

8
2
857
981

DB Funeral address, and memorial notices
 of Mrs. Isabella Graham Duffield, of
 Detroit, Mich. 1872.

IN MEMORIAM

—OF—

Mrs.abella Graham Duffield,

—OF—

DETROIT, MICH.

FUNERAL ADDRESS,

AND

MEMORIAL NOTICES

OF

Mrs. Isabella Graham Duffield,

OF

DETROIT, MICH.

Bentley Historical
Library
University of Michigan

DETROIT:

WM. GRAHAM'S STEAM PRESSES, 52 BATES STREET.

1872.

DIED,

At her residence, in this city (Detroit), on the morning of Friday, the 3d of November, 1871, in the 72d year of her age, **MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM DUFFIELD**, widow of the late Rev. Dr. George Duffield.

Funeral exercises will be attended from the First Presbyterian Church, on Sabbath afternoon next, at 3 o'clock.

Detroit Tribune, Nov. 14, 1871.

(COPY.)

DETROIT, Nov. 8, 1871.

The Rev. W. E. McLaren.

DEAR SIR : On behalf of the children of her whose character was, on Sabbath last, so touchingly and truthfully portrayed in your funeral address, I respectfully ask that a copy of it may be furnished us for publication.

In acceding to this request, permit me to say that you will gratify not the family merely, but also very many friends of the deceased in our city and throughout the State.

Your friend,

D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

DETROIT, Nov. 13, 1871.

The Rev. W. E. McLaren.

DEAR SIR : Having listened with great interest and sympathy to your eloquent tribute to the character of the late Mrs. Duffield, referred to in the note of her son, we wish to add our request to that of the family, that a copy of it may be furnished for publication.

With great respect, very truly, &c.

GEO. V. N. LOTHROP,
CHARLES NOBLE,
JAMES V. CAMPBELL,
A. H. DEY,
H. P. BALDWIN,
ANDREW LADUE,
D. GOODWIN,
ROB'T W. KING.

DETROIT, November 15, 1871.

To D. Bethune Duffield (for the children), and to Geo. V. N. Lothrop, Charles Noble, James V. Campbell, A. H. Dey, H. P. Baldwin, Andrew Ladue, D. Goodwin and R. W. King.

GENTLEMEN : In compliance with your request I furnish, herewith, for publication, a copy of the remarks made at the funeral of the lamented Mrs. Duffield.

Very sincerely yours,

W. E. McLAREN.

A D D R E S S .

A few words only shall break the silence by which Almighty God here so solemnly speaks !

There are greater evils than death but none to which we are so repugnant. Man was not made to die and his nature shrinks from the abnormal fate. Hence, the visitations of "the last enemy" are always in greater or less degree sudden to us. Absorbed in our present duties and joys and companionships, we are startled at the apparition of the Pale Horse and his ghastly rider, and can only moan and weep in the depths of an unanticipated woe. If there be any exception to this remark, it is the case of those who have passed the allotted limitation of human life and whose spent and overwearied forms are tottering on the very margin of the Dark River. In the day when the keepers of the house tremble, we are more apt to anticipate the loosing of the silver cord and the breaking of the pitcher at the fountain. But here also we must note exceptions. There are cases *where years do not bring age*. There are persons venerable for years who so preserve the vigor and freshness and elasticity of youth as to furnish no suggestion of departure; and when they *do* pass hence, obedient to the common lot, we are shocked and surprised, as when one in the stout vigor of his prime, falls.

Such a person was the beloved and revered woman whose unexpected decease we mourn to-day. Time touched her gently. Years three score and twelve impressed few if any of the marks of age on her mind,

which was not more intensely interested in life, or in the events of the time, or more vivaciously awake to stern duty and tender love fifty years ago than in this her seventy-second year. She seemed too young to die yet, and so her death is sudden to our hearts. We confront a sorrow we did not anticipate and for which we had not prepared.

But age, which could not wither her youthful spirit, lay more successful siege at the citadel of her physical life, *and she died!*

With undissembled pain, more acute than tears or words can express, we are here to-day to pay the last offices of love and the farewells of our Holy Religion to the perished tabernacle in which she dwelt.

Looking back on this completed life—completed as to its earthly chapter,—we at once recognize a history lifted quite above the ordinary planes of human life: a character unique, original, with no poverty of salient points: an experience richly inwrought with mingled elements of joy and sorrow: an influence often consciously directed, always going out unconsciously, (like Peter's shadow, Acts v. 15,) in blessings—blessings of word, of deed, of pen, of example—unto no small multitude of weary or wayward souls.

To reproduce in words a character so affluent, deep and varied, a life so beautiful, so round and symmetrical, would be to the present speaker impossible; but it may not be impracticable to single out and contemplate some of her more prominent and distinguishing traits.

