

"LITTLE PHIL" AND HIS TROOPERS.

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THE LIFE  
OF  
GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

*Its Romance and Reality:*

HOW AN HUMBLE LAD REACHED THE  
HEAD OF AN ARMY.

THE CAREER AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF THIS MASTERLY LEADER  
OF MEN IN BATTLE; REALISTIC DESCRIPTIONS OF THE  
MARCH, RAID, AND CHARGE OF THE HORSEMEN; AND  
GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF OTHER GREAT CAVALRY LEADERS.

BY FRANK A. BURR,

OF THE SECOND MICHIGAN CAVALRY, AUTHOR OF THE "LIFE AND DEEDS OF GENERAL  
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RADICAL LEADERS," "HAND-BOOK TO ARIZONA," "POPULAR LIFE OF WILLIAM H.  
SEWARD," "REPORT ON IRRIGATION IN THE UNITED STATES," ETC.

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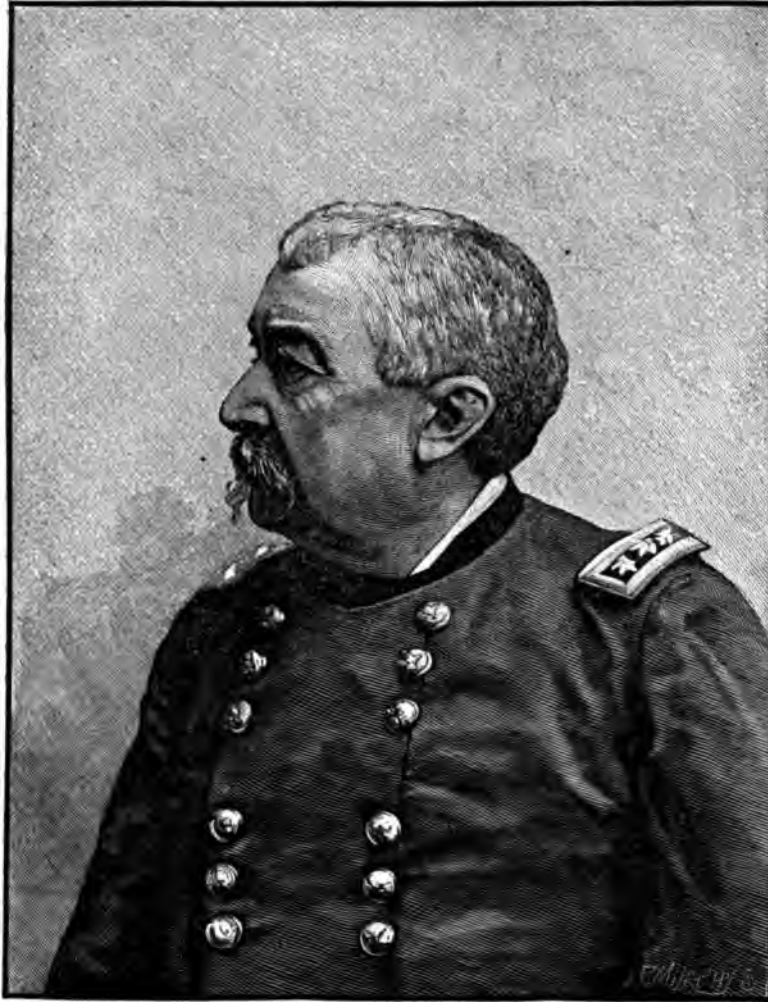
# Philip Henry Sheridan.

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Nor King, nor Peer, nor privileged Knave who stole  
From Labor's aching thews its scanty dole,  
On this Man's sword a hireling's lien did hold !  
No Master's pride unto the victor's goal,  
Nor Statecraft's whim in mean or lofty role,  
To his brave brain gave fire or wish so bold !  
Life's fame on larger lines than Patriot's mold,  
His Duty simple cast in grander whole !

We hold all dear who for our Union fought,  
We love the Brave who for Liberty hath wrought,  
And this strong Man whose service rose so grand,  
Revered will be while memories burn  
Like some clear white light out centuried urn,  
As one, in truth, who knightly did command !

—Richard J. Hinton.



PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN.

*[From a Recent Photograph.]*

# CHAPTER XXX.

## SHERIDAN'S LAST RIDE.

LYING IN STATE — QUAIN AND QUIET ST. MATTHEW'S — THE WIDOW'S LAST FAREWELL — THE DECORATIONS AND CATAFALQUE — CHANTING THE REQUIEM — SCENES IN THE CHURCH — THE DISTINGUISHED CONGREGATION — ALTAR BOYS AND DOMINICAN MONKS — CARDINAL GIBBONS' SERMON — THE FUNERAL PAGEANT — BUGLER KIMBALL SOUNDS "TAP-TAPS" — "PUT OUT THE LIGHTS" — "GOOD-NIGHT" — HISTORIC ARLINGTON AND SHERIDAN'S GRAVE.

THE Church of St. Matthew's, on the corner of Fifteenth, and H Street Northwest, is a plain, simple, puritanical structure, at first glance to a stranger's eye looking quite unlike a Catholic Church. It was the centre of attraction on the 10th of August, for the body of a beloved soldier of the Republic lay there in state, ere removal to its final resting-place at Arlington.

