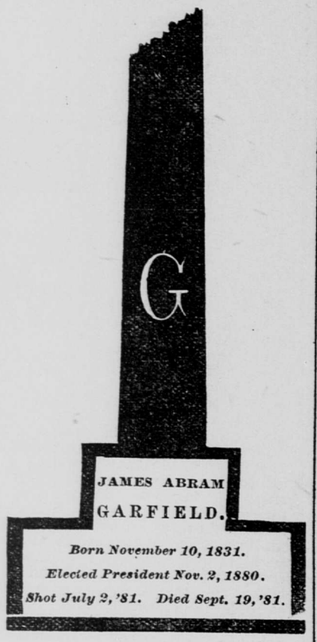
Daily Globe.

VOL. IV. ST. PAUL, TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1881. NO. 270.

DUST

—TO—

DUST



CLOSING SCENES.

The Grave Claims the Late President For Its Own.

LAKE VIEW, AT CLEVELAND, O.

Becomes a Sacred Spot Where Rests the Illustrious Dead.

A REMARKABLE PAGEANT

Throughout the Entire Land of Mourning.

ST. PAUL JOINS THE THRONG.

25,000 People Gather to Honor the Memory of Garfield.

THE POPULACE CEASE LABOR.

Processions, Flowers, Orations, Prayers, and Hymns.

THE WORLD STANDS UNCOVERED

At the Tomb of the Lamented Statesman.

Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him.

ST. PAUL.

Throughout the civilized world yesterday voices and emblems of mourning, funeral music, the tolling of bells, the firing of cannons and eulogistic addresses testified to the universal respect for the late president of the United States and to the great sympathy aroused by his long suffering and sad death. If we may judge by outward signs and public observances, as well as by private expression, the fate of President Garfield can nowhere have been more commonly or sincerely mourned than in this capital of the Northwest. St. Paul has been clad in mourning since the morning when his death was published and the obsequies of yesterday seem to have been participated in by all our citizens. The long procession, the immense gathering, the impressive ceremonials and the eloquent address by Gov. Davis, each and all were worthy of the city and indeed in honor of the illustrious dead.

The streets early in the morning gave evidence of a general suspension of business. Addresses were delivered in each of the public schools as directed by the board of education, and the children were then dismissed to witness the pageantry. As the forenoon wore on the throngs in the streets increased. Business was absolutely abandoned. Banks, stores, offices and shops closed their doors, and the necessities of life could not be purchased yesterday. For once, at least, all thought of gain was banished and the unanimity in expressing the public sorrow was marked in the extreme.

The scene, when it may be said the whole city was assembled in and about Bridge Square, was one to be remembered for a life time. The vast assembly, packing the square, and the streets and bridge, was framed in with funeral colors, pendent from all the buildings about, while rising up from the silent mass of humanity, the grand arch erected by the Masonic fraternities, black and imposing, was most fittingly emblematic of the depth and measure of the public grief.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession of military and civic organizations was formed soon after 1 o'clock on East Seventh street, its right at Robert street, and was marched from thence by Robert and East Third streets to Bridge Square in the following order:

Police in two Platoons—Chief Weber and Sergeants Walsh and Brown.
Seventh Infantry Band, Fort Snelling.
St. Paul Guards—Capt. W. B. Bend and Lieutenants Oxley and Cochran.
Allen Light Guards and Drum Corps—Capt. Ed. S. Bean.
Metropolitan Band, Minneapolis.
Minneapolis Zouaves and Drum Corps—Capt. A. A. Ames and Lieuts. Seaton and Marsh.
Emmet Light Artillery and Drum Corps—Capt. C. M. McCarthy.
Great Union Band, St. Paul.
Acker Post, G. A. R., and Ex-Soldiers of the Late War.
Gov. Pillsbury and Staff and other State Officers.
The President and Orator of the Day.
The Mayor and City Officers.
City Council and Board of Public Works.
St. Paul Fire Department—Chief Strong and Assistant Delaney.
The St. Paul Mænnerchor.
Members U. A. O. D.
St. Paul and Excelsor Lodges, I. O. O. F.
Washington and Herman Lodges, Hermann's Soehne—Carl Hohn, Marshal,
St. Paul Turnverein.
Liederkranz Singing Society.
Arion Singing Society.
German Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Ramsey County.
Bohemian Society.
L'Union Francaise—F. A. Cariveau, Marshal.
Bricklayers' Union—J Marvin and Wm. Brown, Marshals.
Normana Literary Society.
Mr. John Healey, with four horse team, carrying a spread Eagle in Mourning.
Citizens in carriages.

The militia companies made a fine appearance. The St. Paul Guards turned out forty guns, the Allen Light Guards sixty, and the Minneapolis Zouaves forty-eight. The Emmet Light Artillery, besides having twenty-eight men in ranks in the procession, had a detail of twelve men on Wabashaw street hill, which fired a gun every half hour from sunrise to sunset and fired minute guns during the formation and movement of the procession. The Rice Guards of St. Paul turned out only a few men and joined the assembly on the square without appearing in the procession.