Every human life has its dominant purpose. We look out upon the ocean and see a score of ships sailing in different directions. So varied are their movements and so different their courses, that we can scarcely choose but regard them as borne hither and thither at the caprice of wind and wave. But over every one of those speeding or loitering vessels presides a human

intelligence having a distinct and definite purpose. By aid of chart, compass and quadrant each one proposes to reach a fixed destination: just precisely as men "sailing o'er *Life's* solemn main" have a definite purpose, in the attainment of which they willingly breast any billows and brave any storms. Whatever formative influences may lie back of our volitions, we are conscious of freely choosing to do some one thing in life. Constituted for activity, it is almost by instinct that we elect some definite sphere in which to expend the main energies of our being. Then comes the hour of consecration! Beneath the stately dome of a life-purpose we bend and consecrate to its attainment all that we possess of vigor and persistence and power, and are henceforth willing to pay out in its service the precious coin of our vitality until if necessary all is expended.

Qualified by intellectual force and grace, Mrs. Duffield might have attained high rank in the sphere of literature. With her gifts of wisdom and prudence, combined with untiring energy and a magnetic enthusiasm, she might have become a princess in the fields of philanthropic beneficence. Endowed with fascinating powers of conversation, courtly in all the graces and amenities of refined society, she might have been a very queen in the social world. As it was, she *did* shine in all these spheres. But we shall not find the key-note of her life in these!

With some diffidence of judgment, I am inclined to think that the great dominating purpose and mission of her life began *when for the first time she felt a MOTHER'S LOVE!*

Thenceforth her Home was her world. Never were the other (but less womanly) possibilities of a gifted nature renounced with less regret, and never were the solemnities of maternity accepted with a profounder devotion. Two forces operated with great power upon

her susceptibilities : the force of a more than ordinarily tender natural affection, and the force of an absolute faith in the God of Abraham. Earth and heaven united to charge her affluent nature with a holy purpose to rear her offspring for both worlds ; and as God clustered the olive plants thickly by the side of the maternal vine (Psalm cxxviii : 3,) she rose to an enthusiasm that was simply heroic, qualifying her for any self-denials and energizing to any efforts that might stand in her way to put forth.

The toils and tears, the triumphs and joys, the sicknesses and sorrows of more than half a century of self-forgetful love are best interpreted by that one word—MOTHER ! It was to her a royal name. It was to her the best definition of woman's sphere. It vested her with a conscious dignity. Its duties gave a sanctity to her life. Its hopes bound her with a cord of affection to this world which otherwise would have been a weary world compared with that for which (especially since June, 1868)* she would naturally have longed. It was the quenchless passion, (or, rather shall I not say, grace ?) of motherhood that bore her so bravely through all the years and that enabled her in these last years, with a spirit like that which prompted the Divine Promise to Abraham, to be a mother not to children only but to "children's children." It was the crowning act of her motherly life when she took those motherless little ones under the wings of her care and renewed the anxieties of other days when many another would have insisted on the retiracy and repose of a serene old age. Life had disqualified her to do otherwise than she did. Still to be actively, tenderly, faithfully, patiently, mother to little ones was to her the sweetest solace of life's decline, as it is the brightest chapter in a heroic history.

* The date of her lamented husband's decease.

Well has the hand of her first-born inscribed in this her own Bible—

“*The Best of Books to the Best of Mothers!*”

Now see how this great wealth of maternal affection sheds light on other chapters in her history which the tongue of eulogy delights to dwell upon. Loyalty and love of fatherland—are not these virtues, holy as they are, inadequate to account fully for the Christlike zeal with which she organized help for soldiers in field and camp and hospital? “Many a young volunteer,” says one who has written appreciatively of her,* “has had his heart gladdened by her brave, earnest and womanly letters and felt encouraged to constancy and patience by their kind and cheerful words.” Ah, those words gained their power and sweetness because all unconsciously she felt *a love of adoption* towards the distant heroes so that they became as sons to her!

Did her warm sympathies go out toward the friendless, and did she devise and execute methods of ministering to the afflicted, and had she a tear to weep with them that weep and a word fitly spoken for the wayward, and a smile for the despondent? It was because a mother’s loving ways would follow her everywhere!

One other characteristic of Mrs. Duffield’s nature which I wish to single out from the many, for consideration, at this time, was her *courage*. She was the bravest of the brave, not in a physical sense (though in this she was more than woman!) but in the *innate heroism of her soul*. This was what made her the mother she was, or, shall I not rather reverse the order and say she was heroic because she was such a mother? Her uniform cheerfulness of disposition, her triumphant equipoise in circumstances of trial, her humor and

* “J. V. C.” in *Detroit Daily Tribune*, Nov. 3, 1871.

vivacity, stand vividly out in the memory of all who knew her. The casual observer would have inferred that her lot was an unclouded one and that life was to her a continual scene of sunshine. But such was not the case. With a sensitive nature, easily wounded, susceptible to agony even, she was all through her life a sorrower and a sufferer. She knew the pangs of physical disease. She knew the bitterer pang that rends the parent's heart when the remorseless tomb hides from sight a child's beloved form. She knew all the minor tones of what Wordsworth calls "the still, sad music of humanity." Too gentle not to bend, she was too brave to break. Her mission was not to burden others with her glooms but to inspirit them with her smiles. I believe that this heroic concealment of her own, that she might better minister to others' sorrows was partly natural, but I believe that it was also a development of religious principle. In those Gethsemane hours when she seemed drawn away from the world into an atmosphere of woe, when all the rest of the world and worlds seemed as though they were not, and she as though standing between two silences—

