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FUNERAL SERMON,

DELIVERED

IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

IN WASHINGTON,

ON THE SABBATH AFTER THE DECEASE

OF

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,

The Late President of the United States,

IN PRESENCE OF

PRESIDENT TYLER AND MEMBERS OF THE CABINET.

BY THE REV. CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER,

OF ~~BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY.~~

WASHINGTON, D. C.

M DCCC XLI.

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Trans. from
Mr. Davis
June 22, 1923

Having been providentially engaged in preaching the Gospel in Washington for a time, it became my duty to attempt to improve the afflictive dispensation, which occurred during the course of my ministrations. Being on the spot, and in the enjoyment of pastoral intercourse with several members of the family, I was enabled to obtain a number of facts, illustrating the religious character of our late beloved Chief Magistrate. These have been embodied in the Discourse.

An Appendix is added, containing a full account of the proceedings attending his death and funeral.

C. V. R.

Burlington, N. J., April 13, 1841.

SERMON.

For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.—1 PETER i. 24, 25.

The instructions of Heaven are best realized amidst the solemnities of the grave. The ministrations of sorrow reveal, with portentous gleams of eternity, how all below is fleeting—how all above endures.

Jesus, by his Spirit and Providence, has often traversed the Judea, Samaria and Galilee of our country. Often has He taught in our sanctuaries, cried aloud in our streets, stood upon our mountains, uttered His voice upon our waters, admonished in our councils, and knocked at the door of our humble dwellings. But lo! He has now entered the habitation of our power. For the first time, He has commissioned His Providence to open the mansion of the nation with the keys of death, and to maintain the rights of God and the grave.

Our beloved President is dead! The hero of battles is at rest; and the ruler of councils is silent. The changes of a single moon have reflected the light of Heaven upon the vanity of earthly glory. Had our Capitol disappeared in the visions of the night, it would not have had more the appearance of mira-

culous interposition. As men, struck down in amazement, we know not whither to turn, nor what judgment to dread as the next omnipotent visitation. There is mourning throughout the land, for the first-born of our honor has fallen! The lamentations of a smitten people cry out to God in a united agony, which breaks the peace of the Sabbath, and yet corresponds with its highest purposes of repentance and faith, and of prostration before "the Lord God omnipotent," that "reigneth!" Emblems of woe are upon us; and within us is affliction itself. Shrouded in black is the nation, the men in power, the sanctuaries of Zion, and the high places of our glory. Yonder deserted mansion, with its proud pillars, and halls of festivity and silent chambers, is darkened, as with the shadow of death; and out of its walls issues a voice, audible in tones of power and mercy, "All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass: the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth forever."

Mourning people! Let God be magnified! His purposes, though mystery on earth, are wisdom in heaven! Be it ours to attend to the lessons of His Providence; by pondering upon the vanity of our estate, and obeying the precepts of His enduring Word!

I. "ALL FLESH IS GRASS"—"*the grass withereth.*" Thus does God describe our earthly condition and doom. Faithful to the race, whom His power brought into being, He admonishes us that we are born to die. "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt re-

turn," is the sentence of universal condemnation, fearfully executed through all generations. The millions who have gone before us—in number unutterable!—is the testimony of death to the sin of Eden, and to our inheritance of woe. The dead of even one generation would encircle the earth with a pathway of coffins! Ye living men, the hollow sound of sepulchres beneath your feet is the assurance of your doom!

We must all depart. How many die *in infancy*! Tender blades on creation's soil, they perish in an hour.—How many die in *early youth*! They have passed the terrific perils of infancy, and hope seems to have bound firmly around their brows the garland of life. But whilst we fondly gaze, they disappear. "They flee as a shadow, and continue not." "They are as the green herb; as the grass on the house-top; as corn blasted before it is grown up." "In the morning, they flourish; before noon, they are cut down and withered."—In *manhood and mature life*, how many others are brought low! Though strong in human strength, they are but as the grass before the scythe. They abide not when the king of terrors sends forth his mandate. He touches them with the sceptre of the grave, and they fall, submissive subjects at his feet. "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death." Strength of constitution, vigor of motion, health of limb, power of effort, energy of endurance, are held in derision, even by the very worms which turn us into corruption.—Comparatively few are the victims, white with

age, and bowed down with care. Even the old must die. Age, like infancy, of which it is at last the antitype, sinks, without the power of a hopeful struggle. The marks of three score years and ten, identify it as ready prey; and if labor and sorrow hold it up to the confines of four score, yet at last it meets the general doom.

We need, indeed, no evidences to convince us of our mortality; but we need continual warnings to keep us mindful of it. Such is our forgetfulness of the lessons of His Providence, that God sends death among us in every variety of form, of method, of period, of circumstance. In almost every death, there is something new and peculiar; something to preserve the sense of our insecurity, and to make us realize, with Job, "I know that thou wilt bring me to death."

What an exhibition of our mortality is the dispensation which has filled a nation with dismay! The venerable form, which so recently was the object of our reverence and patriotic affection, has been carried away into sepulchral darkness. But yesterday, he stood among us in the green vigor of years; alas he is now decaying in the desolate and kindred earth. His eye will no more open upon us with its benignity, singleness of purpose, and intelligence. His lips will never more speak words of affection and patriotism to his endeared people. His face will never again be brightened with a smile; nor will his frail and oft-pressed hand ever shrink again from the hearty welcome of the old soldier, and the equal enthusiasm of ten thousands of admiring freemen. No! His form, lifeless, motionless, cold, corrupting,

we have carried to the place appointed for all living. "Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away." "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more."

The people will soon lie, side by side, with their President. The whole living nation will, in a few short years, be beneath the clods of the valley. Mortality is the degradation which sin has marked upon our bodies. All must die. Whatever be our rank, or station, or learning, or endowments, or character, or destiny, we must all lie down as in a sleep, and be gathered, as our fathers were, to the all-devouring grave. The dust of Kings, of Presidents, of rulers, soon mingles with the dust of subjects, citizens, and slaves; yea, with the dust of the withered grass—the emblem of man's condition and decay. "All flesh is grass—the grass withereth."

II. "AND ALL THE GLORY OF MAN IS AS THE FLOWER OF GRASS"—"*The flower thereof falleth away.*" Not only is the body withering grass, but all the glory of man's earthly existence is as the falling flower. Neither body nor spirit have an abiding honor, in the world of vanity and degradation..

1. All the glory of man's *intellectual endowments*—of what avail are they, when God requireth the soul! Though we understood all mystery and all knowledge, yet in these alone we are "nothing." In the hour of death, the mightiest mind parts forever from all its pride of attainments. Though we may pass,

in the visions of intellect and science, from star to star, and glory amidst distant worlds, in the discovery of new laws and facts in the government of infinite creation, our knowledge vanishes away like the shadowy thoughts of an infant's only dream! Where is the wise man, whose wisdom is available against the terrors of the grave? How vain becomes the learning of a race, which "perishes from morning to evening!" The acquisitions of science, the noblest aspirings of jurisprudence, the knowledge of choicest antiquity, the aims and measures of political sagacity—all the profoundest study of life—is to a dying man, like the folly of fools. "Doth not the excellency, which is in them, go away? they die, even without wisdom." "Though the well-spring of wisdom be as a flowing brook," it is lost in the waters of the swelling Jordan.

2. The glory of *rank* and *elevation* likewise disappears at death. It is as perishing as the power which gave it being, or as the pomp which is the emblem of its duration. "On the eyelids" of kings, there is the "shadow of death;" in the hearts of rulers is "vexation of spirit." The corruption, which belongs to our bodies, is transferred to the glory of our best estate. "Man in his best estate is altogether vanity." The possession of rank and station, tends indeed to gratify ambition, by securing homage and multiplying the resources of power. But the honors to the brow are without peace to the heart. Their enjoyments are the temptations of worldliness to depravity; and are inferior to the comforts of poverty, integrity, and toil. The royal preacher declares "I

was great and increased more than all they that were before me in Jerusalem," and "I withheld not my heart from any joy." "And behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." All the glory of Solomon has fallen, like the cedars of Lebanon. His palaces, and temples, and all the insignia of his reign, have no abiding place on the earth, yea, are unknown even in the memory of man. If such glory thus passeth away, like the flowers of the field, (which it equalled not) what glory of man, can hope to survive, in the visions of most presumptuous ambition! How brief and uncertain too, is the period of present enjoyment! We have been taught by impressive Providence, the end of all human distinction. Our President has been suddenly taken from the honors of a grateful people, to be placed beneath the soil on which they tread. The distant echoes of his inauguration triumphs, are reverberated beyond the mountains to mingle with the mournings of his funeral solemnities. Yonder mansion, which he lately entered in glory, has seen him carried out of it in dust! Though "the glory of his house be increased" yet "when he dieth, he shall carry nothing away; his glory shall not descend after him." "All the glory of man, is as the flower of grass—the flower thereof falleth away."

3. The glory of *riches* is of the same fleeting character. Strange that man should set his heart so firmly upon that which perishes, and then cleave to it, as though it were to endure! Yet there is hardly any possession, which more engages the aim and pursuit of our race, than wealth. It is

sought for with an avidity that scorns oceans, and mountains, and deserts and climates. Stoop down for the flower which your feet have trodden from its stem of grass, and learn, from its decay, the vanity of your anxious toil. "They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave." The wealth of the Esterhazys, treasured up as a glorious inheritance, is of no use to those who assisted in its accumulation, nor will long serve the vanity of its present possessors. "For, we brought nothing into this world; and it is certain that we can carry nothing out." Yet, our race is bent on evil, on the evil of the glory of wealth. If Canova were awaiting directions for a man, who would fitly represent the race, we would say to him (especially for this generation,) "*Chisel him in the attitude of grasping!*" And when he had completed the statue, we would add, "*Make another in the attitude of death!*" The two together,—the one representing the spirit, and the other the end of riches—would fitly describe the nature of its glory.

