

J. Homer A. Johnson
Chicago,
Ill.



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DR. JOHNSON IS DEAD.

HE SUCCUMBS TO PULMONARY ILLS.

Demise of a Famous Physician, Surgeon
and Scientist Who Lived in Chicago
Forty Years and Stood High Up
in His Chosen Profession.

Dr. Hosmer Allen Johnson, one of Chicago's most distinguished physicians and surgeons, died yesterday forenoon, after a brief illness. He had been unwell for several days, but not so seriously as to cause alarm to his family and friends. Heart failure was the immediate cause of death, although the primary trouble was pneumonia. During the forty years of his residence in Chicago no man stood higher in the profession of medicine, and he ranked equally well among the medical men of the nation. Dr. Johnson was born in the village of Wales, near Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1822, and received his first school training at Boston, N. Y., where his parents resided during his earlier childhood. In 1834 they removed to Almont, Mich., where he worked on a farm, devoting his leisure time to study. At the age of eighteen years he was teaching school, and in 1846 he entered the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, but after two years of close study he was obliged to seek a change of climate in the South on account of pulmonary troubles. He continued his studies, however, and in 1849 passed the examination and was graduated from Ann Arbor. In 1850 he entered Rush Medical College in this city, earning a living during his student life by teaching school. In 1851 Dr. Johnson became the first resident physician of Mercy Hospital and received his diploma from Rush College—the acknowledged leader of the class of that year. He joined the faculty of Rush and continued a member of it until 1858, when with others he organized the medical department of Lind College, afterward the Chicago Medical College. During the same year he was elected president of the Illinois State Medical Society. Dr. Johnson was one of the founders of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and was also a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and of the American Medical Association, which society sent him as a delegate to Europe in 1865. In 1861 Governor Yates appointed him a member of the state board of medical examiners, of which he was elected president and on which he served during the war.

Assisted Refugees from the Fire.

For six years Dr. Johnson was a member of the Chicago board of health, and later on he served with distinction on the national board of health. He was long a consulting physician of the Cook County Hospital and attending and consulting physician of the Chicago Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary. After the great fire of 1871 Dr. Johnson was one of the first on the field to offer assistance to the sick and homeless, and he directed the medical work of the Chicago Relief and Aid Society.

Dr. Johnson was married in 1855 to Margaret Ann Seward. Two children, Dr. Frank Seward Johnson and Miss Flora Belle Johnson, survive him. Dr. Frank Johnson is the lecturer on histology in the Chicago Medical College and shared his father's large practice. For many years Dr. Johnson has resided at 4 Sixteenth street, next door to the residence of Dr. Edmund Andrew. From the time of his boy life in New York and on the Michigan farm Dr. Johnson had ever been a profound student, both in his profession and outside of it. In diseases of the lungs, throat and blood he was an authority. His practice, which for many years has been extensive, he attended carefully, and despite his own complaints was always at the beck and call of his large circle of patients. Each year he sought rest and recuperation from the ills incident to pulmonary troubles by a sojourn in the South. One of Dr. Johnson's favorite pastimes was the study of astronomy, a science he greatly admired. He had a small observatory with powerful glasses arranged on an elevation in the rear of his home. He daily spent an hour or so studying the sun, the heavens and the planets.

He Was a Kindly Gentleman.

Personally Dr. Johnson was a kindly gentleman, easy of approach and most entertaining in conversation. But he was quick and ready at all times to defend himself and his profession, as he amply demonstrated when he was on one occasion attacked by the late Wilbur F. Storey, the great editor of the *Times*. Dr. Johnson had cared for one of Mr. Storey's wives in her last illness. After her death Mr. Storey attacked the physician, through the columns of his newspaper, charging him with carelessness in his treatment of his patient. Mr. Storey for once met his match, for Dr. Johnson, finding space in a rival paper, replied in kind to the eccentric old journalist's attacks, and he did it in a manner so masterly and relentless that Mr. Storey was glad to beg truce at an early opportunity.

Among Dr. Johnson's clients was Wirt Dexter, the distinguished attorney, who died so suddenly last spring. The physician was much affected over Mr. Dexter's death and spoke of him as one of his dearest friends. In medical circles the news of Dr. Johnson's death was received with expressions of regret, and the various organizations and faculties with which he was connected during his long professional career will meet to take action on the loss of so valued a member and friend. The time for the funeral, which will be private, has not yet been announced.

Dr. N. S. Davis said: "Less than two weeks ago Dr. Johnson went to Wisconsin to assist another physician in a consultation. Saturday, Feb. 14, he attended a faculty meeting of the Chicago Medical College, of which he was the president of the board of trustees and emeritus professor of principles and practice of medicine. He retired from active service six or seven years ago on account of his poor health. He was taken with pulmonary hemorrhage while pursuing his classical course in the Michigan University. The attack was so severe that he was compelled to leave Ann Arbor for a change of climate. He, however, pursued his studies alone and later graduated at that university. He continually had trouble with his lungs, and in seeking to improve his health by a change of climate he crossed to Europe and visited different parts of our own country almost every year for the past twenty years. He had three or four attacks of pneumonia before this last one, which was in an acute form and caused his sudden death. Last December he attended the annual meeting of the American Health Association, of which he was an active member and two years ago president, held at Charleston, S. C. He was quite unwell when he started, and hoped that the trip South would benefit him. But it improved his condition little. For the past six months he has been failing. In spite of the fact that Dr. Johnson was for many years past in poor health, he has ever been an active and efficient worker and a leader in his profession, and especially in his connection with the Chicago Medical College, of which he was an energetic worker at the time of its organization in '59."

committee, assisted in framing, and for which he voted as a member of the house. His conduct was certainly such as to cast some suspicion upon his motives.

