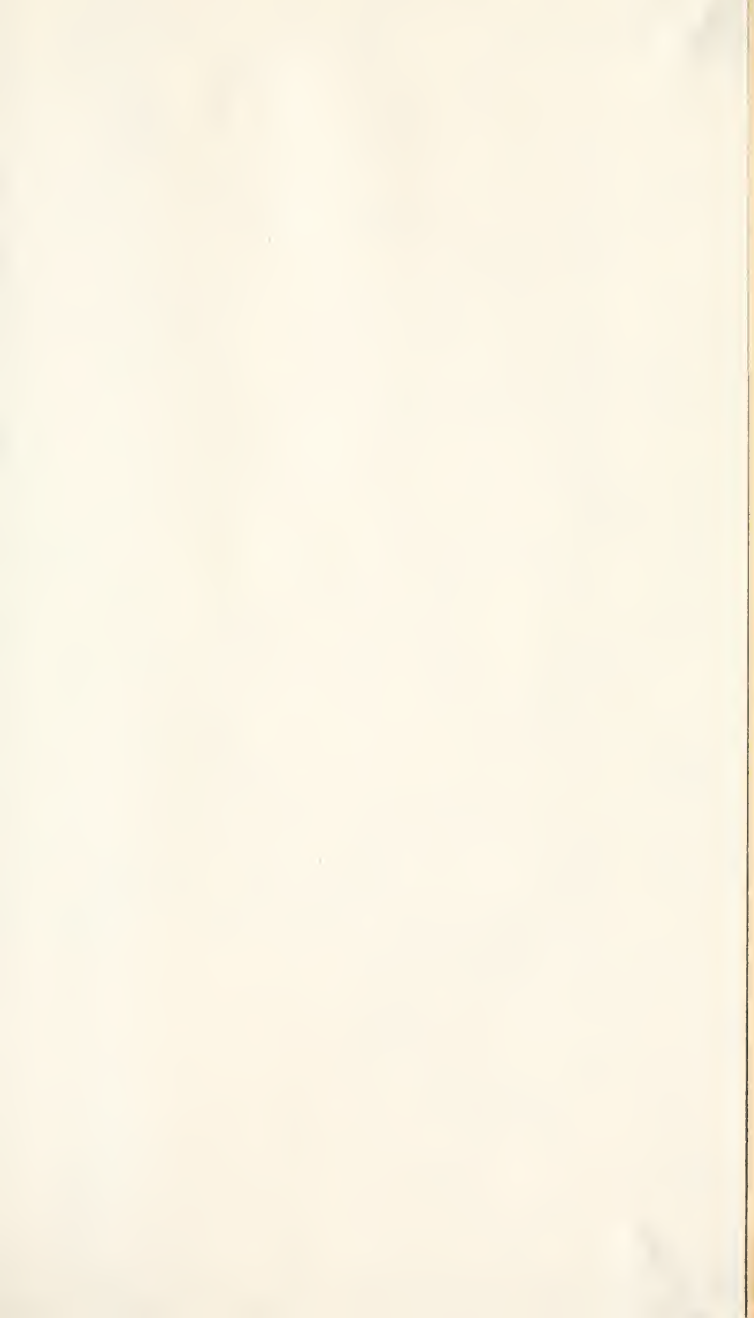


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GRANT
MEMORIAL SERVICES,

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA,

AUGUST 8th, 1885.





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GRANT

MEMORIAL SERVICES,

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA,

AUGUST 8th, 1885.

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The Death of Grant.

PROCLAMATION

BY THE

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The president of the United States has just received the sad tidings of the death of that illustrious citizen and ex-president of the United States, General U. S. Grant, at Mt. McGregor, in the state of New York, to which place he has lately been removed in the endeavor to prolong his life. In making this announcement to the people of the United States, the president is impressed with the public loss of a great military leader who was in the hour of victory magnanimous amid disaster; that serene and self-sustained man, who, in every station, whether as soldier or as chief magistrate, twice called to power by his fellow-countrymen, tread unswervingly the path of duty, undeterred by the doubts of single-minded and straightforward men. The entire country has witnessed with deep emotion his prolonged and patient struggle with the painful disease, and has watched by his couch of suffering with tears and sympathy. The destined end has come at last, and his spirit has returned to the Creator who sent it forth. The great heart of the nation that followed him when living, with love and pride, bows now with sorrow above him. His death is tenderly mindful of his virtues, his great patriotic services, and of the losses occasioned by his death. In testimony of the

respect to the memory of Gen. Grant, it is ordered that the executive mansion and the several departments at Washington, D. C., be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, and all public business shall on the day of his funeral be suspended, and the secretaries of war and the navy will cause orders to be issued for appropriate military and naval honors to be rendered on that day.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, D. C., this twenty-third day of July, A.D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and tenth.

(Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the president :

T. F. BAYARD,
Secretary of State.

PROCLAMATION

BY THE

GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA.

The president of the United States has issued his proclamation announcing the death of General Ulysses S. Grant, and making his order for appropriate honors in connection with the obsequies of the illustrious dead.

This tribute of respect from the chief magistrate of the nation to the life and character of the hero and statesman, and in profound recognition of the eminent services rendered his country, voices the nation's

sense of lasting gratitude, no less than the present sense of sorrow, bereavement, and loss.

“There are three kinds of praise: that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield to the powerful from fear, we lend to the weak from interest, and *we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.*”

General Grant—now cold in death—has deserved a nation’s gratitude, and the poor meed of praise will not be withheld.

Grief is confined to no section of our country, and too, from other lands have come the words of sympathy and appreciation.

Now, therefore, to the end that we as a people may forego no portion of our privilege, in honor and memory of a life so replete with useful and healthful example, I, James W. Dawes, governor of the state of Nebraska, do recommend that all classes and conditions, so far as may be practicable, engage in the observance of memorial service upon the day that shall be so named and set apart.

I hereby direct that the several state departments be closed to public business on the day of the funeral, and that the state officers attend the memorial services at the state capital in a body, that the national flag be displayed at half-mast from the capitol until after the day of the burial, and that the capitol building be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand.
Done at the capitol this 24th day of July, A. D. 1885.

