

DE BOW'S REVIEW.

ESTABLISHED IN 1843.

OCTOBER, 1870.

ART. I.—THE BOOK OF NUMBERS.

BY W. M. BURWELL.

IN PENNSYLVANIA.

That the movement for emancipating the people from the politicians is spreading, may be seen from the following:

RIGHTS OF MINORITIES.

At a meeting of the members of the Republican State Central Committee, from the minority counties of the State of Pennsylvania, the following statement was presented by Mr. Wood, as showing the number of citizens of this State, not represented in the Legislature. The figures are taken from the vote for the Governor of last year:

Votes cast.....	576,508
Republican votes cast	290,552
Democratic votes cast.....	285,956
Republican majority.....	4,596
Republican votes in Democratic counties.....	113,661
Democratic votes in Republican counties.....	136,213
Votes not represented in the Legislature.....	249,874
Voters represented in the Legislature.....	326,634
Voters not represented in the Legislature.....	249,874
Majority.....	76,760

An amended resolution by Gen. Wm. Lilly, of Carbon, was adopted.

ART. V.—TRIBUTE OF NEW ORLEANS TO THE MEMORY
OF LEE.

EULOGIES BY THE REV. DR. B. M. PALMER, HON. WM. MURWELL, HON. THOS. J. SEMMES.

The manifold expressions of reverence for the exalted virtues of the immortal Lee, which since his untimely end have occupied the almost exclusive attention of the entire South, culminated, in New Orleans, at the meeting held on the evening of the 18th of October, at the St. Charles Theatre. With whom the idea originated was never asked. It might have sprung simultaneously in the minds of thousands. Sufficient was it for the community to know that such a meeting was called. Enough for them to hear of a place appointed; their own grief-stricken hearts, a deep seated, love and veneration for the mighty dead, did all the rest. The spontaneous outburst which, on Friday, saddened every house with the badge of woe, brought to these obsequies of departed worth its thousands of votaries. Far from exhibiting the characteristics of an ordinary gathering, or owing its imposing ceremonies and multitude of hearers to the usual and far too frequent claptrap of political or sensational ring-masters, an emotion had been stirred beyond the reach of managers, however skilled, above the art of orators, however cunning.

It is to be regretted we did not possess a building sufficient in size to have contained the thousands who would gladly have participated. It is to be regretted an entire people could not have risen *en masse* to do the first General and truest Christian Gentleman honor. Innumerable as seemed the gathering, it was but the exponent of the masses.

Magnificent as was the spectacle, were human power unlimited, it would have paled before the pageant which a deeply stricken people would have prepared. As it was, without preparation, on the impulse of the moment, and ignoring any of the customary accessories, New

Orleans, on the most sorrowful business ever undertaken, assembled the largest meeting ever held by her people.

THE AUDIENCE.

Rarely in the history of Old Drury has such an audience collected within its spacious precincts. The hour appointed had scarcely arrived ere the thoroughfares within squares of the immediate vicinity were thronged. Troups of ladies, young and old, entire families, crowded the vestibule, and surged into the lobbies. Quite a large number of gentlemen had been selected as a committee of reception and each new arrival of the gentler sex was at once escorted to seats reserved exclusively for them.

The dress-circle was occupied almost entirely by ladies, and many utterly unable to procure seats, were compelled to seek the second tier. We noticed quite a number dressed in deep mourning, and in their toilettes a large majority had selected the soberer hues. As for the sturdier portion of the community, chairs for half were utterly out of the question. A sea of humanity flooded the third tier, drifted through lobbies, poured into the passages, and overwhelmed the parquette.

In a word, scarce a square foot of standing room remained. The stage, of course, was thronged to its utmost space, and many eager listeners sought quiet places within hearing behind the scenes. Unlike almost any audience we have ever scene, the first confusion of entering the theatre over, a death-like stillness prevailed. Perhaps at no time since the gathering of which assembled to do honor to the memory of John C. Calhoun, were orators heard with more breathless attention.

THE DECORATIONS.

Here woman's taste, if not her handiwork, rose in its devotion with almost the ardor of inspiration. All that tenderness could suggest, all instinctive skill accomplish, all affection, respect and reverence achieve, seemed lavished on this labor of love. Stretching like a pall from the lofty dome, broad folds of sombre black and white shut out in this hour of tribulation the gilded ornaments of pleasure, veiled in their mournful drapery the gaudy show of mirth. Spreading over the decorated tiers, twining around the scores of gleaming pillars, enveloping the boxes of the proscenium; the work

of transformation was indeed complete. Gloomier than the hollow arches and darkened recesses of some grand old cathedral, it was really a temple for the dead. Fleecy festoons of snowy crape fluttering solemnly on the inky bands, and mourning rosettes dotted here and there on the dismal length, if anything, heightened the weird-like sadness of this atmosphere of woe.

With its arch enveloped with flags, the upholstery shrouded in sable folds, the flags of foreign nations draped in crape, a coffin lying in state, and the picture of the dead hero and his immortal Lieutenant in the back ground, the stage presented a spectacle even more impressive than the auditorium. The entrance to the theatre was almost completely covered with black and white streamers, and crowded as it was by the crush of moving throngs, its funeral pomp inspired an almost instinctive quiet. Hundreds wandered in during the day to watch the work of preparation. Contributions to a peoples' mournful pageant seemed to come from every household, and fair women vied with each other in choosing from their treasures. To them is due all praise to them do we owe all or nearly all the kindly feelings the assembly was so well calculated to instil.

