

### The Last Sad Rites.

At 2:30 p. m. on Thursday, September 19, the last sad rites were performed over the mortal remains of William McKinley, late president of the United States. The tribute of neighbors and friends among whom he had lived for more than thirty years was a fitting finale to the exercises that began in Buffalo on the Sunday before and lasted for five days—five days of universal sorrow and mourning.

When the funeral train left Buffalo Monday morning it seemed to be the head of a funeral procession hundreds of miles long, for along every mile of the sad journey from Buffalo to Washington people gathered and with bowed heads and streaming eyes watched the flight of the train bearing the remains of the nation's dead chief. It was a solemn pageant. As the long train, decorated with its emblems of mourning, climbed the heights of the Alleghenies, the people gathered upon the mountain sides and paid their last tribute of respect. Down the slopes the train rushed, and everywhere business was suspended and the people stood along the railway to watch and weep as the body of the dead chief magistrate was carried to Washington for the last time. School children gathered by thousands and strewed the shining rails with flowers, and as the revolving wheels of the funeral train ground the buds and blossoms into millions of fragments the scent of the bruised blossoms arose upon the air and seemed to breathe the love that went out from the nation's heart to the soldier-statesman now taking his last journey to the scene of his final triumphs in the arena of human action.

Bells tolled and guns boomed the presidential salute as the train sped through village and city. Business was suspended all along the route, and farms were deserted for the day. The remains of the president reposed in an observation car attached on the rear of the train. Around the casket stood representatives of the military and naval arms of the government, the soldiers with their rifles and the sailors with their short swords. Richest flowers rested upon the casket, and the raised curtains of the car afforded to all one fleeting glimpse of the interior as the train hastened with lightning speed upon its sad and solemn journey.

The train left Buffalo at 8:30 o'clock Monday morning, and in twelve hours arrived in Washington. It is estimated that between the two cities 700,000 people saw the casket in which the body reposed.

#### AT WASHINGTON.

Borne upon the shoulders of army and navy representatives the body of the dead president was returned to the capitol of the nation—back to the home from which he had gone on July 5 full of hope and strength and friendship. It was a sad and mournful home-coming. The streets of the city were draped in black, and thousands of people gathered with bared and bowed heads to watch the silent procession move from the Baltimore & Ohio station to the White House. Escorted by soldiers, sailors and cavalymen; by statesmen and diplomats; by humble citizens in all walks of life, the casket was taken through the silent streets of Washington and placed in the east room of the White House. And there it rested during the night, faithfully guarded by armed men who but a few days before had hailed its occupant as their commander-in-chief.

The state funeral of President McKinley was held at the national capitol on Tuesday. The day opened as sombre as the occasion. The sky was overcast and rain fell at intervals. But still the people gathered by thousands and waited patiently in the chill and the rain for an opportunity to gaze for the last time upon the face of the beloved dead.

As the United States gathered in spirit and by representative at the state funeral, so foreign na-

tions were represented in spirit by their embassies. The military and the diplomatic walked side by side. Ex-President Cleveland came to pay his last respects to his successor, first in private and then at the public ceremonies.

The King of Great Britain was present in the person of Mr. Gerard Lowther, charge of the British embassy, whom Edward had specially commissioned to participate in the services as his personal representative.

Captain Louis Bailey, of the Royal navy, represented the embassy. They will return to Newport tonight and not go to the family funeral at Canton. The other embassies and legations likewise had sent their representatives.

Many of the states had sent on their chief executives and part of their staffs. All branches of the national government, legislative, executive, judicial and military, were represented. Senator Frye, president pro tem, of the senate, arrived from Maine in the morning. With him was Chief Justice Fuller, of the supreme court. David B. Henderson, the last speaker of the house of representatives, attended as the representative of the popular legislative, as well as the long-time personal friend and associate of the dead man.

Many others were present also, of the legislative and judicial departments. The army and navy had their highest officers within reach of the city in attendance and all officers within the limits of the national capital took part under orders, directing them to participate in the services of honor to their late commander-in-chief.

General Longstreet and other former leaders of the confederacy were present.

About the White House, the patrol of soldiers and sailors guarding the entrance and grounds told the sad story. The night there had been a quiet one. A vigil over the dead had been maintained throughout the watches.