Before the public was admitted, just before 8 A. M., Mrs. Sheridan, accompanied by her father and mother, General and Mrs. Rucker, her sisters, and Colonel M. V. Sheridan, entered the simple church building. A special requiem mass was celebrated by the pastor, Father Kervick, and then the church was left to the wife and mother and her sacred dead. Ere the attendant guard of honor retired, the coffin lid was removed for the first time since leaving Nonquit, so that the face and bust of the dead lover and husband might be seen by his devoted companion. Who shall intrude upon that holy communion — that sacred association of the "quick and the dead"? In solemn stillness — alone — the sorely afflicted lady was left to such sorrow and yet such rapture of resolve as may well be supposed to commingle over so beloved a form. At last the father and mother stole in, and found their dear one kneeling still over her dead. Gently they carried her away, with that last look, that last treasured glance of his marble face and noble head to be carried forever in her memory. Only once more was the lid unfastened. That was when John Sheridan, the general's elder brother, a veteran of the ranks, an employing printer in Ohio, arrived from his home, and desired to once more look upon his famous

brother's face. He is a middle-aged, portly man, looking like the father, and as he bowed over the casket the suppressed sobs of a strong man's sorrow were heard by those in attendance.

All day the sympathizing people passed through the church and in long lines around the coffin. It was Mrs. Sheridan's wish, and in accord with her conception of the general's desires, that the lid was not removed. The interior they saw was solemn and mournful in its ensemble. The scant light through the stained glass windows and the flickering light of a dozen wax tapers but dimly outlined the scene about the altar, while giving added sombreness to the heavy drapings of crape that hung from ceiling, balcony, and pillar. Immediately before the altar, on high successive pedestals, forming a graceful apex, rested the coffin. To the left, with white-gloved hands folded across his breast, stood an artillery-man in full uniform, with short sabre swinging at his belt, keeping silent guard over his silent charge. On either side of the catafalque, slender marble tables supported tall candelabra in which burned dimly the tapers required in such church services. At the corners and further back, were other candelabra unlighted, waiting for the final mass and burial. Further back stood the red throne erected for the cardinal, and a pair of draped flags lent a background of slight color to the dark decoration of the chancel.

Over the coffin was loosely thrown, in sash-like folds, a heavy silk American flag, the red and white stripes falling gracefully on one side, and the blue ground with gold stars dropping on the other. Buried in the soft folds on the top of the casket was the dead general's sabre, with the names of all his battles and their dates engraved along the scabbard. The sash of his rank, woven with yellow silk and gold thread, lay folded across the top, and the heavy gold tassels fell on one side. The black-plumed chapeau was there, not looking new and unused, but showing such marks of service as the general had given it. At the head of the coffin, as one approached the altar, a tall flagstaff rose high above, bearing the identical corps flag which Sheridan had used at the close of the war. This was that oriflamme of red with a white star on one side and a white ground with a red star on the other, which had led the way into many bloody fights and many a brilliant victory. It was the rally flag he waved at Winchester. It swung heavily in the smoky-laden atmosphere of the Wilderness. It was seen in the desperate charges of Todd's Tavern; on the field where Stuart fell; at Trevilian Station; from Staunton to Charlottesville; it rustled angrily in the Homeric fury of Five Forks, and waved in commanding hostility when Lee made his last effort just before the surrender. It

is not an established flag, but the colors are of such design and pattern as the commander of a corps may choose as his distinguishing mark. Two other old flags, of designs now forgotten and out of service, were back of the coffin. One was the blue cavalry guidon carried by Sheridan's troops in some of his earlier cavalry raids. Now the guidon is of yellow, not blue, and of a different pattern. The other flag held associations of the hero's early battles, and was that of his division headquarters at Perryville and Stone River; in the Tullahoma campaign, marching, fighting, and bridge building; at the front, flaring on the fateful field of Chickamauga, and rising in triumph up the rock-ribbed sides of Mission Ridge, until, moving over its crest, this soiled, frayed, ragged, battle-riven emblem became the oriflamme of victory.

The fronts of both galleries were covered with large flags caught up at intervals with broad bands of black. Above the entrance on the front of the organ loft were grouped regimental and cavalry flags, fastened together by a knot of black, with black streamers. The altar was heavily draped. The candelabra and the marble figures on either side were draped with black. Two silk American flags hung from the wall above the altar. The cardinal's throne on the left of the altar was appropriately covered, and the front of the pulpit was concealed by heavy black velvet, with deep silver fringe. A space had been made in front of the altar by the removal of four pews on either side of the main aisle, in the centre of which stood the catafalque, the same that was used in the funeral obsequies of King Alphonso, held in this church on the death of that king, several years ago. It is about four feet high, and rests upon a broad base, which was covered with the national colors, bordered with a band of black velvet. All these, though subdued, and with the tokens of the church services everywhere in the foreground, still served to give the spectator the impression of military pomp and ceremonial. The clinking of spurs and, now and then, the stroke of a sabre as it was drawn over the tessellated pavement, broke the usual quiet and repose of the place.

The plain yet massive simplicity of the interior, centering as it did on the catafalque and the casket thereon, enshrouding in its sober garb of black and silver the remains of the dead soldier, left nothing to mar the sad harmony of the scene. By Mrs. Sheridan's request, the floral tributes, some of great beauty, and all in loveliness and abundance, were grouped effectively on the altar steps. Masses of flowers in various forms were piled up under the Virgin's altar: The shoulder strap of a general in blue and yellow flowers; an easel with

vines; a white cross from the President; palms, clustered bunches of pond lilies, and a wreath. From Boston was sent a large piece representing the "Gates Ajar," made at the order of a number of United States Senators. In height and length it was nearly six feet, in width it was four feet. In the centre were two large pillars, from which gates were hung. Joining the pillars was an arch, having in the centre a cross and a crown. Suspended from the arch was a pure white dove, and on the top of each pillar was a large star. Through the open gate and picket fence was a representation of the Garden of Eden, in which flowers, roses, and ferns abounded in artistic profusion. On the right corner stood a beautiful bouquet of roses tied with satin ribbon. Across the front the inscription read, "Light lie the earth on thee." Some four thousand asters, and a large number of crimson king carnations, chrysanthemums, and roses were used in this tribute.

