

A DISCOURSE

ON THE DEATH OF

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Discourse



A DISCOURSE

PREACHED BY

REV. A. B. DASCOMB,

TO HIS PEOPLE AT WAITSFIELD, VT.,

IN HONOR OF OUR LATE

CHIEF MAGISTRATE,

ON SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1865.

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DISCOURSE.

"THE BEAUTY OF ISRAEL IS SLAIN UPON THY HIGH PLACES: HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN! TELL IT NOT IN GATH, PUBLISH IT NOT IN THE STREETS OF ASKELON; LEST THE DAUGHTERS OF THE PHILISTINES REJOICE, LEST THE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNCIRCUMCISED TRIUMPH."—II. *Samuel*, 1: 19, 20.

KING SAUL had reigned over Israel for the space of forty years when he went out to fight once more against the Philistines. The army of Israel was defeated, Saul's sons were slain and he himself was wounded and in despair fell upon his own sword and ended his life. The intelligence soon reached David that Saul and Jonathan were dead. It made David sad in heart. He gives expression to his sorrow in the language which I read a few moments ago in your hearing, a part of which I have just repeated. It is tender, beautiful, patriotic. "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!" Gath and Askelon were cities of their constant and ever active enemies, the Philistines. He adds. Tell not the news in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest their inhabitants rejoice. He knew they would exult over that which pained him and his countrymen. David loved his country and respected its ruler, regarding him as God's anointed, and his sensitive heart could not bear to have any exult over

the defeat of his countrymen or the death of one or more of their chief men.

Without dwelling longer upon the occasion that prompted the words I have quoted from David when he learned of the death of his sovereign, I hasten to say that the language of this lamentation is expressive of the emotions of our hearts at this time. *We* feel like saying, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph." Our noble, beloved and honored President has fallen. He, whose life was most esteemed and beautiful in the extreme, has been slain by the hand of the assassin. The Man of Might, at whose call two million of liberty-loving, heroic, patriotic men have rushed to arms against the rebellious enemies of their government, and under whose wise counsels and prudent management the nation has gone triumphantly through a civil war of unexampled magnitude, is now dead. How is the mighty fallen? Tell it not to our enemies. If there be still a Gath or an Askelon in the territory of rebellion, let not their inhabitants know of this calamity which has befallen us. Let not the enemies of the Republic have one moment of triumph, even in their feelings. Let them not know what *they have done*; for I doubt not the arch traitor and official head of the rebel government has shared with the murderer of our President and his accomplices in a tragedy intended to be more extended and fatal, the last coin stolen from their sinking and now sunken

confederate treasury—shared it with them that they might perpetrate this awful crime.

Our land mourns; a nation is plunged in tears. Never has our country been plunged so deeply and suddenly into sadness as recently when the message went swiftly over the electric wires and from tongue to tongue—“PRESIDENT LINCOLN IS SHOT—DEAD!”

It was a sad time when—as you who are old remember and have told us—sixty-five years ago the slow moving mail spread the news of the death of Washington. But Washington’s official life was closed and it was the remembrance of what he had done rather than what he was doing or might do for his country that filled the hearts of his countrymen with grief. There was sorrow in the land when, just twenty-four years ago this month, it was announced that the hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames, who one month before had been elevated from an honorable and unblemished private life to the Presidential office, had breathed his last. It was, however, a party that took his death deeply to heart. The issues at stake were important, not vital. Again, fifteen years since, when we had hardly ceased to celebrate the birth-day of the nation, we were shocked to hear without previous warning that another President held strongly in the hearts of the people had ceased to live. It was during Taylor’s administration that threats of disunion and civil war began to grow loud and frequent. He was a southern man by birth and education and a prominent slave-owner, yet when turbulent members of Congress visited him with threats of civil war upon their lips, he as-

