

over the mob, he advised them to 'burn up the rebel seed, root and branch.' At this moment two men, one dead and the other dying, lay on the street. They had said that 'Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago.' Suddenly some one raised the shout, 'The *World*, the *World*,' and ten thousand people started for the office of that newspaper. Just then a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd. The people stood still, expecting further news. In the awful stillness that followed he lifted his right hand towards the heavens, and in a voice clear and steady, loud and distinct, said: 'Fellow citizens, clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is in dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the habitation 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 His providence over the Government and the nation. The tumult was stilled. It was a triumph of eloquence, a flash of inspiration, such as seldom comes to any man, and then only when a great crisis makes it necessary. The speaker was James A. Garfield."

At the Chicago Convention, when the members of that assembly, together with the immense audience present, were thrown into incontrollable excitement by the thrilling utterances of party leaders, those lips, now closed forever, were opened to utter a brief but memorable speech, in which they spoke the sentiments of all good men and true, and taught that seething multitude that it was not in agitation and disturbance, but in the calm decisions of unbiassed and thoughtful men that the nation's strength lay. He said:

"MR. PRESIDENT.—I have witnessed the extraordinary scenes of this convention with deep solicitude. No emotion