JAMES W. DAWES.

By the governor :

E. P. ROGGEN,
Secretary of State.

PROCLAMATION

BY THE

MAYOR OF THE CITY OF BROWNVILLE.

General Grant is dead! His achievements in the battlefield, his magnificent services to the Union are known to the world. He was of the few great captains who preferred peace to war; loved justice and honored liberty. The commander of the greatest army of modern times; the final victor in the most terrible and sanguinary war the world ever saw, and yet carried himself so modestly, acted with such rare humanity, tempered his justice so gracefully with mercy, that to-day the re-united Nation mourns as one man. Blue and gray blend their tears over the mighty dead; let us add our mite in tribute.

Now, therefore, in accordance with the proclamation of the president of the United States, and the governor of this commonwealth, I, F. E. Johnson, mayor of the city of Brownville, Nemaha county, Nebraska, do call upon the people of this city to abstain from all secular pursuits on Saturday, August 8th, 1885, the day set apart for the funeral obsequies, and that memorial services be held in the opera house.

The citizens are hereby requested to meet together on Saturday evening, August 1st, 1885, to arrange preliminaries and provide committees for the funeral obsequies.

F. E. JOHNSON,
Mayor.

Proceedings

OF A

PUBLIC MEETING HELD AT BROWNVILLE, AUGUST 1, 1885.

In pursuance of the proclamation by the mayor of the city of Brownville, the citizens met in the First National Bank parlor to arrange a memorial service programme for the 8th day of August, at which time the obsequies of Gen. Grant would take place.

On motion of Capt. J. L. Carson, Ex-Governor R. W. Furnas was elected chairman, and D. O. Cross, secretary. The chairman stated the object of the meeting was to appoint various committees on arrangements, etc.

D. H. Mercer moved that a committee of nine, of whom Capt. J. L. Carson should be chairman, be appointed on general arrangement.

The chairman appointed the following as said committee:

JNO. L. CARSON,	DR. C. F. STEWART,
J. H. BROADY,	J. J. MERCER,
ED. M. COMAS, JR.,	T. L. JONES,
S. M. RICH,	REV. R. F. POWELL,
A. H. MCGEE.	

The chairman of the committee of nine was empowered to appoint the various sub-committees, which he did as follows:

COMMITTEE ON SPEAKERS AND PROGRAMME.

D. H. MERCER,	S. M. RICH,
J. C. MCNAUGHTON,	O. A. CECIL,
R. W. FURNAS.	JNO. L. CARSON,
J. H. BROADY.	

By vote of the meeting, Capt. Carson was added to the committee.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

J. C. McNAUGHTON,	D. O. CROSS,
MISS CORA GATES,	MISS LELIA CRANE,
JNO. L. CARSON, JR.,	MISS MINNIE MCGEE,
MISS CLARA MERCER,	MISS CELIA FURNAS,
MISS TOOTE HOOVER,	MRS. GEO. D. CROSS,
Mrs. Wm. BAILEY.	

COMMITTEE ON DECORATION.

H. H. DOLAN,	MRS. A. E. HILL,
J. J. MERCER,	MRS. A. A. MINNICK,
WM. BAILEY,	MRS. W. W. HACKNEY,
MRS. A. H. MCGEE,	MRS. ROBT. TEARE,
MRS. G. W. BRATTON,	MRS. NELLIE POWELL.

COMMITTEE ON MARTIAL MUSIC.

JAS. STEVENSON,	W. F. PARIS,
J. W. BRUSH.	

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

T. A. BAILEY,	DR. C. F. STEWART,
J. H. ROYSE,	A. H. MCGEE.

COMMITTEE ON ARTILLERY.

TOM CRUMMELL,	SAM BLACKATER,
TED DEGMAN,	J. M. FOWLER,
J. B. McCABE,	JAS. COCHRAN.

After various suggestions and no further business, meeting adjourned.

ROBT. W. FURNAS,

D. O. CROSS,

Chairman.

Secretary.

BROWNVILLE, August 8, 1885.

The people of Brownville and adjoining country convened at the Marsh opera house, in conformity with previous arrangement and announcement. The hall was beautifully and appropriately draped in mourning. In the center of the stage was a fine life-like and life-size bust portrait of the dead hero, surrounded by portraits of Lincoln, Jackson, Garfield, and President Cleveland. The whole was surrounded and interspersed with a profusion of choice flowers, making a floral display rarely seen. Each committee had performed its duty admirably, and hence all exercises proceeded in most perfect harmony. The attendance was one of the largest ever known in the city, all feeling and evincing the impressiveness and sorrow of the occasion.

The following programme, as arranged by the committee, was observed:

MEMORIAL SERVICES

OF THE DEAD HERO.

GEN. U. S. GRANT,

AT

BROWNVILLE, NEB., AUGUST 8TH, 1885.

Reveille and Salute, one Gun each hour, commencing at Sunrise and concluding at Sunset.

SERVICES AT OPERA HOUSE, COMMENCING AT 2 O'CLOCK P.M.

COL. R. W. FURNAS, President.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF OCCASION AND PROGRAMME.

1. Invocation and appropriate Scripture reading, - REV. R. F. POWELL
2. Music, - - - - - Hymn "America."
3. Obituary, - - - - - CAPT. JNO. L. CARSON
4. Music, - - - - - Hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."
5. Voluntary tributes by citizens, interspersed with music.
6. Closing Hymn and Benediction. Doxology, "Old Hundred," in which the audience joined.

INVITATION.

All citizens, and particularly all old Soldiers, are cordially invited to attend and help swell the tribute of respect and admiration to the greatest hero of ancient or modern times.

By order of

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

The exercises at the opera house opened with the "Dead March" by the martial band, composed of J. W. Brush, Ed. Hudson, W. T. Paris, Arthur Paris, and Henry M. Hart.