sured them that if the standard of revolt was raised he himself would take the field to suppress it. Hence he died to the regret of every lover of his whole country. But there was no crisis and no one would claim that his abilities were transcendent. Within the last four years many a grievous blow has fallen upon the country. When Sumpter's flag was lowered we should have wept had we not been wisely mad. When our troops hastened in defeat from off the field of Bull Run once and again; when Fredericksburgh and Charlottesville were the bloody scenes of repulse to our armies; and at other times our hearts have well nigh sunk within us: yet, conscious of rectitude, self-reliant, trusting in the God of Right, excited, determined, the edge of grief was dulled. I repeat, never was the nation so suddenly and deeply plunged in grief as when a few days since we learned of the atrocious murder of our beloved Chief Magistrate. Standing calmly at the helm, the tempest raging with the utmost fury, the ship of state almost broken in twain, he had guided her with magic hand through the height of the storm; he had won our confidence and affection; and now as the winds began to lull and the mad waves to be quiet, the ship, the while approaching the shallow sea near the shore and haven where skill and wisdom were still needed, while our eager eye was looking with interest and yet with quiet confidence to the trusted helmsman, we see him fall—his strong arm, his steady eye, his calm and active brain paralyzed by death. We are stunned, grieved, well nigh dismayed. Our country has met an irreparable loss in the death

of the plain appearing, pure hearted and wise acting statesman and public servant, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the late re-elected and re-inaugurated President of the United States.

A great and good man is dead. There are many good men in the nation. There are many distinguished men; there are a few wise and great men; of very few can it be said they are great *and* good. He was one of the most illustrious examples of virtue that the highest circles of the nation have ever exhibited. This is not the language of fulsome adulation—of exaggerated praise. I believe it to be the deliberately formed conviction of the American people; hence it is well that we mourn: it is no wonder that we feel staggered by the sudden blow fallen at such a time.

When fifty years since the Princess Charlotte, a lady of distinguished virtue, heiress to the throne of England and highly endeared to the English people, was suddenly stricken down, Rev. Robert Hall in a sermon occasioned by her untimely death used the following language, which is strikingly appropriate to this hour. "In the private departments of life the distressing incidents which occur are confined to a narrow circle. The hope of an individual is crushed, the happiness of a family is destroyed; but the social system is unimpaired and its movements experience no impediment and sustain no sensible injury. The arrow passes through the air which closes upon it and all is tranquil. But when the great lights and ornaments of the world are extinguished, such an event resembles the apocalyptic vial poured into that element which

changes its whole atmosphere, and is the prestige of fearful commotions, of thunders, lightnings and tempests.”

What the result to our nation shall be from this fearful tragedy no mortal can tell. We fear; yet hope, ever ready to shine into the sorrowing heart, even now with feeble ray beams upon us, and the prayer is ours that good, not evil, shall accrue to the land under the overruling of a merciful God, who is able to bring good out of evil.

The excellencies of Abraham Lincoln in mind and heart were many and great. Occupying the exalted position he did in the eye of the nation and the world, they shine with unusual brightness. We have looked upon him for the past four years as we look upon the highest mountain peak in sight, towering above all others in solemn grandeur, first in the morning and last in the evening to receive the illuminating rays of the rising and setting sun: he has been the most exalted and, at the same time, the most virtuous of the distinguished men in the executive arm of the nation. There are some men who have been for a much longer time before the eyes of the people than has our martyred President whose virtues you would find it hard to name, even though you could not name their vices, or though they have none. Not so with him. His virtues were prominent; the salient points of his character are evident to us all, though he was by no means an angular, eccentric man. As a whole his character is rounded, symmetrical and beautiful to behold, like the full orbed resplendent moon, its edges not ragged but

smooth. His greatness consisted not in the extraordinary development of any one faculty or attribute to the neglect of others, but in a fair and healthy growth of all the elements that make a man in the highest sense of the term. He was not like Everett, the most finished of scholars; not like Choate, the shrewdest of lawyers; not like Webster, the prince of orators; not like Jefferson, the most adroit of politicians; nor like Hamilton, most brilliant and accomplished of statesmen: he was rather like Washington, an eminently clear headed, true hearted, sensible and practical man, *who did every thing well.*

