THE NICHE OF FAME.

Unvailing of the Statue of General Lee at Richmond.

A Great Gathering of Veterans of the Lost Cause and the Militia of the Seceded States—Synopsis of Colonel Anderson's Oration.

RICHMOND, Va., May 29.—With blare of trumpet, beat of drum and the booming of cannon, the monument to General Robert E. Lee, erected by the ladies of the South, was unvailed to-day in the presence of a great multitude of people. The earlier trains from north and south brought many accessions to the enormous crowd which filled the city last night. The military companies were met at the depots by members of the local military company and escorted to the great Exposition building, where most of the citizen soldiery was quartered. As the later trains arrived, however, the newcomers were escorted or directed to the place of assemblage where gathering thousands were already preparing for the day's parade. The streets of the city had been decorated very elaborately and tastefully for the occasion. From all the business buildings were swung streamers in which the colors of the Confederacy blended with the National emblem. The State colors of Maryland and Virginia were liberally displayed. On some of the buildings were hung battle-flags, tattered and worn, and as the veterans passed beneath them on their way to the place of assemblage, they broke forth into hearty cheers.

The gathering of the militia began at an eary hour in preparation for the parade. The head of the procession formed on Broad street, facing north, the left resting on Adams street. First came a squad of mounted police, then the Stonewall Band, and following was the chief marshal, ex-Governor Fitzhugh Lee, wearing a broad yellow sash as his badge of office; his chief-of-staff, General John R. Cooke, wearing a white sash, and the chief marshal's aides, among who were Senator Bate, of Tennessee; Senator Colquitt, of Georgia; Senator Hampton, of South Carolina; Senator Ransom, of North Carolina; Colonel Basil W. Duke, of Kentucky; General Eppa Hunton, of Virginia; ex-Governor Scales, of North Carolina; General Joe Wheeler, of Alabama, and many other distinguished Southern soldiers. Following the marshals were the carriages containing the invited guests, in charge of Captain A. W. Garber; the veteran cavalry under the command of General Wade Hampton, and the Farmers' Alliance, mounted. On the other side of Broad street, under command of General Heth, were the veterans of North Carolina, followed by the Society of the Army and Navy in Maryland, the Frederick County (Md.) veterans and the veterans of the District of Columbia. Beyond them, and on side streets, were formed the other military and civic organizations which were to follow in the parade. Among them were veterans from Louisiana, Virginia and others of the Southern States, militia companies from every State in the South, students from the universities of Virginia; Catholic Union societies; the city fire department of Richmond and firemen from Newberne, N. C. Noon was the hour fixed for the procession to move. Long before that time most of the militia companies and civic societies had formed in the places allotted to them, and the chief marshal's aides were galloping backward and forward, bringing to headquarters news of the formation.

It was nearly 12:30 when word was brought to General Lee that the parade was ready to move. Turning to his marshals he gave the command to move and the head of the procession moved down Broad street. As the veteran cavalry passed, the volunteer troops—infantry, artillery and cavalry—fell into line behind them, followed by the Farmers' Alliance. The State troops were arranged in the order of secession of the Southern States; South Carolina being in the lead, and Virginia bringing up the rear, each of the State contingents carrying a distinctive banner. These banners were furnished by the local committee, and they served for the identification of each State delegation. Of far more interest to the throng that filled the strests and looked down upon the procession from windows and housetops were the tattered and smoke-begrimed war flags carried by the veterans. Waving handkerchiefs and ringing cheers from a thousand throats greeted them as they passed. The students of Washington and Lee University carried a handsome banner bearing the combined coat-of-arms of the families of Washington and Lee. Each student wore the university cap of white and blue streamers. The faculty of the university rode among the invited guests. The students of William and Mary College carried a standard that was the flag of Virginia when she was a British colony. The surviving members of the Cadet Corps who took part in the battle of Newmarket, carried the banner around which they rallied in that memorable fight.

At the head of the procession rode ex-Governor Lee, mounted on a spirited iron-gray horse. In the first carriage were Governor McKinney, Colonel Archer Anderson, the orator of the day; General Jubal A. Early and General Joseph E. Johnston. In some of the other carriages were Captain R. E. Lee, General W. H. F. Lee, Miss Mildred Lee, Miss Mary Lee, Governor Fleming of West Virginia; Senator Reagan, of Texas, ex-Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, and General H. H. Walker, of Morristown, N. J.; Senators Butler, Barbour, Daniel, Kenna and Pasco, Governors Fowle of North Carolina, Fleming of Florida, Richardson of South Carolina, General W. H. Lee, wife and sons; Captain Dan Lee, wife and children.

