

W 25

MORTUARY HONORS

TO THE LATE

GEORGE PEABODY,

IN

PORTLAND, ME.

PORTLAND:

LORING, SHORT AND HARMON.

1870.

“If aught my life
Can teach to others, may it teach them this,—
Nor wealth, nor happiness, nor fame, can make
Us aught but poor and wretched and obscure,
While other men are so. Their griefs are ours;
The less we feel them now, the heavier far
They lie on us hereafter. This is heaven—
To have the power of doing all the good
We yearn to do on earth.”

MORTUARY.

THANKS to Nature's liberality in the matter of harbor, to Portland was given the honor, when all that was mortal of GEORGE PEABODY reached the American shore, of its reception, and the privilege of showing first the great respect and admiration of Americans for America's noble son.

It was a privilege which, like all others granted to Portland, chagrined the people of the "Hub," and rumor has been busy with reports as to the caprices of the green-eyed monster, dwelling in Boston, who is most easily roused by doings calculated to bring either profit or honor to its sister city.

This is the reading of the true story. When the mighty men of Boston knew that England's monarch had sent, and her "Monarch" was bringing the body of the great philanthropist to his last resting-place, they called a meeting and decided with what fitting honors and glories it should be received (as for its coming to Boston, *cela va sans dire*), arranged a programme, and said, "Thus shall it be

done to the man whom Boston delighteth to honor ;” but, when the telegraph flashed the astounding news that little Portland was to be the port at which her majesty’s navy would enter, all was changed in the minds of the mighty men, and they wondered they had for a moment entertained the idea of any reception or honors other than those to be celebrated in Peabody, Massachusetts.

The utter unsuitableness and great impropriety of any such idea at once became apparent to them. Fearing that the Portlanders, who have not had the advantages of the modern Athenians, would blunder in the matter if left to themselves, and desire a reception, lying-in-state, and other funeral ceremonies in Portland, they wrote a letter to Mr. George Peabody Russell, who accompanies the remains, setting forth their ideas on the subject, and proving, to their own satisfaction, that nothing could be in worse taste and more unsuitable than to have any other funeral ceremonies than those to be observed in Peabody; and expressing their hope that such a manifest blunder and utter disregard of “*les convenances*,” would not be permitted by those who had the charge of affairs; which letter was given in charge

to the master of the boat selected to pilot the English fleet safely into Casco Bay.

Meanwhile, Gen. Sutton was sent by the committee from Peabody, who had charge of the reception there, and stationed in Portland to await the arrival, and to declare their hope and expectation of a public reception in Portland.

Portland had not been idle, but had done her best to do justice to the greatness of the occasion, and to her own good taste and good-will.

The first steps made were very suitable, being of wood, and in the right direction, at the foot of the "Great Eastern Wharf"—our sixty thousand dollar wharf—where the Monarch discharged her precious freight; thence the ascent was easy to the funeral car, which had been built elegant in its proportions and magnificent in its decorations.

Our spacious City Hall (next in size to Steinway's, New York,—the largest in the country) was hung with black, and some idea of its size may be gained from the fact of its requiring 30,000 yards of black alpaca and broadcloth. It was heavily draped with black velvet, silver stars, fringe, white rosettes, heavy tassels and nodding plumes, and at

the top of the hall stood a superb catafalque heavily curtained with velvet and lace, and crowned with heavy plumes, with the arms of England on the right and those of America on the left, showing that we

“Mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.”

Silver escutcheons, bore in black letters the well-chosen mottoes, “Thou, too, whose deeds bankrupt a nation’s gratitude;” “Kind hearts are more than coronets;” “But the greatest of these is charity;” “Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven;” “Virtus sola nobilitat;” and “Luxuria ejus benefacere.” Suberb silver vases, three feet high, filled with rarest flowers, stand ready to shed their fragrance over the lifeless form of him from whose good deeds arises a deathless perfume.

The vast hall only lighted by the immense candles surrounding the catafalque, and gas jets inclosing the monogram G. P., and with candles in other parts of the hall, looked like a palace of gloom.

The elegance and perfect artistic effect of these decorations we owe to the genius and taste of our

splendid marine artist, Harry Brown, who superintended all these arrangements.

Among a party of ladies and gentlemen, invited by the mayor to look at the decorations, one who had seen the lying-in-state at Washington of three presidents, and of many distinguished men abroad, pronounced the preparations not lacking in any particular, and we felt satisfied that no more could be expected of us.

