

These lines are a sketch of the
life and work and passing of
Samuel H. Worcester,
son of
Martin and Ann Guilds Worcester,
Coventry, England.
Worcestershire.

Samuel H. Worcester
Born April 15, 1828
Wednesbury, England.

Passed on
October 14, 1898
Des Moines, Iowa.
Buried
Ottumwa, Iowa.



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In beginning these reminiscences of my father I think it will be of more interest to begin where he left England.

As several of the married brothers and sisters had moved to America and were living in Cincinnati, Ohio and just over the river in New Port, all doing well, Samuel wished to join them; he was aged twenty yrs. He came in the vessel "Britannia," sailing from Liverpool to New York; he remained in New York city a short time, but being tedious, he went on to Cincinnati and joined his sisters and brother Henry.

He lived in his sister Elizabeth's home, a fine gentle little woman, always dear to her brother. As long as he lived, she never forgot a sweet birthday letter to him.

Samuel had learned the plumbing trade fine carriage and sign painting, also leaded glass window making.

All but the plumbing he engaged in until his death, owning his own business from 1858.

In 1848 his father and mother, longing for the companionship of the older children in Annercia, set sail from Liverpool, with the younger children, in October, having a most happy reunion on Christmas 1848.

All were in the States except Mary, who had married the Rev. John J. Blower, son of a noted English divine.

She was living in Brighton, Eng., a watering place. Rev. Blower, died about 1866. She also wished to go to Annercia, the older brothers did not send her money, so she wrote to her brother Samuel, she would like to join the others. He sent her five hundred dollars and with her children Fanny Barnett, aged 18 yrs., Anne Elizabeth, and John J. Jr.

sailed to Amercia, reaching Ottumwa in June 1867. They remained in our home many years. Fanny married a contractor about 1869. Anne married in Topeka, Kan. Aunt Mary died in Topeka, in 1880. John became an expert in railroad office work, was with the C. & N. W. road, later going to South Amercia with a large English syndicate to build a trans-continental road but after a years work they failed and the rail-road was not finished.

In 1849 came the Cholera epidemic in Amercia taking a heavy toll and three of the Worcester family succumbed. The father Martin, was stricken, dying in a few hours, on June 21, 1849, his beloved wife's natal day. My grand-mother followed him in five or six week, of a broken heart.

My father often talked of his sweet and lovely mother and he seemed to

miss her more as the years passed on. She and her sisters were beautiful fair women, golden hair, very blue eyes and faultless skin.

Father loved to dwell on the life in England and what a fine father he had, upright in all his dealing and "ever ready" to help the oppressed and needy. The Worcesters were "Always Ready" with their henchmen, to oppose England's King when they were in the wrong. Grandfather and the Lord of Feuch walked from Wednesbury to Birmingham about five miles, father said, but they thought little of it, as there were "hot" gas lamps and fine pavements all the way.

They used in that a mottled, motion glass for paving. Blue and white, or rose color. Father often told me of a visit he made with his father to the Earl of Warwick's Castle not far

from their home. The Earl received them in the large library of the Castle, and while the Earl and Mr. Worcester were talking, Samuel, boy like was looking the room over; he noticed after the footman closed the door of this great room, he was unable to see where there was a door for the entire room was in panels, with secret doors.

His boyish mind worked as most boys would of that day, and he said he thought how easy it would be for the Earl to trap a man here, to disturb and have him put below in a dungeon, or cut off his head.

This Earl was a big gruff man.

That visit always left a vivid impression on his mind, and my father said, that was one visit and room he never forgot. He was about 14 or 15 years

I recall much of their childhood life as given by Cousin Eva in the

proceeding pages, as being told by my father
and aunt Mary. Their brother Martin
must have been the very bright child
of the family and they would speak
of him often. Samuel was the great
favourite of the family and one night
after they had been sent to bed,
the older ones became tired of his
pranks, so they tied him in a big
bag and rolled him down the stairs
where the parents were reading.
He told me of many tricks he
played on his sister Elizabeth, as
she was so small she couldn't
hardly defend herself. I think she
never weighed ninety pounds.

He seemed never to have forgotten
his heartache when his father took
him to the station, gave him his ticket
and passage money for his trip to
Amurcia. His bag contained his clothes,
his book of drawings, a few books and

a Bible given him as a reward of merit at the age of twelve, at the Parish Church. In parting with his father and precious little mother, he felt every thing dear to him was being left behind, and often quoted in his last years.

"Isle of Beauty, Fare-thee-well."

The entire family followed in a few years.

Father always loved England, some times he would say, "England with all thy faults, I love thee still."

He had a great desire to visit his old home; he would say to me, "some day you and I will go over to England and I will show you where I was born and spent a happy childhood."

But his business seemed to require him, so put off the trip from year to year.

Father never saw his native land again. But methinks in the spirit world he has gone there with his

loved ones many times, and will
sometime take me in his happy
way and show me the love spots
of his boyhood days.

He loved the hedge-rows of
Worcestershire, the stately elms,
and Lombardy poplars were his
favorite trees. He always had Lon-
bardy poplars in our yard and
his last home had a row of
them in the parkway, extending the
unity, feet. He loved their
statelyness, as they seemed to
protect the home, like sentinels
of the things, on guard.

I too love them, a double row of
them ins an air of refinement
to any home. The sight of them
always touch a tender chord
in my heart. Father was a
natural born artist, never receiving
any instructions, he could draw

almost any thing from memory.
His dogs were wonderful, also fruit,
of any kind.