"Star silent over us,
Graves under us silent,—"

then she learned God's love as illustrated on the dark background of sorrow and discipline. She read in the light of faith that pain is a parable of God's love. She learned where was "the hiding of his power," and so grew competent to suffer and be strong, to feel a woe and yet be reticent to express it, to accept and bear bravely the cross her Master put upon her. This is not conjecture. Here in this well-worn Bible of hers is a little poem cut from a newspaper and pasted in by her own hand. The caption states that it was found under the pillow of a dead soldier in a hospital near Port Royal, S. C. Let me read it:

I lay me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find me
Here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now ;
To make the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Or strong ; all that is past ;
I am ready *not* to do,
At last, *at last !*

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part ;
I give a patient God
My patient heart,

And grasp his banner still,
Though all its blue be dim ;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after him !

And here at the side of the page she has written with her own hand : “ *My experience at seventy years, most of which was sorrow and care.* ”

Yes, her's was a brave heart—brave to love, brave to do, brave to suffer ! With all the waves of sorrow and billows of care gone over her, she could grasp the banner still ! It was this characteristic of her choice and excellent spirit which not only enabled her to bear trial triumphantly but made the autumn of her life golden and summer-like. She bravely kept young. It has

been said that "each age has its key-note ; there are but few of the aged who seem able to catch the tune of the new time and strike in with it. The ways, the habits, the needs, the aims, the hopes of the young generation jar on them. It seems like a new gospel, and anathema is ready on their lips."* But not so was Mrs. Duffield. She ruled her spirit so sternly that it could not get out of gear with the new times ; she blended the wisdom of years with the enthusiasm of youth, and that is the mightiest battle gray hairs have to fight ; and thus she became qualified to mingle sympathy with counsel, and, to the very close, to make sacred impressions on the minds of all whether old or young, who came into the sphere of her influence. Such a person may pass away but the savor of her life remains. Sad, even to many tears, is the going ; but sweet is the memory of the blessed.

One thus fitted by nature and experience to fill the amplest measure of human duty would naturally have a strong hold on life. She felt that she had much to do, though, if it were God's will, she was "ready not to do." With characteristic courage she turned her face full toward her motherly work, and when the protracted illness of the past summer compelled to inactivity, she murmured not at pain but ardently prayed to be restored to duty. She did not permit herself to feel what Heine in his pathetic confessions calls "the divine homesickness" because she felt tender ties drawing her to the earthly home. So decided was the feeling and so important a moral factor in the treatment of her malady, that it was not until strength was far spent and the hopes of ministering children gave way to utter despair of her recovery that the solemn announcement of approaching death was tenderly whispered. It was a surprise. Disease had dulled her perceptions of its

* "The Home Life." By James Baldwin Brown. p. 293.

progress, and the one overmastering motherly desire to live for others had fixed itself in her mind. Now, (her whole posture of mind suddenly reversed and she confronted with the prospect of immediate departure,) death seemed a terrible thing, as indeed it is. Saint Paul calls it "the last enemy" and he shrinks from it. "We that are in this tabernacle do groan being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, i. e. stripped of the body by death; but clothed upon, i. e., immediately invested with the spiritual body without the intervention of death, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." (2 Cor. v: 4.) Even the Divine Saviour himself drew back in momentary terror when the bitter cup of physical dissolution was placed to his lips.

The disciple shall not be above her Lord. The aged saint is for a moment enveloped in a Gethsemane of darkness; but loving voices are there to repeat the precious promises and to minister the reviving cordials of her own favorite parts of the life-giving Word. It is the valley of the shadow of death, but the Shepherd is there walking by her side; and where he is there is no evil though we tremble with fear. "Is there not a bow in the cloud, mother?" The feeble lips faintly articulate, "Not quite!" "But hasn't the cloud a silver lining?" The very peace of God irradiates that weary countenance; and see! that smile—it betokens the passing of the cloud! She that was strong to live now girds herself to die. He whom she has always served will not forsake her now. "Nevertheless not my will but thine be done." The heroic soul rises superior to the influences of the wasted, dying body, and soars to triumph. "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

And so, sweetly pillowed on the love of Christ, she

passes down the valley. O, fair child of seventy years ago, this is the end ! O, beautiful bride of God's young servant, this is the end ! O, loving mother, "best of mothers," this is the end ! O, woman tender to love, strong of faith, abundant in words and works that suggest the model of a true womanly life, this is the end ! But what do I say ? The end ! No, these hymns of hope and triumph that mingle their trembling tones with the hoarse surges of the flood, do not suggest an ending. These inspiring passages that describe the glory into which thou art entering, contradict the word. These kneeling children, saying as with one voice that dear old prayer they learned at thy knee long years ago, "Our Father which art in heaven," witness that the life thou did'st begin here shall continue in the higher form and blessedness of that heaven where the Father is.