The Seventh Infantry band, from Fort Snelling, turned out eighteen pieces; the Metropolitan band, from Minneapolis, fifteen, and the Great Union band, thirteen.

The four German singing societies turned out about one hundred and twenty men; the Bohemian society ninety; l'Union Francaise one hundred and six; and the Normana society sixty.

The procession, formed by Gen. Sanborn and assistants as marshals, moved out from a dense crowd on Seventh street and the walks on either side along Robert and Third streets, were packed with people gathered to witness its march. The militia marched with reversed arms. All the organizations had their colors draped in mourning and some of the orders wore mourning regalia. The march was to funeral music by the several bands and was characterized by the silence and solemnity which prevailed throughout the ranks and among the spectators.

AT BRIDGE SQUARE.

It were difficult to convey in the cold requirements of diction the deep and tender emotion that throbbed and thrilled in the hearts of the multitude of people who lent their homage to the grand but solemn proceedings in this city on yesterday.

It was a magnificent and solemnly imposing demonstration, the most august assemblage of people perhaps, that has ever been witnessed in St. Paul. In looking at the vast multitude, decorous and silent as could be expected from such a spontaneous commingling of people, the spectator could but not think that a more perfect tribute to the memory of the illustrious Garfield could not have been offered.

The demonstration was grand in all the elements that go to make an occasion worthy or great. It was grand in proportion and immensity of numbers, in the manifestation of grief, tenderness, and loving sympathy, of which the heart is capable of laying at the urn or shrine of departed greatness.

It was announced on several occasions previous to yesterday, that the memorial ceremonies would commence at Bridge Square at 2 o'clock. Fully an hour before this time the tide of humanity set in for the rendezvous. Every street and avenue leading to Bridge Square was thronged with people dressed in their Sunday attire.

The crowd came singly, in pairs and groups; there were crowds of young men, bevies of girls, school children in troops, and the man of family leading his progeny while materfamilias with infant in arms walked behind or trundled a baby perambulator.

On all faces there was a look of solemn gravity, and while the good people who came singly and by pairs and by scores, all wore their best clothing, it could be seen by the expression on all faces that it was not a gala occasion. The streets and stores wore a Sunday appearance, and it is safe to say that never was a Sabbath day more generally observed than was yesterday. At 2 o'clock the crowd was immense. On Wabashaw and Third streets the assemblage amounted to a jam. Fortunately the precaution had been taken to stretch ropes across the streets adjacent to Bridge square, and these were guarded by a cordon of police.

With a few minor exceptions the crowd was orderly, reserved and quietly attentive to the proceedings. Occasionally some rude person would elbow his way through the crowd to the discomfiture and disgust of women, who had chosen between the alternative of staying at home or bringing their infant with them, and who had accepted the latter. But such instances of rudiness were rare, and the ceremonies were conducted with all proper reserve and propriety. It is estimated by competent judges that fully 25,000 people were in attendance. That is, as many as the above, while not at Bridge square at any one time, were drawn to that locality during the ceremonies.

From the speakers' stand a most imposing spectacle was offered. Spread out in either direction, as far as the eye could reach, was a seemingly interminable vista of human kind, the sombre and black outline of the males being relieved by the colors worn by the ladies.

Every conceivable perch that afforded an outlook had been pre-empted by the spectator. The windows of the buildings adjacent to Bridge square were ornamented by ladies and children and their male escorts. The tops of the houses were black with humanity, while venturesome boys clambered up telegraph poles and garnished sundry lamp posts with their persons, one daring youth in particular having perched himself on the top of a very high chimney, where he fully commanded the situation.

The Masonic arch, grand, gloomy and beautiful, in its unique and immense construction, was, of course, the attraction of all eyes.

As previously and fully described in yesterday's GLOBE, it appeared sombre and magnificent in the extreme. An additional and beautiful feature yesterday was the lavish display of flowers.

Lovely exotics, rich in color and perfume, were strewn in lavish abundance at the base of the arch, the pedestals presenting the appearance of perfect banks of roses. Under the arch and for some distance around the ground was strewn with evergreens. One feature of the floral display is worthy of more than passing notice. It consisted of an immense cross of roses placed on Third street, directly beneath the arch. The standard was fully ten feet in length, and the effect was most charming.

The Rostrum.

