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no. 17, Pawtucket.
General U.S. Grant. Memorial
services.



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MEMORIAL SERVICES

IN HONOR OF

GENERAL U. S. GRANT,



IN

PAWTUCKET, R. I.,

Saturday, August 8, 1885.

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Grand Army of the Republic, Dept. 5
Rhode Island, Tower post, no. 17

Pawtucket

General U. S. Grant.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

HELD IN

PAWTUCKET, R. I.,

ON THE DAY OF

Gen. Grant's Funeral, Aug. 8, 1885.

"Tell the boys that they probably will never look into my face again, nor hear my voice, but they are engraven on my heart, and I love them as my children."—*Message of General Grant to the National Encampment, G. A. R., Portland, Me., June, 1885.*

PAWTUCKET:
TOWER POST, NO. 17, G. A. R.
1885.

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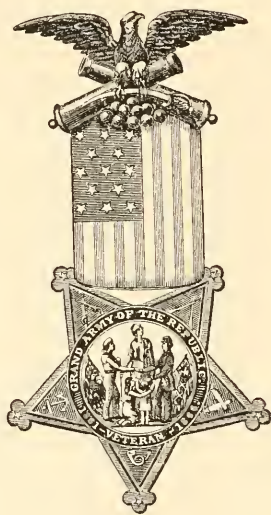


HEADQUARTERS TOWER POST, No. 17, G. A. R.,
PAWTUCKET, August 17, 1885.

At a regular meeting of Tower Post, No. 17, Department of Rhode Island, G. A. R., this evening, a committee, consisting of Comrades Ansel D. Nickerson, Edward P. Tobie and Welcome C. Irons, was authorized to print in pamphlet form the memorial exercises held on the day of the funeral of General Grant.

J. WARREN SEABURY,
Adjutant.

Recd 5/11/32 132



In Memoriam.

As soon as the news of the death of General ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT was received in Pawtucket, on the morning of Thursday, July 23, 1885, William P. Moroney, Esq., President of the Town Council, ordered the fire bells to be tolled, and the buildings of the different departments of the town government draped in mourning, and called a special meeting of the Council to be held on the evening of the following day, to take action in regard to the sad event. At this meeting the following resolutions were adopted:

In accordance with a previous announcement, the bells of yesterday morn told fifty millions of anxious people that General Grant, one of the foremost men of the country, or even of the world, was dead. He was truly, in every sense of the word, a noble man. He had fought great fights, won great victories, and done many great deeds, but in none of these did he display any more heroism than in the last contest with the enemy which finally proved the victor. It is, therefore, proper and fitting that this Town Council, representing twenty thousand people, should recognize the event and take such action as may be deemed consistent at this time;—therefore

Resolved, That the action taken by the President of the Council in ordering the public buildings of the town properly draped in mourning meets with our hearty appreciation.

Resolved, further, That we suggest to the citizens of the town that they drape their residences and places of business as they may deem proper, to remain until the day of the funeral, yet to be appointed; that we recommend that all places of business be closed during the time occupied in the funeral ceremonies; and that we further suggest that suitable public services be held on the day of the funeral, in commemoration of his great services to the country.

Acting under the suggestion contained in the last clause of these resolutions, Tower Post, No. 17, Grand Army of the Republic, at their next meeting, held on Monday evening, July twenty-seventh, appointed Comrades James M. Davis, Alonzo E. Pierce, Edward P. Tobie, William H. Tracy, John R. Trafton, Ansel D. Nickerson, Pardon E. Tillinghast, Percival D. Warburton, J. Warren Seabury, George A. Mason and Hiram S. Johnson a committee to make preparations for suitable memorial services, to be held on the day of General Grant's funeral. This committee met on the same evening and attended to various preliminary matters, and adjourned until Wednesday evening.

On Tuesday evening another special meeting of the Town Council was held, at which Mr. President Moroney, Councilmen John F. Abbott, Isaac Gill, Adolph J. Otto, Fred. A. Patt, Thomas W. Robinson and William H. Salisbury, His Honor Lieutenant Governor Lucius B. Darling, and Town Solicitor Hugh J. Carroll were appointed a committee to act in concert with the Grand Army committee in preparing for memorial services.

Wednesday evening the two committees met together, were consolidated, and organized by the choice of James M. Davis, Chairman, and Percival D. Warburton, Secretary. Sub-committees were appointed as follows:

On Hall and Hall Drapery—Alonzo E. Pierce, George A. Mason, J. Warren Seabury and Fred. A. Patt.

On Speakers—Ansel D. Nickerson, Pardon E. Tillinghast, Hiram S. Johnson and William P. Moroney.

On Music—William H. Tracy, John R. Trafton and John F. Abbott.

On Programme—The committees on speakers and music.

On Drum Band and Salute—James M. Davis.

On Tolling Bells—Edward P. Tobie.

Various matters were considered, the general order of exercises indicated, and the subject was left in the hands of the several sub-committees. It was decided to hold the exercises at two o'clock on the afternoon of August eighth, the day of the funeral, and also to have salutes fired morning and evening, and to have the bells tolled from half-past one until two o'clock, or during the march of the Post, the committee and guests from Grand Army hall to the place of the services.

The committee on hall and hall drapery accepted the kind offer of the Skating Academy, made by Colonel A. L. Richardson, in which to hold the services, and proceeded to properly drape it. At the rear of the academy a platform was erected, 50x14 feet in size, for the speakers, the committee and the invited guests. The background of the platform was American flags, draped, while the front was dead black. On each front corner were a pine and a palm tree together, emblematical of the two sections of the country. On the platform were the G. A. R. altar, draped, with a representation of a mortar, draped, on each side; a floral tribute from Tower Post, G. A. R., consisting of a wreath of laurel and a cross of myrtle, resting against each other and surmounted by a crown of roses—the three burial emblems of the G. A. R. ritual—the whole resting on a base, the front of which was in semblance of the shoulder strap of General Grant,—four white stars on a purple background, with a yellow border; the tributes of Tower Relief Corps, consisting of a floral Maltese cross, the form of the badge of the order, with "W. R. C." in purple immortelles on the base, and a large and very handsome pyramid of wild flowers; an elegant floral harp, mainly of roses, resting on a base, on which were "U. S. G." in purple immortelles, the contribution of J. Hogan, florist, and wreaths and bouquets, the tributes of various persons, while many growing plants flanked the emblematic pine and palm; and floral pieces, flowers and growing plants,

and the furniture of the platform were all draped or veiled in black.

