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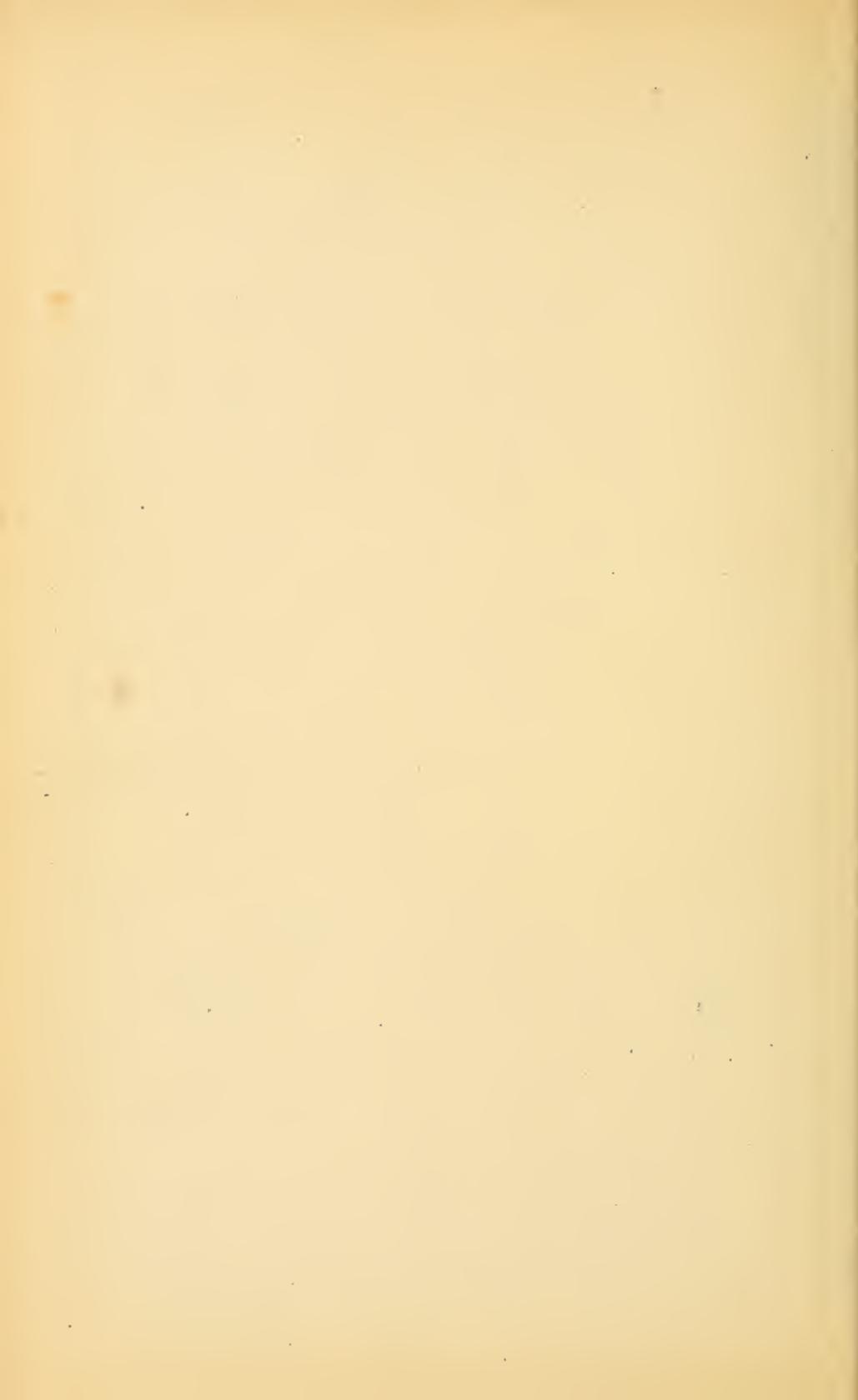
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THE
BLATCHFORD
MEMORIAL.

I will, for their sakes, remember the covenant of their ancestors.

Lev., xxvi, 45.

NEW YORK :
1871.



I have thought that this record would be interesting to the lineal descendants of the Reverend SAMUEL BLATCHFORD, D. D., who now number sixty-four persons in life, and perhaps to others. Nearly all the materials embraced in it have been collected and arranged by the assiduity and care of Miss Harriet W. Blatchford, of Troy, N. Y. The coat of arms is a *fac-simile* from a larger copy in my possession. I find it thus described in Burke's General Armory, 3d edition, London, 1851: "Az. two bars wavy or, on a chief of the last three pheons of the first. Crest—A swan's head and neck, crased sa. betw. two wings ar."

SAMUEL BLATCHFORD.

NEW YORK, *February*, 1871.

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THE BLATCHFORD MEMORIAL.

THE BLATCHFORD MEMORIAL.

THE REVEREND SAMUEL BLATCHFORD, D.D.

The Reverend Dr. Blatchford, in compliance with the request of his children, dictated, shortly before his death, this narrative of the principal events of his life. It comes down, however, only to the year 1807. It is addressed to his children.

I WAS born in the year 1767, in the town of Plymouth Dock, now called Devonport, in the county of Devon, England. My father, Henry Blatchford, was a descendant of Major Blatchford, who was at the battle of the Boyne, having come over from Holland with King William's army. My mother's name was Mary. She was the daughter of Richard Heath, Esq., of Totness, in Devonshire.* My father was twice married. By his first wife he had a son called John, who was eminent for his piety, and died a few years since, in the triumph of faith. By his second wife, my mother, to whom he was married in the year 1766, he had four children—Sammel, Jane, Joseph, and William. William died in infancy. Joseph died at the age of five years, exhibiting a most remarkable instance of early piety, perhaps equal to any detailed in "Janeway's Token for Children." He ex-

* A "Silver Quart" is a relic in the family. The date on the handle is 1749. Above it are the letters "R. H. M." Mrs. Alicia Blatchford, on her death bed, gave this "Silver Quart" to her oldest living son, Thomas Windeatt. In 1847, at the request of the family, the following inscription was engraved on it: "Mary, daughter of Richard and Mary Heath, wife of Henry Blatchford, and mother of the Rev. Samuel Blatchford, D.D., was born at Plymouth Dock, England, 1749. At her baptism, according to an old custom, coin was cast into the baptismal font by friends witnessing the ceremony, from which this 'Silver Quart' was then made." On the reverse side is the following:

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------|
| "Mary Heath, | born 1749. |
| Samuel Blatchford, | " 1767. |
| Thomas Windeatt Blatchford, | " 1794." |

pired in his father's arms, and spent his last laboring breath in singing the pilgrim's song—"Guide me, Oh, Thou Great Jehovah," &c. My father and mother were each of them eminent for piety. The former owed his first religious impressions to the preaching of the Reverend John Wesley, and the latter to that of the venerable Rowland Hill.

Having been early devoted by my parents to the service of the sanctuary, should it please God to make me a subject of divine grace, my studies were directed with a special reference to that object. My English education was superintended by a Mr. Waters, whose name I cannot mention but with the greatest respect, on account of that faithful and pious discharge of his duty toward me which has been a source of benefit I can never forget. My classical studies commenced at an early age, first under the care of the Reverend Mr. King, and afterward under the Reverend Mr. Stokes, both of whom were clergymen in the Episcopal Church, and were considered men of science.

About this time the American Revolution commenced, an event which excited the interest of all Europe, and brought forward, even in England, many open friends to the claims of America, and the rights and liberty of the Provinces. Among these were my relatives, who distinguished themselves, as Providence gave them opportunity, by manifesting the sincerity of their zeal. This was particularly the case with the Reverend Robert Heath, my mother's eldest brother, who, together with my mother, essentially ameliorated the sufferings of the American prisoners who were confined in Mill Prison at Dartmoor. From their own resources they advanced considerable sums, until, at length, a benevolent association was formed in London, for this purpose. On referring to a letter which I received from my uncle Heath, dated February 13th, 1797, I find that the Marquis of Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, and several other conspicuous characters, were at the head of this noble institution. "It was at the request of these noblemen," says Mr. Heath, "who formed the committee of this society, that I undertook to distribute such subscriptions as might be raised for this purpose of benevolence. That which I was privileged in doing afforded me sin-

cere pleasure, for, they were in a state in which they could not help themselves." The assistance was sometimes conveyed by Mr. Heath's direct agency, and sometimes I was employed, as being less subject to suspicion. In consequence of this, I was compelled to spend portions of several days in each week in that prison where our American brethren were treated rather as rebels against the government than as prisoners of war. The kindness with which I was received by these poor fellows, and the frequent conversations which I held with them relative to their country and their homes, awakened within me feelings by no means transient, and led me, at that early age, to determine that, when I became a man, I would choose my residence in America. I well remember their expressions of gratitude; and their sincerity was testified by the numerous little presents which I constantly received from them, consisting of carved boxes, box inkstands, and miniature ships, beautifully rigged.

The spiritual wants of these poor fellows were not neglected. Bibles and hymn books were distributed among them, and Mr. Heath would frequently address them on the subject of religion. Nor did the charities of these benevolent individuals stop here. Retreats were provided for such as fortunately should make their escape. Among these happy few, was the late Captain Smedley, collector of customs at the port of Fairfield, in Connecticut. He was concealed in the house of a Mrs. Chenough, whither I have often been sent with means of relief for him and others.

Before an opportunity arose for forwarding those concealed at Mrs. Chenough's to Holland, on their way to America, the following circumstance occurred: A gentleman, captain of a vessel of war, but whose name I do not recollect, had been secreted at my father's until the search after him was supposed to be over. To effect his return, it was determined that he should accompany my uncle and my mother to London. A post-chaise received them about three o'clock in the morning, and they travelled unmolested as far as Haldown Heath, an extensive Common of flinty soil, between Plymouth Dock and Exeter, when, hearing the trampling of horses, my uncle perceived, from the glass in the back of the chaise, that a company of horsemen

was pursuing them. In this extremity, the expedient was adopted, of placing the fugitive on the bottom of the carriage, and concealing him with their cloaks. The company, having overtaken them, caused the postillion to stop. Observation was made by the officer, and the company passed on, after having made an apology for detaining them. They now hoped to meet with no farther molestation, but soon perceived that the horse-men had halted, and were waiting the coming up of the carriage. The postillion was again ordered to stop, the former process was repeated, and they then passed on towards the city. Whether the fugitive was really being pursued or not, could not be ascertained. My uncle thought it prudent, instead of going into the city, to enter the lower suburbs, and proceed immediately to the town of Collomton, about twelve miles distant, on the Bristol road. At Collomton they changed carriages, and reached London in safety. My mother, who was a woman of timid make, although not apprehensive at the time of suffering any evil effects from her fright, underwent, in consequence of it, a severe attack of illness. She was removed from the carriage to her bed at her brother's, Mr. Richard Heath's, and was unable to leave it for the space of six weeks.

When I was between the ages of seven and nine years, I experienced two instances of divine interference in the preservation of life, when exposed to imminent danger. The first of these was the following: I had been amusing myself nearly the whole of an afternoon by fishing from a boat which lay beside the dock, and was so much occupied by my employment, that I did not perceive the falling of the tide. It fell, I think, about twelve or fourteen feet. It now became a question how to return, and I determined to clamber up by the help of the projecting stones by which the pier was built. In the attempt, one of the stones gave way, and I fell between the boat and the pier. At the adjoining pier lay a collier, of about three hundred tons burden, on the yard-arm of which was a Mr. Blewits, belonging to the Customs. He swung off from the yards by means of a rope, and caught me by my hair, and thus rescued me from a watery grave.

The second circumstance, to which I have referred, was this: I was requested to ride my uncle's horse from Stoke, his coun-

try residence, to Plymouth Dock. As I approached the draw-bridge which covered the foss, (for Plymouth Dock was a fortified town,) I slid, by some means, from the saddle, and my left leg caught in the stirrup. No one was near to render me assistance, excepting the sentry, who was on guard at the time; and he could not leave his post without a breach of orders, which would subject him to punishment. But the invisible God was present, and graciously sustained me until the horse drew me, without injury, within the limits beyond which the sentry could not pass. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

The first religious impressions which I recollect, (although a tenderness of conscience was remarkably preserved, through the influence of that pious care which was taken of my earliest youth,) commenced when I was between eight and nine years of age, under a sermon by the Reverend Andrew Kinsmans, from the words, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." I then felt myself to be a sinner, and altogether unfit to appear in the Master's presence, as he stood in the character of a judge, by whose righteous judgment I thought I must be eternally condemned. Although the pungency of these impressions, in a measure, wore off, yet I was still followed by exercises of a very serious nature, until about the age of twelve, when the Lord was pleased, as I humbly hope, to further, by his own spirit, the word of grace. It was under the preaching of a colleague of Mr. Kinsmans, a Mr. Dunn, from Psalm 80, verse 19, "Turn us again," &c. My distress was very great, and my affliction called forth the solicitude of my parents. My father urged upon me the great truths of the gospel, as the claim which God had upon the hearts of his creatures, the necessity of regeneration and the certainty of salvation to all who should obtain reconciliation with God through the merits of the sacrifice of Christ. These prayers and exhortations, were, I trust, instrumental in causing me to seek, and, as I trust, to obtain, a hope which will never make me ashamed. Now was I peculiarly delighted with the idea of being, at some future time, honored of God by entering the ministry. With this view, I was sent to a boarding-school, at Willington, in Somersetshire, under the care of the Reverend Joseph Chadwick, a dissenting clergyman of piety,

and fine literary endowments. Under his care I was prepared to become a member of the dissenting college of theology, at Homerton, near London.

Previously, however, to my removal from Willington, it pleased God to visit my dear father with a disease which terminated in his death. He was a rich partaker in the grace of God, lived much in the fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ, and, in the sixty-third year of his age, terminated his earthly pilgrimage, and entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God—an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. He was a most affectionate parent. My last interview with him I can never forget. He took me with him to Mount Batton, a favorite retreat, about half a mile from Plymouth Dock. After having spent a considerable time there, during which we experienced mingled emotions of pleasure and pain, we set out on our return. Having reached a retired field, I received his last advice, and, while we knelt down together on the sod, he renewedly dedicated me to God, and solemnly implored the blessing of a covenant God and Father to rest upon a beloved son whom he expected never again to see in this vale of tears—this land of separation.

Notwithstanding my parents had early designed me for the gospel ministry, yet, under the influence of one or two relatives, my mother was prevailed upon to think of another profession for me. Nothing had been said to me of this design, until I was introduced to Dr. Lawrence Reeves, an eminent surgeon in the city of London, when, to my astonishment, the plan was developed. But my own mind was too intently fixed upon the gospel ministry, to accede to the proposal; so that, after having tarried two or three weeks in London, I returned to Willington, where, having finished my course of studies, I entered, as a student, the theological seminary at Homerton, which afforded many important advantages to theological students. The professors were men eminently qualified to fill the stations they were called to occupy in that interesting school of the prophets. It has been the means of sending forth to the furtherance of Christ's glorious kingdom, many eminently useful men, who will doubtless "shine as the bright:

ness of the firmament." The professors at that time were the Reverend Benjamin Davis, classical, oriental, and resident professor; the Reverend Daniel Fisher, D.D., professor of didactic and polemic divinity; and Dr. Thomas Gibbon, professor of belles-lettres, ecclesiastical history, &c., &c. Dr. Gibbon died during my second year, and was succeeded by the Reverend Henry May, D.D.

Dr. Gibbon is generally known in this country as the editor of President Davies' sermons, and as his particular friend. He was also the intimate and confidential friend of Dr. Isaac Watts. Many were the pleasant communications respecting Dr. Watts which Dr. Gibbons was pleased to make to the students. He was with him during his sickness and at his death, and often spoke of the firmness of his hope, breathing after immortality, and finding the precious promises of the gospel his support in a dying hour. "With the highest degree of satisfaction," said Dr. Gibbon, "did he speak of that blessed method revealed in the Holy Scriptures, whereby we may be saved, exhibiting, at once, the perfections of God and the mysteries of his grace, encouraging the helpless but convinced sinner to look for pardon and peace through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, the great sacrifice by which God could be just and yet justify the repenting and believing sinner. His whole soul seemed to be filled with gratitude and joy for the redemption of sinners by Jesus Christ. He esteemed as nothing his labors, his accomplishments, and his merits, and gave all the glory to Him who had called him out of darkness into marvellous light and the hope of reconciliation with God. A little before he expired, to the inquiry, 'How is it with your soul?' he emphatically replied, 'All is comfortable there.' The age in which he lived might, perhaps, be styled an age of theological and philosophical speculation. Dr. Watts was not deficient in speculations on the most important points of divinity. This was his principal fault. Among other doctrines essential to the Christian system is the doctrine of the Trinity. To this he yielded implicit belief, as it is revealed in the Scriptures, and believed by the orthodox church at large." Thus far we have the testimony of Dr. Gibbons. The speculations of Dr. Watts as to the modus of existence of the sacred three

gave birth to a variety of attempts, on the part of Arians and Sabellians, to enlist his name as an authority on their side of the question. These, however, could never succeed during the life-time of Dr. Gibbons, and of others who were personally acquainted with Dr. Watts. But, after the death of Dr. Gibbons, great efforts were made by a distinguished individual, an advocate for the indwelling scheme, to accomplish this object. His design was to publish anonymously, lest the knowledge of the author should detract from the influence of the work. In this, however, he was defeated by a mistake of the printer's boy, who providentially left the proof-sheets at another house than the author's. I have never thought it strange that Arians, Sabellians, and other Anti-Christians should anxiously seek the support of the reputation of so distinguished an individual; but I have been exceedingly surprised that there should exist, among a section of the Protestant church, a disposition to urge the charge of heterodoxy against Dr. Watts, as a reason for neglecting, in their worship, the use of his invaluable psalms and hymns.

The seminary at Homerton afforded many delightful opportunities for religious exercise, which were gladly improved by many of the students. It is well known that, around London, there are several charitable establishments, intended for the accommodation of widows whose piety and poverty recommend them to the benevolence of the churches. These establishments accommodate variously from four to eight widows, each occupying a separate apartment, where they are furnished with the various comforts of life. Here they are able to hold sweet converse together, and trace the dealings of Divine Providence, with adoring conceptions of the covenant faithfulness of the widow's God. At several of these places were established weekly lectures, conducted by the theological students. It was delightful, in these little congregations, formed of the widowed mothers in Israel, to mingle in prayer and praise, and meditate on the great truths of the gospel. With them I was often permitted to meet; and often have I felt encouraged and animated by these precious saints, who seemed already to have learned the language of the heavenly Canaan, and longed for the universal extension of the kingdom of our

Lord Jesus Christ. Often have I thought, could they have looked forward to the day in which we live and marked the signs of the times which afford prospects of such a pleasing character, could they have seen the general diffusion of the word of God amongst the nations of the earth, and attended the living preacher with the Bible in his hand, publishing the mysteries of the Cross and proffering the salvation of the gospel to Jews and infidels, to idolaters and savage men, could they have known the success with which these efforts have been crowned, how would their hearts have been filled with holy joy, and the song of praise have broken from their lips, to the honor of the Lamb that was slain. But they have doubtless, long ere this, been made acquainted with these triumphs of divine grace.

During my last year at Homerton, I had an invitation to preach, during the vacation, in the town of Plymouth, in the congregation of the Reverend C. Mends and his son Herbert Mends, who were co-pastors in the same church, and also in a congregation connected with it, at Stonehouse, about a mile from Plymouth Dock. I labored about six weeks, during the absence of Mr. Herbert Mends, not I trust without success.

About this time, I was introduced to the Reverend William Evans, pastor of the united congregations of Kingsbridge and Ford, where I had occasionally preached. When I had completed my theological studies, I accepted an invitation to assist the above-named gentleman in the duties of the sanctuary. Immediately after my settlement, I entered into a matrimonial engagement with Miss Alicia Windeatt, my present wife. She was the daughter of Thomas Windeatt, Esq., of Bridgetown, Totness. Our marriage took place on the 25th of March, 1788. This connection has ever been to me a source of happiness, for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful to Him who is the great disposer of all events.

Previously to our marriage, an invitation was presented to me, through the Reverend Dr. Lake, of London, to accompany Lord Dorchester to Canada, to the governorship of which he was appointed. The design, which was originated by Charles James Fox, was to establish, under the patronage of the British government, a Presbyterian Church, with privileges equal to those

enjoyed by the Episcopal Church, in order to induce persons to emigrate from the United States to Canada. The salary offered was £300 sterling per annum, with other emoluments, and I was to be returned at the expense of the government, if dissatisfied with the situation. This offer was declined, on account of the opposition of my intended wife's friends. After this, a second proposition, of a similar nature, was made to me, but, for similar reasons as before, I again declined, and Lord Dorchester sailed without me. The design of countenancing Presbyterianism in Canada, with equal privileges with those enjoyed by Episcopalianism, has, I believe, from that time, been abandoned.

We commenced housekeeping immediately after our marriage, in the village of Ford. At this place was born our eldest son, Henry, on the 4th of December, 1788. The inhabitants were mostly farmers, whose simple manners, sincerity, and readiness to oblige, contributed much to our comfort; but, as the house in which we dwelt was about to be occupied by the owner, we removed to Frogmore, a village about half way between my two congregations at Ford and Kingsbridge. Circumstances now having arisen, which made it appear desirable to the friends of religion that I should be inducted into the pastoral office over the church and congregation in Kingsbridge, I acted accordingly. This, however, was not to interrupt the arrangement I had made with Mr. Evans, for preaching alternately at Ford and Kingsbridge. It was with a sincere desire to be instrumental in promoting the interests of the cause of Christ, and with a deep sense of responsibility, that I consented to this arrangement. My ordination took place at Kingsbridge, according to the following certificate: "Kingsbridge, November 4th, 1789. This is to certify, to all whom it may concern, that the Reverend Samuel Blatchford, who was educated at Homerton, (London,) was this day solemnly set apart to the pastoral office, over the Presbyterian church in Kingsbridge, (Devon,) with prayer and laying on of hands by us. William Evans, C. Mends, H. Mends, Jas. Stowal."

