for our counsellors, as he was whose funeral obsequies we now propose to celebrate!

In the House, resolutions in regard to the funeral, corresponding with those in the Senate, were adopted.

After the oath of office had been administered to Mr. Fillmore, the following message from him was read, as it was also in the Senate :—

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE SENATE
AND OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:

I recommend to the two houses of Congress to adopt such measures as in their discretion may seem proper, to perform with due solemnities the funeral obsequies of ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United States; and thereby to signify the great and affectionate regard of the American people for the memory of one whose life has been devoted to the public service, whose career in arms has not been surpassed in usefulness or brilliancy: who has been so recently raised by the unsolicited voice of the people to the highest civil authority in the government, which he administered with so much honor and advantage to his country; and by whose sudden death so many hopes of future usefulness have been blighted forever.

To you, Senators and Representatives of a nation in tears, I can say nothing which can alleviate the sorrow with which you are oppressed

I appeal to you to aid me, under the trying circumstances which surround me, in the discharge of the duties, from which, however much I may be oppressed by them, I dare not shrink; and I rely upon Him, who holds in his hands the destinies of nations, to endow me with the requisite strength for the task, and to

avert from our country the evils apprehended from the heavy calamity which has befallen us.

I shall most readily concur in whatever measures the wisdom of the two Houses may suggest, as befitting this deeply melancholy occasion.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

WASHINGTON, July 10, 1850.

Eloquent addresses graphically describing General Taylor's public and private character, and his many eminent services were then delivered by Mr. Conrad, of Louisiana, Mr. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, Mr. Baker, of Illinois, Mr. Bagby, of Virginia, Mr. Hilliard, of Alabama, Mr. John A. King, of New York, Mr. McLane, of Maryland, and Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky. From these equally heartfelt and touching outpourings of grief, that of Mr. Baker, of Illinois, is selected, only because a choice must be made :—

Mr. BAKER said:

Mr. SPEAKER: It is often said of sorrow, that, like death, it levels all distinctions. The humblest heart can heave a sigh as deep as the proudest; and I avail myself of this mournful privilege to swell the accents of grief which have been poured forth to-day with a larger though not more sincere utterance. A second time since the formation of this Government, a President of the United States has been stricken by death in the performance of his great duties. The blow which strikes the man falls upon a nation's heart, and the words of saddened praise which fall upon our ears to-day, and here, are but echoes of the thoughts that throng in the hearts of the millions that mourn him *everywhere*. You have no doubt observed, sir, that in the first moments of a great loss the instincts of affection prompt us to summon up the good and great qualities of those for whom we weep. It is a wise ordination of Divine Providence; a generous pride tempers and restrains the *bitterness* of grief, and noble deeds and heroic virtues shed a consoling light upon the tomb. It is in this spirit that I recur for an instant, and for an instant *only*, to the events of a history fresh in the remembrance of the nation and the world.

The late President of the United States has devoted his whole life to the service of his country. Of a nature singularly unambitious, he seems to have combined the utmost gentleness of manner with the greatest firmness of purpose. For more than thirty years the duties of his station confined him to a sphere where only those who knew him most intimately could perceive the qualities which danger quickened and brightened into sublimity and grandeur. In the late war with Great Britain he was but a captain; yet the little band who defended Fort Harrison saw amid the smoke of battle that they were commanded by a man fit for his station. In the Florida campaign he commanded but a brigade; yet his leadership not only evinced courage and conduct, but inspired these qualities in the meanest soldier in his ranks. He began the Mexican campaign at the head of only a division; yet as the events of the war swelled that division into an army, so the crisis kindled him into higher resolves and nobler actions, till the successive steps of advance became the assured march of victory.