4. The glory of *arms* is similar in its shadowy end. Many mighty warriors have been conspicuous in their generation, receiving, when living, the applause of armies and nations, and when dead, the highest honors. But their glory went not with them beyond the darkness of the grave. Unsatisfied Alexander could weep in want of an unconquered world; and Napoleon, trembling at Moscow amidst the flames, and at St. Helena amidst the waves, was at last insensible to the honors of his faithful France. Our own country, separated from contending nations,

has yet had its share in the peril of conflicts, and in the strife of battles. How few survive, to enjoy the rewards of our war of Revolution! "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" That generation of heroes has already almost vanished from the scenes of its glory. And of the leaders of our second war, how many are gone! Beyond the promotions of army or navy, they will never more serve that country, whose honor was dearer than life!—The last of the dead was the hero of many conflicts. He often heard the war cry of the Indian, and the roar of cannon, and guided to victory the armies of his country. Methinks I see him, near the sources of the Wabash, preparing for the exigencies of an eventful morning. Before the twilight, his sleep is broken by sentinel-guns. Battle rages. He is in the midst of the conflict. The voice we lately heard so clear and loud at the Capitol, is sounding above the noise of battle in its tones of high command. Yes, I see him, with his country's sword in his hand, and the fire of battle in his eye, charging upon the savage foe with the enthusiasm of victory. But hark! The din of war is hushed!—And see! The conquerer sleeps in the grave with the prophet!

Such is the glory of man, of whatever kind; fleeting as the shadows of his body, or the dust of his grave. "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" "All flesh is as grass: and all the glory of man as the flower of grass; the grass withereth, the flower thereof falleth away. But the word of the Lord endureth forever."

III. It is profitable to turn from the vanities of earth to the enduring "WORD OF THE LORD;" from vain glory to truth, and heaven, and immortality! Great is the transition! which may the Spirit assist us to understand and to realize!

1. "The word of the Lord endures forever" in the *majesty of Him it represents*. God's revelation, the image of His own glory, is unchanging as His own existence. Like Jehovah Himself, it is beyond the reach of the vanities and changes of man's estate, the revolutions of empires, and the final convulsions of nature. "The heavens and the earth shall pass away, but His word shall not pass away." "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven!" The stability of the throne is its truth; the praises of universal dominion are its testimonies; and the holiness, justice and goodness of God, its everlasting and sure foundations. "In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

2. This word also endures forever *in the principles of salvation*, which it establishes. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." Coming "to seek and to save that which was lost," Jesus lived a life of holiness, benevolence and atonement. He procured salvation for our race, by reconciling Justice and Mercy through the cross. He cried "IT IS FINISHED!" Oh cry, unknown in creation! Rocks quaking, sun darkened, vail rent, dead rising, sinners trembling, witnessed the triumphs of everlasting truth in the sacrifice of eternal love. "The word of the Lord endureth forever; and this is the word which by the Gospel is *preached*

unto you." "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" but "by grace are ye saved through faith." "In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sin." "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." These principles of our salvation, which, in a word, embrace the acknowledgment of sin, faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and obedience of life, are everlasting principles. They endure whilst the world endures; yea, beyond all earthly destinies, in results for which eternity has no bounds of degree or measure of duration.

3. This word of the Lord endures forever in the *rule of life*, which is our glorious guide. Love to God and love to man are the fulfilling of the commandments. They are the sum of our duty, the source of our happiness, the measure of our sanctification, and the abiding standard of our preparation for heaven. The precepts of the Gospel, which are of equally permanent obligation, enjoin self-denial, the regulation of the heart, the crucifixion of the lusts of the flesh, victory over the world, and, in short, the exhibition of the graces of the Spirit, and the imitation of the life of Christ. How different a life, regulated by the enduring rule, from one of worldliness, pleasure, and unchastened ambition! It is a life which possesses the spirit and the principles of immortality. Jesus, who was both "life and immortality," overcame the world in every form of temptation; He rejected the kingdoms of the world

with all their glory, and lived above its honors to the glory of God the Father. His disciples, regulating their lives by the same precepts and motives, subject themselves to the authority of the same government, which is "from everlasting to everlasting."

4. And this suggests *the eternal sanctions* by which "the Lord's word endureth for ever."

Brethren! does the destiny of man perish, like the withered grass of his body, and the fallen flower of his glory? No! Children of immortality! No! Ye are of the life and the resurrection! "They that are in the graves shall hear the voice "of the Son of God," "and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." Wonders, passing the awe of a single Providence shall fill the firmament with mightiest miracles. The trump of the archangel, the glorious appearing of Christ, the shining of the angelic host, the resurrection of the dead, the fire-consuming scroll of these heavens and this earth, the solemnities of the general judgment, will reveal in the light of glorious Omnipotence, Justice and Mercy, the eternal destiny of all the race of Adam. Woe will be the doom of those who sought the acquisitions of knowledge, the exaltation of station, the accumulation of wealth, and the honor of arms, to the neglect of the spirit, "created in the image of God," and endued with his immortality! Yes, the worldliness and vanity of a life spent in despising the cross of Christ, shall suffer all the threatenings of Divine Justice. "The word of the Lord endureth forever."

But who can describe the triumphs of those, who, by a life of faith on earth, were preparing for the glory, honor and immortality of the skies! *Knowledge* indeed will be theirs; the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus, the knowledge of perfections, of Redemption, of Providence, of expanding creations, of angels' state, and Heaven's service. *Exaltation* will be theirs: the exaltation of kings and priests, of diadems and thrones, of glorious society, of the new nature and the new song. *Wealth* will be theirs; the wealth of spiritual blessedness, of God's love, of unstained righteousness, of promises fulfilled, of realities possessed. *Victory* will be theirs; the victory over the world, over principalities of the air, over the depravity within—victory, in the possession of Canaan, in the prospects of peace, in the enjoyments of God's abiding glory! Sweet will it be to exchange the cares and sorrows and degradation of this life, for the high praises and possessions of that which is to come! Sweet to lie down in the dust, and "awake in Thy likeness!" Sweet to wash the last pollution of our feet in the Jordan, and to enter with hallelujahs the gate of Heaven!

"All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away. But the word of the Lord endureth forever."

Even so, our Father! The grass and its flower are our withered inheritance here, but may the promises of thy Word be our eternal reward!

These meditations afford an appropriate introduction to a brief notice of the life and character of one,

who was lately numbered among the great of the earth.

William Henry Harrison, the late President of the United States, was born in Charles City county, Virginia, in 1773. Having received a liberal education at Hampden Sydney College,¹ he commenced the study of medicine; but his thoughts were soon turned to the preservation of his countrymen, through the profession of arms. With the blood of the Revolution in his veins, he determined to assist in repelling the Indian atrocities on our frontier. In 1792, at the age of 19, he received the commission of Ensign from General Washington; and thus he entered the public service by holding in his hands the flag of his country—a banner never tarnished by any act of his long and eventful life. He was soon promoted, and was the aid of General Wayne in the great battle fought in 1794, which procured for the West a temporary emancipation from Indian cruelties. At the age of 26, he was chosen delegate in Congress from the Northwestern Territory. The next year he was appointed, by President Adams, Governor of Indiana, which at that time embraced all the West, except Ohio; and a short time afterward a Commissioner to form treaties with the Indians. He continued to act as Governor under Jefferson and Madison for many years, and led our troops to victory at the battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811, and as General in the regular army, at the victory of the Thames in 1813.

¹ A College which had been recently founded by Presbyterians.

The four prominent events, which will ever associate the name of Harrison with the West, are—1st. His fidelity and success in making treaties with the Indian tribes, by which he was the means of causing the title to immense tracts of country to vest in the United States. By one treaty alone he secured to the United States "fifty-one millions of acres of the richest country in the West, and the most valuable mineral region in the Union."

2d. His agency, when Delegate in Congress, and when only twenty-six years old, in laying the foundation of the land system, under which the West has increased until Ohio outnumbers even Virginia. He was chairman of the Committee which proposed the reform by which the size of Government tracts was reduced from 4000 acres to alternate sections of 640 acres and 320 acres. Thus the public lands were in a measure taken out of the hands of speculators and large purchasers, and brought within the reach of the yeomanry of the country.

3d. His military services in defending the West from Indian and British aggressions. The country, presenting an immense extent of frontier, was easily accessible to savage foes. From the time of Wayne's victory near the rapids of the Miami in 1794, to his own victories at the Wabash and Thames, including many active engagements, William Henry Harrison was a ruling mind in directing the American forces. He was the terror of the Indian foe, who made several attempts to assassinate him, and who regarded him at last as under the especial favour of the Great Spirit.

4th. His services as Governor of the North West Territory from 1800 to 1813. This whole Territory was under his administration. Besides disbursing the public moneys, to him belonged, for some time, the duty of legislating for its prosperity, of appointing its officers, of confirming grants of land, of arranging its counties and townships, of superintending its various interests, in short, of forming and directing its new systems of institutions. His sagacity, his energy, his honesty, were never brought into suspicion; and history, with grateful devotion, will record in the archives of the mighty West, the name of Harrison as its greatest benefactor.

In 1814 he was again appointed Indian Commissioner, in connection with Governor Shelby and Governor Cass. In 1816 he was elected to the House of Representatives, and served three years. He afterward served in the Ohio Senate two years; and in 1824 was chosen to the Senate of the United States. In 1828 he was appointed by John Quincy Adams, Minister to Columbia.

