



**Created by:** Bill Jewel, Chamberlain Middle School

**Grade level:** 7

**Primary Source Citation:** James A. Garfield Assassination Article. "Our President is Dead." *Iron Valley Reporter*, September 20, 1881. From *Ohio Memory: An Online Scrapbook of Ohio History*, <http://www.ohiomemory.org/u/?p267401coll36.11290>

Allow students, in groups or individually, to examine the newspaper article located at the above link while answering the questions below in order. The questions are designed to guide students into a deeper analysis of the source and sharpen associated cognitive skills.

**Level I: Description**

1. What was the purpose of the newspaper article?
2. Is the newspaper article a primary source?

**Level II: Interpretation**

1. What kind of mood does the article set?
2. What opinion did the authors have of President James A. Garfield?

**Level III: Analysis**

1. Based on the way the article is written, what can you say about society in the late 1800s that is different from today?

# Iron Valley Reporter Extra.

CANAL DOVER, OHIO, TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 20.

## OUR PRESIDENT



### DEAD!

"God there is a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Weep not, my friends, weep not for me.

All is well, all is well;

My sins are pardoned, I am free.

All is well, all is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise

To hide my Saviour from my eyes.

I soon shall mount the upper skies.

All is well, all is well.

Take, take your harps, ye saints in glory.

All is well, all is well,

It will please me, the pleasing story.

All is well, all is well.

Bright angels are from glory come,

They're round my bed, they're in my room.

They wait to wash my spirit home.

All is well, all is well.

Special to Iron Valley Reporter.

CLEVELAND, O., Monday, }  
11:20 p. m. }

President Garfield died at ten minutes to eleven to-night.

LEADER PRINTING COMPANY.

At last the long suspense is over, and our Nation mourns and will not be comforted! In palace and hotel, in the boundless forest and on the ocean's strand—everywhere that a habitation rears its roof to shelter a freeman's head and home, there to-day is desolation. The death-angel that swept o'er Seneca's plain, again has poised her pinions on the murky air, and at one fell swoop swept not into sterility the "cobwebs that gleamed with purple and gold," but from the couch of lingering pain released the fettered soul of one of God's noblest noblemen, President Garfield!

Since the assassin's bullet pierced the brain of that other grand leader of a free people, Abraham Lincoln, we have known no such bitter grief as that which to-day costs like a funeral pall from ocean to ocean. James A. Garfield is no more! The emaciated body, the lustrous eye, the pulseless wrists, the stiffened form, are all that remain of him who gave promise of being one of the wisest of rulers.

This morning as the bright sunshine spreads over the refreshed earth, and peace reigns everywhere, the holy quiet is broken by the sad tolling of bells in every hamlet over our broad country. They began pealing at the Jersey seaside at half past ten last night, and the mournful echo caught from village to village and now sweeps westward over our stricken land. The Nation mourns this morning as the never mourned before.

Why these sad afflictions are visited upon a prosperous, happy Nation, we never may know, but he is wisest who can truly believe "God doeth all things well."

From the Pitsburg Commercial Gazette of this morning, we clip the following:

The golden bowl is broken! The silver cord is loosened! The great heart of James A. Garfield ceased to beat last night, and the Nation mourns his loss to-day. For eleven weeks the hearts of the people have been alternating between hope and fear, sunshine and darkness, cheer and despondency. During the past few days it became apparent to all that the end was approaching—that the President was already under the shadow of the dark wings of the Angel of Death, and that he must surrender the sceptre which a loving and confiding people had so recently placed in his hands. The tender sympathies of a stricken household, the untiring devotion of a noble wife, the touching solicitude of a venerable mother, and the united prayers of a trembling Nation were unavailing to stay the chastening Hand.

Great as is this calamity, and far-reaching as this may be in its effects, it cannot seriously disturb the business of the country or interfere with its peace and stability. His own words on the death of Mr. Lincoln are as applicable to-day as when he uttered them: "God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!" The country can never know what it has lost in the cruel assassination of its honored and beloved Chief Magistrate. No President, since the

time of Washington, had ever excited higher hopes in the public mind and no one ever gave greater promise of a brilliant administration. He had the intellectual training, the ripe experience in statesmanship, the moral firmness and the sterling patriotism necessary to devise and execute liberal things for the benefit of the whole country. Just why he has been stricken down on the threshold of his Executive career, is a proposition too complex for human solution. It is not for us to question the dealings of Providence with its nation or as individuals, but rather to trust and believe in Him who "doeth all things well."

There is no occasion whatever, for alarm, looking either the business of business of the country. A great man has fallen, indeed—a noble, pure and devoted servant of the people—and another President has fallen a martyr while serving at his country's side. Like that of Lincoln, his memory will be enshrined in the hearts of every true American, and his valor, his devotion to principle and his honor by usually will shine brighter and brighter as the pages of history pass under the eyes of ascending generations.