As the leading carriage passed down Broad street it was greeted with wild demonstrations by the enormous crowd. Fair hands flung roses from the windows, banners were torn from the buildings and tossed high into the air, and as the band struck up the familiar air of "Dixie" gray heads bowed low and soft tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks. The passage of the processional column through the principal streets of the city was a continued ovation. Its progress was much impeded by the crowd that filled the streets, and it was fully two o'clock when the monument was reach. An enormous crowd was in waiting there. A large stand erected in front of the monument had been reserved for the distinguished guests, the orator of the day and ladies. It was well filled when the procession arrived, and the grand marshal dismounted and offered his arm to General Johnson to escort him to the seat reserved for him, then Governor McKinney, Colonel Anderson and the other distinguished guests and officers of the occasion passed in review before them, the veteran infantry leading, and the veteran cavalry and volunteer infantry bringing up the rear. The infantry organizations were massed as rapidly as possible in front of the grand stand, the mounted veterans on the left near the monument. The artillery took position in line west of the infantry and facing the statue. The volunteer cavalry formed facing the grand stand. The arrangement of the mass of people occupied fully half an hour. When the organization was complete and something like quiet could be had Governor McKinney, as president of the Lee Monument Association, arose and called the assemblage to order. After a brief invocation by Rev. Charles Minnigerode, of the Episcopal Church, Governor McKinney introduced General Early as chairman of the meeting. He was greeted with prolonged applause and cheering. Taking the gavel from Governor McKinney's hand, General Early announced in a few well-chosen words the ocator of the occasion, Colonel Archer Anderson.

Colonel Anderson's oration, an elaborate panegyric, eloquently delivered, was a comprehensive analysis and brilliant portrayal of the character and career of the famous Confederate General. It delineated his social, moral and intellectual traits, his military achievements and his life work, which, in the opinion of the orator, amply justified admiration of the great man, who, in the union of military greatness with the noblest public and private virtue, presented that rare greatness which men may most honor in their fellow men. Virginia had produced two such stainless Captains. The fame of the one—George Washington—had been consecrated by a century of universal reverence, and the growth of a colossal empire; the fame of the other—of General Lee—not yet a generation old, and won in a cause which was lost, was already established, upon a pinnacle equal to that of Washington's. Virginia's monument to George Washington had found its only fitting complement and companion in the monument to Lee, unvailed to-day. Following the story of General Lee's later life, when the greater elements of the Confederate chieftain's character appeared, Colonel Anderson spoke of his noble person, his grace, his social charm, his pure life, "of that inborn divinity which with a look could check familiarity, or convey rebuke; of that manly beauty and commanding presence, fitted alike to win child or maiden, and to awaken in the sternest soldier an expectation and assurance of pre-eminence and distinction." General Lee, the orator claimed, regarded slavery as an evil which the South had inherited, and must be left to mitigate, and, if possible, extirpate by wise and gradual measures and, when obliged to make his choice and take sides in the irrepressible conflict, no more painful struggle ever tore the heart of a patriot. Inheriting, along with the most ardent love of the Union, a paramount loyalty to his native State, when the time came, in defiance of the temptings of ambition—for the command of the United States armies was offered him—he determined that duty bade him side with his beloved Virginia, he laid down his commission and solemnly declared his purpose never to draw his sword, save in behalf of his native State.

Following the vicissitudes of General Lee's generalship in the late war, from the beginning to the end, when "the surrender of the fragments of the army of Northern Virginia closed the imperishable record of his military life," the orator exclaimed: "What a catastrophe, what a moving and pathetic contrast; on the one side, complete and dazzling triumph, after a long succession of humiliating disasters; on the other absolute ruin and defeat; a crown of thorns for that peerless army, which hitherto had known only the victor's laurels; but the magnanimity of the conquerer not less than the fortitude of the vanquished outshone the solemn scene and softened its tragic outlines of fate and doom. The moderation and good sense of the Northern people, breathing the large and generous air of our Western world, quickly responded to Grant's examples, and though the North was afterwards betrayed into fanatical and baleful excess on more than one great subject, all the fiercer passions of a bloody civil war were rapidly extinguished. Let this monument then," said Colonel Anderson, in his perioration, "teach to generations yet unborn these lessons of his life. Let it stand, not as a record of civil strife, but as a perpetual protest against whatever is low and sordid in our private and public objects. Let it stand as a memorial of personal honor that never brooked a stain; of knightly valor without thought of self; of far-reaching military genius unsoiled by ambition; of heroic constancy from which no cloud of misfortune could ever hide the path of duty. Let it stand for proof of censure, if our people shall ever sink below the standard of their fathers. Let it stand for patriotic hope and cheer, if a day of National gloom and disaster shall ever dawn upon our country; let it stand as the embodiment of a brave and virtuous people's ideal leader. Let it stand as a great public act of thanksgiving and praise for that, it pleased Almighty God to bestow upon these Southern States a man so formed as to reflect his attributes of power, majesty and goodness."

