

The Louisiana Democrat.

EDWARD A. BLOSSAT

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH

(PUBLISHER)

VOLUME 26.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1870.

NUMBER 19.

The Democrat.

TERMS:
THE DEMOCRAT is published weekly, at FIVE DOLLARS per annum, THREE for six months, payable in advance. No Subscription taken for a less period than Six Months.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of \$1.50 PER SQUARE for the first insertion and 75 CENTS for each subsequent one. Eight lines or less, constitute a square. The following are our rates to yearly Advertisers:
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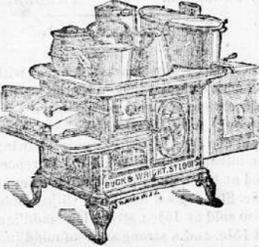
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OVER ALL OTHER
Cooking Stoves

—ARE THE—
FOLLOWING TRIUMPHS.

FIRST PREMIUM at the St. Louis Fair, 1867. First Premium at the St. Louis State Fair, 1868. First Premium at the St. Louis Fair, 1868. First Premium at the St. Louis Fair, 1868.

The greatest victory achieved by BUCK'S BRILLIANT was at the Louisiana State Fair, 1870, where the BRILLIANT was awarded the GOLD MEDAL after actual trial in baking bread in competition with the Charter Oak and ten other leading Stoves.

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SOLE AGENT FOR THE
CELEBRATED RINGEN WASHER

—ALSO—
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Oct. 12, 1870-ly bd

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—USE—
Stern's Raw Bone Super-phosphate

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FINE GROUND BONE,

The GREAT FERTILIZERS

LOUIS STERN & BROS.,
Manufacturers,

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Between Dauphine and Burgundy streets,
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Stone and Marble

FOR all building purposes, including
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MONUMENTS, GRAVE STONES, MARBLE

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WATCHMAKER,
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Fine Watches, Jewelry, Silverware & Spectacles.

ALSO
GUNS
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—WITH—
TAFE & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS:

—DEALERS IN—
WESTERN PRODUCE,
WINES, LIQUORS,
TOBACCO & CIGARS.

Corner COMMON, PETERS and FULTON Streets,
NEW ORLEANS LA

Oct. 12, 1870-ly nd

THE KEYSTONE

A NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

BEST NOW MADE!—Received Highest Premium Louisiana State Fair, 1870! Makes Lock Stitch—uses straight needle and sews alike on both sides of the cloth.
Address, W. H. BAREMORE,
General Agent,
138 Canal St.,
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Agents wanted in Louisiana.
Sept. 21-6m e

CARPET WAREHOUSE.

A. BROUSSEAU & CO., IMPORTERS
19 CHARTRES ST.,
New Orleans, La.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Great Medical Discovery!

DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
VINEGAR BITTERS,
Hundreds of Thousands
Bear testimony to their wonderful
Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?



THEY ARE NOT A VILE
FANCY DRINK,

Made of Pure Gum, Cayenne, Froof spirits, and Refine Liguors, doctors, speak and are named to please the taste, called "Fancy Bitters," "Resorcers," &c., that lead the tongue to drunkenness and pain, but are Alcoholics, made from the Sarsaparilla and Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the GREAT PURGATIVE AND LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE.

It is a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying out all poisonous matter, and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters, according to directions, and remain long unwell.

\$100 will be given for an incurable case, provided the liver is not diseased, and the vital organs are not otherwise morbid, and the vital organs are not otherwise morbid, and the vital organs are not otherwise morbid.

For Indigestion, Chronic Rheumatism, and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs, and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them inefficient in cleansing the blood of impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulder, Cough, Tightness of the Chest, Diarrhoea, Sour Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Billious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Copious Discharges of Urine, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms which are the offspring of Dyspepsia, are cured by these Bitters.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood, and remove its impurities by using the skin in Florida, eruptions, or sores, cleanse it when it is impure, and your feelings will tell you. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

WORMS, TAPE, and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectively destroyed and removed, and a hundred other ailments are cured by these Bitters.

For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle, printed in four languages—English, German, French, and Spanish.

H. WALKER, 22 & 24 Commerce Street, N. Y. Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & Co., Distributors and General Agents, San Francisco, California, and 22 and 24 Commerce Street, N. Y.

