

## Removal!

The SENTINEL Office has been moved into rooms one door east of Mace-  
ter's New Hotel, where we will be pleased to greet our friends in future.

It is suggested to Prof. Bell not to have his induction balance patented.

The Senate will organize with Senator Bayard as President of the Senate.

The court martial to try Sergeant Maxon, who attempted to shoot Guitteau, has been suspended for the present by order of Gen. Hancock.

The thirteen trees which Alexander Hamilton planted on his grounds in New York City in honor of the thirteen States of the Union are still standing.

"I am a stalwart of stalwarts, and Arthur is President now!" said the base assassin, Guitteau, as he sped the fatal shot from which President Lincoln lingered and suffered so long, and finally died.

Now that the sympathies and kind attentions of the people and officials can be of no further benefit to the distinguished victim of the wretched assassin, let the attention of the judicial department of government be immediately directed toward the punishment of Guitteau, and a fair and proper investigation of the Star Route iniquities, and see to it that "no guilty man escape."

A granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, Mrs. Maria Jefferson Eppes, visited the White House, Tuesday morning, and was shown over the rooms. She had with her the silver medal voted to Jefferson by the Continental Congress for his services to Liberty in drafting the Declaration of Independence.

Radicals claim it is unfair in Democrats to take advantage of the resignation of the two stalwarts, Conkling and Platt, and organize the Senate with Democratic officers. They seem to forget that the unfair and corrupt purchase of Mahone by radicals prevented a Democratic organization of that body last winter. They forget, too, that for the corrupt and lavish expenditure of money, and other base means, not only would the Senate be reliably Democratic, but a Democratic administration would now be in control of the affairs of the nation. It comes in bad grace from the party of Fraud Hayes, Lizo Pinkerton, Agnes Jenks, and others of like ilk, to insinuate that anything is unfair.

Stalwarts and half-breeds are not any more harmonious in the Empire State than they are in sister states. At Oswego, N. Y., on the 27th, great confusion prevailed in the Republican Convention of the First District. The result was two Conventions in the same room and two sets of delegates to the State Convention. On the same day there was a split in the Republican Convention in the Third Oneida District, and two sets of delegates elected. The more general this state of things becomes the sooner and more surely will the great interests of the people and the country be advanced.

## The Closing Scene.

The Last Sad Rites in Honor of our Nation's Dead.

How The Day Was Observed in Rensselaer.

Pursuant to a proclamation issued by President Arthur recommending the people of the United States to observe Monday, Sept. 26th, as a day of humiliation and mourning in honor of our late President James A. Garfield, the people of every city, town, village and hamlet in the Nation congregated at their various public halls and places of worship and there listened, with heads bowed low in deepest grief, to eloquent tribute to the memory of the memory of, and eulogies upon, the murdered Chief Magistrate. Words have failed to express the bitter sorrow and gloom that are seated deep in the heart of every true American citizen over the untimely and horrible demise of him whom we have all learned to love for his unswerving integrity as a statesman, for his noble devotion to his family and country, and for his unexampled courage, heroic bravery, and Christian bearing during the eleven long weeks he lay upon a bed of pain, suffering the most excruciating agonies, desperately striving to keep away from the grim monster death, not that he feared to die, but because he believed that his work on earth had not been finished. And every day since the fatal 2d of July, when this great man was stricken by the hand of the beastly assassin, have the prayers of the whole Nation, yea of the whole civilized world, gone to Heaven, beseeching Almighty God to spare this one precious life. But the

All-wise Judge has decreed differently. And let us learn a lesson of life from the earthly career of James A. Garfield, let us emulate his virtues, and strive as he did to bring about that "period to which hope looks forward with ardent joy, when one law shall bind all nations, tongues and kindreds of the earth—and that law will be the law of universal brotherhood."

## THE FUNERAL IN RENNSLAER.

The programme announced in our last issue for the memorial exercises was carried out in full at the opera house. The hall had been beautified and a fine portrait of Garfield, wreathed about with evergreens, entwined with grapevines, which was an engraving of the martyr after death, stood on a frame work of front of the stage, in plain view of the whole audience. Long before the hour announced for the commencement of exercises, the hall was filled and by the time the exercises had commenced standing room was at a premium and many were compelled to remain outside. The school children were arranged in order from the primary department to high school, and under direction of their respective teachers, marched to the opera house, where they occupied the gallery.

Following Mr. Babcock, the Rev. J. W. LODER spoke as follows:

President Garfield is dead! and a nation is plunged in grief. The dark death-shroud has at last enveloped him, and a nation mourns to day for the loss of her Chief Magistrate, and let us not think it unmanly or unpatriotic if our grief floods expression in tears.

