The Emporia News.

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JOB STOTLER. ALEX. HUTTO
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1881.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

Treasurer	JOSEPH ERNST
Clerk	W. F. EWING
Sheriff	A. M. HUNTER
Register of Deeds	W. F. GALBRAITH
Surveyor	I. M. GARTER
Coroner	J. D. DAVISON
Commissioner (First district)	P. G. HALLBERG

It seems to be very generally conceded that the President of the Senate will be a Democrat, and that Senator Bayard, of Delaware, will be the man elected to that position. In view of possible contingencies which may arise to place this officer in the Presidential chair, we shall all be Democrat whom we would prefer to see called to preside over the Senate.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is quoted as saying that the Republicans will probably hold control of the standing committees of the senate, and that the Democrats will select a President pro tem. He thinks it is no time for a partisan wrangle over the spoils, and that the two political parties in the senate are so evenly divided that neither is entitled to everything to the exclusion of the other.

While President Garfield was with his sick wife at Elberon, he declined an agent's persuasions to insure his life on the ground that he could not afford to pay the premium. After much discussion, however, he finally consented to take out a policy for $10,000, the agent agreeing to take two notes for the premium, which amounted to over $500. Neither has yet been paid, but the company has forwarded to Mrs. Garfield its check for $10,000, and will collect the notes from the estate.

A private letter from a gentleman at Youngstown, Ohio, says: "I spent last Sunday in Cleveland, and during the day strolled out to the beautiful Lake View Cemetery. As I halted to view the monument of the Garfield family the old sexton related the following: 'One day last fall, after the election, Thomas Garfield, the uncle of the President, came out to inspect the monument. The old uncle was a jolly old fellow, and, while talking, said, laughingly: Now, James, if you should be so perverse as to die, with so many honors thick upon you, here is plenty of room to bury you, and a place left on the stone to inscribe your name.' The old sexton sadly added: 'Who would have thought that so soon the old uncle would have met his death by accident and the nephew lingering on the borders to join him?'"

Inter Ocean: The President died poor, and left no will. His property consisted of the Mentor farm which is encumbered by a mortgage held by Dr. Robinson, his next door neighbor, and the benefactor of his early youth, and a residence at Washington, which is encumbered by a mortgage held by General Swaim. The Mentor farm is worth perhaps $8,000, and the Washington residence about $15,000, and the mortgages represent about half their value. Congress will undoubtedly vote Mrs. Garfield a pension of three thousand a year, as it did in Mrs. Lincoln's case, and the purse which Mr. Field is raising will probably reach a quarter of a million dollars, and render her an income of $10,000 a year. The American people will not suffer the widow or the children of their President to suffer want.

During one of the last sad days at Elberon the President was seized with one of those severe spasms of pain which he tried in vain to conceal from his wife. As she took his hand with the inquiry, "What hurts you, dear?" he replied, "It hurts only to live!" The last day of his life, Col. Rockwell says, Gen. Garfield was fully aware that his hour was at hand. He made this remark and inquiry: "Rockwell, I fully realize my situation," and then, after a long silence, said with pathetic intensity, "Do you think my name will have a place in human history?" To which his friend answered: "Yes, a grand one, but a grander place in human hearts." When, on one occasion he was wheeled on his bed from his own room across the hall, Col. Rockwell said: "You have made this short journey so well that you can easily attempt a longer one." "Yes," he replied, "It can easily expand into the long, long journey home."

St. Louis Globe Democrat: In reply to a number of correspondents, we would state that Mrs. Garfield is not entitled to a pension as the widow of President Garfield. The wives of soldiers and officers killed in the discharge of duty are entitled to pensions; but the President of the United States is only an officer of the army *ex-officio*; he draws no pay as such, and as pensions are graded according to pay, where there is no pay there is no pension. This is the case as it stands according to law. Congress can, however, as in the case of Mrs. Lincoln, pass a special law placing Mrs. Garfield on the pension list. Mrs. Lincoln receives $3,000 a year. Undoubtedly Mrs. Garfield will be provided for in this way if it shall appear that she is in need of such assistance. In any event, she will probably be voted a year's Presidential salary—$50,000—and all the expenses of the long siege of sickness will be borne by the Government.

The trial, at Independence, of Ryan, one of the men arrested in connection with the Blue Cut train robbery, is exciting great interest in Jackson county, and it is an open secret that if he is convicted an attempt will be made by his "Cracker Neck" sympathizers to defeat the ends of justice by forcibly taking the robber from the hands of the authorities. We are gratified to note that the people of even that crime-stained section are not utterly lost to all sense of shame, and that steps have been taken to thwart the consummation of such a plan. A detachment of militia is on the grounds, Captain Craig, police commissioner, is equipped for action, and it is estimated that gore will be the certain result of an attempt to rescue the criminal. We are strong advocates of law and order, but if a riot at Independence is inevitable, we know of nothing that would so improve the moral complexion of that community as a thorough course of bloodletting.