Every point in Colonel Anderson's address was greeted with warm applause, and several times he was obliged to suspend his remarks, while the crowd cheered again and again. At the conclusion of his address, a wave of applause swept over the crowd and rippled out again and again, until hands were tired and throats were hoarse. When, in a measure, silence had been restored, General Joseph E. Johnston arose from his seat behind the orator's stand, and leaving the platform walked toward the monument. On either side walked a veteran ex-Confederate from the Soldiers' Home—Joseph White and J. J. O'Neill. His progress was greeted with continuous cheering. Reaching the foot of the monument he took in his hand the end of the long rope which held the great white vail about the statue. A gentle pressure and the vail parted, and falling on either side, disclosed the beautiful outlines of the statue. As they came into view a shout went up from the assemblage in volume so great that it almost drowned the boom of the cannon. In a minute the whole assemblage had broken from the ranks and was flocking about the base of the statue cheering and tossing hats, canes—any thing, into the air. The crowd on the platform responded with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs and flags. It was a long time before the crowd quieted down and offered Governor McKinney and other distinguished people on the platform an opportunity to regain their seats in the carriages which were to bear them back to the city.

Another "Original-Package" Decision.

AUGUSTA, Me., May 30.—The Supreme Court yesterday announced a decision in the Burns liquor case, reversing the decision of the lower court, which convicted Burns' under the statutes. Burns, several years ago, opened in Augusta an "original-package" business, selling only liquors, however, that were imported from the provinces or other countries, claiming that the State had no right, under the United States Constitution, to interfere with his business. The case has been carried up step by step until it is now decided in Burns' favor. The court says in part: "The Iowa case just decided by the Supreme Court of the United States clearly settles the question. We are bound by that decision to reverse the ruling below, and to sustain the law as contended for by the respondent. The minority opinion in the Iowa case is elaborate and commends itself to many as containing the better conclusion. Our obedience is due to the judgment which prevails. Our statute prohibits only unlawful sales. Its interpretation must be constitutional."

Riot Among Italian Laborers.

MAY'S LANDING, N. J., May 30.—About four o'clock yesterday afternoon Sheriff Samuel E. Johston was telegraphed for to go to Richland, Atlantic County, immediately, to quell a riot among Italian laborers at that place, who, not receiving their wages for several weeks, have struck, and have built obstructions across the track to prevent trains from running. The Italians are armed with picks, stones and clubs, and will not allow the company to do any further work until they are paid. The sheriff went to the scene, but was unable to do any thing with the mob, and returned to Richland for reinforcements. Trouble is expected to-day when the sheriff, with a large force, will leave to go to the scene to disperse the rioters.

Death from Hydophobia.

GALESBURG, Ill., May 30.—A dozen persons have been bitten at Smithfield by a supposed rapid dog. The dog was finally killed, but not until he had bitten several other dogs. James Bevard and two other persons have already died in great agony from hydrophobia. It is feared that others may be seized with the awful disease soon, and the whole neighborhood is in a state of dread.

ERRONEOUS JUDGMENTS.

How to Look at the Character of Our Friends and Associates.

Not one man in ten thousand sees those with whom he associates as they really are. If the prayer of Burns were granted and we could all see ourselves as others see us, our self-estimates would in all probability be much more erroneous than they are now. The truth is that we regard each other through a variety of lenses, no one of which is correct. Passion and prejudice, love and hate, benevolence and envy spectacle our eyes and utterly prevent us from observing accurately. Many whom we deem the porcelain of human clay or mere pot metal, and a still greater number of those we put down in our "black books" are no further off from Heaven, and perchance a little nearer, than the censors who condemn them. We habitually undervalue or overvalue each other; and in estimating character, the shrewdest of us only now and then make true appraisal of the virtues and defects of even our closest intimates. If we all saw ourselves as the world sees us, multitudes would despise themselves without sufficient cause, and not a few be puffed up with pride for which there would be no honest foundation.

It is not just or fair to look at character from a standpoint of one's own selection. A man's profile may be unprepossessing, and yet his full face agreeable. We once saw a young man, whose timidity was a standing joke with his companions, leap into the Hudson and save a boy from drowning, while his tormentors stood panic-stricken on the bank. The merchant who gives curt answers in his counting-room may be a tender husband and father and a kind helper of the desolate and oppressed. On the other hand, your good-humored person, who is all smiles and sunshine in public, may carry something as hard as the nether millstone in the place where his heart ought to be. Such anomalies are common. There is this comfort, however, for those whose misjudgments of their fellow-mortals lean to the kindly side—such mistakes go to their credit in the great account.

He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve is seldom a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is guided is the goodness of his own heart. It is only the base who believe all men base—or, in other words, like themselves. Few, however, are all evil.

Public men are seldom or never fairly judged—at least while living. However pure, they can not escape calumny. However corrupt, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice; but they rarely get it while alive, either from friends or foes.—N. Y. Ledger.

