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In Memoriam

James Abram Garfield

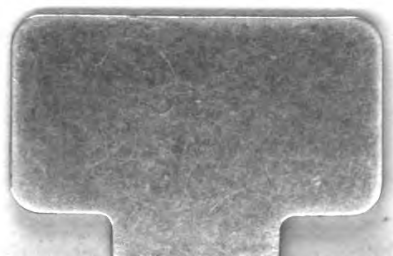
Born 19 November 1831

Died 19 September 1881



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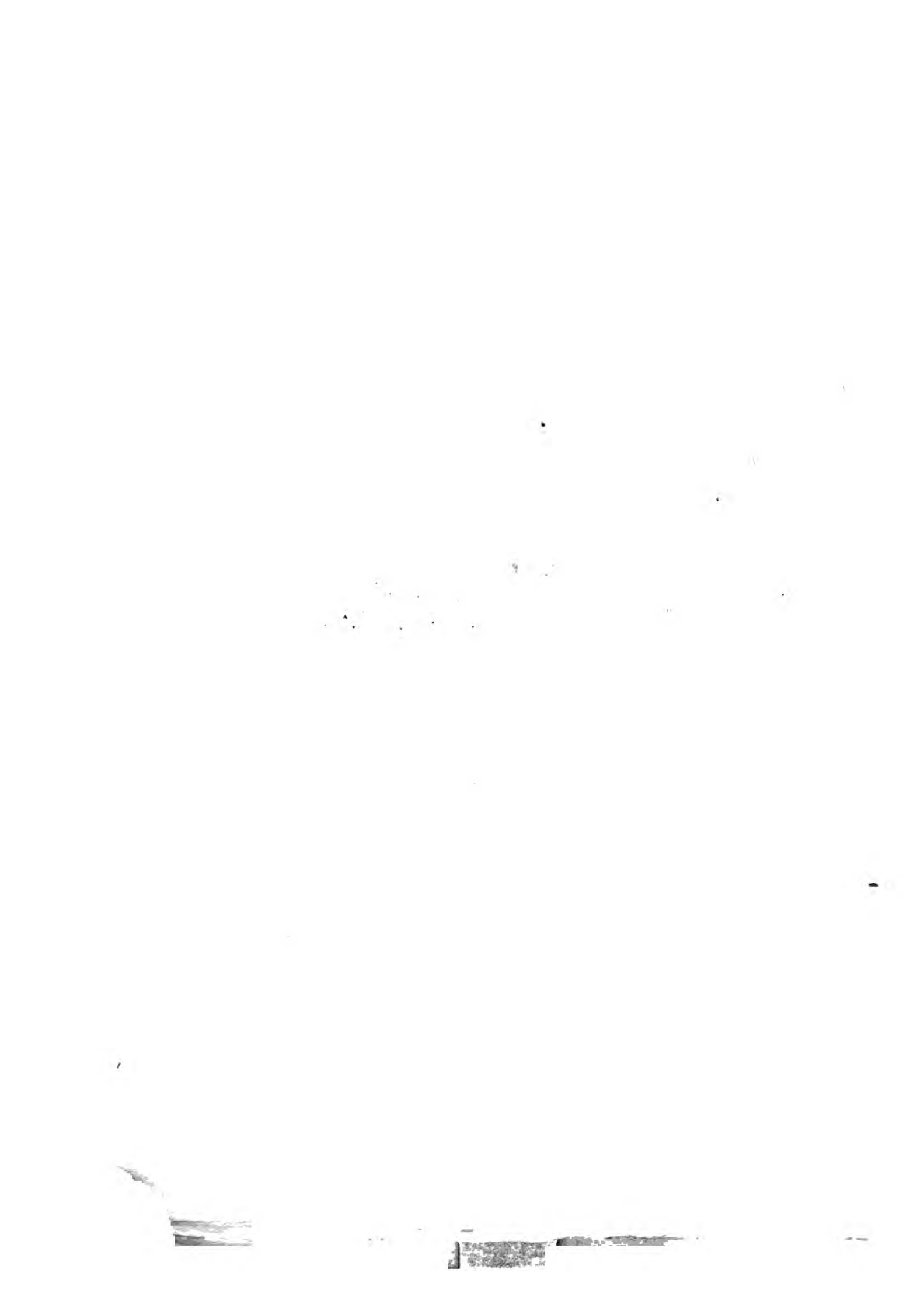


