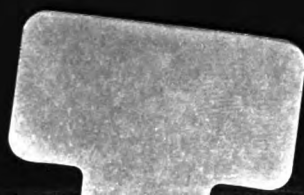



Memorials
OF
Mrs. John W. C. Pray.



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From the Albany Atlas & Argus of April 30th, 1860.

A Beautiful Memorial.

We have seen an elegant quarto volume, to which, although printed only for private distribution, we trust we may allude without impropriety. The book is a memorial of the late Mrs. JOHN V. L. PRUYN, containing a portrait of her in the perfection of the engraver's art, reflecting faithfully her features and only failing to give, what no art could portray, the expression and animation with which they were illumined in her conversation—with an interesting memoir by Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE, and a collection of some of the tributes to the character of the departed, which appeared immediately after her decease, such as that by Bishop Potter, Orlando Meads, Mrs. James Hall, the *ATLAS & ARGUS*, *Journal*, and *Statesman*. These glowing and emphatic testimonials of the character and virtues of one of the most accomplished and lovely of her sex, constitute an interesting treasure for her friends, for whom they have been privately printed in this form.

Such memorials of love require an appropriate setting, and this MUNSELL has supplied in the elegant volume before us. The work is executed with a becoming simplicity, and yet with a richness, elegance and refined taste, in paper, letter, arrangement and all the minutiae of the typographical art, which we have never seen surpassed. Mr. Munsell is a connoisseur in this department of his calling, and in the way of the execution of rare, tasteful and elegant editions of choice works, has no superior in this country.

This tribute of affection, thus gracefully and elegantly finding expression, will be reverently handed down through many successive generations, as a valuable testimonial of the graces and virtues of a singularly gifted and cultivated woman.

2142 d 25

Rev^d M. A. Goode
with the respects of
John V. L. Prayner

The delay in issuing this volume, the letter press of which was completed several months since, has arisen from a desire to comply with the wish of several of the friends of Mrs. Prayner, that her portrait should accompany it. To those who knew the animation of her features, the difficulty of giving a satisfactory likeness of her will be appreciated. Early efforts, both in photography and engraving, were not successful, and although the portrait now given is not all that could be desired, it is the best that the highest art has under the circumstances been able to produce.

February, 1860.

Rev^d H. C. Gove

with the respects of

John V. Z. Tanager

1012

Rev^d H. C. Gove

with the respects of

John V. Z. Tanager



Harriet C. Ripps

MEMORIALS

OF

MRS. JOHN V. L. PRUYN.

ALBANY :

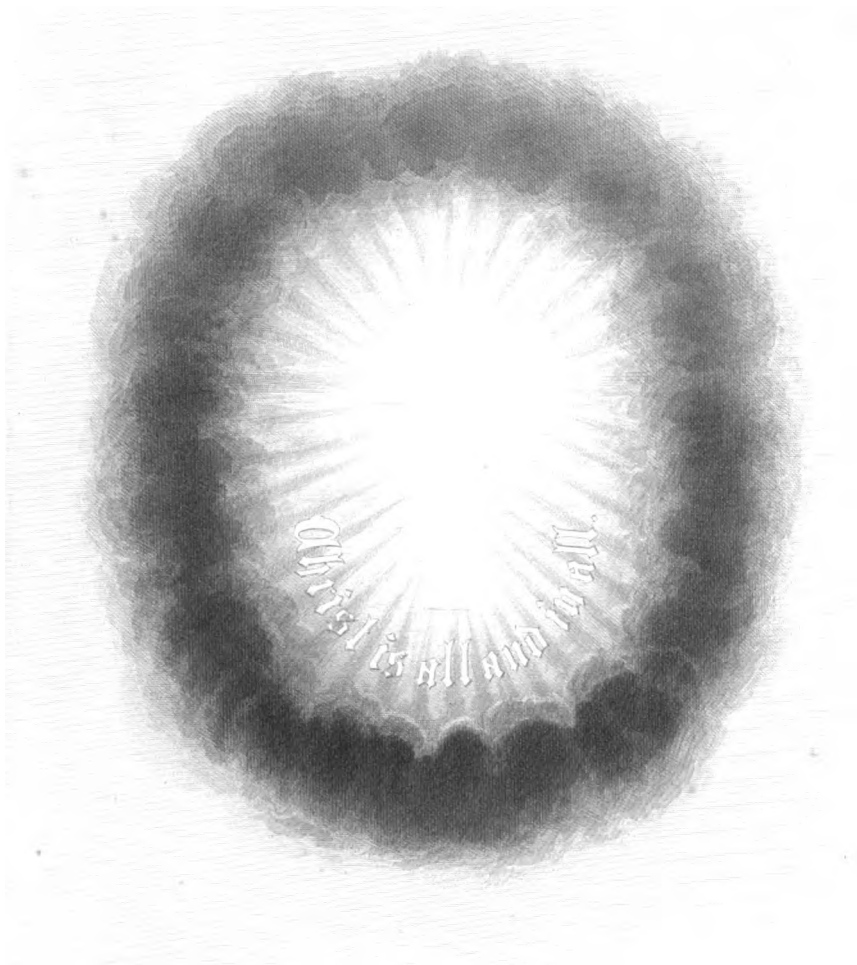
1859.

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O ALMIGHTY GOD, WHO HAST KNIT TOGETHER THINE
ELECT IN ONE COMMUNION AND FELLOWSHIP, IN THE MYS-
TICAL BODY OF THY SON, CHRIST OUR LORD: GRANT US
GRACE SO TO FOLLOW THY BLESSED SAINTS IN ALL VIRTU-
OUS AND GODLY LIVING, THAT WE MAY COME TO THOSE UN-
SPEAKABLE JOYS, WHICH THOU HAST PREPARED FOR THOSE
WHO UNFEIGNEDLY LOVE THEE; THROUGH JESUS CHRIST
OUR LORD. AMEN.—*The Collect for All Saints' Day.*

M E M O I R

BY THE

REV. W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

The following sketch, as its date indicates, was prepared shortly after Mrs. Pruy'n's death, but its appearance in print has been delayed from causes which it is not necessary to detail. This has given me the opportunity of reading a large number of letters of condolence written on hearing of Mrs. Pruy'n's death, by friends and many well known individuals, not only in various parts of our own country, but in Great Britain, and elsewhere abroad, all of which bear testimony to her extraordinary intellectual and moral worth, and show how widely as well as how gratefully her memory is cherished. It may safely be said that she never sojourned even for a brief period in any place, without leaving behind her, at least in some hearts, an enduring memorial.

