

GARFIELD: THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

I.

THE SPRINGS OF HIS SUCCESS.

In his remarkable treatise upon the influence of "American Institutions," M. de Tocqueville observes that the natural propensity of democracies is to reject the most eminent citizens as rulers; not from hatred of superiority, nor fear of distinguished talents, but because the passion for equality demands the award of approbation to those alone who have risen by popular support.

This was written nearly three-quarters of a century ago, and the tendency, so perceptible to the philosopher then, has increased with accelerating force, till what seemed a vague but ingenious generalization is now recognized as one of the laws of our political system.

George Washington, the first President of the Republic, was by birth and habit an aristocrat. He lived like a nobleman, upon a great inherited estate, in haughty and dignified seclusion, master of slaves, and possessor of the largest private fortune in the United States. His journeys were like those of a royal personage.

The descent from Washington to Jackson was rapid, and has been swifter since. It is quite inconceivable that any party to-day would nominate as its candidate for the Presidency the richest man in the country, traveling *en prince*, and

separated by insuperable barriers of rank and station from the the common people.

Poverty may be a misfortune, uncomfortable and hard to endure; but as an element of strength in public life it cannot be disregarded.

The great leaders from 1860 to 1870, the most momentous epoch in our history, were all of humble origin—Lincoln, Grant, Wilson, Morton, Sheridan, Andrew, Garrison, and the other chief figures of that period, without exception, had no heritage but an honest name. Wendell Phillips is the only conspicuous character of that time who was born to wealth and culture—“with a silver spoon in his mouth.”

Garfield emerged from an obscurity as profound as that of his fellows in fame, and reached an elevation as lofty, and it is perhaps not too much to say that he succeeded less in spite of his disadvantages than because of them.

They were the wings wherewith he flew. The defects of his boyish training and scholarship, the narrow poverty of his youth, the humble avocations of his early manhood, the modest simplicity of his later life were favorable to his fortunes. They kept him at the level of the masses from whom he sprung, not alienated from them by extraordinary endowments, wealth, or special refinement, but exhibiting only a higher degree or more vigorous activity of the qualities and powers usual among men; industry, patience, integrity; so that the great body of citizens in supporting him appeared to be indirectly paying tribute of respect to themselves, and not yielding either voluntary or reluctant obedience to a superior.

My personal acquaintance with Garfield began in September, 1854, when we were students at Williams College. We were of kindred blood, being both descended, he on his moth-

er's side, from Edmund Ingalls, the founder of Lynn, in 1628.

He came to Williams, with three companions, from an Ohio academy—Hiram, I think—and entered the Junior class. He was some years the older, but, his preparatory studies having been delayed by necessity, he was graduated a year later than I, in the class of 1856. Our relations were cordial and friendly, but not intimate. We were associates on the board of editors of the *Williams Quarterly*, a college magazine of some pretensions in those days, and in the lecture-room and chapel; on the campus and in the literary societies we met daily, in the unrestrained and sometimes hilarious familiarity of college intercourse.

He immediately took high rank, but not the highest, in scholarship. He identified himself actively with the religious life of the college, but there was nothing of gloomy bigotry or monastic asceticism about his religion. He never held himself aloof from the society of intelligent and vivacious sinners, while enjoying the fellowship and communion of the saints.

Like most bright men, he wrote poetry, or what by courtesy was called such, and in one of our last interviews, while recalling some of the incidents of our college days, he alluded to his early indiscretions in blank verse, and jestingly said he never had any serious apprehensions about the result of the Presidential campaign till some injudicious friend resuscitated from the *Quarterly* one of his metrical compositions and had it reprinted as an argument for his election.

He was particularly active in debate and declamation, and gave promise of strong, but not brilliant, oratory. In casting his horoscope, the students predicted that he would be a teacher or a clergyman. No one dreamed that he would have a great political career.

I recall with photographic distinctness his personal appearance on the occasion of his delivery of an oration in the old chapel at the close of his Junior year, in the summer of 1855, when he was twenty-four years of age. The garb of a country tailor lent no grace to his angular, bony, and muscular frame. His complexion was white and florid, with mirthful blue eyes. Yellow hair fell back from a brow of unusual height and prominence, and a sparse blond beard scarcely concealed the heavy jaw and the weak, sensuous mouth, whose peculiar protrusion was the most noticeable feature of his striking countenance, whether in speech or repose.

I did not see him after my graduation until I entered the Senate in 1873.

