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REMARKS OF REV. DR. BRAINERD

AT THE FUNERAL OF

LIEUT. JOHN T. GREBLE, U.S.A.

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REMARKS.

BEFORE the place which has known our young friend, here, shall know him no more forever, I cannot refrain from expressing the feelings of my heart, in view of his worth and his loss. I have known him from childhood; and during all his life I have regarded him with complacency and approbation. Few have passed to the grave, whose whole life could better bear inspection, or who presented fewer defects, over which we have need to throw the mantle of charity. In his family circle; in the Sabbath School; in the High School, where he graduated; as a Cadet at West Point, and as an officer in the service of his country; up to the very hour when he bravely fell, he has exhibited a life marked by the purest principles, and the most guarded and exemplary deportment. In his nature he was modest, retiring, gentle, of almost feminine delicacy; careful to

avoid wounding the feelings of any ; and considerate of every obligation to all around him. Indeed, such was his amiability, modesty, and delicacy of temperament, that we might almost have questioned the existence in him of the sterner virtues, had not his true and unshrinking courage, in the hour of danger, stamped him with a heroic manliness. In this view of qualities, seemingly antithetical, we discover that beautiful symmetry in his character, which marks him as a model man of his class.

Judging him by his life, we may infer that an outward conduct so exemplary, had its fountain in religious faith and the fear of God ; and this inference is sustained by the fact, that daily, before retiring to rest, he was accustomed to kneel at his bedside in prayer to the Author of his being. We may hope it is well with him ; and that excellencies of life and character which so endeared him to his friends, and made him so valuable to his country, have reached a field of full appreciation and perfect development.

He seems to have been not without foreboding of the fate which awaited him. Before he

entered the battle-field, he traced in pencil on paper, words of love for this cherished wife—of care for his now orphan children—of affection for his parents and friends—and of trust in Almighty God. This gives value to his manly daring; showing that it was no blood-thirsty impulse or reckless presumption; but a perilous service at the call of duty and his country's need. This view sanctifies his martyrdom. It carries him to the field of battle with no loss of his gentleness, amiability, and benevolence; but wrought to a high enthusiasm, and a calm and tranquil courage, by a real love of country and of mankind. Great interests have had noble martyrs. Stephen fell under the murderous hail of stones, at the outset of Christianity, and when his life seemed most precious to those who made great lamentation over him; so this young man has fallen in the beginning of the conflict, to preserve this Western Continent—this noble country; our Constitution, our order, our prosperity; the liberty of the masses of men everywhere, from treason, anarchy, aristocratic oppression, and final ruin. We can safely say, the cause

was worthy of the martyr. It is a high eulogy to imply that the martyr was worthy of such a cause. He died that his country might not die. He died that the great experiment of self-government in this land—which has made man everywhere feel that he was truly man—might not fail, to the despair of humanity itself in all time to come. In his case, as in another, it may have been “expedient that one man should die, that the whole nation perish not.” General Des Saix, on the field of Marengo, lamented in dying that he had but one life to give for the glory of France. Lieut. Greble, dying in a conflict with traitors, might have lamented that he had but one life to give for such a constitution and such a country.

I know that his friends are now inconsolable for his loss. I know that no public considerations can staunch the wounds of their bleeding hearts. But to the circle that loved him, it must be grateful to know that in his first conflict he gained a meed which thousands might envy; that by persevering and martyr bravery, in circumstances of trial and abandonment, he has written his name where neither his coun-

try nor humanity will ever allow it to be effaced. Wherever the history of this great conflict shall go, in ages yet to come, and in generations yet unborn, "this that he hath done shall be told for a memorial of him."

To this bereaved circle we would say, that our young friend has only met the destiny of a wise, providential appointment, as to the time and mode of his death. His life, though brief, has been complete, if in any degree he has imitated the Blessed One, who said, at a little over thirty years of age, in doing and in bearing: "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." This is now a house of mourning, clouded with sorrow; but over this weeping circle is the rainbow of the covenant. "All things work together for good, to them that love God."

