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Mexican War

REV. MR. BUTLER'S SERMON

AND

GEN. HOPKINS' EULOGY

DURING THE

Obsequies

OF

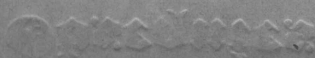
TRUMAN B. RANSOM,

COLONEL OF THE NINTH REGIMENT.

COMPTON & CO. NEW YORK

WALTON'S PATENT

OR



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DISCOURSES

At Norwich, Vermont,

DURING THE

Obsequies

OF

TRUMAN B. RANSOM,

COLONEL OF THE NEW-ENGLAND REGIMENT,

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND, 1848.

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1848
Garrett
Coll.
Bay D

I.

A SERMON,

BY REV. JAMES DAVIE BUTLER,

II.

A EULOGY,

BY GENERAL FREDERICK W. HOPKINS.

HANOVER AND WINDSOR :

DARTMOUTH AND JOURNAL PRESS.

1848.



NORWICH, FEB. 24, 1848.

DEAR SIR—At a meeting of the Committee of Arrangements, on the occasion of the funeral of the late Col. T. B. Ransom, holden on the 23d instant, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to tender you the thanks of the Committee of Arrangements for the very eloquent and instructive Sermon delivered by you at this place on the 22d instant, and to request of you a copy of the same for publication.

With high respect we are, Sir, your obedient servants,

IRA DAVIS,
DIXI CROSBY,
JOHN WRIGHT.

To Rev. James D. Butler.

Wells River, Feb. 29, 1848.

GENTLEMEN,—Your letter requesting for publication a copy of the discourse preached at the funeral of the late Col. Ransom lies before me. Although I have doubts concerning the expediency of publication, I yield my judgment to yours, and herewith send you the discourse, a copy of which you have done me the honor to request.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES D. BUTLER.

Ira Davis, M. D., John Wright, Esq.,
Dixi Crosby, M. D., in behalf of the Com. of Arrangements.

NORWICH, FEB. 24, 1848.

DEAR SIR—At a meeting of the Committee of Arrangements, on the occasion of the funeral of the late Col. T. B. Ransom, holden on the 23d instant, it was unanimously decided to express to you their thanks for the highly appropriate and patriotic Eulogy, delivered by you at this place on the 22d instant; and the undersigned were appointed a Committee for that purpose, and to request a copy of the same for publication.

With high esteem we are, Sir, your obedient servants,

IRA DAVIS,
DIXI CROSBY,
JOHN WRIGHT.

To Adj. Gen. F. W. Hopkins.

Adjutant and Insp. General's Office,
RUTLAND, 28 FEB., 1848.

GENTLEMEN—To your kind and flattering request I briefly reply:—Seldom has a man a right to make an apology for what he voluntarily undertakes; but it is sometimes urged upon him from the effect of his position. In my official capacity I was requested to speak of him, who, when he left us, was one of the first military officers of the State, and my particular friend, I accepted the appointment, with short notice, and with an hour here and there snatched from a daily attendance in a Court-room, during a session, and with scant materials, it is performed.

No consideration, but the wishes of the relatives of the deceased, personally expressed, would induce me thus to throw out upon the public my first thoughts of him whom all hearts loved, and whose loss all mourn.

I discharged it as a duty to him and to yourselves. As such please accept it. With considerations of highest regard, I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

F. W. HOPKINS.

To Col. Ira Davis, Prof. Dixi Crosby, John Wright, Esq.



PREFACE.

The publication of the Sermon and Eulogy, delivered upon the occasion of the burial of the late Col. Ransom, and has been delayed by unforeseen and unavoidable causes. We are confident, however, that this lapse of time has not diminished, nor will it diminish the interest with which the numerous friends of Col. Ransom will peruse these records, from the pen of private friendship, of his private and public worth.

The friends of Norwich University will, none the less for this delay, feel a melancholy pleasure in examining with a closer eye the many virtues of the man who so long presided over the Institution, and labored so diligently to give it stability and dignity, of character commensurate with the extent of its influence, and the importance of the objects of its founders.*

Nor will these pages be without great interest, at all times, to young men—especially to such as must depend upon their own resources for success—as showing how much of influence and usefulness can be attained, early in life, by steady and persevering energy, when regulated by elevated principles of action, and strict integrity of character.

NORWICH, JULY 19, 1848.

* Norwich University received its Charter in 1834. Those, who founded it, designed that its system of instruction should be such as should give the young men under its charge, the highest degree of mental culture attainable in the three years' time allotted for the accomplishment of its Collegiate Course of instruction. To prevent a waste of time, and any ill health

which might possibly result from so severe a course of study, as is prescribed, they established a military organization, as a medium of discipline, and the surest method of giving a full physical development.

Col. Ransom was connected with the University as Instructor, Professor, Trustee, Vice President, and President, successively, nearly all the time from the date of its Charter until his departure for Mexico, as Colonel of the 9th Regiment, in May, 1847. In the face of very many serious obstacles, he labored diligently to forward the objects of the Trustees. The dependence which results from such mutual relations, leads the friends and patrons of the University to hope that, while they themselves sympathize most sincerely, in the loss thus sustained by others, that loss may be made to fall less heavily upon the University, by the encouraging aid of those interested in the full and perfect development of its plan.

SERMON.

“ALL YE THAT ARE ABOUT HIM BEMOAN HIM; AND ALL YE THAT KNOW HIS NAME SAY, HOW IS THE STRONG STAFF BROKEN AND THE BEAUTIFUL ROD. Jeremiah 48: 17.

I would fain be a silent mourner at these obsequies. Not only do I appear before you, a prophet in his own country, but my present abode is far from the best sources of information respecting my theme, and I have had no time to supply my deficiencies by correspondence. I consent to address you, because I feel assured that you will “piece out my imperfections by your thoughts,” and that if any thing be said amiss you will let the winds bear it away.

Every feeling cries aloud for expression. In common with other feelings, grief burns to incarnate itself in significant actions; it strives to pierce the chambers of its imagery with windows. No death is without its knell, pall, and mourning weeds. In an ordinary bereavement, nature prompts us to external symbols of woe beating responsive to the sadness within. It were then inhuman, to give no sign of grief when bereaved not only of a kinsman, townsman, and friend, but of one who touched life and society at so many points, and who fell by a tragical death, afar off indeed, yet not so far but that his body returns to seek burial among us. Alas how changed! Can the force of contrast go further than in his voyage outward and homeward bound!

Ay turn and weep, 'tis manliness
To be heart-broken here,
For the grave of earth's best nobleness
Is watered by the tear.

