

fied 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 great pleasure to feel that one of our great vessels of war has been sent here, her first errand, not of destruction and death, but of peace and good will. Gov. 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.

“Gov. Chamberlain replied:

“Capt. COMMERE—I receive into the care and the custody of the State of Maine the sacred trust so honourably 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 honour and tenderness, with which it has pleased Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, to restore to his native land this precious dust. England honoured this man while he lived. When he deceased, she laid him with kings. One of her finest ships has borne him hither in the charge of officers known and honoured in both countries; and you were escorted by an American ship whose name reminds us at once of the tie that binds up to the old home, and the spirit that makes us a nation. You are met here by the highest officers of the American navy, whose deeds the world admires. You are received by this vast concourse of people who appreciate all this honour, and join with full hearts in the 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, reverence and love.

“After these brave and noble addresses were delivered, the procession was formed. First marched the Portland bands, then the Light Artillery and Mechanic Blues, under the command of Gen. J. M. Brown; the band of the *Monarch* and the British Marines, under Major Gardner, 80 men, with reversed arms; the funeral car, with the crew of the *Mahoning* on either side, and at the rear came next, and after it, in carriages, were the relatives of Mr. Peabody, Capt. Commerel, Admiral Farragut, Governor Chamberlain, Mayor Putnam, trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, and committee from the Peabody Institute, the British Consul at this port, Capt. Macomb of the *Plymouth*, Capt. Commerel's staff, the Admiral's staff, the Governor's Council and staff, and the heads of civic departments. Last of all, on foot, marched the officers of the British and American Navy in full uniform.

“Arrived at an open space, which had been kept clear in front of the Hall, the escort fell back, opened ranks, and presented arms, the carriages drove up and discharged their passengers, and the hearse moved forward to a draped platform, while the British Marines, on either hand, leaned with bowed heads on the butts of their muskets during the removal of the coffin. As the procession then ascended the steps of the elegant Hall, and passed through the canopied corridors, the doors of the Room of State flew open, and into the mournful chamber the remains of the philanthropist were borne by the American sailors. The whole company stood round in silence while the casket was placed on the catafalque. No word was spoken, but a guard of four men from the Portland Mechanic Blues were posted, and there the body of George Peabody laid until Tuesday, when a new solemnity attended its removal to his native place.

“This is the first time, if I am not mistaken, that the unwonted spectacle was witnessed of a detachment of British troops, under arms, having landed in the United States, and marched through the streets, since the war of 1812. There was every desire to give them the kindest welcome that the nature of their errand would allow; but of course, no marked demonstration on an occasion of this kind could take place.

“There was a pleasing incident connected with the visit of these troops, of which I have since been informed. When the coffin had been deposited in state on the catafalque, and the procession dismissed, and no one remained in the darkened hall but the guards at the four corners of the bier, Major Gardner, the English officer in command of the Marines, asked permission for his men to go in

and pay a last tribute of respect to the remains. Of course, the request was granted. The detachment marched into the great hall, and drawn up before the coffin, paid the customary honours to the dead, while their band softly played a dirge. Then they came away, and the Portland Militia gave them escort to the boats. This is only one of the many incidents which show the anxiety of the Englishmen to do their very utmost, both personally and officially, in testifying their respect for Mr. Peabody's memory. Thus Captain Commerell absolutely insisted upon the privilege of keeping the body in state on his vessel for two days after arriving in port. Thus a number of officers from the *Monarch* attended the burial service proper, which took place at Peabody on the 8th inst. Thus also Captain Commerell, though as a typical British sailor, he is of course no speech-maker, asked as a privilege to be allowed to deliver the body with a short formal address. Their behaviour, in fact, from first to last, has been graceful and courteous to the very extreme degree, and will not soon be forgotten.

“The gracefulness of the act which Great Britain has performed in this ceremonious restoration of George Peabody, to the country which gave him birth, has been enhanced, not only by the complete, punctual, and picturesque manner in which the orders of the British Admiralty have been carried out, but by the high character and acquirements of the officers to whom the execution of those orders have been intrusted. Captain Commerell, though he has been seldom on shore, has already made himself a general favourite in Portland by his frank and courteous manners, and the remarkable good nature with which he has borne the infliction of three thousand or four thousand visitors a day. I heard yesterday a story of one of his exploits, which you may be glad to have me repeat. During the Crimean war, he served with the British fleet off Yenikale, where the Russians had an important depot of ammunition, arms, and commissary stores. One dark, windy night, he rowed ashore with no companion but his coxswain, crept up to the storehouses, and set fire to them on the windward side. The whole depot was consumed, but before the two Englishmen could get away, the coxswain was badly wounded. Captain Commerell took him on his back, reached the boat, and pulled off in safety to his ship. That is how he got his “Victoria Cross,” and he was one of the first upon whom that reward of bravery was ever conferred.

“At nine o'clock on the morning of the funeral, the civic societies, public functionaries, distinguished guests, and American and British officers assembled, and the military escort, with the funeral car, were drawn up in the street before the Hall, in the midst of a whirl of snow. About ten o'clock, the doors of the mourning chamber were opened, and the procession filled it. The spectacle in the dim light of the hall was indescribably impressive. All around the catafalque were wreaths and vases of natural flowers. At the four corners were guards leaning upon the butts of their muskets, and sentries paced back and forth along the sides. On the right and left of the dais stood the ten gentlemen, ex-Mayors of Portland, and ex-Presidents of the Board of Trade, who had been chosen as pall-bearers. Behind them were members of the Peabody family, and Trustees of Mr. Peabody's charities. The rest of the cortege drew up in regular line, facing the coffin. Capt. Commerell, with a great number of the officers of the *Monarch*, and Captain Almy were there. Captain Fairfax, Captain Macomb, officers of all grades from the *Plymouth*, the *Benicia*, the *Miantonomah* and the *Terror*. At the steps of the catafalque stood Bishop Neely, the Rev. Mr. Hayes, Chaplain to the Bishop, and the Rev. Mr. Harrison, Chaplain of the *Monarch*, all in surplices.

“Through the veiled openings above the gallery now came the music of the choir, softened by the distance, and, when it died away, the Bishop knelt and offered a few prayers, selected partly from the burial service of the Episcopal Church. Music followed again, a dirge from one of the bands, alternating with the choruses of Handel and Mendelssohn, and while the choir was singing “The Happy and Blessed,” from the oratorio of “St. Paul,” the procession began to move. Twelve stout sailors from the revenue cutter *Mahoning* took the coffin on a bier, carried it down the great stairway to the street, and placed it on the car. The relatives, the principal guests, and the army and navy officers followed two and two, and the civic societies and delegations brought up the rear. The ceremonies lasted only half an hour, but they were more solemn and beautiful than any previous chapter in the Peabody pageant on this side of the water, except the scene of the landing on Saturday. That scene was the climax of the whole affair. The cortege, headed by a force of police, and the Marshal and his Aids, now moved through Middle and Congress streets to the railroad depot, where the funeral car drove up to the draped platform prepared for it outside the depot, and the train was brought out to receive the coffin and its followers. A pilot engine went ahead to clear the track, and give warning of our approach. When the coffin had been placed on its bier in the car, flowers laid upon it,