Edward Everett, in his famous oration upon Washington, names these four qualities as belonging to him, viz.: prudence, modesty, justice and common sense. Without doubt three of these characterized Mr. Lincoln. Perhaps the other also,—justice; we fear not, however. It was easier for him to be gentle, patient, forgiving, than just toward his enemies and the enemies of the government—those upon whom he should visit the severest penalties of the law. But I am out of my province here. Let others better acquainted with the work he did and more capable of judging portray his mental and practical abilities. I purpose to call attention to a few traits of his moral and religious character. It is my privilege in this sacred place and upon this holy day to direct attention to whatever may be highly commended and wisely imitated by those who would daily strive to make mankind better and happier, while they live in view of a blessed immortality. The first trait that I name may perhaps be said to lie outside the

realm I have indicated and not strictly to belong to his moral or religious nature. If this be true, which I doubt, it lies so near the borders that I cannot pass it by. I refer to his simplicity. This manifestly distinguished his language and manner and habits of life. There was nothing pretentious about him. Bad men, shallow men, vain men, are obliged to counterfeit themselves. They put on airs; they gild themselves. The great and good may be open, unaffected, undorned. Our Saviour, the greatest and best of men, was the plainest and simplest in his manner of speech and life. Promotion inflates many men. It had no such effect upon our late revered President. He was as easy, natural and approachable when the official head of a vast and powerful nation as when in 1831 he was assisting in conducting a flat boat down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

It will not be long before the artists will have one scene in his remarkable life on canvas. It is one of the sublimest ever witnessed. Had a king or emperor of the old world occasion to enter the capital of a recaptured or conquered province or nation, as President Lincoln had occasion to enter Richmond, it would have been with all the pomp and magnificence that abundant treasures and an inventive brain could provide—in grand, martial and triumphal procession. How did he enter it? Leading his pet boy by the hand, in company with an officer or two of the army and navy, a half dozen marines on either side, he *walks* into the proud city that has been the strong defence and citadel of rebellion, the seat of official traitors, for four long and

bloody years. It is true that many of the humbled yet haughty aristocrats of the city look with undisguised contempt upon the scene; but they are not all. See the dusky crowd throng the way; see their eager countenances as they behold their friend: see their tears of joy; hear their simple language of praise and rejoicing. It seems as if angels, if they ever weep, must have wept at that scene. I verily believe that no grander sight of like kind was ever witnessed save when our glorious Redeemer eighteen hundred years ago entered the capital of Judea over streets strown with garments and branches of palm trees by a crowd which, as he passed along, shouted in wild delight. "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest." The great and good can afford to be unostentatious.

Again, it indicates strength of mind and heart and large self-control when a person in the highest official and fashionable circles preserves the more simple habits of humble and rural life. In our country, especially in its capital, the temptations to a luxurious, impure and intemperate life are such that few of our prominent men have been able to resist them. His distinguished rival for political honors in Illinois once taunted him for having in early life sold him liquor. "True," replied Mr. Lincoln, "but I have reformed since and you haven't." A reform in this habit in view of or during political life is a rarity. No stain, however, rests upon his character. He was a strictly temperate man in this respect. His brain was never excited, confused or stimulated by the poisoning wine-cup. The corrupt

society of Washington never contaminated him in the least. He was equally plain and temperate in all he did and said. In the highest place in the land he set an example that all in exalted or private life may well follow. "With the lowly is wisdom."

Abraham Lincoln was a man of strict and uniform integrity. It was said of him before he was raised to the highest office in the executive that he was an honest man. He has lived for more than four years in the eye of millions of his fellow men—his countrymen and those of foreign lands—and now without hesitation or reservation all exclaim, "an honest man has died;" one, as the poet Pope has it, of the "noblest works of God." We have never known or even suspected, so transparent has been his life, that he ever gave or received a bribe; that to accomplish any purpose he ever used the least deceit to friend or foe. Though he was shrewd, he was prudent and wise, and never entered the boundaries of hurtful deceit and dishonesty. It was his custom to keep his own counsels till ready to act. We have sometimes waited in anxious suspense to know how he would act in a given emergency. We have watched his words and acts. We have sometimes thought we have been deceived and that he had no idea of doing what it proved he had already determined to do. You remember that when he was waited upon in the summer of 1862 by a deputation of western clergymen, who urged him to issue a proclamation of emancipation, he proposed arguments seemingly against it for them to answer. They went away somewhat disappointed. Many others were made de-

spondent thereby. It soon after came to light that he already had the proclamation prepared, and was only waiting an appropriate opportunity for its promulgation. His course was prompted by no desire or intent to deceive, but by prudence and wisdom. He wished to receive the utmost light before entering upon a most momentous work. He was a man of the purest rectitude; a man of truth, uprightness and honesty. "The just man walketh in his integrity; his children are blessed after him."