The great heart of the Nation beats but at the portals of the tomb for Garfield—the nation's honored hero, revered President—is no more. Days, weeks, and months, we have watched and waited, hoped and prayed for his recovery. But an all-wise God has ruled it otherwise. Then let us bow with reverential awe, and humbly say—Thy will, O God, be done. For we must not forget that God rules among the Nations, and doeth as it pleases him.

Funeral Hymn—"When Our Heads Are Bowed With Woe"—by Choir, followed by prayer by Elder D. T. Halstead.

Hymn—"Asleep In Jesus"—by Choir.

The Rev. A. Taylor being absent, F. W. Babcock read the address prepared by the former, which is as follows:

The highest eulogy the living can bestow on those who have crossed the river of death is pronounced when the living can truthfully point to the life work of the dead and in noble deeds read such panegyrics as the heart, unaided by these noble exploits, could not conceive, nor human lips pronounce.

Apply this rule to the late President Garfield and we will, in some measure, realize the greatness of the nation's loss, and why he was so greatly loved and honored by all classes of people.

President Garfield is dead! Stricken down by the hand of the assassin. But before the nation had time to recover from the great shock it had received, thudding was flashed along the wires: "He is not dead—he may live."

And during all the intervening weeks we have watched and waited, hoped and prayed, while the terrible struggle for life went on. With what noble heroism and manly courage he met the monster at the portals of the tomb, and for eleven long weeks sustained the unequal contest, while we watched the progress of the conflict. How we learned to love him! We loved him not only from the countenance of a hero, but because he desired to live for himself alone—but for humanity, his country, and God.

His whole life, from boyhood up to the last hour of his life, is worthy our highest admiration. His industry, his truthfulness, his obedience and filial affection as a boy, encouraged his mother, his teachers and intimate friends to expect great things when he should become a man. And most grandly did the boy, on becoming a man, more than fulfill all their hearts ever dreamed, or their highest expectations ever pictured.

All the relations of life, as son, brother, husband, father, statesman and friend, he merits our highest praise. And when we remember that his noble heart and brilliant intellect were sanctified and consecrated to God and to his country by the power of prayer, and a living, active, practical Christianity, it would be marvelously strange and cruel if we did not mourn his loss.

Having to contend with the hardships of poverty in his youth and early manhood, gave him, in all after life, a most kindly fellow feeling for the honest poor and a disposition to help them bear their burdens and encourage them to ascend that ladder which starts from earth but whose top reaches to heaven.

A gentleman gave me the following incident which illustrates a marked trait in President Garfield's character, and shows why the common people "so truly and justly loved him": "A few months before the convention at Chicago," said this gentleman, "I was waiting for a train in the depot at Chillicothe, Ohio. There was an old lady there poorly clad, who seemed to be in a plain dressed gentleman, whom I supposed to be a farmer, stepped up to the old lady, answered her questions and gave her such help as her necessities required. Soon after I entered into familiar conversation with the old farmer, and presently asked his name, when he quietly answered, 'my name is Garfield.' This kindly treatment of that old lady," said the gentleman, "made me love him as I never loved a man before."

But while we honor and love him for his manhood and Christian deportment in the common walks of life, we know him best and are chiefly indebted to him for his life work as a Christian statesman. In his honest differences with others on national and political questions, he disagreed like a Christian, and as a Christian statesman he ever towered far above the ambitious and self-seeking politician.

No one, even in the light of political excitement, was ever able to successfully charge him with bribery or with the use of any dishonorable means in the accomplishment of his purposes. I doubt if there has ever been a statesman in our government who could point to a more upright life, or to a record pure and free from blemish than James A. Garfield.

But this great and good man, in the prime of life, and when his intellect so great, his ambition was so lofty and unselfish, his career was so brilliant and stainless; his domestic life was so beautiful and instructive; he was so patient under affliction and so brave in the presence of death; that all hearts were captivated, and by universal impulse proclaimed him the embodied genius of his nation, the typical man of the Anglo-Saxon people.

It is an honor not shared by another. It is a position above and beyond the reach of mortal ambition, not to be compassed by the plans of puny man. God, and God only, for His own wise purpose, prepared and conferred the distinction.

J. A. BURNHAM

speak as follows:

When the tender blossoms are blighted by the chilling winds of early spring-time, we have learned not to mourn. When the boughs—shaken by Antennae—fall, let their ripened clusters, we feel that we have no cause to complain.

But when the stately tree—bearing not the clinging vine—under whose spreading branches we have sought shelter from the drenching rain, or whose fruitage in the constantly recurring seasons we have placed high hopes, lies prostrate—ripened by the lightnings and uprooted by rule tempests—we feel that our loss can not easily be replaced.

Death, the dread "King of Terrors," grim and ghastly, now comes to meet that which the time expected to meet—it is the common lot of man.