Mr. John W. Mackey sent an appropriate gift—a wreath of ivy intermingled with palm branches. It was worked in artistic taste and attracted attention from its peculiar fitness and sombre beauty. All day on the 10th, the long line of silent spectators saw sitting on a step of the altar a sad-faced colored man, in years beyond middle-age. The officer in command spoke to him familiarly, but with respect. This was Richard, who for over twenty years had been the faithful body-servant of General Sheridan. He was the general's attendant in health, was with him in that last desperate struggle against death, and still on duty, sat there beside the coffin of his benefactor and much-loved employer.

The preparations for the morrow's funeral went on quietly and steadily. It was to be strictly in accordance with military regulations, even to the use of the artillery caisson as a bier for the hero's body. Major-General Schofield, the senior officer in the regular army, and who is now in command of it, was in charge of the ceremony. The troops called for in the following were all ready:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE ATLANTIC, }  
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1888. }

*Special Order No. 160.*

The following troops will compose the military escort at the funeral of the late General Philip H. Sheridan, commanding the Army of the United States, which is to take place in Washington, D. C., on Saturday, Aug. 11, 1888: A battalion of foot troops, to consist of batteries F, First (Davis'), I, Second (Vose's), M, Third (Kobbé's), and H, (Story's), Fourth Artillery, Fort Monroe, Va.; batteries A (Ches-

ter's), E (Lancaster's), K (Smith's), and L (Hess'), Third Artillery Washington Barracks, D. C.; batteries D (Knower's) and G (Barstow's), Third Artillery, Fort McHenry, Md., under command of Colonel Horatio G. Gibson, Third Artillery.

The battalion of cavalry (troops B, Fourth, and B, Sixth regiments), Fort Myer, Va., Major Louis H. Carpenter, Fifth Cavalry commanding.

Light Battery C, Third Artillery (Turnbull's), Washington Barracks, D. C. Light Battery F, Fifth Artillery (Brinckle's), Fort Hamilton, N. Y. H.

The major-general commanding will be in command of the funeral escort.

The artillery troops designated will so time their departure from their respective posts as to arrive in Washington on Friday morning the 10th inst. They will then proceed to Washington Barracks, reporting their arrival to the commanding officer of that station. They will take with them their camp equipage. The cavalry battalion will report at Washington Barracks on the morning of the 11th inst., in time to take its place in the column for the march to the church and cemetery.

The Quartermaster Department will furnish all necessary arrangements for the transportation of these troops to and in Washington and return to their posts.

The commanding officer at Fort Adams, R. I., is hereby directed to send at once to New Bedford, Mass., two commissioned and eight non-commissioned officers for duty as guard over and bearers of the body of General Sheridan while being transferred on the afternoon of the 8th inst. from Nonquit to Washington, D. C. The guard will take charge of the remains on their arrival at New Bedford, and convey them to the special train. At Washington the guard will receive further orders. The Quartermaster Department will furnish the necessary transportation.

The depot quartermaster, New York City, is hereby directed to provide a special funeral train to convey the remains of General Sheridan, and the attendants thereupon, from Nonquit, Mass., to Washington, D. C., starting on Wednesday, p. m., August 8, 1888.

The commanding officer, Washington Barracks, will cause a caisson to be prepared to convey the remains from the railroad depot to the church and from the church to the cemetery.

The commanding officer, Fort Myer, will cause a troop of cavalry to be at the railroad depot in Washington on Thursday, the 9th inst., to meet the remains of General Sheridan and escort them to their temporary resting-place.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL SCHOFIELD.

WILLIAM D. WHIPPLE, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Official, JOHN FITCHER, *A. D. C.*

The artillery command arrived at Washington on the 10th, and the cavalry upon the morning of the 11th instant. This battalion was



in command of Captain Lawton, of the famous Seventh Regiment, whose commander, Brevet Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, was Sheridan's fellow cadet, his companion in arms on the Pacific coast, and afterwards and for years his staff officer and intimate associate and friend. Captain Lawton is a man of herculean mould and of most striking appearance. His swarthy complexion, black hair, and soldierly air is enhanced, as it were, by his splendid reputation as an Indian fighter.

Speaker Carlisle appointed the following members as the representatives of the House upon the joint Congressional Committee to attend General Sheridan's funeral: Messrs. Hooker, of Mississippi; Cutcheon, of Michigan, Wheeler, of Alabama; Henderson, of Illinois; Cox, of New York; Grosvenor, of Ohio, and McShane, of Nebraska. Colonel Hooker lost an arm in the military service of the Confederacy, and General Wheeler, of Alabama, was Sheridan's antagonist in a number of hard-fought skirmishes and engagements in Tennessee, Alabama, and Northern Georgia. He was the best Confederate cavalry commander in that section, and has often been termed, because of his stature, his audacity, and skill "the Sheridan of the South." A concurrent resolution also passed both houses of Congress to the effect that when the members adjourned on Friday it would be to meet again on Monday, in order to allow the members to attend the funeral. Cards of invitation to be present at the church and cemetery were issued from army headquarters. Engraved on note paper with a heavy black border, they read as follows:

You are invited to be present at the funeral ceremonies in honor of General Sheridan, which will take place at St. Matthew's Church, Washington, at 10 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 11th of August.

The invitations were accompanied by a card of admission which contained the following:

Admit bearer to funeral ceremonies of General Sheridan at St. Matthew's Church, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, the 11th of August. Please be in the church at least ten minutes before 10 o'clock.

The President issued an order directing the closing of the departments and public offices on the day of the funeral. The invitations to attend included the President and Mrs. Cleveland, the members of the Cabinet and the ladies of their families, the judges of the United States Supreme Court, the judges of the local courts, the members of the Diplomatic Corps, the members of the Senate and House of Rep-

representatives, and the elective officers of both houses, all the members of the Catholic clergy in Washington, all officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps stationed in Washington, twenty-five to the Grand Army of the Republic, twenty-five to the Loyal Legion, eighty to the members of the press, and a large number to personal friends of the family. The total number of invitations issued was 1,500, and no person was admitted to the church without a card of admission.