—It is estimated that, although there are over 100,000 telephone talks a day in the city of New York, there are probably 1,000,000 people living there who have never yet talked over a telephone. The long-distance telephone service has been made very efficient, as may be gathered from the fact that the roar of Niagara Falls can now be distinctly heard in the city over its lines.

—Opticians and oculists say that belfry and steeple clocks are absolutely useless to at least a third of those for whose benefit they are set up. In many instances such defect of the eyes is unsuspected in children, and probably hundreds of children earn at school reputations for stupidity when not the intellect but the eye is at fault.

—A Garfield (Ore.) citizen has learned that the squirrels that are shot and left on the ground are devoured by their fellows, and he has turned the knowledge to account. When he kills a squirrel he cuts a hole in it and puts in strychnine, and in this way has killed a large number of the pests.

AT GARFIELD'S TOMB.

Dedication of the Garfield Memorial at Lake View.

Cleveland Thronged with Visitors to Do Honor to the Memory of the Nation's Second Martyr—A Notable Procession.

The Formal Dedication—Synopsis of the Oration of Governor Cox, the Invocation by Sir Knight Van Cleve and the Responses of the Cardinal Points.

CLEVELAND, O., May 31.—Two-thirds of the States and Territories were represented in the throng in the presence of which, with all the pomp, ceremony and solemnity befitting the occasion, the memorial erected by the contributions of a grateful country to the honor of James Abram Garfield, canal-boat boy, school-teacher, soldier, statesman and President, was formally dedicated yesterday.

Upon the platform, the Nation itself, in the person of its Chief Magistrate and three of his constitutional advisers, lent recognition and countenance to the event, while the widow and children of him whom all had met to honor, looked down upon the scene with mingled feelings of pride and sadness.

Just as the hands of the big clock at Ontario street were pointing to noon, Chief Marshal General James Barnett gave the word for the head of the column to move. A trumpet blast, and on the moment a hundred veterans, ten abreast, wheeled around the corner and up the avenue. Some were in Grand Army uniform and some in civilian attire. At their head they carried two torn, tattered and faded battle-flags, one of which had been shot through and through until scarcely an entire piece the size of a child's hand remained. The thousands on the streets, in windows and on roofs caught sight of the veterans and a yell went up that never ceased until, two hours later, the head of the column, footsore and weary, passed through the arch at the entrance of the cemetery. The throng did not need the inscription on the strip of canvass that was carried between the ranks: "Remnant of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers, Colonel Garfield's, 1861–1890," to tell who the veterans were. They were nearly all that remained of the gallant men who had followed the lead of their then Colonel—afterward President—over the bloody fields of Middle Creek, Cumberland Gap, Vicksburg, Champion Hills, Thompson Hills and Chickasaw Bayou, and who had borne the flags which they so proudly carried at their head through many a hand-to-hand conflict. To-day their march was one continued ovation. Men and women vied with each other in testing the strength of their lungs, while in addition many of the fairer sex, as block after block was passed, tore the flowers from their corsage and rained them down upon the heads of the little company.

Immediately behind them came the veterans of the Grand Army, many of whom had fought under Garfield at Chickamauga after his title of Colonel had given way to that of General. Not a man was missing of the James A. Garfield Post from the old home at Mentor, and these, too, as they carried a life-like picture of their dead comrade between the battle-flags, came in for a large share of enthusiasm. No posts from outside figured in this division, but in that of the Union Veterans, which was next behind, there were good-sized contingents from Pittsburgh and McKeesport. The Sons of Veterans brought up the rear of the first division proper.

Governor Campbell and staff, mounted on magnificent specimens of horse-flesh, appeared in the second division, which was devoted to the National Guard. At their head places of honor had been assigned to the Sheridan Sabers, of Pittsburgh; the Washington Infantry, of the same city; the Jackson Rifles, of Jackson, Mich.; and the Third Regiment of the West Virginia National Guard.

There was a break between this and the fourth division, but when the First Cleveland Troop, with a detachment of sailors and marines from the United States steamer Michigan, came into view the cheering was renewed with a will. This was the special escort to the President and distinguished guests. President Harrison with Vice-President Morton, occupied the first carriage, drawn by four horses, while in the following vehicles were ex-President Hayes, Secretary Rusk, Attorney-General Miller, Postmaster-General Wanamaker, General J. R. Cox, the orator of the day; Chief-Justice Fuller, Generals Schofield and Sherman, Secretary Windom, Ex-Postmaster-General James, ex-Governor Fairchild of Wisconsin, Ex-Attorney-General Wayne McVeagh, Representative McKinley and Ex-Representative Townsend, Ex-Governor Foster, Architect George H. Kelly and a large number of other distinguished guests.