These various and numerous public services, in connection with his excellent sense, his inflexible integrity, his republican habits and his well known political principles, commended him to the people as President of the United States. And the more the people knew him the more they felt the wisdom of their choice. On his way to this city, from the Miami to the Potomac, he was received with the most cordial and enthusiastic congratulations; and he entered upon his Presidential service with the highest hopes and confidence of a rejoicing people.

The brief month of his administration pronounces a noble eulogy upon his memory. His inaugural address is justly considered the most republican document that has ever emanated from the source of power; and the circular to public officers instinctively reminds us of the good old days of George Washington. But we cannot tread upon political ground. We retire from it mourning that he, who so well *understood the principles of the government*, has been prevented by death from *carrying them out*.

General Harrison's mind was of a good order. He possessed excellent natural powers, and they well disciplined, well furnished, and well directed. Few men had the advantage of a better judgment; few had more sagacity and penetration. He was well versed in general history, and had the most minute knowledge of all the public characters and battles of ancient and modern times. His writings indicate facility of composition, grace of diction and good sound sense, (which the people want more than any thing else.) His public and private integrity his friends delight to admire. Though he formed many treaties about the public lands, disbursed three millions of the public money, and possessed immense power, as Governor of Indiana, he left office with a purity of character hardly to be appreciated in these degenerate times. So sensitive were his feelings of honor that, (with the exception of private Secretary,) he never appointed a relative to office, and never intended to do so.

In his private feelings, he was a kind and benevo-

lent man. Tender-hearted, compassionate, and sympathising, he has relieved the wants of many an old soldier and shared his frugal means with many a widow and friend. In personal address and manners, he was the very man to be popular in a republican government. He was no aristocrat in democratic disguise; but, a people's man, he went among the people in the people's dress and with the people's manners. Though President of the United States, any one could see him, even from sunrise in the morning. He had a native courteousness and condescension, united with the ease and dignity of a Virginian republican. His countenance was goodness, honesty, frankness and disinterestedness. His eye was emphatically "the light of his body;" a soft, sparkling eye—dark, but gentle; and though gentle, full of fire. Mildness and energy were hardly ever more beautifully blended.

His friends all indulge the belief that he was a man of *religious principle*. He was "trained up in the way he should go," by the example and instructions of maternal love. His mother (of the Bassett family,) was a woman of piety and prayer. During the General's last visit to Virginia, he occupied his mother's apartment—the one in which he was born—and he took great interest in pointing out the closet to which she retired for private devotion, and the corner of the room where she sat by the table to read her Bible, and where she taught him on his knees to pray, "Our Father which art in heaven!" These habits were continued by the late President, especially in the closing years of his life. His "Manual

of Devotion" and his Bible were his morning and evening companions. His regard for the Sabbath was increasing, with his other outward testimonies of the importance of religion. The first Sabbath after his inauguration, he was very much annoyed by some persons, who had been admitted into his house, contrary to his orders; and he remarked to one of the family, "We must break up at once this Sunday visiting."

The next Sabbath some of the Foreign Ambassadors called, and were refused admittance, as being contrary to the President's habits; but in the evening, some gentlemen, under the plea of being particular friends, thoughtlessly intruded upon the quiet of his mansion. He sat with them a few minutes in evident uneasiness; and after rising and walking about the room a little, he turned and said to them with great kindness, "Gentlemen, I shall be happy to see you *any* evening but Sunday evening;" and he retired to his room, leaving them with some other members of his family. His general respect for religion was familiar to all, particularly in his attendance on the House of God, both in the morning and afternoon; part of the day in the Episcopal, and the other part in the Presbyterian church. The two last sermons he heard in Presbyterian churches, were from the texts, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation;" and "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The preacher who addresses you, happened to be in the bookstore when he came in to purchase a Bible—"the best in the store;") and the President ex-

pressed to me his surprise that there was no Bible in the President's mansion. He remarked that "the Bible ought to be a part of the furniture of the house; and," he added, "I intend to buy, out of the Congressional appropriation, the best copy I can find, and to write in it, 'The President of the United States, from the People of the United States.'" On another occasion, he expressed to me his sense of religious obligation, and his determination to unite with the Church; which, he said, he would have done four years ago, if it had not been for the turmoil and suspicions of the political contest. The same thing he repeatedly said to many of his relatives and friends during this long period; and, for the last time, on his death-bed. When we consider that the President had been instructed from his youth in religion, that his constant attendance on public worship, and the reading of his Bible, made him well acquainted with the true terms of communion, and that he was a man of uncommon frankness and honesty of speech, we have a strong assurance that his oft expressed determination came from the desires of a renewed heart. Especially, when we remember the great purity and integrity of his character, and the even tenor and religious habits of his well-ordered life. He had doubtless his infirmities—for he was a man; but many traits of true Christian discipleship shall be pondered upon in the spirit of charity and in the consolations of hope.

But the time drew near for him to stand in the presence of Him, who "knoweth our frame" and whose "mercy is from everlasting to everlasting."

Having been unremittingly engaged in attention to public business, and in arranging the measures of his new administration, his frame suffered much from his cares and toil. On Thursday, the 25th of March, he caught a slight cold, from having his hair cut, and from undue exposure. On the day following, he was overtaken in a shower, which increased the symptoms. On Saturday, according to custom, he took a walk early in the morning, visited the market, and stopped to converse with a number of friends. On his return, he was unable to eat any breakfast: but still went into the public room, and saw a number of persons on private and public business. Continuing unwell, he was prevailed upon to send for a physician, who prescribed medicine. On Sunday, his fever increased, accompanied with pain in the breast, and general symptoms of pneumonia. Cupping was resorted to, which, however, had no beneficial effect. The disease was not arrested; and it may be remarked that, during its progress, he suffered, at times, very acute pain, but in patience. It was thought best to keep him so quiet that it was not deemed advisable to admit the ministers of the Gospel: and even his own family had very little intercourse with him, except to attend constantly to his wants. He frequently remarked that he was very sick, "more sick than they think I am." On Tuesday, he reiterated, to the Governor of Iowa, his convictions of the truth of religion, and his purpose to unite with the Church of Christ, if he was restored to health. But his restoration was not the will of omniscient God. Hopes and fears alternately pre-

vailed, in the midst of general anxiety. On Thursday he passed a very restless night; and on Friday evening, for the first time, there was great alarm felt throughout the whole city; but on Saturday morning, he revived, and not a little. Some of his physicians thought they discerned favorable symptoms. He himself felt much better. At this time the 103d Psalm was read to him by a faithful female friend.

In the presence of several of his family, he thanked the Lord, with a loud voice, for His goodness, and seemed overpowered with deep emotion. He also expressed satisfaction at the prospect of being raised up, to resume the prosecution of his public measures, which he had much at heart. Great was the joy which now spread throughout the city with the rapidity of self-diffusing sympathy; but, like all earthly joy, a brief hour doomed it to sorrow.

At 3 o'clock, the most dangerous symptoms foretold the speedy termination of the disease; and at 6, his faithful physicians pronounced him beyond their skill. His family, and the members of his Cabinet (for the first time admitted,) surrounded his bed-side, without hope. His pastor made a prayer, which, from his breathing more softly, he seemed to hear. But his eyes were shut, and death was preparing to finish its work. At 9 o'clock, he again revived; and, perhaps knowing that his Cabinet were near him, he uttered words for them, for his country, and for his successor: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more." The last struggles had already commenced, but they were not violent. Only

once after this did he seem to suffer pain; and he attempted, for the last time, to raise his arm. His breathings now became softer and more gentle, until his slumbers, peaceful as those of a little child, were interrupted by the God of the living and of the dead. He expired half an hour after midnight, on Sunday morning, April 4th.

As I stood, on that Sabbath, by the side of his venerable form, dressed for the grave, and with awe-struck sensibility placed my hand on his cold and death-smitten brow, and smoothed his silvery hairs, I understood "The dust shall return to the earth, as it was; and the spirit shall return to God, who gave it!"

And has he gone? Is earth so full of wonders! Yes, our President, the good and great, has gone for ever from the theatre of fame—from inauguration triumphs and funeral honours—gone into the land of spirits—to Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe,—to rest till the morning of the resurrection!

Farewell, *old soldier*; thy warfare is accomplished!

Farewell, humble *cultivator* of our earthly soil; there is a better harvest in a better land!

Farewell, wise, and pure, and upright *statesman*; thy last words and wishes for the Constitution are welcomed by the people as their legacy, and shall be transmitted to their children to the latest generation!

Farewell, farewell, *our President*, *venerable* with the crown of years and of honor;—in our joy, we almost forgot that thou wert mortal; in our sorrow, we will remember and be glad in thy immortality!

Turning from the dead, (for the last look must be

given, though long we linger,) might I, with propriety, address our new President, I would say, in behalf of the Church,

SIR—The salutations of a free and Christian people welcome you to your station. Called into authority by Providence, and under the Constitution, may you fulfil the just purposes of both! The end of all greatness is seen in your elevation. The temptations which crowd around power are many; but there is a Bible in the people's mansion, which will afford divine guidance. We will pray that the King of Kings may enable our President to conform to all the outward observances of religion, and to possess in his own soul its sweet and sure rewards. Long and useful may your life be, and peaceful your dying hour!

To the members of the Cabinet, I would say,

COUNCILORS, true and tried!—A heavy affliction has come upon you in the early morning of an auspicious day. Through life remember the life and death of your departed chief. God has warned you with a warning that summons you to the meditations of eternity. No wisdom, nor glory, nor device, will save you from the grave. The terms of the Gospel are rich in mercy and hope. Live lives of usefulness to your country; "quit ye like men," and be prepared for the high service of your God in Heaven!

