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WITHIN THE VAULT AT WESTLAWN LIES ONE WHOM NATIONS HONORED AND TO MEMORY IS DEAR.

One Hundred Thousand People Gathered in Canton Thursday When President's Body Was Committed to the Grave.

From House to Church, from Church to Grave, the Body Was Borne Through Lanes of Sorrowing Friends.

Mrs. McKinley Did Not Attend the Church Services—The Closing Scenes in a World's Tragedy.

Canton, O., Sept. 19.—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 heads of the military and naval establishments, 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. It was a spectacle of mournful grandeur. 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 last tribute to the fallen chief.

Mrs. McKinley did not attend the church services. The closing scenes in a world's tragedy. The president's face looked very grave, and he stood there silently with uncovered head awaiting the body of the dead chief.

At the Church. It was 1.50 when the procession passed the Court house and turned into the avenue street to the stately stone edifice where the funeral services were to be held. At the church entrance was drawn up deep files of soldiers, with bayonets fixed to their rifles, and beyond them, in the line, were divisions of Knights Templar, Knights of Pythias, Masons, Oddfellows and representatives of benevolent orders, chambers of commerce, as well as delegations of citizens from cities and towns throughout state and country.

Church Deeply Draped. The scene within the church when the casket was carried on the shoulders of the soldiers and sailors, was pitifully impressive. A black border 20 feet high, relieved at intervals by narrow white bands falling to the floor, swept completely around the interior. On the organ pipes back of the pulpit rose above it, the vestibules on either side of the chancel and the choir, 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 lit midway with a band of magenta.

Magnificent Floral Display. It was the floral display at the front of the church which filled the whole edifice with glory. The center of it all was a great wreath of white and pink, framing a black-bordered portrait of President McKinley. From it, extending outward and upward, was a perfect web of flowers, and on top great masses of white roses and delicate lavender orchids. Tenderly the coffin was committed to the hearse, the order to march was given and the great procession took up its mournful journey, passing under the sweep of giant arches robed in black, between two living tides of humanity, passed along the streets.

The Funeral Cortège. Proceeding the funeral car, and forming the first division rode General Torrance, national commander G. A. R., at the head of a long line of grizzled veterans. After them moved the National Guard of Ohio. Then came the funeral cortège, the late president's favorite command, troop "A," of 40 soldiers, and the members of the cabinet, the heads of the military and naval branches of the cabinet, led by General Miles, and the admirals on the left, led by Admiral Farquhar.

At 7 o'clock tonight President Roosevelt and the members of the cabinet started back to Washington. As the time approached for bearing the body from the funeral services at the church, the little cottage on North Market street was the center of a vast concourse of people. Regiment after regiment of soldiers, acting as guards, were in triple lines from curb to the lawn. In front of the McKinley cottage were drawn up the body bearers—eight soldiers of the navy and eight soldiers of the army—awaiting the order to go within and take up the casket.

atives, Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks, controller, and Mrs. Daves, Col. and Mrs. Myron T. Horrick, of Cleveland, and a few other close personal friends. The fourth person from the front, that always was occupied by President McKinley, was draped in black and remained vacant. The door leading into the Sabbath school was then opened and the seats below as well as those in the balcony, were soon filled.

The Funeral Service. It was after 2 o'clock when the quartette sang 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 20 years ago, offered a fervent prayer. Every head within the church bent in solemn reverence as the invocation went up. Dr. John A. Hull, pastor of the Trinity Lutheran church then read from the Bible the 19th Psalm, and Rev. E. P. Borbruck, verser of the 25th chapter of 1st Corinthians. The quartette then sang Cardinal Newman's grand hymn: "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encroaching gloom. Lead, Thou me on: The night is dark and I am far from home, Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me."

Dr. C. Manchester then delivered an address which lasted 24 minutes upon the life of the late president and the lessons taught by his noble character and death. Bishop W. Joyce, of Minneapolis, followed with a brief prayer and the services were concluded with the singing of the hymn which President McKinley requested on his last day: "Nearer My God to Thee." The entire congregation arose and joined in the last stanza, Father Valtman, of Chicago, chaplain of the 29th 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 the line went out in the order they had entered.

The March to the Grave. It was after 3 o'clock when the silent and anxious throng outside the church saw the solemn pageant reappear through the church doors. First came the guard of honor, followed, arm in arm and stepped into the waiting carriages. The relatives entered carriages next. Then the squadrons of mounted police followed, the entire front and, wheeling into platoons, took up the march to the grave. In the long line of carriages were United States senators and members of the House of Representatives, Justices of the United States Supreme Court, the ranking heads of the army and navy, governors of states and members of the cabinet. The president's fellow townsmen, out of the street, the long procession moved through a section of the city where the sound of the dirge had not been heard before. 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 schoolchildren. The houses were hung with black and even the stately elms along the way had their trunks enshrouded in black and white.