He had changed almost beyond recognition. He had become stout, heavy, and dusky, with a perceptible droop of the head and shoulders, as if bent with burdens. But the old cordial, effusive, affectionate manner remained; a familiar, exuberant freedom that had none of the restraint and effacement which commonly characterizes the moods of the man who has mingled much with men.

Indeed, to the very last it was apparent that Garfield was country-born. There was an indefinable something in his voice, his dress, his walk, his ways, redolent of woods and fields rather than of drawing-rooms, diplomacy, statecraft, and crowded streets. There was a splendid rusticity in his simple nature which breathed unmistakably of the generations of yeomen from whom he sprung.

As an occasional visitor to the House of Representatives, I often heard him upon the floor. He was not a ready, off-hand, skillful debater. He was disconcerted by sharp and sudden attack. He was without capacity for retort and rep-

artee. He had no emergency-bag, but in the ability to deal with large subjects, after deliberation, with broad and comprehensive strength and candor, he was not excelled by any contemporary. He had a strong, penetrating voice, pitched in the middle key, with a slightly nasal and metallic quality, and an air of conviction which compelled respect.

He told no stories and shot off no fireworks on the stump. His earlier speeches were highly rhetorical and pedantic; but he abandoned the pyrotechnic style, cultivated simplicity, and became a master of the difficult art of clear, condensed statement of points and conclusions.

There was no capacity in which Garfield was not surpassed by some of his associates. He wore the stars of a major-general, but his achievements as a soldier are forgotten. As an orator he was eclipsed by Conkling, and as a debater he was far outrun by Blaine. As a lawyer he will not be remembered. As a statesman his name is not imperishably associated with any great measure of national policy or internal reform. He had few of the qualities of successful political leadership, but in public estimation he is enshrined as the foremost man of his generation.

Much of this sentiment, no doubt, is due to his tragic death, but the real secret of his hold upon the affections of mankind has not yet been detected.

Garfield was splendidly equipped and magnificently disqualified for executive functions. Had he lived, I suppose his administration would have been a disastrous failure. Fate, in one sense, was kind to him. He died at a good time for his fame.

The combination of intellectual and executive power is rare among men. I do not recall in ancient or modern history

one man illustrious as a legislator or renowned as an orator who has been equally distinguished for executive capacity. Possibly the reason may be that opportunity for both is seldom presented to the same person, but the main explanation undoubtedly is that the habits of mind required for oratory and for action in emergencies, in cabinets or on battle fields, are essentially different, and in most natures incompatible. It is quite as difficult to conceive of Daniel Webster in command at Appomattox as of Grant delivering the reply to Hayne. So it seemed to me that Garfield in giving up the Senate, to which he had just been chosen, and accepting the Presidency, invited his evil destiny. In that congenial forum to which he had so long aspired he might have long remained, with increasing fame and honor, the foremost champion of those potential ideas which are revolutionizing the world.

Sherman believes Garfield betrayed him at the Chicago convention, but I am sure that his nomination was entirely unexpected. He was in a way a fatalist, and believed he was destined to be President, but not then.

A few weeks before the convention I was talking with a friend in the Senate restaurant about the situation. We had mentioned Garfield as a possible dark horse if Blaine's enemies made a deadlock, and just then he entered, and we called him to our table. We told him the subject of our conversation, and jocularly tendered him the nomination. The talk that ensued took on a graver tone, but it left no doubt in my mind that, while he regarded the Presidency among the possibilities of his future, he did not consider it probable for many years to come.

As I recall that interview, it seems incredible to remem-

ber that within less than eighteen months from that hour he was nominated, elected, inaugurated, and slain!

Indelibly inscribed in my recollection is the appearance of Garfield beneath the blaze of an electric light in the balcony of the Riggs House on the occasion of a serenade and reception tendered him after his return from the convention.

He seemed to have reached the apex of human ambition. He was a representative in Congress. He was a senator-elect from his native State. He was a delegate to the convention that nominated him as the candidate of his party for the Presidency. Such an accumulation of honors had never before fallen upon an American citizen. A vast multitude thronged the intersecting streets, listening to his brief speech attentively and respectfully, but without enthusiasm. They were partisans of Blaine, of Grant, of Conkling, of Morton, of Sherman, and the passions of the gigantic contest had not yet subsided. The silence was ominous. Nemesis already stood, a menacing apparition, in the black shadows.