Through all the morning the arduous task had been in progress. Far back behind the scenes that mysterious domain, filled with so much mystery and romance, were gathered in silent knots the busy workers, with scarcely a sound but the occasional tearing of a fabric, or a low-voiced direction to one of the assistants, the work had been accomplished. Truly an effort worthy of the occasion was this woman's tribute to the memory of Lee. *N. O. Times.*

THE MEETING

was called to order by Mr. E. L. Jewell, who introduced Mr. C. A. Johnson, the President, and read the following list of Vice President's and other officers :

Dr. W. N. Mercer,
A. L. Stewart,
M. O. H. Norton,
Col. E. Waggaman,
L. R. Coleman,
Thomas Sloo,
J. J. Finney,
W. M. Perkins,
Dr. G. W. Brickell,

W. S. Pike,
General J. B. Hood,
S. O. Nelson,
Governor J. Weller,
General Bragg,
Dr. E. S. Drew,
John Davidson,
M. Mussum,
S. H. Kennedy,

Dr. J. S. Copes,
 T. A. Adams,
 A. Chiapella,
 J. Tuyes,
 John Pasley,
 J. P. Smith,
 Dr. W. H. Holcombe,
 H. Peralta,
 C. Cavaroc,
 E. J. Hart,
 J. Janney,
 Dr. Howard Smith,
 B. M. Turnbull,
 S. Toby,
 W. G. Robinson,
 W. A. Shrodsire,
 Judge W. H. Cooly,
 Daniel Edwards,
 Ar. Miltenberger,
 R. S. Charles,
 F. W. Seymour,
 General A. G. Blanchard,
 John W. Bingham,
 E. Toby,
 T. S. Williams,
 Henry Bidwell,
 J. B. Vanhorn,
 W. J. Castell,
 A. Couturie,
 George Cronan,
 B. Nugent,
 E. H. Fairchild,
 O. Voorhies,
 J. B. Heno,
 A. Menilier,
 R. H. Marr,
 R. Wamsley,
 Hanson Kelley,
 Wm. Lynd,
 C. Dufour,
 G. A. Breaux,
 C. E. Carr,
 Alex. Walker,
 Randell Hunt,
 Dr. W. S. Austin,
 P. C. Cuvelier,
 L. Prados,
 M. A. Foute,

General G. T. Beauregard,
 P. S. Wiltz,
 General D. H. Manry,
 George Jonas,
 Joseph Ellison,
 C. Pothoff,
 W. M. Randolph,
 W. J. Seymour,
 Am. Fortier,
 H. M. Summers,
 Theo. Shute,
 Judge E. Abell,
 S. Magner,
 P. Fourchy,
 R. L. Bruce,
 J. B. Collie,
 John Witherspoon,
 W. H. Vredenburg,
 H. O. Seixas,
 Richard Taylor,
 R. Pritchard,
 M. Marigny,
 Colonel A. P. Mason,
 Judge L. Duviguesud,
 J. C. Rogers,
 E. S. Keep,
 J. Q. A. Fellows,
 E. Renes,
 R. J. Kerr,
 M. Lagan,
 A. M. Bickham,
 G. W. Race,
 J. A. Stevenson,
 D. F. Kenner,
 Emile LeSere,
 Maj. R. Strong,
 P. H. Foley,
 A. W. Merriam,
 E. Limit,
 J. Hassinger,
 J. H. New,
 Sam Henderson,
 C. Roreling,
 Judge J. B. Cotton,
 J. Ad Rozier,
 C. A. Miltenberger,
 S. H. Boyd,
 M. Lardner,

Tom Henderson,
 J. C. Van Winkle,
 Henry B. Foley,
 J. M. Sandidge,
 Douglas West,
 John A. Grow,
 A. Voorhies,
 T. G. Hunt,
 Dr. T. H. Robertson,
 J. T. Doswel,
 G. W. Boaman,
 G. M. Bayly,
 Dr. J. T. Bruus,
 P. Irwin,
 J. G. Gaines,
 J. H. Carter,
 Captain T. P. Leathers,
 Dr. W. P. Brewer,
 R. W. Adams,
 G. DeFeriet,
 R. Milliken,
 Chas. Macready,
 R. Pitkin,
 J. Wm. Davis,
 T. I. Dix,
 Sam. Manning Todd,
 L. H. Pille,
 S. Friedlander,
 V. Heerman,
 J. B. Walton,
 S. F. Power,
 H. Block,
 Capt. J. W. Cannon,
 J. J. Corson,
 J. I. Adams,
 John Burnside,
 A. H. May,
 L. Schneider,
 John Meyers,
 J. Armstrong,
 C. H. Slocomb,
 John Henderson,
 G. W. Hynson,
 W. M. Owen,
 T. B. Lee,
 Samual Bell,
 F. G. Barriere,
 John Saunders,