Mr. Speaker, as we review the brilliant and stirring passages of the events to which I refer, it is not in the power even of sudden grief to suppress the admiration which thrills our hearts. When, sir, has there been such a campaign—when such soldiers to be led—and when such qualities of leadership so variously combined? How simple, but yet how grand, was the announcement, "in whatever force the enemy may be, I shall fight him." It gave Palo Alto and Resaca to our banner. How steadfast the resolution that impelled the advance to Monterey! How stirring the courage which beleaguered the frowning city—which stormed the barricaded street—which carried the embattled heights, and won and kept the whole! Nor, sir, can we forget that in the flush of victory, the gentle heart stayed the bold hand, while the conquering soldier offered sacrifices on the altar of *pity*, amid all the exultations of triumph.

Sir, I may not stop to speak of the achievements of Buena Vista; they are deeds that will never die—it was the great event of the age, a contest of races and institutions. An army of volunteers, engaged not in an impetuous advance, but in a stern defence of chosen ground against superior force, and in a last extremity,—men who had never seen fire faced the foe with the steadiness of veterans. Sir, as long as those frowning heights and bloody ravines shall remain, these recollections will endure, and with them the name of the man who steadied every rank, and kindled every eye, by the indomitable resolution which would not yield, and the exalted spirit which rose highest amid the greatest perils. It was from scenes like these he was called to the Chief Magistracy. It was a summons unexpected and unsought—the

spontaneous expression of a noble confidence, the just reward of great actions. It may not be proper to speak here and now of the manner in which these new duties were executed; but I may say that here, as every where else, he exhibited the same firmness and decision which had marked his life. He was honest and unostentatious; he obeyed the law and loved the Constitution; he dealt with difficult questions with a singleness of purpose which is the truest pilot amid storms. Nor can it be doubted that when impartial history shall record the events of his Administration, they will be found worthy of his past life, and a firm foundation for his future renown.

You remember, Mr. Speaker, that when the great Athenian philosopher was inquired of by the Lydian king as to who was the happiest among men, he declared that no man should be pronounced happy till his death. The President of the United States has so finished a noble life, as to justify the pride and admiration of his countrymen—he has faced the last enemy with a manly firmness and a becoming resolution. He died where an American citizen would most desire to die—not amid embattled hosts and charging squadrons, but amid weeping friends and an anxious nation—in the house provided by its gratitude, only to be taken thence to a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Sir, in the death which has caused so much dismay there is a becoming resemblance to the life which has created so much confidence. His closing hours were marked with a beautiful calmness; his last expressions indicated a manly sense of his own worth, and a consciousness that he had done his duty. Nor can I omit to remark, that it is this sense of the obligation of duty which appears to have been the true basis of his character. In boyhood and in age—as captain and as general—whether defending a fort against savages, or exercising the functions of the Chief Magistracy, duty, rather than glory—self-approval, rather than renown—have prompted the deeds which have made him immortal.

Mr. Speaker, the character upon which death has just set his seal, is filled with beautiful and impressive contrasts; a warrior, he loved peace; a man of action, he sighed for retirement. Amid the events which crowned him with fame, he counselled a withdrawal of our troops. And, whether at the head of armies, or in the Chair of State, he appeared as utterly unconscious of his great renown as if no banners had drooped at his word, or as if no gleam of glory shone through his whitened hair. It is related of Epaminondas, that when fatally wounded at the battle of Mantinea, they bore him to a height from whence, with fading glance, he surveyed the fortunes of the

fight, and when the field was won, laid himself down to die; the friends who gathered around him wept his early fall, and passionately expressed their sorrow that he died childless. "Not so," said the hero with his last breath, "for do I not leave two fair daughters, Leuctra and Mantinea?" General TAYLOR is more fortunate, since he leaves an excellent and most worthy family to deplore his loss and inherit his glory. Nor is he fortunate in this only, since, like Epaminondas, he leaves not only two battles, but four—Palo Alto, Resaca, Monterey, Buena Vista—the grand creations of his genius and valor, to be remembered as long as truth and courage appeal to the human heart.

