

CHAPTER XVII.

Funeral Cortege Reaches Washington—A Nation's Tribute of Respect and Love—Services in the Capitol—Memorial Address of Bishop Andrews.

BENEATH the great white dome of the Capitol funeral services of state were held over the remains of the dead President. It was eminently fitting that the services should be conducted in that beautiful rotunda hallowed by the history of the last sad rites of two other martyrs to the cause of the Republic. As befitted the occasion and the character of the man whose remains were lying cold and rigid in the narrow embrace of the metallic casket, the services were simple.

They were conducted in accordance with the rites of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which President McKinley was a lifelong member. Consisting only of two hymns, a song, a prayer, an address and a benediction, they were beautiful and solemnly impressive. Gathered around the bier were representatives of every phase of American national life, including the President and the only surviving ex-President of the United States, together with representatives at this capital of almost every nation of the earth. Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain and all the Republics to the southward of the United States mingled their tears with those of the American people.

Despite the fact that no attempt had been made to decorate the interior of the rotunda, beyond the arrangements made about the catafalque, the assemblage presented a memorable sight. The sombre black of the attire of the hundreds of civilians present was splashed brilliantly with the blue and gold of the representatives of the army and the navy and the court costumes of the Diplomatic Corps. As the sweet notes of Mr. McKinley's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," floated through the great rotunda, the assemblage rose to its feet. Bared heads were bowed and eyes streamed with tears. At the conclusion of the hymn, as Rev. Dr

Naylor, Presiding Elder of the Washington District, rose to offer prayer, the hush that fell upon the people was profound. When, in conclusion, he repeated the words of the Lord's Prayer, the great audience joined solemnly with him. The murmur of their voices resembled nothing less than the roll of far distant surf.

Scarcely had the word amen been breathed when the liquid tone of that sweetly pleading song, "Some Time We'll Understand," went straight to the heart of every auditor. The solo was sung by Mrs. Thomas C. Noyes, and the beautiful refrain was echoed and re-echoed by the double quartette choir.

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD.

The venerable Bishop Edward G. Andrews, of Ohio, the oldest Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then took his position at the head of the bier. A gentle breeze through the rotunda stirred the delicate blooms which lay upon the coffin, and the "peace that passeth all understanding" seemed to rest upon the venerable man's countenance as he began his eulogy of the life and works of William McKinley. His words were simple, but his whole heart was in every one of them. His tribute to the Christian fortitude of the dead President was impressive. Upon the conclusion of the sermon, the audience, as if by pre-arrangement, joined the choir in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." All present seemed to be imbued with a sentiment of hallowed resignation as the divine blessing was asked by the Rev. W. H. Chapman, acting pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, upon both the living and the dead.

Mrs. McKinley, bereft of husband and prostrated by her overwhelming sorrow, did not attend the services at the Capitol. It was deemed wise by those now nearest and dearest to her that she should not undergo the ordeal her attendance would entail upon her. She remained at the White House, comforted by every attention that loving thoughtfulness could suggest.

Arrangements for the movement of the funeral cortege from the White House to the Capitol were completed that night after the remains of the President had been deposited in the historic

East Room of the mansion. It was a perfect autumn day, but the morning dawned gray and dreary. The sky was overcast with low flying clouds. Nature itself seemed to be in mourning for the nation's dead. As the hours passed dashes of rain fell at intervals, but, despite this discomfort, tens of thousands of sorrowing people appeared early upon the streets. Both sides of Pennsylvania avenue, from the White House to the Capitol, were massed with an impenetrable cordon of people, wishing in this way to pay final tribute of love and respect for the dead.

DISTINGUISHED ESCORT.

As the funeral cortege, escorted by troops representing every department of the nation's martial service, and by representatives of religious and civic organizations, passed down the broad thoroughfare to the solemn notes of the Dead March from "Saul" wailed by the bands, the sorrowing people bared their heads despite the rain, and the many tear-stained faces bespoke their grief more eloquently than words. It was a silent throng. Not a sound was heard. With aching hearts all remembered that only a few months ago, the dead President, then in the fulness of life and triumph, had passed along that same thoroughfare to be inaugurated a second time President. The flags that had fluttered greeting to him in March were furled and crepe bedecked in September. The cheers of spring became the sobs of autumn. Grief had usurped the place of joy.