But when passing the cradled infant and the hoary head of age, he places his seal upon the brow of the strong man in his prime—one around whom cluster dependent and dear ones, and on whose shoulders are placed as a confiding people, the care, responsibilities and interests of a nation—we feel that our loss is indeed irreparable.

Death to earth—dust to dust—ashes to ashes. To day, all that remains of James A. Garfield is, by friend and family, tenderly consigned to the resting place of the dead—and a nation is at peace.

How often we have seen in the private family circle, members contending, one with another, and sometimes proceeding so far as to give and receive blow for blow. But when the Angel of Death has darkened the threshold with his shadow, the voice of contention is hushed—the bickerings and strife have ceased—with saddened eye and bated breath, each with loving tenderness has done what he could for the stricken one till the dread summons was overpassed, and so sufferer passed beyond human aid. He who could defend the angel of death, when the performance of the last sad rites, was heard the falling earth as it descended like a mantle of death upon the coffin-sleeping.

So we, in the days that are past have had our differences and contentions. But to day I see before me no Republican—there is not a Democrat in this assembly—but members of one family we have met at a common shrine to pay the last tribute of respect to our fallen brother, the late President of our country.

It is said Death loves a shining mark. While the ship of State was battling with the billows of secession, brave Ellsworth, intrepid Lyon and gallant McPherson heard the pale bugler's summons. When that noble ship had outridden the storm of rebellion and was entering the port of peace, our noble Lincoln responded to the roll-call of the angels, and now, General Garfield, elevated to preside over 50,000,000 of civilized, enlightened and refined people, has laid down their sceptre in obedience to a superior power, and the people mourn.

There is not a mother in all the land but who feels that the death of James A. Garfield is the loss of her son. Not a man but what has lost a true friend. Not a wife but feels that it has lost a protector. And not a Christian who does not feel that he has lost a brother; and a nation weeps because we know we have lost a noble and beloved Chief Magistrate.

The bell that chimed so joyfully on his inaugural morn, now tolls the mournful funeral dirge for whom a nation loved, and for whom they now mourn, a nation from earth. But he is being done yet greater.

Generation after generation shall arise and pass away, but the name of James A. Garfield will never be forgotten. Nations, states, and all the great and glorious achievements of this nation, will be remembered.

Unlike some, I do not have forebodings of the future of the republic, for it securely rests upon the eternal rock of human liberty, while the great clock of freedom is swinging in the hearts of the people; and I rejoice in the faith that it will emerge from the gloom of darkness into light, as the stars and as enduring as the everlasting hills, and we ought to rejoice to-day, my countrymen, that though our honored and illustrious chief magistrate be dead and the land filled with mourning, that the words uttered by the departed here when the martyred Lincoln was so foully slain, are true to-day, "We the people, the government of the Union, will live."

And our hope was, our saint that is, James Abram Garfield, twelfth President of the United States of America, after a grand struggle for life with the grim tyranid death, in which heroism of the most sublime character was displayed, and which deeply impressed the fatal hand of the red-handed, hell-devoted, and half-bound ruffian which was crashing through the bone and blood of the nation's honored and illustrious chief on that black and never to be forgotten second day of July.

The Supreme Ruler of the Universe, in his infinite goodness, has granted us a blessing to his family, his country, and the world. To his tender, loving care. To his country by his noble patriotism. And to the world by his humble piety.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

"Nearer My God To Thee," the martyr's favorite hymn, was finely executed by the choir, following which

H. E. JAMES

delivered the following address:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—For the hour, the barrier removed, the differences of religion and of politics have disappeared, the distinctions of rank, of title and of social condition are forgotten. To-day, the spirit of common brotherhood asserts its supremacy over all these, and wherever there is civilization there is reverence for the memory of our dead president, regret for his untimely end, and sympathy for his bereaved family and mourning countrymen. For no other man, certainly for no other American, has the fountain of human sympathy been stirred so deeply as it is stirred to-day by the funeral of James A. Garfield.

The assault upon his life was so wicked, was so wanton, so without provocation, was so causeless and so cruel; his dissolution was so prolonged and attended with such fluctuations of hope and alteration, that the eyes of the whole world were drawn irresistably to his bed. Then followed the study of the man. His origin was so humble, his attainments so high, his character was so gentle and refined, his life so hope-

ful and pure; his accomplishments were so varied and graceful, his intellect so great; his ambition was so lofty and unselfish, his career was so brilliant and stainless; his domestic life was so beautiful and instructive; he was so patient under affliction and so brave in the presence of death; that all hearts were captivated, and by universal impulse proclaimed him the embodied genius of his nation, the typical man of the Anglo-Saxon people.

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## NEW SHOE STORE !!

We are here with a large lot of

## BOOTS

AND SHOES!

all new and fresh, right from the factories, bought as low as cash would get them, which we warrant No. 1.

