nature. To him the finding of a favorite flower in an unexpected place was a bright event, worthy to be dwelt upon and recounted

with interest. He watched the coming and fading of the autumn tints as if the changing of the leaf had been the story of a soul. In the bustle and clamor of our busy life he seemed misplaced. To the ordinary intercourse of the street and office he may have appeared indifferent; but apart from this, and especially when in later years the trend of thought or conversation led him back to friends and scenes of earlier life, he became at once the charming companion.

Age came to him with a grace and beauty that it rarely wears. With the snowy head came the gentle dignity befitting it; with weakness, the tireless hands of love to bear him up; with the summons of death the light of a living faith to pierce the gloom of the untrodden path.

Mr. Sheldon's youth was spent in the village of Delhi, New York, and throughout a long life lived in crowds and full of absorbing cares, he kept fresh the love of this early home—the quaint old house, the shaded street, the little village in the quiet valley. Here he returned year after year with increasing fondness. Here in time he became the

patriarch of the old homestead, and three generations gathered about him ; here old men came and shared with him the memories of more than three score years, and children were taught to honor him ; and here in this little village, the home of all his life, with father, mother, wife and the friends of all his life, he lies at rest.

E. B. McCagg,  
J. S. Norton,  
*Committee.*