About 2 o'clock those to whom invitations had been extended took seats upon the rostrum. These included Gen. H. H. Sibley, president of the day; Gov. Pillsbury, Generals A. H. Terry and John Gibbon, Adjutant General Samuel Breck, Quartermaster General M. R. Morgan, Col. E. W. Smith and a number of other officers from Department of Dakota headquarters at Fort Snelling, J. Walters, Esq., and Finley Dun, of the London *Times*, Hon. Joseph Cauchon, Lieut. Gov. of Manitoba, Geo. W. Hunt, architect of the Royal society, London, U. S. Judge R. R. Nelson, State Chief Justice James Gilfillan and Associate Justice Greenleaf Clark, Judges of the District Court, Mayor Edmund Rice, city officers, city council, board of education, county officials, Hon. J. W. Taylor, consul to Winnipeg and a large number of prominent citizens. After the party were seated Damascus commandery, Sir D. A. Monfort commanding, appeared in full uniform. The Sir Knights took position at the north side of the stand, forming in the shape of a triangle.

Bayard Commandery, of Stillwater then appeared and took position on a line west of the St. Paul lodge. The members of the Blue lodge, No. 5, St. Paul, took positions on the last line of the triangle.

Following this the St. Paul guards, headed by a platoon of police, marched up Third street and were assigned positions in the square. These were followed by the Allen guards, the Emmett Light artillery, the Minneapolis zouaves, Acker post, G. A. R., city and county officials, fire department, the German singing societies and its several branches, the Bricklayers' union, Odd Fellows, Druids, members of the A. O. U. W., Sons of Hermann, the Turnverein, the Liederkranz, German Agricultural society, L'Union Francaise, the Bohemian society, and Normana Literary society, all being assigned proper positions.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

At twenty minutes past 2 o'clock the Rev. Samuel G. Smith arose, and amid profound silence delivered a beautiful and touching prayer. He acknowledged the divine providence that had seen fit to visit the nation with so heavy an affliction, and invoked the divine blessing upon those who mourned. He prayed that the same infinite power would be very near to the orphans, the widow, the mother, and a bereaved nation. In the presence of a great sorrow all passion and party faction were hushed; in the death of the illustrious president of the United States, a nation might be taught the lesson of a nobler faith, a larger liberality, greater belief in all things good and pure. The invocation closed with an appeal for all to place their trust in God, and to struggle for the right, the just and holy.

"GOD IS LOVE."

A quartette, consisting of Messrs. Leib, Wood, Buckelew and Munger then sang with fine feeling and effect the beautiful hymn, "God is Love."

Ritual for the Dead.

Eminent Commander Monfort then gave selections from the Knight Templars' burial service. The tones came clear and distinct, the beautiful selection commencing, "Sir Knights, in the observance of our solemn and mysterious order, you have often been taught what it is to die." * * * Immortality is to be sought where death comes; the sad and mournful knell betokens another spirit gone; a pilgrim warrior has been summoned; a taper light in the commandery has been extinguished; and none save the high and Holy One can relight it.

This was followed with the recital of the Knight's ritual, Mr. Geo. W. Lamson officiating as prelate, and the knights responding.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

The singing of the beautiful and familiar hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by the choir and vast concourse of people, proved one of the most interesting and charming features of the demonstration. The effect of so many voices gave a rich harmony to the eloquent words that is heard but once in an existence.

The singing was led by Prof. Leib, accompanied by the Great Western and Fort Snelling bands.

BLUE LODGE.

Selections from the Blue lodge burial service were then given under the superintendence of Mr. O. G. Miller, W. M., Ancient Landmark lodge No. 5. The selections and ceremonies accompanying this were heard and witnessed with profound attention.

The Great Western band played "Pleyel's Hymn," the effect of the grand old air being very fine.

Gen. Sibley's Tribute.

Gen. Sibley, the president of the day, then arose and delivered the following eloquent tribute to the memory of President Garfield:

Fellow Citizens: We have met together this day to perform our part of a sad and solemn duty. In common with millions of our countrymen, at this hour, when the lifeless body of the late president of the republic is being entombed in the city of Cleveland, we assemble to mourn his untimely death, and to evince our profound respect for his memory. It seems but a little time since his inauguration, when his clarion voice gave utterance to patriotic sentiments which thrilled the public heart, and inspired the conviction that he would rise above all sectional and party trammels, and administer the government with a single eye to the general welfare. Less than four months had elapsed when the horror and consternation, not only of our citizens, but of foreign nations, and in a time of peace and general prosperity the bullet of a base and cowardly assassin found a lodgment in the vitals of the president and closed his earthly existence, after a gallant struggle for life of nearly three months of fearful suffering. During this interval, the solicitude of our people for his recovery was universal, and alternate hope and fear agitated them with emotion as tender and touching as though manifested by a loving mother at the bedside of her sick child. But the fiat of the most high had gone forth, and the prayers of united christendom were unavailing to save the life of the illustrious sufferer.

It does not become us to seek to penetrate the mysteries of the infinite, or to be wise above what is written. With resignation to his will who holds in his hands the destinies of nations, we are permitted to extract some consolation from the event we so much deplore. It has had the effect to bring together in the close bonds of a common grief, the North, the South, the East and the West, to soften and diminish sectional and party animosities; to quicken the national conscience; to waft us back to the faith of our fathers, and to make us realize more vividly that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

While, therefore, we join in lamenting the loss the country has sustained, deeply sympathizing with the aged mother, the devoted widow and the bereaved children in their affliction, let us take comfort in the reflection that the nation moves on to accomplish its general mission, unchecked and unimpeded even by the death of its best. God save the republic!

