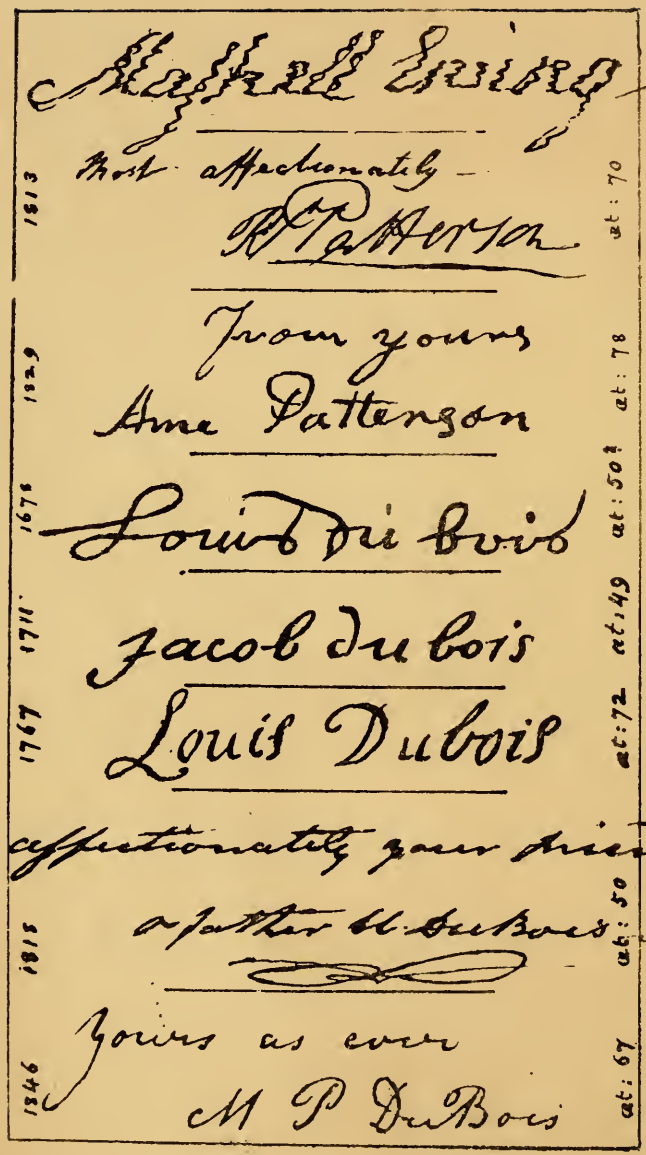
Louis Dubois
1813
Most affectionately
R. Patterson
at: 70
From yours
Anne Pattenson
1829
at: 78
Louis du bois
1675
at: 50½
Jacob du bois
1711
at: 49
Louis Dubois
1767
at: 72
affectionately your friend
a father H. DuBois
1815
at: 50
Yours as ever
M P DuBois
1846
at: 67

A RECORD

OF THE FAMILIES OF

ROBERT PATTERSON (THE ELDER),

Emigrant from Ireland to America, 1774;

THOMAS EWING,

From Ireland, 1718;

AND

LOUIS DU BOIS,

From France, 1660;

Connected by the Marriage of Uriah Du Bois with Martha Patterson, 1798.

PART FIRST,

CONTAINING THE

PATTERSON LINEAGE.

EDITION OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES; PRINTED FOR THE USE OF THE FAMILY CONNEXION ONLY.

By
William Ewing Du Bois

PRESS OF JOHN C. CLARK.

1847.

INTRODUCTION.

If this little family-book were likely to fall into the hands of strangers, an apologetic preface would be necessary. "Why should these families be signalized by a printed memoir?" There is no reason why they should; and if due weight were given to the principle which lies beneath this record, many a house would follow the example, and we should be relieved from the singularity. If it be right to put our household dates in the family Bible; if it is no breach of modesty to set up a tombstone; no act of notoriety to preserve the miniature and the lock of hair, then we may justify a larger, more liberal, and more lasting memento of those who, living or dead, are bound to us by ties which cannot be sundered, and which ought to be kept firm and bright. But this book is no publication; and this makes apology superfluous.

Amongst ourselves, however, it may still be asked what were the motives which led to this undertaking. I could name so many, as to make this salutatory of a weary length. It does seem that a mind of ordinary candour and discernment must perceive them, either before or after perusal of the book. Let a kind and generous construction be put upon the whole, and every part; and especially let me not be charged with a purpose of indulging vanity, or casting blame.

My helps have been as good as could be afforded in the case; perhaps no one in the connexion was more favourably situated for

procuring the requisite facts and evidences. The TRUTH was steadily aimed at; to be particular in stating the means by which it was sought to be attained, would take up too much room. There is a better test of accuracy.

It is not unusual for writers to extenuate the faults of their performances, on grounds which might have excused their labours altogether. On my part, I am bound to say, that however dissatisfied with what is here offered, I have taken time enough to it, and have done my best. To have done less, would have given a wrong estimate of the regard in which I hold my subject, and those who are expected to be my readers. To them, with the cordial esteem of a friend and kinsman, I commit this record of themselves and their progenitors, entreating them, if it be found worthy, to preserve it for future generations.

WILLIAM EWING DU BOIS.

Philadelphia, November, 1847.

PATTERSON.

THROUGH the lines of Patterson and Ewing, we partake largely of the *Scotch-Irish* blood. The compound has an unmusical expression; but its harshness is lost in the contemplation of a race, who in the struggle for popular rights, were ever forward to take the people's side; whose cardinal principle was always the maintenance of real religion, and that undefiled; and out of whose ranks have stood forth many eminent characters, in affairs of both church and state. How they came by this epithet, is known to every body. It was not by the mixture of two opposite races, as might at first be supposed; but, by a process of decanting from vessel to vessel, they were first Scotch, then Irish; and now, many of them, American. But beyond this mere syllabus, their history is little known; and perhaps this ignorance is common, even amongst descendants of the stock. A limited sketch is all that can be offered in this place.*

The quarrels of James I. with the Roman Catholics in Ireland, early in his reign, led to a conspiracy against British authority in that island. Its detection forced the chief conspirators to fly the country, leaving their estates at the mercy of a monarch, who only waited a pretext for taking possession. A second insurrection, limited to the province of Ulster, soon gave occasion for another

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* A larger account of the colonization of Ulster, may be seen in the "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland," by Dr. Reid, of Carrickfergus 2 Vols. 1834—37. This book is scarce here.

large forfeiture, and nearly six entire counties, in that district, were thus subjected to the king's disposal.

But it was a territory which showed the effects of a long series of lawless disturbances. Almost depopulated, and its resources wasted, it had yet a few fortified cities, some insulated castles, and cabins of the natives, too poor to be plundered. Cultivation of the soil was visible only in some favoured spots, and the face of the country seemed divided between woods and marshes. The character of the population is variously represented. On one side, the palm is awarded to Ulster, at this period, as "the most constant in maintaining its liberty, and in preserving the Catholic religion;" while on the other, it is affirmed, that the state of morals and of society was in keeping with the physical aspect of the province.

For the improvement of the country, and firmer establishment of British rule, king James resolved upon a plan of colonization; and a liberal offer was made to his subjects in England and Scotland, to settle upon the confiscated lands. The grounds having been previously surveyed, emigration commenced about the year 1610. Of the settlers from England, many were non-conformists. The arbitrary measures of the king gave them no peace at home, and they were willing to seek for liberty of conscience in a cold and unreclaimed wilderness. But the vicinity of Scotland to the north of Ireland, and the hardiness and enterprise of the Scotch people, brought the principal body of emigrants from that kingdom. A refuge from religious bigotry was not, however, at this time, the main inducement to emigration. Many adventurers, who had made shipwreck of fortune, or character, or both, retired thither to begin the world anew; and "going to Ireland" became a bye-word of reproach. Sufferers from losses, or for conscience sake, too often find themselves summarily classed with the improvident and vicious, and "exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease."

Of rapid and beneficial revolutions, if our own country be set aside, we seldom read of a greater, in every aspect, than that which took place in the province of Ulster. The towns were replenished with inhabitants, the lands were cleared, and houses erected through the country. In 1618, a surveyor appointed by the crown, reported 8000 settlers, of British birth and descent,

"capable of bearing arms," and what was better, capable of tilling the soil.* Within a few years after, the arrival of a number of Presbyterian ministers from Scotland, such men as Blair, Stewart, and Livingston, was the means of a general and permanent revival of religion; a good tone of piety, morality, and social order, pervaded the community; and thus, within twenty years of its survey for resettlement, the province wore a new face, and offered to its inhabitants every expectation of happiness and prosperity.

But it was a day in which the throne of Britain was a tower of bigotry and despotism. In accordance with the ecclesiastical preferences of the king, the land was apportioned into bishoprics, and an unwilling people were subjected to a spiritual lordship. But the early prelates behaved with moderation; the ministers, on their part, were wary and scrupulous; and for some years, the church government presented an anomalous and brittle mixture of episcopacy and presbyterianism. Such a constitution of things could not last. When Charles I., or rather archbishop Laud, became the head of the church, the condition of the colonists, in a religious aspect, was materially altered for the worse, and soon grew perplexing, and vexatious. The bishops were imperious, the people obstinate. We have an indication of the state of feeling, in an angry annual charge, by one of the prelates, which declared, that "the laity would hear no prayers at all; while divine service was reading, they walked in the church-yard; and when prayer was ended, they came rushing in, as it were into a play-house, to hear the sermon."†

However, the rapid succession of great and stirring events, in those troubled times, while it retarded the prosperity of the colony, gave a check also to the consummation of high-church purposes. The papal rebellion of 1641; the overthrow of the royal despotism;

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* It was about this time that Moses Hill, a gentleman from England, took a grant of land in county Down, on which was founded the handsome town of Hillsborough; in which neighbourhood, as will be seen, our Patterson ancestors resided.

† Bishop Leslie, 1638.—In the year following, a colony started for New England, but were driven back by adverse weather. Many returned to Scotland; and it was a common thing for the Ulster Scots to cross the straits on communion occasions, and to have their children baptized.

the administration of Cromwell; the restoration of Charles II.; these great movements were felt in Ulster, with various and opposite effects. Strangely enough, the entanglements of state policy were such, that while persecution raged in one part of the united kingdom, it would be relaxed in another, and Presbyterians could fly to Ulster, or retreat to Scotland, according to the emergency of the times.

Very soon after the restoration, to which the Presbyterians so largely and so blindly contributed, the need of an asylum was felt more urgently than ever. The persecution began in Ulster; during 1661–3, many ministers were deposed, and forced to retire to Scotland. But the tide presently changed; Claverhouse and his dragoons were sent upon the mistaken mission of converting the Scots to episcopacy, and from 1670 until the death of Charles in 1685, the Presbyterians worshipped in hidden places, and at the peril of their lives. Worn out by the unequal strife, many of the people sought a refuge; there happened to be, at this juncture, a comparative immunity in the Irish colony, and thither they escaped as best they could, some crossing the narrow sea in open boats.

Among the refugees of this era, was our ancestor, JOHN PATTERSON. From what part of Scotland he went, or what was his age and family, are facts entirely lost to us. The name is common both in the highlands and the lower counties. It is reasonable to conjecture, that he was born not far from the year 1640, and took with him at least two sons. Whether he settled at Londonderry, is also uncertain; we only know, that there he and his sons were found, on a memorable occasion, as will shortly be related.

The refuge from persecution was not of long continuance. A year or two before the death of Charles II., the wrath of the tyrant was revisited upon poor Ulster; in consequence of which, in 1684, a project of emigration to America was entertained, though not carried into effect. One minister, harbinger of many others, came over about this time, in answer to an appeal from Maryland.

The accession of such a prince as James II. was an omen of aggravated troubles. After a few months of respite, the rigours of religious oppression were renewed; they fell alike upon church, and kirk, and meeting-house; and the question presented itself for a prompt reply, whether the united kingdom was to fall back

to a state of superstition and despotism. At such a crisis, involving the fate of civil and religious liberty, and the advance of knowledge and civilization, throughout the world, William of Orange accepted the invitation of British Protestants; an issue was taken, which no friend of truth or freedom could shrink from; emigration, or retreat, was now out of the question, and especially from Ireland; for on this narrow theatre, it was plainly ordered that the momentous question should be decided. The war, as to its most critical part, began with the renowned SIEGE OF DERRY; and, to have had ancestors on two sides of our house (Patterson and Ewing) among the besieged, is a sufficient apology for my dwelling, for a page or two, upon that interesting event.

Derry, or Londonderry, is one of the principal ports, and the most northern city, of Ireland. In the settlement of Ulster, this town, with the county in which it is situated, was taken up by the corporation of London, and thereafter it was called London-derry. James II. had nearly secured to himself the whole of Ireland; William was in England, and not in a condition to render speedy aid to the Ulster Protestants; and a detachment of James's army approached Londonderry, to garrison and secure that important post. The magistrates and principal citizens of the place, unresolved what to do, had nearly admitted this force within the walls, when a party of apprentice boys, supported by the main body of the people, boldly closed the gates in the very faces of the soldiers. By this decided movement the town was thrown upon its defence. Its reduction was of the utmost consequence, and the energy of the Irish army was bestowed upon the task. Week after week, the men of Derry, sustained by hope or desperation, valiantly repelled the besiegers. A tardy reinforcement from England appeared in the bay, but timid apprehension kept the fleet at a distance; and the brave townsmen were cruelly left to the continued and accumulated devastations of battle, and disease, and famine. In this dire extremity, their stores exhausted, and supplies withheld, they were forced to feed on loathsome vermin, and to seek sustenance from the very grass; and John Patterson must have realized how little he had gained by flight from his native land, when, in addition to his own sufferings, he found the lifeless body of a son, whose mouth filled with weeds, gave proof of his having

undergone the most terrible of deaths.* The father, and another son (we are not informed as to any others), survived this siege and famine. But the vivid impressions of youth were carried down to the grave; in the course of a long life after, Robert Patterson was nervously timid of the least waste of food; and when an old man, would take his grandchild, a namesake, on his knee, and instamp upon his boyish memory the dreadful details of the Siege of Derry.

But to return; after the siege had continued fifteen weeks, Gen. Kirk, ashamed or tired of so long delay, advanced to the rescue. The fleet came up the river; an iron chain, or a wooden raft, had been thrown across to obstruct the passage of the ships. Aided by a fair wind, the largest vessel was driven against the boom, to break a way through. The experiment was witnessed by thousands of anxious spectators on the tops of the houses. The effort failed; the ship rebounded, and by the force of the concussion was driven aground. The besieged gave up all for lost. But a discharge of the ship's artillery, in return for the fire from the enemy's fort, had the effect to set her immediately afloat again; another vigorous push was made; the boom gave way; the fleet passed amidst shouts of victory up to the quays, and on the same day, the last day of July, 1689, the Irish army abandoned the siege in a precipitate retreat.† The deliverance of Derry was as momentous to the nation as it was to the city. A Protestant army was afterwards landed in Ulster; about a year after the raising of the siege, the decisive battle of Boyne-water (in which one of our ancestors distinguished himself, as will be stated under the Ewing head) overthrew the power of James, and established a Protestant prince and succession.

Robert Patterson, who must have been an ungrown lad in the

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* Robert Patterson (fifth) has given me another incident, since the above was written. To arrest the hungry clamours of the children, when starvation was at its height, Mrs. Patterson would mix a few peas with a large quantity of ashes; and in the eager but tedious employment of the little ones, to hunt out the grains, the ingenious mother found the respite she aimed at.

† Grahame's Siege of Derry has been lately reprinted in this city. The subject has also afforded to "Charlotte Elizabeth" a theme for one of her popular stories. A society of descendants of the defenders of Derry, have an annual celebration of the event, to this day, in Dublin. The ancients starved, that *they* might dine.

time of the siege, lived to a good old age; I can say nothing more of him, except that he had a son, called after himself. This second Robert was born, as near as we can judge, about 1705. Marrying betimes a young woman whose first name was Jane, (her last is most likely irrecoverable,) he settled upon a leasehold farm near Hillsborough, in county Down, about fourteen miles south-west of Belfast; and raised a family of ten children. We may now begin to be somewhat more minute; although, as to a part of the family, our information is almost limited to a list of names. Four of them never left Ireland. The rest became Americans; the occasion will appear, as we enlarge upon the fourth child, the pioneer of the emigration.

Of Robert the second (we are obliged to number them royally, to avoid confusion) the common ancestor of many names to appear in this book, we should like to have a more particular account than is now attainable. A single anecdote of him, proving several interesting facts and characteristics, must here be related.

It may be somewhat in point to premise, that about the time of the birth of his fourth child (Robert) he made a change in church relationship, without changing any thing of religious faith or practice. The famous secession from the kirk of Scotland, of which Ralph Erskine was the leader, soon extended its principles and organization to the Presbyterians in Ireland. Without stopping to state what those principles were, we infer from them that the seceding church included many of the most pious, and all of those who were unfriendly to a state religion. Among them was our Robert Patterson; his American children, no longer Seceders where there is no ground of secession, may be satisfied with the ground he took. The undue rigidity of the sect (for they could hardly commune with other Presbyterians, still less with other Christians,) is chargeable upon the times, and perhaps upon Caledonian blood.

The incident just alluded to, was this. Every land-holder, no matter what was his religious connexion, was liable to be elected to the office of churchwarden, to serve in the Episcopal church; his alternative was to pay a penalty of five pounds; and it was not uncommon to select a Presbyterian, or (still better game) a stiff Seceder; not so much to obtain his services, as to get his money. To this unwelcome honour, or dilemma, Mr. Patterson was chosen. His own place and mode of worship were as dear as life to him;

but, on the other hand, the fine of five pounds (equal to twenty-four dollars), was more than he could spare. We derive from this an incidental proof that our ancestor, though a respectable man, was in straitened circumstances. But native shrewdness is a good committee of ways and means. The principal Sabbath-day's duty of a church-warden, was to take up the collection; and this was to be attended to at an early stage of divine service. The Seceder (to whom a liturgy was a dreadful thing) tarried somewhere about the church door, waiting for the nick of time; then walked forward, took the long-handled purse, and plied it up and down the aisles in most churchman-like order; returned the staff to its canonical place; and then, very quietly, but very expeditiously, made off for his own meeting-house, in time for an orthodox sermon; his office fulfilled, his conscience pacified, and five pounds saved.

We can say no more of Robert, and his wife Jane, until we have crossed over to the new world; for hither they came in their last days, and here they ended their lives. Their children come now to be noticed in order.

I. William grew up, but died young, and unmarried. I could wish some larger remnant of him had been handed down, than a dying charge to his brothers—"not to follow his example in joining the Freemasons."

II. Isaac has American descendants. His six children were Robert, William, Martha, Jane, Ann, and Elizabeth. William came over with his family in the summer of 1827, and settled in Philadelphia. He also had six children; Isaac, John, Robert, Martha Jane, William and Joseph. Isaac died while studying divinity, in this city. Robert also died here, early in 1847. Martha Jane is the wife of William Frazier, also in Philadelphia. William is a minister of the gospel, and has been settled for a number of years, in the Presbyterian church of Poundridge, N. J. Joseph was formerly an assistant in classical instruction, in Doylestown Academy, afterwards in Mr. Engles's Seminary, in Philadelphia; he is now a salesman or clerk in the mercantile house of Mr. James Dunlap, in the same city.

III. John had four children; Isaac, John, Rosanna and Jane. Of this moderate list we have no particulars.

V. We place Jane a little out of order, to keep together the four who did not emigrate. She was the wife of Robert Gibson, and

had four children; Isaac, Robert, Elizabeth and Ann. Jane died in 1833, in her ninetieth year, and was a pious exemplary person. I know nothing to the contrary of the others; it is likely the good effects of religious training were visible in them.

IV. Robert Patterson, third of the name, was born May 30, 1743, on the farm near Hillsborough, in the province of Ulster. In common with the other children, he enjoyed a careful indoctrination in the truths of Christianity: but it would seem he was distinguished by a very early inclination of heart towards those truths. If a younger brother (Joseph) could date his first saving impressions at the age of ten years, Robert, on his part, could never remember the time, when he did not prefer the exercises of public and private worship, to the things which usually attract, and often mislead, young children. Nor, was it merely a child's religion, put off in riper years—it grew with his growth; we shall presently find it sustaining him in the vicious atmosphere of a military camp; and we shall mark its governing influence in a distant region, away from home and friends; in a larger sphere of life; and down to the last hour of a long career.

Besides this characteristic, another, very strongly developed, was a fondness for study. The pursuit of knowledge, especially in the line of mathematical science, was his passion. But when he had so far overtaken his teacher, as to be able to give *him* instructions, he sighed for larger facilities; and at home they could not be afforded.

Just at this time (he was now sixteen years old) an offer of better tuition came to him, in a very singular form. The British and French had, for years, been warring in America; but the war was to be brought nearer home; and in 1759, a naval and military armament, under Admiral Thurot, made a descent upon the northern coast of Ireland. In anticipation of this movement, levies of troops were made throughout Ulster. Hillsborough was one of the recruiting stations; the sergeant fell in with young Robert; and having learned his most assailable point, assured him that there was to be special provision, in the army, for instruction in the higher branches of mathematics. On the strength of this promise, too credulously entertained, aided unquestionably by a patriotic sentiment, Robert enlisted himself, and became a soldier while yet a boy. It is needless to say, that he heard no more of

mathematics, during his term of service. This probably did not much exceed a year, as the enlistment was for the special occasion, and Thurot's expedition was begun and concluded within that space. But the tour of military duty, in spite of its snares and disadvantages, was not wholly lost time. He was, it is true, thrown in the worst company, and was witness to such depths of wickedness (so he has declared,) as had not entered into his imagination. But it served rather to bring out his integrity and energy of character. Not only did he withstand the ridicule, heaped upon his devotions and religious scruples, but if any one of them were taken dangerously ill, he would attend at their bed-side with prayers and Christian counsel; and, indeed, it is doubtful whether there was any one but "civil Bob," who was competent and willing to perform this sacred duty. The writer laments the scantiness of his materials: some incidents of the life of such a youth, at such a time, would have been interesting. We have but a specimen in the above, and in another anecdote, that being detailed to stand sentinel in the theatre at Belfast, (a theatre is hardly complete without police or sentry,) he stood at his post, in view of the stage, without once turning his eye upon the performance; regarding it as a temptation which he was bound to resist.

But his acquiring a knowledge of the drill and tactics, (in which he was so ready, as to obtain the rank of sergeant, besides an offer of promotion if he would enter the regular army,) was a direct advantage, which he was enable to turn to good account, in another and more interesting campaign.

We know nothing of the employments of the next seven or eight years of his life. At the age of twenty-five, he determined to emigrate to the American colonies. Besides the hope of bettering his own fortune, it is most likely, his object was "to spy out the land" for other members of the family. His native force of character fitted him for this enterprise; but, without doubt, his main reliance was upon the guidance of that Divine Being, with whom he took constant counsel. As to his pecuniary resources, we have sufficient intimation in the fact, that on the voyage, he shared his last guinea with a fellow passenger. So that, whatever circumstances of greatness may have attended hither the ancestry of other men, it is certain that *my* grandfather came ashore an unknown youth, without a coin in his pocket. Whether this should turn to our

mortification, cannot fairly be affirmed, until the story is completed. At present, it is enough to say, that a blank sheet is a convenient starting-place, from which to estimate future progress, upward or downward.