To Mrs Storr
with Compliments
B F Stevens

3 Nov 81









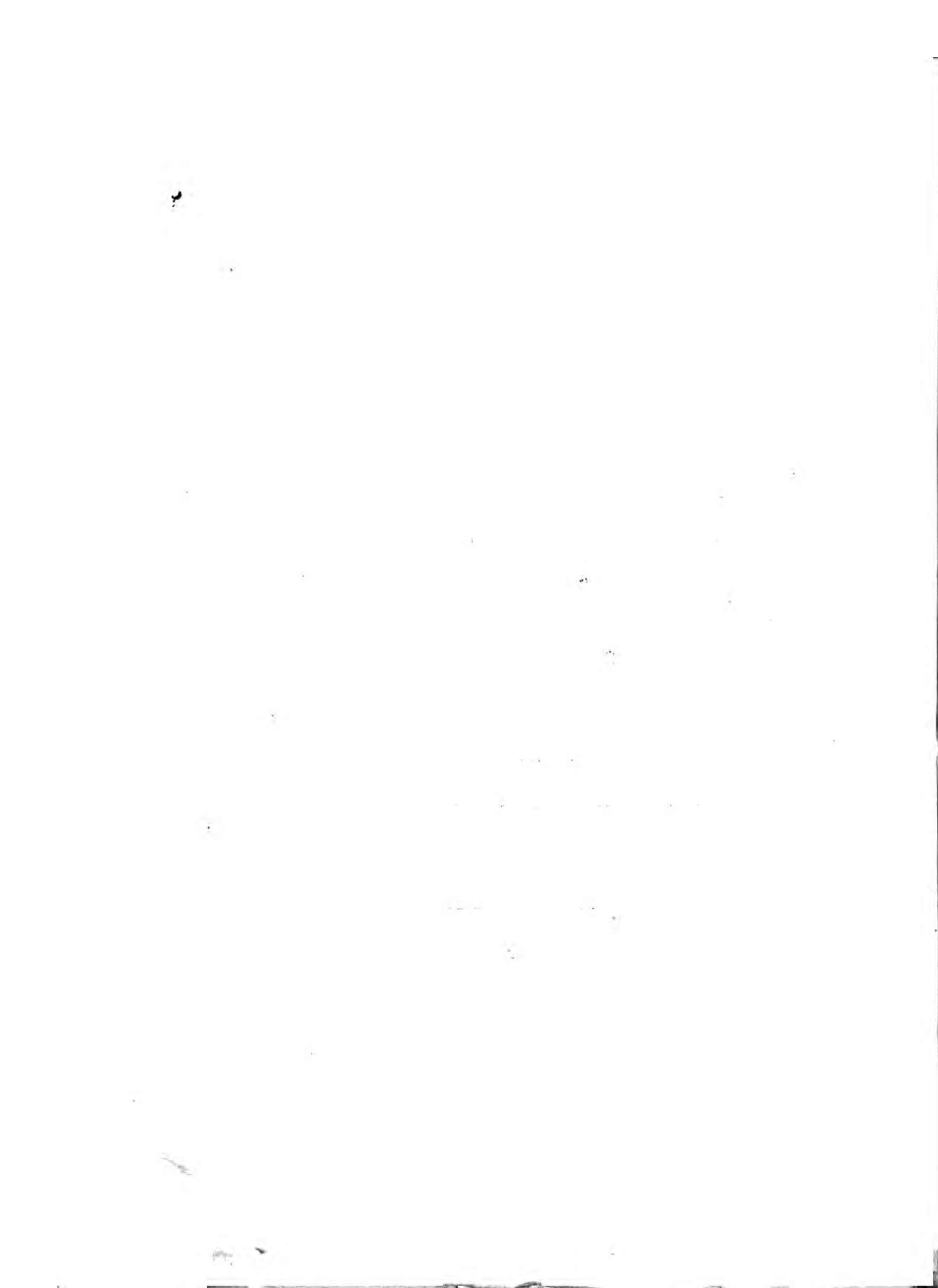


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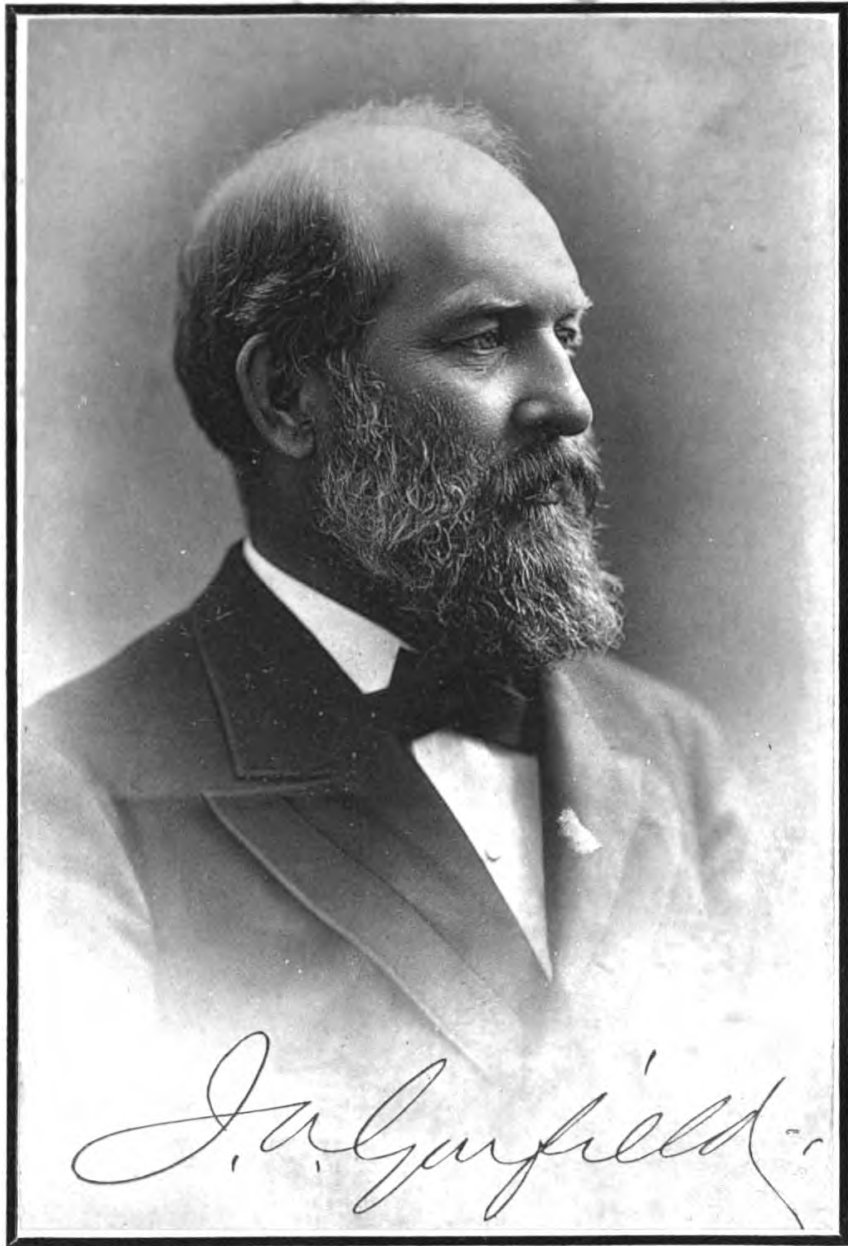
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Death of President Garfield

MEETING OF AMERICANS IN LONDON

AT EXETER HALL 24 September 1881

To which is added by permission

THE ADDRESS OF

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

DELIVERED AT THE CHURCH OF

ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS

26 September 1881



London: Benjamin Franklin Stevens

4 Trafalgar Square Charing Cross

1881





PREFACE.

ONE thing and one only makes the record of the meeting at Exeter Hall on the 24th September worthy of separate publication, and confers on it a certain distinction. Not what was said, but where it was said, in unison with what other voices, and in what atmosphere of sympathy, as sincere as it was universal, gives to the words spoken here their true point and emphasis. Never before have Americans, speaking in England, felt so clearly that they were in the land, not only of their fathers, but of their brethren,

“Their elder brothers, but one in blood.”

For the first time their common English tongue found its true office when Mother and Daughter spoke comforting words to each other

over a sorrow, which, if nearer to one, was shared by both. English blood, made up of the best drops from the veins of many conquering, organizing, and colonizing races, is a blood to be proud of, and most plainly vindicates its claim to dominion when it recognizes kinship through sympathy with what is simple, steadfast, and religious in character. When we learn to respect each other for the good qualities in each, we are helping to produce and foster them.

It is often said that sentimental motives never guide or modify the policy of nations, and it is no doubt true that statecraft more and more means business, and not sentiment; yet men as old as the late Lord Stratford de Redcliffe could remember at least two occasions during their lives when a sentiment, and that, too, a literary sentiment, had much to do with the shaping of events and the new birth of nations. We would not over-estimate the permanent value of this outburst of feeling on both sides the sea, of this grasp of the hand across a recent grave, but we may safely affirm that they were genuine, and

had, therefore, something of the enduring virtue that belongs to what is genuine, and to that only. It is something that two great nations have looked at each other kindly through their tears. It will at least be more awkward to quarrel hereafter. The sight of the British flag at half-mast on the day of an American funeral was something to set men thinking, and that fruitfully, of the great duty that is laid upon the English race among mankind. Well may we be proud of the Ancient Mother, and we will see to it that she have no reason to be ashamed of her children.