Oration of Hon. C. K. Davis.

Ex-Gov. Davis, the orator of the occasion, was then introduced, and proceeded to deliver one of the most eloquent and masterly addresses of any kind ever given in Minnesota. The address, which is given in full, speaks for itself:

A nation mourns to-day. A people goes with slow and measured steps through streets made sombre with the trappings of woe, under funeral arches, to the measures of disconsolate music wailing its farewell lamentations to bury and to praise—

"—— the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times."

The world is darkened to us. The designs of Providence move to their appointed ends through so vast an orbit that we cannot see through our tears the season of fruitage from such a desolation as that which this eclipse has caused. We somehow feel as if our very institutions are tainted by complicity with this monstrous crime, and are accessories to it, and that the whole responsibility cannot be bounded by the nature of the vulgar murderer whose hand has drawn a pall over the land. It is as if some ancient fate, working to its ends through the agencies of innocence and guilt alike, had fulfilled a remorseless destiny and smitten down the dynasty of free government, while, like the chorus of some classic tragedy, a people chants the words of comfortless mourning. All are here. The laborer, the scholar, to whom no like catastrophe is told by history, the statesmen, saddening over the fact that within twenty years two presidents have been murdered the business man, the woman and the little child, wide-eyed with wonder and with grief—all are here to mourn.

The sermon, the eulogy, the dirge, the threnody will end, and the dead president will pass into history, with all his human faults atoned for by his sacrifice. History often falsely sees the character of a man through the adit of such a death, for there is no prospective so distorting. It is probable that Garfield will always stand in this illusory and scenic light, and it is well, perhaps, for the force of example, that this should be so. Death teaches no finer precepts than are taught by the lives and death of men who, good and pure, and dedicated apparently to the consummation of a great career, are thus brought down untimely. It was so with him. He had finished no career. He had not fallen the leader of any disastrous political measure. He had been conspicuous, though not pre-eminent, in the press of political leadership. That he was capable to do all that men more self-assertive aspired to do every one knew. Still it was felt for years that he had at no time put forth all his strength. Upon all questions of statesmanship he stood in the van of the most advanced thought. Upon the fleeting questions of the hour, those mere expediences of the moment, he was seldom heard to speak. He seemed to be a man in preparation and ripening slowly for the performance of some great, ultimate duty, which should surpass the daily tasks of other men, however well performed, and thus round out that crescent life to an orb of never fading light. But this was not to be. He has been stayed in his course. All hope of success or dread of failure is at an end, and we are free to consider the example of what this man might have become. From earliest life he was an assiduous student, and thus became, next perhaps to the younger Adams, the most variously instructed man of all our presidents. It is exemplary to know the wide range of his studies. The classics had modeled his mind to antique simplicity and beauty of proportion. No speaker of English on either side of the ocean was his superior in the command of its resources. Whatever was to be known of the operation of those political forces of conservative or destruction which in all ages work upon all governments he knew. He was a student both diverse and minute. He was graced with the adornments of literature as well as armored in its panoply. It was peculiar to this man that all he knew he know to use. He played many parts and received a plaudite in all. He had been a laborer with his hands; a college president; a theologian; a soldier, and a statesman. Each vocation was but a process in constructing the perfected man, and now that all externals have been taken away and the work has ended we can see an edifice of such manhood, so widely spread, so spacious and so high that there are few such in the realm of history. The natural elements of the man were plainly discernible through the pellucid simplicity of his character. His perception of duty was clear, and his tendency to its performance was a moral gravitation. He doubtless had great ambition, but it was to noble ends; it was the ambition which honors seek and which runs not after honors. Ready to serve but not self-serving, would be an appropriate motto for the man. He was not that padded statesman, too well known in our day, made up of newspaper commendations. Nor can any taint be found in his career of that dastardly self-promotion which wins its infamous way over the destruction of other men—that caitiff envy which spends its malignant force in the despoilment of larger and better natures. His logical processes seldom consisted in schoiastic ability of deduction, but instinctive sense and exposition of the true relation of facts and situations to principals. They were constructive, selective and analogical, and the result was that his conclusions and the ways by which he reached them, argued for themselves, as a perfect piece of architecture does.

This cursory estimate of this scholar, soldier and statesman would be imperfect if it failed to recognize an endowment which he had, and which is rarely possessed by men of affairs. He was endowed with the imaginative faculty to an extent unequalled by an American statesman. It was subtle, far seeing and brought into correlative relations things most remote and diverse. The tributary forces of his scholarship were therefore always at his command, and the result was a wealth of illustrative power in which he resembled Edmund Burke. Who will ever forget the sentence which fell from his lips upon the tumultuary convention at Chicago; "But I remember it is not the billows but the calm level of the sea from which all heights and depths are measured." And that convention, measuring its duty from that standard, chose the man who doubtless represented best the calm level of popular thought. With his accession to the presidency an exceeding peace spread over the nation. Prosperity opened all her garners. It seemed as if our years of trial were past and gone, and that under the rule of this large-natured generous man the Saturnian days had come again.