Of the Reverend Mr. Evans, my venerable and beloved colleague, I could say much. He might be portrayed as eminently pious and amiable; and greatly am I indebted to him for the

kindness which he showed to me during the earlier years of my ministry. I was with him as a child with a father; and it may please you, my children, to learn with what partiality and strong regard he ever cultivated my memory. I will, therefore, here insert a letter which I received from him in 1810. He has long since gone to his rest, and, doubtless, has received that crown of life promised unto them who are faithful unto death. He was a faithful and laborious servant of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The letter I referred to, commences thus: "Oh, my dear Blatchford, whose memory is fresh in my mind, and ever dear, we often speak of you, and scenes pleasant, scenes past, which, alas, will never be experienced again in this world. How short are the best comforts of this life! When we have our families, as olive branches, around our tables, and are placed in the midst of a circle of select and valued friends, how soon, alas, is our happiness interrupted, and we torn asunder from those whom we most regard and love, and a rent is made which can never be closed. So it shall not be in the society of the blessed in Heaven; there separation shall never take place, and joy shall never end. May our hearts be there with our best friends, and, best of all, our dear, dear Immanuel."

The 24th of January, 1790, gave birth to our beloved daughter, Mary Milford Windeatt.

My continuance at Kingsbridge was but of short duration. Having received an invitation from the church and congregation in Topsham, near the city of Exeter, in Devonshire, I removed thither early in the year 1791. This was a long established Presbyterian Church. In it the Arian and Sabellian heresies had, for some years, prevailed. However, under all the circumstances of the case, being particularly urged by some of my orthodox brethren, whose judgment could not but be respected, and resting upon the blessing of God, and depending upon the promise of Christ, "Lo, I am with you always," &c., I entered upon the duties of so important a station.

On the 14th of February, 1791, was born Alicia Windeatt; on the 23d of April, 1792, Sarah; and, on the 3d of May, 1793, Samuel. The latter two died at an early age and full of promise. He who gave them, and who alone had the sovereign right of recalling them, was pleased to bereave us of these

tender plants. Sarah died June 23d, 1793, aged fourteen months. Samuel died February 3d, 1794, aged twenty-one months. They lie buried in a vault under the communion table in the meeting-house at Topsham. These domestic sorrows were severely felt, as afflictions of Divine Providence, which, whilst calculated to try our faith, cannot be endured without bitterness, which parental fondness often mingles with an unsparing hand in the cup of trial.

“The parent’s heart,
 Doubled in wedlock, multiplied in children,
 Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs
 That rove promiscuous o’er this mortal stage.
 Children, those dear young lambs, those tender pieces
 Of our own flesh, those little other selves,
 How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,
 And soften every fibre, to improve
 The parent’s sad capacity for pain.”

While in the midst of the enjoyment of a social visit at the house of the Reverend Mr. Meggs of the Established Church, I received a message from home, requesting my immediate return, on account of the dangerous illness of my daughter Sarah. I arrived at home in the course of the night, but only to embrace a dying child. Her funeral was appointed to take place on the Saturday following. It was attended by the Reverend Robert Winton, a very beloved brother, who was settled at Exmouth, about six miles distant from me. Just previous to this solemnity, I received a letter from my sister, informing me that my son Henry was dangerously ill at Plymouth, and requiring my immediate presence. This news overwhelmed us with grief and consternation. Our little Samuel was at this time unbaptized, and not knowing how far the visitation of the Almighty might extend, the sacred duty of devoting him to the Lord in baptism was immediately performed. After the funeral of our beloved Sarah, the same brother who had pronounced over our departed babe the decree of the Almighty, “Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return,” now took the little survivor in his arms, and baptized him “in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” After the performance of this duty, I started for Plymouth, without delay.

I was going as I supposed to the house of mourning. I arrived at my mother's about six o'clock in the evening, and, the family being engaged in another part of the house, I hastened to the room in which I knew my son was accustomed to sleep, where, to my inexpressible surprise mingled with feelings of thankfulness and gratitude to God, which His merciful interference so emphatically demanded, I found the dear child in a sweet slumber, and, as I conceived, entirely out of danger. So, indeed, the event proved. This interference of God, so timely and wonderfully displayed, completely assuaged my grief for the loss of my beloved Sarah, so that I could do little else than praise God and give thanks. The next day I was enabled to preach with that composure and tranquillity, and grateful sense of the goodness of God, which His providences were calculated to produce.

I have mentioned the Reverend Robert Winton. Of our intimacy and brotherly attachment you may form some idea from the following extract from a letter received from him shortly after my arrival in America: "Exmouth, November 30th, 1795. My very dear brother: I received your letter on the 11th inst. It is impossible for me to express the pleasure it gave me to hear that you and your dear family were all safely arrived at your destined place of residence. With flowing eyes and a feeling heart I bowed me down and returned thanks to Him to whom thanks were due. I had long been looking for a letter from you, and, ere it came, many from different parts called upon me to know if I had heard from you, and when, at last, I was able to say that I had, and that you were well, every one expressed their joy and many wished themselves with you."

On the 20th of July, 1794, we were blessed with another son, whom we called Thomas Windeatt, after his maternal grandfather.

About two years after my removal to Topsham, the subject of Sabbath schools engaged the attention of many benevolent persons. The success of Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, in his attempt to educate the ignorant and reclaim the vicious among the poor and neglected youth, left no doubt as to the utility of such efforts. After looking around, therefore, on the popula-

tion of the town where Providence had placed me, and, with the aid of some influential persons, obtaining, in some degree, a knowledge of the wretched situation in which many of the poor children lived—many of whom had never been taught to read or write, and, from year to year, had never entered a place of worship, they being during the week, chiefly occupied in picking oakum, the profits arising from which contributed in a very small degree to their support, and passing the Sabbath in acts exceedingly offensive to good morals—we determined to attempt the establishment of a Sabbath school. The friends of this measure, however, were not without apprehensions of opposition. Many of them were well known to be dissenters from the Church of England, and this was asserted to be a measure of theirs to draw away youth from the Establishment. A public meeting was called, and the opposition came out in its strength; but God overruled all for good. He made the wrath of man to praise Him, and restrained the remainder of wrath. It was urged, that the Sabbath school would produce injurious effects, by teaching children to read, but more particularly to write. The Reverend Mr. C. declared it to be as preposterous a measure, to attempt the reformation of society by the instruction of youth, as to commence building a house at the top of a chimney. These objections were easily answered, and the friends of the measure felt themselves warranted in commencing their operations. A sum of money sufficient for this purpose was soon collected, and a Sabbath school was established, with flattering prospects of success. Our plan was entirely different from the one now in successful operation in this country. Now, the instructions are administered by the voluntary aid of individuals, who, as philanthropists, desire to promote the best interests of their fellow creatures, by instilling into the minds of the ignorant those principles of virtue which will reclaim our wandering youth from ignorance and vice to intelligence and a fitting sense of their obligations, and as Christians, estimating the value of the immortal soul and the importance of the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom, would lead these youth to a knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, which reveal to man the way of salvation. But, in England, and at that time, when those institutions were in their infancy,

we were under the necessity of hiring teachers at a stated salary. We opened four distinct schools—two for boys and two for girls. Thus our youth were taught the Scriptures and the Catechism, and were furnished by the hand of charity with decent clothing. I acted the part of a superintendent. My custom was to spend the intervals of worship in these schools, from eight to ten o'clock A. M. and from one to two and from six to eight P. M.; to commence with prayer; to sit while the instructors heard the lessons; then to hear the Catechism which had been committed through the week; and to close the whole with a brief exhortation, adapted, as far as was in my power, to the capacities of my youthful auditors. Great care was taken not to wound the feelings of persons of different denominations, and the scholars attended the places of worship desired by their parents. God was pleased to smile upon these labors, and I trust they were blessed to the salvation of many of the children.

About this time, my predisposition to remove to America was much strengthened, and I began to take some measures preparatory to emigrating. My wife, animated by that affection which has ever characterized her since her connection with myself, assented cheerfully to my plans. An old and faithful friend of the family, Capt. Furze, informed me that he was soon to sail for America, where he had some acquaintance, and where he intended to take up his own residence. I thought it expedient to put into his hands a list of inquiries, which I deemed of importance. At these you will probably smile. I can only find an apology in the almost necessary ignorance of an entire stranger to the habits and customs of Americans. These were as follows: "What is the salary generally offered to clergymen? Is there generally a glebe attached to places of worship? What is the price of provisions in different places? What is the price of labor? What are the wages of servants? Would a school be likely to prosper, and where? I do not care in what part of America I settle, if the climate be healthy, and I can enjoy Christian society, and be useful as a minister of the gospel. I can obtain recommendations from all the ministers in Devonshire. Please to hand this to the ministers of the places where you may be, and, though I am a stranger to

them, I doubt not their readiness to give you satisfaction as to the above questions, and I trust the time will soon come when I shall greet the generous Americans on their own territory. Topsham, May 3d, 1794. S. Blatchford."

Early in the year 1795, I received a letter from Capt. Furze, which called for the following reply, addressed to the Church of Christ, at Bedford, in Westchester county, New York: "To the Church of Christ, at Bedford. Christian friends and brethren: Having received a letter from Capt. Furze, with the information of your being destitute of a minister, and of your desire to communicate with me on the subject of my settling among you, I feel myself bound to address you. I have long felt a desire to become an inhabitant of America, and, with a wife and four children, partake of the blessings of a country distinguished for its general piety, the excellence of its government, and the free exercise of religious opinions. Unlike to England, the principles of conscience are not overawed by a bigoted clergy, but every Christian Society can fully enjoy that liberty wherewith Christ has made them free. I have often considered the decay of religion as keeping pace with the extension of ecclesiastical authority, and, surely, infidelity and profaneness never ran in a wider channel, never rushed in a more impetuous torrent, than at present; never was religion more controverted, never was it less practised. Mankind, to avoid preciseness, have fallen into licentiousness, and, through an aversion to mysteries, have run away from godliness. I should have embarked last spring, but did not wish to go on a plan altogether uncertain. It may be necessary to say, that my religious principles are Calvinistic, and that I have been engaged in the ministry about eight years, have been ordained five, and was educated at the Dissenting College, at Homerton, near London. Let me desire you, as soon as convenient, to answer the above. In expectation of which, I remain your friend and brother in the Gospel, S. Blatchford." To this letter I received an answer from Dr. Fleming and Deacon Taylor, expressing an ardent desire that I should visit them as soon as possible. After seeking direction from the Father of Lights, we were led to the conclusion that it was our duty to remove. We accordingly took measures for the accom-

plishment of our design. I determined, therefore, to make my congregation acquainted with my purpose. After mature deliberation, they reluctantly assented to a separation. There is a tie which unites a pastor to his people, which cannot be sundered without feelings of regret. Letters were at this time written to London, relative to a passage to New York. We received an answer that there was a vessel bound for that port, but her time of sailing was uncertain. The price of passage was forty guineas per head for adults, and half that amount for children and servants, together with freight for baggage, according to admeasurement. On account of the extravagance of these terms, and of the distance from Topsham to London, as well as the uncertainty of the time when the vessel would sail, we were obliged to seek some other conveyance. It was then hoped that a passage might be obtained on more reasonable terms at Bristol, but we were again disappointed. We had, at the suggestion of Capt. Furze, laid out considerable property in goods, which, he informed us, might be sold to considerable advantage in America, and he kindly offered to furnish us with what specie we wanted on our arrival. It was, and had been for many years, a maxim by which I had been governed, that if Almighty God had designed us to fill any particular station, His Divine Providence would open the way. So it was in this case. About three or four weeks previously to this time, a vessel sustained considerable injury at no great distance from the port of Topsham, and was brought in thither in order to undergo repairs. It was given out that she was bound to America, and I accordingly communicated with the captain, whose name was Lyon, relative to my sailing with him. His terms were, however, higher than those proffered either in London or Bristol, which occasioned much hesitation in my mind about accepting them; and, indeed, I was doubtful whether to undertake the voyage at all. But I had gone so far as to obtain the consent of my wife's family and of my congregation, and had given notice of my intention to preach my farewell sermon on a particular day, and I was unable to determine how to act. I was led, however, to seek the direction of my Heavenly Father, and with fervency to pray that He who was a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to his ancient Israel, would condescend

to be my guide, and that, if it was His will that I should leave my native shores for a strange land, He would be graciously pleased to direct me in the pursuit of my object. The Sabbath at length arrived on which I was to take leave of the people of my charge. The place of worship was crowded, and a scene of peculiar interest was presented by the children of the Sabbath schools, all of whom attended on the occasion. My text was found in 2 Corinthians, chapter 5, verses 9 and 10: "Wherefore we labor, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of Him. For, we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." My own feelings on this occasion may be better imagined than described. A weeping audience—a collection of about two hundred children—a separation about to take place from those to whom I had preached for five years, and from children whom I had been instrumental in gathering from the highways and hedges, whose temporal and eternal welfare I ardently desired and sedulously endeavored to ensure—awakened within me feelings to which I had before been a stranger. It was with difficulty I could leave the place of worship, owing to the anxiety of friends to express their sentiments of affectionate regard. In the avenue which led from the church to the street, I found the children of the Sabbath school, many of them weeping aloud, and all desirous of expressing their sorrow at the separation about to take place. Several of my friends accompanied me to my dwelling-house, where we were soon surprised by the sound of the voices of the Sabbath school children, who, in front of the house, were singing the following hymn:

"Blest be the charity divine,
Which tends to form the infant mind,
Which puts the youth in virtue's road,
And points the path that leads to God.

Erewhile, in ignorance we lay,
Of folly and of vice the prey,
Not knowing what we ought to do,
How evil shun or good pursue.

Now taught to know God's holy will,
His just commands may we fulfil,
His Sabbath keep, his name adore,
His goodness love, and fear his power.

Blest be the charity divine
 That thus instructs the tender mind,
 Places the youth in virtue's road
 And leads him on the way to God."

The whole company was deeply affected. As yet no light was shed on my future path; but God soon manifested himself to be a present help in time of need. In the evening I received a message from Capt. Lyon, requesting that I would call and see him immediately on business of importance. I returned an answer, that I attended to no business on the Sabbath, except such as was connected with its sacred duties. The messenger soon returned with an answer, that, from the nature of the business, there could be no impropriety in my complying with Capt. Lyon's request. I accordingly called upon him, and found that his mind had been seriously impressed by the exercises of the day. "Your first sentence," said he, "after you pronounced your text, produced an indescribable effect upon my mind." He immediately, even with tears, expressed his desire to convey me and my family to America on any terms. Truly I had reason to say:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform."

It is impossible to describe the sensations which I experienced at this interposition of Divine Providence, which so unexpectedly rendered our plans feasible, and so wonderfully spoke a language which could not be misunderstood. It seemed to say—take courage and go forward. The proposal of Capt. Lyon could not be thought of without gratitude to God, who had disposed his mind to an act so truly generous. On my return home, having communicated the circumstance to my wife, we both, feeling the faithfulness of Him of whom it is said, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths," immediately called the family together, when, kneeling down before the throne of Divine Grace, we endeavored humbly to acknowledge the goodness of God, and to commit ourselves renewedly to his watchful care and merciful Providence.

Capt. Lyon was anxious to convey me and my family to

America without receiving any remuneration, but, as I could not consent to this, he requested me to name the price of passage. As I would not consent to this, he proposed twenty guineas for myself and the same amount for Mrs. B. As for the children, who were four in number, he said that he would adopt them as his own during the voyage, and, of course, would charge nothing for the servant, as she was necessary to take care of the children. His vessel, he said, was large enough to carry all my baggage, and he would make no charge for that. At the sale of my furniture, Capt. Lyon bought to the amount of the price of our passage, and distributed the articles he purchased among his friends at Totness. A Sabbath intervening between the time of which I have been speaking and our embarkation, we concluded to spend it at Exmouth, about six miles from Totness. Here I preached twice, and was gratified by the presence of several members of my late congregation.

On the 19th of June, 1795, we left our native shores, and committed ourselves to the guardian care of Him whom the winds and the seas obey. A large crowd of people assembled on the hill which overlooked the sea, and long continued, by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, to manifest the affectionate interest which they took in our departure. As we receded, objects on the shore became less and less distinct, until lost in the distance. During the voyage my influence over the captain and crew constantly increased, and, on the Sabbath, I used regularly to preach to them on deck. We enjoyed a good degree of health, excepting that I had a slight attack of inflammation in the face, and my wife received a severe wound from the falling of my portable desk. We suffered considerably from want of water, when about opposite Newfoundland, and had just concluded to steer thither, when we were unexpectedly favored with a shower of rain, and, by means of the sails, we caught enough to supply our wants. At length, on the 1st day of August, 1795, the day on which I completed my twenty-eighth year, we arrived within the Hook, at New York. The night was dark, and the captain had concluded to anchor outside the Hook, and wait for a pilot, but, before he

was aware, found himself abreast of Staten Island, having securely, but unintentionally, passed in without a pilot.*

With my wife and family, I immediately went on shore, accompanied by Capt. Lyon, and, having left my family at the City Hotel, at that time in Water street, I set out in search of Capt. Furze, who had given me his address, at Mr. William Sing's, hardware merchant, whose store was in Hanover Square. Mr. Sing was at his house in Brooklyn, but I saw a young man of pleasing appearance, who expressed himself much gratified at my arrival. I was much disappointed to learn that Capt. Furze, on whom I depended both for resources and direction, had left the city two days previously, for Albany, and that his return was very uncertain. For my present accommodation, however, I had been recommended for lodgings, by Capt. Furze, to the house of Mrs. Stynetz, in Barclay street, at the corner nearly opposite the Roman Catholic chapel. The young gentleman above mentioned, together with Mr. Sing, belonged to the Baptist denomination. I was introduced by them to the Reverend Dr. Rodgers, of the University of Pennsylvania, who at that time was on a visit to New York and was officiating that day in the duties of the Sanctuary. He kindly bid me welcome, and urged me to preach for him, but I declined. I consented, however, to assist him in the devotional exercises of the evening; and this I was enabled to do with a feeling sense of God's goodness, in the preservation of myself and my dear family, during a voyage which lasted forty-three days. My feelings overwhelmed me, and the sensibility of the audience awakened a sympathy which I cannot describe. Several of them called the next day at Mr. Sing's store, in hopes of seeing me, in order to proffer their services in enabling me to reach the place of my destination—Bedford. Mr. Sing accompanied me to the Custom House, where the duties I had to pay nearly exhausted my finances. I was, however, amply supplied with money by a providential circumstance. As I was walking down Wall street, I was accosted by R. A. Haim, Esq., who had lately arrived from Totness, having married a

* The vessel—the schooner *Alert*—was lost on her return voyage and all hands perished.

young lady of that town. After some conversation respecting my voyage, he asked how I was off for money. He then desired me to name the sum of money I wanted, and, agreeably to my request, lent me one hundred dollars. Thus supplied, and with the advice of Mr. Sing, I engaged passage for myself and family to Sing Sing, about thirty miles up the Hudson, and about twelve distant from Bedford. We arrived safely in the afternoon, and, after my baggage was landed and my family safely lodged at a tavern, I started in pursuit of a Capt. Hunter, who had been recommended as being able to render me such services as might be necessary for my accommodation. The regret which I felt at the absence of Capt. Furze produced a perplexity and a dejection which I could scarcely overcome. But God was still on my side. As I was walking toward Capt. Hunter's house, I heard a voice distinctly pronounce my name, and, looking in the direction from whence the voice came, I saw Capt. Furze. He had returned from Albany the evening before, not having been able to accomplish his business there. This was truly a remarkable Providence. It relieved my embarrassment and soothed my feelings. I immediately returned to the tavern, accompanied by Capt. Furze, and had the pleasure of introducing him to your dear mother, the sensibility of whose mind was of no ordinary character, arising from the delicacy of her education. The Providence of God, in causing us to meet with Capt. Furze, led us to place a stronger confidence in his covenant faithfulness, and we were prepared to view it as a cup of consolation, on which was inscribed "Jehovah-jireh," in characters too legible to be mistaken. It was presented by the hand of paternal and sovereign goodness, and we were led to exclaim, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." It was determined that, in the morning, I should accompany Capt. Furze to the house of Dr. Fleming, at Bedford, one of the gentlemen who wrote to me in behalf of the congregation. He was a scholar and a gentleman, and also a farmer who attended to the cultivation of his farm in person. Bedford had been a frontier town during the Revolutionary war, and had suffered from the depredations of both parties. The church, built of wood, and unstained by a single brush of paint, and unenclosed, presented an appearance of

desolation exceedingly affecting. Houses scattered here and there, many of them in a decayed state, led me to apprehend that the situation could not be very eligible to me or my family. Suffice it to say, that we arrived at a decayed dwelling, into which, after having fastened our horses under an old shed, we entered. We were received with kindness and hospitality by two young ladies, who were peculiarly neat in their appearance and graceful in their manners. It was Saturday, and the custom of washing their floors had not been forgotten; and I was not without apprehension that the wet floor would produce some unpleasant effect upon my health. Capt. Furze having left the room, I was left alone in conversation with the ladies, whom I found to be the daughters of Dr. Fleming. Soon, an individual entered the room, and, proffering me his hand, "hoped," as he said, "for better acquaintance." It proved to be Dr. Fleming, who had just returned from his labor, and was dressed in a manner suited to his occupation. As I had not been introduced to him, I considered him to be a common workman. At this you will not be surprised, when you recollect the rank that English physicians sustain, and the appearance of the same class of individuals in the populous towns and villages in this country. I was, of course, greatly surprised, on the return of Capt. Furze, to learn that this person was Dr. Fleming. It was upon him I was principally to depend for introduction to the people, and I had anticipated finding in him a person of an entirely different appearance. He told me he was very sorry I had come, and that they already had hired a minister between that congregation and the one at Poundridge. I told him I was exceedingly surprised at so premature an engagement, for it was in consequence of his invitation that I had determined to remove from England. He said he wished I had come earlier. I told him that if he considered the rapidity with which I had hastened to comply with the invitation, he would rather wonder that I had come so early, than express regret that I had come so late. He then asked if I had brought any testimonials. I replied that, after what had passed, I was astonished that they considered these necessary, but that I had them. He then asked if I had called on Dr. Rodgers, in New York. I told him I had not, having

had no letters of introduction to him, and did not know such a step was necessary. I then inquired the name of their clergyman. He told me it was Mr. Abner Benedict, a man of sound principles and of fine character, and that his engagement was for one year. Capt. Furze now taking his leave for the night, I was left alone with strangers, to struggle with feelings to which, until this time, I had been an entire stranger. Their intensity was indescribable, and, if any expression moved upon my affections from the prospect which I conceived to be before me, it was this, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Supper was now soon prepared and of a material generally admired as an evening repast in that part of the country. It was samp. It was a food to which I was not accustomed, and my head was soon out of the window. The hour being come for retirement, we committed ourselves to the care of Him whose eyes never sleep and whose eyelids never slumber. In my private devotions, I endeavored to seek some token for good, to enlighten the darkness of the prospect before me and my family. I traced over what had occurred, and what I had fondly considered as the indications of an approving Providence, but I could not dissipate the gloom that hung over my spirits. My eyes were held waking, and my imagination ran away with my judgment, so that I had not the understanding of a man, and my faith grew weak from my reflecting upon the events which had crowded upon me, stranger as I was, in a strange land. When thinking of my wife and tender babes, I was overwhelmed with anticipations pregnant with distress. I presume I suffered a partial delirium, from which I was aroused by leaping from my bed and striking my head against the wall. As the day had dawned, I dressed and sought the open air. Well do I recollect a retreat, some distance from the house, where no eye saw me but the eye of God, no ear heard me but His whose presence is everywhere, and who heareth the young ravens when they cry. Here I endeavored to pour out my heart to God, and assuage my grief by the consolations of the gospel. Anxiously did I call to mind, as the foundation of my hope, such passages as these: "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in

