

almost equally numerous body occupied the steps, gratings and inner border of the walk; while all windows were filled with men, women and children—occupancy being often sold for money, and advertised by handbills posted up outside. Thousands and thousands of these lookers-on were too young to know their right hands from their left—and were doubtless brought in order that, in old age, they might say they saw the funeral procession of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Eaves, roofs, trees, posts, were edged or tipped or fructified with men or women. Along the middle of each sidewalk crept in either direction a sluggish, narrow stream of passengers, like the slow snow-broth of a half-frozen stream creeping between wide edgings of fixed ice. And between two such triple living borders, the watchful and peremptory policemen—their active efforts seconded by the desire of all to comply with the regulations of the day—easily secured an empty roadway, perfectly clear from curbstones to curbstones.

THE START.

It is 1 o'clock, and with prompt good faith the great procession gets forward. The right of the first or military division resting on Fourteenth-street, it was of course at that point that the actual movement began.

THE MILITARY DIVISION.

Major-Gens. SANDFORD and DURYEA and Staff, escorted by Capt. Otto's troops of cavalry, having the advance. According to a funeral etiquette, the order of the march as well as the position of the soldier's weapon, is reversed, and the last instead of the first brigade of a division, regiment of a brigade, &c., goes first. The Second Division of New-York State troops precedes the First, the Eleventh Brigade precedes the Fifth, the Fifty-second Regiment is before the Forty-seventh, that before the Twenty-third, and so on.

Down the whole long line of the great thoroughfare, clear to the Park, the regiments are standing at ease, facing eastward. One after another, in quick succession, they now break into column of sections, and now a bird's eye view would show the whole distance from Union Park to the City Hall, one long track of stoney gray, bordered with the heavy black masses along each sidewalk, and from end to end, transversely striated with the sections, deliberately gliding northward in common time, the swords and bayonets sparkling and glinting in the perfect sunlight. But to us on the earth, this impressive effect is invisible except in imagination; we count the soldiers and the guns; we can scarcely perfectly apprehend at one glance the twenty sections of one full regiment. As we look, however, section after section, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, marches steadily by. They may be called our household troops. They are our own city regiments, and though most of their members have the pale face that tells of recent indoor life, yet many of them have once, at least, been embrowned by the Southern sun in actual service. In close lines, marching true and even, they pass and pass, until seemingly a whole army has gone by already, and still the long vista of the street is blue with the troops coming up from the South, nor can any sign of the funeral car yet be seen. Brig.-Gens. SMITH, CROOK, MAIDHOFF (acting) VASIAN, and YATES, have gone by, each heading his brigade, their staffs with them.

The monotony of colors is broken by the gayer red trimmings of Col. LE GAL's French Regiment, the Fifty-fifth, and the monotony of the ranks by the several field batteries, with their iron or brass guns, and sober olive-brown carriages and limbers and caissons. With Col. MAIDHOFF's brigade marched the "permanent party"—to use the technical military term, forming the garrison of Hart Island, the well known harbor depot of recruits. It is accompanied by a full band belonging to that post; and is in itself a noticeable body, consisting of five hundred select recruits chosen from those who arrive at the island. Its officers, also, have most of them been wounded, and belong to regiments now in the field, having been sent North for duties suitable to convalescents. As they pass us, we naturally hope for special good fortune for the chosen men and their proved commanders, Maj.-EVEX, of the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New-York Volunteers, commands the battalion.

After Gen. YATES' regiment had been for some time passing, an intent gaze down Broadway shows afar off through the dusty air, white cross-belts. Those are the United States marines. And still further, behind them, a shadowy black thing is very dimly visible. That is the funeral car. There is slowly coming all that is left of the best friend of the black man and of the rebel.

Now Gen. YATES' brigade, with its artillery and infantry has passed. Gen. SPICER's follows. There are two regiments of horse, their uniforms set off with orange-yellow trimmings. A little behind them, here march the cross-belted marines, and after them a corps in somewhat weather-beaten uniform as regulars. You may see here and there among them one who halts a little in one leg, or steps imperfectly. That is not an enlisting oversight. Those are men whose imperfections came from their own brave deeds. This is part of the Invalid Corps.

Behind them marches a body of officers, about six hundred strong, somewhat more than half of them wearing the naval cap. These are such naval and military officers as happened to be in the city at this time. They are—taken altogether—remarkably intelligent-looking, thoughtful and stately men.

THE FUNERAL CAR.

Only two blocks away can now be seen the gray uniforms of the Seventh Regiment, acting as guard of honor; and within its hollow square, rolling slowly nearer and nearer, comes the funeral car, a gloomy and imposing structure, its heavy plumes nodding and waving to and fro. Before the guard of honor marches a strong platoon of policemen, sweeping once more every inch of the street from curb to curb. There has, however, been scarcely the least infringement of the orders in this matter. Here and there some weary old lady or careless boy sits down with feet in the gutter; but the crowd, though dense and massed to a degree even far beyond that of the remarkable occasion just after Inauguration Day, keeps heedfully to the sidewalk.