As with solemn and cadenced tread the procession moved down the avenue, the people recognized as one of the mourners their former President, Grover Cleveland, who had come to pay his tribute to his successor. They recognized, too, their new President, upon whom the responsibilities of Chief Executive had been thrust so unexpectedly. With silent salute they greeted him, and with them he mingled his tears in sorrow for the dead.

Among the hundreds of other distinguished persons who were in attendance upon the funeral services were: Governor Gregory, of Rhode Island; Governor Yates, of Illinois; Governor Hill, of Maine; Governor Crane, of Massachusetts; Governor

Aycock, of North Carolina; Governor White, of West Virginia; Governor Stickney, of Vermont, and Governor Voorhees, of New Jersey. Colonel Stone represented the Governor of California, and Colonel A. C. Kauffman, of Charleston, represented Governor McSweeney, of South Carolina, and conveyed the Governor's regrets that he was unable personally to attend; District Commissioners; J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York; John Kasson, former Special Reciprocity Commissioner; Pension Commissioner Henry Clay Evans. The Grand Master of the Knights Templar of the United States, was represented by Grand Junior Warden Frank H. Thomas. Among the prominent women present were Mrs. Garret A. Hobart, widow of ex-Vice-President Hobart, who was escorted by her son, and Mrs. Russel A. Alger.

LAST LOOK AT THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

At the conclusion of the funeral services in the rotunda, the casket lid was removed in order that the immediate friends of the dead President might be afforded the comfort of a last glance at his features, and that the people whom he loved and who loved him might pass the bier for the same purpose. At half-past 12 the crowds began to file through the rotunda, and during the six hours in which the body was lying in state, it seemed that 55,000 people viewed the remains.

Just at 1 o'clock a frightful calamity was narrowly averted at the east front of the Capitol. For hours the vast throng of people had been massed in front of the Capitol awaiting an opportunity to enter the rotunda. When the doors were opened tens of thousands of people rushed almost frantically to the main staircase.

The police and military guards were swept aside and almost in a twinkling there was a tremendous crush at the foot of the great staircase. The immense throng swept backward and forward like the surging of a mighty sea. Women and children, a few of the latter babes in arms, were caught in the crowd, and many were badly hurt. Strong men held children and even women high above the heads of the surging crowd to protect them from

bodily injury. Despite the efforts of the police and military and the cooler heads in the throng, approximately a hundred people were injured. Some of the more seriously hurt were carried into the rotunda and into various adjoining apartments of the Capitol, where first aid treatment was given them. A number were hurried to hospitals in ambulances, but the majority either were taken to or subsequently went unassisted to their homes.

After the crush had been abated upon the staircase and plaza, immediately in front of it were found tattered pieces of men's and women's wearing apparel of all kinds, crushed hats, gloves and even shoes, watches, pocketbooks, keys and knives were picked up.

MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED FLORAL OFFERINGS.

When the remains of the dead President were finally closed forever to the view of Washington people, the cavalry escort again was formed and conveyed them to the special train which now is carrying the body to Canton. The magnificent display of floral offerings, numbering no less than 125 pieces and making the most remarkable floral tribute ever seen here, were taken to the station from the Capitol in carriages and wagons, and there placed aboard a special car which had been provided for them. Three sections, comprising in all twenty passenger coaches, were necessary to accommodate all those who accepted invitations to make the journey to Canton.

An eye-witness thus describes the impressive scene:

"Early this morning the chief officers of the Government, civil, military and judicial, began to arrive, and many others whose names are familiar the world over came singly and in groups to pay their tribute at his official home to the nation's illustrious dead. Several members of the diplomatic corps in court costume were among the early comers. Ex-President Cleveland and ex-Secretary of War Lamont arrived about 8.30, and were shown at once to seats in the Red Parlor. The members of the Cabinet began to arrive soon after, and were immediately followed by the members of the Senate Committee and the

members of the United States Supreme Court, headed by Chief Justice Fuller, in their robes of office.

"President Roosevelt arrived at 8.50 o'clock, accompanied by his wife and his sister, and went immediately to the Blue Parlor, where they were joined by the members of the Cabinet. The President wore a frock coat, and a band of crepe on the left arm. Mrs. McKinley arose earlier than usual to prepare for the ordeal. She had rested quite well during the night, but her pale face told plainly of her sufferings. She gave no sign of collapse, however, and her physician confidently believes that she will keep up her strength and courage to the end.

