The Daily News.

MONDAY MORNING, JANUARY 14, 1867.

MEMOIR OF BISHOP ELLIOTT.

At a meeting, on the 12th instant, of the Alumni of the South Carolina College, in Charleston, who had been members of the classes of the Right Rev. STEPHEN ELLIOTT, Bishop of Georgia, lately deceased, while he was the Professor of Sacred Literature and the Evidences of Christianity in that Institution, the following paper was read and it was

Resolved, That we unanimously accept the Memoir which has been submitted to us, as expressing our conception of the character and endowments of the Right Rev. STEPHEN ELLIOTT, late Bishop of Georgia, who was once our loved and honored teacher—our very high appreciation of his exalted virtues—our grateful recollection of the benefits we have received from his teaching and the example of his holy life, and our deep sense of the loss which the country, his Church, and the cause of education has sustained in his death.

Resolved further, That the city papers be respectfully requested to publish these proceedings, with the accompanying

MEMOIR.

"The Right Reverend STEPHEN ELLIOTT, Bishop of the Diocese of Georgia, died suddenly last evening," were the sad tidings which, on the morning of the 22d of December, 1866, were borne through the land on the wings of the swift and mysterious messenger of those latter days.—Thrice during the past year has this honored name been borne in mourning on its wings, and each time with words of honor, regard and profoundest respect. On the first occasion the young hero and soldier was "laid gently and reverently upon the bosom of the State he loved." But a few days later and his honored and scholarly father, who had trained him for his high duties, and who could truly and proudly say with Lord ORMOND, "I would not give my dead son for any living son in Christendom," was laid by his side, and now again the shining name of his noble kinsman, Georgia's great Bishop, is added to the fatal list. This last startling message carried gloom and sorrow throughout the limits of Georgia and South Carolina, and we have reason to believe to many other portions of our Southern land besides, and even, perhaps, to some hearts and homes of the Northern clime. Men seeking for sympathy met and repeated the mournful intelligence, and the mute but eloquent gesture of grief gave token of their love and reverence for a great and good man thus snatched away, and of their bitter sense of irreparable loss and bereavement.

It was keenly felt that a brilliant light and shining representative of Southern life, society, tradition and history was suddenly gone, and that from churches, and States, and disciples, and friends, a prop upon which they had used to lean, had silently sunk away, and that they must henceforth learn to stand in their own strength, or look elsewhere for support. And in the first blindness of their grief they knew not where to look. The Church which he governed will mourn the loss of the calm, clear, just and graceful wisdom which guided her, and the great heart which cheered her. The society in which he moved, and of which he was a brilliant representative, will lament that its pride and ornament is veiled. Many a younger man, struggling in the battle of life, will miss his voice from among the good and wise, whose approbation is reward, whose praise is wealth. And hundreds have lost forever their friend, example, teacher, guide and comforter—a comforter whose rich, sweet, happy voice of itself brought cheer and hope amidst sorrow and despondency.

It has seemed to us a very sad but grateful duty, and not without its healthy uses to fix in the memory of those who knew and loved him, a brief outline of the life and character of the distinguished Prelate, whose death is thus recorded, and whose funeral obsequies have just been closed; and to preserve for the use and guidance of a younger generation who never saw his face or heard his voice, if but an imperfect portrait of this pure teacher of truth and graceful leader of men, standing like SAUL in stature and intellect "from his shoulders and upwards, higher than any of the people."

The Right Reverend STEPHEN ELLIOTT, Bishop of the Diocese of Georgia, was born in the town of Beaufort, South Carolina, on the 31st August, 1806. He was the eldest son of STEPHEN ELLIOTT, of South Carolina, who was known in that day as the ripe scholar, the eloquent talker, and the enthusiastic student of science, especially of the beautiful science of Botany, whose name and character is among the grateful traditions of the day and the society in which he lived. His mother was ESTHER HABERSHAM, of Georgia; and his family have ever since maintained close and affectionate relations with that great State. He, himself, always claimed that he belonged to both States. And especially after he was called to preside over the Diocese of Georgia, with that gracious wisdom which was eminently characteristic of the man, it was his habit freely and heartily to declare that he was a true son of Georgia, and that he was ready to serve her with the love of a grateful child as well as that of a faithful Bishop.

When his father removed to Charleston, in 1812, to become the President of the Bank of the State of South Carolina, he came with him and was prepared for College at the school of Mr. HURLBUT, at that time a distinguished and successful teacher in this city. In the fall of 1822, he went to [illegible] in that institution. He remained at Harvard until the fall of 1823, when, at the desire of his father, who wished him to graduate in his native State, he returned home, and in November of that year, was admitted to the Junior Class of the South Carolina College. Among his classmates there were the gifted writer and eloquent orator, the late Hon. JAMES H. HAMMOND; and the learned and distinguished Judge, the late Hon. THOMAS J. WITHERS. He graduated in 1825 with the third honor of his class. Upon his graduation he was bred to the Bar in the office of the lamented JAMES L. PETIGRU, for whom he retained through life a most affectionate reverence and regard. He was admitted to practice, it is believed, in 1827.