A little more than twenty-five years ago, he for whom we now mourn, was a poor friendless orphan in South Wood-

stock. Not content with obscurity, or rather prompted by the wish, the dream, the fond desire, *to know*, he repaired to the Seminary in this village. From poverty he was constrained to pay his tuition, in the way that Goldsmith was enabled to travel over Europe, namely, by the exercise of his musical talents. He was also early befriended by the founder and principal of the seminary, a teacher whose *protéges* may be found in all departments of public life. Young Ransom drank of the fountain of knowledge, not only here but at the institution in Middletown, and elsewhere.

Did I not tell you that which ye yourselves do know, I should enter into details where I now content myself with allusions. Elsewhere, I would speak of personal advantages vouchsafed to only an elect few.

“ A combination and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.”

Need I speak to you of these things? Need I assure you that our friend was not like Nireus, of whom Homer sings that he was the most beautiful of the Greeks, but adds no syllable more. Have you not known that the gifts of nature, costing no study, industry, or effort, seemed to Ransom but accidents, and nothing his own save what he owed to himself? Though to a great extent self-educated, he was so good a scholar as to be often supposed a graduate of West Point. Within a few weeks, he has been so represented in a leading Boston paper.

How shall I fitly speak of him who lies before us as a husband and father? The smiles, and sweet discourse and gentle deeds, the thousand decencies that daily flowed, the home where supporting and supported dear relations mingled into bliss, the fidelity to vows “sacred as the threads of life, secret as the privacies of the sanctuary, and holy as the society of “angels” are worthy of sacred silence, and could be known only to intimates. But his conversational powers would seldom fail to manifest themselves to casual visitors.

“ His winning words did conquer willing hearts,
And made persuasion do the work of fear.”

It will not soon be forgotten that he was characterized by a generous heart. Hence he took by the hand many a poor student; he was affable and ready to communicate what he had learned. His greatest fault arose from an excess of that noblest of qualities, generosity. If he was ever unpunctual, unwise, double-tongued, or not just, he was led astray by having been too compliant and yielding. He was too prone to say with the ancient oriental, "I am as thou art, my people as thy people, my horses as thy horses, all mine are thine."

It had been easy to predict that such a nobleman of nature could not fail of friends, but I have been surprized to meet with so many delighting to honor him, throughout the Connecticut valley and beyond the mountains which sever our State like a Chinese wall. I have found my acquaintance with him a passport to favor in the metropolis of New England and on the decks of our men of war. I have reason to believe him equally beloved at the West and South, and therefore class him among those whose death eclipses the gaiety of nations.

"For them the voice of festal mirth
Is hushed, their name the only sound."

The curse imprecated on his foes by the malicious Roman, "May you outlive all your friends," could not by any possibility have fallen on him. It is natural to expect a man of ardent feelings to be bitter against his enemies. But, during all my acquaintance, I was amazed at the forbearance of our departed friend. In a community split into factions, amid gossip and the petty strife of tongues, vexatious as a continual dropping, he was more sinned against than sinning. By day and by night he was at his post of well-doing. His feeling towards many adversaries seemed to be, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, while I come down and strive with you?"

He whose loss we lament never enjoyed the advantages of classical training. It was probably for this reason that he wrote so little, and that, in what he wrote, those inaccuracies of style may be detected which men not conversant with foreign tongues can seldom avoid. Yet he was well-read in the

standard authors of his mother country's language and literature. Not only was he a tasteful reader, but the best words of the best writers were in his memory, and so incorporated with his mind as, when occasion served, to flow forth from his tongue as words fitly spoken. I have been surprised to notice how just, though inadequate, were his ideas of many things in realms through which my wanderings have led me far beyond the sea. I have also been gratified with his rational curiosity concerning what he knew not in transatlantic regions. Of our own country few have had better opportunities to learn by personal observation and residence; fewer still have improved such opportunities so well. Like most men of his sociable temperament, he learned more from conversation than from books or observation, especially as from his youth up he was thrown much into the society of intelligent men, and in the words of Lord Bacon, "Men are the best books." It was in part owing to this large intercourse with mankind, and his seeing that manner is a great matter, making or marring one's fortune in a moment, but still more a consequence of his generous disposition, that our departed townsman was proverbial for politeness, not that cruel, hard-hearted civility which leaves nothing to complain of, but every thing to lament, but the minor morals of kindness kindly expressed.

The man we are now to commit to the dust was extensively known as an engineer, a teacher, an orator, a politician, and a military officer. It may be fitting to allude to him in each of those capacities; I say, allude, for the facts are of too public a nature to need more than allusions.

I need not multiply details of that engineer, who, after completing his studies, turned theory into practice as one of a party who explored and surveyed the Connecticut from source to mouth, registering their discoveries in a mammoth map; who was not only called by a distant State to superintend her railroad surveys, but was so far honored in his own country as to be employed by more than one company in his own neighborhood. What further testimonials does that

Teacher need who was ever ready to hear extra classes, even out of season, who was singled out from many candidates, for a professorship in the United States navy; who was more than once elected a professor elsewhere; and whose face and form his pupils (as if with prophetic foresight of his fate,) so recently insisted upon placing under the guardianship of that divine art, which preserves the shadow though the substance flies? Is it not superfluous to assert that the man we mourn was no intellectual miser, no dark lantern of knowledge, but that he had, in a remarkable degree, overcome that infirmity which makes many learned men deaf mutes, or like watches which have no hands? Can I add to *his* fame as a speaker

“whose look

“Drew audience and attention still as night.

* * * * from whose eye the thought

“Flashed lightning-like, nor lingered on the way

“Waiting for words.

You have heard him here, when you were visited by one of the highest functionaries of our national government, and on other public occasions. You have heard the fame of his eloquence throughout New England and beyond its bounds. How many have feasted on the sweet food of his sweetly uttered knowledge. Surely my words can add nothing to the notoriety of a politician who was well known as a student and teacher of works on government, and concerning whom it is recorded in our history, that he was supported, by one of the great political parties which divide our State, as a candidate for offices, both State and National, second to only one of those in the gift of the people of this commonwealth.

But neither as an engineer, or orator, nor yet as a scholar, teacher, gentleman or statesman was Ransom so widely known as, alas! in his military capacity.

Of the military art, there can no less be acknowledged than that it furnishes peculiar scope for applications of the higher mathematics; that it turns knowledge into a power transcending all brute force; that it thus insures us against the recurrence of barbarian invasions and Dark Ages; and that it has lessened the bloodshed of war. A commanding figure, and

much practice in all martial exercises, secured the officer who has fallen, undisputed eminence in the elementary portions of this military art. In its higher departments, he was judged by many capable of reaching a corresponding distinction, through his natural aptitude, mathematical attainments, and enthusiastic study. Many said,

“List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
You would say ; It hath been all in all his study.”