GRAND ARMY REPRESENTED.

"Senator Hanna reached the White House only a short time before the procession was to move. His face looked drawn, and, leaning heavily on his cane, it was plainly evident that he was suffering. While the men of note were arriving at the White House, the funeral escort, under command of Major General John R. Brooke, was forming immediately in front of the White House. Besides regular soldiers, sailors and marines, the escort was made up of a detachment of the National Guard, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, Loyal Legion and kindred bodies and civic organizations, and representatives of all branches of the National Government, and the Governors of States and their staffs.

"The public had been astir early, and the streets were crowded with people. Wire cables strung along the entire route of march from the White House to the Capitol, kept it clear for the funeral procession.

"At precisely 9 o'clock a silent command was given, and the body bearers silently and reverently raised to their stalwart shoulders the casket containing all that was mortal of the illustrious dead. They walked with slow, cadence step, and, as they appeared at the main door of the White House, the Marine Band, stationed on the avenue opposite the mansion, struck up the hymn the dead President loved so well, "Nearer, My God, to

Thee." There was perfect silence throughout the big mansion, and as the last sad strain of the music died away the throng in the building lifted their heads, but their eyes were wet.

"As the hearse moved away, the mourners from the White House entered carriages and followed the body on its march to the Capitol, where the funeral services were to be held. It was thought early in the morning that Mrs. McKinley might feel strong enough to attend the services there, but it was finally decided that it would be imprudent to tax her vitality more than was absolutely necessary, and so she concluded to remain in her room under the immediate care of Dr. Rixey, Mrs. Barber, her sister, and her niece, Miss Barber.

BUGLE SOUNDED "MARCH."

"Slowly down the White House driveway, through a fine drizzling rain, the solemn cortege wound its way down to the gate leading to the avenue, and halted. Then with a grand solemn swing the artillery band began the 'Dead March from Saul,' a blast from a bugle sounded 'march' and the head of the procession was moving on its way to the Capitol. The casket in a black, carved hearse and drawn by six coal black horses, caparisoned in black net with trailing tassels and a stalwart groom at the head of each, moved down through the gateway and came to a stand alongside of the moving procession.

"Major General John R. Brooke was at the head of the line, mounted on a splendid charger. Behind him came his aides, the red coated artillery band, a squadron of cavalry with red and white guidons limp in the damp air, a battery of field artillery, with the men sitting straight and stiff as statues, a company of engineers, two battalions of coast artillery and a detachment of the hospital corps. Then came the naval contingent of the first section, headed by the Marine Band, who were followed by a battalion of marines and one of sailors from the North Atlantic squadron, very picturesque and strong.

"As the National Guard of the District of Columbia brought up the rear of the first section of the parade, the civic section of

the procession marched into line. It was under command of General Henry V. Boynton as Chief Marshal, and comprised detachments from the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the Regular Army and Navy Union, the Union Veteran Legion, the Spanish War Veterans and the Grand Army of the Republic. As these veterans of the Civil War passed the waiting hearse wheeled slowly into line, the guards of honor from the army and navy took up positions on either side of the hearse, and the funeral cortege proper took its appointed place behind a delegation of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"Close behind the hearse came a carriage in which were seated ex-President Grover Cleveland, Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans and General John Wilson. In a carriage drawn by four fine black horses coming next were President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt and Commander W. S. Cowles, the President's brother-in-law. Then followed a line of carriages bearing all the members of the Cabinet, a number of ex-members and behind them the diplomatic corps.

BETWEEN SILENT THRONGS.

"Solemnly the funeral party wound down past the Treasury Building and into the broad sweep of Pennsylvania avenue amid a profound silence that was awful to those who only six months ago had witnessed the enthusiastic plaudits which greeted the dead man as he made the same march to assume for a second time the honors and burdens of the Presidential office.

"The artillery band played a solemn dirge as it with slow steps led the sorrowful way down the avenue. All the military organizations carried their arms, but with colors draped and furled. The crowds were silent. All were sad, mournful and oppressive. The people stood with heads uncovered, and many bowed in apparently silent prayer as the hearse passed along. A slow drizzling rain was falling.

"After the carriages, in which were the diplomats, followed a long line of others containing the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Senate and House committees appointed to attend the funeral,

the local judiciary, the assistant secretaries of the several executive departments, members of the various Government commissions and official representatives of the insular governments.