It was at this period of his life that the great political questions of State Sovereignty and Free Trade arose, and shook the country by the tremendous weight and magnitude of the argument. The ardent and talented young scholar and lawyer took a keen and active interest in the momentous issues of that high debate. He was a States Rights man in the highest meaning of those words, and was through life the warm and unwavering supporter of that school of political doctrine. He believed in the simple story of the sovereignty of the States, as told in every child's history of the early settlement of the Colonies, and the later independence of these States. He believed that this sovereignty was the true, and almost the only conservative element of the Constitution, and the only effective check upon the usurpations of the central government, when the latter should be controlled by the mad passions of party or the wild delusions of the populace—that conservative element which alone made a free and magnificent Republic possible. He believed that the liberties of the States was the heaven-given shield of the liberties of the peoples; that the freedom of the Union was the real strength and perfect health of the Union. He loved his own State very dearly, and he believed that an honest, genuine and practical love of the country was best felt and expressed in a just and generous love of the State. Call this weak, or this narrow, if you please, but it is the [illegible] and the narrowness of nature. [illegible] weakness and broader than the [illegible] which is stronger deeper than the [illegible] ions of men, which is wiser than [illegible] reed of the philosopher and It is [illegible] the calculations of the statesman [illegible] nature's sacred and unchangeable love of the child for his home, and through his home for his *father*-land. But we will not wrangle over his bier to pass judgment on these opinions. It is enough that they were held, and are now held by men who have served the whole country with unquestioned devotion and illustrious success, and of whom history must speak with unqualified honor and respect, and it may be, as the true prophets of the land.

It was at this time, too, that, as the friend and companion of the gifted LEGARE, he took a warm and enthusiastic interest in the fortunes of the renowned old *Southern Quarterly Review*, and the brilliant literature it illustrated. It is believed that he wrote often and well for its columns, and helped to make it what it was. In after years he always spoke with pride and enthusiasm of the power and career of that famous journal, as a noble monument of the scholarship of the State at that day.

He practised law in Charleston for several years, when, upon the retirement of a distinguished practitioner from the Bar of Beaufort, he removed to the latter place to succeed to his office and business. His return to his birth-place was a happy hour for him. He dearly loved the old place and its people. He loved the bright waters and the broad bays of the country round; and through life it was the delight of the stately Bishop to come back among those scenes from time to time, and wandering along the neighboring sea shore, breathe again the boisterous breath of the Atlantic, while he gathered with the keen zest of no mean naturalist the beautiful shells and the curious things which the seething surf brought to his feet—nothing loth either to join with eager energy in the bold and stirring sports of the sturdy, young boatmen around him.

He came back to Beaufort to practice law, but a different destiny awaited him there. At this time, not long after the period when the Church of England had roused itself from its lethargy to a deeper and quicker sense of its high mission and duty, and the teachers of a more active and energetic faith had become a power in the Church; and when the eloquent energies of CHALMERS had begun to wake the Church of Scotland from the deep slumber of the "Moderates," the truths of religion known as *evangelical* were preached with unusual fervency, power and effect in the ancient and secluded town of Beaufort. Aside from the mysterious breathings of the Divine Spirit, as accepted by many, it was a community peculiarly open to impressions from such a source. Thoroughly educated, cultivated and refined—isolated from the turmoil of life and from the tide of the world—bred to a high self-reliant and unflinching sense of duty and a generous devotion to truth—the solemnity and pathos, the overwhelming obligation, the supreme necessity and the self-sacrificing spirit of the doctrines then preached appealed with irresistible power to its people.

Among a somewhat remarkable group of young men, not unknown in the State, who, at that time, made open profession of their faith and high resolve, and have since truly kept the word and honor they then pledged, was the gifted, accomplished and graceful young advocate who had recently come back to his early home. Not many days later he turned away from the allurements of pleasure and the hopes, honors and emoluments of public and professional life to enroll himself as a teacher of the truths he believed, and a minister at the altars of the church in which he worshipped. He was ordained a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church by Bishop POWEN, in the fall of 1835. He officiated as Rector of the Parish of Wilton for one month, when he was elected by the Trustees of the South Carolina College to the Chair of Sacred Literature and the Evidences of Christianity in that Institution, to which also the Chaplaincy of the College was attached.

Thus early was he called to high offices. And perhaps the reader who never saw him will follow us more fully and easily in what we have further to say, if we here endeavor to describe the very striking form and presence of the late Bishop. Long of limb and tall of stature, with a full and vigorous frame, thoroughly yet easily erect, with full high brow, finely chiselled features and lofty crest—with a soft, beaming blue eye, and a complexion fair and fresh, without being ruddy—exquisitely graceful in his carriage, and quiet and easy in his movement, with his thin dark hair floating lightly around and from his head—his was a figure as he passed along the crowded thoroughfare, upon which men turned to gaze, and the eyes of women rested with tenderness and veneration.