The scenes which marked the progress of this division were a repetition of those accorded the veterans at its head. Cheers ran from block to block like volleys of musketry, handkerchiefs and flags were waved by the thousand and flowers aimed with very fair pecision at the occupants of the vehicles. The President responded to the ovation by repeatedly raising his hat and bowing until his neck was stiff and his right arm tired. There was no difficulty on the part of the crowd in recognizing the visitors, and every few yards some enthusiastic individual would call for cheers for General Rusk or John Wanamaker, still more frequently for "Uncle Billy Sherman," the calls being responded to with a three times three. At one point on Euclid avenue a couple of strong-lunged individuals struck up the opening notes "Marching Through Georgia," and in a moment thousands of voices were joining in the refrain. Sherman sat with a stolid look on his countenance until the refrain was reached, and then he stood up in the carriage, and baring his head, bowed again and again to the right and left.

The fifth division was composed of five sections of Knights Templar under the command of Sir Knight M. J. Houck, Captain General, and as they marched with martial tread, their white plumes waving proudly in the air, and their swords shining and jewels sparkling in the sunlight, they presented an inspiring spectacle. Immediately behind them came twelve brigades and divisions of the Knights of Pythias; then in order the uniformed rank of Odd Fellows, the Knights of St. John and of Father Matthew, German civic societies, German Warriors and Prussian Verein, Italian and Hungarian Knights, Bohemian Citizens and Catholic Knights. A miscellaneous contingent of citizens afoot and in carriages brought up the rear of the twelfth and last division.

From beginning to end the parade was nearly three miles in length.

It was after two o'clock when the head of the procession reached the base of the monument. The greensward immediately in front of the grand stand had been reserved for the veterans of Garfield's regiment, and as soon as they came into view, Mrs. Garfield, who was attired in deep mourning, rose with her children to her feet, while the veterans gave her round after round of applause. Her eyes suffused with tears and it was with difficulty that she restrained her emotion.

The Presidential party was announced with the blare of trumpets. President Harrison took a seat to the right of the chair on the extreme front edge of the platform, with Vice-President Morton, General Sherman and Schofield, ex-Postmaster-General James Bishop Gilmore, the Garfield family, Bishop Leonard and Congressman McKinley completing the circle. Members of the Cabinet were directly behind the President. After the hymn "America" had been sung by the Memorial Choir, ex-President Hayes stepped to the front of the platform and spoke as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS: James Abram Garfield, born and bred in Ohio; a brave and patriotic soldier of the Union army; an orator, a statesman, a scholar, President of the United States, having died in the path of duty, his countrymen of all parties and all sections of every State, of every Territory and of the District of Columbia—and especially his friends and neighbors of the city Cleveland and of the Western Reserve, aided by many good people of foreign lands—have built this impressive and enduring monument to perpetuate to future generations his name and fame and memory.

This noble purpose has, by the eminent architect, Mr. George Keller, of the city of Hartford Conn., been fitly embodied in the memorial structure—which we are about to dedicate in the presence of this uncounted multitude of people—this cloud of approving and sympathizing witnesses. Upon this ceremony, upon all who take part in it and upon all who observe it, the divine favor and the divine blessing is invoked.

Prayers were offered by Bishop W. A. Leonard, and Hon. Jacob D. Cox, ex-Governor of Ohio, was introduced as the orator of the day, and spoke as follows:

MY FELLOW CITIZENS: We have come here to dedicate this memorial to one of our country's worthies. Our task is not the mournful one which filled the streets of our cities with funeral pageants nine years ago. If our thoughts take a tinge of solemnity from the memory of the tragedy which brought the life of Garfield to an untimely end and shocked the whole Nation by the causeless enormity of the crime, it will only make our retrospect the sober and thoughtful thing it ought to be. Time heals all wounds, and it is our privilege to think of the departed statesman, who was once our friend and neighbor, as a character already a historic one; analyzing his character with quiet pulse, not tortured by a grief too poignant, and recalling his great qualities and his big-hearted human sympathies in reminiscences full of real, if sober, pleasures.

This structure and the statue it covers means that Garfield's countrymen see in him, and what he did, so much that is worthy of imitation, and worthily exhibits and interprets the critical period of our National life through which we have just passed, that they have wished to embody in imperishable stone the memory of it. They desire that it shall teach many generations to emulate the good qualities which fitted him to lead in right directions, and to seek that honor in good men's memories which comes by subordinating selfish ends to the common good. They have built this memorial in the belief that we all shall be better for learning well and wisely this lesson, and that he whose memory it shall help preserve is a fit teacher of faith in our institutions and in our country's destiny.

The speaker then traced Garfield's life from boyhood up, and, after referring to his war and political history, said:

His elevation to the Presidency was rather the evidence of his countrymen's admiration of him as a legislative leader than a significant part of his own career. Cut off prematurely, his administration had no opportunity to carry out any large policy. The large grasp and ability he had shown in every other part of his life is sufficient warrant for our faith that it would have been marked by broad statesmanship and manifest power; but it was God's will that his work as legislator should remain the thing which will ever be distinctively his. The rest is among the "might-have-beens," big with many grand possibilities, not to ripen into full fruition.

