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Sheppard, John H

William Henry Harrison.

Wiscasset, 1841





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EULOGY

Pronounced at Wiscasset, in the Afternoon of the State Fast, April 22d, 1841.

ON

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE U. S.

DELIVERED AND PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF A COMMITTEE OF
THE CITIZENS OF WISCASSET,

BY

JOHN H. SHEPPARD,

WISCASSET.

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There is an instinct in the human mind, which has in all ages attracted the attention of the philosopher, as an internal evidence of a future existence, like a forerunner shadowing forth another world, before life and immortality were brought to light. It is our fondness of calling up to memory our departed friends, and retracing their looks and movements and conversation, years and years after they have gone, and then casting our eye forward to that time and place, we cannot say when nor where, in which we hope to meet and know each other again. Some degree of this belief has been found, wherever mind has been discovered; and its strength and intensity have advanced with civilization, until our blessed religion made known the path of life. Without such enduring hope, what would this world be, with all its riches, honors and enjoyments, but *the dream of a shadow*; for, one short hour may sever the tenderest connexions, break up friendships of long duration and leave the mourner solitary as a tree in the desert.—How often has the sun risen on our prospects in all the splendor of the morning, and gone down in the evening on sorrows, that left us desolate. The belief of meeting again in another world, softens the despair of the poor Heathen—alarms the midnight wakefulness of the murderer—and invigorates the soul of the faithful. It binds us to the past, for we love to dwell on the memory of those dear to us—it connects us with the future, for we fondly hope to see our lost friends once more; and there are times, when our thoughts touch so intensely on an unseen world above, and beyond us, that we cannot then doubt the reality. But not on our deceased friends alone, do we love to meditate. The contemplation of the virtuous dead, whom we have

never seen, and have only known by reputation, elevates our views and kindles our affections. In their histories and biographies, we meet and converse and associate with them, as though they were still living; and often does some illustrious person of a remote age, occupy more space in our retired contemplations, than our nearest neighbor or the acquaintance we daily meet. Why do we linger at the tomb of a patriot or gaze at the monument of a public benefactor? Why muse over the volume, where Cicero, or Chatham or Patrick Henry seem to live and move and have a being? Why thrill with patriotic fire at the portrait of a Washington? It is this instinctive love of cherishing the memory, not only of our beloved connexions who are far away, but of the good and excellent of the earth, who have gone to their rest. These emotions are doubly enhanced in musing on the departed personages of our own land—for their character was a common property; they lived not for themselves—and the light, which those luminaries shed, as they travelled along in their orbits, we still see and feel in the world within us, as bright and beautiful, as though they were still lingering in our earthly horizon. So true, is what the Scriptures tell us “the wise shall shine as stars forever and ever!” Nor is it too bold a figure, to compare the constellations of the great and good of all times and countries, to whom the extensive perusal of history introduces us, to that sublime imagery, which the starry Heavens exhibit, in one of the clear and cloudless nights of our Northern hemisphere.

We are naturally led, my fellow citizens, to solemn and interesting reflections of this kind, when we think of the heavy blow which has visited our land and cast a shade over every face. From the height of power—from the summit of human glory, the Head of our Republic has been removed, by an inscrutable Providence, into the world of spirits. A beloved chieftain, patriot and christian is no more! Elevated to the highest station in the gift of our Country, he commenced a career with as fair a prospect of many years of life, as any one now in the health and strength of manhood could anticipate; and a few short weeks have closed it forever! In the beginning of last month, he was sur-

rounded and gazed at by thousands crowding to the superb Capitol to behold the splendor of the Presidential inauguration. At the beginning of this, a long and mournful procession---a magnificent Funeral Car---domestic and foreign dignitaries---and the gloomy sounds of the bell, the minute gun and the muffled drum, passed through the streets of Washington to the distant Cemetery, and told the stranger, that *a great man had fallen in Israel*. The Capital, recently so brilliant and overflowing with crowds of gaiety, is touched with no common sorrow. There is mourning deep, sincere and universal. It is every where felt in our land---on the mountain top and in the valley---in the city and village---from the shores of the St. Croix to the remote Missouri---by the Atlantic and by the Lakes, there is lamentation; for he had done his country much service, and was greatly beloved as a private man. It is right then, and it is proper, that we should sympathize with other and greater places in offering our united tribute to his worth. And it is a pleasing reflection, that the character and virtues of our departed President, furnish such copious materials for a heart-felt Eulogy, without the necessity of recurring to the Arena of political life, where variance of party feelings might excite conflicting emotions.