His presence, though graceful, was eminently dignified and commanding. It quietly expressed a very sensitive deference for the opinions and feelings of others—ready to hear and quick to appreciate—yet a full and steady reliance on himself. It is told of him that, once at a country tavern, where he had stopped for the night, a poor inebriate was recklessly bantering the bystanders, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of the stately Bishop, and awed and sobered for the moment by his commanding look and towering form, he turned to him and exclaimed, "And who are you? Are you a Judge? or a member of Congress? or Governor of the State? Well, if you aint any of these you ought to be!" That which was felt by this poor fellow has been felt by the highest and wisest and best in the land in the same presence. Often have we watched that tall and graceful figure come swinging along the College grounds in company with grave professor or cheerful student, in serious talk or with his rich, soft, hearty laugh ringing out at some merry jest, and been conscious that a living grace was added to the picturesque scene within the bounds of the venerable school.

It must be left to his biographer to speak fully of his career as a Professor, and of the manner in which he performed the duties of his chair. We can only say that the number of those who learned to love, honor and revere him there, is the whole number of those whose names stand upon the roll of those bright days of the proud old College, as well as all who watched and cherished its progress at that time. He yearned to make it a school of high learning, a rich source of truth and refinement, and the centre of a generous and intellectual citizenship to the State. "Will you let other States breed your scholars?" exclaimed he, on one occasion to one of the classes, "and will you be content to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to them?" In his own person he showed them how high and gracious and precious a thing was the pure gift of learning and the culture of letters, the charm and the power of the scholar. In the lecture room his clear and vigorous analysis, and his rich, polished, and often passionate words, taught them how to think and how to utter their thoughts. His hopeful voice cheered everybody. And he here exhibited a marked characteristic of his whole life. He deeply and gladly sympathized with every aspiration after a higher culture, however humble. He encouraged each to do his best, although that best might be but little. To him the aspiration itself was a grace, the effort itself was elevating. To him there was every imaginable difference between the high aims of even the weak, and the dull recklessness of aimless strength. He dearly loved books, to be among them and to handle them. He was a connoisseur in print and paper and binding. He took an eager and active interest in the new library building, whose foundation was laid under his auspices. He sedulously watched and pushed forward its construction. And when it was finished and all was ready, carefully were the books carried under his eye from the old room where they had stood so long, to a fitter resting place. Right gladly he called his pupils around him to help him to receive and arrange them. When the great boxes which contained the recent importations of the best and rarest English editions of the best and greatest authors—brought there by the prodigal bounty of the State to her favorite institution—were opened, his enthusiasm broke forth, and he dwelt with all a scholar's delight upon their exquisite beauty and inestimable value. And when all the work of arrangement was nearly done, he turned to the group around him and said, in his own rich tender tones, "Now, young gentlemen, I will expect in after years, each one of you who can afford it, to bring some work of art, some statue, bust or picture to adorn these alcoves." It was thus he taught the young novices of his school to love books, and art, and letters, and learning. And now we turn sadly away to think how many proud hopes and glad anticipations which then swelled in his generous heart, have been crushed and buried under the power of the conqueror, in ruin, grief, desolation and blood.

But it was for a comparatively brief period that he was permitted to fill the Professor's chair. The Church at whose altar he served, and to whose ministry he had been ordained, summoned him to her work. She called him to a higher and larger sphere of usefulness. He obeyed without a question. In the summer of 1840, he was elected the first Bishop of Georgia. In December of the same year, not without some natural regrets, he took leave of the College, which he had loved and served so well, and early in 1841 he was consecrated to his Bishopric.

It is not for us to speak of the manner in which the duties of his holy office were discharged. The task of organizing and building up a new Diocese was a trying one. Of the manner in which it was performed his Church and Diocese must speak. We know that his Diocese loved him sincerely and was heartily proud of him. It has recently declared its sense of bereavement at his death, "as too deep to find expression in the common terms of grief and mourning;" and that they "desire to place on record their high appreciation of his remarkable qualifications for the Episcopal office, exercised for more than twenty-five years; [illegible] learning; his pre-eminent power as a preacher of the Gospel of the grace of God; his keen insight into the motives and instincts of men; his tact and ability in administering his Diocese; his watchfulness and tender sympathy for all the flock committed to his care; his interest in the welfare of our colored population; his careful avoidance of party issues and all extremes in doctrine, discipline and worship, and his cautious endeavors to pursue the quiet, conservative paths trodden by the wisest and most honored Fathers of the American Church." His Church will doubtless speak at another time.