Mr. Speaker, the occasion and the scene impress upon us a deep sense of the instability of all human concerns, so beautifully alluded to by my friend from Massachusetts, (Mr. WINTHROP.) The great southern Senator is no longer among us. The President, during whose administration the war commenced, sleeps in "the house appointed for all the living;" and the great soldier who led the advance and assured the triumph, "lies like a warrior taking his rest." Ah! sir, if in this assemblage there is a man whose heart beats with a tumultuous and unrestrained ambition, let him to-day stand by the bier upon which that lifeless body is laid, and learn how much of human greatness fades in an hour; but if there be another man here whose fainting heart shrinks from a noble purpose, let him, too, visit these sacred remains, to be reminded how much there is in true glory that can never die.

The joint committee of Congress which had been appointed to make the necessary and appropriate arrangements for the funeral, immediately set about that melancholy duty with becoming zeal and energy, and fixed upon Saturday, the 13th day of July, for the solemn ceremony. On that day, accordingly, the mortal remains of the illustrious and eminent deceased were consigned to the tomb.

The deep-toned artillery gave early note of preparation, and the avenues were soon alive with thronging multitudes, dressed in decent apparel, and evidently impressed with the seriousness of the occasion. All places of business were closed, and the drapery of mourning hung in graceful festoons upon the walls of almost every house throughout the long route the procession was to traverse.

Vast numbers from abroad had already arrived in the city, and every hotel and house of entertainment was full; yet the arrivals on this morning followed each other in rapid succession. More than forty passenger-cars arrived from Baltimore during the forenoon, bringing military companies and citizens. Many came in the steamboats from Alexandria, Fredericksburg, and Richmond, and from the adjacent country every description of vehicle had been put in requisition.

The morning had not far advanced before every advantageous position from the President's house, to the Capitol was occupied—every window, every elevated place along the avenue, and every favorable position on the sidewalks; and yet from all directions the multitudes pressed onward to the avenue and toward the President's house. And the deep voice of the cannon boomed heavily at intervals, and its echoes died away with an undulating murmur.

The military now approached to take position on the avenue in front of the President's house. The Flying Artillery, from Fort McHenry, commanded by Major Sedgwick, presented a most magnificent appearance. This company, with four others of the regular service, constituted a battalion under the command of Major S. The others were as follows, viz., one company from Fort Mifflin, of artillery serving as Infantry, commanded by Capt. Bowen; two companies from Governor's Island, New York; and one company from Fort Washington. There was with these a very beautiful band from Governor's Island.

There was also a battalion of Marines, commanded by Captain Tansil. This consisted of two companies, commanded by Lieutenant Graham and Sergeant Major Pulizzi respectively. With them was the excellent band attached to the Marine Barracks led by Mr Treioy. The martial music of this corps, always so much admired, was led by McGrery.

From the city of Alexandria there were two volunteer companies; the Mechanical Artillery, Capt. Duffie, and the Mount Vernon Guards, Captain Fields. The latter was accompanied by Little's excellent band.

The Georgetown Grays, Capt. Goddard, were in new and very handsome uniform.

The Fredericksburg Guards, commanded by Capt. W. S. Barton, were also accompanied by a find band.

From Richmond there was a large and fine company of Blues, of which Capt. Lawrence is commander; bu we believe it was at this time under the command of Lieutenant Regnault. There was also a small company from Richmond, composed of officers of the 179th Regiment. A band of music accompanied the former

From Baltimore there were the following, viz: The Independent Grays, Captain Hall, with a fine band; the Independent Blues, Captain Schutt; the First Baltimore Sharpshooters, Captain Lilley; the Eagle Artillerists, Captain Phillips; the Junior Artillerists, Captain Marshall; the Patapsco Rifles, Captain Swaim, with a band led by Mr. Wagoner; the Maryland Cadets, Captain Poor; the Baltimore Mounted Carbineers, Captain Owens; a battalion of Germans, consisting of two fine companies of infantry, and a large and excellent company of youths, from the academy at St. Timothy's Hall, (near Baltimore,) commanded by Captain Brown.