"The remainder of the procession was composed of a large representation of local bodies of Knights Templar, over 1000 members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the United Confederate Veterans of the city of Washington and of Alexandria, Va., various religious and patriotic societies, including the Sons of the American Revolution, secret societies and labor organizations of the city. Scattered here and there at intervals were representatives of out-of-town organizations, including the Ohio Republican Club, the Republican Club of New York city, the New York Italian Chamber of Commerce and of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, the New York Democratic Honest Money League and the Southern Manufacturers' Club of Charlotte, N. C.

THE ORGANIZATIONS IN THE PROCESSION.

"The Military Order of the Loyal Legion, of which President McKinley was an honored member, with a representation from the New York and Pennsylvania Commanderies, formed a conspicuous part in this procession, as also did the Knights Templar of this city and of Alexandria, Va., and a battalion of the uniform rank Knights of Pythias. The full force of the letter carriers of Washington, each with a band of black crepe on his arm, walked to the solemn tread of the dirge.

"At 10.12 o'clock the head of the procession arrived at the north end of the Capitol plaza, but instead of swinging directly into the plaza and passing in front of the Capitol, as usually is done on the occasion of Presidential inaugurations, the military contingent passed eastward on B street, thence south on First street, East. Headed by Major-General John R. Brooke and staff and the Fifth Artillery Corps Band, the troops swept around to the south end of the plaza, and then marched to position fronting the main entrance to the Capitol. As soon as they had been formed at rest, the artillery band on the left and the Marine Band

on the right of the entrance, the funeral cortege, with its guard of honor, entered the plaza from the north. As the hearse halted in front of the main staircase the troops, responding to almost whispered commands, presented arms.

"The guard of honor ascended the steps, the naval officers on the right and the army officers on the left, forming a cordon on each side, just within the ranks of the artillerymen, seamen and marines.

"As the eight sturdy body-bearers, four from the army and four from the navy, tenderly drew the flag-draped casket from the hearse, the band sweetly wailed the pleading notes of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' Every head in the vast attendant throng was bared. Tear bedimmed eyes were raised to Heaven and a silent prayer went up from the thousands of hearts. With careful and solemn tread the body-bearers began the ascent of the staircase with their precious burden, and tenderly bore it to the catafalque in the rotunda."

UNPRECEDENTED DISPLAY OF MOURNING.

The display of mourning for the death of President McKinley was one of the most remarkable demonstrations that this country has ever witnessed. The testimony of regret and sorrow for the late Chief Magistrate, and the expression of detestation for the hateful blow which removed him from a post of usefulness, were universal and sincere. The evidences of genuine deep sorrow were apparent on every hand, in every city and hamlet in the land, and grief at the cruel blow penetrated every patriotic household, and affected every right-minded man in the country.

The emblems of mourning which are displayed in profusion on business houses, private dwellings, public buildings and at all the haunts of men were not merely the trappings of woe—the sign of a perfunctory observance of the decencies and proprieties of the occasion. They were the eager, voluntary, true expressions of the feeling everywhere prevalent. There probably never was a more genuine, spontaneous national outburst of emotion. In this wonderful expression of feeling great influence is undoubt-

edly exerted by the character and traits of the gentle man, who possessed a singularly winning and healthy nature, and exemplified in his life the wholesome and admirable Christian virtues which are the real safeguards of a nation.

The manner and circumstance of his taking off; the infamous character and the deliberate, malignant, base method of the inhuman assassin; the innocence of the victim, which should have rendered him safe from attack, and the fine and noble bearing of the sufferer when the inevitable end came—all conspired to awaken the best sentiments of the whole country. But in addition to all of these contributing causes to the universal expression of grief, there was a cause for indignation and sorrow of equal force. An enemy to free government aimed a blow at the Republic and struck down the Chief who was the choice of the people.

THE WHOLE PEOPLE ATTACKED.

A malignant attack was made upon the whole people in the person of the Chief Magistrate who represented in his high office the majesty, power and dignity of the nation, and, consciously or unconsciously, all citizens throughout the land were not only expressing their grief and sorrow at the grievous blow which had fallen upon a good and true man, but were showing their detestation of a foul blow directed against the Republic, and offering the strongest testimony of their unalterable devotion to that Government, by and for the people, which was never more strongly entrenched in the hearts of its people than it is to-day.