And thus she falls asleep. Passed from a world where all is fragmentary and nothing reaches completion, she gently *slumbers over** into the better life. The earthly work is done, and the hands are folded on the silent breast. But let these bereaved children drink deep to-day of the cup of consolation for the spirit that wrought by these hands shall work still, in the freer air of heaven ; and as they take their last look at these folded hands, let them adopt this other poem which I find here, as though she had put it in her Bible that they might use it to-day :

Such beautiful, beautiful hands !
 They're neither white nor small,
 And you, I know, would scarcely think
 That they were fair at all.
 I've looked on hands whose form and hue
 A sculptor's dream might be ;
 Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
 More beautiful to me !

*Said of Neander, the German theologian.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Tho' heart were weary and sad
These patient hands kept toiling on
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their work
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas, alas, the nearing time
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies out of sight
These hands will folded be.

But oh! beyond this shadow damp
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams, thro' endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands!

I spoke to the members of this church but the other night* of the death of one whom I could not choose but call Elijah,—Elijah, the learned, the faithful, the brave,—Elijah, who after thirty years of toils and tears and toils without tears, at a moment's warning ascended from this to the Church Triumphant, borne away upon a chariot of fire and horses of fire, while your sorrowing hearts cried aloud in anguish as you gazed heavenward, "My Father! my Father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" And now she that bore with

*On the occasion of the installation of Rev. Mr. Baker as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

him the heat and burden of the day, that with him prayed and wept for souls, that like him leaves the memory of a noble life well spent for God and man has gone to join him. But their goings, how different! There are days that pass into night amid sudden storm and lurid fire. There are other days, like the Sabbath of which George Herbert sang,

“Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.”

—days which move with uninterrupted beauty to their close and then with imperceptible motion sink into night as a weary child into the arms of its parent. Thus closed the life whose earthly termination brings us with chastened hearts to this sacred place. It was a beautiful day fully completed.

“So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o’er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.”

But it is not the end! By different paths both have reached the same celestial home. They have experienced the joy of a happier reunion than earth could afford, and have resumed the common worship of the Son of God now no longer by faith but by sight.

“And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory stand upon the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just are thy ways, thou King of Saints.”

—If that be their song who walk in the light of God’s presence, shall sorrows and deaths and graves and mysteries of God’s dealings prevent us from singing in unison with their voices, “*Just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints?*”

O B I T U A R Y.

Mrs. Isabella Graham Duffield has been taken away from us to her eternal reward. This community has lost no one who deserved, or received greater regard for her private virtues or for her good deeds. She will be mourned by people of all beliefs and of all stations as a good woman whose heart was open to every distress, and whose energy and wisdom have been signally shown in the success of the most worthy attempts made among us to relieve suffering and to save and guide the weak and wandering. Her noble frankness and devotion to every good cause never led her into forgetfulness of the more quiet and retired duties of home and kindred, and she was an eminent example of the union of those different but not hostile qualities which enable a few exceptional characters to act in public and in private with equal efficiency and sweetness. Ever ripe for Death, as she surely was, her death will be felt by others as a startling blow, and her memory will be cherished long and tenderly in very many households as if she had been one of themselves. It is not possible in a hasty notice like this to do any justice to such a character, whose biography would be a long recital of worthy actions and manifold excellences. But it is due to her merits that the announcement of her departure should not omit some reference to what she was, and why she held so high a place in the esteem of all our people.

Isabella Graham Bethune, daughter of Divie and Joanna Bethune, was born in New York city, October 22, 1799. She was named after her grandmother, Isa-

bella Graham, well known for her zeal and success in furthering many charities and beneficent enterprises, as well as for her intellectual and social charms. With this distinguished relative she was a great favorite, and spent much time with her in early life. The resemblance between them in mind and character was great, and Mrs. Duffield has not fallen behind that excellent lady in philanthropic devotion.

September 11, 1817, she was married to the Rev. George Duffield, D. D., whom all of our citizens learned to honor and esteem as a wise and good leader of men. Their married life continued in thorough harmony for more than half a century, and their Golden Wedding in 1867 was the occasion of general congratulations. No one who ever knew the life of their home, can forget how completely it exemplified the best ideal of a happy Christian household. And no one could fail to see how the interest and affection of all within its wide circle centered chiefly in the wife and mother. Her cheerfulness never deserted her. Her warm sympathies with young and old were unfailing, and her feelings were always as fresh as if she had been endowed with unchanging youth. For little and for great griefs she had comfort and consolation, and her advice and warning were given so kindly and gently that even blame was bestowed too mildly and forbearingly to excite any ungrateful sensation. She was fond of music and its kindred arts, and was always well informed on all topics of literature. She was very remarkable for vivacity and for her conversational powers, overflowing with pleasant humor, which never degenerated into ill-natured sarcasm; and she was as favorite a companion of young people as of their elders. With all those brilliant qualities which made her so attractive in society, and in spite of the constant calls on her time, both for social entertainment and active benevolence, she was quite as

remarkable for diligence and skill in housewifery and all feminine industries. Her hand was as ready as her brain. Very few in robust health and ample leisure could accomplish what she did in either of these ways. But her life was not free from the severe trials of sickness, and the multitude of cares that beset the mother of a large family. Six sons were taken from her, and no mother's heart was more grieved by such bereavements. She had trials of bodily infirmities. But these troubles never destroyed her cheerfulness, and never turned her away from activity in doing good. Her own sorrows made her especially sympathetic with the afflicted, and her presence in a sick house was always welcome and always comforting.