But in a moment all was changed. The president, who by constitution and action, was showing himself to be an antagonist to every corroding political evil of the times, who combined the virtues of our best statesmen with the endowments of the ripe learning by which States are made great and governed well, was shot down by a disappointed office-seeker in the capital of the nation. It was a brutal murder, like those assassinations which mark the annals of every corrupt state when office and plunder become the controling forces of administration.

It becomes us at this moment, when sorrow makes every mind capable to instruction to learn the lesson of the hour. For sometimes nations can be taught only by calamity, and this instructor cites us before her now. We must raise our processes of popular government to a higher plane, through reforms deep and permanent, or we are but at the beginning of calamities like this. It is the instruction of all time that when a government becomes personal, when it becomes merely the instrument of personal aggrandizement through few or many offices, corruption and violence strike hands together for its destruction. Since the foundation of this government three political murders have been committed, and the victim in every instance has been the personal exponent of what was best in public sentiment, killed by one of whom what was worse had taken full possession. Hamilton, Lincoln and Garfield, each in their time, represented the elements of thought which tended best towards our national greatness and perpetuity. Do not misunderstand me as alluding here to any of those temporary and incidental distinctions in the workings of American thought which have the name of party. The occasion and the fact prohibit this. I mean to say that these were men whose abounding love of country had wedded them to principles which rose above the fleeting party distinctions of the hour, and whose duty and love it was to place our institutions on a more lasting basis than mere party sentiment ever can. Each of these great men was a victim to the personal politics which preceded and disgraced their times.

These evils have debauched the public conscience for many years. The strife to get office, to retain office, or to dispossess from office, is the master passion of our politics. Our statesmen have become too often mere leaders of a personal following who fight in the hope of reward. Our politics consist in mean advantages, in disreputable practices, in the use of men, in the assassination of character, and the enjoyment of office. For many years not one distinctive political issue has stirred the stagnant, rotting level of our political life. This lust and self-seeking for office has become the pyæmia of our system, and, predict recovery as we may, the patient is dying of political assassination.

The shot which has laid our hopes so low could never have been fired in the better times of the Republic. We have our duty to gather to our hearts the bloody instructions of our loss. Death has left us this to do. It grasped Garfield's noble heart and it is stilled forever, never more to beat high in triumphant anticipation of a country made greater and better by his powers. It trod the chambers of that massive brain and thought, and the soul left their earthly palace to live eternal in the heavens in a house not made with hands. It smote with its "petrific mace" that manly form, and it ceased to be the tabernacle of life. It is a sight to call up prophets to walk the land crying wo! wo! to all who live therein, for the evangelist of murder has come. Who could believe that here where schools abound, here where all men are free, here where religion teaches from more than ten thousand pulpits the lessons of heaven to earth, here where the awful sword and the righteous scales of justice are suspended high and untarnished over all, where thought and speech are free, that the fountain of official life could be changed to a pool of blood?

The genius of free government mourns over her slaughtered son. She calls up from the hells of history the assassins of past times for an excuse and parallel, but she finds none. They say, cite us not—we struck at evils when we struck at men, and she says as she gathers the ashes of Lincoln and of Garfield, and lays them reverently in the everlasting urn of history, "O, my children, it is you who have made possible these acts! The lessons which I taught you, you have forgotten! You are depraved with pride, lust for power, wicked ambitious, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, and here is the bloody end. Unto your care, O people, I committed my choicest son from the sweet security of domestic life and set him to rule over you. He was gifted with the learning of ages; whatever was taught by the records of the ancient republic, or of later times, he knew for you. The love of country burned in that stainless heart like an altar flame, in him the North forgot its rancor and the South its defeat. Charity ministered at his side with her sweetest works; prosperity was spreading over you like summer over a sterile land; all was well except your own rancorous hearts, and it is thus ye give him back! Listen while I repeat the lesson which you must learn to live. States sink beneath the tide of time, not alone under the foreign invader, nor under the usurping ruler; nor under the debauched church, nor under providential annihilation. They are lost by their own abdication of that public spirit which works to noble ends. Show me that nation whose heart has become corrupt, who has made its liberties a procuress to its personal lusts for money or for place, where fraud rules in the mart, hypocrisy pollutes the temple, and corruption putrifies in the councils, and I will show you a people whose feet have taken hold on the paths which lead into the Gehenna of the nations—and so surely as I live ye have become such a people."

Well will it be for us to heed these warning words. Let us here at this chastening hour absolve ourselves from our rancor, our self love, our party hate, our malignant greed for office, and come to know that we have that to save and perpetuate which is greater and more precious than our transitory personal interests—the state, our earthly all in all.

