

CHAPTER XIX.

Last Funeral Rites at Canton—Imposing Demonstrations— Scenes at the Church—President Roosevelt and Other Distinguished Mourners.

WITH the going down of the sun, on September 19th, the body of William McKinley, late President of the United States, was committed to the tomb, in the presence of his successor in office, the chiefs of all departments of the Government, and a vast multitude of people, who filled the cemetery and stood silently and with bared heads while the last words were spoken and the last honors were paid the martyred Chief Magistrate.

The last scene of all closed with the booming of minute guns, varied by the quick, sharp report of the nineteen guns prescribed to salute the President, the touching music of the favorite hymn of the deceased, and finally by the bugle notes, reverberating over the hills, as they sounded "taps"—the soldier's good-night. All was ended. The troops, who had marched to the tomb slowly, solemnly, with mournful music and drooping colors, were moved into column while the smoke of the guns still hung among the foliage like incense, and the bugle notes echoed and re-echoed across the fertile valley of the Nimisilla, as if reluctant to depart.

The words of command rang out in strange contrast with the suppressed tones that had so shortly directed the funeral movement, the bands struck up lively airs, the homeward march began with quick step and swinging gait, the iron jaws of the vault were closed with a snap, and William McKinley was alone with the military watchers who will guard his remains for an indefinite period, and until a permanent resting place is selected. The sun sank below the horizon, and the shades of night were creeping over the last scene in the tragedy that formed the climax of the late President's life before the last of the funeral procession left the gates of the cemetery behind.

The day opened with lowering clouds that threatened to envelope the closing scene with a pall and deluge the vast multitude of sorrowing spectators. Fortunately, as the sun gained ascension the clouds were dissipated; the atmosphere, which had been damp and penetrating, became bright and cheering, bringing assurances of the best meteorological conditions and furnishing cause for popular rejoicing and thanksgiving.

All through the night and early morning, trains, loaded with pilgrims to Canton, rumbled into the stations. Before the morning was far advanced, the streets were packed with people of both sexes, all sizes and conditions, who moved in solid mass about the City Hall, passed in orderly procession through the vault-like chamber, with its mournful drapery and its oppressive funeral light, where the remains reposed in state and were exposed to view for the last time.

IN THE LITTLE FRONT PARLOR.

The McKinley residence divided with the City Hall the popular interest. The precious casket rested in the little front parlor, and, while none was admitted, all could pass in silence and gaze upon the house that held it, surrounded by armed men, whose measured step was the only sound that disturbed the prevailing quiet. Crossed palms, held by black and white ribbons, and fastened against the wall on the right of the door, were the only outward evidence of the deep grief that overwhelmed the household, and which weighed upon the bereaved widow of William McKinley.

The procession was behind the time appointed in starting, the delay arising from the numerous organizations and large numbers of those who composed them. The escort was made up of the entire force of the State Guards, many commandries of Knights Templar, Masonic lodges and posts of the Grand Army, of which organizations the deceased was a member; survivors of his old regiment, organizations from every section of Ohio, and delegations from other States, including their Governors.

The immediate family, together with the United States

officials in attendance, the President, the Cabinet, the general officers of the army, headed by the Lieutenant-General, who reached Canton in the evening; the Rear Admirals of the navy, the soldiers and sailors who have faithfully guarded and borne the remains from place to place since leaving Buffalo; Senators of the United States and Representatives-elect, formed and followed in the same regulation order that was observed in the procession at Washington. The march was direct to the church in which the services were held.

The building was filled to its utmost capacity, and surrounded on the outside by a vast multitude, which was held back by the military escort, formed in line to await the closing of the religious exercises and to make the last march to the cemetery with all the pomp and ceremony befitting the occasion. Mrs. McKinley did not go to the church. She was desirous of following her beloved to the end, but was finally prevailed upon to remain at home by her relatives and her physician.

PROCESSION REACHES THE CHURCH.

President Roosevelt and the members of the family were in position directly in front of the hearse as the representatives of a stricken nation and mourning people. The funeral procession reached the church about two o'clock. The doors were kept closed against general admission until the casket was in place and the relatives and official attendants were seated. The platform from which the regular church services are conducted was extended in order to accommodate the large number of clergymen of all denominations who requested the privilege of being present during the services.

