

seemed interested in the history of the stage, and enjoyed reminiscences of it or anecdotes of actors with great relish.

Passing through Washington on my way to Florida, I called to pay my respects. This was just at the time when strained relations were tightening their grip upon America and Spain. The President spoke of these, but expressed a hope that serious trouble might be avoided. I told him that I traveled much, and that I gleaned from the expressions of wise and thoughtful men that the country did not want war. He replied, "I am glad to hear it." This was before the destruction of the "Maine." I have met him several times since, and to me his views seemed broad and liberal.

I was never more shocked that when the terrible news of the assassination was brought to me; our household was in a fever of excitement, our very domestics in tears; and now, that the worst has come, a home made desolate and a nation plunged in sorrow, we can only hope that time may soften the blow, and that wise legislation may place a barrier that will forever prevent the reoccurrence of such an act.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

#### A LIFE'S STORY.

TWO together and only two—

One a soldier and one a maid;  
Ev'ry sky is heavenly blue,  
And all the dim forebodings fade.

Two together and only two—

One a husband and one a wife,  
Ready to walk the wide world through,  
Heart and hand on the road of life.

Two together and only two—

Fronting Fortune and braving fears—

Two together and only two

Above two little graves in tears.

Two together and only two—

He a Nation's chosen chief

She a wife to follow through

The massive gates that lead to grief.

Two together and only two—

One to watch, with all love's wealth,  
One to walk 'mid wilds of rue  
To seek the pleasant paths of health.

Two together and only two—

See the clouds and pains depart  
From the Land's first lady, who  
Is still first lady of his heart,

Two together and only two—

Cannons boom and cities cheer,  
Skies are bright and friends are true;  
Who shall say that death is near?

Two together and only two—

Joy seems sure forever more,  
Yet the hand that millions drew  
Of hearts has opened Death's dark door.

Two together and only two—

While amid his own he stands,  
Death now breaks the circle through  
And grasps him with his vise-like hands.

Two together and only two—

Never death such loving parts,  
Loyal wife and husband true,  
For Love hath wed your hands and hearts.

Two together and only two—

Peoples pray that you may meet  
Where the dark skies change to blue,  
And all that's bitter turns to sweet.

JOHN BURNS.

#### HIS PLACE IN THE NATIONAL HEART.

Who has yet invented the smokeless powder of grief? The first emotions consequent on a great public catastrophe are like the blur of an old-fashioned battle; it is only when the atmosphere clears that we begin to see anything plainly.

The nation is undergoing something like what the surgeons

call shock. The sense of immeasurable outrage is yet so keen, the effects of a ragged wound are yet so severe, that we scarcely know where, or why, we are most hurt.

While the black draped train goes ploughing its way through flowers half across the continent, while the nation stands uncovered before the catafalque, who can calmly estimate the martyr's personality? But it is not his position in history that you seek to define; it is his place at this hour in the national heart. There can be no doubt that this is a very strong, warm place. The public affection closes upon him jealously. Few men of our times have shown a more remarkable power to make friends, and what is more, to retain them (for these twain are not one) than William McKinley.

#### PERSONAL KINDLINESS.

Whoever differed from him, on great matters or small, seems to have been half won over, and wholly mollified by the personal kindness and courtesy of the man. Political opponents, or those of his own party who could not follow his policy, are among the first to do him honor now.

I remember how generously and courteously the entreating protests of one citizen against the impending war were received. These took the form of letters so candid, so urgent, and so repeated that the writer could have felt no surprise if they had been disregarded altogether. Many another must have had similar experience and come away from it, convinced of the sincerity and conscientiousness of the man.

These personal traits ran all through his character. Most remarkable has been the tribute of the nation to McKinley, the man of common, human virtues. He was a Christian believer who loved his God, and was never afraid to say so; who, Christ-like, forgave his murderer on the first impulse, not the second; who said: "Don't let them hurt him," before the smoke from the assassin's revolver had spent itself in the air; who died breathing out his soul in sacred words, the sincerity of which commands absolute respect. In a time when faith is darkened, and religious character unfashionable, let him be remembered for these things.

Most touching, too, and quite as remarkable has been the profound, wide and genuine reverence offered to the domestic qualities of the man. In a day when, as one has well said, the great national danger is "the decadence of the home idea," his private life shows like an uplifted hand—pointing to something higher and more elect than most of us attain to in the stress and disillusion of daily life.

He, the husband of an invalid wife who was never suffered to feel that her misfortunes encroached upon his comfort, sapped his strength, wearied his patience, or reduced his affection, deserves all the tender tears that fall upon his bier—and more.

