

OLD WAR VETERAN LAID TO REST

Charles C. Babcock, A Pioneer of the Community, Dies Suddenly

Charles Christopher Babcock was born at Watertown, N. Y., June 20, 1846, and died at Arnold Nebraska, February 23, 1920, aged 73 years, 8 months and 8 days, after a very short illness, his death being due to heart failure.

At the age of 16 years, Mr. Babcock enlisted in the Civil war, on August 23, 1862, in Co. A, 35th Inf., N. Y., and was wounded July 1, 1863, in the battle of Gettysburg, under Commander-In-Chief, General Meads. He was discharged June 1, 1865, and in 1868 came to Nebraska, taking a homestead on Garfield Table.

He was married July 15, 1889, at North Platte, Nebraska, to Matilda Miller. Four children were born to this union: Kathryn M., died October 14, 1899; Nancy M., died April 11, 1911; Charles D., and George M., are the two surviving sons. The family moved to Arnold in 1906 where they have since made their home.

The following is an address delivered by John Finch over his deceased friend and Brother, at the residence:

"I feel that I cannot let this opportunity pass without making an effort to pay a deserved tribute to my departed friend and Brother. Would that I possessed the command of the English language of a Webster, and the oratory of De Mostenese, that I might express the love and appreciation I have in my heart for this man.

"We are here today to pay our last respects to a friend and Brother. One who has lived among us for many years. A man whom we all knew and loved. A man who was always ready to lend a helping hand to those in trouble and distress, always ready to divide with those less fortunate than himself. He was one of our most public spirited citizens, and always working for the good of the town and country in which he lived. It was through his efforts in a great measure that Arnold has today one of the best Public School buildings in Custer county. With its beautiful lawn and shrubbery, an ornament to the town, a benefit to the public, an honor to our deceased friend, and should be a monument to his memory for years to come. And the children for whom he has done so much, should at least once a year drop a flower on his narrow home, his silent abode, in yonder cemetery.

"At the age of sixteen he offered his life to his country on the altar of loyalty, that this Union might live, and the sacrifices and hardships that he endured at that time were largely responsible for his death. And to me it is a fitting climax to a noble life, that he should at last be laid to rest in a cemetery that he has labored so long and hard, and given so much of the last years of his life to beautify and adorn. He was a good citizen, a good husband, a good father, a good neighbor, and a loyal friend. Now, my Brother, that your weary feet have reached the end of their toilsome journey, and the working tools have dropped from your nerveless hand, it is my prayer, that when you stand before that great white throne it may be your portion to hear from Him, who sitteth as the Judge Supreme, these welcome words: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into that celestial Lodge above, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where the supreme architect of the universe forever presides and forever reigns.'

"And now, my Brethren, let us ever remember the three great tints of our profession, Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth, and be admonished to always walk uprightly in our several stations before God and man, squaring our actions by the square of virtue, ever remembering that we are traveling upon that level of time, to that undiscovered country, where our Brother has gone."

And may we add that the deceased was one of our most loyal friends. Our associations with him led us to respect him as a brother, ever true, loyal and faithful in the performance of his duties. But he has gone! Another name is stricken from the ever lessening roll of old veterans and settlers, and he leaves a family and a large circle of friends to attest how sadly they will miss him.

Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at two o'clock, from the family residence, conducted by the Masonic lodge, of which he had been a long-time member.