Colonel John M. Wilson, Commissioner of Public Buildings and Grounds, was selected to take charge of the seating arrangements at the church. He appointed the following officers to assist him in seating those invited: Army — Major Thomas Ward, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain John G. Bourke, Third Cavalry; Lieutenant W. P. Duvall, Fifth Artillery; Lieutenant Thomas G. Knox, First Cavalry; Lieutenant C. Mc D. Townsend, of the Engineer Corps. Navy — Lieutenant George L. Dyer, Lieutenant William H. Schuetze, Past Assistant-Engineer F. C. Bieg, Past Assistant-Engineer H. P. Norton, and Lieutenant Randolph Dickens, United States Marine Corps.

The pall-bearers were announced early in the day as follows: General Sherman; Marshall Field, of Chicago; General Hawley, of the United States Senate; Speaker Carlisle; Vice-President Frank Thompson, of the Pennsylvania railroad; General Wesley Merritt, United States Army; the senior officer of the Grand Army of the Republic in the District of Columbia; Secretary Whitney; General MacFeeley, United States Army; General Joseph Fullerton, of St. Louis; Secretary Endicott, and G. W. Childs. The following officers of General Sheridan's staff were especially invited to attend the funeral: General J. W. Forsyth, Colonel Fred. D. Grant, Colonel James F. Gregory, Colonel George W. Davis, and Colonel George S. Forsyth, United States Army.

Brevet Brigadier-General Tompkins, commanding the Second United States Cavalry, was placed in command of the escort.

General Sheridan commanded at the funeral of his comrade, John A. Logan, who, at his own request, was buried at Arlington. The general then expressed the desire to find his last resting-place in the same historic ground. In accordance with this wish, on the day preceding the burial, General Rucker (Mrs. Sheridan's father), accompanied by General MacFeeley, Commissary General, and Major Lydecker, of the Engineer Corps, visited Arlington and made choice of the commanding spot in which our gallant leader is now laid at rest.

The consecration of the grave was appropriately performed by the

bishop-elect of Detroit, the Right Rev. Thomas Foley, whose brother it was, as Bishop of Detroit, who performed the ceremony at the marriage of Philip Henry Sheridan and Irene M. Rucker, fourteen years before this sad occasion.

The heat of the season compelled the pastor of St. Matthew's to limit the musical part of the ceremony to the singing of a single requiem mass. Before the service, the choir of clergy, of whom there were over twenty in attendance, chanted the "Miserere," and at the close of the service the "Benedictus" and "Libera Me." The services in the church then did not occupy more than an hour and a half.

The morning broke with a clear, unclouded sky, burning with all the fervor of an August day in Washington.

It was on the stroke of nine when with military promptness the three doors of St. Matthew's Church were opened, groups of epauleted officers received friends and mourners, and escorted them to their seats. There was no confusion and hurry — white tickets to the body of the church, red tickets up-stairs. The rusty, well-worn, old-fashioned pews had been marked off into sections or groups, and for an hour they slowly, noiselessly filled up:—on the right side near the Virgin's altar, the diplomatic representatives, not more than thirty, and only the military attachés in uniform. On the other side the committees of the Senate and House, with sashes and rosettes, were quietly marshaled into place by Mr. Christie, Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate. Famous people, statesmen, soldiers, sailors, illustrious men, with names of world-wide celebrity, were escorted to the pews by the martial ushers.

Ingalls, with his keen, rather Voltaire-looking face, sat, as presiding officer, to the front and right of the Senators. There were noted among others, Allison, Morgan, Evarts, Dolph, West, Hoar, Dawes, and Edmunds. The Representatives likewise clustered in masses.

A voluntary, which came from the organ like a wail, and all eyes turned toward a small company, slowly led up the centre aisle: Colonel Michael V. Sheridan, with the widow of the general leaning on his arm; John Sheridan, another brother, with a striking resemblance to the deceased, portly, spectacled; General and Mrs. Rucker, with other members of the family, all in deep mourning. In front of the coffin were three velvet chairs and *prie-dieus*. In the centre, Mrs. Sheridan, with a brother on each side, knelt in prayer. Then another group — what might be called the general's military family, his aides and companions: General J. W. Forsyth — "Tony" Forsyth, as the

army affectionately calls him — classmate, aide, and life-long friend, his hair silken and white ; Colonel Frederick D. Grant, with the almost startling resemblance to his father ; Schuyler Crosby, in deepest sorrow ; Alger, of Michigan, with a military, well-knit, keen, French face, who carried Sheridan his first field commission ; Colonel James F. Gregory, Colonel G. W. Davis, and George S. Forsyth, whom the army knows as “Sandy,” famous in Indian and other wars, and dear to the dead commander.

Priests, acolytes, groups of boys, with purple and scarlet trimmings above their white gowns, clustered around the altar. The church began its sacred offices of repose and intercession. The tall candles around the bier were lighted, and burned freely in the gentle breeze which escaped from the sultry, drowsy sun. The chancel swarmed with clergymen in various stages of authority, and all knelt as, following an uplifted cross, the spare form of Cardinal Gibbons, robed in scarlet, wearing the beretta, slowly moved from the sacristy, knelt at the altar, and was escorted to the episcopal throne.