Another bright star in his crown of virtue was his humanity. He was a humane man. The word humane comes from a word meaning man, but it really means a divine quality. The tendency of men when left to themselves is the direction opposite to tenderness and benevolence. Man degenerates from the Divine Being in the garden of Eden to the cruel, selfish, brutal savage: a type of humanity illustrated in the black-hearted assassin who murdered Abraham Lincoln, and in the red savage who murdered his grandfather in the forests of Kentucky in 1784. Strange it is that we find the highest type of humanity in no man that ever lived but in the Divine Son of God and man—Jesus, our Saviour. His life on earth was a perfect illustration of gentleness, kindness, tenderness, in short, of humanity. Humane means not what man is, but what he ought to be. It is a quality conspicuous in the character of our late lamented President. It is, in one phase of it, touchingly evinced in the pleasure he took in the company of his young son, whom he loved to lead with him in his walks, and to have in his

presence even when holding interviews with distinguished men and prominent home and foreign officials, thus showing the kind, thoughtful father, right under the pressing "cares of empires." He was disposed to treat all men as children or brethren, according to their relation to him. In the remarks he made in response to the speech of welcome from the mayor of Washington, just before entering upon the duties of the presidential office,—and when he said it, he meant the whole South,—"I have never had any other than as kindly feelings towards you as the people of my own section. I have no disposition to treat you in any other respect than as my neighbors." It was not like him to inflict pain upon a single mortal if possible, though he found it necessary to put his foot, and to "put it down firmly," upon the necks of traitors. It was well that he was of this superior make for several reasons.

It was necessary that one should occupy the highest office, in such a crisis in our history, that should, in the highest degree, win the affections of the whole people. It took away the last pretext for secession; it prevented division at the North, and gave no occasion for exasperation in any direction by reason of severity or cruelty. When he did a severe thing, all saw that it was a last resort, and could not complain.

It was well that he was a humane man who held the power of the nation in his hands through such a time of suffering and distress. He gave the largest possible opportunity to every benevolent enterprise that looked to the relief of the wants and the alleviation of

the sufferings of the soldiers. He bade the Christian and Sanitary Commissions God speed as they went to the camps, hospitals and battlefields, to minister to the tempted, the sick, the wounded and the dying soldiers. He forgot not the afflicted and bereaved at home. You remember that short letter that he found time to write to a mother who had lost several sons in the army, as he had learned. How it touched the heart of the nation, and wound him into the hearts of the afflicted and distressed people!

For still another reason was it well that Abraham Lincoln was humane. Four millions of Africa's sons and daughters were held in Southern bondage. It was largely on account of these that men became traitors and rebels. "Without slavery the rebellion could never have existed; without slavery it could not continue." The cries of these oppressed ones had long and loud been heard in the land. Many were severely tried that they could not be made free, yet saw not the path to liberty. Suddenly God himself opened the door through the madness of the leading men in the South. Rebelling against the government, defying all its powers, they and all who obeyed them forfeited all right to protection. The President was quick to see the opening gate of liberty to the enchained millions of Africans. His humane heart long moved, as his congressional history twenty years ago abundantly testifies, could now effectually act. As soon as he could do it with safety, when the mind of the people was sufficiently ripened to prevent a dangerous reaction, the blow is given. He speaks the word: the

fetters of millions are broken, and they begin to walk the path of freedom. For this act of humanity as well as justice, philanthropists thank him. For this the disenthralled African race thank him, and rejoice with joy they cannot tell. The fatal ball, that pierced his brain, pierced their hearts more deeply, if possible, than ours. They mourn with unhushed and uncontrolled lamentations. The freedmen will remember him to the last; their children and children's children will hear the story of their deliverance; the whole sable race will regard him with the warmest admiration; they will pay his memory such honors as tutelary divinities of old were wont to receive, and, in heaven, next to their Saviour from sin, they will wish to see Abraham Lincoln, their deliverer from chains. The whole world will honor him as among the highest benefactors of mankind. "He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker; but he that honoreth Him hath mercy on the poor."

