

GRIGGS CO. COURIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

By FRED'K H. ADAMS.

GEN. GRANT ENTOMBED.

From the City Hall in New York to Riverside Park are the Remains of the Hero Borne.

The Solemn Journey Accompanied by the Most Imposing Military Display of Modern Times.

Millions of People Witness the Pageant with Reverence and Curiosity Combined.

SORROW'S OWN EQUIPAGE.

Two companies of the Tenth regiment United States infantry marched across the plaza and formed two lines facing each other, reaching from the porch nearly to the car. The gates swung open, and the guard of honor, preceded by Rev. Dr. Newman, Bishop Harris and other ministers, and Doctors Douglas, Shroy and Sands, emerged. The two companies emerged, a band at the edge of the plaza played a dirge, and every man within sight removed his hat as the guard slowly advanced bearing the casket. Slowly they descended the steps, slowly they bore their burden to the car, and placed it in position for its last journey. Then the infantry companies formed by twos on each side, the Grand Army men formed platoons in front and rear, the band stationed itself at the head, a signal was given, and the car with its purple burden moved out and upon Broadway. Carriages containing a host of distinguished men followed, and the scene at the city hall was ended. It was long, however, before the people dispersed. They loitered about the plaza, gazing at the draperies, and bought the endless variety of photographs, medals and lives of the dead general that street vendors had to sell.

THE PROCESSION.

The order of procession as it moved away was as follows:

- Gen. Hancock and Staff.
- Regular Troops.
- First Division New York State National Guard.
- Old Guard New York City.
- Governor's Foot Guard.
- Veteran Association One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers.
- Veterans Association.
- Tenth Regiment New York Volunteer Veterans.
- Fifth Regiment New York Volunteer Zouaves.
- Second Company Washington Continental Guard.
- Columbia Guards.
- Garibaldi Legion.
- Columbia Guards.
- Three Companies Veterans Guards (Colored).
- Second Division National Guard of New York.
- First Regiment National Guard, Pennsylvania.
- Invincibles.
- Gate City Guards of Atlanta, Ga.
- Second Regiment National Guard, Connecticut.
- First Regiment Massachusetts Infantry.
- Four Companies Virginia State Troops.
- First Company Union Veterans Corps, District of Columbia.
- Union Veterans Corps, District of Columbia.
- Capital City Guards, District of Columbia.
- Company D, Minnesota Guards.
- Division National Guards, New Jersey.
- Major and Staff.
- Funeral Car, Drawn by Twenty-Four Horses, Each Led by a Colored Groom.
- Family and Relatives.
- President Cleveland.
- Vice President and Cabinet.
- Ex-Presidents Hayes and Arthur.
- United States Senators.
- Members of Congress.
- Admiral Jettett.
- Commander in Chief.
- Foreign Ministers.
- Ex-Foreign Ministers.
- Cabinet of Gen. Grant.
- Retired Army Officers.
- Gen. Grant's Staff.
- Clergy.
- Attending Physicians.
- Gen. Sheridan and Staff.
- Chiefs of Bureau, War Department.
- Gen. Schofield and Staff.
- Judges of Supreme Court.
- Governor of Illinois and Staff.
- Governor of Michigan and Staff.
- Governor of Wisconsin and Staff.
- Governor of Massachusetts and Staff.
- Governor of New Hampshire and Staff.
- Governor of Connecticut and Staff.
- Governor and Staff of Maine.
- Governor of Vermont and Staff.
- Governor of Pennsylvania and Staff.
- Governor of New Jersey and Staff.
- Governor of Rhode Island and Staff.
- Governor of Iowa and Staff.
- Governor of Minnesota and Staff.
- Governor of Virginia and Staff.
- Representatives of the Governor of Indiana.
- Legislature of New York.
- Gen. Franklin, President of the Soldiers' Home.
- Members Drexel.
- Board of Indian Commissioners.
- Mayor and Representatives of the City of Brooklyn.
- Mayor and Common Council of New York City.
- Mayor and Common Council of Boston.
- Mayor and Common Council of St. Louis.
- Mayor and Common Council of Hartford.
- Mayor and Common Council of New Haven.
- Mayor and Common Council of Jersey City.
- Mayor and Common Council of Elizabeth.
- Mayor and Common Council of Cincinnati.
- Wheeler and Grant Posts, G. A. R.
- Grand Army Posts and Veteran Organizations.
- Society of the Cincinnati.
- Chamber of Commerce.
- New York Historical Society.
- Union League Club.
- Aztec Club.
- Republican County Commission.
- Ex-Diplomatic and Consular Officers.
- Citizens' Law and Order League of Boston.
- Association of Exempt Firemen.
- Delegation Volunteer Firemen's Association.
- Excelsior Council, No. 14, G. U. A. M.
- Valley Forge Council, No. 2, O. U. A. M.
- Societa del Fratello Amore.
- Excelsior Association of Jersey City.
- Stock Exchange.
- Cotton Exchange.
- Produce Exchange.
- Board of Trade and Transportation.
- Mercantile Exchange.
- Maritime Association.
- Metal Exchange.
- Republican County Committee.
- Young Men's Republican Club of New York.
- Young Men's Republican Club of Kings County.
- Young Men's Republican Club of Jersey City.
- Young Men's Republican Club of Baltimore.
- Lincoln League.
- Third Ward Lincoln Club.
- Association of Exempt Firemen.
- Volunteer Firemen's Association.
- Excelsior Association of Jersey City.
- Knights of Pythias.
- Knights of Sherwood Forest.
- Bonny Veterans.