J. J. Noble,
 E. Labatut,
 R. S. Morse,
 Col. F. Dumontel,
 Charles Villere,
 C. H. Monton,
 E. A. Fellowes,
 J. W. Sheerer,
 Judge T. W. Collens,
 Dr. B. H. Moss,
 Edward Barnet,
 A. G. Ober,
 A. N. Ogden,
 G. W. Campbell,
 Judge J. N. Lee,
 H. McCloskey,
 T. L. Bayne,
 G. W. Manson,
 Geo. D. Hite,
 J. C. Sinnot,
 B. Gerron,
 Dr. J. S. Lewis,
 W. H. Letchford,
 W. H. Henning,
 T. T. Packwood,
 T. McKean,
 J. U. Payne,
 George Ferret,
 Pas. Labarre,
 D. B. Penn,
 R. M. Montgomery,
 T. L. Macon,
 S. L. James,
 J. E. Vose,
 E. A. Tyler,
 E. W. Halsey,
 I. N. Marks,
 Jos. Hoy,
 W. B. Schmidt,
 A. T. Bennett,
 Wm. Creevy,
 H. Doane,
 H. A. M. Farwell,
 R. N. Lewis,
 G. A. Fosdick,
 C. W. Squires,
 L. N. Lane,
 W. M. Smallwood,

Jo' n Williams,
 B. M. Howell,
 W. Dameron,
 J. P. Moore,
 T. C. Jenkins,
 F. C. Zacharie,
 Frank Rawle,
 Geo. Y. Bright,
 R. M. Doswell,
 Samuel Smith,
 G. W. Logan, Jr.,
 W. V. Wren,
 N. Trapagnier,
 P. Gravois,
 S. H. Aby,
 Henry Abraham,
 E. Peale,
 J. P. Rondeau,
 Herman Rice,
 A. Rousset,
 J. F. A. Boyle,
 C. H. Luzenberg,
 J. H. Wingfield,
 J. J. Brown,
 J. S. Lanphier,
 J. W. Blackmore,
 Dan. Hickok,
 G. H. Braughn,
 L. Folger,
 J. L. Lewis,
 John Breen,
 E. Lefranc,
 C. T. Buddecke,
 S. B. Newman,
 Marshall J. Smith,
 Samuel Barnes,
 John M. Butts,
 Emile J. O. Brien,
 John W. Hillman,
 Henry B. Kelly,
 F. Dolhonde,
 I. Caulfield,
 Jas. C. Batchelor, M. D.,
 W. C. Raymond,

Alf. Moulton,
 C. T. Nash,
 E. John Harris,
 John Chaffe,
 C. E. Carr,
 Richard Herrick,
 Jos. Satini,
 J. C. Denis,
 A. G. Brice,
 John Hawkins,
 T. Gwathney,
 Samuel Powers,
 M. D. Bringier,
 A. Fusilier,
 J. L. Segur,
 F. H. Hatch,
 L. Homes,
 V. Myer,
 L. Gallot,
 Dr. Samuel Logan,
 T. W. Blake,
 J. B. Camors,
 Henry Haller,
 L. Ferriere,
 Nelson McStes,
 L. Christ,
 H. Von Phul,
 R. T. Packwood,
 T. S. Elder,
 J. M. Gould,
 J. J. Huges,
 C. Newton,
 N. Dufour,
 C. A. Bredow,
 Moses Greenwood,
 T. C. Herndon,
 L. A. Wiltz,
 Edward Rigney,
 C. B. Watts,
 Geo. W. Sizer,
 W. I. Salter,
 Henry J. Vose,
 J. M. McCandlish,
 John Tobin,

John Crickard.

SECRETARIES :

T. H. Higinbotham,

John D. Britton,

J. C. Abrams,

E. C. Payne,

Wm. H. Cantzon,

Mr. Johnson, on taking his seat formally thanked the audience and Committee of Arrangements for the honour conferred upon him and the Vice-Presidents, in selecting them to preside at so magnificent an assembly. Usually it would be incumbent on him to explain the object of the meeting, but in this case the motive which induced it was too deeply implanted in the breasts of all to require one word. With a short but eloquent allusion to the great man whose memory the gathering had collected to honor, he closed.

The Rev. W. F. Adams then delivered a brief but fervent prayer.

After *Stabat Mater*, splendidly rendered by Jaeger's band, Hon. Wm. Burwell was introduced and spoke as follows.

ADDRESS OF HON. WM. M. BURWELL

The Republican Constitution of the United State of America has, like the Divine Constitution for the moral government of man, been a subject of bitter and bloody controversy. The one is fraught with the salvation, the other with the freedom of mankind. In these august wars each combatant has claimed to be the exponent of the true faith. Each has denounced the doctrines and reviled the motives of the other, and the terms of orthodox and heretic in the one conflict, have been the synonyms of loyalist and rebel in the other. Impartial mankind has always done justice to those who peril life for faith. the name of Luther and of Loyola, of Hampden and of Russel, of Washington and of Adams, of Hancock and of Henry, have survived the venom of contemporaneous defamation in the worship of all who reverence courage and virtue. It was tis fidelity to truth which has raised Robert E. Lee, by the brevet of universal acclamation, to take rank with those deemed worthy the Apotheosis of civil and religious liberty.

In the debates upon the true construction of the American Constitution, one creed was, that paramount sovereignty resulted to the Federal Government from the compact and concession of the States, or of the whole people. It was the belief of another party that sovereign power, incapable alike of alienation or division, remained with each of the separate states which had created the government. As this controversy originated with the men who had fought the re-

volution and framed the Union, no imputation upon their motives or memory, has ever been entertained. But it resulted from this radical and irreconcilable difference of opinion, that when the jurisdiction of the Federal and State governments, came in ultimate and armed conflict, that those who believed in the sovereignty of the separate States felt that their personal allegiance was primarily due to the State of which they were citizens.