Finally, I name as brightest in the diadem of virtues that crown his character, his fear of God. This, says the wise man, "Is the beginning of wisdom." We have seen that he loved man; he also feared and loved God. In the speech he made, as he left his home in Springfield for Washington, four years since, he said, "Pray for me that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain." His language since has been equally devout. What a deeply religious sentiment pervaded that brief and remarkable inaugural, whose sublime words have hardly yet died in our ears! How

ready he was in national adversity to bid us go down on our knees before the righteous God, to supplicate his favor! How ready in success to ask us to give thanks to Almighty God for his tokens of favor to the people. Surely he "acknowledged God in all his ways," and, as a fruit of it, God directed his path.

He not only asked us to worship the Lord, he himself was a man of prayer. Let me repeat an incident or two that many of you have read. A gentleman had occasion to call upon him at the early hour of five in the morning. He heard a low voice as of one conversing in an adjoining room. On enquiry of a servant, he learned that the President was in the exercise of devotion; and furthermore, that this was his custom daily at that hour. A praying President! Thank God that some good men stand in the high places of the land. "Not many great: not many mighty are called."

Not long since an Illinois clergyman, while about to visit the President, was directed by a Sabbath School to ask him if he loved Jesus. The business concluded, the question was faithfully presented. The reply ran something like this: "When I left Springfield, I asked the people to pray for me. I was not a Christian. When I buried my son, the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg, and saw the graves of thousands of our soldiers, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ. Yes, I *do* love Jesus." And the flowing tears told that he was a tender, loving disciple of Christ. Pleasing foretaste this of the time when kings shall be

“nursing fathers” to the people of Christ. Assuredly “the beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places.” It is fitting that we honor his memory here to-day, the sacred day of God, the day of the resurrection of the Saviour whom he loved. It is fitting that we gather in large assembly in this house, that we clothe these walls with the symbols of mourning, for Christ’s people have lost a friend and brother.

Thus was Abraham Lincoln. In this brief, hurried and partial review of the nobler elements of his character, we find him a plain, upright man, who feared God and regarded man. He has done a great and good work. We fondly hoped he might live to see the end of his term of office, but God, who rules well and knows best, has suffered him to fall at the hand of the murderer. Let us be thankful that he lived to see the day-star of peace arise; to see the military power of the rebellion broken; to know that the Union he loved was to be preserved, and that his labors to that end had been blessed with success. Let our prayer now be fervent that he may accomplish more in the same direction by his death than he could have done by a longer life.

Here let me suggest one thought that may perhaps console us somewhat in our distress. I have said he was humane. It is well he was; we all ought to be: but if a sense of justice be not inwrought with it in the mind, its results are often pernicious, especially in those who are appointed by God “to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.” Mistaken kindness is sometimes very fatal in its effects. To cherish and warm the be-

numbed serpent in the bosom is to court death. The work of the executive now is in part to bring rebels to justice. We have all feared that the President would be too kind and forgiving; that deserving a punishment that would forever mark treason as the foulest of crimes, something to be detested as well as feared, he would not execute upon them the penalties of the law. Is it possible that God has seen that his highest work was done, and that this task should devolve upon another? Is it possible that there is a concealed mercy to the nation in taking him away at this crisis and in the height of his earthly glory? Does God mean to teach us that having been just to the slave, we must now be just to his oppressor, who has added rebellion to tyranny? I dare not say: but let us remember that God still reigns; that His mercies will still be ours, as they have been, if we trust Him. No time before could we have spared him as well as now.

It is well with *him* in time, and, we believe, in eternity. A life so pure as his, so devoted to noble work, so humble, so trustful in God and his Son Jesus Christ, will receive its reward of rest and peace and joy; while on earth his is

“One of the few, the immortal names

“That were not born to die.”