Conclusion.

The demonstration closed with scriptural readings by Rev. D. R. Breed, and an eloquent prayer by Rev. M. N. Gilbert, and the benediction, when the throng sang the doxology and slowly dispersed.

The Minneapolis Zouaves, when the Bridge Square assembly was dispersing, was escorted to the depot by the Allen Light Guards and the St. Paul Guards.

After the exercises were ended Bayard commandery, of Stillwater, was escorted to the Union depot, in the dining room of which refreshments were served to the two commanderies.

Members of Damascus Commandery express themselves as under great obligation to W. A. Van Slyke, Esq., for suggesting the erection of the memorial arch, and for the untiring zeal he has displayed in assisting at the work of erecting and decorating it. They also credit Mr. A. D. Hinsdale with having worked night and day in preparing and placing the emblems and decorations.

In all the public schools of the city, yesterday morning, brief addresses were made to the children, generally by their teachers, on the life and services of the late President, and the schools were then dismissed for the day. At the high school Rabbi Wechsler of Mt. Zion Hebrew Congregation, delivered an appropriate address, dwelling upon the examples of Mr. Garfield's life. Superintendent Wright, also spoke briefly and read the address which Mr. Garfield made at Hiram College soon after he was nominated for the presidency.

The Masonic Memorial Arch.

This beautiful and emblematic structure, erected across East Third street at the entrance to Bridge Square, a worthy tribute of the Masonic bodies of St. Paul to the late president, (who was a Knight Templar,) was an object of great interest yesterday to all the thousands who were gathered in the vicinity, and many expressed regret that they could not then give it particular examination. These will be gratified to learn that it has been decided to leave the arch in its present coadition for thirty days. As it is likely to be famous with the best of works of the kind and time throughout the United States, and will doubtless be visited by Masons and others of all parts of the Northwest, an abstract of the detailed descriptions heretofore given in the GLOBE, is here appended to our accounts of the obsequies.

The arch was designed by A. M. Radcliff, architect, constructed by Thomas Fitzpatrick and decorated by A. D. Hinsdale. The columns are six feet square. The entrance to the arch is twenty-eight feet wide and twenty-eight feet high, and the extreme height of the structure to top of the flag staff is forty-five feet. The whole, excepting some of the emblematic work, is heavily draped and covered in black. The first open sections of the columns, each approached by the emblematic steps, represents the Blue Lodge, with the altar in one column, the broken column in the other, and other proper devices illustrative of Masonic teachings—the square, compass and letter G. The lodge represented on the altar side is Ancient Landmark, and the lodge represented on the other side is St. Paul lodge. Above these sections, in white letters, are inscribed the names of the lodges. The top of the arch represents Minnesota R. A. Chapter No. 1, with the emblematic keystone at the center, and on the sides the ark and altar. The name of the chapter appears in white, and on the keystone in the usual circle are the familiar letters which teach a lesson of Royal Arch Masonry. The Commandery (Damascus No. 1) is represented in the entablature. In the frieze of the entablature, on the eastern face, is inscribed "James A. Garfield," and underneath, "He was a true and courteous Knight." On the western face is also the name and the inscription, "He has fallen in life's struggle, full knightly, with his armor on, prepared for knightly deeds." In the pediment of the entablature on each side is the commandery coat of arms and above it a representation of a dying knight with a background of banners. The cross and crown appear in the center. From the center of the pediment drops the commandery flag. On top of the entablature, above the columns, are four lions recumbent on the American flag. A funeral wreath extends from the four lions at the corners of the entablature to the top of the staff. From the main structure over the walks are flying buttresses composed of wheels of bannerets. The approaches to the Blue lodge were yesterday strewn with flowers. There were also floral decorations of wreaths, crosses, etc., and the street in the vicinity was covered with evergreens. On these, midway under the arch, was laid a large cross composed of roses.

The Street Decorations.

The streets presented a decidedly mournful aspect. There was not a store or public building or resort in the city where emblems of mourning were not displayed. In many of the windows portraits of the murdered president were displayed, heavily draped in mourning. In the window of Mannheimer Bros.' dry goods store was a tasteful display of mourning goods, and on a black background was the word Garfield, wrought in delicate point lace. Others of the leading merchants displayed equally tasteful designs. The outward manifestations of grief were universal in every part of the city, and the decorations were in excellent taste.

Memorial Services at Christ Church.