He arrived at Philadelphia, in October, 1768, and was kindly received by some members of the same religious communion. A wealthy merchant, named Stewart, was particularly interested in him; and it is presumed, that this was the individual who "offered him the loan of a sum of money sufficient to establish him in mercantile business."* But Mr. Patterson rightly judged, that he had a surer capital in his capacity for teaching. He staid but one week in Philadelphia, and then set out for Bucks County, on foot, in the prospect of obtaining a school. The pedestrian, no doubt, followed the course of the Easton road; it is interesting to contemplate him, crossing the Neshaminy creek and its little tributary, and trudging over the hill whose house or two gave but poor promise of a handsome county-town; little imagining that he passed the future settlements of his own children.

His first school was in a Seceder neighbourhood, about thirty-two miles north of Philadelphia, between Hinkletown and the river. After a short stay, he removed to another, probably more favourable, location, in the same county, the Low-dutch settlement in Northampton township, near Newtown. Here he was a boarder in the family of the pastor, Dominie Jonathan Du Bois, of whom we have some account to give in another place. Among his pupils were daughters of Judge Wynkoop; who could remember, after they had become grandmothers, what a singular talent he had for enlisting the attention of the children, and inducing them to take a pleasure in their studies.

A still better opening soon offered. The calculation of longitudes from lunar observations was engaging the attention of our navigators. Mr. Patterson was competent to give instruction in this department of mathematics. Removing to Philadelphia, he opened a school, and soon numbered among his scholars the most eminent commanders sailing from that port.

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* From an Obituary Notice of Dr. Patterson, prefixed to Vol. II. New Series, of American Philosophical Society's Transactions, written by Chief Justice Tilghman.

We cannot doubt, that by this time he was giving favourable accounts of the new country to the relatives whom he had left behind. His representations were variously received. Isaac, John, and Mrs. Gibson, were either well enough suited already, or unwilling to assume the risk. William was deceased. The rest of the children, with the parents, determined to bid farewell to Ireland.

It is impossible now to ascertain how far they were influenced by a remarkable turn of affairs, which happened in their neighbourhood at this time, and which it is worth while to explain. It is well known that the land in Britain and Ireland is owned by a small number of proprietors, by whom it is rented to the labouring classes, on leases for a life-time, or a long term of years. In 1771, the leases of an estate in the county of Antrim, the property of the Marquis of Donegal, having expired, the rents and fees were so much advanced, that most of the tenants could not comply with the demands, and were thus deprived of their farms, and all the improvements they had put upon them. An organized rebellion was the consequence; and the "Hearts of Steel" were strong enough to rescue one of their number from imprisonment. The insurrection was local and temporary, but its effects were felt in the adjoining counties, in stirring up a spirit of resentment towards lordly oppression, and causing an immediate and prodigious emigration to America. From 1771 to 1773, there sailed from the three northern ports of Ireland, eighty-eight vessels, carrying, as was estimated, as many as 25,000 passengers. They were all Protestants, and mostly farmers and manufacturers; and converting their property into specie, caused such an abstraction of wealth, as well as industry, as produced a serious injury to the country. And what was of still more moment to the whole nation, leaving it in such a temper, they became (as is forcibly stated in the authorities from which this account is taken) a powerful contribution to the cause of liberty, and to the separation of the colonies from the mother country.*

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* History of Belfast, 1823. The account is there taken from the Gentleman's Magazine, and Freeman's Journal. This was the *second* great emigration from Ireland; the *first*, which brought over our Ewing ancestor, ranged from about 1718 to 1730; and is hereafter to be spoken of. However, there was a gentle current westward, between these two eras. It is gratifying to find all *our* people safely in America, before 1776.

The members of the Patterson family who arrived at Philadelphia, were first, Joseph, with his wife, who came in the spring of 1773; and next year the parents, and four other children; Martha, Elizabeth, Agnes, and Hugh. The parents, with their younger children, settled near Milestown, about seven miles north of the city, and resided there until Mr. Patterson's death, which took place about the year 1778, when he was over seventy years of age. The widow was then taken into the family of her son Robert, and lived about three years longer. The remains of the former lie buried in Abington church-yard; those of the latter, in the ground of a small church in Shippen street, Philadelphia. We dispose of these facts somewhat in advance of our story.

If there are moments, when the most enthusiastic instructor of youth gets tired of his profession, it was probably at such a time that Robert Patterson took advice, as to the change of his employment. He was now twenty-nine years old, and had accumulated some five hundred pounds in money. The counsel given, and taken, was to invest his means in merchandise, and open a country store. The place selected was Bridgetown (modernized into Bridgeton) the county seat of Cumberland, N. J. The location was important, in a genealogical point of view; for if it did not make his fortune, it determined him in the choice of a wife. Behold him, then, in 1772, a Jerseyman, and acting the country store-keeper. So illy acted a part was seldom seen on the stage of life. To keep a day-book and ledger, gave some play for a mathematical mind; but to be exposed to the intrusion of customers, to break away from an absorbing theorem to draw molasses or measure tape, was such a drudgery as his spirit could scarcely brook.

However, he had other susceptibilities, besides those for figures. It is told of him, that he was apt to fall in love; and even at the prudent age of thirty, became involved in a "cross-action," which it can be no harm to recal, for the entertainment of his own grandchildren. An interesting, pretty-looking, and very young lady, Miss R. F., resided within visiting distance. Mr. P. was pleased, became very attentive, and might have supposed himself in love, had he not afterwards fallen in company with another young lady, living at Greenwich (seven miles from Bridgeton), whose attractions were more to his mind. The discovery was embarrassing; but a sense of honour directed his proposals. Miss F. professed her-

self too young for him; the objection was perhaps coquettish, though well founded; Mr. P. felt himself not bound to add entreaty to his offer, but rather commended her discretion; and the diplomacy on both sides was at an end.* He was now at liberty to pursue the acquaintance with the other lady, whom we may more fully introduce as Miss Amy H. Ewing, who was then of the age of twenty-two, and amongst other good qualities was amiable and pious, engaging in person and manners, intelligent, and of respectable connexion. But the course of such affairs never yet ran smooth. There was a rival for Mr. Patterson, and a choice of suitors for Miss Ewing; and again the legion, whose names are in this book, stood in jeopardy of their existence. Between an adventuring foreigner, and a substantial young farmer, bred in the neighbourhood, and in the mother's judgment the better choice, prudence might have claimed an easy settlement of the question. But taste has loud pretensions at such a crisis; there was also, no doubt, a foresight of the fruits of native talent; the choice was ventured; and our book rejoices in the united names of Patterson and Ewing.

In the interval between engagement and marriage, an entire turn was given to Mr. Patterson's affairs. An imprisonment of two years behind a counter, sharpened his hearing for the intelligence that candidates were wanted for the place of principal of the Wilmington Academy. It was a tempting opportunity to return to his favourite pursuit, and improve his prospects. A single obstacle intervened; the conditions exacted a qualification to teach the Latin language, into which he had not yet taken a look. But he knew his own capabilities, and could keep his own secret. The application was successful; and early in 1774, we find him in another town, and colony, teaching all that he knew before, and Latin into the bargain; perhaps as good an instructor in the language, by keeping just ahead of his class, as if he had spent his days with Cicero.

On the 9th of May, 1774, he was united in marriage with the young lady last mentioned. She of course took up her residence with him in Wilmington. There, in the month of March following, their first child was born, and there, in less than a year from that

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* The young lady remained single until she was past forty. She is still living, a venerable widow of about ninety years.

date, it was consigned to the grave. But the youthful wife and mother had soon other anxieties to arrest and absorb her attention.

"About the time that Mr. Patterson took charge of the Academy at Wilmington," (I quote from the obituary already mentioned) "the differences between Great Britain and her colonies were hastening to a crisis. The first congress, assembled at Philadelphia in the autumn of 1774, gave intimation to the people that it would be prudent to prepare for the event; and immediately after the battle of Lexington, in April, 1775, the whole country by an unanimous impulse, formed itself into associations for the purpose of learning the military exercise. So ignorant were they of every thing like military art, that every person who could perform the common manual exercise, became a man of consequence, and was looked up to by his neighbours. Then it was that Mr. Patterson reaped the fruits of his youthful labours in Ireland. Ardently devoted to the cause of the colonies, he tendered his services as a military instructor. Three companies were put under his direction, whom he attended before sunrise in the morning, and after the dismissal of the school in the afternoon. As soon as the militia of Delaware were organized, he received the commission of adjutant in the regiment of Col. M'Kinley. Soon after the Declaration of Independence, many students in the Academy were called home, and the duties of the teachers were suspended. Under these circumstances, Mr. Patterson determined to share the fate of the country." He returned to Greenwich with his wife, and after a hasty medical education, took his place by the side of his brother-in-law, Dr. Thomas Ewing, as assistant surgeon in the army. At occasional intervals he was at home, but generally, from 1776 until the evacuation by the enemy, of Philadelphia and New Jersey, in 1778, he was on military duty; being attached to the brigade of Gen. Newcombe, first in the medical department, afterwards as brigade major. A journal which he kept while in the army is unfortunately missing, and we are left without the particulars of his tour of duty. We take a just pride in his patriotism, and his martial spirit in a righteous cause: but if a man is estimable in other respects, his military virtues may be the less largely dwelt upon.

After nearly three years spent in the army, the gloomiest years of the revolution, we find Mr. Patterson at the quiet business of

farming, on a small place which he had purchased, in a retired part of Cumberland county, near Rhoadstown.*

Daily observation proves, that a man may possess abilities, without ever meeting an occasion to call them forth. Mr. P. might have lived and died in this place and occupation, if his sheep had not one day wandered off, and his lonesome wife had not borrowed a city newspaper, to beguile the tedious hours of his absence. Mr. P. came home disconsolate, after a long and weary search; the sheep could not be found. But his true helpmate thought she had discovered something better. The Trustees of the University at Philadelphia had advertised for an instructor of mathematics; she advised him to make application for the place. Not much urging was necessary. Mr. Patterson repaired directly to the city, and had an interview with the provost, Rev. Dr. John Ewing.† He met with a kind reception, and was encouraged to apply for the Professorship. It was one of the most important movements of his life. He received the appointment; entered upon its duties in December, 1779,‡ and therein continued, as we shall see, for thirty-five years ensuing. The writer of his obituary, a disinterested and competent witness, states that "during this long period he performed his official duty with great integrity, industry, and ability." We also know from other testimony, that he was fond of imparting instruction, happy in his methods, and successful in gaining the attention and esteem of the pupils.

Soon after his removal to the city, he was chosen an elder in the Seceder's church (now "Scots' Presbyterian") in Spruce street; in which fact we find a pleasing testimony to his standing as a religious man. The duties of this post he of course continued to exercise, during the residue of a long life.

We now find him advancing by sufficiently rapid progress, into public life. But elevated post is so often the fruit of restless importunity, and withal so indifferently filled, that it is well to suspend

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* His house was one of two, or three, which made up the village of Carltown. The maps have slighted it; but I must honour my mother's birth-place.

† Of remote relation to our Ewings. He was himself just elevated to that post, the college having been re-organized in 1779. He was a man of eminent abilities both as a teacher and preacher. He died in 1802.

‡ But did not remove his family to the city till about the 1st March, 1780.

admiration until we know all the circumstances. It is gratifying to be able here to quote again the memoir by Judge Tilghman.

"Arduous as were his duties in the University, he found time for other useful employments. Being highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens, he was elected a member of the Select Council of Philadelphia, of which he was chosen President in 1799. In the year 1805, he received from President Jefferson, with whom he had been in habits of friendship, the unsolicited appointment of Director of the Mint. This office he filled with great reputation, until his last illness, when he resigned."

The letter of the President (the original of which is before me) was as follows:

"*Washington, Apr.* 27, '05.

Dear Sir,—I have learnt *indirectly* that mr. Boudinot will shortly resign the office of Director of the Mint. In that event I should feel very happy in confiding the public interests in that place to you. Will you give me leave to send you the commission in the event of Mr. B.'s resignation? I pray you to consider this as confidential, as what you write me shall be. Accept my friendly salutations.

TH. JEFFERSON.

P. S. I should be sorry to withdraw you from the college; nor do I conceive that this office need do it. Its duties will easily admit your devoting the ordinary college hours to that institution; indeed it is so possible that the Mint may sometime or other be discontinued, that I could not advise a permanent living to be given up for it."

Endorsed, "Mr. Robert Patterson, College, Philadelphia."

"That he should be a Fellow of the American Philosophical Society was a matter of course. He was elected in 1783, and remained an active, zealous, and useful member to the time of his death. He was chosen Secretary in 1784, Vice-President in 1799, and ultimately in 1819 raised to the chair which had been filled by Franklin, Rittenhouse, Jefferson, and Wistar."

Why he should be "as a matter of course," member of a Society which is distinguished in both hemispheres, will not evidently appear, unless we add, that he was of a philosophical turn of mind; eager in the pursuit of every kind of knowledge; greatly interested in new discoveries, inventions, and theories, and in the progress of mechanic arts. If a scientific work came into his

hands, which promised to be interesting, but was in an unknown tongue, he would set to work upon it with grammar and dictionary. With this sort of enthusiasm in the cause of science, his being a member, and eventually president, of the American Philosophical Society, was not a matter of compliment, or of routine, but a result of real fitness and qualification.

The honorary degree of LL.D., conferred on him in 1816, by the University of Pennsylvania, gave occasion for the title of "Doctor," by which he was familiarly known.

Some details of a personal and domestic nature, must conclude this notice.*

As to his bodily frame, he was of middling height, strongly built, and of a venerable and dignified appearance. There are several good portraits of him. His deportment, in early and middle life, was cheerful and even animated; in latter days, more reserved, and absent. In conversation, he was ready, and often witty, but not abundant. In dress, he was not disposed to change with the fashion. He always recurs to our boyish remembrance, as a gentleman of the old style, in snuff-coloured coat and small-clothes, and white-top boots.

He took a lively interest in national politics, as it was almost incumbent upon every man to do, in the forming age of our republic. An enthusiast in the cause of political liberty, he rejoiced, with the rest of his party, in the persuasion that revolutionary France was following the lead of America; until the triumph of anarchy and atheism, and particularly the abrogation of the Sabbath, dispelled all such expectations. And upon a calm review, we cannot doubt that he discovered, in other instances of political affairs, a want of moderation and impartial judgment, chargeable to a disposition naturally sensitive and irritable.

His humanity, modesty, and religious consistency, three conspicuous traits, may be illustrated by a few incidents.

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* I must, in a note, append a pleasing instance of his patriotism, casually met with in a newspaper of 1812. A number of citizens, exempted by age from military duty, mustered themselves, for contingent defences, in the war then just declared. The committee to take names in Middle Ward, were Robert Patterson and Thomas Leiper. The former was then in his 70th year.

1. Disgusted with the oppressions of the old world, he liked no better the slavery of the new. While Philadelphia was yet the seat of government, a Senator from the South, a republican nobleman, took an elegant residence in Fourth street, directly opposite to Mr. Patterson's house. Just before the close of the session of Congress, his five slaves decamped, in a body; and the most diligent search could not discover their retreat. Nevertheless, they were almost within call; some negro families, in an alley just across the way, had them secreted and provided for. The fact came to Mr. P.'s knowledge, and he took a good deal of interest in having them scattered, and put out of reach. One of them was sent to my father, at Deep Run. There were other instances in which Mr. P., as a member of a charitable society for that purpose, relieved fugitive slaves, and re-captured Africans. But I must leave to tradition the stories of the ship Ganges, and the flight of the Maryland girl;* and only add, that he died before the spirit of anti-slavery had assumed its disorganizing form, and that, in the present and technical sense, we may be sure he was not an abolitionist.

The law of kindness is apt to show its workings in little things. The poorer class of hucksters, who sit at the corners with the smallest imaginable stock in trade, were observed with compassion (perhaps sometimes misplaced), in his daily walks. To one of them, stationed near his house in Cherry street, he used to send a dish of soup from his dinner-table; an apple-woman, at one of the corners of Market street, was bought out, day after day; and a comfortless seat of two bricks, was superseded by a wooden stool. We mention these minutiæ, simply because they are such. It is one thing to give alms; it is something more to *consider* the poor.

2. His indifference, or rather repugnance, to public distinction, was an undoubted and marked characteristic. It is a rule in the Philosophical Society, that when its presiding officer dies, a public eulogium shall be pronounced by a member designated to that duty; and the discourse is usually printed and circulated. Un-

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* I thought this would hardly be complete as a family book, without mention of *Caroline* and *Patience*.

willing to accept the presidency on any terms, he consented only upon condition that in his case, the eulogy should be omitted. The engagement seems to have been understood in a Hibernian sense; good faith was kept during his life-time, but very soon after his decease, a delicate evasion of the agreement appeared in an extended "Obituary Notice," written by his successor, and published in a volume of the Society's Transactions. It is said that he seemed purposely to avoid the mention of his own history; and the suspicion may be entertained, that his military journal was put out of the way, lest it might be turned into material by some one who would "attempt his life." The modest purpose has been secured. Many an instructive and entertaining memoir, and of good size too, has been constructed from materials not more rich and various than *his* story would have afforded.

The third incident or illustration promised, was to show his Christian consistency and firmness. The celebrated Dr. Wistar, his predecessor as President of the Society just spoken of, was accustomed to invite to his house, on a stated evening every week, some of the more eminent literary and scientific characters, both of the city and from abroad. The party was unostentatious, social, and highly intellectual; it was such a recreation as Dr. Patterson would naturally have chosen; and yet it was observed, that he did not respond to the invitations. After a time, the polite host ventured to inquire the reason. It was frankly given. The parties assembled on Sunday evening; a time consecrated, in his belief, to religious devotion, as a part of the Christian Sabbath. The result was one worthy of Dr. Wistar's courtesy, and a proof of the estimation in which his friend was held; namely, an immediate and permanent *change* of the evening party from Sunday to Saturday.

But the politeness of the one, is not more observable than the firmness of the other, in standing up, alone, to maintain what was then an unpopular, at least an unphilosophical, restriction in morals; in our own day apparently more respected.*

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* After Dr. Wistar's death (1818,) a number of gentlemen united in an association for maintaining the "Wistar Party," which assembly has been kept up ever since; though on a different scale from that of the founder.

Though Dr. Patterson was of a robust constitution, he was not exempted from some serious inroads of disease. A constitutional malady, with him, was an agonizing cramp-colic; in the paroxysms of which he would roll on the floor, and only find relief in fainting. On two occasions he was on the brink of the grave, and those in comparatively early life. The first of these attacks was from a typhus fever, which occurred soon after his son Robert was born (1787); in this he lay a long time, not expected to survive. The other happened six years after; but on account of its attendant circumstances, investing it with a peculiar interest, we shall venture a detailed account. (Our genealogical tree should bear the intertwining of some episodes.)

In the summer of 1793, the two eldest girls, Mary and Martha, had gone to pay a visit to their uncle Ewing, at Trenton; not knowing that they were taken away from the evil to come. The rest of the family were in the city; two parents, four children; these latter from three to eleven years old. They were living in Fourth street below Spruce, in those times pretty far westward from the river. It was a strangely oppressive summer; a long drought was attended by a stagnant, breathless atmosphere, under which labourers gave out, even when the thermometer was no higher than 84 degrees.

About the middle of August, three of the principal physicians, coming out of a sick chamber in Water street, where they had been in consultation, found upon interchange of remark, each as to his own practice, that an unusual and malignant fever must be in

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"Mrs. Wistar informed the writer, that in 1811, Saturday night was substituted for the Sunday evening assemblies. Invitations were then more frequently and freely given, and the refreshments, though always simple, became uniform. The Sunday parties were regaled with cakes and wine. To these were added, for the Saturday meetings, raisins and almonds, varied by domestic fruits and ice-creams. A table was seldom spread. The number of guests varied from ten to fifty, but usually between fifteen and twenty-five." (From a pamphlet "Sketch of the Wistar Party," 1846.) Tempora mutantur. Crowded saloons, elegant entertainments; company not rigidly scientific, though polite and dignified; rooms full by nine; supper at ten; then a speedy and general *exeunt.* The parties are given every Saturday evening through the winter.

the town. Further investigation discovered one of the wharves, and the adjoining dock, between Arch and Race streets, to be in the foulest condition from a deposit of coffee in a putrifying state. Later in the same month, the fact, in spite of all unbelief, contention, and ridicule, was fully established; and announced by the proper authorities. From that time, for many weeks, the city was in such a condition, as has made '93 a most memorable year in its history. We have dwelt upon the distresses of the Siege of Derry; that was a falling into the hands of man, this into the hands of God; and we cannot say the choice was with the latter.

"The disease (says Dr. Rush*) which was at first confined to Water street, soon spread through the whole city. After the 15th September, the atmosphere of every street in the city was charged with miasmata; and there were few citizens, in apparent good health, who did not exhibit the marks of their presence.

From that date, the disease spared no rank of citizens. Whole families were confined by it. There was a deficiency of nurses and physicians; at one time, only three of the latter were able to do business out of their houses, and at this time there were probably 6000 persons ill with the fever.

During the first three or four weeks, I seldom went into a house without meeting the parents or children in tears. Many wept aloud, in my entry or parlour, who came to ask for advice for their relations. Grief after awhile descended below weeping, and I observed that many submitted to the loss of friends without a tear. A cheerful countenance was scarcely to be seen. I recollect, on entering the house of a poor man, I was strangely affected by the sight of a child of two years old, that smiled in my face. The father and mother of the little creature died, a few days after. I was equally surprised, about the first of October, in seeing a man busily employed laying in wood for the approaching winter. I should as soon have thought of making provision for a dinner in 1800.

The streets every where discovered marks of the distress that pervaded the city. More than one-half the houses were shut up, although not more than one-third the inhabitants had fled into the country. Few persons were met, except such as were in quest of a physician, a nurse, or the men who buried the dead. The hearse alone kept up the remembrance of the noise of carriages.

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* "Medical Inquiries" of Dr. Benjamin Rush, Phil. 1805; in which is contained a minute, interesting, and of course authentic account, of the ravages of the Yellow Fever. (Vols. III. & IV.) Our extracts are condensed, and not in the order of the original; there was a necessity of taking this liberty. The words are his own.

A black man, leading or driving a horse, with a corpse on a pair of chair-wheels, met the eye at every hour of the day, while the noise of the same wheels, passing slowly over the pavements, kept alive anguish and fear in the sick and well, every hour of the night.

It was some alleviation of the distress, to observe the effects of this mortal epidemic upon the obligations of morality and religion. It was remarked by many, that the name of the Supreme Being was seldom profaned, either in the streets, or in the intercourse of citizens. Although many hundreds of houses were exposed to plunder, but two trifling robberies occurred in nearly two months. Many of the religious societies met two or three times a week, and some of them every evening, to implore the interposition of Heaven. Humanity and charity kept pace with devotion; and it was my lot to witness the uncommon activity of those virtues. Necessity gave rise to an undisciplined set of practitioners, clergymen, apothecaries, and many others, who came forward to supply the places of physicians who were sick or dead.

As for my own state of body and mind; from constant exposure, my body became highly impregnated with miasmata. My eyes were yellow, my pulse quick, and I had profuse sweats every night, so offensive as to oblige me to draw the bed-clothes close to my neck. But I went to bed in conformity to habit only, for it ceased to afford me refreshment. When it was evening, I wished for morning; and when it was morning, the prospect of the labours of the day caused me to wish for the return of evening.

Having found myself unable to comply with the numerous applications that were made to me, I was obliged to refuse many every day. My sister counted 47 in one forenoon before eleven o'clock. In riding through the streets, I was often forced to resist entreaties; and I recollect, even yet with pain, that I tore myself at one time from five persons in Moravian alley, who attempted to stop me, by suddenly whipping my horse, and driving beyond the reach of their cries.

The principal mortality was in the second week of October, when it numbered over one hundred deaths daily. A general expectation had obtained, that cold weather, as well as heavy rains, was fatal to this fever. The usual time for its arrival had come, but the weather was still not only moderate, but warm. In this awful situation, the stoutest hearts began to fail. Hope sickened, and despair succeeded distress in almost every countenance."