And there is a peculiar propriety in selecting this State Fast, as a day of humiliation, mourning and sorrow on account of our bereavement. This day is a commemoration of an ancient and venerable custom of New England. We are called upon by the constituted authorities of our State, to humble ourselves before God and implore his Great and Holy Name, for forgiveness and blessing. It is a day, in which the past year is spread in memory before us. To some, the loss of parents or children, of beloved connexions or associates, rises in renewed freshness on the broken heart; to others, a nearer and more rapid approach to an unseen world, is realized: and to all, there is a voice from Heaven, speaking about things of awful and alarming magnitude, of realities which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, in the common pursuits of life. We have reason then to humble ourselves before the most High, and entreat his mercy and guidance. As a people too, we are remind-

ed of another political year, terminating in a great National loss. Surely then, no time could have been selected more appropriate to that frame of spirit, such a visitation ought to produce in a rational mind, which realizes in every event the hand of a superintending Providence, in whose sight "a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night."

William Henry Harrison was born at Berkley, about twenty five miles below Richmond in Virginia, February 9th, 1773. His father was a distinguished member of that august assembly, who signed the Declaration of Independence. He was a man of high rank in Virginia, and an intimate friend of Gen. Washington. Like many devoted patriots, he died poor and left his third son William Henry a minor; but his education was not neglected. He was sent to Hampden Sidney College and was preparing for the medical profession, when the Indians rose on the frontier of Ohio, and roused the gallant Virginians to protect the defenceless inhabitants. He abandoned his studies at the alarm and was appointed by Gen. Washington an Ensign in a regiment of Artillery, which was stationed at Fort Washington, on the Ohio, not far from the present location of Cincinnati. He was then nineteen years of age. At that time the Indian Canoe only navigated those waters, since so renowned for the multitude and variety of its steamers; and on the banks of that picturesque river, the distant night fires, and war cries of the Indian often alarmed the daring settler, who was exposed to numerous tribes of the wilderness, among whom the Miamies, the Delawares and the Hurons of Lake Erie were conspicuous. There, their hunting grounds stretched over boundless regions, where now the abodes of civilization meet the eye and where cities, villages and churches of a wide population adorn the country. The continual skirmishes, campaigns and battles, which the first emigrants had with these savage warriors, are fast passing away from remembrance, though the trail of the Indian in the forest created no common fear; their mode of warfare was terrible and their chiefs often exhibited traits of heroism and skill, which, as the Aborigines had neither poet nor historian, are only preserved by tradition.

It was in the severity of winter, that young Harrison, just emerging from the cell of a student, commenced a soldiers life; and through hardships and perils, by discipline and self-denial, he rose rapidly in the confidence and respect of his countrymen. Before he was twenty-one he was honorably noticed for his bravery and services under Gen. Wayne, and in 1795 with the rank of Captain was placed in command of Fort Washington. Here he was married to an accomplished woman, the daughter of John C. Symmes, the founder of the city of Ohio—a lady, the beloved companion of his toils and trials, of his adversity and his glory, who is now left to deplore her irreparable loss.

In 1797 he quit the army and at the age of twenty-four was appointed Secretary and Lieut. Gen. of the North Western Territory, under Gen. St. Clair, the Governor of that region. In this office he endeared himself to his fellow citizens by his integrity, urbanity of manners, and fidelity to his country. He was soon after delegated to Congress, where by his celebrated Land Bill, attacked by powerful statesmen and defended by his extensive knowledge of the subject, he became distinguished in the eye of the Nation, and succeeded in applying a remedy to great evils and injustice in the distribution of the public lands. After a delegation of one year only, he was appointed Governor of the Indiana Territory. This was in 1800. In this high trust, so much resembling the provincial power of a Roman Proconsul, he made many important treaties with the Indians, preserved peace with their tribes, divided the domain into counties and townships, superintended the military and municipal departments, and in all the complicated and various branches of government, was judicious, impartial and scrupulously upright. The testimonials of his character stand recorded in the grateful resolutions of the House of Assembly in Indiana in 1809.