SOLE BY ALL DRUGGISTS and DEALERS.

FOR SALE BY HENRY ST. JOHN
Oct. 5th, 1870.

GRAND EGORE WEEKLY PACKET.

Leaves New Orleans every Tuesday at 5 P. M.—Alexandria every Saturday at 12 M.

THE NEW AND FAST RUNNING STEAMER,

BERTHA!
B. W. KAY.....Master
TOM CLEMENTS.....Clerk

HAS been placed permanently in the trade, as above, and will leave punctually as advertised. For freight or passage apply on board or to
E. R. BLOSSAT,
Agent,
Nov. 2-4f.

FOR NEW ORLEANS!

THE NEW AND FAST PASSENGER PACKET,
FLETA!
NOAH SCOVELL.....Master
M. L. SCOVELL.....Clerk

(In place of Grand Era)

WILL leave Alexandria for New Orleans every SATURDAY at 5 P. M. Retaining, leaves New Orleans every TUESDAY. Shippers and passengers can rely on the FLETA leaving promptly as advertised.
E. R. BLOSSAT, Agents
J. A. WILLIAMS, Agents
Wide rosy guards for stock.
Oct. 26-7f.

REGULAR WEEKLY PACKET!

LEAVES NEW ORLEANS EVERY SATURDAY

RAPIDES:

JOHN HIENN.....Master
Culbertson, Hawkins and Dowty, Clerks

MAKES regular weekly trips in the New Orleans and Grand Egore trade. Leaves Alexandria every Wednesday at 3 P. M. For freight or passage apply to E. R. BLOSSAT,
Oct. 19, 1870-4f. Agent.

NOTICE.

I have been appointed Agent for the Driving Wells, on the House of Wynn & Parr, and are prepared to fill orders for the same.
An experienced workman employed from the House.
I. C. MILLER.

For Rent,
A LARGE and COMMODIOUS WAREHOUSE, immediately on the river bank, with a yard and shed attached. For terms apply to the undersigned.
July 27-4f.
A. CANFIELD.

FOR SALE.

JUST RECEIVED, from St. Louis, Flour and 25 Bbls. POTATOES.
Oct. 26th-3f.

FRESH TURNIP SEED—

LANDRETH'S NEW CROP OF 1870.
For Sale by
HENRY ST. JOHN
July 20-2m.

JUST RECEIVED.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LANRETH'S Garden Seeds.
Feb. 10-4f.
YAIT & LANEY.

A SERMON

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL R. E. LEE, DELIVERED IN THE BAPTIST HOUSE OF WORSHIP, CHENEYVILLE, LA., ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1870, BY ELDER THOMAS LANDELL.

"Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the King delighteth to honor."—[Ezther, 6: 11.

A sentence or two concerning the history of this text may serve to excite our interest, place before us a profitable lesson, and show that the sentiment contained in it is appropriate to the present hour and to the more than ordinary circumstances by which we are to-day surrounded.

It carries us back over the track of time more than twenty-three long centuries, and introduces us to a most interesting scene in the rich and gorgeous Capital of the Medo Persian Empire. One hundred and twenty-seven Provinces, extending "from India even unto Ethiopia," received law from the King and poured their revenues into his Treasury and their riches into his Capital. When he would display to the admiring gaze of the nobles and princes of his provinces "the riches of his glorious kingdom, and the honor of his excellent majesty," many days, even an "hundred and fourscore," were consumed. In this Capital, according to the commandment of this King, and on its principal street, is a most imposing procession. Upon burnished steel, gold, jewels and diamonds, the rays of the rising sun play and add additional splendor. Strains of sweet music fall pleasantly upon the ear. The most prominent figure is one dressed in royal robes, riding the horse upon which the King alone rides, and that only when he appears in state. Indeed, the royal crown is upon his head, and the absence of the sceptre alone shows that he is not the King himself. On either side the multitudinous prostrate themselves as a Prince proclaims, "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the King delighteth to honor."

Our curiosity is excited and we desire to know something of "the man whom the King delighteth to honor," and of the reason why just this honor, so flattering, it is true, to human vanity, but in reality so empty and worthless, is thus bestowed. The honored man is a very humble, yea, despised individual, yet a good, and destined to be, a great man. The act of honor is an expression, a just expression from the King, of gratitude for services rendered. The manner of expressing this gratitude is the dictate neither of the King nor of the man who receives it, but of one filled with vanity, ambition, envy and revenge.