W. B. S.

Albany, September 7, 1859.

M E M O I R .

We reckon our Christian friends among our choicest treasures. We cling to them while they are spared to us—we love to listen to their words of truth and wisdom, and lean upon them in our hours of weakness, and feel the influence of their genial sympathy, as a light shining down into our souls through the night clouds of trouble. And if they precede us in their departure from the world, we regard it a privilege to be in communion with them as long as we can—we eagerly and tenderly minister around their death-beds—we bend over to catch their last whisper; and after the lips have refused to do their office, we fondly interpret every look, till the conviction is forced

upon us that the last sign of life is gone. Nor do our hearts relinquish their claim upon these treasures when death removes them beyond the range of our senses—on the contrary, we still think of them as if they belonged to us—we rejoice in the joy on which they have entered—we expect to be united with them again in a yet more goodly fellowship; and the glorious rest of the ransomed seems to us yet more glorious, and our aspirations towards it become more intense and tender, because there are loved and loving ones there, in whose upward track we hope ere long to follow. And it is right that we should thus embalm the memory of departed worth; for hereby we institute an enduring agency for good; we perpetuate an influence that God never designed should expire with this fleeting life; we make the dead speak from their graves, and the immortal speak from their thrones, thus securing to ourselves from beyond the vail fresh helpers in our Christian course. It is in the spirit of these remarks that an attempt is now made, by the request of honored

friends, whose wishes it is regarded a privilege to comply with, to record some incidents in the life, and present some features in the character, of an uncommonly gifted and excellent person, whose late lamented death has made a wide chasm in every circle in which she moved.

HARRIET CORNING TURNER, daughter of Thomas and Mary Ruggles Weld Turner, was born in Troy, New York, on the 18th of June, 1822.* Her father, who was a man of cultivated mind, of the noblest impulses, and the warmest parental

* THOMAS TURNER, who died in 1842, was a son of Thomas Turner of Troy, a person distinguished for his private worth, and who held several important public positions, and what is somewhat unusual, avoided and declined others. He (the son) entered into active military service in the War of 1812-15, and was a Lieutenant in the Regiment of which the present Major General Wool, then his friend and fellow townsman, was Major. On the mother's side, the subject of this sketch was a lineal descendant from the Rev. Thomas Weld, who emigrated from England to this country in 1632; became the Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Roxbury, Mass.; was

sensibilities, was most careful in the training of his children, and he watched with the deepest interest the uncommon intellectual and moral developments of this daughter. Her opportunities for education were the best that the country could afford. Having been a pupil for some time in the Troy Female Seminary, and then in the Albany Female Academy, she was sent to the well known French School in the city of New York, taught by Madame Binsse, a lady of the old régime and of the highest accomplishments, who having been driven from her native country

sent to England with Hugh Peters as an Agent of the Colony, in 1641; and remained there till his death, which is supposed to have occurred in 1662. During his residence in this country, he was greatly respected for his intelligence and piety, and had much to do in giving direction to the affairs of the Colony. When he came hither, he was accompanied by his brother, Joseph Weld; and by a marriage, in 1757, between two of the then somewhat remotely related descendants of the brothers, the families in the line from which the subject of this memoir descended, again became united.

by the troubles of the Revolution, found a home in New York, and living to a good old age, instructed successively, in many cases, the mother, the daughter and the grand-daughter, with most conscientious care and thoroughness. Never did a teacher have a more earnest and devoted pupil, and never were a teacher's care and kindness more gratefully appreciated. Miss Turner did not fail to profit to the full measure of these high advantages. Here she became a most accomplished French scholar—her knowledge of the idiom, construction, and pronunciation of the language being so exact and thorough, that she both read and spoke it with a precision and fluency, in which the most discriminating French ear could scarcely detect the least foreign admixture—indeed, she said that for a long time her thoughts seemed to flow more readily in this channel than in her native tongue. She became also quite a proficient in the Spanish language, and at a later period gave considerable attention to the Italian, taking lessons in the latter, during one of her visits to

Paris, from the celebrated Daniel Manin, Ex-President of the Republic of Venice, and well known as one of the most gifted and intelligent of the Italian liberals. In short, no pains were spared by her friends, and no opportunities neglected by herself, for a thorough development of her intellectual powers, and for perfecting herself in those branches which are contemplated by the highest standard of female education.

On the 22d of October, 1840, Miss Turner was married at the house of her uncle, Erastus Corning, in this city, to John V. L. Pruyn—the marriage ceremony being performed by the Rev. Dr. Horatio Potter, then Rector of St. Peter's Church, now Provisional Bishop of the Diocese of New York.

Mrs. Pruyn had, from early childhood, evinced great thoughtfulness in respect to religious things, though it was not till sometime after her marriage that she was sufficiently assured of her stability of Christian purpose, to feel justified in availing herself of the special ordinances of the Church.

She was subsequently confirmed by Bishop McCoskry, of the Diocese of Michigan,—in February, 1846, in St. Peter's Church, Albany, while he was temporarily officiating in the Diocese of New York.

