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DWARD MANSFIELD,
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POETRY.

LINES

Sung at the funeral of President Taylor, by two interesting daughters of Mr. Eberbach.

"His triumphs are over, he is 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, each eye sheds a tear.

The Hero the Statesman—his journey is done,
All his cares now are o'er, his last battle won;
How sweetly he rests from his sorrows and fears,
And leaves a proud nation in sadness and tears.

"Oh! bear him full gently—disturb not his rest,
And let the turf, lightly, be heaped on his breast,
For Oh! he was noble, and gentle, and kind,
And was deep in the hearts of his people enshrined.

Let the flag which he loved envelop 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 halo's of glory encircle his name."

THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin gives a most interesting and thrilling description of the illness and death of President Taylor, containing as it does, many facts only slightly alluded to heretofore.

HIS LAST ILLNESS, ETC.

After describing the first attack of disease and the subsequent efforts to relieve, with the sending for Dr. Wood and Col. Taylor, he says:

By this time, (the morning of the 8th,) the disease had made rapid encroachments on his frame; but by the united skill of these eminent practitioners, the visible stage of the cholera morbus was soon after checked. However, fever ensued; and from a remittent character, it took the form of typhoid. Anxiety now began to manifest itself, not only among the exalted patient's family, but among the physicians themselves. His chances of life hung upon a thread.

Meanwhile, there were other causes, beside merely eating and drinking, that operated fatally upon his system. To his system. To his medical attendant on, the 8th, he said, 'I should not be surprised if this were to terminate in my death. I did not expect to encounter what has beset me since my elevation to the Presidency.—God knows that I have endeavored to fulfil what I conceived to be an honest duty. But I have been mistaken. My motives have been misconstrued, and my feelings most grossly outraged." He alluded doubtlessly to the slavery question, and the manner in which he had been assailed. Even the sanctity of his sick chamber was invaded by certain Southern ultraists, who came to warn him that unless he took some necessary steps to protect the South, *they would vote a resolution of censure on his conduct in Galphin business.* I repeat merely what I know to be true. On the 5th, Messrs. Stephens and Toombs waited upon him, as a committee appointed by an ultra caucus, to remonstrate upon the same subject; and according to facts since developed, the interview concluded with a threat similar to the above. It was not until after his illness of the 4th, and the conference of the 5th, that the mind of the President seemed so sadly oppressed and which called forth the remarks just given. From this forward, his mental sufferings were equal to his physical.

But to proceed. Toward the evening of the 8th, the chronic type of dysentery which had set in, disappeared, and vomiting ensued. Dr. Johnson, of Philadelphia who is eminent in these branches of treatment, was telegraphed, and a reply received from him that he would arrive last evening! but, alas! too late to be of service.

The condition of the patient was now at its critical point. The sick chamber restored to solemn silence, attendants placed on the outside, and none permitted to enter except the physicians. The family of the President, with Colonel Bliss, and other relatives of the deceased, occupied a room adjoining, where they remained, overwhelmed with grief, and refusing even the indulgence of necessary repose. Bulletins were hourly sent out, to inform the masses of the changes observable in the patient; but these so slightly varied for the better, that all hope of his safety was dispelled at eleven o'clock. From that period until daylight, the utmost anxiety prevailed.

The ninth dawned, but gloom surrounded the Executive mansion. Thousands began to flood the avenues leading thither, and throughout the day a messenger was kept posted at the main door to answer the interrogatories that were incessantly poured upon him. At ten o'clock, A. M., a report circulated that the President had rallied—at one, P. M., that he was dead. The consternation created by the latter rumor was happily relieved by an official bulletin at half past three, that the crisis had been passed, and that he was then beyond immediate danger.—Bells rang for joy, and even the boys in the streets lit bonfires, and shouted in childish gratulation. The stream now to the White House was greater than ever, but about seven in the evening, the pall of gloom again shrouded all faces, for it was announced the illustrious hero was dying.