As a pulpit orator, without aiming to be subtle or metaphysically profound, he was clear, vigorous, eloquent and often strikingly original in the defence and illustration of accepted truth. His style was passionate as well as exceedingly pure and graceful—and rather the rich, massive and commanding manner of MILTON, SOUTH, BEN JONSON and JEREMY TAYLOR, than that of the polished wits and piquant essayists of Queen ANNE's reign, with some touch also of the quaintness of those earlier worthies. To his students he always commended the first as the better models. It was in the earlier days of his Episcopal administration that he sacrificed his private fortune, and reduced himself to poverty and want in his uncalculating efforts to establish an eminent school for female education at Montpelier, in the State of Georgia; and it was at a later period that, in the same spirit of generous and untiring devotion to the cause of education, together with the heroic Bishop of Louisiana, and the gentle and eloquent Bishop of Tennessee—and when these three stately men stood together it was a striking group for the painter's pencil—he [illegible] jected and labored earnestly to lay the [illegible] of a great Southern Universit[illegible] foundation would one day becom[illegible] which he trusted learning and lett[illegible] a beneficent centre of this he did [illegible] rs to our Southern land. And [illegible] in no spirit of narrow prejudice against [illegible] other sections or other seats of learning. As we have said before, he did indeed dearly love the South. He cherished and honored her traditional spirit of social order and conservative republican liberty. He believed that there was much that was peculiar and valuable in the life, society, character, traditions and history of her people that ought to be fostered and sheltered. But, besides this, he was also firmly persuaded, that even as regards the development of a national life, embracing all sections and latitudes of the Union, a better, healthier and nobler national life and character would be developed by the establishment of many centres of wealth, power, education and influence, than could be produced under a system by which whole territories—equal each of them in extent to great European Kingdoms—should be overshadowed, provincialized, and materially, morally and intellectually enfeebled and impoverished by an abject dependence on one stupendous, turbulent and despotic centre of commerce, arts, manufactures, publication, science, literature, learning and government. It was in this faith that he labored so earnestly for the establishment of a great Southern school as a balance of power in the country.

The work was begun. But the fair prospects of the splendid enterprise were blighted by the opening of that tremendous struggle for the political independence of these Southern States—their society, institutions, civilization, constitutional law, and traditional policy—which was to agitate and overshadow the closing scenes of his life. In this struggle, holding the views of public law and policy which he did, trained in the political school to which we have referred, it was not difficult to see where Bishop ELLIOTT would stand.

But the story is too sad to dwell upon. He shared in the labors of a thousand other heroes who suffered, or bled, or died, all in vain. He placed his Church by the side of the State. He cheered and comforted his suffering, bleeding, fainting people with words of the deepest pathos and tenderness. He sent his sons to the battle with his pure kiss on their brows and a father's blessing in their hearts. And when all was over—and all in vain—and the cause was lost, he bowed his head without a murmur to the will of his God, and turned to the new duties which lay before him with the hope and energy of an unflinching faith, and the calm dignity of an unconquered heart.

In looking back at the life of Bishop ELLIOTT, there are one or two points of his character upon which it will be grateful to touch.

In Church and State he was eminently conservative. He dearly loved that which was old as well as excellent—the truth and the practice that is taught by ancient precedent and established by ancient custom. But so ardent a temper, and a nature so sensitive, æsthetic and enthusiastic, could not but sympathize with all honest and genuine progress. In matters of religious faith he rested in revelation—believing that a creed was perfect at the time it was revealed. In questions of public liberty he rested immovably in great principles. But in other matters of Church and State he clung to the ancient landmarks of history, rather as tests by which to measure the truth and the earnestness of the new and progressive, than as impassable barriers to change. And in the fields of science, and commercial and material progress, he was full of enterprise and enthusiasm, and passionately anxious that his fair Southern land should press forward with unflagging stride in the great march of modern civilization. His, too, was an exceedingly happy temper. "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places," were words which not unfrequently dropped from him in confidential intercourse. It was this buoyant, happy nature which so often brought the healing of balm to the sad and wounded spirits of his people. Doubtless there was in this a deeper, ghostly joy in his holy office on which we dwell reverently, but there was also, we can see, a human and exulting gladness in the vigorous exercise of his intellectual gifts, and in the beneficent use of the graceful power which he wielded.

Such is a brief outline of the life and character, and the nurture, culture and graces of the distinguished Prelate for whom Georgia mourns.

