

moulding tenement lying there as more than chief and ruler, as lover, friend and husband, in whom the exigent ceremonies of statecraft had never touched except to loftier and grander values, the tender humanities of the home.

Every eye mutely asked for her. Every heart throbbed quicker for her poignant anguish, but no one save a few cherished friends and guardians saw her. Until the verbal services began she sat in a room above with her sister, Mrs. Barber; the latter's daughter, Dr. Rixby and Mrs. Garrett A. Hobart, widow of the former Vice President.

They brought her to the head of the stairs, and there she sat, while the clergyman brokenly framed his devout phrases. Like a statue she sat, her delicate face clothed in spectral pallor, her eyes staring blankly into space, her thin hands folded placidly in her lap.

The striking lines here inserted are from the pen of the gifted poetess, Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"In the midst of sunny waters, lo! the mighty Ship of State,
Staggers, bruised and torn and wounded by a derelict of fate,
One that drifted from its moorings, in the anchorage of hate,
On the deck our noble Pilot, in the glory of his prime,
Lies in woe-impelling silence, dead before his hour or time,
Victim of a mind self-centred, a godless fool of crime.
One of earth's dissension-breeders, one of Hate's unreasoning tools,
In the annals of the ages, when the world's hot anger cools,
He who sought for Crime's distinction shall be known as Chief of Fools.
In the annals of the ages, he who had no thought of fame
(Keeping on the path of duty, caring not for praise or blame),
Close beside the deathless Lincoln, writ in light, will shine his name.
Youth proclaimed him as a hero; Time, a statesman; Love, a man
Death has crowned him as a martyr, so from goal to goal he ran,
Knowing all the sum of glory that a human life may span.
He was chosen by the people; not an accident of birth
Made him ruler of a nation, but his own intrinsic worth.
Fools may govern over kingdoms—not republics of the earth.
He has raised the lover's standard, by his loyalty and faith.
He has shown how virile manhood may keep free from scandal's breath.
He has gazed, with trust unshaken, in the awful eyes of death.
In the mighty march of progress he has sought to do his best
Let his enemies be silent, as we lay him down to rest,
And may God assuage the anguish of one suffering woman's breast.

CHAPTER XVI.

Great Outpouring of People to Honor the Martyred President—Tokens of Grief—New President and Members of the Cabinet at the Bier—Memorable Scene.

SUCH a spontaneous outpouring of men and women desirous of paying their respects to a man whom they had loved and admired as that which took place in Buffalo never before occurred in this country. As early as five o'clock in the morning crowds began to gather at the points of vantage around the City Hall. They stood there all day, constantly increasing in numbers, and regardless of the wind and rain, which drenched them to the skin, in order that they might have a last look at the face of the dead President.

No fewer than one hundred and fifty thousand persons were massed at one time behind the lines of police which held them in check. For hours, in double lines, two abreast, they filed past the coffin containing Mr. McKinley's body. Though they went through the City Hall at the rate of from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and eighty a minute, the stream never slackened. Late in the afternoon there were two lines, each nearly, if not quite, a mile long, in which were standing men and women who waited patiently for hours, many of them wet through and nearly all of them without food, in order to see the President's face.

When Mrs. McKinley consented to permit her husband's body to lie in state in the City Hall, she would not permit it to be taken from the Milburn house until the committee in charge of the arrangements had promised to return it to her at six o'clock. She could not bear to have it out of her sight. The promise was made, but when it was seen what a vast outpouring blocked the streets, she was persuaded to forego it. It was planned originally to close the doors of the City Hall at five

o'clock. When that hour came 35,000 people had seen the body, and more than 100,000 more were waiting.

It was evident to all who watched the sad faced procession that morbid curiosity had very little to do with the enormous assembly of people. Their attitude and expression signified a genuine and affectionate interest. Many were profoundly affected at the sight of the pale face in the coffin.

Special trains brought thousands from Lockport, Niagara Falls, Rochester and other cities and towns in the western part of the State, while many Canadians crossed the Niagara river. Members of the Buffalo committee, who watched the crowd pass, said that not more than half of those who saw the body were residents of this city.

EMBLEMS OF SORROW.

All night decorators were preparing the City Hall for the reception of the body. Funeral bunting was draped both inside and outside. During the storm of the early morning, however, the exterior decorations were torn down and some of the bunting became entangled in the machinery of the great clock on the tower, causing it to stop. It was said that the hands pointed to a quarter past two, the time at which the President breathed his last on the preceding morning.