I will not attempt to describe the commotion that ensued. Mrs. Taylor thrice fainted from excess of apprehension, and Col. Bliss, who had never shed a tear perhaps upon the battle plain, went like an infant. At five—two hours previous—the physicians refused to administer any more medicine—considering his case hopeless, and in the hands of God. The Heads of Department, corporate authorities of the city, diplomatic body, and officers of the army and navy paid their respects often during the day, and seemed to entertain lively feelings of solicitude for his safety Everything that could contribute to the comfort of the sick, thenceforward, was extended; but the sands of life had run out, and his hours were numbered.

At nine, the vomiting partially ceased, as all pain had disappeared about four in the afternoon But the system had wasted under the shock, and gradually sunk beyond recovery. Green matter was thrown from his stomach at intervals until 20 minutes past ten—that peculiar coloration of bile that indicates the dissolution of patients thus seized. At thirty-five minutes past ten, his wife and other members of his family, were called to his bedside, to receive his last earthly adieu—a farewell that the stoutest could not gaze upon without a tear. It must be remembered that his was a domestic life, and his beloved partner, ignorant as himself of those fashionable able formulas which sunder the husband from the wife, felt for the first time the loneliness of a bereaved heart, and understood nothing of that rigid discipline that would have dictated to her, "Go and weep in solitude—society decrees it." Her abandonment and grief were truly heart piercing.

THE LAST MOMENTS

At a few minutes past ten as I have said, it became apparent that the soul of the hero and conquerer was about taking its rest. The medical yielded to the spiritual agent, whose office it was to prepare for the approach of the King of Terrors.—But there was nothing in the conduct of the sufferer to indicate that he feared the mortal leap. In the secret communion of his heart with Heaven, who can say that he died not a Christion? After prayer, he seemed refreshed, called for a glass of water. It was given him, and he drank sparingly He then inquired of Dr. Weatherspoon how long he thought he would live to which the latter replied, "I hope, General, for many years;" but this being this a useless deception, he added, "I fear not many hours." "I know it," was the response; then, after musing a moment, he asked for his family. They were sent for, and soon entered.—The interview was indescribably affecting—Mrs. Taylor prostrating herself at the bedside, and her children clinging around her with sobs and groans expressive of their agony. The pain which had afflicted the patient in the side of his chest, ceased; and attended to by other symptoms of ease, it was thought he might endure till morning. But he himself knew better and so declared in a quite audible voice.—He was asked whether he was comfortable. "Very," he replied, "but the storm, in passing, has swept away the trunk."—Finally he adverted to the subject of his previous broodings—the slavery question—and observed, "I am about to die—I expect the summons soon—I have endeavored to discharge all my official duties faithfully—I regret nothing, but am sorry that I am about to leave my friends." These were his last audible words. He essayed to speak to his wife a few moments before his demise, but his voice failed him. Dr. Weatherspoon administered a stimulus, but it was powerless in reviving his functions. The soul of the hero fled.

Congestion of the brain and stomach begun at half past eight o'clock, so that no earthly power could stay the fatal result which has plunged the nation in mourning. The unwearied attentions of his medical adviser deserve credit and their skill is unquestionable. It is believed, however, that had the mind of the President not been laboring under embarrasment and affliction, proceeding from causes named, the disease could have been checked, and his life saved.—But now that he is gone, it is vain to speculate. One succeed him, whose sensitiveness is not quite so keen, because intimate with all the trials of politics, and therefore possessing fortitude sufficient to withstand them.

Those surrounding the dying President at the moment, were his own family, including Col. Bliss, Col. Taylor and family Jefferson Davis and family, Vice President Fillmore, several Senators and members, several members of the diplomatic corps, the cabinet. Benton, Hale, Wood, Coolidge, Mr. Weatherspoon, and a number of intimate friends. Without the mansion, the grounds were literally covered with an immense multitude, who continued to linger in groups until after midnight, scarce crediting the inteligence, though officially announced.

General Taylor died without a struggle. It was a kind of sinking into eternity, without feeling its pain or experiencing its horrors. When all was over, the chamber was cleared, until the undertakers had concluded their duties. The body was encased in ice, and ordered to remain where it was until this morning, when it was finally robed for the grave, and laid out in state in the East room. Thus ended the melancholy seige, of disease against a strong bulwark of nature.