HOW THE CONGRESSMEN RODE.

The congressional committees and other officials from Washington were distinguished by broad white shawls. Speaker Carlisle and ex-Speaker Randall rode with Congressman Hiscock of New York and Reed of Maine.

One carriage held Congressmen John DeLong of Massachusetts, Randolph Tucker of Virginia, Ben Butterworth of Ohio and Gen. King of Louisiana. The senatorial delegation paired off as follows, the senators riding in twos:

Senators Merrill of Vermont and Cockrell of Missouri, Sherman of Ohio and Ransom of North Carolina, Ingalls of Kansas and Harris of Tennessee, Palmer of Michigan and Miller of New York, Wade Hampton of South Carolina and Manderson of Nebraska, Eustis of Louisiana and Blair of New Hampshire, Brown of Georgia and Everts of New York.

Congressmen Bush of Brooklyn, and Ward of Chicago, rode together, and Gen. Bingham of Pennsylvania, Wheeler of Alabama and Lowrey of Indiana were in one coach. One of the carriages containing members of Gen. Grant's military staff carried Generals Horace Porter, Rufus Ingalls, C. B. Comstock and William Henry Smith. In another rode Gen. Parker, Grant's military secretary during the war, who was present at the meeting between Generals Grant and Lee at Appomattox, and still has in his possession the original draft of the terms of the surrender in Grant's handwriting. It was given him as a keepsake by his chief. With Vice President Hendricks rode his secretary, Mr. East, his friend, Mr. Depeux of Indiana, and Senator Blair of New Hampshire.

A PICTURESQUE GLIMPSE OF THE LINE.

NEW YORK, Special Telegram, Aug. 8.—It seemed that the last height attainable by human hands in imposing and majestic display and civic pageant of modern times, perhaps of all time, swept slowly and solemnly across the broad spaces of Madison square, the heart and center of the city. At that moment Madison square was the center and nucleus of the greatest aggregation of people ever known in America. The throng was simply incalculable, vast beyond comprehension by number of units. You might as well speak of a prairie wheat field by the number of heads of wheat as to speak of the throng of to-day by individuals. In and about Madison square every place that a person could stand upon, crouch upon, climb upon, or cling to was occupied, and one could feel the weight of the presence of the other hundreds of thousands that one could not see. For nine miles the narrow channel of the procession ran through two vast, crushing, crowding and clinging masses of human beings. From the street edge maintained by the police the compact crowd took all the space. They packed the pavements, covered all steps, stoops and balconies, and filled all windows. They hung upon lamp-posts, and telegraph poles were black with them. Swarms of people covered the roofs, some of them looking down from a height of from ten to twelve stories. Windows along the line of march were eagerly rented at enormous prices. Balconies and temporary stands sold at

