

IN SLEEP ETERNAL.

The Body of America's Hero of
Heroes Consigned to
the Dust.

The Casket Bearing His Ashes Borne
to the Tomb by the
Hudson.

The Solemn Pageant Swelled by Bare-
headed and Sorrow-Stricken
Myriads.

The funeral pageant in New York in honor of Gen. Grant was the most imposing ever witnessed in the United States, or perhaps in the world. At 9:47 in the morning the great procession, under command of General Hancock, was set in motion at the City Hall. It marched north through Broadway, receiving continual acclamations from the intersecting thoroughfares, and when completely formed the number in line was fully 75,000 men. Marching compactly and rapidly, over five hours were consumed in passing Madison Square, and it was not until after 5 o'clock in the evening that the funeral-car reached the place of sepulcher in Riverside Park, where the remains were entombed with impressive ceremonies. The President, Vice President, members of the Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, Representatives, ex-Presidents, Governors of States, and Foreign Ministers were among the distinguished persons who participated in the demonstration. The entire city was clothed in the emblems of mourning, and the millions which viewed the pageant defied computation. We print below as full and accurate an account of the obsequies as our space will permit.

REMOVING THE REMAINS.

Final Scenes at the City Hall—The Funeral Car Started for Riverside.

Four o'clock had passed and the gray dawn had deepened into red daylight when the blue-coated veterans of Meade Post, of Philadelphia, 600 strong, came tramping up to the City Hall to the dirge music of the trumpets. The veterans

borne to the hearse. The steps were drawn away from the funeral car. Commander Johnson took his place in the center and immediately behind the funeral car. At his left and right on either rear corner of the car were Comrades Downing and Ormiston, of Wheeler Post, Saratoga. Next and directly behind these were representatives of the Loyal Legion abreast as follows: General John J. Milham, General C. A. Carleton, Paymaster George D. Barton, Lieutenant Colonel Floyd Clark, Lieutenant Colonel A. M. Clark, and Captain E. Blunt.

The clergy and physicians had paid respect to the remains by alighting from their carriages and accompanying them from the steps to the hearse. They then entered carriages on either side of the plaza near Broadway as follows: Rev. Dr. Newman, Bishop Harris, Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. Chambers, Rev. Dr. Field, Rev. Dr. Bridgman, Rev. Dr. West, Rev. Father Deshon, Robert Collier, Rabbi Brown, and Doctors Douglas, Shady, and Sands. Col. Beck, in command of the regulars, commanded his companies to position, Company A on the right and Company E on the left of the hearse. Colored men were at the bridges of the twenty-four black horses. Sixteen men of Meade Post, of Philadelphia, of which Gen. Grant was a member, abreast directly in front of the casket, and black leaders, and the Davids Island Band preceded them. A signal was given and the line of coaches with clergy moved of the plaza onto Broadway. The band stood waiting at the head of the funeral cortege. Col. Beck advanced to the head of the line of black horses before the coach. "Move on," were his words of command with uplifted sword. The leaders stepped forward, led by the colored men, and in an instant the black line of horses had straightened their traces and the wheels beneath the remains were moving. The hour was 9:47. The band played a dirge, the tramp of the regulars and honor guard beat upon the pave, thousands beneath the trees and crowding the sides of the square looked silently on, and the black funeral car rolled over the curb into Broadway. The black corridors of the City Hall were silent. Gen. Grant's last journey was begun.

THE PAGEANT UNDER WAY.

Starting the Solemn Cortege—Some of the Principal Persons in the Line.