Even by political adversaries was he raised to the highest military rank in his native State ; he was placed at the head of more than one military school ; he was author of an elementary military work ; yet, there being no avenue into the regular army for officers over twenty-one years of age, his ruling passion seemed denied its arena. Would to God it had been !

Yet whoever has seen him drilling a handful of cadets has lamented the waste of such powers on scanty materials, as when he has seen an orator without an audience, or a poet with no means of penning his inspirations, or as when he reads of Napoleon as a boy in a mud fort. Whoever has beheld this fallen leader at the head of a regiment,

“ * * * and through the armed files
Dart his experienced eye, * * expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle ; open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war.”

Whoever has marked, how the inspiration that was in him spread as by contagion, yea burned in a multitude, has wished to see discipline doing its perfect work upon a mob of militia, not for one day only, but for many days.

At length, for the first time in the lives of most of us, and God grant for the last in the lives of us all, the south wind, wont to blow so softly, changed to the blast of war. He who has perished so far off had many ties binding him here, family, friends, competence, pupils, love of ease, love of safety. These ties were not all at once snapped asunder, even by him who emulated Allen and Warner, no, not for a year. Still, it

must be confessed, that the victim before our eyes was not brave enough to dare be thought a coward, and the deeds of his compatriots would not suffer him to sleep, and his ears rung with the war-cry ;

“Now for the fight ! now for the cannon peal !

Forward ! through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire !”

He was offered the command of a regiment to which every State in New England furnished its quota, and in which many of his pupils and early friends were volunteering. Then, in an evil hour, spite of all remonstrances and unforeseen obstacles, he accepted a commission and vanished from among us.

You are doubtless as familiar, as I am, with the details of Ransom’s career onward from his entering the army ; with what hot haste he concentrated his regiment and embarked with them himself, the month on the ocean, the rapid advance in discipline, the march to Puebla, the fatigues, combats, losses, and perils of guerilla warfare, the gallantry of the command in several actions, its growing reputation, and the reports of its colonel to his superiors.

“Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,

“Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway,

“That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.”

The fatal morning dawns. First of the foremost, the chieftain scales the last height where his foes could make a stand, and looks down, for an instant, upon the conquered city. Tiptoe with exultation, he was pierced by the ball which, had he crouched like a coward, he would have escaped. He fell, in a charge he might not have been ordered to make, had he not, prodigal of life, willingly offered himself, Life’s fitful fever is over.

“Farewell the plumed troop ! and the big wars

“That make ambition virtue ! O Farewell !

“Farewell the neighing steed ! and the shrill trump !

It were unpardonable to say nothing in a *religious* point of view concerning him we have lost. He never openly enlisted as a soldier of the cross, and hence was not, in this important respect, what many of us wished. He conversed with

me on the claims of religion after the death of one of his sons, and while smitten with another domestic affliction, as well as when confined by a fever about a year ago. He deplored that he had not been a follower of Christ, and, more than once, begged me to pray with him that he might become so. All the while I prayed, he clasped my hand. In his address to the last class on whom he conferred degrees, he enforced, not only morality, but regard to their relations to God as the one thing needful. It is possible, that he may have been kept from a public profession by having seen too much made of sectarian peculiarities, or by the fallacy, that the power of godliness may co-exist with the denial of all forms of it, as if, while all other buildings need a scaffolding, the building of God needed none. That month on the mighty deep, disconnected with the world behind and before, that breathing-time between the acts of a crowded drama, doubtless raised his thoughts to Him who measured its waters in the hollow of his hand. Perhaps it led to such a recognition of the claims of God, and the Redeemer of his elect, as had before been never felt. Such a supposition is countenanced by his last letter speaking of his ardent prayer for God's blessing on his son, and bidding him, with double emphasis, FEAR GOD. I sorrow for the departed in the darkness of fear, yet not without rays of hope, that he may have died "as the stars brightly die whose death is day." Mindful of the admonition, "Judge not that ye be not judged," who of us will not have charity to say;

" Yes, Ransom, thou art gone,
 " Gone like a star that through the firmament
 " Shot and was lost. * * Thou art gone ;
 " And he who would assail thee in thy grave,
 " O let him pause, for who among us all,
 " Tried as thou wert and with thy soul of flame,
 * * * * * ah, who among us all
 " Can say, he had not erred as much ?"

Having attempted a sketch of the officer whose remains lie before us, as struggling for an education, as a husband, father, friend, student, engineer, teacher, orator, politician, and military man, I now turn to those here who are by way of emi-

nence *mourners*, and would fain utter words of consolation. All we, that are here congregated, come to weep with those who weep. We proffer you that sympathy which is of more power to divide sorrows than to double joys. May the responsive faces of this multitude prove consolatory. Your strong staff is broken, your beautiful rod. You do well to go unto the grave to weep there. Jesus wept. It is well said, "Sorrow for the lost is itself but another form of consolation." When the heart is full of longing for them it is but another mode of continuing to love them."

He for whose loss you refuse to be comforted, died the death he wished to die—a soldier's death—not by such lingering and excruciating disease as makes men long for death but it cometh not. He died in his full strength. He will live in your memory ever fair and ever young, deformed by no sickness or decrepitude.

" And every lovely feature of his life
Will come, appareled in more precious habit,
Than when he lived indeed."

He fell, not like so many who sail away and are never heard of more, "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried;" not as so many fell by accident; not like Montgomery in defeat; not like Clay butchered when disabled; but, all in a moment, and like Wolfe and Dessaix in the arms of victory. It is not merely our sympathy that we proffer you, but the condolence of our State Legislature. Seldom has a more touching tribute been paid than by its resolutions passed without distinction of party. Need I speak of the minute guns in Boston, the flags at half-mast, the funeral car, the delegation from every volunteer company?

There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave,
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave.

Your kinsman this day comes to his home, seeking burial by the side of the children of his love. If these consolations seem the small dust of the balance, be mindful that afflictions

come, not from the dust, but from Him who never takes away what he has not lent.

In common, worldly, things 'tis deemed ungrateful,
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
 That with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
 Much more to be thus opposite to heaven,
 When it requires the royal debt it lent you.

You are smitten by him in whose sight life is too precious to be taken away, save when mercy consents to its sacrifice. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

In view of the career of him we shall see no more, let every young man, who burns for self-improvement, take courage. Is there one here poor, despised, faint-hearted? I say to him, sow in hope, and, in due time, you shall reap. Do well and wait, you shall be appreciated. Be diligent, show that there may be learning without teaching as well as teaching without learning, and you shall not stand before mean men. Be deserving of worldly success, and, such is the usual course of Providence, you shall have worldly success. But strive for the crown that fadeth not, and verily, verily, verily, you have your reward.

