

1829.

Who can tell the feelings of a Mother, in parting with her first born, perhaps never more to experience that feeling most grateful to a parent, that of being beloved & cherished by a son, who is just rising to manhood, blooming with health, full of vigor, & elasticity of spirits? That Mother who, night after night has sat by his bedside watching him (while yet innocent) in sleep, she who has from month to month noticed with a Mother's love the growth of him with whom her very being was united; she has seen him change from the prattling tones of childhood, to the proud, & lofty bearing of manhood. Can you anticipate his feelings? no; thoughtless young creatures, you have never felt that anguish that rests only within a Mother's breast, in parting with her first born. Picture to yourself that son, leaving the home of his childhood, proud of his own courage, filled with visions of future glory, one tear is shed o'er her, whom he now leaves desolate, which like a passing cloud

soon disappears; thoughts of that dear Mother,
& that kind home will sometimes come before him,
but ambition leads him on, & bears him up. Then
look back to her, who bereft of all her earthly joy,
her own heart alone knowing its own bitterness,
whose all of happiness now is to trust in him,
to whose merciful care she has committed her
son. x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

Whitney.

"It is with deep sorrow that we mention the decease
of Philip Rhineland, Esq. on Saturday. Mr. Rhineland,
after pursuing his studies at Columbia College,
and taking the first degree in the arts, went to England
to complete his education, & upon his return was
admitted to the bar in this State. He served as
a member of the Convention which formed the
constitution of this State in 1822, & was distin-
guished as a clear & accurate speaker, well versed
in the science of government. Mr. Rhineland
shone most, however, in the domestic circle; all
who knew him were attached to him. He showed
the great extent of his reading & learning, & his judg-
ment & good taste, & he was conspicuous for the
strictest integrity, for the undeviating amiableness
of his disposition, and for the constant attention
to, and respect for, the feelings & opinions of all around
him. Silently performing all the duties of a good
Christian and of a good citizen, hardly in the prime
of life, he had been snatched from a large circle of
friends, who will long remember his worth &
lament his fate."

Standards— suggested by the above.

It is not friendship that would here record
The hacknied tribute of elegiac verse—
The sacred tear, by mute affection poured,
The silent offerings that in secret flow,
Ah, in the realms to which thy soul has soared,
As grateful still as once they were below.
'Tis not that vanity thy modest name
Would wreath with chaplets, which it never earned—
And empty honors idly strive to claim (stained)
For one whose mind their fleeting shadows

2^d

It is the man— 'tis character, that here
Exacts the tribute unto merit due—
'Tis singleness of heart— piety sincere,
A soul unto itself, as others, true.
'Tis while we ripened intellect prove,
To human excellence we in homage sue.
And one to cold obscurity consigned,
From which in dreary exile he e'er has sighted,
Would snatch the memory of thy noble mind,
From dumb oblivion's swift effacing tide.

3^d

Few of the qualities, to few belong,
Which here were all within one breast combined—
The gentle temper, and the judgement strong—
The chastened humor, and the taste refined—
The indignation, when audacious wrong
Excited feeling keen, as well as kind.
Such mind can never that impious sect approve,
Which names this life one miserable breath,
Measures the Creator's, by a mortal's love,
And makes Religion odious as Death.

4th

Not as the vulture, but the peaceful dove,
The soul to solace, not the mind to molest—
She comes, embassador of heavenly love,
To the wild empire of the human breast.
And bears a mission from the realms above,
To soothe its jarring elements to rest.
—And then has fulfilled her promise, when
The bitter struggles of this world are o'er,
No cold suspense, nor torturing despair,
With doubt or fear distract thy bosom more.

Ye.

Yes, his true he is gone, & left a void in this heart none other can fill. In him all that was good & kind & lovely were combined, Oh beloved Uncle did it feel that thou art gone, gone never to return? Have I looked on thee for the last time, with these eyes never more be blessed with the sight of thee? (Oh agonising thought! I ever loved thee truly, fondly, deeply, but I never felt half thy worth till thou wast taken from me, till that face which ever beamed fondly upon me, was laid in the cold, cold grave, till thou who never failed to bring joy & gladness to my heart, had departed forever. But now I can not forget thee, time makes no change in my memory, ~~but~~ ^{truly} ~~truly~~ ^{truly} does it keep every word, every look of thine, thy last word is present with me, thy last ^{look} constantly before me. But thou art gone, gone I trust to a brighter & holier region, still methinks thou dost even now deign to look upon me from thy blissful seat in Paradise, with thy sweetest affection.

"Then rest thee, rest thee in that bright land
"where the wicked cease from troubling & the
weary are at rest"

"I do not think where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;

And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
By thinking still of thee."

"The last link is broken that bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken, have rendered me free,
That bright glance misreading, on others may shine,
Those eyes smiled unheeding, when tears burst from mine

If my love was deemed boldness, that error is o'er;
I've witnessed thy coldness, & prize thee no more.
I have not loved lightly, I'll think on thee yet,
I'll pray for thee nightly, till life's sun has set."