I spoke to a friend, who stood near me in the hem of the audience, of the strange mutations of fortune the spectacle suggested to me, little thinking then of the yet more memorable vicissitudes so soon to follow; the abrupt termination of those magnificent hopes and ambitions through the dark vista of the near future; the sudden catastrophe of an exasperated destiny; premature death on the threshold of incomparable prophecy of greatness and renown. Could coming events cast their shadows before, he might have discerned those words of doom, the last that were ever traced by his feeble and trembling hand—"Strangulatus pro republica!"

The administration of President Garfield began under the happiest auspices. It was a second Era of Good Feeling.

Those were halcyon days. The lion and the lamb had lain down together. Mr. Garfield had not been identified with the internecine feuds and quarrels intestine which had rent his party asunder. He had made a treaty of amity, peace, and concord with Conkling and Grant. No Executive ever came into the possession of power with greater opportunities. The people were weary of schism, duels, and invective. Garfield was exempt from these, and enjoyed the respect and cordial good will of the people.

American Presidents have not always been the highest types of manhood. Selected usually because they were available, rather than because they were fit, they have inspired little enthusiasm except among those appointed to office.

But here at last was an ideal occupant of the White House, for whom the dreamers had so long sighed in vain — a man who was a soldier, a statesman, an orator, a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian!

His public career, while not free from error, had been, in the main, broad and satisfactory. From obscurity he had emerged by the force of native genius and attained the loftiest elevation without losing his head and becoming either "bossy" or giddy. The people justly regarded him with contented pride as a signal illustration of the scope afforded by popular institutions for talents, industry, and ambition.

His personal qualities were attractive, his presence impressive, and his address equally removed from familiarity and from reserve.

His temperament was ardent and impulsive. He desired intensely to be written as one who loved his fellow men. He was incapable of intrigue or hatred. He had no personal enemies. His long active parliamentary life had been with-

out rancor or bitterness. He had a large, broad brain, well furnished by study, and a genuine love for literature which survived his youth and was the best solace of laborious years. His impulses were high and generous. He intended to have pure public service, and to administer the government as a trust confided to him by Providence, and for whose exercise he was directly responsible to God.

One of Garfield's first public acts after his inauguration was the reception, in the gathering gloom of the twilight of that dismal March day, in the East Room of the White House, of the venerable Mark Hopkins, former president of the college, and a delegation of Williams alumni, to whose address of congratulation he made a most pathetic and feeling response, which seemed burdened with prophetic sadness, as if he already felt the solemn shadow of the disaster that was so soon to terminate his career.

"For a quarter of a century," said he, "Doctor Hopkins has seemed to me a man apart from other men; like one standing on a mountain summit, embodying in himself much of the majesty of earth, and reflecting in his life something of the sunlight and glory of heaven."

The Senate assembled in extraordinary session immediately after the inauguration, and thereafter I met him constantly in connection with public affairs till the adjournment in May. Conkling, exasperated by the selection of Blaine as Secretary of State, precipitated that tremendous battle which resulted in his own overthrow, the loss of New York, the defeat of Blaine four years later, and the election of Grover Cleveland.

A very perceptible but indefinable change came over Garfield. He lost his equanimity and became infirm of purpose. He was tortured by the importunate mob of place-hunters

that surged through his reception chamber, as he said, "like the volume of the Mississippi River." The weight of responsibility oppressed him. The duties of the Chief Magistrate were irksome. During his public life hitherto he had little to do with patronage, and now he could attend to little else. He disliked to say "no." Wanting to please everybody, he let "*I dare not wait upon I would.*" His love of justice impelled him to hear both sides, and his mind was so receptive that he felt the force of all arguments, and the last was the strongest. He hesitated to decide between hungry and angry contestants, so that, without being irresolute or vacillating, he seemed sometimes to halt and doubt, to the verge of timidity.

His nature was so generous that he instinctively supported the vanquished, whether enemy or friend. He sympathized with the under dog. This trait in his character was strikingly exemplified while he lay on his death-bed, at the termination of the Senatorial conflict at Albany. He heard of the election of Miller and Lapham, and, though Garfield himself was the principal victim of the struggle, he said with great earnestness: "I am sorry for Conkling. I will give him anything he wants, or any appointment he may desire."