In this latter sentiment and spirit Robert E. Lee, at the beginning of the late civil war, took his stand on the side of his mother State. It was natural and consistent that he should have done so. The descendant of Englishmen, who had maintained legal liberty from Runnymede to Yorktown. Allied by blood to that Richard Henry Lee, who was the first to move in the first Continental Congress, on the 7th June; 1776, a resolution, "That these United Colonies are and ought to be free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved." The son of Light Horse Harry Lee, whose daring and desperate combats for American liberty have inspired the genius of the orator, the patriot and the poet, and of whom the Congress of the United States has said: "Notwithstanding rivers and intrenchments, he with a small band, conquered the foe by warlike skill and prowess, and firmly bound by his humanity those who had been conquered by his arms,"

Born in the same Westmoreland which had given Washington to the cause of republican freedom, reared amid the scenes, associations and traditions which impressed upon his heart the ineffable virtues of his great countryman, and even allied by marriage to his adopted family, it is not wonderful that he should have adopted the doctrines of these great examples on the one hand, as he has emulated their deeds on the other. With Richard Henry Lee he believed that the States are and of right ought to be "free and independent." With George Washington, he deliberately renounced an allegiance and surrendered a commission, to a government which he had served with honor, and decided to follow the fortunes of a State which had decided to dissolve "its political connection" with that to which he had owed service. With him he renounced a career which had led to renown, and must have ended in content and prosperity.

With both of these great examples he perilled life, fame and fortune upon the result of a struggle of which his own knowledge convinced him more than any other man the desperate inequality.

But the leading trait of Lee's character was one which he possessed in common with Washington. It was fidelity to duty. When called by the dictates of conscience, professional glory had no bands wealth and station no attraction; defeat, disappointment, death, no terrors, which could restrain or deter him. At the call of the Commonwealth of Virginia, who he had been taught to reverence above all other human authorities, he placed his all at her command. In this he did no more than the humbler thousands who accompanied him. He claimed no merit marks for duty, nor do they. With a conscientious conviction of having performed his duty, he accepted his lot. It was insult, disfranchisement, poverty. It was exile from every privilege which he had inherited. And yet how different was his conduct from that of many eminent exiles, from Marius to Napoleon! No moody discontent, no vindictive vituperation, no base betrayal or desertion of those who had followed him, no ex parte narrative to show that every one was to blame for what had happened except himself. Lexington has proved a PATMOS from which has emanated lessons of peace and good will. He never paid to fortune the abject tribute of complaint, but bound the cross that God had laid upon him to his bosom, and bowed with meekness under the torture that inscrutable wisdom had allotted.

What an example has he offered to his friends and to his enemies—of loyal and scrupulous maintenance of his parole as a soldier, and of his renewed allegiance as a man. A life of labor, for the honest maintenance of those dependent on him. A devotion of his days to the instruction of the youth of his country, in the knowledge which would fit them to restore its prosperity and renown.

In his personal appearance. General Lee combined fine bodily proportions with a dignified courtesy of manner. His composure was such that he never evinced an undue excitement in victory, nor an unmanly depression in defeat. He was accessible at all times, and to all men. A faithful and consistent follower of Christ, he was as unassuming in his religious as in his professional character. His family relations were perfect. He treated with unvarying

tenderness and respect his wife, for years an uncomplaining invalid; a partner who appreciated his worth, and fully sympathized with the weight of duty which had been so long and so often cast upon him.

Perhaps no family was ever more truly united by the ties of affection, or enjoyed more the respect and attachment of friends. His sons were his companions in peace, and his comrades in camp. His daughters modest examples of exalted womanhood and filial duty. His friendships were well chosen and permanent. His fondness for children was proverbial. Spending the evening with a large party during the siege of Richmond, he would avoid with considerate politeness a conversation upon strategy or politics, and devoted himself to enjoying the company of little girls who crowded about him. It seemed a relief from the cares of the camp and the perplexities of the situation, to look upon their happy faces and listen to their kindly words.

While President of Washington College he rode on horseback, accompanied by one of his daughters, on a short tour across the mountains. In passing the defile of the Peaks of Otter, two children were playing among the rocks at a short distance from their humble home. On seeing the travelers they moved towards the house, and as their path was paralld with the road Gen. Lee asked "why they ran away?" and "If they were afraid of me, they would have run away like little girl, "We are not afraid of you, but we are not dressed nice enough to see you."

"Why, who do you think I am?" "You are General Lee, we knew you by your picture."

It was thus he was enshrined in the popular heart, and imprinted on the popular memory. His hold upon the soldiers of the Southern States was founded on their instinctive appreciation of the grandeur and gentleness of his nature. No shadow of doubt ever crossed their thoughts of him. The fathers and mothers of the South committed their sons and their substance to him with the same confidence in his fidelity. They delighted to give him proofs of their affection and of their trust. A farmer, Mr. Matthews, of Pulaski county, Virginia, had a very valuable young horse, worth an incredible sum in these days of need. He requested a neighbor who visited the army to look at Gen. Lee's stable, and see whether "the old man

TRIBUTE OF NEW ORLEANS TO THE MEMORY OF LEE.

would be the better of a good horse." Hearing that such was the case, he offered the horse as a present to the General. Learning the character of the farmer, and his ability to bestow a present so acceptable as a war horse, he wrote such an acceptance of the patriotic offer, that the farmer declared with emotion that such a letter was worth more than any present could have been.