In conclusion the speaker said:

Men of all parties have united to build this memorial and to place this statue upon its pedestal to commemorate these virtues and these services. Antagonisms are here forgotten. Cynical carping has no place here. The good, the great, the strong, the wise and the patriotic were all so abundant in him that out of him the young of the coming generations may construct an ideal on which to mold themselves. The weakness, the limitations, the imperfections incident to human nature, and which every man must humbly acknowledge his share in, may here be dropped from view, and the model to be imitated is made up of those noble and generous qualities which were so marked in the man we honor to-day.

The people of this land, far and near, are at this very hour decorating the graves of their fallen patriots and heroes with affectionate and heartfelt love and reverence. Our task is part of theirs. We join our countrymen in the loving duty. This memorial is a permanent decoration of the tomb where lies the body of a soldier and a patriot, whose services to his country were so great and so brilliant that the dignity of this structure and the durability of this monument gives fitting expression to the solidity, trust, honor and regard with which the American people cherish the memory of such as he. May it be to us and our children the continuing lesson in patriotic endeavor which it was designed to be; and may coming generations, as they look upon it, find it stimulating them to that nobler manhood which shall develop our free institutions into all they ought to be.

Again the voices of the choir fell softly upon the beautiful city of the dead, this time with Metzke's beautiful hymn: "O, Weep for the Brave." As the last notes died on the air the officers of the Grand Commandery mounted the four corners of the upper balcony of the monument and as many buglers blew a ringing blast to the north, south, east and west. Every head was bared and many bowed when Sir Knight I. F. Van Cleve, from his position at the entrance to the memorial chamber, delivered a fervent invocation:

When conflicting opinions and opposing interests have divided the nations and tribes of men—when angry hosts have rushed into battle—when Philanthrophy has been in tears and Humanity clothed in sackcloth, the gentle hand has touched the wild tempests of human passion and Thy voice, which calmed storm-tossed Galilee, has commanded "Peace, be still." In obedience to Thy behest many a white-robed angel has borne trophies of lasting good to mankind from the bloody battle-field, as Runnymede and Appomattox can testify. Even sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright; and we have seen the evolution of Thy purposes out of the darkest and saddest years of our National history. It befits us to remember these things and to recognize Thy presence and Thy supreme authority where we can not hear Thy voice or see Thy hand. The safest and best commander of armies, like our own Washington, is a man of prayer. The best and wisest statesman seeks counsel from Thee, as did our own Garfield, and heeds the words of Thy written laws. In our Nation's conflicts the warm union of the people's trustful prayers was a stimulus to her struggling armies and to her perplexed statesmen, while it served as a sedative to the excited, anxious homes from which our citizen-soldiery had gone. Thus the final arbitrament was referred to Thee, and we gratefully accept the result.

Reposing under the shadow of Thy protection we now beseech Thee to so rule and direct in the affairs of this Nation that sober reason and just counsels may ever hereafter save us from domestic or foreign complications, and that in every controversy peaceful means may be sufficient to adjust them.

We assemble to-day in this cemetery, hallowed by the tears of sorrowing friends who have laid away their dead within this inclosure, to set apart to its intended purpose this monument erected to the memory of one whom the people had chosen to rule over them by administering their laws. A cruel and guilty hand struck him down, and the whole land was then too much enraged at this stupendous wrong to mourn with meek and chastened tears, but allowed their sorrow with resentful wrath, and left to history the expression of a more steady sorrow, and with it the setting apart of this memorial. As Abraham consecrated Machpelah and Jacob his Bethel; as Sinai became a witness and Joshua reared his Gilgal, so we meet on this occasion to consecrate this monument, that it may express the appreciation of a grateful people for Thy gift to them in the person of their knightly brother and honored ruler, James Abram Garfield, who was conspicuous both as a soldier and a statesman; and that it may direct the attention of the people of succeeding generations to his modest and masterful virtues. May this monument ever be a reproof to indolence, a check to vice and a stimulus to manly aspirations in the young men of this land who may hereafter look upon it; may it inspire hope in the hearts of toil-worn mothers when the burdens of life press them heavily, as they here contemplate the worth and high station reached by the humble widow's son, and while place and power are possible to few, may all learn that wrong and violence can rob the worthy for only a little season—that true worth will find its appropriate setting, and that although men may err and err, Heaven stands pledged to put upon every head its appropriate crown.

The oration occupied in its delivery one hour and ten minutes. Towards the end dark clouds loomed up in the east and there were several sharp peals of thunder. The audience, becoming weary, called time on the speaker, and also indulged in general rounds of applause, but he kept on to the end of his manuscript.

