GEORGE PEABODY.

Last Rites Over the Remains of the Illustrious Dead.

Prince Arthur, Minister Thornton, Governors Claflin and Chamberlain and Other Prominent Men Present—Interesting and Impressive Ceremonies—Address by Robert C. Winthrop — Imposing Procession to the Family Tomb.

PEABODY, Mass., Feb. 8, 1870.

The final obsequies over the remains of George Peabody were attended to-day by between 8,000 and 10,000 people, and the order of exercises substantially as arranged was carried out, despite the severe snow storm that prevailed throughout the entire ceremonies.

The casket containing the remains had been quietly removed at midnight by the guard of honor from the Peabody Institute to the South Congregational church; and when the populace arrived in the morning and during the forenoon to view the remains the funeral decorations in the building and on the fronts of the public buildings and many private residences only met their curious gaze. From nine until eleven o'clock the distinguished participants and troops detailed to perform the escort duty were constantly arriving from all directions by rail and private conveyances. The decorations throughout the town were general and in remarkably good taste. The interior of the church was appropriately decorated and darkened, the few gas jets that were lighted giving a sombre effect to the scene. The pulpit, galleries, organ and windows were covered with black, with a narrow fringe of white, the silvered monogram "G. P." being placed at prominent intervals.

The casket, as it lay in front of the pulpit, was elaborately strewn with the choicest flowers in the most exquisite funeral designs. Behind, on the pulpit face, an elegant cross; on the centre of the casket a magnificent crown, and at the head and foot large and tasseful bouquets, all entwined with delicate green. The Sutton Guard stood sentinel over the remains.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN PRESENT.

At eleven o'clock the relatives and intimate friends of the deceased took the seats assigned them in the body of the church, the ticket-holding public having been seated in the galleries. The first among the distinguished guests to arrive was Prince Arthur, in the undress uniform of his regiment, and Minister Thornton, in full court dress, followed by their retinue. The Governors of Massachusetts and Maine, with their respective staffs, came next. Officers of the British and American armies and navies, including Captain Commerell, of the Monarch; Captain Macomb, of the Plymouth, and the staff of Admiral Farragut, followed. President Eliot, of Harvard University, and representatives of various educational institutions; Mayor Shurtleff, of Boston, and delegations from several other cities were included in the congregation.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONY.

At half past eleven o'clock the services began with a voluntary on the organ. The anthem, "Unto Thee shall all flesh come," by Mozart, was then impressively sung. Scripture selections were read by Rev. Daniel Marsh, pastor the Peabody Memorial church, in Georgetown.

Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, LL. D., then delivered a eulogy, which was made remarkably interesting and impressive by his close intimacy with the deceased while living, and by his trust as president of the trustees of the educational fund Mr. Peabody left for the benefit of America in the future.

ADDRESS OF ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

While I have been unwilling, my friends, wholly to decline the request of your Committee of Arrangements, or to seem wanting in any service which might, perchance, have gratified him whom, in common with you all, I have so honored and loved, I have still felt deeply—and I cannot help feeling at this moment more deeply than ever before—that any words of mine might well have been spared on this occasion. The solemn tones of the organ, the plaintive notes of the funeral chant, the consoling lessons of the sacred Scriptures, the fervent utterances of prayer and praise—these would seem to me the only appropriate—I had almost said the only endurable—interruptions of the silent sorrow which befits a scene like this. Even were it possible for me to add anything worth adding to the tributes on both sides of the ocean, which already have well nigh exhausted the language of eulogy, the formal phrases of a departed memoir or of a protracted and studied panegyric would congeal upon my lips, and fall frozen upon the ears and hearts of all whom I address, in presence of the lifeless form of one who has so long been the support, the ornament, the dear delight of this village of his nativity. We cannot, indeed, any of us, gather around these cherished remains and prepare to commit them, tenderly and affectionately, to their mother earth without a keen sense of personal affliction and bereavement. He was too devoted and loving a brother, he was too kind and thoughtful a kinsman, he was too genial and steadfast a friend not to be missed and mourned by those around me, as few others have ever been missed and mourned here before. I am not insensible to my own full share of the private and public grief which pervades this community. And yet, my friends, it is by no means sorrow alone which may well be indulged by us all at such an hour as this. Other emotions—I hazard nothing in saying—far other emotions besides those of grief are even now rising and swelling in all our hearts—emotions of pride, emotions of joy, emotions of triumph. Am I not right? How could it be otherwise? What a career has that been of which the final scene is now, at length, before us! Who can contemplate its rise and progress, from the lowly cradle in this south parish of old Danvers—henceforth to be known of all men by his name—to the temporary repose in Westminster Abbey, followed by that august procession across the Atlantic, whose wake upon the waters will glow and sparkle to the end of time, growing more and more luminous with the lapse of years—who, I say, can contemplate that career, from its humble commencement to its magnificent completion, without an irrepressible thrill of admiration and almost of rapture? Who, certainly, can contemplate the immediate close of this extraordinary life without rejoicing, not only that it was so painless, so peaceful, so happy in itself; not only that it was so providentially postponed until he had been enabled once more to revisit his native land, to complete his great American benefactions, to hold personal intercourse with those friends at the South for whose welfare he has the largest and most cherished of these benefactions was designed, and to take solemn leave of those to whom he was bound by so many ties of affection not of blood, but that it occurred at a time and under circumstances so peculiarly fortunate for attracting the largest attention, and for giving the widest impression and influence to his great and inspiring example? For this, precisely this, as I believe, would have been the most gratifying consideration to our lamented friend himself could he have distinctly foreseen all that has happened since he left you a few months since. Could it have been foretold him as he embarked, with feeble strength and faltering steps on board his favorite steamer, at New York, on the 23d of September last, not merely that he was leaving kinsfolk and friends and native land for the last time, but that hardly four weeks would have elapsed after his arrival at Liverpool before he should be the subject of funeral honors by command of the Queen of England, and sound he down for a time beneath the consecrated arches of that far-famed minster, among the kings and counselors of the earth; could it have been foretold him that his acts would be the theme of eloquent tributes from high prelates of the Church and from the highest minister of the Crown, and that Great Britain and the United States—not always nor often, alas! in perfect accord—should vie with each other in furnishing their proudest national ships to escort his remains over the Ocean, exhibiting such a funeral fleet as the world, in all its history, had never witnessed before; could all this have been whispered in his ear as it was catching those last farewells of relatives and friends, he must, indeed, have been more than mortal not to have experienced some unwonted emotions of personal gratification and pride.