Call and examine goods and prices. We warrant all goods against rippling. Making and repairing done by R. RALPH.

Campbell & Farden.

V. D. D. 33.

KERN's Old Stand, opposite Newell's House.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special inducements are offered you by the Burlington Route. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue. Sept. 1.

TO TRAVELERS.—The right is reserved to vary therefrom as circumstances may require.

NORTHWARD. STATIONS SOUTHWARD.  
1. Bradford 2. Aliquippa 3. Pittsburgh 4. New Castle 5. Monaca 6. Beaver 7. New Martinsburg 8. Rensselaer 9. Beaver Falls 10. Monaca 11. Aliquippa 12. Pittsburgh 13. New Castle 14. Beaver 15. New Martinsburg 16. Beaver Falls 17. New Castle 18. Pittsburgh 19. New Martinsburg 20. Beaver 21. New Castle 22. Pittsburgh 23. New Martinsburg 24. Beaver 25. New Castle 26. Pittsburgh 27. New Martinsburg 28. Beaver 29. New Castle 30. Pittsburgh 31. New Martinsburg 32. Beaver 33. New Castle 34. Pittsburgh 35. New Martinsburg 36. Beaver 37. New Castle 38. Pittsburgh 39. New Martinsburg 40. Beaver 41. New Castle 42. Pittsburgh 43. New Martinsburg 44. Beaver 45. New Castle 46. Pittsburgh 47. New Martinsburg 48. Beaver 49. New Castle 50. Pittsburgh 51. New Martinsburg 52. Beaver 53. New Castle 54. Pittsburgh 55. New Martinsburg 56. Beaver 57. New Castle 58. Pittsburgh 59. New Martinsburg 60. Beaver 61. New Castle 62. Pittsburgh 63. New Martinsburg 64. Beaver 65. New Castle 66. Pittsburgh 67. New Martinsburg 68. Beaver 69. New Castle 70. Pittsburgh 71. New Martinsburg 72. Beaver 73. New Castle 74. Pittsburgh 75. New Martinsburg 76. Beaver 77. New Castle 78. Pittsburgh 79. New Martinsburg 80. Beaver 81. New Castle 82. Pittsburgh 83. New Martinsburg 84. Beaver 85. New Castle 86. Pittsburgh 87. New Martinsburg 88. Beaver 89. New Castle 90. Pittsburgh 91. New Martinsburg 92. Beaver 93. New Castle 94. Pittsburgh 95. New Martinsburg 96. Beaver 97. New Castle 98. Pittsburgh 99. New Martinsburg 100. Beaver 101. New Castle 102. Pittsburgh 103. New Martinsburg 104. Beaver 105. New Castle 106. Pittsburgh 107. New Martinsburg 108. Beaver 109. New Castle 110. Pittsburgh 111. New Martinsburg 112. Beaver 113. New Castle 114. Pittsburgh 115. New Martinsburg 116. Beaver 117. New Castle 118. Pittsburgh 119. New Martinsburg 120. Beaver 121. New Castle 122. Pittsburgh 123. New Martinsburg 124. Beaver 125. New Castle 126. Pittsburgh 127. New Martinsburg 128. Beaver 129. New Castle 130. Pittsburgh 131. New Martinsburg 132. Beaver 133. New Castle 134. Pittsburgh 135. New Martinsburg 136. Beaver 137. New Castle 138. Pittsburgh 139. New Martinsburg 140. Beaver 141. New Castle 142. Pittsburgh 143. New Martinsburg 144. Beaver 145. New Castle 146. Pittsburgh 147. New Martinsburg 148. Beaver 149. New Castle 150. Pittsburgh 151. New Martinsburg 152. Beaver 153. New Castle 154. Pittsburgh 155. New Martinsburg 156. Beaver 157. New Castle 158. Pittsburgh 159. New Martinsburg 160. Beaver 161. New Castle 162. Pittsburgh 163. New Martinsburg 164. Beaver 165. New Castle 166. Pittsburgh 167. New Martinsburg 168. Beaver 169. New Castle 170. Pittsburgh 171. New Martinsburg 172. Beaver 173. New Castle 174. Pittsburgh 175. New Martinsburg 176. Beaver 177. New Castle 178. Pittsburgh 179. New Martinsburg 180. Beaver 181. New Castle 182. Pittsburgh 183. New Martinsburg 184. Beaver 185. New Castle 186. Pittsburgh 187. New Martinsburg 188. Beaver 189. New Castle 190. Pittsburgh 191. New Martinsburg 192. Beaver 193. New Castle 194. Pittsburgh 195. New Martinsburg 196. Beaver 197. New Castle 198. Pittsburgh 199. New Martinsburg 200. Beaver 201. New Castle 202. Pittsburgh 203.