

CONSUL BEE BURIED.

An Impressive Funeral Spectacle

Two Races Meet at Altar and Grave.

The Church Crowded with American and Chinese Mourner.

The remains of the late Chinese Consul, Colonel F. A. Bee, were buried in Laurel Hill Cemetery yesterday afternoon after a simple funeral service had been held in the First Unitarian Church. A wealth of flowers in bouquets and elaborate floral pieces typified the sorrow of two races of people, and a throng of Americans and Chinese that filled the church to its doors expressed the universal respect which the deceased had won and the widespread regret his death had caused.

The presence in the church of two hundred Chinese of the better class made the occasion a somewhat remarkable one, for probably never before in America have representatives of the two races crowded together with one common motive and to express one human sentiment. Crosses and pillows of beautiful flowers sent by the Ning Yung and the Hop Wo associations mingled their fragrance at the church altar and the grave with that from the roses and violets that a fairer race had chosen, and men with braided queues and dressed in oriental silks walked side by side with men and women of America in the procession that moved past the bier.

No services were held at the residence, 1025 Pine street. At a little before 2 o'clock the hearse and the carriages containing the pallbearers and intimate friends reached the church, which was already filled to the galleries. In the gathering were a great many of the best-known people in the city. The pews to the right of the middle aisle half way back had been reserved for the Chinese portion of the audience and they were all crowded, while others sat or stood in other parts of the church. Carriage after carriage had driven to the church steps and deposited in twos, threes and fours Chinese merchants and officers and members of the leading Chinese societies, all dressed in their richest silks. They were not of the class that the missions win to their folds and few had ever before seen the interior of a Christian church. They were dressed in rich figured silks, purple, blue and green of various shades; white silk stockings showed below the trousers that were bound about the ankles and above their strangely decorated low cloth shoes, and all carried folding fans in the fashion of Chinese society. Li Yung Yew, the Chinese Consul-General, King Owyang, the Vice-Consul and several attaches of the consulate occupied a front seat and every important society in Chinatown was largely represented.

A few simple decorations of palms and flowers had been placed about the pulpit and the platform, and the array of floral tributes that was added quite buried the front of the church in flowers. Some of the pieces were several feet high and elaborately made. Wreaths, pillows, bouquets tied with satin ribbons and a large broken wheel had been sent by various friends of the deceased. The floral offerings from the Chinese were wholly in American fashion. Two large anchors crossed bore letters of violets which told that it came from the Yen Wo Association, and a beautiful cross six feet high bore the name of the Consolidated Chinese Benevolent Association. The pillow of lilies and roses sent by the Ning Yung Society bore the words "Our friend," and the tributes from the Hop Wo, Sam Yup and Wing Tuck societies, the Chinese Merchants' Exchange and the consulate were among the striking features of the floral array.

The pallbearers who led the procession down the aisle were A. N. Towne, W. H. Mills, Captain Taylor, John M. Morton, Gustave Niebaum, T. D. Riordan, A. K. Conney, Mexican Consul-General, and Colonel George W. Gray.

Rev. Horatio Stebbins began the funeral services by stepping to the front of the platform and delivering a brief extemporaneous address. In the course of his remarks he said:

Colonel Bee was appointed by his majesty, the Emperor of China, as an American citizen to care for the rights of his citizens on our shores. His position was in many respects a singular one, and in many instances a difficult one—difficult for any but a simple man with a straightforward character. I am not going to enter into the passions of an hour or the passions of a local prejudice, but I will say that the relations we hold to the Asiatic people open a new phase of the history of America and of the history of mankind. It is a remarkable fact of human history that we do not appreciate that of which we are a part until the race has gone on and looks back as from an eminence.

"To these people I will speak, although in a foreign tongue, and I will say that I welcome you here, and I meet you on even ground in the respect you pay to our fellow-citizen who has gone. I recognize in you a great race, destined to play an important part in the history of the world within the next three centuries, and to exert a wide influence on the world at large. I trust that the Inspirer of all men, who has appointed the bounds of your habitation, will cause you to seek after him, if happily you may find him.

"My relations with Colonel Bee were not very intimate, but I knew him. He had physical courage and he had moral courage. He was tender in his manners. He looked you in the face. When he paid you a courtesy you felt that it was the courtesy of a gentleman, of one who was a gentleman by nature. In his home life he was distinguished by his love of children, and the little ones of his neighborhood would run to him in childlike confidence whenever he appeared.

"I believe Colonel Bee was not what is called a professor of religion. Neither am I. Religion is not a profession. Its obligations are upon us like the air, and are upon us whether we espouse them or not. He seemed to me to be an upright and a righteous man. I like to speak these words because they are beyond the bounds of any church and any race."

At the close of his address Mr. Stebbins read a telegram from C. P. Huntington to W. H. Mills expressing the sender's regret at hearing of the death of his friend and tendering his sympathy to the relatives of the deceased. The choir sang an anthem, the minister read a few passages of scripture and offered a prayer, after which the services closed with the singing of "Nearer My God to Thee" by the choir.

All the Chinese in attendance and a great many of the Americans present followed the remains to the cemetery, making a very long procession of carriages. There were no services at the grave.