In contemplating his character, we feel that he was the representative of much that is highest and best in Southern society; and we rejoice that so much at least of Southern history is safe beyond danger or question. Such a life and character is itself the full and sufficient answer to one of the ignorant slanders of the philanthropists of these latter days. They have declared that our form of society was debasing to the negro, and pernicious to the white race. Well, let us see. We received from the coast of Africa about one million of degraded savages; and, under our generous care and wholesome discipline, they grow to be four millions of skilful, thrifty, cheerful and industrious laborers—a larger number of civilized and christianized people than have ever been reclaimed from amongst the heathen since the early days of Christianity. We received them a black, wool-haired, naked, debased, brutish and repulsive people—to whom chastity was an unknown virtue and a strange idea, and honesty was the fear of punishment or the want of opportunity—whose notion of public justice was the trial by poison, who spoke gullah, believed in greegrees, and alone of human kind worshipped the Evil Spirit. And, by our mingled kindness and discipline, by our justice and our gentleness, we made them such a people as to call forth the extravagant eulogies of our enemies themselves, who now claim for them the full rights and highest privileges of the proudest and most enlightened American citizen. These eulogies may be, in a measure, unmerited and these claims unfounded. But what these people are all can see; and such as they are, we, under God's Providence, made them. Nor will these, our accusers, dare to claim that they have ever contributed a man or a dollar to the work, while eminent scholars of the South like our Bishop, as masters and teachers, were conspicuous laborers in the merciful but humble task. And, again, it is these whom they libel as the depraved white race of the South, who have not only thus subdued the savage to a merciful law, and reclaimed him to a civilized life, but it is this race too, which in the late fearful struggle for constitutional liberty, was precipitated almost *en masse* into the contest; its bone and sinew have stood upon the battle-field. And it is not saying too much to say that they have there challenged the respect and admiration of the world. And since the time when they declared that "hopeless war is a crime," they have not only, by the mere force of their character, maintained a just and quiet control over the emancipated slaves, but their intelligent submission to necessity, their obedience to law, and their regard to social order, combined with a firm self-respect, have merited the approbation of all men. And the "dear women of the South," have not only, from the olden times to this day, filled our Southern land with pure and happy homes, but their conduct in that same gigantic conflict has drawn forth the grateful and unmeasured praise of their captive chief, who has declared that in his judgment, they "deserved to take rank with the highest heroines of the grandest days of the greatest countries." And when now we come to the higher forms of a cultivated social life and beneficent civilization, and consider the representative men of the South, it is this accusation that makes us rejoice that nothing can rob us of the life and labors, the name and the fame of Georgia's dead Bishop and men like him. And when the representatives of these Southern Dioceses shall again enter that august council of the Church, which will meet some two years hence, they will think mournfully and regretfully of him who, by right of age and service, would have stood at their head. They will recall the exquisite grace, the sensitive delicacy, the lofty wisdom and charity, the calm dignity, the unblenching crest, and the commanding presence which could neither be overawed by the disapprobation of others, nor yet could ever needlessly and unbecomingly offend their opinions or provoke their prejudices. May the full and complete folds of his shining mantle fall on other shoulders equal to the high office which would have devolved upon him!

In looking at his completed life, there was one remarkable gift of this remarkable man on which we dwell with deep and grateful emotion, and which all who ever knew him will recognize at once. We speak of the thorough humanity of his nature, and by this we mean the wealth and strength, the width and fullness of the deep human sympathies in which the learning, wisdom and graces of his nature were veiled—veiled as light is veiled in color—as thought is veiled in words, as feeling is veiled in music. His life seems to have been the rich, healthy growth of early training and happy influences. He grew as the tree grows from the bursting germ, outwards and upwards, year by year, circle upon circle, into strength and majesty, yet with the life and form of the germ all there, with the fibre and firmness of each circle there, all tending strength to its growth, proportion to its column, and grandeur to its sheltering arms. His childhood took on his boyhood, and his boyhood his manhood, and his manhood passed into the wisdom of years, all complete in the fullness of that great and bountiful nature, whose deep, broad, human sympathies thus made him the friend and companion of all ages, classes and conditions of men—made him too, as mindful of the gentle courtesies and sweet charities of life with little boys and girls and humble men, as he was easily at home, amidst the grander graces of social and official intercourse with the wise, the great, the learned and honored in the land.

Doubtless to the eye of that Omniscience which heeds the life and service, the death and fall of the humblest sparrow, among all the feathered tribes that praise him, the whole life of a man is the man. As the spirit of the living man penetrates, and is bounded by every nerve and atom of his living body, so to that eye the soul of every man is incarnate in his life from the first wail of the infant to the last sigh before the grave, which thus completes the full measure of his being, and the perfect "image and superscription" of his identity. So, to some special natures, it is given to carry in their memory a clear and sensitive consciousness of each period of their lives, and each vital shape of their humanity. And thus did the gifted man whom we mourn seem to have grasped the full outline of his own life, and with the sensitive glance of genius, conceived and realized each part and character in which he had lived, and was thus vividly conscious of himself to himself. His merry childhood, his bounding boyhood, his lusty youth and aspiring manhood, were all the familiar companions and friends of the genial man, the allies and counsellors of the august sage. And so the happy child that climbed to his breast laughed and kissed with the happy child which, as from a mirror, laughed and kissed back again; and the gallant boy shouted to the bright lover of fun within, who shouted back in echo; and the vigorous youth felt his outstretched hand clasped by the hand of companion whose steady grasp closed faithfully over his own. And the pale and impassioned student met the answering glance of youthful student with "eyes of speculation" rapt in study. And the struggling man found, in this wise confessor, one who could understand the story of his life because he retained a vivid memory of his own. Higher than all, he seemed to have kept the memory of mother and sister, and the shrinking maiden might look into that loving heart without faltering, to see a pure, sweet image of herself reflected there, and to feel that she shared in the knightly tenderness for the ideal woman there enshrined. But yet deeper and holier still was kept the memory of his own errors and frailties; and the penitent Magdalen and the contrite man found, in that true soul, a fellow-sinner who knew how to forgive, as he had known what it is to be forgiven.

