

## An Impressive Day.

The Services at the Capitol and the Funeral Cortège.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—The funeral services at the Capitol to-day were witnessed by a large and distinguished throng of spectators. The vast area of the rotunda, covering a space of ninety-seven feet in diameter and three hundred in circumference, was filled with chairs, which converged towards the center, where the coffin reposed upon the catafalque. From the entrances aisles extended, and there was a passageway between the last row of chairs and the wall. The beautiful floral designs which have been in the rotunda since the lying in state were placed at the base of the coffin. Upon the coffin were the branches of palm and the wreath of white flowers given by Queen Victoria. At the head of the coffin was placed the broken flower column, which was surmounted by a pure white dove. A little beyond this was a small platform covered with black, and upon it a small table heavily draped with crape. This was for the use of the officiating clergy. In the inside circle near the bier were placed sofas for the use of the members of the family and the Cabinet officers. All admission to the Capitol was refused until 2 o'clock. The seats in the rotunda remained empty.

It was a sad spectacle. The crape-covered walls, the empty seats, and in the midst of the gloomy catafalque, surrounded with the bright, beautiful flowers, and the guard of the Army of the Cumberland standing sentry around. The only break in the solitude of the place was the arrival of the Beausant Commandery of Baltimore, which marched into the rotunda in a body and placed near the head of the coffin a beautiful floral Maltese cross five feet high, with cross and crown in the center. Then surrounding the remains they performed what is known as the silent service of the Order and quietly withdrew. At 2 o'clock the holders of tickets were admitted, and the back rows of seats all around the rotunda quickly filled up. The passageway in the rear was also occupied, and people were standing in the aisles. Shortly after the Chinese Minister, accompanied by his suite, arrived and took seats reserved for the diplomatic corps on the front row in the northeast section. The other diplomats in their state uniforms, with their glittering orders, arrived soon after.

President Arthur in entering leaned upon the arm of Secretary Blaine. Immediately after followed Ex-Presidents Grant and Hayes, Secretary and Mrs. Windom, Secretary and Mrs. Lincoln, Secretary and Mrs. Hunt, Attorney-General and Mrs. MacVeagh, Secretary Kirkwood and Postmaster-General James. Mrs. Garfield and the immediate family were not present at the ceremonies.

The floral offerings were largely increased this morning from public and private gardens in the city. Several handsome decorations were received from Philadelphia and New York. One came also from Richmond, Va. A large white angel, about the size of a child five years, composed of white roses and holding a silver trumpet in its hands, was suspended over the coffin by a cord passing across the rotunda. The wreath of Queen Victoria had the central position. On either side were great floral crosses, and a magnificent floral pillow at their base was inscribed: "Our Martyr President" and "The Gates Ajar." The Knights of Malta and Garfield's Union Veteran Club sent beautiful offerings.

The services were opened by Rev. Dr. Power promptly at 3 P. M. He ascended the dais and briefly announced the opening hymn, "Asleep in Jesus, Blessed Sleep," which was rendered by a chorus of fifty voices.

Rev. Dr. Rankin then ascended the

platform at the head of the catafalque and read in a clear, distinct voice the following selections from Scripture: "The Lord reigneth. The floods have lifted up their voice. The Lord on high is mightier than the voice of many waters. Clouds and darkness are around about Him. Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne. By Him kings reign and princes decree justice. He changeth times and seasons. He removeth kings and setteth up kings, for there is no power but of God. The powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth power resisteth the ordinances of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation."

Many other beautiful and familiar passages, taken from the Gospel, were also read.

Rev. Dr. Isaac Errett then offered a prayer. He spoke in a clear tone and with much evidence of deep feeling.

As the closing words of prayer died away, Rev. F. D. Power of the Vermont-avenue Christian church, of which President Garfield was a member, delivered an address. He spoke in a clear voice and was distinctly heard in every portion of the hall. He said: The cloud so long pending over the nation has at last burst upon our heads.—We sit half crushed amid the ruin it has wrought. A million million prayers and hopes and tears, as far as human wisdom sees, were vain. Our loved one has passed from us, but there is a relief. We look away from the body. We forego, for a time, the things that are seen. We remember with joy his faith in the Son of God, whose Gospel he sometimes himself preached, and which he always truly loved, and we see a light and blue sky through the cloud structure, beauty instead of ruin, and glory, honor, immortality and eternal life in place of decay and death. The glory of this man, as we think of him now, was his discipleship in the school of Christ. His attainments as scholar and statesman will be the theme of our orators and historians, and they must be worthy men to speak praiseworthy words, but it is as a Christian that we love to think of him now. It was this which made his life to man an invaluable boon, his death to us an unspeakable loss, his eternity to himself an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