But I do believe, from all I have ever seen or known of him—and few others at home or abroad have of late enjoyed more of his confidence—that far, far above any feelings of this sort his great heart would have throbbed, as it never throbbed before, with gratitude to God and man, that the example which he had given to the world, by employing the wealth which he had accumulated during a long life of industry and integrity in relieving the wants of his fellow men wherever they were most apparent to him; in providing lodgings for the poor of London; in providing education for the children of our own desolated South; in building a memorial church for the parish in which his mother had worshipped; in founding or endowing institutes and libraries and academies of science in the town in which he was born, in the city in which he had longest resided, and in so many other places with which, for a longer or shorter time, he had been connected—that this grand and glorious example of munificence and beneficence, would thus be so signally held up to the contemplation of mankind, in a way not only to commend it to their remembrance and regard, but to command for it their respect and imitation. This, I feel assured, he would have felt to be the accomplishment of the warmest wish of his heart—the consummation of the most cherished object of his life. Our lamented friend was not, indeed, without ambition. He not only liked to do grand things, but he liked to do them in a grand way. We all remember those sumptuous and princely banquets with which he sometimes diversified the habitual simplicity and frugality of his daily life. He was not without a decided taste for occasional display—call it even ostentation, if you will. We certainly may not ascribe to him a pre-eminent measure of that sort of charity which shuns publicity, which shrinks from observation, and which, according to one of our Saviour's well-remembered injunctions, "doeth its alms in secret." He may, or he may not, have exercised as much of this kind of beneficence as any of those in similar condition around him. I fully believe that he did. We all understand, however, that

> Of that best portion of a good man's life—
> His little, unnoticed, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love—

there can be no record except on high, or in the grateful hearts of those who have been aided and relieved. That record shall be revealed hereafter. The world can know little or nothing of it now. But any one must perceive at a glance that the sort of charity which our lamented friend illustrated and exercised was wholly incompatible with concealment or reserve. The great trusts which he established, the great institutions which he founded, the capacious and costly edifices which he erected, were things that could not be hid—which could not be done in a corner. They were, in their own intrinsic and essential nature, patent to the world's eye. He could not have performed these noble acts in his lifetime, as it was his peculiar choice to do, and as it will be his peculiar distinction and glory to have done, without suffering himself "to be seen of men;" without being known, and recognized, and celebrated as their author. He must have postponed them all, as others have done, for posthumous execution; he must have refrained from parting with his millions until death should have wrested them from a reluctant grasp—had he shrunk from the notoriety and celebrity which inevitably attend upon such a career. He did not fail to remember, however—for he was no stranger to the Bible—that there were at least two modes of doing good commended in Holy Writ. He did not forget that the same glorious Gospel, nay, that the same incomparable Sermon on the Mount, which said, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," said, also, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." This, this might almost be regarded as the chosen motto of his later life, and might, not inappropriately, be inscribed as such on his tombstone. Certainly, my friends, his light has shone before men. Certainly, they have seen his good works; and who shall doubt that they have glorified his Father which is in heaven? Yes, glory to God, glory to God in the highest has I am persuaded, swollen up from the hearts of millions in both hemispheres with a new fervor as they have followed him in his grand circumnavigation of benevolence, and as they have witnessed, one after another, his multifold and magnificent endowments. And his own heart, I repeat, would have throbbed and thrilled as it never thrilled or throbbed before, with gratitude to God and man could he have foreseen that the matchless example of munificence which it had been the cherished aim of his later years to exhibit would be rendered, as it has now been rendered, so signal, so inspiring, so enduring, so immortal by the homage which has been paid to his memory by the princes and potentates, as well as by the poor, of the Old World, and by the government and the whole people of his own beloved country.