It behoves us Americans who have experienced nothing but the kindness and hospitality and sympathy of England, to express thus publicly our sense of them. Especially would we thank the venerable prelate whose address we are permitted to include in this little volume. And emphatically would we express our conviction that the wreath sent with such touching delicacy of feeling by her Majesty the Queen to be laid upon the bier of President Garfield, will be hung upon a golden nail in the Temple of Concord.

. The universality of the feeling in this country may be judged by the fact that already four hundred and ninety-six addresses and resolutions from corporations and societies have been received at the American Legation, not to speak of private letters without number. Of these addresses, four hundred and thirty-seven have come from England, thirty-one from Scotland, fifteen from Wales, and thirteen from Ireland.

18 October, 1881.



Copy of telegram from Mr. BLAINE, Secretary of State, to Mr. LOWELL, United States Minister at London (despatched from Washington, September 20, 1881) :—

“James A. Garfield, President of the United States, died at Elberon, New Jersey, last night, at ten minutes before eleven o'clock. For nearly eighty days he suffered great pain, and during the entire period exhibited extraordinary patience, fortitude, and Christian resignation. The sorrow throughout the country is deep and universal. Fifty millions of people stand as mourners by his bier to-day.

“At his residence, in the City of New York, Chester A. Arthur, Vice-President, took the oath of office as President, to which he accedes by virtue of the Constitution. President Arthur has entered upon the discharge of his duties.

[Signed]

“BLAINE, *Secretary.*”





A CROWDED meeting of American citizens, numbering over 3,000, was held in Exeter Hall on Saturday afternoon, September 24, 1881, under the presidency of Mr. J. Russell Lowell, Minister of the United States, to offer their condolences to Mrs. Garfield, and to express their feelings of sorrow and regret at the tragic end of her husband, the late President. On the platform was displayed the American flag draped in mourning, and mourning was worn by many of those present, ladies as well as gentlemen.

Mr. Lowell was supported on the platform by Mr. W. J. Hoppin (Secretary of Legation), Mr. E. S. Nadal (Second Secretary of Legation), General Merritt (United States Consul-General at London), Mr. Joshua Nunn (United States Vice-Consul-General at London), Mr. B. F. Stevens (United States Despatch Agent at London),



Colonel J. Schuyler Crosby (United States Consul at Florence), Colonel W. H. Chesebrough (Secretary of the Meeting), His Excellency the Spanish Minister, His Excellency the Brazilian Minister, and M. Correa (Secretary of Legation), His Excellency the Argentine Minister, the French Chargé d'Affaires, the German Chargé d'Affaires and M. Vietinghoff (Military Attaché), Count d'Arschot (Secretary of the Belgian Legation) and Countess d'Arschot, Count Sponneck (Secretary of the Danish Legation), M. Musurus (Secretary of the Turkish Embassy), the Secretary of the Japanese Legation, the Secretary of the Chinese Legation, Sir Edward Thornton and Miss Thornton, Sir Julian Pauncefote, General Badeau (late United States Consul-General at London), Hon. Nicholas Fish (late United States Chargé d'Affaires at Rome, Bishop Simpson (of Philadelphia) and Mrs. Simpson, Ex-Governor Dyer (of Rhode Island) and Mrs. Dyer, Ex-Governor Fairbanks (of Vermont), Col. Gouraud, Mr. J. S. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Smalley, the Lady Mayoress, Rev. W. and Mrs. Panckridge,

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hughes, Mr. Chaplin (Messrs. Morton, Rose, & Co.), Mr. Seligman, Mr. Johnston Livingston, General Davies, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, Mr. James Milliken, General W. A. Pile, Colonel Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsland, Mr. J. M. Glidden, Mr. John Bard, Mr. F. B. Blake, Captain J. R. Hamilton, Mr. James Long, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, and others.

The proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Marshall, of Mississippi, after which,

Mr. LOWELL said,—

“Ladies and gentlemen, countrymen and countrywomen,—The object of this meeting, as you all know, is to testify our respect for the character and services of the late President Garfield, and in so doing to offer such consolation as is possible to a noble mother and a noble wife, suffering as few women have been called upon to suffer. It may seem a paradox, but the only alleviation of such grief is a sense of the greatness and costliness of the sacrifice that gave



birth to it, and this sense is brought home to us by the measure in which others appreciate our loss. It is no exaggeration to say that the recent profoundly touching spectacle of womanly devotedness in its simplicity, its constancy, and its dignity has moved the heart of mankind in a manner without any precedent in living memory. But to Americans everywhere it comes home with a pang of mingled sorrow, pride, and unspeakable domestic tenderness that none but ourselves can feel. This pang is made more poignant by exile, and yet you will all agree with me in feeling that the universal sympathy expressed here by all classes and conditions of men has made us sensible as never before, that, if we are in a strange, we are not in a foreign land, and that if we are not at home we are at least in what Hawthorne so aptly called the Old Home. (Loud cheers.) I should gladly dwell more at length upon this fact, so consoling and so full of all good omen, but I must not infringe on the resolutions which will be presented to you by others. Yet I should do injustice to your feelings, no less than

to my own, if I did not offer here our grateful acknowledgments to the august lady who, herself not unacquainted with grief, has shown so repeatedly and so touchingly how true a woman's heart may beat under the royal purple. (Cheers.)

“On an occasion like this, when we are met together that we may give vent to a common feeling so deep and so earnest as to thrust aside every consideration of self, the wish of us all must be that what is said here should be simple, strong, and manly as the character of the illustrious magistrate so untimely snatched from us in the very seed-time of noble purpose that would have sprung up in service as noble,—that we should be as tender and true as she has shown herself to be in whose bereavement we reverently claim to share as children of the blessed country that gave birth to him and to her. We cannot find words that could reach that lofty level. This is no place for the turnings and windings of dexterous rhetoric. In the presence of that death-scene so homely, so human, so august in its unostentatious heroism, the commonplaces of ordinary eulogy

stammer with the sudden shame of their own ineptitude. Were we allowed to follow the natural prompting of our hearts, we would sum up all praise in the sacred old words, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' (Cheers.)

"That death-scene was more than singular ; it was unexampled. The whole civilized world was gathered about it in the breathless suspense of anxious solicitude, listened to the difficult breathing, counted the fluttering pulse, was cheered by the momentary rally and saddened by the inevitable relapse. And let us thank God and take courage when we reflect that it was through the manliness, the patience, the religious fortitude of the splendid victim that the tie of human brotherhood was thrilled to a consciousness of its sacred function. The one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin is a touch of heroism, our sympathy with which dignifies and ennobles. Science has wrought no greater marvel in the service of humanity than when it gave the world a common nervous system, and thus made mankind capable of a simultaneous emotion.