New York Tribune: The subscriptions to the Mrs. Garfield fund now reach $317,000. There is reason to suppose that the figure will mount considerable higher, as the subscription is assuming every day more of a popular character, which would be natural and fitting. Persons who are making suggestions respecting the endowment of hospital wards and the like with portions of the money do not understand the terms of the subscription. These are that the money shall be invested and the interest paid to Mrs. Garfield during her life-time. the principal to be divided among her children at her death. A large portion of the money has already been invested in four per cent. bonds, and it is understood that the remainder will be disposed of in the same manner. It need hardly be said that with the premium on four per cents. and the low rate of interest, the income to be derived from the amount so far subscribed will only be moderate. It goes without saying that the terms of the subscription preclude the use of any part of the money to pay expenses growing out of the President's illness. That is the Nation's debt, and Congress will promptly pay the whole of it.

The trial of Guiteau is an affliction from which the country may well shrink. Aside from the interminable legal quibbles which the case promises to involve, by reason of the insanity plea which will be set up by the defense, and the peculiar framing of the laws of the District of Columbia, the proceeding will doubtless open up a harrowing and tedious review of the whole course of treatment in the case of the late president, an array of jaundiced medical experts will vie with the lawyers in mystifying the jury and confusing a defenseless public with an endless parade of technicalities, and all the harrowing details of the tragedy which has shrouded the nation in mourning will be kept before the people during the progress of a long and wearisome trial. It is doubtless due the country that the assassin of the lamented Garfield have a fair and impartial trial by jury, but with all of the respect which is entertained in America for the majesty of the law, we regard it safe to say that the trial of Sergeant Mason for the killing of Guiteau would have imposed an infinitely lighter tax upon the forbearance of the public than will be entailed by that of the despicable instrument of President Garfield's untimely end.

A TRYING EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Garfield, in returning to Mentor, is supported in her terrible ordeal of sorrow by the sympathy of every heart in this great American Republic which has ever tasted so deeply of woe as to turn from the grave which closes over every hope in life, to mechanically retrace, with faltering steps, the path which leads back to the desolate home from which the light has gone out and from whose hearthstone joy has fled forever.

The eye of the stricken widow of the nation's dead chief can fall upon no object at Lawnfield which will not evoke a thousand recollections of the bright, happy days that are no more, whose joys will henceforth live only in memory.

But the bitter cup which to-day is pressed to her shrinking lips has been drained by millions of her common sisterhood in all the ages which have flown since the pallor of mortality first rested upon the face of man, and while it holds a draught which none having once quaffed can ever wholly forget, the hand which seasons it with wormwood and gall has mingled with it a balm whose healing influences outlast the bane of its bitter ingredients. Time, with its soothing passage, will molify the grief which overwhelms to-day the lonely woman at Lawnfield; the coming years will bring fresh hopes even to her wounded heart, and the blessed prospect of a reunion with him who has gained the shore where the tears are wiped from all eyes and where sorrow and sighing shall flee away, will cheer the earthly pilgrimage of those to whom James A. Garfield has left the priceless legacy of his matchless character as husband, father and son.

The Western Yearly Meeting of friends is in session at Plainfield, Ind. There are but few foreign ministers present. Among this class are John Henry Douglass, of Ohio; Mary H. Rogers, Kansas; Sarah Goddard, Maine; Benjamin Copp, Tennessee; Anna J. Cook, of Indiana. A singular bequest which called for action was that of a Friend in Philadelphia who gave by will $1,000 for the education of poor children, "to the Western Yearly Meeting of Iowa." As there is no such organization it is inferred that Indiana and not Iowa was meant by the testator. Thomas Wells, of Ireland, donates a like sum for the same purpose; Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, of New Jersey, leaves $500 for distributing the Bible and Bible knowledge. Barnabas C. Hobbs, during the past year, has been south and investigated the condition of the Cherokee Indians. He found the tribe numbers about 2,200. They own 14,000 acres of land, most of it rough and mountainous. They have made considerable advancement in the arts, and support some good schools. The Yearly Meeting are preparing to open four additional schools the coming year. The government of the United States agree to contribute the interest of $49,000 toward this purpose, which belongs to the educational fund due the tribe. The yearly meeting thus far has been one of more than usual interest, and shows many changes in the methods of labor and forms of worship of this time-honored branch of the Christian church. The introduction of music during worship, and methods common to other churches, is a novelty scarcely in keeping with the deep silence worship of old-fashioned Quakers in the days of Fox and Penn.

The press correspondents at Washington are already deep into the work of reconstructing President Arthur's cabinet and fashioning the policy of his administration. The latest invention of these facile knights of the quill is that Secretary Blaine has declared that under no conditions will he retain the portfolio of the Secretary of State, and that his resignation will be immediately forthcoming. The withdrawal from the cabinet of Postmaster General James is also mooted, and it is intimated that other changes in the personnel of the President's advisers may be looked for at an early day.