When at the siege of Richmond it was so difficult to obtain supplies that the army was upon one occasion almost without food, Gen. Lee addressed an autograph letter to the people. At once the women of Virginia sent from their scanty stores a share of that which was needed to sustain their own household, and the necessities of the army was abundantly, though temporarily relieved.

It is some alleviation of the grief which weighs down the Southern heart that the person and professional character of Robert E. Lee has excited the respect and the condolence of those who had opposed the cause to which he had devoted his services. As the South came to see that the violent death of a Northern President may have deprived them of a humane advocate, so the North feels that the example and influence of General Lee disposed the Southern people to restored social and political relations. He had won the enthusiastic confidence of the South by his unfaltering fidelity in war, and his noble participation in the social suffering which has succeeded it.

He has earned the admiration of the North by the scrupulous honor with which he has kept the parole obligations as a soldier and a citizen. Both sections owe deep obligations to this brave and truthful man. Both silently approach his grave, and cast into its solemn portals some emblem of an animosity which can no longer harm any except him who may cherish it. From this day, and from these scenes, will arise a calmer, a more just, and a more generous feeling, among those who were but lately in deadly enmity. It becomes us all to acknowledge ourselves not exempt from the weakness and errors of humanity. Mourning the madness which has divided and distracted the country, and threatened the extinction of the only ray of freedom now alight in the world, we may in the presence of the grave, and the spirit of him who fills it, unite in a sincere wish for peace, and a regret for all the evils, and all the wrong which have been endured or inflicted by either sections. Like

the scriptural example, we may cover ourselves with the mantle of oblivion, and walking reverently backward, cast it over and conceal the infirmities which have caused us so much sorrow.

The countrymen of Lee are consoled to know that anger is but a very short madness. His character and motives will rise superior to any cloud of sectional prejudice which may overhang them. The day and hour will come when as England claims George Washington as a grand specimen of Anglo-saxon virtue, intellect and manhood, republican America will proudly enroll the name of Robert E. Lee as a noble example of the virtue and courage of an American, who fought for what he regarded as the birthright of civil and religious freedom, which his fathers had won and bequeathed him.

The orchestra then performed Rossini's beautiful Prayer from "Moses in Egypt," after which Hon. Thomas J. Semmes delivered the following

ORATION :

Robert E. Lee is dead. The Potomac overlooked by the home of the hero, over divided contending peoples, but now no longer a boundary—it conveys to the ocean a nation's tears. South of the Potomac is in mourning ; profound grief pervades every heart, lamentation is heard from every heart, for Lee sleeps amid the slain, whose memory is so dear to us. In the language of Moïna :

They were slain for us,
 "And their blood flowed out in a rain for us,
 "Red, rich and pure, on the plain for us.
 "And years may go,
 "But our tears shall flow
 "O'er the dead who have died in vain for us."

North of the Potomac, not only sympathises with its widowed sister, but with respectful homage, the brave and generous clustering around the corpse of the great Virginia, with one accord exclaim.

This earth that bears the dead
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

Sympathetic nations, to whom our lamentations have been transmitted on the wings of lightning, will, with pious jealousy, envy our grief, because Robert E. Lee was an American. Seven cities claimed the honor of having given birth to the great pagan poet; but all christian nations, while revering America as the mother of Robert E. Lee, will claim for the Nineteenth Century the honor of his birth. There was but one Lee, the great Christian captain, and his fame justly be-

longs to Christendom. The Nineteenth Century has attacked everything—it has attacked God, the soul, reason, morals, society, the distinction between good and evil. Christianity is vindicated by the virtues of Lee. He is the most brilliant and cogent argument in favor of a system illustrated by such a man; he is the type of the reign of law in the moral order; that reign of law which the philosophic Duke of Argyle has so recently, and so ably, discussed as pervading the natural, as well as the supernatural, world. One of the chief characteristics of the christian is duty. Throughout a checkered life the conscientious performance of duty seem; to have been the the main spring of the actions of Gen. Lee. In his relation of father, son, husband, soldier, citizen, duty shines conspicuous in all his acts. His agency as he advanced to more elevated stations, attracts more attention, and surrounds him with a brighter halo of glory; but he is unchanged, from first to last—it is Robert E. Lee.

The most momentous act of his life was the selection of side at the commencement of the political troubles which immediately preceded the recent conflict. High in military rank, caressed by Gen. Scott, courted by those possessed of influence and authority, no politician, happy in his domestic relations, and in the enjoyment of competent fortune, consisting in the main of property situated on the borders of Virginia—nevertheless, impelled by a sense of duty as he himself testified before a Congressional committee since the war, Gen. Lee determined to risk all and unite his fortunes with those of his native State, whose ordinances, as one of her citizens, he considered himself bound to obey.