There was also a portion of a company from Philadelphia—the National Guards—commanded by Captain Lyle.

The volunteers of Washington consisted of the Washington Light Infantry, Captain Tate; the National Greys, Captain Bacon; and the Walker Sharpshooters, Captain Bryant, Lieutenant Birkhead, commanding.

Accompanying the Baltimore volunteers were a number of aged men who had aided in the defence of that city in 1814. They are known by the honored name of the "Old Defenders."

The number of vehicles in the line of the procession was one hundred and five. The line was one mile and a half in length. At one point on the avenue it occupied forty-five minutes in passing; at another, moving less steadily, it occupied an hour.

The President's house was, throughout the morning, guarded by Captain Goddard and the Auxiliary Guard, wearing badges and having batons in their hands.

The persons entitled to admission here were those designated in the following extract from the printed programme, viz.:

The United States' Marshal of the District of Columbia and his Aids.

The Mayors of Washington and Georgetown.

The Committee of Arrangements of the two Houses of Congress.

The Chaplains of the two Houses of Congress, and the officiating Clergyman of the occasion.

Attending Physicians to the late President.

PALL BEARERS.

Hon. Henry Clay,	Hon. T. H. Benton,
Hon. Lewis Cass,	Hon. Daniel Webster

Hon. J. M. Berrien,	Hon. Truman Smith,
Hon. R. C. Winthrop,	Hon. Linn Boyd,
Hon. Jas. McDowell,	Hon. S. F. Vinton,
Hon. Hugh White,	Hon. Isaac E. Holmes,
G. W. P. Custis, Esq.,	Hon. R. J. Walker,
Chief Justice Cranch,	Joseph Gales, Esq.,
Maj. Gen. Jesup,	Maj. Gen. Gibson,
Com. Ballard,	Brig. Gen. Henderson.

Family and relatives of the late President.

The President of the United States and the Heads of Departments.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate.

The Senate of the United States, preceded by their President, *pro tempore*, and Secretary.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives.

The House of Representatives, preceded by their Speaker and Clerk.

The Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States and its officers.

The Diplomatic Corps.

Governors of States and Territories.

Ex-members of Congress.

Members of State Legislatures.

District Judges of the United States.

Judges of the Circuit and Criminal Courts of the District of Columbia, with the members of the bar and officers of the courts.

The Judges of the several States.

The Comptrollers of the Treasury, Auditors, Treasurer, Register, Solicitor, and Commissioners of Land Office, Pensions, Indian Affairs, Patents, and Public Buildings.

At a little after 12 o'clock the services were commenced by singing the following anthem, under the direction of Professor Berlin :

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me· Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors. Amen."

The funeral service, as prescribed by the book of common prayer, was then read by the Rev. Dr. Pyne, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Butler.

The following impressive address was then delivered by the Rev. Dr. Pyne, Rector of St. John's Church, where General Taylor attended public worship:—

In other lands, where there prevails a class of political and social relations essentially different from our own, there is a word often used which, important and expressive as may be its import to the people of those lands, seems with us, under ordinary circumstances, scarcely to find a place or an application; I mean the word *august*. It may appear strange, speaking as an American to Americans, to employ such an expression as an august person, or an august presence; and yet, whatever there be in that word that conveys the associations and attributes of majesty, of all that can impress a human creature with reverence and awe, I find it in this audience and this presence; for I speak in an assemblage which is but the type and symbol of a mourning *nation*—appropriate symbol of its dignity and power. The Chief Magistrate of this republic, the members of its legislative councils, the honorable heads of its Executive Departments, the honored chiefs of the two great arms of the public service—this is a presence which to me, as a citizen of this republic, is indeed *august*.