The Board of Trade met and passed a series of resolutions which they sent to the Trustees of the Peabody Institute, and to the executors of Mr. Peabody's will, bringing, as a body, their tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead, who, on his way to fame and fortune, passed through their ranks.

The navy prepared for their part, and Admiral Farragut and staff arrived at the Falmouth Hotel. The iron-clads Terror and Miantonomoh, with the steamers Leyden, Cohasset, and Iris, as escort, arrived in the harbor.

The United States steamers "Alaska" and "Benicia" were ordered here, but did not receive the orders in season, and only the "Benicia" arrived,

and she came too late to take a principal part in the ceremonies.

The army had orders to "fall in," and by order of General McDowell four companies from Forts Warren and Adams, of the 5th United States Artillery, arrived at Fort Preble, to join the troops stationed there in assisting, under the command of General Bennett H. Hill, in the coming ceremonies.

Many distinguished strangers from other cities filled our hotels, and the faces of our "English cousins" from Montreal, coming to meet their English cousins from London, beamed upon us from the streets.

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So it was, and we waited in peace, expecting the booming of the gun which would announce the coming of the dead, who counted it more honor to be called an American citizen than a titled subject of the gracious queen, who yet won his allegiance by her appreciation of his noble generosity, and who sent him her "counterfeit presentment" to gladden his heart and the hearts of his countrymen, with the knowledge that, in her estimation, whatever his rank,

his virtues were, as his beneficence had been, both regal.

There were not wanting those, lineal descendants of the dissatisfied of old, who murmured, "To what purpose is this waste; why was not this — given to the poor;" to wail out their belief that the dead, the "friend of the poor" would have been better pleased that his funeral should show no pomp of sorrow, no pageantry of woe, forgetting that no choice was left us. It was an affair of nations, and cities must follow their lead. It would have been a shameful neglect of the duties belonging to the representative position which, in this case, Portland holds, had she done less than she has.

Thus we waited, uncertain as to the exact time of the arrival; when, on Tuesday, the 25th of January, the report was heard that the Monarch had been spoken some fifteen miles out, and Captain Willard, the pilot, started in a storm of rain and hail to meet the vessels; which he did, as, after firing several guns for a pilot, they were about putting out to sea again. Captain Willard says the Monarch is the easiest vessel to steer he ever managed, and, at 9 P. M. she and her consort, the Plymouth, arrived

safe in Portland harbor, whose right to precedence is vindicated by the power of the Monarch (drawing as she does twenty-six feet of water) to come, in the foggiest night of the season, with a very heavy sea outside, directly into port.

Meanwhile the city was entertaining the distinguished guests, and the officers of the army and navy with a "hop," where the beauties of Portland joined with them in dancing away thoughts of the sad occasion which had brought them thither; when the festivities were for a moment interrupted by the news brought to the mayor that the fleet had arrived; and as the superior officers were then obliged to leave, their subordinates rejoiced for once in the lack of rank which left them free to enjoy the gay scene, and insured their immediate promotion to the places left vacant in the favor of *les belles*.

The scene next morning beggars description; and at the time appointed by Admiral Farragut for the beginning of ceremonies, Portland was glorious.

The storm of rain had ceased, and, freezing on the numberless trees of which the city is well proud, had left them clothed in such royal beauty as to surpass the efforts of man's imagination even, so

that there are no words which fitly express it, but those of the world's great master, who has said everything best,—

“Now every bush doth put its glory on,
Like a gemmed bride;”

and the “glory” of the city was that of a sparkling, shimmering, diamond palace, outshining far Queen Catharine's carved palace of ice on the Kremlin.

It was evident to all, that Nature's decorations had surpassed all others, and, laughing at man's feeble efforts,—with silver lace and fringe and plumes,—she, with most admired profusion, had hung the whole city, from fence and rail, and tree and post, with sparkling diamond fringe, such as no other than her own “sweet cunning hand” could furnish; in place of his nodding plumes, casing the highest trees in shining silver, and studding them with glittering points, she bent their stately heads, turning the tallest elms into the graceful weeping willows, so that, looking on her handiwork, all should say, was never work like this.

Certes, it was a rare sight, seen from the Eastern Promenade on Munjoy, where *tout le monde* assembled to view the opening ceremonies of the reception, the escorting the ships up the harbor, by order of the admiral.