Many an obscure citizen, called to cherish an ailing wife at cost of personal sacrifices known only to himself and to her, will feel his burden lighter, his love warmer, his courage stronger, for this great example. And many a sick woman, thinking: "How tender he is to me to-day!" will have reason to bless the quiet influence of the dead President, who found it inevitable and made it manly to put the needs of the woman he had loved and wedded forever in the foreground of his heart and of his life.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

#### SLAIN BY A HUMAN REPTILE.

President McKinley's murder belongs, as do those of Lincoln and Garfield, to the category of crimes that could not be foreseen, nor easily averted. It is like a clot of blood flung on a fair picture by the hand of a ruffian. It is as though the man, rich in the love and respect of millions, had been bitten to death by a reptile or a rabid dog. We may crush the reptile; we may kill the dog; but their extermination will not bring back the precious life, nor atone for its loss. The loss is immeasurable, the punishment utterly inadequate.

A noble California redwood takes centuries to reach its perfect growth. It may be destroyed in a day by a spark from a careless hunter's camp fire or by the ax of a soulless log-chopper. When Lord Rosse had finished his great telescope, after years of skilful work, and at the cost of a fortune, he generously exhibited

it to the public; and one of the first men who came to see it flung a huge stone full at the costly lens! Fortunately his aim was as bad as his heart; but that heart was filled with all the destructive spirit of an assassin.

The same man would have as recklessly shot at a president, or king, or queen, not because either had wronged him, but because "the Lord had respect to Abel and to his offerings," and that was enough for Cain!

The vanity of human grandeur is brought home to us more vividly by such a tragedy than by the assassination of any royal potentate. A king or emperor is usually born to his high estate. A president is chosen from the ranks by the free will of the people; and by so much more is he "the state" itself than any anointed sovereign can be. It took over half a century to make a president of this man whom the people had tried and found worthy in almost every station of public life. It takes time to grow a redwood tree. Is it necessary that it should be in the power of any idle blackguard to cut it down with one blow? I think not.

#### HAND SHAKING CONDEMNED.

There is nothing democratic about permitting anybody and everybody to shake the hand of the President. Rather is it a survival of the old royal fashion which attached a certain sanctity to the person of the ruler, and made the subject think that he was enjoying a peculiar privilege by being allowed to see and touch the precious object. The President is the chief servant of the people, and, as such, he has constant, serious, arduous work to do. His master has no right to interrupt him at his work, nor to intrude upon him in his leisure. Popular levees are a popular humbug, meaningless, tiresome, dangerous. Let us give our heroes the boon of individual freedom.

Instead of doing that, we burden them with public "receptions," with parades, with fulsome panegyric, or stand them up to be kissed, after which we change the throne to the pillory and hurl ridicule at them in place of bouquets. Our hero does a truly daring deed, and he is forthwith thrust upon the lecture platform,

interviewed and photographed without mercy, and then given over to the wits and wittings because he has been too gracious to his foolish feminine admirers.

Another is covered with laurels, until he offends the peculiar taste of an ill-mannered public by doing as he sees fit with the "Injun gift" of a house which he unwisely accepted from them. The government at this moment is sorting out the tar and feathers for one or the other or both of the two heroes whom we set upon naval pedestals a couple of years ago. The hero in the hands of the populace is like the South American spider which must flee from the arms of his spouse before she has time to devour him!

#### RISK OF LIFE.

Our Presidents are too valuable to have their lives risked at the hands of any chance scoundrel covetous of wide-spread infamy. William McKinley, especially, was too choice a product of republican institutions to be destroyed by an instrument of disorder.

His successor is one of the bravest of men. Therefore, he should not be rash. Therefore, we, the people, should forego the empty privilege of forcing ourselves upon his privacy, or of asking him to exhibit himself for the delectation of the gaping multitude and the weapon of another possible Booth or Guiteau, or the ignoble beast with the crooked name who has just destroyed a great and good man.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, (Editor of "The Pilot.")

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED APRIL 14, 1865.

This is the remarkable poem in which, on May 6, 1865, London "Punch" confessed its error, after having for four years lampooned Lincoln with pencil and with pen. It is attributed to Tom Taylor.

YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier  
 You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,  
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,  
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,  
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,  
 His lack of all we prize as debonair,  
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed by the pencil's laugh,  
 Judging each step, as though the way were plain;  
 Reckless, so it could point a paragraph,  
 Of Chief's perplexity, or peoples' pain.

Besides this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet  
 The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,  
 Between the mourners at his head and feet,  
 Say, scurrile-jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,  
 To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—  
 To make me own this hind of princes peer,  
 This rail-splitter, a true born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,  
 Noting how to occasion's hight he rose,  
 How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,  
 How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humbled yet how hopeful he could be;  
 How in good fortune and in ill the same;  
 Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,  
 Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few  
 Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—  
 As one who knows, where there's a task to do,  
 Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,  
 That God makes instruments to work His will,  
 If but that will we can arrive to know,  
 Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side  
 That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,  
 As in his peasant boyhood he had piled  
 His warfare with rude nature's thwarting might—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,  
 The iron-bark, that turns the laborer's ax,  
 The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,  
 The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,  
 The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—  
 Such were the needs that helped his youth to train;  
 Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,  
 If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,  
 And lived to do it; four long suffering years,  
 Ill-fate, ill-fortune, ill-report, lived through,  
 And then he heard the hisses changed to cheers,  
 The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,  
 And took both with the same unwavering mood;  
 Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,  
 And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,  
 Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—  
 And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,  
 Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,  
 Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,  
 When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse  
 To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,  
 Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!  
 Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,  
 Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before  
 By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt  
 If more of horror or disgrace they bore;  
 But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,  
 Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;  
 And with the martyr's crown crownest a life  
 With much to praise little to be forgiven!