The plan of the parade was in brief as follows: The band stood waiting at the head of the funeral cortege. Col. Beck advanced to the head of the line of black horses before the coach. "Move on," were his words of command with uplifted sword. The leaders stepped forward, led by the colored men, and in an instant the black line of horses had straightened their traces and the wheels beneath the remains were moving. The hour was 9:47. The band played a dirge, the tramp of the regulars and honor guard beat upon the pave, thousands beneath the trees and crowding the sides of the square looked silently on, and the black funeral car rolled over the curb into Broadway. The black corridors of the City Hall were silent. Gen. Grant's last journey was begun.

two: Senators Morrill, of Vermont, and Cockrell, of Missouri; Sherman, of Ohio, and Hanson, 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; Brown, of Georgia, and Kvarts, of New York. Congressmen Bliss, of Brooklyn, and Ward, of Chicago, rode together, and Gen. Bingham, of Tennessee, Wheeler, of Alabama, and Lowry, of Indiana, were in one coach. One of the carriages containing members of Gen. Grant's military staff carried Gen. Horace Porter, Rufus Ingalls, C. B. Comstock, and William S. Smith. In another rode Gen. Parker, Grant's Military Secretary during the war, who was present at the meeting between Grant and Lee at Appomattox, and still has in his possession the original draft of the terms of 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. Depauw, of Indiana, and Senator Blair, of New Hampshire. Governor Hill rode in a plain civilian's dress and black silk hat, together with his military secretary, Colonel L. W. Gillette. Seventeen staff officers, mounted, followed. Governor Hill was the only Governor who was attended by a mounted staff. Indian Commissioner Vincent Colyer, John K. Bolse, and John Charlton occupied seats in one coach together.

TO THE PLACE OF REST.

Incidents of the Progress of the Solemn Procession Through the City.

At Twenty-eighth street and Broadway the crowd was so great that those persons who stood nearest the street on the west side were forced into the roadway and so badly upon the members of the Forty-seventh (Brooklyn) Regiment, which was passing at the time, as to compel the mounted police to come forward and force them back. The streets up-town, paralleled with Broadway, were occupied by a throng which moved rapidly, with no apparent end in view. On Third avenue the shops were open, and

here and there along the road. In the midst of handsome residences were tucked numerous little huts. Rude in construction, patched with rough timbers, neither painted nor adorned, seemingly thrown together, they looked very plain and humble, and when some of the worn veterans reached this point in the line of march and saw fastened to these simple houses a narrow, bedragged, faded piece of black in token of the dead hero a deeper sense of sorrow went through these solid ranks. The foot-sore troops now found relief on the broad macadamized boulevard and the Riverside drive. To many of them the route was unfamiliar and it was a pleasant change to be beyond the rows of closely built dwellings, which obstructed the passage of the air and to see wide spaces of land not long to remain unoccupied, costly residences here and there, built with a full appreciation of the possibilities of the western part of the city; shanties of sovereign squatters; the broad Hudson, glistening in the sun and reflecting its unbragued banks, and the well-laid walks, smooth lawns and noble trees of Riverside Park. No less manifest was the popular disposition to pay tribute to the honored dead at this stage of the route than when the lines were formed at the City Hall. It was here that chiefly the humbler classes of society formed the human barrier on their side of the funeral throng. Their reverence in presence of the dead was apparent; the farther from brick walls the procession moved, the more strongly did nature impress the hearts of those who marched.

SERVICES AT THE TOMB.

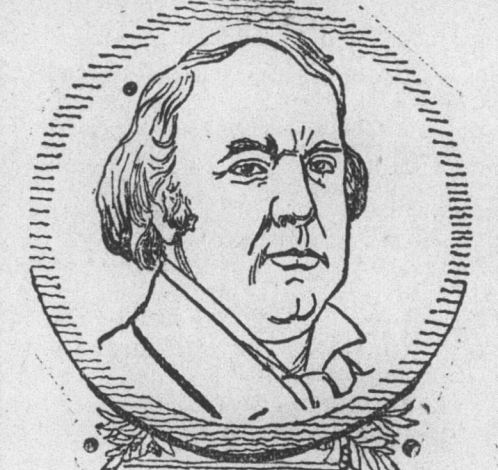
The Remains Laid Away Amid Simple but Impressive Ceremonies.

At 1:15 o'clock a squad of mounted police came up to the drive, heralding the entrance of the funeral cortege into the park, and sailors bearing curiously marked little flags ran to the edge of the bin and began to wave discharges to officers on the deck of Rear Admiral Jout's flagship in the river below. Two minutes later the procession came in view and the heavy guns

of respect to our late commander and illustrious comrade, U. S. Grant. Let us unite in prayer. The Chaplain will invoke the divine blessing."

