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## THE PRESIDENT'S LAST OBSEQUIES.

The Closing Scene in The Nation's Sad Tragedy.

"DUST TO DUST; ASHES TO ASHES"

The Mortal Remains of Our Late, Lamented President Laid in the Tomb—Deep and Universal Mourning—His Devoted Wife Unable to Attend The Public Funeral—Eloquent Tribute to the Dead Chieftain.

Canton, Special.—With majestic solemnity, surrounded by his countrymen and his townspeople, in the presence of the President of the United States, the cabinet, justices of the United States Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives in Congress, the head of the military and naval establishments, the Governors of States, and a great concourse of people who had known and loved him, all that is mortal of the third President to fall by an assassin's bullet was committed to the grave on Thursday. It was a spectacle of mournful grandeur. Canton ceased to be a town and swelled to the proportions of a great city. From every city and hamlet in Ohio from the remote corners of the South and from the East and West, the human tide flowed into the town until 100,000 people were within its gates, here to pay their last tribute to the fallen chief.

The final scene at the First Methodist church, where the funeral service was held and the beautiful West Lawn Cemetery, where the body was consigned to a vault, were simple and impressive. The service at the church consisted of a brief oration, prayers by the ministers of three denominations and singing by a quartette. The body was then taken to Westlawn and placed in a receiving vault, pending the time when it will be finally laid to rest beside the dead children who were buried years ago. The funeral cortege was very impressive, and included not only the representatives of the army and navy of the United States, but the entire military strength of the State of Ohio and hundreds of civic, fraternal and other organizations. It was two miles long.

One of the most pathetic features of the day was the absence of Mrs. McKinley from the funeral services at the church and in the cemetery when the body of her husband was laid to rest. Since the first shock of the shooting, then of the death and through the ordeal of state ceremonies, she had borne up bravely. But there is a limit to human endurance and when the day came it found her too weak to pass through the trials of the final ceremonies. Through the open door of her room she mains of the late President, from the body was borne out of the house. After that Dr. Rixey remained close by her side, and although the full force of the calamity had come upon her, it was believed by those about her that there was a providential mercy in her tears, as they gave some relief to the anguish of the heart within.

The streets of the little city of Canton were filled with plumes, prancing horses and densely packed bodies of moving men assembling here for the procession which was to escort the remains of the late President from the church to Westlawn Cemetery. Thirty special trains, in addition to the regular trains, had arrived before noon. The biggest crowd in the history of Canton, which was here during the campaign of 1896, estimated at over 70,000, was exceeded today. The awestricken crowds upon their arrival all moved as by a common impulse toward the old familiar McKinley cottage, where the remains were lying. Military guards stationed at the four corners of the lawn paced their beats, but there was no other sign of life about the house of death. The window shades were down. A long border of black which had been put in place after the body was removed to the house last night fringed the roof of the porch from which President McKinley had spoken to delegations from every State in the union and where he had met and talked with all the chieftains of his party. No badge of conventional mourning was on the door. Instead there was a simple wreath of palms bisected by a beautiful band of wide purple satin ribbon.

The face of the President was seen for the last time when it lay in state Wednesday in the court house. The casket was not opened after it was re-

moved to the McKinley residence and the members of the family had no opportunity to look upon the silent features again. The casket was sealed before it was borne away from the court house. When Mrs. McKinley came into the death chamber for her last moments beside her dead husband she wished to have a final look at the upturned face. But this was impossible and the sealed casket with its flowers and flags were all that she saw.

The collection of flowers was probably the most beautiful ever seen in the United States. The conservatories of the country had been denuded to supply them. From the four quarters of the earth came directions to adorn the bier of McKinley with flowers whose fragrance might be symbolical of the sweetness and purity of the ended life. But these tributes from foreign countries were buried beneath the floral tribute of McKinley's countrymen. There were tons and tons of them and a list of those who sent them would be almost a complete roster of those prominent in the official, commercial and social life of the United States.

As the time approached for bearing the body of the dead President from the McKinley home to the church, the little cottage on North Market street was the centre of a vast concourse of people. Regiment after regiment of soldiers, acting as guards, were in triple lines from the curbs to the lawns. The walks had been cleared and the multitude took refuge in the great sweep of lawns where they formed a solid mass of humanity surging forward to the lines of soldiers. In front of the McKinley cottage were drawn up the two rigid files of body-bearers, eight sailors of the navy and eight soldiers to go within and take up the casket.