I have spoken of the exhibition of this example as having been the cherished aim of his later years; but I am not without authority for saying that it was among the fondest wishes of his whole mature life. I cannot forget that, in one of those confidential consultations with which he honored me some years since, after unfolding his plans and telling me substantially all that he designed to do—for almost everything he did was of his own original designing—and, when I was filled with admiration and amazement at the magnitude and sublimity of his purposes he said to me, with that guileless simplicity which characterized so much of his social intercourse and conversation, "Why, Mr. Winthrop, this is no new idea to me. From the earliest years of my manhood I have contemplated some such disposition of my property; and I have prayed my Heavenly Father, day by day, that I might be enabled, before I died, to show my gratitude for the blessings which He has bestowed upon me by doing some great good to my fellow men." Well has the living laureate of England sung, in one of his latest published poems—

> More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of.

The prayer has been heard and answered. That noble aspiration has been more than fulfilled. The judgment of the future will confirm the opinion of the hour; and history, instead of consigning herself with merely enrolling his name, in chronological or alphabetical order, as one among the many benefactors of mankind, will assign him—unless I greatly mistake her verdict—a place by himself, far above all competition or comparison, first without a second, as having done the greatest good for the greatest number of his fellow men—so far, at least, as pecuniary means could accomplish such a result—of which there has thus far been any authentic record in merely human annals. It would afford a most inadequate measure of his munificence were I to sum up the dollars or the pounds he has distributed; or the number of persons whom his perennial provisions, for dwellings or for schools, will have included, in years to come, on one side of the Atlantic or the other. Tried even by this narrow test, his beneficence has neither precedent nor parallel. But it is, as having attracted and compelled the attention of mankind to the beauty, the nobleness, the true glory of living and doing for others; it is as having raised the standard of munificence to a degree which has almost made it a new thing in the world; it is as having exhibited a wisdom and a discrimination in selecting the objects and in arranging the machinery of his bounty, which a most candid him to the credit of an inventor; it is as having, in the words of the brilliant Gladstone, "taught us how a man may be the master of his fortune and not its slave;" it is as having discarded all considerations of caste, creed, condition, nationality, in his world-wide philanthropy, regarding nothing human as alien to him; it is as having deliberately stripped himself in his lifetime of the property he had so laboriously acquired, delighting as much in devising modes of bestowing his wealth as he had ever done in contriving plans for its increase and accumulation, literally throwing out his logs like some adventurous aeronaut who would mount higher and higher to the skies, and really exulting as he calculated, from time to time, how little of all his laborious earnings he had at last left for himself; it is as having furnished this new and living and magnetic example, which can never be lost to history, never fail to attract, inspire and stimulate the lovers of their fellow men, as long as human wants and human wealth shall coexist upon the earth—it is in this way that our lamented friend has attained a preeminence among the benefactors of his age and race, like that of Washington among patriots or that of Shakspeare or Milton among poets. I do not altogether forget those Minchases of old whom philosophers and poets have so delighted to extol. I do not forget the passing tribute of the great Roman orator to one of the plutocrats of his own period, as having displayed an incredible benignity in amassing a vast fortune, not "as the prey of avarice, but as the instrument of long good." I do not forget the founders of the Royal Exchange in London, and of the noble hospital in Edinburg; the princely merchant of Queen Elizabeth's day, or the "Jingling Georgie" of England's first King James. I do not forget how strikingly Edmund Burke foreshadowed our lamented friend, when he said of one of his own contemporaries, "His fortune is among the largest—a fortune which, wholly unincumbered as it is, without one single charge from luxury, vanity or excess, sinks under the benevolence of its dispenser. This private benevolence, expanding itself into patriotism, renders his whole being the estate of the public, in which he has not reserved a *peculium* for himself of profit, diversion or relaxation." I do not forget the Baron de Montayon, of France, whose noble benefactions are annually distributed by the Imperial Academy, and whose portrait has been combined with that of our own Franklin on a medal commemorative of their kindred beneficence. I recall, too, the refrain of an ode to a late munificent English duke, on the erection of his statue at Belvoir Castle, which might well have been sung again when Story's statue of our friend was recently unveiled by the Prince of Wales—

> Oh, my brethren, what a glory
> To the world is one good man!

