BORNE TO A TOMB.

President McKinley's Remains are Taken to Canton, Ohio.

Heartfelt Mourning Is Shown by the People During the Sad Journey.

A State Funeral Is Held in the Capitol at Washington.

The Obsequies at Canton Were Attended by a Vast Concourse of People Story of the Ceremonies at the Church, the Procession to the Cemetery and the Final Rites.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 16.—Buffalo on Sunday became a city of mourners. The gay decorations of the Pan-American exposition gave way to the symbol of sorrow. The black drapery of the city's streets muffled the tolling bells of the churches. Bits of

ing bells of the churches. Bits of crape appeared on every sleeve. The sorrow was everywhere apparent.

The day was gray and cheerless.

Heavy clouds hung over the city, at times breaking to let through a rift of suashine and then (hreatening to let loose a downpour upon the gathering multipud. The ale was hard. ering multitude. The air was humid and heavy, and a light wind from the south stirred the drooping flags and the emblems of mourning. The very elms seemed to lend fitting acvery elms seemed to lend fitting accompaniment to the scene of sorrow about to be enacted. Long before the time set for the funeral services the vicinity of the Milburn house was astir with preparations. At 9 o'clock platons of police officers, mounted and on foot, arrived at the grounds and were posted along the streets approaching the house. For a block in each direction the streets were roped off to keep back the gathering crowds.

Gen. John R. Brooke, department

off to keep back the gathering crowds.

Gen. John R. Brooke, department commander of the east, who was in command of all the arrangements, arrived at 10 o'clock. With him were his aides and a half score of other officers. The time was now approching for the service. The tramp of the assembling military could be heard, and the walks leading to the Milburn house began to be lined with those who were to be assembled those who were to be assembled about the bier. Even amid the stir of assembling a solemn silence prevailed, and the military and naval escorts came to their posts with silent bands.

The entire military and naval force Formed in company front on West Ferry street and there awaited the time for the service to begin. Mean-time the members of the cabinet, of-Becals high in the government service and near friends of the martyred president began to fill the walks leading up to the entrance of the Milburn

It was just eight minutes before the opening of the service when a barouche drove up to the house bring-ing President Roosevelt and Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, at whose home he is a

Within the house of death was woe Within the house of death was woe naspeakable. In the drawing room to the right of the ball as President Roosevelt entered the dead chieftain was stretched upon his bier. His face was written the story of the Christian forbearance with which he had met his martyrdom. Only the thinness of his face bore mute testimony to the patient suffering he had endured. He was dressed as he always was in life. The black frock coat was buttoned across the breast was stretched upon his bier. His head was to the rising sun. On his face was written the story of the Christian forbearance with which he had met his martyrdom. Only the thinness of his face bore mute testimony to the patient suffering he had endured. He was dressed as he always was in life. The black frock coat was buttoned across the breast where the first bullet of the assassin had struck. The black string tie below the standing collar showed the little triangle of white shirt front. The right hand lay at his side. The lack was across his body. He looked as millions of his countrymen have as millions of his countrymen have seen him, save for one thing. The little badge of the Loyal Legion, the only decoration he ever wore, which was always in the left lapel of his coat, was missing. And those who remarked it, spoke of it and after the body was taken to the city hall the Little badge which he prized through Life was placed again where it had

The body lay in a black casket on a black bearskin rug. Over the lower limbs was flung the starry banner he had loved so well. The flowers were few, as befitted the simple nature of the man. A spray of white crysan-themums, a flaming bunch of bloodred American Beauty roses and a magnificent bunch of violets were on the casket. That was all. Behind the the casket. That was an Definition the head, against a pier mirror between two curtained windows, rested two superb wreaths of white asters and roses. These were the only flowers

sentries, one from the sea and land, guarded the reone from the ia the window mains. They stood in the window embrasures behind the head of the casket. The one to the north was a sergeant of infantry. In the other window was the sailor, garbed in the

the family had taken leave of their loved one before the others arrived.