About this period, the celebrated Tecumseh, a Shawanée Chief, began to disturb the tranquility of the distant frontier. Numerous tribes of the Far-West were dwelling on the streams and in the wilds of Indiana. To unite them and other nations in one universal and exterminating war,

and to destroy or drive the white man from the land, was the object of his ambition. He was a chief of great abilities, insidious, eloquent at their council fires and formidable in the field of battle. His countenance was fierce and his manners ferocious. Few, if any, among our Indian enemies have been superior in talent or stratagem. In 1809 he was invited to a conference at Vincennes by General Harrison. He came—and with him four hundred warriors in full armour, instead of thirty companions, as expected. He haughtily commenced with the most extravagant demands of territory. On being refused, with a fiery eye and rapid gesticulations, he addressed the passions of his followers and made use of insolent threats. It was an eventful moment. Gen. Harrison saw his danger and in the midst of unarmed citizens, was exposed to destruction. With that sudden resolution, peculiar to minds of great courage and decision of character, he suppressed his feelings, drew his sword, and with a firm, intrepid look and voice, over-awed the dark conspirator; and Tecumseh retired and left the place in security. But his designs and intrigues were unceasing; and difficulties threatening the peace of the United States and England, Tecumseh assembled his warriors, raised the war-whoop in the wilderness and commenced hostilities, by depredation and murder; until at last Gen. Harrison found it necessary to march to the Wabash, seek the head quarters of a thousand savage warriors and attack the centre of Tecumseh's dominion.

With a body of 900 troops, formed from Militia and volunteers, with a few brave Kentuckians and a small detachment of United States troops, he appeared at Tippecanoe. He went there, not without hope of effecting peace, for it was no pleasure to Gen. Harrison to shed blood. He used caution and vigilance at every step, and was always on his guard against surprize or ambuscade, for he knew of old the trail of the Indian. He knew, too, his foe was treacherous and unmerciful. Having encamped on an eligible spot he watched the wiles of his adversary, and night and day he was prepared for battle. It was on the 6th of November 1811; the shadows of evening were gathering over the wilderness

and the troops lay down to rest in their clothes and equipments, the Dragoons armed with pistols and daggers, the infantry with guns loaded at their sides—the midnight had arrived and passed with clouds and rain and darkness, but the dawn had not yet come. Gen. Harrison had risen and was sitting by the camp fire, with his troops in deep repose around him, when he

“Heard the random and distant gun
That the foe was suddenly firing.”

The guards rushed into the encampment, the wilds at the dead hour resounded with the War-hoop and the indians, like the demons of darkness, came upon them thirsting for blood and sure of victory. But while his brave soldiers slumbered and slept, Harrison's eye and ear were open for their deliverance. His voice pealed the thunder of alarm. They sprung upon their feet, formed their lines, rushed into action and in a moment met the enemy. The dawn of day broke upon a desperate struggle. Maj. Davis, and Col. Owen, and Col. White and many brave men fell and danger and death thickened around them, when Gen. Harrison ordered them to charge bayonet; and with one firm, vigorous and irresistible impulse, they bore down upon the enemy and the Indians gave way and fled in every direction—they fled from that spot, whose renown is now kindred to Saratoga, Yorktown, and New Orleans. Of such vast importance was that single battle in the preservation of the Western country. In the height of it, amidst the din and confusion of the struggle, the voice of Harrison was heard loud, clear, and commanding; and the Legislatures of Indiana and Kentucky soon acknowledged his merit and services in the most grateful manner. In the first three hundred years of the Roman Republic, before Italy was subdued, when she was small in territory, and her capital was only a castle on Mount Palatine, few more eventful or valiant battles were fought; though they shine in the gorgeous annals of the Historian as among the greatest events of the earth. But, while intrepid courage, military discipline and consummate skill shall merit the applause of a generous country, that spot near the Wabash will stand prominent, in all coming history of

our times; and that *awful night*, when the moon was darkened, and the rain came down, and the General sat by the camp fire, listening to every sound of the desert, with his armed troops slumbering on the ground—*that night*, when the sudden shot and the Indian yell, echoed from the declivities of the hills. and the guards rushed in, and arms clashed, and the din of battle rolled and the Chieftain's voice was heard, rising in the storm of war, as brave men fell around him—*that night*, ushering in a morn radiant with the notes of victory, will come up in the visions of history before many a patriot's eye, when we have all passed away, and when the red man of the West, too, has vanished from the earth, leaving no trace behind, but in tradition!

There are many now present, who remember the 18th, of June 1812, when war was declared between this country and Great Britain. Berlin and Milan decrees, and Orders in Council, had long been the great topics of conversation. Almost every Newspaper was saddened with the tale of battles and campaigns. Napoleon, like some unearthly genius from the vast unknown, was marching over Europe with his flying artillery and embattled Legions, overthrowing kings and potentates and principalities. The world was in arms. So dark and tempestuous were the times, that Fisher Ames exclaimed in one of his graphic essays, "Fourteen centuries have gone back over our heads and Attila, the scourge of God, has come again!"