Heaven give good things to them that ask him." "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God." But all was in vain. I was like a mariner at sea in a frail boat, without compass and without chart. The mountain wave rose higher and higher and well-nigh overwhelmed me. I perfectly recollect uttering expressions of discontent toward God and his Providence, so foolish, so sinful was I. I said to the Almighty—if, for want of zeal in the cause of Christ I am brought hither—if, for any thing Thy pure eyes have seen amiss in me, I am brought into circumstances like these, no congregation to bid me welcome, no pulpit from which to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ—what have my beloved family done, who must be sharers in those privations and disappointments in which our voyage has resulted? On returning to the house, I found myself weak and exhausted. It was the Lord's day. In the exercise of family worship I had more of the spirit of prayer, more encouragement to call God my Father, and a greater range of thought than I could have dared to hope for. It afforded a sweet relief to learn hereby, that God did not treat me as a rebellious child, but still permitted me to look upon Him, shedding upon my afflicted heart the expression of His paternal kindness; and, on rising from my knees, methought I heard a voice say, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." We were soon seated around the table spread with the bounties of Providence. Dr. Fleming and his family were neatly attired, and, howsoever forbidding his manners had been on the previous evening, they this morning presented a perfect contrast. He recommended himself by a politeness of which he was well capable, and a softness of expression which at that time was peculiarly gratifying. In about an hour we were comfortably seated in a wagon on our road to the church, which was about a mile and a half from the Doctor's residence. When we arrived, we found a large collection of people standing on the outside of the church. To the elders and several others I was introduced. If I had been surprised, at a passing glance, at the exterior of the building, I was much more so on beholding its interior, where was neither plaster, pew, nor gallery. The minister indeed was accommodated with a pulpit, while his hearers sat on slabs, supported by two

legs at each end, and two in the middle. Upon one of these I sat down, awaiting the arrival of the clergyman. At length he entered and passed into the pulpit, with an octavo Bible under his arm. His countenance betokened much Christian meekness and benevolence. In this estimate I was not afterwards disappointed. As soon as he was seated in the pulpit, my friend the Doctor ascended the stairs, to inform him, I presume, who the stranger was that sat on the slabs below, as he arose, and, standing on the upper step, kindly invited me to sit with him. For several reasons, however, I declined, but I consented to make the last prayer and preach for him in the afternoon. During the intermission between the services, many of the congregation repaired to a neighboring house, among whom were Mr. Benedict, Dr. Fleming, &c., &c. I was invited to accompany them, and an excellent opportunity was afforded me of laying before them a statement of my circumstances, my invitation, testimonials, &c., &c. Mr. Benedict instantly said, that, in justice and propriety, he must consider his engagement with them at an end, and that he could not in conscience think of retaining a situation that so evidently belonged to his brother just arrived from across the Atlantic. A consultation being held on the subject, it was agreed, that, if the congregation at Ponnidridge would accede to the measure, both the pulpits should be supplied by an alternation of services by Mr. Benedict and myself. This was a pleasant relief, and I looked at it as an intimation of the good Providence of God being still continued toward me. The exercises of the afternoon were peculiarly acceptable. Esquire McDonald, who was present, kindly offered to accommodate me and my family for the present. I accordingly returned in the morning to Sing Sing landing for them. The awkward situation in which they were placed rendered my presence peculiarly desirable. In compliance with Mr. McDonald's kind invitation, I took my family to his house in Bedford. Several of the members of the congregation at Ponnidridge had been present at church the preceding Sabbath, and, through them and Mr. Benedict, arrangements were made agreeably to my wishes. These were completed before the close of the week. We soon discovered among the people at Bedford and Ponnid-

ridge many affectionate and pious individuals, with whom we could hold familiar and pleasant converse. Some inconveniences as well as trials of feeling had to be encountered, yet the constant assiduity of individuals, and their kind anticipations of our wants, will ever be remembered with sentiments of sincere gratitude toward Him who led their hearts to such acts of beneficence. Although the family of Mr. McDonald were highly hospitable, we considered it of importance, if possible, to obtain a dwelling of our own. But, where should one be found, where all were occupied? The parsonage had been let out on a lease that would not expire till the spring, and, as no better accommodations could be found than two rooms and a kitchen in an old unfinished house, we concluded to remove thither. I bless God that both your dear mother and myself had determined to be content in such a state as God might be pleased to place us in; nor did I ever witness more Christian fortitude than your mother displayed on that occasion. Our servant girl, our faithful Molly,* was almost overcome, and, knowing the comforts which your mother enjoyed before leaving England, could not help exclaiming, "Oh, Mem, how will you ever endure it?" The rooms were unplastered and sided by rough unjointed boards, nailed against the studs, not for the purpose of keeping out the cold, but for the nailing on of the laths when the owner should see fit to do so. We pasted paper over the crevices, and in this manner enclosed ourselves in more comfortable apartments than we had anticipated. We had to borrow some few articles of furniture which could not be purchased, such as a table, two or three chairs, &c., &c. Indeed I had to exercise some of my own ingenuity. I made a table, together with two settees, one of which last we still retain as a memento of that period.

On the 25th of October following our removal, was born Harriet Peacock;† and your dear mother, for whom we had felt so much anxiety, was mercifully supported, and made to

* In one corner of the family burial lot, at Oakwood Cemetery, Troy, New York, is a white marble headstone, on which are these words: "Mary Smith, aged 47, our faithful family nurse from 1790 until her death October 3d, 1810."

† Dr. Peacock was the family physician at Totness, England.

experience the truth of that promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Surely, my dear children, the mercies of God were new every morning and fresh every evening. Great was His faithfulness.

At the first meeting of the Presbytery of Hudson, within the bounds of which my congregations were, I attended, with the view of laying my testimonials before its members, and enjoying the counsel and countenance of that body. I there met persons whom I shall ever remember with feelings of grateful emotion. The kindness with which they received me, a stranger, can never be forgotten by me. Among them were the Reverend Messrs. King and Close. At this meeting the following was entered on the books of the Presbytery: "The church at Bedford requested the Presbytery to appoint the Reverend Samuel Blatchford a stated supply among them, till the next stated meeting of the Presbytery; upon which, the Presbytery asked Mr. Blatchford whether he was acquainted with and approved of the Confession of Faith, Form of Government, Discipline and Directory for the worship of God, of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and, upon his answering these questions in the affirmative, the Presbytery did appoint him to supply at Bedford as many Sabbaths as would be convenient."

Early in the succeeding year, 1796, I received an invitation to spend a Sabbath at Greenfield, Fairfield county, Connecticut, where was settled the late Reverend Dr. Dwight, who, by a display of talents of the very first order, diligence, a fine and cultivated taste, and an untarnished character for piety and zeal in his Master's cause, had secured to himself a high reputation. My preaching in this place elicited from the church and congregation an invitation to preach for them, and the following communication was forwarded to me: "At a meeting legally warned and held in the parish of Greenfield, the 1st day of April, 1796—Daniel Sherwood, Moderator. Voted, unanimously, to invite the Reverend Mr. Blatchford, for one year, to preach for said parish. Voted, to give Mr. Blatchford £160 currency, for his services for said year. Voted, to give Mr. Blatchford \$20, to defray his expenses in removing to Greenfield. Hezekiah Bradley, Society's Clerk." After taking the advice of my

brethren, and spreading the whole affair before the throne of Divine Grace, for direction in the path of duty, I came to the resolution of accepting their invitation, with the privilege of being bound by this agreement no longer than six months, if any circumstance should occur to render my removal desirable. During this period, I was introduced to my excellent friend, Dr. Dwight, who requested me, whenever I came to New Haven, to make his house my home. I was present at the Commencement at Yale College next ensuing, and, at the request of gentlemen belonging to the United Society of Whitehaven and Fairhaven, which pulpits were then vacant, I preached for them a few Sabbaths, by exchange. An intimation was then given that it would be desirable, if it might be done consistently, that I should yield my engagement in Greenfield, and take into consideration the wishes of the people thus informally expressed. This request I thought it my duty not to comply with. I accordingly continued at Greenfield.

Early in the year 1797, I received the following extracts from the records of the proceedings of the Presbyterian Society at Stratfield, Connecticut: "At a meeting of the members of the Presbyterian Society at Stratfield, Conn., legally warned and held at their meeting-house, February 15th, 1797, Joseph Strong, Esq., Moderator, a motion is made, whether the society wish to call a candidate for settlement in the ministry. Voted, they do. Voted, that Richard Hubbell, Deacon Seth Seelye, Stephen Summers, Aaron Hawley, Benjamin Wheeler, and Lambert Lockwood be a committee to look out for a candidate and make report. Voted, this meeting adjourn until Monday next, at 4 o'clock, P. M." "February 20th, 1797. Met again, agreeable to adjournment. Moderator being absent, voted, that Capt. Amos Hubbell be Moderator *pro tem*. Motioned, that, from specimens we have had, we admire the Reverend Mr. Blatchford as a preacher, and wish for further opportunity to determine whether it may not appear for mutual good that he take charge of this church and society as pastor. Voted unanimously. Motioned, that our committee for the purpose of looking out a candidate be, and they hereby are, recommended to said Mr. Blatchford, with directions to offer him at the rate of \$500 for one year, commencing his labors with us next

spring; and, further, we agree, that if, after his being with us six months, we do not mutually covenant with him on some more permanent footing, he may either leave us then or continue through the year. Voted unanimously. Meeting adjourned without day. A true copy from the records. Lambert Lockwood, Clerk."

In the course of a few weeks I received the following, presented by Mr. Jeremiah Atwater: "New Haven, March 29th, 1797. Reverend Sir: The united society of Whitehaven and Fairhaven yesterday had a meeting to consult on the expediency of obtaining a permanent supply of the gospel ministry. On a consideration of the subject, they expressed their approbation of your past, and unanimously united in the desire of your future labors among them. As they wish, however, not to deviate from duty by interrupting any arrangements you may have made with any other people, they consider it expedient to express their wishes to obtain your ministrations for them six or twelve months, at such future period as your arrangements will admit, and this with a view to eventual settlement, in case, on future acquaintance, duty shall dictate the measure. Uncertain how far it would be proper to make proposals of a more particular kind, until they know whether you have accepted or dismissed the application which you informed our committee you had under consideration, the Society have instructed us, in connection with Mr. Jeremiah Atwater, to express to you their wishes and sentiments, and to make enquiries relative to your engagement. Should our enquiries and the conference with Mr. Atwater enable us to represent to the Society that you are not engaged to any people, and the time it is probable you will be at leisure, the Society will address to you the necessary stipulation for support. Wishing you the Divine direction and extensive usefulness in the work of the ministry, we are, Reverend sir, respectfully, your humble servants, Eleazar Goodrich, Hezekiah Hotchkiss, William Austin."

The wishes of the people at New Haven were again urged upon me, and, as the time of my engagement at Greenfield was fast drawing to a close, it became necessary for me to decide. Accordingly, after a mature consideration of the subject, I came to the conclusion of accepting the invitation of the congregation at Stratfield, and declining that from New Haven.

My residence at Greenfield was, for the most part, agreeable to your mother's feelings and mine. We enjoyed a society there which was truly delightful. It formed the basis of friendships which have continued to the present time, although death, the great destroyer, hath entered many a family, and torn from the domestic circle friend after friend. Near Greenfield resided Captain Smedley, who, on hearing of my arrival, hastened thither to express his obligations to my family, and to recognize in me the youth who was the agent, on the part of my uncle and my mother, in affording him relief during his confinement at the house of Mrs. Chenough. Captain Smedley, it will be recollected, was one of those gentlemen who was assisted in his escape to Holland.

At Greenfield, on the 5th of January, 1797, was born Samuel Milford.

I had also succeeded the Reverend Dr. Day, the present President of Yale College, as instructor in an academy at Greenfield, and, previous to my formal acceptance of the invitation from Stratfield, I made some stipulations with the committee from thence, other than those expressed in the call—such as, building an edifice proper for an academy, as I was desirous of instructing some youth in classical literature, as an additional means of support for my numerous family. These arrangements being made, I removed to Stratfield. I succeeded in my plans, and the school flourished. I was installed by the Association of Fairfield East, and we all felt happy in our new situation. We occupied a house situated in the western part of the town, commonly called Stratfield or Pequonic.

On the 23d of April, 1798, was born Richard Milford.

In this year we heard of my beloved mother's death. She died in the hope of the gospel, and is doubtless in possession of the inheritance of the saints in light. We soon purchased a house and lot belonging to Stephen Boroughs, in a part of the town called Newfield, afterwards, by act of the legislature, called Bridgeport, belonging to the same Society.

On the 24th of May, 1799, was born John; on the 21st of August, 1800, Sophia; on the 7th of December, 1801, Frederick; and on the 7th of January, 1803, George Edgumbe.

In January, 1804, I received an invitation to take charge of

the Presbyterian churches at Lansingburgh and Waterford, in the State of New York, which invitation I eventually accepted. The field of usefulness here presented was more extended than the one in which I was then laboring, and the means of support offered were more ample, which, on account of my large family, was exceedingly desirable.

I cannot leave this part of my narrative without making mention of my gratitude for the many proofs of cordial friendship with which I was eminently indulged by the ministers and citizens of the State of Connecticut, as far as I was known. The Association with which I was particularly connected, together with the Western Association of Fairfield county, were ever ready to show to me those marks of regard which took from me and my family the idea of being strangers, and greatly compensated for the pain which I felt in being separated from those I held dear in the land of my fathers. Drs. Edwards, Trumbull, Ely and Ripley, (the last is still alive,) together with Messrs. Eliot, Stebbins, Pinneo, Rexford and Huntington, (of Middletown,) also Drs. Perkins, Lewis, Burnet, and many others, are among those toward whom the sense of obligation must remain, while kindness can make any impression on my heart. Let the following be considered, among many others, as tokens of that cordial confidence and kindness with which I was regarded by my brethren: At the Commencement at Yale College in the year 1798, I was presented with the honorary degree of A. M. I was also twice appointed by the General Association of Connecticut a delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. I was unable to attend the Assembly when I was first appointed. I considered the repetition of the honor in the year 1801 as a mark of peculiar confidence, since, at that time, it was in the charge of the delegate, if the Assembly should see fit, to consider and digest a plan of government for the churches in the new settlements. The Assembly, according to the plan suggested by the Association, appointed a committee of conference, consisting of the Reverend Drs. Edwards and McKnight, Mr. Hutton, an elder from Albany, and myself. The report, containing the wished-for plan, will be found at large in the Assembly's proceedings for the year 1801. As it proved

satisfactory to the Association, it was adopted at the next meeting of the Association, and, I believe, has ever been considered a distinguishing blessing to the churches of our Lord Jesus Christ. It has promoted harmony and secured peace, removed impediments in the way of missionary efforts, and exhibited a fine specimen of Christian fellowship. Alas! how often have such lesser differences of church government divided Christians, and torn the seamless robe of Christian charity, which should ever remain untraced and uninjured.

The call presented by the churches at Lansingburgh and Waterford was unanimous. I agreed also to take charge of the Lansingburgh Academy, and the whole of my salary was \$1200. I was installed by the Presbytery of Columbia, on the 19th of July, 1804. The congregation at Waterford had formerly been under the care of the Albany Presbytery; but, through the influence of the Dutch population, a Dutch Reformed church had been built, and, by way of compromise between the Presbyterians and the Dutch, Mr. Close, then of the Presbytery of Hudson, was called to be their pastor. The English population, however, increasing, and difficulties on that account arising, Mr. Close, (who was an excellent man, and lived to an advanced age,) resigned his pastoral office, and the church, uniting with the Presbyterian church at Lansingburgh, presented me a call.

On the 6th of September, 1804, was born Charles Baynham;* but He who gave and had a right to take away was pleased to remove him from us to His own immediate keeping on the 18th of November in the same year.

On the 23d of November, 1805, was born Ethelinda Jane; and, on the 1st of August, 1807, was born George Edgcumbe, 2d.

The foregoing narrative, thus left incomplete, was continued by Thomas W. Blatchford, a son of the Reverend Dr. Blatchford, in the form of a letter, addressed to his children, which he prefaced with the following note: "Troy, April 29th, 1848. To T. Wickes Blatchford, Samuel T. Blatchford, John T. Blatchford, and Harriet W. Blatchford. My dear children: Believing that it will be interesting to you,

* Charles Baynham, Esq., was a friend of the Reverend Dr. Blatchford's, in Devonshire, England. He subsequently came to this country and resided in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

if not now, certainly at some future day, to know something more of your grandfather than is contained in the foregoing most interesting narrative, I have concluded to add a few particulars in the form of a letter addressed to you. If the remembrance of those in whom piety and learning and enterprise unite is worth cherishing, the virtues and excellences of your dear grandfather should not soon be forgotten. Your affectionate father, Thomas W. Blatchford."

Thus far your sainted grandparent had proceeded in his autobiography, when death terminated his earthly engagements, by summoning him to scenes of unmingled joy and heavenly activity. Your aunt Jane, now Mrs. P. M. Corbin, who acted as his amanuensis upon this occasion, (for the above sketch was dictated from the bed of death) states, that the closing sentence recording the birth of his sixteenth child, George Edgcumbe, 2d, was the last sentence he ever dictated upon any subject. She says, that she waited for him to finish the sentence, but he seemed lost in thought. After a short time, he said he would stop for the present, and go on again bye and bye. Although he confidently calculated to resume and complete what, after much entreaty from all his children, he had thus begun, his Heavenly Father had determined otherwise, for, in less than thirty hours from this period, his tongue was silent in death. This circumstance renders the closing words the more remarkable. It seems as if the dear Saviour, whom he had so long and faithfully served, condescended to favor him with a little foretaste—a slight glimpse, as it were—of those joys He knew he was so soon to realize, and thus enable him, in sweet anticipation, to dwell upon the happy meeting about to take place with his own dear ones who had preceded him to glory.

You will perceive that he brought his history down to the period of his removal from Bridgeport and his entrance upon the laborious duties connected with his settlement in Lansingburgh. Twenty-four years of his useful life are thus left unnoticed, from his thirty-eighth to his sixty-second year.

The fact that some of the inhabitants of Lansingburgh were natives of Bridgeport and Fairfield, and were already well acquainted with his character, probably conduced to his removal to Lansingburgh. The father of Mr. Seth Seelye, the present senior elder of the church in Lansingburgh, was one the of deacons of the church at Bridgeport. Mr. Eli Judson was from Fairfield,

and his brother, David Judson, Esq., was one of your grandfather's warmest friends. But the gentleman most instrumental in bringing it about was David Allen, Esq., also from Fairfield, whose kindness and attention were always unremitting, and in whose death, in 1825, your grandfather sustained a severe loss.

