Married: On Monday evening the 19th inst., Mr. Samuel Vanderheyden, esq., of Troy, to Miss Eliza Ann Douglas, of this city.

New York Advertiser, Aug. 24, 1822.
1819 Married: On Monday evening, the 19th inst., Mr. Samuel Vanderheyden, Esq. of Troy, to Miss Eliza Ann Douglass, of this city. - N-Y. Advertiser Aug. 24, 1822.
CLASS OF 1819  SAMUEL D. VANDERHEYDEN

Entered from Troy, N. Y.
In College, 1817-1818
Entered Union, class of 1819.
Lawyer, Troy, N. Y.
Died, 1823.

Middlebury College
General Catalogue
p. 57  1917
VANDERHEYDEN, SAMUEL D.

Son of Jacob D. and Mary (Owen) Vanderheyden.

Died November 27, 1823, aged 22 years 6 days. Had a son, Samuel Douglas, since deceased.

Source: Reminiscences of Troy
p. 73
John Woodworth
J. Munsell
Albany 1860.
DIED: Yesterday morning, of typhus fever, Mr. Samuel Vanderheyden, son of Jacob D. Vanderheyden, Esq., late of this city, aged 24 years.

The Troy Sentinel
Nov. 28, 1823.

The partnership of Isaac Fowler & Co., has been dissolved by the death of Samuel Vanderheyden, one of the later copartners. (From adv.)

The Troy Sentinel
Dec. 5, 1823.

In the Evening Post of last Friday there were some tender elegiac lines on the death of the late Samuel D. Vanderheyden, Esquire, of this city. From the initials at the bottom, J. G. B., we presume they were written by James Gordon Brooks, whose productions, under the signature of Florio, have acquired so much praise for himself, and given so much pleasure to others. We are prevented inserting this tribute to the memory of Mr. Vanderheyden in our paper to-day for want of room, but in the next Sentinel it shall have place both for the sake of the subject and writer.

The Troy Sentinel
Dec. 9, 1823.

When I am darker was the wreath
Seven by thy timely doom:
It is the coronal of death—
It is the chaplet of the tomb.

High-souled and noble-hearted man,
I loved thee, and I well may mourn
Over the shortness of thy span,
And o'er thy hopes thus early shorn.

For we were linked in union
By many an unforgotten tie,
When life was fair and ere the sun
Of happiness had left my sky.

Together did our bosoms beat,
And plans of future pleasure form;
And pledge, in after years to meet
In this cold world with hearts still warm.
To the Memory of the Late Samuel D. Vanderheyden, Esq., of Troy, Rensselaer County.

"And what than friendship's manly tear, 
"May better grace a brother's bier."—Byron.

Cold in the grave! And can it be 
While yet the tree of life is green, 
That the dark spoiler blasts the tree 
And scatters ruin o'er the scene?

He cometh late, he cometh soon, 
He lurketh in the morning prime—
He lurketh in the beam of noon, 
And in the shade of evening time.

And early hath he brought thee low, 
Friend of my boyhood's frolic years! 
Companion of my weal or woe, 
In the days remembered now with tears.

High hopes were thine, and dreams were thine, 
And rainbow thoughts of coming hours; 
And loved looked on with eyes benign, 
And wove for thee a crown of flowers.

That crown enwreathed thy smiling brow, 
I saw it there but yesterday 
In brightness and in beauty—now 
It lieth wasted to decay.

Sadder and darker now the wreath 
Woven by thy untimely doom; 
It is the coronal of death—
It is the chaplet of the tomb!

High-souled and noble-hearted man, 
I loved thee, and I well may mourn 
Over the shortness of thy span, 
And o'er thy hopes thus early shorn.

For we were linked in unison 
By many an unforgotten tie, 
When life was fair and ere the sun 
Of happiness had left my sky.

Together did our bosoms beat, 
And plans of future pleasure form; 
And pledge, in after years to meet 
In this cold world with hearts still warm.
Together did our souls unite,
And coming joy was aye our theme—
Oh! for those visions of delight—
Oh! for our boyhood's broken dream!

A deep, mysterious destiny,
Dashed long ago my joys to dust;
But fate was kinder far to thee,
And bade thee in the future trust.

Thy manhood met upon this earth
With joys while mine did meet with none;
To thee life was a thing of worth,
Yet I am left—-and thou art gone?

Friend of my primal hours, farewell,
What e'er my chequered life may be,
The memory of my heart shall dwell
Kindly and mournfully with thee.

Thou hadst thy faults, but let them rest
Where rests thy cold and faded brow;
And cursed be the unfeeling breast,
That harbors ought against thee now!

J. G. B.

The Troy Sentinel    (Copied from Evening Post)
Dec. 9, 1823.

James Gordon Brooks was a graduate in the Class of 1818.
DIED—Yesterday morning of typhus fever Samuel Vanderheyden, son of Jacob D. Vanderheyden, Esq., late of this city, aged 24 years.

Troy Sentinel
Nov. 28, 1823.
Samuel D. Vanderheyden

Non-graduate Hamilton College, 1820.
Hamilton College Register, 1812-1922.