

**MEMORIAL OF  
SAMUEL  
HALL WALLEY**

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Memorial of Samuel Hall Walley by Samuel Hurd Walley

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**SAMUEL HURD WALLEY**

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Miss Abby Lauman  
with the kind regards  
of Mrs. S. H. Brown  
Brooklyn 1870.

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NBY  
1870

MEMORIAL

OF

SAMUEL HALL WALLEY.

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BOSTON:

PRINTED BY T. R. MARVIN & SON.

1866.

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THIS TRIBUTE  
TO THE  
MEMORY OF AN HONORED PARENT  
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
TO HIS  
BELOVED GRAND-CHILDREN.





## MEMORIAL.

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SAMUEL HALL WALLEY, the subject of the following pages, was the son of Thomas Walley, merchant, of Boston, and Sarah Hurd. He was born April 12, 1778, in the house which at that time stood upon the corner of Federal and Franklin Streets. Part of the ground on which it stood was afterwards appropriated for the first Roman Catholic church in Boston. It is now occupied by stores.

Samuel was the youngest of five children, one of whom died in infancy. Of the others, Thomas, Charles, and Sally Hurd, frequent mention is made in the pages of his Diary.

Some of you for whom these pages have been prepared, will be able to recall the form of one who, had he lived to know you, would have been to each a loved and most loving Grand-parent. Most of you have been taken in his arms, and we may safely say,

that his heartfelt prayers went up to heaven that you might be early numbered in the fold of the Good Shepherd. Some from among you, some sweet lambs of that fold, and *one* who had openly confessed her Saviour before the world, he has, we doubt not, met in the green pastures of that "better land," where "partings and death shall divide hearts no more." How well he loved the young, and how large a portion of his time, during many years, was devoted to labors for their happiness and improvement, these pages will tell you in his own words. How greatly it would have rejoiced that living heart to know that he was to be made an instrument of good to those so nearly and tenderly allied to him, we who knew him best alone can understand. It is with this view that this collection of some of his writings has been made, that he, 'being dead,' may yet speak to you words of affectionate counsel and heavenly wisdom.

The countenance of a friend long known, and tenderly loved, never wholly fades from memory—long years of separation cannot efface that picture which has been indelibly fixed upon the heart. And yet how fondly we prize, and how sacredly we treasure the picture upon which we may look with our bodily eyes, dwelling upon each loved feature, and recalling at will every changing expression.

The following pages are only an attempt to preserve, in a suitable frame, a picture of a friend drawn by his own hand—that we may not lose altogether, in the

lapse of years, the outline of those beloved features quickening and nerving us to duty,

"Alluring us to brighter worlds,"

to which he has led the way.

The original of this simple sketch was one of the most unassuming of men, though his manners were ever those of a polished Christian gentleman, kindly and genial in social intercourse, of a cheerful and contented spirit, cultivated by an ever-deepening sense of gratitude to his Heavenly Benefactor.

In early life, his slight form and apparent delicacy, gave but little promise of a vigorous manhood. The tender cares of a devoted mother, which he repaid with the fondest affection, doubtless contributed much towards invigorating his constitution, and through life his veneration for her memory was strongly marked. The tender emphasis with which he was wont to repeat the lines from his favorite poet, Cowper, "On the receipt of my mother's picture," showed how warm was the response to them in his own breast.

At an early period the pages of his Diary, (commenced when only nineteen years of age,) show a conscientious desire to know what was right, and to do it—a kind and affectionate disposition, and great purity and guilelessness of nature. He chose for companions those whose society was profitable as well as pleasing, and his friendships were warm and lasting.

His love for reading was satisfied by access to the