Toward the close of the self-made Ransom's life, the seal-motto stamped on all his letters was, TRY. The tongues of dying men enforce attention, and Ransom's words, in his last letter to his son, are these, "Improve yourself, my son, by every opportunity. Be faithful to your kinsmen as well as to yourself; go with truth ever. Treat all men courteously and justly. Be industrious, temperate, and economical. Above all, respect the laws of your country and FEAR GOD."

As we are here to pay the last honors to one who was so long, beyond all others, the pillar of the *University* in this place, I feel called, as by the spirit of the dead, to utter a few words respecting that institution—words I would gladly have spoken when I* last stood in this place, had I not then held an office which must have made me suspected of sinister motives. What but that institution has given Norwich a name through-

* The Preacher was then acting President of the University.

out the length and breadth of our land? Had there been but ten men as zealous, as liberal, as self-sacrificing, as its second President, what a different institution would it be this day! Had what has been wasted in vain jangling, been laid out in its aid, though its board of instructors had been no better than it has been, how much more of sound learning, how much more of salutary discipline, how much more of elevated character would have been the result!

If the evils incident to a divided community shall lead, as in my judgment they should years ago have led to the removal of the institution to some other place more sensible of its benefits, every family in this town will suffer a loss. Losing you will lack. I speak not merely in a pecuniary point of view, though you know there would be a loss of that kind; but of the loss of a Library second, I think, to none in Vermont this side the mountain—the loss of instruction brought within the reach of all, blessings which will brighten as they take their flight.

On the other hand, the University cannot become what the President we are now to bury, watched, labored, suffered, gave of his substance, and struggled in every way to make it, without conferring advantages upon every family in this community. Will you not, in this regard, learn wisdom from your neighbors to whom Dartmouth is as the apple of the eye, and who have prosperity in its prosperity? Will you still aspire to the bad eminence of being a house divided against itself?

The scene before us shows us the *horrors of war*. Armies refrain from hostilities while they inter the slain. When Isaac and Ishmael came together to bury their dead we do not read that they entered into any altercation as to the jealousies which had raised their hands against each other. Seeing before me members of both political parties, I deem this no fitting occasion to blazon abroad the opinions which I, as an individual, hold concerning the Mexican war. But the horrors to which every war gives birth are now manifest to our eyes, and will never have been enough contemplated till wars shall cease.

It is the more important to ponder the horrors of war, because we are prone to a one-sided view of its nature. In all our thoughts of war, there may be nothing but the zest it gives to our enjoyment of tranquility, the military renown it brings, the laudable defence of fireside, freedom, or life. Earth hides the slain, and our minds, forgetting the fallen, press onward with the victors. Poets favor such illusions, being usually guilty of blazoning evil deeds and consecrating crime. Of ourselves, we are apt to be engrossed in the struggle merely, the display of courage, strength, combination, stratagem, genius wrestling with genius and striving for the mastery. Hence we are blind to consequences, and the pomp of war has, through all ages, been full of enchantment. Thirty centuries ago the Trojan dames and elders sat on the walls gazing with rapture at armies set in array. The most colossal edifice of imperial Rome was built to exhibit war in the midst of peace by gladiatorial conflicts. Knightly tournaments absorbed the resources of the middle ages. The child's play, the mimickry of war, which we behold even in our highland homes, is not without charms. Witness the crowds we have seen at musters, and the lurking complacency in military titles. But the fascinations, which gild the pageantry of war where standing armies are kept up, we cannot fully conceive. I have been a spectator on a parade-day in the Old World. It is a glorious sight to see, the canvass city of snowy tents, banners that have floated over battle-fields, deep-throated engines which might put to shame Jove's thunderbolts, the horse that swalloweth the ground with fierceness, and men by thousands, all in their best years, with every hand, foot, eye, motionless as if dead, arrayed in the most imposing dress which the wit of man has yet devised. How much more is it, when the dead mass becomes instinct with life, and well-ordered files move on in silence, none among them weak, weary or stumbling, governed by the doubling drum, the bounding bugle's breath, long drawn and slow expiring, or

The notes of trumpets that, with quavering start
On the smooth wind, come dancing to the heart.

All individuality ceases; men, officers, horses, artillery exist no more save as fractions of one machine, or members of one colossus vaster than the mountain-piling giants of mythology.

With a hundred thousand others, I once went forth from a great metropolis to see the storming of a real fort, an operation performed to acquaint soldiers with the processes of a siege. During weeks previous, trenches had been opened, and batteries erected. There was a cannonade, sallies, retreats, men moving, in clouds of sulphurous smoke, they knew not why or whither. Then the gate was burst by a fulminating mixture, the rampart blown in pieces by springing a mine, and, at that instant, storming parties, each six men bearing a ladder, leaped over the trenches, headed by "the full of hope misnamed forlorn, and scaled the walls, while the whole besieging force shouted so that earth rang again. If such mock fights thrill the hearts of myriads and call forth men in rations to behold them, who can overrate the sorceries of real warfare, so long as the splendor of a review, gay dresses, (as if war was more festive than peace) fame, promotion, the rapture of the strife, form a foreground which hides all that is dismal in the rear."—A great poet sings thus of a warrior standing in a garden. Every thing that could be desired was presented to his eyes in one landscape, yet without contradiction or confusion, flowers, fruit, water, sunny hills, descending woods, retreats into corners and grottos; and, what put the last loveliness upon the scene was, that you might have supposed (so exquisitely was the wild and cultivated united) that all had somehow happened, not been contrived. Blossoms and fruit abounded at the same time. The ripe and the budding fig grew upon the same bough; green apples were clustered upon those with red cheeks; the vines in one place had small leaves and hard little grapes, and in the next they laid forth their tapestry in the sun heavy with bunches full of nectar. At one time, you listened to the warbling of birds and a moment after, as if they had stopped on purpose, nothing was heard but the whispering of winds and the fall of waters. It seemed, as if the notes of the turtle dove were deeper than any where else; the oak, the laurel, the

whole exuberant family of trees, the earth, the water, every element of creation seemed to have been compounded but for one object, and to breathe forth the fulness of bliss. The chieftain might have been owner of this paradise, might have lived there with a bride lovelier than all the garden, but he forsook all for the flinty and steel couch of war.

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

What a truth is mirrored in this fiction! How is the fiend of war transfigured before men! We see its *glory only*, as our Savior on the mount of temptation saw the glory of the kingdoms of the world, not their shame, guilt, misery, ruin. Plainly then is it our duty to lay up in our hearts what we now see of the curses of war.

Where are the eighty young men who marched forth from this plain last May? They went forth in gay uniform, as victims went to sacrifice garlanded—but shall a tithe of them return to see their native country?

“Green Mountain dead, Green Mountain dead!
On every hill they lie
On every field of strife made red
By bloody victory;
The bugle’s wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more.”