And not less imposing to me is the representation of the dignity of other lands in peace and harmony with our own; for that presence tells me not only that they are here among us great agents for the interests of great nations, and therefore for the interests of the civilized world, but I believe they are here this day, in this place of the mourning obsequies of the honored dead, giving a tribute of not mere official reverence, but personal regret; yes! as ministers of this world's rulers, to whom the *peace* of the world is all important, well may they regret him who, as long as he filled his

great place, was a guarantee for one element in that world-wide security—*the stern, impartial neutrality of these United States.* I am sure I do them no more than justice in believing that a tenderer feeling is blended with this: the warm grasp of the hand, the cordial address, the true, honest words of welcome, and the homely but affectionate farewell, are present, I doubt not, at this moment to the memory of many a heart that beats beneath those insignia of official station. I remember well the impression made on me by his parting speech to the minister of a great empire: "God bless you, come back to us again"—a strange farewell, according to the vocabulary of diplomatic etiquette—a noble and characteristic one from General Taylor to the man he was really sorry to part with, and whom he honestly wished to see again. I feel, then, that I speak in the presence of not mere official representatives of courts and countries, but of men whose sympathies accompany that presence, making it all the more impressive to me as it is honorable to them.

There is another presence here, to me the most august of all—the presence of that relic of the mighty dead! When living, he never heard from my lips one word of adulation, and now, if in that light and life of truth to which that true soul has been taken, he is conscious of aught that passes here, he sees that I am doing for him when dead that which would most have pleased him in life. I will speak the *truth*, utter no single word which my conscience does not avouch, which is not an index of the feelings of my heart.

And oh! may I, the minister of God, not lose for one moment the conscious sense of that Presence—the "discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart!" May these few poor words of mine perform the best office for the dead, by doing good to the living who in their turn must die!

In their appropriate time and place words have been spoken, the record of this great man's life, the tribute to his multiplied claims upon the country—words worthy of those who uttered them, worthy of him whom they commemorated. Had this, then, been the fit occasion, or mine the proper voice, to expatiate on such themes, I could only have reiterated what has been far better and more effectively said. Of his glorious history, then, as the leader of armies—of his measures as the Chief Magistrate of a great nation, I shall say nothing I shall advert to one point alone, a subject of contemplation as useful as it is beautiful.

I have been struck with the coincidence, not merely in feeling, but in the very expression of that feeling, which has marked the reception, throughout the country, of the late heavy tidings. Simultaneously, from our halls of Congress, in every form of official announcement, in

every private letter I have received or seen, there was one phrase, as though it were the only possible, the instinctive expression of one universal feeling: "*the great man!*" It is evidently no mere form of speech, nor is it employed in that conventional acceptation by which any man who had died in that great office might be called great. No, it is plain that in that individual man there were elements of character which have impressed upon the common sense and judgment of this country the indelible conviction that he was a great man. It is worth while for us to pause a moment to consider what those qualities were, which elicited an acknowledgment so unusually, so universally accordant. It was not his military prowess or success. "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona." The civic and the mural crowns adorn too many brows to have made this man, as by emphasis, great. That wonderful campaign was indeed the lever which raised him up to show the world, not what *it* had made him, but what he was in himself, *the man*—the man to do the right thing at the right time; the man who would not leave his wounded behind him, and would have encountered any personal hazard or sacrifice to abide by that which his heart told him was right; the man quiet in expression, strong in action, firm in purpose; and whether in expression, action, or purpose, that transparent honesty and simple integrity forming, as it were, the atmosphere in which he lived and moved—which so happily for himself and for us not only enabled him to see clearly and do resolutely what became a a true and brave man, but enabled the world to see how bravely and how honestly it was done. A rare gift! Let us honor it; and, above all, let us try to learn a lesson from it.