The Academy at Lansingburgh, among the oldest endowed by the Regents, had, for some time, been in a declining state, and had now dwindled to almost nothing, chiefly from the want of a competent head—a Principal whose talents and acquirements could impart confidence to the public. The two churches of Lansingburgh and Troy had, since their organization in 1793, been united under the ministry of the Reverend Jonas Coe, afterwards Dr. Coe. The congregation in Troy, increasing in numbers and strength, proposed a separation, and, it being concurred in by the congregation at Lansingburgh, invited Mr. Coe, in 1803, to give them his undivided services, which he did until his lamented death, in 1822. In a letter I received from your grandfather, dated August 2d, 1822, he says: "I presume you have heard of the death of Dr. Coe. His departure is felt as a great loss by the congregation and his numerous friends. I preached his funeral sermon by request. It is supposed upwards of three thousand persons crowded into the church and that there were nearly as many without. Twenty-five ministers were present, to pay his memory respect." He was a most estimable man, distinguished for his faithful, unwearied performance of pastoral visitation. This gave him great influence among his people. Between Dr. Coe and your grandfather there was always the closest bond of union and friendship. They were truly brethren. Mr. Coe's withdrawal from his charge at Lansingburgh left the church destitute of a pastor. The trustees of the Academy and the officers of the church and congregation determined mutually to improve this period and seek for a gentleman whose literary and theological attainments would enable him acceptably to discharge the duties of Principal of the Academy and pastor of the congregation.*

* The church edifice of Lansingburgh was rebuilt on a different site, in 1844. A marble tablet was inserted at the left side of the pulpit, in the new building,

A Presbyterian church had been organized in Waterford, but, from feebleness, was not sustained, and had long become, as it were, amalgamated with a Dutch church previously organized under the direction of the Classis of Albany. The Reverend John Close, of the Presbytery of Hudson, was the pastor. The increasing infirmities of age compelled him to resign his charge in part, at least, when the Presbyterian church was again organized, occupying the Dutch edifice, and receiving pecuniary aid from the Dutch members. It united with the church and Academy at Lansingburgh, in extending a call to your grandfather, who already enjoyed high reputation as a preacher of the gospel and an instructor of youth. Thus, in reality, three bodies united in the enterprise—the officers of the Academy and the two congregations. The following are the names of the gentlemen authorized to extend the invitation: William Bell, Matthew Harrison, Thomas Bassle, elders; James Hickok, David Allen, Elijah Janes, trustees. Not one of them is now living.

Your grandfather's first visit to Lausingburgh was performed in the winter of 1803-4, on horseback, in company with Mr. Samuel Penny, then a merchant of Bridgeport, and his nearest neighbor. The privations they endured on the road were very trying, and long afterwards formed the subject of many an interesting story in the family circle. They were four days in reaching Lansingburgh.

George Edgcumbe, 2d, whose name occurs in the closing sentence of the memoir, as having been born August 1st, 1807, and whose death your dear grandfather seemed to be contemplating, when he so abruptly ceased to dictate, leaving the sentence half finished, died August 24th, 1808, being a little over a year old. But the family was called to pass through a much severer trial just previous to this event, in the severe and protracted sickness of Alicia and her death. She died on the 21st of April, 1808, of a peculiar disease of the throat, which prevented her from taking food for the last six weeks of her life,

with the following inscription: "In memory of Samuel Blatchford, D. D., for 24 years pastor of this church—Born at Plymouth Dock, England, August 1, 1767—Died in this village, March 17, 1828. The memory of the just is blessed."

her wasting frame being sustained by nourishing enemata. Her sufferings were, for the most part, excruciating.

When I notice the birth of his Benjamin—as he loved to call his youngest son—Edgecumbe Heath, on the 24th of March, 1811, the record of his seventeen children is complete. Eight of them went before him, ready to welcome him to the abodes of the blessed. Two of them died in England, five in Lansingburgh, and one in Maryland. Harriet Peacock died in her 24th year, and the Reverend Henry Blatchford in his 34th year. The others died in early infancy, except Alicia, whose death I have already noticed.

Having long observed the difficulties which beginners in Greek experienced from the want of a good Greek grammar, with an English instead of a Latin translation, he, soon after his settlement in Lansingburgh, and after consulting with several friends, especially the Reverend Dr. Nott, of Union College, undertook the task of rendering into English the Latin of Dr. Moor's Greek grammar, deeming that, after examining several others, the best of which he had any knowledge. Besides translating it, he furnished notes to it, and added Dr. Ewing's Syntax, in an appendix. A large edition, 2,000, I think, was printed, on his account, in New York, by Collins & Perkins, in 1807. This translation, in the time of it, was held in considerable estimation, and several of our colleges adopted it as their class-book, especially Union College. After a while, however, it was superseded by others, but it is believed to have been the first attempt to teach the Greek grammar in the English language. The fact that the grammar he selected, though improved and honored by another translation, (that of the Reverend Peter Bullions,) is still among the most approved grammars now in use, and the further fact, that, in this country, at least, Latin translations are nowhere put into the hands of beginners, are an honorable tribute to the correctness of your grandfather's judgment.*

* In addition to this Grammar, nine sermons and addresses of Rev. Samuel Blatchford were published, as follows: 1. Sermon on "The Nature and Necessity of the New Creation," in 1792. 2. Sermon on "The Great Duty of Universal Love," in 1793. 3. Sermon, "The Validity of Presbyterian Ordination Maintained," in 1798. 4. "Address to the Indians," in 1810. 5. Sermon preached before the

In 1805 he was chosen one of the trustees of Union College, in the prosperity of which institution he always took a very deep interest. Soon after his election, he commenced acting as one of the Board of Examiners, in company with the late Drs. Coe and Proudfit. The duties of this position he continued to discharge until a short time before his death, and he was seldom, if ever, absent from his post. He took pleasure in these semi-annual visitations, and, while he was faithful to his trust, he was uniformly kind and courteous to the students under examination. These examinations afforded him the opportunity of becoming acquainted with many gentlemen who, in after life, distinguished themselves in their various professions, and of forming acquaintances which were mutually pleasant and profitable.

In 1824, he took a deep interest in the organization and prosperity of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, of which he was the first President. The acknowledgment of Mr. Van Rensselaer's indebtedness to him, "not only for the constant encouragement afforded, but for wise counsel concerning the detail and execution of the plan itself," was handsomely expressed in a letter received from Mr. Van Rensselaer, from Washington, when he heard of his severe illness, in 1828. The letter enclosed a munificent donation, "not as a remuneration for services rendered, but as a small token of lasting indebtedness." I was present when the letter was received, and witnessed the effect it had upon your grandfather's feelings. It could not but be grateful to him, coming from such a source, and accompanied by a proof of friendship so substantial. I regret that the letter cannot now be found, or I would copy the original entire, instead of drawing upon my memory for an extract.

In 1808, Williams College, of which the late Dr. Fitch was then President, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He felt highly honored by this unsought and unex-

Albany Bible Society, on "The Excellency of the Scriptures," in 1811. 6. Address to Soldiers, in 1812. 7. Thanksgiving Sermon, in 1815. 8. Sermon preached in Hudson, N. Y., at the ordination of Rev. Benjamin F. Stanton, in 1817. 9. Sermon, "The Sanctification of the Sabbath," in 1825.

pected mark of respect from those who were comparatively strangers to him.

When speaking of his settlement in Lansingburgh, I ought to have mentioned that, for four years, he continued unremittingly to discharge the duties of Principal of the Academy and pastor of the united congregations of Lansingburgh and Waterford—united only in ministry, not in government, the elder-ships being distinct. Such constant employment, notwithstanding the assistance of two faithful ushers, proved entirely too arduous, and, besides, left him but little time for pastoral visitation and attendance upon the sick. In 1809, at his earnest request, an arrangement was entered into, by which he was to spend one-half of the usual amount of time in the Academy. This arrangement continued for two years. By a subsequent arrangement, he engaged to spend one day in the week in the business of instruction, and selected Wednesday as the day most convenient for him, his weekly lecture evening in Waterford being Tuesday, and in Lansingburgh Thursday. In 1811, he withdrew entirely from the institution, except as a trustee. He was elected a trustee some time before his withdrawal as an instructor, and continued to act as President of the Board until just before his death, ever maintaining a lively interest in an institution which, mainly through his instrumentality, had again assumed an honorable standing among kindred institutions.

When first settled over the united churches, he spent the entire Sabbath alternately in each village, preaching twice. After the relinquishment of half of his time in the Academy, he divided the day between the two places, giving the morning to one village and the afternoon and evening to the other, and *vice versa* the next Sabbath. His practice was to write one sermon a week, which he usually delivered in both places, and to preach from short notes or extemporaneously at other times, when he did not avail himself of previous preparation. Saturday was his study day. He must not then be interrupted, except for some very important consideration. He usually went into his study soon after breakfast, and spent the entire day in looking over authors, &c., not commencing his sermon until he had mastered his subject. When he began to write he con-

tinned without any cessation until he reached the "improvement." This he frequently left unfinished, except the "heads" of remarks. It is rare that any one of the many sermons he has left exhibits any marks of alteration, any interlining, or any change of expression. It came at once finished from his hands, and fit for the press, as far as it went. The most of Saturday night he thus spent in writing, frequently not retiring to bed until one or two o'clock. His rule was to finish his preparation when he began.

His habits were very studious. He took but little exercise. Most of his time was spent in study. History, especially ancient history, was his delight. His reading was never of a light character. He abhorred the whole class of novels, and for much of that which is called light literature he seemed to have no taste. He could read fluently the Greek, Hebrew and Latin languages, and understood, so as to translate, the Sanserit and the Arabic. Of the Italian, the French and the Spanish he had but a slight knowledge. He could translate them, but not without difficulty. He wrote a beautiful hand and always prided himself on his penmanship. He could write sixteen different hands.

His taste for the fine arts was above mediocrity. He was very fond of drawing, and has left behind him several specimens of his skill in this department, which are very well executed. This was his favorite recreation.

He was always punctual in his attendance upon the judicatories of the church. Being a strict disciplinarian, he regarded it as an imperative duty to attend all the meetings of Presbytery and Synod, allowing nothing but providential interposition to interfere. He was very seldom absent, no matter how considerable the mere inconvenience or how great the distance. By his Presbytery he was very frequently appointed as Commissioner to the General Assembly. He was chosen Moderator of that body in 1813; and the next year, according to usage, he preached before it. His text was Daniel, 12th chapter, 3d verse. In 1817, the last Moderator not being present, he was selected to preach the opening sermon, and took his text from Ephesians, 1st chapter, 21st and 22d verses. His familiarity with church government and his thorough acquaintance with the proceed-

ings of ecclesiastical courts, together with his acknowledged judgment in all ecclesiastical matters, made him a sort of umpire father in church difficulties, great weight being always attached to his opinions.

His general health was remarkably good. He had some peculiarities of constitution, some idiosyncrasies, from which he occasionally suffered inconvenience. He could not endure, without sickness or fainting, the sight or smell of a cat, or the taste or smell of cheese ; and the smell of vinegar was very offensive to him.

His health began to fail about two years before his death. He had a large tumor in the right side of his abdomen. Most of the physicians whom he consulted pronounced it an enlarged liver. A *post mortem* examination proved it to be an enormous expansion of the kidney, weighing, when removed, fourteen pounds, and six pounds, after evacuating the fluid it contained, which was a sort of bloody serum. The size of this tumor, interfering with the healthy performance of the various functions connected with the organs of digestion, rendered his sickness very protracted. He was confined to his room for about six months, and mostly to his easy chair or his bed. He suffered greatly from the swelling of his legs and body. This rendered him very helpless, and the sympathetic irritation of his stomach was so great that he could retain next to nothing on it. I copy the following from the last letter he wrote to me, and the last, I believe, he ever dictated, with the exception of the one he wrote to Mr. Peters, respecting the Home Missionary Society, and which was published in the organ of that Society immediately after his death: "Lansingburgh, January 4th, 1828. My dear Thomas: I have constituted your dear sister Jane my amanuensis, with a view of communicating a few matters relative to myself. I still continue, as you may perceive, in the land of the living, if this land may, indeed, deserve the appellation, where sickness, sin, and death crowd the shores, and the earth is filled with corruptible bodies. I still wait the command of Him in whose hand are the destinies of man, and feel that I have abundant cause to bless God that I am not exercised with acute pain, and have long intervals of ease. Surely the means you were led to adopt were under the direction of Him who does

not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men. The course which you prescribed I am still pursuing, and the nourishment which I take agrees excellently well with my stomach, and my inclination to it is as good as when you left us. My legs, indeed, continue to swell, but I am free from those distressing spasms to which I was liable, and I am become a stranger to those copious bilious discharges which you witnessed when here. In affording me such relief, the Lord enables me to attend to such services as have for their object the welfare of precious, immortal souls and the glory of God. Sometimes, I am enabled, with great enlargement of spirit, to speak of the wonders and mysteries of grace to small classes of people, and, I trust, in some instances, not without effect upon them, and with sensible refreshing to my own soul. It is delightful, as I approach eternity, to have an evidence or two, brightened up by the light of God's countenance, and the sweet influences of his spirit, before I shall be brought to see Him face to face, and with whom I shall be everlastingly satisfied, when I awake in his likeness." He then gives an interesting account of the baptism of Dr. Tucker's son, performed by him on his sick bed, giving him his own name. This was the last time he administered this ordinance, and the whole scene was described as one of surpassing solemnity.

Frequently during his protracted confinement, and when his sufferings were not too great, he was in the habit of addressing circles of from five to fifteen or twenty young persons, upon the great object of their eternal concerns, accompanied by singing and closing with prayer. It is known that these solemn and interesting seasons were blessed to the conversion of several of the young persons thus addressed.

He had no ear for music, and could scarcely distinguish one tune from another, yet he greatly enjoyed the singing of others, especially in the social circle.

Just before his death, your aunts determined, without his knowledge, to note down on paper observations which fell from him, from time to time, in his intercourse with those who came to see him. We always regretted that this was not earlier thought of, for, at times, he would give utterance to sentiments of the most touching and sublime character. A few

only have been preserved, and I shall finish this letter by transcribing these detached sentences.

To a brother in the ministry he remarked: "In the garden of the Lord, his laborers are variously occupied. Some busy themselves in planting trees, some in watering and cultivating the delicate and beautiful flowers, and some in pulling up weeds; and thus various is their employment in erecting his glorious temple. The late John Flavel preached regularly, once a year, to a congregation forty miles from his place of residence. At an intermediate place, a minister asked to be dismissed from his people, because his labors had not been blessed to the conversion of sinners. Mr. Flavel visited this congregation during one of his journeys, and, on the subsequent evening, requested them to state publicly the benefit they had derived from their minister's instructions. One said, he had been relieved in temptation; another had had his hopes brightened; a third was confirmed in the faith; and all expressed some good done. The minister was overcome with joy at this expression of satisfaction on the part of his people, and said, with emotion, 'It is enough, it is enough.' Mr. Flavel then inquired of his friend, which he thought the most honorable employment—that of digging the rough stones out of the quarry, or trimming and preparing them for the building."

To a company of young converts who had just been received into the church, and who, by request, visited him a few days before his death, he observed: "Let us all walk in a straight way, like the beams of the sun. They turn neither to the right hand nor to the left. The people of God have prayed for a revival, and, when they saw you stand before the altar, a thrill of joy went to their hearts. A large company have already gone to Heaven. Remember, you are a band following after. Soon you shall meet together around the throne. Some of you may have no earthly parent; but, if you have a Father in Heaven, all will be well. 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' You see how much I suffer. Bodily health is truly a great blessing, but it is as dear Dr. Watts said, when dying—'All is now well with me;' and immediately he fell asleep in Jesus."

To a valued member of his congregation he said: "We have long been looking for you to come out from the world. In former times, men could not make a profession of religion, without the risk of having their goods pillaged, and their bodies burned; but you, my dear sir, are not called upon to be a martyr. It is the tree of life that is before you, and all you have to do is to reach forth your hand and partake freely of the fruit, for there are none to molest or make you afraid." Soon after this interview, the gentleman alluded to united with the church; and he has long been a ruling elder.

"I have always been a moderate man, or, at least, I have tried to be so; but, in some things, I have been vastly too moderate. God has said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart;' but, oh! how often have I suffered a little bit of the creature to creep in, even in my best moments."

"Heaven grows brighter and brighter, as I approach its portals." Then, smiling, he continued: "At times, it dazzles my sight, by the brightness of its glory."

One of his elders observed to him, that his body was decaying fast. "Yes," said he, smiling, "let it decay, let it waste, no matter how fast." Then, with an elevated voice, he exclaimed: "I am ready. Oh! the righteousness of Jesus Christ; 'tis the only way to the living temple."

To another of his elders he said: "Oh! I am truly a great sufferer; but, if I can evince to my people that there is a consolation in religion, which the world can neither give nor take away, I am willing to suffer anything. I am but one of the little children in my Father's family; but He attends as quickly to the cry of the babe, as to the expressed wish of the older ones, and is just as ready to fly to their relief, as a father pitiful and kind."

When in great pain he said: "Oh! that I could speak of my mercies with as much energy as I speak of my distresses." Again: "Oh! what shall I do? The Lord knows; and should not that be enough for me? I do not know that it becomes me much to enquire at all. That is nature, that is nature." Then, with great firmness: "'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.' Hush, my impatient spirit."

At another time, when in great distress: "But it is all mercy; and what would I have more? I am like a spoiled child. If I am not dandled on the knee, I am continually crying out. What must I do? Not contented with the common fare of the family, I must be cherished in the arms or patted on the cheek."

When supposed to be near his end, he said: "I shall soon forget everything relating to time, except that I was a great sinner, and was made a monument of grace."

To Mrs. Bela Redfield, who expressed herself distressed by the troubles of the church in Troy, he observed: "I have set aside all the contentions and distractions of the church, and look away to the general assembly and church of the first-born in Heaven. *You* have got a new pastor," (referring to Dr. Tucker)—"be careful and do not set your heart too much on the creature. You need not so much regard the streams, while you have free access to the fountain itself."

When feeling very languid, and thinking he was near his end, he said: "Don't let me slip away without telling me of it, for I want to see the little stream I have so soon to cross."

On waking, and appearing much agitated, we observed to him that he had only been dreaming. "Yes," said he,

' This world's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?
Oh for some bright and peaceful bower,
Where sin hath neither place nor power.'

There, there will be none of these sufferings; but the sweetest thought is, that, in Heaven, not a shadow of imperfection or frailty will pass over my sanctified spirit. Oh! Eternity, eternity! Continually advancing from pure to purity itself—from enjoyment to ecstasy."

The approaching Sabbath being Communion Sabbath, he asked: "Where am I to pass my Communion Sabbath?" Some one said: "Perhaps in glory." "Yes, I hope so, and, more, I expect it. Let us see, to-morrow is the preparation day, is it not?" He was told—no—it was Tuesday. "Ah, well! that is right. God does all things well."

Speaking of the kind attentions of his friends, he remarked : “ ‘ What ! ’ said our blessed Saviour, when in his agony—‘ what ! Could ye not watch with me one hour ? ’ Now, I have more mercies than my Divine Master had, since *my* friends give me no opportunity to complain ; for they watch by me all the while, every hour.”

“ Peter had never known the omnipresence of God, had he not begun to sink ; so we never know the love, mercy, goodness, and power of God, until we are brought into some serious difficulty.”

“ Oh ! what a fullness there is in the Lord Jesus Christ ! Enough, enough, for all, and still more. I was forcibly struck by a remark which I once heard the Reverend Mr. Reynolds, of London, make, in a sermon : ‘ When I go through Leadenhall Market,’ said he, ‘ and see the quantity and variety of the provisions which are there exposed, I wonder how it can all be consumed ; and then, when I walk through this vast city and contemplate the numbers of its inhabitants, I wonder where the provision is to come from to supply so many wants.’ And, now, for the application. Notwithstanding the immense numbers of His children and the extent and demands of His family, there is provision enough in the Lord Jesus Christ for all ; yea, and for ten thousand times ten thousand more, if He should see fit to create them. The poor prodigal was right when he said : ‘ How many hired servants of my father’s have bread enough and to spare.’ Oh ! for a spiritual appetite.” Then, addressing himself to one of his sons, he continued : “ He will, by His own hand, lead me to his table. Yes, He has ; and more than once too. Oh ! my son, what a book the Bible is ! what a book the Bible is ! ”

When the day was breaking, and the light began to make its way through the crevices of the closed windows, he observed : “ How like the dark mist of early day are all our views here, even the best of them ; but, when the sun is up, it will quickly dispel them all, and we shall see things clearly. My sun is rising now, and soon all mist will be vanished ; but I must not be impatient.”

While looking at his feet, which were very much swollen, and which seemed about to mortify, he said : “ The Lord doth

all things well. It is all just as it should be; but, to nature, the waters of Jordan have an unpleasant chilliness."

"Under what obligations I am to sing the royalties of grace. I say 'royalties' because they all come from the hand of a sovereign."

A female friend sent to him a request that he would pray for her. After assenting, he continued: "My poor prayers! my poor prayers! I hope she is a Christian and has an intercessor before the throne. Tell her to go to Him."

To the Reverend Mr. Butler, Rector of St. Paul's church, Troy, he said: "You know that delightful passage, 'The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal—the Lord knoweth them that are His.'" "Then, your faith is strong," said Mr. B. He replied, with great emphasis: "Yes; yes." "You believe you are His?" "Yes, oh! yes. I would not relinquish my evidence for all this world." "You trust in the merits of your Redeemer?" "Yes, I trust alone in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"I have noticed, when passing up and down the North river, in the steamboat, that there is always a great interest manifested among the passengers to get a good view of the house on Catskill Mountain, and each one wants the loan of the telescope; and, if there were twenty glasses on board, they would all be in requisition to examine more distinctly the distant edifice. So, we, who are sailing down the river of life, have, as it were, a mountain house to contemplate—a building of God—that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and we, too, blessed be God, have a telescope of divine origin—the word of God, through which we may examine the beautiful building, and view its foundations, and admire its structure and its extent, and from which we have the privilege of learning the qualifications necessary for admittance there. Oh! the Bible! the Bible! what a treasure is the Bible!"

To his youngest son, who, in an hour, expected to make a public profession of religion, being seventeen years of age, he observed: "This is a solemn day to you, my son; and, although I am debarred the precious privilege of leading you to the altar myself, yet I bless God you will have a standing

there. Look through, I beseech you, look through the elements to the body and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Ever remember that it is not a mere profession that constitutes the hope of a Christian, but the blood of Christ. Then, give yourself all away." After making a short and affecting prayer, he threw his arms around his neck and kissed him.