At this point let us leave the general narrative, to inquire more particularly after our friends. The Patterson family, did they remain in the city all this while? They did, even up to the time at which the above account is broken off. What their feelings and fears must have been during these gloomy six weeks, may not easily be imagined. We attempt no description. But we may

believe that every recurrence of morning and evening worship came with the feeling that it might be the last, and was correspondingly serious and fervent. Let us also believe that there was an answer of prayers. Meantime, there was a due attention to supposed precautions; the family were kept day and night up two pair of stairs; an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, filling the chambers, ceased to be disgusting, in the belief that it was protective; and no one went abroad, except the father of the family. But why did he not, like many others, seek safety in flight? There are two answers to this inquiry. First, the yellow fever was then a new disease; it was not yet ascertained that the infection did not spread in the country, as in the city; consequently there was a doubt, with many, whether those who went away were any more secure. But with Mr. Patterson, there was a still more operative reason, founded in his religious faith. He could not be satisfied that it was lawful for a Christian man to fly from a visitation, believed to be directly from God. It might imply a distrust of Providence; it might be a refusal to hear the voice of the rod; it might be duty to lie passive in the hand of God. We cannot tell exactly what were his views; we cannot in our day enter into them; but they were not unusual then. His wife however, was of a different mind; the little children were without a discretion in the matter; and the casting voice kept the whole house in peril.

A poor neighbour, who lived next door, a pious man we presume, seems to have argued the point with Mr. P.; at any rate, lent him a book, written about the time of the plague in London (1665), in which the question was fully discussed. This brought him to a decision; but he had now outstaid all means of escape. There were no public conveyances, and no place to be conveyed to; country people were hardly willing to look at a Philadelphian, reeking with fatal miasmata. At the outskirts of towns and villages, all vehicles were intercepted by vigilant committees, escorted along the thoroughfare, and prevented from setting down any passenger.

At this juncture, on a day in the middle of October, a knock was heard at the front door; an unusual sound. Grandfather went down, and found there his brother-in-law, David Ewing, of Greenwich. Captain Ewing, a roving, fearless spirit, then a little over thirty, of whom we have some adventures to tell in another place,

had just come up the river with a boat-load of wood; fuel commanded a high price, and it was a temptation to brave the danger. But David had with this a more generous purpose. "I have come to take you all down to Greenwich; my shallop lies at Arch street wharf; you must get ready immediately, and if possible go this evening, as my men are not willing to remain." Grandfather dropt on his knees and gave thanks to God, as if the first response should be in that direction. By nine o'clock, all were ready; the house was locked up, and the two parents, with their children, William, Emma, Robert, and Susanna (little flaxen-haired lass, for whom it was but a respite of two years,) set out, by the light of a full moon; and in a walk from Fourth and Spruce streets, to the wharf at Arch street, nearly a mile, through a densely settled part of the city, they met not a single person. It seemed as if Bunyan's allegory was literalized; a family of pilgrims escaping from the city of Destruction.

We have little more to add, though in that little lies the crisis of the story. At Greenwich, they were near fifty miles from the city, and among friends. A probation of nine days, such was the popular notion, would clear both them and the neighbourhood of all danger. Nine anxious days passed, and all were well. But at the end of two weeks from the time of their departure, Mr. Patterson was taken ill, very ill; it must be something else than yellow fever, thought all Greenwich; and so all Greenwich kept undisturbed. Nevertheless it was that very disease, and in its most malignant form; the patient, after much suffering, was at last left insensible, and scarce a hope remained.

Let us for a moment leave him there, for the sake of a single reflection, interesting to all of us. Suppose the balance, now equipoised, should, by a single hair, go down upon the fatal side. In what condition will be left a widow and her six children? With not much property, in possession or expectation, they may be obliged to recede from that position to which the abilities and success of their lost head was raising them. Let us not be flattered. We see the force of native powers constantly overcome by adversities; and many a man or woman, fitted to shine in society, is nevertheless bound over to hopeless obscurity and oblivion. Yet let us judge of benefits by a sound standard, and esteem that the best portion which is best improved. Nor let us think all

lost, when the head of the family is taken. Twenty-eight years later, one of these children had to undergo what is here only imagined. She, and *her* family of children, have somewhat to think of, in the manner they have been dealt with, by a divine, and ever-special Providence.

While Mr. Patterson was slowly recovering, the city, by favourable turns of weather, was rapidly improving; and when the cold had fully set in, the family was restored to its place; and unlike most other families, not one member of it missing.*

In regard to his domestic habits, we have the following portraiture from my brother Robert, who was taken into his grandfather's family, for the completion of his education. It must be noted, that this refers to the last years of Dr. Patterson's life; he being, at the time Robert went there, in his 79th year; his wife was in her 70th year; and the protégé was just turned of 16. These three made up the family at that time.

"Their habits were very regular. Every morning we had worship, the reading being from Horne on the Psalms, or Scott's Commentary; then breakfast; after which he went regularly to the Mint, where he remained until dinner-time, which was at two o'clock. In the afternoon he went sometimes to the Mint, but I believe not often. In the evening we had worship again, the domestics always being present, unless for sufficient reason. He did not use to sit up late. What studying he did at home, was in his bed-room, where he had an old secretary, full of papers. His library was quite small for a man of letters, most of the books being of a religious character. [He made constant use, however, of the Franklin and Philosophical Libraries.] His evenings were mostly spent down stairs, reading the daily paper, Walsh's Na-

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* Some statistical facts of this terrible fever will be in place. It continued to re-visit the city nearly every summer and autumn, until 1805; but the worst years were 1793 and 1798. In the former year, the number of deaths was 4040; in the latter, under 4000 (not exactly registered;) but the number of people sick with it, was four times as great in '93 as in '98, as in the latter year the city was nearly deserted.

The cholera of 1832 carried off 750 of the inhabitants. The population of the city was then four times as great as in '93; consequently the fever was incomparably the most terrible visitation.

tional Gazette. Much of this he read aloud to his wife, occasionally making remarks. He seemed particularly interested in articles relating to new inventions and discoveries, labour-saving machines and such like. On Friday evenings he generally went to the Philosophical Society; and on Saturday evenings, he sometimes attended the Wistar parties. One or two of these parties were held at his house while I was there. He often stopped in at Peale's Museum, and took a deep interest in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, then in its infancy.

"In his family he was rather taciturn, seeming to be absent in mind. His temperament was nervous, and consequently he was unusually sensitive to any sudden noise. If the tongs fell down, or a stick at the fire, or if a cup of tea was upset, he would start from his seat and jump out on the floor. Even the misplacing of one of his papers would produce a nervous agitation. We were consequently very careful about disturbances of such kind.

"On Sabbath, he and grandma went regularly to the Spruce street church. This was a long walk, but he never failed to go if he was well. The intervals of the day were spent in religious reading. I always went with him in the day-time, but was permitted to go to other evangelical churches in the evening, if I wished it. Beyond the instructions of the sanctuary and the family altar, I do not recollect any given to me personally, of a religious nature, in the way of catechising or conversation. I was left to myself very much, except that inquiry was often made where I had been, on coming in. I was not allowed to go to the theatre, but I remember that he permitted me to go to the *circus* for once, regarding that as on the same footing with an exhibition of animals. As I was more under the supervision of grandma, he seldom talked with me, nor did he seem to take much interest in my studies. I had a room to myself, with a fire in the winter time."

At the age of eighty, none of the vital powers had begun to give way, and he was still a hale and active old man. But there was a rapid and remarkable change, very soon after that point had been turned. In May, 1824, he sat as a lay-delegate in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The effort of mind, and close confinement, had a visible effect upon his health; and from that time the decays of old age hastened upon him. In the loss

of strength and appetite, he could be sustained only by highly concentrated aliments. His last recorded letter, as Director of the Mint, bears date the 27th of June; in a few days after, he resigned that office. For two weeks preceding his death, a parched and swollen tongue prevented him from all communication except by signs. In other respects, he was not exposed to very severe sufferings. His course was finished on the 22d of July, 1824, in his eighty-second year.

His remains were deposited in the church-yard in Spruce street; but on the death of his widow, twenty years after, they were taken up, and both bodies were interred in one grave, in the cemetery at Laurel Hill.

A word is due to Dr. Patterson as an author. He was not addicted to writing, but his style was singularly easy and perspicuous. Several scientific papers were communicated by him for the Philosophical Transactions. In 1809, he prepared for the press, the lectures of Dr. Ewing (then deceased) on Natural Philosophy and Astronomy; and in 1818, published a Treatise on Arithmetic, from his own written compends, previously used in the University.*

I have recalled an attempt to name the various houses occupied by the family, at different times in the city, nine in number, and not all extant. The house in Cherry street above Third, where my father was their boarder—the dwelling in South Fourth, No. 148, where he was married,—and that in Chestnut above Ninth, No. 285,† the last and longest occupied, are still standing.

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* This Treatise, though lucid and ingenious, was rather difficult for beginners. The *first* question in Addition reads thus:—"Sixteen years ago I was 59 years old; what age will I be seven years hence, if I live so long?" It is observable that the case was literally his own; except that he did not quite complete the seven years.

† This number brings to mind a characteristic anecdote. Like other people, grandfather had a bad memory for numbers; and rather exceeded the most of townsfolk, in not being able to remember the number of his own house. At length he devised a *mnemonic*, worthy of a mathematician:—"the second figure was the cube of the first, and the third was the mean of the two." Nothing but 285 will answer to these data. Some would walk the streets in despair, if they had no other clue for getting home than the evolution of a cube root.

His style of living was plain, yet genteel. His property, at death, was somewhat over twenty thousand dollars. Something had been made, and something lost, by adventures of various kinds; on the whole, it was mainly the long and moderate accumulation of the surplus of income.

We have incidentally spoken of his partner; we have now to take up her story more particularly, and follow her also to the final resting-place. Amy *Hunter*, born at Greenwich, Cumberland County, N. J. the 20th January, 1751, was the fourth child of Maskell and Mary Ewing. She received the name of the wife of their pastor; the worthy and childless couple would have gladly adopted her as their own; but, after a trial of a year or more, the little girl deploring the lonesomeness of her lot, was rejoiced to be taken back again, where there was a house-full of brothers and sisters. Her early education would have been better attended to, if she had continued at the parsonage; but who can blame her choice? However, as she belonged to a reading family, and was herself eager in the pursuit of knowledge, the loss was in a good measure repaired. History and geography were her favourite studies; English classic literature was hardly less familiar. But it was also a working family; Maskell Ewing, at that part of his life, was rich only in children; the clothing department of a large household kept the seven daughters in employment; and they had to devise ways to learn, while the needle was plying, or even while the spinning-wheel was in motion. By day, a book was posted up somewhere near the wheel; and it was usual of a winter's evening, for the girls to be at work around the table, while the father, with book in hand, afforded them matter for improvement.

Having stated what was Amy's natural turn, and what her opportunities in her father's house, we have only to superadd the fact of her union, and its long continuance, with such a man as Robert Patterson, to account for that large and varied store of knowledge, which made her so entertaining and instructive, especially in her venerable widowhood. It was before intimated, that his reading was always done aloud; and she was a good listener. After her husband was taken, the entertainment of Mrs. Patterson's remaining years was still very much drawn from books; and when, after a faithful service of ninety years, her powers of vision declined, she had at hand a daughter, whose tastes in this

respect were concurrent with her own, and who was "as eyes to the blind."

In other important particulars, the feelings and views of Dr. Patterson and his wife were just as much in unison. I can only take room to mention two. She was a *pious* woman; and her piety was fervent and consistent. There was evidently a real and habitual interest in religion; all her conduct and conversation proved that it was uppermost in her affections. On this point, it would be superfluous, however agreeable, to enlarge; and we may pass to another characteristic, namely, her *generosity*. In portraying a character, even of one who seems to be religious, it is sometimes necessary to conceal the want of this lineament, lest the picture should be spoiled. I am under no such necessity. For the advancement of the gospel, for the relief of the destitute, for the more delicate cases of assistance, there was an open purse, and an open heart. No more need be said, than that, in the disposal of superfluous income, it was her study to be impartial.

It would be looked upon as a serious omission, if I were not to say, that she was remarkable for an affectionate disposition, and tenderness and gentleness of manners. As a wife, she deserved, and received, strong proofs of unremitted love. As a mother, a grandmother, a great grandmother,—what shall we not say? her heart was a fountain of fondness, open to all of us. None of us will think of it without emotion.

Wherever there is a constitutional activity of feeling, we may expect to find some strong and habitual dislikes. The writer remembers but one or two, which she was accustomed to indulge. Keeping a constant eye upon the train of national affairs, she had not much mercy for the opposite side in politics. Still more solicitous about the spiritual interests of the country, she was every inch a Protestant; the dread of an adverse influence was much in her thoughts, and often in her conversation; the subject never grew stale; and in this particular she seemed the relic of a past generation, or possibly, the harbinger of one to come. Yet her antipathy was not directed against individuals, but against a system. Her personal kindness knew no difference between the Protestant and the Catholic servant.*

* This the writer had occasion to witness, while with her a boarder at Dr. Moore's.

I have inquired for faults; (the character of my book requires impartiality;) an ungrateful task, if it had been more fruitful. Can any one remember aught against her, unless it was, that she was too yielding, too deficient in parental firmness? And even this was perhaps not habitually true.

To resume the narrative. At her husband's decease, Mrs. Patterson was seventy-three years old, and alone. An early arrangement was made for giving up housekeeping, and she thenceforth boarded with her children; by a pleasant alternation, spending the cold season in town, with Dr. Moore's family; and the summer, either at Greenwood (Dr. Harris's residence), in Chester county, or at Doylestown, with my mother. We remember with what pleasure her visit was looked for, and how fully the anticipation was realized. Her cheerful presence gave new animation to the family group. A serene and steady routine filled up the days of her sojourn. In the morning, she had her chair and footstool in the entry of the house, where there was a current of air; conversation, or reading aloud by some member of the family, gave a zest to her favourite occupation of knitting, to which many a little foot owed its winter covering. After dinner, and just as essential, came a nap; then the unfinished stocking was resumed; and the calls of friends, with perhaps a short walk, carried her through the long summer twilight, to an early bed-time.

But the time drew on, when this pleasant routine of change must be arrested. Her last summer spent in the country was that of 1836, at which time she had attained her 86th year. A protracted and serious attack of sickness, at Doylestown, convinced her that it would thereafter be most prudent to remain quietly, the year round, in the city, where she would be near her medical adviser, Dr. Harris.

As year was heaped upon year, without bringing with it the usual imbecilities of old age, she became increasingly the object of affectionate interest and admiration. Her rocking-chair, in the parlour, or in the chamber,—which ever one happened to be filled, —was a centre of attraction. Let the reader, who was not acquainted with her, imagine a rather short, stout, well-featured lady, whose appearance might indicate the age of seventy-five years, while really it was ninety; of courteous and polished manners, without affectation; communicative, without being talkative;

little impaired in bodily faculties, and in full vigour of mind; let him also consider the attainments of an inquiring, elevated mind, and the stores of a retentive memory, at the summing up of fourscore and ten years; let him add to these the qualities of heart, and the spiritual graces, by which she was adorned; and he must assent to the expression which we were accustomed to reiterate to each other, that our grandmother was a wonderful woman.

She continued to read, until past her ninety-first year; growing cataracts upon both eyes then obliged her to lay aside the book and newspaper; and it was affecting to observe how cheerfully she submitted to this capital privation. Whenever she spoke of it, her language was that of thanksgiving for the long-continued blessing, and never of pining at the loss. She could still welcome her friends and children by their respective tones of voice; and the little faces could be felt, and kissed, after they had ceased to be visible.

With all the comforts of her situation, she would occasionally confess that the time seemed long, and that the summons to depart would be welcome. That she did not deceive herself, was evident from all the particulars of her last hours. A brief sketch of these will conclude our notice of this most precious and interesting character.

On the 20th January, 1844, she entered upon her ninety-fourth, and last year. There were some indications of disease in her system; a rheumatic gout, manifesting itself in a swelling of the wrists, tried her powers of endurance for months. At length, about the 19th of May, this symptom disappeared, but an unusual expectoration immediately following, indicated that the disease had probably shifted its place to a more vital point. She immediately understood that the end was at hand; the great event, greatest that can befall a mortal, was anticipated with solemnity, but not with apprehension or regret. All her children living were about her, except two; Mrs. Du Bois was within reach of a message, and being immediately sent for, arrived in time; Mrs. Fisher was in France.

On Tuesday, May 22d, a painful struggle, caused by exceeding difficulty of respiration, gave as it were, the final warning. This passed, she felt quite comfortable; and some adjustment of her last will being judged proper, she gave attention to it, being, al-

though within a few hours of her end, possessed of all the soundness of mind and memory required by the law. After this, Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Du Bois conversed with her awhile at the bed-side, until she said—"I feel drowsy, and will take a little sleep." Her daughters then sat a little way off, and continued their conversation, while she slept. It was a falling asleep in a double sense. So quietly did the spirit leave its earthly abode, that those in the room knew nothing of it, and when Mrs. Moore, who had been for sometime absent, returned, she went to the bed and found only the lifeless body. The event took place at the house of Dr. Moore, in Spruce street above Third (No. 61,) on the 23d May, 1844. Her remains (with those of her husband, removed from the church-yard at the time) were deposited in the cemetery at Laurel Hill. The place is indicated by a single marble obelisk, with an appropriate inscription; a mural stone also remains, as a memorial, in the ground adjoining the Spruce street church, below Fourth street.

The children of this union were eight; six of whom lived to mature age, and five were married.

I. Thomas E., born at Wilmington, March 4, 1775, was a healthy infant, but lived only till January 19, following.

II. The next child, Mary, was born at Greenwich, March 20, 1777. She soon after became a Philadelphian, and grew to womanhood in the city. She enjoyed the advantages of the best schools of the day; but French and music were less to her taste, than the more solid branches of knowledge; a fondness for reading distinguished her youth, and has not declined with age.

At the age of sixteen, a very precarious state of health induced a seriousness on the subject of religion; in the doctrines of which she had been carefully trained. After two years, this concern of mind eventuated in the profession of Christianity. The influence of this step, upon her own family, and in a larger sphere, remains for some other record.

At twenty-one years, she was married to Samuel Moore, a young physician from West Jersey, who had boarded in the family. Dr. Moore was the son of David and Lydia Moore, and was born at Deerfield, Cumberland, the 8th February, 1774. Sprung from the Scotch-Irish stock, so ready to contend for right, his father engaged with alacrity in the cause of his country, and in the revolu-

tionary army was an officer of artillery. He took part in the battle of Brandywine, and was with Wayne when surprised at the Paoli; a thrilling event, usually called "the massacre of Paoli." The battle of Germantown, which took place not long after, was another important scene in which he was an actor. In that conflict he was struck by a grape-shot; but the wound was not mortal, and he obtained leave to be nursed at home. After a ride of forty miles, he presented himself, in bloody garments, to his terrified family; and upon the memory of young Samuel, then under four years of age, the spectacle left an indelible impression. Having recovered from the wound, he returned to the army, and was in the battle of Monmouth. After the war was over, he was advanced to the rank of colonel, and is commonly spoken of by this title. He died in 1803.

Samuel's education was finished at the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1791. He was afterwards a tutor in that Institution, and in an academy at Bordentown, N. J. Subsequently he attended medical lectures in the University, and in 1796 was licensed as a physician, by a Board of Examiners constituted under a law of New Jersey.

From his youth upward, he was familiarly acquainted with the family of my grandfather Du Bois, and quite intimate with my father. In their courtships, marriages, and settlements in life, they seemed to be almost in a partnership; and the warmest personal attachment subsisted always between them.

Dr. Moore and Miss Patterson were married on the 14th March, 1798. It was only three months in advance of the marriage between Mr. Du Bois and the next daughter. The two couples directly settled in the same location, the little village of Dublin, in Bucks county, 30 miles north of Philadelphia.

In September following, it was found that a better prospect offered at Trenton, N. J., and to that place Dr. Moore removed. But the contracting of a severe cold, about Christmas, arrested his plans. Symptoms of a rapid consumption were manifest; and upon the advice of Dr. Rush, he determined to leave wife and infant, and sail for Canton. He returned from that long voyage with health re-established, and with it, a determination to change his pursuits. Engaging in the Eastern trade, he made four voyages to Canton, and a fifth to Calcutta; being absent about one

year at a time, and remaining at home about the same space, in the intervals.

His home, however, was, until 1808, an unsettled place; the summers were passed in Deerfield, the winters in Philadelphia; and then a year at Bustleton. In the year just mentioned, a permanent settlement was made in Bucks county. Purchase was made of a considerable tract of land at the junction of the Neshaminy with a tributary creek, on the Easton road, where there was a good water-power, and a large flouring mill. To this, a saw-mill, with sundry shops and dwelling-houses, store, and school-house, were added by him; and on an elevated and beautiful site, a large stone mansion was built for his own family. The pleasant, and rather romantic little town, thus aggregated, was appositely and in good taste named Bridge-Point. The two creeks are here spanned by bridges, one of them a solid piece of masonry.

Perhaps a life of extensive travel, may have given the spring to a natural fitness for novel and large enterprises. Thus a considerable proportion of his farm was set off for an orchard, and stocked with the finest Virginia crab-apple; from which was manufactured, in a wholesale way, and for many years, as delicious and pure a beverage as ever was placed upon a table. This celebrated cider was chiefly sold at the South, and commanded a high price. He also took advantage of the demand for cloths, occasioned by the war of 1812-15, and carried on the manufacture of woollen goods, in a building adjacent to the flouring and oil-mills. This branch of industry, then almost new in our country, was profitable while the war lasted.

The erection of a Presbyterian church at Doylestown, to which Dr. Moore gave much attention, and was the largest contributor, is a matter of which we are to speak more at large, in another place.

In the fall of 1818, while absent at the West, seeking a market for his woollen fabrics, his fellow-citizens at home placed him in nomination for a seat in Congress, vacated by the resignation of Mr. Ingham; and elected him during his absence. He was twice re-elected, without material opposition; and it is but truth to say, that his capacity as a representative at Washington, earned him a reputation which had its weight in his appointment, a few years later, to a still more important public trust. In the summer

of 1822, (having served four sessions) before the completion of the third term, he resigned the place, and returned to private life.

In July, 1824, upon the resignation of Dr. Patterson, he was appointed by President Monroe, to the office of Director of the Mint. Soon after this date his family removed from Bucks county, and thereafter belonged to Philadelphia. During his occupancy of this office, there was a steady increase in the operations of the Mint, and consequently in the importance and responsibility of his duties. A prominent incident of his administration was the erection of a spacious and elegant Mint edifice, for which chiefly by his own personal exertions and influence, the necessary appropriations were obtained, and which, under his immediate superintendence, was prosecuted to its completion. The corner-stone was laid on the 4th July, 1829, and the building was completed in four years from that time. A rigid watchfulness over the public interests committed to his care, and a disposition to inquire after and embrace real improvements in the various processes connected with the art of coinage, were characteristic of his directorship.

In May, 1835, he announced in a letter to the President, his purpose of retiring from office on the first of July. The acceptance of his resignation was accompanied with a complimentary testimony to his faithfulness in the administration of the trust confided to him.

Since that time he has been engaged in the management of mining operations; and for the last eleven years has been President of the Hazleton Coal Company, a corporation owning some of the best mines in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, and actively employed in bringing their coal into market.

His healthy appearance, and active habits, might create a doubt, at least a surprise, at the date assigned for his birth. Few of us, old or young, would make so little account of an office vigil, or a journey of a hundred miles.