Mrs. Pruyn, in company with her husband, made three tours across the Atlantic. In 1846 they went abroad for the benefit of her health, which was then very much impaired, and having spent about six months in travelling in Great Britain and Ireland, and on the Continent as far as Switzerland, they returned with the object of their journey happily accomplished. At the close of 1850, they set out on another trans-atlantic tour, and returned the next fall, having spent the greater part of the winter in Italy, and afterwards taking the usual continental route, through the Tyrol, Germany, Austria, Prussia, Holland, Belgium, and France, and coming back by way of England. But their most extended and interesting journey was in 1856–57, when, Mr. Pruyn having occasion to visit England on business, Mrs. Pruyn

accompanied him, partly for the benefit of her health, and partly for that high intellectual gratification of which she was so peculiarly susceptible. They extended their journey to Egypt, where Mrs. Pruyne had the pleasure of contemplating its many objects of interest, and ascending the highest of the Pyramids; and to Syria, where she had the still richer satisfaction of worshipping on Mount Zion,* and visiting the site of the Temple now occupied by the Mosque of Omar, "the second most sacred spot in the Mahometan world," and from which all Christian footsteps were so long and so carefully excluded. In this visit she was accompanied among others by the Rev. Dr. Thomson, our American Missionary, who has so graphically recorded his own observations of that venerable spot, on the occasion referred to, in his work recently published, entitled "The Land and

* At the English Church, or rather the Cathedral Church of the Bishopric, supported by Great Britain and Prussia jointly, and now filled by that earnest and faithful prelate, Bishop Gobat.

the Book.”* Her intimate knowledge of history, sacred and profane; her ever wakeful curiosity in regard to the relics of antique grandeur, though existing only in the form of ruins; her exquisite appreciation of every thing beautiful, both in nature and art; and her deep sympathy with all the hallowed associations pertaining to the early history of Christianity, and even of the Jewish and Patri-

* Stanley, in his interesting work on Sinai and Palestine, speaking of the Mosque of Omar, of its appearance in the distance, and the exclusion of Christians therefrom, says: “I for one felt almost disposed to console myself for the exclusion, by the additional interest which the sight derives from the knowledge that no European foot, except by stealth or favor, had ever trodden within these precincts since the Crusaders were driven out, and that their deep seclusion was as real as it appeared. It needed no sight of the daggers of the black Dervishes who stand at the gates, to tell you that the Mosque was undisturbed and inviolably sacred.”

Miss Martineau, in her work on “Eastern Life,” written in 1847–8, says of this Mosque: “No Jew or Christian can pass the threshold of the outermost

archal Religion, invested every thing that she saw with a deep and almost romantic interest. Returning by way of Italy, France, and England, they spent some time in those countries, and saw many objects of interest which had escaped them in their former tours, and made many valuable acquaintances, of whom Mrs. Pruyne cherished the most grateful remembrance. She was presented

courts without certain and immediate death by stoning or beating. It requires some little resolution for those who dislike being hated, to approach this threshold, so abominable are the insults offered to strangers."

A few years since, permission was obtained by the Duke of Brabant, when at Jerusalem, to visit this Mosque, which he accomplished by using some *finesse*. Subsequently, on application to the Governor by the Consuls of Foreign Powers, and on paying a considerable fee to compensate officers and a guard, parties were occasionally admitted. The Rev. Dr. Thomson, although he had lived in the East some twenty years, and a part of the time at Jerusalem, had never before been able to gain admission to it. Shortly after this it was again entirely closed, and is believed to be so at this time.

at both the French and English Courts, where she saw the splendor of the world in its most intense and fascinating form; but she cared not for it beyond the mere matter of gratifying her curiosity.

Mrs. Pruyne had for many years been in delicate health, and had therefore mingled comparatively little in general society. But the many friends who have been welcomed to her hospitable and delightful home, have always found her bright and cheerful and happy, and could not be otherwise than happy themselves in the sunshine which her presence created. There was much in her external circumstances to make life desirable to her. She had indeed suffered sore domestic bereavements, especially the loss of a little daughter, eight years old—a child of the rarest attractions—which occurred but a little more than a year before her own death; but she recognized God's paternal hand in all these dispensations, and did not allow her grief for what was taken away to lessen in any degree her sense of obliga-

tion for what remained. There was every thing save the sad vacancy which death had made in her dwelling, to render her home attractive. There was the dignity and tenderness of conjugal affection; there was the warm glow of filial love; there was the mother whose faithful and genial training had given to the daughter's mind its earliest direction; there were sisters whose occasional visits marked so many bright epochs in the year; there were relatives a little more remote, whose watchful kindness had always been round about her, fondly anticipating every wish it was in their power to gratify; there was a large circle of warm and admiring friends, in whose regards constantly and variously manifested, she found a source of high satisfaction. These, to say nothing of the manifold external comforts and appliances which are incident to the most easy condition in life, formed so many distinct objects of attraction and sources of pleasure. But she enjoyed the good things of the world without making idols of them; and from remarks that occasionally dropped

from her, it seems probable that she had been apprehensive, for some time at least, that she was not destined to long life. For a few days after the birth of her infant, no sign of uncommon danger appeared either to her friends or her physician; but a sudden change of symptoms announced that her case had become alarming. When the intelligence was communicated to her, she seemed at first doubtful whether it could be so, recollecting, as she thought she did, in her previous experience, seasons of more severe illness; but she yielded at once to the judgment of her physician, and proceeded to set her house in order with as much calmness as if she had been about to address herself to any of her ordinary duties. She conversed with her friends around her with beautiful appropriateness, urging them to make their spiritual interests the paramount concern, and giving such directions in reference to her own household as the most thoughtful regard to their circumstances would suggest. By her request, her Pastor administered to her and a few relatives and

friends who had come in to share the solemnity, the Holy Communion; and as her devout affections had often before been invigorated by this sacred ordinance, so now it strengthened her to suffer and to die. Without any manifestation of feeling that even bordered upon extravagance, with the utmost simplicity and naturalness, and yet with that sublimity of thought and aspiration which nothing but living Christianity can inspire, she looked upward and looked forward, and made that death-bed appear like the home of an angel. Heaven opened to her view with a clearness rarely vouchsafed to mortal eye, and during the last day of her life she seemed almost to have passed into a brighter existence. As long as her lips could move, they not only breathed forth the exercises of her gentle and loving spirit towards those around her, but bore the most unqualified testimony to the all sustaining power of her Redeemer's love and grace. "Christ is all, and in all," was her repeated and triumphant exclamation. After lingering a little while at the gate of

death, she "was not, for God took her." It seemed as if she ascended, in response to celestial voices, that were heard to whisper, "Sister spirit, come away."