She had decided ideas in regard to the sphere within which she could work most appropriately and usefully, and her womanly activity was kept within such bounds as she conceived to be best. But those bounds included enough to keep her active faculties always on the alert, and her busy hands always at work. Her work in furtherance of the interests of charity and religion was not, however, confined to the ordinary labors of benevolence. Her wisdom and judgment were as well known as her charity, and her shrewd wit and insight qualified her to help by counsel as well as by practical beneficence. No one can ever know until the things of this world are done away, how many have sought her out as a friendly adviser, or how many owe to her motherly wisdom and generous interest in guiding their doubting or desponding spirits an escape from perils that might have wrecked their lives. And few know how actively yet unobtrusively she sought out those who needed such counsel and friendly interest when diffidence or some other drawback kept them aloof from the help they needed. Discreet and safe as a confidant, she has been

of untold service to many indeed to whom her memory will be forever blessed.

When the rebellion broke out her loyalty and patriotism led her at once to organize aid for the soldiers in hospitals and in the field. She was foremost at all times in this noble work, laboring with hand and pen to do all the good in her power for her country, for which no sacrifice was too great that it was in her power to offer. And here as elsewhere her Christian zeal was most efficient in her personal relations with the soldiers. Many a young volunteer has had his heart gladdened by her brave, earnest, and womanly letters, and felt encouraged to constancy and patience by their kind and cheerful words. And she always treasured the replies that came to her from their grateful recipients. And she grieved over the death of those who had deserved well of their country as over a personal bereavement.

Five sons survive her—Rev. George Duffield, D. D., D. Bethune Duffield, Gen. Wm. W. Duffield, Prof. Samuel P. Duffield, and Henry M. Duffield. She leaves also one daughter, Mrs. Isabella G. D. Stewart, of this city.

Since the death of her lamented husband, Mrs. Duffield has had charge of a family of grandchildren, who have found in her all the assiduous care and devotion of a mother, and in whose training she found a diversion from the sorrow of her last great bereavement.

Her brother, Rev. Dr. Bethune, and her sister, Mrs. Jessie Bethune McCartee, were both noted for their intellectual as well as social qualities, and both felt a sincere admiration for the excellence which led them, not without reason, to look up to her as worthy of more than the common deference of affection.

But there is no need, in this community, of adding to her eulogy. She has filled a very conspicuous place among us. Our best charities have owed much to her

energy and her wisdom. Her example has been powerful to show how completely fervent piety and christian devoutness may harmonize with the graces of literature and the amenities of polished society. She has shown the worth of female patriotism, and the power of an upright and consistent character to diminish social mischiefs. Her work has not been done in a corner.

But she has not been obtrusive or self-seeking in her good works. And, much as she has done that all could see, she has done more that has been sacredly concealed from the public eye. "When the ear heard her then it blessed her—the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her. She caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

And now the brave and faithful heart is at rest. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

J. V. C.

DETROIT, November 3, 1871.

REUNITED.

This morning at two o'clock the gate of pearl swung wide and entered thereat Isabella Graham Bethune Duffield. Henceforth, she and her husband, gone before, walk no more the devious and thorny ways of earth hand in hand, but over the golden streets of the City seen in the apocalyptic vision "coming down out of heaven from God." The struggle and the toil are over; there remaineth therefore a rest. No more call to anxious thought and care, to pleading importunity and sleepless watching, to prayer without ceasing and labor without end.

She whose busy life and peaceful death, with God's great and blessed promises, give us such composure of comfort in the midst of sorrow at our loss, was born in New York city, October 22, 1799. She had, therefore, just passed her 72d birthday. Her father was Divie Bethune, a prominent merchant as well as citizen, and connected with every good work then going on in that city, being one of the founders of different Protestant associations for the prosecution of benevolent and religious labors in the young metropolis. He was also the author of the "Life of Mrs. Isabella Graham," his mother-in-law, and the grandmother of her whom we now mourn—noble woman of manifold virtues and abounding good works. Mrs. Duffield's mother, Joanna Bethune, continued the charities and active labors of her eminent husband, fully entering into his zeal and sharing all his manifold activities. Their only son was the late celebrated Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Bethune, whose long life and eminent services in the church and for the

world have embalmed his memory in the hearts of thousands, and in the history of all good enterprises in and about New York.