PRICES THAT WERE SIMPLY AMAZING.

and a chance to stand upon a flight of steps was worth from \$1 to \$3. Some single windows brought \$75, and one balcony capable of holding twelve or fifteen people, near the Hotel Brunswick, brought \$400. Peddlers in the crowd sold hundreds of foot-stools, about eight inches high, and they were eagerly snatched up at 50 cents each. People who were fortunate enough to secure one of these and to elevate themselves above the level of the crowd were much envied by those who could only see the horse-men and the tops of the folded flags. Those lucky ones were kept busy calling out the names of the organizations as they passed along. A person of ordinary height a few feet from the line of march, could see very little. Now and then he caught the flash of a plume, and all the time he heard the solemn music and the tread of marching feet. It is probable that many thousands who stood for long hours hardly saw the procession at all. Added to the difficulty was the fact that all the people occupying front places kept up their umbrellas and parasols all the time, regardless of the requests and entreaties and often imprecations of those in the rear. The promptness with which the procession appeared before the Fifth Avenue hotel was astonishing. At 10:30 o'clock to the minute Gen. Hancock and staff came in sight, when nobody expected him for an hour. This showed the good of having the procession headed by and under the management of the regulars.

ALMOST EVERY NATION ON EARTH.

even China, with her violet and white, the mourning colors of the Orient, horse, foot and artillery, civic, public and private; music of muffled drums, of brass bands, of bagpipes, of fife and cymbals; and so through the long hours the mighty pageant passed by. All the conditions and circumstances were colossal. Men grew to greater stature by hours that intervened. To be part and parcel of such a stupendous demonstration was to have higher ideas of mankind and its capacity to exult in the pride of common humanity capable of such scenes as these. A great deal of the most impressive feature of the event was the vast silence. It was comparatively absolute. No matter how softly the muffled drums were rolled you could hear them squares away. The only heavy sound was the rumbling of the cannon wheels. When the band of the Third New Jersey regiment passed by, playing "Nearer My God to Thee," the sweet, solemn strains were distinctly audible far up Fifth avenue, many squares beyond where they would have been lost in the noise of an ordinary day. The wailing sound of the fife of the Fourth Connecticut drum corps, playing the sad, sweet notes of "Peyel's Hymn," could be heard almost from the time they swung into Fifth avenue from Fourteenth street. The drum corps of the Sixth New Jersey band played "Flee as a Bird to the Mountain," and the band of the Continental Foot Guards of Massachusetts played "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer." As a general thing,

THE CHOICE OF MUSIC.

by the bands was not good and was of too high an order to appeal to the emotion of a general gathering. From the hundreds of musical organizations that passed but few played the simple and tender airs familiar to the people, and a dozen of the bands played the "Dead March in Saul," and more than that played Chopin's "Funeral March." The funeral hymns of the operas were the favorites, but when such an air as "Nearer My God to Thee," was played, the effect could be seen at once, the deepened hush, the uncovering of heads and tears in the eyes of the women. The bands about the catafalque played Chopin's "Funeral March," and played it magnificently, but would have touched the hearts of the people more tenderly had they played

"Rest Spirit, Rest," or "Rock of Ages." It was 1 o'clock when the catafalque passed through Madison Square. It was the moment of the day. For that all waited; about that all interest centered; from that radiated and influences reaching to deeper and holier depths of human emotion than all the music, all the trappings of grief, or all the vast display could go. There was a long break and open space before the car of death, and the suspense in the presence of that advance was almost painful. Down that open channel between the living banks could be seen the great black plumes upon the funeral car approaching; the glitter of the silver trimmings in the sunshine; the purple of the casket that contained all that is mortal and perishable of Gen. Grant. Around it the guns of the guards shone. At every moment, from the pavement to rooftop, 10,000 faces gazed upon it.