On the day following her death, which occurred on the 22d of March, 1859, a most impressive ceremonial took place in the presence of her remains. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, who had performed for her the rite of Marriage and of Baptism, and had baptized all her other children, now administered the same ordinance to the unconscious babe, and also to a near relative, and at the same time the rite of Confirmation to two other members of the family. With the mother lying in her grave clothes, as if beholding the solemnity; with a circle of stricken friends baptized with their own tears, and bowed at the footstool of mercy in behalf of the little motherless creature, yet incapable of hearing the story of its bereavement; it is not easy to conceive of a more tender and impressive scene than was there exhibited. May the prayers which were offered at

that Baptism be graciously answered, and be in place of those maternal wrestlings which, but for the intervention of death, would have been recognized and recorded in Heaven.

The funeral of Mrs. Pruyn was numerously attended, as might indeed have been expected, as well from the position of her family as from her own acknowledged intellectual and moral superiority. The Episcopal Burial Service was jointly and impressively read by Bishop Potter and the Rev. Dr. Pitkin, of St. Peter's Church, and as she had been under the pastoral care of each of them, they were both able to enter deeply into the spirit of the occasion. Several other clergymen of different denominations were also present. The long procession that followed the remains to their final resting place was not a mere pageant—it had all the force of a significant and grateful testimony.

Mrs. Pruyn was the mother of five children, three of whom had gone before her to mingle in the scenes beyond the veil.

The chief embarrassment in delineating Mrs. Pruyne's character arises from the fact that her faculties were all of so superior an order, and were so admirably and perfectly developed, that any portrait that those who knew her well would recognize as true, might seem to a stranger to have at least a tinge of extravagance. Her whole person, physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual, was perhaps as fine a specimen of symmetry as could be found. In most characters that combine a rich assemblage of excellencies, an intimate acquaintance discloses to us at least some one vulnerable point, some shade, not to say blemish, the absence of which would have secured greater harmony, or efficiency, or general attractiveness—but not so with Mrs. Pruyne—her character, both as a whole and in its details, abides the test of the closest inspection; and, indeed, the more closely it is contemplated and studied, the more it reveals to justify the highest admiration of her most partial friends. Then again there are characters that

seem faultless, because they are purely negative—we tacitly allow them to pass in the crowd with the virtuous and good, because we have nothing to say against them, while yet it might task not only our charity but our ingenuity to justify their claim to such a position. But neither did Mrs. Pruyne belong to this class—her character was in the highest degree positive—while there was nothing eccentric, nothing exaggerated, all her faculties seemed baptized with a living energy, and moved in obedience to the high impulses of duty, and in harmony with the circumstances in which she was placed.

Her intellectual and moral traits were so harmoniously combined, and so admirably qualified each other, that it would be impossible, by any separate view of them, to do justice to her character. Her discernment of truth, of whatever kind, seemed intuitive—the movements of her mind were alike rapid and luminous. Hence she acquired knowledge with great facility, and

her habit of intellectual digestion and arrangement, in connection with an exact and retentive memory, placed all her varied acquisitions entirely at her command. Her knowledge of the English language, in regard to its structure and idiom, was most accurate and critical; and it has been remarked by one well informed on the subject, that though she was often referred to by those about her in respect to the legitimate use of words, they never could present a case which her remarkable skill and almost infallible taste would not settle instantly and satisfactorily. She had a rare gift at conversation, and while by her ease and grace and intelligence she would command not only the attention but admiration of the most cultivated minds, the entire absence of every thing like pretension, and her apparent unconsciousness of her own powers, invested her fine thoughts and graceful expressions with an additional charm. It is known that one of the most distinguished judicial characters of this State has remarked concerning her, after seeing her often in the social

circle and elsewhere, that he had not met with her superior; and a similar testimony has been rendered by many others, whose high standing in the intellectual world made them perfectly competent judges. She had great comprehensiveness, as well as vigor and clearness, of mind, and was pre-eminent in that quality which we call common sense. Many of her most intelligent friends were accustomed to appeal to her judgment in cases that were altogether out of the ordinary domain of female supervision; and her mind would seem to compass the whole almost without an effort; and would sometimes work its way rapidly through intricate mazes which had proved troublesome even to high professional sagacity. Her taste in respect to both Nature and Art was alike exact and delicate. She had an instinctive perfect sense of the beautiful, wherever it met her eye. The season for the singing of the birds; for the opening of the flowers; for the enrobing of the trees; for the brightening up of the landscape—oh how it quickened her fine sensibilities, and came to her

like an annual offering of beauty and loveliness from God; and how sad it is to think, or rather how sad it would be apart from the blessed hopes of the Gospel, that this enchanting season in which she delighted so much, has now returned to witness the fresh earth settling around her coffin, and the green grass growing upon her grave! And she had the same exquisite perception of the beautiful in Art. She delighted in the noble productions of the olden time, and often discovered beauties in them which would have been lost upon almost any other eye. Painting, Statuary, Architecture, almost every thing embraced in the fine arts, met a grateful response from her admirably attuned mental and moral organization. Her good taste was strikingly manifested in the recent remodelling of her own dwelling. It was felt by all concerned that, in following out her suggestions, the best practical result would be secured; and some amusing incidents occurred in the progress of the work which her friends will hereafter love to relate, and

which led one of the chief workmen to say that Mrs. Pruyn was the best mechanic in Albany.