Post Chaplain C. Irvine Wright then said: "God of battles! Father of all! Amidst this mournful assemblage we seek Thee with whom there is no death. Open every eye to behold Him who changed 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 comrade after comrade departs 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.' Heavenly Father! bless and save our country with the freedom and peace of righteousness, and through Thy great mercy, a Savior's grace, and Thy throne in heaven, and to Thy great name shall be praise forever and ever."

At the close of his address a grizzled bugler came out of the throng, and standing directly over the body, sounded "taps." Then Bishop Harris came forward, and while a gentleman standing near shielded his head from the sun, which beat fiercely down, he began the beautiful burial service, which commences, "I am the resurrection and the life." When he had concluded he read from Corinthians xv., 41, and following verses: "There is one glory of the sun and another of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another in glory," etc. Then Comrade Lewis E. Moore laid a wreath of evergreens on the casket, saying: "In behalf of the post I give this tribute, a symbol of undying love from comrades of the war." Comrade John A. Wiedersheim laid flowers upon the coffin and named them symbols of purity. Another wreath of laurel was laid upon the casket by Comrade J. A. Sellers as a last token of affection from comrades in



REV. DR. NEWMAN.

arms. Then Rev. Dr. Newman read the rest of the burial service. Then came an address by Rev. J. W. Sayres, Chaplain-in-chief of the Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R., in which he spoke, according to the formula prescribed for such occasions, of another comrade's march being over, whose virtues should be cherished, whose example all should emulate.

Then again came the grizzled bugler to the front. In his eyes were tears, and his lips quivered. With trembling arm he lifted the instrument to his lips, and there broke upon the still air the beautiful and sad notes of the soldier's long farewell, called by them "Rest." As he played the tears ran down his cheeks and the notes quivered soft and low. Grim Phil Sheridan turned and looked at the bugler. He put his hand to his face and then turned to that old war horse, Gen. Sherman, whose eyes were fixed on the player in sympathy. Little Nellie, too, peeped between the tall forms of the soldiers, and then looked askance at her father, whose head was bowed upon his breast. With the last quivering notes of the soldiers' "Good night," a gun from the Alliance in the river below boomed out. But one gun was fired, and as it echoed away in the Jersey hills the casket was placed in the steel case taken to the tomb. Undertaker Merritt closed the doors, locked them, and putting the key in a velvet-covered case, handed it to General Hancock, who gave it to Mayor Grant, the latter in turn delivering it to President Crimmins, of the Park Commissioners.

Just as the casket, inclosed in the cedar box and steel case, was placed in the tomb John Hawkins, the colored coachman who drove Gen. Grant, when President, stepped within the vault and reverently placed a bouquet of roses on the top of the steel case. When all was over the members of the family of the dead turned slowly away and entered their coaches. All the friends went away in their coaches, while the military departed some by railroad and some by steamer. The crowd dispersed as quickly as its enormous proportions would permit, and saved every means of conveyance to the utmost in the haste of its departure.

The work of sealing up the tomb began at 6:30 p. m. Fifty-six bolts of steel were driven into the outer wall of the case, making it absolutely air-tight and water-proof. At 11 p. m. everything being completed, Undertaker Merritt closed the great door with a huge key and handed it to Police Captain Beattie. Then the police formed and marched away, leaving the tomb in charge of Captain Freese, with a guard of eight regulars to act as sentinels for the night.

The hardest work of the day was that of the four stalwart men who walked beside the catafalque. They carried heavy poles with steel hooks at the ends, and with these pushed up all low-lying telegraph wires. The poles weighed twenty-five pounds apiece and were in constant use from the time the catafalque left the City Hall until long after the funeral was over. At Fifty-seventh street and Sixth avenue the obstructions were so near to the ground that the plums were removed to prevent its being knocked off the great hearse.