Col. Furnas in calling the meeting to order said:

However long and anxiously we may have watched at the death bed of loved ones or friends, even in momentary expectation of death, the announcement, *dead!* startles and shocks stoutest hearts and nerves, unfitting for else than grief and mourning. So in the instance of him whose name and deeds are enshrined in more hearts than of any other man. *Grant is dead!* The shock came to the nation, to the world, in a measure is spent, and we as humble citizens of the goodly land his military genius and power saved from wreck, meet in a calmer hour and day to blend our sorrows and tears with those of the North, the South, the East, and the West. While distant in person, in form and heart we join in consigning the honored and illustrious dead to temporary rest, until the last bugle call sounds, summoning all nations of the earth to final judgment.

The world knew but one Napoleon, but one Washington, knows but one Grant. While his renown was established by the great internecine struggle in which the triumph of his military brain involved the loss of the Southern cause, to-day from all over the Southland come accents from pulpit and press of genuine mourning over the loss of the hero, who, in the hour of his great victory, granted such chivalrous terms to his conquered countrymen. "Let them take their horses home with them; they will need them for their farm work," will live in Southern memory while time shall

be. At his grave, this moment, stand two mourning pall-bearers, generals of the Southern army who surrendered to Grant. One going from the extreme Pacific to the extreme Atlantic to mingle his sorrows with those of the stricken family of his conqueror.

Grant was great in the truest and most significant interpretation of the term. His epigrammatic sayings will live contemporaneously with the world's history. "I demand an immediate and unconditional surrender." "I propose to move immediately upon your works." "We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." "Push things." "Let no guilty man escape." "Let us have peace," and many other such concise utterances will go down to future generations as indicative of the metal out of which the great silent soldier was made. Other men might have said these things, but none save this intrepid, invincible commander dared say them.

That the great Captain who preferred peace to war was spared to see and know his prayers answered, the last bitterness of war wiped out; when the hour of his departure was so near at hand that speech failed, he was permitted to write: "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I wished to see ever since the war, harmony and good feeling between the sections; I have always contended that if there had been nobody left but the soldiers, we would have had peace in a year," can be regarded in no other light than of Divine permission, for purposes and ends best and only known to Him who knoweth and doeth all things well.

And now that we are formally called to order for purposes indicated, let us appropriately, reverently,

and devoutly invoke Divine favor and direction to this end. Rev. Mr. Powell will read from the scriptures and lead in prayer.

Rev. R. F. Powell read from the Holy Scriptures: 2 Samuel iii. 38; Isaiah iii. 1-2-3; Job xxiv. 22-24; Genesis l. 7-14; Psalms xc. Then offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father! who alone is GREAT; and in whose hands are the issues of life and death; and nations are removed and sustained by Thy power. And while to-day we are feeling the weight of this power as a nation, by the removal from our midst of the late successful military commander and ex-chief magistrate of our republic, U. S. Grant, we would bow ourselves in humble submission, and recognize Thy divine power; as we find ourselves convened in harmony with the proclamations of the president of the United States, the governor of the state of Nebraska, and mayor of the city of Brownville, growing out of this bereavement, to blend our sympathies with each other, and the family and friends of the departed hero and statesman; and to mingle our prayers for the choicest benedictions of heaven to rest upon and comfort the sorrowing family and friends; and to tender the last earthly tribute of tender regard and respect to the memory of one who has been so faithful to the trust committed to his care; and while we eulogize his memory, recognize his instrumentality in bringing our late civil war to a successful termination and sustaining the unity of the republic he loved so much; whilst we remember with gratitude that his dying hours were soothed with telegraphic utterances from various sections of our country, giving

him to feel that the trend of thought was for the unity of our nation, and that sectional animosity was fast waning away, let us hope, oh, God! until no North, South, East, or West shall exist as such in sectional divisions. We praise Thy name, oh, God, for the life of this silent, active, persevering man of providence; for the work he was permitted to accomplish; for the record of history he was spared to complete, even in his dying hours; that he was permitted to depart in peace, surrounded by his sorrowing family, relatives, and friends; and that, through the counsels of his spiritual advisers, he was led to leave the record of his trust in Thee. We are not here expecting to benefit the dead in any sense; his record is made on high; we thank Thee for it, we leave it in Thy hands; and beseech Thee to enable us to emulate the example of the virtues of the departed hero and statesman. May we as a community and as a nation, as we attend the funeral obsequies, and listen to the memorial tributes which may be offered in his behalf, have such impressions made upon us as shall lead our thoughts to seek a higher, and nobler, and purer manhood and womanhood. Bless, prosper, and kindly care for his family, our nation, our chief magistrate, his cabinet, and all the officers in every department of the nation, church, and state, and lead us to honor and glorify Thy name, that we may not perish from the scroll of nations. And as the mortal remains of U. S. Grant are about this time being committed to their last resting place, and as the solemn words, "earth to earth," "ashes to ashes," "dust to dust," are uttered by the minister of God, may the consolations of the gospel sooth the hearts of the family, relatives, friends, and a nation mourn-

ing his loss, and bring us all to the final enjoyment of the saints' rest without the loss of one; for Christ's sake. Amen.

The choir was composed of the following named ladies and gentlemen:

MRS. BELLE BAILEY,	MISS MAY HOOVER,
MRS. GEO. D. CROSS,	MISS LILLIE HOOVER,
MISS CELIA H. FURNAS,	MISS LURA RICH,
MISS CLARA MERCER,	MR. JOHN L. CARSON, JR.,
MISS LELIA CRANE,	MR. J. C. McNAUGHTON,
MISS PEARL MINNICK,	MR. L. FOSTER HITT,
MISS E. D. McNAUGHTON,	MR. DAVID O. CROSS,
MISS MINNIE MOORE,	MR. JOHN CHAPPELARD,
MISS MAMIE CHATFIELD,	MR. THOS. L. JONES.

Hart played the Reveille on cornet in the morning, with the drum.

OBITUARY ADDRESS.

BY CAPT. JOHN L. CARSON.