To the people of the United States, this Providence appeals as with the power of miracles. It says, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils," and know that the Lord is God! Of late there has been too great a tendency to man-worship,

which is idolatry. Many other crying sins are abroad in the land, which might justly incur the divine displeasure. Though we may not specify the particular sins, which may have caused this great visitation to descend upon us, there is evil enough in the North, and the South, and the East, and the West, to justify any measures of retributive infliction. God has already punished our nation by terrific fires, by awful disasters on our rivers and ocean, by frightful disease, by the almost universal prostration of commerce, and of the various branches of business, by individual losses, and State embarrassments; in short, by private and public judgments of various admonitory kinds. And lo! what manner of punishment hath He meted out to us now! If we repent not, nor humble ourselves before Him, He has other visitations in store for us. Signs of war are already flashing across our horizon; and God has at His command innumerable methods of omnipotent retribution. May we stand in awe and sin not! May we be instructed in the season of His Providential warning; lest, at last, He “rule us with a rod of iron, and dash us in pieces like a potter’s vessel!”

But this, our individual and our national calamity, would fail of one of its most direct purposes, did it not solemnize us into preparation for our own death. Let this dispensation never be forgotten! Let it chasten us in the midst of mirth; haunt away unlawful pleasures; correct the delusions and vain aspirations of this life; remind us of our mortality, and guide us to an “inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.” “As the cloud is con-

sumed and vanisheth away; so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." No more enjoyment of Gospel privileges, of sweet Sabbath light, of pleading conscience, and of the Spirit's call, shall bring back hope from the gloom of the sepulchre! How soon, alas! may the "silver cord be loosed," and the "golden bowl," or "pitcher," or "wheel," be broken into meanest dust! Mortals, attend to the earnest entreaties of Jehovah's power! He, who can do such works as He hath done, can surely deal with you as He will. Soon must you say to corruption, "thou art my father;" to the worm "thou art my mother and my sister." Oh, before that hour of desolation cometh, learn to say to God, Thou art my portion; and to Christ, Thou art my hope!

Beings, who witness, as we do, so many demonstrations of love, and truth, and goodness, and justice, and might, and mercy—all passing before us with the glory of the Lord—ought to remember that such high privileges involve high responsibilities. "The kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them" shall depart; but your soul—your immortal soul—outliving the vanities of life and the degradation of the grave, shall receive eternal blessedness in Heaven, or eternal misery in Hell. Our days are as grass, and our glory as its flower; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.

Our bodies, which are soon to be to be dust, will, if Christ be in us, arise to the glories of celestial existence. No more shall the yew and cypress be twined for our tomb; but the brow of the Christian shall have a diadem of beauty brighter than the

light of the morning, and incorruptible as immortality! In the great day, when nations and rulers shall be summoned by the trump of the Archangel, may our President be seen in robes of righteousness, at God's right hand; and may we all be there to swell the praise!

APPENDIX.

The following narrative has been compiled from various papers, (chiefly the *Intelligencer*, the *Madisonian*, and the *New York Observer*) in order to serve the purposes of a record of the solemn circumstances, attending our national bereavement.

I. OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH.

CITY OF WASHINGTON, April 4, 1841.

An all-wise Providence having suddenly removed from this life, WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late President of the United States, we have thought it our duty, in the recess of Congress, and in the absence of the Vice President from the seat of Government, to make this afflicting bereavement known to the country, by this declaration, under our hands.

He died at the President's house, in this city, this fourth day of April, Anno Domini, 1841, at thirty minutes before one o'clock in the morning.

The people of the United States, overwhelmed, like ourselves, by an event so unexpected and so melancholy, will derive consolation from knowing that his death was calm and resigned, as his life has been patriotic and useful, and distinguished; and that the last utterance of his lips expressed a fervent desire for the perpetuity of the Constitution, and the preservation of its true principles. In death, as in life, the happiness of his country was uppermost in his thoughts.

DANIEL WEBSTER, Secretary of State.

THOMAS EWING, Secretary of the Treasury.

JOHN BELL, Secretary of War.

J. J. CRITTENDEN, Attorney General.

FRANCIS GRANGER, Postmaster General.

II. REPORT OF THE PHYSICIANS.

WASHINGTON, April 4, 1841.

Dear Sir—In compliance with the request made to us by yourself and the other gentlemen of the Cabinet, the attending and consulting Physicians have drawn up the abstract of a report on the President's case, which I herewith transmit to you.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MILLER,

Attending Physician.

To the Hon. D. WEBSTER, Secretary of State.

On Saturday, March 27, 1841, President Harrison, after several days' previous indisposition, was seized with a chill and other symptoms of fever. The next day Pneumonia, with congestion of the liver, and derangement of the stomach and bowels, was ascertained to exist. The age and debility of the patient, with the immediate prostration, forbade a resort to general blood-letting. Topical depletion, blistering, and appropriate internal remedies, subdued, in a great measure, the disease of the lungs and liver, but the stomach and intestines did not regain a healthy condition. Finally, on the 3d of April, at 3 o'clock, P. M., profuse diarrhœa came on, under which he sank, at thirty minutes to 1 o'clock, on the morning of the fourth.

The last words uttered by the President, as heard by Dr. Worthington, were these: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

THOS. MILLER, M.D.,

Attending Physician.

FRED. MAY, M.D.,

N. W. WORTHINGTON, M.D.,

J. C. HALL, M.D.,

ASHTON ALEXANDER, M.D.,

Consulting Physicians.

(It may be remarked that universal confidence exists at Washington, in the skill and fidelity of the above physicians. C. V. R.)

III. ACCOUNT OF THE PRESIDENT'S LAST HOURS.

Saturday, 1 o'clock, P. M.—Dr. Alexander of Baltimore has just visited the President's Chamber, and pronounces him better, giving all his friends reason to indulge in hope. The good news spreads all over the city with joyful alacrity.

2 o'clock.—The favourable symptoms continue.

3 o'clock.—The symptoms are becoming alarming; a diarrhœa is threatened.

Half past 3 o'clock.—The alarm of General Harrison's friends is very great: the symptoms grow worse, and his case becomes more dangerous than ever. The medical men begin to doubt, if not to despair, and to speak in a manner and tone, that hardly give us hope.

4 o'clock.—The news of increased danger flies over the city, and all are inquiring, and in all directions.

5 o'clock.—The President wanders, and is at times quite insensible. All his symptoms are worse. His family hanging in anxiety over his bedside, his Physicians watching every motion. His diarrhœa grows worse, and leaves hardly a hope, so rapidly does it prostrate his strength.

6 o'clock.—The Members of the Cabinet have been summoned to the President's, Mr. Granger just gave the alarm to his associates. The symptoms all worse. His physicians give him up. The dreadful report fills all with consternation. The danger of losing the good and venerable man now breaks fully upon us all.

10 o'clock.—Reports from the sick chamber for the last four hours have all been worse. The pulse beats feebler and feebler every minute. His flesh has become cold and clammy. During this time, General Harrison has spoken his last words, after which he fell into a state of insensibility. At a quarter of nine, Dr. Worthington at his bedside, he said, (and it is presumed he was addressing Governor Tyler)—

“SIR,—I WISH YOU TO UNDERSTAND THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF THE GOVERNMENT. I WISH THEM CARRIED OUT. I ASK NOTHING MORE.”

This is the dying injunction of the good old man, made, Dr. Worthington says, in a strong tone of voice.

All the members of the Cabinet, except Mr. Badger, for three hours past have been in a chamber near the President's sick room. Their spirits, of course, are sadly depressed by this melancholy event, but they are preparing for the mournful duty that devolves upon them.

11 o'clock.—The President yet lingers. The White House has been thronged by citizens of all classes fearfully inquiring into the President's health. He is insensible, feeble indeed, and no one now indulges in hope. All preparations are making as for a man already dead. The consolations of religion have all along been administered. He has been calm and manifested no fear of death. The Physicians are just using the last remedies their skill devises, but with no hope of any favourable result.

12½ o'clock.—General Harrison has just breathed his last, and without a struggle. He has been insensible for a long while, and the last words he spoke, were to Dr. Worthington. Most anxious and deeply affected friends are weeping around his chamber. What a dreadful blow has struck the land!

1 o'clock, A. M.—The Members of the Cabinet after performing their last mournful duties to the departed President are preparing a Letter to the Vice President announcing the fact officially. The Chief Clerk of the State Department, Fletcher Webster, Esq., is despatched with it, and he will reach Mr. Tyler by Monday noon, who will probably be here Wednesday or Thursday the latest.

IV. OFFICIAL LETTER TO THE VICE PRESIDENT.

“ Washington, April 4, 1841.

“ TO JOHN TYLER, Vice President of the United States.

“ *Sir*:—It has become our most painful duty to inform you that WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late President of the United States, has departed this life.

“ This distressing event took place this day, at the President's Mansion in this city, at thirty minutes before one in the morning.

"We lose no time in despatching the Chief Clerk in the State Department, as a special messenger, to bear you these melancholy tidings.

"We have the honor to be, with the highest regard, your obedient servants,

DANIEL WEBSTER, Sec'ry of State.

THOS. EWING, Sec'ry of Treasury.

JOHN BELL, Sec'ry of War.

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, Att'y Gen.

FRANCIS GRANGER, Postmaster Gen."

V. ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUNERAL.

WASHINGTON, April 4, 1841.

