

Death of Silas Winchester.

By an obituary notice in the Bangor Mechanic and Farmer, inserted in its proper place, it will be seen that our venerable friend and father in Israel, SILAS WINCHESTER, Esq. of Brewer, brother of the late ELHANAN WINCHESTER, has fallen asleep. He died in Rutland, Mass. on the 30th ult. very suddenly.— He attended the U. S. Convention of Universalists in Boston, as one of the Delegates from the Maine Convention; and after the adjournment, had gone out to Rutland, to visit some of his early friends. Br W. was well known to the Universalists of Maine, as one of the truest friends to our cause. He was always present at our Conventions and Associations. He lived a good man, and he has died with the respect and affection of all who knew him following him to the grave. We heard of his death by a letter from Br Whittemore, written on the 4th inst.; but by an accident his letter was not taken from the post office till just as our paper of last week had gone to press—too late for a notice then. We copy Br W.'s letter now.

Boston Oct. 4, 1838.

Br Drew,—I have this day received the intelligence of the death of our much beloved father in Israel, Silas Winchester, of Brewer, in your State. You well remember that he was present at the General Convention in this city; and all beheld him with affectionate reverence because he was the brother of Elhanan Winchester. For a man of his age, he was in excellent health. He richly enjoyed the meeting. Early in the next week he left Boston for Rutland, a town in this state, fifty miles west of Boston. On Sunday Sept. 30, he attended divine service twice with his relatives in that town. In the afternoon, at the close of service, he had returned to the house of Mr Samuel King, and sat down cheerful and happy, and not fatigued. While sitting in his chair, he expired instantly, without a groan and with scarcely a tremor. His departure from this life, as his resurrection shall be, was 'in the twinkling of an eye.' He knew not what death was. He was touched with the mysterious finger of the King of terrors; and ere he felt the touch, he was gone. He resembled Enoch of old, in his life and death; 'he walked with God; and he was not, for God took him.'

'To die, is landing on some blissful shore,
Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar,
Ere well we feel the kindly stroke, 'tis o'er.'

I am very affectionately yours, &c.

THOMAS WHITTEMORE.