The committee allude to the fact that E. H. Conger stated in the course of debate in the house on the 24th of June last that he had been "approached to join silver pools." But they allude to it apparently for the purpose of saying that Mr. Conger did not charge that any senator or representative had fallen before the tempter. Mr. Conger is now United States minister to Brazil, and was at a convenient distance from Washington while the investigation was in progress—a distance convenient for those who had approached him to join silver pools. The committee say, however, that they cabled him a request to transmit to them the names of persons who had approached him, but he had declined to comply with the request. Mr. Conger is in the diplomatic service of his country, and it would not be diplomatic to implicate any one in any discreditable transactions connected with legislation.

One receives the impression from reading this report that there is a good deal that the committee failed to discover, and that the honorable gentlemen of the committee were willing to place as favorable a construction as possible upon the facts they did discover.

The Iowa lover who braves the wrath of "the old man" and marries his pretty daughter in spite of him is shown no mercy by the Iowa "white caps." Edward George, of Clear Lake, is a young man of good character, but he married without the consent of the young lady's papa, and the white caps took immediate action in his case. They invaded his chamber, sheeted and masked like so many ghosts, tore him from his bed, dragged him from the house and forced him on board a railroad train with the warning never to return. But he did return, and is now in active search of his cowardly assailants. In this he should have the hearty assistance of every respectable citizen of that community. The white cap idiocy should have been suppressed long ago. No law abiding neighborhood can afford to permit the existence of such an organization. It is a lawless and irresponsible band—a disgrace and reproach to every locality in which it operates. Indiana has been compelled to pass most stringent laws against it, and under them a number of convictions have been obtained. Laws of the same kind are needed in Iowa, and, indeed, in every state where white caps can be found.

Discussing the temperance question in Washington is the reverse of carrying coals to Newcastle, and the woman's national council in session in that city does well to devote a large share of its time to that subject. It may not check the desperate excesses of the swarm of statesmen just now at the capital, but it may sow the seeds of a temperance reform to be completed by the succeeding Congress.

A method has finally been discovered by which colors can be photographed. A Swiss photographer has succeeded in photographing a stained window in hues as brilliant as the original. His plan has been revealed to the Paris Academy of Science, and soon an achievement in photography that has been regarded as impossible will be in the reach of everybody. The discovery will undoubtedly extend the province of photographic art in many ways, but still it is likely that a colored photograph will never be very popular with the freckle-faced woman or the red-nosed man.

A jolly tapster of Staten Island, lately demised, has left a provision in his will that his body shall be cremated and the ashes scattered broadcast from the summit of the Statue of Liberty. During the ceremony his friends are to stand around with full cups in their hands and drink to his memory. The jolly tapster's scheme for his own speedy and effective dissemination has excited considerable comment. A moment's thought, however, will convince the scientific mind that there is nothing especially novel or original in the idea. By the processes of nature the ashes of every man are ultimately scattered far and fine. The jolly tapster has simply called in the aid of fire and wind to hurry matters a little. There was something original in the scheme of the fellow who proposed to have the bodies of the dead carried up to the north pole and there left, eternally frozen in blocks of crystal ice. He would have bidden defiance to the law of change.

The Nicaragua Canal bill, now pending in the senate, is opposed by the democrats generally because they have the irredeemable habit of opposing anything that is for the interests of the country, and specifically upon the allegation that it is in conflict with the Monroe doctrine and the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. This is substantially the only criticism they find to make against it.—[Chicago Tribune.

That is not the only criticism that they make against it by a good deal. Their chief criticism is that it is a \$100,000,000 steal on exactly the same lines as the Pacific Railway steal and certain to end in the same way. Warner Miller and James G. Blaine are engineering this grab and the democrats know them of old.

The LaSalle avenue ghost will not do at all. If the world's fair city is to have a specter it must be one that does something more horrifying and supernatural than to stand on the roof of a building and pelt people with sand. Any mischievous boy might cut up such a dido as that. Chicago must distinguish herself in the matter of ghosts as she has in all other lines. We have here the tallest buildings in the United States; the handsomest girls; the Auditorium; the most anarchists; the only self-investigating county board; the only air ship; the greatest sausage factory; the most fragrant river; the coldest street cars, Carter Harrison, and other supreme distinctions too numerous to mention. If we have a ghost it must be one with eyes like locomotive head-lights. It must be at least seven feet tall and must have a weird and sepulchral voice. The LaSalle avenue spirit might as well go out of business.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Two of Fenimore Cooper's daughters, now old ladies, live in Cooperstown, in the very heart of the romantic country that the novelist made famous.

General Pillsbury, of Minnesota, is to present to his native town, Sutton, N. H., a brick town hall which will contain, in addition to offices, a public library.

Marquis di Rudini, the new premier of Italy, is a Sicilian, fifty-eight years old, tall and with a long, flowing beard that gives him a very striking appearance.

Alice, sister of Patrick Bronte, and aunt of Charlotte and Emily Bronte, famous in English literature, died recently, aged ninety five years. She was the last of the Bronte family.

It is not only stout men with short necks who are in danger of apoplexy. According to Professor Loomis and Dr. Austin Flint, the thin man is just as liable to die from such an attack as the fat man is.

De Lesseps is now eighty-six years old. At eighty he was a rugged, enthusiastic and vigorous octogenarian, but since the collapse of his