The secret of this illustrious man's strength and greatness lay in his being honest, true, right-minded. He might have possessed the same clearness of judgment in discerning any practicable or desirable end, the same determination of purpose in adhering to his maturely adopted plan for working it out. Would these things alone have made him what this nation has so universally called him? A man may see very clearly a *bad* end, work with astonishing vigor and perseverance to accomplish it. Can such a man be really great—can he be really strong? It is true that, without these more active qualities, mere rectitude of intention and goodness of heart might constitute a good but not a great man. And yet even in those elements of *goodness* lie the essential elements of *greatness*. The working powers of energy and will, of what avail are they if they have not the true material to work withal?—*reliability!* If a man have not that, who will trust him? Though he had the energy and intelligence of the arch fiend himself, who will let him work with them or for them? And where

is that reliability to be sought? In the fickle changes of a man's self-interest, in the declared submission to popular will, so that a man is perpetually looking without and never within for his rule of right? No! To give real body and strength to human character there must be the strong mind, indeed, but it must be the strong mind acting responsively to the teachings of the *right* mind. "If the eye be single, then shall the whole body be full of light." *Goodness* and *power*—that is *greatness*. The people of this land saw it *there*, and therefore have they called him great. It is an honor to them to have seen him as they did, and to have placed him where they did.

There is, then, a great lesson to be learned here this day. I will not suffer myself to suppose that there is a public man who hears me, who does not covet that which is high in honor, bright in fame, and which will last in the memory of man. We have had a great living example of what there must be in a man to win from the world these noble appliances of honor and fame. Being dead, he yet speaketh a lesson, which will be read and treasured by the generation who shall follow us.

Permit me, now, to pass to the yet higher teachings of this grea event.

There is a series of commonplaces respecting death, judgment, eternity, which, awful and true as they are admitted to be, still whether it be from the familiarity of our minds with them in consequence of frequent repetition, or that the overwhelming interests of the solid, tangible present, veil the equally certain, but, as we think, far-removed realities of the future; from some cause or other, I repeat, these admitted, awful truths fail to exercise any influence on human conduct or character at all commensurate with their importance. The great reason of this is probably the practical ignorance or the forgetfulness of the great fact that, in the revelation of Christianity, judgment is not a thing which is to come, but is *now;* that we are actually in the kingdom of the Great Judge, the God man, who is near to us, and we to him,—near, with his supplies of grace to help in time of need—near, knowing from His human experience what man can do as well as what he ought to do, knowing from His divine omniscience every thought and intent of the heart. It is not, then, a remote judge and a remote judgment with which we have to do, but one at the door The judgment of the great day is, in fact, only the sentence educed by the sum of those judgments which have gone up day by day from the thoughts, and words, and works. Alas! even in Christian people who are not insensible to the fact of their religion, who feel its restraining and guiding influence is great in many of the circumstances of life

there is great hazard of their losing the practical conviction that there is only one judge in the world with whom they have anything really to do—that they should suffer questions of expediency or policy, or the opinions of men, to take the place of this simple accountability of the Christian conscience to the Christian Judge; so that any course of action for which we can adduce such plausible reasons as will satisfy the world, we take for granted as fit to stand before the bar of conscience. "If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God," saith an apostle. But when, by any process of reasoning, we have so justified our conduct, that, before the tribunal of man's judgment, we pass free, we may infer, as a necessary consequence, that our hearts should not condemn us; from this the step is easy to the conclusion that it does not. Seeing, then, how easily and insensibly we may fall into practical forgetfulness of the great judgment which standeth ever at the door, whose final award we shall all assuredly meet, it is the business of reasonable men, it is the solemn duty of responsible Christian men, whenever in God's providence, any event occurs which teaches a great lesson on this very point, to study it devoutly, reverently. It is the great purpose of God, in troubling the still waters of common life, that we should note the descent of the angel and gather health from the perturbed element. Such a visitation has now been made. It weakens the effect of such an event to multiply words respecting it. It is a world-speaking sermon—to the world more immediately around us, among whom this illustrious person so lately and so conspicuously moved—speaking with especial emphasis. May God teach our hearts all its lessons. I shall not pretend to present them all, but will endeavor, by His grace, to awake your attention and my own to that lesson at least which comes home to the great business and wants of our daily life, and may make us wise unto salvation.