General Harrison at that period was at the height of popularity in Kentucky, and was appointed Maj. Gen. of her Militia. Our western frontiers were exposed to the ruthless tribes of the forest, and the Lake Indians of upper Canada were hovering over the mountains, ready to pounce like a bird of prey, upon the trembling borderers. There were few garrisons, or troops or munitions of war to protect them, and they anxiously looked to the brave soldiery of the West for their defence. Soon after the news of hostility, Chicago and Mackinac were taken, Detroit was besieged, and a long extended sea-coast was invaded by the greatest Naval power the world ever saw. Beyond the Alleghany too, insidious and barbarous tribes were

urged on by a haughty enemy, familiar with the dreadful science of destruction. Then it was, an unanimous feeling prevailed in the Western country, that the command of the North Western defence should be immediately conferred on Gen. Harrison, a well tried and experienced soldier. The wisdom of the Rulers of that day thought otherwise. Detroit soon surrendered with ignominy; and too late was he placed at the head of the Western army, to save our reproach, but early enough for his own glory. With a command the most unlimited, since the revolution, he restored the falling flag, checked the incursions of the Indian tribes, and taught the Canadian troops, flushed with the first fruits of victory, that neither danger, nor difficulty, nor embarrassment could avert their destiny. A mutiny in one of his Regiments, which he suppressed by his skilful conduct, the news of the cruelty of the British General Proctor in exposing his wounded prisoners to the tomahawk of the Indian, & the picture of a bleeding population on the borders, touched him to the quick, and kindled his soul to redeem the American character. And a day of vengeance hung over the infamous Proctor—but the revenge was noble. “Remember,” said Harrison to his soldiers, “the River Raisin, but remember it only, whilst victory is suspended, the revenge of a soldier cannot be gratified on a fallen enemy.” Proctor fled from before him—until, on the 5th, of October 1813, he was forced to the battle-ground and on that memorable day the armies met and fought, and the river Thames blushed for the defeat and shame of the British fugitive. Field pieces captured at Saratoga, and surrendered at Detroit, were here retaken, Tecumseh was killed and a brilliant victory cheered our disconsolate country and broke down at one blow, the combined power of Canadian troops and Lake Indians. Col. Johnson with his mounted Regiment, and Gov. Cass and Commodore Perry as volunteers, shared in the glory of that day—the same valiant Perry, who the 10th of September on the wide waters of Lake Erie, had conquered a British squadron and covered himself with eternal renown. All were then ready to do justice to the military fame of Gen. Harrison. “A battle and a victory

like this” said Mr. Cheeves in Congress, “would have secured to a Roman General, in the best days of the Republic a triumph.” A most felicitous encomium. For, who ever mused over the magnificent pages of Livy, and read his thrilling descriptions of a Roman victory and a Roman triumph and followed with his minds eye a triumphal Car, through the streets of the Eternal city to the Capitoline mount with the long train of horse and foot banners and spoils, and the solemn procession of Senators, priests and citizens all marching to the sounds of music, who does not feel the force of these few words of that applauding statesman.

Col. Johnson said of Gen. Harrison:—“No officer was longer in service, and oftener in action; and *he never sustained a defeat.*” And again, “The blessings” said Gov. Snyder, to the Pennsylvania Legislature, “of thousands of women and children, rescued from the scalping knife of the ruthless savage and still more savage Proctor, rest on Harrison and his gallant army.” The late electioneering campaign and all its bitterness and harsh feelings, I trust, are gone, and he, too, has gone, who was a successful candidate of one of the belligerents. Now we can all unite in paying the tribute that is due to one of our departed great men. Nor need we indulge in any invidious comparisons. Let us remember the unfading laurels of Jackson in the splendid battle of New Orleans, for they deserve it. It saved Louisiana by an immortal victory. But let not this detract from the renown of the Thames, which broke down the power of the British Lion on the Lakes. Each victory will shine in the annals of our Republic with a luminous halo, and an impartial posterity will do justice to both chieftains.

I have dwelt longer on the military exploits of Gen. Harrison, than might appear necessary to those familiar with his history; but another generation is coming upon the stage, and his services may not be fully appreciated by those who think not of the past. In 1814 he was appointed with Gov. Shelby and Cass to treat with the Indians—in 1816 he was sent a Representative and in 1824, a Senator to Congress, from the State of Ohio. In 1828 he was appointed Minister to Columbia, and there in an eloquent

letter, gave such patriotic advice to Bolivar, as became a republican and philanthropist.