"He

He came too late - by cliffs Bayart.
He came too late! - neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorned the offering of a heart
Which lingered on its way,
Till it could no delight impart,
Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late! - at once he felt
That all his power was o'er!

Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
The thought of him no more.
Anger & grief had passed away,
Her heart & thoughts were free;
She met him, & her words were gay,
No spell had memory.

He came too late!— The subtle chords
Of love were all unbound,
Not by offence of spoken words,
But by the slight that wound.
She knew that life held nothing now
That could the past repay,
Yet she disdained his hardy vow,
And coldly turned away.

He came too late!— Her countless dreams
Of hope had long since flown;
No charm dwelt in his chosen themes,
Nor in his whispered tone.
And when, with words & smiles, he tried,
Affection still to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And spurred his fickle love.

The Captive Heart.— (By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.)
As the freed bird from the prison springs,
With eager heart and glancing eye,
And, spreading out its quivering wings,
Glides upward to the happy sky;
So my poor heart, so long thine own,
At length from Love's enchantment free,
Goes forth into the world alone,
Exulting in its liberty.

But as that bird, a prisoner long,
With weary wing, resumed its soar,
Forgets to thrill its joyous song,
And feebly sinks to earth once more;
So from its bonds released in vain,
My heart its fainting strength essays,
Then feels the recollected chain,
And sinks, as in my prison'd days.

Alas! too, like that wild bird's flight
The heart at length which love sets free;
She seeks the green wood's known delight,
And I my youth's last liberty;

Shunned by his mates, he flies alone,
I welcomed back by friends of yore,
And each vain pleasure tedious grown -
My heart hath lost its power to soar.

"Fond memory, to thee I owe
The pensile pleasures of my heart,
And though thy wings are tipped with woe,
Yet thou & I must never part."

"There is a limit to all our enjoyments, & every desire
bears its death in very gratification."

February 4th 1834.

"Died on Friday, the 4th instant, in the 65th year of his age Cadwallader D. Golden, Esq. grandson of Cadwallader Golden, Esq., the celebrated Historian of the Five Nations, and one of the last Governors of the Province of New York when a Colony of Great Britain.

The subject of our present notice was long a distinguished member of the Bar in this city, - in that avocation he displayed an integrity of conduct and nicety of honor, reflecting equal credit on himself & the profession which he adorned. Patriotism marked his character through life, and when the late War with G. Britain was declared, at a time when he was enjoying the greatest prosperity in his professional pursuits, the late Gov. Humphreys, (although opposed to Mr. Golden in political opinions,) sent him a commission as Colonel, to take command of a corps, as the advanced guard in the then threatened invasion of our city - he promptly took the field, and stood ready to defend our city.

and our honor. He was subsequently elected Mayor of the city, and during his mayoralty displayed a hospitality and did its honors in a manner rarely equaled, and never surpassed. He was successively elected a member of Congress, a member of the Assembly, and a Senator to his native State. He was a warm friend & patron of the artist and mechanic, and in acts of benevolence he stood pre-eminent. He was the particular friend & biographer of Robert Fulton - the faithful friend and supporter of Gov. Dewitt Clinton, in all those works of internal improvement, which have added so much to the wealth and glory of our State; and his last efforts were directed to the completion of the Morris Canal, uniting the Delaware and Hudson rivers opposite the city of New York.

Although not one of those worthies who had the honor of founding our Republic, Mr. Golden has been surpassed by few, who have devoted their time & talents to its benefit,

particularly to the interests of his native State. Possessed of warm feelings, a generous disposition, and ever ready to relieve the distressed, he has passed his days bearing a name dear to those who knew him, and which will be cherished hereafter by those who esteem patriotism as a virtue, and integrity as glory.

Died,
on Friday evening, after a short & painful illness, Jonathan Lawrence, Junr.
Young, ardent, & aspiring, with a mind richly endowed by nature and improved by the most assiduous cultivation of high promise in his profession, and endeared to a large circle of friends by a disposition the most cordial & companionable. Death could hardly have snatched a victim from among those of his age, whose fate would awaken a more general sympathy or whose loss inspire a deeper feeling of bereavement. Although but recently called to the bar, Mr. Lawrence had already given evidence that his talents for strict attention to his professional duties and his general exemplary character inspired a confidence in those connected with him by the relations of business rarely accorded to one so young.

Indeed, we are confident of being sustained by those fully capable of judging of his professional abilities, when we assert, that the New York bar has lost in him one of the most promising of its junior members.

But it is only they who were familiar with his stores of general reading & rich resources of original observation, with his exquisite sensibility to the beauties of poetry, his playful humor, and chastened imagination, that can unite in the full feeling of regret that one whose literary talents must at some day have entitled him to be remembered in the line of "land's language," should be forever withdrawn from the field of his hopes, and his promise, and bear with him to the grave the proud expectation that waited upon his young career.

