

Standard Form For Members of the Legislature

Name of **Representative** ^{Dr.} Jullien, Levi Senator _____

Represented: Fayette County, Iowa

1. Birthday and place 13 Aug 1824 Foga County, Pennsylvania

2. Marriage (s) date place
Jemima Elizabeth Dipton 13 May 1845

3. Significant events for example:

A. Business _____

B. Civic responsibilities _____

C. Profession Physician

4. Church membership Methodist

5. Sessions served 9th General Assembly 1862

6. Public Offices

A. Local _____

B. State _____

C. National _____

7. Death 8 Dec 1900 IOWA WPA Burial Record:
West Union Cemetery,
West Union, Fayette County,

8. Children William E.; two children died in infancy IOWA

9. Names of parents _____

10. Education Educated in the academy at New Castle,
Pennsylvania

11. Degrees _____

12. Other applicable information Republican

- He was a direct descendant of Edward Fuller of Plymouth
Colony who came on the Mayflower.
- He studied medicine after leaving the academy.
- He set up his first medical practice at Rock Grove,
Stephenson County, Illinois.
- He came to West Union, Iowa in 1853 being the first
load of hardware ever to come to West Union
- In 1869 he conducted a bank at West Union, but after 2 years
resold it to P. B. Zeigler which eventually merged into
the National Bank.
- Military service - Civil War - Surgeon of the 38th Regiment of
Iowa Volunteers, however, before reporting to this position.
President Lincoln appointed him to the office of Collector of
Revenue for the 3rd district of Iowa until Nov 1865

DR. FULLER IS DEAD!

SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED DEMISE OF WEST UNION'S MOST PROMINENT CITIZEN.

All Saturday forenoon Dr. Levi Fuller was in his office or on the street, following the daily routine of his life in this community for nearly fifty years. At 3:30 Saturday afternoon he was dead. Through the morning he complained of not feeling well, but attributed his condition to indigestion, to which he was often subject. He was persuaded to not come up town after dinner, occupying the lounge in conversation with Mrs. Wm. E. Fuller. Suddenly, in the midst of the talk, with no warning, without a struggle, he ceased to breathe. The shock followed by consternation and grief, which accompanied the announcement that "Dr. Fuller is dead!" was not confined to his family, stricken as they were, but extended to all. For the moment it seemed as if the crowded streets were paralyzed, and as the news spread throughout the county there was everywhere a feeling of grief suggesting the thought of a general demonstration of mourning. So much was he loved, admired, venerated and respected.

Levi Fuller was born in Tioga Co., Penn., August 13, 1824. He was a lineal descendant from Edward Fuller, one of the of the Plymouth Colony, who came in the Mayflower in 1620, and many of the marked characteristics of the life of Dr. Fuller may be well attributed to his Puritan ancestry. In early life he attended the Academy at New Castle, Penn., after which he began the study of medicine and in due time entered

the pupils that one of his last public acts, within a few days of his death, was to make the rounds of the grades inspecting the work in each and addressing the pupils in words of wisdom fitting and appropriate to those who are to be the future men and women of West Union.

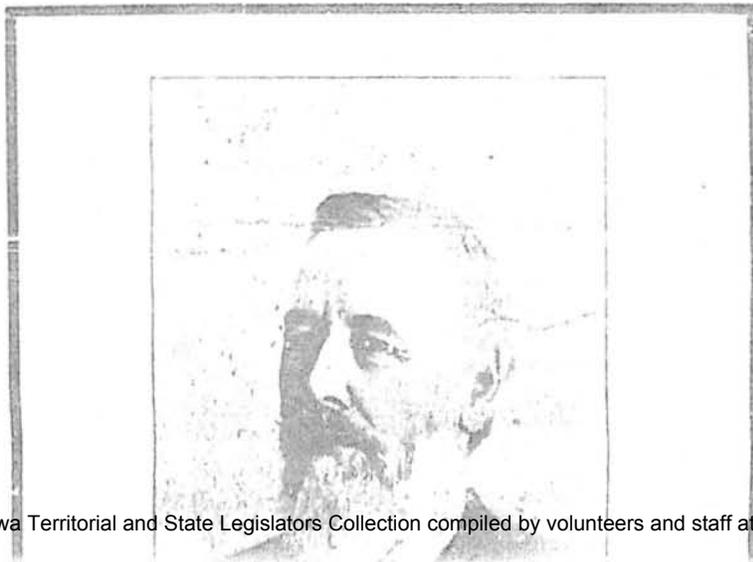
For more than twenty years he has been President of the Board of Trustees of the Upper Iowa University at Fayette, and all familiar with that institution of learning are free to credit to his sagacity and conservative management much of its later success and growing popularity.

The Methodist church of this city has been the constant subject of his fostering care, and every other denomination ever found him open-handed. The religious element of our city will miss forever the generous good-will of Dr. Fuller.

THE FUNERAL.