INCIDENTS.

The chief incidents that transpired during his illness, are those embodied in the above. He regretted in plain language, and so many words, the crusade waged against him and though their parties failed to do him justice. The course pursued by Southern ultrinists irritated him, but only because they made him responsible for conduct with which he had nothing to do. He deplored the strife which prevails, but did not hesitate to ascribe the cause to sectional demagogues. The dictorial license assumed by Messrs. Toombs and Stephens displeased him and the more so because coming from a banded organization; but when it was hinted that his own friends would move a vote of censure, he sunk under the blow and conceived that to be the most fatal stab of all. He was resolved, however, to persue the line of policy to which he had thus long adhered, though, convinced that gentlemen of the South meditated his ruin. This, while it preyed upon his mind, only determined him the more to stand by his doctrines. It is not withstanding these facts that had he lived, removals from the Cabinet would have ensued before the expiration of the month. The cloud was well nigh ready to burst, and in the deluge created, Messrs. Crawford and Clayton would have been swept away. The conversation between him and those who waited upon him officially, including this ultra delegation, I am not prepared fully to repeat, but his physicians do not deny that it materially influenced his disease. Let conscience be their only punishment.

The body of the President will remain in vault here until next week, when it will be conveyed to Baton Rouge Louisiana. If no vote is obtained upon the Compromise bill until that period, it will be postponed until after the Committee's return—some time in August. Mrs. Taylor and family will vacate the White House almost immediately. They will reside with Senator Davis of Mississippi, for a few weeks, or go with Colonel Taylor to Baltimore.

☞ The following eulogies were delivered in the Senate, upon learning of the deceased of the lamented President:

Mr. Cass. Again, during the present session, has a warning voice come from the tomb, saying to all of us, "Be ye also ready." Two of our colleagues have fallen in the midst of their labor, and we have followed them to the narrow house where all must lie. In life we are in death."

This lesson, which accompanies us from the cradle to the grave, is among those merciful dispensations of Providence which teaches us how transitory are the things around us, and how soon they must be abandoned for an existence with no hope but that which is held out by the gospel of our Saviour. And now another solemn warning is heard; and this time it will carry mourning to the hearts of twenty millions of people. Impressively has it been said and repeated "that a great man has fallen in our Israel."

In the Providence of God, the Chief Magistrate of the republic, to whom his fellow citizens had confided the high executive duties of the country, has been suddenly taken from us, ripe, indeed, in years and in honors, and but the other day in the full possession of health, and with the promise of years of faithful and patriotic services before him. The statesman occupying as proud a position as this world offers to human hopes, has been struck down in a crisis which demanded all his firmness and wisdom.

The conqueror upon many a battle field has fought his last fight and been vanquished—the soldier who had passed unharmed through many a bloody fray has fallen before the shaft of the great destroyer.—How truly we all—the mighty and the lowly—descended to the tomb together, and together are covered with the cold clod of the valley; and thus pass away the honors and the cares of life. The moment is too solemn and impressive for labored addresses—thoughts, not words, are the tribute it demands. History will do justice to the deceased patriot. He will live in the memory of his countrymen, as he lived in their hearts and affections.—His active life was spent in their service, and in those scenes of peril and exertions and of exposure, which is the lot of the American soldier to meet, and which he meets without a murmur, faithful to his duty, lead him where it may—in life or in death. His splendid military exploits have placed him among the great captains of the age, and will be an imperishable monument of his own fame and of the glory of his country. In the despatch of force they carry us back for similar examples of desperate struggles to the early ages of the world—to the combats which history has recorded, and which inequality of numbers yielded to the exertions of skill and valor. But I need not recur to them. Are they not written in burning characters upon the heart of every American, strong in the confidence of his countrymen?