The glittering city as a background, the slowly moving ships as they fell into line behind the mighty Monarch, one of the finest ships that ever gladdened the sight of an admiral, with the Cross of St. George flying from the mainmast, and the stars and stripes from the foremast; the American consort, the Plymouth (rock of our ancestors); the sound of the minute guns heard as the line of solemn moving ships passed by the stanch old fort; all flags at half mast; the numerous craft, the tugs, the yachts, the steamers that were covered with curious spectators filled the harbor; the wharves thronged with eager lookers on,—together made such a sight as seldom greets our eyes.

The scene of ten years since was vivid in men's minds, when, as the eldest son of the queen stepped from these shores, he looked upon such a throng as to-day greeted his mother's magnificent iron-clad, and suggested the thought, that, among the many

who appreciate the excellences of our spacious harbor, may be counted her majesty of England.

As,—

“the stately ships went on,
To their haven under the hill,”

Captain Commerell, commander of the *Monarch*, left his ship to meet Admiral Farragut and other officials at the Falmouth, and the future ceremonies were determined on.

The captain informed the admiral that the lying-in-state in the mortuary chapel, which had been fitted up on board the *Monarch*, was to be continued two days after arriving in port, *par ordre de la reine*, and it was decided that after the visit of the admiral and party, it would be opened to all who might wish to visit it.

Accordingly, the next morning at 11 A. M., Admiral Farragut and staff, Governor Chamberlain and staff, Mayor Putnam, and several distinguished strangers and citizens with their ladies, visited the fleet, and were received with all the honors due an admiral, and, after the official civilities, with that hearty and elegant English hospitality which com-

mends itself to all as a product of a finished civilization.

Fresh flowers, sent by the city, replaced the wreaths laid on the casket when it left England; the lighted candles, burning, showed that the light of his life had not gone out, though gone from us; the guard bent motionless, with arms reversed at head and foot; and in the dense gloom of the velvet-hung chapel, the crowd of visitors passed hourly, with hushed steps, casting saddened glances on the motionless body of the man of unequalled generosity, the donor of eight millions to "God's poor."

No tribute seemed to us so touching in its revelations of the good deeds of this man's life, as the cross of immortelle sent, on the ship's leaving England, to show the gratitude and admiration of that noble lady, whose untiring efforts he had generously aided, in her search for some token of the life or death of her husband, who sailed away into the frozen regions many years ago.

When the appointed days were past, and England was ready to deliver up the sacred burden, which, with such honor and reverent tenderness she had

brought across the ocean, the scene on board the Monarch was very impressive.

The doors of the mortuary chapel were opened, the bier raised, and, on reaching the deck, it was received by the chaplain in his robes, by the captain and officers of the ship, by the magnificent "Royal Marines" (who come next in distinction to the "Royal Guards") standing with reversed arms, the vessel's crew standing with uncovered heads, and was followed by all these in sad procession, while the Monarch's band played the Dead March in Saul, as the bier was carried by soldiers, and was, as is the custom, "piped over" the ship's side.

As the bier was received on the United States Steamer Leyden, and placed beneath the pavilion which covered it when delivered by Mr. Motley to Captain Commerell, and the Leyden, preceded by the officers of the army in the Iris, and escorted by the long procession of boats, in double lines with oars "apeak," ending with the admiral and his staff, moved slowly on, and the booming of guns from forts and arsenal and ships, mingling with the softened strains of the martial music, was wafted across the waters, all felt as if the interest of the occasion was

gradually culminating. And when the wharf was reached, and the English captain, in a few well-chosen and graceful words, delivered the precious charge which he had so faithfully guarded in the name of his country, to the governor of Maine, who received it with eloquent words, England's noble work was done.

As the funeral car, bearing aloft the guarded casket in the midst of a most imposing array, passed slowly along the crowded streets to the City Hall, where, with imposing ceremony, it was deposited on the elaborate catafalque prepared to receive it, and the statuesque-bowed guard placed round it, the reality of our countryman's death was felt as never before since first the news of his death in a foreign land came to us. Then we—

“wore funeral weeds for thee,
And bade the dark hearse wave its plumes
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The woful luxury of the tomb.”

Thinking of all these, the merited honors paid by two nations to his memory, honors both civil and

military far greater than any citizen ever before received, it was beautiful to think that there was a simpler honor, all his own, and that—

“The poor man’s heart is his funeral urn.”

The lying-in-state in Portland was over, and again the mourning people came to take a last look, and join in the solemn ceremonies that closed the obsequies in Portland.

Then rose the strains of requiem music from the hidden singers, giving with strength and pathos the touching “Lacrymosa” of Mozart, mingled with the sweet strains of the Germania Band.

A white-robed bishop of that church, whose impressive burial-service was read over the dead in Westminster Abbey, prayed for him in such words as could not fail to touch all hearts.