Was held Tuesday forenoon. During the day the schools were closed, and during the hours of the service all business houses were closed, the teachers and most of the business men joining the grief-stricken audience that filled the church. The U. I. U. was also closed that day, the entire faculty and many other Fayette residents participating in the obsequies. Nearly all towns of the county contributed to the sorrowing throng that filled our town that day. Judge Hobson adjourned court that all might pay tribute to the memory of the departed.

A brief service was held at the



stunned into things forgetfulness of things temporal. I come to talk with you about the responsibility of life, in the fresh remembrance that one who has borne well has slipped his shoulder from under the load and left you and me to bear all the more. I am not here to talk about death. Living men must talk about life. Life and immortality are all our concern. Oh for grace with which to live! Dying is indeed solemn, but living is awful. It was Dr. Deems who said, "It is not that you and I may die at five o'clock this evening; it is not that which ought to concern us; but that we may live until five o'clock. And there is no man who lives until that time who will not have grown into a greater ripeness for the everlasting life, or have commenced that decay which goes down to spiritual death." There are times in all our lives which march straight and commandingly into our hearts, when the immeasurable burden of living seems to crush us down, and feeling our great need of help from without ourselves, irrepressible questions about life and destiny and duty demand from us an answer. The perplexing things of today and the pitch blackness of tomorrow compel us to modify the phrase from Shakespeare's master picture, and we say, "to be" is all the question, "not to be" has no place in our thought. The question we want settled is not one of privilege, or possessions, or position, but much better we are laboring with the stupendous thought of what we are in our inmost soul, and whether our real character is godly and kind or selfish and worldly. The close of a life that has met bravely all such questions as these, is surely a matter of deep interest to the community in which that life has been spent. We are driven to our knees and look up to God for help, for a good man has died.

I urge you, my beloved friends, to note that the presence of a good man is both a blessing and a security to a community. If by careful search ten such men could have been found in Sodom, God would have held back the rain of fire which swept the wicked city from the earth. Good men are the unfading pillars of the state as well as of the church, and upon their herculean shoulders the world has ever been borne toward heaven. Our text is an apt prayer for us today because we need just such examples as the one who has gone. The consistent life of a Christian man is worth more than many sermons. We are all better scholars of example than of philosophy. We learn from demonstration. Our school rooms today are equipped with charts and maps and cubes and globes, and aided by these the scholars grasp lessons in one-third the time they needed in the days not long since gone. But, my friends, the great lesson for us to learn is—how to live. In learning this the power of example must certainly be recognized. The most effective energy of Christianity has always been that energy which became embodied in life. The example of our savior, as he became a man, and lived and labored among the perplexities and disappointments of human life, and yet in every condition maintained a perfect manhood and left us "an example that we ought also to walk even as he walked." Here the hold of our Lord upon the life of men is indeed immeasurable. We have lost here an example. Jesus Christ today depends upon the character and life of his followers, to reach in a large measure the world unswayed. And losing as we do today we cannot but cry out the words of our text in the presence of our increased burden.

But again, we need the influence of this one. When Christ told his followers that they were the "salt of the earth" he proclaimed to the world the worth of the influence of the true Christian character. In the life of Christianity, the presence of good character is beyond measurement.



upon the successful practice of his profession, settling first at Rock Grove, Stephenson county, Ill.

He was married May 13, 1845, to Jemima Elizabeth Tipton, who was his loved companion until her death in February, 1899. To them were born three children, two dying in infancy, Wm. E. being their only survivor, with seven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

He came to West Union in 1853, bringing the first stock of hardware ever in the town. In 1869 he conducted a bank here, but after two years resold to S. B. Zeigler, who subsequently merged it into the National Bank.

Dr. Fuller was always a Republican, his first presidential vote being cast for Fremont in 1856. He was in the convention that nominated Lincoln in 1860, and attended most of the subsequent national conventions of his party. He represented this district in the Legislature during the war, serving through two sessions. In 1862 he was commissioned by Gov. Kirkwood as Surgeon of the 38th Regt. Iowa Vols. Before reaching his regiment President Lincoln appointed him to the office of Collector of Revenue for the 3d District of Iowa, which position he held till Nov. 1865, when he resigned, filling this very responsible place with honor to himself and credit to his party and the administration. Following the "grasshopper raid" in northwestern Iowa Dr. Fuller was appointed one of the three commissioners to distribute the relief appropriations of the Legislature, performing the duty with his accustomed thoroughness and fidelity. In the later years of Dr. Fuller's life he became deeply interested in the subject of Education, partially due, perhaps, to the confidence reposed in him by the people of the Ind. Dist. of West Union, who for eighteen consecutive years kept him a member of the Board, most of the time as president—a record we think without a parallel in Iowa. And it is a matter of congratulation with the teachers and

house at 10 o'clock. At 10:30 the funeral cortege arrived at the Methodist church. The service was in charge of the pastor, Rev. M. S. Rice, who delivered a most affecting discourse, condensed below. He was assisted by Pres. Benton, Elder Fleming and Rev. Gammons. The song service was by a choir composed of Mrs. Stam, Miss Noble, Prin. Finch and C. G. Neff, Mrs. Hobson, organist.