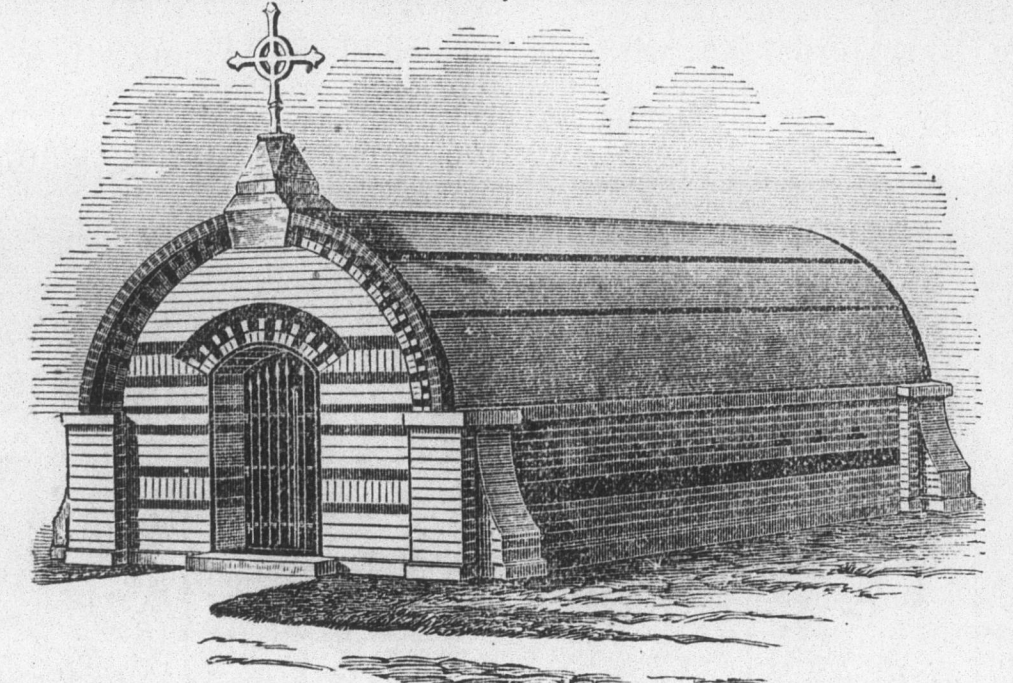


THE COTTAGE AT MT. MCGREGOR UNDER GUARD.

ELSEWHERE.

Honoring the Memory of the Dead Hero.

In all sections of the United States unprecedented honors were paid to the memory of the old commander. In Chicago the day was observed in a becoming manner, notwithstanding the inclement weather. The city was profusely draped, and business was universally suspended. The procession, which comprised many military and civic organizations and representatives of various branches of the public service, was one hour and a half in passing a given point. In the evening memorial services were held at Battery D Armory, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. In all the leading cities of the United States, and in hundreds of towns and villages, similar tributes were paid to the memory of the illustrious dead. At Baltimore, Louisville, Charleston, Atlanta, New Orleans, and many other Southern cities, demonstrations were made in which ex-Confederates took a conspicuous part. At the military posts the honors of war were accorded to the late Commander in Chief. The American legations abroad were closed during the day, and memorial services were held in Paris, the City of Mexico, and other foreign capitals.



EXTERIOR OF THE TEMPORARY VAULT.

entered the plaza and marched past, while muffled drums timed their footsteps. A heavy gun boomed out toward the sea. The chimes of old Trinity pealed mournful notes, and the sound of muffled drums grew fainter and died out. At 6 o'clock Wilson Post, of Baltimore, marched by, followed by a Chicago organization. The corridors had been picketed by fifteen police, while outside 135 men in uniform waited. The last guard of the Grant G. A. R. Post, save the thirteen who attended the body to the tomb, had been moved at 5 o'clock. At 6:30 Capt. Barry and men of the Seventy-first Regiment went on the plaza. Muffled drums and dirgeful trumpets marched in at one side and took position at the east side. The players constituted the Davids Island Military Band. At 8:30 Gen. Hancock and his brilliant staff trooped slowly into the plaza from Broadway and presented front to the City Hall, then moving to the end of the plaza on Broadway, where they rested.