The children having all married and departed, the death of Mrs. Moore's mother left no one in the house, but the doctor and herself. They therefore gave up housekeeping, and have since been boarding at the U. S. Hotel. Aunt M. however, who is also not afraid of a journey, spends a good share of her time with her daughters, who are living almost at opposite extremes of the country. She is enjoying good health, better than in former

years; and though not able to give the same attention, manifests the same interest, in the various operations of religious benevolence. But a conservative rule, not to say much of the living, obliges me to add no more.

Of their six children, one died in infancy, one unmarried, two after marriage; two are living.

1. Emily, born March 9, 1799, was married April 16, 1828, to *John Beatty*, a farmer, son of the late Dr. Reading Beatty, of Bucks county, and grandson of the Rev. Charles Beatty, an eminent minister, whose biography may be found in Dr. Alexander's "Log College." Upon their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. J. Beatty settled on a farm near Attleborough, in Bucks. The settlement was a brief one. In the year following, two weeks after giving birth to a daughter, Emily died, at her father's house in Philadelphia, July 17, 1829. To characterize her in a few words, she was by the combined force of nature and education, a very intelligent woman; in manners and appearance, agreeable and dignified; of an amiable and mild temper; and a skilful manager in the affairs of the house. On the occasion of the revival of religion in 1822, she, with three younger sisters, united with the Presbyte rian church at Doylestown. But I do not know that there could be offered so intimate and accurate a view of Emily's character, as one taken at a moment when character is most severely tested, and which is found in a letter, written by her father to Rev. Joseph Patterson. I extract from it copiously, being glad to present, and to preserve, a detail so interesting, even at the risk of trespassing upon intended limits.

"On Saturday morning, the 4th of July, a few days after Emily had arrived with a view to her confinement here, that event took place with rather less than the usual suffering. She gratefully expressed her surprise that she had suffered so little; she felt remarkably well; and all our fears on her account seemed to have been mercifully disappointed. This cheering prospect, however, was suddenly clouded by the occurrence of a strong convulsion, in which we believed she was expiring. This was in the afternoon. She slowly recovered her consciousness, and was again tranquil and nearly free from uneasiness, when a second paroxysm succeeded, less severe however than the first. The succeeding night passed anxiously, but with no new alarm, and in the morning (Sunday) there was no vestige of these distressing events, but a slight exhilaration, indicative of a state of the brain a little excited.

She was remembered by Mr. M'Calla in the morning service, in compliance with our request; and as Mr. Engles informed us, in a very feeling manner. In the evening, every thing seemed favourable. This favourable aspect continued until the evening of Wednesday; when she had a chill. [We omit a detail of symptoms at this point.] From that distressing night, the whole nervous system exhibited an excitable state, giving origin to many unpropitious symptoms. The slightest cause would induce a renewed feverish state. But the most distressing symptom was an invincible wakefulness, which resisted all remedies during four days and nights.

She was perfectly rational all this time, and her patience most exemplary; but she began to feel a confused sensation, threatening some alienation of mind, which she most feared, lest she should do or say something improper. 'Have I,' she anxiously inquired, 'said any thing during my illness, to reflect dishonour on my Saviour?' She was at this period disturbed also by a bewildered feeling, that all perception of the lapse of time was gone from her. The moment an event had occurred, it seemed as if it had passed some years before. She was equally perplexed by another illusion, which made it impossible for her to feel certain whether she was living or had died. On this point she listened to arguments, but the sensation of doubt remained. Still she was perfectly rational.

From the distressing night in which she had her chill, she considered her case as offering a hope of being allowed to depart. This she evidently wished, and would willingly have conversed on it continually. She yielded to our request not to converse much, as the physician strongly recommended silence; but her thoughts were busy on this subject, and in whispers, a portion of some hymn or text was often repeated, with ejaculations of humble but fervent confidence in her Redeemer. On the morning of the 13th, she for the first time evinced a slight wandering of the mind, by some hesitation in giving answers. * * At evening, a question being proposed by her physician, she made no reply, but turning to her mother, said, 'oh mother, it is only heaven that I want.'

The succeeding night passed in silence, and as usual without sleep. On the morning of the 14th, while her mother, her sister Mary, and myself, were about her, she suddenly broke the long silence by singing that sweet chorus which she had often sung with her Sabbath-school classes,—

> Oh, who's like Jesus! Hallelujah,
> Praise ye the Lord.
> There's none like Jesus! Hallelujah,
> Love and serve the Lord.

Her manner was slightly wild, but surely never in earthly notes was breathed a strain more touching. It was a lovely instance of the ruling passion strong in death.

Once more in the evening of this day she again broke silence, by asking in pathetic accents—'Am I near heaven?' Here was the same all-absorbing thought. She seemed unconscious of our presence, and probably the inquiry was not intended for mortal ears. These were her last words, except the incoherencies of a state most heart-rending to us all, which suddenly occurred on the following morning, and did not fully subside until near midnight.

A lingering hope survived all these afflicting scenes, and on the evening of the 16th, the physician felt encouraged. As the night advanced, however, this hope receded, and the powers of life seemed to be yielding to the force of the disease. At four in the morning of the 17th, Dr. Harris was called for the last time. * * She expired about noon of that day. In the evening of the next day she was interred in Mr. Beatty's family ground at Newtown.

Another very dear child has thus been removed from us; but mysterious and mournful as the event is, we do not feel it as we did the decease of her sister. The family chain was broken when Lydia died; it has seemed worth less care since. The severed links can be reunited only in our Heavenly Father's house.

Her removal has not been by surprise; her feelings early indicated to her that she should not recover. When I could see no special cause of alarm, this precious child looked to a different result; entreating her husband to give her up, and consent that she should leave him, and expressing her willingness, dearly as she loved her little babe, to commit it to her Lord and Saviour and be separated from it.

How ungrateful to murmur at such a death as this. Cheered through the dark valley by a steadfast hope, surrounded by all that could avert or diminish bodily sufferings, she has died among her kindred, in the midst of objects nearest to her earthly affections. The little babe was remarkably healthy for the first ten days. She has lately been less so, but not apparently in danger. We tremble, however, at every thing which concerns this child. We were gratified at its being a girl, and Mrs. Moore and I had instantly thought of giving it the name of our dear Lydia. Another name has now become equally dear to our feelings, and she will probably be named Emily. Precious children,—they were lovely in their lives, and in death they are not divided. They shall never return to us; God grant, for Christ's sake, that we may go to them."

The daughter, now grown up, was educated at Steubenville seminary, and resides with her father at Abington, Pa.

2. What has just been recorded, may prepare us for another, equally interesting, equally painful memorial. Lydia, was born January 27, 1801. In point of intellect, she was a remarkably forward, almost precocious child; yet not at the expense of bodily health and development. She arrived at womanhood with the combined attractions of personal grace and beauty, of winning

manners, and cultivated mind. An aptness for study, was perhaps the prevailing characteristic. She was familiar with the French and Latin languages, with classic authors, and with subjects of general information; and was a good writer, both in prose and poetry. At the age of twenty-one, she made a profession of religion. Two years later (June 30, 1824), she was married to Rev. Charles C. Beatty, a cousin on the Ewing side, of whom we have to speak elsewhere. They settled in Steubenville, Ohio, where Mr. B. was called to a pastoral charge. She died there in the next year (May 28, 1825) in giving birth to an infant, which survived her but a few weeks.

But here again we have the advantage of a manuscript record, written at the time, by her husband: from which, having obtained leave, we shall extract without apology. Another heart is here unfolded to near inspection; the reader can scarcely give it attention without deriving benefit.

"Being blessed with a religious education, she imbibed the most correct notions of religion; yet, though never disposed in any great degree to mingle in the dissipating gaieties of the world, her heart was devoid of real piety. Other subjects engrossed her attention. To use her own language, she 'sacrificed at the shrine of knowledge.' In the pursuit of this, her soul was ardently engaged. Her mind was indeed, at times, seriously impressed, but this generally lasted but a few days; and, relapsing into her former listlessness, the most solemn truths of the gospel were heard without emotion.

In this state of feeling she continued until April, 1822, when she returned from the city to Bridge-Point, where a revival of religion was just commencing. At this she looked with an inexplicable feeling; astonishment, mingled with a serious awe. It was on a Saturday evening, at a private house, that she first felt her heart touched: and these impressions were fixed the following evening, at the school-house, under a sermon from 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.' From this time, convictions of sin continued; not pungent, but constant; and such as gave her very humbling views of her own character before God. Indeed her chief lamentation was that she did not feel such conviction as she ought; and once she said—'If I could only have such views of sin, and of myself, as J— D— has, I would be willing to suffer all that she has suffered.' On being urged to go to the Saviour, and cast her soul on him, her reply was 'I do not feel properly awake to the dreadfulness of my situation; I wish I could feel.' She was told that such a feeling could exist without a spark of true piety, and that this was rather a desire to bring some price to

the Saviour. Her answer was 'I know salvation is free; but till my heart feels more, it will never go to Christ.'

She continued in this disposition for several weeks. Her mind seemed stationary, if not retrograding On the 4th June, she and the writer went to pay a visit; there was a free conversation on the subject, going and returning; and I told her plainly of the danger in which I conceived her to be. The same evening, before retiring, I said 'Lydia, the crisis has arrived; and if you do not embrace the Lord Jesus Christ to-night, I should almost despair of you.' Our feelings were deeply moved; we both wept much; and at her request, we joined in prayer. In the morning I saw her countenance had assumed a calm if not joyful serenity; and in a walk after breakfast, she informed me that she trusted she had submitted herself to Christ, and felt relieved in casting the burden of her sins on him. A few days after, she unfolded her mind more fully, and I found that her hope was strengthening, though interrupted by doubts and fears."

Such is the condensed account of her conversion; not in any respect remarkable, and for that reason the more likely to interest the larger number, who have felt the same things. With the same salutary mixture of hopes and misgivings, she offered herself to the church session at Doylestown, and, on the 28th July, joined in the sacrament for the first time. There was no prophetic voice to warn her, that she had barely three years left, in which to try her strength and courage in the Christian race. For those of us who have been these twenty, forty years in Christian profession, it will afford matter for reflection, to read a little farther, and see how this short pilgrimage went on, and finished.

We pass the account of the engagement and accomplishment of marriage, and follow her, home-keeping girl, who hardly had known what it was, or thought that it was possible, to live out of her mother's sight,—a distance of more than four hundred miles, to a town on the Ohio river.

"As she drew near the place of her future residence, innumerable thoughts crowded upon her mind, and almost overpowered her. But there was relief in finding herself among an affectionate people, towards whom her heart was drawn out. Her constant and earnest desire was, that she might do this people good; and she commenced with the determination to shrink from nothing which she saw to be her duty.

Her first trial was her attendance upon the female prayer-meeting. Here she was soon called on to engage in active duty,

and she did not once shrink from it. Those who attended with her, were witnesses of the simplicity and fervency of her petitions. An old Christian remarked, after her first effort, 'Seldom have I felt so much under any prayer. If she is not accustomed to pray with others, yet she evidently lives near to God by secret prayer.' This meeting was one in which she took a lively interest, and out of her own house, her best place. But in her domestic circle did she show forth most of that benign spirit which influenced her. She was the life and joy of that little circle. Her conversation was sprightly, entertaining, and instructive; evincing a fund of information, and an aptitude of quotation and reference which was often astonishing. But it was especially her delight to converse on the things of Christ's kingdom; to retrace the hand of a wonder-working Providence; to review her own experience, and the experience of others. On one occasion, I told her the remark of Mr. ——, a pious man, that he found it so difficult to communicate with his wife upon their own religious experience, and on heart-religion. She replied, 'it would make me very unhappy to think it would ever be so with us;' and it never was."

We come now to a passage (it is the concluding one) which would have been suppressed, were it not that the book is for friends only, and that the narrative exemplifies much nobleness of soul. Those considerations, fortified by consent from the proper quarter, must prevail. We repeat it, *nobleness of soul;* we believe it compares with any kind of heroism, for a delicate female, in an hour otherwise sufficiently trying, to receive such tidings, in such a spirit.

"As she drew near the period of her confinement, her mind would often be anxious; but she found relief in God's word, and at a throne of grace. The word of God was her constant companion. About nine o'clock in the morning of the 25th May, she was safely delivered of a living female infant. Immediately it was discovered that the child was not perfectly formed; and the thought of communicating to her the affecting intelligence of its deformity, struck every one with pain. The task devolved upon me. Soon after I entered the room, she spoke of the infant, and repeated a request which she had before made, that she might see it.

I replied, 'my dear, you must prepare your mind to receive afflicting tidings.'

She closed her eyes for a moment, and seemed to lift up a silent ejaculation.

I soon asked, 'are you prepared for it?'

She replied, 'yes; I suppose it is not completely formed.'

I then told her all the case,* and endeavoured to give her consolation, but soon found it was afforded from above. She felt it to be an affliction, and a chastisement, but uttered no murmuring word. She seemed rather disposed to dwell on the mercies of the Lord, of which she spoke often; while the gratitude which filled her heart seemed to shed a lustre over her countenance. She would mention every particular which she thought favourable or merciful.

In the afternoon she requested to see the babe; I brought it in to her, and laid it in her arms. She looked at it, and said in the most affectionate manner, while she pressed it to her bosom, 'my poor afflicted baby, I love you.' We conversed several times both on this and the following day concerning it; said she, 'it is our child, and we can and will love it, though it is thus deformed. If it lives, it will probably be an affliction to it and to us all our lives, but I trust it will be sanctified to us, and to the child.' She then mentioned an instance of such deformity being blessed to lead the individual to great piety.

That night she rested sweetly. In the morning there was an unfavourable change, and towards noon, a chill, succeeded by fever. [Some details omitted.] She herself appeared more sensible of her danger than those around her; spoke seldom, but manifested great patience, and submission to the will of God. At night, about eleven o'clock, her mind became flighty, and from that time she continued in a state (for the most part) of insensibility, or heavy slumbering. This was interrupted by but few lucid intervals, and those short. In one of these, being asked if she felt the Divine Presence, she replied, 'I hope I do.' In another, seeing us weeping, she said, 'it is sinful; it is wicked!' and then relapsed. In the morning, she looked at me weeping, and laying her hand on mine, said 'my dear, you must command your feelings.'

She never spoke afterwards, except when she was asked if she was willing to depart and be with Christ, she replied, evidently composed in her mind, 'yes.' She appeared to be dying from six o'clock till eight, when she breathed out her spirit."

3. William *Ewing*, the only son, was born August 3, 1803, and died January 9, following.

4. Mary E., born January 12, 1805, was married —, 1840, to Dr. James Finley, of Indiana. The father of Dr. F., General Samuel Finley, was nephew of Rev. Dr. Samuel Finley, who was elected President of Princeton College in 1761, and was in other

* The malformation was a double hare-lip; and with it was a consequent inability to take the natural nutriment. The child lived only about six weeks.

respects an eminent man; a sketch of his life may be seen in Dr. Alexander's "Log College." The family is of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock. Gen. Finley was named after, and educated by his uncle. He was a major of the Virginia line in the time of the Revolution, and commanded a regiment of riflemen in the last war. He died in 1828, in Philadelphia, and was buried in the ground of the Scots' church in Spruce street. His wife was *Mary Brown*, a cousin of Rev. Dr. Matthew Brown, (with whom we are more nearly connected in another line, as will be shown;) she was born in Cumberland, Pa., and died in 1838, at the house of her son James, with whom she was living.

Dr. James Finley was born in Cumberland county, Pa., and educated at Dickinson college. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar; afterwards took up the study of medicine, and practised that profession a number of years in Circleville, Ohio. His first wife was Maria Theresa Brown, by whom he had children. In 1838 he removed to South Bend, in northern Indiana, where his wife died the same year.

The children of Dr. F. and his present wife are, 1. Amey. 2. Theresa. 3. Anna, deceased. 4. Charles Beatty.

Dr. F. and wife are members of the Presbyterian church.

5. Matilda *Harris*, was born July 11, 1807, and died in her twenty-fourth year, April 1, 1831.

Reviewing what has been said of Emily and Lydia, and considering what is to be said of Matilda, the writer feels the necessity of clearing himself of the suspicion of mere obituary exaggeration, and bespeaking the confidence of the reader afresh. If, in nothing else, these parents were distinguished, it was first in the possession, then in the loss, of three such daughters.

She began early to manifest a fondness for reading; a pleasant sign, even though the taste is liable to misapplication. But with it there was a balancing power, not very observable in children,—a disposition to attend to religious instruction, whether in the Sunday-school or at home. No yearning heart of a parent could desire a happier union of developments. She was not less intelligent than any of her sisters; but probably more seriously inclined, up to the memorable awakening of 1822. That was a deciding time for her, along with many others. In the circle of very young girls who privately met in her father's barn to pray,

she was present and active; and when a large group presented themselves, in July, for the communion of the church, there were among them four sisters, of whom Matilda, just fifteen years old, was the most youthful.

It is hard to estimate, how much good was secured, and how much evil barred out, by this early and whole-hearted consecration. A Christian at fifteen, a thorough convert, thenceforth lives in a happy ignorance of the vulgar pleasures of a life of gaiety; exempt from the dressing, and dancing, and absorption in novel-reading, which by an unaccountable spell, seem even to allure sensible minds.*

From that time, religion was the ruling principle. Sabbath-school teaching was her favourite field of usefulness, but a self-sacrificing spirit led her out in other modes of benevolence, in one of which, as will be seen, she lost her life. The most conspicuous traits of Matilda's character, both before and after conversion, were her gentleness of temper, and correctness of deportment; insomuch that it is said, her parents never had occasion for the reproving inquiry, "why do you do so." Her personal appearance was prepossessing, and a fit introduction to a better acquaintance.

While we do not yield to a common opinion, or superstition, that the world is most apt to lose those whom it can least spare, we find here an instance in favour of that sentiment. Yet there was no likelihood of Matilda's early death, when, in the bloom of health, she went to spend a night in nursing a neighbour's child ill with scarlet fever. But the benevolent office imparted the infection of that fearful disorder, and soon Matilda needed the same attentions she had been bestowing. For a few days the physician apprehended no fatal consequences; but the disorder suddenly assumed a malignant form. A wandering and incoherent mind afforded nothing but anguish to those who stood around the sick bed; there was not even a transient verbal assurance of a soul prepared for eternity; but the better evidence prepared in a day of health, was a light behind the cloud. Thus went the third of three daugh-

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* I partly borrow this from her obituary. "Though habitually cheerful, the gay circle and the giddy dance had no allurements for a mind like hers. Domestic employments, benevolent offices, the house of prayer, the Bible-class, and the Sabbath-school, were the circle familiar to her feet."

ters, whose lives and death impart an interest and dignity to our history, and whose memory it is gratifying to cherish. Matilda's remains lie in the church-yard at Doylestown.

6. Elizabeth *Seeley*, born February 24, 1812, was married in June, 1832, to Dr. *Clement Alexander Finley*, younger brother of Dr. James, above mentioned, and now a surgeon of advanced rank in the U. S. Army. She has consequently partaken of the vicissitudes of military life, having already resided, by turns, at Green Bay; at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis; at Buffalo; at Carlisle; and now at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. The life and adventures of her husband would make an interesting episode in our book; but in the hope that they are yet a good way from being completed, and that amongst his children there will one be found to do them justice, as well as to arrange for a memoir other materials of the Finley family, we enter into no detail. But for the convenience of that future chronicler, we may as well preserve a rapid outline which is at hand.

Dr. Finley was born in Cumberland, Pa. in 1797; graduated at Washington, Pa.; received a medical education and degree; and joined the army in 1818. Baton Rouge, Forts Claiborne and Seldon, (these last near Natchitoches,) were his first stations. In 1819, he was sent with an expedition to remove squatters from the country intended for the Cherokees; and falling short of provisions, they were glad to shoot alligators for food. Returning from this excursion, he was stationed on the Sabine until 1822, when he was removed to the Sulphur Fork, on the Red river, just above the Raft. Fort Smith on the Arkansas, Fort Gibson, Pensacola, Tampa Bay, were successively the next sojourning places. From the latter place he marched through Florida; and after this critical tour of service, he was allowed, for the first time in eight years, a furlough of six months. Jefferson Barracks and Chicago, brought him to 1831, and another furlough; during which he visited Philadelphia, and left it with the promise of a wife. In June of the next year, he returned from Green Bay, and was married. His wife, and her sister Mary, in the rapid whirl of military movements, presently found themselves left on Mackinaw Island, while the doctor was ordered off to the Black Hawk war. The expedition which he attended, saw no fighting, but the cholera broke out among the troops, and raged fearfully. The other surgeon died of it, and Dr.

Finley had to attend upon the sick day and night, himself bent down with the premonitory symptoms. Almost dead, from mere want of rest, he was directed by the commanding officer to go into his tent and sleep, while a sentry at the door excluded all applications for medical service. This sleep probably saved his life.

In October he returned to his post and his family at Green Bay, but with such shattered health, that he was allowed to repair to Philadelphia on furlough, in July following. Whilst here, in the ensuing winter, he made a profession of religion in the Scots' Presbyterian church, of which his wife was already a member. In March, 1834, he accompanied the dragoons under Col. Dodge to the western prairies; in the autumn was ordered to Jefferson Barracks, and there continued until the spring of 1836, when he parted from his wife to go to the Sabine, and she returned to Philadelphia. In the spring of 1837, he was sent to the Florida war, and was there the medical director, about two years. From thence he was transferred to Fortress Monroe, Buffalo, Carlisle, and back again to the fortress; there his family have since continued, while he has been, most of the time, in the Mexican campaign; being at the last accounts at Vera Cruz.

The children of Dr. Clement Finley are the following:—1. Mary M'Calla, born January 27, 1834. 2. Matilda Harris, August 3, 1836. 3. Lydia Moore, May 18, 1839. 4. Samuel Moore, December 22, 1841. 5. Clement Brown, May 14, 1844. 6. William Harris, October 8, 1846.

III. Martha, third child of Robert and Amy Patterson, became a Du Bois, and is reserved for that branch of our history.

IV. William *Ewing*, the first son, was born March 29, 1782. A life of forty-seven years, which *might* have reached to seventy; eventful, sorrowful, and instructive. We shall be brief. Endowed with an active spirit, and a healthy constitution, industrious, yet fond of sport and company, inclined to read, but reluctant to study, wayward and open-hearted, it is not easy to tell what course of training such various traits required. If there were any mistakes in the measure of paternal rigour, or maternal allowance, it is not for us to speculate upon them. Growing to manhood, he showed a decided inclination towards mechanical pursuits; for carpenter's and printer's work, there was intuitive readiness; for dead languages, and a college degree, there was a settled antipathy.

His father therefore set him up in a printing-office; the adventure was every way unprofitable; among the workmen were some, whose society did no good to young William. This abandoned, he asked to be put to the study of medicine; the study pleased him, and good progress was made. Coming of age, and having attended two courses of medical lectures, he commenced practice at Wheeling, in the summer of 1803. His stay at that new settlement was of no sort of benefit. Returning home, he earnestly requested to be sent upon a voyage as surgeon; which was permitted. Sailing to St. Domingo, in 1805, at a time when a revolution in the government, the triumphs of negro monarchy, and the neglect of the plantations, had thrown commerce out of course, the vessel was detained in Haytien ports some eighteen months. In the incursions of yellow fever, as well as ordinary sickness, the young doctor had exercise for his skill, and gave proof of it; but there was far too much leisure upon his hands; temptation was abundant, restraint was distant; and upon his return, the family were startled by some tokens of dissipation. But they were occasional, and not flagrant; he was young and open to admonition; clever, obliging, and affectionate as ever; in another employment, in a country place, he would be likely to do well. The selection was store-keeping, and the place was Durham, in Bucks county; far enough from the city, too far from home. But it was a store of the old fashion,—contained the very article it should not; there came very bad news; and the establishment had to be broken up.