As the cardinal bent in prayer there was a rustle of interest as another group moved up the aisle under military escort — the President, Mrs. Cleveland, and Mrs. Folsom. Special chairs had been provided, but the President paused a moment, looked at the ostentatious curules, and seated himself in the modest pew behind, beside Secretaries Fairchild and Vilas. In the rear sat Secretaries Bayard and Dickinson. The pall-bearers slowly marched up the further aisle. At the head was Sherman — tall, erect, in full uniform, his fine, brave face compressed in evident emotion — the last of the heroes of our greatest days. At his side Speaker Carlisle, with thin, cultured, intellectual face, and clear, penetrating eye ; Hawley, Augur, Endicott and Whitney from the Cabinet ; George W. Childs, General MacFeeley, Wesley Merritt, Mr. Lincoln, of the Grand Army, and Marshal Field, of Chicago — close friends or dear comrades of the dead commander, all of them.

Suddenly, the full, sweet, sad resonance of the organ's wailing notes pealed through and filled the church. The altar boys emerged from the sacristy and ranged themselves around the bier, while the sanctuary filled up with the clergy.

The Dominican Brothers chanted the “Miserere.” As the solemn and melancholy notes struck on the ears of the bereaved widow, she was visibly affected, and rested still harder on Colonel Sheridan's arm, which was supporting her. But a few minutes lasted this peal of

anguish for a lost soul, and then the organ gave forth a burst of stately music as the procession of clergy entered. Two altar boys bearing lighted candles led the way, then came the pastors of the various city churches, next Father J. F. Mackin, the celebrant, Father T. J. Kervick, the deacon, and Father S. F. Ryan, the sub-deacon, and lastly Cardinal Gibbons, wearing the red beretta, the insignia of his office, and the purple archiepiscopal cape. The officiating clergymen wore black robes elaborately embroidered with gold. Softly the organ played as the prelates knelt in silent adoration, and every one in the congregation, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, bowed the head in prayer.

It was a notable gathering. The tall wax candles on the altar cast a soft light on the upturned features of the highest dignitary of the Catholic Church in America. Directly in front was the President of the United States and his wife and Cabinet. To the right was the family of the dead soldier. To the left were the pall-bearers and prominent military men, headed by General Sherman in the full uniform of a general of the United States Army. On the other side were the Congressional committees; behind them Senators, Representatives, and the judges. Here were gathered together every branch of the government and the highest officers of the government.

The cardinal took his place at the foot of the coffin and read the prayers of the church in Latin and then in English. The whole assembly listened in sympathy, as with singularly sweet, sincere voice the priest commended to God the soul of "Our dear brother Philip Henry," praying that the angels would guide him into Paradise and give him everlasting rest. The President, who sat almost at the side of the cardinal, bent his head reverently during the prayers, and the priests who had formed into line along the aisle chanted the responses. And then by one of those odd phenomena in nature—out of which faith and perhaps fancy might draw an omen of consolation—at this moment the hazy, sultry summer air suddenly flushed with sunshine—clear, lucid sunshine—for there came through an oval window over the altar a sudden burst of light, illuminating the chancel, paling the candle gleams, suffusing the scarlet decorations of the episcopal throne with a deeper hue; a strange, striking effect, causing a manifest movement among the congregation, for it seemed as if the consenting heavens were answering in very truth, the prayer of the church, and sending a glow of light and hope and peace over the proud *manes* of Sheridan.

And while the sweet, entreating voice intoned the offices of the dead, and from the trained company of priests and musicians came the answering entreaty that God would be with the dead and have mercy forevermore, through the windows came a quick sound of command, the bugle note, the tramp of armed men moving into column, the crash of the muskets as they came heavily to the ground. It was a strange unison — peace and war, repose and action. The church and the state seemed to blend and to combine to do honor to the memory of the dead. At the conclusion of the mass the cardinal descended from his red-covered throne, and delivered the following discourse in a calm, impressive manner :

“And Jonathan and Simon took Judas their brother, and buried him in the sepulchre of their fathers, in the city of Modin. And all the people of Israel bewailed him with great lamentation ; and they mourned for him many days, and said : How is the mighty fallen that saved the people of Israel.—1 Mach. ix., 19-21.

“Well might the children of Israel bewail their great captain who led them so often to battle and to victory. And well may this Nation grieve for the loss of the mighty chieftain whose mortal remains now lie before us. In every city and town and village of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, his name is uttered with sorrow, and his great deeds recorded with admiration.

“There is one consoling feature that distinguishes the obsequies of our illustrious hero from those of the great Hebrew leader. He was buried in the midst of war, amid the clashing of arms, and surrounded by the armed hosts of the enemy. Our captain, thank God, is buried amid profound peace, while we are enjoying the blessings of domestic tranquility, and are in friendship with all the world.

“The death of General Sheridan will be lamented not only by the North, but also by the South. I know the Southern people ; I know their chivalry ; I know their magnanimity, their warm and affectionate nature ; and I am sure that the sons of the South, and especially those who fought in the late war, will join in the national lamentation and will lay a garland of mourning on the bier of the great general. They recognize the fact that the Nation's general is dead, and that his death is the Nation's loss.

“And this universal sympathy, coming from all sections of the country, irrespective of party lines, is easily accounted for when we consider that under an overruling Providence the war in which General Sheri-

dan took such a conspicuous part has resulted in increased blessings to every state of our common country.

“ ‘ There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.’ ”


“ And this is true of nations, as well as of individuals.

“ What constitutes the great difference between the wars of antiquity and our recent war? The war of the olden time was followed by subjugation and bondage:—in the train of our great struggle came reconciliation and freedom. Alexander the Great waded through the blood of his fellow-man. By the sword he conquered, and by the sword he kept the vanquished in bondage. Scarcely was he cold in death when his vassals shook off the yoke and his empire was dismembered into fragments.