“One remarkable feature of that death-scene was the imperturbable good-nature of the sufferer. This has been sometimes called a peculiarly American quality,—a weakness if in excess or misapplied, but beautiful in its own genial place, as there and then it was. General Garfield once said to a friend, ‘They tell me it is a defect of my character, but I cannot hate anybody.’ Like Socrates, he seemed good-humoured even with death, though there have been few men from whom death has ever wrenched a fairer heritage of opportunity. Physicians tell us that all men die well, but surely he was no ordinary man who could die well daily for eleven agonizing weeks, and of whom it could be said at last,—

‘He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene.’

A fibre capable of such strain and wear as that is used only in the making of heroic natures. Twenty years ago, General Garfield offered his life to his country, and he has died for her as truly and more fruitfully now than if fate had accepted the offer then. (Cheers.) Not only has



his blood re-cemented our Union, but the dignity, the patience, the self-restraint, the thoughtfulness for others, the serene valour which he showed under circumstances so disheartening, and amid the wreck of hopes so splendid, are a possession and a stimulus to his countrymen for ever. The emulation of examples like his makes nations great, and keeps them so. The soil out of which such men as he are made is good to be born on, good to live on, good to die for and to be buried in. (Cheers.)

“I had not the honour of any intimacy of friendship with this noble man. Others will speak of him from more intimate knowledge. I saw him once or twice only, but so deeply was I impressed with the seriousness and solidity of his character, with his eager interest in worthy objects, and with the statesmanlike furniture of his mind, that when many years afterwards he was nominated for the Presidency I rejoiced in the wisdom of the selection, and found in my memory an image of him clearer than that of any man I ever met of whom I had seen so little. And I may add that I have

never known any man concerning whom a loving and admiring testimony was so uniform from men of every rank and character who had known him.

‘None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.’

“I shall not retrace the story of his life, but there is nothing that occurs to me so perfect in its completeness since the biblical story of Joseph. The poor lad who at thirteen could not read, dies at fifty the tenant of an office second in dignity to none on earth, and the world mourns his loss as that of a personal relative. I find the word coming back to my lips in spite of me, ‘He was so *human*.’ An example of it was his kissing his venerable mother on the day of his inauguration. It was criticised, I remember hearing at the time, as a sin against good taste. I thought then and think now that if we had found the story in Plutarch we should have thought no worse of the hero of it. (Cheers.)

“It was this pliability of his to the impulse of unconventional feeling that endeared him so

much to his kind. Among the many stories that have been sent me, illustrating the sorrow so universally felt here, none have touched me so much as these two :—An old gardener said to his mistress, ‘ Oh, ma’am, we felt somehow as if he belonged to us ;’ and in a little village on the coast, where an evangelist held nightly services on the beach, prayer was offered regularly for the recovery of the President, the weather-beaten fishermen who stood around the preacher with bowed, uncovered heads, fervently responding, ‘ Amen.’ You will also be interested to know that the benevolent Sir Moses Montefiore, now in his ninety-seventh year, telegraphed last week to Palestine to request that prayers might be offered for the President in the synagogues of the four holy cities. It was no common man who could call forth, and justly call forth, an emotion so universal, an interest so sincere and so humane.

“ I said that this is no place for eulogy. They who deserve eulogy do not need it, and they who deserve it not are diminished by it. The dead at

least can bear the truth, and have a right to that highest service of human speech. We are not called upon here to define Garfield's place among the memorable of mankind. A great man is made up of qualities that meet or make great occasions. We may surely say of him that the great qualities were there, and were always adequate to the need, although, less fortunate than Lincoln, his career was snapped short just as they were about to be tested by the supreme trial of creative statesmanship. We believe that he would have stood the test, and we have good reason for our faith. For this is certainly true of him, that a life more strenuous, a life of more constantly heightening tendency or fulfilment, of more salutary and invigorating example, has not been lived in a country that is rich in instances of such. Well may we be proud of him, this brother of ours, recognized also as a brother wherever men honour what is praiseworthy in man. Well may we thank God for him, and love more the country that could produce and appreciate him. (Cheers.) Well may we sorrow for

his loss, but not as those without hope. Great as the loss is—and the loss of faculties trained like his is the hardest of all to replace—yet we should show a want of faith in our country if we called it irreparable. Three times within living memory has the Vice-President succeeded to the presidential function without shock to our system, without detriment to our national honour, and without check to our prosperity. It would be an indignity to discuss here the character of him who is now our chief magistrate, and who, more than any one, it is safe to say, has felt the pain of this blow. But there is no indecorum in saying what is known to all, that he is a gentleman of culture, of admittedly high intelligence, of unimpeachable character, of proved administrative ability, and that he enters on his high duties with a full sense of what such a succession implies. (Cheers.) I am not one of those who believe that democracy any more than any other form of government will go of itself. I am not a believer in perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics, but, in common with all

of you, I have an imperturbable faith in the honesty, the intelligence, and the good sense of the American people, and in the destiny of the American Republic." (Loud cheers.)

The first resolution,¹ which was presented by General E. A. Merritt, was as follows :—" That in the death of President Garfield we have to deplore alike a great public misfortune and a loss personal to each of us ; that the crime of political murder, which in all instances we abhor, has in this instance, without a conceivable motive or a single apologist, plunged a nation in lasting sorrow, taken from us a wise, firm, beloved chief magistrate of proved capacity for rule ; and bereaved us of a fellow citizen, who leaves to Americans for all time to come an example of the simple manliness of a sincere life, of a death heroic in patient fortitude, and the priceless inheritance of a stainless memory."

In moving this resolution, GENERAL MERRITT

¹ The resolutions were drawn up by G. W. Smalley, Esq.



said he could not refrain from saying a few words expressing his own feelings in support of the resolution. At that moment the remains of President Garfield were being rapidly conveyed to the distant shores of Lake Erie, there to find their last resting-place. The whole nation was in tears, and as American citizens they were convened to express their grief. He remarked that it was unnecessary for him, speaking to Americans, to attempt a review of the noble life of the late President, or to speak in detail of his public services. President Garfield's life had been read as an open book; his heroism, his Christian fortitude, and his wonderful patience, had been seen and admired these many weeks; and during that period his life had been recounted in palace and cottage, and had evoked a sympathy which it was no exaggeration to say was unparalleled.

Upon that subject he need only remark that, although born in humble life, and compelled at an early age to engage in honest toil in order to aid in the support of his widowed mother and the

family dependent upon her, young Garfield found leisure to study books, and became both a great general and a great statesman, receiving finally from the hands of the American people the crowning honour of being elected their President. The story of his life might be summed up by saying that he passed from the grade of a poor boy in the wilderness to the very highest station in the land. (Cheers.) He was equally at home with the farm labourer, the scientific man, and the scholar. Such was the man whom they mourned that day. (Cheers.)

