

Nancy Cranch

(3 Jun 1772 – 16 Sep 1843)

Cranch. In this city, on Saturday morning, the 16th instant, Mrs. Nancy Cranch aged 71 years, the wife of Judge Cranch and on Sunday morning the 17th instant her brother James Greenleaf Esq., aged 78.

The National Intelligencer, September 22, 1843

Obituary

The death of Mrs. Cranch, announced in the Intelligencer of Wednesday, appears to call for some more extended notice than the simple statement of name and age. For upwards of forty years had Mrs. Cranch been known to the inhabitants of this District as filling with exemplary attention, and with unassuming dignity, the most important relations of social life. Her character was marked by calmness and strong good sense; her deportment by kindness and readiness to please. Her politeness seemed to be without effort, yet won upon those she addressed more than studied exertion would have done. In the education of her children, her own singular equanimity and wisdom, with the high qualities of her husband, enabled them to avoid those difficulties which so often embarrass the parental relation. Her government was in the spirit of that "perfect love which casteth out fear," and she found a rich reward in the devoted affection of her offspring.

Her piety was deep, consistent, and practical. It controlled her life, and enabled her to bear the pain of sickness and the approach of death with composure. Shortly before her decease, she partook for the last time of the Lord's Supper -- thus renewing her testimony to the value of the religion she had cherished through life. Happy to a degree which few have attained in her family, she was still more happy in resigning her spirit to God, in the faith of a glorious resurrection.

Mrs. Cranch was a daughter of William Greenleaf, Esq., formerly Sheriff of Suffolk county, Massachusetts. She was one of a numerous family of brothers and sisters, among whom the widow of the late venerable Dr. Webster and others survive her. One, James Greenleaf, Esq., well known as among the earliest settlers of this city, outlived his beloved sister but a few hours.

"Have ye not met ere now? So let those trust,
Who meet for moments but to part for years;
That weep, watch, pray, to keep back dust from dust;
That love, where love is but a fount of tears."