I would remark, then, that in the sudden removal of this distinguished person from the cares, activities, and responsibilities of life, taking him (to use a common phrase) *to his account*, God was only doing in a way which men in a sense see, and therefore more fully realize, what He was just as really doing at every moment of his previous existence. Before he came to that great office, at every instant of that momentous period of his life, up to the very time when the Great Judge gave visible note of what He had never ceased to do—it is not one whit more true that he has now gone to his account, that his Great Judge will one day pronounce his final award, than that every day he lived he was going to it—the Judge just as near to him, the account going on, the award made.

This is true of every human creature, but its great and startling truth is unquestionably brought more home to us when we have before us some noted instance like the present.

Let us suppose that on that memorable fifth of March, sixteen months ago, a message from God had revealed to the departed President, that which we now know!—that he had said to him, "I have brought you to this great office; in the full career of its duties you shall die." It is not for any human creature to say whether it would have changed or modified any of the acts of his Presidential career; perhaps I cannot express in stronger terms my individual estimation of the man than to declare my strong personal impression that it would not. I do in my heart believe that every act of his official life was done under the sense of personal and official responsibility. But, unquestionably, such a revelation would have given awful solemnity to every decision—it would have suffered no veil to interpose to conceal motive, no conflict or combination of interests to modify the one great motive and purpose, to repress the abiding conviction, "I am making up my own judgment—the judgment of man is nothing to me except as it responds to the judgment of my conscience and my God. I must do my work—the messenger stands at the door and knocks—the grave is waiting—it is my work—the instruments I use to do it, must not be those which others like the best, but such as I believe will do the work the best."

Now, I am not preaching to *official* people simply—be the office high or low; I am preaching, and this great event is preaching to all. We are all in office!—an office before which the government of the world itself sinks into insignificance; the dignity of which was fully realized by Him who, when the world and its glories were proffered to Him, saw their comparative *nothingness—the great realm of conscience, the kingdom of God within us.* To the administration of this government all the powers of nature and of grace are made subordinate; we may use them or abuse them; for that use or abuse we know that we shall be held accountable. But we know it and admit it in a general way; and we know that were such a revelation made to us as that I have intimated, the whole character and tenor of life would be affected by it. If you and I knew beyond the possibility of doubt that on the ninth of next July we should die, I say to you unhesitatingly that we would not live the coming year as we have lived the last. The world would assume a different character and relation to us; the opinions and associations of men would possess a widely different influence. Things which we think of very little importance because the rest of the world think them so, would be weighed in a very different balance—things that occupy a large portion of our attention and affection, because other men value or love them, would sink immeasurably in the scale. Oh! it is in the light of such a revelation that we should learn the full force of that apostolic injunction: "Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world," for we should find, amid all our imagined love of God, and of His truth, what deep-seated care, and love, and worship of the world there is in the best of us; ay, and even in the best moods and movements of the best of us. Well, such a revelation has been made—not of the hour of death, but the hour of judgment—not of years in perspective, but in the awful *present.* The *eternal now* is judging us *now.* The hour of death, indeed, is not revealed; but come when it will, it comes not as the hour of judgment, but the hour which tells us that all judgment is *at an end*—the balance struck, the account made up, the recording angel's function ended. No more make-weights of faith, and prayer, and repentance, and sanctity! The blood of the covenant has sealed the soul for its final passage in the great audit!—that blood which tells, *that it has paid the debt, or doubled it.* And as for that hour of death, we are not, indeed, told that it shall come in one, or ten, or fifty years, but we are told that *it shall come.* Told! There is not a day we live that we are not told it by that which moves men's minds more than God's own revelation. We see infancy and age, wisdom and folly, poverty and riches, lie down in that common bed. "But when? If we knew when! It would make us thoughtful, serious; the great business of life would be to make ready."

