

(Continued from third page.)  
of popular indignation had swelled to its crest. Two men lay bleeding on one of the side streets, the one dead, the other next to dying; one on the pavement, the other in the gutter. They had said a moment before that "Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago." They were not allowed to say it again.

A telegram has just been read from Washington, "Seward is dying." Just then a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand and beckoned to the crowd. "Another telegram from Washington." And then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward, and a voice, clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out:

#### AN ELECTRIC APPEAL.

"Fellow citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"

The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the ground in awe, gazing at the motionless orator and thinking of God and the security of the Government in that hour. As the boiling wave subsided and settles to the sea when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. All took it as a divine omen. It was a triumph of eloquence inspired by the moment, such as falls to but one man's lot, and that but once in a century. Demosthenes never equalled it. What might have happened had the surging and maddened mob been let loose, none can tell. The man for the crisis was on the spot, more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris. That orator was General James A. Garfield, of Ohio, and in this hour we would like to repeat his own memorable words.

#### Wilkes Booth's Great Crime.

President Abraham Lincoln was shot and killed by John Wilkes Booth at 9.30 p.m., April 14, 1865, while sitting in a private box in Ford's theatre, Washington, with Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Harris and Major Rathbone. Booth entered the box from behind, placed the pistol close to the President's ear and fired, the ball entering the brain. Major Rathbone, who attempted to stop the assassin, was stabbed in the arm. The President was removed to the house of Mr. Petersen, on the opposite side of Tenth street, where he lingered until death, which occurred at twenty-two minutes past 7 on the morning of April 15. The last words written by Mr. Lincoln were on a card given to Mr. Ashman, who called at the White House, about half past 7 on the evening of the 14th. The card read:

Allow Mr. Ashman and friend to come to me at 9 a. m. to-morrow.  
A. LINCOLN.

April 14, 1865.  
As John Wilkes Booth sprang to the stage from the box he was heard to exclaim, "Sic semper tyrannus!" and "The South is avenged!" The details of the trial and execution of the assassin are too familiar to the general reader to require recapitulation.

**Garfield on the Murder of Lincoln.**  
The official report in the *Congressional Record* of Saturday, April 14th, 1865, recites that Mr. Garfield, in the House of Representatives, after prayer by Chaplain Boynton, moved to dispense with the reading of the Journal, and said: "Mr. Speaker, I desire to move that this House do now adjourn. And before the vote upon that motion is taken I desire to say a few words. This day, Mr. Speaker, will be sadly memorable so long as this nation shall endure, which God grant may be 'till the last syllable of recorded time,' when the volume of human history shall be sealed up and delivered to the Omnipotent Judge. In all future time, on the recurrence of this day, I doubt not that the citizens of this Republic will meet in solemn assembly to reflect on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln and the awful tragic event of April 14th, 1865—an event unparalleled in the history of nations, certainly unparalleled in our own. It is eminently proper that this House should this day place upon its records a memorial of that event." After a brief eulogy upon the late President and a pathetic allusion to the circumstances of his death, Mr. Garfield concluded: "It was no one man who killed Abraham Lincoln; it was the embodied spirit of treason and slavery, inspired with fearful and despairing hate, that struck him down in the moment of the nation's supreme joy. Ah, sir, there are times in the history of men and nations where they stand so near the veil that separates mortals from the immortal, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the beatings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this nation passed. When 250,000 brave spirits passed from the field of honor that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyr President to the company of the dead heroes of the Republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men. Awe-stricken by His voice, the American people knelt in fearful reverence and made a solemn covenant with Him and with each other that this nation should be saved from its enemies, that all its glories should be restored, and on the ruins of slavery and treason the temples of freedom and justice should be built and should survive for ever. It remains for us, consecrated by that great event and under a covenant with God, to keep that faith, to go forward with the great work until it shall be completed. Following the lead of that great man and obeying the high behests of God, let us remember that He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat. Be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet.  
For God is marching on.

At the conclusion of this peroration the House silently adjourned.

