

place on which the coffin was to rest was raised in the centre. A canopy, in form of an arch, extended from front to rear. All this was enveloped in fine black cloth, entwined with white satin, having large silver spangles in each rosette. The canopy was surmounted by a large golden eagle, covered with crape. At the four corners of the car were golden urns, also shrouded with crape. The coffin was covered with black silk velvet. Eight gray horses were attached to the car, each of them led by a youth, habited in a white frock with crape around the waist, and a white turban upon the head.

During the progress of the procession to the grave, a distance of about three miles, the bells of the city were tolled, and in the various public squares cannon were discharged. At the point of starting the crowds were immense. The grounds adjacent to the President's house, and the porticoes of the Departments, were literally alive. General Scott, the commander-in-chief of the military, presented a noble appearance on this occasion.

Behind the funeral car "Old Whitey" was led by Mr. Swartzman, a well-trying friend of the late President, who had served with him in the Indian wars. The service the old war-horse had rendered, and the association of his name with many of the great battles of Mexico, have rendered him an object of interest; but at this time it seemed only necessary to know that he was the object of the late President's kind regard, in order to rivet the interest of every one upon him.

It is a subject worthy of remark in this place, that although the multitude was vast, and the scenes presented of great novelty, the most perfect order prevailed throughout the whole city; and as the funeral

car passed by, the heads of the people were, as it would appear, instinctively uncovered.

Arriving at the burial-ground, the remains were interred with no other ceremonies than the simple and impressive words pronounced by the minister, ending with the benediction, except that the soldier's farewell was poured forth in triple volleys by a portion of the infantry and light artillery.

It was late in the afternoon when the multitude returned to the city, and in a few hours more there was every where stillness and quiet, and the people in the capital of a republic owned a powerful control, and a motive for order and decorum, stronger than regal thrones and glittering bayonets could ever exercise and inspire.

Thus ended this day of sorrow and gloom, and thus terminated the last earthly honors paid to one of the greatest names that ever adorned our country's history, and one of the bravest hearts and truest men that ever honored and ennobled human nature. Most happily and aptly may the following beautiful lines of Willis be applied to the lamented soldier, and most heartily will it be responded to by every American:

Lay his sword on his breast! There's no spot on its blade,
In whose cankering breath his bright laurels will fade!
'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call—
It was stayed with sweet mercy when "glory" was all!
As calm in the council as gallant in war
He fought for his country, and not its "hurrah!"
In the path of the hero with pity he trod—
Let him pass—with his sword—to the presence of God!
Follow now, as ye list! The mourner to-day
Is the nation—whose father is taken away!
Wife, children, and neighbor may mourn at his knell—
He was "lover and friend" to his country as well!
For the stars on our banner, grow suddenly dim,

Let us weep, in our darkness—but weep not for him!
 Not for him—who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
 Not for him—who has died full of honor and years!
 Not for him—who ascended Fame's ladder so high
 From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky!
 It is blessed to go when so ready to die.

Never since the death of WASHINGTON, has any public man been called from the theatre of his usefulness, who was so universally and so sincerely mourned as General Taylor; nor whose death was so generally looked upon as a national disaster. There was an affectionate attachment felt for him which no other man except the Father of his country had ever inspired to so great a degree. Every American entertained towards him the warmest regard, and looked upon him as upon a dear and intimate *friend*. Even the thousands who had never seen him felt this affectionate regard for his character. His reputation was looked upon as the common property of every American, and they felt an equal pride in the honor his glorious public career and his pre-eminent public and private virtues had reflected upon the country. Long will his memory be remembered and venerated by his countrymen, and long will his deeds continue to fill one of the brightest pages of his country's history. Longer still may his noble deeds and his numerous virtues serve to stimulate and encourage to like deeds and like virtues those in whose hands the destinies of the nation may be placed!

The following letter written by General Taylor after the commencement of the attack which terminated his earthly career,—first published since his death, is probably the last one he ever wrote. As such, it will possess a melancholy interest. Its object will be gathered from its contents:

WASHINGTON, July 5, 1850.

E. P. Prentice, Esq., Albany, N. Y.

SIR:—I have duly received your favors of May 18 and June 25, the former wishing me to attend the Annual Fair of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society in September next, the latter kindly asking my company at your house on that occasion.

In the extreme uncertainty attending the adjournment of Congress, until which event I cannot leave the seat of Government, I find it quite impossible to give any assurance in regard to my presence at the State Fair. I was greatly disappointed when circumstances prevented my attendance at the Fair of last year, and it is my hope this season to have the gratification of witnessing a similar exhibition. Unless prevented by an extraordinary prolongation of the session of Congress, or by other circumstances not now foreseen, I shall certainly comply with the invitation which you have extended to me as President of the Agricultural Society.

I fear, however, that I shall be obliged to decline your very kind request that I should make your house my home during my attendance at the Fair. It will hardly be in my power to accept any private invitations, but should I do so, that of Gov. Fish, which I some time since received, would have the strongest claim upon my attention.

With many thanks for your hospitable offer, I remain, very truly, yours,

Z. TAYLOR.

To attempt a description of General Taylor's character after the elegant portrait of it drawn by WEB-

STER, and BAKER, and PYNE, to be found in the previous pages, and after the many illustrations of it found in every act of his life, as it has been attempted to be drawn in this volume, cannot be deemed necessary. Nor could anything more that might now be added, convey any clearer impression of its remarkable points to the reader than is to be found in the tributes of the men named above. It cannot fail to be seen from them that the leading features of his striking, and, it might almost be said, his sublime character, are its beautiful simplicity, its unyielding integrity, its remarkable firmness, and its open, manly frankness. He "carried his heart in his hand" before his friends, and indeed, before the whole world, and every one who would, could not fail to see the whole man. He had an unalterable abhorrence for everything that bore the slightest resemblance to trickery or management, and would not look with patience upon any deviation from the straight line of rectitude which he himself had ever pursued. To such as inspired his confidence by the exhibition of those traits which so eminently characterized him, he was a fast and unwavering friend. No man possessed warmer or stronger attachments. When he had once formed a friendship, or adopted a resolution after due deliberation, no earthly power could make him desert the one or abate the other. Of course, such a man, with such traits of character, was more at home and more happy in the domestic circle than in public life, or when surrounded by public men. His love of domestic life, and his amiable and kind heart, were often exhibited during his brief Presidential career, in the garden attached to the white house where he could be seen with a dozen children flocking round him, all receiving a shake of the hand and a

kind word. They seemed at home with him, and he happy with them. These simple incidents, revealed General Taylor's whole character, and show him the kind-hearted and benevolent man, the devoted friend, and the affectionate father. Children love by instinct men who possess such traits; and every child who once came within his influence, loved General Taylor with the love of a child for its father.

THE END.