"If any of the ransomed of the Lord will be permitted to sing, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory,' I shall be among that number."

To a very aged member of his congregation, a merchant, who had never yet seen his way clear to make a profession of religion, he remarked: "If you come in at the eleventh hour, my word for it you shall not lose your penny. Life is short; death is sure; it behooves you to be diligent. The light is almost out; the wick is already in the socket; it will soon flicker for the last time. It is a pearl of great price that is hid in the gospel field, and that merchant is divinely wise who makes that pearl his own."

"My flesh, you see," speaking to some of his children, "is failing fast, and I am fast going down to the grave; but, blessed be God, I can look beyond without one distressing fear. I find myself on a rock, when trusting to the righteousness and blood of Christ; and I think I can set my feet in Jordan, and not be afraid. It is but a narrow stream and may soon be crossed. Oh, what a sweet privilege to stand on gospel ground, and look within the veil. If I did not do this, the very stones would cry out. Yes, it is sweet; and the higher we stand on gospel ground, the richer are the beauties we behold. I can mount a little, like the eagle; and, like the lark, I can chirp, though feebly. I have seen the lark rise from the green meadow, singing as he rose, and mounting upward until he appeared a mere mote in the sunbeam. I could not but think he taught me that it was my own fault if I did not know more of the sublimities of religion. Oh! for heavenward aspirations!"

"This is sometime sa privileged chamber. I must believe that the Lord is here. Oh! the goodness of God! I see His mercy in every thing—yes, even in the pain I suffer."

"Oh! what a glorious plan is the plan of salvation! Here

I am now, confined to this poor decaying body ; and soon I hope to be as active and free as any seraph around the throne. Look at the penalty : ‘ In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.’ But the curse is made a blessing.”

One morning, being very low, he appeared, for some minutes, lost in deep thought, and then, suddenly, broke out with much energy of expression, and said :

“ ‘ Jesus, my God, I know His name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.’

No, I have a heavenly confidence in His faithfulness, His ability, His love. Oh ! my children, be not too solicitous for this poor, suffering, dying body. I have a glorious view—a glorious anticipation—of what is in store for me. I now see Him by faith. Soon, oh ! soon, I shall see Him face to face.” After a few moments’ silence, he added : “ Oh ! I have had a Pisgah’s view.”

Addressing a young man who had been thoughtful for some time, but who seemed to be halting as to duty, and whom he had before urged to immediate repentance, he said : “ L——, my dear friend, religion is something or it is nothing. If it is nothing, then let it float on the imagination, like a bubble on the stream ; but if it is something, remember, it holds in its grasp the keys of Heaven or of Hell. Embrace it, and you are a child of glory. Reject it, and you are a fiend of Hell.”

“ O, thou, that dwelleth in the heavens, where Peter and Paul, David and Manasseh, and all the redeemed, ascribe honor and power and glory to the Lamb, shall I be permitted to bow among them there ? O Lord, I am thine, do Thou take me to thyself.”

To Mr. Seelye, one of his elders, he said : “ I have been wonderfully supported hitherto, and I trust I shall be until I get home to my Father’s house. We may weep at our temporary separation, but we shall have abundant cause to rejoice when we meet again. I am not ashamed of the gospel I have preached. It is the plain gospel of Jesus Christ.” He then again repeated the lines, “ Jesus, my God, I know His name,” &c. “ I bless God now, that I have been kept from those va-

garies in theology, which can never be reconciled nor explained, in which the glory of God is hid. It is picking at the shell and neglecting the kernel."

"'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' I am weak, very weak, but the Lord, by his assistance, supports the very staff he gives me; else, it would drop from my hand."

One morning, when considered near his end, he thus addressed one of his kind physicians: "Doctor, I am waiting my Father's will, I am watching for the messenger; and now, my dear sir, I embrace this opportunity of telling you, my hope is fixed on the righteousness and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. That gospel I have so long preached I now find all sufficient for my support. Permit me, sir, again to recommend the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ to your immediate acceptance. Put your trust in Christ. He was the God of your departed father, He is the God of your sainted mother, and His everlasting arms are stretched out ready to receive you also; and they are embossed with the blood of the Redeemer. Reject and perish; accept and you are a child of glory."

To two brethren in the ministry, who enquired of him his feelings in view of death, he said: "I feel a rapture in my own mind, and am led to exclaim, The Lord God of my salvation liveth. I feel like a passenger waiting patiently for the hour of departure to arrive. I always felt unpleasantly at the idea of leaving my family and going from home; but, somehow or other, I look upon the journey of eternity, if I may so express myself, with a holy delight. I feel like going home. Everything here is polluted; hence, it cannot be the Christian's rest. Faith and hope, as sister graces, accompany me all the way, and direct my eye to the infinite rest above; and soon, they will beckon to me and say, Come up hither. The hope of glory which Christ has formed within me, is by the glorious administration of the spirit of grace."

Upon being told of the revivals with which God was so extensively blessing His church, he said: "I bless God that I have been spared to see such a glorious day in the church. The praise cannot be of man, or of one set of men. It must be all of God, for the work is not confined to one part more than another of the field; but, in every portion we behold the glorious triumphs of the Redeemer."

To some young ministerial brethren, who said they felt it a privilege to visit him in his sick chamber, after telling them something of his joys and anticipations, and most affectionately urging them to be faithful to their trust, and reminding them of the solemnity of their ordination vows, he said: "Go forth with the standard of the Cross. Hold it up, whatever may oppose. Some will turn away from its attractive beauty; but still go on—discharge your duties in the strength of the God of Jacob, and He will bless you."

Towards the close of his life, he became subject to severe paroxysms of pain and spasm. After one of these, which seemed peculiarly severe, he said, with an inexpressible smile upon his countenance: "As the wise men of the East were travelling in pursuit of the babe Jesus of Nazareth, they were guided in their course by the star of Bethlehem, which grew brighter and brighter as they went, until it stood over the place where the child lay. If I am permitted to have the sight of that star, even in its glimmering state, how happy am I. It is this star that strengthens, supports, and encourages me as I go to be with Christ. But, oh! how shall such a poor sinner as I am bear the sight of the overwhelming glory of my Divine Redeemer? I cannot, surely, unless sanctified more and more by the spirit of His grace." Then, with great emphasis, he added: "But this shall be so, and it will be to the praise of His rich and sovereign grace."

Feeling very languid, and perceiving his feet covered with a cold sweat, he said: "As I feel the chilling drops of the spray of Jordan gathering on my feet, how could I meet him who is falsely called the king of terrors, as my friend, were it not for the rich support afforded me by the sovereign grace of Him who conquered death, hell, and the grave, when He rose triumphant from their grasp."

When urged to take a little nourishment, having taken nothing for some time, he remarked, cheerfully: "My eating days are almost over, but my banquet days are all before me. Oh! Eternity, Eternity!

'When shall I pass the dreary night
In the bright realms of heavenly light.'

During a paroxysm of pain, and when he groaned out, "Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do?" he suddenly stopped, and then, composing himself, said:

"Does it behoove me much to know
What I'm to suffer here below,
While God directs my longing eyes
To the bright world beyond the skies?"

To his family he remarked: "If I am not in the hands of the arch-deceiver, my hope in the covenant grows stronger and the star of Bethlehem increases in brightness. Aye, and it will continue to do so, until it becomes the sun of righteousness to my enraptured soul."

When taking a little drink, and while holding the tumbler, he said: "Oh! how many cups of mercy have I, without any thing offensive floating on the top. Shall I complain, then, if, occasionally, a little bitter is mixed with it? No, Lord, no. Thy will be done."

"Prayer is a bank note drawn upon the great proprietor—sure pay, no failure."

"We love to receive letters from absent friends. The word of God is his book of letters to his absent children."

After an interesting interview he had enjoyed with Dr. Nott, he said to his family, when they returned to his room: "Oh! was there ever so full a cup of mercy poured out at the feet of a poor dying sinner as has now been administered to me.

'Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove,' &c.

After recovering from one of his severe paroxysms, he said: "It is harder crossing the stream than I had anticipated; but the beauties of Canaan are not in the least diminished by the tediousness of the passage."

At another time, after a similar paroxysm, he looked up, and, smiling, said, very deliberately: "'He hath done all things well,' was a label inscribed upon His crown when on earth, and all the malignity of earth and hell combined has never yet been able to pluck it hence."

The above is enough to show you how a Christian and a Christian minister can die. For two or three weeks after he was first seriously ill and when he began to realize the fatal nature of the disease under which he was laboring, he suffered a good deal of mental darkness and depression. He was greatly troubled respecting the doctrine of the resurrection, but it pleased his Heavenly Father to clear up all his doubts upon every subject, and after this, for months, he had no ground for dejection. His hope was always bright, his faith always strong, but he loved to dwell on a "risen Jesus," as he used to express himself; and few individuals were ever permitted to enjoy richer foretastes of the rest remaining to the people of God. For twelve hours before his death he was in a lethargic state, and scarcely recognized any thing; but his work was all done and well done. His evidences of a happy change had already been so indelibly recorded upon the memory of friends, that no expression he could have made, had he been favored with his senses, would have added any thing to their assurances that his hopes of Heaven were well founded.

It is the desire of my heart that you, my dear children, may follow him as far as he followed Christ, and that, when our earthly course is finished, we may meet him in his own happy home in Heaven.

That this may be the case, is the sincere and constant prayer of

Your affectionate father,
THOS. W. BLATCHFORD.

From the Lansingburgh Gazette, of March 25th, 1828.

DIED, on Monday evening, the 17th inst., at his residence, in this village, the Reverend SAMUEL BLATCHFORD, D.D., in the sixty-second year of his age, and the forty-first of his ministry. He was a scholar of brilliant acquirements, and a sound divine. As a persuasive and eloquent preacher, he was surpassed by few, if any, in our country, and was in full possession of all those endearing virtues and Christian graces which

adorn and beautify the human character. He was sincerely beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. He died in the bosom of his church, in the full faith and hope of a glorious resurrection.

The following biographical sketch of this venerable divine, furnished us by an esteemed correspondent, cannot be uninteresting to many of our readers :

Dr. Blatchford was a native of Plymouth, in England, received his education at Homerton College, emigrated to this country in 1795, and, in 1804, was installed pastor of the united Presbyterian churches of Lansingburgh and Waterford. This office he filled until his death—a period of twenty-four years ; and it is no small testimony to his worth, to say, that he retained, during that time, the attachment of his people undiminished, and has left behind him a name that will long be cherished with affection and regard. He was a tender husband, a kind father, and a warm friend. He was a patron of learning and a zealous advocate of the charities of the day. To decision of character he united the urbanity of a gentleman, the accomplishments of a scholar, and the virtues of a Christian. He possessed sound judgment and an extensive knowledge of human nature. These he employed in subserviency to the peace and happiness of his people. As a theologian, his knowledge was comprehensive, and, by merit alone, he rose to distinction in the church. Whilst he guarded against innovation, both in doctrine and preaching, in the full belief of the fundamental truths of the gospel, with persuasive force, he preached Christ crucified, as the sinner's only hope.

During his illness, which was protracted and painful, he exhibited Christian fortitude and resignation seldom equalled, and to all who visited him he testified of a Saviour's love, and exemplified the efficacy of a Christian's hope, until he breathed his last, and his spirit passed into the immediate presence of his Divine Saviour.

The funeral of the Rev. Dr. Blatchford was attended, on Friday last, by a large number of both clergy and people, who assembled to mingle their sympathies with the afflicted family and bereaved people, and to pay their last sad tribute of re-

spect to their lamented pastor.* Upon this melancholy occasion, a sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Nott, of Union College, which, for purity of diction and sublimity of sentiment, must have been one of his happiest efforts. The sermon was such as funeral discourses ever ought to be, not merely an eulogium on the dead, but a plain and powerful appeal to the living. It contained a sound and lucid exposition of the doctrines of the gospel, in their practical application to the future destiny and everlasting well-being of man. It breathed forth the sentiments of evangelical religion, inculcated the soundest morality, and the entire purity of the heart, admonished us of the uncertainty of life, the dread certainty of an hereafter, and pathetically urged us to a preparation for the great and untried realities that eternity will unfold.

Sermon preached at the funeral of the Reverend SAMUEL BLATCHFORD, D.D., at Lansingburgh, March 21st, 1828, by Eliphalet Nott, D.D., President of Union College.

John, 14th chapter, 28th verse. "*If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father.*"

"*For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain,*" said that venerable man, who has been styled, by way of eminence, the great apostle to the Gentiles. His words bespeak the sublimest fortitude as well as the most fervent piety. Though aware of the vanity of earth and the brevity of life, he neither cherished despondency nor indulged repinings. On the con-

* The remains of the Reverend Samuel Blatchford, and of the members of his family, were, at their deaths, interred in the old burying ground at Lansingburgh; but, surveys having been made for a contemplated street, to run directly through the graveyard, the remains were disinterred, in November, 1863, and reinterred in the family lot, on Laurel Hill, in Oakwood Cemetery, Troy, N. Y., at the expense of Richard M. Blatchford, but under the direction and personal supervision of Thomas W. Blatchford. At that time, a leaden box, six inches by four inches, and an inch and a half deep, containing an autograph letter from Dr. Blatchford to his wife, one from her to him, the names of their children, copied from the family Bible, a copy of the New Testament, and the silver plate from Dr. Blatchford's coffin, was deposited in an excavation, cut in the foundation stone of the monument.

trary, he made the most of the earth in which he lived, and gathered from the scenes which it unfolded, checkered and fleeting as they were, the essential ingredients of celestial pleasure. And yet by Paul, though it was Christ to live, it was accounted gain to die.

When death can be thus accounted, with respect to ourselves, or with respect to others beloved by us, we acquiesce in it, not only with that profound submission due to the sovereignty of God, but we experience, also, a consolation of a different kind. To virtuous minds, there is a high and holy source of consolation in the thought, that death is gain to those friends who are wrested from us; and this is the source of consolation opened by Christ to his afflicted disciples, in our text.

The mere announcement of the fact that he must go away had filled their hearts with sorrow—a sorrow alleviated, indeed, by the promise of the Comforter, but a sorrow that could only be transformed into joy by the exercise of that intense affection in which all the activities of the bereaved soul are concentrated and absorbed. “*If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father.*”

To beings habitually under the influence of carnal and selfish sentiments, these words may seem to express a contradiction. And ought not the strength of love to friends to be accounted rather the measure of grief than of joy, at their removal? Of a love purely mercenary, doubtless, it ought to be so accounted.

But there is a love of a higher origin and of a holier nature; a love not selfish, but social; a love that seeks, not its own, but the felicity of its object. Such was the love of God. Happy from eternity, He needed not the praises of His creatures. Benevolence alone could have prompted him to people either heaven with angels or earth with men. And, when the latter fell from their first estate in Paradise, to the same benevolence must be attributed that wondrous plan of mercy devised for their recovery.

Neither creation nor redemption were intended to bring any accession of felicity unto God. On the contrary, both proceeded from that spontaneous, diffusive benignity that de-

lights itself in imparting existence, and in communicating happiness in redeeming from misery.

In these distinctive acts of goodness, there is a transforming influence. Beholding the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, his redeemed people are changed into the same likeness, and feel the kindlings of the same celestial charity.

I am aware there are those who cannot receive this doctrine. Selfish and mercenary themselves, they attribute to the same sordid sentiment the seeming charities of others. They have yet to learn that it is better to give than to receive; nor can they imagine how a being should be supremely devoted to the interests of another from other motives than those of personal reward.

You remember who it was that asked, in malignant triumph: "*Doth Job fear God for naught?*" The peculiarity of his condition, the elevation he had attained, the affluence he enjoyed, and the splendor in which he lived, seemed to give countenance to the imputation that he did not. To test this question, he is doomed to meet a sudden and an utter reverse of fortune. Stripped of his property, bereft of his children, and rendered loathsome, even, by disease, you behold him next an object of derision, habited in sackcloth and sitting in the dust, and yet even there, and while communing with sighs and tears and anguish, he utters only this one laconic sentence: "*Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

In that sentence, insidious adversary, there is contained an answer to thine inquiry. The event has demonstrated, that, in the sense that thou demandest, *Job does fear God for naught.*

Gain constitutes the motive that prompts the covetous of wealth and honor to serve the mammon of unrighteousness. But the service of redeemed sinners is not mercenary. They devote themselves to Christ because they love him, and they love him because he is the One altogether lovely, the chief among ten thousand. In the presence of the Infinite and Uncreated, created beings appear little and unimportant. His interests swallow up every other interest, as His glory ab-

sorbs all other glory. Self is forgotten ; personal benefits are forgotten ; and God becomes all in all. Hence, said Jesus Christ to His disciples : “ *If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father.*”

That they did love him, their very sorrow testified ; but it testified, also, that that love was neither so unmixed in its nature, nor so intense in its degree, as befitted, on such an occasion, the disciples of such a Master. In that sorrow there was a tincture of human weakness, and the repinings of nature rendered less entire that resignation which grace had otherwise produced.

The security the disciples felt in the presence, and the happiness they derived from the society of Jesus, induced a personal desire that He should abide with them forever. Such desire is consonant to nature, and many a desolate heart still appropriates that language of the man of Uz : “ *Oh, that I knew where I might find him ! that I might come even to his seat !*”

What bosom in which grace has made a lodgment, does not even now expand at the idea of abiding in His presence and beholding His glory, who was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, on whom was laid the chastisement of our peace, and by whose stripes we are healed. Still consoling to His church, as His personal presence would be, during this earthly pilgrimage, they who truly love, in place of sorrowing, must rejoice that He has gone unto the Father.

This event, Christ’s ascension, put an end forever to His humiliation and his sufferings ; and, because it did so, it ought to excite in redeemed bosoms sentiments of joy.

Up to the time of the final assembling upon Olivet, there is, in the history of our Lord, much to depress the spirits and sadden the heart. From the manger to the cross, the path He trod was a path bedewed by tears and traced in blood. Every indignity was offered to his person, every dishonor cast upon his office, and those deeds of goodness which fixed in admiration the eyes of angels, awakened only derision and contempt in the breast of man. At length, amid the quakings of Calvary, justice inflicted its last pang and the agony was finished.

Grateful event! at the remembrance of which who that loves the Redeemer of the world does not rejoice—rejoice that His days of humiliation are ended, and that He will hunger and thirst and suffer in behalf of sinners no more—no more dwell in obscurity or wander in exile—no more endure the curse of the law, and mourn the hidings of the face of His Father no more.

The same event that marked the termination of the Saviour's humiliation, marked also the commencement of His triumph—a double reason for rejoicing, to those who loved Him.

Before the world was, man's great deliverer sat upon the throne in glory, and Him the angels worshipped. To repair the wastes of sin, and vindicate the sanctitude of justice, He became an inhabitant of earth and even a tenant of the sepulchre.

This, however, was but the inceptive act of a vast and continuous plan of mercy, whose unfoldings were, through future ages, to fix in wonder the eyes of angels. Nor were the sufferings of this act gratuitous. On the contrary, they were linked in with those new principles of government about to be unfolded, and had a mighty bearing both on the administration of God, and the destiny of moral agents. For, ere the Son left the bosom of the Father, and went forth among the habitations of apostacy, to seek and save those that were lost, it had been stipulated, that, redemption accomplished, He should rise and reign over an eternal Kingdom, into which His ransomed people should be introduced.

With a view to this result, His sufferings were commenced and consummated, "*who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame,*" and who, therefore, "*is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.*"

And, having undertaken, and having executed, this amazing enterprise, ought not Jesus Christ to have received its stipulated rewards? Why, then, should redeemed hearts be filled with sorrow at the hastening of their Redeemer's triumphs? Would his own disciples have retained Him longer, the man of sorrows, upon earth, whom the heavens were waiting to receive again to glory? Would they have postponed

the time of His departure, and unstrung those harps, already tuned to perform his ascension anthem? Ah! weak affection! Had they truly loved Him, Him only, Him supremely, they would have sympathized in the sentiments of angels, and sent up from earth a response of joy, to that loud acclaim from heaven: "*Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.*"

But, if the ascension of Jesus Christ deserved to have been regarded as an occasion of joy, why should the departure of those who have gone to join Him in this triumph be contemplated in a sadder light.

To mere nature, death is, indeed, terrible and gloomy—the hour of final separation. At the outset of this journey of life, we find ourselves surrounded by kindred. The relations of father and mother, of brother and sister, were among the first relations our young hearts recognized; and, amid the early pleasures which their untiring assiduities occasioned, we first learned to feel that existence was a blessing, and that it was good for us to be here. To these endeared objects presently were added other objects of endearment—those selected as companions or beloved as friends—friends whose characters are assimilated to our own, whose conversation and whose smiles give zest to life, in whose presence we forget our cares, and with whom affection covets to perpetuate the joyous scene, and, vain as this world is, would deem it gain to abide in it forever.

Beguiled by the prospect that seems to open on us, and indulging the pleasing hope that life, though not perpetual, will be the measure of a lengthened season of calm and rational enjoyment, we look around upon our friends as the abiding companions of our pilgrimage, and fondly calculate on the solace of their company till our journey ends.

Fallacious calculation! For, as onward we advance, one after another of those on whose companionship we doted, are smitten from our side, and disappear amid the wastes of death. Then, alas! a sudden loneliness comes, and our desolate hearts, like those of the disciples, are filled with sorrow.

Tears, indeed, befit that grief that they bespeak, and they are the tribute that nature pays to the loss of friends. But

there are friends at whose departure from us, if we truly loved them, we should rejoice, and for the reason assigned by Christ to His disciples—they have gone unto the Father.

Since immortality has been brought to light, and the curse of the violated law cancelled, death is no longer, to redeemed sinners, the king of terrors; nor is the grave the place of final desolation. "*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,*" was a response from no fabled oracle. It has been verified by many an exulting spirit, that has ascended, shouting victory, along that path that Jesus Christ has traced out to glory; and those gates which opened to give Him ingress have remained open to give ingress to His followers, to whom, blessed as it may have been to live, it has been found gain to die.