#### NARROW ESCAPE OF MRS. GARFIELD.

Railroad men say it was almost a miracle that the train which brought Mrs. Garfield to Washington was not wrecked and all on board killed. A parallel rod on

the side of the engine broke while the wheels were making 250 revolutions a minute. The rod is 12 feet long, 6 inches wide and 4 thick. The broken rod bounced with each revolution of the wheels, tore up the ties, and considerably damaged the engine. The train ran two miles before a stop could be effected, so great was the momentum attained. As the train flew by Bowie station the splinters of the shattered ties filled the air.

#### DOGGING HIS VICTIM.

The *Times'* Washington special says it appears Guitteau followed the President on Friday night from the White House to Blaine's residence. Guitteau then intended to shoot the President, but said he finally concluded it would be more glorious to assassinate him in broad daylight in a public place.

#### The Murderer's Condition.

The *Post's* Washington special says: Col. Crocker, jail warden, says Guitteau passed a restless night, and arose this morning with bloodshot eyes and somewhat nervous, but ate a hearty breakfast. He said to Crocker that he would like just one square meal from a hotel. He appears very anxious about Garfield's condition, and earnestly hopes he will die, so that the Republican party may be united. He says he does not fear for himself, as he knows the Stalwarts will take care of him. Crocker regards him as a fanatic on politics. He says on some subjects the man talks brightly and intelligently. He does not regard him as insane by any means, but thinks he is not a man with a correct judgment on all points. A photographer visited the jail yesterday to take a picture of Guitteau. Guitteau at first objected, saying he desired to have it taken in first-class style by the best photographer in the country. Being informed that the photographer was one of the best, he consented, and was brought down from his cell by Crocker and his assistants. He immediately walked up to the photographer and said, "I am the person who wants his photograph. Now I want you to do me full justice. See that you get the correct expression of my eyes." He buttoned up his coat, brushed back his hair with his hands, and arranged his necktie. He took a standing position by a chair, with his head thrown back, and assuming an air of great importance, inquired if that was not an excellent position. Being told he was standing rather stiffly, Guitteau told the photographer he supposed he knew his own business, and could arrange himself to suit himself. Eight different styles of pictures were taken. The expression of Guitteau's face, as shown in photographs, is not that of an insane man, nor yet that of an intelligent man. The face is unshaven, the eyes large and apparently grey, and the hair out rather close.

Some excitement was occasioned in New York yesterday by the reported discovery of a plot to take Conkling's life. All sorts of similar wild rumors are afloat. One thing does appear certain, and that is that Conkling deems it advisable to keep away from Albany just now, as the popular feeling against him in the New York State capital is so intense that some of the more unreasonable citizens are prepared to give him a warm reception.

#### Mrs. Garfield's Bravery.

The President waited anxiously for his wife's arrival, which was delayed by the breaking down of the engine seventeen miles outside of Washington. At 6.30 p.m. on Saturday Mrs. Garfield was met by her son, James A. Garfield, jun., Mrs. James, and Attorney-General MacVeagh. She placed her hands in those of Mrs. James, and directing a piercing inquiry into her eyes, exclaimed interrogatively, "Well?" "Oh, everything is going on beautifully," said Mrs. James, in reply, "only he must not be excited. You must be very calm when you meet him." Mrs. Garfield had nerved herself for the ordeal, and she answered simply, but with great firmness, "I can do it." The party then went sadly up the stairs, young James A. Garfield with his arm about his mother's waist. Arrived in the library, everybody but Mrs. Garfield paused, and the doctors withdrew with bowed heads from the President's chamber. Mrs. Garfield passed quickly in, and the door was closed. Of that solemn meeting between husband and wife no record will ever be given. The two were alone together, without witnesses. At the end of about 15 minutes the door opened, and Mrs. Garfield came slowly out. There were no tears in her eyes, and she walked with a firm step and took her seat in the library. She was very brave and bore up nobly under the great blow which had fallen upon her. As she left the room Mrs. James passed in. The President was smiling, and he beckoned with his finger to the lady to approach. She leaned over the President and he said, "Have you met Crete?" Mrs. Garfield's Christian name is Lucretia, and Crete is the petname by which the President always speaks of her. "Yes, I have met her," said Mrs. James. "And how does she act? how did she bear it?" was the next eager question. "She bore it like the true wife of a true soldier," answered Mrs. James. "Ah, the dear little woman," exclaimed the President. "I would rather die than that this should cause a relapse to her." Soon after Miss Mollie entered the room. She, too, was very brave, and forced herself to assume a calmness which she could not feel. Advancing steadily toward her father as he lay on what was supposed to be his death-bed, she said: "Oh, papa, I'm so glad to get back to you, but I'm so sorry to see you in this way." Then she kissed him, and the President, putting his arms around her neck, exclaimed: "Mollie, you're a brave, good little girl." "Well, I'm not going to talk with you now," said the stout-hearted little girl, as she tenderly removed his arm from her neck; "wait till you get well," and with these parting words she kissed him again and turned and walked from the room, followed by a beaming smile from the President.