It was this humanity of his nature, these pure, strong earthly sympathies, this veil of the flesh, in which his piety was clothed, which added so much to the power of his life and doctrine. His was, indeed, a truly and deeply spiritual life in the religious sense of that word. But there was, besides this, a human soulfulness, a sensitive sympathy with all that was charming in nature, beautiful in art, inspiring in life, or useful to his country, which won for him the regard and affection of men, who were afterwards subdued by the teachings of his faith and the example of his piety. Thus, it often happened that the generous host or the genial friend who received him as the gentleman, the scholar, the lover of art, the student of science, or the unselfish patriot, learned to know that there was something deeper and holier still; and it softly stole upon his consciousness, that, in entertaining this gifted stranger, he had "entertained an angel unawares." Nor was the grateful influence of his teaching less felt because it was thus associated with the human sympathies of common interests, the winning courtesy of a gentleman, the charms of a graceful nature, and the strength of a vigorous and comprehensive intellect.

His death was very sudden. And yet, to those who knew and considered the man, it was what might have been looked for. We have said that his life was the rich growth of the cherished memories of the past. And the tempest of desolation and ruin which had scourged the face of his loved Southern land had torn also through the branches of this stately tree and strained it to its foundations. The scathing bolts of war had fallen deep amidst its roots. Many ties of kindred had been broken. Many proud and generous associations with the past had been destroyed. The homes of many of his blood and lineage had been made desolate, the accustomed fires of their hearths had gone out in bitter ashes, and their sons and daughters were wandering among strangers. His hopes of constitutional liberty had been defeated. His aspirations for his country had been blighted. Thus, all unseen, the great roots of his life were snapped, and the rich sources of his strength were dried up. And, although like a beautiful tree, with its roots all broken and bruised, he still, for a time, stood poised in the perfect balance of his character and the symmetrical proportions of his nature, yet the great props of his life had been taken away. And so it happened that stirred by some cold, mysterious breath of the night, with the growth and foliage of his life, all heavy with the dew of Heavenly cares, he tottered and fell—fell with perhaps one last loving pang, for the cruel blow with which his sudden and resounding fall was to crash upon the trembling hearts of churches and States and friends and family.

And thus he lay in the majesty of death; and little children and pure women, young men and old, the meek and the gentle, the proud and the lowly, the rich and the poor, the great and the wise, bishops, priests, patriots, soldiers, scholars and statesmen, came to mourn around the bier of noble Georgia's dead Bishop.

Fortuna non mutat genus was the rallying cry of the ancient worthies; and amidst the social change, private ruin and political disaster which surrounds them, let those who bear the unsullied name of the saintly knight, who, in full armor, has thus fallen on sleep, and names like his, remember, let every true Southern heart still remember *Fortuna non mutat genus*.

COMMERCIAL.

Exports.

LIVERPOOL—Per bark Helen Sands—62 bales S I and 1635 bales Upland Cotton.

BOSTON—Per brig Lizzie M Merrill—25 tierces Rice, 228 bales Upland Cotton, 93 bbls Spirits Turpentine, 58,358 feet Lumber, 83,739 feet Timber, 141 casks Clay, 26 packages.

NEW YORK—Per steamship Delaware—69 tierces Rice, 43 bales S I Cotton, 284 bales Upland Cotton, 71 bales Cotton Waste, and Sundries....Per steamship Sara gossa—171 tierces Rice, 128 bales S I and 359 bales Upland Cotton, 86 bales Yarn and Domestics, 3 bale Wool, and 151 packages.

PHILADELPHIA—Per steamship Whirlwind—47 bales Cotton, 8 bales Rags, 40 tons Iron and Metal, 100 Empty Casks, 50 packages Mdze.....Per brig James Baker—19 bales Cotton, 20 packages Mdze, 230 tons Iron, 250 Empty Barrels.

The Charleston Cotton Market.

OFFICE OF THE DAILY NEWS,
CHARLESTON, Saturday Evening, January 12.

There was but a limited demand; the market was, consequently, not very strong, but the prices of the day before were generally maintained. Sales about 200 bales—say 4 at 28; 8 at 30; 14 at 30½; 16 at 31; 1 at 31½; 66 at 32; 82 at 32¼; 13 at 33; and 5 bales of extra staple at 35 cents ⅌ lb. We quote:

Low Middling	31½@32
Middling	32½@33
Strict Middling	33½@—

Mobile Market.

