

consideration; I am,

Gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your obedient Servant.

DANIEL BAKER.

Messrs.—A. B. BRADFORD }  
WILLIAM ARTHUR } COMMITTEE.  
JOHN PITMAN }

## EULOGY.

On WILLIAM H. HARRISON, late President of the United States

This is not the holy Sabbath. Then why the gathering together of the people on this occasion? Why the solemnity which pervades this large assembly? Alas! my friends, sad intelligence has reached us from the Federal City. The Angel of death has visited high places; has entered the Executive Mansion, and WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, our recently inaugurated President, is now numbered with the dead! Can this be true, or do we dream? Yes, it is even so, already has this great and good man exchanged the cares and honors of his high station for the stillness and solitude of the tomb! How mysterious this Providence! How unexpected! Only yesterday, as it were, we heard of his reaching the Seat of Government, in strong health, and now, that he sleeps in death! On the fourth of March, inaugurated, and on the fourth of April following shrouded, and prepared for the burying! The people of this great Republic, in their love and admiration of the man, had decreed that he should be President, *four years*, and had just invested him with the robes of office, when, by the fiat of a Higher Power, his term of service was reduced to *one month!* What a comment upon the uncertainty of human life,—upon the vanity of all human greatness, "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" and well has a Poet said: "The Spider's most attenuated web, is cord, is cable to man's tender tie. On earthly bliss: it breaks at every breeze. If talents; if patriotism, if sterling worth if a nation's gratitude or a nation's prayers, could have warded off the shaft of death, our beloved Chief had not died. But the mandate of Heaven came, and he is gone! Oh! So soon! This adds poignancy to our feelings. If he had been permitted to serve his country in his new and elevated station, only *one short year* methinks the blow would not have been so severe;—but, in the inscrutable providence of One who is infinitely wise and good, his term was limited to *one short month!*—yes, scarcely had the acclamations of the many thousands who greeted him President of the United States, died away,—when the voice of joy and gratulation was suddenly changed into the voice of grief and mourning. On the death of good King Josiah, we are told, the

turning to him with intense interest; when by wise and patriotic measures, he was every day winning golden opinions; every day confirming the expectation of his friends, and rising in the estimation of all—just in the very midst of his usefulness and glory, he is snatched away!—like some bright Star, in mid-heaven, coruscating brilliantly, and then—passing behind some dark cloud! What a blank succeeds! How the eye, in vain searches around for some other object, equally beautiful and brilliant, to look upon! The splendid vision is gone, is gone forever! This Providence, I repeat it, is deeply mysterious. By millions of American freemen, it is felt as a stunning blow, and, amid the general mourning of this great Nation, methinks the Genius of America hovers around the shrouded form of her favorite Son; drops a tear to his memory, and, with busy hand, prepares for him, a wreath of everlasting fame!

But we are expected to give a brief sketch of the *life and services* of this distinguished man; and most sincerely did I wish this task had been assigned to some more gifted individual—some one, better qualified than I am, to do justice to the theme—But as my fellow citizens, in town meeting assembled, have seen fit to designate me as the Speaker on this occasion—to their will. I bow with respectful regard.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was descended from a good stock, and, surely, if any man might be permitted to glory in his parentage, our late President might have gloried in his,—for his father, Benjamin Harrison was one of the most distinguished of that noble and patriotic band, who in perilous times, pledged to each other, "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." We have read of Leonidas and the Spartan Band, and we admire their noble daring—If *they* were heroes, so also were those who first unfurled the banner of freedom in this western world. For what was the nature of the contest coming on? a few feeble Colonies, about to enter the list with one of the most powerful empires on earth!—The Eagle of the West scarcely fledged, about to meet the Lion of the East in his full strength and vigor!—The contest came. The shock was terrible! but, aided by a Gracious Providence, victory crowned our Country's cause, and dazzling glory encircled those, who first unfurled Freedom's Banner!

Born in the year 1773, the worthy Son of an illustrious Sire, WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON may well be said to have been "rocked in the cradle of the Revolution," and trained up in the school of liberty! accordingly we find, that he soon imbibed the spirit of the day, and at a very early period of his life, devoted himself, enthusiastically, to the service of his country. In the year '91 having

now formed into two separate States. Harrison was appointed by the with the advice and consent of Governor of the western division Territory of Indiana—and in 1803, he was also made *ex-officio* Governor of Upper Louisiana.

As Governor of the territory, he was invested with great powers—being charged with the organization of the whole government—with the appointments of judges, and also with the appointment of military officers, under the rank of Major. Moreover, he was appointed *sole agent* to treat with any of the Indian tribes north-west of the Ohio. This confidence was reposed in him by Presidents, in succession, Adams, Jefferson, Madison—and, such was the ability and integrity, with which he discharged his trust, that he *then* laid the foundation of his popularity, which made him the favorite of the west, and finally, President of the United States. During the period of his administration, as Governor and Sole Commissioner, he made no less than *Nineteen* treaties with the Indians, by which the United States obtained the peaceable possession of *sixty* millions of acres of land on terms highly favorable. Such was his scrupulous integrity and admirable method of doing business, that neither malice, nor envy, could even in the slightest degree, to stain his fame.

As a *civilian and statesman* he had perhaps, no superior, and, as a *soldier* also, brave, successful—and the civic wreath of laurel crown upon his brow, woven, as to make a garland of honor. I am no military man, but an ambassador of the Prince of peace, calling is to sound the trumpet of love and reconciliation, and to do what I can, to promote peace. I sincerely do I desire the speed of that happy period, when the colors of the warrior, shall be heard no more—when *all* wars shall be ended under Heaven, and when every man shall have full possession of civil and religious liberty, shall be permitted to sit under his vine and fig tree, having none to molest him or frighten him:—But, although I desire peace, yet as when the Sun shines in all its splendor, it needs no astronomer to tell that it is a Sun—a brilliant Sun, the man of peace may discern it when, (as in the present case) the Sun is hidden. It is well known that in the year 1812, during the last war, no man in the north west had a popularity to compare with that of Harrison. The eyes of the people, generally, were fixed upon him, as upon a soldier who was to "protect the