## AFTER THE BURIAL.

Written for the "Boston Globe's" Garfield Memorial Edition, Sept. 27, 1881.

## I.

FALLEN with autumn's falling leaf,  
 Ere yet his summer's noon was past,  
 Our friend, our guide, our trusted chief—  
 What words can match a woe so vast,  
 And whose the chartered claim to speak  
 The sacred grief where all have part,  
 When sorrow saddens every cheek  
 And broods in every aching heart?  
 Yet nature prompts the burning phrase  
 That thrills the hushed and shrouded hall,  
 The loud lament, the sorrowing praise,  
 The silent tear that love let's fall.  
 In loftiest verse, in lowliest rhyme,  
 Shall strive unblamed the minstrel choir—  
 The singers of the new-born time  
 And trembling age with outworn lyre.  
 No room for pride, no place for blame—  
 We fling our bosoms on the grave  
 Pale—scentless—faded—all we claim,  
 This only—what we had we gave.  
 Ah, could the grief of all who mourn  
 Blend in one voice its bitter cry,  
 The wail to Heaven's high arches borne  
 Would echo through the caverned sky.

## II.

O happiest land whose peaceful choice  
 Fills with a breath its empty throne!  
 God, speaking through thy people's voice,  
 Has made that voice for once his own.  
 No angry passion shakes the state  
 Whose weary servant seeks for rest  
 And who could fear that scowling hate  
 Would strike at that unguarded breast?

He stands, unconscious of his doom  
 In manly strength, erect, serene—  
 Around him summer spreads her bloom—  
 He falls—what horror clothes the scene!  
 How swift the sudden flash of woe  
 Where all was bright as childhood's dream!  
 As if from heaven's ethereal bow  
 Had leaped the lightning's arrowy gleam.  
 Blot the foul deed from history's page—  
 Let not the all betraying sun  
 Blush for the day that stains an age  
 When murder's blackest wreath was won.  
 Pale on his couch the sufferer lies,  
 The weary battleground of pain;  
 Love tends his pillow, science tries  
 Her every art, alas! in vain.  
 The strife endures how long! how long!  
 Life, death, seem balanced in the scale,  
 While round his bed a viewless throng  
 Awaits each morrow's changing tale.  
 In realms the desert ocean parts  
 What myriads watch with tear-filled eyes.  
 His pulse beats echoing in their hearts,  
 His breathing counted with their sighs!  
 Slowly the stores of life are spent,  
 Yet hope still battles with despair—  
 Will Heaven not yield when knees are bent?  
 Answer, O Thou that hearest prayer!  
 But silent is the brazen sky—  
 On sweeps the meteor's threatening train—  
 Unswerving Nature's mute reply,  
 Bound in her adamant chain.  
 Not ours the verdict to decide  
 Whom death shall claim or skill shall save;  
 The hero's life though Heaven denied  
 It gave our land a martyr's grave.

Nor count the teaching vainly sent  
 How human hearts their griefs may share—  
 The lesson woman's love has lent,  
 What hope may do, what faith can bear!

Farewell! the leaf-strown earth enfolds  
 Our stay, our pride, our hopes, our fears,  
 And autumn's golden sun beholds  
 A nation bowed, a world in tears.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### Additional Tributes to President McKinley—Messages from Crowned Heads—Canada Observes the Day of Obse- quies—All Business Suspended Throughout Our Country.

REPLYING to Mrs. McKinley's acknowledgment of his tele-  
 gram of sympathy, King Edward telegraphed to Amba-  
 sador Choate:

"Please convey to Mrs. McKinley my best thanks for her  
 kind message. The Queen and I feel most deeply for her in the  
 hour of her great affliction and pray that God may give her  
 strength to bear her heavy cross. Our thoughts will to-day be  
 especially with the American nation when its distinguished Presi-  
 dent is laid to rest. "EDWARD R."

Throughout Ontario the day of the funeral was observed as  
 a day of mourning for the late President McKinley. In accord-  
 ance with instructions from Ottawa, the schools and courts in  
 Toronto and other cities were closed. Memorial services, attended  
 by crowds, were held by the leading churches, where tributes  
 were paid to the martyred President and his favorite hymns were  
 sung.

The Dominion Methodist Church at Ottawa was crowded  
 with those who took part in the memorial services. Rev. S. G.  
 Bland, Methodist, and Rev. A. A. Cameron, Baptist, delivered  
 brief sermons and all the other Protestant denominations assisted  
 in the service. In front of the pulpit the Union Jack and the  
 Stars and Stripes were crossed and draped in black. The church  
 was also draped and decorated and the choir was all in  
 black.

Rev. Mr. Bland spoke of McKinley as a typical American  
 citizen and said that a country which could produce such men as  
 Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley could not be called a failure.