More than one hundred clergymen were thus accommodated, and formed a fitting background for the many floral contributions banked in front, and the sombre hangings that covered the walls and hung in festoons that were looped with broad white ribbons from the pillars and the great organ. The army and navy officers constituting the special guard of honor, occupied the two front pews on the right and left of the main aisle. The President at

the head of the second pew on the right, the members of the Cabinet sitting with him and about him according to their rank in the order of succession to the Presidency as established by Congress to meet a possible, but happily, it is hoped, a remote contingency.

The services occupied nearly an hour and a half, and were in every sense appropriate, their simplicity adding to their impressiveness. The music was by a quartette, two male and two female voices. There was no organ accompaniment to conceal the sweetness and tenderness of the voices, which filled the edifice, floating harmoniously across the groined ceiling and out to the auditorium and gallery of an annex to the main building, and which is so constructed that it can be made part of it, as was the case at the funeral.

A BEAUTIFUL EULOGY.

The delivery of the eulogy by Rev. Dr. Manchester, pastor, friend and neighbor of the late President, occupied thirty-five minutes, and was a most touching and beautiful tribute to the public services and personal worth of the deceased. The services closed with singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," by the quartette. When the benediction was pronounced the organ began in murmuring tones Chopin's funeral march, which swelled into a volume of melody as the congregation slowly moved from the church after the removal of the casket.

Upon emerging from the church the remains were again received by the troops with the prescribed honors, the column of march was resumed and passing between two lines of solid humanity that stretched from the church to West Lawn Cemetery, every constituent unit of which stood reverently and mournfully as the cortege passed, they were borne to the tomb.

The following additional account of an eye-witness affords a graphic picture of the solemn scene:

"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 con-

course of people. Regiment after regiment of soldiers, acting as guards, were in triple lines from curbs back to the lawns. The walks had been cleared, and the multitude took refuge on 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 of the army—awaiting the order 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 uniforms, with flags bound in crepe, and every saber 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.

MEMBERS OF THE CABINET.

“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 sword at side and band of crepe about his arm, stood alongside the members of the Cabinet, and with him were Major-General Brooke, Major-General Otis, Major-General MacArthur and Brigadier-General Gillespie. Across from them were 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.

Just inside the gate stood the civilian Honorary Court, in double line, including Governor Nash, of Ohio; Governor Caldwell, Judge Williams, of the Ohio Supreme Court; Henry B. MacFarland, President of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia; Mayor Diehl, of Buffalo; Judge Day, the lifelong friend of the President; Mr. Milburn, at whose house he died, and others in civil life near and dear to the dead chief.

“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 wail 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, Dr. Manchester saying a prayer 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 their flag-wrapped casket to their shoulders, bore it through the open entrance.

MAJESTIC IN ITS SILENCE.

“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 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.

“The great procession now took up its mournful journey, passing under the sweep of giant arches robed in black, between two living tides of humanity massed along the streets, covering housetops and filling windows. The church bells still were tolling, mingling their dismal tones with the cadence of the funeral dirge. Preceding the funeral car and forming the first

division rode General Torrance, National Commander, G. A. R., with a long line of grizzled veterans.

"After them moved the National Guard of the State of Ohio, platoon after platoon, under command of General Charles A. Dick. Then came the solemn funeral cortege, the late President's favorite command, Troop A, riding ahead. At the head of each of the coal black horses drawing the hearse marched a soldier. The heads of the horses bore tall, black plumes, and over them were thrown long palls of black.

MILITARY AND NAVAL GUARDS.

"At either side of the hearse marched the guard of military and naval honor, the generals on the right, led by General Miles, and the admirals on the left, led by Admiral Farquhar. Then came the long line of carriages for the relatives and friends, and after them the innumerable military and civic organizations that had assembled to pay this last honor to the fallen chief. In the line were division after division of Knights Templar, Knights of Pythias, Free Masons, Odd Fellows and representatives of beneficial orders, chambers of commerce, as well as delegations of citizens from cities and towns throughout the State and country.

"It was 1.50 o'clock when the procession passed the Court House and turned into Tuscarawas street to the stately stone edifice where the funeral service was 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 passing of the casket. Then the flower covered coffin was brought from the hearse, and, as it passed within the black draped entrance, the President and his Cabinet followed within the edifice. The mourners, too, passed inside of the edifice, 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 brawny 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 pipes, 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 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, its blood-red and snow-white folds tied midway with a band of crepe.