After the "Hallilujah Chorus" had been rendered the President was introduced and received a warm welcome. In a remarkably vigorous manner and with numerous gesticulations he spoke as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS: The selection for these exercises of this day consecrated to the memory of those who died that there might be one flag of honor and authority in this republic [great applause and cheers] is most fitting. That flag floats here, the unrivaled object of our loyal love. [Renewed cheers.] This beautiful and imposing monument fitly typifies the grand and symmetrical character of him in whose honor it has been built. His was the arduous greatness of things done. No ladder of preferment was fashioned and placed by other hands for his ambition. [Applause.] He framed and nailed the cleats upon which his aspiring feet rose to the summit of public usefulness and fame. He did not cease to be student and teacher when he left the academy; but as a volunteer soldier he quickly made himself familiar with strategy and imparted in a brief army career, some valuable lessons in military science. He was a profound student of the political history of his country, and one of the most brilliant and instructive of the great debaters who have appeared in the National Congress. What he would have been and done in the Presidency is chiefly left to friendly augury, based upon a career that had no incident of failure or inadequacy. [Prolonged applause]. The sudden and cruel and mysterious termination of his career had only one amelioration—that space of life was given him to teach from his dying bed, a great lesson of patience and loving forbearance. His mortal part will find here honorable repose while the lessons of his life and death will continue to be impossing and instructive incidents in American history.

There was hearty applause, mingled with cries for McKinley, when the President resumed his seat.

Vice-President Morton, who was next brought forward, spoke briefly. He referred to his personal acquaintance with the dead President, and said that his life was a lesson and an inspiration to the youth of the land. The more the people cherished his memory and heeded his lofty teachings, the better would be their own citizenship.

When General Sherman was introduced the cheering lasted for several minutes. The occupants of the grand stand rose to their feet, and President Harrison, swinging his hat, called for three more cheers, which were given with a will.

General Sherman said that in California he was known as a pioneer, in New York as a member of the Chamber of Commerce, but in Ohio, thank God, as plain "Uncle Billy." General Garfield was the finest type of manhood, both as a soldier and a citizen, that his memory recalled. He hoped that the good God would bless his memory, and that the people would stand by those, as long as they lived, who were true and faithful in the days of peril.

Messrs. Wanamaker, Miller and Rusk who were next called for contented themselves with bowing to the throng and good naturedly declined to respond to vociferous call for speeches.

Secretary Windom told how when General Garfield was near the point of death at Long Branch, General Sherman had said to him that if it would restore him to health he would give up the last drop of blood in his body. This brought out more cheering, and Ex-United States Marshal Henry, Guiteau's executioner, lead another round from his place among the Garfield veterans.

Ex-Postmaster-General James declined to make a speech, while Bishop Gilmore, in a few well-chosen remarks, dwelt upon Garfield's devotion.

General Schoffield, a "simple soldier who was only trying to do his duty," paid a brief tribute to Garfield's memory.

The cries for McKinley were redoubled at this point. At first he bowed his thanks and refused to speak, but as the demonstration was continued he made a brief speech. The popular branch of Congress, he said, never had a more majestic leader. Facing the President and speaking with considerable emphasis the speaker continued: "No President since Washington, Lincoln and Grant, has ever been closer to the hearts of the people than General Garfield." [Applause loud and long continued followed this remark.]

The clouds had by this time passed to the northwest.

As his voice died away, the hymn: "It Is the Lord's Own Day," set to a sad, mournful strain, was sung by the Temple Quartette. Grand Commander Sir Knight Henry Perkins then announced that, in pursuance of the duty assigned by the Grand Commandery, they had assembled to dedicate the memorial with knightly honors. Turning to the Sir Knight stationed in the east he asked:

"Is it well in the East?"

The Knight replied:

The sunbeams from the Eastern sky
Flash from these blocks exalted high;
And on their polished fronts proclaim
Our Worthy Brother's widespread fame.

Grand Commander—Sir Knight, is it well in the west?

The Sir Knight replied:

The chastened sun adown the west
Speaks the same voice and sinks to rest
No sad defect, no flaw to snare
Our worthy brother's lofty frame.

Grand Commander—Sir Knight, is it well in the south?

The Sir Knight replied:

Glowing beneath the fervid noon
This granite dares the southern sun;
Yet tells that wall of fervid flame
Our worthy brother's honest fame.

Grand Commander—Sir Knight, is it well in the north?

The Sir Knight replied:

Perfect in line, exact in square,
The works of all our craftsmen are;
They will to coming time proclaim
Our brother's worthy, well-earned fame.

Proclamation was then made by Grand Generalissimo Sir Huntingdon Brown that the memorial of their illustrious frater, Sir Knight James Abram Garfield, had been dedicated to the uses designed, and proclamation was made by the Templars to the four points of the compass, while "The Flag Without a Stain" was rendered. The Knights having returned, the Doxology was sung by the Memorial Chorus and audience; and with the pronouncing of the benediction by Rev. T. D. Powers, D. D., the exercises and event of the day were brought to a fitting conclusion.