“ The effect of the late war has been to weld together the Nation still more closely into one cohesive body. It has removed once for all, slavery, the great apple of discord; it has broken down the wall of separation which divided section from section, and exhibits us more strikingly as one nation, one family, with the same aims and the same aspirations. The humanity exhibited in our late struggle contrasted with the cruelties exercised toward the vanquished of former times, is an eloquent tribute to the blessings of Christian civilization.

“ In surveying the life of General Sheridan it seems to me that these were his prominent features and the salient points in his character: undaunted heroism, combined with gentleness of disposition; strong as a lion in war, gentle as a child in peace; bold, daring, fearless, undaunted, unhesitating, his courage rising with the danger; ever fertile in resources, ever prompt in execution, his rapid movements never impelled by a blind impulse, but ever prompted by a calculating mind.

“ I have neither the time nor the ability to dwell upon his military career from the time he left West Point till the close of the war. Let me select one incident which reveals to us his quickness of conception and readiness of execution. I refer to his famous ride in the Valley of Virginia. As he is advancing along the road he sees his routed army rushing pell-mell toward him. Quick as thought—by the glance of his eye, by the power of his word, by the strength of his will—he hurls back that living stream on the enemy and snatches victory from the jaws of defeat. How bold in war, how gentle in peace. On some few occasions in Washington I had the pleasure of meeting General Sheridan socially in private circles. I was forcibly struck by his



gentle disposition, his amiable manner, his unassuming deportment, his eye beaming with good nature, and his voice scarcely raised above a whisper. I said to myself, 'Is this bashful man and retiring citizen the great General of the American Army? Is this the hero of so many battles?'

"It is true General Sheridan has been charged with being sometimes unnecessarily severe toward the enemy. My conversations with him strongly impressed me with the groundlessness of a charge which could in nowise be reconciled with the abhorrence which he expressed for the atrocities of war, with his natural aversion to bloodshed, and with the hope he uttered that he would never again be obliged to draw his sword against an enemy. I am persuaded that the sentiments of humanity ever found a congenial home, a secure lodgment, in the breast of General Sheridan. Those who are best acquainted with his military career unite in saying that he never needlessly sacrificed human life, and that he loved and cared for his soldiers as a father loves and cares for his children.

"But we must not forget that if the departed hero was a soldier, he was, too, a citizen, and if we wish to know how a man stands as a citizen we must ask ourselves how he stands as a son, a husband, and a father. The parent is the source of the family; the family is the source of the nation. Social life is the reflex of the family life. The stream does not rise above its source. Those who were admitted into the inner circle of General Sheridan's home need not to be told that it was a peaceful and happy one. He was a fond husband and an affectionate father, lovingly devoted to his wife and children. I hope I am not trespassing upon the sacred privacy of domestic life when I state that the general's sickness was accelerated, if not aggravated, by a fatiguing journey which he made in order to be home in time to assist at a domestic celebration in which one of his children was the central figure.

"Above all, General Sheridan was a Christian. He died fortified by the consolations of religion, having his trust in the saving mercies of our Redeemer, and a humble hope in a blessed immortality.

"What is life without the hope of immortality? What is life that is bounded by the horizon of the tomb? Sure, it is not worth living. What is the life even of the patriarchs but like the mist which is dispelled by the morning sun? What would it profit this illustrious hero to go down to his honored grave covered with earthly glory, if he had no hope in the eternal glory to come? It is the hope of eternal life that constitutes at once our dignity and our moral responsibility.






“ God has planted in the human breast an irresistible desire for immortality. It is born with us, and lives and moves with us. It inspires our best and holiest actions. Now, God would not have given us this desire if He did not intend that it should be fully satisfied. He would not have given us this thirst for infinite happiness if He had not intended to assuage it. He never created anything in vain.

“ Thanks to God, this universal yearning of the human heart is sanctioned and vindicated by the voice of revelation.

“ The inspired Word of God not only proclaims the immortality of the soul, but also the future resurrection of the body. ‘ I know,’ says the prophet Job, ‘ that my Redeemer liveth, and that on the last day I shall rise out of the earth and in my flesh I shall see my God.’ ‘ Wonder not at this,’ says our Saviour, ‘ for the hour cometh when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they who have done well shall come forth to the resurrection of life, and they who have done ill to the resurrection of judgment.’ And the apostle writes these comforting words to the Thessalonians: ‘ I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning those that are asleep, that ye be not sorrowful like those who have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so those who have died in Jesus, God will raise unto himself. Therefore comfort yourself with these words.’

“ These are the words of comfort I would address to you, madam, faithful consort of the illustrious dead. This is the olive branch of peace and hope I would bring you to-day. This is the silver lining of the cloud which hangs over you. We followed you in spirit and with sympathizing hearts as you knelt in prayer at the bedside of your dying husband. May the God of all consolation comfort you in this hour of sorrow. May the soul of your husband be this day in peace and his abode in Zion. May his memory be ever enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and may our beloved country, which he has loved and served so well, ever be among the foremost nations of the earth, the favored land of constitutional freedom, strong in the loyalty of its patriotic citizens and in the genius and valor of its soldiers till time shall be no more.

“ Comrades and companions of the illustrious dead, take hence your great leader, bear him to his last resting-place, carry him gently, lovingly; and though you may not hope to attain his exalted rank you will strive at least to emulate him by the integrity of your private life, by your devotion to your country, and by upholding the honor of your military profession.”



The offices of the church and the soft mournful words of the reverend speaker rose and swelled, as mingling, the martial notes of preparation fell strangely, but not harshly, on the ear. For it was fitting that the bugle notes should be heard in such a ceremony. The cardinal slowly moved back to the chancel and passed into the sacristy. The last word had been spoken, and at a signal a body of grizzled, brown soldiers, sergeants and non-commissioned officers, marched up the aisle with firm military stride, to the coffin. The pall-bearers formed in line, Sherman and Carlisle leading. The coffin was lifted to the soldiers' shoulders, and as it moved away the President arose, and the congregation with him, and stood with bowed heads as it was borne to the door.