The occasion is the death of General Grant. The great commander of the armies of the republic is no more. Now that a few of us have met together this day—as millions of our fellow citizens will meet in this and other lands, and larger communities—what shall we say to commemorate the death and perpetuate the noble example and distinguished character of the heroic soldier? What can I say? What new thing can any one speak of our old commander—the greatest captain the world has ever produced. After a contest continued through months of acute sufferings, borne with heroic patience, the soldier who never

knew what surrender meant, has at last been forced to succumb, and General Grant, the most honored of men, is among the immortals—

“One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.”

Imperishable, incorruptible, deathless. The chronology of General Grant is that he was:

Born at Mount Pleasant, O	April 27, 1822
Entered West Point Military Academy	1839
Graduated and entered the army	1843
Commissioned full Lieutenant	Sept. 30, 1845
Promoted to First Lieutenant	Sept. 8, 1847
Married to Miss Julia T. Dent	1848
Promoted to Captain	Aug. 5, 1853
Resigned	July 31, 1854
Reported for duty to Gov. Yates	April 19, 1861
Made Colonel 21st Reg. Ill. Vol.	June 17, 1861
Commissioned Brig. Gen. Vol.	Aug. 7, 1861
Battle of Belmont	Nov. 7, 1861
Captured Fort Henry	Feb. 6, 1862
Captured Fort Donelson	Feb. 16, 1862
Battle of Shiloh	April 6-7, 1862
Vicksburg captured	July 4, 1863
Promoted to Maj. Gen. Regular Army	July, 1863
Battle of Chattanooga	Nov. 24-25, 1863
Made Lieutenant General	March 9, 1864
Moved on Richmond	May 3, 1864
Battle of the Wilderness	May 5, 6, 7, 1864
Battle of Spottsylvania C. H.	May 9 to 12, 1864
Cold Harbor	June 1, 1864
Petersburg—first attack	June 17, 1864
Petersburg—second assault	July 30, 1864

Hatcher's Run	March 29, 1865
Five Forks	April 1, 1865
Petersburg captured	April 2, 1865
Richmond captured	April 3, 1865
Lee surrendered	April 9, 1865
Commissioned General	July 25, 1866
Made Secretary of War	Aug 12, 1867
Nominated for President at Chicago. . .	May 21, 1868
Renominated at Philadelphia	June 5, 1872
Retired from the Presidential office . .	March 4, 1877
Began his foreign tour	May 17, 1877
Returned via San Francisco	Sept. 20, 1879
Received in Chicago	Nov. 12, 1879
Made tour in Mexico	1880
Second tour in Mexico	1881
Located in New York	1882
Placed on the retired list	March 3, 1885
Died	8:08 A.M. Thursday, July 23, 1885

Aged 63 years, 2 months, and 26 days.

Wonderful career! Mighty man! Born in the humble cottage at Mount Pleasant, he rose—not rapidly at first—but in the end to the highest pinnacle of human fame. Always retiring, unobtrusive, modest in character, the American people—the nation whom he loved and served so well—there placed him. The heart of the nation stands still as it contemplates the full measure of the loss with which it is now brought face to face. The fidelity that could not waver, the devotion that knew no limit, the zeal that never faltered, the courage that never failed, the patriotism that was as much of him as his life blood—all these, that were for so many years as a shield to his country-

men—are gone forever. We to-day commemorate his death; let us also revere his memory, emulate his example, and in so far as we can imitate it.

His ancestry were Scotch Puritans, and among the first emigrants who set foot on the shores of New England. His grandfather served with credit in the war of the Revolution, and at its close settled in Western Pennsylvania, where Jesse Grant, the father of the General, was born. In early life the father of our distinguished dead moved to Mount Pleasant, Ohio, where as before stated, Ulysses S. Grant was born, on the 27th day of April, 1822. He was not distinguished as a boy or a man for attractive physical presence, other than a compact knit frame and wonderful powers of endurance. The work of heredity—the powers of physical endurance—enabled him to go for long periods without food or sleep, as was evidenced later, when he could outride in the saddle the youngest and heartiest of his staff officers. At West Point his student life was not distinguished for brilliancy; he was simply an average man, but with marked staying qualities and simplicity of character, upon which his soul could safely depend when roused to action by a great occasion.

The failure of a young man to keep up with his class caused a vacancy at the military academy, which was offered and accepted by young Grant, and thus this plain and simple mannered youth became a ward of the nation, which he afterwards saved. In the war with Mexico he served as a young officer under Gen. Zachariah Taylor and General Winfield Scott, with distinction and great personal bravery.

It was only a short time before the death of Gen.

Scott that he inscribed in the autograph album of Gen. Grant these noble words: "From the oldest to the ablest general in the world," signed, Winfield Scott.

Having resigned his commission in the army after the peace with Mexico, the great civil war found him an humble private citizen in the state of Illinois.

When the first overt act of armed resistance to the United States was committed at Sumpter, there was not a moment's hesitation on the part of Grant as to what was his duty as a citizen and a soldier. He did not offer his services in the spirit of a professional military man, he came with a loyal heart from the ranks of the people, entered the volunteer service with a deep sense of the nature and magnitude of the struggle that was upon the nation, and the fierceness with which the issue must be contested. In the volunteer service he rose rapidly by his splendid ability and successful service to a major general, invoking promotion after promotion until at last in March, 1864, by special act of congress, he was commissioned Lieutenant-General and placed in command of all the armies of the United States.

Rich in the resources that make a great soldier, he soon brought to a close armed resistance to the authority of the Republic.

Superior in war, he was also powerful in peace, and to him more than any other are we indebted for the amicable relations that now exist between the once two hostile sections of the Union.

When asked at Donelson for a commission to settle the terms of capitulation, his ever memorable reply was: "No terms except unconditional surrender can

be accepted, I propose to move immediately upon your works," and yet when he became Chief Magistrate of the Union he had saved, his first official message as President was, "Let us have peace."

In fine he was a man that stood exalted by the people to the throne of government, established on the base of justice, liberty, and equal right.

His countenance sublime, expressed a nation's majesty, and yet was meek and humble. In royal place he gave example to the meanest of the fear of God and to all integrity of life.

In manners august, yet lowly; severe, yet gracious, in his very heart detesting all oppression, all intent of private aggrandizement.