FLORAL BEAUTIES.

But it was the floral display at the front of the church which filled the whole edifice with glory. The centre of it all was a great wreath of American Beauties, framing a black-bordered portrait of President McKinley. From it, extending outward and upward, was a perfect wealth of gorgeous blossoms. The effect was as if a great rushing wave of color had broken into flowers at the foot of the bier. They extended up even to the organ pipes, against which lay four wreaths, three broken as if to represent the quarters of the moon. It was exquisite. Words melt away powerless before the tender beauty.

Purple and green were the dominant notes—orchids, violets, palms and evergreens against the sombre background. There were many handsome pieces. Against the walls on either side were floral flags, and upon the pulpit rested an urn in white carnations, broken at the base to represent the water flowing from it. At either side of this urn were the cross of the Knights Templar and the crown of the Knights of Pythias, while to the east was the square and compass of Masonry.

Almost directly above the support for the coffin a sunburst

of lights glittered like brilliant stars in a black sky. The light from without came dimly through the stained glass windows.

Under the quivering folds of the starry banner, with the lights shedding their effulgence from above, the fragrance of the flowers hovering all about, and the music of Beethoven's Grand Funeral March pulsing from the organ, the body bearers gently lowered the flag-draped and flower-adorned coffin to its support. The members of the Loyal Legion, Governor Nash, Governor McMillin, of Tennessee, and Governor Longino, of Mississippi, each with his full uniformed staff, had already entered the church from the west entrance, and had filled up the most westerly of the sections of pews.

MEMBERS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE.

The members of the Senate and the House of Representatives had preceded the coffin through the door at the side of the chancel through which it entered. They were ushered in as at all State ceremonies by the Sergeant-at-Arms of each body. Senators Allison, of Iowa, and Bate, of Tennessee, headed the Senatorial representation, of which there were about forty, and Speaker Henderson and Representative Dalzell that of the House, of which more than half of the membership must have been present.

The Congressional party filled up the entire east section of pews and the rear half of the two central sections. The local clergymen occupied the seats below the organ, usually occupied by the choir. All had risen as the coffin was borne in.

The generals and admirals of the army and navy, who comprised the guard of honor, in their resplendent uniforms, followed the body and occupied the first pew on either side of the centre aisle. President Roosevelt and the Cabinet came slowly after. All were in black and wore black gloves. The President took his place immediately behind Lieutenant-General Miles, next the centre aisle in the second pew to the eastward. So close was he to the coffin he could almost have leaned over and touched it. The fourth pew from the front, that always occupied by President

McKinley, was draped in black, and remained vacant. After these had been seated, the door leading into the Sunday-school was opened, and the seats arranged below, as well as those in the balcony, were soon filled with the representatives of various organizations and the fellow townsmen of the martyred President. Conspicuous among these were the survivors of the Twenty-third Ohio, President McKinley's old regiment, who brought into the church the tattered battle flags the regiment had carried throughout the Civil War.

It was after 2 o'clock when the quartette arose and lifted up their voices with the touching words of "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." When the sound of the last line had died away, Rev. O. B. Milligan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in which President and Mrs. McKinley were married thirty years ago, offered a fervent prayer. Every head within the church bent in solemn reverence as the invocation went up.

PASSAGES FROM THE BIBLE.

Dr. John A. Hall, pastor of the Trinity Lutheran Church, then read from the Bible the beautiful 19th Psalm, and Rev. E. P. Herburck verses 41 to 58 of the twenty-fifth chapter of 1 Corinthians. With great feeling he read the inspiring words telling of the mystery that all would not sleep, but all be changed.

The quartette then sang Cardinal Newman's grand hymn, the beautiful words floating through all the church,

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom."

Dr. C. E. Manchester then delivered an address, which lasted twenty-four minutes, on the life of the late President and the lessons taught by his noble character and death.

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 deathbed, "Nearer, My God, to Thee; Nearer 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 arose. 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 shortly after three o'clock when the silent and anxious throngs outside the church saw the solemn pageant reappear through the church doors. First came the guard of military and naval honor, the generals and admirals, forming in double line leading from the entrance to the waiting hearse. Again the flag-draped casket with its wealth of flowers, appeared, and was committed to the hearse. The President and members of the Cabinet followed, arm in arm, and stepped into the waiting carriages. The relatives entered carriages next. Then the squadron of troopers broke from their battalion front and, wheeling into platoons, took up the march to the grave.