APPEARANCE OF THE TROOPS.

NEW YORK, Special Telegram, Aug. 8.—There were few glittering bayonets in the parade. Warlike signs were concealed rather than displayed. The soldiers went by with reversed arms and slow tread to the roll of the muffled drums. The corps was marked not only by the long line of people who stood, with uncovered heads, on the street, but by the guidon, the bobbing columns of national corps and the battle flags draped with crape. The soldiers took part in a soldier's funeral, and more devoted tribute was never paid by warriors to hero dead. It was shortly after 9 o'clock that Gen. Hancock, with his staff close behind him, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and sitting upon his horse like a centaur, rode slowly up Broadway. Already the military were astir, many companies belonging to state organizations were pouring in the side streets of Fourteenth street, and the section of the city from the city hall northward was beginning to ring with the sounds of martial music. Suddenly following close upon Gen. Hancock and his staff came Capt. Randolph, his light artillery battery F, with guns glittering and horses

CAVORTING IN THE MORNING AIR.

Col. Henry L. Abbott, of United States engineer corps, and Lieut. Kimball's jolly tars, from the Omaha, the Swatara, the Tennessee and the Powhattan. Jolly tars they were, though depressed in spirits, and every inch a sailor was each of them in appearance, and as they marched up in double lines in their sea rig, dragging a burly twelve-pounder behind them, they presented a picturesque appearance. When after these with swinging tread came the marines and three more battalions of sailors keeping step to the music of a fife and drum corps, matters for the time being grew lively along the thoroughfare, to be traversed a short while later by the catafalque bearing the body of the man they had been called upon to honor. As Hancock's prancing steed led the procession that followed over the miles and miles of streets, it was probably the most remarkable that ever gathered to pay tribute to mortal man. Following the tars dragging the cannon and carrying the stretchers, came the First New York division of the National Guard, Gen. Schaler's pride. It was a division to be proud of, and the First battery and the Ninth, Eleventh, Twelfth and Twenty-second regiments and the Second battery wheeled into line with a precision of step and a measure of discipline that is seldom equaled. Quickly following came the Second brigade of Gen. Louis Fitzgerald, with the Second battery in the lead, and then the grey haired veteran guards. Col. Austin and his staff were as

GRAY HAIRD AS THE VETERANS.

who came after them on foot, and with heroic front and marching step to the sound of martial music, the governor's foot guard, volunteers of the old One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Volunteers, and the Tenth Washington Continental Guard, the four patriotic Italian organizations, with their gleaming suits and jaunty hats, and Capt. Williams' three companies of colored veterans, made way for the younger men who followed them in the third division. Two brigades from Pennsylvania were in this division, and Maj. Gen. Molineux had cause to show in his manner that he was proud of the men marching behind him, while Christensen and Gen. Brownell, the brigade commanders, marshaled their men in splendid order. Pennsylvania's quota soon came, and as the First regiment stepped forward with the regularity of clockwork the crowds lining the sidewalks could not suppress a burst of applause. Following came the Grey Invincibles, the colored company. They numbered forty-eight and showed great proficiency in drill. Immediately following the passage of the Pennsylvania Contingent at Fourteenth street came a scene which was repeated from Madison square along the entire line to the place of interment, such as is not often witnessed. Behind the colored Invincibles came the well known Georgia company, the "Gate City Guards," of Atlanta. They numbered about sixty. Along the route which the guards passed through were many Grand Army posts, awaiting the time when they could take their positions in the line. They were cheered again and again and the most positive proof of goodfellowship was given.

THE COMING PAGEANT.