Just at 1 o'clock the black chargers of the Cleveland troop swept down the street, their riders four abreast, in their brilliant hussar uniform, with flags and banded by crepe and every sabre hilt bearing its fluttering emblem of mourning. Their coming was the signal for the approach of President Roosevelt and the members of the cabinet. The presidential party moved up the walk to the entrance of the house and formed in a group to the left. The President's face looked very grave and he stood there silently with uncovered head awaiting the body of the dead chieftain. Beside him stood Secretary Gage, Secretary Root, Secretary Wilson and Secretary Hitchcock and just across Attorney General Knox, Postmaster General Smith, Assistant Secretary of State Hill, representing Secretary Hay, and Secretary Cortelyou. Extending further down the walk was the guard of honor, the ranking generals of the army on the right and the chief figures of the navy on the left. Lieutenant General Miles, in the full uniform of his high rank, with his sword at his side and the band of crepe about his arm, stood alongside the members of the cabinet and with him were Major General Brooke, Major General MacArthur, Major General Otis and Brigadier General Gillespie. Across from them was ranged Rear Admiral Farquhar, representing Admiral Dewey, ranking head of the navy; Rear Admiral Crowninshield, Rear Admiral O'Neil, Rear Admiral Kenney and Brigadier General Heywood, the latter commander-in-chief of the Marine Corps.

As the presidential party came up the black chargers of Troop A swung into battalion front facing the house and the long line of flashing sabres advanced to salute. Now the deep-toned wall of the church bells began and every steeple in Canton gave forth its dolorous plaint. It was 1:15 o'clock, and the time had come for taking up the body. A brief private service had been held within the darkened chamber while the relatives gathered around while the relatives gathered around and Mrs. McKinley listened from the half-open door of her adjoining room. The double file of body-bearers now stepped into the room and raising the flag-wrapped casket to their shoulders, bore it through the open entrance. A solemn hush fell upon the multitude as the bearers advanced with measured tread. Not a bugle blast went up; not a strain of the hymns the dead ruler had loved so well. The scene was majestic in its silence. As the casket was borne along above the line of heads could be seen the enfolding Stars and Stripes and on top great masses of white roses and delicate lavender orchids. Tenderly the coffin was committed to the hearse and the silence was broken, as the order to march passed from officer to officer.

It was about 1:45 o'clock when the procession passed the court house and

turned into Tuscarawas street to the stately stone edifice where the funeral services were to be held. At the church entrance were drawn up deep files of soldiers with bayonets advanced keeping a clear area for the advancing casket and the long train of mourners. The hearse halted while President Roosevelt and members of the cabinet alighted. Again they grouped themselves at either side of the entrance and with uncovered heads awaited the passage of the casket. Then the coffin was brought from the hearse and taken into the draped entrance, the cabinet following the President. The mourners, too, passed in, but the stricken widow was not among them. She had remained behind in the old home, alone with her grief.

The scene within the church when the casket was carried in on the brassy shoulders of the soldiers and sailors was profoundly impressive. A black border twenty feet high relieved at intervals by narrow white bands falling to the floor, swept completely around the interior. Only the gilt organ pipe back of the pulpit rose above it. The vestibules on either side of the chancel leading into the church were black tunnels, the stained glass windows on either side were framed in black and the balcony of the Sunday school room to the rear, thrown open into the church by large sliding doors, was shrouded in the same sombre colors. Graceful black streamers festooned along the arches of the nave formed a black canopy above the chancel. From this, directly above the low flag-covered catafalque on which the casket was to rest, hung a beautiful silk banner with a band of crepe about it.

Dr. John A. Hall, pastor of the Trinity Lutheran church, then read from the Bible the beautiful Nineteenth Psalm and Rev. E.P. Herbruck verses 41-58 of the 25th chapter of First Corinthians. With great feeling he read the inspiring words, telling of the mystery that all would not sleep but all would be changed. The quartette then sang Cardinal Newman's grand hymn, the beautiful words floating through all the church. Dr. C. E. Manchester then delivered an address which lasted 24 minutes, on the life of the late President and the lessons taught by his noble character and death. Dr. Manchester said in part:

"My friends and Countrymen: With what language shall I attempt to give expressions to the deep horror of our souls as I speak of the cause of his death? When we consider the magnitude of the crime that has plunged the country and the world into unutterable grief, we are not surprised that one nationality after another has hastened to repudiate the dreadful act. This gentle spirit who hated no one, to whom every man was a brother, was suddenly smitten by the cruel hands of an assassin, and that too, while in the very act of extending a kind and generous greeting to one who approached him under the sacred guise of friendship.