From the moment of Mrs. Garfield's visit to him the President seemed to gain in strength and spirits, and if he recovers the doctors say that it will be due greatly to the presence of his devoted wife. After Mollie had left him he turned over, and with one hand clasped firmly in one of Mrs. James', and his head resting upon her other hand, he fell into a gentle sleep. In half an hour, however, he awoke and complained of a pain in his feet. It did not

last long and he dozed off again, still holding the hand of Mrs. James. This time he slept a little over half an hour, and when he awoke he said to Mrs. James: "Do you know where Mrs. Garfield is now?" "Oh, yes," Mrs. James answered, "she is close by, watching and praying for her husband." He looked up to the lady with an anxious face, and said: "I want her to go to bed. Will you tell her that I say if she will undress and go to bed I will turn right over, and I feel sure that when I know she is in bed I can go to sleep and sleep all night. Tell her," he exclaimed with sudden energy, "that I will sleep all night if she will only do what I ask." Mrs. James conveyed the message to Mrs. Garfield, who said to herat once, "Go back and tell him that I am undressing." She returned with the answer, and the President turned over on his right side and dropped into a quiet sleep almost instantly.

It is stated that should the President recover Guitteau will have a hearing and examination by a board of physicians on Aug. 2nd.

Judge Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, states that no amendment could be made to the constitution for punishment by death for an assault upon the President. He said: "We regard the President merely as the Chief Magistrate, and do not connect with his person any sacred attributes. He is merely the people's representative for a term elected, and cannot be regarded as the personification of the Government."

A demented woman forced her way into the Mayor's office at Brooklyn yesterday, and insisted on seeing her husband. "You have killed my husband!" she said, "and I must see him." In a mild sort of way she said her name was Garfield and her husband was President of the United States. She went to the Comptroller's office where a similar scene occurred, after which she wandered out into the streets.

The N.Y. Chamber of Commerce met this morning to take action on the attempted assassination of Garfield. Speeches were made and appropriate resolutions adopted. Forty thousand dollars towards a fund for the family of the President were subscribed in less than five minutes. It is intended to raise \$250,000, which will be invested in United States bonds, the income to be paid to Mrs. Garfield during her life and at her death the principal to be equally divided among her children. The following subscribed \$5,000 each: Cyrus M. Field, Drexel, Morgan & Co., Jay Gould, C. P. Huntington, S. B. Chittenden and D. Willis James. The following subscribed \$1,000 each: Jas. B. Colgate, J. B. Trevor, Percy R. Pyne, Jesup Paton & Co., C. Lanier, Field, Lindley & Co., J. Seligman and W. Fogg.

In reply to a telegram announcing this fact, Postmaster-General James said: "Your despatch has been delivered to Mrs. Garfield. On receipt of it she remarked that there was so much that was touching and beautiful in the sympathy of the people of the whole country that she did not dare to trust herself to think of it."