NEW YORK, Special Telegram, Aug. 8.—The great plateau extending over that portion of New York from the eastern boundary of Central Park for miles up the Hudson river, to what is known as Manhattanville, and of which the Riverside Park is the western boundary, suddenly found its scanty population quadrupled before noon, and every cross street and every avenue crowded. Riding along the Elevated railway on the West side, and overlooking this portion of the city, it seemed as though some invading army had landed at the lowest point on Manhattan island and was driving the populace slowly but surely into the fields or into the river. Every street was a stream of humanity, on elevated trains, in overcrowded street cars and hastily improvised wagons, and along the dirty streets of this unfashionable section of the metropolis nothing was seen but moving masses of women and men. Every point of land was covered by the moving tide. Many had fled to the unblasted rocks, apparently to avoid the coming flood of people. For miles behind was the apparently victorious army. Strange glimpses of moving columns, broad flashes of scarlet coats and gold lace, the tramping of many horses, the rumble of artillery wagons, the blaze of trumpets and roll of drums told of the coming pageant.

THE BLUE AND THE GREY ENTWINED.

Following this apparent joining of hands between the North and the South came a similar unbending between the First Massachusetts regiment and four companies of Virginia troops. All differences between the two bodies were amicably bridged when the hero died and again the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray fraternized as evenly as though they all had fought for one common cause. Whenever an organization from the South passed along the line it was clapped and cheered. The New Jersey troops made a fine showing. They were divided up into two brigades. In the first brigade were the First, Fourth, Fifth and Ninth regiments, the First and Second battalions and Gatling company. In the second brigade were the Third, Sixth and Seventh regiments and another Gatling-gun company. After that came another evidence of the fraternizing feeling between the North and South. A detail of the Fourth Massachusetts regiment had become separated from the main body. One of the bands of the Southern troops lost the company they were playing for in the confusion, and met the Massachusetts boys. They quickly found each other out, and the Northerners marched up Broadway singing to the music of the Southern band. The band belongs to the Staunton Grays, and is known as the "Stonewall band." As the procession passed the Fifth Avenue hotel the Grant family, with the exception of Mrs. Grant, who is at Mount McGregor, assembled at the windows overlooking the street and viewed the line. The features of Col. F. D. Grant, so well known to nearly every one in the line, were especially prominent. He stood with uncovered head, and as the veterans passed, they doffed their hats in respect to the son of their old commander.

Instead of attempting to cover the whole front of a building with cloth, it was gathered into masses around cornices and pillars, and over doorways. The favorite way of treating panels, which were sometimes triangular, sometimes oblong and sometimes square, was by fluting and plaiting the folds running from the center outward. A fine example of this use of mourning was seen at the Fifth Avenue hotel. The great front of the building—a stretch of grayish white stone—displayed no black save about and above the front entrance. There the marble pillars were covered with rich-looking black cloth, which also was spread over the cornice and balcony above. The general color of the building greatly heightened the effect of this concentrated mass of black. The Hoffman house, just above, and the other hotels on upper Broadway were all draped with tasteful displays. The use of drapery was most universal in the business part of the city. Wall street was lined with black from end to end. The sub-treasury was especially beautiful. Black cloth covered the pillars of the portico and panels of shirred mullin hid the abutments and the statue of Washington in front. Heavy folds of black cloth, hanging from the wide cornices of the Mutual life insurance building on Nassau street, the great Mills building, as well as the Fields and the Equitable buildings, were notable examples of the skillful use of draperies on a large scale. The porch of Trinity church was draped with flags covered with crape, and black cloth overhanging the entrance to Grace church. The Union League club displayed a great number of flags shrouded with black on both its fronts. The University, the Union, the New York, and the Manhattan clubs also displayed many mourning emblems.

THE LAST RESTING PLACE.

It was the extreme northern end of the yard, a broad, rolling plateau, five hundred feet above the Hudson, embracing twenty or thirty acres of new ground, that was the spot selected for the final ceremonies. It was a beautiful spot. The level was broken by numerous knolls topped by waving pines. At the base of the first of these was the tomb itself. The workmen had just completed the interior and the implements for making the final fastenings were lying on the sward behind it. In front was the heavy copper covering for the casket and the soldering irons were already in the fire. There were two knolls further to the right and on the further one of these was the Claremont mansion, its large porches completely enshrouded in mourning. Long tables had been set here for the refreshment of distinguished guests, but for the most part they were unused. Through the tree tops on the high bluffs in front of all could be discovered the tall masts of the naval fleet anchored under the shelter of the shores. Far away the light and shade played upon the rippling waters, and the white cottages along the distant shores lay like snow banks in the sun. At 1:15 Maj.-Gen. Hancock, his white moustache and goatee looking like chalk marks on his sun-burned face, arrived.