Sometime previous, "Mordecai, the Jew who sat in the King's gate," heard two of his officers lay a plot to take their master's life. He gave information; they were executed, and the transaction recorded in the journal of the kingdom.

Haman was promoted to great honor, and placed next, in authority and power, to the King. Every day when he went to the palace, all bowed before him but Mordecai, the Jew. When informed of it he became much enraged, and formed a plan not only to have Mordecai executed, but also all the Jews, men, women and children, in all the provinces, amounting to many thousands, put to the sword. The decree was obtained—everything seemed to prosper, and his wicked heart rejoiced in prospect of the carnival of blood.—The day previous he had erected a gallows fifty cubits high, upon which Mordecai should hang.

"On that night the King could not sleep," and he commanded the book of the record of his reign to be brought and read to him. And it was found written that Mordecai had told of the two officers who sought to lay hand on the King. He asked at once, "What honor and dignity hath been done to Mordecai for this?" The servants answered, "There is nothing done for him. The next question was, 'Who is in the Court?' 'Now Haman was to come into the outward Court of the King's house to speak to the King to hang Mordecai on the gallows he had prepared for him.' The answer was, 'Haman.' And the King said, 'Let him come in.' The first sentence to Haman was, 'What shall be done unto the man whom the King delighteth to honor?' He, supposing that the King meant to honor him, answered, 'That he should be clothed in royal apparel, crowned, ride the King's horse, and be paraded through the street of the city.' The command was that Haman should thus clothe Mordecai, the Jew who sat in the King's gate, and be careful to let nothing fail. That day Haman was hung on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai, and Mordecai was permitted to fill Haman's place.

"Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the King delighteth to honor." I have said that this honor was an expression—a just though public one—of gratitude for services rendered. The principle of the text is right. Those who deserve honor from their fellow

men should receive it, and it is right and proper for those who owe a debt of gratitude to pay it. And in this instance, above all others, should take the lead, for to them especially is it written, "Render to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor" is due. The Teacher and Savior of the world has said: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

Preserving the true and just sentiment of the text, I change the phraseology only, and read—Thus shall it be done in memory of the man whose name his people delight to honor.

Thus shall it be done. How? Not the empty pageant of an hour, flattering to human pride and vanity, but really empty and worthless as it is short and fascinating. Not the decking in royal robes, to which there is no birthright, nor the wearing of a regal crown without the title and the sceptre. Not the mechanical prostration of the multitude as a Prince proclaims the mandate of one of earth's mightiest monarchs. These things might tickle the ears of the vain and ambitious Haman, and amuse an Eastern monarch, but here they would be all out of place and little less than sacrilege.

Thus shall it be done. How? Why, there shall be an honor deeper, higher, wider, nobler and more sacred than all this. There shall be a heart offering as extended as the country for which he fought, deep as the love of the people he called his own, free as the Southern winds and pure as ever mortals offered. When it is announced that Robert E. Lee is no more—that the pure patriot, the great captain, and the christian hero has ended his career, fought indeed his last battle and received from the skies his discharge—behold, from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Chesapeake Bay to the Rio Grande, as the news flies from city to city and from town to town, the whole land puts on mourning. Among all the people there is scarcely a heart which does not feel a pang of sorrow, nor an eye that does not drop at least one tear. Public Halls, churches, edifices, stores, private residences are all draped in deepest mourning. Business houses are closed, the quiet of a Sabbath rests over town and city, and the tolling bells tell how a land mourns and a nation weeps.—No imperial mandate nor Presidential proclamation calls forth these expressions, but they are the simultaneous outburst, the sincere heart offerings of the people. There is a something—a pure love in the heart that prompts it to bring its offerings and say—Thus shall it be done in memory of the man whose name his people delight to honor.

It is just this feeling that draped this house, wrote that name in black and wreathed it in mourning. Just this feeling, this pure desire to do something, caused your humble speaker to devote this hour to and bring his humble offering in honor of the memory of Robert E. Lee. In proof of the depth and purity of our love to the memory of our fallen chief, is the feeling that we can bring nothing good enough and do nothing great enough to meet the demand made upon us. We feel that we ought to do and must do something; that not to give expression to our feelings would be next to unpardonable, and yet do our best and it falls far short of our desires. It must be, because we know that up to the present no duty just like this one has ever devolved upon us, and we feel that we shall never live long enough to meet such an one in the future; that for us there is and can be but one Robert E. Lee!