The pall bearers were Judge Hobson, T. L. Green, D. W. Clements, E. B. Shaw, James Graham and F. Y. Whitmore. The honorary bearers were G. H. Thomas, L. L. Ainsworth, S. B. Zeigler, H. B. Hoyt, A. L. Colgrove and C. H. Talmadge.

THE SERMON.

"Dr. Fuller is dead!" It would certainly be the greatest presumption on my part to claim to be able to measure the meaning of that news which ran from ear to ear through our community last Saturday afternoon. In my brief acquaintance with this city I have, however, been compelled to see on every hand the strong evidence of this man's presence. As I have endeavored to study the condition and need of our church here; and as I have endeavored to find the conditions upon which our church was to make its impress in this community; upon every hand I have found Dr. Fuller; and his strong life exerting a most emphatic influence. When the sudden news of his death was brought to me there flashed at once the prayer of the Psalmist, "Help Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, and the faithful fall from among the children of men." To this text, found in the twelfth Psalm and the first verse, I direct the attention of this congregation now. The theme flows directly from the wording of the text—the death of a good man, a cause for earnest prayer.

A good man has died. One who loved God; one who loved men; one who loved the church. Upon our streets we shall miss one of the most familiar figures of the town. In our church we shall unconsciously be expecting the coming again of this man, who was ever watchful to be of service to the cause of righteousness. I come not here today to offer consolation. This man has anticipated me in 'st. And in all our tears today there is somewhat of selfishness. We weep not for him; we weep for ourselves bereft of his counsel and companionship. Many years before most of us were born this man was walking steadfastly before God. I would not dare intrude my poor words into the sacred domain of such comfort to us as this I come with another mission. I come now in a moment when all our thoughts are solemn; when the rumble of the busy world has been muffled in each of us; when we are

But again, we need the influence of this one. When Christ told his followers that they were the "salt of the earth" he proclaimed to the world the worth of the influence of the true christian character. In the life of christianity shall the world's life be preserved. The influence of good character is beyond our measurement. Dr. Hills says about a great man: "So long as Lord Shaftesbury lived England saw a standing rebuke of all wrong and injustice." All England felt the force of that colossal character, and when he died the streets of London for miles were choked with the press of the thousands eager to offer homage to the good man gone. We stand today, bereft of the personal influence of a good man. I know it is true, in a sense, that influence will not die, but these human eyes demand some material object to follow. We have grown used to this man's counsels, to his personal earnestness, to his cheerful charity. We have come to expect his influence in every channel of life here. He has marched into the larger affairs of our civic life and he has made way into our more private life at home. And now, without a second's warning, his hand has been withdrawn and withdrawn so easily that we can scarcely realize that it is gone.

But again, we need his counsel. Perhaps in that word we realize better the relationship of Dr. Fuller to this community, than in any other way. He has been a counselor for all of us. The poorest as well as the richest found there a safe counsel. Who shall we miss more than such an one? In the unexpected complications of life, when we are unable to tell just what to do, what a privilege it is to have a trusty friend to whom we may freely whisper our problems, and upon whose mature judgment we may depend, and whose advice we may safely follow. Lord Bacon said, "The greatest trust between man and man, is the trust of giving counsel." Many the time I have enjoyed this trust with this man, but I have found that this was a most common trust which he enjoyed. In business, in the church, in private life, here was a safe counselor.

But today we face the fact that he is gone. Let us never forget in the midst of griefs and burdens of life that all of the dispensations of God are right. God does not make mistakes. In the midst of the darkest places, if we will but look aright, he will bring out the stars of his love and wisdom. The baptism of some great sorrow, some awful moment of anguish, will reveal help to us, if we will but look with eyes of faith. I therefore urge you to remember that

"Behind a frowning providence
God hides a smiling face."

We must not dare to judge eternal things from the little vision which we catch out of our narrow bound home here. We rest confident ever upon our faith that our God is good, is kind, and that he doeth all things well. Shall we need to agree that it sometimes does become necessary for God to come to us veiled in sorrow, to see if we love him truly for himself alone? Surely we ought to be more apt pupils in the great school of life.

We stand here today in sorrow and yet in joy. This man brought up to this hour an unquestioning faith in God. Had he gone through his long busy life without faith, and laid down unexpectedly to his death, what an awful gloom would be over this hour. But there is no gloom here. Our sadness is all toward ourselves. As for him there can be nothing but gain. To such a thought I would earnestly commend this congregation and to the Saviour of all men I would invite you to come. This life has not gone out in the dark. But over him we sing today—

"Farewell conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell,
Life's labor done, as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth unite to say,
How blest the righteous, when he dies!"