“And prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead,
And bells tolled out their mighty peal.

And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose,
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The sad’ning burden of the song.”

Again was raised and borne out from among the reverent and mourning throng the gloom-hung bier,—and carried through the city. This time the national troops taking the post of honor, before held by those of the State, with all possible array of magnificence.

The ranks of glittering uniforms, the gorgeous escort of glittering troops, the long line of carriages filled with distinguished men of this and other lands, wound its slow length along till the appointed place was reached, and with much ceremony was again transferred to the waiting friends and neighbors from his native place, that which the winds and waves, the power of steam, the might of men, and the strength of horses, had thus far borne on the way to its last resting-place.

Does he regard these funeral honors paid him ! Either the regal honors of Westminster, when England's greatest assembled to do him reverence ; or the long lying-in-state, with the stormy Atlantic beating against the sides of his chapel, in the dreary December ; or the reception in formal state and ceremony by his native land, of this the "cast-off garment of his flesh," and the further honors both civil

and military to be conferred. And, if he knows them, does he say, It is well!

We know not, yet are we sure that though these honors are lavished on him dead, who living refused all honors, he would not refuse, could he speak, these almost spontaneous tributes to his goodness; he could not refuse, whose deeds, plainer than words could speak, said for him,—

“Write me as one who loved his fellow men.”

COPIES OF THE ADDRESSES

OF CAPTAIN COMMERELL AND GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN.

Captain Commerell then addressed the Governor of Maine as follows:

“GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN,—The venerated remains of this great and good man now before us were placed in my charge by Mr. Motley, the minister of the United States to the Court of St. James, to be conveyed from the country, I may almost say of his adoption, to the land which gave him birth, conveyed by the United States ship of war Plymouth, Captain Macomb, and accompanied by his near relative, Mr. George Peabody Russell. We have arrived at the

City of Portland, in the State of Maine, where most magnificent preparations have been made to receive it. The noble vessel which I command has been selected for this honorable service, I have a right to believe, from the name she bears. I have received orders to show, by every means in my power, the respect and admiration in which this great philanthropist was held, not only by our most Gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria, but by the people of the United Kingdom. This task has been rendered doubly easy to me, by the knowledge the citizens of the United States already possess of the expressed feelings, on a former occasion, of our beloved Queen. The President of the United States of America has testified to the appreciation of what we feel, by the appointment of an officer of great distinction and renown, Admiral Farragut, in command of a squadron of such character, to receive these venerated remains. It gives us, indeed, great pleasure to feel that one of our great vessels of war has been sent on her first errand, not of destruction and death, but of peace and good-will. Governor Chamberlain, into your hands as governor of the State of Maine, I now deliver my sacred trust; but though the remains of this great and good man must pass from us, you cannot deprive us of his memory. The suffering artisan, the widow and the orphan on both sides of the Atlantic, both North and South, will henceforth bless the name of George Peabody."

Governor Chamberlain replied as follows :

"CAPTAIN COMMERELL,—I receive into the custody and care of the State of Maine this sacred trust, so honorably confided to you, and now so faithfully and nobly fulfilled. With mournful pride, this State sees herself chosen as the shore where two nations meet to mingle their tears over the bier of the benefactor of mankind. It is befitting that I should express the deep gratitude of the American people in recognizing the courtesy rising to the height of honor and tenderness, with which it has pleased her majesty, the

queen of Great Britain, to restore to his native land this precious dust. England honored this man while he lived. When he ceased, she laid him with her kings. One of her finest ships has borne him hither, in charge of officers known and honored in both countries. You were escorted by an American ship whose name reminds us at once of the tie that binds us to the old home, and the spirit that makes us a nation. You are met here by the highest officer of the American Navy, whose deeds the world admires. You are received by this vast concourse of people who appreciate all this honor, and join with full hearts in these august ceremonies. I thank you, captain, for your generous courtesy in allowing our people to see the almost royal state in which you have borne hither the remains of this good man. We have seen how England sent him,—even as our Saxon fathers of old sent their good king after death, in their proudest ship freighted with costliest treasures, launched out upon the sea whence he mysteriously came. You will return without him, but not void. You will bear treasures of memory and affection which cannot fail. You will return from a mightier victory than your guns in their proudest triumph shall ever win. You will bear a nation's gratitude, and reverence, and love."

PROCESSION OF BOATS.

Steamer Iris, with General B. Hill, commanding at Fort Preble, and the U. S. Army Officers and Military Band.