A block away ropes had been stretched across the streets leading to the City Hall, and behind those the crowd massed itself to the number of thousands. Though the assemblage was patient its mere weight pushed the ropes out of place, and the police were constantly employed in holding the lines. Though the sky clouded in the early morning it was not sufficiently threatening to cause preparations to be made for rain, and many of the crowd were wholly unprovided with protection. The fact that it was Sunday accounted for more elaborate costumes than would have been worn on any other day. As the hour drew near for the appearance of the procession, which was to bring the President's body from the Milburn house, the clouds grew blacker, and a few warning drops began to fall. It was then too late to

seek storm coats or umbrellas, and the dense masses of people held their places.

Leaving the Milburn house, the cortege started down Delaware avenue slowly and solemnly. So slowly, in fact, did it proceed that it took nearly two hours and a half to traverse the two and a half miles between the Milburn house and the City Hall. Thousands accompanied it or watched it go by from the broad sidewalks. The mournful and deliberate pace with which it proceeded added much to the impressiveness of the scene.

The City Hall occupies an entire block between Delaware avenue on the west and Franklin street on the east; on the north is Eagle street, and Church street is on the south. Around the hall are grassy spaces and the streets on all sides of it are more than the usual width, so that there was plenty of room for the funeral procession and for the crowds which sought the hall after it arrived.

STRAINS OF THE FUNERAL MUSIC.

Outside the hall the crowds waited, silently and patiently, until one o'clock, when the strains of Chopin's funeral march were heard in Delaware avenue, to the north. In a few moments the head of the procession swung from Delaware avenue into Eagle street, and then into Franklin street, before the main entrance. The soldiers and marines wheeled into line along the curbs and grounded arms.

At this moment the threatening clouds opened and let fall a drenching torrent of rain, which was swept across the square by a strong, gusty wind. The horses attached to the carriage in which were President Roosevelt and Secretary Root became excited just as they were turning into Franklin street and began to rear and plunge. Policemen caught their bridles, however, and succeeded in quieting them. The hearse drew up before the door and the band began to play the music of the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," as the military bearers took the coffin upon their shoulders.

Before this President Roosevelt, the members of the Cabinet and the principal mourners had gathered in the rotunda. Presi-

dent Roosevelt was the first to enter. From the pillars and the staircases hung draperies of black and white bunting. The interior of the hall forms a cross, a wide corridor running through it from east to west, and another corridor, somewhat narrower, crossing this at right angles from north to south. It had been arranged that the crowds should enter the wide corridor at the eastern entrance and pass out at the western entrance. Half way a low, sloping platform, draped in black, had been placed for the coffin. It was so arranged that the head of the coffin should be slightly higher than its foot, which was toward the east.

On either side of the entrances to the transverse corridor had been blocked by banks of palms and ferns. Directly above the spot where the coffin was to lie is a circular opening to the second floor. This had been completely covered by a dome of black bunting within, which hung straight down above the coffin, four American flags forming with their lower edges a cross which pointed to the four points of the compass.

DRAPED WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES.

President Roosevelt and the members of the Cabinet ranged themselves about the spot where the President's body was to rest. President Roosevelt stood at the foot of the coffin on the right hand, with Secretary Root opposite and facing him. On President Roosevelt's left were Attorney General Knox, Secretary Long and Secretary Wilson. On Mr. Root's right hand were Postmaster General Smith, Secretary Hitchcock and Mr. Cortelyou, the private secretary.

As soon as these lines had formed the bearers brought the coffin slowly into the hall and lowered it carefully into place. The lid was removed so that the upper half was open, and the lower half was draped with a flag, upon which were masses of red and white roses. There were no flowers inside the coffin. The body of the President lay on its back, clad in a black frock coat, with the left hand resting across the breast. One glance at the face, startlingly changed from its appearance in life, told the story of the suffering which had been endured before death came.

Not a word was said, and as soon as the coffin had been arranged, President Roosevelt and Mr. Root, followed by the other Secretaries, led the way past the coffin on either side, each glancing for moment on the dead face. They then passed quickly out of the western entrance. Behind them came Senator Hanna, Senator Fairbanks and about one hundred men and women who had been waiting in the City Hall or who had accompanied the body from the Milburn residence.