Mrs. McKinley, the grief-crushed widow, had been led into the chamber by her physician, Dr. Rixey, and had sat awhile alone with him who had comforted her through all their years comforted her through all their years of wedded life. But though her support was gone she had not broken down. Dry-eyed she gazed upon him and fondled his face. She did not seem to realize that he was dead. Then she was led away by Dr. Rixey and took up her position at the head of the stairs where she could hear the services. Mrs. Hobart, the widow of the vice president during Mr. Mc-Kinley's first term; Mrs. Lafayette McWilliams, of Chicago; Miss Barber Miss Mary Barber and Dr. Rixey remained with her throughout. The

other members of the family, Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley, Miss Helen Mc-Kinley, Mrs. Duncan, Miss Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Barber and Dr. and Mrs. Beer had withdrawn into the library to the north of the drawing room in which the casket lay, and there also gathered other friends when the service was held.

sarvice was held.

The friends and public assistants of the dead president all had opportunity to view the remains before the service began. The members of the cabinet had taken their leave before the others arrived. They remained seated beside their dead chief while the sad procession viewed the body. They were on the north side of it. A place directly at the head had been reserved for President Roosevelt. Secretary Root sat alongside this empty chair. Then came Attorney General Knox, Secretary Uslosn and Postmaster General Smith, in the order named. About a hundred in all saw the body.

Senator Hanna, who had fairly

saw the body.

Senator Hanna, who had fairly worshiped his dead friend for years, entered the room at this time, but did not approach the casket. His face was set like an iron-willed man who would not let down the barriers of his grief.

Just before 11 o'clock President Roosevelt entered. There was an instantaneous movement in the room as the president appeared. The procession was still passing from the south side around the head of the casket and back between it and the members of the cabinet seated at its side.

The president seemed to be steel-ing himself for a look into the face of him whose death had made him of him whose death had made him the first ruler of the world. The tenthe first ruler of the world. The tension in the room was great. Everyone seemed to be waiting. Then the president turned and at the same time advanced a step. He bowed his head and looked down upon the man whose burden he had taken up. Long he gazed, standing immovable save for a twitching of the muscles of the chin as he labored to repress his emotion. At last he stepped back. Col. Bingham, the aide to the president, standing below the foot of the dent, standing below the foot of the casket at the side of Mr. Cortelyou, glanced in the direction of Rev. Charles Edward Locke, of the Delaware Avenue M. E. church, who was to conduct the service.

ware Avenue M. E. church, who was to conduct the service.

The pastor was at the door leading into the hall, a station whence his words could be heard at the head of the stairs. The signal was given and there swelled out from the hall the beautiful words of "Lead, Kindly Light," sung by a quartette. It was President McKinley's favorite hymn. Everyone within sound of the music knew it and half of those in the room put their faces in their hands to hide put their faces in their hands to hide their tears.

When the singing ended the clergy-

When the singing ended the clergyman read from the 15th chapter of First Corinthians. All had risen as he began and remained standing throughout use remainder of the service. Again the voices rose with the words of "Nearer, My God to Thee," the very words President McKinley had repeated at intervals of consciousness during the day before he died. As the music died away the pastor spoke again. "Let us pray," he said, and every head fell upon its breast. He began his invocation with a stanza from a hymn sung in the a stanza from a hymn sung in the Methodist church.

Methodist church.

All present joined in the Lord's Prayer as the minister repeated it, President Roosevelt's voice being audible at the back of the room. The service concluded with a simple benediction. The funeral director was about to step forward to place the cover on the casket when suddenly there was a movement behind Gov. Odell. Senator Hanna, who had risen, saw that the last opportunity to look into the countenance of his to look into the countenance of his

down.