From this time, after serving his country in so many various offices, civil, military and legislative, he retired to North Bend, where he has resided the last twelve years. He gathered laurels, but not riches in his public employments, and went from his high station into private life, poor, and dependant on some laborious pursuit for support. Such were his circumstances, that he gladly accepted a respectable office, though humble for a man, who had filled, for so long a time, a large space in the eye of the nation. He was appointed Clerk of a County court of Ohio, where within a few miles of the city of Cincinnati he dwelt on a small farm. In all the transactions of life his generosity and disinterestedness were remarkable; and the fact of his retiring from so many elevated offices, in humble and straightened circumstances, must strike every one, as a signal mark of his undeviating integrity—in an age too, when the love and power of wealth pervade all classes and too often prove fatal to every social virtue.—When I think, at this period of his life, of his humility and retired situation at North Bend, when I accompany in imagination that modest, affectionate, unassuming man to his lowly occupation in a County court, and remember, that he fought two brilliant battles and gained the victory, and that he spent more than thirty, of the best years of his life, in the service of his country, I should tremble for the ingratitude of Republics; if the examples did not rush to my mind of Epaminondas, Phocion, & Cincinnatus, who all died poor; for if we measure the renown of men by their patriotism and bravery, by their public exploits and private virtues, the allusion will not be deemed extravagant.

In the retreat of Gen. Harrison at North Bend, a recess of the river Ohio about eight miles from Cincinnati, we behold a very interesting era of his life. The spot he had selected on that beautiful river was a romantic solitude, with a soil fertile and a scenery gladdening to the sight. He had served his country faithfully and with honor and sweet must have been the recollection of the past. He had seen Cincinnati, the Queen of the West, rising in-

to a magnificent city, where in his boyhood and first essay in arms, the wild mountaineer gloomed on his eye, and the yell at midnight came upon his ear. He had seen Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Missouri, swelling with their population, resources and advancement, into independent sovereignties, where the illimitable forest or boundless prairie once spread; and where the smoke of the steamer on the waters and of the rail car on the land, and long and winding canals, told of an advance in the march of improvement, unknown in all past ages. He knew too, that the whole Western region adored him, for he had been their friend and benefactor. He was surrounded with a beloved family and cherished by the fond partner of his early days. From a small office he derived an honorable support and from his fruitful fields and rural walks he gained health and cheerfulness; and when he gazed from his home on the blue mountains of Kentucky, he could count up a thousand happy pursuits in Agricultural life. Indeed, if there be any situation in this world peculiarly desirable, any occupation nobler than all others, it is that of cultivating a few independent acres, where man can walk abroad in his native majesty, with the earth beneath him, ready to yield his daily bread, and with the Heavens above him, elevating his thoughts to the Fountain of blessedness; and more especially at that season, when every grove is vocal and the lilly of the field is arrayed in more splendor than Solomon in all his glory.

Fortunate senex ! Hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontis sacros, frigus captabis opacum.

Attached to literature, he cultivated an extensive acquaintance with History and Belle-lettres; and his writings evince, that he thought and conversed much with the mighty dead. His society was sought and valued by the intelligent and distinguished; and his hospitable mansion cast a lustre on North Bend, which talents and learning will ever do, where their light is caused to shine.

It was in this classic retreat, after a long retirement from public life, and in the advance of age, that Gen. Harrison was invoked by his country to accept the first office in the

gift of a free people. He was elected, inaugurated, and scarcely at rest in the mansion of his illustrious predecessors, when disease came upon him: and on the fourth of April, one month from the day of his induction into office, he was taken to that borne, where darkness now veils him from our mortal vision. It was the first time the Destroyer had ever entered the palace of the President. The most affectionate attentions of friends and physicians were of no avail. His hour had come. By his dying bed stood the faithful Cabinet he had chosen: and around the doors of his habitation hung an anxious, inquiring population of the Metropolis: and that last moment of the soul's emancipation, no doubt more glorious to this good man, than when his victorious banner waved over the field of battle, cast a shade over the city and passed like a cloud over the whole country. But there was one, nearer and dearer to the expiring sufferer, than all others, who was not there, to take a last, lingering look of life. She was far away at their fond home: perhaps musing on her husband's glory, amidst the flowers and birds of the spring at North Bend, looking forward to his return to their quiet mansion, and little dreaming of the agonizing news, which were already hastening over the mountains--But let us drop the curtain, and commend her to that Comforter, who comes down from Heaven to visit the widow in her affliction. So true it is,

“The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave !”

The admirable institutions of our Republic are very striking in this national bereavement. All parties, forgetting political hostilities and past struggles, have united in demonstration of respect. The whole city of Washington and the neighboring country seemed to start forth at the funeral, and there were seen Mr. Forsyth and Ex-President Adams, walking arm in arm to the grave. There is a generous spirit pervading all ranks of his opponents and few there are, who do not acknowledge his distinguished services and purity of life. And it is worthy of remark that, when in Europe the demise of a monarch is too often

the harbinger of a revolution and generally alarms the community with fear of change and disaster, on the death of our Chief Magistrate, the next high officer took his place; all the machinery of government moved on like the noiseless agencies of Nature, and President Tyler, with the Cabinet of President Harrison performed the last obsequies to his honored memory.