Nor do I fail to remember the long roll of benefactors, dead and living, of whom our own age, and our own country, and our mother country—New England and Old England—may so justly boast. But no one imagines that either Cincinnatus Curius, or Sir Thomas Gresham, or George Heriot, or Sir George Savile, or any Duke of Rutland, or Monthyon, or Franklin, or any of the later and larger benefactors of our own time or land, can ever vie in historic celebrity as a practical philanthropist, with him whom we bury here to-day. Think me not unmindful, my friends, that for the manifestation of a true spirit of benevolence, two mites will suffice as well as untold millions—a cup of cold water, as well as a treasure house of silver and gold. Think me not unmindful, either, of the grand and glorious results, for the welfare of mankind, which have been accomplished by purely moral or religious influences; by personal toil and trust, by the force of Christian character and example, by the exercise of some great gifts of intellect or eloquence, by simple self-devotion and self-sacrifice, without any employment whatever of pecuniary means; by missionaries in the cause of Christ, by reformers of prisons and organizers of hospitals, by Sisters of Charity, by visitors of the poor, by champions of the oppressed—by such women as Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale, and such men as John Howard and William Wilberforce; or, to go further back in history, by men like our own John Eliot, the early apostle to the Indians, or like that sainted Vincent de Paul, whose memory has been so justly honored in France for more than two centuries. But philanthropy of this sort, I need not say, stands on a somewhat different plane, and cannot fairly enter into this comparison. It is enough to say of our lamented friend, as we have seen and known him of late, that in him were united—as rarely, if ever before—the largest desire and the largest ability to do good; that his will was in least commensurate with his wealth, and that nothing but the limited extent of even the most considerable earthly estate prevented his enjoying the very antepast of celestial bliss:—

> For when the power of imparting good
> Is equal to the will, the human soul
> Requires no other heaven.

And now, my friends, what wonder is it that all that was mortal of such a man has come back to us to-day with such a convoy and with such accompanying honors as well might have benited some mighty conqueror or some princely hero? Was he not indeed a conqueror? Was he not indeed a hero? Oh! it is not on the battle field or on the blood-stained ocean alone that conquests are achieved and victories won. There are battles to be fought, there is a life-long warfare to be waged by each one of us, in our own breast and against our own selfish natures. And what conflict is harder than that which awaits the accumulator of great wealth! Who can ever forget or remember without a shudder the emphatic testimony to the character of that conflict, which was borne by our blessed Saviour—who knew what was in man better than any man knows it for himself—when He said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God," and when He bade that rich young man "sell all that he had and distribute to the poor and then come and follow Him." It would be doing grievous injustice to our lamented friend were we to deny or conceal that there were elements in his character which made his own warfare, in this respect, a stern one. He was no stranger to the love of accumulation. He was no stranger to the passion for gaining and saving and hoarding. There were in his nature the germs, and more than the germs, of economy and even of parsimony, and sometimes they would sprout and spring up in spite of himself. Nothing less strong than his own will, nothing less incomitable than his own courage, could have enabled him, by the grace of God, to strive successfully against that greedy, grudging, avaricious spirit which so often besets the talent for acquisition. In a thousand little ways you might perceive to the last how much within him he had contended against, how much within him he had overcome and vanquished. All the more glorious and signal was the victory. All the more deserved and appropriate are these trappings of triumph with which his remains have been restored to us. You rob him of his richest laurel, you refuse him his brightest crown, when you attempt to cover up or disguise any of those innate tendencies, any of those acquired habits, any of those besetting temptations against which he struggled so bravely and so triumphantly. Recount, if you please, every penurious or mercenary act of his earlier or his later life, which friends have ever witnessed—if they have ever witnessed any—or which malice has ever whispered or hinted at—and malice, we know, has not spared him in more ways than one—and you have only added to his titles to be received and remembered as a hero and a conqueror. As such a conqueror, then, you have received him from that majestic turreted iron-clad which the gracious monarch of our motherland has deputed as her own messenger to bear him back to his home. As such a conqueror you have canopied his funeral car with the flag of his country; ay, with the flags of both his countries, between whom I pray God that his memory may ever be a pledge of mutual forbearance and affectionate regard. As such a conqueror you mark the day and the hour of his burial by minute guns, and fire a farewell shot, it may be, as the clods of his native soil are heaped upon his breast. We do not forget, however, amid all this martial pomp, how eminently he was a man of peace; or how earnestly he desired, or how much he had done, to inculcate a spirit of peace, national and international. I may not attempt to enter here to-day into any consideration of the influence of his specific endowments at home or abroad, American or English; but I may say, in a single word, that I think history will be searched in vain for the record of any merely human acts, recent or remote, which have been more in harmony with that angelic chorus which, just as the fleet, with this sad freight, had entered on its funeral voyage across the Atlantic, the whole Christian world was uniting to ring back again to the skies from which it first was heard—any merely human acts, which while, as I have said, they have waked a fresh and more fervent echo of "Glory to God in the highest," have done more to promote "Peace on earth and good will towards men."