President Roosevelt and those who immediately followed him had passed out of the building at eighteen minutes after one o'clock. There was a slight delay while the guard was posted. At the head of the coffin stood Sergeant Galway, of the Seventy-fourth Infantry Regiment, of the regular army with his rifle at attention. Chief Master-at-Arms Luze, of the "Indiana," stood facing him at the foot, with his drawn cutlass at his shoulder. On the south, facing the coffin, stood Sergeant Gunther, of the Fourteenth Regiment. A. D. Coburn, a sailor from the "Indiana," stood facing him on the north.

THOUSANDS TAKE A LAST LOOK.

These men stood absolutely motionless, looking neither to the right nor left when the first of the crowd was admitted. The lines approached the eastern entrance from Eagle street on the north and Church street on the south. They were formed by the police, two abreast, and approached the hall in a wide sweeping curve, which was drawn in constantly where the currents joined. Both passed quickly out at the western entrance and down the steps, dispersing in various directions.

Nothing was heard in the beginning but the tread of feet on the marble floor, as the crowd passed through without stopping. Each individual had time only for a hasty glance as he was urged forward by the police and by those who followed. The plan was so arranged that four persons could pass the coffin, two abreast on each side, at the same moment. As the afternoon wore on and the lines grew longer at their source, much faster than they were melting away at the hall, the police found it necessary to urge

greater haste in order that as many as possible might be admitted.

Among the foremost to reach the coffin was a slender man, poorly dressed, with iron gray hair and moustache. Beside the coffin he leaned over and made a menacing gesture with his hand. "Curse the man that shot you!" he said. The police urged him forward and he went out shaking his head and muttering threats against the anarchists.

CHILDREN IN THE CROWD

Many men and women brought with them young children, whom they raised in their arms in order that they might see, and perhaps remember in after life, the face of the President. A tattered and grimy bootblack, with his box slung over his shoulder, leading by the hand his sister, smaller but no less grimy than he, filed by, walking on tiptoe in order to look into the coffin. Many of those who came wore mourning badges or buttons bearing portraits of the President, edged with black. At frequent intervals in the crowd could be seen men wearing the buttons of the G. A. R., who had come to pay their last respects to their fallen comrade. Some of them walked with crutches, while others carried empty sleeves. They bowed their heads reverently as they passed and their eyes were moist as they made their way toward the exit.

There was a cessation of the rain soon after the coffin had been brought into the building, and for half an hour it held up. At a quarter before two o'clock, however, the storm began again, giving tens of thousands of men and women another drenching. The wind was so high that umbrellas afforded little protection. In many cases they were turned inside out or torn from the hands of their owners. In all the downpour, however, every one maintained his place in line. Women wearing shirt waists which had been wet through were in the procession, regardless, apparently, of their discomfort so long as they could gratify their desire to see the President.

Toward the end of the afternoon some Indians, in their blankets and feathers, followed by their squaws, filed by. As

they passed each of them dropped a white carnation upon the President's coffin. Two chubby little Indian girls forgot their ceremony, and went out each clasping her flower tightly in her brown hand. The officials of the Exposition and the representatives of foreign governments commissioned to attend the Exposition with exhibits from other countries were in line.

Soldiers of the regular army, in their blue cape coats, went by, and policemen off duty, holding their helmets in their hands; National Guardsmen with khaki gaiters; colored men, among them James Parker, who felled Czolgosz before he could fire a third shot at the President; little girls in their Sunday dresses, with their braided hair over their shoulders; young men, husbands and wives, mothers with their sons or daughters went by in the never ending stream. One wrinkled old woman with a child in her arms, which she seemed almost too feeble to carry, had waited for hours outside, and finally succeeded in seeing the President when her turn came.

Flowers were received at the hall from Helen Miller Gould, Tent No. 8, Daughters of Veterans; from the Commissioners of Chili to the Exposition; from the Mexican Commissioners, and from General Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico, and many others.

DOORS OF THE HALL KEPT OPEN.

Monotonously the streams of people flowed past the coffin while twilight fell and darkness gathered. The interior of the City Hall was illuminated by electricity, and the streets in the vicinity were brightly lighted. Toward sunset the sky cleared and there was an immediate increase in the already enormous crowds. Though it had been planned to close the doors of the hall at 5 o'clock the committee in charge of the ceremonies were unwilling to disappoint the great throngs, and it was decided to keep the hall open until the streams were exhausted.