At this time 100 members of the Liederkranz Society filed up to the steps, and, led by four instruments, sang with impressive effect the chorus of "The Spirits from Over the Water," Schubert, and the "Pilgrim Chorus" from Tannhauser. The guard of regulars filed into the open space at 6 o'clock, Company Fifth Infantry, under Col. W. B. Beck, and Company E, Twelfth Infantry, under Maj. Brown. The companies and guard of regulars were under the command of Col. Beck. The regulars took position beneath the trees opposite the City Hall and stood at rest. Then came the



ENTRANCE TO CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

original guard of honor that was on duty at Mount McGregor and which lifted the remains to-day. Filing into the corridors of the City Hall these took their places beside the remains, and these were under the command of John H. Johnson, Senior Vice Commander of Grant Post, Brooklyn.

At 9:35 the imposing funeral car, drawn by twenty-four jet black horses in black trappings, halted on the plaza directly in front of the City Hall steps. Inside the corridor Commander Johnson was waiting. "Columns in position right and left," was his command. The veteran guard of honor was erect. "Lift the remains," was the next command in clear but low tones. The twelve men stooped to the silver rails with gloved hands. "March," was the word. The body moved. Out upon the portico were born the remains. Commander Johnson immediately alighted from the head. Down the steps with measured tread across the open space to the steps of the black and white car. Commander Johnson stepped aside. The silver monuments glistened as the burial case and its honored burden was carried up and placed upon the dais in the mounted catafalque. The veterans retired down the steps. The body was alone for all to view, but deeply guarded. The honor guard, next to the hearse on either side, took the same relative positions they had maintained to the remains while being

regular army and navy contingents proceeded from the City Hall up to Thirty-fourth street the militia fell into marching order and closed in behind the hearse. The catafalque was then placed in line, followed by the mourners, the President and other distinguished persons in carriages. As these proceeded up Broadway the veteran troops wheeled into line and followed the "Holloway" organization moved in from side street after the veterans passed. By the time the last of the civic bodies joined the procession the head of it was nearly to Riverside Park.

Precisely 11:05 Gen. Hancock reached the head of the column, which was then at Twenty-third street and Broadway. Riding along the whole line of formation from the City Hall on his coal-black charger, in front of his brilliantly uniformed staff, he was the cynosure of all eyes. He rode with easy grace, and as the people caught sight of the commanding figure of Gettysburg they were inspired with expressions of admiration, which were only partly suppressed by the solemnity of the occasion. On arriving at the head of the column the General issued the order to march, and the mournful cortege began to move, wending its way slowly up Broadway to the solemn music of the bands, en route to Riverside Park.

The members of the Grant family, with the exception of Mrs. Grant, decided to await the arrival of the funeral procession at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Dr. Douglas joined them at the hotel at 9 a. m. Mrs. Grant was deeply affected during the meeting, and sobbed convulsively as she shook the hand of the physician who bore such an important part in the closing days of her father's life. At precisely 10 o'clock carriages drove up to the entrance, and the members of the family took seats in them as follows: Col. F. D. Grant, and Mrs. Sartoris and Mrs. Fred Grant took seats in the first carriage. The second carriage was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant and Senator Romero. Jesse Grant and wife entered the third. In the fourth were Mr. and Mrs. Cramer. The next carriage contained Gen. Creswell and wife, and was followed by Mr. Palmer and Mr. Honore. In another and last carriage were Mr. Morton and Mr. Drexler.

