

represented; the farmer left the plow; the mechanic the shop; the merchant the counting room. At the capital of the State, all public business was suspended on the day of the funeral, by order of the governor; in his own city of La Crosse, and in Minneapolis, the center of his chief business operations, the wheels of the manufacturing establishments ceased to move, the hand of industry rested from labor, that a proper tribute of respect should be paid to the memory of departed worth. Floral tokens of admiration and affection were various and plentiful at his funeral rites—many of unique design and possessing rare beauty. The procession that followed the sacred dust to its final resting place in the beautiful cemetery, within the limits of the delightful city that had been chosen by himself as his last home on earth, presented a remarkable scene of love and devotion. The streets were literally thronged with men and women with moistened eyes, anxious to pay their last mournful tribute of love and respect to the distinguished dead.

The memory of Washburn will long be held dear to the hearts of the good people of Wisconsin!

Farewell, illustrious statesman; uncompromising patriot; liberal hearted philanthropist; indefatigable worker; successful business man; loyal citizen; staunch friend of freedom; stalwart politician; fearless adviser; genial companion; and honest man! The State mourns a man without reproach; without stain; a soul above suspicion.

"The air is thick with death. His flying shafts

Strike down to-day, the bravest in the land;

And here and there, how suddenly he wafts

His fatal arrows! Nor can long withstand

The mailed warrior, or statesman manned

Against him. But why should he hasten on

* * * * * to strike one down

Just in the zenith of his strength and glory of renown?

"Washburn! above thy grave, we bow in tears!

The generous friend, the unrelenting foe,

In halls of state who stood for many years,

Like fabled knight, thy visage all aglow!

Receiving, giving sternly, blow for blow!

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"Champion of right! But from Eternity's far shore

Thy spirit will return to join the strife no more.

Rest! Statesman, rest! Thy troubled life is o'er."