"Could the assailant have realized how awful the act he was about to perform, how utterly heartless the deed, methinks he would have stayed his hand at the very threshold of it. In all the coming years men will seek in vain to fathom the enormity of that crime. Had this man who fell been a despot, a tyrant, an oppressor, an insane frenzy to rid the world of him might have sought excuse, but it was the people's friend who fell when William McKinley received the fatal wound. Himself, a son of toil, his sympathies were with the toilers. No one who has seen the matchless grave and perfect ease with which he greeted such, can ever doubt that his heart was in his open hand. Every heart throbs for his countrymen. That his life should be sacrificed at such a time, just when there was abundant peace, when all the Americans were rejoicing together, is one of the inscrutable mysteries of providence. Like many others it must be left for future revelations to explain.

"In the midst of our sorrow we have much to console us. He lived to see his nation greater than ever before. All sectional lines are blotted out. There is no South, no North, no East, no West. Washington saw the beginning of our national life. Lincoln passed through the night of our history and saw the dawn. McKinley beheld his country in the splendor of its noon. Truly he died in the fullness of his fame. With St. Paul he could say and with equal truthfulness, 'I am now ready to be offered.'

"The work assigned him had been well done. The nation was at peace. It had fairly entered upon an era of unparalleled prosperity. Our revenues were generous. Our standing among the nations was secure. Our President was enshrined in the affections of a united people. It was not at him that the fatal shot was fired, but at the very life of the government. His offering was vicarious. It was blood poured upon the altar of human liberty."

"NEARER MY GOD, TO THEE" THE LAST HYMN.

Bishop I. W. Joyce, of Minneapolis, followed with a brief prayer, and the services were concluded with the singing of the hymn which President McKinley repeated on his death bed, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The entire congregation arose and joined in the last stanza. Father Valtman, of Chicago, chaplain of the Twenty-ninth Infantry, pronounced the benediction. Then the notes of the organ again rose. The coffin was taken up and borne from the church. The relatives and those in official life went out in the order they had entered.

It was after 3 o'clock when the silent and anxious throngs outside the church saw the solemn pageant reappear through the church doors. Out Tuscarawas street the long procession moved through a section of the city where the sound of the dirge had not been before heard. But it presented the same sorrow-stricken aspect that had been observed in the heart of the city. Funeral arches spanned the street, some of them, it is understood, having been erected by school children. The houses were hung in black and even the stately elms along the way had their trunks enshrouded in black and white drapery.

The line of the funeral march from the church to the cemetery was about one and one-half miles in length. For hours even before the time set for the commencement of the funeral exercises at the McKinley home, the street along the entire length of the line of march was crowded with spectators. From the gates of the cemetery to the doors of the church there was on each side of the street an almost unbroken line of soldiers, and at the intersecting streets, detachments of the military were posted about 100 feet from the line of march. It was exactly four minutes after 4 o'clock when the funeral car bore the remains of the dead President through the gateway of this last resting place. Twenty minutes after that time the brief services at the vault were over, the members of the family and the distinguished men of the nation who had come so far to do him honor had passed through the gates on their homeward way.

One hour and forty minutes after the hearse had entered the cemetery the place was clear and the dead President was resting alone under the watchful care of men of the regular army. A sentry's measured tread resounded another kept vigil on the grassy slope above and at the head and at the foot of the casket stood armed men. Before the door which was not closed to-night was pitched the tent of the guard and there it will remain until the doors are closed to-morrow. Sentries will then guard the vault every hour of the day and night until the body has been borne to its final resting place.

Bishop Joyce, of Minneapolis, read the burial service of the Methodist church slowly, but in a voice that could be plainly heard by all who were grouped around the vault. As his words ended there was a brief pause, for it had been understood that a quartette of the Knights Templar was to be present to render a hymn. Through a misunderstanding, however, it had not arrived, and after satisfying himself of this fact, Colonel Bingham waved his hand to the Canton band, which had taken station on the side of the mound above and to the south of the vault. Instantly from the sign of bugles rang out the notes of the soldier's last call, "taps." It was beautifully done and the last notes of the bugles died away so softly that all who heard it remained listening for a few seconds to hear if it was really ended. When the last note had floated away, Secretary Wilson was in tears, Secretary Hitchcock was almost weeping and the President was gazing grimly at the walk. It was the last moment for the men who had been so closely associated with the President for so long and the thought seemed greater than most of them could bear. It was all ended at last and Captain Biddle, of Company G, of the Fourteenth Infantry, who will command the guard which is to be placed around the head and foot of the casket and in front of the vault.

