

## IN MEMORIAM.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—The death is announced at Summit of Dr. E. F. Hatfield, late Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

The above telegraphic announcement brings to mind many personal relations and recollections of this deceased worthy of the Church. When a clerk in New York City, Harlan Page, that indefatigable winner of souls to Christ, met him. And Mrs. Page expostulated with her husband, who was an invalid, for being out one night so late; and he repressed her solicitude by saying, "I was standing at the corner of the street, trying to persuade Edwin F. Hatfield to be a Christian." And he did persuade him. For young Hatfield left the counter of merchandise to study for the ministry,—a trophy of grace through Harlan Page,—entered Middlebury College, Vt., that noted college in which many ministers and missionaries have been trained for the good work of preaching the Gospel of the blessed God. After a short course of Theological study, and preaching in New Jersey, he married and went to St. Louis, Mo., to "preach the Gospel by proxy," as the public advertisement ran in the papers, offering five hundred dollars to "preach the Gospel by proxy," when that city was in its unevangelized state, with fifteen thousand inhabitants only, and with Dr. Artemas Bullard in the only Presbyterian Church in that city and in the State. He buried his wife there; returned to New York as the successor of Dr. Baldwin, where he was successful in building up the Church. He then resigned his Church relations, and going up town formed a new Church and built a new edifice, and, after some years' service, again resigned his place, and went into the Agency for endowing Union Theological Seminary, in which he was eminently prospered. He has been for many years Stated Clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America; and his last labors, being chosen Moderator in May last, were in that office, and as the last minutes came to hand, he being assisted by the Permanent Clerk, the sad

announcement of his death is made. He was the only Moderator that ever died in office, a noble worthy of this national church of his choice.

Somewhat older than the writer of this tribute to his memory, he was the room-mate and class-mate of the Editor of the ANNALS OF IOWA, some numbers of which he lived to read and commend. A man of sterling piety and honest integrity, his life is interwoven with the Presbyterian Church of the wide world, the largest Protestant denomination on the face of the globe. Knowing him in the class-room, as the H's sat near each other; in the Philadelphian missionary society of Middlebury College, where he was a burning and shining light; in his family at New York, where he sat in his study with his second wife, a daughter of Alderman Taylor, and his lovely sons and daughters, and at last with his father-in-law and mother-in-law in their advanced years, after they had sold their home to Hon. Peter Cooper; knowing him in the pulpit and General Assembly, as well as by much private correspondence, I pen this with a flow of feeling—with fellow feeling towards my best ecclesiastical companion, friend and brother in Christ. I can say no more, could say no less, with tears flowing as I write this hasty memorial of his inestimable worth! But he has already joined wife, daughter and son, father-in-law and mother-in-law—nay, the blessed Son of God and Savior in Heaven!

One little circumstance of memory—his filling my college diploma—inserting *Samuelem Storrs Howe*, with his own hand and skilled penmanship at our graduation as Bachelors of Arts, in 1829, will remain while life continues. *Beate, BEATE, BEATE*, my dear brother! Thy mantle, who will carry since thy ascension to glory? Who will cast “ashes to ashes, dust to dust” upon thy grave? God comfort his stricken family, his brethren in the ministry, and me, a lone man in this world of tears!

P. S.—A work in manuscript by Dr. Hatfield, is worthy of publication, viz., a history of Church Psalmody, and Sacred Lyrical writers. Let this and other writings while living be his memorial.

S. S. H.

A memorial discourse, at the funeral of Dr. Harry Allen, by Rev. S. A. Freeman, Honeoye Falls, N. Y., Feb. 28th, 1883.

Doctor Allen was born in Lebanon, N. H., Sept. 18th, 1790, and died at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., Feb. 25th, 1883. Sixty-two years previous he came there on horse-back, then called Norton's Mills, as a pioneer, before railroads and even before the Erie canal were built. A graduate of the medical department of Dartmouth College, N. H., he practiced medicine for many years solely, and to the day of his last illness was often called in counsel, although somewhat devoted to farming. He was a ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church for many years, and a wise counsellor of its members. He was the fifth son of Diarca and Sarah Howe Allen, and a fond brother of Prof. D. Howe Allen, D. D., of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, who died at sixty-three years, although many of his brothers and sisters lived to advanced years. Two brothers survive, Alba and James Edwin, at "The Falls." They were descendants of Samuel Allen, of Duxbury, Mass., who died there in 1669.

Dr. H. Allen was a teetoteler in temperance, and preferred to have the Falls as a water power in his possession, lie unused forever before he would sell a foot of land for the erection of a distillery. His wife, Lydia Norton Allen, and several children and grandchildren survive him.

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### LITERARY NOTICES.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY'S descriptive or general catalogue is a magnificent volume in classic Latin, worthy of its President, Dr. Elliott, who sends it, and of the corps of Professors who instruct in that oldest college in the land.

YALE COLLEGE catalogue is of the same character, sent by Dr. Porter, the President, under his own signature.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA catalogue, for the last year, has over five hundred names in the literary, law, and medical departments. No general catalogue has ever been published. Why not? This year opens well, with one hundred and fifteen in the Law Department, and about two hun-

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