Having joined the Confederate army, he complained not that he was assigned to the obscure duty of constructing coast defences for South Carolina and Georgia, nor that he was subsequently relegated to unambitious commands in Western Virginia. The accidental circumstance that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, in May, 1862, placed Lee in command of the army of North Virginia. As commander of that army, he achieved world wide reputation without giving occasion during a period of three years to any complaint on the part of officers, men or citizens, or enemies, that he had been guilty of any act, illegal, oppressive, unjust, or inhuman in its character. This is the highest tribute possible to the wisdom and virtue, of Gen. Lee. for as a general rule, law was disregarded, officers, whether justly or unjustly, were constantly

the subject of complaint and discord, and jealousy prevailed in camp, and in the Senate chamber. There was a fraction of our people represented by an unavailing minority in Congress, who either felt or professed to feel, a jealousy, whose theory was just, but whose application at such a time was unsound. They wished to give as little power as possible, because they dreaded a military despotism, and thus desired to send our armies forth with half a shield and broken swords to protect the Government from its enemies, lest if the bucklers were entire and the swords perfect, they might be tempted, in the hey-day of victory, to smite their employers. But this want of confidence never manifested itself toward Gen. Lee, whose conduct satisfied the most suspicious, that his ambition was not of glory, but of the performance of duty. The army always felt this; the fact that he sacrificed no masses of human beings in desperate charges that he might gather laurels from the spot enriched by their gore. A year or more before he was appointed Commander-in-chief of all the Confederate forces, a bill had passed Congress creating that office. It failed to become a law, the President having withheld his approval. Lee made no complaints; his friends solicited no votes to counteract the veto. When a bill for the same purpose was passed at a subsequent period it was whispered about that he could not accept the position. To a committee of Virginians who had called on him to ascertain the truth, his reply was that he felt bound to accept any post, the duties of which his country felt him competent to perform. After the battle of Gettysburg he tendered his resignation to President Davis because he was apprehensive his failure, the responsibility for which he did not pretend to throw on his troops or officers, would produce distrust of his abilities and destroy his usefulness. I am informed the President, in a beautiful and touching letter, declined to listen to such a proposition. During the whole period of the war he steadily declined all presents, and when on one occasion, a gentleman sent him several dozen of wine he turned it over to the hospitals in Richmond, saying the wounded and sick needed it more than he. He was extremely simple and unostentatious in his habits, and shared with his soldiers their privations as well as their dangers. Toward the close of the war meat was very scarce within the Confederate lines in the neighborhood of the contending armies. An aid of the President having occasion to visit General Lee on official business in the field, was invited to

to dinner. The meal spread on the table consisted of corn bread and a small piece of bacon buried in a large dish of greens. The quick eyed aid discovered that none of the company, which was composed of the General's personal staff, partook of the meat, though requested to do so in the most urbane manner by the General, who presided ; he, therefore, also declined, and noticed that the meat was carried off untouched.

After the meal was over, he inquired of one of the officers present what was the reason for this extraordinary conduct. His reply was "we had borrowed the meat for the occasion and promised to return it."

Duty alone induced this great soldier to submit to such privation, for the slightest intimation given to friends in Richmond would have filled his tent with all the luxuries that blockade-runners and speculators had introduced for the favored few able to purchase.

This performance of duty was accompanied by no harsh manner or cynical expressions ; for the man whose soul is ennobled by true heroism, possesses a heart as tender as it is firm. His calmness under the most trying circumstances, and his uniform sweetness of manner were almost poetical. They manifested "the most sustained tenderness of soul that ever caressed the chords of a lyre." In council he was temperate and patient, and his words fell softly and evenly as snow flakes, like the sentences that fell from the lips of Ulysses.

On the termination of the war his conduct until his death has challenged the admiration of friends and foes ; he honestly acquiesced in the inevitable result of the struggle ; no discontent, sourness or complaint, has marred his tranquil life at Washington College, where death found him at his post of duty, engaged in fitting the young men of his country by proper discipline and education, for the performance of the varied duties of life. It is somewhat singular that both Lee and his great Lieutenant, Jackson, should in their last moments have referred to Hill. It is reported that Gen. Lee said, "Let my tent be struck ; send for Hill ;" while the lamented Jackson in his delirium cried out, "Let A. P. Hill prepare for action ; march the infantry rapidly to the front. Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Both heroes

died with commands for military movements on their lips ; both the noblest specimens of the Christian soldier produced by any country or any age ; both now rest under the shade of the trees of Heaven.

After an aria from "Lucie" by the band, the Rev. Doctor Palmer was introduced, and delivered.

THE EULOGY.

Mr. President, gentlemen and ladies—I should have been better pleased had I been permitted to sit as a mute listener to the eloquent tribute of the memory of the great chieftain who now reposes in the Valley of Death, which has just fallen from the lips that have closed. The nature of my calling so far separates me from public life that I scarcely feel competent to allude to the themes which naturally gather around his memory.

When informed that other artists would draw the picture of the great hero, I yielded to the solicitations of friends, in the belief that nothing would be left for me to-night but to describe the Christian and the man.

You are naturally familiar with the early life of him whose name we celebrate, and over whose memory we this night shed our tears ; with this grave and sedate boyhood, giving promise of that reserved strength found in the maturity of his manhood ; with his academic career at West Point, where he received the highest honors in a class brilliant with such names as that of Joseph E. Johnston ; how he served his long apprenticeship in those duties, which he discharged as a graduate of that institution ; with his career during the Mexican war, which drew him out from comparative obscurity ; and you are familiar without repetition, with that great mortal and spiritual struggle through which he passed in one night of grief and anguish ; when, abandoning the service in which he had gained so much honor, he laid his sword on the altar of his native State, and swore to live or die in her defense.