And yet, had he lived, the seal that sets its loftiest yet most touching association to his character, had been wanting. The enabling incidents of his death-bed scene - his calm endurance of pain when it was so rapidly expelling life from his system - his Christian resignation to the fate that had so suddenly overtaken him - and, above all, his feeling but manly farewell to each of the young friends that crowded his dying chamber - would never have been imprinted upon the hearts of others to hallow his name in their

remembrance, & kindle the wish that has been so beautifully embodied by his own fervid pen - to

"Like him, when death comes in terror, to cast his fears on the future - his pall on the past. In that moment of darkness, with hope in the heart, and a smile in the eye, look aloft and depart."

36.

October 1835. Died, my Father, "at Richmond, Virginia, Charles J. Nicholas, Esq., formerly of Philadelphia."

Died.

On the 24th of January, 1839. my Grand father, Josiah Ogden Hoffman.

Thus does each year number the living with the dead, & sever another link dear & cherished that binds us to earth. I have as yet numbered but a few years, & yet in that short space how many of those, rendered dear to me by the nearest ties, & earliest associations, have been laid in their graves!

"Oft as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, 'Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?'"

Died - 1836.

on the 27th ult at Cherraw S. C. in the 38th year of his age Frederick W. Rhineland of New York. The virtues & talents of the deceased were so unobtrusive in their exercise that even the pen which would record their worth must hesitate to withdraw them from their privacy; and yet it is not well that characters so exemplary should pass away with no memorial of their worth save that which must ever live in the bosoms of those to whom the loss is irreparable. Mr Rhineland graduated at an early age at Columbia College & though the reticement of his disposition prevented his seeking distinction in the path of letters, the tendency of collegiate studies upon a mind of native refinement manifested itself in a love of intellectual acquisition to the last moment of his life. A sincere professor of religion yet always cheerful in its practice he lived bound up in his domestic duties unsuspicious of exchanging the warm attachments of his friends for a wider space in the world's

opinion, and unconscious that a life so pure, a character so gentle offered a noble moral for imitation to others, which in itself it had its own sweet reward.

36.

From the Churchman: -----

x x + + + x x + + + + +
Mr Rhineland was a native of this city, and a graduate of Columbia College. With a decided taste for literary and scientific studies, but too diffident & distrustful of his abilities to seek for eminence in a learned professional pursuit. For these, however, he had no native congeniality of mind; nor did he acquire from habit that "love of trade" which nature had been either too generous or too generous to confer; so that, after remaining some years in business, he relinquished without reluctance a mode of life which he pursued without relish. The last two years of his life were spent in retirement in the bosom of his family, with no other alloy of happiness than was occasioned by the gradual progress, showing itself, at intervals, in severe attacks, of the malady to which he was finally a victim. In the course of the last winter

his rapidly declining health rendered advisable a resort to a warmer climate. He embarked accordingly for Charleston with the intention, under medical advice, to use the waters of the Sulphur Springs; and with sanguine hopes, on the part of his friends, of at least a partial recovery. These hopes, however, were not permitted to be realized. He arrived at Charleston; but, within three days after his arrival, and on his way to the Springs, expired; proving by his readiness to depart, and by his humble reliance on that Saviour, whom from early life he had "confessed before men", in the highest solemnities of religion that, though far from home, he was near to God. A life thus spent contains little of general interest; and if public notoriety were the just measure of Christian endowments, Mr. Rhineland's name might pass into oblivion with no other tribute than the silent recollections of private sorrow. But Christian praise should not be governed by worldly celebrity; for the most illustrious examples, of the all-pervading efficacy of Christian principle are precisely those which are least likely to be obtruded on the public eye. The humble & gentle virtues that blossom and exhale their fragrance in the paths of private & domestic life are more lovely & convincing proofs of the beneficence of the

Sun of Righteousness than the planets that reflect his light in distant & majestic orbs. For such fruits of faith the subject of this sketch was conspicuous. Blessed with a native amiableness of temper, nurtured under Christian influences, and accustomed from early life to observe the ordinances of his Church, as the divinely appointed means of quickening his faith, he was eminently calculated for the enjoyment of home; and exemplified, in all the relations of domestic life, the benignant spirit of the Gospel. The excellences which shrank from the observation of the world shone forth naturally, and with mild lustre, in the bosom of his family, & in the circle of his intimate friends. His piety was firm and unyielding, but unobtrusive and cheerful. In the general tenor of his life, it was manifested less by ardor of feeling than by an intelligent attachment to correct principles; though there were times both of joy & of sorrow, as those who knew him can well testify, when the fervor of his manner showed how easily the embers of faith could be fanned into the flame of devotion. The warm feelings of his heart, his unaffected modesty, and purity of mind, blended with an unwavering integrity, a sound judgment, and a deeply rooted faith, imparted a pleasing dignity to his character,

which conciliated the esteem of all, and endeared him
with uncommon strength of attachment to those
to whom he was united in nearer bonds. In short,
if firm principles, sterling integrity, quietness in the
discharge of duty, pious affections, a cheerful & placid
temper, unostentatious charity, a substantial
faith, and a pure life, are a proper theme of
Christian panegyric, the writer of this brief, and,
as is believed, faithful delineation, cannot much
have erred in offering his humble but sincere
tribute to the memory of Frederick W. Rhineland.