A Washington special says: Crowds daily visit the depot where the shooting occurred. A showman tried to buy the fixtures from the company, but the company resolved to keep everything intact. The first bullet fired by Guitteau has never been found, and some think only one shot was fired. The Attorney-General said yesterday that the papers found on Guitteau would soon be made public. There was nothing important in them.

District Attorney Corkhill says no action will be taken regarding Guitteau's case till the results of the President's wounds are finally determined. In reference to the papers taken from Guitteau, Corkhill says: "They are not very important. The only very important thing is a full detailed history of the crime from its inception to its culmination, that in due time will be given to the public. I think it exceedingly cruel, considering the fevered state of the public mind on this subject, and the horror with which every man regards the assassin, that any man's name should be mentioned in connection with him. He is an egotistical, presuming, dishonest man, and to mention the names of citizens who have had relations with him at this time is improper and unjust. The matter to which I refer is a detailed statement of the crime, why it was done, when it was done, and just why it was done, given me by the prisoner himself after I told him certain facts I had obtained. There are no startling revelations that will be developed. From present indications the assassination was a cold-blooded, premeditated attempt at murder by a man that knew what he was doing, and the consequence of his act. I have no question that the man is rational and sane."

A Baltimore gentleman has lent a thoroughbred Alderney cow to the President, so that he may have pure milk during his illness. The cow will be pastured in the grounds of the Executive mansion.

Prof. Newcomb proposes to detect the position of the bullet in the President's body by a magnetic arrangement, which will drive a delicate wire that will come to a halt when it strikes the ball. If this is successful, the ball will be removed.

Col. Ingersoll says he lent Guitteau money with which the latter bought his pistol. The stranger who was with Guitteau when the latter purchased the pistol is being looked for. It is thought that until this person is found, and he accounts for his movements, we may not know all the facts about the assassination.

It is stated the President less than ten days ago told a friend he was seriously considering the question of sending a special message to Congress on the subject of civil service, which would recommend that nearly 75 per cent. of the federal offices be taken from the control of the executive and remanded to the people. His idea seemed to be to make postmasters elective. As the matter now stands a great deal of the President's time is occupied in listening to and passing upon applications of office-seekers.

Dr. Osborn, a venerable Wesleyan minister, is likely to be the next President of the English Wesleyan Conference. The choice virtually lay between him and the Rev. William Arthur, but the latter has waived his claims in favor of those of the senior minister. The occurrence of the great Wesleyan Ecumenical Council in October next gives special importance to this election, because the President of the Conference will preside over the deliberations of that meeting.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

### Weekly Budget of Interesting Notes.

(Compiled by a Practical Agriculturist.)

#### Loading Hay.

To properly dispose of the hay as it is pitched upon the wagon requires considerable skill. Long, wide and low loads are much better than the opposite, for both the pitcher and loader; besides, there is much less danger of the load slipping off, or the wagon being upset by an inequality in the surface of the field. If a horsefork is used for unloading, the person who manages the loading should bear this in mind, and so place the hay as it is pitched to him, that the fork will work to the best advantage.

#### Top-Dressing Meadows.

As soon as the first cut of grass is made, an application of well-rotted, finely divided manure may be made with very profitable returns. The manure protects the exposed surfaces of the base of the grass plants from the heat of the sun, and furnishes the necessary nourishment to the roots of the plants. A new growth is soon produced, making the land profitable either as a pasture or for a second mowing.

#### Quickly Maturing Live Stock.

The best beef is young beef, reaching its greatest point of superiority at from two to three years. The same is true of sheep and swine. A wether, for the best mutton, should be in market at two years. As a general rule, a 250-lb. pig is much better in quality and more profitable than a hog that weighs 500 lbs. The point of appreciation of quickly maturing animals is being reached, though somewhat gradually, and it remains to improve the various breeds, especial regard being taken to carefully select those animals to breed from that come to maturity at an early age.