The first in every public duty, he held the scales of justice as the law which reigned in him commanded; gave rewards, or with the edge of sword smote, now lightly, now heavily, according to the nature of the crime.

Conspicuous, like an oak of healthiest bough, deep-rooted in his country's love, he stood and gave his hand to virtue, helping up the honest man to honor and renown, and with the look which goodness wears in wrath, drove from his presence the venal, withering the very blood of knaves.

In days of dreadful deeds he mastered the stormy wings of war and led the battle on, when liberty swift as the fire of heaven in fury rode, and threw the tyrant down or drove invasion back.

He ruled supreme in righteousness, or held inferior place in steadfast rectitude of soul. Proportioned to the service done to God and man. Great is his reward.

VOLUNTEER TRIBUTES BY CITIZENS.

REMARKS OF JUDGE J. H. BROADY.

I heartily join in honors to the memory of Gen. Grant. Victor Hugo has well said that "volcanoes throw up stones, and revolutions cast up men." Without the rebellion it is not likely that any one here would have ever so much as heard of U. S. Grant. As things are, his fame spreads over all the earth.

Grant was a hero; he was made of the stuff of which heroes are made. His fame comes within the definition of the Grecian philosopher, Socrates, "the perfume of heroic actions." The fame of a hero usually comes from three things: heroic actions, ornament, and humbug. The first only is heroism. With some heroes humbug predominates, with some ornament, and with some heroic actions. The ancients after acquiring fame from great actions, were apt to have declared that they were descended from the gods, and were endowed with superhuman powers. Xerxes would make the world believe that he could move mountains and lash the waves of the sea to be still. Alexander the Great would prove his divinity by drinking more than mortal could of wine. Others of more modern times would have their devotees to explain away the fame of rivals and show by argument the great things they themselves could have done with opportunity. But Grant made no pretensions of what he could do, or what he was. He simply did the heroic acts as the occasions arose. Without vanity, without bombast, he was as destitute of humbug as we ever find mortal man to be. Heroes sometimes throw a glamour around their names by

their dress, by their walk, by their look, by their pen, by their flow of rhetorical oratory, or other ornamental achievement and matters of mere personal display. Macaulay states that Louis XIV. of France carried this passion for personal display to such an extreme as to appear before his vassals when sick to vomit right royally. But Grant, simple and unpretentious, sought not to be prepossessing—sought not to dress like a hero, to walk like a hero, to talk like a hero, nor to look like a hero. I shall ever be proud that I saw him once on a public platform in the midst of men, among whom were the President of the United States, leading members of the Cabinet, and generals of the army and private citizens. I think I speak the common feeling of observers of that scene, when I say that Gen. Grant was the most commonplace appearing individual on that platform. It is related by his faithful secretary of state, Hamilton Fish, that upon an occasion of mere ornament, soon after he became President, when a delegation of ministers presented an address blooming over with the flowers of rhetoric, he undertook a formal reply, but the steady, strong nerve that never faltered when heroism was in demand, quivered till his knees began to tremble, when his faithful secretary, by loud coughing, brought a timely halt to his effort at ornamental talk that was breaking down the nerves of the hero of the age.

We frequently hear talk of men who cannot tell all they know, and of others who can tell more than they know. It is true that there are some who have no inclination to talk without saying anything, nor to tell even all they do know, nor to make people believe

that they know more than they do, nor the gift of expressing themselves in the most charming way; while there are others who have both an aptness and desire for talking without saying anything, and for making people believe that they know much more than they do, and of expressing themselves with the most delightful display and ornaments of speech. But to be unable to tell what one knows, or able to speak wisdom one does not possess, there is no such thing. When to speak was heroic, and words rose to the dignity of actions, then no one has talked better than Grant, and no one has ever been more ready. Without ornament, as he was without humbug, he stands in history the real hero, pure and simple, without alloy. As he goes down to the grave, he says to his brave antagonist in the field, Gen. Buckner: "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections. I have always contended that if there had been nobody left but the soldiers we should have had peace in a year. ——— and ——— are the only two that I know of who do not seem to be satisfied on the Southern side. We have some on our side who failed to accomplish as much as they wished, or who did not get warmed up to the fight until it was all over, who have not had quite full satisfaction. The great majority, too, of those who did not go into the war, have long since grown tired of the long controversy. We may now look forward to a perpetual peace at home, and a national strength that will screen us against any foreign complication."

Measure these words by the mighty effects for good they are producing, and in the light of the truth that

it is not so rare a quality to be great in the face of a belligerent foe, as to be great towards a fallen one, and we find that there speaking was of itself heroism, flowing from an heroic soul. Grant's greatness is defined by the matchless phrase applied to him by Roscoe Conkling: "The arduous greatness of things done." If I were to undertake to give him a distinctive description among the heroes of the world, upon the scroll of fame, I would say—the hero composed of nothing but heroism.

He was heroic in life. He was heroic in death. In war, he crushed the rebellion. In peace, and at the portals of death, by crushing the animosities and sectional hatred lingering from the war, he has done the more arduous and greater thing of demonstrating to the world the maxim of political philosophy, that "Peace hath its victories, no less renowned than war." Never before has the world presented such a spectacle of universal kindness and esteem among all mankind for a single man, as to-day, while we bear his mortal remains to the tomb.

REMARKS BY JAMES C. MCNAUGHTON.

Separated as we are by many hundreds of miles from the solemn scenes of his funeral, and denied an active participation in the last sad rites of his burial, it is yet our melancholy privilege to assemble here as a community and thus publicly express our grief and sorrow at the death of America's greatest soldier and most illustrious citizen.