From an observer of the great demonstration at the Capitol we furnish the reader with the following graphic account:

“Washington, curiously composite city as to its humanity, is used to public spectacle. It is as much a part of its life to-day as it must have been with the temple cities of Egypt, three thousand years ago. Now it is an inauguration, now the departure of great ones, now the home-coming of victors, now a funeral. It has, in fact, the parade habit, and consequently its emotions are somewhat blunted by overwear.

“But it always can be counted on for enough of feeling to make the meaning of its presence on the streets seem real. On either side of the portico are masses of votive wreaths and flowers in every form to give color to the eye and perfume to the air. Officers of the army and navy are ascending the steps and greeting each other decorously.

“Admiral Dewey, in his full uniform, bland of face and light of movement, stops to talk with the swarthy Rear Admiral Crowninshield, and the tall form of Rear Admiral Bradford joins the group. Melville, Rear Admiral, too, shows his long woolly white hair and beard. And Rear Admiral O'Neill, clean cut of face and figure, is greeting Rear Admiral Watson, a small, clean shaven man. General Otis, tall, ruddy faced, and General Gillespie, of fine figure and white mustache, are having a word. It strikes one that all our generals and admirals are on in years, and one thinks of the days of '64 and '65, when the great commanders were men in the early forties and under. Among the major generals there is Fitzhugh Lee, stout, stalwart, but aging.

POTENTATES, FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS.

“The waiting catafalque in the centre, beneath the dome, one notes on entering, is set about with chairs in segments of the circle, eight segments, with about one hundred chairs in each. A small harmonium is near the head of the catafalque, which, on a low back platform, stands about two feet high. It is draped in black cloth, and all around are great pieces of flowers from foreign potentates, from States and cities, from friends and admirers.

“The import of the scene is heavy in the larger sense on each one gathering there, but the spell of it is not so deep as it was at Buffalo, where the personal feeling was fresher and deeper. The men here have seen great tragedies and great struggles, and were part of them. The whispered talk turned mostly to the event, but often turned away as we waited there, and this was natural, and is set down so as to truly mirror the event. The tragedies of history, the great tragedies, move in their vast solemnity without reference to the seriousness or want of it in

the minor details. Then this was something in a sense spectacular, and we are not good at spectacles.

"It is 10 o'clock and the chairs are filling. After well known faces appear 'Fighting Bob' Evans shows his shrewd face among the naval men. A handful of Senators come from the Senate Chamber—only six at first, though others drift in later. Senator Allison, gray bearded, looking like a mild version of General Grant; Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, with his likeness to the strong faced John A. Logan; Senator Cullom, of Illinois, rough bearded, but shaven of the upper lip, in the style of 1860; Senator Nelson, lumbering and rustic looking. After them comes former Senator Gorman, of Maryland, clear of eye, sharp of outline and lithe of movement. General Alger and his wife have come in, and with them former Postmaster-General Gary.

WOMEN IN FULL MOURNING.

"Women are drifting quietly in through many doors, all mostly in full mourning or wearing black hats and skirts, with white waist and a very chic crepe band and bow on the left arm above the elbow. The Rev. Mr. Powers, who preached the funeral sermon at Garfield's funeral here, a man of pale ministerial face with a small white mustache, is seated with his memories.

"A delegation of the House of Representatives comes in. 'Joe' Cannon, with his knotty face and chin whisker; Amos J. Cummings, whose eyes are bright as ever, but whose mustache is whitening; Hopkins, of the Ways and Means, reddish and alert and much chatted to. Whitelaw Reid, former Minister to France, thoughtful looking, comes in slowly, Bishop Satterlee is seated beside an army man.

"Around runs a whisper, for Grover Cleveland, twice President of the United States and the only living former President, is entering. He looks well and slightly tanned, something thinner than when he was at the White House, and also showing the march of whitening time. He sits beside Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans. Whispers run that Cleveland in all his eight years

was constantly on the lookout for assassination when he was out of doors.