#### London Purple-Paris Green.

We are often asked which of these poisons we prefer for killing potato beetles and other insects. That either, properly applied, will be equally fatal to the insects we do not doubt. The "green" poison is one which has to be made directly from some compound of arsenic and another of copper. The "purple" poison is a "by-product"—that is, one incidentally formed in the manufacture of some of the new dyes. Formerly it was a difficult matter to get rid of it; now that it can be used as an insect poison, it is afforded at a much lower price than a preparation that must be made. These are well known facts. The vendors of the "purple" claim that their poison is so cheap that it would not pay to adulterate it, and that it is always of the same deadly quality. That Paris green is sold at several prices by the makers, shows that it is not all of the same quality. In purchasing Paris green it is better to always get the best, as it is easier to mix it with the plaster or other inert substance than to pay the manufacturer for doing it. N.B.—Whoever of these poisons is used, let its storage, mixing and application be entrusted only to those who are aware of its deadly nature. As a matter of safety, the farmer should look to this himself.

#### Pruning Tomatoes.

Many persons find much profit in pinching back the branches of the tomatoes; and it is a good practice when judiciously done. It may be overdone, however, and injury result. In the first place it is no use to attempt it after the flowers have fallen. The idea is to force the nourishment into the fruit at the earliest start; for it is at that time that the future fate of the fruit is cast. A few leaves beyond the fruit is an advantage. It is only the growth that is to be checked. And then much damage is done by taking off the leaves as well as the fruit. The tomato plant needs all the leaves it can get. It is only the branches that is to be checked in their growth. No one who has not tried it can have any idea of how valuable the leaves are to the tomato plant. One may for experiment take off most of the leaves of the plant and he will find the flavor insipid and every way poor. Of course it is the peculiar acidity of the tomato that gives it so much value to all of us; but the acid from a tomato that has ripened on an insufficient amount of foliage is disagreeable to most tastes. The same principle has been found to work in managing grape vines. The man who judiciously pinches back the branches does well; but he who strips off the foliage to "let in the sun and the air" generally finds that he has made a bad mess of it.

#### Crops for Sandy Soils.

Rye is the best grain crop for sandy land. The plant can be raised to good advantage not only for the grain it affords, but for the straw, which can be disposed of at good prices to paper-mills when they are not too great a distance. It is also an excellent crop to raise for summer or winter pasture. It may be sown between rows of standing corn and fed off after the crop is harvested. In May what remains can be turned under by the plough for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. It can also be sown on the land from which a crop of early potatoes has been taken off and devoted to the same purposes as that raised in a corn field. The fertility of sandy soils is soon exhausted unless special pains are taken to apply fertilizers of some kind. The cheapest method of enriching sandy soils is that of ploughing under the green crops that are raised on them after an early crop is harvested. Lime acts favorably on sandy soils, especially after green crops have been turned under. Gypsum, or land plaster, is another good mineral manure for sandy soils. It increases the growth of clover and potatoes, is cheap, and easily applied. The earlier varieties of potatoes usually do better on sandy low land than the later sorts. Buckwheat can generally be raised to good advantage, both on account of the grain and the stalks, which serve as manure. Clover succeeds much better on sandy soils than the true grasses. It furnishes food for stock, while the roots help to enrich the soil. Melons, squashes and pumpkins all do well on soils abounding in sand, and the like is true of all kinds of pears. A soil which is quite sandy will produce a good crop of northern sugar cane, and some of the best samples of syrup and molasses

produced last season were made from cane grown on land that was considered as too poor to raise a paying crop of corn. A sandy farm is unsuited for dairy purposes. Permanent pastures cannot be maintained on it, and these are essential to the production of the grasses that afford the best milk. A sandy farm will not carry a large amount of stock unless the system of preserving fodder in silos is practiced. As a consequence the fertility of the soil must be kept up by green manuring.

#### Miscellaneous Notes.

Out of 3,216 tubs of butter recently arrived in Glasgow, Scotland, from the United States, only 1,467 were pure; 1,750 contained oleomargarine and butterine.

The canker-worm is doing great damage to the apple orchards in central Illinois. Birds that devour insects are more plenty than usual, but the supply of food is much greater than the demand.