The circumstances in which we are placed by the death of the President, render it indispensable for us, in the recess of Congress and in the absence of the Vice President, to make arrangements for the Funeral Solemnities. Having consulted with the family and personal friends of the deceased, we have concluded that the funeral be solemnized on Wednesday, the 7th instant, at 12 o'clock. The religious services to be performed according to the usages of the Episcopal Church, in which church the deceased usually worshipped. The body is to be taken from the President's House to the Congress Burying Ground, accompanied by a Military and Civic Procession, and deposited in the Receiving Tomb.

The military arrangements to be under the direction of Major General Macomb, the General Commanding in Chief of the Army of the United States, and Major General Walter Jones, of the Militia of the District of Columbia.

Commodore Morris, the Senior Captain in the Navy now in the city, to have the direction of the naval arrangements.

The Marshal of the District to have the direction of the civic procession, assisted by the Mayors of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, the Clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States, and such other citizens as they may see fit to call to their aid.

John Quincy Adams, ex-President of the United States, Members of Congress now in the city or its neighborhood, all the members of

the Diplomatic body resident in Washington, all officers of Government, and citizens generally, are invited to attend.

And it is respectfully recommended to the officers of Government that they wear the usual badge of mourning.

DANIEL WEBSTER, Sec'y of State.

THOS. EWING, Sec'y of the Treasury.

JOHN BELL, Sec'y of War.

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, Attorney General.

FRANCIS GRANGER, Postmaster General.

VI. ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE INTERMENT OF THE LATE PRESIDENT.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, April 6, 1841.

The Major General, commanding the Army of the United States, and the Major General commanding the Militia of the District of Columbia, having been charged by the Executive Officers of the Government, with the military arrangements for the funeral honors to be paid to the patriot and illustrious citizen WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late President of the United States, direct the following order of arrangement:

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

MILITARY ESCORT.

Battalion of United States Marines.

Squadron of Volunteer Cavalry.

Division of United States Light Artillery.

Battalion of Volunteer Infantry.

Officers of the Militia and Volunteer corps of Baltimore, &c., on foot.

Officers of the Militia and Volunteer corps of the District
of Columbia, on foot.

Officers of the Marine corps, Navy and Army, on foot.

Major General Walter Jones, Commanding the Militia, and staff.

Major General Macomb, Commander-in-chief, and staff.

CIVIC PROCESSION.

United States Marshal for the District of Columbia and
Clerk of the Supreme Court.

The Mayors of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria.
Clergy of the District of Columbia and elsewhere.

Pall Bearers.

Pall Bearers.



Pall Bearers.

Pall Bearers.

The family and relations of the late President.
The Vice President and the Heads of Departments.
Ex-Presidents, and former Heads of Departments.

Foreign Ministers and Suits.

The Chief Justice, and Associate Justices of the
Supreme Court and District Judges of the United States.

The President of the Senate *protempore*."

Senators and officers of the Senate.

United States and Mexican Commissioners for the adjustment of
claims under the convention with Mexico.

Members of the House of Representatives and Officers.

Governors of States and Territories and Members
of State Legislatures.

Judges of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia with the
Members of the Bar and Officers of the Court.

The Judges of the several States.

The Comptrollers of the Treasury, Auditors, Treasurer,
Register and Solicitor.

Commissioners and other Civil Officers of the Government.

Officers and Soldiers of the late war who served under
the command of the late President.

Corporate authorities of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria.

Such Societies and Fraternities as may wish to join in the
Procession, to report to the Marshal of the District,
who will assign to them their respective positions.

Citizens and Strangers.

The troops designated to form the escort will assemble in the Avenue, north of the President's House, and form line precisely at 11 o'clock, A. M., on Wednesday the 7th instant, with its right (Captain Ringgold's company of Light Artillery) resting opposite the western gate.

The procession will move precisely at 12 o'clock, M., when minute guns will be fired by detachments of artillery stationed near St. John's Church and the Capitol. At the same hour, the bells of the several churches in Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, will be tolled.

At sun-rise to-morrow, (the 7th inst.) a Federal salute will be fired from the military stations in the vicinity of Washington, minute guns between the hours of 12 and 3, and a national salute at the setting of the sun.

The usual badge of mourning will be worn on the left arm, and on the hilt of the sword.

The Adjutant General of the Army is charged with the military arrangements of the day, aided by the Assistants Adjutant General on duty at the Head Quarters of the Army.

The United States Marshal of the District has the direction of the Civic Procession, assisted by the Mayors of the cities of the District and the Clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States.

By order,

R. JONES,

Adjutant General of U. S. Army.

The various DEPARTMENTS issued orders, corresponding to the occasion, to their various public officers, enjoining the wearing of crape on the arm, the badges of mourning on the public buildings, &c., &c.

VII. VIEW OF THE DEAD.

On Monday, the body of the deceased President was placed in a large court or ante-room of the house, between the front or entrance door and the reception rooms. It reposed in a leaden coffin, which was enclosed in another of mahogany; and that day was designated to give all the people, who wished to take a last look at the beloved Harrison, an opportunity of so doing. Accordingly, they came in

great numbers, and in the silence of undissembled grief gazed on the cold remains of one, who so lately and so freely mingled among them as one of them. No military sentinels were necessary to preserve order, great as were the numbers pressing to the melancholy spot. The workman in his apron, as well as the gentleman in his more costly dress, reverently came and went, as did all classes, trades and professions.

The features of the illustrious dead bore the marks of his native benevolence and kind disposition. Death had not yet taken away his smile; nor had the majesty of a noble spirit left his brow. He looked "like a warrior taking his rest;" and when the night came, he was again removed to the silent chamber, to be left "alone in his glory."

The awe-struck and mourning population of the metropolis spent a three-days interval of intense feeling.

VIII. ARRIVAL OF THE VICE PRESIDENT.

At 12 o'clock, all the Heads of Departments, except the Secretary of the Navy, (who has not yet returned to the city, from his visit to his family,) waited upon the Vice President to pay him their official and personal respects. They were received with all the politeness and kindness which characterize the new President. He signified his deep feeling of the public calamity sustained by the death of President HARRISON, and expressed his profound sensibility to the heavy responsibilities so suddenly devolved upon himself. He spoke of the present state of things with great concern and seriousness, and made known his wishes that the several Heads of Departments would continue to fill the places which they now respectively occupy, and his confidence that they would afford all the aid in their power to enable him to carry on the administration of the Government successfully.

The PRESIDENT then took and subscribed the following oath of office:

I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.

April 6, 1841.

JOHN TYLER.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, }
 City and County of Washington, } ss.

I, William Cranch, Chief Justice of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, certify that the above named JOHN TYLER personally appeared before me this day, and, although he deems himself qualified to perform the duties and exercise the powers and office of the President on the death of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late President of the United States, without any other oath than that which he has taken as Vice President, yet, as doubts may *arise*, and for greater caution, took and subscribed the foregoing oath before me.

W. CRANCH.

April 6, 1841.

IX. PRAYER MEETING AT THE PRESIDENT'S MANSION.

The author of the foregoing discourse felt it to be a duty and a privilege to visit frequently at the Mansion, during the sickness of the President. With Col. Todd in particular I had many seasons of Christian intercourse, which will long be remembered. After the President's death, it was my duty to propose a pastoral visit to the ladies in their affliction, with the hope of administering consolation through divine truth and prayer. Accordingly, I went by appointment on Tuesday evening; when I found that Col. Todd, with true Christian forethought, had so arranged it as to have all the family assembled, in number from fifteen to twenty. There was evidently deep affliction in every heart; and in the midst of the general sorrow, there was a very cordial welcome to him, who aimed at bringing the peace and comforts of the Gospel. After a few remarks, intended to direct the thoughts of all heavenward, I read portions of the 21st and 22d chapters of Revelation. Almost all present were members of different churches, (chiefly Presbyterian) and seemed to appreciate the description of the heavenly state, in hope of its eternal enjoyment. We then all united in prayer at the throne of grace, that God's solemn providence might be sanctified to all the family—that the beloved and smitten “mother in Israel” might have the special comforts of divine support—and that all might be impressed with the vanities of earth in contrast with the glories of life eternal. After prayer, I made an exhortation, presenting God as the Ruler of providence, who governed according to the dictates of infinite wis-

dom and mercy. I also pointed to Christ as our Mediator, our Comfort and our Hope, and to Heaven, as our eternal home. The Apostolic benediction was then pronounced ; and I left the afflicted family with deep sympathy for their bereavement, and thanking God that I was a minister of the Gospel.

As I passed from the weeping circle, and trod softly by the chamber of the dead, I could not help thinking how religion is adapted to all the wants of our race, in all circumstances of our condition ; and how important it was to have its hopes in our trials, but especially in our death.

X. FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

It was not till Wednesday that the full force of the bereavement was felt by the public mind, when to all who about five weeks before had witnessed the spectacle of the inauguration, there was now presented the very different spectacle of a funeral—and the funeral of that very inaugurated Chief Magistrate. The day itself—the clouds covering the heavens—resembled the fourth of March. The numerous flags at half-mast, and hung with crape, met the eye wherever it was turned ; while the ear was saluted with the deep thunder of heavy cannon, as at short intervals the melancholy sound came through the air. The stream of human beings continued to pour into the city from all quarters until 12 o'clock, and although it was supposed all the States of the Union sent the materials that constituted the host at the Inauguration, there seemed really to be as many to-day in the city as on the Fourth of March.