The country, we believe, while trusting in the discretion of the new Executive to the extent of believing that he will use no unseemly haste in this direction, nevertheless recognize his right to surround himself with such counsellors as may be in sympathy with his views and who will assist him in the most effective manner in carrying out the plans and purposes which may suggest themselves to him as proper to be employed in administering the affairs of his high office, and we have no doubt that there will, sooner or later, be changes in the heads of the different executive departments of the government. We have no doubt that the cabinet ministers of the late President are also fully prepared for any changes which President Arthur may deem expedient to make, and stand ready to again tender their resignations whenever the propriety of such a step may be indicated. But as the chief magistrate has requested the members of the cabinet to retain for the time, at least, their respective positions, and as none of them, so far as the public is authoritatively advised, have dissented, we see nothing save the groundless rumors to that effect which are afloat, to warrant the belief that there will be any immediate upheaval in the affairs of state at Washington to disturb the quiet of the country or to interrupt the machinery which seems to be working smoothly and effectively in all departments of the government.

President Arthur

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—The President passed the morning quietly at the residence of Senator Jones and up to noon had received no callers. All his correspondence will be received and his official business transacted at Senator Jones' residence for the present. He will probably not occupy the White House until after the adjournment of the special session of the Senate. The force at the White House will be kept up as usual and the minutes of business transacted sent there and recorded.

Guarding the President's Remains.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 27.—At Mrs. Garfield's suggestion the casket containing the late president, will be enclosed in an iron cage, then a cement wall will be built around this of sufficient strength to resist all attempts to remove the body and of dimensions enough to form the foundation for the proposed monument. The mayor of the city has detailed a police force to be on duty continually until the final interment.

SENATOR PLUMB'S ADDRESS

At the Soldiers' Reunion, Topeka.

Last week was published the telegraphic account of Senator Plumb's address before the late soldiers' reunion at Topeka. It was full of errors, and consequently we give our readers the corrected report of it below.

Governor St. John:

On behalf of this great multitude of ex soldiers and sailors, I return thanks for the very cordial and timely words of welcome which you have uttered. Coming, as they do, from the honored Executive of this great State, himself an ex-soldier of tried reputation, we know they are not a mere form. We realize the heartiness of this welcome still further in the hospitality which has already been extended by the citizens of Topeka, the evidences of which are to be seen on every hand. Topeka is one of the landmarks of the struggle for freedom in Kansas, and her citizens, catching the spirit of that struggle in a manner worthy of themselves and the State, have opened their purses, their houses and their hearts for this occasion, which will remain a precious memory to those here assembled for all time to come. It has been suggested in fact, that Topeka has undertaken more than she can accomplish. Possibly this may be so, but if it be so, it is solely on account of a miscalculation as to the number of people who would avail themselves of the generous invitation extended, and not on account of a lack either of intention or of means. If fifty thousand were expected, why that is a mistake which has often been made. There are more people in Kansas than we can readily appreciate. It had a million last year, and has a hundred thousand more this year and they are a people whose hearts are readily moved by the prospects of a Veteran Soldier's Reunion. But if the rations should give out I beg to remind the good people of this city that while a soldier knows how to forage, he never forages off his friends, and therefore the ferocious sheep will remain untouched in his lair; and though some may have to sleep out of doors to-night not even the "top rail" will be taken off the fences. Let it be understood, however, that this last is a concession, for if there is anything an old soldier enjoys it is warming his shins at a fire made of somebody else's fence rails. As an addenda to this I ought to say that Union soldiers were not plunderers; they did not take what they did not want, nor what they couldn't carry off! And better still, be it said, they only took that the taking of which embarrassed the enemy, and was without personal profit to the taker. Possibly I ought to make an exception in favor of the Seventh Kansas, bearing in mind a story of that gallant and efficient regiment which is to the effect that a brigade of Union troops having camped upon an Alabama plantation, and proceeded as usual to appropriate the chickens, pigs, etc., the proprietor made loud complaint to the commanding general, who very promptly responded that he would punish the perpetrators if they were pointed out. The planter, however, said he could not do that, as they were all alike, and the commander said he was powerless unless the culprit was pointed out. Realizing that his property was hopelessly gone, the citizen said with a sigh, "Well, there's one thing they can't take away from me." "What's that?" "My hope of salvation," was the reply. "Well, now, old man," said the general, "I don't know what that may be, but if you value it very highly you had better hide it thoroughly, for the Seventh Kansas will be along here presently, and they will take it, sure."

The day is auspicious! Everybody is good-natured; everything has been done that can be to meet the comfort and convenience of the vast crowd assembled. There will be no friction, and all will disperse as they come—thankful and happy, wishing Topeka that "peace may be within her walls and prosperity within her palaces."