At the moment of their departure, we, prompted by the sympathies of nature, received their benediction in anguish; and, having left us, we bedewed their very ashes with our tears. On this event, the translation of the just made perfect, what an affecting contrast between the sentiment indulged by their friends on earth, and their friends in heaven. The blest above are no indifferent spectators of those events of Providence that are developed below. They applaud the fortitude of the saints when contending, and their patience when suffering, for Jesus. They watch the weary pilgrim as life declines and those clouds gather round him that overhang the vale of death. They sympathize with him when wasting with disease, when struggling with pain, and especially when sinking beneath that resistless power that turns all to dust. But, when the struggle is over, and the scene closes, in place of sorrowing, they rejoice. Yes, at the very moment when sighs and groans only are heard on earth, there are songs in heaven. Those angels who once rejoiced at the introduction of a subject into the kingdom of grace, again rejoice at his introduction into the kingdom of glory—rejoice that his trial is completed, his probation finished, and his eternal salvation made secure. With an accession to their number, they experience an accession to their bliss, and repeat, with additional fervor, their hymn of praise. For, one destined to be their companion was dead, and is alive; was lost, and is found.

In the death of friends, Christian friends, selfish and short-

sighted creatures that we are, we dwell upon our loss and forget their gain. As if the grave swallowed up forever that redeemed dust committed to it. As if death, which only crumbles down this tenement, crushed its deathless tenant, also, beneath his disastrous tread. We cling with a convulsive grasp to the objects of our regard when summoned to glory, struggle to delay their departing spirits, and sometimes, even, feel the risings of unsubdued regrets that we cannot recall them when they are finally and irrevocably gone.

Preposterous conduct! Ah! were the veil lifted, and could they now address us from that hill of Zion to which they have ascended, would not their language be, like the Master's language: "*Weep not for us, but weep for yourselves and for your children.*" Ours is the vantage ground of victory, and, if ye loved us, ye would rejoice that we have gone unto the Father." Though not from them, is this rebuke not pertinent? Can love, a love that seeketh not its own, refrain from gladness, when friends and kindred are made blessed?

What, then, mean these sighs, and tears, and lamentations, disconsolate mourners in Zion, whom death has bereaved? Would you bind the objects of your affection to sublunary scenes forever? Would you protract the season of their sufferings, and compel them, even after their task is finished, and their passport granted, still to linger on this alien planet, far from friends and country, and from sacred Home? To assuage our grief, must the dead in Christ return again to suffering and to life? Again must they feel infirmity, struggle against temptation, and, measuring a longer term of vanity, sigh a second time for rest, from their bed of languishment? Ah! no! By the illumination of faith we correct the decisions of feeling, and, at the remembrance of their gain, our sorrow is transformed into joy. The dead in Christ return to suffering and life? Ah! no! Remain departed spirits in those realms to which you have ascended, mingle your praises with the praises of the blessed, and rest undisturbed in the bosom of your God. Presently, we shall go to you, but you will not, and we rejoice that you will not, return to us.

Infinite wisdom does all things well. Henceforth, let us lean on God and comfort one another by His words of promise.

“In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.”

O, with what power, when heard aright, this peace-speaking voice falls upon the crushed orphan’s ear, and comes home to the widow’s or the parent’s sorrow-wounded heart! It is the Master who said, “I will come again.” And came he not, when those loved ones whose absence we mourn were summoned to glory? Thankful that our departed friends are safe, let them be tears of joy, if, indeed, tears we shed, as we inscribe their epitaph and build their sepulchre. Death is but a momentary pang, and momentary the separation it occasions. Cheered by the promise of the future, let us cease to brood over the bereavements of the past. The redeemed on earth will soon be joined to the redeemed in heaven, share their joys and join their songs of triumph.

But there are other lights in which the rupture of those ties which death occasions requires to be contemplated.

The pastor, as well as the husband and the father, has been recalled. From the manner in which he sustained his office, the patience with which he bore his sickness, and the resignation with which he met his death, there is reason to cherish the consoling hope that he has gone unto the Father. And, because this is so, there is reason in his behalf to rejoice. But, though for him we weep not, are there not those for whom it were charity to weep?

The Shepherd has been smitten, and his bereaved flock presents itself before us. Him God may have removed in mercy; but, whether in mercy or in judgment to others, is known only to Himself. What means this afflictive providence? Why have those lips that once published salvation been prematurely sealed? Is the work finished, the sermon ended, and the harvest past, that the laborers are recalled? Are there here no more souls to be awakened, to be converted, to be edified and trained up for glory? By whom, Lord, shall they that remain, and are ready to perish, be gathered? Or hast Thou said, in thine anger, because of our offences, “Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone.” Sensible of our unworthiness, and re-

membering how thine overtures of mercy have been treated, we desire to bedew these desolate altars with the tears of contrition, and say, in behalf of all who worship around them— spare thy people, and give not up thy heritage to destruction.

Has the pastor of this church gone unto the Father, recalled ere he had numbered the days of the life of man, and while in the midst of his usefulness? In this act behold God's sovereignty. He employs and He dispenses with human agents at his pleasure. Neither Aaron, nor Elijah, nor Paul, nor Apollos, were any thing but instruments in the hand of the Almighty—instruments which, though He uses them, He so uses as to make it manifest to earth and heaven that He needs them not. Nor does He need them. Powerless alike is he that planteth and he that watereth. It is God, and He only, that giveth the increase, who, baffling human calculation, and crossing human hope, says, by an expressive providence, to His church, "*Trust not in man, nor make flesh thine arm.*"

Has the pastor of this church gone unto the Father? What greater zeal, what increased diligence, then, becomes those, once his companions in office, who remain behind. On us devolve additional cares and duties. There is the same labor to be done, and fewer hands to do it. Thenceforth, who will perform those services that our departed brother heretofore performed? Who shall execute his trusts, or guard and feed his flock? Who shall stand in this breach which death has made, and sound the trumpet of the watchman, that the sinner here may be afraid and the hypocrite in Zion tremble? Or shall the lips of the living as well as of the dead be sealed, and no voice of warning disturb that illusive slumber in which the carnally secure repose?

To the teacher and the taught alike this providence of God is replete with counsel. He who hath shortened our deceased brother's term of service and of suffering says to us, Be ye also faithful, and I will crown you with a crown of life. *Ye watchmen*, whom God hath spared and still spares, receive and lay to heart this admonition. That hearse on which the dead shall be borne to his place of burial, shall soon be driven to thy door. Soon thine eye shall be as dim, thine arm as nerveless, and thy lip as silent, as his whose limbs the shroud begirts, and on whose breast the clod presses. Bestir thyself,

therefore—exhort, rebuke, admonish, in season and out of season; and, “whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.”

Has the pastor of this church gone unto the Father? Then what account of you, *ye elders*, his constituted helpers, must he have rendered? Faithful to your own souls and faithful to the souls of those over whom the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, has he borne with him and presented in that upper sanctuary, the memorial of your zeal and your fidelity; or has he presented a memorial the opposite of this—a memorial replete only with details of discipline neglected, of ordinances profaned, and personal duties not performed? Stranger as I am, I affirm nothing, I decide nothing. I merely agitate these questions, and, in the prospect of the judgment day, let conscience answer them.

Ye members of this church, communicants at the table of the Lord, to whom your deceased pastor once broke that bread, and poured out that cup, which are the symbols of the body and the blood of Christ—having gone unto the Father, what account of you must he have rendered? Has it been, think you, an account of your blameless and exemplary lives; of your faith, your patience, your unanimity, your charity and labors of love? Or has the recital of pagan vices, rather than Christian virtues, swelled its details? Is the history of your divisions and contentions, of your recriminations and censoriousness, so interwoven with the history of his ministry, that he must have testified on high, that, in the church he served, are scandals not wiped away, apostates not debarred from the sacraments, and wanderers not inquired after and brought back unto the fold; that discipline is no longer heard of, and, though the forms of religion are preserved, its power and vitality are fled? Again, I affirm nothing, I decide nothing. I merely agitate these questions, and, in the prospect of the judgment day, let conscience answer them.

Ye sinners in this congregation; heads of families; members of families; parents living without prayer; children without obedience; transgressors without repentance; having so long preached to you in public, and so often conversed with

you in private, now that your pastor has been called to give an account of his intercourse with each of you, man by man, what account must that have been, think you, and how must he have answered each solemn interrogatory concerning the state of those souls of yours over which he had been placed a watchman? Must he not, returning his commission to his Master, have said, in regard to this portion of his charge—"Lord, who hath believed our report and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed? Acting as thine ambassador, I have published to them thy gospel; but I have published it in vain. In vain I have told them of thy love, of thy sufferings, and of thy death. I have told them of thy resurrection and of thy ascension in vain. They would none of thy counsels and slighted all thy reproofs."

Be his account what it may, it has been already rendered; and, so far as his own ministry is concerned, it is final. If you have been deaf to his warnings, if you have disregarded his invitations, and poured contempt upon those overtures of mercy of which he was the bearer, the guilt thereof rests upon your consciences and you shall answer it to God.

But, waiving further remark upon his labors, how has the suspension of those labors been improved? Has it produced those effects that such a providence is calculated to produce? For a time, God addressed you by his voice, and you attended not; and has that expressive silence which ensued been more attended to? Has privation quickened desire for the restoration of the service of the sanctuary? On the Lord's day morning, as your families have dispersed, and your children wandered from altar to altar, have you, like the exiled Israelite, hung your harps upon the willows and sighed to return to this house of God?

Death, always impressive and instructive, is, in the instance now before us, particularly so. Your pastor, enfeebled by disease, for a season withdrew, but returned hither. And why? Let the event answer. That he might die among you. This was his errand. His other work was already done. God had no further public message to be communicated by him. Hence, though he appeared in your public assemblies, he addressed you not. But, though he was denied this privilege, those who

visited his bed of sickness can bear him witness how tenderly he felt for you, how affectionately he spoke of you, and with what paternal care he dwelt upon your dangers and your wants.

That paternal care death hath terminated. To you who hear me, this, like his previous ministry, will be a dispensation of mercy or of judgment. How you had improved his previous ministry, had already been apparent. How you will improve his death remains to be determined.

Ah! could he address you now, with what increased solemnity would he speak of death, of hell, of judgment. What am I saying? He does address you. In such a death there is a tongue that speaks—in such a grave, there is a voice that is audible. If you hear it not, it is because you will not hear it. There are those that will. But, though there were not, God's high purpose will be answered. Among you, His ambassadors have not only labored and lamented, they have also languished and died. If ye repent not, their deaths shall abide as a memorial, and their sepulchral monuments abide as a witness for God. Another will now be added to their number, for, the mortal remains of another who had been commissioned to publish the glad tidings, is to be conveyed to the graveyard. The mound that shall inclose his ashes, will rise beside your pathway—a mound that shall oft obtrude itself on that unrepentant sinner's eyes whom in life he warned, and whom he still warns, though dead, and shall hereafter warn, till only the feet of strangers pass that threshold and occupy this sanctuary. Where, then, will be his former flock? Where? Assembled in the charnel house; a subterranean congregation; laid one by one beside their silent pastor.

What next? For a season, oblivious time exerts its influence over those memorials that make the dead remembered. The mound sinks, the monumental marble moulders, the house of desolation becomes continually more desolate, till both the pastor and his flock on earth are utterly forgotten. But not in heaven are they forgotten. Among those ruins there is *redeemed* dust. To God that dust is precious, and He will raise it, nor it alone. At an appointed hour, the Archangel's trump shall summon both the pastor and his flock to

judgment. Both will obey it. For the sea shall deliver up the dead that are in it, and death and hell shall deliver up the dead that are in them.

Then, thou scoffer, and ye who, being warned, repented not, then shall ye confront your pastor and answer for yourselves, while he accounts for that stewardship of his, now closed. Then shall it be known whether the blood of those souls is on his head or on their own.

It is recorded that a dead body, on being cast into Elisha's tomb, as it touched the bones of the prophet, revived and stood upon its feet. There are other tombs, besides Elisha's, if approached aright, that would impart a life-communicating influence. Oh! that the spiritually dead could be induced mentally to frequent the graveyard, and attend in thought on those quickening, edifying lessons which wisdom hears repeated from those chambers where the prophets of the Lord repose. Never does the eye beam with such radiance, never does the tongue utter such accents, or the hand move with such expressive action, as when begirded with a shroud and speaking with emphatic silence from a coffin. Such is the ambassador's final sermon; and this to his auditors is the last means of grace. And is there no hope that it may prove effectual? Ye who have heard no previous sermon, hear this. 'Tis the great preacher, Death, who warns you. Listen to that warning and delay not. He holds the scimitar as well as the clarion in his hand, and, standing beside the sepulchre, he shakes the one while he sounds the other; and his commission is, (after having warned the living by the manner in which he selects and strikes the dead), to cut down the cumberer of the ground and gather, though unprepared, the wicked to the sepulchre.

O God, stay the destroyer's avenging arm, and prevent, by thy grace, that doom which we deserve but deprecate. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches;" and, hearing, let him fly betimes from that wrath which is to come.

O God, give this grace also, and to thy name shall be the glory.

MRS. ALICIA BLATCHFORD.

From the New York Observer.

HOPE IN DEATH.

SUCH is the title of a funeral discourse delivered at Lansingburgh, N. Y., by the Rev. V. D. Reed, on the occasion of the death of Mrs. ALICIA BLATCHFORD on the 2d day of December, 1846. The deceased was the widow of the Rev. Samuel Blatchford D.D., and was long and extensively known and loved as a mother in Israel. She had attained her 80th year, but was always remarkably active, and, until within eight days of her death, enjoyed excellent health.

For the following sketch of this humble, devoted, and useful Christian, we are indebted to the discourse above mentioned. It was delivered to a crowded audience, composed of those who had long known the deceased, and whose broken sobs testified their sense of *her* worth and *their* loss.

Mrs. Alicia Blatchford was born in Totness, County of Devonshire, England, in 1767. At an early age she consecrated herself to that Saviour whose name she delighted to honor in all her subsequent life. In 1788 she was married to the Rev. Samuel Blatchford, then a dissenting minister in England. In 1795 he came, with his family, to this country, and, after preaching in Bedford, in this State, and Greenfield and Bridgeport, in Connecticut, he removed to Lansingburgh in 1804, and assumed the pastoral charge of the united Presbyterian churches of Lansingburgh and Waterford. Here he labored with great ability and success until his death, in 1828.

The subject of this sketch was eminently happy and successful in filling the station, at all times responsible, and often difficult, of a pastor's wife. Characterized by great prudence, and possessed of an uncommon acquaintance with human nature, a capacity to adapt herself to every variety of condition and circumstances, and kindness of feeling that sought the good of all, she labored to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the different members of her husband's flock.

After the death of her husband, although conscious that she no longer held the peculiar relation to his people which she had previously sustained, her interest in their welfare, and her efforts to do good continued, and were increased.

She was eminently *conscientious in the discharge of her duty*. Seldom did she allow an opportunity to escape of dropping a word of encouragement to Christians, or of admonition to the impenitent. While she was pre-eminently meek and gentle, she evinced great moral courage in rebuking sin. Some who admired her character and esteemed her for her many excellences, shunned her presence for fear of her fidelity.

She cherished a marked reverence for the Sabbath and the ordinances of God's house. She would never allow herself or her family to secularize the day of rest, or appropriate holy time to matters of worldly interest. The last Sabbath but one of her life, she was twice present in the sanctuary.

She possessed great reverence and love for the word of God. It was her uniform practice to read a portion from the Old and New Testament every day. She received the teachings of inspiration with the docility of a child, and fed upon them as her daily food.

She had clear views of sin. Her perfect horror of it and loathing of herself as a sinner cannot be described. Her apprehension of the plan of salvation through the atoning blood of Christ, and of the necessity of the atonement, was remarkably distinct. She felt her entire dependence upon divine grace, and that, if she were ever saved, it would be through the infinite, unmerited, sovereign mercy of God, in Jesus Christ.

She took great delight in prayer. Her life was emphatically a life of prayer. She suffered nothing to interfere with her regular seasons of devotion. When unable to attend meetings for social worship, she spent the time of the meeting in prayer.

She was most faithful and thorough in self-examination. She allowed herself no excuse for indulgence in sin or neglect of duty.

Humility was one of her most prominent characteristics. The more she enjoyed of divine goodness, the more humiliating were her views of herself.

The last sickness of Mrs. Blatchford was short. She was attacked severely on Wednesday morning, and died the Wednesday following. In the early part of her illness, she seemed conscious she should not recover, and, with great composure, made her arrangements to die. At first, her mind was not perfectly at rest. She hoped and prayed that some comfort might be afforded to her in her dying hour; but she had many doubts—not of God's faithfulness—but in view of her own sinfulness. "If, ever," said she, "a poor sinner deserved to be banished from the presence of God forever and ever, I am that one—yet I know that Christ died to save sinners, and I cast myself upon the mercy of God, in Christ."

At length, however, the cloud began to be removed. Her hope became stronger. Gradually, her fears were all dissipated, her darkness became the brightness of day, and her conflicts were all forgotten in transporting views of God's mercy to her soul. "I can lean," at last she could say, "upon the almighty arm of my Saviour. I feel that I have an anchor cast within the veil, sure and steadfast. I know that my Redeemer liveth. It is an awful thought that an immortal soul should be banished from the presence of God forever. I know I deserve this, but trust I have obtained mercy through the compassionate Saviour."

On Monday, and thenceforward till her death, all was peace. Not the shadow of a doubt was permitted to disturb the serenity of her soul. Her mind continued clear on the subject of religion to the very last, and her happiness was unbounded. "I did hope and pray," said she, "that the cloud might be removed, and it has all passed away. I thought that if I could get but one glimpse of my Saviour, it would satisfy me; but now I enjoy the full blaze of the divine glory, as revealed to me through Christ. I dared to hope and pray only for *peace*, that I might be delivered from *darkness*; but oh! I have the *fullness of joy—the fullness of joy*. And can it be that I am so blessed. It is wonderful! It is wonderful! Matchless condescension! Infinite grace!"

Her deep humility and earnest watchfulness, however, continued. She anxiously inquired if she might not be deceived. "Oh! tell me," again and again she imploringly said, "tell

me, do you think I am deceived?" She could hardly admit that such displays of God's love could be made to such a sinner as she felt herself to be.

She seemed to breathe the very atmosphere of heaven. Her soul was filled with the presence of Christ. Once, while her sufferings were most intense, a short season was spent in prayer, after which she remarked: "I was completely carried away from earth, and forgot entirely my sufferings, in the consciousness of God's presence and of the glory to be revealed."

Early on Wednesday morning a great change took place, and it became evident that death was near. Her sufferings were very severe, but not a murmur or the least whisper of impatience escaped her. The dying conflict was long and painful. For eighteen hours after she was struck with death, she was held grappling with the king of terrors. Yet she had no fear. She felt that her Saviour was with her, and death could not alarm her. During this time, several scenes of overpowering interest were witnessed, of which no adequate description can be given. At one time, she seemed in a perfect transport of joy in view of her departure. All present were filled with awe, and thought her just about to burst the chains of earth, as she raised her hands, and, with heaven beaming in her countenance, exclaimed: "I'm mounting—I'm mounting—Oh! I'm mounting. Oh! I desire to see the whole world filled with the glory of God."

Her interest in her family was prominent to the very last. It was remarked, by one of her children, "You will soon be in heaven and see our dear father." "Yes, yes," said she, "and what shall I tell him?" "Tell him we are all following on to meet you there." She earnestly exclaimed: "What—all?" and, directing a penetrating glance to her children around her, she enquired, "Shall I tell him that you are *all* coming to meet us? Shall I tell him you will *all* be there?" With bursting hearts they responded, "Yes, mother, *all*." As if every wish of earth were gratified in the confident hope of meeting all her loved ones again, she clasped her hands, and, raising her eyes to heaven, said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have

seen thy salvation ;” and, after a long pause, which seemed to be spent in prayer, she continued : “ My great desire is, that my children may all be united to the God of their fathers. I desire them all to be united to the visible church. It is not the name, nor the form, but the *power of godliness* I pray for. They must be clothed with the righteousness of Christ. The righteousness of Christ, *the righteousness of Christ* alone, will be sufficient in the great day.” It was said to her : “ You will exhaust yourself. Do take a little rest.” “ Oh !” said she, “ I have done nothing during my whole life. Let me do something in death.”

She delighted in nothing so much as to exalt Christ. Repeatedly, she said : “ I can do nothing, and I rejoice that I can do nothing, without Christ.” It was said : “ Your contest will soon be ended ; you will soon obtain the victory.” She added, with great emphasis : “ Thanks be unto God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.” The name of Jesus had a charm, and would rouse her when her energies were almost spent. For some time before she breathed her last, when conversation was very difficult, we heard her exclaim, in broken expressions : “ Jesus” — “ Jesus ” — “ precious Saviour ” — “ lovely Redeemer ” — “ promises, promises ” — “ grace, grace ” — “ glorious home ” — “ heavenly rest ” — “ wonderful plan of salvation ” — “ wonderful, wonderful, wonderful ” — “ and that I, so unworthy, should be so blessed ! ” — “ Lord, why is it I ? why is it I ? ”

About an hour before she expired, it was said to her : “ The struggle will soon be over.” She replied : “ Jordan seems short—Jordan seems very short.” These were the last words we could distinguish. She was almost across the river of death, and her soul was enraptured with the sight of the heavenly Canaan. Her labored respiration soon ceased. Her sufferings seemed at an end. She lay perfectly quiet, breathed shorter and shorter, and fell asleep, so gently, that it was difficult to say when the spirit was released. In the stillness of that solemn midnight hour, as, with breathless interest, we gazed upon the countenance of that dying saint, and, kneeling by her couch, commended the departing spirit to Almighty God, we *felt* that heaven was near, that we could almost look within the veil, that we could almost see that Saviour in whose

arms she quietly fell asleep, and almost hear the bursts of joy and praise that rose from the lips of the Heavenly host as another ransomed sinner was welcomed home to glory. Oh! that the infidel had been there! Oh! that the thoughtless votaries of earth had been there! Oh! that cold hearted, worldly-minded Christians could have witnessed the peace, the joy, the triumph of that death scene. Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

THE REVEREND HENRY BLATCHFORD.