The memorial services at Christ church yesterday at 11 o'clock a. m. were largely attended not only by the members of the church, but by a great number of outsiders. The church was most tastefully decorated with mourning emblems. On the altar was a cross of crape in beautiful and brilliant relief, pendant. In the background a crown of white flowers on the pulpit with white flowers in the chancel and crape in the background. The service opened with an appropriate anthem, after which the burial service of the church was read by the Rev. W. C. Pope. Hymn 189 was sung by the choir, after which a brief, eloquent and feeling address was delivered by Mr. Pope. The apostle's creed was read and intoned. and the anthem, "I Heard a Voice from Heaven," was sung with great feeling. The prayer for the burial of the dead was recited, after which the benediction was pronounced, and as the congregation departed, "De Profundis" was sung by the choir. Among those who participated in the services were the Rev. Messrs. Pope, Kittson, Chapin, Gilbert and St. Lawrence. The services concluded shortly after 12 o'clock.

Evening Service.

An audience which filled the spacious auditorium of the First Baptist church to repletion, assembled last evening to attend the memorial services at that church. The two porches of the church fronting on Ninth street, were tastily draped in mourning, as was also the pulpit and the balcony of the organ loft. The exercises consisted of the usual religious services, and an address by Col. J. H. Davidson, which was an eloquent review of Gen. Garfield's career as a man, a soldier and a statesman. A large portion of the address was devoted to Gen. Garfield's record as a soldier, with which Col. Davidson was personally familiar. It was an eloquent and touching tribute to an old friend and fellow soldier.

Chamber of Commerce.

The chamber of commerce was called to order at 9 a. m. yesterday by President Sanborn, and the roll call and reading of the minutes were dispensed with. Gen. Sibley, from the committee on resolutions, then presented the following report:

WHEREAS, the president of the United States, James A. Garfield, has met his death at the hands of an assassin, which sad event has plunged the people of the United States into mourning, the chamber of commerce of the city of St. Paul, participating keenly in the general sorrow, does resolve,

First.—The elevation of James A. Garfield to the first position of dignity in the world, by the suffrages of the American people, was a magnificent tribute to his personal worth as a citizen, and to his abilities as a statesman. A brilliant career as a general officer during the war of the rebellion, followed by many consecutive years of active service in congress, had gained for him a national reputation as one of the foremost and most promising public men of the country, and his election to the United States senate furnishing additional evidence of the high estimation in which he was held by those who were most familiar with his antecedents. The american people regarded his splendid talents, his long experience in public affairs, and his broad and comprehensive views, as a guarantee that his administration would prove to be one of the most beneficent and useful in our national annals. His untimely death, after months of lingering agony, is to be lamented as a great public calamity.

Second—The warm expressions of condolence received from all the leading powers of the world are peculiarly gratifying, as they evince the respect and esteem in which the late president was everywhere held as an American of the noblest type, and testify to the fact that the brotherhood of man is no longer limited by national boundary lines.

Third—The St. Paul chamber of commerce, while conscious of the inadequacy of human consolation in an hour like this, nevertheless feels impelled to add its tribute of admiration for the self sacricing devotion of Mrs. Garfield to her late husband, while he was confined to a bed of suffering, and to express to her and to the other members of the family, its respectful and profound sympathy with them in the bereavement which has deprived their household of a loving husband and tender and indulgent father, and the nation of a revered and illustrious chief magistrate.

Resolved, That the secretary is hereby instructed to drape the room of this body in mourning; that these resolutions be entered at length upon the record and published in the newspapers of the city, and that a copy thereof, attested by the officers of this chamber, be forwarded to the widow of the late president.

Resolved, As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased president, the chamber will now adjourn.

H. H. SIBLEY, Chairman.

Gen. Sibley said that before moving the adoption of the resolution he would await remarks, if any one wished to present any. As the resolutions contained, not only his own, but the sentiments of the committee, he did not deem it necessary to add anything himself.

HON. B. F. DRAKE SECONDS THEM.

Mr. Drake arose to second the resolutions. He said he could not trust himself to make extemporaneous remarks upon this occasion, and he accordingly read the following address:

I rise, Mr. President, to express my hearty concurrence with the resolutions under consideration. The late president was my personal friend. In politics we had been for years in full accord. We were native citizens of the same state, which we both served and loved. It was my fortune to meet the lamented dead at the Chicago convention. We were placed on the same committee, and were much together in most confidential relations during the eventful week of that convention. I can bear testimony from its secret history how earnestly he sought to harmonize conflicting elements, and how much he contributed to the result. His nomination to the presidency was to him unexpected and unsought. Alas! that a career so auspiciously begun should end so sadly. James A. Garfield was an extraordinary man. Impartial history will place him as the foremost man of his time. He rose, aided almost entirely by his own indomitable exertions, from a humble and secluded boyhood to the highest pinnacle of human greatness. In every position in life he was a leader. As a student he excelled; as a teacher he took high rank; as a soldier he won rank by skill and bravery; as a legislator he had no superior. He was a literary man; he devoured books, was a master of languages, and ranged widely over the field of science; in short, he was a man of broad and deep attainments, and in knowledge of the principles of government had no living superior.

In his domestic relations he was a model husband and son. The touching scene at his inauguration will not be forgotten, when as the first act after he became the ruler of a great nation, before the assembled representatives of kings and princes he gave to his aged mother a loving and dutiful kiss. That was no act for effect, but the outgiving of his sonly heart.