That mangled corpse, and ten thousand more, are victory. If such slaughter, carrying mourning to a million hearts, be victory, what must be the agony of defeat? In peace, says the oldest of historians, children bury their parents, in war parents bury their children. In very deed, war is the contradictory of all the natural aims of life. It paralyzes or misdirects industry. Its mission is, not to build but to destroy. It outdoes blight, mildew, frost, flood, fire, famine, and pestilence. There are churches with floors all made up of tombstones, and walls encrusted with the bones of men. More hideous than such charnel-houses is every battle-field.

O shame to man! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree.

In all history, there is no lovelier scene, no better theme for

poet, orator, or painter, than the Sabine women gliding as peace-makers between warriors armed for fight. Who then can be zealous overmuch to make an end of war? Who can pray enough to the God of battles,

Till he, our fears to cease,
Send down the meek-eyed peace,
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strike a universal peace through sea and land.

God intends that our eyes shall this day affect our hearts. Who *knows* not that there is but a step between him and death. But who *feels* this truth on ordinary days as he feels it now? Since our deepest impressions come through the senses, Lucien Buonaparte, when reasoning with Napoleon on his exposure to a downfall, wisely dashed his watch in fragments upon the pavement where they stood. Who of us that see this coffin will not *feel* his own frailty?

“Ye reckon it in days, since he
Strode up that foot-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip wreathed with a smile;
O! had it been but told you then
To mark whose lamp was dim,
From yonder rank of fresh-lipped men
Would ye have singled him?”

In the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth upon men, he, whom the clods of the valley will so soon cover, dreamed that he was in Mexico. This dream was while a fever burned his brain, and before he had decided to seek opportunity of going to the war. The dreamer seemed to himself at the head of a regiment, on a Mexican plain, and exposed to a charge of cavalry. He threw his men into hollow squares, and exulted to see every man, such was the efficacy of discipline, making every movement, in the face of the foe, as if on the parade-ground. Squadron after squadron beat upon that fence of steel, like ocean surges upon a cliff, as furiously, as fruitlessly. Then, as the horsemen turned their backs, and the squares were deploying into line amid the thunder of the captains—all that followed was curtained from sight, shadows, clouds and darkness were upon it, for the dreamer awoke. He told me his dream, he vanished out of

our sight. We heard of him *safe* from the perils of the sea, safe after heart-breaking delay upon the sickly strand, safe from the dreaded march, safe after drawing his sword against fearful odds, in his own words "*unharm'd, untouched in the decisive conflict three miles from Mexico,*" safe after a rumor of his death, safe after he thought the war at an end.

But his heart, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, was beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

* * * * *

With noiseless step death steals on man,
No plea, no prayer, delivers him;
From midst of life's unfinished plan
With sudden hand it severs him;
Ready, not ready, no delay,
Forth to his judge's bar he must away.

Tasso died on the self-same day that he was to be crowned in the Capitol at Rome. But the coronation took place on the senseless dead body. The head was wreathed with laurel; a magnificent toga delayed the shroud, and a procession was made through the city by torchlight, and painters crowded over the bier to sketch the lifeless lineaments. Such honors might be lavished upon this corpse, but to what purpose were it? Unmatched in form how art thou fallen! how art thou cut down to the ground! the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee!

Ransom, framed in the prodigality of nature, has lost his life, shall we lose his death? Doubtless we shall, if we look only on the show and pomp of this day, if we bound our view by earth; but we shall not, if we look higher, even to Him who is above all. What remains then, for us but to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, whose judgments are a great deep, and who casteth down imaginations and every high thing?

Now therefore, O Lord, grant unto thy servants, here knit together in mourning and in burying our dead, full assurance and joy in the assurance, that, while thou destroyest the hope of man, changest his countenance and sendest him away, and while clouds and darkness are round about thee, and thy pavillion is dark waters, yet righteousness and goodness are the habitation of thy throne. Amen.

EULOGY.

We are all here—the citizen and the soldier, the companion and friend, the father and the son. There is thought upon the brow—and sadness in the heart. Wherefore are we here—and why is this sadness?

Heard ye that bugle note? Heard ye that gun, as its report echoed from hill side to hill side, and died away in the distance? Heard ye that shout, as it arose on the air, rolled along these vallies, and passed on? What *meant* that note, but as the rallying signal for impending danger, or for the redress of wrongs unavenged! What meaning was conveyed by that gun, whose rapidly successive reports start the senses, and arouse the latent energies of the mind, but that the home of the free born is assailed, and the foot of the stranger is on the hearth-stone; or, that the honor of our country is tarnished! Why arose that shout! but to tell of victory, and death?

Heard ye it not—as sitting under your own vine, you peacefully enjoyed the blessings of a divine hand, and thought only of the petty trials of life, and wondered if the future would be as the past? Ye thought perhaps of the vicissitudes in the life of another, but that to *you* the sun would rise on the morrow, more pregnant with the pleasures of existence, than its many sittings had been. Your cultivated fields, your vine-dressed gardens, told how you hugged to your hearts the home of your youth, the hearth stone of your happiness, and the companions of your toil.

The home-bird sat upon your boughs, and the lark called you forth to the daily orison, and the daily task. Nought but New England scenery surrounded your home—nought but domestic felicity filled your heart—nought but selfish enjoyment lulled the soul to quietude and peace.

Ye heard it not! Ye heard it not! But there was *one* from

your midst, to whom it conveyed a certain and significant import. *He* heard it, *who now lies sleeping quietly there*, with his shroud enfolded about him. *He*, who was your citizen, your friend, and your neighbor. *He*, who breathed with you the serene air of these hills, and with you enjoyed the pent up happiness of these vallies—surrounded with all the blessings of life, and bound to you by the more sacred ties of affection, and love. *He* heard the far off gathering of the armed host, and the voice of the spirit, stirred within him, awoke, and broke forth into a cheerful and ready answer, responsive to the call.

He looked forth around him. He perceived at a glance the claims of his country, of society and his home. Here upon his own soil, shone a sun-light, than which, no country or clime could boast a brighter, a calmer or more peaceful. He was every where at home—companionable with all; in every man he found a friend. Yonder institution—the child of his thoughts, his hopes, his energies, and his exertions—stretched forth its hands in pleading accents for protection to its patron and parent. Society claimed him, his home, and his soil. Away from society—away from friends, away from his home, and all its endearments—from *her*, who called him *husband*—from *those* who with uplifted hands, and tearful eyes, called to him “father, father, leave us not,” from this blessed sunshine of heaven, and of his prosperity and usefulness, he turned with anguish; while in the far off distance, in a clime fraught with disease and death, and where the sky was clouded with the smoke of the battle-field, and where volley after volley added to the overhanging vapor, he descried through the misty chasm, surrounded with effulgence, and alluring light, *one lone star*; it was the star of honor, and his State’s pride—the star of glory and renown—the star of his country’s fame, vindicated by his own prowess and success—his country, his own country, now and forever—*the star of his own destiny*.