It would be a somewhat singular subject of speculation for the philosopher, if we were to discover that national character is so often expressed in a single individual as the representative of the class. It is wonderful and remarkable field for speculation how great men are born in clusters sometimes, and as one star shines in solitary strength from the general gathering of a great constellation,

filling the sky with the glory which is in that combination, so it is a wonderful field for the speculation of the practical, physical, intellectual and moral philosopher, what should make a narrow strip of land here and there, all over the world, the mother of great men. This subject may well invite the attention of the most philosophic mind to solve the problem, how ancient Greece, with its indented coast, inviting to adventure, should have been the mother of heroes; how her poets, sculptors, artists and men of science, still, after the lapse of centuries, should have been the educators of mankind, leaving grand and glorious monuments, such as modern civilization, with all its boasted reforms has never been surpassed or scarcely equalled; to investigate the cause, why, in the three hundred years of American history, it should have been assigned to the Old Dominion to be the mother of States, and not only of States, but of men by whom States and empires are formed. It might be curious, were it possible for us to-night to inquire into this. Unquestionably there is in this problem the element of race, for he is blind to all the truths of history taught by all revolutions who does not recognize a select race and select individuals of that race to make them.

But premitting all speculation of that sort, when Virginia unfolds the scroll of her immortal sons—not because other illustrious names do not appear in the constellation, but because theirs, shine out from among them—we read the name of George Washington; and then Mr. President, after an interval of three-fourths of a century, during which other deeds are recorded, and names are traced that history will never let die, we come to the name—the only in all the annals of American history that can be named in this perilous connection—that of Robert E. Lee, the second Washington. [Applause.] Well may old Virginia be proud of her twin sons, almost a century apart shining like those stars, which, combining their glory, throw their splendor over the world. Sir, this is not an artificial rhetoric which suggests this comparison; because these two great names of American history are naturally linked together, the suggestion springs to the lips of every man. It is scarcely possible to discuss the traits of one, without dropping a hint of the mysterious connection which binds the two together. They were alike in the early history of their boyhood, both earnest grave and sedate. They were alike in that peculiar purity which belongs only to a noble boy giving promises of a life spotless, if not great, until it closes in death. They were alike in all that commanding presence which seems the signature which Heaven sometimes places on the pure soul, when to that soul is given a fit dwelling; alike in that noble courage and commanding dignity which needs only to be witnessed to exercise a mesmeric influence, and which subdues and melts with a power that cannot be repressed. They were alike in the remarkable combination and symmetry of their intellectual attributes, all brought up to the same equal level; no faculty of the mind overlapped any other; but all were so equally,

so well developed in judgment and reason, in memory, in fancy, that you are almost disposed to deny him greatness, because no single attribute of the mind was projected on an independent scale, just as objects sometime appear smaller to the eye, because symmetrical. They were like above all in that grand, that Christian virtue, which was the climax of the character in both, as told you so beautifully in the tribute which has been rendered to his memory by my friend, whose high privilege it was to be the compeer of Lee, although engaged in another sphere of public service. They were alike in their ancestral fortune, and yet so strikingly dissimilar. The one the representative of a stupendous revolution, which it pleased Heaven to bless, and which gave birth to one of the greatest nations of the globe, to which was assigned a continent for a home. The other the representative and the agent of a similar revolution, upon which it pleased high Heaven to throw the darkness of its frown, so that by carrying upon his heart the weight of this crush, he was at length stifled by it. And the nation whom he led in battle gathers with spontaneity of grief over all this land, strewn with graves and reddened with blood, and the tears of a widowed nation in their bereavement are shed over his honored grave. [Applause.]

But, sir, these rude suggestions, which fall almost impromptu, suggest what I desire to throw before the audience to-night.

I accept Robert E. Lee as the true type of the American man, Southern gentleman. A brilliant English writer has well remarked, with a touch of philosophy that when a nation is rushing to destruction, the whole force of the nation will shoot up in one grand character like the aloe which blooms and stand for a hundred years, then shoots up in one single sprout; and wherever civilization has worked revolutions it is possible to place the finger on the individual men who are the exponents of the nation's character, after which others, though less noble perhaps, have nevertheless been fashioned. That gentleness and courtesy, that perfect moderation, that self command which enabled him with to be so self-possessed amidst the most trying circumstances in his career, clothed him with the stainless attribute of a gentleman, and a character such as that of the purest woman was united in him with that massive strength, endurance and power, which gave to the people whom he led such momentous strength in the long struggle through which he passed.

Born from the general level of Americans, the blood of noble ancestry flowed in his veins, and he was the type of the race from which he sprung.

But thus democratic in his birth, such was the gentleness and simple majesty of his own character that this only peer in social life, perhaps, can be found in the courts, and among those who have been educated amidst the refinements of courts. In that regard something beautiful and appropriate in the idea that he should become in later life the educator of the young; and, sir, it is a shame of mourning before Heaven that he was not spared thirty

years to educate a generation for the time that is to come for this widowed South; that in the days when the red banner of battle shall be unfurled again, her sons might fight under his banner, or send forth those sons to sit at his feet as disciples of the Muses, and he a teacher of philosophy; so that with his imperial influence, his more than regal character, his majestic form, and all his intellectual and moral attributes, he might fit those that should come in future, modeled after himself, to take the trusts fallen from his shoulders and bear them to generations unborn.