In the history of the world, the name of ULYSSES S. GRANT cannot and will not be forgotten. Nor will

he be remembered simply as one who successfully met a sudden emergency—filled a particular niche, as it were—and then went down to his grave, leaving neither his own country nor the world generally any better or wiser for his life and actions in it. It is in some such way that we recall the name of Alexander the Great, to express the thought of conquest and spoils. The fame of Wellington rests largely on his victory at Waterloo, and the overthrow of Bonaparte. And Napoleon Bonaparte himself, is but a synonym for towering and unsatisfied ambition. These men settled no question, save, perhaps, that of their own prowess, and the superiority of one nation over another in arms. But Grant did more than these—he was greater than these. He was great in peace, as well as in war. With his drawn sword in the hour of battle, and the constitution of his country in the day of peace, he solved for the world a most momentous problem in governmental science, viz., the power of a free republic of free men (every one of whom is a sovereign in his own right) to compel obedience to its laws—to suppress insurrection and rebellion by enemies within—resist attacks from enemies without—heal its own dissensions and adjust its own difficulties, without the intervention or arbitration of any other power on earth. And so, having taught the kingdoms and empires this great truth, this great fact, we say that both his own country and the world at large *is* better and *is* wiser for Grant's having lived and acted in it.

In the few moments allotted to me, I shall not attempt a mention of his many virtues and characteristics. These you have heard—these you will hear from

the pens of authors and the tongues of orators for many years to come. His excellences as a soldier, statesman, citizen, husband, father, and friend will be recorded. I content myself with saying that in nothing was General Grant so great as in his extreme simplicity and modesty. No human being ever bore such high and mighty honors with equal modesty. As a soldier, he attained the very summit of military fame; but so modestly did he demean himself that no other soldier envied him his honors. As president, the highest civil officer of the government, he was at all times and under all circumstances accessible to and approachable by the humblest citizen in the land. As a civilian, this *uncrowned* conqueror and ruler, in the plain dress of an American citizen, without decoration or adornment, received the homage of every *crowned* head in the world. In his private life he was so simple, and modest, and pure, that every uncharitable tongue was hushed long before his death. No words of ours can add to the grandeur of his life—and he is grand and mighty in death, even as in life.

He is dead! And this afternoon, in the city of New York, is erected another shrine at which patriotism, and love of God, country, and humanity, may worship.

“ Then sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace ;
 Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul ;
 While the stars burn, the moons increase,
 And the great ages onward roll ! ”

Hush ! the Dead March wails in the people’s ears ;
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears ;
 The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears.
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
 He is gone who seemed so great ;

Gone; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own,
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in state,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him.
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

REMARKS BY REV. R. F. POWELL.

I esteem it as a privilege to add a few words upon this memorial occasion, endorsing what has been said by previous speakers—at the same time feeling that did I possess the eloquence of a Demosthenes, the graphic diction of a Macaulay, or the unbiased details of a Gibbon, I could not attempt to do justice to the memory of the great man whose deeds have become the property of history, and whose memorial services have called us together, in the short space of time before me. I am glad that I have lived during his life, in this glorious age of giant achievements, and that it was my privilege to stand in line with the soldiers he so steadily led on to final victory—which, no doubt, is an honor greater than to have fought under the banners of an Alexander the Great, Napoleon, or Wellington. I am led to believe that these memorial tributes will leave a more permanent impression upon many young hearts, these boys, and these girls, these middle-aged, these older persons, than possibly we may imagine. Your speaker is carried back in thought thirty-three years ago, when impressions were made which to-day are as vivid and clear as, when a boy, I

stood and beheld the funeral procession of the then lamented Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, which was several hours in passing by Trafalgar square, in London; that event, in connection with the country draped in mourning, expressive of a nation's sorrow—as we are giving vent to ours to-day—taught me, young as I was, the lesson that a nation, though considered soulless, could mourn the loss of its great ones, who had lived and worked, through love and duty, to discharge their obligations as citizens of its commonwealth. My young heart had been taught to look up to the Iron Duke with respect and gratitude, and these feelings for his memory have ever been entertained by me.

But of this man, General Grant, whose remains are even now about to be consigned to their final resting place, on account of the circumstances, I feel a deeper, more abiding personal interest, as one who, commencing as a private citizen, has written his name higher on the scroll of military fame and glory than any one who has preceded him. Not for the purposes of ambition or aggrandizement; but to restore peace, to bring about unity to a tottering republic. And holding with credit to himself the position of chief magistrate for two consecutive terms, during the arduous, difficult, and dangerous period of reconstruction; leaving the presidential chair to be accorded such civic honors by the crowned heads of the world heretofore unheard of, and in ovations without number in his extended tour around the world—receiving adulation and praise such as no private citizen had ever had extended to him before; coming home and assuming the simple role of citizen—and yet retaining

as he did his character as a modest American citizen—is one of the remarkable traits of his character. His plain, incisive phrases used during his military career have become proverbial—and many of which will live in history and be used by the people often, as expressive of clear-cut decision of character. His character may be as truly admired by his friends as it was studied and feared by his enemies. Possibly his most prominent point of character is shown in his duty to his country in her time of need, and his endeavor to preserve her intact through the storm of civil war which has lately swept with such fury over her, and may be especially noticeable by the historian. The surrender at Appomattox, while not generally conceded, proves a superior phase of statesmanship, and testifies to a spirit far above that exhibited by any of the conquering generals of historic renown. His desire to leave a correct history of his life for future reference seems to have been the predominant idea of his declining years, which he was also permitted to accomplish, and it will doubtless be read with great interest throughout the world. His integrity as a husband and a father are also worthy of a passing notice, as a prominent feature in his life, when compared with many men occupying eminent public positions of trust in this day of latitudinarianism in many social circles. As a closing memorial tribute to his memory, I would inscribe him as the silent, active, persevering, conquering hero and man of providence, *conquered at last!*

REMARKS BY PROF. W. RICH.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen :

Although I have no carefully prepared address to deliver, and am unskilled in the art of extemporaneous speaking, yet in view of the objects of this meeting, I feel under obligations to respond briefly to the call made upon me.

I have listened with deep interest to the highly appropriate and deeply impressive exercises of this memorable occasion, and concur heartily in all that has been so well said concerning the characteristics and achievements of the illustrious hero, whose obsequies are being solemnized here to-day.

I shall attempt to say a few words concerning the relations that subsisted between Gen. Grant and the great state he served with such rare fidelity and transcendent ability.