Morally, he was invertebrate. He had no bony structure. He surrendered, unconsciously perhaps, to the powerful, aggressive, artful domination of Blaine, and became like clay in the hands of the potter. After the battle had raged for a time, a "Committee of Safety" was appointed by Republican senators, and a hollow truce was patched up. If certain things were done, Conkling amiably said he would go into the cloak-room and hold his nose while other nominations were confirmed, in order to break the deadlock. After consenting

to the compromise, Blaine or some other past master of diplomacy convinced Garfield that it was an ignominious and disgraceful back-down on his part. So, yielding first to the blandishments of the "half-breeds," and then to the threats of the "stalwarts," at last, in a moment of weak desperation, consulting no one, he withdrew the New York nominations in gross, made further compromise impossible, and the whole political fabric tumbled from turret to foundation-stone in irretrievable ruin.

II.

HIS LIFE DRAMA.

I left my home at Atchison, the evening of June 30, 1881, to deliver the annual commencement address at Williams College.

President Garfield, the most distinguished graduate, was to be present, to celebrate with his classmates the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation.

Alighting from the train at Rochester, New York, Saturday morning, I heard with incredulity the rumor of his assassination just as he was starting on his journey for the hills of Berkshire.

The last time I saw him alive, just at the close of the special session of the Senate, he alluded to the pleasure with which he anticipated this visit, and to the grateful sympathy and help he had received from his college friends. Indeed, he always felt and manifested a peculiar interest in his *alma mater* and in President Hopkins, whom he regarded as the greatest and wisest instructor of the century. "A pine log," he said, "with

the student at one end and Doctor Hopkins at the other, would be a liberal education."

Garfield touched life at more points than most men. There was no company in which he could be wholly a stranger, nor any man, however low or however lofty, in whom he could not find something in common, so that he was never isolated nor detached from his associates at any stage of his pathway, from the rude hut of his nativity, in the clearing of the Ohio forest, to the fatal eminence from which he was borne to his grave.

His imagination was very active. He was fond of poetry, music, sculpture, painting, the drama, and the classics. He believed in signs, omens, portents, and prodigies. He dwelt on coincidences and anniversaries, and during the pendency of the troubles that disturbed the early months of his administration I heard him allude, half in jest and half in earnest, to the fact that his inauguration occurred on Friday, in explanation of the complexities of Fate.

Being aware of this superstitious tendency, I was interested to know if he felt any premonition of the calamity that was lying in wait for him the morning of his assassination. Meeting Mr. Blaine, at the funeral at Cleveland, with whom he rode to the Pennsylvania Station to take the train, I asked him if there was anything in the mood or conversation of the President, as they rode down the Avenue in his carriage, that indicated any shadowy apprehension of the tragedy that was so soon to culminate.

On the contrary, Mr. Blaine said that during the twenty years of their acquaintance he had never seen the President exhibit such unrestrained exuberance of almost boyish happiness, such high animal spirits, as in that hour. His mother

and his wife had just convalesced. The storms that had darkened his political horizon had cleared. His enemies were baffled. He was to visit Williams and recall the splendid associations of youth. This was to be followed by a tour through New England, for which great preparations had been made. Then he intended to journey to Ohio and pass his summer vacation at Mentor in the broad, free, natural life in the country home which he had so long labored to secure. His own health, which had been shaken by strain and stress, was established. His mind was full of great plans for future work. He intended to visit Yorktown and make an historical speech that should fitly commemorate the centennial of the American Revolution. On the anniversary of Chickamauga he had planned to attend the reunion of his old army comrades. He had been invited to be present at the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, where it was his purpose to deliver an oration that would be notable as a disclosure of his views on the race question and his intentions toward the South. He had spoken of all these things to Mr. Blaine, and was repeating some paragraphs he had already written for the speech at Atlanta, when the carriage stopped at the door above whose lintel was inscribed for him, invisibly, the legend written over the gate of the Inferno: "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.*"

A silver star let into the floor of the waiting-room long marked the spot where he fell. A tablet of marble in the opposite wall bore his name in letters of gold.

Thither through all his wanderings his footsteps had tended. This was his goal. "Every man," says Hugo, "is the centre of a circle whose fatal circumference he cannot pass. Within, he lives; beyond, he perishes."

But as no public man, whatever his powers, can greatly succeed unless identified with some idea, purpose, or conviction existing in the minds of the people, so in this respect Garfield was most fortunate. His life was a strenuous protest against injustice. He was an apostle for liberty of conscience, liberty of action, and liberty of thought. He had mastered the statistics and enlarged the boundaries of freedom. The public honor, faith, and credit were as valuable to him as his own, and he labored without ceasing that the creed of human rights should not be an empty formula, nor the brotherhood of man a mocking dream.