An indispensable, and most urgent appeal, from one of his sisters, proved that there was penitence, and a wish to reform. In fact, a reformation did take place, and inspired new confidence. His father, ever anxious to do what might be for his benefit, at whatever cost, gave him a new start, in the fall of 1810, in a cotton factory at Bridge-Point. For a year or more, things went on well; until a business trip to New York betrayed him into a relapse, and from that time all was over. Mismanagement and disaster made it imperative upon his father to wind up the concern; and although William was barely thirty years of age, this was his last undertaking. The war of 1812 took him to camp Dupont, as a member of a rifle corps; on his return, he boarded at our house (Doylestown), and there lived the remainder of his days. There was never another determined effort at reform, at any rate

no successful one; but there were considerable intervals of painful recovery, and indispensable abstinence, lengthened out, no doubt, by good purposes. At such times he was useful, agreeable, and estimable. Something was done in the practice of medicine. He had the eye and the hand of a workman, and kept things in repair about the place. These voluntary labours were alternated with reading, of which he was very fond, and by which, coupled with his personal adventures and observations, his mind was stored with various information; and being ready in conversation, and of a naturally good mind, he could make himself very entertaining. As a visitor he was welcomed by the neighbours, especially some favourite farmers, living near the town. Our sighs and regrets are useless; but what might he not have been, had he lived to a day, when reform is practicable, is common, is brought to a system?

If these terrible lapses are some times chargeable upon the want of faithfulness in near friends, it is evident, from letters addressed to him (which now lie before the writer), that there was every proper effort, on the part of members of his family, to bring him back to the right way. Hear the language of a sister (Martha), writing to him in September, 1812.

"Once more I am going to write, but not with pleasure; for alas! all my letters to you are upon the same subject. But bear with me this once, when I promise you it shall be the last of the kind you will ever receive from me. Let me be explicit. You have again begun the dreadful career which I fear will end in — I cannot finish the sentence. Oh William! if you had heard our dear mother (as I did) expressing her gratitude for the greatest earthly happiness that a mother can enjoy—that of beholding all her children happy, and comfortably situated in life: 'Robert's return is a great source of joy to us all,' said she, 'but the restoration of William is by far the greatest satisfaction to me.' Alas, my dear mother, thought I mournfully, I hope there may be no alloy to this happiness. But why should I write thus? your mother's peace of mind is a motive I have always urged upon you, but without any lasting effect."

Let us also quote a few words of his father, writing in January, 1814;

"I was much pleased with the letter I received from you some time ago, in answer to one from me—and had fondly flattered

myself that I might still live to see in your future conduct an answer to my earnest and repeated prayers; but alas !—— ! —— ! * * * Let me entreat you, while you refer your case to God in prayer, that you join watchfulness against that besetting sin; for unless you join a holy resolution with prayer, this exercise will be but solemn mockery."

So his brother Robert, writing in June 1817:

"However painful to me, it is necessary that I should be candid. * * * * I have written you this note, my dear brother, in haste. In your resolutions to break down a habit which you know to be ruinous, always recollect that such resolutions have often succeeded, and that your friends are all ready, as soon as they shall be convinced of a total reform, to come forward generously, for your advancement, which would be certain."

It seems unnecessary to cite another most forcible and affectionate appeal from his father, in December 1823.* But here let me simply allude to one more effort, probably the last, which was made in April, 1828, just a year before his death, by an excellent person then residing in our house, Miss Caroline Hyde. It was about the time when the drugging of intoxicating liquors, to produce nausea and disgust, had come into use, with considerable success. Some of this mixture was enclosed in a note, wherein, very modestly, yet faithfully, she urged him to make a trial of it. But her request was not complied with.

On Sunday, the 12th April, 1829, he was perfectly himself, but singularly quiet and sad; and sat nearly the whole day by the kitchen stove, reading the Bible. His countenance wore an unnatural expression; perhaps from some inward premonitory feeling, understood by himself. In the afternoon, rising to go to his own room (the little "study" on the ground floor) he required assistance; two of the family supported him; he was evidently in pain, but said nothing; he sat down on the bed-side; was still;

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* I may mention that in 1820, several short letters passed between him and his father, called forth by this request from the latter: "Let me have your thoughts on this highly important question. How can God be just, in the justification of a sinner?" Twice he expresses satisfaction with the answers. It is worthy of note, that uncle W. carefully kept all the letters sent him.

was dead. Nature had done all she could; there remained only, for his friends, the last offices.

Perhaps I have done wrong, in relating these particulars; yet to this point a word must be allowed me. Certainly it would not be justifiable in another case, as where a wife or child remained. But there is a growing generation amongst us, who have a right to the benefit of warning, as well as of example; and the nearer home these are, the more they are felt. At present (we reverently say, the Lord be thanked for it!) we know of not one individual, of the name or of the blood, in any way tainted with this vice. But who can tell what may be; and who can help trembling at bare possibilities? Besides, there is such a thing as being over sensitive. What we think to bury in oblivion, the world remembers, and will hand down without deduction. The gifted poet, Coleridge, who destroyed himself by the use of opium and spirituous liquors, was not ashamed to say—"After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example." Lastly, let us consider, that the kinsman whose ruin we have here most reluctantly recorded, was a person who had many redeeming qualities. The reader will be struck by two passages from letters found in his secretary. They shed beams of light upon his memory, while they render his fate the more deplorable. The first is from his mother, while he was at Wheeling; November, 1803. "Madam de Genlis, in her Castle of Truth, makes a good mother say—'I am not ambitious, not even for my children.' For *myself*, I have no ambition; but for my sons, I own I could wish them to excel. * * * I have just now taken leave of ——. She calls you one of the best young men she ever knew, and praised you so much that I have forgiven all she has ever said of any of us." The other extract is from a letter of Dr. Moore, written to him from Philadelphia, May, 1810; Dr. P. being then at Bridge-Point. "I expect to sail [for Canton] next week. * * Take care of all our affairs, and all our people. On you I rely for the safekeeping of all my interests; and it will be my constant consolation that I leave to my family and affairs so good a protector." Strong language from a man habitually vigilant of his property and concerns.

After coming to live with us, he saw but little of his parents; indeed, although within a short journey from the city, he never visited it but once (the occasion of his father's funeral) in about fourteen years. It was an overpowering affliction to the parents, and it seemed best, in fact, necessary, that he should be absent from their sight. But a son, however wayward, cannot be out of the mind of a mother. Writing to her remaining son, shortly after William's death, she expressed herself in these touching words:—"Your consoling letter to me, after William's death, was kindly meant, and kindly taken; but oh, it was an awful stroke; and though neither unthought of, nor unexpected, has made me old indeed!"

V. The next child was born September 4, 1784; and by a slight modification (followed in many cases since), received the name of her mother. The accounts of EMMA's early days are, that she was of an agreeable appearance, very animated in company, but apt to be depressed when alone. At the early age of twelve and a half, she was characterized by a friend who seemed to speak *con amore*, as "sprightly, affectionate, sensible, and every thing else that was agreeable."* She was married (1807) to *Samuel J. Fisher*, a merchant of Philadelphia. They continued to reside in this city until the spring of 1825; when, for the advantage of Mrs. Fisher's health, and for the education of their daughters, they determined upon a removal to Paris. With the exception of one year, passed in Philadelphia after having been that length of time in Europe, they have been abroad ever since, and are now living in Paris. Aunt Fisher has been for many years an invalid, generally with some respite in the summer months. Mr. Fisher is possessed of a competent estate, wholly invested in this country. His tastes are literary, but he writes not much, for one who knows how to write so well; a volume of his, on the Culture of the Grape-vine, has been published in this city. He is most at home in letter-writing; his correspondence is in an easy, humorous, rapid style, displaying acquaintance with every subject, and Scripture among the rest. Without any special gusto

* I find this in a letter of my father's, December, 1796: the remark was made to him, and by him endorsed, as she seems to have been a favourite.

for medicine, he has always shown a fondness for practical anatomy; and his own head was once brought low, by his dissecting the head of another, who had died of small-pox. The taste still abides by him; and to use his own words, though dwelling in the metropolis of amusements, he "visits no theatre but the Anatomical."

They have four children.

1. Joseph *Coleman*, only son, born in May, 1809, graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, 1827; studied law with John Sergeant, Esq., and was admitted to the bar. He then made a visit to the family, in France, and with them travelled over a considerable part of the continent. On returning to Philadelphia, he commenced the practice of law; was elected to the State Legislature in the fall of 1838, and again in the year following; in 1840, was chosen Clerk to the Select Council of Philadelphia, to which office he was annually re-elected, until his resignation in 1845. In the spring of that year, he married *Sarah Lindsay*, of Chambersburg, Pa.; and in the autumn, removed to a farm which he had purchased, near La Fayette, in the north-western region of Indiana, and contiguous to a settlement made by some family connexions. (See Curwen, under *Ewing*.) Mr. Fisher has a daughter, named *Ellen Lindsay*, born in the spring of 1846.

2. Mary, after some years' residence in Paris, was married there to *William Burns*, merchant, of New York; and thereupon returned to America. She has since resided in New York. Her husband died in the autumn of 1845, leaving two sons, *William* and *Walter*.

3. Emma was married in Paris (about the spring of 1838), to Dr. *F. Campbell Stewart*, of Virginia. They also reside in New York, where Dr. S. is engaged in the practice of medicine. They have two children, *Emma* and *Ferdinand*. Dr. S. appears creditably as an author and editor of various medical works; and was one of the secretaries to the Medical Convention of the United States, assembled in Philadelphia, in May, 1847.

4. Helen is with her parents in Paris.

VI. Robert *Maskell*, was born in Philadelphia, March 23, 1787. If the disposition of a student was not early developed, it was perhaps from a settled and singular unwillingness to go to a "madam's school," in those days the invariable starting-place in a

course of education. By special favour, he was allowed to begin, even with the alphabet, at the preparatory school of the University; where was prosecuted his English education. Early attention was given to Latin and Greek; but there was a decided preference manifested for mathematical studies. The development of this hereditary taste, accompanied by an amiable and affectionate temper, and free from a disposition to boyish mischief, had the effect to secure to him the favour, and indeed the companionship, of his father. At the age of 17 (1804), Robert took his first degree in the Arts, at the University of Pennsylvania.* Making choice of medicine as a profession, he pursued that study under the instruction of the eminent Dr. Benjamin S. Barton; and after attending the usual routine of lectures, was advanced to the degree of M. D. in April, 1808.

In the summer of 1809, his father having consented to the further prosecution of medical and scientific study in foreign parts, he sailed for Europe. Two years were spent in Paris, in attendance upon the lectures in medicine, chemistry, natural philosophy and natural history, at the celebrated schools of that city. This was during the height of Napoleon's power and grandeur, and Dr. P. had some opportunity of observing a course of events, which was destined to furnish an inexhaustible fund for history and memoir. His own letters of that date, written to friends at home, are preserved, and will afford materials for another day. To enliven this barren sketch, one anecdote may be introduced, and one letter copied.

On the departure of Gen. Armstrong, the American Envoy at Paris, Dr. P. was nominated to act as Consul-General of the

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* Dr. *S. Jackson*, upon an occasion hereafter to be named, spoke to this effect:—"Dr. Patterson is associated in my earliest recollections; schoolfellows and class-mates, I witnessed the commencement of his career in life. * * * He was never known as the leader of the tumultuous frolic or the athletic game, but he was ever foremost in the classical exercise of the school, and bore away the palm in the themes of his class. Yet his success inspired no envy, for it was unaccompanied with arrogance," &c.

Just after graduating, he spent some weeks as an amateur instructor in the school at Doylestown, to relieve my father, then busy with the erection of an academy, and dwelling-house.

United States. The name struck the Emperor's ear; his brother Jerome had, seven years before, married a lady of the name of Patterson, and from the United States. Further inquiry was unnecessary. The exequatur was refused. The Emperor could not consent that a Patterson should condescend to the office of Consul-General. The decision, arbitrary and absurd as it was, was the word of Napoleon; and Dr. Patterson had no resource, but silently to execute the office, and receive the emoluments, without troubling his imperial majesty any farther.

The following lively and familiar letter, written about this time, was recently found amongst the papers of his brother William, to whom it was written.

"*Paris, November* 15, 1809.

My dear Brother,—I think we parted last at Amsterdam. I was detained there a month, and had nothing to do but to see the place, and yet I cannot tell you much about it. It is certainly a very beautiful city. The principal streets have canals running through them, and a spacious one surrounds the city walls. I have strolled more than a mile about the town, and then, when tired, have jumped into a boat, and had a bouncing, jolly Dutch girl, to row me home to my door. They have hackney-coaches, too, for this convenience; but, would you believe it, they have no wheels, they go on runners; the coachman walking along side, with a bundle of greased rags, which he throws under the runners occasionally, to make them slip on smoother. Even the burdens are drawn on sleds without wheels.

While speaking of Dutch absurdities, another occurs to me which is astonishing. They build the fronts of their houses, which are immensely high, not perpendicular, but leaning forward to the street. This fashion is almost universal. I never could learn the reason of it. Some say, it is to gain room; others, for the convenience of hoisting fuel, &c. into the garret, as they have no cellars. I believe they don't know why they do it; but their fathers built so before them, and they will build so, as long as they are Dutchmen. [Here follows some account of the palace; 'said to be the most beautiful in Europe.']

But a thousand curious things in Amsterdam now occur to me, which I cannot possibly describe till I see you. I had the *honour* to see his majesty, Louis Napoleon. He is quite a good looking man; the Dutch like him pretty well.

Gonda, Antwerp, Bruxelles, Valenciennes, Cambray, &c. some other time.

Napoleon is now at Paris, and five kings; some others are coming. Every thing is to be magnificent this winter. I intend, from curiosity, to see their several majesties; but I do not expect

they will excite in me more interest than Haüy, &c. among the philosophers. They are not, Napoleon himself excepted, greater men. Haüy has discovered the secret laws which govern the ultimate molecules of inanimate matter; Napoleon, the more noble secret of those hidden motives that always control the human heart; and knows how to direct their motives. I have seen him, but not very satisfactorily. He is to show himself soon, on several public occasions.

I wish you to write me very long letters. * * * * I am determined to spare no labour or pains, to become acquainted with chemistry and natural philosophy.

Mr. R. writes me that Dr. Moore continues his improvements at Bridgepoint. You say he intends beginning a cotton factory. I wish indeed that you would be concerned in it. Our country possesses every advantage; no one knows it, that has not left it. I have frequently described, in England particularly, the character of an American farmer. I did not exaggerate, but I was not believed. 'Why, sir, you would persuade us that they are lords!' 'Pardon me, sir, they are kings.'

Farewell! It makes the warm blood hasten through my veins with redoubled ardour, to write *to my friends*, and *about my country*. Farewell.

Your brother and friend,

R. M. PATTERSON."

Leaving Paris in 1811, Dr. P. spent a year in London, and heard the last course of chemical lectures delivered by the distinguished Sir Humphry Davy. The completion of his plans enabled him to turn homewards, in 1812; and the news of the outbreak of war, which the vessel received on her way, proved that he had embraced a final opportunity. It was now his intention to enter upon the practice of medicine; but an entirely different direction to his whole subsequent life, was given by the appointment, in 1813, to a professorship (of Natural Philosophy) in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania; and a subsequent election (March, 1814,) to the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the Faculty of Arts; in which he was successor to his father. A month later, he was also elected Vice-Provost.

But we must not omit to mention, that within the period just noticed, that is, in 1813, while the invading army of the British was in possession of Baltimore, and threatening an attack upon Philadelphia, Dr. P. was actively employed in his country's

cause. The Committee of Safety, in the latter city, having determined upon throwing up fortifications, to protect the approaches to the city by the south and west, appointed Dr. P. to the chief superintendence of this work;* and on its accomplishment, awarded him a vote of thanks for his services.

In the next year (April 20, 1814), he was married to *Helen Hamilton Leiper;* a lady of whom we may be permitted to say, that she was then remarkable for personal attractions, and always for kindness, hospitality, and active energy. She was born in Philadelphia, April 20, 1792, and was the daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth C. Leiper. Mr. Leiper was an emigrant from Scotland; first to Virginia, thence to Philadelphia, where he accumulated a fortune in the manufacture of tobacco. He was one of our most eminent townsmen, both in the walks of business, and in political life; presided some years in Common Council, and was often called to the chair in town meetings, especially those of the party with which he acted.

Dr. Patterson was now permanently settled, and fully at work. During fourteen years of college instruction, and more public lectures in natural philosophy, he acquired a reputation, which, as he is living, must be passed without remark, while it is open to inference. Ours is only a rapid syllabus of facts.

Within the term just mentioned (1814–28), we find him connected with various other institutions, chiefly scientific. The application of science to the mechanic arts, being a subject in which, like his father, he always took especial interest, he was one of the originators, and has constantly (while in Philadelphia) been an active member and officer of the Franklin Institute. This society, which was founded in 1823, now enrols a very large and most intelligent membership, and has acquired a reputation commensurate with its great industry and usefulness.

A part of this period, he was president of the Pennsylvania Life

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* A friend, who was then a boy, but did his share with the spade, gives me a lively representation of the scene of labour. Citizens of all ranks turned out, by thousands, to dig ditches and cast up embankments. One of the earthen forts, erected at Fairmount to command the Schuylkill, was chiefly the work of ministers and school-teachers.

Annuity Company, a respectable post, to which some emolument was attached.

In 1820, Dr. Patterson took part in the organization of the Musical Fund Society,* a permanent institution, which was the first of its kind in this country, and has made Philadelphia pre-eminent, in musical skill and taste. Of this society he is the President.

But the institution with which Dr. Patterson is most thoroughly identified, is the American Philosophical Society. His membership in this, began in 1809, at the unusually early age of twenty-two. He was subsequently elected one of the Secretaries; then a Vice-President; and in 1845, the previous occupant of the chair (Mr. Du Ponceau) being deceased, he was chosen President; which office, under all the circumstances, he saw fit to decline. The meetings of the society occur every two weeks; and Dr. P. is scarcely ever absent.

In 1826, he was appointed by Gov. Shulze upon a commission for ascertaining the most practicable route for the State canal; a tour of duty which gave him a little experience of frontier, or rather pioneer, hardships.

Before proceeding to his removal from Philadelphia, we must be indulged in a paragraph, which, if it descends from public to private affairs, is nevertheless in keeping with the intention of this book. When my father died, in September, 1821, we were a family of children, illy able to do without such a protector and provider as we had lost. Two, especially, were lads just in the forming and critical period, on which the pursuits and capabilities of after-life usually depend. It was an act of generosity in the grandfather, to take and educate the elder; it was surely not less for the *uncle* to send for the other, and for five years, to do all for him that he did for his own children, even to the completion of a college education. But the circumstance will be referred to in another place.

In 1828, Dr. Patterson was elected to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy, in the University of Virginia. As soon as it

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* "Dr. Patterson's favourite child," said Mr. Du Ponceau, in his dinner speech. See farther on.

was understood that he had decided to accept it, a number of our most eminent citizens tendered to him the compliment of a farewell dinner; which took place on the 20th August, at the Mansion House. It was reported in the newspapers, and from a copy now before us, we may simply say, that it was such a flattering *congé*, as one would almost shrink from. Mr. Du Ponceau was in the chair, and a number of our best speakers on the floor. The testimonials of regard were expressed in the most forcible terms, and with the warmest feeling; the modest response was that of a man tearing himself from cherished associations.

Dr. Patterson removed with his family to Charlottesville the same autumn; and was there seven years, fulfilling the office already stated; part of that time he was also Chairman of the Faculty. Meantime his two sons were educated, and advanced to their college degrees; the eldest daughter was married; and the doctor with his whole family might have been evermore Virginians, but for an important circumstance, which comes next in order. A letter was received in May, 1835, written at the instance of President Jackson, through the proper Department, informing him that the Directory of the Mint would soon be vacant, and inquiring whether he would accept that situation. It was a gratifying, though rather unfashionable mode of going into office; and the offer happened to suit his plans and preferences. An affirmative answer being returned, a commission was soon after forwarded; and on the 18th July, he was legally qualified. His departure from Charlottesville was the completion of twenty-two years' service as a teacher; his return* to Philadelphia was the initiation

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* Perhaps the best summing-up of his professional course in Virginia, which we could give, would be a simple copy of a Resolution of the Board of Visitors of the University. It reads as follows:—

"Dr. R. M. Patterson having resigned the Professorship of Natural Philosophy, in the University of Virginia, which for the last six [seven] years he has filled with such distinguished ability and success, the Board of Visitors cannot permit his connexion with the Institution, of which they are the guardians, to be dissolved, without expressing the high sense they entertain of the valuable services he has rendered it,—tendering him the cordial sentiments of esteem and respect with which his character and conduct have inspired them,—and assuring him of the lively interest they will continue to

into a national trust, and a sphere of duty, which has always sought an incumbent from the ranks where science and statesmanship were found in combination. The range of political economy scarcely includes a more important and delicate interest, than the conservation of the standards and relative values of real money, and the faithful execution of monetary laws. In this office he has since continued, under various and even opposite administrations; and it is little enough to say, with the official confidence of each. Dr. Patterson's political preferences have never been carried so far as to make him a "politician;" indeed, we may here state the fact, that a simple repugnance to political life, decided him, in the period of his former residence in Philadelphia, to decline a nomination to Congress, by the party which then had the power to elect.

Within the term of his directorship, various important measures have been adopted in relation to the Mint and coinage. We can mention but two, the first of which was due to his agency, while the other has greatly added to his responsibility. 1. A carefully digested and consolidated code of Mint Laws was drawn up by him, submitted to the action of Congress, and passed in January, 1837. The benefits of this act were numerous; one of them, of more public concern, was the simplification of the standards of gold and silver coin, and the modes of expressing them.* 2. The

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take in his prosperity and happiness, wheresoever his duties and the course of events may call him.

The Secretary will enter this expression of the sentiments of the Board on the journal, and communicate a copy thereof to Dr. Patterson."

Dated July, 1835, and attested by Dr. *Frank Carr*, Secretary.

Here we may add, that on his return to Philadelphia, another celebration, of the sort already mentioned, took place (October, 1835,) at the Mansion House. Mr. Du Ponceau and Dr. Chapman presided at the table.

* To exemplify this briefly; our silver coin, by an early legislative blunder, was fixed at such a rate of fineness, that there was no way of expressing it but by a long show of figures, an impracticable nicety of arithmetic; the gold coin had originally been of an easy proportion (eleven-twelfths fine), but in 1834, in the eager haste to lower its standards, and bring it into circulation, another error in the law-making power (for which Dr. Moore, then Director, was no way responsible) affixed an equally inexpressible ratio upon that metal. If any one inquired the alloy of our coinage, he was not likely

addition of three southern branches, to the Mint establishment, took place after his assuming the directorship, and the whole being under his supervision, there is of course a large addition to the amount of official care and labour.

We conclude this imperfect sketch, by noticing, since his return to Philadelphia, his election as a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (Boston) in 1839; and his engaging, with lively interest, in the management of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind.

Perhaps if we should take an account of those who had devoted as much attention to the advancement of knowledge, we should find that a majority of them had been contributors to the press. For reasons of his own, Dr. P. has refrained from authorship. But we are not without some specimens of his facility in this line, in various printed addresses; the most elaborate of which was the Discourse delivered before the Philosophical Society in May, 1843, at the celebration of its hundredth year. The discourse embodies a history, and the only one, of that society.