Senator Hanna selected the President's coffin. The frame was of red cedar, covered with black cloth, and inside was a copper box with a white satin lining. The handles were of ebony finish. The cover of the copper box consisted of a full length pane of

plate glass, which rendered the box air tight. Upon the outer box of the casket was the inscription: "William McKinley, born January 29, 1843, died September 14, 1901." Instead of falling away, as was expected, the crowds waiting to see the President's body seemed to diminish very little during the evening.

LAMENTED BY THOUSANDS.

The following additional account is from the pen of an eye witness of the wonderful scene:

"All Buffalo is at the bier of the dead President to-night. From 1 o'clock to-day, through fierce storm and sweltering sun, two apparently endless lines of humanity have been moving steadily past the black, rose-covered coffin in the rotunda of the City Hall of that which in life was William McKinley.

"The throng which pressed up through the barren, grass-worn shelters of City Hall Park in New York sixteen years ago to look on the set features of the hero of Appomattox was not more reverent, eager or patient than this throng is to-night. The press began when President Roosevelt left the coffin side shortly after 1 o'clock. From indications the rotunda of City Hall will not be deserted before daylight to-morrow, though the crowd, by twos, passes the casket at the rate of nearly 200 per minute.

"As the placid, pallid features appear beneath the plate glass of the coffin bed they are sunken and slightly discolored. The body is robed in a black frock suit and in the left lapel of the coat is the button of the Legion of Honor. There are no other medals, marks or insignia; nothing to indicate, that beneath the rose and autumn leaves repose the remains of the Chief of the greatest nation of the age.

"The scenes at the historic Milburn house in the morning were simple in the extreme. Services which, beyond the significance of the prayer, would have marked the last rites over the body of the plainest citizen. Two hymns, a Scriptural reading, a prayer—and all was over. Then the shuffle of feet marking time, the low word of command, the mournful dirge and the march to the City Hall began.

"President Roosevelt reached the Milburn house at 11 o'clock, half an hour before the time set for the services. He was apparently unaccompanied, but an instant after he alighted three commonplace looking men, they might have been bookkeepers or clerks or grocers, slipped out of a carriage that followed. It was the secret service and local detective guard over the new President. A few minutes later the Cabinet arrived. Then Rev. C. E. Locke, of the Delaware Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, a sallow, dark-haired intellectual man, came with his wife. At intervals the invited personages, mostly Buffalo folks, the statesmen in the city, walked slowly up the flagstone pavement.

TRAMP OF POLICE.

"Before the services began there was a sound of feet keeping time on the asphalt and a small squad of police appeared, and were quickly and quietly distributed around the house. A few moments later a company of the Fourteenth United States Infantry marched almost noiselessly up Delaware avenue and took up a position opposite the house. Then a company of marines, under the one-armed hero, Captain Leonard, took a position to the right of the infantry, and in quick order came a picked company of the Sixty-fifth and Seventy-fourth Regiments of the National Guard of New York.

"Stretching up Delaware avenue was a line of black carriages headed by the hearse. The latter was sombre black, without plumes, drawn by four black horses, each led by a policeman. Down West Ferry street a dozen mounted policemen stood beside the horses waiting the order to lead the escort.

"Meantime the services in the house of death had begun. The body reposing in a black, lusterless, hood cloth casket with black handles, lay near the centre of the library, the head toward the East, where the light from a large bay window fell full upon it. Around the foot of the coffin was wrapped a large silk flag.

"When the services began President Roosevelt took a position standing near the head of the casket. To his right were the members of the Cabinet, each dressed like the President, in black,

with a tiny band of black silk crepe around the left arm above the elbow. Outside the lawn was filled with persons unable to obtain entrance to the house.

"Grouped around the parlor were men whose names are known throughout the world, and whose faces in pictorial presentment are known everywhere: Senators Chauncey Depew; Keene, of New Jersey; Mark Hanna, of Ohio; Fairbanks, of Indiana; Burroughs, of Maine; Congressmen Alexander, of Buffalo, and Olmsted, of Pennsylvania, while the attendant physicians in the last illness and every principal official of the Pan-American Exposition were also present.

"None of the family or personal friends of the dead President was present in the library. Upstairs where she could hear all that was said, but out of sight of the casket and concealed even from intimate friends, Mrs. McKinley sat attended by Dr. Rixey. The other relations, Abner McKinley and family, the President's sister and sister-in-law, were all seated near the head of the stairs.

THE FUNERAL HYMNS.