U. S. Steamer Leyden, with the body.

Steam Launch of the Monarch, Capt. Commerell and other Officers of the Monarch.

Steam Tug.	Steam Tug.
Monarch.	Monarch.
Monarch.	Monarch.
Miantonomoh.	Plymouth.
Terror.	Terror.
Plymouth.	Miantonomoh.
Terror.	Terror.
Plymouth.	Miantonomoh.
Terror.	Terror.
Plymouth.	Miantonomoh.
Miantonomoh.	Plymouth.
Terror.	Mahoning.
Mahoning.	Mahoning.

U. S. Steamer Cohasset,
with Admiral Farragut and Staff.

PROCESSION.

From the Wharf to the City Hall, January 29, 1870.

Portland Band.

Mechanic Blues and Portland Light Infantry, under the command of Gen. J. M. Brown.

Maine Legislature, with Hon. T. H. Cushing, of Waldo, as Marshal.

Funeral Car, attended by the Committee of the Peabody Institute as Pall-Bearers.

Relatives of the deceased.

Carriage containing Admiral Farragut, Capt. Commerell, Gov. Chamberlain, and Mayor Putnam.

Executive Heads of Departments.

Staff of Admiral Farragut and Gov. Chamberlain.

Officers of British and American Squadrons lying in the harbor.

FUNERAL CORTEGE.

Removal of the remains of the late George Peabody from the City Hall, Portland, to the railroad station, Feb. 1st, 1870.

ORDER OF PROCESSION AND ROUTE OF MARCH.

Funeral Escort.

Marshal.

Four Companies 5th United States Artillery, and two Companies Infantry of Maine Militia, all under command of Gen. B. H. Hill and Staff, United States Army.
Band of H. B. M. S. Monarch.
Marines from U. S. Sloops-of-War Plymouth and Benicia.
Pall Bearers, consisting of Ex-Mayors and Ex-Presidents of the Board of Trade of Portland, Wm. Willis, Joseph Howard, W. W. Thomas, Neal Dow, Jas. T. McCobb, Jacob McLellan, Augustus E. Stevens, John B. Brown, T. C. Hersey, Jonas H. Perley.

Guard of Honor.

Detachment
Portland Light
Infantry,
Capt. Mattocks.

FUNERAL CAR

with six men on each
side as bearers from
U. S. Rev. Steamer
Mahoning.

Guard of Honor.

Detachment
Portland Me-
chanic Blues,
Capt. Parker.

Family.

Committee from Peabody.

Trustees of Peabody Institute.

Trustees of the Educational Fund.

Admiral Farragut, His Excellency the Governor of Maine, Com-
mander of the Monarch, and His Honor the Mayor of Portland.

H. B. M. Consul at Portland, and Commander of the Plymouth.

Spanish Consul, French Consul, and British Vice-Consul.

Staff of Admiral Farragut.

Staff of the Governor of Maine.

Officers of the English and American Navies.

Officers of the English and United States Armies.

Officers of the United States Revenue Service.

Judges of United States and State Courts.

Delegation of the Maryland Legislature.

Mayor and City Council of Baltimore.

Executive Council of Maine.

Senate and House of Representatives of Maine, preceded by
their Officers.

U. S. Marshal and District Attorney.
 Adjutant-general and Attorney-general of Maine.
 Clerks of the Federal and State Courts.
 Collector of Customs, Surveyor of Port, Postmaster.
 Collector and Assessor of Internal Revenue.
 Officers of Customs and Internal Revenue.
 County Officers.
 Aldermen and Common Council of Portland.
 Committee of Reception and Sub-Committees.
 Committees and Boards of the various departments of the City
 Government of Portland.
 City Solicitor, City Treasurer, and Clerk.
 Judge and Recorder of the Municipal Court.
 Officers English Steamers in Port.
 Reverend Clergy of the various denominations.
 Portland Board of Trade.
 Mercantile Library Association.
 Maine Charitable Mechanic Association.
 Portland Society of Natural History.
 Portland Institute and Public Library.
 Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Maine, under com-
 mand of Gen. George L. Beal.
 Bosworth Post, No. 2, G. A. R., of Portland, under command of
 Post Commander W. B. Smith.

The procession moving from the City Hall, passed through the following streets:

Down Congress to Pearl, through Pearl to Middle, up Middle to Congress, up Congress to State, down State to Danforth, down Danforth to High, down High to Commercial, and thence to the railroad station.

After the train left the station the procession marched, under military escort, back to the City Hall, and was there dismissed.