The personal appearance of the living, it is not our plan to describe; we should be allowed to say, that Dr. P. is of a strong and healthy constitution, a temperate liver, active and prompt in his business habits, walks the streets with the rapidity of a tradesman, and in his general appearance, would be taken for a man of several years younger than the actual mark.

Dr. Patterson has had six children.

1. Elizabeth *Leiper*, born April 17, 1815, was married on the 14th February, 1832, to *John Taylor*, Jr., an extensive planter of Caroline county, Va., and grandson of the well known statesman of the same name. Her health after marriage was interrupted by severe attacks of disease; it was to recruit from one of these, that she made a visit, which proved to be the last, to her friends in

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to remember the answer, i. e. the gold, 21 carats and 2 14-43 grains, fine; the silver, 10 ounces, 14 dwts. 4 5-13 grains, fine, in a pound. The calculations were toilsome, and mathematical ingenuity could not give much relief in devising "short methods." Dr. P.'s code introduced the simple and beautiful proportion (already used in France, and tending to universal adoption) of nine-tenths fine, both in gold and silver; and that without disturbing the existing relations or values of our metallic currency.

Philadelphia, in September, 1844. On the evening of the 27th, although apparently well, a slight, perhaps ominous, sense of indisposition, restrained her from going abroad with the rest of the family. The morning found her in a state of unconsciousness, not even able to recognise her husband, who had just arrived from Virginia; and on the same day (28th) she died.

Elizabeth was a favourite in our family connexion. To good sense, and gentle manners, were united a warm heart, and a lovely disposition. But we would dwell upon the fervent and mature piety, as the most comforting and elevating trait of character. She had, from a child, felt the worth, and the need, of religion. The little school-girl of six or eight years, who was supposed to be giving her solitary hours to her lesson, was in truth spending half those hours in secret worship. The birth and death of an infant, events sadly brought in close proximity, freshly admonished her of the duty of taking decided ground; and in Virginia she united herself to the Episcopal church. Large and whole-hearted plans of usefulness, were checked by desperate and protracted illnesses; but intention is every thing. Sufficient on this point has been said; yet we cannot withhold a most impressive incident; a brilliant ray from a setting sun. A young woman in humble life, wasting with consumption, and known to the family, called at Dr. Patterson's house. Elizabeth was alone with her, embracing the opportunity to give some needed and wished-for counsel on the subject of preparation for eternity; and which, we may here say, the girl afterwards declared, had proved of infinite service to her. Among other things (at this interview), she confessed to a dread of dying. "That," said Mrs. Taylor, "is a feeling to which I am entirely a stranger. I have no fear of death, and would even prefer that it should come suddenly. If it were the will of God, I could cheerfully depart this night." It *was* the will of God; it was her last night.

2. *Thomas* Leiper, born August 16, 1816; was educated at the University of Virginia; thereupon studied civil engineering, and in the practice of that profession, was employed upon the Philadelphia and Baltimore Rail-road (his division of work being near Havre-de Grace), until its completion; and afterwards upon the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. With some intermission (consequent upon the suspension of that work, in 1846,) this has been

his most permanent engagement, and he is now upon that line of work. On the 20th July, 1847, he married *Louisa A.*, daughter of the late Hon. M. C. Sprigg, of Cumberland, Md., who, in his life-time, was an eminent citizen of that place, having represented his district in Congress, and also filled the place of President of the Canal Company. Louisa was born February 18, 1825. Their present residence is at Cumberland.

3. Robert, (by a pleasant coincidence, *fifth* in lineal descent of the name of Robert Patterson,) was born February 4, 1819; educated at the University of Virginia, where he graduated in law, and other branches of study; read law in the office of Judge Kane, and was admitted to the Philadelphia bar, in 1840. In June, 1845, having been discouraged by increasing deafness from the practice of his profession, he accepted the place of clerk to the Director of the Mint. Married, October 7, 1845, to *Rebecca*, daughter of Mr. Samuel Nevins, of Philadelphia. She was born December 8, 1821. *Emma*, their daughter, was born August 4, 1847.

4. Emma was born November 14, 1821. In 1841, on the 20th January (the day was chosen because it was the birth-day of her grandmother Patterson) she was married to *John G. Campbell*, merchant, of Philadelphia. It was an affecting coincidence, that on the same day, two years after, Emma departed this life. Possessed of superior personal attractions, gay, buoyant, and confident, she was called to resign earthly anticipations, and become a learner in the weary, salutary, discipline of affliction. In a marked contrast to the case of her elder sister, just related, death came with slow advances, and allowed time for the most untiring assiduity of friends, and every effort of medical skill: but vain was the help of man. But in a long sequestration from the world (so alluring to the young), there was opportunity for revolving the concerns of a life to come; there was much consideration; much religious counsel; much attention to the teachings of the Bible; and it was the declared conviction of an evangelical minister who saw her often, that she was prepared to die. The remains of the two sisters lie in the same ground, at Laurel Hill.

5. Helen *Hamilton*, born May 11, 1825, is with her parents.

6. Mary *Gray*, born April 10, 1828, was married October 7,

1847, to *Samuel Field*, merchant, of Philadelphia. Mary is in the communion of Rev. Dr. Bethune's church.

VII. Susanna *Ann*, seventh child of Robert and Amy Patterson, was born August 25, 1790; and died August 1, 1795. She is represented as a very interesting and bright little girl, a favourite of brothers and sisters; knew half of the Shorter Catechism; and was as likely to live as any. But in the course of human life it is so, that death claims a share from among the little children, and in a large family, some are almost sure to fall early. Her disease was croup.

VIII. The youngest of the children, *Elizabeth* Matilda, (usually known by the second name) was born February 13, 1794. Being so much younger than her sisters, who were all married before she had grown up, and her mother being now well advanced in years, she fell heir at an early age to the cares and honours of the house; and to the handsome fulfilment of this duty, then and since, a constitutional love of order and neatness has successfully contributed. It is hardly neccessary to say, that she received the best education which the city afforded; and from what has been shown of her father's house, it seems equally unnecessary to add, that she possessed all the advantages of a refined circle of society, and of Christian training and example.

A considerable repugnance to life in the country, was vanquished by an agreeable offer from that direction; especially as the proposed migration, though "to the westward," was not to a cabin in Illinois, but to a mansion in the valley of Chester; a rich and charming region, then distant only sixteen miles, now (by the railroad) only an hour, from Philadelphia. On the 20th April, 1820, she was united in marriage (my father officiating) with Dr. William Harris; of whom, and whose parentage, we have somewhat to say.

From that enterprising and prolific hive in Northern Ireland, which has furnished America with so many good citizens, came *Thomas Harris*, in the early tide of emigration, and settled in the fertile valley just mentioned, where he became a large landholder. On the same soil his son *William* was reared; a lad, who at the age of eighteen, found himself strong enough, and in his country's cause willing enough, to bear the brunt of war. He joined the revolutionary army at the interesting period when

Washington was slowly forcing the enemy out of Jersey; took part in several memorable battles; and in fact continued in the service until the close of the war. He came back to the homestead and the plough; got married, and reared a family of six sons; and had he lived to this day, to see what stations they fill in life,* would have acknowledged that republics are grateful, or that Providence is kind. His wife was *Mary*, daughter of Rev. John Campbell, Presbyterian minister at Charlestown, in the same neighbourhood. She was yet but two years old, when her father, reading from the pulpit a verse in metre from the 116th Psalm—"precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints"—dropped down, and presently expired.† To this sudden and appalling termination of a life of forty years, her own case was in entire contrast. She had been twenty-five years a widow, and was in her eighty-fourth year, when, in 1838, she was quietly called away. She was for many years a member of Great Valley Presbyterian church. Her husband (usually spoken of as General Harris, having passed to that rank as a citizen soldier since the war) died in 1812, in his 53d year. At the time of his death, he was a member of the State Legislature.

William, their third son, was born August 18, 1792. After re-

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* *Campbell* and *James* are substantial farmers on the Genesee flats, New York; the former is father-in-law of the present Governor (Young) of that state. *Thomas*, one of our most eminent medical men, is chief of the bureau of medicine and surgery in the navy. *John* is major of marines; an elevated grade in that branch of the service. *Stephen* is a well-established physician in the Great Valley.

† Since the above was written, the following was found in No. 18, of "Glances at the Past," a series of original articles in the Presbyterian. "In May, 1747, Charlestown and New Providence petitioned New Brunswick Presbytery, that if Mr. John Campbell was licensed at that meeting, he might be sent as their supply. He was born in Scotland in 1713, came to America in 1734, studied at the Log College, and was licensed October 14, 1747. He immediately accepted the call from Charlestown and New Providence, and was installed on the 27th of the month he was licensed. He was struck with palsy in the pulpit, on the first of May, 1753, while commencing the morning services, and giving out these words in the 116th Psalm:

Dear in thy sight, is thy saints' death,
Thy servant, Lord, am I."

ceiving a classical education at Brandywine Academy, he entered upon the study of medicine, and took the degree of M. D. at the University of Pennsylvania in 1812—at an earlier age than the regulations allow. He entered upon the practice, in his own neighbourhood; and if, for eight years, he deferred an almost indispensable requisite for a full doctor, it was not for want of prosperity in his profession. Having purchased a house and farm in an eligible position, and "taken to himself a wife," his business continued to progress, until it reached as large a compass as he was capable of fulfilling, and as extensive and lucrative as can well be attained in a country place. His range of daily and nightly travel ran over a circuit of about six miles from his own house, in every direction, with occasional calls still farther; and this in a populous and wealthy district. He had also, continually, a number of students under his instruction, and generally under his roof.

When a man has arrived at this point of consideration, his character and influence commonly induce other demands, and other engagements, than those which are merely professional. After some years' service as captain of a troop of horse, he was chosen colonel of the Chester county regiment of volunteers, a very respectable command, which he retained until his removal from the county. Owning and superintending an extensive dairy farm (156 acres), he took hold of agriculture as a science, and availed himself of every improvement to bring the place into the finest order. He was consequently well known amongst liberal cultivators, and was an active member, and a vice-president, of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society.

His influence was also felt in the church. About five years after their marriage, Mrs. Harris, after a long consideration, and much feeling, on the subject of religion, made profession of her faith. Some four years later, her husband came to the same decision, and united with the Presbyterian church under the care of Rev. Dr. William Latta. He was chosen ruling elder in the same congregation, not long after.

If to these things we were to add a description of his elegant place, of the surrounding country, of the state of society, and of other advantages, we should show reasons enough why the doctor and his family might wish, as no doubt they did expect, to continue in that location indefinitely. But we are not our own mas-

ters, and the smallest incident may suffice to overturn all our expectations. In their case, we may say, the mere hoisting of an umbrella, changed entirely the scenes and plans of life; and if this change was beneficial, it is none the less impressive, as a lesson upon the uncertainty of human affairs. How small a hold have we upon any thing, if a mere flurry of wind can bring us to the ground, to rise again in a new and strange place, to renew the battle of life in a most doubtful arena?

On a cloudy morning, in May, 1833, the doctor mounted his horse to start upon the usual round of visitation. The animal was young and gay, and so much the more to the rider's mind. As the doctor was seating himself in the saddle, a gust of wind forced open his umbrella; the horse, startled by the sight and sound, made a sudden plunge, and threw his rider, nearly head-foremost, upon a heap of stones. Had it only finished his plans for the day, it were of little moment; it had like to have terminated his days. He was carried into the house; and to his own apprehension, and in the fears of the family, and of medical attendants, was a dying man. The fluctuations of the sick bed were afterwards fully detailed by the patient himself, in an article which may be read in a medical journal.* But the statement is professional and technical, and we see there nothing of the anxieties, the heart-strokes, attendant upon his precarious state. The family was not consigned to widowhood and orphanage. The doctor slowly recovered; but his stature, hitherto erect, was slightly bent forward; there was something not right, either at the spine or in the heart. The toils and jolts of riding about the country, became all but intolerable; and after the deliberations of a year, he resolved to seek relief in an easier sphere of practice, where population is condensed, and streets are paved. It was a confident movement, to come to a place already overstocked with physicians, many of whom would have been satisfied to exchange for a fragment of what he was leaving. But in 1834, we find him a Philadelphia doctor, established in Spruce street. The following year, he purchased a house in Walnut street, corner of Twelfth; there he has since resided, and in the rapid and solid accumulation of business, has

* Medical Examiner, Vol. II., 1839.

exceeded all expectations, and probably rivalled any other experience.

We have not much more to add. Besides his round of practice, he is engaged in a summer course of lectures, and constantly trains a few students for graduation. His eldership in the country church being vacated by removal, he was elected to the same office in the Tenth Presbyterian church. An injury to his knee, which happened while getting into his carriage (December, 1838), though it laid him by for some weeks, had a good effect upon the weakness in his back; so that he now enjoys good health, except from an occasional attack of rheumatism, which neither gives nor receives any quarter. His habits are active to the last degree; and his energies are ever ready to promote the interests of a friend, or of the public, as well as those of his own house. He writes occasionally for the press, on medical subjects, and has recently edited, with approbation, a reprint of an important and considerable French work. A series of original lectures on a kindred subject, published by request of his class, was also well received.

Dr. Harris has had six children.

1. Emma *Ewing*, was born January 27, 1821. At the age of nineteen, she made profession of religion, in the Tenth Presbyterian church of Philadelphia. On the 25th April, 1844, she was married to Dr. *Nathan D. Benedict*, of the same city.

Dr. Benedict comes from a highly respectable New York family,* who have set us an example in tracing and recording their own genealogy; so that his children will be able (in due time) to study their descent on both sides. His paternal grandfather was a Congregationalist minister in Connecticut; his father, Mr. Robert Benedict, is a farmer in Otsego county, New York, not far from Utica. Dr. B. was born April 7, 1815, in Tompkins county of that state, but removed, or was moved, at the age of two years, to Otsego; which he rather looks upon as his starting-place. He was prepared for college at the seminary of Rev. Dr.

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* Among his near connexions, are Mr. James Brown, and Rev. Drs. Nott and Phinney, of New York; Mr. James Neilson, and Rev. Dr. Miller, of New Jersey; Bishop Potter, and Mr. James Hunter, of Pennsylvania.

Phinney, of Newburg; and graduated at Rutgers' College, New Brunswick, in the summer of 1837. It was while he was in this institution, that an extraordinary revival of religion took place;* in the progress of which, Dr. B. became personally interested in the matter, and united with the Presbyterian church, under the care of Rev. Joseph H. Jones. He is at this time a member of the Sixth Church of Philadelphia, enjoying the same excellent ministry. Pursuing the study of medicine here, under the direction of Dr. William Harris, and in attendance upon the lectures delivered in the University of Pennsylvania, he took his medical degree in 1839.

In our day, it does not suffice to open an office, advertise, and then sit down to wait for business. Dr. B. took the wiser course of having something to do from the first, even if it presently brought nothing in. He accordingly obtained a suburban district of the City Dispensary, walked his daily rounds, and had at least the satisfaction of healing the sick poor. Where there is diligence, determination, and real fitness for the work, the *walks* of the profession in good time melt into a figure of speech, and the rising doctor finds himself in a cab. An important auxiliary to the courses of medical lectures in our city, is found in schools or classes of examination, founded by voluntary association of physicians, generally of the younger, always of the more industrious, sort. In one of these Dr. B. took a part; and the "quizzing class" which his partnership established, was well attended, and inferior to none in reputation.

On entering into married life, Dr. B. settled himself in a house in Spruce street near Broad, and had been there about eighteen months, when he was elected, by the board of managers, chief resident physician to the Blockley Hospital of the city and county of Philadelphia. The compliment of the choice is not lessened by the handsome compensation annexed to the office, which Dr. B. accepted, and in which he is now wholly engaged.

They have two children: 1. William *Harris*, born July 29, 1845; 2. Clara, born January 4, 1847.

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* Of which an interesting narrative, drawn up by Rev. Dr. Jones, was published.

2. Robert *Patterson*, was born November 15, 1822. His preparatory classical studies were pursued at Mr. Engles's school, from whence he entered the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated in the summer of 1841. His medical course was completed by a degree in the same Institution, in the spring of 1844. He was directly chosen resident surgeon in Wills' Hospital; and at the expiration of the term (one year) was elected to the same post in the Pennsylvania Hospital, and re-elected the year following. Such a tour of practice and experience is justly considered an important sequence to the taking of a degree; and those situations, though the compensation is merely that of free residence, are eagerly contended for, and subject necessarily to rapid rotation. He has commenced practice in this city, with favourable prospects.

3. Of John *Campbell* we have more to say, because his course is finished. He was born in Chester county, the 3d of May, 1824. Those who visited at his father's house within a few years after, will remember a chubby, ruddy little fellow, not very lively, and compared with the others, not bright; but of a good disposition, and singularly incapable of fear. He was ten years old when the family came to the city, and was put to the same school with his elder brother. His progress in learning was rather discouraging, until after his entering college, where he seemed to take a new impulse; and while the professors were gratified, the parents were animated, to observe that his lessons, especially mathematical, were comprehended, relished, and mastered. Meanwhile he had grown up a fine lad, of agreeable countenance and behaviour, and in disposition unaffected, frank and ardent. The question began to be revolved, for what profession shall we fit him? what is to be his career in life?—a question, the solution of which was already anticipated by higher counsels.

In the summer of 1841, being then seventeen years of age, John was taken with measles, not in a serious form; from which he recovered sufficiently to be abroad. Being fond of swimming, he ventured out to the Schuylkill river, and went in; became exhausted and chilled; returned home, and to his bed, no more to rise from it. An attack of dysentery, too malignant to be met by any remedy of medicine, soon left him in a hopeless case; and the young man, who had hoped by that time to have been in his col-

lege class again, was overheard in the sad soliloquy—"this day I must die." The religious impressions which he had received a few months before, during a revival, and which had partly faded, were now powerfully revived; he blamed his own backwardness on that occasion; but there was satisfactory ground to believe that his spiritual exercises were those of a renewed heart. After much suffering, he expired, June 30, 1844; and his remains were deposited in Laurel Hill Cemetery. Thus (vanity of vanities!) some are called to die, just as they are learning to live.

4. Mary *Fisher*, born November 27, 1826; 5. Matilda *Moore*, born April 24, 1829; and 6. William *Wirt*, born December 20, 1831, are with their parents. The first is a member of the church which the family attend. The last is in the Sophomore class in Pennsylvania University.

VI. Thus we have given account of five of the children of Robert Patterson the second, and their descendants; we come now to Martha, of whom not much can be recorded. She was born about 1745, and emigrated hither with her parents. While on the passage, an attachment sprung up between her and another young emigrant, named Boyd, to whom she was married, soon after their arrival. They settled near Camden, South Carolina. In the revolutionary war, Boyd took up arms against the mother country, and joined an American company at the time when South Carolina was in the possession of the British. Taking occasion to visit his family, a troop of tories surrounded the house, and himself and one child were murdered. His wife and a female servant escaped; and for them remained the painful task of digging a grave, and interring the dead, without any help. Martha bore it with the spirit of a Christian heroine. Writing of the event to her father's family, and borrowing a figure from the loom (with which, as well as the plough, they were all familiar) she used this remarkable expression:—"The pattern of my chequered web would not have been complete, without those two red stripes."

She was afterwards married to a person named Norton, and had children; but we have no further information, either of her or them.

VII. Elizabeth died unmarried, in the summer or fall of 1777, nearly at the same time with her father, and at his house in Abington. She must have been 29 or 30 years of age, at her death.

She is well spoken of, especially for piety; it was to her instructions that *Nancy Bias** (a name familiar to all of us) owed her religious impressions; for which she was ever held in the most grateful remembrance.

VIII. Joseph was born March 20, 1752. The events of his life were varied and interesting, and himself a remarkable man. From a printed memoir, contained in an Extra of the Pittsburg Christian Herald, of the date of March 17, 1832, written by Rev. Dr. Swift, and from other authentic materials, we condense the following sketch, which, however imperfect, is as large as will be consistent with our general plan.

The first we hear of him, after the initial event, is his running alongside of his father at the plough, inquiring, and hearing the explanation, of the way in which sinners may be saved. The docile lad of ten years could understand and feel it all; and its effects began to be shown by his joining with some other children in a prayer-meeting, held in the secret places of a thorn hedge.

The next important circumstance was his marriage, February 27, 1772; an early one, for both parties, as Joseph was not quite twenty, and *Jane Moak* was short of eighteen. If in this he ran the risk of uniting himself with one who was not yet pious,† it must have been through the force of an early and strong attachment, a conviction of the suitableness of the match in all other respects, and a hope that they would soon be of the same mind in that particular also. A year had scarcely elapsed, before they resolved to seek their fortune in the new world; following in this respect the example of his elder brother, and anticipating other members of the family. They arrived at Philadelphia early in 1773; and after a short stay in Pennsylvania, settled in Saratoga county, New York. The arrival of his parents the next year, led him to return

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* Nancy Bias, originally a redemptioner from Ireland, was domesticated in our Patterson family for many years. It was to please her that the last child of Robert and Amy Patterson was named *Elizabeth;* better known to us by her second name, *Matilda.*

† "Blessed be God, that ever his free grace has provided you a better, though a second husband. What a pity that the worst should have been the first; and the infinitely better, kept years standing disregarded." (Letter to his wife, Feb. 1786.)

to Pennsylvania; and from that time until the commencement of the war, he was chiefly employed in teaching school near Germantown. Entering heartily into the republican feeling, he stood amongst the crowd which listened to the first public reading of the Declaration of Independence, at the State-house door; gave up his school; and took a tour of duty as a common soldier. What other narrow escapes he had, we are not informed; but as he was praying one day in a rough shed where the troops were quartered, the rifle of a neighbouring soldier went off by accident, and shivered a board just in the line of his person; a circumstance which doubtless added something to his petitions, and to his unusually clear impressions of the particular providence of God. This last was one of the strongest points in his character, as we shall have occasion to show.

He left the army in 1777, and removed westward to York county; and two years later, still farther west, to the wilderness of Washington county. This latter emigration was made up of a number of pious families from York. A rude church was erected in the woods; but the settlers, held in jeopardy of their lives by crafty and cruel Indians, could not even venture to the house of God without the accompaniment of loaded rifles.

In the fall of 1785, he being then thirty-three years old, it was advised by the Presbytery of Redstone, that he should qualify himself for the gospel ministry. The advice was a sufficient testimony to his fitness, and he took it as a sufficient indication of his duty. In company with a few others, he engaged in a course of preparatory study with Rev. Joseph Smith, a pastor and competent instructor living in the same county, though not in the same neighbourhood. If a man were not sometimes sundered from his wife and children, we might be left without that particular kind of record, both of facts and of character, which is generally the most intimate and accurate. The letters which Mr. Patterson wrote home, at this time, have been preserved,* and bear testimony to

* A transcript of these, and of some others, is in possession of his nephew and namesake, Mr. *Joseph P. Engles*, of this city, to whom I am indebted for the perusal of them.

an eminently fervent, devoted, unaffected piety; and in connexion with later correspondence, will again be noticed.

After three years of study, he was licensed, August, 1788, to preach the gospel. In April following, he accepted a call to the charge of the united churches of Raccoon and Montour's Run, in Washington county, the former of them eighteen miles west of Pittsburg. He had served these congregations ten or twelve years, when it was found that each had become large enough to sustain a minister, and he accordingly resigned the care of the latter.

He had already lost two children by death, and was now called to the affliction of parting with his wife, who died on the 4th February, 1808. Of this excellent person we have the following sketch, in a letter written by Mr. Patterson to a friend, four years later.