Life abounds in tragic mysteries, and we are not authorized to ask a vindication of the decrees of Fate, but the termination of Garfield's career seems an insoluble problem. Adequate motive and intelligible object both are absent, and as if it had been determined that no element of horror should be wanting, there was the agony of prolonged dissolution, the incapacity and wrangles of blundering surgeons, the lying bulletins, the appalling revelations of the autopsy, the frightful distortion which compelled the premature seclusion of the remains, and, as the crowning climax of atrocities, the revolting and blasphemous ravings of the assassin, which made his trial for an unprovoked and brutal murder a most humiliating burlesque upon the administration of justice.

Passing the city building in Washington one morning while the trial of Guiteau was on, I made my way into the crowded court-room by the courtesy of the Marshal. The execrable criminal interrupted the counsel and the witnesses at every sentence with foulest vituperation unrebuked, the greedy audience greeting with brutal laughter the volleys of

obscene and profane invective with which he assailed the prosecution and the defense.

Such a revelation of mental and moral deformity has seldom been made. Not one good deed nor any generous impulse marred the harmonious and symmetrical infamy of the life of the wretched malefactor. He was insane as the tiger and the cobra are insane. He stands detached from mankind in eternal isolation as the one human being without a virtue, and without an apologist, a defender, or a friend. Even among the basest, he had no comrade. There was no society in which he would not be a stranger. He was the one felon whom no lawyer could protect, no jury acquit, for he was condemned in that forum from whose verdict there is neither exculpation nor appeal. He must be an alien in hell.

The world has no more conspicuous illustration of the truth that nothing is so unprofitable as wickedness. The thief robs himself. The adulterer pollutes himself. The murderer inflicts a deeper wound upon himself than that which kills his victim. Behind every criminal in the universe, silent but relentless stands, with uplifted blade, the shadow of vengeance and retribution.

Happening to be in Washington on public business when the tragedy closed by the death of the President at Elberon, I was designated by the Vice-President as one of the Senate committee to receive the remains at the Capitol and attend the funeral at Cleveland.

The procession reached the east door of the Rotunda just at the close of a bright, still September day. A military escort, with arms reversed and trailing banners, deployed upon the plaza. From the brazen tubes that were wont to blow martial sounds, reverberating along the marble col-

omnades, floated the strains of "The Sweet By-and-By" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," lost in the dim and glowing sky.

The dead Commander-in-Chief was borne by soldiers up the stairway, past the very place where, six brief months before, he had taken the oath of office, delivered his inaugural, and turned to kiss his wife and mother, amid the hoarse salutations of thundering batteries and the tumultuous acclaim of an uncounted multitude.

The bearers were followed into the Rotunda by Vice-President Arthur, the Cabinet, and the Committees, all other spectators being excluded. As the casket was placed upon the same catafalque that had borne the coffin of Lincoln the last rays of the setting sun streamed through the golden haze along the low horizon above the hills of Arlington and filled the upper portion of the dome, above the still unfinished frescoes of Brumidi, with vanishing radiance, while the sombre shadows of twilight had already settled upon the silent group below.

The lid was laid back, and the official procession, led by Arthur, every inch a king, arm in arm with Blaine, pallid and haggard, who looked as if, with Mark Antony, he might have said,

"Bear with me!
 My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me,"

marched slowly eastward, and departed.

The desolating agony and torture of the hand-to-hand battle with Death were depicted upon the wasted and distorted features of the martyr.

One spectator, after looking an instant at the awful mask, sank groaning upon his knees, with his face in his hands, as if to shut out from his brain the image of ghastly horror.

The unending file of visitors was then admitted, and, from Wednesday till Friday noon, hundreds of thousands passed silently between the guards, with mingled grief for the victim and execration for the murderer.

The Rotunda was then cleared and closed, the vast floor covered with seats for the final exercises, and at midday the widow and orphans passed alone into the great vaulted chamber, and, without attendants or witnesses, took their last farewell of him who to them had been not ruler, or magistrate, or hero, but husband, father, companion, and friend.

History, it seems to me, contains no more dramatic incident than that closing interview. The place, the occasion, the actors, the accessories, were in the last degree imposing and pathetic, and will be a theme for the artist so long as the heart has passions and life has woes. And it was specially creditable to humanity that when it was announced that Mrs. Garfield and the family were in the Capitol, and desired to be alone for a brief space with the dead, the crowds that were struggling for admission and impatient at delay simultaneously withdrew and disappeared, respecting her sorrow as if it had been their own.