MOBILE, January 9.—COTTON—A fair demand has existed throughout the day, particularly for the lower grades, which continue scarce and relatively higher, as will be seen by the following quotations: Good Ordinary 30a—, Low Middling 31a—, firm, and Middling 32c. In some cases higher figures were paid for the two former grades, but the general sales of the day were made on the above basis. The market closed firm. Sales 1400 bales. The unfavorable accounts from Liverpool had no perceptible effect on this market.

New Orleans Market.

NEW ORLEANS, January 8.—COTTON.—The sales amounted only to about 2500 bales at the previous prices—say 28a31c for ordinary, good ordinary at 31a31½c, low middling 32a32½c, and middling 33a33½c per lb. The holiday of the 8th of January, and the opening of the Merchants' Exchange, to a great extent interfering with the market for the day, which was a *dies non* to all intents and purposes in a business way.

STATEMENT OF COTTON.

Stock on hand September 1st, 1866	bales—102,139
Received to-day	2,239
Received previously	378,255—380,494
	482,733
Cleared to-day	5,113
Cleared previously	258,716—263,829
Stock on hand	218,904

The exports this evening include 1486 bales for New York, 3400 bales for Liverpool, and 227 bales for Barcelona.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES.—The receipts since yesterday comprised 583 hhds of Sugar, and 724 bbls of Molasses. The demand for both of the above was good and easier, without quotable alteration in prices for the former, and full rates for the latter. The total number of the arrivals would have been disposed of had they been landed, but owing to this cause the transactions were restricted to 400 hhds Sugar and 500 bbls Molasses.

Baltimore Market.

BALTIMORE, January 10.—COFFEE.—There was some inquiry to-day, but the only sales reported were 400 bags Rio, in lots, at 17a17¼c. Market firm for prime and choice at 18a18¼c.

COTTON—Was quiet to-day, but without any quotable change.

FLOUR—Business is confined chiefly to local wants and for Southern orders. For export there is no inquiry scarcely; last sales were, made some days since, comprised of 3000 bbls City Mills Super at $10 50; Winter Wheat do is jobbing at $11¾a12. The market, though inactive, is steadily maintained. We renew last quotations, viz:

Howard-street Super and Cut Extra	$11 00	@$11 50
Howard-street Shipping Extra	12 00	@ 13 00
Howard-street High Grades	13 00	@ 14 50
Howard-street Family	15 50	@ 16 00
Ohio Super and Cut Extra	10 75	@ 11 25
Ohio Extra Shipping	00 00	@ 00 00
Ohio retailing	00 00	@ 00 00
Ohio Family	15 00	@ 15 50
Northwestern Super	10 50	@ 11 25
Northwestern Extra	11 75	@ 12 75
City Mills Super	10 50	@ 11 00
City Mills, Standard Extra	11 25	@ 12 75
City Mills Shipping brands Extra	15 00	@ 16 00
Baltim'e, Welsh's & Greenfield Family	17 50	@ 00 00
Baltimore High Grade Extra	16 75	@ 00 00
Rye Flour, new	6 25	@ 6 75
Corn Meal, City Mills	5 00	@ 00 00

GRAIN—No receipts of Wheat to-day, and the only sale reported was 100 bushels inferior red at $2 80. Corn, 1400 bushels white and 12,000 bushels yellow offered, the latter received per rail. The market was active. Included in the sales were 1200 bushels white, mixed, at $1 02; 1000 bushels prime, $1 05; 1000 bushels damp yellow, $1 at 01; 16,000 bushels good to prime dry, $1 02a1 04. Oats—2000 bushels received, and mostly sold at 60c. Rye—no sales.

MOLASSES—The assortment in first hands is poor, and but few transactions effected. We quote English Island varying from 45 to 65c. Cuba and Porto Rico remained as last reported.

PROVISIONS—The market for Bacon was again quite lively, but there is no stock of moment in the hands of the dealers, and prices closed higher. We quote old clear sides 12¾a12½c; new rib 12½a13c; Shoulders are less active and in better supply; quote new steady at 11a11½c. Bulk meats are quiet, with but little offering: quote Shoulders 9c, and Sides 10½c; Green Shoulders 7c; Sides 9c, and Ham, 11½a12c. Mess Pork held at $22. Lard quiet, but held steady at 12½c for City and Western bbls; Baltimore refined, in kegs, 16c per lb.

RICE—We quote Carolina 9a9½c; East India 8¾a9¼c; demand nominal.

SALT—We have no change to notice, either in price or demand; quote Liverpool Ground Alum, for lots from dealers. $2 10a2 15; Fine $3 10a3 25 per sack, and Turks Island 58a60c per bushel.

SUGARS—Were in very brisk demand to-day, both for refining and for the trade, and the market closed ¼a¼c better. The sales amount to 1000 hhds; included were 302 hhds, 122 boxes Cuba, for refining, the former at 10 cts; 266 hhds Porto Rico, in lots, grocery, at 11 cts; 50 hhds English Island at same price; 71 hhds do vac pan, and 218 hhds Cuba, both on private terms. Further sales could have been made but for the advanced views of holders.