"From her first acquaintance with Christ, I do not believe she could ever be denominated a backslider, but appeared to grow in grace and in the knowledge of God. It is truly rare to find a person who pays as strict attention to the affairs of both worlds as she did. * * * It was usual with her, when I would tell her of any of my difficulties, to reply—'Well, let us go and pray.' The gracious anecdotes respecting these short prayers, and their answers, may yet afford matter of conversation. Often have I heard her say that she was rarely troubled with a wandering mind in time of solemn worship; nor ever heard her *husband* or *son* preaching; for as soon as they entered the sacred desk, relationship was absorbed in the ambassador of Jesus Christ. She had much more gravity than I, and was often a check on the levity and unprofitableness of my conversation; as well as a stimulus to religious exercises, and ministerial duties. About ten months before her departure, when I was from home, she was seized with a long and violent cholic, from the effects of which she never recovered. From this time she was under the care of a physician, who would sometimes say, after praying and conversing with her (for he would do both), 'it is in vain to try to recover a patient who is so desirous to die.' She could usually ride in fine weather, and sometimes attend the ordinances; but her mind was peculiarly fixed in ardent longings to be with Christ, to behold his glory, and to be perfectly like him. * * * On Sabbath, October 18, I preached on Nahum i. 7. This was the last sermon ever she heard. From that night, death made the most formidable approach I ever witnessed. Racking heart-sickness was almost constant. Two of the four that then composed the family, alternately sat by her day and night, and very frequently changed her position, endea-

vouring to alleviate her extremity of pain; the short intervals of which were sweetly filled with expressions of patience, resignation to the will of God, her own exceeding vileness, and the preciousness of Christ, for whom she greatly longed. She would often say to me in the evening, 'my dear, don't you think I shall get home to-night?' For three weeks before her departure, I am persuaded she did not take one ounce of solid food; but in the last two of them, the racking sickness abated, and she rather sunk into debility, but still retained her full exercise of mind. On her last Saturday evening, Robert came to see her, and she desired to converse with him alone; on which occasion she told him she had known more of Christ and of the glory of Redemption that week, than in twenty years past; 'yes,' said she, 'I thought this morning, in time of worship, my heart should have bursted under the view.' She then appeared to regret her telling him, and requested that he should not mention it, lest any should think of her more than was meet. * * *

On her last evening, I told her, 'I believed she should certainly get home to-night, for she was evidently dying.' She looked at me and smiled, but spoke no more. She lay on her right side, her eyes set. Just at that time I remembered an agreement we had made years before, that whoever of us should attend the other's dying bed, should talk of Christ and glory directly to the dying, while life remained. I went instantly close to her. I cannot now tell what sweet suitable things God gave me to say on that occasion. There was a dawn of heaven in the room. The tears burst from her set eyes and continued flowing until she departed. At that moment all appearance of disease left her countenance, and a full smile settled on her face. I know not if ever I had such thoughts of God's wiping away all tears.

On the Sabbath following I preached on Job xiv. 14. Views of the glory she was advanced to, and hopes of being soon in it, dulled the edge of sorrow, so that I scarcely felt its sharp cutting. I think it was near two years before my affliction on account of my bereavement came to its height. * * * "

Four years after (May 9, 1812), Mr. Patterson was married a second time; and in *Rebecca Leech*, found, as he had expected, a no less suitable partner.* She was from Abington, Pa., and is still living.

In the fall of 1816, being then in his 65th year, his bodily in-

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* "I enjoy much happiness with my precious companion, whom the Lord has made acceptable to my friends, and to the church of God." (Letter to his brother Robert, July, 1824.)

firmities rendered it necessary to retire from pastoral duty, and the charge which he had held for twenty-seven and a half years, was resigned. The growth of the church, the esteem of the people towards him, and the frequent and powerful revivals of religion, were so many proofs that, in spite of any disadvantages from the want of a college education, and from having entered the ministry rather late in life, he was as truly called to the work "as was Aaron."

It should not be omitted, that during this period, he also took a leading part in the great moral enterprises of the day, and of that region of country. He was one of the founders of the Western Missionary Society, and was in the habit of collecting funds for its support; and was equally engaged in promoting the interests of the academy at Canonsburg, now Jefferson College, of which he was a trustee. He also took missionary tours, for the purpose of visiting new settlements, and is said to have preached the *first* sermon, to a congregation of white people, in the region north and west of the Ohio river. In the summer of 1802, he spent several months among the Shawnee Indians, on the branches of the Miami river; and has left a journal of that missionary excursion, which is said to be full of useful information, and interesting incidents.

We have the summing-up of his sermons and lectures, during his pastorship; they amounted to 2572, exclusive of exhortations and occasional addresses. It is stated also, that he seldom preached twice from the same text, and when he did, it was seldom substantially the same discourse. To an active mind, capable of appreciating and unfolding its treasures, the Bible is an inexhaustible mine. If a preacher finds himself obliged to resort again to the old stock of sermons, the cause is not to be found in the book from which the texts were furnished.

On resigning his charge, he changed his residence to the city of Pittsburg. The change did not diminish his usefulness to the cause of religion. "No man, at his time of life (says the narrative already mentioned), could have been more actively engaged in his Master's work, than was this excellent man during the fourteen years which he dwelt in this city." Without, it is believed, any formal rule on the subject, Mr. P. was accustomed to divide his time in such a way, as to give to every day its appropriate share in the three following employments:—

1. Reading, meditation, and prayer.

2. Social religious intercourse, in which he received and conversed with his friends, and those who sought his advice, and an interest in his prayers; also friendly visits to the sick and bereaved. His reputation for wisdom and prudence, deep experimental knowledge of religion, and accessibility to all classes, naturally led persons of various ages and stations in life to spread before him their peculiar difficulties, and solicit his advice on points of duty; he entered feelingly into their trials and perplexities, and never betrayed the trust reposed in him.

3. Active labours in the distribution of the Holy Scriptures; in watching over the interests, and transacting a large share of the business of Bible, Missionary, Sabbath-school, Tract, and other benevolent societies.

"At some seasons of the year, almost every day of the week, would find him passing along the shores of our rivers, entering hundreds of boats containing families of emigrants from various parts of the world, kindly inquiring after the temporal and spiritual welfare of these often destitute and afflicted strangers, giving them such advice as to their secular concerns as they needed, and making sure that they were supplied with a copy of the Bible. There was a familiarity, an affection, and an impressiveness in these brief communications, so benevolent, pains-taking, and cordial in themselves, as often made a deep impression upon the mind.

Sometimes they would follow him from boat to boat, to listen to his brief and appropriate instructions; at others, they would betray a strong curiosity to know what could be his motive, in taking so much pains, at his advanced age, to ascertain whether they possessed the Bible, or wanted any thing which he could supply; but, at all times, they treated him with great respect, and often expressed their obligations in the most grateful manner.

He acted as agent for the receipt and distribution of Bibles, to a greater or less extent, for the Pittsburg, the Young Men's and Female Bible Societies of this city, and for the Philadelphia and American Bible Societies, which occasionally placed donations of the sacred volume at his disposal, as did the British and Foreign Bible Society, on one occasion, 100 Irish Testaments. During his fourteen years' residence in this city, it appears from his entries, that he received and distributed 3920 Bibles, and 2943 Testaments, making a total of 6863 copies. When it is considered, that most of these were accompanied with his affectionate and faithful counsels and fervent prayers, we see what a noble monument to his industry and usefulness is here reared.

Among no class of persons was he more highly respected, and sincerely loved, than the youths and children of our Sabbath schools. He had a faculty of interesting and gaining the attention of children, as valuable as it is rare.

Thus on the verge of eighty, and with bodily infirmities which would have entirely laid aside any man of ordinary resolution, this venerable minister of Christ was in these useful employments exhibiting a pattern of industry and of method in the despatch of business which often astonished and delighted the observer. Nor was this all. Besides a great number of addresses and exhortations delivered in public assemblies, and in more private circles of social worship, he preached 170 sermons during his residence in this city; and almost always bore a large share of the labours attendant on the administration of the Sacramental supper in our churches."

We now approach the concluding scene of his life—a life which, as in the case of so many members of his family, was singularly lengthened out. He had some sharper afflictions to contend with, than the usual infirmities of old age. In May, 1829, after he had barely recovered from a weary spell of sickness, a mis-step on the pavement gave a wrench to one of his ankles, which sent him back to the sick room for eight or nine weeks longer, with excessive pain for a part of the time. This trial led to a thorough work of self-examination, which caused him to conclude in these remarkable terms: "I thought God called me to read and pray, and 'prepare stuff for removing.' I have found this a difficult work. I cannot mention the painful particulars, but so it is, and I believe the view is just and true,—that my whole heart, life, and ministry, is one horrid mass of abominable filth of moral pollution. Every minute of my seventy-seven years deserves the eternal wrath of God, and strange to tell, I am not afraid. I long to see Jesus whom I think I can trust to do what he pleases with me." (Letter to J. P. Engles.) The language will be intelligible or not, according as the reader is personally interested in the subject. To some minds it will even prove comfortable and encouraging.

In the May following (1830), when he was a year older, we find him in a better case. Writing to his sisters, he says—"God is dealing strangely with me at this time. For many years I was obliged to sit when preaching, and often in time of prayer; but last Sabbath I preached twice, standing, and walked near two miles, and did not feel much fatigued."

We expect of aged persons, who have almost lost their hold on life, that they should look upon approaching death with composure. But if we could enter into the real feelings of such, we would often perceive, that old age loves to be flattered out of its realizations and alarms, and without piety, is an uncomfortable and pitiable case. Such passages as the following, written in April, 1831, when Mr. Patterson had entered his eightieth and last year, enable us to understand that "the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." To his sister, Mrs. Engles:—"There is a glorious prospect before the rising generation; but I would rather be in heaven, than in the best days of the church on earth; for nothing can satisfy me but perfect holiness."—To his nephew, Joseph P. Engles:—"I do not find that my increased health and strength, and all the abundant comforts and endearing blessings of life which I enjoy, and all the glorious prospects of the church in this dawn of the latter-day brightness, has the effect to fix my desire to remain."

On Monday, January 30, 1832, at the close of a series of religious meetings in the church with which he worshipped, he gave a solemn exhortation, which proved to be his last public act. Up to Friday night of the same week, he appeared as well as usual. On that day he took the final sitting for his portrait; and after contemplating the work a little while, he turned to the artist, and in his own impressive manner, urged him "to make application to the Holy Spirit, to have the Divine image dawn upon his heart;" or to that purpose. The painter, who was of infidel sentiments, probably despised the counsel, and might soon have forgotten it, but for the following event, which brought it home to him with ineffable effect.*

In the evening, at family worship, he requested his wife to read the 103d Psalm; that beautiful and sublime effusion which begins "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!" When she had concluded, he remarked—"I have been trying all my life to come up to the tone and spirit of that psalm; and at length I believe I can." After some com-

* So we may fairly presume; for subsequently the individual abandoned his sentiments, and made a profession of religion.

ments, he knelt down; and in a very ardent petition, commended many interests at the throne of grace. At the conclusion, he needed assistance to rise and resume his seat.

Twenty years before, he had said—"I still live in hopes of dying soon and suddenly, as I have long done."* The extraordinary wish was a constant one, and now at length it was to be realized.

"About one o'clock, on Saturday morning, (February 4, 1832,) he awoke unwell, and arose, expressing the hope that he should feel better by so doing. Soon after, however, he said to Mrs. Patterson, with great composure, 'I am dying; call in the doctor, and my son Joseph;' these gentlemen occupying the dwellings immediately adjoining his own. He again asked, 'is Joseph coming?' and on being answered in the affirmative, he simply added, 'the time is come; Lord, help!' and closing his eyes, sunk without a struggle into the sleep of death."

Such is a rapid sketch of his life; but justice requires that we should dwell for a moment upon certain traits of character, which rendered him so remarkable and exemplary a man. In doing this, we shall relate a few anecdotes, which deserve attention.

1. That Mr. P. was a man of *uncommon piety*, sufficiently appears from the preceding narrative. Religion was his element; it was to him what business is to the merchant, or politics to the politician. We give expression to this not only as a fact, but as an encomium; and if some will undervalue it, yet it is certain, that nothing is more indicative of a greatness and nobleness of soul, than a high tone of piety; a habit of near approach to the Most High.

Yet his religion did not crowd out those avocations, interests, and enjoyments, which we call worldly; it rather assimilated them, and made them a part of the life of godliness. This difficult achievement was the grand peculiarity of his character; we will consider it specially and by itself, as

2. *His trust in God, in all the affairs of life.* While we commit to God our spiritual welfare, and are willing to consult him about the more weighty of our temporal affairs, we have enough of independence left, to prefer the management of the

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* Letter to Rebecca Leech, 1812.

every-day matters ourselves. Under an appearance of honouring God by avoiding the mention of apparent trifles, we gratify ourselves with the idea of being not absolutely dependent in every thing. It was not so with Mr. Patterson; and for the sake of some, who think that it should not be so with them, a few illustrations will be given. And in this I shall not discuss the question, whether the issues of secret prayer ought not in most cases to be kept secret. Mr. Patterson chose to tell some of them; let him be answerable.

Some time after his removal to the west, he and some others made a purchase of land, and paid the money. It was soon discovered that the seller was not the owner, and consequently, that the title was worthless, and the money lost. How much Mr. Patterson's investment amounted to, is not exactly known to the writer, nor is it material to the story; only that it was a greater loss than he could well bear. The other purchasers had recourse to law, and advised him also to "employ counsel." "I have read in the Bible of a Wonderful Counsellor," was the quaint reply, "and my application shall be to Him." He thereupon made it a matter of earnest and repeated prayer; not, we presume, for a specific restitution of the money; which no intelligent Christian could do in absolute terms, but that by some Providential interference, this serious loss might be made up to him, or that he might be duly reconciled to it, and eventually none the worse for it. The prospect of a specific answer was small, for M'C., the man who obtained the money, had absconded both from the neighbourhood and from his family. But as Mr. P. was passing near M'C.'s house, not long after, a child, running up to him, begged him to come in. As he did so, the wife, handing him the identical bag, with the identical dollars, explained the strange action in such words as these: "when my husband went away, he charged me to give this money back to you; for, said he, I am afraid the man will pray me to death." Thus his suit was gained; the others, it is said, never got any thing.

Another incident, more minute, and therefore more to the point, we take from one of his letters. The poor student of divinity, whose course of study must have lessened his means of living, regarded with mortification the napless, worn-out hat, not fit to appear at presbytery. But if it was of sufficient importance to

give him concern, it was a fit subject for prayer; and so he writes to his absent wife as follows:—"In retirement for special prayer yesterday, the Lord let me talk familiarly with him about many things, particularly about a hat; and he made me willing to go to presbytery with my old one. I came away with a pleasant hope, and well pleased with all his government; and this day there was one bought for a guinea, sent to me a present by A. S."

A school-master may with all dignity pray for the prosperity of his school; but may he make mention of the lost penknife, without which he cannot mend the children's pens? "For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was crippled; the messenger was delayed; and the city obliged to surrender." It was a backwoods settlement, and his the only penknife in it; if the knife were not found, the pens could not be made, the writing must stop, and the school must break up. His trouble was carried to the accustomed place, and spread out in plain terms; a last resource, for it had been hunted up and down to no purpose. Truly all the searching in the world will not find it; for it lies buried under the winter's snow, along some road or bridle-path; dropt first, and snowed upon afterwards. What thereupon happened, might indeed have happened without prayer; and it might not. As he was riding along, the horse's hoof lifting up a cake of snow, turned up something else, with a slight jingle. It was an answer to his requests.

Without multiplying this class of anecdotes (of which there are more at hand), a deference to truth obliges us to say, that one or two instances plainly descend below the seriousness of the subject; or at least, ought not to have been told. Further, it is apparent that he leaned strongly upon an old Puritan sentiment, technically called *particular faith in prayer;* that is, that believers may expect a special impression upon their minds, that the particular mercies which they seek, will be granted. It was for animadverting against this "unwarrantable notion," that the eminent Howe, chaplain to the Protector, lost favour at court; yet the general voice of the church, certainly in our day, sustains his view. Men like Brainerd, and Martyn, seem to have supported a high tone of piety without supernatural impressions. On the other hand, there were some circumstances in Mr. P.'s life, which,

if correctly apprehended, or transmitted, would prove, that in special and rare cases, such things may happen.

3. But not to extend this class of anecdotes any farther, we must mention one circumstance to exemplify a third peculiarity—his *fearlessness* in doing what he judged to be his duty. The distribution of the Bible, along the landings of Pittsburg, was of course attended with some expense, and as his own means were always moderate, he was obliged to make collections to defray the charges. In such a cause, he felt as if he had a claim upon any citizen who could spare a dollar. In one of these collecting rounds, he was met by an acquaintance. "Well, father P., what errand are you on to-day." "I am going to the man that keeps store over there, to get a dollar for my Bible distribution." "Why certainly you will not go to such a man as that; an open infidel, and scoffer; you'll not get a cent from him." "Yes I will; I'll get a dollar; come along and see." They walked into the store; the old gentleman was not welcome from the first; but upon opening his request, was treated with positive scorn. The indignant man behind the counter would give nothing for any such purpose. "Do you say you won't?" "I say I won't." "Well; I will go home, with my subscription-book, and lay it before the Lord; and I will tell him, that Mr. —— absolutely refused to give any thing towards the distribution of the Bible." There was a solemnity and reality in this rejoinder, which seemed to frighten the man, unbeliever as he was. Opening the money-drawer, he threw out a piece, saying with a subdued scowl, "here, take your dollar."

4. The last thing we shall mention, as a peculiarity, was his *freeness from faults*. We might speak of his social qualities, polished manners, cheerfulness, tenderness, exemption from love of money and thirst of praise, and many such like characteristics of all thorough Christians. On the other hand, there were evils in his heart, occasionally appearing in overt acts, as it is with other men, and the best of them. Under this head, it seems hardly just to mention an artlessness and transparency of character, which sometimes made him appear frivolous (we use his own acknowledgment) even while serious. This fault chiefly appears, where it was likely to appear, in a series of letters written in a time of courtship. But as I do not intend to condemn

my own father, by a certain roll of love-letters, so neither shall any decision be framed from similar evidences, in the present case. We find something more serious, first, in an undue self-will, and secondly, in too great irritability of temper. Let him speak for himself, on both points. "A wretched impatience, and urgency for the accomplishment of any thing I had taken in hand, has always been my disposition; and when unguarded, has often brought me into deep mire." To the second point: "Now I shall drop two little hints of truth respecting my dreadful temper. I am not conscious of having felt it irritated to passion, or sunk to a sour, sullen humour, these five years or more. I have heard my companion observe, that I had such an art of hiding my ill temper, that we were seven years married before she knew I had such an article in possession. I do think, if I was condemned to be a man of contention, it would soon kill me; my weak nerves, and strong passions, would produce a mortal explosion." This was written in 1812. As it respects this failing, it is often observed to increase upon a man, as he grows old; it was so with Robert Patterson; but of Joseph, there is this remarkable testimony, that for twenty years preceding his death, he seemed entirely to have conquered it.

These no doubt are off-sets to the character of a good man; but they are all that we know of in this case; and what are they in comparison of what we see elsewhere? And when so powerfully kept down, do they not rather increase our admiration, both of the man, and of the grace that made such a man?

We are reluctant to part with a good subject; but we can only add a grateful contemplation of the uniformity and singleness of his whole course. Many good people do seem almost to get tired of their religion, at least to let down the tone of it; and an expansive charity pleads that there may be grace without growth. But here we see Joseph Patterson a praying lad at ten years; at twenty, seeking opportunities for the conversion of others;* at

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* Of which a curious anecdote is preserved. While on a journey in the west, he stopped at a cabin, where he was immediately recognised. "You don't remember me?" said the woman. "No." "Well don't you recollect, when you were coming across to America, there was a poor girl of sixteen

thirty-three, preparing for the sacred ministry; at fifty, labouring for Christ, amongst white men and red men; at seventy, going down to the river-side to put the Bible into the hands of neglected emigrants and boatmen; at eighty, requiring help to be lifted off his knees; and desiring to depart, though comforts were many, and anticipations for the church were bright.

We are not aware that any thing has been set down to Mr. Patterson's account, which was not due. It is not pretended that he had any marked abilities as a preacher, or that his mind was above the common order. A man cannot have every thing, and his portion was enough. Yet we would not seem to undervalue him in any respect. Certainly there was, in the pulpit, a substance of matter, and a tenderness of manner, which made him very acceptable and successful. As for his grade of mind, it may be judged of by passages from his letters, of which a few have been given, and another is to conclude this notice.

In personal appearance he resembled his brother Robert; had perhaps a heavier eye, and a more benevolent expression of countenance; darker hair, and more of it; was of a large, athletic frame; fleshy, but not corpulent; altogether, a venerable and agreeable person to look upon.

His extant letters may be thus classified. 1. A series of twenty-two, written to his wife during his preparation for the ministry, and in his old age collected and transcribed by himself. A copy is in the possession of Mr. Joseph P. Engles.

2. The letters written to Miss Leech, to whom he was afterwards married. These are fifty in number, and were written in about eleven months; 1811–12.

3. A miscellaneous collection, dating from 1816 to 1831, a

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on the ship, among the emigrants; you went up to her one day and said, "Somebody told me that you had a bad heart." "I answered (for I was the girl), how did you hear such a thing." "An old Jew told me," you replied. Then my curiosity and anger were both raised, and I insisted on knowing more about it; and then you opened to me the whole truth of my case; and it was the means of my conversion."

Here we will add, that in almost every instance, persons who came to live with him as domestics, if they remained any time, became pious; and this through a blessing upon his faithfulness towards them.

transcript of which is also in the possession of Mr. Engles. No doubt there are others, which have not come under our observation.

We can hardly characterize these letters in a passing comment. A heart full of affection, towards God and man, here lets itself out, and expatiates. There is no dragging in of religion, to save conscience or appearances. "My dear friend in Christ Jesus," is the common salutation, and he springs at once into the spiritual world, as if that had always the first claim, and the largest interest. Whoever turns over these manuscripts, will be likely to ask himself, "what man among us writes thus to a wife or friend?" But withholding any other quotations, we give a part of a letter, written under peculiar and affecting circumstances. His elder brother Robert lay in a lingering and last illness; and upon the sad intelligence, the pen of the ready writer is set to work. The two were four hundred miles apart, and other communication was not practicable.

"*Pittsburg, July* 8, 1824.

"My Dear Brother,—I embrace the opportunity by Miss M. of sending a few lines, as to one on the confines of glory, owing to the riches of grace through Christ Jesus our redeeming Lord. What should such sinners do without his mediation? sink, forever sink under his just displeasure. Surely we have a right to be ashamed of all our ways; and especially that with the means enjoyed, we have made such slow progress in sanctification, and are not yet fit to take possession of the inheritance of the saints in light. Surely the covenant of grace is well ordered in all things, and sure. In it, every thing is provided that we need, for time and eternity. And the disposition to know, receive, and rest upon Christ, and all his blessed fulness, is also the free gift of God, and without which all would be forever lost. The best spent minute of our lives would not dare to show its face in the presence of the holy law of God; how then should we appear with all the sins of seventy or eighty years. Oh how salutary, how suitable under the oppressive view of our sins, is the heart-cheering promise, 'My grace is sufficient for you.' And 'the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanses from all sin.' There is a peaceful consolation not easily described, in the soul's trusting Christ to do what he pleases with us, and with all that does or ought to concern us. Rest assured in him, my dear brother, that there is good news ahead, and that not one word shall fail of all the precious things that the Lord has promised. * * * * * *
With sincere affection to all my friends,

I remain, my dear brother, yours,

JOSEPH PATTERSON."

