

casation as this, but I am consoled by the reflection that I mourn not alone, but that I am one among thousands, whose hearts, like mine, feel pangs of keenest anguish.

Never, in the history of Texas, did such instant, profound and universal sorrow, smite the hearts of her people, as when the tidings were flashed from this place that Lawrence Sullivan Ross was dead.

Those who had been his comrades in arms, and who recalled the hardships of the march and the dangers of the field shared with him, and who remembered his dauntless courage, his unfailing fidelity to duty, and his heroic service, mourned the soldier called to rest.

Those among whom he had lived so long and to whom he was so deeply endeared, mourned the loss of neighbor, citizen and friend. The students and faculty of this institution sorrowed for one who was at once their chief, their counselor and guide. Those who in humility had served him as slaves and as freemen, with grief shaken frames and tear-dimmed eyes, beat above his bier, in touching testimony to his justice and unvarying kindness. His family in unutterable anguish, bowed above his slumbering clay, for they knew, as no others did, his devotion as a husband and his love and tenderness as a father and brother, while the people of his beloved State, whom he had served with unswerving fidelity and consummate ability, to the swelling volume of sorrow, added the tribute of their unbidden and unrestrained tears.

To one whose life had been so conspicuously unselfish and heroic, even life itself were scarce too high a price to pay for such manifestations of respect, reverence and love.

Apart from the stricken and broken circle of his family, it is indeed hard to say where the blow of his death fell hardest, but if such a sorrow can be measured and apportioned, perhaps the faculty and students of this institution have felt most keenly the inscrutable dispensation of providence. In