Those by whom we are surrounded, and for whom I am priviledged to speak on this occasion, represent every great battle field of the war for the Union. They shared in the defeat of Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Ockungee, and Shreveport, without disheartenment, and felt the thrill of victory at Wilson's Creek, Prairie Grove, Stone River, Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Nashville, Antietam, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, and Appomattox, without undue elation. After every defeat they closed up the ranks, took another reef in the belt, set their teeth together, and resolved that the next time should show a better result. After victory they said "there's more to be won," and saved their rejoicing until the final result came. They not only fought the rebellion down but they gave to the government the benefit of their example as citizens during that service. They never ceased to remember that they were serving to maintain the supremacy of the law and the principles of representative government, and their example served to maintain order at home while they put the rebellion down in the field. And when, after the last battle had been fought and won, and the armies of the West joined the army of the Potomac in the shadow of the Nation's Capital and marched down Pennsylvania Avenue three hundred thousand strong, all saluted the Chief Magistrate of the Republic as the representative of the civil power of the nation. It had been said at home and abroad that whether the country was saved or lost the Republic would be a thing of the past, as a result of the war; that some popular general, backed by the army, would seize upon the reins of power, establish himself in the chair of Washington and rule by the power of the army which had been raised to defend the Republic against treason. But not only did this prophecy prove false—the men who had by their courage, suffering and sacrifices saved the country at the first moment when the occasion for that service was over, saluting the old flag which they had followed so long, and to which they had given new glory, dropped musket and sabre, cartridge-box and knapsack, and hurried home to father, mother, wife, child and sweetheart, and forever dissolved into the ranks from which they came. So swiftly did the Union army dissolve, so complete was the disappearance of its warlike legions that, like the clansmen of Roderick Dhu, who vanished beneath the bracken on Benledi's side at the wave of their chieftain's hand,

> It seemed as if their mother earth
> Had swallowed up her warlike birth.

They asked nothing for themselves, neither bounty, office or immunity, but only that they might go back to their homes to commence anew the battle of life and endeavor to make good the losses incurred by reason of their service. And so they went back, but not always, nor most often, to find things as they had left them. They came home to find the farm wasted, and frequently encumbered by reason of expenses that outran the soldier's modest income. Business had taken unto itself wings; a new hand on the bench, at the forge, in the shop, behind the counter, in the office, and literally in thousands of cases that "the places which once knew them now knew them no more, forever." It seems the very irony of fate, but it is true, nevertheless, that the service which made the country united, powerful and prosperous, diminished the wealth and added to the poverty of those who, under Providence, had wrought it all. But they did not complain, nor do they now. The country they saved they have not reproached. The Union soldier did not fight for pay nor for reward, and no one ever heard him declaim against his country. His reward is not in houses or land; it is in the priceless treasures of memory—in the proud consciousness of duty done even at the peril of life. He does not own so much that he can specifically call his own and reduce to possession as he would have done if he had not enlisted and served in the army; but his undivided portion of the great whole is larger. He will go over to the Fair grounds yonder and see the treasures wrested from the soil, the triumphs of invention, and all the evidences which the ambitious and diligent people of this great commonwealth have gathered together as tokens of their material growth and prosperity, and he can lay his hand on his heart and truthfully say, "Of all this I am an integral part. If I had not by my blood and service cemented together this Union, instead of peaceful fields in which the husbandman can safely labor from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, there had been divided and warring states, ruin would have been where is now peace and prosperity, the American people would have learned no art but that of war, and would have beaten their plowshares and pruning hooks into spears." The glory of the country is inseparable from him, and the blessings invoked by the oppressed of the earth upon the banner of the Republic is a benediction upon his head. So long as the love of country shall survive among the generations of the American people, or liberty make its home under the protection of the Republic, the example of his patriotic devotion will not die for lack of honorable remembrance or worthy imitation.

And so it happened that large number of the Union soldiers had to start anew. Some tried it at the old spot, and others with wives and little ones followed the Star of Empire to the West—and we readily see how it comes that so large a number of ex-soldiers of the Union army are settled in Kansas, and especially upon its changing and rapidly receding frontier. Upon its homesteads the domestic alter has been erected and the old fire re-kindled. The men who conquered the rebellion have added to their conquests by overcoming nature. They have compelled the winds and the rains to serve them, and where a few years ago was the barrenness of desolation, now come the early and latter rain and the earth blossoms as a rose.

And now with these first cares off his mind and with a measurable prosperity as the result of the hardest labor and struggle with pinching poverty, the soldier bethinks him of the past and its memories overflow him; he looks back at the exposure, the hardship, the danger of his military service through the haze of sixteen years, and though the missing limb will not come again, the wound will not wholly heal, the rheumatism begotten of days and nights in cold and storm will still rack his frame, he can only see the joys and consolations, the friendships and the frolics of the war time, and he longs to look in the faces of comrades and exchange greetings and recollections. Out of this feeling came the reunion—and it has come to stay. The ranks are getting thinner, and so those who compose them must draw nearer.

