

**IN MEMORIAM,  
ELDER HENRY C.  
BLINN, 1824-1905**

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In Memoriam, Elder Henry C. Blinn, 1824-1905 by Henry C. Blinn & Arthur Bruce

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**HENRY C. BLINN & ARTHUR BRUCE**

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*Henry C. Blinn*

IN MEMORIAM

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Elder Henry C. Blinn

1824-1905

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TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
OUR BELOVED "ELDER HENRY"  
BY THE  
HOME CIRCLE  
AT  
EAST CANTERBURY  
NEW HAMPSHIRE

"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect,  
be of good comfort, be of one mind, live  
in peace; and the God of love and peace  
shall be with you." (Cor. 13:2.)

C  
Bliss

(F. W. W.)

## AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

*Henry C. Blinn.*

The writer of the following pages was born in the City of Providence, R. I., July 16, 1824.

My father, James M. Blinn, was the captain of a merchant ship that sailed between Providence and the West Indies. At that date the trade was a matter of as great interest as is the trade of today between the United States and China. His last voyage was in the year 1825, at which time he was taken sick and died of a fever at Kingston, Jamaica, at the age of 36 years. His funeral was conducted by the American residents on the island, by whom he was kindly laid away in his last resting-place.

My mother's maiden name was Sarah Williams, and her early home was in the state of Connecticut. Seven children were included in the family: James M., Jr.; Robert, Amy T., Sarah A., Joseph T., William C. and Henry C.

A superabundance of wealth was neither the good nor ill fortune of the family, and yet so much of this world's blessings was possessed as to be able to live very comfortably. A moral tone pervaded the family



and the children had the care and kindness of good parents, of whose instruction they had no cause to be ashamed.

My first note of special interest will refer to the visit of General Lafayette to this country in 1824-'25. Those who were better informed on this point than the writer, say that I was carried in the arms of my father to see the procession as it passed through the city. I, however, failed to catch the thread of memory till at the age of six years, when a pupil in an infant school. How much I learned or how well I behaved is, at this date, blotted from memory. From the primary, I passed into the City Public School; but was permitted to enjoy the privilege only a few years, as it was found that so large a family of children was fast reducing the small income that had been left in the charge of my mother. She was induced to buy a new house and allow a mortgage on the property, which resulted as is usual in such cases. The mortgage ate up the property and she was forced to retire to a more humble dwelling.

The record of accidents which have fallen to my lot begins quite early in life. Although not occurring very often, or being of very tragic character, and all passing without fatal result, it may not be amiss to refer to one of the most serious. When eight years of age, while attempting to cross a carriage-way, a

horse and chaise suddenly turned from the street and I was thrown to the ground and the carriage passed over my body. Two ribs and the right arm were broken and a severe wound made on the head. As I was carried home, I knew nothing of the dangers of the accident at that time.

My first remembrance of being able to own a book was of one bought at the store of an old man for one cent. The aged book-seller had, in his printing office, a variety of small picture-books, which he sold for one and two pennies each. Previous to this date, I had received a few little story-books as presents, but this one I bought with my own money, and for it I paid one cent. As small as it was, it had several illustrations. For the running of errands I gathered a few pennies from time to time and purchased many more of these little books, and when I had saved enough to be the owner of a "Mother Goose's Melodies" and a "Peter Prim's Pride," I thought myself quite wealthy.

It was during the summer of 1833 that the President of the United States, Gen. Andrew Jackson, visited the City of Providence. A steamboat from Fall River brought him to the city and thousands met at the landing to do him honor. The city was filled with music as the procession moved through the several streets. It was one of the wonderful things to see a

president, and this occasion gave me an opportunity very rare indeed.

As a party was preparing to take a sail down the Providence River, in which I was to accompany my mother, there was great joy in the anticipation, and everything was ready for the company to go on board. In my haste to reach the boat, I made a misstep and fell into the water where it was several feet deep. I was more frightened than hurt, but this incident caused a great disappointment to those who were obliged to remain at home to redress and care for the little boy.

Although my parents were not members of any church, I was permitted to enter the Universalist Sunday-school on Westminster Street and to attend the church service, then under the pastorate of the Rev. Wm. Balch. Subsequently, I entered the Unitarian Sunday-school, as my sister, Sarah, was a member of that church. Being privileged to take books from the library, I became very much interested.

At 12 years of age I was placed in the store of Butts & Lockwood as an errand boy. They were merchant tailors and rented a room on the lower floor of the "Arcade." This deprived me of attending school, and on this account I felt very sad. However, it had become necessary that I should begin to earn a little toward a personal support.