It may not be unsuitable to touch, at this peculiar crisis, on the situation and prospects of our country. Of its political regulations and measures of government, it is not however my intention to speak. Twenty six years have passed since we have enjoyed peace with all other nations. We have gone on, increasing in population, new States and internal improvements; the last of which have been of gigantic extent and have involved some of our commonwealths in enormous debts. But a dark cloud is now hanging over our land. Men of fiery passions and rampant ambition, in this country and in England, are eager to plunge both nations into the horrors of War. The combustible materials are spread around us—a spark would kindle them into a blaze, which years might not extinguish. True it is, our relations with England are delicate and embarrassing. Questions of boundary and principles of National law, are coming into collision between the two countries. Yet, after all they can never be settled except by treaty—after much bloodshed, enormous waste of treasures, and a fierce struggle, to see which nation can do the other the most harm, the matter in controversy would still remain a subject for deliberation, and not for the sword. I look, however, more to the consequences, than to the distress of war, dreadful as it may be, between two great Christian nations, who are allied by the same blood, religion and language. War has a tendency to produce intemperance and profligacy—it demoralizes the habits—excites a recklessness of feeling and character—disturbs the moral foundations of society, and promotes a spirit of false glory, adverse to the principles of the Gospel. A war between England and America would darken the hopes of the whole world; for at this very moment, there are multitudes going forth from both countries, into

all regions of the earth, breathing peace and good will to men, arresting the cannibal, the idolater and the dealer in human flesh, and teaching them the way of life and deliverance from the powers of darkness. The soldiers of the Cross are abroad, raising their standard on almost every high hill under Heaven. There are mighty societies, gathering vast resources from the beneficent, and devoting them to a translation of the Holy Scriptures into all tongues and languages. There are numerous institutions of great benevolence. The good, which has been done has exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and a happier state of things than the world ever saw, is beginning to dawn upon us. There has been, too, a mighty work of reform. The ranks of intemperance, which twenty years ago, was destroying our whole nation, have been broken up; not by vindictive laws, but by the overwhelming influence of public opinion; and wherever temperance has made a proselyte, the smiles of Heaven have been visible; industry, peace and the fireside comforts of life have followed, and very often too, new views of a better world have enlightened his soul. I speak of facts, no less astounding, than true. Nor in the countless number of *moral* blessings only, has society, compared to all former ages, sprung into fresh existence. There is almost a new creation of the mind.— Astonishing inventions and discoveries have multiplied in the long peace of nations; agriculture has advanced in cultivating such variety and abundance of the fruits of the earth, that famines, so frequent in ancient Egypt and Palestine; are no longer a source of alarm; education is becoming universal, in the ways and means of instruction; and the wonders of the Stereotype, of Lithography and of Steam power, are producing a new era in all the pursuits of life, & shedding light on the abodes of men from the cottage to the palace. And I might call your attention to those durable pictures of the living landscape, which the sun has been taught to paint, as though to tell us, there are yet things that we have never dreamed of in our philosophy; but time would fail me. Ten thousand minds in Europe and America are even now, wrapt up in deep meditation, pursuing the paths of still greater discovery and

showing all the minute movements of Nature; and every day is showing us, that there are powers and secrets yet in embryo, which the genius of man fostered only by Peace and patronage can bring forth.

But war would put a stop to all these religious institutions, these moral reforms and intellectual researches; for we hear of no such advance in Religion, morals, and the arts amidst the calamities of military contest. Indeed a war, at this time with England, so strange and unnatural, would throw both countries back, at least fifty years, in the march of human improvement. And what would it be for? The claim of a territory which that justice, which decides a land-mark between man and man, could easily determine—and the act of a single individual, whose case is a matter of inter-national law, and not of vengeance in either country. But my fellow citizens, let me not be misunderstood. I deprecate the horrors and consequences of war; yet there are rights of nations, which must be respected and maintained, or sovereignty ceases. There is a principle of national honor, too, which must never be violated with impunity. But, before we try this last and dreadful resort of nations, an appeal to arms, let no forbearance, no sacrifice on our part, which is not ruinous or disgraceful to our country, be omitted. Let no violent partisan kindle the flame of unhallowed feelings.—Then, if war must inevitably come, may the Lord God of armies, nerve our arm & smile on the justice of our cause.