On that occasion it would be improper to refer to anything which might be considered of a partisan character. In their great sorrow partisanship was hushed, and patriotic sympathy and brotherhood had taken its place. General Garfield was no less renowned as a scholar than as a soldier and statesman, but the great heart of the nation turned to his memory, not so much, perhaps, for his scholarly or his soldierly or his statesmanlike qualities, as for his rugged honesty, his simple manners, his genial goodheartedness,

and the typical love which he displayed in all his domestic relations. (Cheers.)

He might mention an incident which illustrated in a remarkable degree General Garfield's dependence upon Divine Providence. On the day of the death of the martyred Lincoln there was a large and excited gathering in the streets of New York. At that time there was understood to be a very disloyal element in the city, and the news that the President had just died evoked in the popular bosom a spirit of revenge. Menacing cries were heard, and even staid and experienced men were carried away by their feelings. At that moment Garfield stood forward on the platform unannounced, and, raising his hands to heaven, used these memorable words:—"Fellow citizens, clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow citizens, God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives." The effect was magical. He turned the

passions of the multitude in a new direction, and the danger of a popular tumult passed away.

On this occasion, happily, we may repeat Garfield's own words—"God reigns, and the Government at Washington lives." His successor, by the peaceful operation of the Constitution of the United States, had assumed office, and he deemed it not improper for him there to say that their heartfelt sympathies went out to the new President in the distressing and sorrowful and trying circumstances in which he found himself, confident as they were that from assurances already given, so far as in him lay, the aspirations, the hopes, and the purposes of the late President would be carried out. (Cheers.) A great trial had been put upon them. They ought to bear it like true American citizens, and cordially extend their forbearance and their assistance to those who, for the time being, had to exercise executive authority. (Cheers.)

BISHOP SIMPSON, in seconding the resolution, said they joined in thought and sympathy the

funeral procession which was then wending its way from the capital of their nation, over plain and mountain, through country and city, to the former home of the late President on the banks of Lake Erie. Wherever that procession moved, thousands of heads were bowed in tears. They likewise bowed their heads and dropped tears of sympathy as they thought of the illustrious citizen who had been taken from the land of his birth and the land of his glory. The ocean is between us and our home, the speaker went on to say, but the American in sympathy and in thought is never far from home. (Cheers.) He may love the land in which he sojourns, he may be delighted with the voices and the sights around him ; but after all he turns back to the land of his birth, and to his home, and his sympathies gather round the fireside there.

“ There is good reason to-day why we should participate in the general sorrow which afflicts our people. A great citizen has been cut down in the prime of his life, in the strength of his manhood, and of his matured intellectual power,

and in the height of his official dignity. He has been smitten down without provocation, and seemingly without motive. Why did the Great God above us permit such an event to occur in our world? We never can read fully Divine Providence—the infinite is beyond our grasp, and yet it seems to me that there are some lessons which at least we may draw from this sad event. The fair life of General Garfield becomes historic to a degree it could not have been without some such close. Had he lived through his Presidential term, and retired again into private citizenship, few comparatively would have known his virtues, or the excellence of his example ; but the very manner of his being cut off makes his character stand out conspicuously and vividly before the youth of his land. And one of the lessons that his life and death teach us is that the American youth may rise from the deepest depths of obscurity to the highest position which a man can fill. (Cheers.)

“ I take no exception to the habits or customs of other lands ; it would neither be fair nor

generous to do so, but I do feel that in our land of America a poor young man has opportunities which no other land under Heaven can afford him. (Cheers.) President Garfield rose from a boyhood of poverty to a life of culture, and did not stop until he was placed at the head of a great nation. When he falls it is not America alone that mourns. Kings and emperors gather round his bier, and the Queen of the greatest Empire in the world drops a tear of sympathy with his widow and lays a wreath upon his tomb. (Loud cheers.) God bless Queen Victoria for her womanly sympathy and her queenly courtesy." (The whole meeting at this point rose spontaneously and responded to the sentiment of the speaker by giving three prolonged cheers.)

In continuation the Bishop said,—

"But it is not only a lesson that young men may rise that I read in the life of General Garfield. I read also the steps by which permanent fame can be gained. Our lamented President was no demagogue. As a young man he did not aim at a political life, he sought not popularity. He

sought to make himself a man (cheers), to cultivate the intelligence which God had given him, and for this purpose, working with his hands, he found his way to college, and spent his years in close and careful study. From college he turned to teach the youth of his land, to impart to them the knowledge which he had gained. He was not spoiled by official position, he was not influenced by the love of fame, he made himself a man, and he did the work of a man. (Cheers.) His associates perceived his power and placed him in office, and you have heard how both in war and peace he showed himself worthy of their confidence. (Cheers.) We may say of him that 'he was brave in war and wise in peace,' and that he is enthroned in the hearts of fifty millions of freemen.

"I will not dwell on the qualities of President Garfield, which have been so forcibly drawn by our chairman and by General Merritt, but I may say that a more thoroughly-balanced and all-round character I have seldom seen. (Cheers.) He was not great so much in any one particular



line. He had no special genius that manifested itself out of all proportion in any one direction ; but he was one of the grandest specimens of a solid, round, strong manhood that I have ever known. (Cheers.) After being placed in office by his people as their representative at Washington, he found himself differing from their sentiments. He went to the Convention expecting to meet their rebuke, but such was the power of his logic, the clearness of his intellect, the manliness of his attitude, when he told them that he could follow no other course than that he had followed, that he was unanimously re-nominated.

“It has seemed to me that in inflicting upon us this suffering, God has been teaching the nations of the earth the strength of our Republic. As you are aware, this is the fourth time a President has given way to a Vice-President under peculiar circumstances. Two of those Presidents died of disease ; Lincoln and Garfield fell by the assassin’s hand. Nevertheless, amidst these trying circumstances there has never been

a single voice raised on the ground of irregularity against the succession which the Constitution of the United States prescribes. (Cheers.)

“The death of President Garfield is a loss to every one of us, and yet somehow I have faith that it will be a gain to the world. ‘The blood of the martyrs,’ as it has been said, ‘was the seed of the Church.’ And I believe that is true in politics as well as in religion. General Garfield crowned his virtues as a warrior and a statesman by a true Christian life. One little instance in illustration of this I may mention. The day preceding his nomination to the Presidency was a Sabbath, which was doubtless used by many parties to further their own ends. General Garfield, however, expecting no nomination, and desiring none, went to the house of a friend and spent the Sabbath at the obscure little church of his own denomination. The result we all know. Truly, ‘Them that honour me will I honour,’ saith the Lord. And after his nomination as President, General Garfield was the same plain man that he was before—the same unassuming

citizen, with the same honest deportment, the same manly bearing, and the same regularity of attendance at the church of his own denomination. Let us honour his memory, which will be interwoven with the life of the nation. (Cheers.)