He was called to the Chief Magistracy at the period of great difficulty, more portentous indeed than any we have ever experienced; and now he has been called by Providence from his high functions, with his mission unfulfilled, leaving us to mourn his loss and to honor his memory. His own words, spoken with equal truth and sincerity, constitute his highest eulogy.—"I am not afraid to die," said the dying patriot, "I have done my duty." The integrity of his motives was neither assailed nor assailable. He had passed through life, a long and active one neither meriting nor meeting reproach; and in his last hour, this conviction of the honest discharge of his duty was present to console him, even when the things of this life were fast fading away.

Let us only hope that this afflicting dispensation of Providence may not be without its salutary influence upon the American people, and upon their representatives. It comes in the midst of a stormy agitation, threatening the most disastrous consequences to our country and to the great cause of self government throughout the world. It is a solemn appeal, and should be solemnly heard and heeded. His death whose loss we mourn, will not be in vain, if it tends to subdue the feelings that have been excited, and to prepare the various sections of our country for a mutual spirit of forbearance, which shall insure the safety of all, by the zealous co-operation of all. We could offer no more appropriate and durable tribute to departed worth than such a sacrifice of conflicting views upon the altar of our common country. In life and in death he would equally have devoted himself to her service and her safety.

Mr. Pearce—I must ask the Senate to pardon me for venturing to add to what has been said, the expression of the profound regret with which, in common with the Senate and the country, I have learned the sad event which has been announced to-day. A life of public service, hardship, danger and glory has been suddenly closed. That providence which protected the late President amidst the perils of his long, faithful and splendid military career, and which permitted him to reap the harvest of admiration and affection which had grown up for him in the hearts of his countrymen, has removed him from us before the measure of his usefulness was full—that life which was always devoted to the service of his country, was yielded up while he was in the discharge of the highest civil trusts—trusts not sought by him, but imposed upon him by the people.

To the performance of these trusts, he had brought the pledges of an unstained life—of a pure and fervent patriotism—of stern integrity—of a kind and benignant temper—of unyielding firmness, and of unmixed devotion to the welfare of that country which he had served so well, and which so freely and worthily bestowed its confidence on him. Few men had better fortune than he—none better deserved it. The virtues of his simple and modest, but heroic character, has so endeared him to his fellow citizens, that I am sure I may venture to say that even in the midst of the political strife of which he ever sought to moderate and soften, there is not one whose heart will not throb with emotion, when he learns the death of Zachary Taylor.

Mr. King—Mr. Secretary, it is not my design, after the eloquent tributes that have been paid to the memory of the deceased President of the United States to add but a few words to what has already fallen from the honorable gentlemen. It was my fortune to have been personally and intimately acquainted with the distinguished individual who has been called away from among us, for more than five and thirty years past. My relations with him at that period, were of such a character as enabled me to form, I think, a correct estimate of the man, and to appreciate, as I did, most highly, his many estimable qualities, and I can say that in all the relations of life, he so bore himself as to command the respect of his acquaintance, the ardent regard of his friends and the devoted attachment of his countrymen.

As a man, he was surpassed by none in honesty of purpose. He was without guilt as a soldier—all know, and none more than I, that he has won laurels that would have graced the brow of the first soldier of Europe or America. It was my fortune, Senators to be in Europe at the time when the news reached there that the gallant General of our forces on the Rio Grande, the late President of the United States, was surrounded by overwhelming force.

He commanded a small, but gallant band. Every American heart beat with anxiety and fear. We felt as Americans should feel, that a reverse then would cast in some degree a cloud over the country of our birth. When the news reached us that the gallant General of that little band marched from his position—regardless of the danger—had retraced his footsteps, and conquered the foe at Resaca de la Palmer—no man but he who was away from his country in a foreign land could have felt what we as American citizens felt at those tidings. Senators, the gallantry of that man was appreciated not only by his countrymen, but was felt and appreciated by the first military men of Europe.