He was no sectarian. His religion was as broad as the religion of Christ. He was a simple Christian, bound by no sectarianism, and wholly in fellowship with all pure spirits. He was a Christologist rather than a theologian. He had great reverence for his family and relations. His example as a son, husband and father is a glory to this nation. He had a most kindly nature. His power over human hearts was deep and strong. He won men to him. He had no enemies. The hand that struck him was not the hand of his enemy, but of the people's enemy, the enemy of our country, the enemy of God. He sought to do right, manward and Godward. He was a grander man than we knew. He wrought, even in his pain, a better work for the nation than we can now estimate. He fell from the height of his achievements, not from any fault of his own, but we may in some sense reverently apply to him the words spoken of our dear Lord, "He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities." The past chastisement of our peace was upon him.

As the nations remember their leaders—the Macedonians Alexander the Great, and the Grecians Aristides the Just—may not this son of America be known as Garfield the Good? The President is at rest. He had joy in the glory of his work, and he loved to talk of the leisure that did not come to him. Now he has it. This is the clay, precious because of the service it rendered. He is a freed spirit, absent from the body. He is present

with the Lord. On heights whence came his help he finds repose. What rest has been his for these four days! The brave spirit which cried in its body, "I am tired," is where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. The patient soul, which groaned under the burden of its suffering flesh, "Oh, this pain," is now in a world without pain. The spring comes, the flowers bloom, the buds put forth, the birds sing, and autumn rolls round. The birds have long since hushed their voices, the flowers have faded and fallen away, the forest foliage has assumed a sickly hue. So earthly things pass away, and what is true remains with God. The pageant moves, the splendor of arms and banners glisten in the sunlight, the music of instruments and oratory swells upon the air, the cheers and praises of men resound, but spring and summer are gone, and autumn sees a nation of sad eyes and heavy hearts, and what is true remains with God. The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

At this moment Rev. F. D. Power, the officiating clergyman, came forward and requested the choir to sing the familiar hymn, "Asleep in Jesus." The twenty-four trained voices rendered the music with great expression and splendid effect. Rev. D. Rankin then read the Scriptural selections, composed of passages from different parts of the Bible. Dr. Rankin was succeeded by Rev. F. D. Power, who delivered an able and impressive sermon. At the conclusion of his remarks Rev. J. G. Butler, formerly Chaplain of the Senate, offered a fervent prayer, which concluded the service in the rotunda. The pallbearers, chosen from the members of the Christian church, came forward and took their places. The ministers slowly advanced to the door followed by the coffin, then the members of the Executive household, General Grant, Ex-President Hayes, President Arthur, Secretary Blaine, the members of the Cabinet and their ladies, the diplomatic corps, the members of the Supreme Court, Senate, House and citizens, forming the procession that proceeded down the steps of the east front. The last sad rites had been paid, and all that remained of the late President were borne out from the crape-decked Capitol to the depot, for transmission to their last resting-place, in his native State.—Chronicle.

## The Camellia.

A French paper gives the following account of the origin of the camellia: "It was in the month of December, 1739, that Maria Theresa entered the chamber of the melancholy Ferdinand VI. of Spain, bearing in her hand a flower of immaculate whiteness, which she presented to her husband. 'It is a beautiful flower, but a scentless one,' he languidly remarked, taking it from her and placing it in a china vase. The Queen replied that it had been found in the Philippine Islands by a Jesuit missionary who had just returned home, bringing with him a tree a metre and a-half in height, upon a branch of which were two snowy flowers. The missionary who had discovered it was named Cameli, and the flower was named after him, Camellia. But although introduced into Spain in 1739, the tree Pere Camelli remained for a long time comparatively unknown. Marie Antoinette herself failed to obtain a root of the spotless white camellia to ornament her hot-houses and gardens at Trianon; indeed, it was only towards 1799 that the flower brought over by the Jesuit missionary sixty years before became obtainable by any but royal personages in France."

—Mark Twain says: "There is something fascinating about science. One gets such wholesale returns of conjecture out of a trifling investment of facts."