Soon was heard, echoing from hill to hill, the war-cry, “to arms, to arms for our country.” And along these vallies, where the foot prints of a Warner and an Allen have not yet passed

away, was he *alone* to hear that cry? Nay, here, and there, and there, before you, were those, who breathed something of the same spirit with *him who lies there*, and *rallied* to his call. In quick answer and patriotic haste were gathered the sons of Vermont, and in their prompt rally and zeal was exhibited the spirit of New England. The pulse beat quick, and the arm was nerved. Thus went they forth—the strong, the brave and the free—at their country's call, and for their country's honor. Thus periled life, for a name to live. Alas, how few there are, in the wide world around us, who are content to die and leave no name! How few, in whom it is the *ultimate* hope, to spring into being, wrestle through life, die, and be remembered no more! Yet, what creatures are we of destiny! How little know we of the object and end of living. Here and there, on the grand panorama of life, birth is given to genius, as though specially endowed as the direct offspring and favorite, of Heaven. It struggles up into existence, and all along, its pathway is marked by signs unerring, and not to be mistaken. Upward and onward is its course, and we follow its progress with admiring gaze, while difficulty after difficulty is surmounted, until it seems just ready to burst upon the world, in one resplendent beacon light, every ray of which would indicate a talent, a virtue, or an accomplishment to guide us over the trackless Ocean Wave of life. If ever a great design and object of being, and a providential end of existence were apparent, they would seem to be indicated here. It would almost sometimes seem, that upon such a particular instance of existence, depended the progression of society. But suddenly, a faint whisper from the fiat of the Almighty is *breathed*, and that light is dashed out forever; we know not why; we know not wherefore. Yet life moves on again, as though that light had never been—as though there was not one star *less* in the galaxy wide spread above us.

Occasionally, under our own observation, occurs an instance of our general proposition.

Do you see that lad, with his waivy, dark hair, and his keen eye dancing with intelligence, truthfulness and mirth; his sat-

chel thrown over his shoulder, as he wends his way to his school, his mates and his lessons. He is descended from brave ancestors, who were all found aiding their country in the war of the Revolution; and one of them bravely fell by the side of Montgomery in his fatal attack of Quebec. And now at the age of ten years, and in this boyhood of life, has he lost a father, the protector of his youth, and the guide of his riper years. He is left penniless, and dependent upon his own exertions and his own brave heart. With an ambition beyond his years, a hope beaming up from the depths of adversity, with a manly courage and determination, he looks around him, observes his bearings, and then strikes out into the current of life, confident that his efforts will soon land him on firm standing, and enviable ground. He leaves his home and all that boyhood cherishes; his mates, his mother, and his all. Ardent in his temperament and his hopes, he sees only the future in its brightest perspective. With a less determined spirit, he would have exaggerated the obstacles that surrounded him, and turned back disconsolate and forlorn. But his career once commenced—progress once made, his ambition “grows with what it feeds on,” and he seeks at once to enter the arcana of literature, science and the arts. By mechanical skill and toil, by industry, zeal and fidelity, relying upon his own resources, and, unaided by others, he commences a course of classical studies; and, by a manly perseverance, and a strict economy, he successfully completes his academical course. The same ambition and zeal, lead him to enter upon those studies embraced in a collegiate course, and especially the higher branches of mathematics. These he accomplished, and now stands forth in society a man among men, and not only in literature, and the practical sciences a scholar, but in the world at large, as a young man of general intelligence, virtue, and well fitted to adorn society. That lad, and that young man is RANSOM.

Such was his proficiency, his scholarship and his skill, that he was selected as one of four, the most advanced, to survey the Connecticut river, with all its difficulties; and his results are not surpassed, in the truthfulness of their delineations and

the correctness of their design. Possessing the energy of character and acquirements that he did, his talents could not long be concealed. We see him next a teacher of Mathematics and Military Science, in a High School in Connecticut. Soon a Principal of a Military School in New Jersey. Then in the same capacity in North Carolina. A Professor of Military Tactics and Mathematics in Mississippi. At length a Professor of Mathematics in the United States Navy. Thus far have we traced him; and success, and the affection of all communities followed in his footsteps.

We find him again among us, as the President of Norwich University. We all know with what zeal and energy he applied himself to an adequate discharge of the duties of this office. Here were called forth those powers, which characterized him as a scholar. Here were manifested the developments of the moral man—that decision of character, uprightness of purpose, urbanity of manner, and gentlemanly deportment, which as a citizen and member of society opened to him the hearts of all. Here daily were exhibited those affections of the heart, that endeared him to his pupils, as the kind parent and guardian, and the faithful monitor and friend. Here shone too that military talent, which he possessed in an eminent degree. Perhaps, nowhere in New England, could be found a more systematic, correct and perfect tactician.

The military art, to which, as making up a part of the character of Col. Ransom, we are here called upon to allude, is something more than what the crude notions of the bigoted man, the man of limited views, or the calculating utilitarian would give it credit for being. It does not all consist in the imposing display, the military garb, and the tasteful appointments of war. These are but the insignia of rank of our day, and are in some measure the substitutes merely of the ancient and then more necessary armor of defence, made useful by *their* method of warfare; when the shock of battle and the clash of arms were no more figurative expressions. It does not all consist in the beautiful evolutions, as spreading out before us the imposing array, the accurate, yet rapid move-

ment of bodies in change of position to meet the ever-changing scenes and circumstances of the battle-field; and the march of column in beautiful deployment. It is a science, to the successful study of which must be brought a taste susceptible of appreciating the beautiful and the grand; a mind capable of possessing and valuing the higher and nobler qualities of our moral nature. It embraces within its limits many of the most useful and practical sciences, and unites them in one grand developement of the physical man and the active, intelligent, and discriminating powers of the mind. Such a science, when carried out by its mathematical accuracy, by its philosophical knowledge, by its topographical correctness, by its historical information, both physical and natural, into the useful and proper understanding of the resources and defences of a country, brings with it upon that country a conscious security and peace; and as a consequence, the progress of agriculture, science and the arts. With such a country will a foreign nation, with a knowledge of such resources and position, raise but few difficulties, and when raised will speedily adjust them.

As such a science, did General Ransom study it. In this science did he become an enviable proficient; and under his instructions, discipline and skill, did it seem to be invested with new life and to develop new beauties.