Details of cavalymen, artillerymen and infantrymen, sailors and marines were on guard around the grounds. A sentryman paced back and forth on the portico. Inside the house others did duty. In the east room, sombre with its drawn shades and dim-burning lights and its heavy black casket in the centre of the room, the guard of honor watched over the dead.

Members of the Loyal Legion and the G. A. R. performed this sad duty, silently giving way to others every two hours. At the head of the casket stood an artilleryman and a sailor. At the foot were a cavalryman and a marine. All were at parade rest. These watchers were relieved every half hour.

After the foreign representatives and officials of the republic had gazed upon the face of the dead, the great doors were thrown open and the waiting thousands given an opportunity to pass by the casket. As the Marine band played the sweet strains of the dead president's favorite hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," thousands passed silently, yet hurriedly through the rotunda and out again past the waiting guards and vigilant sentries.

The state funeral began at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning. At that hour the funeral procession wended its way down Pennsylvania avenue from the White House to the national capitol. And there in the rotunda of the great building that had been the scene of so many of his triumphs, the body of William McKinley was placed to await the solemn rites. From their place on the circling walls of the rotunda the faces of the republic's illustrious dead looked down upon the casket containing one who had already taken his place among the nation's immortals. The history of the great republic is pictured upon the great walls of the nation's capitol, and these historical paintings gave to the passing multitude a new hope and a new resolve for the furtherance of the principles for which so many of the nation's greatest and best had gladly given their lives.

As the coffin rested upon the catafalque it was

just high enough to permit of easy inspection by adults. The people passed by in double file, the faithful guards permitting no delay.

The funeral services were beautifully simple. They were in the form prescribed by the Methodist Episcopal church. When all were seated the choir, almost hidden behind the huge masses of flowers sent by loving hands, sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and the crowd arose and stood with bowed heads. At the conclusion of the hymn Rev. Dr. Naylor delivered the invocation. Then the choir sang "Some day we'll understand," following which Bishop Edward G. Andrews delivered a short address, full of feeling and sentiment. Then, with the choir leading, the vast concourse sang the hymn containing the words that were uttered almost with the dead chief's latest breath—"Nearer, my God, to Thee." Then the services were at an end.

Shortly after 7 o'clock p. m. the great bronze doors of the capitol were closed and preparations made for continuing the long journey to Canton, where the remains of the president were to be consigned to the grave. It required thirty minutes to remove the casket to the depot, and all along the line people gathered in the chill and damp to stand with uncovered heads as the hearse drove by.

#### LAST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY.

At 8:35 p. m. the funeral train started for Canton over the Pennsylvania road. The casket was again placed in the observation car and covered with choicest flowers. The national colors were draped about the casket, and the guards again stood at head and foot. While the rest of the train was as dark as the night itself, the observation car was flooded with light, and the undrawn curtains let the long rays of light penetrate the darkness on every hand. Thus it was that the waiting thousands along the weary way to Canton were enabled to see the flags, the flowers and the casket of their dead. At every station gathered crowds, and as the train hurried by hats were lifted and heads bowed, while from the distance came the sound of tolling bells and booming guns. All night long the crowds waited and watched and wept. The rain fell for almost the entire journey, but it could not keep the people of farm and village and city from waiting until they had seen the last of the nation's dead chief. The speed of the funeral train was timed so as to arrive in Canton at a convenient morning hour, and just as the clocks tolled the half-hour between 9 and 10 the black train halted at the end of the final stage of its journey.

#### AT CANTON.

Here in the home where he was loved so well; here amidst the scenes of his early struggles, and his later triumphs, the people gathered by thousands to pay their respects to neighbor and friend. Canton was a mass of black. Business was suspended entirely, and the streets were thronged with silent and subdued people. Soldiers at intervals kept the pressing crowds back, and the casket placed in a hearse and drawn by four horses was carried from the depot to the Stark county court house, and here it was opened that friends and neighbors might gaze for the last time upon the face of their fellow-citizen. They passed by with streaming eyes, thousands upon thousands of them, and when the doors were closed waiting thousands were disappointed, for there was no further time.

Then the casket was taken to the cottage home—the home where love in its sweetest and noblest form had abounded—the home where waited the stricken widow and the friends who strove to comfort her. And then passed the last night of earth for the dead president.

On Thursday afternoon the last sad rites were held. The body was borne from the cottage to the First Methodist church, followed by military, civic societies and friends and neighbors.

The services in the church were simple. They began with the rendition of an organ prelude, Beethoven's funeral march, played by Miss Flor-