The true history of the war is yet to be written. The material for it is in the recollections of those who served in the ranks and in minor official station. Between these was no jealousy. Their view was disinterested and on the whole comprehensive. It is, besides, the history which is to perform the part of a teacher. Its facts, with the lesson they teach, should be and will be deeply impressed upon the minds of the rising generation in whose hearing they will be recounted. That lesson bequeathed from sire to son will not be lost. Its admonition will prevent future rebellions by keeping alive that spirit of patriotism which finds expression in national unity, in equal and exact justice to all men, in complete obedience to the will of the majority, and in the equal enforcement of all laws.

These reunions should be kept up, and their usefulness extended. They will afford not only means for social enjoyment of the ordinary kind, but the means of making and perpetuating the unity which I have mentioned. As the ranks thin out there will be need of help for the families of those who have gone before. This rich, prosperous country ought to see to it that no one who faithfully served his country in the hour of its peril should die in want. It would be a reproach upon government and people that such a thing should be. Meanwhile let the comrades help each other. They can relieve distress, smooth the dying pillow and soothe the last hour of those to whom the final summons comes. The friendships of the war were strong. Those of peace among men who have the bond of a common service and a common danger, whether in the same company, regiment, brigade or division or not, ought to be equally strong.

And now, comrades, while we touch the mystic chords of memory on this pleasant autumn day, and with all these cheerful surroundings, let us not fail to remember those who have gone before, who sealed their devotion with their blood, and who sleep in the soil they died to make free—the vanished and nameless army of the Republic who were not merely willing to die, but to be forgotten, so that the good they did might live after them. What they died to preserve we enjoy to-day. Could we be with us they would commend these exercises. When the last reveille shall sound they will fall into line, not as of old, with the light of battle on their faces, but under the load of Him who said: "I am the Resurrection and the Life;" for if there are white souls in Paradise, they are those of the men who laid down their lives in demonstration of the truth that the cause of life was worth far more than living. At all similar gatherings they and those who may hereafter be added to the melancholy roll of our dead should be the subject of special commemoration. To us all the summons will inevitably come. May we be as well prepared to meet it as those who have gone before.

THE NEWS.

The Assassin and His Trial.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—No reply has been received from Mr. Scoville, brother in-law of Guiteau, as to whether he will act as counsel for the assassin in his coming trial. Mr. Scoville was not in Chicago when the message of District Attorney Corkhill reached there, but it has been forwarded to him. The grand jury, which meets next Monday, will doubtless find a true bill of indictment for murder without delay, but able lawyers are agreed that there is little likelihood of an immediate trial, certainly not at the October term of court.

If the district attorney has desired a speedy trial, his exceptional treatment of Guiteau has defeated such an expectation. The denial of intercourse with friends and advisers, if any he had; the illegal retention of his mail; the opening of his letters, and furnishing their contents for the press; the refusal to allow him to see the newspapers—the whole treatment as that of a person already condemned and sentenced—has given to Guiteau's counsel ample cause for demanding the utmost latitude in the preparation of his defense. Were the court anywhere else in the United States, a change of venue would be demanded and granted, as a matter of course. The District court, however, is peculiar, in that no such application can be entertained, and no appeal in criminal cases lies to any other court. In civil cases the Supreme Court of the United States can review the proceedings of the District Court, but not in criminal cases. The only claim that the counsel can make in aid of the client will be time to prepare a defense.

The next term of court after the October term will commence on the first Monday in December, and it is thought that the trial will be deferred until then. Guiteau is advverse to being tried at once, and yesterday told the District Attorney that a community in which his attempted murder in his cell, on two different occasions, has been applauded by the people, and in which neither of those making the attempt have been arrested by the civil authorities, is not one in which he can have a fair trial until after the excitement has cooled down. The subject of bringing the prisoner back and forth from the jail is occasioning much trouble to the district authority.

Even after his arrival in the court house his protection will be difficult. The room is not large, holding not probably more than 400 persons besides the officers of the court, witnesses, etc. Tickets of admission will probably be issued by the judge or United States Marshal Henry. While there are some here who would be willing to see the assassin torn to pieces by a mob, and there are elements for such a mob here, the mass of the people of the district express a hope that no such disgrace will fall upon the community and country.