WHISKEY—Is dull and unsettled from fear of the Government tax being reduced. City was offered in bond to-day at 25 cts ⅌ gallon, without buyers.

New-York Market.

MONEY MARKET.

The New York *Evening Post* of Thursday, the 10th inst., says:

The loan market is active at 7 per cent. Little is doing in discounts, the best bills passing at 7a9, with less disposition to buy.

The stock market is depressed and low, with more sellers than buyers.

For gold this forenoon the following were the leading quotations: 10:00, 133⅝; 10:30, 133½; 11:00, 132⅞; 11:30, 133; 12:00, 133¼; 12:30, 133; 1:00, 133; 1:30, 132⅞; 2:00, 132⅞.

Foreign exchange is dull. Bills at sixty days on London are quoted at 109a109½ for commercial, 109½a109¾ for bankers; do at short sight, 110a110½; Paris at sixty days, 5.18¾a5.15; do at short sight, 5.15a5.13¾; Antwerp, 5.18¾a5.16¼; Swiss, 5.18¾a5.16¼; Hamburg, 36¼a36⅛; Amsterdam, 41¼a41⅛; Frankfort, 41¼a41⅛; Bremen, 78¼a79; Prussian thalers, 72a72¼.

PRODUCE MARKET.

NEW YORK, January 10.—FLOUR, &c.—The market for Western and State flour is less active, and prices of the low grades are 10a15c lower, but medium and better brands are without change.

The sales are 8500 bbls at $10@10 90 for superfine State; $10 90a12 75 for extra State; $10 45a12 40 for the low grades of spring wheat Western extra; $12 10a12 75 for shipping Ohio; $13 10a14 50 for trade brands, and $14 50a17 for St Louis extras.

Buckwheat flour is dull at $3a3 60 per 100 lbs.

Canadian flour is quiet. Sales of 50 bbls at $14a15 50 for trade and family brands.

Southern flour is steady. Sales of 200 bbls at $12 25a14 50 for common to fair Baltimore and country extras, and $14 60a17 for trade and family brands.

GRAIN.—The wheat market is inactive and heavy. In order to sell common qualities freely some reduction would have to be made, but holders are firm and are not anxious to sell. The sales are 4400 bushels of Canadian Club, in bond, on private terms.

Oats is rather weak and the demand is limited. The sales are 8000 bushels in lots; fair to good Chicago at 66a67c, and State in bond at 70c.

Rye is only in retail demand at $1 27 for new Western and $1 30 for State.

Corn opened better, but, notwithstanding the favorable news from Europe, the market closes tame at our extreme quotations. The inquiry is chiefly local, though in part for export. The sales are 35,000 bushels Western mixed at $1 19a1 20 in store; Jersey yellow at $1 12a1 14; Southern yellow at $1 16¼a1 17.

PROVISIONS.—The pork market opened firm for old mess, and unsettled for new do, but at the close all kinds are heavy and dull.

For future delivery we note 750 bbls new western mess, sellers' last half February, at $20 50, and 500 bbls do do, buyer February, at $20 75, and early in the day 1000 bbls do do, seller last half February, at $20 75.

The sales, cash and regular, are 4500 bbls at $19 12½a19 25 for old Mess; $19 43¾a19 56¼ for new do; city ice house cured, $20a20 25; for new city weather cured, $20 25a20 50 for new western do, $20 for Prime mess.

Beef is moderately active at former rates. Sales of 200 bbls at $9a12 for old plain mess; $11a18 for new do; $12a15 for old extra do; and $17a21 50 for new do.

Tierce beef is firm and in fair demand. Sales of 300 tierces at $29a30 for prime Mess; and extra India mess on private terms.

Beef hams are a trifle more active and firmer. Sales of 200 bbls at $32a33 50 for Western.

Cut meats are quiet and nominal.

Bacon is moderately active and steady. Sales of 230 boxes city short clear at 11¼a11½c.

Dressed hogs are plenty, dull and lower. We quote at 7¾a8½c for Western; 8½ for city. The extremes for fancy lots.

Lard has been more active, but is somewhat heavy. Sales of 1400 bbls and tcs at 12a12½c for No 1; 12¾a12¾c for fair to prime old Western and city; 12¾c for prime new Western steam, and 13c for 100 tcs prime new kettle rendered.

For future delivery we hear of 1000 tcs, seller January, at 12½c, and 1000, seller last half February, 12¾c.

ASHES—The market for pots is dull but firm at $8 25a8 50. Pearls are nominal.

COFFEE.—The inquiry is fair and prices are without change to note. Sales of 614 bags Rio ex Bremerin on private terms.

COTTON.—The market to-day is quiet and prices are lower. We quote at 34½ for middling uplands, and 35½a36 for New Orleans.

HOPS—Are firm and in good demand for home consumption. We quote at from 20a40a60c, as to growth and quality.

MOLASSES.—We hear rumored sales of a cargo of clayed, part at 40c, and beyond this nothing is doing.

RICE—Carolina is in moderate demand