The gallery front, over the platform, contained the inscription, in black letters on a white tablet, set in a black background, "Our Nation's Hero Dead—A Nation Mourns for Him." At the centre of this tablet was a large United States shield, draped, with a picture of General Grant, surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves in the centre, the whole being veiled in black. Above the shield stood an American eagle with outspread wings, holding in its beak a wreath of laurel, while on each side of the eagle was a United States flag, draped.

The pillars along each side the skating surface were shrouded in dead black from the bottom nearly to the top, with a white and black rosette on each pillar at the top of the drapery, while heavy festoons of black hung between the rosettes along each side the entire length. On every other pillar was a fancy shield bearing the name of some one of the great engagements fought by General Grant, from Fort Donelson to Appomattox.

The front of the front gallery was heavily festooned with black, looped up with white and black rosettes.

The four groups of Chinese lanterns and flags hanging over the centre of the floor were completely encased in black veiling, while from the top of each, on each side, ran festoons diagonally to the tie beams, and then straight to the rosettes on the pillars.

On the front of the building, outside, was placed, near the top, a large United States shield draped, with below it a large fac-simile of the General's shoulder strap—four stars—with festoons from the shield to the shoulder strap, and from the latter to the tops of the lower windows.

Seats were placed upon the skating surface, which, with the seats already in the academy, brought the seating capacity up to three thousand people.

The services commenced at six o'clock on the morning of Saturday, August eighth (the funeral day), by a salute of thirteen guns, fired by a detachment of Tower Post, under command of Comrade James N. Earle. Numberless flags were displayed at half-mast, as had been done since the morning of General Grant's death, and very many of the places of business and residences were draped in mourning, a number of them showing much taste and skill in arrangement. By noon most of the stores and places of business were closed in recognition of the services.

Tower Post, Commander James M. Davis, in uniform and wearing the badge of mourning, assembled at Grand Army hall at one o'clock, preparatory to forming the line to march to the academy. And there were gathered there also the members of the Town Council (all of whom were of the committee of arrangements), large numbers of other town officials, members of the General Assembly, members of the Business Men's Association, Ballou Post, No. 3, G. A. R., of Central Falls, representatives of other Posts, G. A. R., soldiers and sailors not members of the G. A. R., and other invited guests. At half-past one o'clock the line was formed in the following order :

Platoon of Police, Officer Scott.

Pawtucket Fife and Drum Corps, B. Sexton, Leader ;

A. F. Davis, Drum Major—7 pieces.

Tower Post, No. 17, G. A. R., Commander James M. Davis,
and Soldiers and Sailors—127 Comrades.

Ballou Post, No. 3, G. A. R., of Central Falls, Senior Vice
Commander James H. Brennan—25 Comrades.

Clergy.

Town Council.

Other Town Officials.

Members of the General Assembly.

Business Men's Association, F. C. Sayles, President.

With muffled drums and amid the solemn tolling of the fire and church bells, the line wended its way to the academy.

At the academy the citizens of the town had gathered until nearly all the seats were filled, and very many were standing. It was estimated that there were at least three thousand people there during the services. The ladies of Tower Relief Corps were present and were seated in the front seats on the right of the academy, while the comrades of the Post were seated on the left, and the guests took seats on the platform. Among those upon the platform were His Honor Lieutenant Governor Darling, ex-Governor Alfred H. Littlefield, General Olney Arnold, nearly all the clergy of the town, the Town Council and other town officials, a number of the Business Men's Association, Eugene A. Cory, Commander of the Department of Rhode Island, G. A. R., Charles C. Gray, Past Department Commander, and others.

His Honor Judge P. E. Tillinghast presided. The services commenced with the singing of "America" by a double quartette, composed of Messrs. John A. Jerauld, John R. Trafton, William H. Tracy, Charles O. Read, Fred. Bogle, Louis J. Clarner and David J. White, Mrs. John R. Trafton presiding at the organ, and the audience joining in the hymn.

Rev. George Bullen, D. D., of the First Baptist church, offered prayer, the quartette responding with "Thy Will Be Done."

ADDRESS BY JUDGE TILLINGHAST.

His Honor JUDGE TILLINGHAST addressed the assembly as follows :

COMRADES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :—The foremost man in all our land has paid the debt of nature, and sleeps with his fathers. General Ulysses S. Grant, the invincible soldier, the magnanimous conqueror, the illustrious patriot, and at the same time the plain, unassuming citizen, is dead ; and a great nation sits in mourning around his bier to-day, and recounts, with patriotic pride and admiration, his manly virtues and his heroic deeds. A common sorrow and a common sympathy, mingled with a desire to do all possible honor to the memory of the illustrious dead, bring us together on this solemn and deeply impressive occasion. A sense of personal as well as of national loss pervades all hearts ; for we each feel that whatever touches and concerns the national welfare, touches and concerns also the individual welfare of every citizen. The friend of our country is also our individual friend ; and the enemy of our country is also the personal enemy of each one of us.

The life of General Grant naturally divides itself into three important periods, namely : the formative or preparatory period, the military period, and the political period. Of the first it is worthy of special mention that he was surrounded and moulded by those rugged influences which strongly tend to foster and develop individuality, firmness of purpose, self-reliance, indomitable will, and those other marked traits of character which so largely contributed to his subsequent success and greatness. He was not cradled in the enervating lap of affluence and luxury, but in the lowly one of honest and honorable toil. Like Lincoln and Garfield, he was pre-eminently the architect of his own

exalted fortune. Like them, too, he contended with the seemingly untoward environments of his early life, and compelled them to minister to his permanent good.