There is, however, one relieving thought and that is, that our duty runs parallel with our ability, and while each one is required to do all he can, he is not required to do more. Thus the widow's mite was a more acceptable offering than the larger gifts of many of the rich. If I am not able to bring a whole wreath composed of the richest and rarest flowers and place it around the memory of our fallen chief, yet I can bring a rose, a white rose—for it is the offering of a sincere heart.

Thus shall it be done. How? Why, as already intimated, this great and unique occasion lays the whole southern land under tribute, and justly demands of every profession, class and individual, a revenue. And even beyond the bright skies, pleasant breezes, and lovely flowers of our own "sweet home," this demand will be felt and acknowledged. Wherever there is the mental and moral ability to appreciate and admire true greatness of character, eminent military acquirements, capacity and skill, and christian patriotism of the highest order, there, wherever it is, is the name of our Lee will demand and receive its due of just admiration and honor.

The eloquence of the South, that pleasing enchantress and at the same time Herculean power, which from pulpit,

bar, legislative hall and political platform has so often stirred the hearts and swayed the passions of the multitudes; eloquence, true eloquence, receiving the blessing of the God who gave it, (for it is the gift,) has done so much and such noble good, will be ready to meet the demand laid upon it and willing to throw its revenue in to help pay a people's gratitude.

True eloquence, like the God who gave it, ever ready and willing to do good, will say from more than a thousand tongues, each tongue catching inspiration from the subject which moves the heart—Thus shall it be done in memory of the man whose name his people delight to honor.

The eloquence of the South will lay all nature under tribute, dig from richest mines their most precious jewels; call from mountain height the rarest, and from lowland plain, the richest flowers; weave with patience and diligence her wreath, entwining it with evergreen and bestudding it with diamonds. Oh, she will indeed bring her richest and rarest offering and place it with the tenderness of a mother's hand around the monument of affection which has already been reared in the hearts of the Southern people to Robert E. Lee.

The poetry of the "Sunny South," the land of orange and magnolia groves, of high mountains and rapid rivers, of malarious swamps and broad fields, rivaling the lands of the Nile in productivity; the poetry of such a land will be ready and willing, yea, perhaps anxious to rival even eloquence in the richness, costliness and tenderness of her offerings. I cannot imagine a more extended, variegated or beautiful field, or a more opportune time for such a laudable contest. Pause with me and survey for a moment this rich field and the imaginary contest on its historic plains. The subject is to adorn and enshrine the memory of Robert E. Lee—the field his whole life. His ancestry, infancy, childhood, youth, manhood. The student, the soldier, the great General and military genius and commander, the citizen, the man of letters and the christian. The public life, the retirement, and at last the peaceful death. And then beyond this life that which revelation alone opens before us, telling of a Kingdom which cannot be moved, a Paradise without a death or a tear, and a crown of righteousness which the righteous Judge shall give to all who are prepared to receive it. And yet we have not fully surveyed this extended field, nor mentioned all which is found in it, so well calculated to fire eloquence and inspire poetry.—We find something stranger than fiction, and were it not for our own sad experiences and the testimony of history, we might be tempted to say it is the work of some strong imagination. In the centre of our imaginary field we behold a great nation born in a day, matured in a year, and presenting a spectacle upon which the world looks in wonder and admiration. Her armies great and powerful, her soldiers the bravest of the brave, her Generals great as any other Generals. At the head of the most powerful and successful army of this nation, and the acknowledged chief of all, we behold our Lee. His campaigns, battles and victories are familiar to all. At last this nation died, starved to death and overpowered, but conquered, never! What material and how rich may be gathered from the well fought battle fields and amazing victories of the Army of Northern Virginia—victories wrested from a brave and powerful enemy, outnumbering the victors two and three to one! With such a field strewn all over with such material, with the inspiration of the muse and the name of Lee to charm, the poets of the South, we know not how many, will all willingly meet the great demand and pay their quota of the people's gratitude. In language tender and moving as that of the mother to her babe, poetry will come with her beautiful wreath, and placing it beside that of eloquence, sing, while from her eyes she drops a pearly tear—Thus shall it be done in memory of the man whose name his people delight to honor.