At 10:30 a. m. President Cleveland appeared at the entrance of the hotel and immediately entered his carriage. His carriage was accompanied by Secretary Bayard. The President was dressed in a plain black suit, black high silk hat, and carried an umbrella. Following the carriage of President Cleveland and those of the Grant family were carriages containing Vice President Hendricks and the delegations of the United States Senate and House of Representatives. These carriages formed in Twenty-third street, three abreast, in a line extending toward Sixth avenue, waiting the arrival of the catafalque. So sluggishly did the procession move that the funeral car did not reach Twenty-third street until 10 o'clock, and President Cleveland, having become tired of waiting, left his open carriage and returned to his room in the hotel, accompanied by Secretary Bayard. Vice President Hendricks followed their example soon after and returned to the reception-room on the west floor, where he was soon surrounded by a crowd of friends. The President's example was followed by many others, who were in carriages and who stepped out upon the sidewalk, and Twenty-third street for a time contained on its sidewalks a gathering composed of the leading Generals and statesmen of the country.

During the passage of the procession the desire to see the grand and imposing pageant was so great that many of the occupants of carriages which were to follow the funeral car clambered up and stood on the top of the coaches or occupied the seats of the drivers. At 12:30 p. m. President Cleveland appeared at a side window of the second story of the hotel and gazed long and earnestly at the vast crowd assembled in the streets and in Madison Square. After another long halt the procession again began to move forward, whereupon the President retired from the window, and when the funeral car approached he resumed his seat in the carriage.

The other carriages fell quickly into line without confusion. The Congressional committee and other officers from Washington were distinguished by broad white sashes. Speaker Carlisle and ex-Speaker Randall rode with Congressmen Blount, of New York, and Reed, of Maine. One carriage held Congressman John D. Long, of Massachusetts; and John Tucker, of Virginia; Ben Butlerworth, of Ohio, and Gen. King, of Louisiana. The Senatorial delegation paired off as follows, the Senators riding in

people seemed to buy and sell, though not very

When the escort had passed the Windsor Hotel, at Forty-seventh street, there was a break of at least three-quarters of an hour. The crowd had awaited the catafalque and the funeral car, but it did not come. The crowd in the street and the police were powerless. The widest rumors prevailed. It was said that the crowd had become so great and had pressed so close to the funeral car that it was impossible to move on. The crowd in that case would have fainted and ambulance surgeons were attending them. At 1:30 o'clock the crowds were driven back and the car proceeded. All along the line the police had great trouble with the crowd, which was quiet and respectful, but curious. The police detail was insufficient, and at Forty-second street the Eleventh Company, which paraded with the Eighth Regiment, was ordered out of line and charged on the crowd of angry spectators. One man was stabbed, but not seriously.

At Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, where center the wealth, luxury, and fashion of New York, the procession had fairly got itself into proper order and observance of distance between its subdivisions. Here, from a window of Secretary Whitney's house, the spectacle was at its best. Steady rebarbels in their plain earth more common than the grand uniforms of the trained to street marching, marines, and soldiers, their faces bronzed by tropic suns, marched well in order, while at the head, stately and strong, rode Hancock, "the Superb," as the crowd called him. He was the center of the mob, rather older and grayer, but even more impressive than when at Williamsburg he turned to his brigade and said: "Now, gentlemen, the bayonet."

The catafalque loomed solemn above the hushed crowd which lined the streets, the following carriages to some extent marring the funeral effect. This incongruity was forgotten, however, when the members of the Grand Army marched by. Here were the mourners—comrades and followers of the dead man in battle, faithfully paying their last tribute of respect. No attempt at pomp or ceremony marred this part of the column. These men in plain clothes implied the true genius of the republic and its saving strength in the stalwart courage which in the hour of the country's need could calmly lay down the implements of peaceful industry, substitute the musket, fight four years for a sentiment, and at the conclusion quietly drop back into the peaceful ranks of society. With admiration was mingled a feeling of sadness as the eye marked gray hairs and bent forms when memory recalled the fresh faces and vigorous figures of twenty years ago.

There were three blocks before the boulevard could be reached. The tired marchers who bravely kept their place in the line wiped their perspiration from their brows and curled their lips in slight contempt at those who had withdrawn. If there was a feeling in the breasts of any soldiers that there would be fewer eyes to gaze upon their glittering trappings it must have been quickly dispelled. The sea of faces was still unbroken, reverent heads were still bowed and bared while the black car rolled on. This was new inspiration for the tired cohorts. They held themselves more erect, the clanging limbs quickened their pace, the muffled drums beat with quicker rap; even the sable horses stiffened their ears and seemed surprised that the crowd of humanity was as thick as ever. On the river houses, on the lowering apartment building, which mark this part of the city, the mourning emblems were frequent. They were noticeable for the taste with which they were hung.