Here, then, my friends, in this home of his infancy, where, seventy years ago, he attended the common village school and served his first apprenticeship as an humble shop boy—here, where, seventeen years ago, his first large public donation was made, accompanied by that memorable sentiment, "Education—a debt due from present to future generations"—here, where the monuments and memorials of his affection and his munificence surround us on every side, and where he had chosen to deposit that unique enamelled portrait of the Queen; that exquisite gold medal, the gift of his country; that charming little autograph note from the Empress of France, that imperial photograph of the Pope, inscribed by his own hand, and whatever other tributes had been most precious to him in life—here, where he has desired that his own remains should finally repose, near to the graves of his father and mother, enforcing that desire by those touching words, almost the last which he uttered, "Danvers, Danvers; don't forget"—here let us thank God for his transcendent example; and here let us resolve that it shall neither fail to be treasured up in our hearts and sacredly transmitted to our children and our children's children, nor be wholly without an influence upon our own immediate lives. Let it never be said that the tomb and the trophies are remembered and cherished, but the example forgotten or neglected. I may not longer detain you, my friends, from the sad ceremonies which remain to be performed by us; yet I cannot quite release you until I have alluded, in the simplest and briefest manner, to an incident of the last days, and almost the last hours, of this noble life, which has come to me from a source which cannot be questioned. While he was lying, seemingly unconscious, on his death bed in London, at the house of his kind friend, Sir Curtis Lampson, and when all direct communication with him had been for a time suspended, it was mentioned aloud in his presence in a manner and with a purpose, to test his consciousness that a highly valued acquaintance had called to see him; but he took no notice of the remark. Not long afterwards it was stated in a tone loud enough for him to hear that the Queen herself had sent a special telegram of inquiry and sympathy; but even that failed to arouse him. Once more, at no long interval, it was remarked that a faithful minister of the Gospel, with whom he had once made a voyage to America, was at the door, and his attention was instantly attracted. That "good man," as he called him with his latest breath, was received by him and prayed with him more than once. "It is a great mystery," he feebly observed; "but I shall know all soon," while his repeated amens gave audible and abundant evidence that those prayers were not lost upon his ear or upon his heart. The friendships of earth could no longer soothe him. The highest honors of the world—the kind attentions of a sovereign whom he knew how to respect, admire and love—could no longer satisfy him. The ambassador of Christ was the only visitor for that hour. Thus, we may humbly hope, was at last explained and fulfilled for him that mysterious saying of one of the ancient prophets of Israel, which he had heard many years before, as the text of a sermon by one whom he knew and valued; which had long lingered in his memory, and which by some force of association or reflection had again and again been recalled to his mind, and more than once, in my own hearing, been made the subject of his remark, "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear nor dark; but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night; but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." At evening time, it was, indeed, light for him. And who shall doubt, that when another morning shall break upon his grave, it shall be a morning without clouds—all light, and love and joy—for "the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb shall be the light thereof."

And so I bid farewell to thee, brave, honest, noble hearted friend. The village of thy birth weeps today for one who never caused her pain before. The "flower of Essex" is gathered at thy grave. Massachusetts mourns thee as a son who has given new lustre to her historic page; and Maine, not unmindful of her joint inheritance in the earlier glories of the parent State, has opened her noblest harbor, and draped her municipal halls with richest, saddest robes, to do honor to thy remains. New England, from mountain top to furthest cape, is in sympathy with the scene, and feels the fitness that the hallowed memories of "Leyden" and "Plymouth"—the refuge and the rock of her Pilgrim Fathers—should be associated with thy obsequies. This great and glorious nation, in all its restored and vindicated Union, partakes the pride of thy life and the sorrow of thy loss. In hundreds of schools of the desolated South the children even now are chanting thy requiem and weaving chaplets around thy name. In hundreds of comfortable homes, provided by thy bounty, the poor of the grandest city of the world even now are breathing blessings on thy memory. The proudest shrine of Old England has unlocked its consecrated vaults for thy repose. The bravest ship of a navy "whose march is o'er the mountain waves, whose home is on the deep" has borne thee as a conqueror to thy chosen rest; and, as it passed from isle to isle and from sea to sea, in a circumnavigation almost as wide as thy own charity, has given new significance to the memorable saying of the great funeral orator of antiquity—"Of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulchre; and not only does the inscription upon columns in their own land point it out, but in that also which is not their own, there dwells with every one an unwritten memorial of the heart." And now around thee are assembled, not only surviving shoolmates and old companions of thy youth, and neighbors and friends of thy maturer years, but votaries of science, ornaments of literature, heads of universities and academies, foremost men of commerce and the arts, ministers of the Gospel, delegates from distant States and rulers of thy own State, all eager to unite in paying such homage to a career of grand but simple beneficence as neither rank nor fortune nor learning nor genius could ever have commanded. Chiefs of the republic, representatives and more than representatives of royalty are not absent from thy bier. Nothing is wanting to give emphasis to thy example. Nothing is wanting to fill up the measure of thy fame. But what earthly honor—what accumulation of earthly honors—shall compare for a moment with the supreme hope and trust which we all humbly and devoutly cherish at this hour, that when the struggles and the victories, the pangs and the pageants of time shall all be ended, and the great awards of eternity shall be made up, thou mayest be found among those who are "more than conquerors, through Him who loved us!"

