

[Greeley, Mary Young Cheney]

THE DEATH OF MRS. GREELEY
Her Long-Continued Illness—Scenes at the Death—
Relief at Last to a Life of Pain—Biography of the Decease

After ten years of almost unremitted sickness and pain Mrs. Horace Greeley died yesterday morning. For two weeks her death had been hourly expected. Her chronic disease had assumed a dropsical tendency, and the consumption of so many years had otherwise given evidence of the general breaking up of what was left of life. She made a trip to Nassau, in company with Mr. Greeley and their daughter, about four years ago for her health, but the air there failed to do her any good. Again, last year, she went with her two daughters to Europe and sought recuperation in the balmy air of Southern Italy; but, while the climate benefited her, it failed to eradicate the disease which had seized upon her. She returned with her daughters from Europe in June last, and stated that no air was so balmy to her and no water so sweet as the air and water of Chappaqua. She remained in this city for some weeks after her return, too unwell to be removed to Chappaqua, and as an instance of her fondness for the water of that "peerless" spring, Mr. Greeley was constrained to have jugs of the pure water itself brought in to her from the farm. She was finally removed to her "House in the Woods," and there passed the heat of the summer, which in her case was doubtless aggravated by the even greater heat of the political canvass. She remained there confined to her bed almost continuously, varying her life only by visits to her friends at Tarrytown, where the breeze was stronger than at Chappaqua. On one other occasion she ventured to rise from her bed and take a carriage ride in the open air—when the members of the Democratic National Committee, among whom were a number of ex-rebel chieftains, called upon Mr. Greeley after tendering him the nomination at Baltimore, and picnicked under the evergreens. She then said that nothing could prevent her shaking hands with those life-long enemies of her husband, who had now become such devoted friends, "for," said she, "I hardly hoped to see such a Millennium." She was even then pale and exhausted, her skin almost transparent in its whiteness, and her dark eyes seemed to burn with a fitful light. She was compelled to recline in the carriage, covered with shawls, and her friend, Mrs. Stuart, who closely attended her through her sickness to her death, had continually to warn her against the volubility of her tongue and her prolonged stay in the open air. In August she ventured to the seaside at Fire Island; but the weather proved stormy and boisterous, and Mr. Greeley was compelled to return with her to New York. During the transit a violent rain storm overtook them, and its effect may have aggravated her disease. At any rate on returning to Chappaqua she found herself growing so much worse that at her urgent request she was removed to New York. Here, at the residence of Mr. Alvin J. Johnson, on Fifty-seventh street, she lingered in agony, sinking perceptibly until yesterday morning, when, at four o'clock, she quietly and peacefully breathed her last.

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Mr. Greeley and his daughter Ida, Mrs. Lamson, an old friend of the family; Mrs. Stuart, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were at the bedside as she died. For days her voice had been inaudible, and even her sick cough could not be heard across the room, and her life ended without any further sign than the hardly perceptible throes that accompanied the death of those long exhausted by disease. The calumnies of the campaign [for President, in which he was defeated], that had not long ceased through the illness of his wife, had lost their sting for Mr. Greeley in the great grief that cast the shadow of its coming over his home, and he left the bedside where now lay only her inanimate dust to commune alone with his sorrow, while the daughters knelt silently in the presence of the dead and prayed.

The kind friends that had attended her through her ten years of suffering took charge of her remains, and by noon they were laid out in the parlor, bedecked in a white robe, the hands clasped across the breast, while the kindly offerings of friends had already bestrewed the corpse with flowers.

On Friday the funeral will take place from the residence of Mr. Johnson, the sermon being preached at the Fourth Universalist church on Forty-fifth street and Fifth avenue by Dr. [Edwin H.] Chapin.

Mrs. Greeley's maiden name was Mary G. [Y.] Cheney, and she was born in this city. Her only relative is a brother living in Connecticut. Mr. Greeley first met her at the Graham House, an institution erected in New York by Professor Graham, the originator of the bran-bread dietetic philosophy, and conducted on those very frugal principles. Miss Cheney was at that time a schoolteacher, an ardent believer in the vegetable and bran-bread system, and a great searcher after the knowledge of books. Mr. Greeley was investigating the new philosophy, and thus formed an acquaintance which ripened into life-long affection. He sturdily pressed his suit to success, although he had to follow the object of his affections to North Carolina, where she went to pursue her school teaching. On the 15th of July, 1836, the *New Yorker*, which he edited, contained the following marriage notice at the end of a long string of similar advertisements:—

In Immanuel church, Warrenton, N.C., on Tuesday morning, 5th inst., by Rev. William Norwood, Mr. Horace Greeley, editor of the *New Yorker*, to Miss Mary G. [Y.] Cheney, of Warrenton, formerly of this city.

Seven [five] children blessed the marriage, of whom two alone remain—Ida and Gabrielle.

New York Herald, New York NY, Thu. 31 Oct 1872

Transcribed on 9 Sep 2013 by Karen E. Dau of Rochester, NY

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THE FUNERAL OF MRS. GREELEY
Services at Dr. Chapin's Church

The funeral obsequies of Mrs. Horace Greeley took place at noon yesterday in the presence of one of the largest church gatherings ever known in this city, at the Church of the Divine Paternity (Fourth Universalist), of the corner of Forty-fifth street and Fifth avenue. The galleries and aisles were thronged half an hour before the time appointed, mostly with ladies, though a great number of the literary and political friends of Mr. Greeley could be discovered here and there through the crowd. The seats in the centre of the church were set aside for the use of his bereaved family and their more intimate friends.