The escort had assembled while the funeral services were in progress. It formed on H Street facing north, with the foot artillery on the right, the cavalry on the left, and the light batteries in the centre. Before the completion of the services the caisson and the general's horse were moved to a point nearer the church entrance, and after the casket had been placed on the caisson the column was formed by wheeling to the left, and moved *en route* far enough to permit the formation of the column of carriages in the rear. Just before the close of the services General Schofield and his aides arranged themselves in front of the troops and prepared to receive the funeral party.

While the services were in progress the caisson was placed in a position to receive the casket, and the general's horse was led to a place immediately behind. The horse is a dark bay, and was bought by General Sheridan in Chicago about four years ago. It was bridled and saddled just as when last ridden by the general. The general's military boots were in the stirrups, with the toes pointing backward. The animal was led by a tall sergeant in full uniform. All the horses used by the general during the war are dead, and "Guy," who was used on this occasion, is the animal which had been the longest in the general's service as his personal saddle-horse.

The order of march was as follows :

A BATTALION OF CAVALRY.  
TWO BATTERIES LIGHT ARTILLERY.  
MARINE BAND.  
THIRD ARTILLERY BAND.  
BATTALION OF FOOT ARTILLERY.  
CLERGY IN CARRIAGES.



PALL-BEARERS IN CARRIAGES.  
 BODY BEARERS, ARTILLERY SERGEANTS.  
 CAISSON BEARING REMAINS.  
 THE GENERAL'S HORSE.  
 MRS. SHERIDAN AND FAMILY.  
 MILITARY STAFF.  
 THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND.  
 THE CABINET.  
 THE JUDGES.  
 THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEES.  
 DIPLOMATIC CORPS.  
 REPRESENTATIVES OF THE LOYAL LEGION AND  
 GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

As the body was borne from the church the bell tolled. Soldiers stood at present arms, and all the citizens removed their hats. The best of order was preserved, and the crowd seemed inspired by the solemnity of the occasion. When all had been arranged, the column moved slowly in the direction of the cemetery.

It was a long journey, and as the Marine Band playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," marched away, the noonday sun came blazing down. At half-past 11 o'clock the procession started, and it was 1 o'clock exactly when the head of the column came to the Arlington Cemetery. The route was along Pennsylvania Avenue, around the old-fashioned Washington statue, through old-fashioned, mediæval Georgetown, over the aqueduct bridge, and by red gravelly, winding roads, past Fort Myer to Arlington. General Schofield rode part of the way in his carriage, but mounted again at the cemetery gates. The *cortege* attracted respectful, curious attention, but much of the route was through country roads, and when the column reached the cemetery the men were marching in quick time and looked tired. Some of the officers were so weary that they threw themselves on the ground under the trees.

The artillery was massed at the foot of the hill, the guns ready to fire. The infantry drew up in line, extending down the slope. The grave had been covered with rude scantling, which was torn away as the procession advanced. The police and the soldiers formed a square, and around the edges of the square was a crowd of two or three thousand adventurous men, women, and children, who had tramped all the way over the red, dusty roads to do honor in their humble way to Sher-

idan. The caisson bearing his coffin was slowly drawn up to the front of Lee's ancient Arlington House. Pall-bearers and friends advanced, Sherman, Colonel Grant, and Governor Alger standing at the side of the grave. A few paces back was the President. Near were George W. Childs, Hawley, and the group of staff officers, Forsyth, and standing nearer the bier, Crook in full uniform, with the face and bearing of one of Louis XIV.'s marshals, and at the head of the grave the general's family. The priest, Father Foley, with a large company of responding priests, recited the offices of the church, chanting the "De Profundis."

Tenderly the coffin was laid in its place. The flag was lovingly removed. The glorious sword of the dead hero, which seemed rusted and worn with service, was reverently taken from the coffin by an aide. A bugler, one who had served under Sheridan, came to the grave and played the old bugle notes of "taps." It was the "good-night" he had heard as a boy at the military school, as an officer during his whole army life — meaning that the day was ended and the work was done. As at the grave of Grant, so at the grave of Sheridan, was the same felicitous thought — that the ceremony should end with the old bugle notes. The day was ended and the work was done, and all present felt, as the music died away and they looked into the new-made grave of this captain, whose name will live in far distant ages, that his life was cast among the days of noble deeds, and that his great work was well done.

The bugler was a man of magnificent proportions, with a face tanned and bronzed by much exposure. He stood like a statue, his left hand resting on his sabre, his right hanging at full length and holding his bugle. Had he been carved out of marble he could not have been more motionless. He stood alone, as all had fallen back to be out of the range of the rifles. While Bugler Charles Kimball, who had served with Sheridan, stood at his old comrade's open grave, the infantry had loaded their pieces. "Fire," rang out from the officers, and the sharp crack of the rifles awoke the echoes. Twice more this was repeated, and then the last ceremony but one had been performed.

The soldier slept. The grand rounds had been made. The camp was hushed in slumber. The signal of "taps" or "lights out" must be given by the bugler. When the last echo had died away, Bugler Kimball raised the instrument to his lips and sounded the call that every old soldier knows so well. The notes rolled out and were caught up by the trees and the air and carried away until they gradually faded from

mortal ear. It was peculiarly a solemn moment. The weird tones of the bugle fell like the wail of a spirit, and the significance of its trumpet tones was understood by every one.

It was the soldiers' last farewell to Philip H. Sheridan.

The final rite had been performed, and every one turned away except General Sherman. He stood on one side and looked into the open grave and quietly wiped his eyes. Brave man as he was, he was not ashamed to drop a tear in memory of his comrade and companion in arms.