Streets Lined With Spectators. For hours before the time set for the commencement of the funeral exercises at the McKinley home, the streets along the entire length of the line of march were crowded with spectators. From the gates of the cemetery to the doors of the church on each side of the street an almost unbroken line of soldiers was formed and at all intersecting streets detachments of the militia were posted. No body was permitted to pass in either direction. Every window commanding a view of the line of march was filled, the numerous stands were crowded to their utmost capacity, and on the roads were hundreds of people. From 9 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the afternoon, by which time the last of the parade had passed the church on its way to the cemetery, this condition prevailed. As the funeral car passed through the streets men and women sobbed and at the cemetery gates, where the crowd was densely packed and where the people had remained for hours pressing against the iron fence, two women fainted during the exercises at the vault.

It was exactly four minutes after 4 o'clock when the hearse passed through the doorway of the cemetery. Twenty minutes later, the services at the vault were over. One hour and forty minutes after the hearse had entered the cemetery, the place was clear and the dead president was alone save for the guard over the vault. A sentry's measured step resounded from the cement walk before the vault, 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 tonight was pitched the tent of the guards and there it will remain until the doors are closed tomorrow. Sentries will then guard the vault every hour of the day and night until the body has been borne to its final resting place.

Funeral Procession Described. For nearly an hour before the head of the funeral procession arrived at the gate of the cemetery the strains of the dirge were heard from the hill tops to the waters by the vault, telling them that the procession was on its way. Then the detachment of mounted police followed, the bands came over the corner of Lincoln street and passed up West Third street to the cemetery gates. Behind them came the Grand Army of the Republic, the solemn notes of "Nearer My God to Thee" swelling out as it came up the driveway. A moment after the cemetery, the music was changed to Chopin's funeral interlude and it was to the sound of this that the band passed on to Kentucky avenue at the south side of the enclosure.



THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY. Honored in Death, His Memory Lives.

door of the vault where it was rested upon the catafalque. It was carried by the same men of the army and navy who have carried it ever since it left Buffalo. Before them, as it came up the walk, walked Col. Bingham, who had been aide to President McKinley. At its head on the right walked Lieut. Hamlin of the army, and on the left, Lieut. Eberle, of the navy. Just as the bearers lowered the coffin to the catafalque, Abner McKinley and Mrs. Barber alighted from their carriages and stood at the foot of the line of officers. After a few seconds they passed up to the foot of the casket where they remained during the brief services.

Service at the Vault. There was a moment's pause as Col. Bingham looked to see that all was in readiness. He then looked toward Bishop Joyce, of Minneapolis, who read the burial service of the Methodist church, slowly, but in a voice that could be heard distinctly 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 Col. Bingham waved his hand to eight buglers of the Canton band who had taken stations upon the mound above and to the south of the vault.

The Soldier's Last Call. Instantly from the eight buglers rang out the notes of the soldiers' last call "Taps." It was beautifully done and the last notes of the buglers died away so softly that all who heard it remained listening for a few seconds to hear if it was really ended. It was all ended at last and Captain Biddle, of Company "C," of the 14th Infantry, who will command the guard which is to be placed around the vault, stepped up to a line of soldiers posted just north of the doorway, and who throughout the ceremony had stood at present arms as rigid as though carved out of iron. One of them passed quickly into the vault, taking station at the head of the casket; another placed himself at the foot and three men stood in the doorway, two on the lower step and the third on the floor of the vault directly behind them. The president, the members of the cabinet and the officers of the army and navy then entered their carriages and followed.

WOULD NOT ATTEND SERVICE.

Anarchists in Jail Refused—Emma Goldman Turned Her Back to the Preacher.

Chicago, Sept. 19.—Emma Goldman attended memorial services held in honor of the memory of President McKinley today. The ceremonies at which Miss Goldman was present were held in the women's ward of the county jail. Rev. E. A. Larabee, of the Church of the Ascension, conducted the services and 200 prisoners participated. Many of the prisoners manifested great grief as the service proceeded. Miss Goldman alone remained unmoved.

ASSASSIN'S TONGUE LOOSENED

'What's the Use of Talking, I Killed the President; I Simply Did My Duty'

Buffalo, Sept. 19.—The Courier this morning prints the following: "What's the use of talking about that; I killed the president. I am an Anarchist and simply did my duty; that's all I'll say." Leon F. Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, said these words today to Frank A. Olanowski, editor of "Buffalo's" a Polish newspaper, but would say nothing further about the crime, while willing to talk freely about other subjects. Olanowski paid his second visit to the assassin's cell. He was seen by the district attorney in pursuance of vain efforts to move the prisoner's stubborn tongue. Last week Olanowski was unsuccessful in his attempt. Today he went in again. "Czolgosz talked freely on every subject which I suggested except his crime," said Olanowski tonight. "Then his conver-

sation would have been entertaining, coming from a man other than the president's assassin. He talked on the Polish Alliance and a variety of other subjects, but when I spoke of his crime he merely said: "What's the use of talking about that; I killed the President. I am an Anarchist. I simply did my duty; that's all I'll say." Czolgosz spoke earnestly and determinedly. I tried him several ways, but he would not add a word to his declaration. I don't believe anyone has any more from him about the crime. Czolgosz is intelligent and I don't believe he will tell more." The closest watch is being kept on Czolgosz and the sheriff's officers also seem bent on aiding the prosecution by getting admissions from the prisoner, but so far they have been unsuccessful. The prisoner talks on ordinary subjects occasionally, but will not talk at all on subjects leading up to the assassination of the president.