For nothing was she distinguished more than her unyielding sense of right. The great question of duty was paramount with her to all considerations of expediency or convenience; and when that was once settled, she had a firm will to execute. Not that she was tenacious of her own views in smaller matters—on the contrary, she would cheerfully and gracefully yield her opinion where nothing of principle was involved; and even where she felt constrained to assert and maintain her convictions at the expense of differing from others, she never assumed a needlessly offensive attitude towards them, but always appeared with the law of kindness upon her lips. The sound of strife and discord offended her delicately-toned spirit; and if she ever hovered around a scene of controversy, it was only in the character of an angel of peace. She was one of the most generous of women; but her generosity was as

discreet and methodical, as it was cordial and comprehensive. She had periodical interviews with most of the objects of her charity, took the exact measure of their wants and woes, and distributed to each, under a full sense of her responsibility, as the almoner of the Divine bounty. There is many a poor father and mother among us who, if they could have obeyed the grateful impulses of their hearts, would have wept beside her coffin, as they remembered how, during the past winter, their humble dwellings had been warmed, and their children supplied with bread, through her benefactions. Nor, with all her cultivated tastes, and her considerate regard to the claims of her friends and the poor, did she forget to care for her own household. Notwithstanding her impaired health and delicate organization, no woman could have been more thorough and efficient in the discharge of her domestic duties, none more ready or more competent to give the most complete direction, as well for the minor as for the more important affairs of her family—often have her friends been

surprised to find that, through her judgment and energy, results had been accomplished which they, in the fullness of their strength, would have hesitated to attempt.

Mrs. Pruyn's religious character took its hue in a great measure from her original constitution—she was quiet without being inefficient; earnest without being enthusiastic; cheerful without levity; reflective and devout without formality. She was a most diligent student of the Bible, and she knew no rule of life, no foundation of hope, but that which it supplied. By education and conviction she was an Episcopalian; and she greatly delighted in the services of her own Church; but her Christian regards and sympathies were wide enough to embrace the whole community of Christ's faithful followers—wherever she saw her Saviour's image, she recognized the tie of Christian relationship. She was far from being indiscriminately communicative of her own religious feelings, and the usually cheerful aspect with which she moved about in society, was a very imperfect index to

her daily spiritual aspirations, which were of the most earnest and devout character; and there are not wanting those who can testify to her high appreciation of Christian intercourse, and her deep and warmly expressed desires for the salvation of her friends. A gentleman who had great opportunities of observing her deportment while she was travelling in Europe, when many of the ordinary inducements to Christian circumspection were of course withdrawn, and who was not then himself a professor of religion, has remarked that her conduct, under all circumstances, was in every way worthy of her profession, and that he never saw her perform an act that indicated the slightest disregard of Christian obligation.

In the relations of a wife, a mother, a daughter, a sister, a friend, she united dignity, tenderness, discretion, efficiency—every thing to render her one of the most faultless and elevated of models. In her own favored home particularly, she was a fountain of love and wisdom—a leading element

of all the life and joy that prevailed there. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, were recommended by her lips and enforced by her beautiful example.

Mrs. Pruyn's personal appearance and manners reflected the very image of her mind and heart. Her form, though slight, was finely proportioned; her countenance was bright and benignant; and her manners were as if the graces had engrafted themselves upon the simplicity of childhood. She had that inimitable self-possession and power of accommodating herself to circumstances, that rendered it equally easy for her to move up to be presented to Royalty, or to move down her own stairs to meet a beggar. It may safely be said that she was never placed in any circumstances in which either the equanimity of her spirit or the command of her thoughts failed her. In her own circle at least, and that by no means a narrow one, she has left an impression that Time cannot efface. May the seeds of virtue which she has

lodged in other minds, during, as we should say,
her too brief continuance on earth, mature into a
harvest of good purposes and good deeds, that
shall settle in a halo of glory upon her grave.

Albany, April, 1859.

BISHOP POTTER'S

TRIBUTE

TO

MRS. PRUYN.

From The Churchman (N. Y.) of August 25th, 1859.

We copy from the *Albany Atlas and Argus* of the 15th inst., an exquisitely written and perfectly truthful notice from the pen of Bishop HORATIO POTTER, of the late Mrs. JOHN V. L. PRUYN of Albany. Mrs. Pruyne was one of those beautiful characters, whose refinement of manner, sweetness of temper, intelligence and sterling good sense, won the admiration of every person who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

From the Albany Atlas and Argus of August 15th, 1859.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE MRS. PRUYN.

The article which we publish in another column, commemorating the virtues of this estimable lady, will be recognized, not only from its initials, but from many of the incidents referred to, as proceeding from the pen of the Rt. Rev. HORATIO POTTER, Provisional Bishop of New York. We are warranted in saying that it would have appeared several weeks ago, but for the absence of the Bishop on an extended visitation of his Diocese. Time however has not dimmed the memory of the virtues it commemorates, and it has lost none of its freshness by delay.

THE LATE MRS. JOHN V. L. PRUYN.

After the several beautiful and touching tributes to the late Mrs. JOHN V. L. PRUYN, I should think it almost superfluous to add another word in regard to her character, were it not that during the most critical years of her life, I stood in a very intimate and sacred relation to her; and saw her in all those circumstances of joy and of sorrow, which are best fitted to try the temper of the mind, and to lay open the inmost recesses of the heart.

Surely the Pastor who Baptized her, and admitted her to the Holy Communion of the Church, and joined her in Holy Matrimony to the man of her choice, and received her children at the Font, and buried all but one of those who are departed; who has had the happiness of numbering her and her husband among his most intimate friends for nearly twenty years, and who, on looking back, sees that many of the happiest days, and most

valuable privileges of his life, are associated with their presence or their kindness; may be pardoned for lingering around the places which she made bright, and giving expression imperfectly, yet affectionately and gratefully, to some of the thoughts that crowd upon his mind.