It was within a minute of 11:30 o'clock when three long rolls of a muffled drum told those outside the house that the funeral cortege was about to appear. From the darkened rooms the assemblage began to file out to the street. Soon the walks and lawns were again covered with the silent throng, with heads bared. At the moment the casket appeared, "Nearer, My God to Thee" ascended in subdued strains from one of the military bands. Tenderly the bear-ers laid the casket from their shoul-ders and placed it in the hearse. The notes of

The notes of Chopin's funeral dirge succeeded the strains of the hymn. The soldiers and sailors swung into long columns and took up the march southward toward the site bath. city hall.

As the funeral cortege moved south filling the walks and cross streets and crowding house-tops, windows and every available space of the buildings along the line of march.

As the escort of soldiers swung slowly into Franklin street a few

slowly into Franklin street a few drops of rain fell. In two minutes it was raining hard. The long line of troops took their positions at atten-tion, facing the city hall. The cartion, facing the city half. The carriages, containing members of the cabinet, hurried up to the entrance. The last of the carriages was the one bearing President Roosevelt. Removing his hat, the president stepped from the vehicle and walked into the

The Nation Pays Tribute to Its Honored Dead Despite the fact that no attempt the grave. It was a spectacle of rotunda, beyond the arrangements mournful grandeur. Canton ceased



"HIS LIFE WAS GENTLE, AND THE ELEMENTS SO MIXED IN HIM THAT NATURE MIGHT STAND UP. AND SAY TO ALL THE WORLD, 'THIS WAS A MAN!"

bearers made their way to the cata-falque. A moment later and the body of President McKinley was laying in state.

A remarkable demonstration oc-curred at the city hall which proved how close the president was to the hearts of the people. Arrangements had been made to allow the public to view the body from the time it arriv-ed, at about 1:30 o'clock, until about 5 o'clock. But the people were wedge. ed, at about 1:30 o'clock, until about 5 o'clock. But the people were wedged into the streets for blocks. Two lines were formed. They extended literally for miles. When 5 o'clock came 40,000 people had already passed and the crowds waiting below in the streets seemed undiminished. It was decided to extend the time until 7 in the evening. Then for hours longer than 100 people. decided to extend the time until 7 in the evening. Then for hours longer the streets were dense with people and a constant stream flowed into the hall and passed the bier. When the doors were closed at midnight it was estimated that 80,000 people had viewed the remains, but thousands of disappointed ones were still in the streets.

Buffalo, Sept. 15.—The following report of the autopsy upon the remains of President McKinley was issued vesterday:
"The bullet which struck over the

breast bone did not pass through the skin, and did little harm. The other bullet passed through both walls of the stomach near its lower border. Both holes were found to be perfectly closed by the stitches, but the tissue around each hole had become gangrenous. After passing through the stomach the bullet passed into the back walls of the abdomen, hitting back walls of the abdomen, nitting and tearing the upper end of the kidney. This portion of the bullet track was also gangrenous, the gangrene involving the pancreas. The bullet has not yet been found. There was no sign of peritonitis or disease of other organs. The heart walls were very thin. There was no evidence of any attempt at reasy on the part of

L. Munson, Hermanus L. Baer."
Theodore Roosevelt took the oath
of office as president of the United
States at 3:30 p. m. Saturday. The
ceremony took place at the home of
Ansley Wilcox, a friend of Mr. Roosevelt. United States District Judge
Hazel administered the oath.
The new president was visibly
shaken, but when he lifted his hand

to swear he proclaimed in these words: "In this hour of deep and terrible national bereavement, I wish to state that it will be my aim to adhere to the policy of William Mc-Kinley for the prosperity and benefit of our beloved country." His first act was to ask the members of the cabinet to remain in office and they promised to do so.

President Roosevelt issued a proclamation announcing the death of Mr. McKinley and appointing next Thursday as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States.