SORROWFUL FACES EVERYWHERE.

In the long line of carriages were United States Senators and members of the House of Representatives from every section of the country, Justices of the United States Supreme Court, the ranking heads of the army and navy, governors of States and mayors of cities, and the dead President's fellow townsmen. Out Tuscarawas street the long procession moved through a section of the city where the sound of the dirge had not before been 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 with black and even the stately elms along the way had their trunks enshrouded in black and white drapery.

Rev. O. B. Milligan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Canton, delivered the invocation, which was as follows:

"O God, our God, our nation's God, Thou God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Mercies and God of all comfort we have entered the courts of Thy house to-day with bowed and burdened hearts. In Thy inscrutable providence Thou hast permitted this great calamity to come upon us. Truly 'Thy ways are in the deep, and Thy paths in the mighty waters.' We

bow in meekness before this exhibition of Thy sovereignty, and own Thy right to do as Thou wilt in the armies of heaven and amongst the sons of men. But blessed be Thy name; Thy sovereignty over us is the sovereignty of love.

"Thou art our Father, and 'like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' Thou hast so revealed Thyself to us in Thy Word, but especially in Jesus Christ, who was the brightness of Thy glory and the express image of Thy person. Therefore, O Lord, we can the more cheerfully submit to the doings of Thy hand and heart.

"We can say with him whom we so deely mourn, 'This is God's way; His will, not ours, be done.' and, whilst we cannot understand Thy gracious purposes in this dispensation, help us, Lord, to wait in patient confidence, assured that Thou, who art Thine own interpreter, will reveal Thy thoughts of peace and purposes of mercy in this great mystery. In this spirit help us to accept this providence and still to trust Thee.

CAUSES FOR THANKSGIVING.

"We thank Thee, O Lord, for this life which has been taken so rudely from us. We thank Thee for Thy servant's endowments and achievements. We thank Thee for the evidences that he was chosen, of Thee, for great purposes in this world, and for the splendid way in which, by Thy grace, these purposes were wrought out in his life. Adorned by Thee, we thank Thee for what he was in himself, in his home, in society, in Church and State and national relations. We bless Thee for the inspiration of his example, and we rejoice that, though dead, his influence for good will ever live among us. Blessed be Thy Name, in the temple of American honor another is written among the immortals. Help us all, O Lord, to see in his life the divine possibilities of life, and to strive for a like fidelity as we go forward to meet life's appointments.

"Vouchsafe, we pray Thee, all needful blessings to our nation in this season of sore bereavement. Thou knowest, O God, how this blow has struck every heart, how this sorrow

pierces every soul. The nation is dotted with sackcloth and bowed with grief. Our land is full of mourning, our hearts are heavy with an inexpressible and almost unendurable sorrow.

"Surely Thou hast stricken us in Thy sore displeasure, for Thou dost not afflict willingly; Thou dost not delight in punishment. O, that Thou wouldst help us to search our hearts to seek out even the hidden depths and springs of wickedness, to rid us of the evil, that the abundant favor of our God may be returned to us, and that the sublime things we hope for, in our nation's future, may be realized. And until we have discovered the evil and rooted it out, let not Thy goodness depart from us.

"In afflicting, O Lord, be merciful. Remember not our sins against us and visit us in the plentitude of Thy grace.

PRAYER FOR THE NEW PRESIDENT.

"Vouchsafe, we pray Thee, the fullness of Thy grace to Thy servant, who has so unexpectedly been inducted into the solemn responsibilities of the office of Chief Magistrate. May he be endowed with all needed gifts to administer the Government to the glory and the welfare of this great people. Give him Thy protection from secret foes and unworthy friends. Fill his heart with Thy fear and give him the confidence and love of the nation.

"And now, O Lord, trustfully do we commit to Thy infinite, tender and gracious care, she who has been most bitterly bereaved. Tender as are our hearts toward her in this sad hour; passing tender as was her husband's heart toward her, as together they passed through all the scenes of joy and sorrow which were appointed them in life, may the heart of God be more tender still. Find her round with the sufficient consolations of Thy presence and grace; and, as by faith, she leans upon the unseen arm of the Infinite, may she ever find Thee a present help in time of need.