When I first came to know her well, she was just leaving the place of her education, and beginning to take some part in the social engagements of the circles to which her family and friends belonged. But it was scarcely possible to see much of her, without perceiving that nothing was further from her thoughts than the idea so readily taken up by some young ladies, that she had completed her education. Without ostentation, without the least affectation of scholarship, without any of that rage for learned talk which detracts so much from the natural softness and modesty of woman, she had, amid the gaiety and freshness of youth, a fund of good sense, an earnestness of purpose toward mental improvement, and a depth of feeling, which were capable of

being fully appreciated only by those who knew her most intimately. She was then continuing her study of modern languages; and during all the subsequent vicissitudes of her life, whether amid the excitement of her approaching marriage, or the cares that attend the first setting up of a house, in periods of foreign travel, or when sickness came to darken her happy home, I suspect there was scarcely ever a time up to the last weeks of her life, when she was without some regular study, which was to her a leading object of interest and attention.

And yet should any one infer from this statement, that Mrs. Pruyne was one of those wives who allow the tastes, not to say the vanities of a literary character to supersede devotion to the welfare of home and the happiness of husband, such person would wholly misconceive what was most beautiful and exalted in her life. Kept much within doors by the delicacy of her health, she was singularly thoughtful and inventive in regard to all those things which touch the comfort

and well-being of the interior domestic life. Her very thirst for knowledge, and love of the beautiful, seemed to be stimulated chiefly by her ever new desire to make her home brighter and happier for him, who felt and manifested towards her from first to last, the tenderest affection, and who watched over her with a solicitude that was as untiring as it was delicate and considerate. The most minute and trifling arrangements of the house were directed by her, and when he was expected to return from his professional duties, she was on the watch, however delicate in health, that she might cheer and sweeten the brief interval of repose.

On a recent occasion, arriving in Albany on a tour of duty, I was met at the station by the bereaved husband, with whom I was to make my home during my brief sojourn. As we came in sight of his house our placid and even cheerful conversation was suddenly interrupted in a way not soon to be forgotten. It was the sight of a particular window commanding the street by

which we approached that touched him. It belonged to an apartment which had long been the favorite sitting room of her who was gone. It was there that she and their little daughter (also now departed), had been accustomed to watch for his approach, that they might hail and welcome him with pleasant signals. This trait was so characteristic of the heart and habits of the wife, that I have ventured for once to unveil what belonged so peculiarly to the privacy of domestic life.

For one so secluded from much of the every day intercourse of the world by her health and by her tastes, there was in Mrs. Prun a singular thoughtfulness and soundness of judgment about the practical affairs of life. So much was this felt by her family and relatives, that many of them who might have seemed to be much more in the way to see clearly in the mixed and complicated things through which we have to steer our course of daily duty, were in the habit of resorting to her for counsel, and were always greatly influ-

enced, and oftentimes entirely controlled, by her suggestions. Indeed the reflective turn of her mind was perhaps one of its most marked features. While she was not at all in the habit of thrusting her thoughts upon mixed companies, or upon those to whom they would be unsuited, yet when she met with anything like a congenial mind even in a passing visit, or in a crowded company, or in a scene of gaiety; she seemed spontaneously and unconsciously to turn away from what was light and common place, to live apart from what was round about her, and to find a sweet satisfaction in ascending to the moral and spiritual. And on any such occasion nothing interested her more than information and suggestions pertaining to works of charity. Very often has the present writer under such circumstances acquainted her with the case of a sufferer, or of a person in need who was perhaps somewhere within her reach; and never without receiving her thanks; never without learning afterwards that

comforts of every kind had flowed in upon the sad abode, to which her attention had been directed.

Many years ago, her Pastor chanced to meet her on one of the evening steamers, going to New York; sitting with her in the absence of her husband, he happened to turn the conversation toward some particulars which had recently engaged his attention respecting an Institution where young men were being trained, under somewhat interesting circumstances, for the sacred ministry. She at once requested full information on the subject, which was of course gladly given. In a few moments they were joined by her husband to whom she communicated what she had heard, and it was soon arranged through her suggestion, that they should assume the entire support of some one of the students, and make provision for him year by year, until he should be ready for ordination. An excellent young man was selected and generously provided for in various ways for some six years, until at length the object of their kindness

became, as he continues to be, an active and useful clergyman, having in addition to an important parish the charge of several missionary stations in one of the most flourishing of our Western States.

But to speak of MRS. PRUYN'S private charities would, it is feared, be little in accordance with her feelings, were she still living. The most impressive testimony to her good works was given when she was hovering between life and death, and immediately after her departure, by the anxious inquiries and warm solicitude of the poor she had relieved. Is it too much to think that the prayers and tears of those grateful hearts, had something to do with the sweet peace that reigned over the last day of her life; something to do with the extraordinary spirit of faith and energy, which enabled her to do so much for those dear to her in her last few hours! In the midst of works of art, and relics of the past, collected during successive visits to Europe, the last extended to the Holy Land, she lay, speaking for God and Eternity, for the souls of those dear to her; scarcely more

disengaged from undue attachment to all things perishable, than she had been secretly in spirit, in her brightest days of health and worldly hope.

The pen of the writer falters when he turns to the thought of what that departed friend was to him, in some of the saddest and in some of the pleasantest days of his life. Her counsel and sympathy cheered him when a great loss had darkened his path, and when once and again he was led to seek refreshment in a foreign excursion, she and the generous heart which shared all her impulses were among the most active in promoting all arrangements that could contribute to his instruction and enjoyment.

But the Lights and Shadows of this mortal life, are strangely intermingled, and often follow each other in quick succession. To-day light from one dear object, like the rays emanating from the Divine Infant in the old pictures of the Nativity, makes the whole interior of the happy home bright and cheerful. To-morrow that dear object is removed; the light is quenched; and all within

is sadness and gloom, save as beams of ineffable hope and comfort, which can not be obscured or intercepted, come to us from the adorable One, who is the eternal Fountain of Life and Light. He who traces these lines, and who had so often been called to participate in scenes full of heart-cheering kindness and happiness, was suddenly summoned from a distance to come to a house of mourning, yet a house full of Christian Hope and Resignation, and it was his sad yet grateful privilege to commit what was mortal of the departed to the tomb, with those loving words of Hope and Consolation, which the Church ever speaks over the graves of Her Faithful Children.