President Arthur Issues a Call for An Extra Session of the Senate.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 23.—The following has just been received from the Department of State. By the President of the United States of America:

WHEREAS, Objects of interest to the United States require that the senate should be convened at an early date, to receive and act upon such communications as may be made to it on the part of the Executive. Now, therefore,

I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, have considered it to be my duty to issue this, my proclamation, declaring that an extraordinary occasion requires that the Senate of the United States convene for the transaction of business, at the Capitol, in the City of Washington, on Monday, the tenth day of October next, at noon on that day, of which all who shall at that time be intitled to access as members of that body, are hereby required to take notice.

Given under my hand and seal of the United States at Washington, this 23d day of September, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundredth and sixth.

(Signed) CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
By the President.
JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

The Last Rites—Funeral Services of the Late President.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 26.—The morning of the sad day on which the remains of the dead President are to be consigned to the tomb broke calm and beautiful, and all nature seemed smilingly unconscious of the great sorrow which rested upon the heart of the people, of the pain which the new day was to bring to earnest citizens and loving friends. The people were astir early; indeed it can scarcely be said that the city slept, for all night there were comers and goers. At the great pavilion where rested the remains of the President the people seemed to be watching with their dead. At midnight the stream of humanity which had been flowing through the park all day, had scarcely begun to break; at one o'clock it was still flowing, though somewhat halting; by two o'clock the men came only in fewer numbers, in squads of two or three, speaking in low tones with solemn voices and tread, and still reverently uncovered their heads as had done the 150,000 who had preceded them during the day. They straggled on in small squads until the early day, when the numbers began to increase again, and by the time the sun had risen to take its last look at the remains of the great man whom the world to-day honors and mourns, the people were coming in such numbers that the line which dissolved a one o'clock formed itself again and began to flow with regularity through. By 8 o'clock people were pressing in all directions anxious to embrace the last opportunity to do honor to the dead; they were thrown into a column eight abreast and the flow for the next hour was steady and rapid. At 9 o'clock, according to the order from those in charge, the gates were closed, while thousands yet were waiting to take a last view of their loved dead. It was painful to the authorities, but to manage successfully the great work of the day made it a necessity. By this time the whole city was in action and streams of people from every direction tended toward the place where the procession was forming, and where, at 10 o'clock the funeral ceremonies were to take place. From Detroit and the Canada side of the lake steamers had come in laden with thousands of people, and the morning train brought thousands more; from all parts of the city flowed streams of people; from the country villages and cities of second grade; residents of the great business centres of the country; representatives of the head of the government; military in army blue; brilliant uniforms of the officers; Knights Templars with plume and cross and sword, all tended toward the common centre, all anxious to do honor to the memory of the soldier, citizen, statesman, so soon to be consigned by loving hands to his last resting place.

At 10 o'clock 200,000 people had gathered about the public square.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the military escort to the remains entered the enclosure and were assigned the front seats on the platform. Gen. Sherman and Admiral Nickolf marched ahead and were followed by Gen. Sheridan and Admiral Porter, and so on, army and and navy officer marching together; following them came the U. S. squadron, each wearing a silk sash and rosette; at the same time came judges of the supreme court, who were given seats with and back of the army and navy officers. At 10:20 the members of the house of representatives entered, each on the special command wearing a black silk sash with a white rosette, the others white silk with a rosette of black. While these were filing into place a line of carriages drew up at the eastern arch of the square and were admitted one by one. From the first two alighted Grandma and Mrs. Garfield, Miss Mollie, James, Harry, Abram and Irwin Garfield. Following them were Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Rockwell, General Swaim, Dr. and Mrs. Boynton, Captain and Mrs. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, Private Secretary Brown and Mr. Warren Young, and all members of the cabinet and their wives. Seats had been provided for all these under the pavilion around the catafalque. Mrs. Garfield walked leaning on the arm of her son Harry, and Grandma on the arm of James. Both were closely veiled and their features could not be seen. All the family and near friends were in their seats before the ministers arrived and it was then that the governors of the states and prominent delegations of citizens arrived. At 10:40 a. m., the assemblage was called to order by Hon. John P. Robinson, who announced the first exercise to be singing, and the Cleveland vocal Society then sang Beethoven's funeral march:

> "Thou art gone to the grave but we will not deplore thee,
> Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
> The Savior has passed through the portals before thee,
> And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom."

During the singing the minute guns were heard in the distance and also the distant music of the bands of the forming columns of the procession. Following the music, Bishop Bedell, of the P. E. diocese of Ohio, read the lessons from Job 14th, 1st Corinthians 15, and the 20th of Revelations. Then followed the opening prayer, by Rev. Dr. Thos. C. Houghton, of Cleveland.

The choir next sang the grand chorus from Mendelssohn's St. Paul, beginning:

> "To thee O Lord I yield my spirit,
> Who breakest in love this mortal chain.
> My life I but from thee inherit,
> And death becomes my chiefest gain.
> In thee I live, in thee I die,
> Content, for thou art ever nigh."