Mrs. Witbeck, of Watervliet, between Albany and Cohoes, raises 10,000 quarts of choice strawberries on five acres of light, sandy soil, abundantly manured, from which she receives a revenue of some \$3,000 a year. The lady cultivates twelve varieties and pays great attention to the raising of seedlings.

Many are not aware that two crops of melons can be produced from the same roots by the following plan: On the 1st day of July throw three or four shovels of dirt on the root of the vine, and soon suckers will start out. After the original melon has been pulled, trace back the branch that bore it, and cut it off six inches from the sucker. If foul, use a hoe, but do not plough them, as it would tear up the large roots.

A newly varnished carriage is liable to spot. To prevent this, some wash the carriage two or three times in clean, cold water, applied with a sponge instead of using a hose. This will help harden the surface and prevent it, to some extent, from being injured by the mud or water getting splashed on the job. Never let mud dry on the surface and then wash off, expecting to see no spots on the varnish. You will certainly be disappointed, and the only way to remedy the evil will be to have it revarnished. Soft water is better than hard water for the washing of carriages, as the lime which is in the hard water is very liable to injure the varnish.

It is often the case that cows come in after grass has become lush, and there is danger that they may have swelled udders, and that milk fever or obstructed teats may occur. When cows coming in thus late are in good condition, it is better to keep them off from grass altogether, confining them to the stable for two or three weeks before calving, and for a week or ten days afterward. By that time the stiffness and swelling will disappear from the udder, and the milk will flow with freedom. They may then gradually be put out to grass without injury. During the time they are kept from grass they should be allowed to drink all the pure water they desire, as it allays inflammation, which it is important to guard against at this special period.

#### A DANCING PROCESSION.

Commemoration of the Anniversary of a Frightful Plague.

A writer in Berlin says that not far from those places of rendezvous for all nations of the civilized world, a spectacle has been attracting the curiosity of thousands, which leads us back to the depths of the middle ages, although it is repeated year by year. I am speaking of the village of Echternach and its far-famed dancing procession. From 15,000 to 20,000 pilgrims—I could not obtain more accurate information about the numbers—assemble on some meadows within Prussian territory, but close to the confines of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. The inhabitants of different villages—men and women apart—collect behind their clergymen, and a band of musicians is placed in the front. As the clock strikes 5 on Tuesday morning in Whitsuntide, a priest walks up the steps of a rude wooden pulpit, and thence addresses the multitude, then already swollen to an incredible extent by sightseers, who come by special trains and every imaginable vehicle, to be present at the performances. The community which happens to be nearest the road stands forth, preceded by their priest, who, however, does not dance. Two men or two women hop away first two steps in advance, and then one backwards, the band playing a most monotonous tune. "Abraham had seven sons, seven sons; seven sons had Abraham," are the words to this terrible melody, which each successive set, as they join the procession, take up with increasing vigor. Hour after hour passes away before the last people have started on their miles of way to the foot of the Church of St. Willebrod, whence they go up fifty steps, round and round the altar and finally descend the fifty steps. Nothing can exceed the excitement and exhaustion among the dancers old and young. Great are the numbers of those who, in spite of an occasional draught of water, offered by charitable bystanders, sink down on the grass or on the dusty road not to rise for hours.

The question is naturally asked, what does all this mean? The answer is: It is intended to perpetuate the remembrance of a frightful epidemic of St. Vitus dance, which carried off hundreds of victims in the neighborhood referred to sometime in the fifteenth century, to offer up prayers and vows to the patron saint, to recognize a miraculous cessation of the epidemic, and it is a fulfilment of vows then made that, in gratitude, there should be yearly dances performed—two hops forward and one backward, as closely resembling the visitation from which heaven had delivered them as rhythm and good taste would allow.

Reports of Bismarck's health are most doleful. He has been ordered by his physicians to observe a complete abstinence from his work, and to be kept in close confinement to his room. He thinks he is dying.

Are you bald? Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the only cure for baldness, has been improved, so that it is now the most delightful dressing in the world. The only real natural hair restorer ever produced.

It has been resolved to hold a national fisheries exhibition in Edinburgh in 1892.