“ I will not repeat words of sympathy with his afflicted widow. He made himself the centre of his household. He was the pride of his mother—he was her darling boy, and, perhaps, some of you may remember that when the intelligence reached her that some one had shot him, she cried, forgetting all about his Presidency, ‘Who could be so cruel and so wicked as to kill my baby?’ He was her all in all. It is strange how an all-absorbing feeling will sometimes reflect itself in our surroundings. I passed to-day the monuments of Wellington and Nelson, and it seemed to me the heads of those heroes were bowed in grief. As I passed Westminster Abbey, also, it seemed to me that the holy dead of past ages had a greater solemnity, and were waiting to be joined in that upper circle by the hero of the Western Land.” (Loud cheers.)

The resolution on being put was carried by acclamation.

The next resolution was moved by the Rev. Mr. W. H. Channing in the following terms:—"That we respectfully entreat the mother and widow of our lamented President to accept this all-inadequate expression of our sympathy; and we ask to be permitted to offer a tribute of reverent admiration for the pure influence which trained a son to those high qualities, and for the womanly constancy and courage, and more than wifely devotion with which, to the end, Mrs. Garfield sustained the strength and lightened the sufferings of her husband."

The REV. MR. CHANNING said,—

"Mr. Chairman and fellow citizens of our now free and united Republic,—It is our privilege to be partakers in a manifestation of unanimous sympathy across the seas and around the globe more generous than has ever been witnessed by this generation. For what monarch, however mighty—what hero, however famous—

what statesman, however influential—what man of science or philanthropist, poet or artist, prophet or saint, however illustrious, has in our time been surrounded by so large, patient, and earnest a company of watchers—two nations onlooking, with fear and hope incessantly alternating—as has stood around the couch of that wounded sufferer, in the White House at Washington?

“And certainly, since the dismal December Sunday, when mourning bells tolled backward to testify this Nation’s grief for the departure of the Prince Consort from Buckingham Palace; and since that awful Good Friday midnight, when the civilized world stood horror-struck at the murder of President Lincoln, in the midst of that very festival of Peace which he was blessing with his genial presence, no such widespread grief has touched the heart of the twofold, yet united, Anglo-Saxon people, as moved us all to tears when our eyes fell on the fatal telegram, ‘The Death of President Garfield.’ Has he gone, then, into the ‘silent land of the departed,’ that lately upright, kingly man with radiant brow and

beaming smile, with lofty port and commanding form, with gracious gesture and clarion voice, who so often swayed listening assemblies by his majestic eloquence? Long as we had half-expected, half-dreaded that irrevocable message, we can scarcely even yet credit its startling tidings. Yes, he has gone; and the bright cloud of witnesses has borne him from our sight. But into the world of glory—from the bed of untold agony on which he lingered so submissively and heroically, while the Father's Providence was making him 'perfect through suffering'—has he taken up with him the united heart of the whole English-speaking race. Fellow Countrymen and Women: Is not your present mouth-piece but uttering your sentiment when, in response to the sympathies poured abroad from ecclesiastical and political assemblies, from platforms and pulpits, and the public press of Great Britain, he answers in the well-known words of brave old Tatnall, 'Blood is thicker than water.'

"Across the Atlantic and Pacific, and from Pole to Pole, we will say to our English brethren and

sisters: 'Henceforth let us be one. Our people shall be your people, our homes your homes, our legislative halls and courts of justice, our places of exchange and universities, our pulpits and altars, in spirit, aim, and effort, shall be one with yours in spreading Christian Civilization, liberty in law, and the law of liberty, throughout the world.' (Cheers.) And if the honoured Queen of this Nation will but trust herself to the seas, and visit our Republic, she shall find by experience, multiplied in countless family circles—from the palatial homes of our merchant princes to the log huts of our farmers on the prairies—that when, with womanly greatheartedness, she interchanged words of mutual commiseration with the anxious wife and woe-struck widow of James Garfield, she won the heart of our whole people.

“And now, echoing in spirit the tones of the Sovereign of the British empire—whose gracious hands have just placed a funeral wreath on the coffin lid of the Sovereign of our free nation—let us say to that bereft mother and that widowed

wife in their late happy home at Mentor, 'Honoured sisters, be assured that the noble son whom you nurtured—and the heroic husband whose toils and triumphs you shared—has not lived and died in vain.' 'Do you think my name will have a place in history?' he lately asked in confidence of a friend, bending over him. And the true answer was given, 'Yes, a grand one; but one still grander in human hearts.' That friend might well have said in 'The heart of humanity.' And now, from this common heart, in this family circle, mourning as in one common home, let us say to this aged mother, to this broken-hearted wife, to these orphaned children—'Be comforted from the Father of Mercies and the God of all Comfort.' Put on 'beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning,' for this son, this husband, this father, so beloved in your earthly Eden, has become a tree of righteousness, in the Paradise regained above that 'God may be glorified.' 'Beautiful upon the mountains' have been the feet of this messenger of mercy. For truly has he been a 'herald of glad tidings,' not only to our



reconciled Republic, but to a reunited Christendom.

“The meaning of his brief, yet brilliant career is to all people ‘Brotherly kindness between high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant.’ His family coat-of-arms bears this motto, ‘*In cruce vinco.*’ And faithfully has his chivalric course kept true to that Christian legend of disinterested self-sacrifice. His farewell benediction to the Nations sounds abroad like a silver trumpet; ‘Let violence be no more heard within your lands; wasting nor destruction within your borders; but, in the name of the Heavenly Father and His Beloved Son, henceforth write on your walls Salvation and on your gates Praise.’ Be comforted, then, dear Sisters, James Garfield’s name will never grow dim, but be a Sign of Peace in the firmament of our free people, evermore. True, his sun was eclipsed just as its lustre was brightening to the noon of his summer solstice by a bloody orb. But look up! That eclipse was not total. It was annular. Around that blood-red shadow

glows a ring of splendour from his magnanimity of goodness like a kingly crown. Look up, oh weepers, and behold how beside the white sun of Washington's pure patriotism shining in crystal clearness, and the golden radiance of Lincoln's mingled wit and wisdom, pathos and patience, gleams the heavenly aureole of hope that will for ever engirdle the name of Garfield. (Cheers.)