At a few minutes past eleven the cortege, consisting of about twelve carriages, left the residence of Alvin J. Johnson, on Fifty-seventh street, where the body of deceased had lain since her death, and proceeded to the church. During the morning the friends of deceased had thronged the parlors, taking their last look upon the features of the beloved one, and it was long after the stated hour that the casket could be closed. The funeral procession arrived at Dr. Chapin's church at a few minutes past twelve. The people had gathered in almost a dense mass on the steps, and it required some effort on the part of the police to open a way for the pall bearers. The casket was carried up the aisle followed by these gentlemen as pallbearers: Augustus Schell, John E. Williams, Waldo Hutchins, Dr. Bayard, Alvin J. Johnson, Richard H. Manning, Marcus Spring, Isaiah S. Williams, Ivory Chamberlain and John R. Stuart.

Behind these came Mr. Greeley, escorting his daughter Ida, Mrs. Lamson and Gabrielle; Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. Ripley, Samuel Sinclair, Jr. and wife, George Hoffman, Whitelaw Reid, Samuel J. Tilden, Mrs. Partridge, Mrs. Stuart and a long line of personal friends of the family. A solemn strain of music from the organ was performed as the procession moved up the aisle. The casket was a very handsome one of polished walnut, with silver mouldings and handles. On the lid was a silver plate with the simple inscription:—

MARY Y. C. GREELEY

The coffin was decorated with a wreath and cross of beautiful white flowers, and a cross of exotics was borne up the aisle and placed inside the chancel. The choir, which was composed of Mme. De Ruyther, Mme. De Gebele, Dr. J. A. Kelley and George C. Deyo, rendered the following selections:—Anthem—"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb" (Handel), and the hymn, "They are not lost, but gone before" (Zeuner). The organist, Albert J. Holden, performed the Funeral March, by Beethoven. After the dirge Dr.

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Chapin read selections from the Scriptures for the comforting of the bereaved, beginning with "Blessed be God, the Father of all mercies," and closing with Paul's invocation, "Thanks to God, who giveth us the victory."

Dr. Chapin then delivered the funeral sermon. He said it was not an occasion for much speech, for words cannot soothe the mourners' sufferings, nor can they describe their feelings. All that could be said was embraced in the words of St. Paul, which had just been read, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory." He then proceeded to describe the nature of the victory referred to. Tears, he said, were a blessing, and he thanked God for the tears shed at the grave of Lazarus, for those which Christ wept over Jerusalem and in the garden of Gethsemane. He spoke of the Christian's sorrow, which is not without hope; he does not abandon himself to grief, but feels that there is still something worth living for; he has faith in the power of God and in His infinite, divine goodness, and while his heartstrings are wrung he can still say, "Father, not my will but thine be done." This faith brings the only consolation. When we begin to realize our loss there is the simple assurance that although they will not return to us we can go to them. These are the only words of consolation he (the speaker) could utter. We must not look backward, but upward, and find our consolation there. The speaker then referred to the sufferings and patience of the deceased in beautiful terms, and her abiding faith throughout all her sufferings, and at the close of the address offered prayer.

The benediction was then pronounced, and the body was conveyed to Greenwood for burial, followed by a long line of carriages. Rev. Mr. Schweitzer conducted the exercises at the grave, which were very brief.

New York Herald, New York NY, Sat. 2 Nov 1872

Transcribed on 10 Sep 2013 by Karen E. Dau of Rochester, NY

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Death of Mrs. Horace Greeley

As I write this paragraph (Friday, Nov. 1,) the recent Editor of the Tribune and candidate for the Presidency, Horace Greeley, is burying the wife of his youth. No one who knows him, and how devoted and tender a husband he has been, especially during the twelve years his wife has been an invalid, will fail to sympathize with him in this ordeal of separation. Mrs. Greeley's maiden name was Mary Young Cheney. She was born at Litchfield, Connecticut in 1814. In her early life she was a teacher of rare abilities. She became an ardent believer in the hygienic teachings of Dr. Graham, of broad notoriety, and it was at the Graham House in this city that she first met Horace Greeley. He loved her and sought her hand. She finally went to North Carolina as a teacher. Thither Mr. Greeley followed her and induced her to marry him. Five children [Arthur Young Greeley, 1844-1849; Mary Inez Greeley, 1847-1847; Ida Greeley Smith, 1848-1882; Raphael Uhland Greeley, 1851-1857; and Gabrielle Rosamond Greeley Clendenin, 1857-1937] have been born to them, two of which survive. Mrs. Greeley's character was as strongly marked as her husband's, but of a widely different type. Her organization was fine, delicate, sensitive, nervous; slight and fragile physically; strong, original, firm mentally, looking at nothing through other eyes than her own, and following her convictions, regardless of public opinion or convention. She was a devoted mother, and a woman who won fast and faithful friends among women. Thus, on the eve of an election which is to decide Mr. Greeley's fate as a candidate for the Presidency, and which will have decided it ere this paragraph reaches the eyes of our readers, Mr. Greeley is bowed beneath a burthen of affliction which proves the hollowness and emptiness and bitterness of earthly honors and the acclaim of his fellow citizens in comparison with the domestic ties which have strengthened during the arduous struggles of a busy life.

Moore's Rural New-Yorker, New York NY, Fri. 8 Nov 1872

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