At sunrise the sound of cannon from the several military stations in the vicinity of the city heralded the melancholy occasion which was to assemble the citizens of the District and its neighborhood, and minute guns were fired during the morning. In entire consonance with those mournful sounds was the aspect of the whole city, as well its dwellings as its population. The buildings on each side of the entire length of the Pennsylvania Avenue, with scarcely an exception, and many houses on the contiguous streets, were hung with festoons and streamers of black, not only about the signs and entrances, but in many cases from all the upper stories. Almost every private dwelling had crape upon the knocker and bell-handle

of its door, and many of the very humblest abodes hung out some spontaneous signal of the general sorrow. The stores and places of business, even such as are too frequently seen open on the Sabbath, were all closed. Every thing like business seemed to have been forgotten, and all minds to be occupied with the purpose of the day. The great point of attraction was the President's Mansion. Toward that, all steps, all thoughts were tending. The northern portico of the Mansion was hung with long banners of black, extending from column to column. The iron gates of the enclosure in front were closed, save when the Foreign Ministers, Members of the Cabinet, the attending Physicians, the Clergy, the Judiciary and ladies were admitted, preparatory to their taking the places assigned them in the Funeral Procession.

At the entrance of the Mansion, the dressings of black presented themselves on every side, descending from the lofty ceiling to the floor. The great chandelier, with the immense mirrors of the east room, and other articles of furniture, were enveloped in the sable symbols; while in the centre of the room reposed the illustrious dead—the body being contained in a coffin covered with rich silk velvet, over which was thrown the pall of similar material. Under the lid of the coffin was a glass, through which could be seen the face of the late President. The expression was calm and natural: his white hair lying close to his head, and his features regular and peaceful, as if they had been quietly composed to their last long sleep. It was impossible to escape contrasting this moveless repose of death with the incessant activity of the living individual, when receiving the visits of the people, or transacting business with those who called. What little of form or ceremony remained about the Government, was extinguished by the late President.

The first semi-circle around the coffin was composed of about forty Clergymen of different denominations in and near the District. Opposite to these, encircling the head of the coffin, sat the Vice President and the Cabinet, except Mr. Badger, who has gone to North Carolina. On the left of the Cabinet were Messrs. Forsyth, Poinsett and Paulding, also Mr. Adams. In their rear sat the Foreign Ministers, in their gorgeous dresses of gold and silver lace, stars, epaulettes and other insignia peculiar to monarchical governments,

and strongly contrasting with the severe simplicity of all around, especially the *simplicity of death*. Immediately behind the Clergy were the mourners, about fifteen or twenty in number, including the "faithful women," who "did what they could" to minister to the last wants of their departed relative and friend. The next semi-circle was composed of the attending and consulting physicians, and the twenty-four pall-bearers, all with white sashes. Officers of the government of various grades, ladies and others, who had the privilege of admission, filled the room, which was not crowded, the thousands of the people being outside even the gates of the great front lawn, and maintaining the most profound stillness and exemplary order. In fact, the population had, as if by common consent, extended itself in very equal masses along the whole distance of a mile and a half from the Mansion to the Capitol. The passage way within the spacious front lawn was filled with mourning-coaches, in waiting for the Family Mourners, the Cabinet, the Clergy, Members of Congress, Foreign Ministers, &c.

At half-past 11 o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Hawley, Rector of St. John's Church, arose, and observed that he would mention an incident connected with the Bible which lay on the table before him (covered with black silk velvet). "This Bible," said he, "was purchased by the President, on the fifth of March. He has since been in the habit of daily reading it. He was accustomed not only to attend Church, but to join audibly in the Church service, and to kneel before his Maker." Mr. H. stated that had the President lived, and been in health, he intended on the *next Sabbath* to become a communicant at the Lord's table. A part of the 15th of 1st Corinthians was then read, some selections from the Psalms, and a short prayer. No address or particular appeal was made to the assembly or to any portion of it.

It was after eleven o'clock, when the procession in front of the Presidential mansion presented a complete line, and a few minutes before twelve, a funeral car entered the square, and drew up within the portico. It was of large dimensions, in form an oblong platform, on which was a raised dais, the whole covered with black velvet. From the cornice of the platform fell a black velvet curtain outside of the wheels to within a few inches of the ground. From the cor-

ners of the car a black crape festoon was formed on all sides, looped in the centre by a funeral wreath.

Precisely at twelve o'clock, a detachment of musicians, which had been marched up in front of the portico, played the Portuguese hymn, during which the body was moved, and placed on the car. The coffin was covered with a rich velvet, on which were placed two swords, laid across (the Sword of Justice and the sword of State) surmounted by the scroll of the Constitution, bound together by a funeral wreath formed of the yew and cypress. The Car was drawn by six white horses, having at the head of each a coloured groom, dressed in white, with white turban and sash, and supported by pall bearers in black. The effect was very fine. The contrast of this slowly moving body of white and black, so opposite to the strong colours of the military around it, struck the eye even from the greatest distance, and gave a chilling warning beforehand that the corpse was drawing nigh.

The Pall bearers marched two abreast on each side of the car, and consisted of the following gentlemen, representing each State and Territory in the union :

Maine, R. Cutts, Esq.—*New Hampshire*, Hon. Jacob B. Moore.—*Massachusetts*, Hon. C. Cushing.—*Rhode Island*, M. St. C. Clarke, Esq.—*Connecticut*, W. B. Loyd, Esq.—*Vermont*, Hon. Hiland Hall.—*New York*, Gen. John Granger.—*New Jersey*, Hon. Geo. C. Washington.—*Pennsylvania*, M. Willing, Esq.—*Delaware*, Hon. A. Naudain.—*Maryland*, D. Hoffman, Esq.—*Virginia*, Major Camp.—*North Carolina*, Hon. E. D. White.—*South Carolina*, John Carter, Esq.—*Georgia*, Gen. D. L. Clinch.—*Kentucky*, Thos. Crittenden, Esq.—*Tennessee*, Col. Rogers.—*Louisiana*, M. Durald, Esq.—*Mississippi*, Major Anderson Miller.—*Alabama*, Dr. Perrine.—*Arkansas*, A. W. Lyon, Esq.—*Ohio*, Mr. Graham.—*Indiana*, Gen. R. Hanna.—*Illinois*, D. G. Gurnsey, Esq.—*Missouri*, Major Russell.—*Michigan*, Gen. Howard.—*Wisconsin*, Hon. J. D. Doty.—*Iowa*, Hon. W. B. Carter.—*Florida*, Hon. C. Downing.—*District of Columbia*, R. Smith, Esq.

Before the hearse, marched the Military Escort, in the order mentioned above.

The most impressive portion of the military part of the procession

consisted of the dismounted and mounted officers of the Army, Navy, Militia, and Volunteers. Seldom has there been exhibited within a space so limited so many distinguished military men; the sight of whose well-known figures led back our thoughts to many a bloody field and many an ensanguined sea, on which the national honor has been well and nobly maintained.

Next to the military, were the clergy of the District and elsewhere, (dressed with scarfs, and with crape on the hat and left arm,) about forty in number, in carriages.

Then followed the attending physicians, in their private vehicles.

Immediately *behind* the hearse, were the male relatives of the deceased, including his old and faithful friends Colonels Todd and Chambers.

Immediately after them President Tyler, in a carriage with the Secretary of State; then the several other Heads of Departments, and Mr. J. Q. Adams. Several members of the Judiciary Department followed, and then all the Ministers of Foreign Governments, now present, or their Secretaries.

Next followed Officers and soldiers who had served under General Harrison in the late war. Another division of the Procession consisted of public societies and associations preceded by their banners, and wearing their respective badges.

On the firing of the signal gun at the appointed hour, the Procession moved along Pennsylvania Avenue, under the fire of minute guns near the President's House, repeated at the City Hall, on the head of the column arriving opposite to it, and at the Capitol on its reaching the western gate of the enclosure. The music was excellent; several fine bands playing mournful airs, giving place from time to time, to the muffled drums of the military, beating slow marches.

The solemnity of the scene was beyond description.

Among the most touching incidents which occurred during the procession, was its meeting the Maryland Legislature about half way down the Avenue. Having just arrived in the cars, the members preceded by their officers, marched on to meet the funeral train of the President; and were immediately assigned their proper and honorable rank in the multitude of public mourners.

Having reached the Capitol Square, passing on the south side of

it, the Procession advanced over the plains eastward till it reached the space in front of the Congressional Burying Ground.

Here the Car halted, while the line was formed by the Military; and then passed slowly on, being saluted as it passed with a dirge, with colours lowered, the troops presenting arms, and the officers saluting it in military form. Having reached the principal entrance, the Car was again halted; the coffin was taken down and placed on the shoulders of the bearers; the Clergy advanced, and the Rev. Mr. Hawley, reciting the solemn funeral service of the Episcopal Liturgy, the Procession advanced down the principal avenue of the cemetery until it reached the receiving vault, where a space had been kept open by sentries under arms, and where a hollow square being formed, the coffin was lowered into the public vault, which was hung with festoons of black crape and muslin. It is a spacious arched apartment at the extremity of the ground, perfectly dry. There were about eight coffins in it before that of General Harrison was received into it. In the centre of this vault, a mahogany shell had been placed, and into this shell the coffin was fitted, and the lid was then placed upon it, when, in an interval of "expressive silence," the coffin was conveyed down into the tomb, and all that remained on earth of the President of this great Union was laid in its narrow bed, near other coffins almost unnoticed, and altogether unknown to us, how did all earthly grandeur dwindle to its real insignificance, and how impressively did the tomb teach it in that hour! The immortality of Fame! How did the bubble burst in the atmosphere of that house of death! And when I saw TYLER, WEBSTER, EWING, BELL, CRITTENDEN and GRANGER enter that house, to take their last view of the coffin, and to emerge again with the weight of a nation's cares, added to present affliction, upon them, who could help exclaiming: "What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue!" Among the last things which I observed were the tears of his old comrades in arms on many a hard-fought field, as they ascended out of the vault, and left their brave and beloved General in the embrace of the Universal Conqueror, adding another trophy to the triumphs of Death, and another portion to the spoils of the Grave.