What constitutes the state? Not legislative and executive and judicial officers; not armies and navies and fortifications, and implements of war; not railroads and steamboats and telegraph lines; not banks and manufactories and mercantile establishments; not farms and farm products; not the press and schools and churches and benevolent institutions; none of these, nor all combined, constitute the state. They are merely the products and instrumentalities of the state. The people are the state. The character of the state depends wholly on the qualities of the people that compose it. Every industrious, intelligent, virtuous, loyal citizen is an element of national strength. It is not simply the privilege, but the imperative duty of every citizen to contribute, according to the measure of his abilities

and opportunities, to the prosperity and stability of the state of which he is an integral part, and whose protection he enjoys. But when, in time of national distress or peril, a citizen displays extraordinary ability, courage, and patriotism in the service of his country, he becomes a national benefactor, and the nation becomes his debtor. Such were the relations that subsisted between Gen. Grant and the people of the United States.

The degree of the national obligations under such circumstances depends upon the value of the services performed. It is impossible to form an adequate estimate of the value of the services which Gen. Grant rendered his country and oppressed humanity throughout the earth. It has been said that had Gen. Grant fallen during the civil war, some one of our generals would have taken his place and done his work equally well. It is idle to speculate upon this problem. Certain it is that he did far more than any one else, excepting the martyred president only, to suppress the great rebellion, and to establish more firmly, and perpetuate among the nations of the earth the blessings of republican institutions.

During his life, the American people conferred upon Gen. Grant the highest rewards at their disposal. At the time of his death he was the most conspicuous, the most highly honored citizen of the republic. Yet the national obligation to him was not satisfied. It could not, it never can be canceled. His grateful countrymen will fondly cherish his memory; they will erect monuments to perpetuate his fame; they will place him beside Washington and Lincoln as one of the "immortal three that were not born to die;" they

will teach their children to love and honor his great name; but the nation must ever remain his debtor.

In the death of this simple minded, noble patriot of the people of the United States, humanity at large has suffered an irreparable loss.

REMARKS OF COL. S. M. RICH.

Gen. Grant belonged to no class, and represented no particular section. His charities were large enough to cover, and his brain great enough to comprehend the interests and the aspirations of humanity itself.

He was the child of our institutions, was created by them; drew his loftiest inspirations from them, and the country loved him because he was born of the best spirit of the country. In his career he described the full circle of American citizenship. Humble in his birth, and most loftily exalted in his death, he had filled the interval between these two extremes, always wisely, bravely, and honorably.

“It has been wisely said that every great movement in a civilized age has its reflection, and that reflection is the philosophy of the period.” The philosophy of Bacon that advocated free religious toleration as an indefeasible right of man, rather than a permission from a ruler or a church. This movement advanced from religious toleration to the revolution of 1795, it demanded a new philosophy, and received it in the teachings of John Locke. That philosophy, the grandest the world had ever known, had for its broad base the free and equal rights of man. It was reserved for the American colonist to reflect that philosophy in its fullness, beauty, and vigor. The initial truths enunciated from the standpoint of the declaration of

independence—"That all men are created free and equal, and endowed with the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,"—these sublime truths were the fundamental idea that pervaded, and were reflected in the minds of the American people of that era; the spirit they aroused was one of moral heroism, and the American revolution stands out on the canvass of history wonderful in result, God-like in character. That philosophy continued to pervade the minds and the legislation of the American people for a considerable period after the revolution, and until the representative men of that historic period had for the most part departed from the cabinet and councils of the nation.

The development of American commerce and the rapid spread of African slavery in the southern states of the Union, the invention of the cotton gin, which rendered slave labor profitable, the desire of wealth and the greed of gain soon drifted a large portion of the American people away from the truths of the declaration and back to the old Latin civilization, that held as an article of its antique creed that capital should own and control labor, and it became a political axiom common to all parties that the truths set in the declaration referred only to the dominant and not to the servile race. This heresy against the rights of man finally produced its legitimate results, and culminated in the rebellion of 1861.

Abraham Lincoln came to the great duties of the presidency with his vigorous mind fully imbued with the faith of the fathers, and an unshaken belief in the philosophy of the declaration. As the rebellion developed, and as the war progressed and gathered strength, this doctrine of the rights of man became to

his just and generous mind the polar star of all political truth.

After Donelson and Shiloh, Lincoln's faith in the military genius and ability of Grant grew to a conviction so strong that nothing thereafter was able to shake or overthrow it, and the prophetic wisdom of the great commoner of Illinois found consummation for this fervent faith in the close of the war at Appomattox, which established on a firm and lasting base the sublime philosophy of the declaration.

The proclamation of Lincoln abolishing slavery, for which a world has glorified and a race has deified him, made possible the faith of the fathers, while Gen. Grant's circle of incomparable victories, ending with Appomattox, solidified and made absolute the eternal truths that "all men are created free and equal." But Gen. Grant stopped not here, his wondrous generosity and humanity established new principles in war. The old theory, as far back as history records the acts of man, was to hold down with iron hand and crush the conquered beneath the spurred and booted heel of relentless war.

This new philosophy which Gen. Grant evoked out of supremest victory created the profoundest sensation in every quarter of the globe. For on that great day at Appomattox, he said to the surrendered hosts of Lee: "Disband your army organization, take your horses and wagons, with all your appliances, return to your homes and seek by your industry, energy, and thrift to repair the wide wasting ravages of this internecine war." His heroic bugle notes: "Let us have peace," were the prelude to that sublime philosophy, humanity to the conquered in war.

This great humanity of Gen. Grant's in war, stands without a parallel in the wide annals of man's history. Stanton, the greatest secretary who had organized war since the days of Carnot, sought to interpose the weight of his great authority between Gen. Grant and the surrendered and paroled armies of the Confederacy, by ordering the arrest of Gen. Lee and his principal officers. Gen. Grant, on learning this, hastened to the War Office, and in language stern and not to be mistaken, forbade the secretary, upon his peril, to in anywise interfere or hinder in the smallest degree the pledges of parol which he had given to Gen. Lee and his officers, and the haughty and imperious secretary stayed his strong hand and bolder deed, while the world beheld with wonder and admiration the consummation of that new and better philosophy which Gen. Grant first evoked into life at Appomattox.