As long as the genius, that inspired our Fathers to write the Declaration of Independence, and to maintain it through the privations, toils and bloody sacrifices of a seven years' war, shall continue to nerve the

American people to action, so long will his name be cherished and honored; so long as we love simplicity, truth, honesty, purity, as long will the memory of our martyred President be held in the minds and hearts of his fellow-men. He will be remembered to the last as one of the purest of Patriots, the most honored of Rulers, the wisest of Statesmen, and the noblest of Philanthropists. In our national constellation he will shine as a star of the first magnitude, whose light shall never grow dim—a star rather whose age shall add to its own beauty, lustre and glory.

Bear with me a moment more while I refer with great brevity to the impressive lessons taught us by the life and death of our lamented President.

Man's weakness and mortality in his best estate. We are often reminded of this in respect to men in ordinary life. To-day we feel that men—that all men—are weak and mortal. President Lincoln rose from the humblest to the highest position in the nation, perhaps world. Till the age of eighteen, living in the forests of Kentucky and Indiana; when old enough, working upon his father's land; at nineteen, a hired hand upon a Mississippi flat-boat; at twenty-one, helping his father to a log cabin in Illinois; at twenty-two, assisting in building a boat and floating it down to New Orleans; at twenty-three, clerk in a store and mill, and a volunteer in a company to fight in the Black Hawk war, of which he was chosen captain; at twenty-three and twenty-four, a country store-keeper, postmaster, civil engineer, student-at-law, and defeated candidate for the legislature; at twenty-five, a mem-

ber of the legislature, and thus remaining for six years; at twenty-eight, a practicing lawyer; thereafter rising rapidly to distinction in his profession, and to prominence in office, he became at fifty-two the first man in the Republic, wielding a power such as in all desirable respects no monarch ever wielded. This man, so honored, so exalted, at last is laid low in death, as you or I might be in a moment's time,—broken like the bubble that is the sport of the child. "Verily, every man at his best estate is altogether vanity." We do well to remember this, and so live that whether humble or exalted, when the bubble bursts, when the vapor of life is blown away, we shall find in the spirit-land and in the garner-house of our Saviour, a golden harvest gathered from seed sown on earth—the seed of truth, faith, love. Let us remember that *God* only is great, and fear, love and serve Him.

We are reminded of the short-lived nature of our earthly joys. We have never seen four years like the past four. Our hearts have been heavy with sorrow. We have been anxious, careworn and distressed by reason of the threatening condition of our national affairs, the sacrifices and dangers of our friends if not ourselves. Our President shared in these, feeling doubtless more keenly than we did. Finally the glimmering twilight begins to appear, after the long dark night of carnage, death and impending ruin. The light increases; there is no longer doubt; the capital of the "Confederacy" is ours; soon its strong defenders are ours also. The President rejoices; the country is happy. The booming cannon, the ringing bells,

the rolling drum make every hill-top and valley re-echo the gladness of the people. Never did our people riot in such demonstrations of joy as they did for two weeks, not forgetting to thank God. How suddenly was his joy ended, and ours turned into sorrow. In one day the nation was bowed in tears. We have no heart to think of the occasions for rejoicing. In the height of his happiness our leader was stricken with death; our joy was dashed as suddenly, though our life yet remains. "If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many." If we have no joys but those that earth affords, our hearts are empty and pitiable indeed. Then let there ever be an under-current of joy springing from God's throne, from the conscious presence of Jesus Christ in our hearts. Then, too, let earthly sorrows temper our earthly joys.

In now closing, I urge you again to remember the value of religion. This lesson was taught by the life of our Chief Magistrate. He was guided and sustained because he believed and trusted in God. He drew in his wisdom and strength by daily communion with the All-wise and Almighty. Religion rounded and perfected his character; it secured him the confidence, charity and love of the people. Let such men be honored and exalted, and our government will have fewer reproaches, and God will smile upon us. Let his example be followed by all the people, and God will dwell with us. Peace shall be within our walls, and prosperity within our palaces. Oh! that the young men of the nation would emulate his course. In the

death of this wise and good man, let us be deeply and everlastingly impressed with the sentiment long ago expressed by a wise man, "THE FEAR OF GOD IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM;" and "THE PATH OF THE JUST IS AS A SHINING LIGHT THAT SHINETH MORE AND MORE UNTO THE PERFECT DAY."