His military training at West Point also constituted an important part of the preparatory period of his life. It was here that his native gifts were cultivated and developed; his mind schooled to habits of closest application and mathematical precision, and all his powers, whether physical or mental, made subject to the easy and ready control of his iron will. That the severe discipline which he there experienced contributed in a very large degree to his subsequent unparalleled achievements as a soldier, none will deny. That success would have been impossible without it, none will question. The requisite qualities of character, coupled with and supplemented by the requisite training and discipline, furnished the man whose name and fame are now immortal. Though reared in the humble walks of private life, yet he gradually rose to honor and distinction until he finally stood without a peer in all his native land. True, indeed, it is, that

“Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.”

The second or military period in the life of General Grant was by far the most important of the three named, for it was during this period that his truly wonderful abilities manifested themselves, and his great life-work was accomplished. The outbreak of the war of the rebellion found him in the quiet pursuits of ordinary life, and furnished the supreme opportunity for the development of his great military capacity. His services in the war with Mexico had already shown the kind of mettle of which he was made, and given promise of larger usefulness in the future. He at once offered his services to the government, which being promptly accepted, he was assigned to

duty; and from that time forward to the close of the war his course was steadily onward and upward, reaching at last the proud eminence of a great and magnanimous conqueror, and receiving the plaudits of admiring millions of his fellow-men.

Until General Grant came prominently to the front in the West, as a skillful and successful commander, the people of the North seemed to be doomed to disappointment and chagrin; and many were losing heart as to the final outcome of the terrible struggle. The first great battle of the war had resulted disastrously to the national arms; the brave and promising General Lyon had lost his life in winning a costly but barren victory, if, indeed, it could be called a victory, at Wilson's Creek; General Fremont was meeting with very indifferent success in Missouri, and had incurred the displeasure of the administration by his attempted emancipation of the slaves of all such as were proven to be the active enemies of the government; a "masterly inactivity" was displayed by the commander of the great Army of the Potomac, and a general feeling of anxious solicitude on the part of Unionists was beginning to manifest itself. A *great leader* was what they longed for and fervently prayed for; one who could command the entire confidence of the people by proving himself the supreme master of the great situation. "*Give us a Joshua,*" they said, "to lead us to victory."

In the midst of this our "winter of discontent" and uncertainty, there came the joyful tidings from the West that a withering blow to rebellion and treason had been given in the capture of Fort Donelson, and that a leader of great capacity and marvellous force had at last appeared. General Grant was that leader. And from that time onward to the close of the war his was really the master mind, although he did not assume the entire command of the army until early in 1864, and his the comprehensive

plan in the great work of the preservation of the Union. A feeling not only of great relief, but of intense joy also, was immediately apparent in all loyal hearts upon the announcement of the doubly good news. The sledge-hammer blows which this now rapidly rising commander and his splendid army subsequently inflicted upon the enemy at the terrible battle of Shiloh, and at the dogged siege of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, placed him in the fore-front of all others, and gave indubitable proof of his pre-eminent military ability. The great emergency of the hour had been met, and the life and perpetuity of the nation were secure. Gradually but surely the great field of operations was being contracted, and the strength of the enemy palsied. Gradually but surely our noble army moved forward under its great captain, to final and complete victory. But I need not further particularize; for the military career of General Grant from the time of his seizure of Paducah, in Kentucky, on the sixth of September, 1861, to the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House, in Virginia, on the ninth of April, 1865, is matter of familiar history, known and read of all men.

Of the many admirable qualities of character which General Grant possessed, his dispassionateness, self-reliance and persistency were the most noticeable. That he was constantly in perfect command of all his mental and moral resources, those who knew him most intimately and under the most trying circumstances bear uniform testimony. The instances are numerous in which he manifested the utmost coolness in the face of gravest dangers. General Porter recently mentioned the following personal one: After the terrible second day's fight in the Wilderness, General Grant ordered him to throw all the wagon trains in line of battle on the right, whereupon an officer standing by said to the great commander: "If we're defeated here, the trains will all be captured." General

Grant responded, with compressed lips : "When this army is defeated it will be when I have so few men left that they won't want any trains." When a panic-stricken officer on the field at Belmont said to him : "General, we are surrounded," he quietly replied : "Then we will cut our way out."

General Grant had an abiding confidence in his own judgment. He knew that he could safely trust and follow his own deliberate convictions. And while he was by no means egotistical, or inconsiderate of the opinions of others, yet he generally made and followed his own plans.

His persistency was proverbial. Whatever he attempted he persevered in with obstinate tenacity, and knew no such thing as failure. The first day of the battle of Spottsylvania Court House was one of awful strife and slaughter. Continuous fighting had been going on for five days previous, with seemingly very uncertain results, and many brave hearts trembled for fear of what might be on the morrow, when the terrible struggle was to be renewed. But the iron nerve of the great commander was undisturbed, and he penned to the Secretary of War the immortal message, so characteristic of the man : "*I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.*" He followed up and promptly secured the fruits of his victories, without waiting, as was too much the custom with certain doubting generals, to see whether the enemy might not return ere long with reinforcements and renew the contest on the same field. His policy was to "hammer continuously" at Lee's army until it was broken into fragments and utterly routed.

General Grant's unswerving loyalty to the government was a part of his very being. He had no thought, or aspiration, or purpose, that was not wholly devoted to his country's good. He fought, not like Hannibal, from hatred of his enemy and an overweening desire for con-

quest; nor yet like Napoleon, for fame and glory and personal aggrandizement, but only for the peace and welfare of his fellow-men, and the preservation of the sacred institutions of our fathers. With these objects secured, he was only too glad to renounce his high authority and return to the private walks of peaceful life.