The historians of the South, walking side by side with eloquence and poetry, their hearts fired with both, and their pens dipped first in love for true departed greatness, then in ink to record on the Archives of Time his character and deeds, will be ready and willing to pay their large share of the debt of a mourning people's gratitude. They will, with philosophical acumen and skill, explore the annals of the past, analyze the character and actions of the great commanders of old, then turning to our own short but brilliant history, apply the same severe tests of a just criticism, and the result will be that the name of our Lee will stand high among all the great Generals of earth, in some things perhaps above them all. They will not fail to mark the cruelty of Napoleon Bonaparte to his prisoners, and even to his own sick and wounded; the savage cruelties of the Ger-

mans now in France; the campaign of Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia; Sherman's march to the sea; Banks' retreat from Mansfield and Butler's reign of terror in New Orleans; then turning, trace the marches of Lee in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and the contrast will place around the memory of the noble christian General a halo of true glory. They will give in detail every particular concerning the siege of Richmond, describe minutely everything pertaining to the marches and battles of our Lee, then contrast these with other great marches and battles, and the result will be that the name his people delight to honor will rise higher and higher still on the roll of fame.

Thus shall history come, and speaking with a voice which shall be heard by generations yet unborn, lay her rich offering next to that of poetry, saying, Thus shall it be done in memory of the man whose name his people delight to honor.

The wealth of the South, beholding the costly offerings of eloquence, poetry and history, will be ready and anxious to contribute her large share of the great debt of gratitude. She will build a monument of white marble, emblematical of the purity of the man whose memory she seeks thus to honor. The foundation will be laid deep and broad, to denote the depth of his patriotism and the strength of his love for his people, and will rise high in air to show the height of his fame and the love of his people.

The artist skill of the South will join the grand procession and bring her rich and beautiful tribute. The pencil and the brush shall preserve as her richest and most admired treasure, every feature and expression of countenance of the calm and noble face. The chisel will, with patient labor and admirable skill, place form and feature in the lasting marble. And art shall say in works that will last for ages—Thus shall it be done in memory of the man whose name his people delight to honor.

The christianity of the South—has she no offering to bring, and no part in the payment of the great debt of the people's gratitude? Christianity, pure christianity, daughter of the skies, born of God's eternal love, the only true salvation for the lost and comforter of the distressed, she claims, and I think justly, the great departed as her own. How much she strengthened and assisted him in his arduous duties when he labored so hard for us all, we can never know. What comfort she gave in his darkest hours, we know not. How she supported the lone spirit, when heart and flesh both failed, we can only imagine. This we know—his faith was in God, and God never forsakes His own. Has she no offering to bring, no tribute to pay? Yes, but not a separate one. She chooses rather to take part in all and, as far as she can, sanctify the whole. She will come with and in eloquence, poetry, history, wealth and art, and assist, encourage and strengthen them all. She will seek to gather them all together, and with one voice, the voice of the whole people, say—Thus, with the blessing of God, shall it be done in memory of the man whose name his people delight to honor.

A sentence or two to two classes of hearers, and I close.

First, to the unconverted—such as are living without God and have no hope. Friends, think of a whole land in mourning for the loss of one man—"But," in the language of Robert Hall, "what, if it be lawful to indulge such a thought, what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle? Or, could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion?—Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light and the moon her brightness; to cover the ocean with mourning and the heavens with sackcloth? Or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe? Then, dear friends, if such is the unutterable ruin just before you, and which it is impossible not to meet in your present course, pause, turn and fly to that Savior who, reaching to you His hands of mercy and love, says, "Come, for all things are ready."

Second, to christians. Brethren, a land in mourning speaks to us, saying, "This is not your rest." The death of our Lee repeats a warning we have heard a thousand times, but that voice is now a thousand times louder than ever we heard it before, saying, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh."

Probably many are not aware that black dyed silk is liable to spontaneous combustion, but such is believed to be the fact by experienced observers. The real cause of the action has not yet been definitely elucidated.—However, it is advisable not to keep large quantities of black dyed silk together, and also to prevent it getting very or being kept where there is not ample ventilation.