But, sir, Gen. Lee I accept as the representative of the people, and the temper with which this whole South entered into the gigantic, heinous and disastrous struggle closed, but closed as to us in grief. Sir, they wrong us, whosoever they be that speak, who say that the South was ever impatient to rupture the bonds of the American Union; or in the history of 1776, which, sir, is no more yet a history than in the history of the revolution of 1861 to 1865. [Applause.] They wrong us, sir, who say that it was this Southern land that brought on the revolution of 1776, and that the South desired the revolution of 1861. [Applause] And we are the heirs of all the glory of that immortal struggle; it was purchased with our blood, or the blood of our fathers, which yet flows in these veins, and which we desire to transmit pure to the sons that are born of our lions. [Applause]

All the tradition of the past sixty years was a portion of our inheritance, and it never was easy for any great heart or reflecting mind even to seem to part with that inheritance, and enter upon the perilous undertaking of establishing a new nation,

Mr. President, it was my privilege once to be present and listen to a speech by one of the noblest sons of South Carolina, whose name glitters among galaxy of her great names—for South Carolina was Virginia's sister, and Southern, and stood by the South in all her struggles. [Applause.] That little State, small in compass barren, resources, but great only in the grandeur of her men and the gigantic proportions of those whom she, like Virginia, has produced. I heard one of South Carolina's noblest sons speak on one occasion: "I walked," said he, "through the tower of London, that great depository where is gathered all that to English hearts is precious; and when the guide, in the pride of his English heart, pointed to the spoils of war, gathered through centuries. I turned and said, 'You cannot point to one single trophy from my people or my country, though England has been engaged in two disastrous wars with it.'" [Applause.]

Sir, this was the Southern heart that loved every inch of American soil and every part of that canvas, which, as the emblem of her authority, floated from spire and masthead. And it was only after the anguish of a woman in birth that this land, which now lies in sorrow and ruin, took upon itself that great peril and embarked in the revolution whith the experience of him whose praise is on our

lips to night.

Like the English Nelson he only recognized the word duty—"let every man do his duty"—as the only ensign or motto. Tearing himself away from all the associations of early life, and abandoning the service in which he had gained such honor, he made up his mind to embark in the cause, and with moderation and firmness expressed his willingness to live for his native State and do all and any duty assigned to him. I accept him in his noble teaching equally as the representative of the South in his retirement. It cannot escape any speaker, the dignity of that retirement, when beneath that apple tree at Appomattox he surrendered his sword to the General on the other side; then withdrawing from public observation, withholding himself from all conceivable complications, he devoted himself to the one great work which he undertook to discharge.

So, sir, this land of ours obeyed; quiet, submissive, resigned, yet without resigning those immemorial principles which are the convictions of a life-time, and which lie buried in the recesses of the human heart. [Applause.]

Sir, all over this land of ours there are men like Lee—not as great not as symmetrical in the development of character, or as grand in the proportions which they have reached, but who, like him, are sleeping upon memories that are holy as death, and who, amidst all reproaches, appeal to the future and to the tribunal of history, when she shall render her final judgment of that struggle, and of the people who embarked in that struggle. [Applause.] We are serene, resigned, obedient, sleeping upon solemn memories; but as said by the poet prophet in the Good Book: "He sleepeth, but the heart waketh"—waketh as it looks forth from the watch tower into the future, only praying now to the Almighty God that those who have conquered may at least have the grace to preserve our constitution intact. And, sir, if it were my privilege to speak to the people all over the entire land, I would utter with profound emphasis that no people ever traversed the moral ideas which underlie the constitution and the laws, that did not in the end perish in disaster, shame, dishonor. [Applause.] Whatever may be the glory of modern civilization and its vast achievements, it still holds true that Truth is immortal and ideas rule the world. [Applause.] And now, sir, I have but a single word to say, and that is, that the grave of this noble hero is bedewed with the tender and sacred tears ever shed on human tomb.

I was sitting in my study this afternoon striving to strike some parallel between the first Washington and the second, and I asked my own heart the question: "Sitting upon the ruin of all your hopes would you not accept the fame and the glory and the career of Robert E. Lee just as soon as the immortal man who was his predecessor?" [Applause.] Sir, there is a pathos in the fallen fortune, which stirs the sensibilities and stirs the fountains of human feeling; and I am not sure but that at this moment Napoleon, as the

strange guest of the Prussian King, is not grander than when he ascended the throne of France.

There is a grandeur in misfortune when born by a noble heart, a heart that has strength to endure without bending or breaking. Perhaps I slide naturally into this comparison, for it is my province to teach that our hearts are made to taste both sweetness and human woe, and through human woe the heart becomes purified—and what is true in the individual case is oftentimes immensely true of a nation in the collective.

Sir, men that once followed this great chieftain through the war, are here to-night, that they may bend and kneel to the grave of him whose voice they obeyed amidst the storm of battle; the young widow, who but as yesterday leaned upon the arm of her soldier husband, and now clasps her young child to her breast, draws hither, that she may shed her young widow's tears over this grave to-night; and the aged matron, that years ago gathered the plaits around her shrunken form and drew the hood over her eyes, remembering her son who fell at Gettysburg or Fredericksburg, now to-night joins us and renews her dirge over him who was that son's chieftain and guide, commander and friend; and the whole nation has arisen in spontaneity of grief, rendering tribute of its love for him.

Sir, there is a unity in the grapes as they grow in clusters upon the vine; hold a branch in the hand you speak of it; but there is another unity of the grapes when thrown into the press, and under the feet of those who trample upon them almost profanely, and their rich forms mingle and their red blood flows together in a communion of wine; and such is the union and communion of the hearts that have been forced together by this misfortune, and we come here in a true feeling of honest grief and affliction, to render tribute of praise to him upon whose face we shall never look again, until that immortal day when we shall behold it transfigured before the throne of God, [Prolonged applause.]