

# Hobart, Adaline

Oroville Butte Record

11-16-1867

## DIED.

Near Oroville, November 5th, 1867, Francis Grant, aged 51.

At Butte Valley, on the 12th instant, Adaline, wife of the the Rev. Randall Hobart, aged 60 years.

Mrs. Hobart was a native of Rutland, Vermont, where the earlier years of her life were spent; she emigrated to Michigan in 1838, and in 1853, joined her husband (who had preceded her here in '49,) at Bidwell Bar, in this county. Hers was what might be called almost a constant pioneer life, and gave an opportunity for the cultivation and exercise of those amiable qualities and Christian virtues which marked her pilgrimage here. Amid the earlier scenes in the settlements of Michigan, and a later period amid the wilder and more exciting scenes of California, no weary emigrant ever left her door without assistance and encouragement, nor without invoking blessings upon the pure Christian benevolence that actuated her whole life. Many will weep at her loss, and remember her virtues with gratitude and blessings. The partner of her life has numbered nearly his three score years and ten, and has the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in the sad affliction that has removed the amiable companion of his declining years from him, and from a community that knew her but to praise.

In Oroville, November 15th, 1867, Hattie A., infant daughter of Mr and Mrs H P Downer, aged 11 months and 5 days.

Funeral will take place at the residence of the family to-day, (Saturday,) at ten o'clock A M. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.

At Oregon Creek, October 28th John Beckey a native of Scotland, aged 63 years and 6 months.

ARMSTRONG, James Hunter  
Weekly Butte Record  
12-14-1867

OBITUARY.

Died at Cherokee Flat, Butte county, September 22d, 1867, James Hunter Armstrong, aged 38 years, 11 months and 25 days.

He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 28th of September, 1828. Called away from earth in the prime of life, by being thrown from a horse and falling upon the blade of an axe which he was carrying—leaving a large circle of friends and near and dear relatives, to mourn the loss of a kind father, friend and neighbor,

Cut short my few and toilsome days,  
Let loose a tyrants thrall,  
I'll die with unaverted gaze  
And conquer as I fall.

Inscrutable are the decrees of Providence and His ways past finding out. We know not when our call may come to join the innumerable throng that move to the pale realms of shade—

Where every severed wreath is bound  
And none have heard the knell,  
That smites the soul in that sad sound  
Farewell! beloved farewell!

Each voice of love is there,  
Each glance of beauty fled,  
Each lost one still more fair,  
Oh! lightly, lightly tread!

The mother's heart will be lonely and sad, and the little daughters will mingle their tears with the dew drops as they bend with the violets over his lonely bed of dreamless sleep. But the sorrows of earth are past. Call not the slumberer back.

# Garriott, George W.

Weekly Butte Record

6-13-1868

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## DIED.

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At Oakland, California, June 12th, 1868, Charley, eldest son of W. S. and M. J. Wilkerson, of Wyandotte, California. Aged 5 years 11 months and 16 days.

At Virginia, Storey county, Nevada, Philip M. Westwood, a native of England, aged 44 years.

At Yankee Hill, Butte county, June 1st, George W. Garriott, a native of Virginia, Madison county, aged 46 years.

Near Dayton, on Sunday morning, 1st instant, Lucy, daughter of John and Margaret Handy, aged 22 months.

Weep not for her—in a world of bliss  
She finds a rich exchange for this.

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# Belden, Charles

Plumas National

6-13-1868

**DIED.**—We are sorry to chronicle the death of Mr. Charles Belden, an old resident of this county. Mr. Belden had, for several months past, been in bad health, having a disease called by physicians, softening of the brain. His death occurred at San Francisco, a short time since, (we did not learn the date,) where he had gone to recruit his health. We are informed that previous to his death he exhibited signs of insanity, and the day previous he went to visit Lone Mountain Cemetery, where he remained over night. He was found there, insensible, the next day, and was brought to the city, where some friends took charge of him, and in a short time after he died. Mr. B. was long a resident of Rich Bar, East Branch, and was highly respected by all who knew him.