A great change has taken place in the minds of thoughtful men, on the nature and necessity of war, and it is diffusing a wholesome influence in all classes of society; though, like some of the theories of radical reformers which always verge on extremes, the idea of neglecting the means of defence and relying on the doctrine of Non-resistance, is dangerous and visionary. But the field of battle and garments rolled in blood, have lost their charm.

“———The plumed troop,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife”

have ceased to enchant us with the dreams of chivalry.—We are beginning to look to the consequences and to the fruits of martial ambition. We have heard the cry of in-

jured humanity coming across the waters, like the voice of a great multitude, and calling on the Christian world to take a decisive stand against the avenger of blood. We have seen the result of the incessant campaigns and wars of the late Emperor of France; and none were more splendid; but what blessing have they shed on Europe? Cast your eye beyond the sublimity of the battle-ground, the prowess of the sword, the array of armies and the march of victory—behold a mass of human beings stretched on the field of contest, the wounded, the dying, and the dead, men and horses and arms scattered round in horrible confusion—see in the distance the disconsolate widow, the helpless orphan, farms forsaken, navigation destroyed, commerce cut up, the poor oppressed, licentiouness stalking abroad, children and parents, husbands and brothers torn away by cruel conscription—families flying from their burning habitations and wives and daughters exposed to want and infamy—and all this, for what? To make a nation happier? No. To raise the standard of moral excellence? Not at all. To turn men from darkness to the light of life? Never. All the result has been, to build up the fame of one man and create him a wonder in the world, sitting on the throne of kingdoms and promoting a system of selfishness, infidelity and injustice to all other nations. I could pursue this subject further, if time would permit. There is a startling inconsistency between war and Christianity, think as we may; and only, in the extreme cases of defence from oppression and injustice, can they be reconciled. Our eyes are opening on this scourge of all countries and all ages. Benevolent men in Europe and America are now spreading before the world arguments on this subject, irresistible as truth itself, and are making great advances in disseminating just views of military glory; and as the hearts of kings and princes are in the hand of God, I feel no small confidence, that the efforts of Peace-makers, and the thousands of prayers in each country, which are daily going up to Heaven, at the family altar and in the holy temple, may avert this calamity and cause our national affairs to be over-ruled for our deliverance from evil. Happy would it be for us, if there were

many missionaries of Peace, like our late fellow citizen, William Ladd, who having spent his time and fortune and talents in going about doing good, has gone home to receive his reward---a man, who, if in some theories singular and in his anticipations enthusiastic, yet deserves to be remembered for his many virtues and great attachment to the cause of Peace on earth and good will to men.

Let us not forget, however, that our free institutions are exposed to intestine danger, inferior only to war and too often fatal to a Democratic government. And we should do well, to read and practise the lessons handed down by all former Republics. They teach us, that we are not only in danger from luxury and its attendant vices---but from the intrigues of artful demagogues and designing men of every party, and from the violence of party spirit itself---Already, the floor of Congress and the halls of State Legislation, have been too often polluted with the fierce strife of political aspirants. Interminable speeches on all subjects, but the one in discussion, with unsparing abuse and intemperate zeal, have been too prevalent among men high in power, who pretend to be statesmen and orators. Indeed, party-spirit is unjust in its measures, no less than violent in operations. It sees not with a single eye. It monopolizes all virtue for its adherents, and denies all honesty and even the common charities of life, to its opponents. Under its influence we forget, that age should be honored for its experience and private character respected for its worth; and when these are wantonly set at nought, no profession, nor display of a *Love of the people* is deserving of our confidence. To remedy these evils, must be the work of an intelligent and virtuous community: for the best, and truly, the only foundation of a Republic, is the virtue of its members, from whom all power originates; and be assured, that each and every honest and industrious citizen, whatever may be his vocation, age or ability, whether employed on land or sea, in the workshop or office, whether he labor in the field or factory, at the merchant's desk or in the scholar's cell, is a link of that great chain, which binds civil society together. We all have duties to perform. We are all necessary to each other, and to the

community. On this account, we owe it to our self preservation, to our well-being, to the glory of our country, to encourage industry, education, temperance, agriculture, our religious institutions and the diffusion of useful knowledge. We shall see these principles growing into importance, as our population, wealth and resources are elevating our rank in the family of nations. We shall find them becoming daily more essential in our own rising State; where a step has lately been taken, which, I fear, was a breach of the Great Charter of liberty and which may lead to late repentance; I mean, that amendment of the Constitution of Maine, which diminishes the sacredness and security of the Judiciary, and exposes its members to mercenary influences, by making the short duration of their office liable to dependance on a party executive—an innovation the more glaring, because it reverses the wise judgment of antiquity, and teaches us a new principle, that the older men grow, the more ignorant and unqualified they become for those erudite and responsible stations, which were adorned by our ancestors with the lucubrations of twenty years.