"Sanctify this dispensation to us all. May we hear it in the voice of the Eternal, crying, 'All flesh is grass, and all the godliness thereof as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God will stand forever.' Help

us that we may diligently improve this providence to our growth in grace, and in the saving knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. By Thy grace, dear Lord, prepare us all for life's duties and trials, of the solemnities of death and for a blessed immortality. These, and every other needed blessing, we plead for in the name of Him who taught us to pray:

"Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed by Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, and Thine to be the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen."

TOUCHING ADDRESS BY MCKINLEY'S PASTOR.

The address of Rev. C. E. Manchester, President McKinley's pastor, was as follows:

"Our President is dead. The silver cord is loosed, the golden bow is broken, the pitcher is broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern. The mourners go about the streets. One voice is heard—a wail of sorrow from all the land, for 'The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places. How are the mighty fallen? I am distressed for thee, my brother. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me.'

"Our President is dead.

"We can hardly believe it. We had hoped and prayed, and it seemed that our hopes were to be realized and our prayers answered, when the emotion of joy was changed to one of grave apprehension. Still we waited, for we said, 'It may be that God will be gracious and merciful unto us.' It seemed to us that it must be His will to spare the life of one so well beloved and so much needed. Thus, alternating between hope and fear, the weary hours passed on.

"Then came the tidings of defeated sciences, of the failure of love and prayer to hold its object to the earth. We seemed to hear the faintly muttered words, 'Good-bye, all; good-bye. It's God's will. His will be done,' and then 'Nearer, My God, to

Thee.' So, nestling nearer to his God, he passed out into unconsciousness, skirted the dark shores of the sea of death for a time, and then passed on to be at rest. His great heart had ceased to beat.

"Our hearts are heavy with sorrow
A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he has gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.
"The mourners throng the ways, and from the steeple
The funeral bells toll slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro.
And saying as they meet, "Rejoice,"
Another long waited for is come.
The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother
Has reached the Father's home.'

THE WORLD HAS LOST A MAN.

"The cause of this universal mourning is to be found in the man himself. The inspired penman's picture of Jonathan, likening him unto the 'beauty of Israel,' could not be more appropriately employed than in chanting the lament over our fallen chieftain. It does no violence to human speech, nor is it fulsome eulogy to speak thus of him, for who that has seen his stately bearing, his grace and manliness of demeanor, his kindness of aspect, but gives assent from this description of him? Was it characteristic of our beloved President that men met him only to love him?

"They might indeed differ with him, but in the presence of such dignity of character and grace of manner none could fail to love the man. The people confided in him, believed in him. It was said of Lincoln that probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply imbedded and enshrined in the hearts of the people, but it is true of McKinley in a larger sense. Industrial and social conditions are such that he was even more than his predecessors the friend of the whole people.

"A touching scene was enacted in this church on Sunday night. The services had closed. The worshipers were gone to their homes. Only a few lingered to discuss the sad event that brings us together to-day. Three men in working garb of a foreign race and unfamiliar tongue entered the room. They approached the altar, kneeling before it and before his picture. Their lips moved as if in prayer, while tears furrowed their cheeks. They may have been thinking of their own King Humbert, and of his untimely death. Their emotion was eloquent, eloquent beyond speech, and it bore testimony to their appreciation of manly friendship and honest worth.

"It is a glorious thing to be able to say in this presence, with our illustrious dead before us, that he never betrayed the confidence of his countrymen. Not for personal gain or pre-eminence would he mar the beauty of his soul. He kept it clean and white before God and man, and his hands were unsullied by bribes.

A MAN OF SINGLE AIM.

"His eyes looked right on, and his eyelids looked straight before him. He was sincere, plain and honest, just, benevolent and kind. He never disappointed those who believed in him, but measured up to every duty, and met every responsibility in life grandly and unflinchingly.

"Not only was our President brave, heroic and honest; he was as gallant a knight as ever rode the lists for his lady lover in the days when knighthood was in flower. It is but a few weeks since the nation looked on with tear dimmed eyes as it saw with what tender conjugal devotion he sat at the bedside of his beloved wife, when all feared that a fatal illness was upon her. No public clamor that he might show himself to the populace, no demand of social function was sufficient to draw the lover from the bedside of his wife. He watched and waited while we all prayed—and she lived.

"This sweet and tender story all the world knows, and the world knows that his whole life had run in this one groove of love. It was a strong arm that she leaned upon, and it never failed her.