

**AN HISTORIC MEMENTO OF THE NATION'S
LOSS; THE TRUE STORY OF THE
ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT
BUFFALO, WITH MANY SCENES AND PICTURES
CONNECTED WITH THE TRAGEDY, INCLUDING
THE LAST TRIBUTES OF RESPECT AT
WASHINGTON AND CANTON**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649197002

An historic memento of the nation's loss; the true story of the assassination of President McKinley at Buffalo, with many scenes and pictures connected with the tragedy, including the last tributes of respect at Washington and Canton by Richard H. Barry

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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RICHARD H. BARRY

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The True Story of the Assassination of
President McKinley at Buffalo

Melvin R. Gilmore

*Present from Mr. Charles Booz,
1118 West Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.*



Wm. H. H. H.

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RESPECT AT WASHINGTON AND CANTON

By RICHARD H. BARRY

who was present during the historic events, beginning with the President's visit to
Buffalo and ending with the last ceremonies at Canton

The Trade Supplied by the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY and its Branches
The BUFFALO NEWS COMPANY, General Sales Agents

BUFFALO, N. Y.
ROBERT ALLAN REID, PUBLISHER
1901

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THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC

ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL EXPOSITION BUILDINGS, WHERE THE PUBLIC RECEPTION TOOK PLACE, DURING WHICH THE PRESIDENT WAS SHOT.

Gen. Webb
844
2-25-52

The True Story of the Assassination.

MR. MCKINLEY was never in a more buoyant mood than on his Buffalo trip. This was marked by all who saw him. He had the springy step of light-heartedness and the receptive, merry eye of appreciation—appreciation of the welcome that he got and of the attention shown him. His temperament was somewhat mercurial. Depression he usually concealed, but elation he did not attempt to hide and at the exposition he found much to please him. There was the friendliness of the people and the general tenor of good feeling about the city which, with a grace seldom seen, was expressed in both the Democratic and Republican newspapers.

The visit was singularly free from all party bickering, and no petty personality, such as frequently obtrudes, dared show itself. The exposition had not been getting the crowds that were wanted and had looked forward to President's Day to pull it a good ways from the financial hole it was in. That day, September 5th, had been a good one. It had broken the record for attendance, and the speech of the President, long considered and marking an epoch in the history of the Republican party and in the political career of Mr. McKinley himself, had been well received, just as his diplomatic foresight had hoped it would.

Then there was that indescribable human roar and magnetism, unlike any other sound in the universe, which had come to him repeatedly with its gladsome ting. It had filtered his blood, and the morning of the second day, Friday, Sept. 6th, found him in a particularly fine mood. He said himself that the arduous part of the trip was over, for even after years of it he disliked public speaking. There was before him only the pleasant ride to Niagara Falls, with his wife and friends, away from the great curious crowd, with the delicious memory of the applause of the preceding day fresh with him. The public reception in the afternoon, with its half hour of deadening strain, was before, but the President always welcomed such opportunities for meeting the mass of the people. He liked the contact and believed that the close sight they got of the Executive's person was a simple gratification due them. Besides, it

was a part of his political policy to meet and greet the public on friendly terms. His hand clasp was known as the most cordial at such receptions that any public man had shown in Washington in a generation. He was peculiarly positive in his clasp, giving the other fully as much of sincerity as was given—usually more, because curiosity prompts much of the attendance at these functions and curiosity is an impersonal thing at best, and sometimes an inhuman one. He fairly pulled the line along at the rate of 125 persons every minute. He tried always to utter some kindly word and usually gave a smile, so that he made a very personal affair of the meeting.

At the Nashville Exposition, in 1897, the Secretary of War, seeing the great fatigue of the President, ordered the door closed on a waiting crowd. The order was immediately countermanded by the superior authority of the President. He would brook nothing of the kind and insisted on treating the people generously. At Buffalo, on the afternoon of President's Day, there was a private reception to some 1500 in the Government Building. There, after a fatiguing forenoon the President found no difficulty in meeting the strain for twenty minutes. It was noticed, however, that it required some effort which, though concealed, was apparent to close observers, to carry him through the line of invited guests.

This fatigue had disappeared on Friday, after a good night's rest and with a pleasant day ahead. In the morning, at 7 o'clock, before breakfast, he left the house of Mr. Milburn, where he was staying, for his usual walk. It took him, entirely unattended and carelessly playful in his enjoyment of the wonderful crisp September atmosphere, through several blocks of Delaware, the most beautiful avenue in Buffalo, a city of beautiful avenues.

The Milburn home is in a locality almost deserted at that early hour. An assassin might have shot him down thus with ease, but there would have been no scene then, merely the motive for a drama. Delaware Avenue, in the morning of such a day, is ecstatically oppressive with its beauty, and no doubt the President lingered over it fondly, without the crowds, the jostle, the crush. He was gone twenty minutes, then he went to breakfast and then to the exposition.

Mrs. McKinley was with him. Her presence and her continued good feeling were the source of much gratification to the President. She had been with him conspicuously throughout the trip, and had had applause two to one, at times, to his. Another essential factor in the propitious character of the trip was the weather. It was fair throughout. The day of the speech and of the great crowds had been hot—almost oppressive



THE ESPLANADE AT THE EXPOSITION
DAY AND NIGHT SCENES, GREATLY ADMIRER BY THE PRESIDENT—TEMPLE OF MUSIC AT THE LEFT,
ETHNOLOGY BUILDING AT THE RIGHT.