The following was handed by the attending surgeons:

9 a. m.—The condition of the President's condition continues unfavorable. Shortly after the issue of the evening bulletin he had a chill lasting fifteen minutes. The fever also following continued until 12 midnight, during which time the pulse ranged from 112 to 130. The sweating that followed was quite profuse. The cough which gave him but little annoyance the remainder of the night. This morning at 8 the temperature is 99.8, pulse 106, and feeble, respiration 22. At 8:20 another chill came on, on account of which the dressing was temporarily postponed. Another bulletin will be issued at 12:30 o'clock.

Signed by the Surgeons.  
6 p. m.—Though the gravity of President's condition continues, there has been no aggravation of symptoms since the noon bulletin was issued. He has slept most of the time, coughing but little, and with ease. The spots remains unchanged. A sufficient amount of nourishment has been taken and retained. Temperature 99.4, pulse 102, respiration 18.

Signed by the Surgeons.  
I will try and send a daily paper to each of our country postmasters by mail to-day and to-morrow.

Iron Valley Reporter Extra. CANAL DOVER, OHIO, TUEBDAY MORNING, SEPT. 20. Our PRESIDENT IS DEAD! "God Moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Weep not, my friends, weep not for me, All is well, all is well; My sins are pardoned. I am free. All is well, all is well. There's not a cloud, that doth arise To hide my Saviour from my eyes, I soon shall mount the upper skies, All is well, all is well. Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory. All is well, all is well, It will rehearse, the pleasing story, All is well, all is well. Bright angels are from glory come, They're round my bed, they're in my room, They wait to waft my spirit home. All is well, all is well.

Special to Iron Valley Reporter. Cleveland, O., Monday, 11:20 p. m. President Garfield died at ten minutes to eleven to-night. Leader Feinting Company. At last the long suspense is over, and our Nation mourns and will not be comforted! In palace and hovel, in the boundless forest and on the ocean's strand—everywhere that a habitation rears its roof to shelter a freeman's head and home, there to-day is desolation. The death-angel that swept o'er Sena.ch- erib's plain, again has poised her pinions on the murky air, and at one fell swoop swept not into eter- nity the "cohorts that gleamed with purple and gold," but from the uouch of lingering pain released the fettered soul of one of God's noblest noblemen. President Garfield ! Since the assassin's bullet pierced the brain of that other grand leader of a free people, Abraham Lincoln, we have known no such bitter grief as that which today rests like a funeral pall from ocean to ocean. James A. Garfield is no more! The emaciated body, the lustreless eye, the pulseless wrists, the stiffened form, are all that remain of him who gave promise of being one of the wisest of rulers. This morQing as the bright sun- shine spreads over the refreshed earth, and peace reigns everywhere, the holy quiet is broken by the sad tolling of bells in every hamlet over our broad country. They began pealing at the Jersey seaside at half past ten last night, and the mournful echo caught from village to village and now sweeps westward over our stricken land. The Nption mourns this morning as she never mourned before. Why these sad afflictions are visited upon a prosperous, happy Nation, we never may know, but he is wisest who can trulv believe " God doeiih all things well." From the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette of this morning, we clip' the following: The golden bowl is broken! The silver cord is loosened! The great heart of James A. Garfield ceased to beat last night, and the Nation mourns his loss to-day. For eleven weeks the hearts of the people have been alternating between hope and fear, sunshine and darkness, confi- dence and despondency. During the past few days it became apparnt to all that the end was approaching—that the President was already under the shadow of the dark wings of the Angel of Death, and that he must surrender the sceptre which a loving and confid- ing people had so recently placed in his hands. The tender sympathies of a stricken household, the untiring devotion of a noble wife, the touching solicitude of a venerble mother, and the united prayers of a trembling Nation were una- vailing to stay the chastening Hand. Great as is this calamity, and far-reaching as this may be in its effects, it cannot seriously disturb the business of the country or interfere with its peace and stability. His own words on the death of Mr. Lincoln are as applicable to-day as when he uttered them: "God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!" The country can never know what it has lost in the cruel assassinatijin of its honored and beloved Chief Magistrate, No President, since the time of Washington, had ever excited higher hopes in the public mind, and no one ever gave greater promise of a brilliant administration. He had the intellectual training, the ripe experience in statesmanship, the moral firmness and the sterling patriotism necessary to devise and execute liberal thing? for the benefit of the whole country. Just why he has betMi strict en down on the threshold of his Ex-icutive career, is a proposition too complex for human solution. It is not for us to question the dealings of Providence with us as a nation or as individuals, but rather to trust and believe in Him who "doeth all things well." There is no occasion whatever, for alarm, touching either the business of finances of the country. A great man has fallen, indeed—a noble, pure and devoted servant of the people—and. another President has fallen a martyr while serving at his country's altar. Like that of Lincoln, his memory will be em- balmed in the hearts of every true American, and his valor, his devotion to principle and his broad hu manity will shine brighter and brighter as the pages of history pass under the eyes of succeeding generations. •""--The following was issued by the attending surgeons: 9 A. M.—The condition of the President this morning continues unfavorable. Shortly after the issue of the evening bulletin he had a chill lasting fifteen minutes. The febrile rise following continued until 12 midnight, during which time the pulse ranged from 112 to 130.

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