In 1839, he was elected by the Legislature to be General of Division; and to this office he carried the confidence of the whole people. The militia system was for a time, the subject of his first thoughts, and his untiring exertions; and his greatest ambition was, that among all the States of the Union, to Vermont should be given a system preeminently the best, the most complete, and perfect in all its parts. To this end were directed all the energies of his active mind, all the influence which he possessed. But a vitiated public sentiment, as faithfully expressed by its assembled wisdom, frustrated his designs and rendered abortive all his efforts. He was well aware, that to the ignorance of many of its officers, and to their want of application to a right understanding of

its duties, the responsibilities it involved, and the instructions it imposed, was attributable much of the censure and prejudice, to which it had become obnoxious; and by his presence, encouragement, example and thorough drills, he endeavored all in his power to remedy the defect. And there were many who ably co-operated with him.

Of the political character and life of General Ransom, was there time to do so, I could speak freely, and with the highest respect and honor to his conduct and opinions, although I did not think with him. But it is a characteristic of the people of Vermont, that when they agree to differ they well know how to respect and appreciate the talents of each other. Unfortunately for the political preferment of General Ransom, he was in the minority in his native State. He belonged—in all his opinions, feelings, and associations, to that party, who openly and manly proclaim themselves to be the Democracy in our government; and a noble specimen he was. His frequent nomination to the highest offices in the gift of the people, manifest a right appreciation of his talents, and does credit to the judgment of his party.

In the war commenced with Mexico, it became necessary for the General Government to make a levy of men upon the different States of the Union; and of this levy, for the raising of which, one regiment was assigned to New England, and to Vermont one company. In this regiment, covering so large a territory, and consequently exciting a rivalry in zeal for the service of their country, an office in which was sought by all classes among the many States, which compose and claim that proud name, General Ransom was honored with the field office of Major; an office which he accepted, although far below his expectations, or his merits. Soon after, while the recruiting service was vigorously pushed by the faithful officers already appointed, the promotion of Colonel Pierce, who had been appointed to its command, to the post of Brigadier General, made a vacancy in that command, to which Major Ransom was most justly and opportunely raised. With the renowned Pierce for its General, and the gal-

lant Ransom for its Colonel, who could fear for the character of New England.

In hot haste were gathered the boys of the Green Mountain State—in hot haste were they joined with New England's sons, and in hot haste were they launched forth upon the wide wave that bore them from their country, their soil, and their home, to a foreign clime, and a country that welcomed them not. Their farewells were quickly spoken, and their last words died upon the shore. They have gone, the father, the brother, the husband and the son. As those sails were wafted away from our sight, how many a home was left grieved; how many a heart feeling its anguish; how many a hearth stone was left desolate.

But here we must stop. From these homes of our fathers—from these mountains of contentment and peace—from these wide-spread valleys, where industry and happiness dwell, a voice calls us to the fields of Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino Del Ray, and that fatal Chapultepec—a country scarcely revealed to us but through the misty medium of fable—a country with which is associated the city of the Aztecs, the Temple of the Sun, a Cortes, a Montezuma, the pyramid and the ruin—a country of the Orange grove, the story and the song—but a country with which is *more* associated in our minds the disease of climate; the lone, abandoned sickness, with no fair hand to smoothe the brow; with the appalling thought of a far off home, and friends away; with the war cry, the fearful struggles and the groans of the dying, and the graves of the dead.

Towards his Regiment, from the time he first met them at Fort Adams, to the day of his death there seemed to spring up an attachment, that increased with their intimacy, to an almost fatherly affection; and when in camp at Vera Cruz, many were its exhibitions in acts of the kindest attention, to their wants, their comforts, and their feelings. Was there a soldier wronged; promptly did he obtain for him, the peaceable and manly redress. Was there one whose sick bed

needed attention and care, he personally saw that he had it. Was there one who did not his duty; he instructed his ignorance, or kindly reasoned with his inattention. Nor was his attention confined merely to the health and physical comfort of his regiment. All along were they reminded of the religious and moral influences, that surrounded them. When service upon the Sabbath was practicable it was strictly enjoined. All who survive will recollect, when, at Perote, the first Sabbath in August, the regiment was formed under the east wall of the castle, the hymns of New England were first swelled out upon that mountain region. In a word, he seemed to have a mind for every emergency—a heart for every duty.

In following our friends through the land of the stranger, of the bold, the faithless, and the false; through the way-laid mountain pass, and the secret foe of the chapperal, we must know something of where we are. We must discard from our view, the fair and open battle-fields of Europe, and our own land; the beautiful array of armies, and the skill of strategy. And if we are selected to conduct a diversion, for the reception, or surprise of our enemy, it becomes us to look well to our footsteps. On the one side, is an almost impassable bog, on the other; a field of volcanic rocks, and lava; here, a ditch, and there, a ravine; a narrow causeway in front is the only accessible means of communication; an aqueduct, a bridge to pass, a mound to overcome, or a parapet to surmount. Many of these impediments were thrown into the case, in the attack of Contreras, in the taking of which Col. Ransom was designated to the command of a brigade, composed of the Ninth, the Third, Twelfth, and Rifle Regiments, for the purpose of a diversion or an attack as the circumstances of the case should require. It proved an attack, and at the appointed time he not only made the movement to divert, and distract the enemy, but, after crossing a deep ravine in his front, advanced and poured into the works and upon the fugitives many volleys, from his destructive musketry. This was but one in the series of his gallant achievements. From

this fort, into which he boldly led his command, without rest, without food, he proceeded on to flank the batteries of Cherubusco. The capture of Cherubusco, a strongly fortified convent, and a strong field work, was the result of the third signal triumph of the day. The citadel of the enemy followed in the conquest of our arms. At Molino Del Ray, it became the sad duty of Col. Ransom to see the wounded and dead collected and safely conveyed from the battle-field. This duty was most faithfully and nobly done, while a large force of Mexican Lancers, the advance guards of the enemy were drawn up within fifty yards of the spot; and while too within point blank shot, and almost directly under the castle of Chapultepec. Nor was he content merely to command on this melancholy occasion; *corpse* after *corpse* did he take in his *own arms* and convey them away to the ambulances, as if each one was the remains of a brother. Did ever commander do this!—if so, tell me where I may find it.

And now, Chapultepec lies before us—a strongly fortified post, high up on an abrupt and steep hill, and which commanded the city of Mexico, and its passes. “It must be taken,” says the Commander in Chief. “It *shall* be taken,” echoed the Ninth, and to General Pierce’s brigade was assigned the advance, and to the Ninth, the coveted privilege of leading in the attack. On this occasion, fired with gratitude and zeal, the ardent Ransom grasped the hand of his brave General, and uttered the prophetic words, “I pledge my word to you, to lead my regiment into that castle or die.”

Previous to the battle, do our eyes follow him as he goes the round of the camp, visits his brave men and compatriots in arms, and mingles his deep, kind voice with theirs in encouragement, zeal and hope.