Do you think so? I believe that it would make you *mad*—I believe that reason would reel before the dreadful assurance, or that men's hearts would run into desperate recklessness. God, in his mercy, has concealed the *when.* He has not said "this night thy soul shall be required of thee." But he has said, this *hour it may, some hour it will.* In the construction of human language, the potential and the imperative are separate things In the divine vocabulary this distinction exists not. Whatever he has said *may* be, is not only within his potentiality, but at every moment is at his fiat, when what *may be, is.* It is the business of the children of God to view all those things which God, in reference to our condition, has pronounced contingencies, as realities. This contingency above all. And yet, upon this simple difference of the *may* and the *shall*—creatures of intelligence and observation, as we boast ourselves—how absolutely does the whole tenor of our lives and actions often turn; we act as though the only revelation made to us were that of the Psalmist: "A thousand shall fall be-

side thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."

Oh! may God's message now awake us from this delusion; making us feel that, as in the startling case before us, revelation itself could not make the event more certain. So there is a revelation always speaking to us its message, but now echoed by heaven's own angel sounded abroad on the wide surface of our land; "Behold I stand at the door and knock. Thy soul shall be required of thee." I have now performed this function allotted me with such ability as God has given me. I trust that the humble but very sincere tribute to one who held so high a place among us, is not unsuited to the time or place. It is indeed a high office; and for our own sake we should honor all who hold it—honor them living, honor them dead. We should show that those whom a great people place in such a station of eminence are, by that single act, taken out of the category of common men. While they live we should respect them, and when they go the way of all flesh, I would still have them honored in such a way as will do good to the living. There is a monument even now in progress to the memory of the first President of this country, but how utterly inadequate must that or any other monument be, as an expression of the veneration of this country or of the world itself. I can imagine a monument more worthy of the country and of him; one that would preach a great lesson to generations yet to come. Let the spot where the great Father of his Country reposes become national soil. Let there arise on the bank of his own river, beneath the shade of his own trees, a great mausoleum—there, around his mortal remains, let the bodies of all be gathered who have ever been chosen or shall ever be chosen by the American people to bear that office which Washington dignified and adorned. I believe that such a monument might do much to secure the best succession in the world, the succession of virtues and patriotism like his own. I am very sure that it would be visited like a shrine; that many a heart would beat with nobler pulses when looking on that assemblage of the mighty dead. And, if the day must come when the fate of the great nations that have gone shall be ours when strangers of some newer race and name shall come hither to visit the relics of a people once mighty and free—the very memory of other places, other names may have vanished, but that will remain; and the world will never cease to bear record that that must indeed have been a great nation which had such honorable sons, and so honored them

In concluding his address, it will be seen that Dr. Pyne presented an important suggestion to the minds

of his hearers, one that will be welcomed by the American people. It is that the home of Washington be purchased by the nation, and adorned as the Mausoleum of the departed Presidents. How appropriately chosen! What depository so fitting for the remains of the honored and illustrious of our land, as the home in which Washington lived—as the earth where his body reposes.

The following dirge (by B. F. Niles, Esq.) was then sung by Professor Berlin and three of the Eberbach family, Professor B. accompanying on the seraphina:—

His triumphs are over—he's gone to his rest,
To the throne of his Maker, the home of the blest,
How peaceful and calm he now rests on the bier,
Each heart droops in sadness, and each eye sheds a tear.
The Hero, the Statesman—his journey is done;
All his cares now are over, his last battle won.
Now sweetly he rests from his sorrows and fears,
And left a proud nation in sadness and tears.

Oh! bear him full gently—disturb not his rest,
And let the turf lightly, be heap'd on his breast;
For oh! he was noble, and gentle, and kind—
And was deep in the hearts of the people enshrined.
Let the flag which he loved envelope his form,
Which often streamed o'er him in the battle's fierce storm.
Oh! calm let him rest with his deeds and his fame,
And halos of glory encircle his name.

It was near two o'clock when the procession commenced to move. The rich yet simple coffin was borne through the great hall door, before which stood the funeral car. This was a very imposing vehicle. The wheels were black and massive, in imitation of those of the ancient Roman chariots. The main body of the car expanded over these to the length of eleven and a half feet, and width of six and a half. Upon this, the