Isabella Graham Bethune was married to the late Rev. Dr. George Duffield, in 1817, and not many years thereafter removed to this city, then a small pioneer town of the almost wilderness West, an outpost on the frontiers of civilization. Here she has since lived, as the helpful pastor's wife, the devoted mother, and an intelligent member of a growing community, deeply interested in everything that concerned its true welfare. Here were mostly born and mainly reared a large family, of whom five sons and one daughter survive, viz: Rev. George Duffield, D. D., of Saginaw City, D. Bethune Duffield, of Detroit, Gen. Wm. W. Duffield, of Leland, Mrs. Isabella G. Stewart, of Detroit, Prof. Samuel P. Duffield, of Detroit, and Henry M. Duffield, of Detroit—all residents of this State and all active and useful members of the community. They best testify to a mother's faithfulness and a father's example.

Mrs. Duffield was a woman of very active mind and energetic impulses. She was even what might be termed brilliant—the life of home and of the social gathering, given to hospitality and a delightful entertainer. Her ready wit, her store of reminiscence, her shrewd discernment, her tact and flow of spirits, will never be forgotten by those who gathered about her in former days, only to be charmed with her rare conversational powers and attracted by her easy and winning manners. As age crept on, all these softened and mellowed. An influence from the dim and mysterious Unknown unconsciously crept in and suffused every word and deed more and more. The serene light of Eternity entered into heart and thought and drew steadily upward, while the things of the world that do perish with the using dwindled in importance and value, and the treasures

that are laid up and unfailling grew into greater worth. The late terrible war roused all her energies. Into it she poured her life. Her whole heart was given to her country in all its struggles, in defeat as well as victory. Her untiring labors, her devotion, her letters, were felt and known in almost every regiment—certainly in every corps—and many a strong man's eye will grow dim as the tidings go out that this hopeful and helpful friend of the soldier is no more.

No more! For earth that is true. Gone is the light of the eye, the ready, pleasant speech, the buoyant heart, the gracious presence! No more for earth, no more for us—but for Heaven, *evermore!*

Forever with the Lord!

Amen! So let it be.

Life from the dead is in that word—

'Tis immortality!

[NOTE.—The above article from the *Detroit Tribune* of Nov. 3d, 1871, contains an error of fact in stating that in Detroit "was mostly born and reared a large family." The youngest was the only one born in Michigan, the rest were all born in Pennsylvania, except one who died in infancy and was born in New York City.]

DEATH OF MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM DUFFIELD.

Mrs. Isabella Graham Duffield, widow of the late Rev. George Duffield, D. D., died in this city early yesterday morning at the ripe age of seventy-two years.

Mrs. Duffield was born in the city of New York on the twenty-second of October, 1799, and was the daughter of Divie Bethune, Esq. a prominent merchant of that city, and one of its most exemplary citizens. He was a son-in-law of Isabella Graham, whose many works of charity and piety have built for her a monument more enduring than stone, and a biography of whom was written by Mr. Bethune. Mrs. Duffield had one brother, the late Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D. D., who was widely known in New York and throughout the country as one of America's most celebrated divines.

In 1817 Isabella Graham Bethune was married to the late Rev. Dr. Duffield, who had a short time previously entered upon the duties of the ministry, and was then in the second year of his pastorate at Carlisle, Pa., and with whom she walked through life, sharing his fortunes, and being to him a worthy helpmeet, until in the last days of June, 1868, the venerable Doctor was summoned to his last rest, and to a seat by the side of his Master. For over fifty years had they been joined together, their golden wedding having been celebrated in this city in 1867; and, stricken asunder by the hand of death, death has again united them.

Mrs. Duffield came hither with her husband in 1838, when he was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church in this city, and resided here until the day of her death. No woman in this city was more highly respected and esteemed than she, and her good works were manifold. Coming here when Detroit was but a small place, she had seen it grow and prosper,

and rejoiced in its prosperity. Her wide circle of friends—a goodly number of them endeared to her by ties of many years of friendship—will keenly feel the blow which has deprived them of so faithful a friend and so true a counsellor; but the anguish occasioned thereby may be soothed by the reflection that she has gone to sleep with the spirits of the blessed. An exemplary Christian, a kind and good mother, a woman blessed with all the attributes that adorn and grace her sex has gone to her rest, leaving a void which cannot well be filled.

Mrs. Duffield had a large family of children, and of these six (five sons and one daughter) survive her. These are the Rev. George Duffield, D. D., of Saginaw; D. B. Duffield, Samuel P. Duffield, Henry M. Duffield, and Mrs. Morse Stuart (Isabella Graham Duffield,) of this city, and Wm. W. Duffield, of Leland.

From Detroit Free Press of Nov. 4, 1871.

DEATH OF MRS. DUFFIELD.

Isabella Graham Bethune Duffield, widow of the late Dr. George Duffield, died at her home on George street, in this city, yesterday morning. She was born in New York city October 22, 1799, and had consequently just passed her 72d birthday. She was the daughter of Divie Bethune, Esq. a prominent merchant, and one of the leading citizens of the metropolis. He was an active worker in the missionary field about him, and was also a man of literary culture. He was the author of a biography of his mother-in-law, Isabella Graham, who was a woman of note in her day and generation. Mrs. Duffield's mother was an active and energetic woman, and greatly aided her husband in his labors in behalf of his fellows. Her son, the Rev. George W.