The living hero of the age, the great Duke of Wellington, declared, as Napoleon had declared of him, "General Taylor is a General indeed." I, therefore, Senators, am not surprised that the enthusiastic spirit of the American people led them to support such a man, whose patriotism, whose devotion to his country, whose gallantry and whose successful services on the field must have endeared him to the hearts of all. As a man, I have said that he was honest of purpose. His patriotism—his devotion to the constitution of his country, under which he cherished these free institutions—I have never questioned, I think I knew him well, and I believe that there was no man more patriotic—if errors were committed I shall draw the curtain over them—no longer would I feel justified in holding him up to the public gaze, even if they had been ten times as glaring as they are. The country has reason to deplore the death of a great man and, I must be permitted to add, a good man. He has gone from among us, and the afflictive event has been appealed to cultivate and cherish kind relations. I trust, in God that these kind of relations will be cherished, and that we shall this day vow on the altar of our country to discard all bickering and strife, all sectional dissensions, and live and die as Americans should, in support of the Union.

Mr. Berrien—I yield to a suggestion made to me since our assembling this morning, in making this brief trespass upon your time. It is not my purpose to pronounce eulogiums upon the departed Chief Magistrate—that has been amply done—eloquently and impressively done—nor is it my purpose to give expression to individual personal feelings, these feelings may be safely left to repose in the bosom of him who cherishes them. Nor do I seek to give feeble utterance to a nation's grief—that will be done by our assembled country in their primary meetings, a freshness, vividness and force in the expression of the feelings of a free people, springing directly from their own sorrow of heart, which we should vainly attempt to give in anticipation. Still less would I venture to intrude upon that sorrowing domestic circle who are clustering around the remains of a departed husband and father; but concurring, as I do most cordially with these sentiments which have been expressed in various portions of this Chamber, if I could succeed in adding one of the slightest consideration to the suggestions which have been made of the use which we ought to make of this solemn and afflicting dispensation of Providence my purpose would be fulfilled, my duty would have been performed in my reflections on this subject.

I have felt that this dispensation has in its results been eminently productive of good or of evil to our own country, and as the blessings of Providence descend upon us and our associates in the discharge of the high trusts committed to this—the highest legislative assembly of the kind—it depends especially on us to improve this afflictive dispensation of Almighty God to purposes beneficial and salutary to the great interests of the country. If we can feel that in the sudden summons of an individual who was in perfect health and in the enjoyment of the highest honors which a great country could accord to him—if we can feel that this sudden call of an individual so distinguished—so honored—so surrounded with all that contributes to the happiness of man—if we can feel the lesson which such a dispensation is calculated to impart—consequences the most beneficial may result it. It shall teach us the comparative littleness of sublunary themes—if it shall enable us in sincerity to feel that this life in which we are struggling in the bitterness or political party or sectional dissensions, is but a single step in the series of infinite existence, a move at which man pauses to look around him, before he launches into eternity, and lead us thereby to contemplate ourselves and the duties which devolve on us here—we shall no doubt extract from the melancholy event that lesson, which, in the benignity of Providence, it was designed to teach us.

If on the altar of our country we can lay aside all bitterness of party and sectional feelings—if at the moment when the heart of a great nation is palpitating with anxiety, we shall come to discharge the duties which devolve upon us in the spirit which becomes us, this solemn dispensation of Providence will have produced results most salutary to the great interest of the American people, and, believe me, Senators, if that departed patriot could in the last struggling moments of his existence, have anticipated that such would have cheered the agony of his dying hour.

I am permitted to repeat an illustration of the strong patriotic feelings which animated him, even in the last moments, when the light or intellect was flickering. I am permitted to repeat the expression of the departed patriot and hero, which adverting to a recent visit which he had made to the monument about to be erected to the memory of Washington:—"Let it arise—let it

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Frustra laboat, quiomnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

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ascend without interruption—let it point to the skies—let it remain a lasting monument of the gratitude and affection of a free people to the Father of his Country.

Mr. Downs—Mr. Secretary, I rise as a member of the delegation of the State whose citizen the late President of the United States was, to offer resolutions suitable to the occasion. The announcement of his death has already been made officially here and elsewhere, and on the wings of lightening, and almost as swiftly as thought, the said inteligence has been conveyed to remote portions of this great republic.