And so we bid thee farewell, brave, honest, noble-hearted friend of mankind!

THE PROCESSION.

At the conclusion of the address the beautiful trio of Tuckerman, "Their sun shall no more go down," was sung by the lady members of the choir, and was followed by a fervent prayer by the Rev. Daniel Marsh. The singing of the hymn, "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb," and a benediction ended the solemn service, and the large concourse in the church slowly withdrew, while the organ valedictory was performed, and were assigned positions behind the military. The following was the order of the procession:—

Five companies of the Fifth United States artillery, Colonel Kenchell; Salem Cadets and five companies of militia. The pall-bearers—Robert C. Winthrop, Charles F. Adams, John H. Clifford, Rev. Milton H. Bronan, D. D., Alfred A. Abbott, James M. Beebe, Nathaniel Thayer, Henry Poor, George A. Osborne, and Messrs. Lewis Allen, Elijah W. Upton, Fitch Poole, Samuel F. Dana, Otis P. Lord and Eben King. The funeral car (by the sides of which marched the Sutton Guards), the relatives, Prince Arthur of England and suite, Admiral Farragut's staff, representing the general government; Governor Claflin and staff, escorted by the Independent Corps of Cadets of Boston; Governor Chamberlain, of Maine, and staff; Captains Commerell of the Monarch, and Macomb of the Plymouth; trustees of the various educational and historical institutes that have been aided by the deceased, United States and British military and naval officers, the Executive Council of Massachusetts, delegations from the Massachusetts and Maryland Legislatures, committees of the governments of Salem, Boston, Portland and Baltimore; local and neighboring town officials and clergymen and citizens.

As the procession, which comprised 125 carriages, proceeded, to the music of four bands, through the drifting snow, to the Peabody tomb, in Harmony Grove, the effect was solemn in the extreme. The bells were tolled and minute guns fired.

THE REMAINS DEPOSITED IN THE TOMB.

The remains were deposited in the tomb at three o'clock, and the procession wended its way back to the town through the deep snow with difficulty.

Prince Arthur and other guests were refreshed at the residence of the chief marshal. The troops and others were cared for by the town authorities, and by nightfall the place presented its wonted quiet.

On the 15th inst. a memorial service will be held at the Peabody Institute, in the adjoining town of Danvers, when Rev. James Fletcher will deliver the eulogy.

Honors to the Memory of George Peabody in Boston and Baltimore.

BOSTON, Feb. 8, 1870.

The city bells tolled for one hour to-day in respect to the memory of George Peabody.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 8, 1870.

The flags on the public buildings are at half mast and the bells of the churches and Fire Department tolled from eleven A. M. to one P. M. in memory of George Peabody.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Prominent Arrivals in This City Yesterday.

General Von Phul, of Missouri; Colonel S. R. Moore, of New Jersey; X. W. Woodruff, of Connecticut; Dr. Samuel S. Davis and Colonel Henry Swan, of Boston; Rev. Clifton Hellen, of Washington; General M. W. Bruchard, of Missouri; Judge S. D. Lawrence, of Connecticut; Judge Robert Cochrane, of White Plains, and Rev. G. F. Wilkie, of Newburg, are at the Metropolitan Hotel.

Elias Merwin, of Boston, and R. R. Dobell, of Quebec, are at the Brevoort House.

Governor Burnside, of Rhode Island; A. M. Kinney, of Boston; Dr. P. Earle, of New Hampshire; General A. C. McClurg, of Chicago; Ben Field, of Albion, and General J. T. Blanchard, of Saratoga, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Hon. William S. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati; R. C. Parsons, of Cleveland; J. H. Ramsay, of Albany; E. S. Hamlin, of Massachusetts; L. Blackstone and J. F. Slater, of Norwich, are at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

A. T. Converse and David Lyman, of Connecticut; Alfred Gaither, of Ohio; S. A. Day, of the United States Army, and C. Stanford, of Schenectady, are at the Astor House.

R. G. Rieman, of Baltimore; J. M. Osborne and George T. Steadman, of Ohio, and E. P. Smith, of the United States Army, are at the Hoffman House.

E. Marquege, of New Orleans, and J. D. Bald, of Philadelphia, are at the Albemarle Hotel.

Colonel W. E. Clarke and Captain C. R. Denis, of Providence; W. H. Hartman, of Baltimore, and D. M. Boyd, of Washington, are at the Everett House.

