

**IN MEMORIAM; POEMS RELATING
TO THE ASSASSINATION AND
DEATH OF THE HON. WILLIAM
MCKINLEY, TWENTY-FIFTH
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES**

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Im memoriam; poems relating to the assassination and death of the Hon. William McKinley, twenty-fifth president of the United States by Moses W. Porter

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MOSES W. PORTER

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PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES**

IN MEMORIAM

Poems Relating to the Assassination
and Death of the

HON. WILLIAM MCKINLEY

Twenty-fifth President of the
United States

Born: Niles, Ohio, January 29, 1843

Died: Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1901

Composed by
MOSES W. PORTER
Topeka, Kansas

CONTAINED HEREIN

	<i>PAGE</i>
Foreword	6
President McKinley's Assassination	9
Our Nation's Chief Is Dead	13
Spare Him, Oh God	16
William McKinley—A Loving and Reverential Tribute	17
A Dirge	20
Wreath His Grave With Flowers	21
Our Compensation	33
Afterword	34

Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Ida S. McKinley, beloved and surviving wife of President McKinley, by her special permission, as a partial reciprocation of her manifold kindnesses; knowing, aye, appreciating, the power of kindness is beyond humble, human words to measure. Only those, like myself, whose lives have been thus permeated, truly realize what a boon, a bounty, a blessing, kindness is, and how easy it is to administer; bringing cheerfulness and smiles to the lonely and sad-hearted; brightening others' lives with joy they cannot create for themselves—joy akin to the joy of Heaven—joy supreme—joy everlasting.

THE AUTHOR.

FOREWORD

The accompanying poems are in themselves self-explanatory. I proffer them to you in the spirit in which they are written, and sincerely trust you may find them worthy of perusal. My acquaintance with our late lamented and martyred President enabled me to know many of his characteristics. Among these was his love of all nature—especially the trees and flowers. This inspired me to blend the more salient traits of his character, together with his attributes, into an elegy. The opening poem is based on realistic scenes in this—the Capital City of Kansas—where he had a great many admirers, irrespective of party, and was generally loved.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.

—Theodore O'Hara

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S ASSASSINATION

It was in Topeka, Kansas, on
Sixth of September,
Nineteen hundred and one,
The date is easy to remember.
It was drawing near four o'clock,
People were on the street;
They little dreamed of the shock
Telegraph was soon to relate.

In an instant—without warning—
There was a sudden hush.
News had come and it was startling—
And a pause in the rush.
“President shot!” Newsboys shouted,
“At Buffalo, New York!”
The awful news then related—
“It was a crank’s cruel work.”

From Klondike's ice-bound mountains,
From many cities inland,
Thousands are watching the bulletins—
Anxious on every hand.
In Cuban and Filipino harbor,
With hard-pronouncing name,
Still others are watching and eager—
News to hear and proclaim.

Felled by the assassin's hand,
Our grand Chief Magistrate;
Beloved throughout the whole land—
Honored in every State.
In vain is the wretch's cruel deed,
God has saved him to our nation;
The news is most joyfully read—
Like a benediction.

Skilled physicians at his bedside—
Each symptom carefully note;
Telegraph carries news broadside
Into cities and villages remote.