He assembles his officers about him, and with a flashing eye and a flushed cheek, he looks upon them with confidence, while he points them to their far off Green Mountain State, whose name is fast upon the annals of her country, whose flag has never been tarnished, and whose credit they are now

to sustain. He reminds them of their State's pride and her honored dead, whose names are cherished by her sons, and whose dust is embosomed in her soil.

It is often an incident in war, that if a leader, in whose valor, wisdom, and foresight, great confidence is placed, is picked off and killed, sudden confusion follows, want of concert of action, retreat, the rally is not heeded, and defeat ensues. Colonel Ransom was therefore strongly urged—that if he could not be dissuaded from leading, surely to throw off the badges of his office, and not permit himself to be a mark for the enemy. But he chose to advance as he was, and he esteemed it the proudest moment of his life to *lead the brave*, the New England Regiment.

On the morning of the 13th, was his Regiment drawn up in precise and proud disposition. And as he passed along the flanks of its column, how familiarly and kindly does he notice by name every one known to him. And even in the excitement of the onset, how does his quick eye, detect and approvingly encourage the conduct of his known and tried friends. "Sergeant Miller, I am glad to see you leading in the charge." He placed himself at their head; he glanced his proud eye once on those upon whom he relied, and then turned with cheering hope upon the flag, that proudly waived above him. The signal was given, "Forward, the Ninth!" Then waiving his sword, in encouragement to the advance—he fell and died. A well aimed Escopette ball entered his brain, and ended his life without a struggle or a groan.

Thus fell a brave and an accomplished man. To the Army he was an acquisition, notwithstanding their prejudice to the new levies, as all that came under his command, most effectually ascertained. To the State he was a loss, deeply to be deplored, for his talents, his acquirements, and his devotion. Among the militia, who is there, that will espouse their interests with such heart and zeal? In society, who will so deeply feel his absence as the citizen, and the neighbor? And in the home of the deceased, who can depict the lone absence of the husband, and the kind counsels of the father?

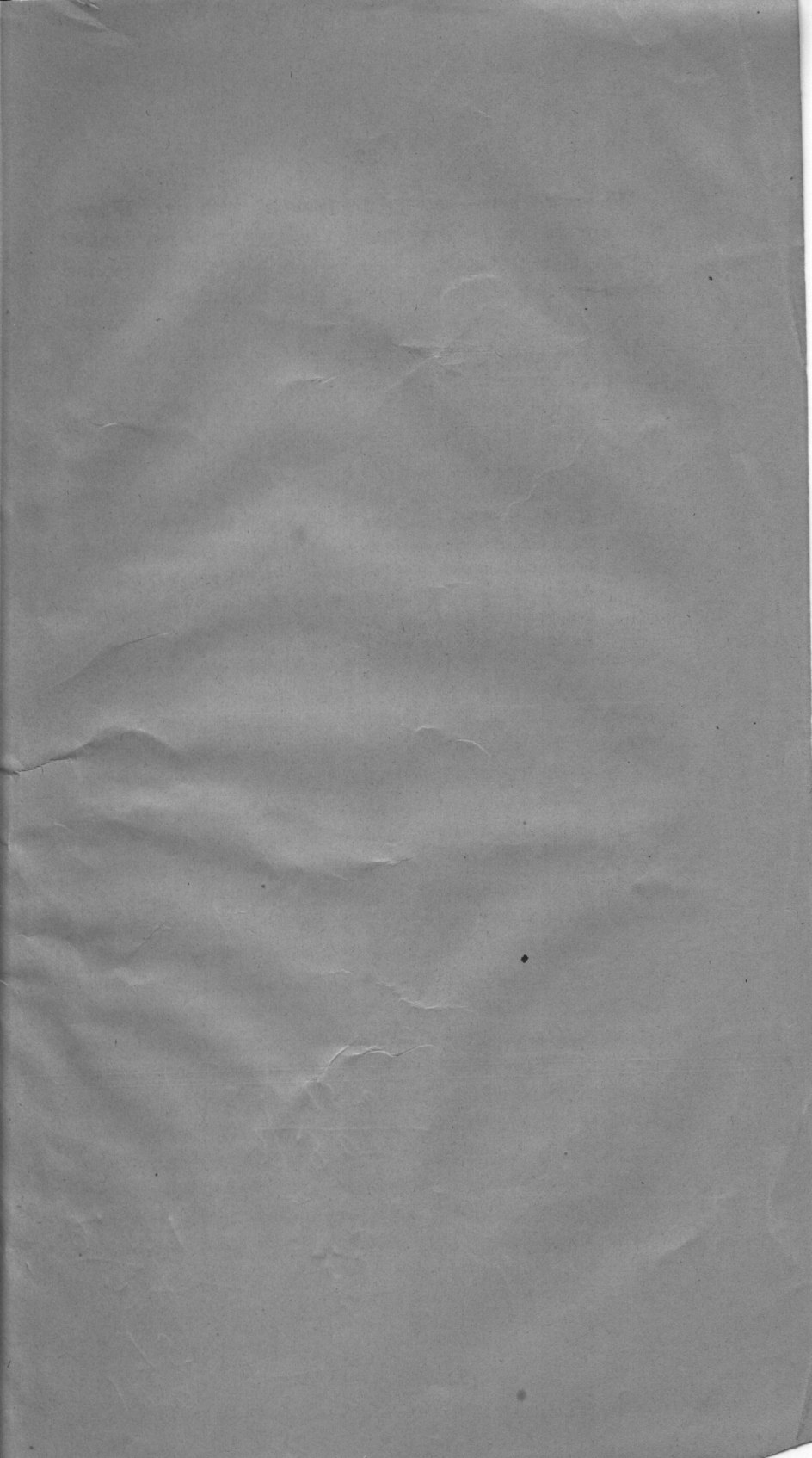


We are *all* here—and the dead too, is with us. *Wherefore* are we here? *Wherefore* is sadness upon our hearts? He was there in his duty. He is here before you to remind you of the loss of your country, of talents extinguished, and of his virtues only remaining.

Lay him gently down in his quiet resting place; raise over him the monument of your affections, let the tear be shed over his grave, and let the successive volley speak out our appreciation of his virtues, his valor and his renown.

The breeze of the Norther, still sweeps o'er the plain,
 And the night-bird still shrieks o'er the dust of the slain,
 But time's whirling tide, like the deep sea wave,
 Shall not erase from memory the Vermonter's grave.
 O'er mountain and vale, the moon-beams still play,
 And the sun still sheds its ephemeral ray,
 But, brighter, far brighter the star of the brave,
 As its mild lustre beams on a Ransom's grave.





$$\begin{array}{r} 100 \\ .75 \\ \hline .34 \\ \hline 2.09 \end{array}$$

104

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \overline{) 300} \\ \underline{150} \end{array}$$