Washington, Sept. 17.—Through a living lane of bareheaded people stretching from Buffalo up over the Alleghenies, down into the broad val-Alleghenies, down into the broad val-ley of the Susquehanna and on to the marble city on the banks of the Po-tomac, the nation's martyred presi-dent yesterday made his last journey to the seat of the government over which he presided for four and one-half years. The whole country seem-ed to have drained its population at the sides of the track over which the the sides of the track over which the

fine rail train passed.

At several places, Williamsport,
Harrisburg and Baltimore, the chimes
played Cardinal Newman's grand
hymn. Taken altogether the journey was the most remarkable dem constration of universal sorrow since Lincoln was borne to his grave. Every one of those who came to pay their last tribute to the dead had opportunity to catch a glimpse of the flag-covered bier elevated in the observation car at the rear of the train.

There was no other bit of color to catch the eye on this train of death which cat the lonely widow, the rela-

impressively slow and measured, the tives of the president, cabinet and others were drawn. The whole black train was like a shuttered house save nly for that hindmost car where the body lay guarded by a soldier and

Mrs. McKinley stood the trip bravely. In the morning soon after leaving Buffalo she pleaded so carnestly to be allowed to go into the car where her dear one lay that assent was given and she spent half an hour beside the cuffin.

given and she spent half an hour beside the coffin.

All the way the train was preceded about fifteen minutes by a pilot engine sent ahead to test the bridges and switches and prevent the possibility of accident to the precious burden it carried. The train had the right of way were everything. right of way over everything. Not a wheel moved on the Pennsylvania railroad system 30 minutes before the pilot engine was due, or for the same length of time after the train had

passed.

The train left Buffalo at 8:30 Monday morning and arrived at Washington at 8:38 last night. In 12 hours it

ton at 8:38 last night. In 12 hours it is estimated over half a million people saw the coffin which held all that was mortal of President McKinley.

The remains of President McKinley last night laid in the east room of the White House, where for more than four years he had made his home as the chief magistrate of the great American rempile.

great American republic.

The silence that marked the progress of the funeral party through the national capital was profound. The people as a whole did not talk even in whispers and the only sign of agita-tion in the great crowd was the silent pressing against the ropes to see the nournful cortege which swept slowly

along.
When the funeral train entered the station Mrs. McKinley was placed in a carriage which drove off to the White House without awaiting the procession. Close behind came the members of the family of the late president, who likewise were driven away impediately to the executive

Roosevelt and the members of the cabinet had alighted from their carriages and then followed the open doors into m. Just in the center of through ast room. Just in the center of the room, under the great crystal chandelier, they deposited their precious burden upon a black draped base and stood at salute while the new chief executive and the cabinet members

with bowed heads passed by.

The casket was placed lengthwise
of the east room, the head to the
north. Piled about it were a half hundred floral emblems and as many more were placed in the inside corridor. Two marines, a soldier and a sailor, stood guard, one at each corner of the casket, while seated on either side were two members of the Grand Army and two members of the Loyal Legion. These were relieved at intervals of two hours during the

washington, Sept. 18.—Last night ley was speeding towards its last earthly resting place at his home in Canton after the nation had officially and with state ceremony paid its tribute of respect to the memory of its stricken chief magistrate. meath the dome of the Capitol funeral services of state were held yesterday over the remains of the dead presi-dent. It was eminently fitting that services should be conducted in t beautiful rotunda hallowed by the last sad rites of two other martyrs to the cause of the republic.

The services were conducted in ac-cordance with the rites of the Methodist Episcopal church, of which rresident McKinley was a lifelong member. Consisting only of two hymns, a song, a prayer, an address and a benediction that were solvent. and a benediction, they were solemnly impressive. Gathered around the bier were represenatives of every phase of American national life, including the president and the only surviving ex-president of the United States, together with representatives of almost every nation of the earth.