Of his magnanimity it can safely be said that it is without a parallel in all the annals of history. No other conqueror ever treated his captives with such consideration and kindness. And it is doubtless largely due to his noble generosity that there exists to-day on the part of those against whom he fought substantially the same regard for his memory as finds expression among those who followed him to victory. A reunited and prosperous and happy nation, without regard to former differences, gathers around his open grave as one great family, all actuated by a common impulse, and filled with a common sorrow. His memory is the proud heritage of no section or party, but of our whole country.

I would not speak extravagantly of the part taken by General Grant in our great struggle for national existence. I would not for one moment forget or undervalue by any comparison the part also taken by that mighty host of patriots, living and dead, who made the great achievements of our hero possible. While he was the architect, they were the builders.

Of the third, or political period in the life of General Grant, the time allotted me will permit only the briefest mention. It covers eight years of our national history, and was filled with events which required the greatest sagacity, the highest wisdom and the broadest statesmanship. How fully he met these exalted requirements, impartial history will yet relate. That he maintained the dignity of the government at home and abroad, and vindicated the national integrity in a marked degree by insist-

ing that our obligations incurred during the war should be fulfilled both as to the spirit and letter thereof, none will attempt to gainsay. Strictly honest himself, he insisted that the government of which he was the head should be honest also. His policy toward the States then lately in rebellion was merciful and conciliatory, but at the same time firm and well defined. He was anxious that the local governments should promptly resume their legitimate functions, but vigorously insisted that peace and good order should be maintained and private rights protected meanwhile. Some of his appointments to positions of trust and responsibility subsequently proved to be exceedingly unwise and injudicious, and were the occasion for much criticism and scandal, but these mistakes of his arose from his judging of the integrity of others by his own pure standard. He was slow to believe that his friends were untrue. On the whole, there is much to admire, and little to deplore, in his twice four years of service as the Chief Magistrate of this great Republic.

Finally, the brave soldier and the illustrious citizen now rests from all his labors, and his works do follow him. He has fought the good fight; he has kept the faith; he has finished his course, and there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Prince of Peace, under whom he served, will richly bestow. Immortal patriot, hail, and farewell!

ADDRESS BY REV. W. P. TUCKER.

Rev. W. P. TUCKER, of Trinity church, then delivered an address as follows :

It is a day which will be written in large letters upon the calendar of history, in which not one nation only, but the whole civilized world stands with bowed and uncovered head to cast into an open grave its chaplet of respect and honor. It will be a day to live not only in your memory and mine, but in the annals of this nation for all time—the day on which, throughout this land, the eyes which have filled with tears for General Grant cannot be counted for their multitude. No man has lived, and, we may safely say, no man will live, whose burial will be attended by the pageantry of such a universal, heartfelt and reverential sorrow. And in the crowded processions and assemblies who to-day with sorrowing hearts will engage in these memorial rites, there are included all ranks and all classes, all ages and all degrees of men. Each has an equal claim, and each an equal place. All share a common loss ; but each individual heart brings its personal tribute of affection to swell the vast volume of chant and eulogy—of praise and lamentation, which, like a huge tidal wave, rolls with the westward sun across the sorrowing face of this bereaved land.

Beholding the universal hush of labor and the innumerable tokens of grief, it has the appearance rather as if some sore affliction had entered every household. And so, indeed, it is. The life the nation deplores had bound itself by the strongest personal ties to every sensitive and loving heart the wide land over. As by his unexampled public career he had raised himself out of obscurity to a peerage with the noblest, so by the rare exhibition of the

sweet amenities of domestic life he had shown himself a brother with the humblest. There is no one so high in the world's estimate of greatness that he may not feel himself honored in doing homage to the transcendent worth of the patriot, the statesman and the soldier; there is no one so mean of birth or station that he may not claim his right, and "have his claim allowed," to moisten with a tear the bier of one who counted it his proudest honor to be called a true American and a constant friend.

As one sails up the beautiful bay of San Francisco, thirty miles away upon the right hand there rises out of the vast plains of California, to the height of nearly four thousand feet, one noble mountain whose peak commands one of the grandest views on the earth. To the dweller near this mountain it appears only a shapeless, precipitous and jagged mass of volcanic rock, tossed and torn by terrific fires, and seamed and scarred by the storms of ages. As we journey away from it in any direction, its grand mass seems to grow greater, as it looms up in its magnificence in that clear, golden atmosphere, the crags and seams and yawning abysses disappearing; and it stands at sunset—as I have often watched it—clad in glory, a robe of blue and purple mantling its base and middle height, a crown of glory resting on its majestic head; and as the evening shadows gather, line by line it disappears, melting away at last into the infinite dome of the starry sky.

Men have their symbols and counterparts in nature. And as I have recalled the mountain, and now endeavor to catch up in a single glance some picture of General Grant's career and character, there seemed to me something—much—very much—of likeness in each to the other. They are marked by the same impressiveness upon the inner sight. There is the same isolation—standing together with others, and yet apart—the same supremacy of height (for viewed from the summit of the mountain, the

lesser hills are rolled down to the level of the plain); through all the storms and changes of the ages how calm and patient and firm the grand old mountain has stood! And yet not more calm and patient and firm than stood the man through all the trials, temptations and successes of his eventful life!

On near approach, as I have said, the mountain loses its symmetry and smoothness of outline—great gaps and rugged rocks appear; so with the man. Grant had his defects, his faults and weaknesses—“to err is human”—which those who come nearest to him plainly see; and remaining near, perhaps see only these; and yet, as we recede either in distance or in time from the mountain or the man, the faults are forgotten and disappear, and the mountain, grand and consummate in outline, is clad in crimson and gold by the haze and the sunlight; and the man, in his uniqueness of life,—in his heroic height, in his broad simplicity of character, and in his unshaken faith in God and man,—stands out to challenge the unrivalled admiration of the world.