In contemplating the character of that eminent man, whose loss we this day deplore, though his military exploits have attracted our applause—his public services, our gratitude—his honest and generous conduct, our affection—and his example, our veneration for those institutions, which can exalt a private citizen to the government of a great empire, yet there is one feature in his life, worthy of imitation, and which comes home in all its loveliness to our fireside meditations. President Harrison was a believer in Christianity. Though his tender feelings for the woes of others, were often manifested, and even to the verge of life, shew themselves most touchingly in that last letter he ever wrote, in behalf of a poor but brave and honest seaman, whom he accidentally met in a voyage from Carthage; yet those feelings were chastened by holy affections. Often at a late hour of night, or at the dawn of day, he was seen bending over the Word of God; and we are told such was his daily custom for many years, which, commencing from a sense of duty, soon became his de-

light. Yes, my friends, the late President of the United States, was not ashamed, even in the midst of a censorious world, to kneel in prayer before the Father of Spirits. In the splendor of power, in the adulation of crowds, he forgot not his dependance on his Creator; and if higher and holier beings, dwelling around the awful throne of the Invisible, ever look down from above, and take an interest in this dark world, where we dwell, and we are told they do, surely when they see the Head of a people, bowing before the Sovereign of the Universe, we may hope that blessings will come down upon the land. This is no idle dream; there is a blessing, and there is a curse, believe it, or not; and the nation without God in the world, never was nor can be happy. All history is a Preacher of this fact. Wherever Christianity has travelled, it has enlightened and exalted a people. Agriculture and commerce, arts and sciences, seminaries of learning and temples of worship are in *her left hand*; and *at her right hand* are pleasures forever more. With such views, lived and died the great and good man, whose loss we deplore—the much loved, the lamented HARRISON! And we have reason to believe, he has now gone up to the innumerable assembly of the blessed.

Finally, my fellow citizens, it is time, this address should close. I fear, it has already exhausted your patience. But how can I part, without a brief remark on the uncertainty of life, standing as we do on the confines of a world to come. The Destroyer has struck a high mark in our land. He is continually about our paths, like a thief in the night. Gloomy would be our thoughts, if we believed he could touch the soul. He can prostrate the body; but by so doing, he only lets the prisoner loose. There is a spirit within us—there is a world beyond us—and there is a tribunal before which we must all appear. And the shadows of eternity seem already to cloud the mind of the wicked, warning him of dreadful realities, even before his feet begin to stumble on the dark mountains. But, what hopes and visions break upon the soul of the faithful, when he thinks of another world and of a dwelling-place of the blessed, eternal in the Heavens. He gazes on this green

earth and the still waters and the starry sky, and sees in their beauty and sublimity, only a prototype of something more transcendently beautiful hereafter--he looks into his own mind, and finds a capacity for improvement, with faculties suited to great discoveries, and with tastes for knowledge and excellence, more desirable to the understanding, than the fruits of Paradise were to the appetite, and all commencing with the simple, elementary attainments of a short life--and he feels he has a heart, only at ease, when warmed with charity, and susceptible of affections, pure, inexhaustible, and forever increasing. And when he thinks of a Theatre in the Heavens, where all these powers, unclouded by sense and moving in a congenial element, will be called into action in the presence of a BEING, of whose surpassing glory and boundless perfections, the soul can form no idea in this house of its pilgrimage, how different, how important, how incalculable appears the object of our existence. How trilling seems the value of human grandeur; and of what unutterable consequence, is a preparation for the life to come!

ORIGINAL HYMN,
ON THE DEATH OF
President Harrison.

AIR :—MOUNT VERNON.

Chieftain rest! The battle ending,
All thy warfare now is done;
Angels in the clouds descending,
Cry aloud—the Victory's won.

Never more will care nor anguish,
Rend thy anxious, troubled breast;
Nor thine eye in sickness languish,
Thou hast gone in peace to rest.

Upward, thou hast gone to glory,
Far from friends and kindred dear;
Brilliant was thy life in story:
Thy kind heart ne'er caus'd a tear.

Sorrow mourns thee, deep and feeling,
Ruler of the brave and free!
Universal grief is stealing
O'er all hearts, by land and sea.

Gather flowers, his grave adorning,
Sons and daughters of the West,
For your bliss, he gave life's morning,
For you fought—for you, was blest.

Chieftain rest! No care to-morrow
Ever more will grieve thine eye;
While we mourn with heartfelt sorrow,
Thou hast gain'd a crown on high!



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