How sublime, as well as melancholly, is the scene in which we are now engaged. But a few days since—less than a week—many of us sat near the late President of the United States, and saluted him in health at the base of the monument which we are now raising to the greatest of his predecessors—hero and statesman like himself—and where we had assembled to pay devotion to the memory of the man, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," and to kindle anew in the breasts of all that spirit of union, fraternity and liberty, without which we shall prove ourselves unworthy of our ancestors and a reproach to his memory.

Yes there sat, quiet and placid as the gentle breeze from the Potoma that cooled his heated brow—the man whose very pathway to his log cabin school-house in Virginia, the bloody ground, was beset by tomahawks of the savage—and who had passed through four wars and many of the bloodiest and most glorious battle fields of his country unscathed at the head of the greatest Republic of this or any other country—protected not by bayonets, but by the affections of his countrymen. Yet in a few short days, in the midst of this quiet, this peace, prosperity and favor, he was called to approach that doom which awaits us all.

Zachary Taylor was born in 1784, in Orange county, Virginia. In early life he gave evidence of extraordinary energy and force of character. In 1803 he was appointed, during the Presidency of Mr Jefferson, a lieutenant in the army of the United States—rose in 1812 to the rank of captain, and after the declaration of war with Great Britain, in that year, he was brevetted a Major by President Madison, after his memorable and gallant defence of Fort Harrison with a handful of men against a large body of savages. In 1812, then advanced to the rank of Colonel, he distinguished himself in the Black Hawk War—was ordered into Florida in 1836, and for his signal services against the savage Semmoles, was created a Brevet Brigadier General, Commander in Chief in Florida. Subsequently he was transferred to the division of the army on the Southwestern portion of the Union—was ordered into Texas in 1845—advanced to the banks of the Rio Grande, and afterwards, beginning with the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, 1846, at Palto Alto and Resca de la Palma and ending with Buena Vista—he overthrew, with fearful odds against him, and signally defeated, the most skilful of the Mexican Generals, Ampudia, Arista, Paredes, and even the President of Mexico himself; and, by a series of brilliant victories gained for himself and the brave wing under his command a world-wide renown—commanding the respect and admiration of Europe and America, and securing an enviable and proud place in the brightest chapters of American arms.

But why attempt to portray his life or describe his actions? This is not the time or place of such a purpose, if I had the ability to do it justice. His history is part of the history of his country, and therefore needs no aid of friends to preserve it.

The battle-fields of Fort Harrison, of Okee Chobee, Pala Alto, Rasca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista, the most glorious of them all, are his monuments and eulogiums. He needs no other. Of his political history this is not the place, nor am I the person to speak of it. I may hope to be pardoned for a remark. The wisest and best counsels of public men in a free country—free in the ballot-box cannot be expected to go unquestioned. It would not be a free country if they were—but it is consolatory to know that whatever difference of opinion may have existed as to the policy of him whose untimely death we all so much lament, they are already, before the tomb has been closed over him burial is oblivion, forever. He is hereafter to belong to no party—to no party to no section—but to the whole American family; and his memory will be revered and cherished by them all alike. But let not the tears we are shedding over our departed President, blind us to the grandeur of the scene in which we stand.

Did the world ever witnessed such an one before? How soon, if ever, can it be witnessed in other countries? The Chief of a nation of more than twenty milions of freemen is suddenly withdrawn from the world by an act of God, followed by no disturbance of the perfect equipoise of our institutions. The gentlemen composing the Cabinet of the late President, after his decease, and at the approach of midnight without ostentation, quickly repaired to the residence of the Vice President, and there announced the national bereavement. Within twenty-four hours thereafter, he will be will have taken an oath of office, without any military parade, and will have been installed in command of the ship of State, which moves on over the billows of time, more bright and buoyant than ever, than ever, bearing at her mast head the proud emblems of national glory and greatness, and representing to the world a sublime spectacle of the beauty and perfection of self government. Such a scene as this ought to make us a happier and a better people. It should make us sensible of the great and manifest blessings we enjoy as a proud and united people. Let us then lay in the tomb of our departed President all sectional feuds and divisions, and unite