Rev. Dr. Errett was then introduced and began his address and service, first reading from 2nd Chronicles, 35th, as follows: "And the archers shot at King Josiah, and the King said to his servants, Have me away for I am sore wounded. His servants therefore took him out of the chariot and put him in the second chariot that he had; and they brought him to Jerusalem and he died and was buried in one of the sepulchres of his fathers. And all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah, and all the singing men and singing women spake of Josiah in their lamentations to this day, and made them an ordinance in Israel; and, behold they are written in the acts of Josiah and his goodness, according to that which was written in the law of the land, and his deeds first and last, behold, they are written in the book of the Kings of Judah."

He then began by saying this is a time of mourning without a parallel in the history of the world. Death is constantly occurring and every day and every hour and almost every moment some life expires and somewhere there are desolate hearts and homes; but we learn to accept the inevitable, and as we drop the tear we pass on and forget. Sometimes a whole community mourns; sometimes a nation, as a sage or philanthropist, or a martyr passes away, but there was never mourning in all the world like this. I don't speak extravagantly when I say three hundred millions of the human race join in this sorrow. It is a chill shadow that has gone into every home and heart here, and passed over the ocean to all lands, and awakens sympathy everywhere. It is worth while to ask why this is—the reason of the fact that our great nation, the hope of the world, has the sympathy of all nations. Because of their respect for us our sorrow is recognized by all; yet this is not all. Even the intellectual greatness of the dead cannot account for it all; for there have been in history oftimes even greater soldiers and statesmen.

It is rare that in one man we combined so great excellence in all the walks of life as had this one man. Yet when we look for the real reason of the worldwide sympathy we find it in his character. It is in his honesty, his sincerity, his transparent nobility of character, which he so amply possessed.

Conveyed to the Tomb.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 26.—While the head of the procession was getting in place the Marine band filled the interval with appropriate music — first, "Nearer My God to Thee," and then "Asleep in Jesus." As the last notes of the latter were being played the regiment of artillery men who were to carry the body marched slowly up the incline to the catafalque and the burden was lifted to their shoulders. Slowly they marched back and down the incline to the funeral car, which stood a hundred feet east of the pavilion and catafalque. It bore at the corner the battle flags of Garfield's command during the war, heavily draped. A line of military and marine was drawn up on each side as a guard. It was drawn by twelve black horses caparisoned with heavy black brocadecloth trimmed with silver fringe, and upon the horses' heads nodded heavy sable plumes tipped with white. They were led each by a colored groom dressed in black and with crape upon their arms. At 12:10 p. m., the casket was in its place on the car. Then the twelve pall bearers marched from the pavilion and took their stations half way on either side of the car. At 12:13 the car moved out at the gate, and then the carriages were filled as rapidly as possible. The first two contained the officiating clergymen, the next three for the pallbearers and then came a carriage drawn by a team of white horses caparisoned in black. This was for the president's family. Mrs. Garfield walked down the incline leaning on the arm of Harry and with them was little Irving. Close behind came Grandma Garfield, leaning on the arm of James Garfield. Col. Rockwell and Gen. Swaim assisted them into the carriages. The ladies sat on the seat facing Harry, James and Irving. The faithful White house servant, Daniel Spriggs, sat with the driver on the box. The ladies were too closely veiled for their faces to be seen. Next came the carriage carrying Miss Mollie and Abraham Garfield, and the father of Mrs. Garfield. The sisters of the dead president occupied a carriage together, and some others were set apart for other relatives of the family. C. O. Rockwell and Capt. Rudolf, with their wives, rode together, and then followed Dr. and Mrs. Boynton, Gen. and Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Rockwell, Swaim and Corbin, Private Secretary Brown and Mrs. Warren, Henry, Dunsmore, Atchison, Becord and Crump, of the White House.

The military and naval officers were driven ahead of the cabinet. Secretaries Blaine and Windom, with their wives occupied one carriage; then came Secretary and Mrs. Hunt, and Secretary and Mrs. Lincoln, Secretary Kirkwood and wife, MacVeagh and James with their wives, ex-President and Mrs. Hayes and daughters and the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts. Senators in parties of two and four headed by Senators Bayard and Thurman; the governors of states came next. Representatives and attaches of the Congressional party with a delegation of prominent citizens of other cities filed the rest of the carriages. The last carriage left the square at 1 p. m., and the catafalque stood alone with its guard of honor.

THE SIX MILES

of Euclid avenue through which the funeral procession passed, were draped appropriately in a manner becoming the occason. The designs were varied and tastefully arranged. Life size pictures of the dead President hung in front of many of the beautiful mansions along the avenue, draped in the national colors, enveloped with heavy black crape and relieved with festoons of white. In the lawns in front of a large number of the residences tasteful designs were erected, broken shafts surmounted with wreaths of white roses, festooned with smilax, massive crossed shields, anchors, harps and crowns were seen on every hand elaborately decorated with evergreens and flowers suitable for mourning designs.