H. P.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

From the Albany Atlas and Argus of March 23d, 1859.

[After noticing the death of MRS. PRUYN, the article proceeds as follows:]

To all womanly virtues and feminine accomplishments, and to rare graces of mind and person, she united a strength of character the more striking from its contrast with the gentleness of her soul and the delicacy of its frail enclosure. Surrounded by luxury and ministered to by the devoted circle of home, she never forgot the poor. Daily she made it her task to see, to console, and to relieve the victims of poverty. Gentle in manner, and charitable in all opinions, she never was swerved from the conscientious observance of duty, never trifled with the divine injunctions, or forgot the serious purpose of life. Weak, after a long conflict

with disease, she was yet stronger than the husband, mother and relatives who stood at her bedside, whose hearts she encouraged in the midst of their desolation, by the glorious certainties that dawned upon her vision.

Her dying chamber presented a picture of a Christian death, in which the spectacle of mortal agony was lost in the halo of saintly resignation, and in the visible and confident assumption of immortality. Waking from the torpor of long suffering, a few hours before death, she aroused, fresh, courageous, clear; and drawing family and friends to her side, bade farewell to them, and pointed the way they must follow. Then receiving at the hands of her Pastor, the Sacrament, in which the friends and family joined, she waited, with radiant face, to realize the heavenly communion it symbolized. Thus

“Aiming

At an immortal crown, and in His cause
Who only can bestow it, who sent down

Legions of ministering angels to bear up
Her spotless soul to Heaven, who entertained it
With choice, celestial music, equal to
The motion of the spheres; she, uncompelled,
Changed this life for a better."

From the Albany Evening Journal of March 23d, 1859.

“Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me.”

Many hearts were pierced and a cheerful hearth made desolate, yesterday, by an arrow aimed with swift and fatal directness, at the head of a family happily constituted; surrounded by all the associations that elevate and refine, and united by all the ties that consecrate and hallow domestic life. Mrs. PRUYN (the subject of an appropriate tribute under our Obituary head), was the centre of a charmed circle. The virtues which adorned her life were most radiant in the solemn hour which “foretold the ending of mortality.” What we hear of the calmly affectionate manner, and the deeply impressive language of this estimable lady, in the sudden emergency which called a startled group

of loving relatives to her dying couch, proves that a departing Christian can exclaim, "Oh! Death, where is thy sting?—Grave, where is thy victory?"

From the Albany Daily Statesman of March 23d, 1859.

The saddest fears that have for a few days past pervaded the large circle of relatives and friends of a well-known family in this city, have been realized. Last night a most lovely and devoted Christian lady was called from the scenes of earth. Peacefully as blooms and fades the tender flower she fulfilled her mission here, and resigned herself into her Redeemer's arms, with a fervent hope that the same gentle and steadfast hand that guided and sustained her, might lead her kindred through "green pastures and beside the still waters," into the realm of eternal day.

From the Albany Atlas and Argus of April 4th, 1859.

DEATH OF MRS. JOHN V. L. PRUYN.—In the recent lamented death of Mrs. JOHN V. L. PRUYN, her many friends here and elsewhere have sustained a loss which will be long and deeply felt. Seeking at the time to give expression to thoughts and feelings which he believed many others shared with him, the writer* had prepared this paper mainly before the appearance of the brief but beautiful tribute to the deceased which was contained in the *Atlas and Argus* of the 23d ultimo, on reading which he at once laid aside what he had written. It is now published on the suggestion that it touches points not alluded to in the notices which have already appeared, and that it may recall to others remembrances that they would not willingly let pass away.

Mrs. Pruyn was a person whose beauty of life

* ORLANDO MEADS, Esq.

and character made her at once a blessing and an example to all within the circle of her influence.

Frail and delicate as she was in her physical organization, she was nevertheless endowed with uncommon energy and decision of character; while her naturally clear and well balanced mind had been carefully disciplined and enriched by early, systematic and varied culture, and by every subsequent advantage which reading, foreign travel, and large intercourse with polished life could afford. Thus was she eminently fitted to grace the social sphere in which she moved; while the purity and sincerity of her heart—the sweetness of her disposition and the warmth of her affections, shed a charm over all her more sacred and domestic relations.

No woman was ever more lovingly cared for through life. The unfailing love and tenderness which ever watched over her, finding its own happiness in anticipating and gratifying her every wish, might have been perilous to a less happily constituted nature, but to her, it was only the

sunlight upon the flower, bringing out the more its beauty and its fragrance. None better appreciated the elegancies and amenities of life—rightly regarding them as blessings in their place and degree, but she knew also the deeper wisdom and the higher blessings which are the fruit of sorrow and affliction. Hence she had great influence over her more intimate friends and connexions, who, knowing well her sound and chastened judgment, and her quick moral instincts, were accustomed to resort to her as their most conscientious and judicious adviser. The poor also found in her a thoughtful and considerate, not less than a liberal benefactor—one whose charities never lacked the grace that kindness and sympathy alone can give them. She had a deep and fervent love of the beauties of nature, and indeed of beauty in all its forms of manifestation, whether in scenery or in flowers, or in the works of art. The various articles of taste or fancy—mostly memorials gathered in foreign lands—which embellished her home, were less matters of mere show and luxury,

than objects of interest to all cultivated minds, awakening pleasing associations, and giving to thought and conversation a wider range and a higher tone. Although delicate health debarred her from mingling often in general society, she always made her own home peculiarly attractive. The antique classic greeting that met the eye of the guest at the threshold, was more than sustained by the genial smile and cordial reception that awaited him at the hands of the mistress of the mansion. Those whose privilege it has been to witness the exquisite grace and tact with which she presided over the elegant hospitalities of her board, where, under her hand, the ordinary appointments of luxury became rather the handmaids of taste and refinement, and of all pure and elevated thought—to observe the rare skill and delicacy with which she held and controlled the subtle threads of conversation, ever guiding it with seemingly unconscious art through all its changes, repressing whatever was amiss, bringing out whatever was happiest and best in the qualities of her

guests, and infusing into all the tone of her own sweet and gentle nature, will not soon forget the charm of those happy hours, not, alas! to be again revived, except in the memory of those who once enjoyed and now survive them.