Such, I think, is no exaggerated estimate of the position which General Grant will hold, and hold deservedly, among the world's greatest ones. I fully believe that as time goes on, the unique character and the moral stature of the man will more and more appear. Like the mountain, as we recede from it, the outline will stand out more boldly against the sky; and when the mere landscape of the present life shall have passed away, and the shadows deepen through the haze of time, a golden halo, as of the sunset, which gathers upon the world's true heroes and martyrs, will descend upon his head, and nearer to the stars will appear both the mountain and the man. As Prince Hamlet said of his most noble father:

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.”

The time apportioned to each address in these services will not permit me to run over with you even the briefest sketch of General Grant's life. No attempt could be more needless or more superfluous. You can tell it to me as well, or better, many of you, than I can tell it to you. It does not lie within my ability and scope to do it justice.

Neither would I attempt with you any critical analysis of General Grant's character. Such characters as Grant's do not yield readily to analysis; any more than one of his military exploits will submit to be judged by the accepted scientific rules of modern strategy. Whatever his plans had, or whatever they lacked, there stood behind them, in the man himself, the very incarnation of the military spirit, and the result was victory—quick, thorough and lasting—every time, for he never lost a battle! Upon the field of Shiloh, when, if ever, the enemy stole a march on him, his attention was drawn at nightfall to the fact that the foe held the position occupied by our troops in the morning, and he was asked what was to be done about it. "Attack them, of course," was his reply, adding, "and won't they be surprised!"

So you may take this marvellous character of General Grant's, and you may stretch it upon your dissecting table, and you may talk of his bravery, his collectedness of mind, his persistency, his unconquerableness, his simplicity, his modesty, his magnanimity, his integrity, and you are just as far from defining exactly in what his greatness consists, as you were when you began. There is a subtle something which has escaped you, just as the life deserts the body when it is thus cut to pieces; and that something which has outreached your scrutiny, is the *real* characteristic, the *essence*, which made the man what he was, and which enabled him to display all these qualities in such a remarkable degree.

But I did not propose, as I said, to travel with you over

the vast field of this unique life, or to uncover the secret springs of its massive grandeur.

“I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.”

Surely no man who ever lived held praise more cheap, and no man who ever died needs less the praise of men. It will ever stand, I may say in passing, as one of the amazing traits of his superb life, that by no act or word is he convicted of the weakness of drawing praise to himself, even when he saw the praise that justly should have come to him, pass him by and rest upon another.

I felt I should meet appropriately the demands of this occasion, when I had thus simply stated my own estimate of the unchallenged place the man whose body is now being committed to its grave is destined to hold among the men of his own time and of all time, if I should follow out with you a single thought which, it seems to me, fully justifies this exalted estimate.

“Greatness is thrust upon some men unawares,”—“circumstances make the man,”—are familiar remarks, and are partially *very true* remarks; and yet it is the other half to say, that it depends chiefly upon the man himself, after all, what circumstances make of him. The test of true greatness lies just here,—whether, as between the man and the circumstances, it is the circumstances that shape the man, or the man who so controls and checks the circumstances as to compel them to do for him the required service.

Keeping now in thought this plain touchstone of all true fame, let me scan with you a few well-remembered scenes which happened almost together, near the close of that extraordinary military career; and if they impress you with a fraction of the power they have always had over my own mind, I know you will concede that they display a degree of moral nerve and moral tenderness by the side of

which the moral equipment of a regiment of the world's ordinary heroes dwarfs and shrinks into insignificance.

It is toward the very close of the last campaign of the conflict. Two finer armies never confronted each other on the field of battle. There were veterans on both sides, and they grappled in the death-struggle. "On this line if it takes all summer," is the watchword. Ever shifting his position, but never falling back, the northern general pressed on, and on! and on!! at that frightful cost of life, till he had fixed his grasp close to the heart of the Confederacy. The brave men of Sherman were gathering their well-won laurels. Sheridan was covering himself with glory in the Shenandoah Valley. The people had grown impatient with the old hero's slowness. He deigned not to tell you and me, what we know now, that all these victories were but a part of his own original plan. The newspapers throughout the North assailed him without stint, some of them not mincing to stigmatize him as "the great butcher." He answered not a word. Things went on. At last the President, who (it is now no secret) was more than once the only member of the government who retained confidence in Grant, even the President, in despair, went down to his tent before Petersburg to unburden his own perplexity and to adjure that sphinx-like man to break his awful silence and to give a reason for his delay. His reply (which I have almost from his own lips, and which I have never seen in print) was this: "President Lincoln, I am fighting General Lee," (he did not under-rate an enemy,) "and I have made up my mind that this war is *man for man under the ground*, and I have the most men; and I have taken the responsibility." "God help you! Keep it!" responded the President after a long silence. But, my friends, what responsibility? The awful responsibility, for which he has gone to give an account to God, of sacrificing human lives at the rate of a thousand

a week!—not because he was reckless of life, far from it!—but because he *saw it for certain* that only so could he save his country! “I HAVE TAKEN THE RESPONSIBILITY!” My own brain reels in the attempt to weigh the moral nerve which is concentrated in such a reply as that.

At length, however, the time comes. He sends the characteristic message to President Lincoln (I have it from the same private source as above): “Lee has packed his carpet-bag, but can’t catch his train.” At the same time, Sheridan tells us, he sent the order to him at Dinwiddie Court House,—on March thirtieth, ten days before the surrender at Appomattox,—“We might as well close it now.” Was *that man*, I ask, the “creature of circumstances?” as has been alleged of Grant; or did he *create* circumstances? His fame rests on the reply!

About that time it was, too, when victory was assured, and a weaker man, for his own aggrandizement, would have pressed his advantage to the utmost, that Grant addressed Lee, asking him to yield, that life might be spared, and added: “I desire to shift from my shoulders the responsibility for any more bloodshed, or of the loss of a single life.” No other military conqueror ever approached such an act of self-renunciation!