At Fifty-ninth street the escort was allowed the route-step. The grasp of the guns was loosened and the head of the column halted, and there was a chance for rest. "Forward, march!" came the order again. The ripple of the musket, the light four years for a sentiment, and at the conclusion quietly drop back into the peaceful ranks of society. With admiration was mingled a feeling of sadness as the eye marked gray hairs and bent forms when memory recalled the fresh faces and vigorous figures of twenty years ago.

of the warship, which for a few minutes had been silent, boomed forth again, a thunder of mournful greeting to the earthly remains of the greatest chieftain of his age. As the flames belched from the mouths of the heavy pieces of cannon, the reports went rolling back over the green old-world landscape, reverberating again and again like the sound of rumbling thunder in the distance. First came Gen. Hancock in an open carriage. His horse had taken sick at One Hundred and Fifth street, and the stately old warrior was compelled to use a carriage provided for just such an emergency. Behind him rode his staff in bright uniforms. Conspicuous among them could be seen the soldierly form of ex-Confederate Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and J. B. Gordon. The former rode between two Union officers, and wore a Derby hat of Confederate gray, while across his breast stretched a broad sash of material of the same color. Their ex-Confederate friends were there, and they talked in subdued tones of the days when they met on the battle-fields of the South.

When the hub of the column reached the circle within which is the tomb of the hero the soldiers marched down the carriage drive—infantry, marines and blue jackets—and were massed in pretty form on the knoll just to the north. Then came the Twenty-second and Seventh Regiments, which were drawn up in a long line in the western part of the park. Behind them were batteries of light artillery, whose pieces were trained and pointed toward the New Jersey shore. The heavily laden funeral car was so heavy that its progress was necessarily slow, so that it was more than three hours after the head of the column reached the tomb before the car came in sight. During the interval the companies of the Seventh Regiment marched over from their position, formed in a line, and covering their heads, passed through the narrow, temporary home of the loved dead, while they and others inspected the structure. The privileged few who held passes gathered within the enclaved inclosure of the vault, and in low tones talked of the dead hero.

From Claremont over the intervening trees came the tolling of a great bell, its sonorous notes falling heavily on the ear. At precisely 3:30 o'clock the sad strains of music gave notice of the approach of the catafalque, and the waiting soldiers came to order. In a few minutes string of carriages came into view and shortly drew up in front of the tomb. From them alighted, first, Rev. J. P. Newman and Bishop Barron, followed by Gen. Sherman, Gen. Sheridan and Buckner, Sherman and Joe Johnston, Gen. John A. Logan and George W. Boutwell. Then came the funeral car, preceded by the band and surrounded by the members of George G. Meade Post. Behind them were Gen. Sherman and coming slowly down between the ranks of soldiers at a present arms, were the family and mourners, among whom were President Cleveland, Vice President Hendricks, ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes, Senator John Sherman, and other notables. When the car had reached its place before the door of the tomb the Governor's Island Band, stationed on the knoll to the north, started to play, and as down the ranks muffled drums beat a sad tattoo. When the steps prepared for the purpose were placed at the back of the car the veterans of Meade Post who were chosen as pallbearers mounted to it, and under command of an officer below, bore the casket to the cedar box on the ground before the door.

Behind them came Colonel Grant, with his wife, his brother's wife, and little Nellie. They took their places to the south of the casket. President Cleveland and General Hancock were directly behind, while Dr. Newman, Bishop Harris, and the soldiers and prominent officials ranged themselves at the north and west sides. Following them were Gen. Sherman, Gen. Sheridan and the members of Meade Post stepped forward, and, as was their right, began the last services over the body of their dead comrade. The services were very brief. Post Commander J. Reed, stepping forward, said: "We are assembled to pay the last sad tribute