Bethune, afterward became a distinguished divine in New York. The subject of this sketch was married to the late Rev. Dr. Duffield in 1817, and soon thereafter removed to this city, which was then a small frontier town on the very Western verge of civilization. Here she has since lived, bearing cheerfully the burdens necessarily imposed upon the wife of a pastor in such a community. Here she reared a large family, six of whom still survive to mourn her loss and to testify to her maternal affection and fidelity.

Those living are the Rev. Geo. Duffield, D. D., of Saginaw City; D. Bethune Duffield, of Detroit; Gen. Wm. W. Duffield, of Leland; Mrs. Isabella G. Stewart, of Detroit; Prof. Samuel P. Duffield, of Detroit, and Henry M. Duffield, of Detroit—all residents of this State and more or less widely known as prominent in every good word and work.

Mrs. Duffield was a woman of much more than ordinarily strong mental powers, and enjoyed the advantage of a good education. She also possessed a rugged physique, and thus was enabled to accomplish a vast amount of labor. She ever stood at her husband's right hand in his prominent pastoral relation. She was foremost in every good work in the church and in the community, and there are many still living, outside of her own family, who will sincerely mourn her death as the loss to them of a warm-hearted friend, a generous benefactor, and a judicious counselor. She was of an affable and genial temperament, and won to her all with whom she came in contact. She was, even in mature years as well as in early life, the light of the social circle, and by her ready conversational powers, swayed by noble impulses, her guests felt themselves instructed and elevated as well as entertained. Into her domestic relations it would be rude to intrude, but we may be pardoned for saying that her children entertained for

her the very highest of human affection, and that her influence in moulding their characters was greater than that which most mothers possess. They feel sorrow at her death, but it is tempered by the reflection that she had passed the limit of three score and ten years, and that she longed to be united with her husband, who had gone before her to the better land.

From Detroit Post of Nov. 4, 1871.

ISABELLA GRAHAM BETHUNE DUFFIELD, REV. GEORGE
DUFFIELD, D. D., AND THE REV. GEORGE
W. BETHUNE, D. D.

EDITOR COURIER :—Will you permit me to add a word of eulogy to what has been so well and truly written concerning the esteemed and venerated lady, whose name with that of her husband and gifted brother heads this communication? It was the writer's privilege, some eighteen years since, to be introduced into the Duffield family, and to hold pleasant, and to him valuable relations with them ever since; and he feels a personal loss, as do thousands of others, in the Providence which has taken all of these away from earth and usefulness. Verily, "the memory of the just is blessed." Mrs. D. shone pre-eminently in the *home circle*, yet, with all her domestic duties, had time to devote to public charities and to her Country's needs. She was gifted with extraordinary vivacity and wit, and was the life of every circle she adorned, while underneath all she manifested an earnest Christian piety, which showed itself in *deeds* of love and philanthropy. Truly may she be called "a Mother in Israel." And so after three years she has followed her honored husband, who died as he had wished "with his harness on," and was as it were caught up as Elijah was in a chariot of

fire from his work on earth to his reward in heaven. I have heard one of your Professors say that during the early struggles of the State University no one did more actual work and gave more *practical* advice than Dr. D., for many years a member of its Board of Regents, and that his counsel was most eagerly sought and followed in those days "which tried men's souls." And then, just one word about the Rev. Geo. Bethune, D. D. I met Dr. Bethune some two years before his death, at the house of a mutual friend, and in speaking of his sudden attacks of illness which threatened his sudden departure from life, he said with great solemnity, "I never lie down at night except I first repeat the child's prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

For, he added, "the good Master may so call me," and so He did.

Farewell, glorious trio! may all who here below now venerate and love your memories, be one day where you are—"forever with the Lord." J. O. F.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MRS. DUFFIELD.

The funeral services of Mrs. Isabella Graham Duffield were attended from the First Presbyterian Church yesterday afternoon, in the presence of a large concourse of citizens, the spacious house being filled to overflowing, and all attesting by their demeanor the sincere and pervading sorrow in which, to a far greater extent than usual, the entire community shares. The pulpit was draped in mourning, and the body was

borne into the church and deposited in front of it, Hon. G. V. N. Lothrop, Gov. Baldwin, Andrew Ladue, Esq., Chief Justice Campbell, Judge Goodwin, R. W. King, Esq., and A. H. Dey, Esq., acting as pall-bearers. All the surviving members of the family were enabled to be present, with the exception of one son, Gen. W. W. Duffield, whom it was impossible to reach seasonably. After the usual introductory services, conducted by Rev. Geo. D. Baker, pastor of the church, Rev. W. E. McLaren, of the Westminster Church, delivered a discourse commemorative of the deceased, omitting the formality of a text. It was a very appreciative and glowing eulogy upon her active and useful life, and her many sterling virtues. He attributed the central power that fused and molded all her acts, and became the absorbing and governing principle of her life, to her motherly affection and instinct. Her home was her world. Gifted with a nature and mind far more than ordinarily affluent in beautiful and brilliant qualities, and which would have caused her to shine with queenly splendor in any of the higher walks of life, she held them all subservient to her duties and desires as a mother. And right royally did she discharge these high and sacred duties, so that her eldest son might well inscribe on the fly-leaf of a Bible presented to her, the words, "The best of books to the best of mothers." This same motherly instinct, the speaker believed, was to a great extent the secret of the intense heartiness and devotion with which she gave herself to the work of cheering and supporting our soldiers in the recent war, and which still later, in the very last years of her life, led her to give herself to the care of certain of her grandchildren with unwearying and most loving assiduity. Mr. McLaren dwelt at length upon this great and crowning characteristic of Mrs. Duffield's entire life among us, and portrayed it in words of strong and admiring