AN ORDERLY GATHERING.

which packed three grand stands and had so good a view that they waited patiently. The space in front was well filled, and fully 20,000 people waited anxiously for the bugle sound to announce the approach of the column. In full view of all was the tomb. A host of policemen found little difficulty in keeping their line, and the troops, shaded by the dark green leaves of the oaks seemed like statues. It was after three hours' waiting when the sullen drum was heard in the distance, and it seemed to bring every one to their feet, and the look of expectancy was as apparent as if an electric battery had touched each one. All turned in their direction from which the tardy troops were to come. It was wonderful to see how quick the center space was filled. The carriages deposited their burdens and drove away, and the casket was lifted from the catafalque with all the expedition possible. The crowd that gathered about the doors of the tomb was singularly democratic, and efforts to keep any order of precedence were speedily abandoned. None who looked down from the little eminence will ever forget the sea of faces that they saw. Policemen forgot their duty, and crowded in upon the coffin. Of course, they did not lift their hats, and they seemed far more intent on seeing themselves than in preventing others.

THE BODY ENTOMBED.

NEW YORK, Special Telegram, Aug. 8.—Col. Fred Grant stood at the head of the coffin and his brothers and the ladies of the family stood close behind him, all clad in the uniform of mourning. Senator Everts' strong face was solemn rather than cynical. Senator Miller appeared impressed with the importance of the occasion, and President

Cleveland, who had come up with Secretary Bayard and had been formally received by Gen. Hancock, seemed a little surprised. He had shown a prompt appreciation of the loss the nation had sustained and yet he seemed to stand as if he was a part rather than a voluntary participant. Looking down on the mass of heads it was interesting to see that all were impressed not only with the solemnity of the occasion but with a sincere personal interest. Events here followed as rapidly as the mourners had gathered around the coffin which had been deposited in front of the tomb. It was lifted from the catafalque by the same faithful guard from Grant post who had first removed it from the cottage at Mount McGregor, and the beautiful ritual of the Grand Army was begun by Commander Alexander Reed of Meade post, No. 1, of Philadelphia, of which the general was the most distinguished member. He said:

Assembled to pay the last sad tribute of respect to our late commander and illustrious comrade, U. S. Grant, let us unite in prayer. The chaplain will invoke the divine blessing.

THE PRAYER.

Post Chaplain C. Irvine Wright said: God of battles! Father of all! Amidst this mournful assemblage we seek thee, with whom there is no death. Open every, every eye to behold him who changes the night of death into morning. In the depths of our hearts we would hear the Celestial words, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." As comrades after comrades depart, and we march on with ranks broken, help us to be faithful unto thee and to each other. We beseech thee, look in mercy on the widows and children of deceased comrades, and with thine own tenderness console and comfort those bereaved by this event which calls us here. Give them "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Heaven, let each one bless and save our country with the freedom and peace and righteousness and truly great mercy, a Savior's grace and thy holy spirit favor; may we all meet at last before thy throne in heaven, and through thy great name shall be praised for ever and ever.

All Comrades—Amen: dirge, band. Post Commander Alexander Reed—One by one the years roll on, and we are called together to fulfill the last sad rites of our comrades of the war. The present, full of the cares and pleasures of civil life fades away, and we look back to the time when, shoulder to shoulder on many battlefields, we fought for the dear old flag. We may indulge the hope that the spirit with which on land and on sea hardship, privation and dangers were encountered by our dead heroes may never be blotted out from the history or memories of the generations to come.