From "The Early History of the Presbyterian Church," by Spence.

THE REV. HENRY BLATCHFORD was a native of England. His father, the late Rev. Samuel Blatchford, D.D., of Lansingburgh, N. Y., removed, with his family, to this country, when Henry was quite young.

He was liberally educated, being a graduate of Union College, of the class of 1810, and a member of the first class of students that entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J. He was ordained and installed, November 27th, 1815, over the Irish church, by which name it was then known, situated in Orange street, New York. It was subsequently removed to Canal street, and destroyed by fire in 1864. In 1818 he removed to Salem, Massachusetts, and was installed pastor there January 4th, 1819. Here he remained two years. In the early part of the summer of 1822, the churches at Snow Hill, Pitts' Creek, Rehoboth and Monokin, in Maryland, were without a preacher, and invited Mr. Blatchford to visit them. His preaching was most acceptable to Christians of all names; and, whilst he labored here, the people became increasingly interested in his public ministrations. His sermons were not merely *carefully* but *punctiliously* elaborated, and he read them, I believe, precisely as they had been written. I never knew a minister who gained more rapidly upon the affections of those whom he taught publicly, but especially of those with whom he mingled in social intercourse.

On Sunday, the 25th day of August, 1822, he preached three times in the church at Snow Hill. His public prayers, at all times remarkable for their fluency, fervor, and humble familiarity with God, were so remarkable for those qualities on that day, and especially in the evening, as to thrill the feelings of those who in faith united with him. I remember distinctly the expression of a female in very humble life, a member of a church of a different name. "I never heard such prayers,"

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said she, "they pierce through and through me." The text of his third sermon, preached on the evening of that day, was John 1, 41: "We have found the Messias; which is, being interpreted, the Christ." I know not that he had ever preached with deeper feeling or greater power, and he concluded the sermon by repeating that solemn hymn commencing: "Lo! on a narrow neck of land," &c. It was his last sermon. But one other earthly Sabbath dawned upon him; for, on Saturday, the 7th of September, at Princess Anne, whither he had gone but a few days before, he fell asleep, and entered, I doubt not, upon a Sabbath which will never end.

On the morning of Sunday I attended his funeral in the church at Princess Anne. In the absence of a Presbyterian minister, an Episcopal clergyman preached the sermon, and was assisted in the other services by two brethren of the Methodist Episcopal church. The death of Mr. Blatchford was sudden and unexpected, and the removal of such a man to his "long home," whilst far away from father, mother, wife, children, and the friends of his early life, aroused all the sympathies of the people, and bathed the faces of the speakers and many of their hearers in tears. I remember the appearance and manner of one of the clergymen who stood at the head of the grave—his eyes red and swollen, his voice husky. Elevating his right hand, he commenced an address to the congregation, as follows: "It has been, and is, my prayer to die as our brother has died—to be called home while busily engaged doing my master's work."

On a neat white marble slab raised in front of the church at Monokin is the following inscription: "In memory of the Rev. Henry Blatchford, A.M., the eldest son of the Rev. Samuel Blatchford, D.D., of Lansingburgh, New York. He died, September 7th, 1822, in the 34th year of his age. As a man a brother, a husband, and a father, his virtues were eminently conspicuous. As a Christian and a minister, he was distinguished for his humility, his piety, and his zeal. All who knew him loved him. He was removed in the midst of his labors in this vicinity, from the work of the vineyard to the rewards of the blessed; and, as a pledge of tender Christian regard, this monument is erected over his remains by the con-

gregations of Monokin, Rehoboth, Pitts' Creek, and Snow Hill."*

* At the time of the improvement of the Lot in Oakwood Cemetery, Troy, N. Y., (see note page 55,) a plain marble slab, five feet ten inches high by two feet five inches broad, was raised, with the following inscription: "A Cenotaphic Memorial of Rev. Henry Blatchford, A. M., who died at Princess Anne, Md., Sept. 7, 1822, aged 34 yrs—Also, Rev. John Blatchford, D.D., who died at St. Louis, Mo., Apl. 8, 1855, aged 56 yrs., interred in Quincy, Ill.—sons of Rev. Saml. and Alicia Blatchford."

MARY MILFORD WINDEATT BLATCHFORD.

The following Obituary was written by Dr. James C. Bliss, of New York, and published in the New York Observer, in August, 1847

DIED, on the 17th inst., MARY MILFORD WINDEATT BLATCHFORD, daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Blatchford, D.D., of Lansingburgh, N. Y.

There was such a beautiful blending of those graces which ennoble and adorn Christian character, in this estimable lady, that something more than an ordinary obituary notice seems proper: and this, not so much to eulogize the departed, who is beyond the influence of commendation or blame, or to gratify the endearing recollections of surviving friends, but to excite in the hearts of Christians, and especially of the young, a desire, like our departed friend, to make the Lord Jesus Christ their pattern, to endeavor to have his spirit, to grow into his likeness, and to tread in his footsteps.

Miss Blatchford, under faithful parental training and example, and prayer, which took hold on the covenant faithfulness of God, became, at an early age, a subject of divine grace. It was at a period when grateful Christians were directed to the fountain head of truth for instruction, and when, too, the old practical evangelical writers, such as Baxter, Flavel, Owen, Doddridge, and others, were put into their hands, to guide their footsteps heavenward. It was from the sacred Scriptures, and writers like those named, that Miss B.'s Christian character was moulded; and, consequently, it had features which it would have never derived from the light, trashy, sentimental, religious literature current at the present day.

The recollections of the writer of this run back to the period when she began her Christian course. He remembers her devotional habits, her spiritual-mindedness, her watchfulness over her own heart, her self-distrust and deep sense of unworthiness, and her reliance on the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ. With these characteristics, she was remarkable for her

unruffled temper, meekness, humility, and deep sympathy for all who were suffering. She had, likewise, an irrepressible desire for the salvation of the impenitent, especially of her young friends and companions. At that early age, she would single out particular individuals, and make them the subjects of her prayers and efforts, till they were hopefully brought into the kingdom of Christ. The writer has a distinct recollection of her having, when quite young, mentioned to him an instance of her having her anxieties and solicitude fastened upon a young friend, in whose behalf she wrestled with the angel of the Covenant every time she bent her knee before the mercy seat, for more than a year, till her faith was rewarded by the hopeful conversion of her friend, who has lived to adorn her profession, and fill a sphere of usefulness.

As Miss B. advanced to mature life, the character of her piety became more fully developed and manifested in all the relations of life. It was particularly exhibited in the family relation, in her devotion to her honored parents, in the deep interest she felt in her brothers and sisters, in her self-sacrificing spirit, and in her perfect disinterestedness, in all which it seemed she had no object for which to live but the good of others. But her field of usefulness was not bounded by her immediate family circle. She ardently engaged in the religious instruction of the young in the Sabbath School, and in all the works of charity which are the appropriate province of females. She was especially a ministering angel in the dwellings of the sick and the sorrowing. So remarkably was this the case, that, for many years, scarcely an instance of severe illness occurred in the village, either among the rich or the poor, in which she was not found at the bedside of the suffering, endeavoring to soothe their pains and minister to their wants. She was equally prompt in her visits to the house of mourning, and in attending to all those kind offices, and administering those consolations, so grateful and so much needed by the bereaved heart, and which none can so well and so appropriately bestow as a Christian female. She was a wise counsellor, and accessible to all, and her advice was, perhaps, more frequently sought than that of any female in the circle in which she moved.

Few have spent a life of more unobtrusive usefulness, and few will have their memory more richly embalmed in the hearts of surviving friends.

Miss B. was subject, from early life, to attacks of violent disease. In 1844, she had a severe and dangerous illness, from the effects of which she never fully recovered, and she was never able afterwards to resume the active duties of life.

ALICIA WINDEATT BLATCHFORD.

The following notice, prepared by the Reverend Samuel Blatchford, D.D., was published in the Lansingburgh Gazette, in April, 1808.

DIED, on Thursday, the 21st inst., in the 18th year of her age, Miss ALICIA WINDEATT BLATCHFORD, of this village. The distinguished piety of this young lady was peculiarly evidenced through a long and distressing sickness, and few persons have left behind them so glorious a testimony of the truth of Christianity and the power of divine grace. The generous sympathy and assiduous attention of all descriptions of persons during her illness, and the most affectionate offices of friendship displayed by the young persons of the village, whilst they were peculiarly serviceable to the deceased, and highly grateful to her friends, reflected the highest credit upon themselves. Her funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people, and the solemn event was excellently improved in a sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. Coe, from 2d Kings, 4th chap., 26th verse: "Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well."*

*This event was also improved, on the following Sabbath, in a very impressive discourse from the Rev. Mr. Kendrick, minister of the Baptist Church, afterwards the Rev. Dr. Kendrick, of Rochester University, from Eccl., 12, 5: "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

A procession of one hundred young ladies, dressed in white, followed the corpse from the church to the graveyard.

THOMAS WINDEATT BLATCHFORD, M. D.

Extracts from a sermon delivered in the Second Street Presbyterian Church, Troy, N. Y., January 28th, 1866, by the Reverend D. Kennedy, D.D., on the occasion of the death of Thomas W. Blatchford, M. D.

THOMAS WINDEATT, son of the Reverend Samuel and Alicia Blatchford, was born in Devonshire, England, in 1794. In infancy he came, with his parents, to America, they residing first in Bedford, New York, and shortly afterwards in Greenfield Hill, Connecticut, to which place his father was called to fill the pulpit rendered vacant by Dr. Dwight's acceptance of the Presidency of Yale College. We next find him preparing for college in the Academy at Lansingburgh, N. Y., of which his father had charge in connection with his labors as pastor of the United Presbyterian Churches of Waterford and Lansingburgh. His education was subsequently continued at Union College, where he enjoyed the special friendship and assistance of the Professor of Chemistry, Thomas C. Brownell, afterwards Bishop of Connecticut, and also of Thomas McAuley, Professor of Mathematics. After prosecuting his medical studies for a period in the city of New York, he went to London, where he attended two courses of lectures at St. Thomas' and Guy's Hospitals, under the charge of Professor Cline and Sir Astley Cooper. Returning to New York, he continued his studies at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he was graduated in 1817. Soon after this he became established in the practice of his profession in Jamaica, Long Island, where, in 1819, he was married to Harriet, daughter of Thomas Wickes, one of the original patentees of the town of Huntington, L. I. After a residence of ten years in Jamaica, he removed to Troy, in 1828, which has been his permanent home to the time of his decease.

In this city it may truly be said that Dr. Blatchford was active and faithful in every good word and work, rising rapidly in the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens immediately on coming hither, and subsequently filling many offices of trust

and responsibility. The truth is, his influence in the city has been a moral power for good, reaching to every department of its material, sanitary, intellectual and Christian improvement. Most men are apt to feel themselves overtaxed with the duties of one or two public positions in addition to their ordinary engagements, but he was adequate to the superintendence of a large number; nor has there ever been any complaint that he was negligent in the discharge of responsibilities devolved upon him.

He was an earnest advocate of the system of free schools, and, for several years, rendered efficient service as trustee and school commissioner, and, for seven years, acted as President of the Board of Education, devoting much time to a personal visitation of the schools. He was one of the most efficient of the Trustees of the Polytechnic Institute, and also of the Troy Female Seminary, in each of which he cherished a deep and lively interest. He has been President of the Rensselaer County Temperance Society, and the Rensselaer County Bible Society, and was deeply interested in the Young Men's Christian Association, whose daily prayer-meetings he attended whenever his duties would allow; and all this amid the cares and responsibilities of an extended professional practice. When we add to this, his labors in the hospitals and asylums of the city, with his duties of ruling elder in this Church, we are literally amazed at the amount of work he performed. But more still, his pen was frequently employed on important and abstruse themes connected with medical science, and he has published much which has secured to him an enviable reputation in this and other lands.

The mental capacities of Dr. Blatchford were originally of a high order, and were constantly expanded and invigorated by a continuous intellectual and professional training. With a clear and ready perception of truth, an accurate judgment and comprehensive views, were united a somewhat vivid imagination and a retentive memory. These attributes, disciplined and strengthened by habits of patient reflection, enabled him to grasp and analyze the various subjects that came before him, with energy and success. Of this, his numerous contributions to the leading medical journals of the country furnish the most ample proof.

Dr. Blatchford always cherished a high estimate of the dignity of his profession, and evidently engaged in its duties from higher motives than those of avarice and ambition. He appreciated its claims, and conscientiously met its manifold obligations. So high a sense did he possess of the dignity of the medical profession, that he abhorred empiricism in all its forms, whether found in connection with ignorance or learning. When associated with the latter, he could not always resist the conviction that it was assumed for other than honorable and useful purposes, and he treated it accordingly. Himself a thinker and a student, he felt that no one was entitled to confidence in the profession without possessing the same elements of devotion to its high claims. In this respect he was honest and outspoken. Any believed abuse of professional trust he resolutely opposed, however strong the agency by which the wrong was attempted to be consummated. Possessing an innate desire to relieve human sorrow, he never refused to answer the calls made upon him, unless he was himself prostrated by disease. By night or by day, however wearied and exhausted by previous service, however severe the storm, debilitating the heat, or intense the cold, however distant the patient or lowly his habitation, he promptly responded to every call, and hastened, as a minister of mercy, to the couch of the sick and the dying. Christian love, united to a naturally humane and sympathizing disposition, inspired him with a sort of sacred enthusiasm in the duties of his calling. The voluminous record of his professional charities to the poor, can be read only by Him from whom he has received the gracious benediction: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

To the high estimate which I have placed upon the character of Dr. Blatchford as a physician, I am sure I can adduce the testimony of all his professional brethren in this city. They knew him, valued him, and trusted him; and they are ready to bear witness to his skill, his urbanity, his unselfishness, his high sense of honor, and his stainless integrity. This testimony is fully corroborated by the honors conferred upon him by different medical associations and institutions in this and other States. He has been President of the New York State Medical Society; member of the American Association for the

Advancement of Science; Vice President of the American Medical Association; Corresponding Fellow of the Academy of Sciences, St. Louis, Mo.; Fellow of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, and subsequently President of the Alumni of that Institution. He has also been Honorary Member of the State Medical Societies of Connecticut and New Jersey.

In contemplating the religious character and life of Dr. Blatchford, we find much that is deeply interesting and instructive. Favored with the unspeakable blessing of a pious parentage, special attention was given to his religious training. The great truths of the gospel were kept constantly and prayerfully in contact with his understanding and conscience, not only in their intrinsic greatness and importance, but also in their practical bearing upon his spiritual interests for time and eternity. As might have been expected, deep religious impressions were received by him in early life. But it was not till 1812, while prosecuting his medical studies in the city of New York, that he made a public profession of his faith in the Son of God, by uniting with the Presbyterian church in Rutgers street, then under the pastoral care of the Reverend Dr. Milledollar. Several years after this, under the preaching of the Reverend Dr. Nettleton, he experienced what he has been accustomed to call a "reawakening," the salutary effects of which were manifest during the whole of his subsequent life. An interesting account of this event, written by himself, has been published in the second edition of the Memoir of Dr. Nettleton. In 1828, he removed to this city, and united with the Second Presbyterian Church, from which, in 1842, he came by letter to this Church, in which he sustained the office of ruling elder till the time of his death—a period of more than twenty years.

When I refer to the religious life of Dr. Blatchford, I feel that I am speaking of something with which every one who hears me is well acquainted. He was known every where, in the highest style of character which any man can possess—that of a true Christian. He was always in a mood for devotional services, and never seemed more happy than when he could turn his thoughts from business or social enjoyments to

spend with Christian friends a brief interval of communion with God in prayer. With a disposition marked by natural vivacity and cheerfulness, he was always welcome in every social circle; and, while his piety was at an equal remove from austerity and levity, few came in contact with him who felt not the influence of his enlivening and instructive Christian converse. There was no asceticism in his religion, which, though it might not prevent him from entering into heaven, would still unfit him for society on earth. His was a large, loving, genial, sympathizing heart. As a friend, he was ever ready to listen to the claims of those around him, and prompt to assist with counsel, encouragement, and pecuniary aid. Those who were younger could regard him as a loving father; his equals in age, as an affectionate and sympathizing brother. It can be said of him, with confidence, that wherever he was, at home or abroad, in public or in the family, he forgot not for a moment that he was a disciple of Christ, nor failed to exemplify the pure and holy principles which he professed. Whatsoever things were true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report, commended themselves to his judgment and his taste. The exemplariness of his life was proverbial; and of his sincerity and honesty of purpose in all he said and did, who entertains a doubt? Such was the transparency of the principle of integrity within him, that his very presence was a rebuke to all dishonesty, dissimulation, and hypocrisy. He loved righteousness in all its phases, and hated iniquity in all its forms, however alluring the garb it might assume. In his equanimity and self-possession, in his government of temper, and in his spirit of forbearance, he made conspicuous attainments. Here the natural virtues of his character were beautifully blended with his Christian graces, and received from them their lovely and attractive features. So that, as charity dwelt in his heart, the law of kindness was ever upon his lips. Ready to forgive an injury, nothing but an acknowledgment of the wrong was needed to restore the offender to the fullest participation of his confidence and affection.

The many acts of beneficence he performed were prompted by the combined influence of feeling and duty. The circle of his benevolence embraced the whole family of man; for, there

are few, if any, of the great institutions of the land, which contemplate the regeneration of the world, which did not find in him a liberal supporter. But he did not stop with these. There were innumerable rills of refreshing bounty which he caused to circulate amid the habitations of the afflicted and destitute around him. How many widows and orphans have his angel ministrations gladdened and blessed, who spontaneously rise up this day to bear testimony to his unostentatious and liberal benefactions! But a small proportion of his charities can ever be known on earth, for they were performed in imitation of Him whose life was one constant scene of beneficence, and who taught his disciples to do good for its own sake, and not to be seen of men.

To a life thus marked by consecration to the service of God, and unceasing devotion to the welfare of his fellow men, it is natural to anticipate a corresponding close. And in this we are not disappointed. The first decided inroad made upon his physical strength occurred in the spring of 1862, caused by his incessant labors to relieve the wants of those who suffered by the great fire, which, at that time, desolated so large a portion of our city. But notwithstanding the gradual failure of his powers from that time onward, his activity and energy were such that he did not give up any of his duties, nor relax his usual diligence and promptness in his professional services. On the 23d of December last, he was prostrated by an attack of intermittent fever, which resulted in typhoid pneumonia. After lingering for fifteen days, the gentle spirit of the faithful servant of God was released from the sphere of his earthly labors.

SAMUEL MILFORD BLATCHFORD.

*The following address was delivered by the Reverend William Adams, D.D., Pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, on the occasion of the funeral of Samuel M. Blatchford, Esq., who died in New York, June 3d, 1864.**

WE are conscious of no abrupt and violent transition from the Christian Communion to the funeral services. We can conceive that it might have been otherwise. But now, this Summer Sabbath, this blessed Sacrament, and the funeral of a true Christian, all blend and harmonize together in one uniform impression. "Till he come"—are the words sounding in our ears in connection with the observance of this ordinance. And Christ has come to another of our number. But a short time since, we were here assembled at the funeral of an officer of the army; now, at the interment of an officer of the Christian Church. Few words need to be said; for this silent form is the speaker.

Mr. Blatchford was one of a numerous family, descended from a most excellent Christian parentage. I recall their venerable forms and impressive manners. The father was an eminent minister of the Presbyterian Church, and two of his sons were also clergymen. Never was there a group of children who could more truthfully appropriate to themselves the lines of Cowper:

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents pass'd into the skies."

At fourteen years of age, Mr. Samuel M. Blatchford made confession of his faith in Christ, in connection with the Church of Rev. Dr. Romeyn, in this city. His personal experience

*Mr. Blatchford was buried from the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, on the first Sabbath in June, 1864, immediately after the administration of the Lord's Supper. The body was met at the door by the pastor and elders of the Church, and was placed in front of the pulpit, where, a moment before, the communion table had stood.

always prompted him to a special interest in the early confirmation of the young on the Lord's side.

On my coming to this city, nearly thirty years ago, I found him a member of the Central Church, and, in 1836, he was elected, in that Church, a ruling elder. Of the Session to which he was then united, but one now survives, and he at present is a member of another church. What pleasant and fragrant memories are associated with their names. Their faces come back to me, and the tones of their voices in prayer. We took sweet counsel together, with nothing which occasions pain, till death divided us.

The private walk and conversation of Mr Blatchford were such as to command confidence and respect. His children revered, as well as loved him. He was modest, unobtrusive, and sincere. Never demonstrative in his manners, he impressed all who knew him with his real goodness.

My associations with him as an Elder were more than pleasant. He was a wise counsellor. Independent in judgment, he never made that independence an excuse for rudeness, nor did he ever use it for purposes of self-will, offence and unkindness. Rare opportunities has a minister to judge of character, in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs. Some are known most favorably where they are known superficially. By frequent contact, the gilding wears off, and there is no basis for confidence. With Mr. Blatchford, no one even suspected there was anything in him to be found out which was not to his credit. He had a good report of those who are without; and the more thoroughly he was known, the more solid his worth appeared.