Historic and lovely Arlington! No more appropriate place could be found in the land for a soldier's grave. There are nearly sixteen thousand of our heroes lying there. The bodies of Logan, Stanley, and Paul rested therein before Sheridan's came to still further sanctify it. And in all that patriotic two hundred acres, could a more befitting spot be found for General Sheridan's grave than the one in which his body is laid? Chaplain Van Horne, of the Army of the Cumberland, tells a story of the much-loved General George H. Thomas, which is appropriate here. When the National Cemetery at Chattanooga was being laid out under the chaplain's direction, he asked the general how he should arrange the graves—whether by the states to whose regiments the dead belonged, or designate them by their army organization.

"Bury them as they fell fighting for the Union. They aided to preserve it," replied the wise-brained and sound-hearted Virginian soldier. And Sheridan lies, as it were, at the head of the columns.

His grave is on the open plateau, a little to the right of Arlington House, upon the highest swell in the inclosure, and just where behind him, as it were, are the serried grave ranks of those who fought to maintain the Union and make all its people free. Not one hundred paces from the door of the stately, old-fashioned house, once occupied by Robert E. Lee as his home, the new-made grave of the hero who harried and fought him to final defeat, swells to the sunlight.

Here on the brow of the hill, where you have one of the most beautiful views imaginable, even in picturesque Virginia, Sheridan finds rest. As you stand at the grave, Washington lies unrolled as a panorama: the white winged Capitol, the Washington Monument, the national buildings, all form a back-ground to a scene of surpassing beauty. There is no place of public vantage in Washington, which may not be clearly seen from the grave and the future monument of the illustrious general. The wisdom of the Federal government in selecting this



**THE NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERY, ARLINGTON.**

**SHOWING THE GRAVES OF MANY OF THE UNION DEAD. SCENE IN THE SOUTHWESTERN SECTION  
OF THE GROUNDS.**



**THE ARLINGTON HOUSE AND CEMETERY.**

**THE BURIAL PLACE OF GENERAL SHERIDAN.**

**THE GRAVE IS LOCATED ABOUT WHERE THE SHADOW OF THE FOLIAGE IS SHOWN, IN THE LOWER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF THE ENGRAVING.**

site for the great war cemetery can be best apprehended when standing where Sheridan lies. Here amid the graves of so many thousands of our soldiers one can see the capital of the Nation—the symbol of that unity which they gave their lives to preserve. It seems fitting that the spirit of Sheridan should be here, forever, as it were, keeping watch and ward over the capital he fought so ably and victoriously to defend and save.

The National Military Cemetery lies on the south bank of the Potomac, one mile south of the aqueduct bridge. The estate, of which these sacred acres once formed a part, belonged to the Custis family, of which Martha Washington was a member. It passed into possession of the Lees through the general's marriage with the only child of George Washington Parke Custis. It is a fit and striking place, in association and aspect, for its use. Here under the shade of noble oaks lie the remains of 16,264 Union soldiers—white and colored. The larger portion of the burials are made in the southwest portion, which is very nearly a level plateau covered with groves of wide-spreading, ancient trees. The graves are arranged in long, parallel rows, giving something of the appearance of marching columns. There are 11,915 graves of soldiers whose names, companies, regiments, and commands are known. On the plateau upon which the manor house stands, is a stately sarcophagus covering the remains of 2,211 unknown Union soldiers, whose remains were gathered from many fields. There are 4,349 graves the occupants of which are unknown, and the head-boards suitably indicate the melancholy fact. And here, it is plain that

“The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.

“Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Must be your fitter grave;  
She claims from war his richest spoil,  
The ashes of the brave.”

Arlington is indeed a beautiful spot. Its broad, gravel walks and smooth green lawns are kept in such perfect order all the time, as is only possible in a place under military control. The flower-beds are masses of color in their seasons, and the whole aspect of the place is one of quiet and rest. The large oaks afford shelter to many a squirrel, and these pretty little animals spring about from headstone to headstone,



and by their liveliness accentuate the contrast with death, of which the turf mounds are ever-present reminders. The old house in which generations of the Lees first saw the light and learned to know the meaning of the word home, stands on the highest part of the estate. It is in the stately Greek style so much affected by our revolutionary sires and their sons. The house is spacious, and the great portico with its high white pillars gives it a large appearance, and commands the landscape in conspicuous fashion.

Sheridan rests among his comrades. He rests in sanctified earth, made holy alike by its rescue from the degradation of slavery and the entombment therein of those who died that the Republic might live. What worthier grave could be found for heroic dust? What loftier memories could be evoked than those which must arise, even to the dullest of the many who will stand there, gazing upon the grave of Sheridan, and then raising their eyes to take in the wonderful landscape, made glorious with its vast array of memories—sad and sombre, grave and great, as they may be, yet filled forever with cheer to those who strive for the betterment of mankind? Our soldier, whose stainless sword was never drawn unworthily, lies where his name must be, as long as the Nation lives, a reminder of the nobility of service, the exaltation of patriotism, the unquenchable dignity and fame of those who nobly labored for both. The historic Potomac rolls its waters where the mounds of our heroes swell to the sunlight. Some miles below stands a mausoleum, bearing within its walls the ashes of Washington. All vessels, of whatever nationality, pay homage to the great dead by the solemn toll of their bells as they sail by. May it not yet seem fitting, as the sacred shades of Arlington are passed, that the dipping of the colors at least will be made the evidences of honor to the *manes* of Sheridan, Logan, Stanley, Paul, and the great, silent army of their comrades who lie there in their sentineled mounds?

“ Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead, dear is the blood you gave;  
No impious footsteps here shall tread the herbage of your grave;  
Nor shall your glory be forgot, while fame her record keeps,  
Or honor points the hallowed spot where valor proudly sleeps.