"True, oh mourning mother, he has gone, thy sinewy farmer's son—so loyally loving, so devotedly reverent—while his grasp is still warm on the handle of the plough he leaves in the half-turned furrow. But his parting word is one of good cheer. Only hear his well-known ringing accents, as, smiling down, he cries:— 'My great-souled mother, you taught me from my cradle upwards that, "where there is a will there is a way ;" from your brave lips, your steady trust, I learnt to say "I can." And, believe me, in ten thousand prairie homes, stand waiting even now whole regiments of bright-eyed, clear-browed, princely lads, who shall grow

to be my peers. And here is my well-filled wallet, brimming over with seeds of buoyant energy, heroic confidence, and fraternal goodwill for their open hands to scatter broadcast, whose harvest after generations shall reap in joy.' Never fear for the Republic. Be of good cheer, oh weeping widow. True, your grand-souled husband, who so freely, with your glad consent, risked his life for his nation—that statesman, so wise in forecast and equable in judgment while constant in purpose; that magnanimous Christian Patriot with the heart of a woman tempering his hero's soul; that ideal Christian Republican, forefeeling in his own destiny the latent power of a universally cultured people, has gone. But he has left his stately image on the conscience of our whole Republic as a radiant example of what a simple-hearted, single-minded son of a free nation may become; and as he moves on from glory to glory, he welcomes all who will to enter in to a like liberty of the children of God.

“In him has the promise of the wisest sage of the Far East been fulfilled to the letter:—

'He who knows the masculine nature, and who at the same time keeps the feminine, shall be the whole world's channel, and eternal virtue shall never depart from him. But he shall become like an infant, and return home to the Absolute.'

"And now, dear James Garfield, dear brother, friend, and compatriot! good son, good husband, good father! high-minded, honourable citizen! so modestly unassuming, so true to every trust, farewell. You have gone on before to prepare a place for your loved ones in the Father's house of many mansions. And while they yet linger here a grateful nation shall treasure your dying legacy. Once more, farewell, to meet again in the world of light, where 'tears shall be wiped from all eyes,' and where 'He who sits upon the throne shall make all new.'

"Finally, farewell, with Our Father's blessing full upon you for evermore. Henceforth, when and where we may hear mention of your beloved name, or when in memory we recall your form, our hearts will beat in unison to the measured tread of the mourning procession through the

avenues of Washington, when muffled drums and mellow horns resounded to the strains of the touching hymn—

‘Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.’”

This resolution, like the first, was carried by acclamation, as was also a third, moved by Mr. J. S. Morgan, and seconded by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, in the following terms:—

“That we desire to signify our grateful sense of the affectionate solicitude of which the Queen and people of this country have, during the whole period of the President’s suffering and death, given so many varied and touching proofs; that they have endeared to us afresh the land of our forefathers, and have laid us under an obligation of brotherly goodwill which we can never sufficiently acknowledge and never forget.”

Mr. J. S. MORGAN observed that this resolution was one that required no set speech to secure its acceptance, as it was sure to find a spontaneous response from every American heart.

For nearly three long and anxious months they had been watching the bedside of their suffering and beloved President, marking every change—at one moment buoyed up with hope, the next in despair at the appearance of new and unexpected complications, until at last death released the manly sufferer.

During all those anxious moments they had had around them here daily and hourly evidence of the presence to an almost unprecedented degree of that greatest of all earthly comforters, human sympathy. It was not simply the sympathy of the lips, it was real and hearty, it was all around and about them. They felt it in the atmosphere in which they moved; it had the directness and heartiness which belonged to the English character. It came from all classes, from the Queen downwards, and it went straight to the hearts of the American people. It was but meet, therefore, that those of them who were residents in London, as well as those who were here for only a brief period, should take that opportunity of expressing to their kinsmen on this

side of the Atlantic their appreciation of this warm-hearted and generous sympathy, and the assurance that it would never be forgotten by the American people ; and it would, as regarded the two peoples, be as good seed sown in a warm and fruitful soil to bring forth in the future worthy fruit. It would be the cementing in bonds of lasting friendship the two great Anglo-Saxon nations of the world, and who would venture to foretell or estimate the future results of such a friendship? (Cheers.)

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY said :—“Mr. Chairman and American countrymen, we all feel it to be a satisfaction, however sad, to meet together for some expression of our sorrow under a great calamity, and especially for some expression of feeling in appreciation of the sympathy and support which have surrounded us in this country. We have not felt alone in our grief. The feeling manifested in cottage and hall, palace and lowly dwelling, has deeply stirred us. It is not perfunctory. It has not been mere protest against

that foul weapon alike of tyrants and slaves—assassination. It is not only sympathy; it is sorrow. This nation has felt and realized that a true prince, a great man, has fallen. The great heart of England has melted at the grave of Garfield as if he were one of her own noblest sons.

“This is the second time that I have witnessed the effect in this country of a heavy sorrow of this kind falling upon America. Those of us who have lived here long enough remember that April day, over sixteen years ago, which grew dark as the tidings spread from lip to lip, from street to street, that Abraham Lincoln had fallen. Previously the air had been swarming with stinging criticisms, small disputes and irritations between the countries. Before that tragical event they vanished, fell dead, and rose no more. In their place was cordial sympathy, profound and universal. Since then we have been living noble years. Deep and subtle forces have been weaving ties between our two nations. Posterity will look upon the arbitration which peacefully adjusted a



serious difference as a tableau of the higher civilization. But, Sir, noble as that was, to-day we find ourselves beyond it. It is not now the arbitrament of cold justice that we witness, nor even the display of magnanimity. We feel the touch of affection.

“ Sir, the Atlantic cable has been a remorseless messenger of late: we have felt its throbs that daily brought hopes or fears, gladness or despair. But now that it is all over, now that the protracted suffering has passed, that cable has seemed to me vibrating with a gentle music—a music most sweet and subtle that tells of the ideal world, of happier years, and nations allied heart to heart, when armies shall have become fossil remains.

“ These tears which England sheds at the grave of the President will be remembered. Be sure they will never be forgotten! This day they are falling into the hearts and homes of fifty millions of Americans, and the remembrance of them will be transmitted to their children’s children. Wherever shall be borne the record of this

fearful tragedy, wherever shall be remembered 'the deep damnation of his taking off,' there with it shall be rehearsed the story of how this dark hour found England and America side by side, moved with a common grief and sympathy. The word 'Anglo-Saxon' has been criticised by ethnologists ; henceforth let it be replaced by the nobler word 'Anglo-American.' 'Tis said blood is thicker than water ; but one drop of such blood as that which now pulses between these nations will outweigh an ocean of water and defy it to sunder the hearts of England and America."

It was then formally resolved,—

"That these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Garfield, and that the Minister of the United States be requested to communicate them to others as he may think proper."

MR. LOWELL announced that a funeral service would be held in the City Temple at noon on Monday, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury

had expressed his intention, if possible, of preaching a funeral sermon in St. Martin's Church, Trafalgar Square, on the evening of that day.

The proceedings then terminated, with a vote of thanks to the chairman.



The Address of
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT, D.D.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY







ON Monday, the 26th September, a special service was held at the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in memory of the President, simultaneously (allowing for difference of time) with the funeral service at Cleveland. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury had kindly consented to deliver a short address. The church was crowded to overflowing. Many Americans were present, including the Minister of the United States.