It is not our province to-day to enumerate the great events of Gen. Grant's career or repeat the roll-call of his distinguished services, but rather to compress into short sentences and mention in rapid language a few of the salient points that marked his great career. During the war, and through Gen. Grant's administration, there were crowded into twenty eventful years full a thousand years of ordinary history. The successful conclusion of a great war, the wise measures of reconstruction, the enfranchisement of 4,000,000 of slaves, the solemn guarantees of freedom and political equality to every soul under the flag embodied in the fundamental law of the land, the preservation inviolate of the national honor in the payment of national obligations, the rapid payment of a great

debt, the reduction of the burdens of taxation, the return to specie payment, the full restoration of public credit, the settlement by arbitration of a just cause of war against one of the mightiest nations of earth; the impetus given to every form of industry, and the nation's unrivaled prosperity, all these stupendous results, the most colossal and resplendent in history, were wrought out within the twenty years already indicated, while Gen. Grant's share in all this was too great and important to be enumerated in detail to-day. It belongs to the province of imperial history, and Gen. Grant's place therein will be fully set forth when some future historian shall arise possessing the analytical powers of a Macaulay, and the splendid descriptive abilities of a Gibbon.

During the war, and while Gen. Grant was president, he was assailed by denunciations on every hand; he was called a drunkard, a butcher, accused of nepotism and Cæsarism, and of unlawfully filching for himself and friends the nation's money. But the people, like Abraham Lincoln, never lost faith in the general, the man, or the president. To-day the sound of those old warfares is hushed, the hand of his military and political adversaries against him no longer wield sword or pen, they and their works are or soon will be dust, but he who loved justice and generosity, honor and humanity, more than aught else, his seat is now in that great cathedral whose far echoing isles are the ages.

To-day, this great nation, without a dissenting voice, pays its tribute of glory to the dead hero, the humane general, and the wise and just president. They pay him highest honors for his indomitable courage, his

unimpeachable honesty, his Spartan simplicity, his frankness, kindness, moderation, and magnanimity, his fidelity to his friends, his generosity and humanity to his enemies, and the purity of his private life, while the patriotism of his public principles will never cease to be cherished in the grateful remembrance of all just men and all true hearted Americans.

As a soldier and a general his fame is associated with some of the proudest and most thrilling scenes in the history of this or any other land. It may truly be said of Gen. Grant that no curse of Hannibal was ever his; like Hannibal, he knew how to conquer, but unlike the Carthaginian hero, he knew well how to reap the full fruition of the great rewards of victory. And it may be further and justly said of Gen. Grant, that he conquered every enemy he met save only that last enemy, to which all must in turn surrender.

Turning aside one moment from the legitimate course of our argument, we might contrast the honors paid Gen. Grant to-day with those rendered in other days to some of the world's great captains.

With that of Alexander, commencing as it did in the gorgeous capital of the Lydian Empire, attended with all the pomp and pageantry of ancient war, and continuing for a period of full two years, until at length the victor of *Granicus* and *Arbela* was lain to rest in the soil of his native Greece.

Or with that of the mighty Cæsar, who fell in the senate chamber from the stab of Brutus and his band of conspirators, his body lying in state in a gilded funeral car placed on the field of Mars, and beneath the shadow of that graceful temple of yellow marble erected to the sanguinary and destructive god. How

around all that was mortal of the conqueror of Gaul and Briton surged and raved the angry populace of Rome, some demanding cremation for the body and some the rites of sepulchre, until at length two of his indignant soldiers with flaming torches rushed through the angered crowd and fired the funeral car, and as the flames mounted upward the soldiers of his veteran cohorts piled upon it their rich armor, the standards and golden eagles which he had so often led to victory, and the rich spoils of vanquished nations, until Cæsar's body and the insignia of barbaric war were consumed, and with them some of the fairest temples and structures of the Eternal City.

Or with the obsequies paid to the first and only great Napoleon. When his remains were brought back from his isle of banishment all France became a military camp. Her martial spirit rose high while her military demonstrations were the grandest and most imposing that Europe had beheld for more than a thousand years. All the civic and military majesty and pomp a great and impulsive people could produce was lavished without stint on the funeral rites of the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz, and at length they entombed him with imposing ceremonies beneath the lofty dome of the Church of the Invalides.

Or with those later memorial services of the Iron Duke, a warrior who had triumphed on the Peninsula, and acquired highest fame on that great and terrible day of Waterloo, and who on that red field had covered himself with a glory, second only to the great captain whom he overthrew. While the splendid catafalque that bore his remains was attended by a train composed of all that was most renowned and illustrious

in England, to his last resting place in Westminster Abbey, there to repose amid an innumerable company of dead, whose names and fame fills the wide circuit of the globe.

The funeral obsequies we have indicated were paid by the nations to military prowess, and the might of conquering armies. Ours to-day is paid to one whose military genius was as great as any of those whose history we have recalled; when to this is added Gen. Grant's fame as a statesman, and his great generosity and humanity as a warrior, his name and fame tower far above that of any other hero of ancient or modern times.

Not only are the free millions of our one land mourners at his tomb to-day, but the millions of Europe mingle their tribute with ours.

France decrees him proudest honors. And that isle across the sea, upon whose wide domains the "sun never sets," antedating us by four days, gives him almost regal honors beneath the lofty fane of that gorgeous temple founded by Edward the Confessor. And the renowned Canon Farrar, representing the highest scholarship of Europe and the world, comes down from the ancient towers and historic cloisters of his mighty Bodleian, to pay, beneath the shadow of sculptured tomb and marble mausoleum over what is greatest and grandest in Saxon history for the past thousand years, his eloquent tribute to the citizen-soldier, the dead hero of a new world and a new era.

And to-day the grand army of the republic, whose great commander he was, as they lay his mortal body away in Riverside Park, can exclaim in the language of the poet :

“ On fame’s eternal camping ground
His silent tent is spread;
While glory guards with solemn sound
The bivouac of the dead.”

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