One more scene remains. Lee’s parting from his brave army was a sad one; but no condition was to be imposed by the victor that brought with it one jot of added humiliation. History furnishes no parallel to the courtesy shown on that occasion to the vanquished. The captor would not even enter the captured capital. The proffered sword he returned to one who, while the most valiant defender of the wrong, was of a spirit to appreciate the generous act of the leader of our armies. That to-day the name of this great leader is held in equal honor throughout our *entire* land, that North and South are joint bearers of his pall, and that the badges of mourning have been affixed by the

hands of the conquered enemy to the walls of the very house which witnessed this act of super-kingly amnesty, is the most priceless heritage he could have left to his weeping country, and the most glorious inspiration he could have given to humanity!

This year will be marked also by the death of another Christian hero, whom, if any one, the world might worthily match against the name of Grant; one whom, in the House of Commons, on the twenty-fifth of February last, Earl Gladstone designated "a hero among heroes." When, upon his return on his errand of mercy to the Soudan, where his body now fills a nameless grave, among those for whom he gave his life, he was highly complimented upon his former splendid rule of that country, as an officer of the government, he quietly replied: "No, I am not a Napoleon, nor a Colbert. I do not profess to have been a great soldier or a great financier; but I can say this, I have cut off the slave-dealers in their strongholds, and I have made the people love me." These were the spoken words of Chinese Gordon; they are the unspoken words of the life of General Grant. "I HAVE MADE THE PEOPLE LOVE ME!" Write these words with the finger of truth as the inscription upon his national monument! They are his most splendid trophy!

Young men in this assembly, who read and hear these things, you have inherited the liberty thus redeemed—the principles thus established in agony and blood. The brave men who fought are going down one by one into green and honored graves. Upon you descends the responsibility they have so nobly borne. Prove yourselves worthy of such a heritage! Faithfully discharge the trust! Copy the examples of Washington, of Lincoln, of Garfield, of Grant! Emulate their fidelity to honor, to truth, to country, to God! It shall bring you peace at the last!

Surviving soldiers of the Grand Army! Sharers in

Grant's successes, and justly entitled to share his renown ! Your eyes dim with tears as we recall these scenes, and you think of the still, silent form which awaits its sepulture. During all these years of peace, nothing has distinguished you except these cherished memories of the past, and the proud consciousness that, as soldiers, under such a commander, you served and saved your country. Follow his grand leadership into the yet nobler triumphs which adorn his private life, remembering the thrilling words which close your dead general's last order, issued June 2, 1865 :

“To achieve these glorious results and to secure to yourselves, your fellow-countrymen and posterity the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen, and sealed the priceless legacy with their blood. The graves of these a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories, and will cherish and support their stricken families.”

“Lay his sword on his breast ;
 There's no spot on its blade
 In whose cankering breath
 Its bright laurels will fade ;
 'Twas the first to lead on
 At humanity's call ;
 'Twas stayed with sweet mercy,
 When glory was all.
 As calm in the council,
 As gallant in war,
 He fought for his country,
 And not its hurrah ;
 In the path of the hero
 With pity he trod ;
 Let him pass with his sword
 To the presence of God.

“Follow now as ye list ;
 The first mourner to-day
 Is the nation whose father
 Is taken away.

Wife, children and neighbor
May mourn at his knell,
He was lover and friend
To his country as well.
For the stars on our banner
Grown suddenly dim,
Let us weep in our darkness,
But weep not for him!
Not for him who has died
Leaving millions in tears;
Not for him who has died
Full of honor as years;
Not for him who ascended
Fame's ladder so high;
From the round at the top
He has stepped to the sky!
It is blessed to go
When so ready to die."

[NOTE.—In a hastily prepared address for a passing occasion, with not the most distant thought that it would have a permanent form, I did not hesitate to adopt almost in the author's words the simile of a mountain which I have applied to General Grant; and also from a recent address by Rev. Dr. Meloy, of Chicago, a part of the phraseology of some portions near the close. I prefer to make my full acknowledgment in this general way, than to recast the language, or to introduce frequent quotation marks.—w. P. T.]

ADDRESS BY REV. H. F. KINNERNEY.

The quartette sang "The Battle Prayer," and then Rev. H. F. KINNERNEY, of St. Joseph's church, addressed the large assembly as follows :

God alone is great ! America is great among the nations ! Grant is great among men ! God is eternal ! America is immortal, but Grant is dead. His virtues and defects have already been passed upon at the judgment seat ; his name and fame live for us and for all posterity. Wonderful name ! mighty fame ! you have carved for yourselves the largest place given to men in the Temple of Immortality.

For some years, fifty millions of people, bound together by the closest tie of union, have slept calmly under the shadow of his great name. Vain sleep—they are suddenly awakened by the terror of a dire calamity. They open their eyes and look up with throbbing hearts to a lowering cloud which bears within its folds the arrow of death for him who is the greatest and the first of the fifty millions, greater alone, as being the head, than all the fifty millions in the aggregate ; till at length the cloud bursts on Mount McGregor, killing him who was the heart and the pulse of the nation. How sorrowfully and mournfully the bells of America tolled, to tell the millions that Grant was dead !! the same bells which rang *so joyously* for the fall of Richmond. We read that the sun stood still, destroying time ! The sun on America's dial stood still on July twenty-third, at eight minutes past eight, and will not move until in a few moments the mortal remains of Grant shall have been consigned to the earth.