It was in the house of God, in the midst of public worship, that he was stricken with that disease which at length bore him to the grave. Rallying from that sudden attack, he recovered a good degree of vigor, and was uniformly cheerful, sustained by the hopes of religion and his faith in Christ. His deportment to the very last, till consciousness was clouded by the process of dissolution, was in beautiful consistency with his whole Christian life. He fell asleep, in the time of the Spring blossoms and flowers, leaving to his family the priceless legacy of his pure and honorable name, and to the Church the memory of his usefulness.

THE REVEREND JOHN BLATCHFORD, D.D.

Obituary.

THE Reverend JOHN BLATCHFORD, D.D., was born at Newfield, now Bridgeport, Connecticut, May 24th, 1799. His father removed to Lansingburgh, New York, in 1804. Here, in 1816, he united with the Church, and his attention was soon turned to the ministry. His preparatory studies were first at Cambridge Academy, and afterwards at Salem, New York. He entered Union College in 1817, and graduated there in 1820. His theological studies were pursued at the seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. He was licensed to preach, by the Presbytery of Troy, in 1823. He was first settled at Pittstown, New York, and was ordained and installed there in August, 1823. The Reverend Dr. John B. Romeyn, of New York, preached the sermon on the occasion, and the Reverend Mr. Beman made the ordaining prayer. His father gave the charge to the pastor, and the Reverend Ravaud K. Rodgers gave the charge to the people. He remained at Pittstown till the Spring of 1825, when he received and accepted a call to Stillwater, New York. In 1829, he accepted a call to the Congregational Church in his native place, where he labored with much acceptance till 1836, when, on account of his wife's health, he removed to the West, spending the Winter of 1836-7 in Jacksonville, Illinois. In 1837, he was called to Chicago, where he continued till 1840. From 1841 to 1844 he was connected with Marion College, in Missouri, first as Professor, and afterwards as President. His health becoming impaired, he removed to Quincy, Illinois, which place was his residence at the time of his death. He died in Saint Louis, at the residence of his son-in-law, Morris Collins, Esq., April 8th, 1855.*

The following is an extract from the sermon preached at his funeral, in Quincy, April 12th, 1855, by the Reverend Dr.

* See note, page 77.

Post: "The painful malady of which he died" (malignant pustule) "was of two months' duration. Its course was marked by the most intense suffering to which disease can expose man. But, through all, his faith, his patience, his trust, and submission, through Christ, we believe, that strengthened him, never failed. The Angel of the Covenant, 'one like to the Son of God,' went through the furnace with him. His mind was perfectly tranquil, perfectly at rest. All was peace. On Sunday, the last day of his life, a few hours before his death, he followed through the reading of the 23d Psalm by his son, with much manifest comfort, and, with frequent responses, indicated his appreciation and enjoyment of it. A short time before he died, the spirit that seemed to have gone far down the dark valley, never to return, came back once more, and looked out in clear intelligence from that eye which then was closing for ever. In the stillness of that awful moment, I said to him, 'Brother, do you not feel the Saviour near you? Does he sustain you?' He answered, with a most meaning look of the eye, a repeated pressure of the hand, and attempted murmurs from his palsied mouth, 'Yes, yes.' This, friends, was the last testimony of our beloved brother—the last words of John Blatchford to this world, till the heavens and the earth be no more. Ages shall not add thereto, nor can they subtract from it."

EDGCUMBE HEATH BLATCHFORD.

The following is taken from the New York Evangelist of February 24th, 1853.

DIED, at his residence in this city, on Sunday night of last week, EDGCUMBE HEATH BLATCHFORD, Esq., for some ten years a ruling elder in the Mercer Street Church, aged 42.

In the death of Mr. Blatchford, his family has been bereaved of an affectionate husband and father—numerous relations and friends of a bright ornament of their social circle—the church to which he belonged of a devoted and efficient officer—and the community of a useful citizen. He was a man of eminent and warm-hearted piety, adorning his profession—liberal and large hearted in his benefactions—active and faithful in his duties as Superintendent of the Sabbath School—earnest and tender in his instructions and appeals to the members of his Bible class, seeking their salvation. For a number of years, an insidious consumption had been invading his frame, and removing him, for successive winters, to a milder climate. He had been steadily ripening for Heaven. He had learned its language. He was breathing its atmosphere. He was ready and willing to depart and enter on its glorious and eternal companionship. He had been aware, for some time, of the steady and stealthy and near approach of the pale messenger. He was prepared to welcome his coming, having his loins girt, and his lamp burning. A half hour before his departure, having slept little for several days and nights, under the action of intense suffering, he submissively observed to his wife, who was watching over him: “How sweet it would be to fall asleep and awake in Heaven!” He soon sank apparently into a quiet slumber, and, unobserved, his ransomed spirit took wings for its flight to Heaven. His prayer was granted. He was gone. His remains sleep in Greenwood. His spirit sings in Heaven.

GENEALOGY.

Henry Blatchford, of Plymouth Dock, Devonshire, England—married, in 1766, Mary Heath, of Totness, Devonshire—died October 10th, 1781, aged 63 years. Their children were:

1. Samuel—born at Plymouth Dock, August 1st, 1767—died at Lansingburgh, New York, March 17th, 1828.
 2. Jane—married Christopher Burns, of Plymouth Dock.
 3. Joseph—died at the age of five years.
 4. William—died in infancy.
- Mary, widow of Henry Blatchford, married James Howell.

Thomas Windeatt, of Totness, Devonshire—married Mary Milford, of Exeter, Devonshire. Their children were:

1. Samuel Milford—married Sophia Read.
2. Eliza—married Lawrence Reeves, surgeon, of London.
3. Mary—married Thomas Edwards, merchant, of London.
4. Sarah.
5. Alicia—born at Bridgetown, Totness, November 19th, 1767—died at Lansingburgh, December 2d, 1846.

Samuel Blatchford—married, March 25th, 1788, Alicia, daughter of Thomas Windeatt, of Totness. Their children were:

1. Henry—born at Ford, Devonshire, December 4th, 1788—died at Princess Anne, Maryland, September 7th, 1822.
2. Mary Milford Windeatt—born at Frogmore, Devonshire, January 24th, 1790—died at Lansingburgh, August 17th, 1847.
3. Alicia Windeatt—born at Topsham, Devonshire, February 14th, 1791—died at Lansingburgh, April 21st, 1808.
4. Sarah—born at Topsham, April 23d, 1792—died at Topsham, June 23d, 1793.
5. Samuel—born at Topsham, May 3d, 1793—died at Topsham, February 3d, 1794.

6. Thomas Windeatt—born at Topsham, July 20th, 1794—died at Troy, New York, January 7th, 1866.

7. Harriet Peacock—born at Bedford, New York, October 25th, 1795—died at Lansingburgh, March 18th, 1819.

8. Samuel Milford—born at Greenfield, Connecticut, January 5th, 1797—died at New York, June 3d, 1864.

9. Richard Milford—born at Stratfield, Connecticut, April 23d, 1798.

10. John—born at Newfield, Connecticut, May 24th, 1799—died at St. Louis, Missouri, April 8th, 1855.

11. Sophia—born at Newfield, August 21st, 1800.

12. Frederick—born at Bridgeport, Connecticut, December 7th, 1801.

13. George Edgcumbe—born at Bridgeport, January 7th, 1803—died at Lansingburgh, May 3d, 1805.

14. Charles Baynham—born at Lansingburgh, September 6th, 1804—died at Lansingburgh, November 18th, 1804.

15. Ethelinda Jane—born at Lansingburgh, November 23d, 1805.

16. George Edgcumbe—born at Lansingburgh, August 1st, 1807—died at Lansingburgh, August 24th, 1808.

17. Edgcumbe Heath—born at Lansingburgh, March 24th, 1811—died at New York, February 14th, 1853.

Henry, eldest son and eldest child of the Reverend Samuel Blatchford—born at Ford, Devonshire, December 4th, 1788—married, September 10th, 1817, Mary Ann, (born at New York, January 21st, 1798—died at Liverpool, England, July 25th, 1869,) daughter of Elisha Coit, Esq., of New York—died at Princess Anne, Maryland, September 7th, 1822. Their children were:

1st. Rebecca Coit—born at New York, July 26th, 1818—married, July 24th, 1839, Marshall S. Scudder, (born at Boston, Massachusetts, May 31st, 1818,) son of Charles Scudder, Esq.

2d. Harriet Alicia—born at Salem, Massachusetts, February 26th, 1820—died at Salem, March 6th, 1820.

3d. Alicia Harriet—born at Lansingburgh, June 1st, 1821—married, August 16th, 1841, Charles W. Scudder, (born at

Boston, January 4th, 1820,) son of Charles Scudder, Esq.
Their children were:

1. Francis Henry—born at Boston, March 30th, 1842—married, June 11th, 1867, Sarah Rollins, (born at Bath, Maine, September 7th, 1843,) daughter of Gilbert C. Trufant. Their child was:

(1.) Charles Marshall—born at Boston, March 16th, 1868.

2. Henry Blatchford—born at Brookline, Massachusetts, June 18th, 1844—married, April 20th, 1866, Julia Randolph, (born at Boston, April 29th, 1843,) daughter of Oliver Hazard Perry. Their children were:

(1.) Mary Moseley—born at Needham, Massachusetts, April 21st, 1867.

(2.) Marshall Sears—born at Needham, May 9th, 1870.

3. Winthrop Saltonstall—born at Brookline, July 24th, 1847.

4. Mary Windeatt—born at Brookline, May 27th, 1851—died at Westboro, Massachusetts, September 14th, 1853.

5. Bessie Marshall—born at Brookline, October 1st, 1853.

Thomas Windeatt, third son and sixth child of the Reverend Samuel Blatchford—born at Topsham, Devonshire, July 20th, 1794—married, February 3d, 1819, Harriet, (born at Huntington, New York, May 25th, 1789,) daughter of Thomas Wickes, Esq., of Jamaica, New York—died at Troy, New York, January 7th, 1866. Their children were:

1st. Thomas Wickes—born at Jamaica, February 20th, 1820—married, November 9th, 1847, Jane Bunce, (born at Brooklyn, New York, April 12th, 1830—died at Smithtown, New York, October 15th, 1865,) daughter of Jeffrey Smith, Esq., of Brooklyn—died at Troy, August 23d, 1863. Their child was:

1. Amy—born at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, September 4th, 1855.

2d. Samuel T., born at Jamaica, March 4th, 1822—married, December 27th, 1848, Agnes Euphemia, (born at Mount Pleasant, New Jersey, October 2d, 1824,) daughter of Edward Leadbeater, Esq., of New York. Their children were:

1. Thomas Windeatt—born at New York, September 3d, 1851—died at Troy, January 7th, 1856.

2. Kate—born at Federal Store, New York, October 3d, 1853—died at Brooklyn, New York, July 29th, 1857.

3. Thomas Windeatt—born at New York, January 24th, 1857.

4. Richard Milford—born at Fort Hamilton, New York, August 7th, 1859.

3d. John T., born at Jamaica, June 18th, 1823.

4th. George Edgecumbe, born at Jamaica, January 26th, 1825—died at Troy, October 5th, 1828.

5th. Harriet Wickes—born at Jamaica, May 8th, 1828—died at Troy, August 18th, 1828.

6th. Harriet Wickes—born at Troy, February 21st, 1829.

Samuel Milford, fourth son and eighth child of the Reverend Samuel Blatchford—born at Greenfield, Connecticut, January 5th, 1797—married, April 19th, 1819, Betsey H., (born at New Canaan, Connecticut, June 11th, 1799,) daughter of Samuel Kellogg, Esq., of New York—died at New York June 3d, 1864. Their children were :

1st. Alicia Harriet—born at Utica, New York, January 31st, 1820—married, December 1st, 1841, Nathaniel Fuller Hopkins, (born at Hanover, New Hampshire, July 2d, 1809—died at Staten Island, New York, August 19th, 1851,) son of Daniel Hopkins, Esq., of Salem, Massachusetts. Their children were :

1. Samuel Milford Blatchford—born at New York, September 19th, 1842.
2. Susan Ten Brook—born at New York, January 14th, 1844.
3. Henry Coman—born at New York, May 2d, 1845.
4. Mary Emerson—born at New York, February 24th, 1847.
5. Sarah Lothrop—born at New York, December 28th, 1849—died at Staten Island, September 8th, 1850.
6. Nathaniel Fuller—born at New York, September 10th, 1851.

2d. Henry Samuel—born at Utica, June 3d, 1823—married, June 17th, 1844, Martha, (born at Cincinnati, Ohio, January 25th, 1826,) daughter of William Crossman, Esq., of Cincinnati—died at New York, February 3d, 1869. Their children were :

1. Richard Milford—born at Cincinnati, June 12th, 1845.
2. Helen Alicia Therése—born at Cincinnati, November 27th, 1849.

3d. James Wilson—born at New York, May 8th, 1825—married, June 12th, 1850, Emeline W., (born at New York, May 26th, 1832—died at New York, July 22d, 1855,) daughter of G. Washington Smith, Esq. Their children were :

1. Sarah L.—born at New York, May 20th, 1852—died at Long Branch, New Jersey, July 24th, 1852.
2. William K. L.—born at New York, October 20th, 1853—died at Staten Island, New York, February 8th, 1857.

James Wilson Blatchford married, April 6th, 1858, Rosina, (born at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, January 27th, 1826,) daughter of William Jenkins, Esq., of Lancaster. Their children were :

1. Pattie Lane—born at New York, January 27th, 1859.

2. Ellen Julia—born at New York, December 28th, 1866.

4th. Samuel Milford—born at New York, October 25th, 1835.

Richard Milford, fifth son and ninth child of the Reverend Samuel Blatchford—born at Stratfield, Connecticut, April 23d, 1798—married, May 17th, 1819, Julia Ann, (born at New York, July 24th, 1798—died at New York, December 23d, 1857,) daughter of John P. Mumford, Esq., of New York. Their children were :

1st. Samuel—born at New York, March 9th, 1820—married, December 17th, 1844, Caroline Frances, (born at London, England, August 27th, 1817,) daughter of Eben Appleton, Esq., of Lowell, Massachusetts. Their child was :

1. Samuel Appleton—born at Hell Gate, New York, September 9th, 1845—married, June 10th, 1869, Wilhelmina Bogart, (born at Grassy Point, New York, April 11th, 1848,) daughter of Abraham B. Conger, Esq., of Waldberg, New York.

2d. Mary Milford—born at New York, October 29th, 1823—married, June 18th, 1851, Burr W. Griswold, (born at Goshen, Connecticut, September 5th, 1823,) son of the Reverend Darius O. Griswold—died at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, February 14th, 1852.

3d. Julia Alicia—born at New York, August 9th, 1830—died at New York, November 25th, 1831.

4th. Julia Maria—born at New York, October 4th, 1834—married, March 3d, 1856, Edward Tuckerman Potter, (born at Schenectady, New York, September 25th, 1831,) son of the Right Reverend Alonzo Potter, D.D. Their children were :

1. Julian—born at New Rochelle, New York, August 10th, 1858.

2. Ethelinda Blatchford—born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, November 20th, 1860.

3. Edward Clarkson—born at New York, August 11th, 1862.

4. Robert Francis—born at New York, May 17th, 1864.

5. Richard Milford Blatchford—born at Paris, France, December 1st, 1869.

5th. Sophia Ethelinda—born at New York, May 25th, 1836.

Richard Milford Blatchford married, November 8th, 1860, Angelica, (born at New York, November 13th, 1819—died at New York, November 10th, 1868,) daughter of James A. Hamilton, Esq., of Nevis, Westchester county, New York.

Richard Milford Blatchford married, January 18th, 1870, Katharine, (born at New York, January 9th, 1819,) daughter of Philip Hone, Esq., of New York.

John, sixth son and tenth child of the Reverend Samuel Blatchford—born at Newfield, Connecticut, May 24th, 1799—married, May 18th, 1825, Frances, (born at Jamaica, New York, May 12th, 1805,) daughter of Eliphalet Wickes, Esqr., of Jamaica—died at St. Louis, Missouri, April 8th, 1855. Their children were :

1st. Eliphalet Wickes—born at Stillwater, New York, May 31st, 1826—married, October 7th, 1858, Mary Emily, (born at Hadley, Illinois, June 16th, 1834,) daughter of John C. Williams, Esq., of Chicago, Illinois. Their children were :

1. Paul—born at Chicago, July 18th, 1859.
2. Amy—born at Chicago, May 20th, 1862.
3. Frances May—born at Chicago, May 25th, 1865.
4. Edward Williams—born at Chicago, July 13th, 1868.

2d. Richard Milford—born at Stillwater, August 20th, 1827—died at Bridgeport, Connecticut, February 20th, 1832.

3d. Martha Wickes—born at Stillwater, June 17th, 1829—married, November 4th, 1852, Morris Collins, of St. Louis, Missouri, (born at Blanford, Massachusetts, October 18th, 1813,) son of Amos M. Collins, Esq., of Hartford, Connecticut—died at Hartford, May 19th, 1862. Their children were :

1. John Blatchford—born at Quincy, Illinois, September 7th, 1853.
2. Francis Wickes—born at St. Louis, December 25th, 1854—died at St. Louis, January 3d, 1859.
3. Mary Lyman—born at St. Louis, September 1st, 1856—died at St. Louis, December 22d, 1858.
4. Amos Morris—born at St. Louis, November 25th, 1857.
5. Martha Blatchford—born at St. Louis, July 12th, 1859.
6. Alice Blatchford—born at Hartford, November 30th, 1860.
7. Richard Ely—born at Hartford, May 9th, 1862—died at Wethersfield, Connecticut, September 5th, 1862.

4th. John Samuel—born at Bridgeport, January 19th, 1831.

5th. Frances Alicia—born at Bridgeport, September 6th, 1832—died at West Ely, Missouri, June 6th, 1846.

6th. Eliza Allen—born at Bridgeport, September 22d, 1834—died at Bridgeport, June 19th, 1835.

7th. Harriett Punnett—born at Jacksonville, Illinois, May 9th, 1837—died at Chicago, Illinois, August 7th, 1838.

8th. Eliza Harriet—born at Chicago, November 21st, 1838—died at Chicago, March 3d, 1839.

9th. Alexander—born at Wheeling, Virginia, January 1st, 1840—died at Quincy, Illinois, October 9th, 1847,

10th. Mary Cebra—born at Marion College, Missouri, October 23d, 1843—died at Quincy, December 27th, 1849.

11th. Alice Windeatt—born at Quincy, December 20th, 1847.

12th. Nathaniel Hopkins—born at Quincy, September 25th, 1849.

Frederick, seventh son and twelfth child of the Reverend Samuel Blatchford—born at Bridgeport, Connecticut, December 7th, 1801—married, January 6th, 1823, Almira, (born at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, September 5th, 1803—died at West Ely, Missouri, May 23d, 1865,) daughter of Solomon Jones, Esq. Their children were :

1st. George Edgumbe—born at Oran, New York, November 5th, 1825—married, December 4th, 1856, Lydia Melvina, (born at Westfield, New York, December 4th, 1826,) daughter of Luther Overton, of Mineral Point, Wisconsin.

2d. Sarah Jane—born at Brooklyn, New York, July 6th, 1837—died at Troy, New York, August 14th, 1838.

3d. Mary Jane—born at Brooklyn, August 23d, 1838—married, September 6th, 1865, William B. Watson, (born at New York, August 23d, 1836,) son of John Watson, of West Ely, Missouri. Their child was :

1. Harriet Almira—born at West Ely, September 2d, 1867.

4th. Frederick Anson—born at Brooklyn, October 6th, 1839—died at Lansingburgh, New York, September 16th, 1840.

5th Almira—born at Little Unia, Missouri, May 27th, 1842—married, May 18th, 1865, Thomas Wilbur, (born at Fall River, Massachusetts, September 17th, 1839,) son of Thomas Wilbur, M. D., of Fall River. Their children were :

1. Kate S.—born at Ralls, Missouri, July 23d, 1866—died at Ralls, September 4th, 1867.

2. Annie Morris—born at Ralls, May 21st, 1869.

6th. Sarah Julia—born at Little Unia, June 14th, 1845—married, May 4th, 1865, Will H. H. Morriss, (born at Philadelphia, Missouri, August 24th, 1840,) son of Henry Morriss, of Lewis County, Missouri. Their child was :

1. Allie—born in Lewis County, Missouri, October 17th, 1868.

Frederick Blatchford married, November 23d, 1866, Harriet Hatch, (born at Coventry, Connecticut, April 12th, 1801,) daughter of Daniel Hatch, and widow of the Reverend Joseph Myers, of Syracuse, New York.

Ethelinda Jane, sixth daughter and fifteenth child of the Reverend Samuel Blatchford—born at Lansingburgh, New York, November 23d, 1805—married, May 18th, 1847, Pliny M. Corbin, (born at Craftsbury, Vermont, December 8th, 1801,) son of Royal Corbin, Esq. Their child was :

1st. Alicia Blatchford—born at Lansingburgh, September 27th, 1848.

Edgcumbe Heath, eleventh son and seventeenth child of the Reverend Samuel Blatchford—born at Lansingburgh, New York, March 24th, 1811—married, October 26th, 1837, Mary Ann, (born at Brookline, Massachusetts, September 7th, 1820—died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 25th, 1864,) daughter of the Honorable Samuel Hubbard, of Boston, Massachusetts—died at New York, February 14th, 1853. Their children were :

1st. Mary Edgcumbe—born at New York, August 13th, 1838.

2d. Ethelinda Jane—born at New York, January 12th, 1841—married, June 25th, 1867, Samuel H. Scudder, (born at Boston, April 13th, 1837,) son of Charles Scudder, Esq., of Boston. Their child was :

1. Gardiner Hubbard—born at Cambridge, September 3d, 1869.

3d. Alice Windeatt—born at New York, January 8th, 1843—died at New York, April 28th, 1845.

4th. Grace Vernon—born at New York, May 13th, 1845—died at Cambridge, October 24th, 1861.

5th. Caroline Hubbard—born at New York, June 10th, 1851.