It was six o'clock before the exercises were concluded and midnight before the last of the vast crowd had been able to secure transportation from the cemetery to the city. The Presidential party left for Washington in a special train at 12:30 a. m.

On the Field of Gettysburg.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., May 30.—Decoration Day was clear and beautiful. Special trains on all the railroads commenced pouring in visitors at ten o'clock from Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, New York and other cities, and by one o'clock the streets were lined with a pushing crowd of humanity. The Congressional train, bearing the members of the Senate and House, arrived at 12:45, and then pulled rapidly out to Railroad Cut at the first day's field. Here the statesmen left the cars, and Hon. Edward McPherson, clerk of the National House, welcomed them in behalf of the Battle-Field Memorial Association, of which he is a director. Colonel Batcheller, Government historian of the party, then took charge the party, and explained in terse and graphic language the battle of the first day, the death of Reynolds and the retreat of the First and Eleventh corps through the town.

From there the train returned to the Round Top branch and passed along the very center of the battle-field to Little Round Top, where the "Valley of Death" skirts the hill. Colonel Batcheller detailed the engagement along the Federal left, Longstreet's assault, the awful carnage of the wheat-field and the death of Farnsworth. Again returning to the cars the return was made to Hancock station, where, after describing the charge of Pickett and the wounding of the Second Corp's commander on the third day, the visitors took carriages and drove through the Soldiers' National Cemetery and over Culpepper Hill to the Baltimore pike and thence to the town. While members of Congress were wandering over the battle-field, the regular Decoration Day exercises in the National Cemetery took place. The procession, consisting of two divisions of G. A. R. posts, Patriotic Order Sons of America, Loyal Legion, military, Gettysburg fire department and citizens, marched to the cemetery. At the graves the exercises were ceremonies of the Grand Army of the Republic, strewing of flowers, music by a select choir "Decorations" and "Let Them Rest." When the line reached the rostrum, at the end of the grounds, Hon. Edward McPherson acted as master of ceremonies, and the prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Keith, of Lucerne County. There was music by the choir, "Dropping From the Ranks," an oration by Senator Ingalls, music, "Oh, Starry Flag," and benediction by Rev. Mr. Hay, D. D., of Gettysburg. The Congressional delegation rest at the Blue Mountain House, Pen Mar, to-night and leave for Washington to-morrow.

Observances in Washington.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—Decoration Day observances at the National capital to-day were more imposing than usual. Bright, beautiful weather ushered in the morning, much to the joy of thousands who every year visit the several cemeteries around the city on this day and perform a duty of love, strewing choicest flowers over the graves of the dead heroes of the war. This custom was very generally observed to-day, all the roads and avenues leading to the "cities of the dead" were crowded with people. The various Grand Army posts, the Sons of Veterans, the Union Veteran Corps and the Old Guard met in line in the city early in the day, and with martial music paraded the streets, and proceeded to Arlington, the great National cemetery, lying just across the Potomac. The ceremonies there were simple, but impressive. After listening to an oration that breathed a spirit of patriotism and fraternity by Congressman Boutelle, of Maine, the vast concourse spread flowers upon the thousands of graves that decked the green sward, regardless whether the sleeper in life wore the blue or the gray. General Sheridan's grave here was not forgotten, and handsome floral pieces were placed in profusion about his tomb.

The tomb of General Logan at the cemetery here was the scene of special services. The General John A. Logan Camp Sons of Veterans, the Logan Invincibles of Baltimore, and the Logan Guard, with a great crowd of people, listened to an address delivered by S. T. Cameron at the General's tomb. The floral tributes were profuse. Mrs. Logan was present to see and appreciate the tributes of affection and regard for the dead hero. The G. A. R. did not forget their comrades who lie buried at the front, and appropriate prayers were held at Prospect Hill Cemetery, and at Culpepper National Cemetery.

Serious Charge Against a School Teacher.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 31.—Mr. Gerhart, editor of the German newspaper of this city, has brought complaint against Principal Lewis of the Devenport school, to the Board of Education, charging him with punishing his son Joe so severely as to bring on epilepsy, from which he died Wednesday. The boy was whipped for truancy. He had been subject to fits, and beside had a rupture, but this was unknown to Lewis. The coroner and medical examiner are investigating the case.

Befouled Wires Make Bad Work.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 31.—A telephone wire yesterday morning fell across the Trolly wire of the Hinzy electric street railway, and immediately there was trouble in blue streaks. In the telephone office one of the switch boards was burned out, and a number of girls were prostrated. The damage to the telephone company is quite heavy, and the telephone service of the city will be seriously crippled for a day or two.