made about the catafalque, the as-semblage presented a memorable sight. The sombre black of the attire of the hundreds of civilians present or the hundreds of civilians present was splashed briniantly with the blue and gold of the representatives of the army and navy and the court costumes of the diplomatic corps. As the notes of Mr. McKinley's favorite nymn, "Lead, Kindiy Light," floated through the 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 immortal words of the Lord's Prayer, the great audience joined solemnly with him. Scarcely had the word amen been breathed when the liquid tones of that

scarcely had the word amen been breathed when the liquid tones 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, of this city. Bishop Edward G. Andrews, of Ohio,

Bishop Edward G. Andrews, of Onlo, the oldest bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, then took his position at the head of the bier. A gentie 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 coup-

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 entire 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 Rev. Chapman, acting pastor of the Metropolitan M. E. church, upon both the living and the dead. 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 peanle whom he loved and who

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 12:30 the crowds loved him might pass the ster for the same purpose. At 12:30 the crowds began to file through the rotunda and during the six hours in which the body was lying in state it is estimated that 55,000 people viewed the remains. Just at 1 o'clock a frightful calam-ity was narrowly averted at the east front of the Canitol. For hours the

front of the Capitol. For hours the vast throng of people had been massed in front of the Capitol await-ing an opportunity to enter the ro-tunda. When the doors were opened tens of thousands of people rushed almost frantically to the main stairalmost 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 were caught in the crowd
and many were bodily injured. Despite the efforts of the police and
military and the cooler heads in the
throng, 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 treatment
was given to them. vas given to them.

The last chapter of the sad ceremonial, the removal of the remains of the late president to the grave at his old home in Canton, began at 8:20 o'clock last night when the funeral

has not yet been found. There was no sign of peritonitis or disease of other organs. The heart walls were very thin. There was no evidence of any attempt at repair on the part of nature, and death resulted from the gangrene which affected the stomach around the builet wounds, as well as the tissues around the further course of the builet. Death was unavoidable by any surgical or medical treatment, and was the direct result of the builet wound.

"Harvey D. Gaylord, Herman G. Matzinger, P. M. Rixey, Matthew D. Mann, Herman Mynter, Roswell Park, Eugene Wasdin, Charles G. Stockton, Edward G. Janeway, W. W. Johnson, W. P. Kendall, Charles Cary, Edward them two weeks ago in the full strength of glorious manhood and they had brought him back dead. Anguish was in the heart of every nan, woman and child.

The entire population of the little city and thousands from all over Ohio, the full strength of the na-tional guard of the state, eight regithree batteries of artillery, ments, one battalion of engineers, 5,000 men in all; the governor, lieutenant governor and a justice of the supreme court, representing the three branches of the state government, were at the station to receive the remains.

The whole town was in deep black. The only house in all this sorrow-stricken city, strange as it may seem, without a touch of mourning drapery was the McKinley cottage on North Market street, to which so many distinguished men in the country have made pilgrimages in the days that are gone. The blinds days that are gone. The blinds were drawn, but there was no outward token of the blow that had robbed it of its most precious friend.
Sad as was the procession which
bore the body to the court house where it lay in state during the af-ternoon it could not compare with the infinite sadness of that endless double line of broken hearted people who streamed through the lighted corridors of the b lighted corridors of the building from the time the coffin was opened until it was taken home to the sor-

rowing widow at nightfall. Canton, O., Sept. 20.—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, the 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 bull-

was a spectacle of eur. Canton ceased to be a town and swelled to the proportions of a great city. From every city and hamlet in Ohio, from the remote corners of the south, and from the east and west, the numan tide flowed into the town until 100,000 people were within its gates, here to pay their last tribute to the fallen chief.

The final scenes at the First Methodist church where the funeral service was held, and at West Lawn cemetery, where the body was consigned to a vault, were simple and impressive

to a vault, were simple and impressive.

The service at the church consisted of a brief oration, prayers by the ministers of three denominations and singing by a quartette. The body was then taken to West Lawn cemetery and placed in a receiving vault, pending the time when it will be finally laid to rest beside the children who were buried years ago. The funeral procession was very imposing, and included not only the representatives of the army and navy of the United States, but the entire military strength of the state of Ohio and hundreds of civic, fraternal and other organizations. It was two miles long.