## Livingstone's Lessons on Doctors and Health.

When one gets hold of the life of a many-sided man, there are lessons to learn in many directions. No one can claim that Livingstone was lacking in singleness of purpose or intensity of desires, yet few men can be found who observed so carefully in many directions and whose facts and observations on various subjects are more worthy of credence and attention. Whatever related to Nature and to life always excited his enthusiasm, and he did not forget that the most wonderful study in Nature or the physical world is man himself. It seems to have been a very early ambition of his life to be not only a missionary, but a medical missionary. One of his later expressions was: "God had an Only Son, and he was a missionary and a physician." He seems to have had as his ideal Dr. Gutzlaff, the great medical missionary of China, and knew, also, of Dr. John Henderson, another medical missionary of China, who, like himself, was so intent upon a medical education as to live for a time on a half crown a week. His biographer says of him: "The importance of the medical qualification had taken a firm hold on his mind, and he persevered in spite of difficulties. His medical training was of the highest use to him in Africa, and it developed wonderfully his strong scientific turn. The medical profession in such men as Hongo Park, Livingstone, and Dr. Kirk has had a good representation in African discovery. Their knowledge of the laws of health, of the prevention of disease, and of the rapid use of appropriate remedies had much to do with the preservation of their lives." It was no little advantage to Livingstone that, by his medical knowledge and skill, he was able many times to secure the confidence and sympathy of the natives. Speaking of the Bakwains, in South Africa, he says: "The doctor and the rain-maker among these people are one and the same person." Since rain, next to health, was the great desideratum, the combined care of both naturally made the physician to them an oracle. Knowledge of the laws of health has something to do with the progress of the Gospel. "Fever," said he, "I consider the greatest barrier to the evangelization of Africa." Dr. Bennett was so much interested in his description of the African fever and in the knowledge he gained as to it that he expressed the wish that he should write more fully about it. This he had not the time to do, but we glean from his life some points of value. He had no doubt of its character as a paludal or marsh fever. When speaking of "the Lake," he alludes to the vegetable decay which made it so deadly. He was able to select out places much freer than others from the operation of this cause, and so to identify non-malarial districts. In the man-grove swamps he found that active exercise each day was for himself and his men one of the best preventives of fever. His cleanliness of habit, his simplicity of diet, his avoidance of alcohol, and the value he put on the preventives of his medicine-chest are worthy of note. Although subject to many attacks, he seems always to have had confidence in his ability to control the symptoms. So his biographer says: "The year 1867 was signalized by a great calamity—the loss of his medicine-chest. 'I felt,' says Livingstone, 'as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie.' 'With the medicine-chest was lost the power of treating himself in fever with the medicine that had proved so effectual.' The loss of the medicine-box was, probably, the beginning of the end. His system lost the wonderful power of recovery it had hitherto shown; and other ailments—in the lungs, feet and bowels—that might have been kept under in a more vigorous state of

general health, began hereafter to prevail against him. In another place he notes the irritability of temper produced by a malarious atmosphere. He appreciated the value of some purgative medicine before the quinine, when the attack of fever was severe. His confidence in prophylaxis and all that constitutes sanitary and preventive care is a good lesson to those who attribute all lapses in health to freaks in Nature. By comparing such experience, as well as those of the British army in India, with the history of malaria in our own and other civilized countries, we think we can see how much we are able to arm ourselves against both by attention to ourselves and to our surroundings. Speaking of Sierra Leone, he says: "During the last ten years the health of the town has improved greatly, consequent on the abatement of the 'whisky fever' and the draining and paving of the streets." He fully appreciated the contrasts of condition which determined, even amid barbarism, whether a district is malarious or non-malarious. Speaking of the good health of his men, he says, after the experience gained by Dr. McWilliams and communicated to the world in his admirable medical history of the Niger Expedition: "I should have considered myself personally guilty had any of the crew of the *Pearl* or of the *Expedition* been cut off through deluging the mangrove swamps." The perusal of his life or his journals shows us very clearly how much the cause of this disease are within the range and the duty of human control. It will yet come, that good drainage will be considered absolutely indispensable, and also that those who by necessity are located in malarial districts will not only know of quinine, but come to understand the entire system of self-care, of personal regimen, and of use of various bitters, by which they are to protect themselves from the bad air which introduces chills and fever into the system, or to fortify the system against its toxic and debilitating impressions.—Independent.

—There are some old newspapers in the land of Gutenberg and Faust. The *Frankfurt Journal* is 261 years old; the *Madgeburg Zeitung*, 253 years old; the *Leipsic Zeitung*, 221 years of age; and the *Jena Zeitung* has been issued 207 years. There are ninety-eight in all that are older than the present century, and two hundred and twenty-six that have reached the mature age of fifty years. In all Germany there are 4,413 newspapers, which is a pretty good showing for a country where there is such a stringent supervision of the press by the ruling powers.

—The art of not hearing should be taught in every well regulated family. It is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful and injurious to hear—very many which if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, distract from contentment and happiness—that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to their pleasure.

## To Consumptives.

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