James A. Garfield was a christian from principal, and not because it was fashionable to be one. He attached himself to a branch of Christian professors but little known, a lowly but sincere people calling themselves "Christians," having no ordained preachers nor titled dignataries in their organization.

It has been said that Mr. Garfield was himself a preacher. In the sense generally understood he was not a preacher. A teacher he was, and from the pulpit he exhorted his fellowmen, with persuasive eloquence, to love God and man.

Our stubborn hearts are not easily reconciled to, nor can we clearly see the wisdom which took from us so untimely one who bid so fair to live, and live in history side by side, not only with the wise and great, but with the good of earth. God in his providence spake, and our friend is gone.

"To that unfathomed boundless sea,
The silent grave!
There all are equal, side by side,
The poor man and the son of pride,
Lie calm and still"

To-day—throughout our nation—in all civilized lands is heard the tolling bell, and is seen the emblems of mourning. It is well, perhaps, that we should sometimes be arrested in our mad march for worldly ends, to contemplate the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death. The lesson which the end of man should teach us, is powerless. "When time swings wide his outward gate, to weary age." But when one we have known and loved, one in full manhood and ripe with honors is taken, it speaks to each of us with an impressive voice.

It has been truly said, that "God has made no one necessary man." The head of our government was taken from us, but the "Government at Washington still lives." Ten thousand voices will to-day express the sorrow of the people. The kindly pen of the "ready writer" will perpetuate in words of praise the deeds of him we mourn. His life and death and their incidents will be pictured on canvass, and portrayed in enduring marble. Ten thousand poets of all degree will sing his death, but

"Why should his praise in verse be sung,
The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs."

The resolutions were then adopted by a rising vote and the chamber quietly dispersed.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Obsequies Over the Burial of President Garfield.

The observance of the funeral ceremonies in this city yesterday was general. In the afternoon business was suspeeded. The public offices were all closed. At the appointed hour, amid the tolling of church bells, the people, as with one accord, wended their respective ways to the various houses of worship, there to pay the last sad tribute of tender regard for the beloved and lamented president, whose remains were then being laid away in Cleveland, Ohio, and sympathize with the bereaved and stricken family. The throng wore badges of mourning. The streets were draped and the churches were hung with mourning and decorated with a profusion of fresh flowers and garlands gathered by loving hands, and arranged in appropriate forms upon the altars and the pulpits. Everyone was sad. The feeling was general and profound.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH

was filled to overflowing. The services were opened with an appropriate chant by a male quartette, especially engaged for the purpose. Prayer was offered up to the ruler of the universe by the Rev. J. R. Tuttle, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer. The quartette then rendered another musical selection.

REV. DR. CAMPBELL

delivered the opening address. He began by stating that the lessons taught by the sad and lamentable calamity which had occasioned the present solemn gathering, was that of christianity; that as between man and man, it teaches us to subdue our supercilliousness. It is, indeed, not a small thing for a man born in a humble position, as was Garfield, to finally toil and work his way through obstacles well calculated to discourage the stoutest heart, to the highest place in the gift of his fellow men. He who started in life in that lowely place, was placed at the head of us all.

Patient, persistent, and conscientious study is what accomplished the glorious end.

He spoke in detail of the very many qualities of President Garfield. Gen. Garfield had not a military education, and he might have most nobly served his country by remaining in his seat in congress.

But when the first shot was fired upon Fort Sumpter, there was that in his heart which cried out "My country needs me in the battle field, and he gave himself a practical military education, and he lead the country a brilliant military career.

The speaker spoke at length of the manly bravery of Gen. Garfield, after being inaugurated as president of the United States, in boldly facing the political despots who would ruthlessly grasp from his controlling hand his constitutional power in appointing such officers in the civil service as he in his conscientious judgment thought best and proper. He replied to these people, commonly known as the stalwart faction, that he was the president of the United States, in fact as well as in name. With him it was no empty office. He was placed there by the people as the leader and he would lead.

Dr. Campbell dwelt with much feeling upon the fact that President Garfield was a Christian—a true, honest, noble hearted Christian.

He was a man. In every sense of the word he was a man. Manly in the physical sense, manly in the moral sense. Preminently manly when the national trumpet sounded throughout our land to all loyal hearts, to arms! Manly, when occasion required him to confess that he was a Christian.

Dr. Campbell was followed by

REV. THOS. M'CLARY,

who prefaced his address by reviewing Gen. Garfield's military career, and the fact that while serving the country as a soldier, a major general, he was elected to congress. It was a question as to whether he should resign his office in the union army and accept the seat tendered him in congress But after conferring with his friends it was concluded that the war could not last much longer, and that he could best serve his country in congress. This decided the question.

In congress he was the youngest member, but he made his extraordinary powers felt, and upon the retirement of Jas. Blaine he was thenceforth the acknowledged leader of his party.