A SPIRIT UNCOMPLAINING.

obedient to the behest of duty, whereby to-day our national honor is secure, and our loved ones rest in peace under the dear old flag, may the illustrious life of him whom we lay in the tomb to-day prove a glorious incentive to the youth, who in the ages to come, may be called upon to uphold the destinies of our country. As the years roll on we too shall have fought our battle through and be laid to rest, our souls following the long column to the realms above as grim death hour by hour shall make its victims of us so live that when that time shall come those we leave behind may say above our graves, "Here lies the body of a true hearted, brave and earnest defender of the republic."

Senior Vice-Commander Lewis M. Moore (laying a wreath of evergreens upon the coffin)—In behalf of the past I give this tribute, a symbol of undying love for comrades of the war.

Junior Vice-Commander John A. Weidersheim, (laying a rose or flowers upon the coffin)—Symbol of purity, we offer at the sepulchre a rose. May future generations emulate the unselfish devotion of even the lowliest of our heroes.

Post Commander A. J. Sellers, (laying a laurel wreath upon the coffin)—Let the symbol of affection from comrades in arms, we crown these remains with a symbol of victory.

ADDRESSES.

Rev. J. W. Sayers, chaplain-in-chief, department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R.: The march of another comrade is over, and he lies down after it in the house appointed for all the living. Thus surrounded, this open tomb reminds us of the frailty of human life, and that we are so loyal to every virtue, or true to every friendship, faithful in our remaining march that we shall be ready to fall out here to take our places at the great review, and with doubt but in faith and merciful captain of our salvation will call us to that fraternity which on earth and in heaven may remain unbroken. [A pause for a moment.] Jesus saith thy brother shall rise again. I am the resurrection and the life. [The body of the deceased is deposited in the tomb.] Behold, the silver cord having been loosed, the golden bowl broken, we commit the body to the grave where dust shall return to the earth as it did in the first to God who gave it. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, looking for the resurrection and the life to come through Our Lord, Jesus Christ.

A prayer by Rev. H. Clay Trumbull followed. These formalities concluded, Bishop Harris of Tennessee stepped forward and read three verses beginning, "I am the resurrection and the life." Every person in the great throng forgot himself as the bishop proceeded. Dr. Newman followed, and then the benediction was pronounced.

THE GOOD-NIGHT TAPS.

Then Trumpeter Krouse, bugle in hand, stepped from the ranks to the side of the casket, and sounded the good-night taps. A moment of silence followed after the family had taken their last look at the closed casket, and the three little grandchildren of the dead general, one scarcely high enough to touch it with her tiny fingers, deposited a chaplet of oak leaves on the conqueror's bier. It was a simple ceremony, but there were no dry witnesses to it, and all the surrounding pony and greatness seemed to melt away before its sweet simplicity. Tears were coursing down Gen. Sherman's cheeks as the little folks stole timidly back to their mothers, and Gen. Hancock looked down upon them with tender compassion. Gen. Sherman was the first to move. With uncovered head, he advanced to Nellie Sartorius and shook her hand. Gen. Joe Johnston followed and extended his hand kindly to the daughter of his conqueror, and the great assembly dispersed.

THOSE AT THE TOMB.

Behind the burial party stood Gen. Hancock; at his elbow was President Cleveland, Vice President Hendricks, and members of the cabinet. Near the head of the casket, on the right, were Sherman and Sheridan, in full uniform, were uncovered. At the sides were ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes and Senator Sherman. On the other side of the casket opposite were Admiral Porter, Fitzhugh Lee, Gen. Gordon and Gen. Buckner. When the guard of honor bore the remains within the tomb, and at 5:03 o'clock placed them within the steel case, the sealing of both the leaden lining and steel case then being performed. The family entered the tomb, remaining only a few moments. They then sought their carriages, and when entering the Seventh and Twenty-second regiments, in line on the bluff, fired three volleys toward the river after which Battery F, Fifth artillery, fired three salutes from the Knoll toward the hotel. The family carriages drove away, but were not out of sight when persons attempted to deface the tomb by writing their names upon it.