A signal being given to the troops outside, the battalion of Light Artillery, who were placed on an adjoining eminence, fired a salute, which was immediately followed by the several military bodies in

line, who commenced firing from the left to the right, and had continued the salute till it had thrice gone up the whole line.

The Vice President appeared to be much affected. Mr. Ewing, the Secretary of the Treasury, was, at times, almost unmanned by the excess of his grief. Mr. Webster, Mr. Bell, Mr. Granger, and Mr. Crittenden evinced, by their deportment, that they felt their loss.

The entire Procession occupied two full miles in length, and was marshalled on its way by officers on horseback carrying white batons with black tassels. The utmost order prevailed throughout; and, considering the very great concourse of people collected, the silence preserved during the whole course of the march was very impressive.

The Procession returned by the same route to the city, where the troops were dismissed, and the citizens retired to their several abodes. By five o'clock, nothing remained but empty streets and the emblems of mourning upon the houses, and the still deeper gloom, which oppressed the general mind with renewed power after all was over, and the sense of the public bereavement alone was left to fill the thoughts.

It was the universal impression, that the procession was larger, and the whole effect more imposing, than that of the pageant of the Inauguration. In regard to solemnity, the two occasions of course admit of no comparison. The one was a nation in joy; the other a nation in tears.

XI. REFLECTIONS IN THE EAST ROOM—April 7. 1841.

The great East Room of the President's House—that room in which I have seen a thousand gay and joyful faces glowing in the light of ponderous chandeliers, radiating the light of a hundred burners, was now the scene of death! Those brilliant fountains of light were hid in the dark robes of mourning. The splendid mirrors, which rose almost to the lofty ceiling, reflecting on every side the brilliant crowds which often thronged this room, now refused to look upon the scene before them, and buried their polished bosoms in the habiliments of sadness. In short, this magnificent room, in every part of it, spoke in the appropriate language of silent grief, announcing to all—Death is here!

The coffin rested in the centre of the room, and was richly and

beautifully dressed. Closely attached to it was a covering of black velvet. The edges where the top rested were delicately traced with fine gold lace, and on either side and at each end of the coffin the same material was formed into beautiful squares. A gorgeous velvet pall hung gracefully over the whole, with a deep rich fringe appended to a border of gold lace. On the top of all rested two elegantly wrought swords in mourning, buried in a profusion of lovely and fragrant flowers, which Flora had consecrated to this sad and melancholy service, as if to express the idea that sweetness and beauty could conquer the sword and survive death itself!

Around the coffin, and at an appropriate distance, was formed a circle composed of the new President of the United States, the heads of departments, the clergy of every denomination, judges of courts, and members of the bar. The next circle contained the foreign ministers in their rich and varied court dresses, with a number of members of both Houses of Congress, and the relatives of the deceased President. Beyond this circle a vast assemblage of ladies and gentlemen filled up the room. Silence, deep and undisturbed, even by a whisper, pervaded the entire assembly. The solemn event which they were now gazing upon fixed every eye and hushed every tongue. When at the appointed hour, the officiating minister rose from his seat, and as he rose in solemn tones announced these words, "*I am the resurrection, and the life!*" one simultaneous move placed this vast assembly upon their feet on the first sound of the minister's voice, and a feeling of deeper awe rested upon every countenance, as he uttered the above sentence. Never before did I realize the grandeur and sublimity of these words—never before did I feel the thrilling effect which the enunciation of this glorious Christian truth is capable of inspiring.

At the close of these religious ceremonies, the coffin was conducted to the funeral car specially constructed for the occasion, where it was met and saluted by the solemn dirge of appropriate music; and the procession moved off under the discharge of funeral artillery, which uttered loud and long the nation's grief.

XII. THE MOURNFUL INTELLIGENCE.

As the news of the decease of the venerable President of this republic spread from city to city, there was every demonstration of the

deep grief which the nation feels, at the removal by death, of the chief officer of the republic. In the smaller towns on the route of the mail hither, the persons always waiting at the railroad depots, heard the intelligence in silence, and turned away to communicate it to their friends, in that suppressed tone which is the indication of true feeling.

In Baltimore, on Sunday, the bells of the city were tolled throughout the day, and the flags from various edifices floated at half mast, trimmed with the "insignia of woe." In several of the churches, the ministers took advantage of the occasion, and made most impressive and affecting allusions to the national bereavement, in the decease of the President.

In Philadelphia, the slip signed by all the heads of the departments, announcing the fact, was read at the Exchange to about 500 persons, all of whom evinced much feeling, and without uttering a word left the room. In less than two minutes after the announcement not three persons of the dense crowd that had so lately filled the apartment were to be seen.

The news was received in New York a little before midnight, by the evening train. At that hour, on account of the storm with which the afternoon closed, few persons were stirring, but as the intelligence was announced by the passengers, it was received with the same demonstrations of grief and respect for the deceased, which had marked its reception in other cities. The news was circulated through a large part of the city; but still could not be said to be generally circulated, until the appearance of the morning papers, dressed in the proper marks of mourning.

New York is emphatically a reading city. The proportion of houses at which a morning paper is served in the city is probably as eight to ten, if not larger. Consequently almost the first thing that met every man's eye, was the indication of the national loss, in the turned rules, and funeral appearance of the newspapers, which, with one exception only, paid this mark of respect for the deceased. Made in a manner so striking, the announcement could escape no one, and men walked abroad to their daily avocations, with faces which betrayed what every honest man's heart felt. Our daily avocations make us among the earliest of early risers, and had we been, by any chance, unapprised of the intelligence, we could have read in the

faces of those whom we met, the unanimous declaration that some grief, for the general weal, oppressed our fellow-citizens.

The method of striking fire alarms in this city prevents the use of the bells to toll an unexpected announcement. None were therefore struck, but at the usual hour of hoisting flags, the city standard, and the national ensign were displayed at half mast upon the City Hall. All the principal hotels, the political head quarters of both parties, and the other public buildings upon which flags are usually hoisted on public occasions, displayed them yesterday at half mast; and the shipping at the piers and in the harbour, wore the same testimonials of national grief. We never felt before so proud of our citizenship, as we did in exchanging remarks of sincere condolence with our friends of the opposition party, who thus testified that love of country is superior in American hearts to devotion to party.

The Courts met only to adjourn; and the Common Council was convened to take measures for testifying the public sympathy and respect.

All the flags in Albany were displayed at half mast; the Supreme Court, and Court of Chancery adjourned, and an extraordinary meeting of the Common Council, was convened at 12 o'clock.

The Governor of the State sent a message to the Legislature, which immediately adjourned after appointing Committees of arrangements.

At Hartford, and at all other places, reached by steamboat hence, the news was divined by the half-mast flag, before a word was spoken; and many citizens turned away without asking or waiting to hear one word. There was agony in that telegraphic sermon.

At Boston, the news of the death of the President of the United States, was received on Tuesday morning. The shipping at the wharves hoisted their colors at half-mast, and the Revenue Cutter Hamilton, Captain Sturgis, at anchor in the harbour, fired minute guns for an hour. This was done in compliance with the recommendation and instructions of the Collector of that Port. The Courts adjourned, and the Common Council was convened to take proper measures for a municipal observance of the occasion.

In every place, indeed, throughout the land, the intelligence was received with mourning, dismay and solemnity. No event that has ever occurred since the death of Washington, has ever filled the nation with such sincere and universal grief.

XIII. FUNERAL CEREMONIES ELSEWHERE.

In addition to the ceremonies at Washington—there was, on the day and during the hours of the funeral obsequies, a cessation of business, with other demonstrations of solemnity, in the great cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

After due arrangements had been made, during the same or the following week, the afflicting dispensation was further solemnized by the delivery of addresses and large funeral processions in all the principal cities and many other places. The procession in *New York* occupied a space of four miles, and was many hours in passing, with its large concourse and funeral tread. In *Albany*, there was a torch-light procession. The procession was accompanied by a full band of music, and the funeral urn, covered with its pall—the whole illuminated by the light of upward of 600 torches. It passed through the principal streets of the city between 8 and 10 o'clock. The night was still, and very dark; and the effect produced by the long array of mourners at that unusual hour—the funeral emblems, the solemn music, and the strong red glare of the torches, revealing from the gloom and lighting up with picturesque effect the houses and crowds of spectators which thronged the windows as they passed, left an impression which will not soon be effaced from the memory of those who beheld the scene.

Accounts are still coming in from every quarter, of the very many public testimonies of the grief of the people, for the loss of their venerable and beloved Chief Magistrate.

XIV. GENERAL HARRISON'S FAMILY.

1. The following relatives of Gen., HARRISON were present in the city on the day of the Funeral, viz :

Mrs. Jane Harrison, of Ohio, (son's widow,) and two sons.

Mrs. Taylor, of Virginia, (niece,) a daughter and two sons.

Pike Harrison, (grand-son,) son of J. C. Harrison, and grand-son of Gen. Pike.

Mr. D. O. Coupeland, of Ohio, (nephew.)

Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of Berkeley, (nephew.)

Henry Harrison, (grand-nephew,) son of the preceding, who has acted as confidential Secretary of the President.

Dr. John Minge, of Charles City, Va., (nephew.)

We may also add the name of *Mrs. Findley*, of Ohio, who adopted Mrs. Jane Harrison as a daughter, and who almost invariably occupied the right hand of the President at his table.