The scene later in the afternoon, in the Rotunda, at the closing ceremonies, was impressive beyond precedent.

For the first time in the annals of national bereavement, formal solemnities were observed in the presence of a seated audience beneath the dome.

For the moment dissensions seemed to have been allayed, and the chiefs of contending factions were reconciled in the presence of an unexampled calamity. All realized that Garfield's death was the direct result of the infuriated passions

of ambitious leaders fighting selfishly for the possession of power and the gratification of revenge.

By the catafalque sat the new President, chief beneficiary of Guiteau's bullet; recipient of the main prize in what Edmunds called the "lottery of assassination." He represented the complete restoration and ascendancy of that faction in his party that seemed to have been hopelessly defeated at Chicago. Time's whirligig for him had revolved swiftly. Near by were the Cabinet ministers, their dreams of power, their plans of aggrandizement, about to be entombed with their dead chieftain.

Across the space was Grant, his impassive, resolute, sphinx-like face bent forward, intently pensive, as though inwardly meditating upon the strange mutation by which the man who snatched from his grasp the coveted prize of a third nomination, so nearly won, now lay in cold obstruction and everlasting silence, where ambition could no longer inspire nor glory thrill.

Elbow to elbow with him was his successor, Hayes, weakest of Presidents, whose indistinguishable term already seemed like a hiatus in history. Farther on were Sherman the soldier and Sherman the Senator, whose candidacy for the Presidency Garfield had been chosen as the delegate to present and espouse, and Sheridan, the victor of Winchester, and a great host of heroes and statesmen such as had seldom assembled around the unconscious dust of an American citizen.

As evening fell the remains were taken to the waiting car with military and civic escort, the strains of triumphal music, the accent of minute-guns, for their last journey. Draped in black, the train moved westward through the night. At every station and along the line were reverent throngs of mourn-

ers. Upon one platform I recall a long file of men, the members of a Grand Army post, upon their knees with uncovered heads, as the train passed by.

During the night the blaze of bonfires at road crossings disclosed groups of watchers in cabin doors and windows and on the adjacent hills.

In the gray twilight of morning the bells of Pittsburgh tolled continuously with sullen clangor as we slowly moved through the sombre city.

Arriving at Cleveland about noon, the casket was transferred to a stately pavilion in an open space in the midst of the town, where it remained till Monday, illuminated at night by the blaze of electric lights, and guarded by his companions-in-arms, who stood like sleepless sentinels at the outposts of death.

The pageant on the day of the burial was indescribable. The cessation of business, the dense blackness of the festoons of drapery, the stillness and awe of the spectators, the multitudes so immense that they became impersonal and conveyed only the idea of numbers, mass, and volume, like the leaves of a forest or the sands of the sea; the lofty hearse with its twelve led horses completely caparisoned in black, with silver fringes sweeping the ground; the dirges of bands and bells, all contributed to a spectacle that can neither be described nor forgotten.

But as if the malignant fate that had pursued him with such unrelenting and inexorable cruelty from the day of his elevation had not yet exhausted its fury, so that even in death he was to be denied the peaceful honors that are given to the humblest who die, long before the last resting-place by the lake was reached, a violent tempest of rain and wind burst suddenly from the sky, before whose ungovernable rage the procession dispersed and the multitudes vanished, so that the

closing rites were hastily solemnized in the presence of a few witnesses, in darkness, gloom, and desolation.

And so closed the tragedy whose incidents for eighty days three hundred millions of the human race had watched with sleepless solicitude, and for whose stay an uninterrupted appeal of unavailing prayers had besieged the throne of God; a tragedy which taught, as it was never taught before, the vanity of fame, the emptiness of honor, the mutability of pride and ambition.

The day before his death, after looking for a while in silence upon the sea, he said to his friend and classmate, Colonel Rockwell: "Do you think my name will have a place in history?"

"Yes," was the reply, "a grand one; but a grander place in the hearts of the people. But you must not dwell on such thoughts. You have a great work yet to perform."

After a brief pause, the sufferer whispered in accents almost inaudible: "No; my work is done."

A few hours later the mournful prediction was fulfilled. He exclaimed suddenly: "Oh, Swain! that pain! that pain!" In another instant his eyes closed, and Garfield took his seat in the parliament of the skies.