Her death was in beautiful harmony with her life. Always gratefully recognizing the source of the temporal blessings which she enjoyed, and seeking conscientiously to fulfill the duties they imposed, she had never been unmindful of that better part which cannot be taken away, and so her sudden summons to join the blessed company of the faithful departed, among whom were numbered those so dear to her heart, brought to her no terrors.

Her habitual faith seemed to catch brighter glow from the opening light of the blissful regions into which she was passing. By her request she received the Holy Communion at the hands of her Pastor, and then tranquilly prepared for her departure. But even in these last hallowed hours, her thoughts were more for others than for herself,

and she employed her failing strength in earnest and fitting counsels to those she loved, and in thoughtful offices of kindness in behalf of friends in whose welfare she was interested. And so doing, she went to her rest; and may we be enabled to follow her good example.

M.

From the Albany Atlas and Argus of April 7th, 1859.

IN MEMORIAM.*

MRS. JOHN V. L. PRUYN.

Gone—amid love's summer brightness,
 Gone—while life was in its bloom ;
 Thou hast veiled thy spirit beauty
 And descended to the tomb.

Hearts are left in desolation
 For the lost, the priceless gem,
 And the chilling storm of anguish
 That thou feelest not, sweeps o'er them.

Did that breathing life-like marble†
 Call upon thy yearning heart—
 Did those lips of cherub smiling
 Win thee, that thou should'st depart?

* By Mrs. JAMES HALL of Albany.

† Alluding to a full length statue in marble, by PALMER, of the bright, beautiful, and lovely child (Kitty), whose death is referred to in the Memoir.

Was the heaven of light and glory
 Lonely for that angel child,
 Till the mother loved and lovely
 In her bower celestial smiled?

But for hearts still earth-divided
 From thy heaven home's joy and light,
 Woe has doubly deeper shadows,
 Earth a doubly darker night.

From the gloom of grief unspoken
 Love looks up to list thy tone,
 Telling with thy music accents
 Of the home where thou art gone;

The depth of affection which existed between the mother and daughter can not be over-stated—and often after the departure of the child was the mother heard to say: “I do not know how I can live any longer without seeing Kitty.” Mother and daughter were soon re-united, and as their remains repose side by side on earth, so are their glorified spirits in the closest communion in Heaven.

Where thy pure heart, beauty loving,
Finds all beautiful to see,
Till the lone tomb path is lighted
And made beautiful by thee.

M. H.

Journals in various parts of the country noticed Mrs. PRUYN'S death in appropriate terms, and spoke warmly of the estimation in which she was held, and of "the many feminine graces which adorned her character."

THE FUNERAL.

The Funeral of Mrs. Pruyn took place on the afternoon of Thursday, the 24th of March. The old St. Peter's Church having shortly before been finally closed, in view of its being replaced by a new edifice, the funeral ceremonies were had at the family residence in Elk street. Kind friends strewed the coffin with the choicest and most fragrant flowers,—fit emblems of the purity and loveliness of the departed. Bishop Potter, who came from a distance for the purpose, conducted the services, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Pitkin, the Rector of St. Peter's. The Anthem from the Psalms in the Order for the Burial of the Dead, was read antiphonally by the Bishop, and the Clergy and others in attendance, and the Scripture lesson taken from the 15th chapter of the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, was also most impress-

ively read by the Bishop. This was followed by the Collect for Easter Even, the prayer for persons under affliction, and the beautiful prayer composed by Bishop Taylor, (beginning "Oh God, whose days are without end,") to be found in the Order for the Visitation of the Sick.

The Funeral, which was attended by a large number of friends, then proceeded to the Rural Cemetery, the following gentlemen being the Pall-Bearers :

ORLANDO MEADS,	JOHN TAYLER COOPER,
AMASA J. PARKER,	FRANKLIN TOWNSEND,
JULIAN MOLINARD,	CHARLES B. LANSING,
HENRY H. MARTIN,	GILBERT C. DAVIDSON,
JOHN T. SPRAGUE,	WILLIAM CASSIDY,
MASON F. COGSWELL,	JOSEPH C. Y. PAIGE,
JOSEPH P. SANFORD,	HOWARD JAMES.

On reaching the Cemetery, the residue of the Burial Service was read by Bishop Potter, assisted as before by the Rev. Dr. Pitkin. By the kind permission of a friend, the remains were tempora-

rily deposited in his family vault, from which they were shortly afterwards removed to their appropriate place in the Cemetery, where they now repose by the side of those of her children who had gone before, awaiting the first resurrection :
for

“THE DEAD IN CHRIST SHALL RISE FIRST.”

O GOD, WHOSE DAYS ARE WITHOUT END, AND WHOSE MERCIES CANNOT BE NUMBERED; MAKE US, WE BESEECH THEE, DEEPLY SENSIBLE OF THE SHORTNESS AND UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN LIFE; AND LET THY HOLY SPIRIT LEAD US THROUGH THIS VALE OF MISERY, IN HOLINESS AND RIGHTEOUSNESS, ALL THE DAYS OF OUR LIVES: THAT, WHEN WE SHALL HAVE SERVED THEE IN OUR GENERATION, WE MAY BE GATHERED UNTO OUR FATHERS, HAVING THE TESTIMONY OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE; IN THE COMMUNION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH; IN THE CONFIDENCE OF A CERTAIN FAITH; IN THE COMFORT OF A REASONABLE, RELIGIOUS, AND HOLY HOPE; IN FAVOUR WITH THEE OUR GOD, AND IN PERFECT CHARITY WITH THE WORLD. ALL WHICH WE ASK THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD. AMEN.—*From the Order for the Visitation of the Sick.*



