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**Obituary.**


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**SKETCH OF THE LATE ELIZABETH M. BOVEE.**

**BOVEE**—At Whitewater, Wis., on the 12th inst., at the residence of her only daughter, Mrs. McHugh, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Bovee, in the 92d year of her age.

Mrs. Bovee, or "Aunt Betsey," as she was familiarly known, was born in Glenville, Schenectady county, N. Y., on the 16th of April, 1793. She was married to Matthias J. Bovee, of Amsterdam, N. Y., on the 19th of March, 1817, in which town they resided until their removal to Eagle, Wis., in 1843. Mr. and Mrs. Bovee celebrated their golden wedding on the 19th of March, 1867, on which occasion nearly one hundred relatives were present. One remarkable feature of this occasion was the fact that the two groomsmen and two bridesmaids who officiated at this golden wedding, assisted at the ceremony which took place at Glenville, N. Y., fifty years before.

In her long life Mrs. Bovee had known nearly all the public men of her generation; and with her husband when a member of the New York legislature during the administration of Governor DeWitt Clinton, and at Washington during the administration of Andrew Jackson, at which time Mr. Bovee was a member of Congress. Mrs. Bovee's life was one of great activity and usefulness. An optimist, in the full sense of the word, she lived in her belief, that everything in this world was ordered for the best. A more cheerful disposition was never given to mortal being. She carried sunshine wherever she went, and was beloved by every one who ever met her. True to her highest convictions of duty in every sphere of life; of great benevolence, which found exercise in her many works of charity, she lived the true wife, mother, sister, friend. Of ten children but three survive her, the eldest of whom, Marvin H. Bovee, is well known in connection with prison reform in many states.

Preliminary funeral services were held at Whitewater on Saturday, after which the remains were taken to Eagle for interment. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. Slade, pastor of the First Universalist Church, of Whitewater, of which society Mrs. Bovee had been for many years a member.

The following tribute of filial love was pronounced by Marvin H. Bovee at the grave of his mother :

It is not often that one so near of kin feels impressed to thus publicly pay a tribute to departed worth. 'Tis said that grief oftentimes seals the lips; but it is also true that when the heart is full the lips will speak. It is so now. I see around me many relatives who are near to my heart, and many friends I dearly love, some of whom fore more than two score years have known the mother of our love in her Western home—have known her in the meridian of life, as you have known me from manhood's early dawn. To know our mother was to love her, Enemies she had none. Her life was one continuous chain of love, whose brightest links were the kindly acts, the soul sympathies and needful help she ever extended to our common humanity, deeds of love which constitute a grander eulogy than can be pronounced by human lips. To a life thus spent, death comes, not as the king of terrors, but rather as "the welcome servant who, with noiseless tread, opens Life's flower-encircled door to show us those we love"—those who have gone before. It is well known to you all that much of my life has been devoted to questions touching our common humanity; but I can truly say that whatever of good may be found in my public career, must be ascribed to the early education and the inspirational teachings received from the mother of our love, of whom it can be truly said, she loved her race. And when I shall have passed beyond this earthly sphere, I trust that I may so have lived that the estimate of my life-work by my fellow men may find expression in the simple words: He loved mankind. But the mother has gone. And it seems meet and proper that one so good and true should have closed her life in so beautiful a season as this—the season of gentle rains and summer winds, of singing birds and fragrant flowers, the month of all others in which it seems best to die. And now, with the bright, blue canopy of heaven above our heads and the falling rays of the declining sun resting upon us, with loving hearts and gentle hands we are to lay away, not the gem, but the casket which for nearly a century of time had encased the jeweled spirit, now set free. Tenderly, reverently, we consign to Mother Earth the casket of the soul. Her beautiful spirit remains with us.