J. H. C. Whiting and E. A. Helmbold, of Philadelphia, and J. Henry, of Boston, are at the St. George Hotel.

Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania; Dr. W. M. Hudson, of Hartford; Dr. Benjamin Wey, of Catskill, and L. Prang, of Boston, are at the St. Denis Hotel.

Colonel C. H. Castle and E. F. Rice, of Syracuse; Captain J. L. Hoyt, of Cuba, and Professor C. Humphrey, of Connecticut, are at the St. Charles Hotel.

Captain G. B. Palmer, of Stonington; N. Stetson, of Bridgewater; H. C. Leroy and family of Poughkeepsie, and John B. Young, of Baltimore, are at the New York Hotel.

G. E. Hutchinson, of Cleveland, and William S. Davis, of Worcester, are at the Irving House.

Prominent Departures.

Judge Nelson, for Poughkeepsie; ex-Governor Buckingham, for Massachusetts; C. C. Moodie, for Buffalo; Professor Hitchcock and Judge E. Bailey, for Philadelphia; Colonel W. A. Henderson, for Boston, and Major Wicks, for Washington.

Miscellaneous Personal Movements.

Council Bluffs has impeached its Mayor.

The Louisville *Courier* styles Jim Fisk, Jr., "the financial Falstaff."

General Meade is interesting himself in charitable works in Philadelphia.

Three men in Chicago got shot while trying to interview a fugitive thief.

The irrepressible Mrs. Thurston, of Portland, again offers the State of Maine for sale.

The Cairo *Bulletin* gravely talks about "Sturgeon, the celebrated English preacher."

A man with a "commission from Paul to preach," is holding forth in the towns of Vermont.

The Empress Eugénie has resumed her afternoon receptions, and tea is served at five o'clock.

The Board of Aldermen of Wilmington, N. C., is composed of three white men and five negroes.

Ex-Governor English, of Connecticut, is again to be nominated for Governor by the democrats of that State.

Several ladies in Detroit have petitioned the city council to appoint Lucy M. Arnold, M. D., city physician.

A California hotel keeper was lately shot dead by one of his guests because a seat was not saved for him at the first table.

Mr. A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, has turned editor. "Another good man gone!" says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

The members of the Massachusetts Legislature are said to complain bitterly because no Boston paper will publish their proceedings in full.

The Pope has sent his sincere congratulations to Count Daru for his recent speech on the Ecumenical Council, made in the French Senate.

Prince Napoleon visits the Tuileries every day and has long consultations with his cousin the Emperor, who appears to listen attentively to his reasoning.

The Governor and Council are entertaining at Augusta, Me., Captain Comerell, Lieutenant Arundell and Midshipman Childers, of her Majesty's steamship Monarch; Captain Shufeldt, Lieutenant Wise, Paymaster Woodhull and engineers Webster and Ingersoll, of the United States steamship Miantonomoh; Surgeon Nelson, of the United States steamship Benecia; Commander Ransom, Surgeon Scofield, Engineer Rose and Ensign Derby, of the United States steamship Terror.

List of Americans registered at the banking house of Drexel, Harjes & Co., No. 3 rue Scribe, Paris, for the week ending January 19, 1870:—New York—Mr. Hurlbut, Mr. William Sloane, Mr. William D. Sloane, Mr. James W. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mr. Simon Sternberger, Mr. Morris Sternberger, Mr. Loubat, Mr. Cordandt Irving. Philadelphia—Mr. J. M. Fisher, Mr. Jacob Espern. Boston—Mr. George Stedman, Mr. George C. Powers, Dr. Edward Wigglesworth. Chicago—Mr. Edward P. Goodwin. Baltimore—Miss Emma E. Trego. Washington—Dr. J. Ives. San Francisco—Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Lathrop. Newark, N. Y—Mr. John A. Paine. Painsville, Ohio—Mr. H. C. Haydn. Paris—Mr. Howard Heinick.

Living in Harrodsburg is an old negro woman who is nearly or quite white. She is over one hundred years of age, and during the lapse of a century the black pigment which gave color to her skin has disappeared. Her face, hands, neck and arms are of pearly whiteness, and her hair is snow white, besides having lost much of the kinky appearance which is characteristic of the negro's wool. The old woman says she was "born a nigger," and felt no little alarm when she began to turn white. Though she does not remember General Washington she gives an accurate description of the uniform of the British soldier during the Revolutionary war.