One of the most pathetic features of the day was the absence of Mrs. McKinley from the funeral services at the church and from the cemetery when the body of her husband was laid to rest. Since the first shock of the shooting, and then the death, and through the ordeal of state cere-

when the body of her husband was laid to rest. Since the first shock of the shooting, and then the death, and through the ordeal of state ceremonies she had borne up bravely. But there was a limit to human endurance and when the death came it found her too weak to pass through the trials of the final ceremonies. Through the open door of her room sae heard the prayer of the minister as the body was borne out of the house. After that Dr. Rixey remained close by her side, and although the full force of the calamity had come upon her it was believed had come upon her it was believed by those about her that there was a providential mercy in her tears, as they gave some relier to the anguish of the heart within.

The face of the dead president was seen for the last time when it lay in state on Wednesday in the court house. The casket was not opened after it was removed to the McKinafter it was removed to the McKin-ley residence and the members of the family had no opportunity to look again upon the features. The casket was sealed before it was borne away from the court house. It had been the hope of many of the '3 friends of the family here that the face would be exposed while the services in the church were being held yesterday afternoon, but this suggestion could not be agreed to. When Mrs. McKinley came into the death chamber Wednesday night for death chamber Wednesday night for her last moments beside her dead husband she wished to have a final look at the upturned face. But this was impossible and the sealed casket with its flowers were all that she

As the time approached for bearing the body of the dead president As the time approached for bearing the body of the dead president from the McKiney home to 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 grandly warm in triple lines from guards were in triple lines from curbs back to the lawns. The walks had been cleared and the multitude took refuge on the lawns, where it formed a solid mass of humanity surging forward to the lines of sol-diers. In front of the McKinley diers. In front of the McKinley cottage was drawn up two rigid files of body bearers, eight sailors of the navy and eight soldiers of the army, awaiting the order to go within and take up the casket.

At 1 o'clock the black chargers of the Cieveland troop swept down the street, their riders four abreast, in their brilliant hussar uniforms, with flags bound in crape and every sabre hilt bearing its emblem of mourning.

hilt bearing its emblem of mourning. Their coming was the signal for the approach of President Roosevelt and the members of the cabinet. The presidential party moved up the walk to the entrance of the house and formed in a group to the left. Extending further down the walk was the guard of honor, the ranking generals of the army on the right and the chief figures of the navy on the left. the left. Now the deep-toned wail of the

church bells began and every steeple in Canton gave forth its dolorous plaint. It was 1:15 and the time had come for taking up the body. A brief private service had been held within the darkened chamber, Rev. Manchester saying a prayer while the relatives gathered around and Mrs. McKinley listened from the half open door of her adjoining room.

The double file of body bearers ow stepped into the room and, raising the casket to their shoulders, ing the casket to their shoulders, bore it through the open entrance. A solemn hush fell upon the multi-tude as the bearers advanced with

measured tread.

The coffin was committed to the hearse and the silence was broken as the order to march passed from officer to officer. The great procession now took we will be to the control of the c cer to officer. The great procession now took up its mournful journey, passing under the sweep of giant arches robed in black, between two living lines of humanity massed along the streets, covering house tops and filling the windows. The church bells still were tolling, mingling their dismal tones with the caling their dismal tones with the caling their dismal tones with the ca dence of the funeral dirge. ceding the funeral car and forming the first division rode Ell Torrance, national commander of the G. A. R., forming with a long line of veterans. At hearse marched a soldier.

hearse marched a soldier.

At either side of the hearse marched the guard of military and naval honor, the generals on the right led by Gen. Miles, and the admirals on the left led by Admiral Farquhar. Then came the long line of carriages of the relatives and friends, and after them the innumerative military and civic organizations.