HIS GRACE said:—

“ My Christian Friends,—It is a great privilege and a great responsibility to be called upon to address a few words to you at the close of this mournful day—a mournful day even in this capital, at so great a distance from the scene which we have all called to mind. Had the solemn scene taken place in some neighbouring

cemetery, I doubt whether its effects would be more deeply experienced than now, when we know that it has been enacted over thousands of miles of ocean and a vast tract of a distant continent.

“Why is it that the heart of this English nation as well as that of the great American nation has been so moved at the present time? It cannot be the mere contagion of a nation’s grief, august and heart-rending as is the spectacle of all the sorrow over a great man fallen. That can scarcely have travelled over sea and land to move our feelings at this time, neither can it be that we sorrow for a great career prematurely cut short. We have seen others stopped in their progress by the rude hand of Death unexpectedly, bright hopes fading away, and yet there has not been this general feeling of mourning; neither can it have been only that during those weary weeks of suffering, borne with such Christian fortitude, the details of the sick chamber were brought us day by day, and we learned to admire the man who bore his fate

so manfully, and to love her who, with all a woman's care, was tending through those eleven weeks the hopeless invalid. Neither can it be that there mingles with our thoughts any anxiety as to a change of policy in the great nation whose loss we mourn. Power is handed from man to man by death in all the great nations of the world, and we do not feel any great or deep anxiety ; and least of all, when we contemplate that great nation which is now mourning, do we fear lest its steady, onward course should be restrained or altered by the power of any single human will.

“Why is it we have been so strangely moved ? First, on that July morning when the news flashed across the Atlantic that the loved President of a great people had been smitten by a mysterious blow, I hesitate not to say that there was a feeling of consternation, not merely of dismay, throughout this community. We had read in old histories of the attempt on the life of our own Queen Elizabeth, and of the death of William of Orange, and we congratulated our-



selves that we were not as the men who lived in those days ; and when assassination revived in modern history we turned to the barbarous monarchies of the East. We knew how thrones were vacated there, and we supposed that it was but some lingering barbarism in the great monarchies of Europe if we heard of such attempts on monarchs' lives, and we knew that this lingering barbarism concealed itself under an affectation of indignation against restraints on public liberty. But here, in the very centre of the Temple of Freedom, where there was no ground for any complaint, we heard of this most atrocious deed, and we thought within ourselves at first, in our alarm, that there must be in the world some vile combination against the progress of civilization, working in the dark ; and we knew not what might be the end if the elected chief of freemen, as much as the inheritor of a barbarous throne, were exposed to the deadly knife of the assassin without the slightest cause.

“ A short time dispelled those fears. We learnt that the deed had its origin in vulgar avarice or

ambition, thwarted by the determination of an upright chief, and then looking calmly at the whole, our first dismay was allayed and passed away. But then we had time to think what manner of man was this over whom so great a nation was mourning from day to day, and watching the flickering life as he lay upon his death-bed, and we were told particulars which we knew not before, and what manner of man he was. We learnt that this chosen chief of fifty millions of freemen was, as it seemed, in mind as in body, a very model as what such a man should be. We learnt his early history, and all of us have traced it daily in the accounts of him which have appeared among ourselves. We learnt how, born of a race which left our own land in the Mayflower to escape from the evils which a mistaken Government then brought upon freed men, he inherited the spirit of his fathers. We learnt of his early days, and that far-off and solitary farmhouse in the forest ; how he laboured with his hands ; how the boy, full of the spirit of adventure, was seized with a desire

for a seafaring life ; how, when he first tasted of it for a day, his pure soul was revolted by the blasphemy and drunkenness which disgraced that noble calling ; how he then sought to maintain himself by day labour, as driving horses along the side of a canal ; and how, when this short period passed and sickness sent him home, he was tended by the august mother, who still survives to receive the thanks of her countrymen, for having so well, by her thrift and self-denial, earned a good education for her boy.

“All this was calculated to enlist our sympathy, and then we were taught to trace a career, such as England knows nothing of, and to wonder at the mode in which great men are formed in a country, so alike and yet so dissimilar from our own—the scholar ripening into the master ; the master becoming a student in the colleges, a professor, a controversialist, a preacher, and then all this strange preparation, when the state of the country seemed to call for it, developing itself into the colonel of a powerful regiment, who made himself acquainted with the practice as

well as with the theory of tactics in a few weeks ; and then the able general, passing into that office from the head of the staff, and achieving victories which seemed to promise him the most brilliant career. Then—all this interrupted at the call of duty—the voice of Lincoln summoning him to take his part in the government of the country, giving up his military career, devoting himself to politics, and in the political life showing a bright example of an honest, straightforward, and vigorous lover of his country.

“All this I must say to most of us was quite new. It opened up a picture of manhood such as in this country we were little acquainted with, and no wonder that our affections were drawn forth, and we felt that it was no common man that the civilized world had lost. But then comes the nobler and the better lesson. We know not the secrets of the soul ; we know not the exact impressions of religion which had been made upon his heart, but we have two signs, and we shall do well to meditate upon them—first, how he stood forth bravely against many

difficulties to defend high character and uprightness in their dealings with the public creditor; how he would yield to no suggestion to trifle with what seemed to him the plain dictates of political honesty and morality; and, secondly, that when all experiences for some time back had been in favour of making the election to the office of President a party triumph, he determined, at whatever cost, not to give up to party what he owed to his country and its highest welfare—a resolution which, as far as we can know, cost him his life.

“These lessons surely speak of a Christianity deeper than the lips or than excited feelings. They speak of a conduct regulated through life according to Christian principles and point an example to all public men. No wonder, then, that we recognized such a great loss as that which London is mourning to-day.

“And now, my brethren from the other side of the Atlantic, and all of us, what lessons have we to learn from this mourning which has brought us all together so remarkably this day? Families

disunited are often said to be brought together by some common sorrow. Thank God, we are not disunited, but we may be brought better to understand and love each other by our union in this common sorrow. There are many bonds to keep us together. The same blood, the same tongue, the same literature, each of us enjoying the privilege which the literature of the one race gives to the other ; science in each country lending its aid to develop the industry, the prosperity, and the happiness of both. We have learned to appreciate each other.

“We know here in England, my American friends, your boundless hospitality shown to ourselves or our sons who have visited you and who have received from you a welcome as of relations near in blood. But our union above all must be based upon our common Christianity. We know that the Lord God Almighty has committed to us a trust—beyond the trust He has given to any other nations of the world—to carry through the boundaries of the human race a civilization founded upon Christianity. Let us learn that

this union is the only true union to keep us really together in the dark ages that may be in store for the human race; that individual, family, social, or political life must all have its cement in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

“Some may think that from this country there goes forth at times an uncertain sound as to religion, and that we have received uncertain sounds from over the Atlantic; but the heart of both nations, thank God, is still truly Christian, and in the ages that are before us may the Lord teach us both more distinctly to recognize the priceless value of the common guide which alone can safely lead both nations in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

The “Dead March” in *Saul*, was played on the organ at the close of the service.