On Prospect street, second in beauty to Euclid avenue and on other streets leading to the cemetery, there was the same universal expression of mourning by the residents. Elegant silk flags, trimmed with black, hung from many a staff, and broad bands of crape were stretched from the roof to the foundation on many of the residences. Every available place for witnessing the funeral line on Euclid avenue was utilized.

AT THE GRAVE.

The head of the procession reached the cemetery entrance at 2 o'clock and passed between the patrol, who presented arms. Minute gun was announced the arrival. It was 5:30 before the funeral car entered the cemetery. Rain had been falling steadily for nearly an hour, and the canopy and flower-strewn carpeting beneath it were drenched. Thousands of men and women had their clothing saturated. At the head of the car rode the First Cleveland troop, who drew up in line at the left front. Next came the marine band, Columbia, Washington, Hansillman and Cincinnati commanderies with the Cleveland Grays. The car was drawn beyond the vault and an incline at once laid, down which the artillery escort carried the casket and deposited it on the bier, while the carriage containing Grandma Garfield, Mrs. Garfield and children halted opposite the vault entrance, thus permitting the occupants to view the interior. Mrs. Garfield's features could be seen through the veil and betrayed the terrible strain she was enduring. Grandma Garfield glanced about with a dazed expression of grief. Neither alighted. The pall-bearers took position at one side of the canopy with ex-president Hayes and Bishop Bedell near. At the head was the German musical society. On the other side stood James and Harry Garfield, with secretary Blaine and Gen. Swaim. Cols. Rockwell and Corbin stood by their side. Harry seemed deeply moved, while the expression of James' face was that of grief. The Marine band played softly, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

THE STEPS TO THE VAULT

were carpeted with flowers. On either side of the arch was an anchor of tuberoses and a cross. While smilax and evergreens were festooned above a heavy black canopy which was stretched over the steps from which the exercises were to be conducted. At 3:30 o'clock the procession entered the gateway, which was arched over with black, with appropriate inscriptions. In the keystone were the words: "Come to rest." On one side were the words: "Lay him to rest whom we have learned to love." On the other: "Lay him to rest whom we have learned to trust." A massive cross of evergreens swung from the center of the arch, and the U. S. Marine band continuing the sweet mournful strains it kept up during the entire march.

Secaetary Blaine and Garfield's sons entered the vault. Other prominent persons crowded forward to gather the scattered flowers as mementoes, and before the procession had departed all the flowers beneath the canopy had been secured. The family carriages then started to return followed by the remainder of the vehicles containing the cabinet and state guard, the occupant of each uncovered their heads while passing the grave.

The military and masonic escort left the cemetery in the same order in which they entered it, and kept in the line until the catafalque was reached, when they were dismissed. Gen. Smith, the adjutant general of the state, will furnish a guard as long as the body remains in the vault. The sexton thinks it will be but a few days until the final interment takes place. Mrs. Garfield, while at the cemetery yesterday afternoon, said she did not think there was sufficient time to prepare the grave for interment, and the casket was therefore placed in a vault at the cemetery. At 6 o'clock this morning there were 5,000 people in the grounds. At 10 o'clock the Fourteenth Ohio National Guards, 500 in number, arrived and cleared the grounds of all strangers, and no one was allowed to enter until the funeral party arrived at the vault. There were the D Company of the Fourteenth Ohio regiment cutting cedars and preparing a bed in readiness for trimming the dais and draping the vault with deep black crape. The dais used to lay the coffin on in the vault is covered with velvet trimmed with black broadcloth and deep black fringe. At the head of the vault in the background, right over the head of the coffin hangs a large floral wreath sent by the ladies of Dubuque, Iowa, to Mrs. Garfield. The pathway from the carriageway where the cortege stopped into the vault was

COVERED WITH CEDAR

laid down and neatly sewed together. On top of this were scattered white flowers, immortelles, tuberoses, etc. Right in front of the gate, at the entrance to the vault, was spread large pieces of carpet covered with tuberoses and other white flowers. This is covered over with a canopy of deep black broadcloth. Just outside the vault at the gate there was a cross of elegant white flowers placed, with the motto: "Dead, but not forgotten." It was from the Bolivian delegation. After the procession had departed toward the cemetery this afternoon, an order was given the guards to admit all who desired into the pavilion. A line was promptly formed similar to the endless one of Sunday, and thousands passed through the building, casting a lingering glance at the deserted bier. The scene was one of solemn impressive of the entire day, and demonstrated to a great degree the universal feeling of love and sympathy for the eminent departed.

President Arthur's Address.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 22.—After Chief Justice Waite administered the oath of office to President Arthur the latter read from manuscript notes, the following address:

"For the fourth time in the history of this Republic its Chief Magistrate has been removed by death, and all hearts are filled with grief and horror at the hideous crime which has dar