2. The following are the surviving relatives who were absent :

Mrs. Harrison, the General's bereaved widow.

John Scott Harrison, the only living son.

Mrs. Judge Short, eldest daughter.

Mrs. Dr. Thornton, daughter.

Mrs. Taylor, daughter. All these are living at or near North Bend.

Mr. Taylor and his wife and family were expected to become members of the President's family, for the whole term of his service.

3. The following are the names of the deceased members of the family :

Lucy Harrison, a daughter, married Judge Este.

J. C. S. Harrison, a son, married Miss Pike. Both dead.

Wm. H. Harrison, Jr., married Miss Jane Irvine. His widow presided at the President's table, and her personal graces have commended her to the affections of all who have had the pleasure to know her.

Dr. Benjamin Harrison, a son. Died the last summer.

Carter B. Harrison, who was a lawyer of fine talents, and accompanied General Harrison to Colombia. Died two years ago. All the sons left children.

Mrs. Harrison, the President's widow, has been for many years a member of the Presbyterian church. The rest of the family are also Presbyterians, except Mr. Benjamin Harrison, who is an Episcopalian, and Mrs. Taylor, of Richmond, who is a member of the Baptist church.

XV. COLONELS TODD, AND CHAMBERS.

An impressive and affecting feature of the closing scenes of Saturday night, says the *Madisonian*, was the presence of these two

gentlemen, at the death bed of their beloved General. In the battle of the Thames they were the chosen aids of the Commander-in-chief, Col. Todd was aid and acting General from 1812, until General Harrison resigned in 1814. Both Col. Todd and Col. Chambers were in the hottest of the fight, on the right hand fork of the Thames, They stood by General Harrison where the bullets flew thickest, and when he told them to prime their pistols—that he was determined not to be taken alive. They have stood by him devotedly from that day to this—and during the late political campaign, no two men were more zealous or active in repelling the assaults of the General's enemies, or in defending his fair fame than they. They stood by him by night and by day during this, the General's last battle with the King of Terrors, and saw that all was done that could be, to resist the final conqueror, death. There has seldom occurred an instance of more enduring and devoted mutual attachment, confidence and friendship.

Before his death, General Harrison showed how highly he estimated Col. Chambers, by appointing him Governor of Iowa. He had also fully determined to manifest his confidence in Col. Todd, by nominating him to the Senate for a mission abroad.

Two of the mourners, among the most noticed, and whose presence inspired great interest from old associations, were Colonel Todd and Colonel Chambers, who were General Harrison's *aids de camp* in the battle of the Thames. They had served him bravely in the field of battle, had watched over his death bed, and were now accompanying him to the grave, that bourne whence no traveller returns. It was well that they were there by the coffin of their old and beloved commander, and they seemed to be profoundly affected by the solemnity of the scene.

Colonel Todd, it may be added, has been for many years an Elder in the Presbyterian church.

XVI. GEN. HARRISON'S LAST LETTER.

On Saturday, a hardy, weather-beaten, but very respectable looking seaman presented himself to the Collector, at the Custom House, and inquiring for Mr. Curtis, said, "General Harrison told me to give this letter into your hand. He told me to give his kind respects

to Mr. Curtis, and said Mr. Curtis was his friend, and would be my friend." Mr. Curtis opened the letter, and found it to be, from its date, one of the last, if not the *very last* letter, written by General Harrison. It bears date of the day when his illness commenced. The reader will see, from a perusal of it, that amidst all the cares and troubles of his high position, he was true to the humblest of his old friends.

Tucker says he had no money to come home by land, but he did not let the General know that, for he knew he would give it to him in a minute, and he did not wish to take money from the good old man who had been so kind to him. And so Tucker then went on board the schooner *L. L. Sturgis*, at Alexandria, and worked his passage home to New York. When he came to the Custom House he had not been ashore thirty minutes, and having first heard the sad news of the death of his kind benefactor as he passed up Old Slip dock, the abundant tears that fell down his hardy cheek testified that his was no ungrateful heart.—*Com. Adv.*

WASHINGTON, 26th March, 1841.

Dear Sir—The bearer hereof, Mr. Thomas Tucker, a veteran seaman, came with me from Carthagera, as the mate of the brig *Montida*, in the year 1829. In an association of several weeks I imbibed a high opinion of his character—so much so that, (expressing a desire to leave the sea,) I invited him to come to North Bend and spend the remainder of his days with me. Subsequent misfortunes prevented his doing so, as he was desirous to bring some money with him to commence farming operations. His bad fortune still continues, having been several times shipwrecked within a few years. He says that himself and family are now in such a situation that the humblest employment would be acceptable to him, and I write this to recommend him to your favourable notice. I am persuaded that no one possesses, in a higher degree, the virtues of fidelity, honesty, and indefatigable industry; and, I might add, of indomitable bravery, if that was a quality necessary for the kind of employment he seeks.

Yours very truly,

W. H. HARRISON.

Edward Curtis, Esq., Collector, &c., New York.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Curtis immediately appointed Mr. Tucker an inspector of the Customs.

XVII. GENERAL HARRISON DEAD.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

Death sitteth in the Capitol! His sable wing
 Flung its black shadow o'er a country's hope
 And lo! a nation bendeth down in tears.
 A few short weeks and all was jubilee,—
 The air was musical with happy sounds—
 The future full of promise—joyous smiles
 Beam'd on each freeman's face and lighted up
 The gentle eye of beauty.
The Hero came—a noble good old man—
 Strong in the wealth of his high purposes.
 Age sat upon him with a gentle grace,
 Giving unto his manhood dignity,
 Imbuing it with pure and lofty thoughts
 As pictures owe their mellow hues to time.
 He stood before the people. Their's had been
 The vigor of his youth his manhood's strength,
 And now his green old age was yielded up
 To answer their behest.
 Thousands had gathered round the marble dome
 Silent and motionless in their deep reverence,
 Save when they gushed the heaving throb
 And low tumultuous breath of patriot hearts
 Surcharg'd with grateful joy. The mighty dead
 Bent gently o'er him with their spirit wings,
 As solemnly he took the earthly state
 Which flung its purple o'er his path to Heaven.
 The oath was said, and then one mighty pulse
 Seem'd throbbing through the multitude—
 Faces were lifted upward and a prayer
 Of deep thanksgiving wing'd that vow to Heaven.
 Time slept on flowers and lent his Glass to Hope—
 One little month his golden sands had sped
 When, mingling with the music of our joy,
 Arose and swell'd a low funereal strain,
 So sad and mournful, that a nation heard
 And trembled as she wept.

Darkness is o'er the land,
 For lo! a death flag streams upon the breeze,—
The hero hath departed!
 Nay let us weep, our grief hath need of tears—
 Tears should embalm the dead, and there is one,
 A gentle woman, with her clinging love,
 Who wrung her heart that she might give him up
 To his high destiny. Tears are for her,—
 She lingers yet among her household gods
 And knoweth not how low her heart is laid.
 From battle fields where strife was fiercely waged
 And human blood-drops fell a crimson rain,
 He had returned to her. God help thee, Lady,
 Look not for him now!
 Thron'd in a nation's love he sunk to sleep,
 And so awoke in Heaven.

New York, April, 5.

XVIII. VICE PRESIDENT TYLER'S RECOMMENDATION OF A NATIONAL FAST.

OFFICIAL

To the People of the United States.

A RECOMMENDATION.

When a Christian People feel themselves to be overtaken by a great public calamity, it becomes them to humble themselves under the dispensation of Divine Providence, to recognize His righteous government over the children of men, to acknowledge His goodness in time past, as well as their own unworthiness, and to supplicate His merciful protection for the future.

The death of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late President of the United States, so soon after his elevation to that high office, is a bereavement peculiarly calculated to be regarded as a heavy affliction, and to impress all minds with a sense of the uncertainty of human things, and of the dependence of Nations, as well as of individuals, upon our Heavenly Parent.

I have thought, therefore, that I should be acting in conformity with the general expectation and feelings of the community in

recommending, as I now do, to the People of the United States, of every religious denomination, that, according to their several modes and forms of worship, they observe a day of Fasting and Prayer, by such religious services as may be suitable on the occasion; and I recommend Friday, the fourteenth day of May next, for that purpose; to the end that, on that day, we may all, with one accord, join in humble and reverential approach to HIM, in whose hands we are, invoking him to inspire us with a proper spirit and temper of heart and mind under these frowns of His providence, and still to bestow His gracious benedictions upon our Government and our country.

JOHN TYLER.

WASHINGTON, *April 13, 1841.*

XIX. CONCLUSION.

Thus the national bereavement, so signal and so overwhelming, has been acknowledged by many sincere demonstrations of sympathy and grief—and finally by an Executive recommendation of a day of national fasting and prayer. President Tyler has done well to enter upon the honors of office by honoring our fathers' God and ours! The public solemnities, attending the late fearful dispensation, are appropriately concluded by the humiliation of the whole people before the majesty of Heaven.

Christians! The voice of God summons you to Zion! Prepare ye to assemble at her solemn places with humiliation and prayer. The national visitation demands national penitence; and the garment of our praise must be wrapped in the spirit of heaviness.

Now therefore, our God, the great, the mighty, and the terrible God, who keepest covenant and mercy, let not all the trouble seem little before Thee, that hath come upon us, unto this day. Howbeit Thou art just in all that is brought upon us; for Thou hast done right, but we have done wickedly. We have not kept Thy law nor hearkened unto Thy commandments and Thy testimonies, where-with Thou didst testify against us!

To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses. O Lord, hear! O Lord, forgive!