It is an instinct of humanity to proclaim the greatness of a man from the gates of the tomb. It is thus that history for future generations must be made. France, a few days ago, proclaimed to the world the greatness of Victor

Hugo. It is now America's turn to proclaim the greatness of her hero, General Grant. Was he truly great? I answer, Who could be greater in a human point of view? He was magnificently great,—great in life, and great in death. The world has ever bestowed her choicest laurels on the soldier. Grant was a soldier, every inch, and a truly great soldier. With whom shall I compare him in all history? I call from the dead an Xerxes, an Alexander the Great, a Scipio-Africanus, a Cæsar, a Wellington, a Napoleon. Compare him with a Napoleon? No! Napoleon has left nothing to the world except a band of wandering exiles bearing his name. A soldier's greatness is told by, first, his victories, and second, their results. Who gained more victories than Grant? I mention but a few to be inscribed upon his monument: Shiloh, Corinth, Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, The Wilderness, Richmond, Appomattox. The history of the last is enough to place him first in the ranks of all the soldiers in the world. A victory of arms, and a victory of magnanimity!! "*Væ victis*" (woe to the conquered) was gnawing the soul of his noble adversary. "General," said he, "I take not your sword"—"Hate shall not prevail among warring brothers"—"Take your arms! turn them into ploughshares; your horses you will need to till the ground in the spring-time." Great God!! this is the first time that war has ended thus, this the greatest victory ever won by mortal man!

It was not the victory of arms which put an end to the rebellion. No! a thousand times, no!! It was the magnanimity of General Ulysses Simpson Grant. Write, then, upon his tomb, a word never written on the tomb of another warrior—MAGNANIMOUS GRANT. What have been the results of his victories? The union of States, that noblest form of government ever framed by the genius of men, saved; its foundation made more firm than adamantine rock! its form and shape made more beautiful than the

most Utopian dream could ever have imagined—more union, more love, more prosperity, more equal rights, more liberty, more progress, more godliness than ever before blessed this the fairest land on earth. Come forth, ye millions of slaves made freemen, to grace the triumphal car of your liberator who to-day goes in victory to the tomb! Lincoln was the head, but Grant was the right arm! Lincoln and Grant!! The names are inseparable and imperishable; one does not darken the lustre of the other!

War has its misfortunes; they always follow in its train as vultures follow carrion: chaos in government; a ruined finance; a set of miscreants goaded by pelf and gain. Was the United States cursed for a time by these plagues? Yes—and Grant fought them all to the death. Assassination! chaos! plunder! He fought them single-handed and alone. Twice he saved the nation in the few years following the war—no painful allusions. Chaos in government he battled against while its shapeless form dashed against him on every side during the two terms of his Presidency. In the piping times of peace it is a comparatively easy matter to be a good President. But, gentlemen, I do not care what you may think, I do not fear to proclaim over his bier, that he was a *Providential President*. The only man who could have been a *real President* at that time of disorder which followed the war—for a second term—aye even for a third. It was he who saved the shattered fragments, and it was he alone, by the power of his great name, who could reconstruct them. True, parties, the jugglery toys of the nation, met him as a curse. Down, I say, to-day with parties. No Democrat, no Republican, no North, no South; they are too small to be thought of at the grave of Grant. He met heart-traitors—but *he was true*. “He loved not wisely, but too well.”

No man ever received more applause from humanity from one end of the civilized world to the other than did

General Grant. The "*census mommuniis*" (the common agreement of men) of the world cannot be wrong, or else we have all gone mad! He took a trip around the world like his fabled namesake, Ulysses of old. The sons of Adam blessed and praised him as he passed by; the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Ethiopian, offered him their praise and plaudits, and their choicest gifts.

And now his last battle is to be fought, the battle of dissolution. Mythology tells of a man at whose vitals a serpent ever preyed without destroying his victim. This serpent of disease, slow and insidious, attacked him months ago. Noble victim! Fifty millions of men would have dislodged that enemy; but, no; *Statutum est hominibus, semel mori*—Thou art a man—dust, and into dust thou must return. What courage! what patience! what resignation to the Divine Will! what simplicity! what humiliation! what love! what peace! surrounded thee, until at last thou didst lie down, like a babe in its mother's arms, and breathe forth thy noble, generous soul into the hands of thy Creator. Better said of thee than of mighty Cæsar:

"Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived the tide of time."

At thy tomb I shall whisper the words of thine I loved the best: "Let us have peace." Peace be to thee, first of Columbia's sons! Peace be to thee, noble soldier, bold warrior, victorious chieftain! Peace to thy bones—no! they stir! they move! they speak! they call for the ashes of her who was his other self, his heart, his soul, his love, his wife;—come, loneliest of women, answer;—the hero will not rest alone;—stand by his grave, soothe his brow, give him thy kiss, pure and gentle, and his bones will rest again in peace! Wait there at the tomb, broken-hearted woman! the time is short—a little while and this cruel war will be over, and then in peace with him you shall rest and sleep.

"And we left him alone in his glory."

LETTER FROM REV. J. J. WOOLLEY.

The quartette sang "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," when Comrade ANSEL D. NICKERSON, chairman of the committee on speakers, read the following letter from Rev. J. J. WOOLLEY, of the Park Place Congregational church, Past Department Chaplain, who was to be the next speaker, but who was prevented from being present by illness :

SOUTH NORWALK, Ct., Aug. 6, 1885.

MR. A. D. NICKERSON :

My Dear Comrade :— Please express to the soldiers and citizens assembled on the occasion of General Grant's funeral my regrets at not being able to be with them. It is because of recent sickness that I cannot be present and participate in the services that seem to me to be so fitting and appropriate.

The nation sits to-day like a widow bereaved of her most heroic son. The more I ponder the life and character of General Grant, the more I am filled with admiration and esteem for him. It was when the nation was sore troubled with war and threatened with destruction, that he gave himself for it. Without ambition or influential friends to aid him, but with a single heart and patriotic feelings, he offered himself to do what he could to avert the ruin. At the first, his single arm seemed weak ; but patriotic feelings, a noble spirit and great ability, soon made him a successful leader. Forts Henry, Donelson, and Vicksburg set him before the nation, and prepared the way for Appomattox and the end of the war. His career is before the world, and the eyes of nations scan the scroll of fame to see his name at the top. It is a wonderful record ; but it is providential. The hand of God that gave us Washington and Lincoln, also gave us Grant.