It is in the closing years or hours of men's lives, that, to use the terms of art, we find the best point of sight, and the most impressive attitudes. The two brothers, once poor young emigrants, have run, or nearly run, their mortal course. In their respective callings, and in the long lapse of years, they have attained to eminent consideration. Revered by the younger generations among whom they linger, the obscurity of their origin is forgotten, or remembered only to enhance their honours by the contrast. But the aged divine looks upon the more aged philosopher, and upon himself, as divested of all factitious dignity. He talks to him in the plainest terms; offers no flattering unction, no speculations; but uses the very words which any Christian, passing through the dark valley, would most like to hear and entertain. He would first have him humbled as a sinner, laden with the account of fourscore years; and then he would lift him up, and cheer him up, as a redeemed sinner. Venerable men, and venerated sires, farewell! You have left us a name that we can bear and transmit with honest pride. Your gifts and graces illuminate our history. Your example animates, reproves, directs, our course through life.

The children of Rev. Joseph Patterson were all by his first wife, eight in number, and all born in America; of whom four are living.

I. Robert, was born April 1, 1773; married August 27, 1801, to *Jane Canon*, daughter of a gentleman from whom the town at which Jefferson College is located, takes its name. Robert is an ordained minister of the Presbyterian church, and was formerly pastor of a church about seven miles from Pittsburg. He was also for a number of years the first partner in a very extensive book establishment, comprising a paper-mill, printing office, bindery, and bookstore. He is at present living a short distance from Pittsburg. He has had eight children, six of whom are living. 1. Juliet. 2. John, died at the age of eighteen months. 3. Jane, married May 1, 1828, to *Thomas S. Clarke*, merchant, of Pittsburg; died February 18, 1830, leaving one child, *Maria*, then six months old, that died at the age of nine months. 4. Joseph, married January 1, 1840, to *Mary C. Baird*, daughter of Judge Baird; they have three sons, Robert, Thomas, and Joseph. 5. Rebecca, married July 6, 1835, to *John D. Baird*, merchant,

of Pittsburg. Mr. B. died June 9, 1841, leaving an only son, *Harvey*. 6. Sabina. 7. Matilda. 8. Robert.

II. Nancy, born February 1, 1775, died March 17, 1796.

III. Benjamin, born June, 1777, died December, 1779.

IV. Martha, born January 29, 1780; married to *David Graham*. Mrs. G. is a widow, lives at New Lisbon, Ohio, and has two children, *Margaret* and *David*. 1. Margaret, is the wife of Rev. *John Graham*, of New Lisbon; they have had seven children, five of whom are living. 2. David, married —— *M'Mahon*, of Cumberland, Md.; the children of this union were three, one of whom is living.

V. Joseph was born April 10, 1783. He was educated for the legal profession, and entered upon its practice with good prospects; but a dislike to some parts of the business suddenly determined him to abandon it. He then gave his attention to the purchase and sale, on his own account, of lots in the vicinity of the growing city of Pittsburg; a pursuit that has largely repaid the foresight and cautious management which he brought to it. Mr. P. made profession of religion many years ago, and during his residence in Philadelphia, was a member of the Walnut street Presbyterian church. He returned with his family to Pittsburg, in the spring of 1846, and continues to reside there, a short distance from the city. By his first wife, *Jane M'Crea*, of Philadelphia, there were no children. His second wife is *Esther Hoge*, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Hoge, of Philadelphia. Their children are, *Elizabeth H.*, *Joseph* and *Jane*.

VI. Jane, born October 26, 1785, was married to Dr. *John Thompson*, also of New Lisbon. They have six children; *Joseph*, *Jennings*, *Calvin*, *Jane*, *Rebecca*, and *Martha;* perhaps not just in this order. Jane was married in 1835 to Dr. Snodgrass, of New Lisbon; they have had four children, of whom one is deceased.

VII. and VIII. Samuel, and Esther, twins, were born October 4, 1789; the former died December 14, 1811, the latter February 21, 1813. This entry concludes our account of Joseph Patterson and his family.

IX. We come back to Philadelphia, for the next family, which sprang from second Robert Patterson. Agnes, *Anna*, or *Anne*, (her first name appears in all these cognates) was born in county

Down, Ireland, in 1756. Of her childhood we only know that she formed one of her brother Joseph's infantile prayer-meeting, already mentioned. At the interesting age of eighteen, and of course without a governing choice in the matter, she bade farewell to her native land, and with her parents, and other members of the family, came to America. In 1776 she was living at Milestown with her father; and in those stirring times, carried the spirit of a patriot, and was all but a soldier. She was near enough to the battle of Germantown to hear the noise of artillery; a thieving Hessian, straying over to her father's premises, yielded to her superior wrench, in the contest for a copper kettle. While the city was in possession of the British, she was a secret bearer of letters to the American party within the enemy's lines, riding in and out on horseback, and managing to elude the vigilance of sentinels.

The tedious war was yet in progress, when she became intimately known to Capt. *Silas Engles*, of Philadelphia, a whig and a widower. Mr. Engles, who was born in this country, and as long ago as 1731, was of Swiss descent; the family were settled in the neighbourhood of Germantown for many years; the original spelling of their name, *Engel*, has been variously modified into *Engle** and *Engles*. Like other worthy heads of houses in this book, Mr. E. worked his way upward. Commencing life with the trade of a carpenter, he became in due time a master-builder of reputation; from thence passed to the lucrative employment of measuring carpentry, and finally was chosen to the responsible place of City Surveyor, which office he filled until his decease.

The proposals of a person agreeable in other respects, were allowed to outweigh some disparities; Mr. Engles was forty-six years of age, Miss Patterson twenty-three; Mr. E. was an Episcopalian, and held a pew in St. Paul's; Miss P. was a Seceder, the straitest sect of Presbytery. But a concord of disposition crumbles all such impediments. The match was accomplished, and a

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* James Engle, Esq. formerly a presiding officer in our State Legislature, was of the same stock. *Engel* is certainly the true spelling; a good German word, and of very good signification. It comes direct from the Greek *aggelos*.

union of twenty-six years was harmonious and happy. Mr. Engles kept his church relation; the two walked together to the ground of Christ church, to bury a child. By degrees he became attached to Presbyterian order, and often went with his wife to Spruce street church; on festivals, the children would go with him to St. Paul's. In his last sickness, (which was protracted,) he requested and obtained the ministerial visits of Dr. Gray, and was not attended by the Episcopal clergyman. He died January 19, 1805, in his 74th year, professing his faith "in the blood of Christ."

Mr. Engles was a person of amiable and mild manners, very skilful in his business, and of singular uprightness and veracity. An occurrence in our Supreme Court renewed the famous anecdote of Petrarch. Mr. Engles was called to the witnesses' stand, perhaps on some interlocutory proceeding; the clerk was about to administer the usual oath, when Judge M'Kean called out, "That is unnecessary; Mr. Engles's word is sufficient." His patriotic spirit was conspicuous; his title of *Captain* was due to a command which he had of a company raised by his own efforts and liberality, during the revolutionary war.

In a widowhood of twenty-eight years, Mrs. E. found comfort and satisfaction of her children. She lived to see one of her sons arise to the position of a classical teacher of the first rank and reputation, in his native city; chosen to the office of ruling elder in his and her church; and giving the scanty remnants of leisure to other ways of advancing the interests of religion and of society. Another son became a minister of the gospel, pastor of a church in the city; and still lived with his mother. A daughter was married to another settled clergyman, and living close at hand; and all the daughters, married or single, following a maternal instinct or example, had made themselves known in the walks of benevolence, going about systematically, to search out, and relieve, the impoverished and distressed. For the living, our book has no encomiums; it will not conceal the facts.

We know, from sources independent of her obituary notice, that "Mrs. Engles was a woman of more than common intellectual powers." In her younger days, she made the best English authors her study; and from the stores of a surprising memory, could cite, in after life, large passages from Young, Cowper, and

Hervey. Much of her reading was of a religious character; the religion she professed, interested her; and her children learned divinity from her lips. A conspicuous trait in her character was that of kindness to the poor, and the sick. Her conversation was entertaining, with an occasional spice of humour. But those of us who knew her only in old age, and remember only her continued aspect of distress, have not a fair impression of what she was in earlier years. Like two of her brothers, she was naturally irritable; but beyond this, her life was embittered by a painful chronic ailment, which, if it caused an eminent saint to feel himself a dying man, while yet he had the hand of a master, and could indite his "Dying Thoughts," might leave upon *her* countenance, and tone of voice, its impress of sadness. "She had long been exercised," says the obituary, "with painful doubts and misgivings as to her own personal interest in Christ; but as the closing scene approached, she appeared to have gained a victory over them. When no longer able to speak, being asked by one of her sons 'is it peace?' she gave an affirmative nod." She died on the 12th May, 1833, in her 78th year, and was "the last survivor of a large family."

The children of this union were seven; of whom five are living.

I. Silas, born in 1781, married in Fredericktown, Md., and soon after removed to Pittsburg, where he lived a number of years, and where his remains lie. As in the case of William E. Patterson, and from the same cause, his life was passed under a cloud. There were six children; of whom I have no particulars.

II. Mary was born in 1783; was married, in 1801, to George Charles Potts, whose history is an interesting one. When the army of Cromwell made its memorable incursion into Ireland (1649), it left there an English officer, of the name of Potts, who remained in the island, and became the head of an Irish house. From him descended the individual just named, who was born in Clontibret, county Monaghan, in 1775. His parents were respectable and pious, of the Presbyterian persuasion; and by them he was early set apart for the ministry. His education was prosecuted and completed at the University of Glasgow; and he was licensed by the presbytery of Monaghan to preach the gospel. About this time his country was making her memorable struggle

for freedom. Into this cause he entered with characteristic ardour; joined the society of United Irishmen; and in 1795, visited Paris as the bearer of an important communication to the French National Convention. While on this embassy he extended his travel into Switzerland. But Ireland could not escape her iron bonds; and Irish patriots could not safely remain upon their own soil. In July, 1797, he arrived in the United States.* After preaching for some time in various vacant churches, in Pennsylvania and Delaware, he chose Philadelphia as the field of his permanent labours, and with the sanction of the Presbytery, gave his personal efforts to the organization of a new church, in the southern part of the city. In June, 1800, he was ordained and installed pastor of the Fourth church; which, from a small beginning, grew to a large and well-established congregation; a substantial monument to his acceptableness and industry as a Christian minister.

After a service of thirty-six years, his infirmities rendered it necessary to resign his charge, and nearly all active ministerial duties. For three years preceding his death, he was an invalid, suffering from nervous debility, and occasional acute attacks. As the event drew nearer, his sufferings increased greatly. Some of the most afflicting symptoms of death were upon him for twelve days before his final release. Retaining his consciousness, but scarcely able to articulate, he could yet afford satisfactory evidences to those who were with him, that his hopes were unshaken. "Christ will never leave me; I feel that I have an interest in his precious promises;" such were some of his ejaculations. He died on Sabbath evening, September 23, 1838, in his 64th year.

There was nothing remarkable about him as a preacher: but he was a man of kind and social manners, agreeable and easy in conversation; affectionate in his family; laborious in ministerial duty; exemplary in attentions to the sick and dying; a friend to

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* After his arrival here, he continued to correspond with some of the leaders of the "rebellion." His widow, in burning a trunk-full of old letters, noticed several with the signature of Archibald Hamilton Rowan.

the poor, and especially ready to seek out means whereby they might procure an honest livelihood.

After his decease, his widow continued to reside in the city, and of late years has been, with two daughters, at boarding; alternating between town and country according to the season.

They had twelve children, six of whom are living.

1. George, their first-born, occupies a prominent place among our American clergy. He was born in Philadelphia, March 15, 1802; graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1819; and was a student in Princeton Theological Seminary, 1820 to 1823; receiving his licensure in the meanwhile (October 16, 1822) from the Presbytery of Philadelphia, then in session at Doylestown. His ordination took place at Philadelphia, September 9, 1823; and accepting a call from the Presbyterian church at Natchez, Mississippi, he was installed as pastor, December 5, 1823. On the 26th April of the next year, he married *Matilda R. Postlethwaite*, of that place, then in her 18th year.

In the pastoral charge of that church he continued for twelve years. On his retiring from it, in 1836, the communicants numbered 135; and it may be recorded as a signal proof both of the ability and liberality of the congregation, that in the same year, its benefactions to religious objects amounted to fourteen thousand dollars. His leaving Natchez was to take the pastorship of the Duane street church, New York; a new organization, which then included only sixty members. His installation there occurred in May, 1836.

During his connexion with this church, he was taken with that affection of the throat, which has in so many instances interrupted the labours of our ministers. A voyage to Europe, and a course of travel there, which detained him abroad a year or more, was the means of restoring him to health, and the exercise of his office.

In 1838, he received the honorary degree of D.D.

In 1845, he resigned the charge of the church in Duane street, whose numbers had increased to 467 members. November 26, of the same year, he was installed as pastor in University-Place church, New York, where he continues.

This merely chronologic notice might have been made more interesting, had we dwelt upon Dr. Potts's standing as a preacher, and his style of preaching; upon his famous controversy with Dr.

Wainwright, of the Episcopal church; and upon other incidents and topics proper to a memoir. But at the age of forty-five, and as we trust, only in the midst of his course, it seems premature, and at any rate would not be consistent with our plan, to give a more extended notice. We continually recur to the sentiment, that it is *after* the "knell of parting day," that the account is most satisfactorily made up.

His children are—1. *Mary Engles*, born July 9, 1827; admitted to the communion of the church in 1846. 2. *William*, deceased. 3. *Arthur*, born February 8, 1832. 4. *Annie Dunbar*, born February 6, 1835. These four were born in Natchez. 5. *George Ewbank*, born February 24, 1839. 6. *Alexander Dunbar*, born June 6, 1843. These two were born in New York.

2. Silas *Engles*, second child of Rev. G. C. Potts, graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in arts and in medicine. Married *Frances Bohannon*, of Kentucky; settled at Natchez; and died there in the early part of 1839, in his 33d year; leaving a widow and two children.

3. John *Campbell*, was also a graduate of the same University, and admitted to the bar in Philadelphia. Married *Sarah Gustin*, of Natchez. They are living on a plantation in New River Settlement, Louisiana, 90 miles S. W. of New Orleans.

4. Robert *Patterson*, deceased.

5. *Thomas* Reed, is a physician practising at Galena, Ill.; unmarried.

6, 7, 8. *William Latta*, *Joseph Engles*, *Benjamin Rush*, deceased.

9. Sarah Ann, lives with her mother.

10. Martha Mary, married to *S. Lisle Smith*, attorney at law, formerly of Philadelphia, now settled at Chicago. They have two children, *George P.* and *Græme*.

11. Elizabeth *M'Clelland*, is with her mother.

12. *Emma*, died in infancy.

III. Ann, third child of Silas and Ann Engles, after the death of both parents, removed with her sister to Illinois. (See farther on.)

IV. Robert, died in infancy.

V. Martha, continued at housekeeping with her sister Ann, for some time after their mother's death; and upon her marriage with

Alexander Anthony Niewiardowski, the three went together to the west, and purchased a farm in Marine Settlement, Madison Co. Ill., about 25 miles from St. Louis. Mr. N. was a refugee from Poland, having been engaged in an unsuccessful attempt to rid his country of Russian tyranny. The arrival in Philadelphia of a numerous band of the Polish patriots, strangers and friendless, excited the active sympathies of many of our citizens, especially those who were accustomed, from a Christian principle, to "go about, doing good." This was the origin of the acquaintance in the present case. Mr. N., who was an educated and respectable person, was not only put in the way of gaining a livelihood, but was led to a careful examination of the doctrines of the church (Roman Catholic) in which he had been bred, which resulted in his conversion to Protestantism, and he thereupon made profession of faith in the Presbyterian church. His after life gave sufficient proof of sincerity in this step.

The three had enjoyed their western home eight or nine years, in comfort and competence, when the incident of an hour changed the face of things, and left a painful story to relate. In the effort of yoking one of his cattle, a refractory animal, Mr. N. received some internal hurt, in the chest, the nature of which seems not to have been ascertained. From that time, although able to attend to his affairs, his health was gone; and an apprehension that his death would occur suddenly, and perhaps soon, kept the ladies in a constant uneasiness, and fearful to trust him out of their sight. The apprehension was well founded. On the second of December, 1846, Miss Ann, in going towards the barn, discovered the lifeless body of Mr. N. lying on the ground. His death must have been instantaneous, and the result of the injury already alluded to. Mr. N. had lived long enough to disappoint the apprehensions which any of us may have entertained, upon the introduction of a stranger and foreigner into the connexion: he was an excellent husband, an industrious and skilful manager, and a conscientious man. But otherwise, and looking away from the designs of a Divine Providence, we might be tempted to say, he had not lived long enough; his death has left the two sisters in a labyrinth.

VI. Joseph *Patterson*, born in Philadelphia, January 3, 1793, received a name in baptism which he loves to cherish. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, in July, 1811, and

two years after, was appointed co-master of the grammar school in that institution, with Mr. (now Rev. Dr.) How. After the resignation of that gentleman, Rev. J. Wiltbank joined with Mr. Engles in the mastership. In 1817, Rev. Dr. Wylie and Mr. Engles founded an academy under the name of the Classical Institute. The prosperity and reputation of this school gave substantial proof of the skill and fidelity of the teachers. Here Mr. E. spent twenty-eight years; continuing as sole principal, after the appointment of his colleague (1828) as Professor and Vice-provost in the University.

January 25, 1826, he married *Harriet P.*, daughter of *Solomon Allen*, of Philadelphia. She was born in Hudson, N. Y., the 12th April, 1804.

Mr. Engles made profession of religion, in the Scots' Presbyterian church, at an early age; and while comparatively a young man, was chosen an elder, in the same church. In addition to this duty, he had the superintendence of the Sabbath school for a number of years. He was also active in the support of the American Sunday School Union, and in that truly catholic and useful institution, represented the Presbyterian interest, in the committee of publication, in which he served for many years, and up to the time of his taking the office to be named directly. To this laborious and gratuitous supervision, he seems to have been chosen on the principle that they who have the most to do, have the most time to spare. In February, 1845, he was appointed Publishing Agent of the Presbyterian Board of Publication; and relinquishing his school, therefrom gave his whole time to that business, in which he continues. In the midst of all his engagements, Mr. E. found time (at what recess of the day, or night, we cannot tell) to edit a pocket edition of the Greek Testament, with various readings.

Of ten children, five are living. 1. *S. Allen*, born January 9, 1827; now a student of medicine. 2. *Anna P.*, born September 5, 1828; died July 27, 1844. 3. *S. Weir*, born January 5, 1830, died February 9, following. 4. *Susan Allen*, born January 5, 1831, died February 11, 1832. 5. *William*, born August 8, 1833, died December 3, 1846, of scarlet fever. "On Tuesday afternoon, he occupied his place at school, and in the play-room. On Thursday night, his spirit forsook its clay tabernacle. * * *

During most of the time of his illness, he was deprived of reason, and did not even know his parents. During a brief lucid interval, on Thursday morning, in the temporary absence of his father, he asked his mother if she would not pray for him. On being asked, for what she should pray, he answered, 'that God would make me a good boy, and give me a new heart.'" 6. *Thomas Allen*, born July 29, 1835. 7. *Priscilla C.* born April 6, 1838. 8. *Alexander Macklin*, born January 22, 1840; died March 30, 1841. 9. *Robert Patterson*, born May 2, 1842. 10. *Mary Potts*, born July 9, 1847.

VII. William M., youngest child of Silas and Anna Engles, and youngest of the many grandchildren of second Robert Patterson, was born in Philadelphia, October 12, 1797. He took his first degree in the University of Pennsylvania, January 10, 1815; and thereupon entered upon the study of divinity, and preparation for the ministry in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Presbyterian church, under Dr. Wylie, where he passed the next three years. October 21, 1818, being then barely of age, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Philadelphia; and July 6, 1820, was ordained and installed first pastor of the seventh Presbyterian church of that city.* In this charge he continued during fourteen years. On tendering his resignation, (September 4, 1834,) the roll of church members numbered three hundred and twenty-eight names. Mr. E. retired from the pastoral office to give his attention to the editorship of the "Presbyterian" newspaper, to which post he had been invited. It seems superfluous to suggest, that the circulation, influence, and general reputation of this the principal journal of the Presbyterian church (of the old school) in the United States, are in a great measure to be ascribed to the ability and industry with which the editorial functions have, for these thirteen years past, been discharged.

August 8, 1836, he married *Charlotte*, eldest daughter of *James Schott*, an eminent citizen of Philadelphia, and for many years President of the Girard Bank.

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* The church edifice was generally known as the Tabernacle; and was the usual place of meetings of the General Assembly. It is now taken down, and a new building has been erected on Penn Square.

In May, 1838, he was appointed Editor of the Board of Publication of the Presbyterian church, which office he has fulfilled ever since. The same year he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. At the meeting of the General Assembly, in May, 1840, he was elected Moderator; and at the close of the session, was chosen Stated Clerk to that body.

The position which Dr. Engles occupies, in the church and the community, may be inferred from the foregoing memorials. A partial loss of bodily health, (not betokened, however, in his appearance) has long restrained him from preaching; but we may express the belief, that it has only added to the strength and impressiveness of what he writes.

X. Hugh, the last Patterson whom we have to mention, deserves this monument, and can have no other, since his youthful bones lie buried in the deep. He was born in Ireland about 1760; was an American at fourteen, and at seventeen was in the revolutionary war. He is described as a ruddy, healthy, pock-marked young Irishman, fond of the rougher paths of life, devoted to the American cause, and from his heart a soldier. We could wish that a narrative of his adventures and endurances had been left behind him. The winter of 1779–80 was passed in the famous Jersey prison-ship, in New York harbour. The intolerable and gratuitous rigours to which he and his fellow-captives were subjected, are scarcely exemplified by a specimen like this: it was a common thing to starve the prisoners for two days at a time, and then bring in a caldron of soup, boiling hot, with nothing to take it out; and a mean pleasure was derived from witnessing their efforts to get at it by making spoons of their hands, and scalding themselves. Such traits of British domination (and there were plenty of them) help to reconcile us to its overthrow. In the following spring, upon an exchange of prisoners, Hugh was set at liberty. But a repose of six or nine months gave him a fresh longing for the melée, and he obtained an appointment as lieutenant of marines. One of my best informants, who was then a little girl of three and a half years, remembers a visit which he made at his brother's, in the city, just before starting upon a cruise. It was "killing time," or early in the cold season; a cow, which the late farmer, now professor, had brought with him from Carltown, had been despatched; grandmother was seasoning the blood-pud-

dings; and Hugh, being a sanguinary sort of man, was invited to pass judgment upon them. The circumstance was trifling; but the visit was memorable, as being the last. He was soon after at sea; they were met by a superior vessel of the enemy, and captured. He and some others obtained leave to remain on the prize until morning, probably hoping to get her off; a storm arose in the night, the vessels were parted, and the prize, never being heard of again, undoubtedly foundered. Thus Hugh perished, when not over twenty years of age. And here we complete the first division of our book.

It is impressive to take a look, by imagination, into the habitation in Ireland, where these ten growing children of Robert Patterson were training under one roof; and then, dropping downward in the course of time, to see how wide apart they were dispersed, and where their mortal remains do lie. And as of the family that was, so of those that are: where will their various branches be scattered?—and in the end, where gathered?

END OF PART FIRST.

P. S. Having by this time found the need of a partner in this work, it gives me pleasure to say, that the materials for the EWING division have been entrusted to MASKELL EWING CURWEN, Esq. of Dayton, Ohio, who will write out that branch of the history. I do not believe that it could be in better hands. This arrangement leaves me free to prosecute the DU BOIS memorials, with the hope of getting through in reasonable time

W. E. D.

☞ It is suggested to those who intend to preserve this memoir, that it be interleaved, in binding, with blank paper; on which corrections may be made, and the record kept up.