PHENOMENA AT LAKE ST. CLAIR.—On Thursday of last week a most extraordinary and sudden rise of the waters of Lake St. Clair occurred, and was particularly observable in the vicinity of the mouth of the river Thames, and along the south shore of the lake to and beyond the river Ruscom. Parties resident on the lake shore say that at first two loud reports were heard, resembling the reports from cannon fired at a distance, after which was experienced a sensation as from a gentle swaying to and fro, as though an earthquake had been awakened from a century's repose. Upon visiting the water line it was discovered that the ice had been suddenly shoved upon the shore and piled up several feet in height, carrying with it trunks of trees and logs, which had for a quarter of a century lain imbedded in the sand of the beach. At the mouth of the river Thames and vicinity the ice was thrown to the height of two or three feet, while at the river Ruscom it was raised at least four feet above its ordinary level. So sudden was the action of the water in the lake that the ice and trees and logs were so solidly piled in a jumbled mass several feet in height along the shore for a distance of several miles, but was most observable in the south and southeast quarter.—*Cincinnati Gazette, Feb. 7.*

EUROPE.

The Papal Council and Position of Victor Emanuel.

Spanish Monarchism and Prim's Lesson from Italy.

ROME.

Secrecy in the Council—A Pontifical Lawyer on the Situation—What the Body was Convoked For—Authority vs. Rationalism—Bodily Assumption of the Virgin—The New Canons—Excommunication and How It Works—Victor Emanuel Not Lost.

ROME, Jan. 20, 1870.

Secrecy is the command here in regard to the doings of the Council. But in this age people are given to make patent whatever they may know; and it so happens that here in Rome no one is disposed to hide his light under a bushel, whatever course may be urged to the contrary. One of the Pontifical lawyers, who is an Italian, and at present in the inside ring of the Conciliary business, as he assists in it as a legal man, replied to my queries the other day substantially as follows:—"Nothing can be known positively as to what has been done, is being done or will be done in the Council, and whatever I tell you now must only be considered mere conjecture—vague notions. But, as you know, I am in these relations with the prelates and the other law officers of the Council, and I have the best reason for knowing that what I tell you is the truth.

This Council is not convoked with any idea to unsettle what has been done and decided by the previous assemblies of the Church. The members have been called to Rome at this time for the especial purpose of preparing a remedy for new evils and heresies that have arisen in the world. Chief among those evils is the doctrine of rationalism that has sprung up, and it is this doctrine that the Holy Fathers and the Church are bent upon extinguishing, root and branch. This will be the important point attended to and kept in view throughout. The infallibility of the Pope, which is the great remedy we contemplate, as it will be the principal subject discussed, is intended to put an extinguisher on the creed of rationalism. It is not that the Church does not believe in the free reason of man, but it does not believe in that reason left to itself, without any restraint and independent of the divine authority of the head of the Church. We consider that as the Nicene Council had to settle the vexed question in regard to the Trinity, and as the Council of Trent had to attend to the little affair of the Protestants, so this present Roman Council will decide this matter between free thought running into chaos and divine authority as represented by Holy Mother Church. Another early subject which will be debated and settled is the corporeal assumption of the Holy Virgin into Heaven. Heretofore there has been doubt on this point. The Council will proclaim that as the Virgin was immaculate, so also she was both bodily and spiritually conveyed to Heaven. The Holy Father is very anxious that this proclamation shall be made with the free authority of all the Church's representatives, and such a decree is now in course of preparation, to become the law on or before Easter. You may rest assured that nothing will be positively known, no canons proclaimed publicly, until after the Council finishes up entirely and adjourns. I repeat this—rely on it. Yet things will be known by the talkings and consultations going on among so many.

Another point that has already been moved, is whether the Council shall accompany the new canons by a statement of the reasons and motives which led to their enactment, or whether the canons shall be given forth to the world simply and purely, without any such expose. The majority are in favor of the form pure and simple; the French party, or the Gallicans, are earnestly desirous of a reason to be publicly alleged for every decision arrived at. Their view will never prevail. They say they want some ground to go upon when they return to their flocks, who will not accept mere decrees without some convincing, or, at least, persuasive arguments. But we all know that that is a failing of Frenchmen, in or out of the Church; they always are eager to make a prominent individual display of themselves so that they can have it to show that they said this or did that. Well, the Church does not have the same concern. It neither cares for nor tolerates such trifles in the face of the far more serious matter of securing the triumph of durable and weighty ideas. The Church must assert true, healthy doctrines, without any to do, confusion or hesitation. It must bring the truth home to men or the world will be lost by the present rottenness and devilry that have, alas, gotten the upper hand in it so rapidly of late years. Now, the bull of *Lame Sententiæ*, which has recently been published, is giving rise to much comment in the press. Unnecessarily so, for its meaning is very clear, if the proper construction is put upon it. The press complains that that bull excommunicates all sinners against this Holy Apostolic See. What an absurd error; nothing of the kind.

According to Pontifical law it is impossible for any one to be considered excommunicated at any time, or by that bull, unless he is designated in name, person and place of residence. For instance, as much as Victor Emanuel has sinned against, and more especially tolerated sins against Holy Mother Church, we do not consider that sovereign to be excommunicated. After all he is not such a bad man, although he has some bad qualities or weaknesses. He has a good heart. When the monks and nuns were first turned out of their convents and nunneries by the laws of the Italian