"At twenty minutes to eleven o'clock a bugle call is heard in the court without. It is evidently a signal, for almost simultaneously the active heads of the government enter. President Roosevelt, with Mrs. Roosevelt, in deep mourning, on his arm, and his son and two daughters following, head the line. Mrs. Roosevelt walks with sympathetically bowed head, her coming a woman's gracious tribute to the widow of her husband's predecessor. The Cabinet, headed by Secretaries Hay and Gage, with Secretary Root and Attorney General Knox follow.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

"Mr. Hay looks white and far from strong, but evidently steeling himself for a ceremony certain to bring his own recent bereavement—the loss of his son—painfully before him. His dark beard, with its powdering of white, his parted hair and glasses give him a stern, autocratic look, far from his bearing of the moment. Abner McKinley, very pale, poor man! and leading his wife, heads the family party from the White House, where Mrs. McKinley remains for the afternoon—her last in the home of the Presidents. Senator Hanna, still pale and shaken, is with the family party.

"There is a breath of music, the music of the oft-played hymn, heard from without, a ring of feet on the marble pavement, and the guard of honor enter from the east porch, followed by the eight men bearing the late President's coffin, now wholly covered with an American flag, on which are piles of beautiful white roses. Slowly the bearers turn and lay their burden down, the head to the west and the feet to the rising sun.

"While the attendants are arranging matters about the catafalque, the Ambassadors, Ministers and attaches of the foreign legations enter, two and two, their bright uniforms give an extra dash of color to the gathering. Senor Aspiroz, the Mexican Minister, his dark uniform coat, a perfect dazzle of gold lace, dark skinned and strong faced, gazes sympathetically about. The

Turkish and English attaches give vivid reds and greens to the picture.

"Minister Wu, in his Chinese garb, beams kindly over his spectacles. He comes from a land where sudden deaths have been much enforced of late. He wears a black faced, conical cap, with a scarlet crown and a gold button on the top. The Spanish and Portuguese Ministers are in diplomatic uniforms, heavily laced with gold.

THE SOUTH FULLY REPRESENTED.

"Still people are coming. Senator Tillman, General Jeremiah Wilson and General Longstreet, of Confederate fame, are entering, and there is the new Acting Vice-President, William B. Frye, of Maine, his mild blue eyes blinking in the light. He has an earnest face and an appealing expression. Mrs. Garret A. Hobart and her son are seated close together. James G. Blaine, Jr., and his wife are there. Senator Chauncey M. Depew and Senator Platt, of New York, are across the aisle. With the former is J. Pierpont Morgan. They chat earnestly. Stephen B. Elkins and Senator Cockrell are noted, but one would have to call a very long roll to tell of them all.

"At a few minutes before eleven the double quartet near the harmonium sang 'Lead, Kindly Light.' With fine clearness of tone the Rev. Henry R. Naylor, presiding elder of the Methodist Church, led in a heartfelt prayer, only a word or two of which reached mortal ears at any distance from the speaker on account of the mocking echoes from the dome.

"Then Mrs. Thomas C. Noyes, of Washington, sang, with a soprano voice of great clearness, volume and wide range, the hymn 'Some Time We'll Understand.' Mrs. Noyes sang with great feeling and effect, bringing tears to the eyes of not a few. She made a pretty picture, dressed in black and wearing a picture hat, with long black feather, and a high lace collar of a square cut. Nervous for the first few notes, as well she might be, her face as she went on became a study of ingenuous earnestness while her clear notes ran like birds diving on high above our heads.

"Bishop Andrews, of the Methodist Church, followed in an

address that lasted some fifteen minutes. He was fluent and earnest, and looked very like Senator Hoar, but the baffling echoes once more took up the discourse, and, exaggerating what may be called the ministerial tone of the prelate, produced a strange effect. After the singing of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' in which nearly all present joined in subdued tone, producing a touching effect, a brief blessing was given by the Rev. W. H. Chapman. With extended hands and uplifted eyes he prayed for mercy and peace and light, and so the service came to an end.

"Not many minutes had passed before all had departed save the guard, under the charge of Colonel Bingham. The attendants rearranged the chamber for the popular view of the remains. The chairs disappeared, except a line each side from east to west. On these were laid the floral offerings. When, therefore, the lid had been lifted from the head of the coffin the people passed between a lane of costly flowers, each of which told a tale.

"Looking out upon the multitude now waiting under a drizzling rain, it seemed as if there were fifty thousand umbrellas in sight where a short time before a flower bed of humanity met the view. There was much crowding and pushing a while, but at length it was straightened out and the stream kept flowing through the hall until the time came, with the evening lights, to close the coffin lid to Washington forever."