The President, the members of the cabinet and the officers of the army and navy then entered their carriages, and, followed by the members of the family, passed out of the cemetery and returned to the city. The delay caused by the services at the vault being over, the procession resumed its march. Every man in the line save those in uniform who rendered appropriate honor in other ways, went past the casket with uncovered head. As the head of the division containing the Knights Templar wheeled into the cemetery, the quartette that had been delayed in reaching the place for the previous ceremonies, took up a position to the south of the vault and sang "Farewell, my Brother." This hymn was

followed by others, including "Rock of Ages," "The Christian's Good Night," and "The Wayside Cross." The selections were beautifully rendered, and no part of the funeral ceremonies in Canton was more impressive. The darkness was gathering fast as the Knights sang on and many in the multitude around the casket were moved to tears, and the sound of sobs was distinctly audible in the crowd that lined the fence beyond the line of national guardsmen.

The last of the procession passed the bier at 5:45 and then orders were given by Captain Biddle that the cemetery should be cleared. The order was quickly carried out and the President was left in the care of his guard of honor.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND CABINET AT THE VAULT.

From the first carriage that stopped at the foot of the walk leading up to the vault, President Roosevelt and Commander Cowles, of the Navy, alighted. The President walked slowly toward the vault and took a position on the south side of the walk close to the door. As secretary Root came up the walk he assumed a similar position on the north side of the walk and the other members of the cabinet arranged themselves by the side of the President and Secretary of War. With bared heads, the President and cabinet and others stood at the side of the walk, the lines reaching just to the edge of the roadway. Within a minute after the formation of the lines, the funeral car came up the walk. The coffin was gently lifted from the hearse and borne to the door of the vault, where it rested upon the catafalque.

CLEVELAND ON M'KINLEY.

The Only Living Ex-President's Feeling Tribute.

Princeton, N. J., Special.—All formal exercises at Princeton University were suspended, and at 11 o'clock memorial exercises were held in Alexander Hall. President Patton introduced Mr. Cleveland, who was visibly affected and with tears in his eyes eulogized the dead President. Mr. Cleveland said in part:

"Today the grave closes over the man that had been chosen by the people of the United States to represent their sovereignty, to protect and defend their constitution, to faithfully execute the laws made for their welfare and to safely uphold the integrity of the republic. He passes from the public sight not bearing the wreaths and garlands of his countrymen's approving acclaim, but amid the sobs and tears of a mourning nation. The whole nation loved their President. His kindly disposition and affectionate traits, his amiable consideration for all around him will long be in the hearts of his countrymen. He loved them in return with such patriotic unselfishness that in this hour of their grief and humiliation he would say to them, 'It is God's will, I am content. If there is a lesson in my life or death, let it be taught to those who still live and have the destiny of their country in their keeping.'

"First in my thoughts are the lessons to be learned from the career of William McKinley by the young men who make up the students today of our University. They are not obscure nor difficult. The man who is universally mourned today was not deficient in education, but with all you will hear of his grand career and his services to his country, you will not hear that which he accomplished was due entirely to education. He was an obedient and affectionate son, patriotic and faithful as a soldier, honest and upright as a citizen, tender and devoted as a husband, and truthful, generous, unselfish, moral and clean in every relation of life. He never thought any of those things too weak for his manliness. Make no mistake. Here was a most distinguished man, a great man, a useful man—who became distinguished, great and useful because he had, and retained unimpaired, qualities of heart which I fear university students sometimes feel like keeping in the background or abandoning.

"There is a most serious lesson for all of us in the tragedy of our late President's death. If we are to escape further attacks upon our peace and security, we must boldly and resolutely grapple with the monster of anarchy. It is not a thing that we can safely leave to be dealt with by party or partisanship. Nothing can guarantee us against its menace except the teaching and the practice of the best citizenship, the exposure of the ends and aims of the gospel of discontent and hatred of social order, and the brave enactment and execution of repressive laws.

"By the memory of our martyred President let us resolve to cultivate and preserve the qualities that made him great and useful, and let us determine to meet the call of patriotic duty in every time of our country's danger or need."