praise. He closed with a brief sketch of her last weeks of sickness and her happy and triumphant death.

After the singing of the last hymn, which she had sung while yet in life and comparative health, the body was borne to Elmwood and deposited by the side of him whose cares and labor she shared for more than half a century, and whose earthly rewards and triumphs were her's also. There let them sleep together amid the benedictions of an entire community, of whose life it was their privilege to have their own form so goodly a part.

From Detroit Tribune.

THE LATE MRS. GEORGE DUFFIELD.

Although our city papers have furnished us with full and interesting obituary notices of this estimable lady, who died on the 4th of November instant, still, though contrary to our custom, we cannot forbear a brief record of our own peculiar sorrow over her loss. As our readers must long ago have discovered, her ready and graceful pen was often actively employed in behalf of the MESSENGER. Many racy paragraphs, interesting reminiscences, and sketches for the little folks have crept into our columns from her retreat under the name of "Grandma," or "A Friend," and none of them failed to secure an attentive perusal. Though bearing the burdens of three score years and twelve, she was in heart as young as any of her readers; and loved to mingle in the circle of the young—and they were always delighted to share her society. She carried in her breast a lively sympathy with all her friends and acquaintances, rejoicing in their joys, and sorrowing with them in their griefs. A loving and devoted mother in her own family, her large

heart impelled her to spread her motherly wings over the families of all her friends besides. So that when "the ear heard her then it blessed her, and when the eye saw her it gave witness to her," and especially testified to her "as one that comforteth the mourners." Hundreds of her friends thronged about her coffin, to shed the tear of grateful love for thoughtful word or deed, dropped by her at some time into their lives, and we feel assured that we speak truthfully when we say that few women have gone down to the grave more sincerely lamented than Mrs. Duffield. May those of us who survive, strive to catch the spirit that actuated and adorned her attractive life; aiming not only to attain in some degree the charms of the beautiful Motherhood that distinguished her whole career; but also to put ourselves into active sympathy with all those that are stricken by life's adversities and need the consolation of those who know how to comfort the mourner.

From the November number of the Home Messenger.

MONUMENTS TO DR. DUFFIELD AND SENATOR HOWARD.

Visitors to Elmwood Cemetery will be interested to notice several new monuments, recently erected there, and, among them, the two above named. They are both of granite, one from Maine and the other from the New Hampshire quarries. Dr. Duffield's is a handsome octagonal shaft, carrying a shield in relief on the front side, and standing on a block or die whose four sides are polished. This rests upon a broad base, on the front of which appears, in raised letters, the name of "Duffield." The inscriptions are given in English, Latin and Greek, some of which we give. On the front side is the Latin inscription, a translation of which

reads thus: "Here lies, buried in the hope of the first resurrection, George Duffield, S. T. D. A man pure in life, holy in piety, imbued with learning; in discourse, in spirit and in faith an example among the faithful." On the shield, in Latin, is his family motto: "To God, your country and your friends be ever faithful," and, beneath, in Greek, the words "Christ, all and in all." On the other side is the following: "Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, for twenty years; Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Detroit for thirty years. After he had served his generation, by the will of God, he fell asleep." On the fourth panel is the following record of the place of birth and death of Mrs. Isabella Graham Duffield, the much esteemed wife of the deceased, who but a month ago was laid by his side: "Isabella Graham Bethune, wife of Rev. George Duffield, D. D. Born in New York, Oct. 22, 1799. Married Sept. 11th, 1817. Died in Detroit Nov. 3d, 1871. 'Our Mother.' Prov. xxxi, 28 v."

The monument to Senator Howard is of unpolished blocks, with the shaft broken off at the summit. It has an imposing effect, from its severe and rough-hewn simplicity, upon the observer. The name of the Senator and the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery appear upon the main block.

From Detroit Free Press.




A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The body of Mrs. Isabella G. Duffield was borne at the funeral on Sunday from the hearse to its final resting place in the cemetery by her four sons, her son-in-law, Dr. Morse Stewart, and her grandson, Rev. S. W. Duffield, of Ann Arbor. This was one of the most touching incidents of a funeral ceremony of unusual solemnity.

BENTLEY HISTORICAL LIBRARY



3 9015 07117 2905

Gaylord 
PAMPHLET BINDER
 Syracuse, N. Y.
 Stockton, Calif.