It is idle to say he was not a great man. A lesser man could not have accomplished what he accomplished. I need not write to soldiers or to patriotic citizens of the greatness and heroism of General Grant. His fame is their sacred treasure, and his record is before the world. For four long and dark years, with no thought of himself, he lived for his country, and won by his valor and ability the eminence and renown that are now accorded him.

That he was cast in an heroic mould has been shown by the manner in which he fought, and by his magnanimity when he conquered. But not alone by these was our hero revealed to us. Adversity tested and proved his quality. Troubles of no ordinary nature assailed him. But they did not overcome him, or dim the lustre of his fair fame. He bore them well. The more he suffered, the brighter shone his noble spirit.

In the days of his prosperity the blandishments of the world failed to seduce him. He heard applause and praise with modesty. His meekness, gentleness and serenity were developed in circumstances that would have dazzled and weakened other men. But he remained true. Amidst the world's applause he remained the plain, simple, noble man that he was. We cannot admire him too much, or speak too highly in his praise.

Above all, like a precious gem, he shone brightest in the plain but pure surroundings of his home. Of this we are all proud. No stain or breath of reproach has touched him here. With his wife and children around him, loving, admiring and ministering to him, he lived his last days on the earth. What a beautiful and impressive picture. How he adorned the life that lies at the foundation of our social order—the family. Whatever else men may say, this was a scene that, among the spectators, angels could look upon with approving eyes.

O, my comrades, you do well to-day in paying tribute to the life and character of such a man. Soldier, patriot, hero, farewell ; a nation mourns your departure, and rises up to bury your dead body ; but she will keep your name and deeds in everlasting remembrance, and she will teach her children to imitate your noble example.

With love to all the comrades, I am,

Yours in F., C. and L.,

J. J. WOOLLEY.

ADDRESS BY COMRADE NICKERSON.

After reading the foregoing letter, Comrade ANSEL D. NICKERSON spoke as follows :

COMRADES OF TOWER POST :—In presuming to speak a few words to you on this memorial occasion, I obey the request of the esteemed comrade whose letter I have just read, rather than the dictates of my own judgment. There is a sorrow which is speechless—a grief which is tearless. The illustrious soldier whose memory we honor to-day, made himself worthy of our remembrance by his deeds rather than by his words.

To us this is no empty ceremony. Our old commander is dead.

“ He sleeps his last sleep,
He has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him
To glory again.”

While to the soldiers of the Union army his death is in a large sense a personal bereavement, yet it is a common sorrow. It is bounded by neither sectional nor sectarian lines. The heart of the whole nation is touched with grief, and its banners droop in sadness. The North and the South, the

Blue and the Gray, with clasped hands, stand uncovered at the grave of our old commander, in grateful recognition of the service which, under God, he was enabled to perform in effecting their reconciliation. With our sorrow, therefore, is mingled profound gratitude that we now have a reunited country—a Union indeed—a nation redeemed, peaceful and prosperous.

You have listened with interest to the eloquent tributes of respect which have been paid to the memory of the distinguished soldier, the faithful citizen, the true patriot, the trustful Christian. It is not my province or purpose to review his life. He is gone—gone from earth forever! Henceforth he will live only in history and in the hearts of his grateful countrymen. How impressively are we reminded that Death is no respecter of persons. He comes alike to the commanding general and to the private soldier; and how forcibly, too, we are taught at this time that

“The path of glory leads but to the grave.”

Comrades—

“The battle of *our* life is brief,—
The alarm, the struggle, the relief,
Then sleep we side by side.”

Our distinguished comrade has gone to his reward. Let us profit by the lessons of wisdom which may be learned from his successful and useful life. Though he will be known in history as the greatest military hero of modern times, he was pre-eminently a peacemaker. He fought to establish peace throughout our borders, and when that was accomplished he gave himself to its promotion. His memorable words, “*Let us have peace,*” will be repeated by succeeding generations, who shall be taught to love and honor his memory. He was generous and forgiving to his own and his country’s enemies. His magnanimous treatment

of the vanquished should not be forgotten by us. "He was a generous adversary," writes a Confederate soldier of high rank. Let us, too, my comrades, cherish a spirit of forgiveness towards those who withstood us in battle, even though we cannot forget that so many of our brave brothers, for their loyalty to the government and love for the old flag, fill graves in southern soil. But, above all else, let us thank God that, following the lead of our old commander, the side upon which we and our dead comrades were found during the dark days of the rebellion renders unnecessary the asking either of forgiveness or forgetfulness.

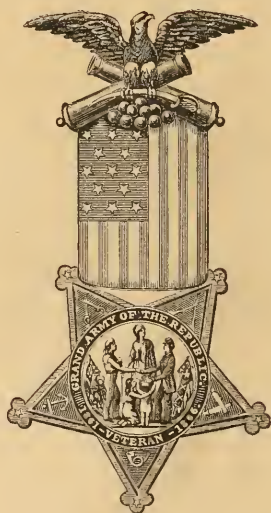
Comrades, whatever may have been the rank which we held in the army, and whatever the service performed, it should be esteemed honor and distinction enough for any one of us to have it said of him—"This is the country which he helped to save." May the memory of this day call us to a loftier patriotism and a truer devotion to the land whose institutions we went forth to defend. Let us at this solemn hour, as we stand by the open grave of our old commander, pledge ourselves anew to our country, and make a fresh consecration to her service; and with one earnest, united purpose, press forward together to the glorious destiny which awaits all true patriots—all who are loyal to their country and to their country's God.

At the close of this address the quartette sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," in which the congregation joined, and the exercises closed with the benediction by the Rev. Dr. Bullen.

The observance of the day ended by a salute of thirty-eight guns at six o'clock in the evening, by comrades of the Post, under command of Comrade James N. Earle.











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