"A selected quartet with splendid effect sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and then Dr. C. E. Locke, of the Delaware Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, advanced to the head of the casket and read the fifteenth chapter of the First Corinthians. Again the quartet sang, this time, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Then Dr. Locke prayed fervently. (His prayer has been inserted in a preceding chapter.)

"This ended the services. There was a slight pause and President Roosevelt advancing took a long look at the calm features in the casket. It was manifest that he was moved by deep emotion. Then the members of the Cabinet, the men who in recent years perhaps have known President McKinley more intimately than any others, looked their farewell. Among the last was Senator Mark Hanna. He gazed long and earnestly at the face of his friend, his frame betraying the intensity of his feelings. Then turning suddenly he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

DYKES. NEWMANN, 1838.

1 Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom Lead Thou me on;
2 I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3 So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.
lov'd to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone,

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I lov'd th'gar-ish day; and, spite of fears,
And with th' morn' those au-gel fa-ces smile,

The dis-tant scene one step e-nough for me.
Pride rul'd my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while.

This beautiful hymn composed by Cardinal Newman was the especial favorite of William McKinley and was sung at Memorial Services.

"The crowd on the lawn was scattering now; the mounted police had wheeled into company front and were waiting the order to march. Swiftly a hush fell over the crowd. The hundred or more newspaper correspondents over by the telegraph tents became more attentive. The President and Cabinet emerged from the house and lined up on either side of the walk, bare headed. General Brooke and his aides, adding a touch of brilliant color in their uniforms, fell further to the rear, there was the low mellow roll of a snare drum and then the casket appeared in the doorway, borne aloft on the shoulders of four sergeants of infantry and artillery and as many gunners' mates from the revenue cutter "Michigan."

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

"As the leader of the Sixty-fifth Regiment band caught the gleam of the flag-draped coffin through the ivy over the porch, he gave a quick signal and the band softly played the President's favorite hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Every head was bared. Absolute silence reigned. The top of the casket bore a pillow of roses, banked in brown autumn leaves, a wreath of royal purple immortelles, a handful of brilliant red flowers and then over the head another pillow of white roses.

"The mounted police led off, followed by regulars and marines, and the rest of the soldiery. After them came the carriages of the Cabinet Ministers. In the first carriage with President Roosevelt were Secretary Root, Attorney-General Knox and Postmaster-General Smith, the three latter being the senior Cabinet officers now in the city. The second carriage contained Secretaries Wilson and Hitchcock and Secretary Cortelyou. The third carriage contained General Brooke, of the United States army, and two aides. Following was a carriage with Senators Hanna, Fairbanks and Burroughs, and Governor Odell, of New York. Immediately preceding the hearse was a carriage with Rev. Dr. Locke and his wife. None of the family accompanied the body to the City Hall.

"The procession moved down Delaware avenue, just as noon

was striking, between parallel lines of mourning thousands. As the flag-wrapped coffin went past every hat was raised and a silence as of the grave fell over the host. Down in the vicinity of the City Hall, meantime, a great concourse had assembled, held within bounds by restraining ropes. Policemen were stationed every dozen feet inside these barriers, while the entire force of mounted police kept the more eager and restless ones in submission. It was not a turbulent crowd, but its very mass made it restless. On Franklin street, at the junction with Eagle, the crush was something terrible, and half a dozen women fainted and were rescued and cared for by the police.

"The rotunda of the Buffalo City Hall with its entrances east and west and its cross sections is shaped like a cross with a circular dome rising at the intersection of the arms. This was roofed with black festoons, while both sides of the rotunda, north and south, were a solid mass of green palms. In the center of this, directly under the dome, was a platform draped in black cashmere, and raised ten inches above the floor, the western end being five or six inches higher than the eastern. On this the body of the President reposed.

SET FLORAL PIECE.

"In the center of the south bank of palms was a huge set piece of immortelles, the flags of the United States and France crossed beneath a door with outstretched wings. It was the gift of the Society Francaise, of Buffalo, and was the only set floral piece in the City Hall. All around the circular balcony were festoons of black and white and flags draped with crepe.

"The day opened brilliantly. The sun streamed in undimmed radiance over the closing scenes at the Milburn house, but as the cortege moved slowly down the wide avenue the west became darkened with clouds, purplish-black and within an hour, light raindrops, heralds of the coming storm, caused thousands of umbrellas to be lifted like great black mushrooms over the heads of the packed thousands.

"Then appeared a startling and dramatic climax to the