In a single barouche, behind the line of policemen, ride Commissioner ACORN, Superintendent KENNEDY, and two other police officers of high station. Behind the carriage marches

THE GUARD OF HONOR,

the Seventh Regiment, Col. EMMONS CLARK, with reversed arms; its mathematically accurate marching and thoroughly soldierlike array justifying its employment in this melancholy but honorable duty. ¶ The car itself rolls slowly and gloomily before us. Its sixteen gray horses are shrouded in black, and led each by a colored groom. Immediately about it march the faithful squad of soldiers of the Veteran Reserves who have accompanied the remains from Washington. The car itself consists of a broad platform fourteen feet by eight, on which is a stage or dais where the coffin lies. Over this is a rich canopy upon four columns, having planted at the foot of each column three national flags festooned and craped. Above the four corners of the canopy are four great shadowing and waving masses of sable plumes, and at the top is a small model of a circular temple, unwall'd, open, empty. Thus—so would teach this little emblem—was the nation, the home of freedom, bereft of its representative man. Or, perhaps—thus empty of its former tenant, is the body of the dead, the temple of life, within, the car is lined with white satin, and above the coffin hangs a large eagle, his wings outspread as if he hovered there, and carrying in his talons a wreath of laurel. All around the black draperies

hung almost to the earth. Up on the surface of the dais and platform, beautiful white flowers were disposed in graceful, blentuous wreaths and bouquets, and the deep blackness of the draperies is more or less somewhat relieved by festoons and spangles of silver bullion.

THE DOG MOURNER.

Under the car there is walking a dog, though invisible from the outside. It is "Bruno," the great Saint Bernard dog belonging to Edward H. MORTON, Esq. He was standing with his master at the corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, as the car passed by, when suddenly, without warning, and in spite of his master's call to him to return, he sprang into the street, passed beneath the car, followed its motions, and is still there. By what instinct was this? For "Bruno" was a friend and acquaintance of Mr. LINCOLN's, and had passed some time with him only a few days before his death.

The long and impressive array of the first division is now closed by the Grand Marshal of the day, Gen. HALL, and his aids.

THE CIVILIAN PROCESSION.

The military portion of the procession is thus concluded, with a few small exceptions. With similar exceptions, the remainder of it, in place of the rich effects of the uniforms, the order of march, and the glitter and gleam of weapons, presented a monotonous, although impressive, column of civilians, in black clothes and hats. In several respects this portion of the procession was to the thoughtful observer more significant than the military part; but it was by virtue of implications and associated ideas, not by considerations of color and arrangements.

DETAILS AS TO CIVILIANS.

The immense number of organizations, political, benevolent, municipal and others, renders it impossible to give details in full and connectedly, of its parts. It was, moreover, a very interesting observation, that of all the high dignitaries, national, State and city, only a very small number could possibly have been distinguished from their companions, except by a knowledge of their reasons. Governors, Judges, officials of every grade and kind, walked quietly by, in the same ranks of twenty each, with private citizens, and the utter absence of signs of rank was even an inconvenience to the inquisitive beholder.

FOREIGN UNIFORMS.

Among the occupants of the carriages near the head of the Second Division were a few foreign officers, in full dress uniform. Most conspicuous of these was an Englishman in white trousers and red coat. One or two of these gentlemen were all ablaze with gold lace. Probably few noticed them without considering whether the sight of this tremendous crowd in one city might not tend toward a more adequate conception of our real national strength and unity.

A VIOLATION OF RULE.

In glaring violation of the rule of the day against political inscriptions, one strong force of citizens, in the Second Division, marched as "The Democratic General Committee of Tammany Hall." No other such case was visible.

THE CALIFORNIA HUNTER.

Much attention was attracted to Mr. KINMAN, the Californian, who walked in a full hunting suit of buckskin and fur, rifle on shoulder. Mr. KINMAN, it will be remembered, presented to Mr. LINCOLN some time ago a chair made of California elk-horn, and continuing his acquaintance with him, had, it is said, enjoyed quite a long conversation with him the very day before the murder.

NATIONALITIES.

The numerical strength and watchful nationality of the Irish among us was once more shown by the fact that one whole division, the Fifth, consisted entirely of Irish associations—and a large division it was. Among them marched, as in the Inauguration procession, a number of companies of boys, in green blouses, and hand in hand. The little fellows looked well and marched finely.

The athletic German turners, in their plain linen coats, looked strong, ready and sensible.

A long array of mechanics' protective and provident associations constituted the latter part of the civilians' procession, a very few among them here and there, disgracefully enough, showing the influence of liquor.

The Brooklyn delegation constituted the Eighth Division, and after it, bringing up the rear, with a strong double rank of policemen before and behind, came a body of about two hundred colored men. Part of them were freedmen recently from slavery, and these bore a banner with two inscriptions: "ABRAHAM LINCOLN our Emancipator," and "To Millions of Freemen he Liberty gave." This was the only portion of the procession which was received with any demonstrations of applause. For them, a just and kindly enthusiasm overrode the strict proprieties of the occasion, and handkerchiefs waved and voices cheered all along as they marched.

THE END.

The head of the procession had reached the railroad station at 2:10. The rear of it had not reached Fourteenth-street at 5. It must have contained full sixty thousand men. After the delivery of the remains to the charge of the railroad authorities, it was hours before the rear of the procession ceased marching. The allotted route having been passed over, the various component parts quickly dispersed to their respective rendezvous.

The deep sobriety of this ceremony gave it a profound and weighty character, far more impressive than the festal pomp of most pageants. And the wailing notes of the dirges played by the bands greatly increased this effect. The streets were in remarkably good condition. The air and sky were perfect; the arrangements for the occasion very good indeed; and in grandeur of form, as well as in ethical and political meaning, the great funeral pageant given by the City of New-York to the remains of President LINCOLN was entirely successful.

The Procession.

Even during all the night before yesterday, preliminaries for the great funeral procession had been going forward at many points in the city. Before dawn, the stir increased. Almost as soon as it was light, the vast mass of our great metropolitan population began to move perceptibly toward the sadly magnificent ceremony of the day. At first, solitary soldiers, uniformed and armed, or single civilians, in decent black, were gathering to a thousand rendezvous of regiment, society, club or association, as to centres of crystallization sprinkled over the extensive city map. And while uniform and civic costume varied in their respective many ways, two universal marks, distinguishable, indeed, in almost every citizen, whether to be participant or spectator of the sombre pageant—the crape badge on the arm, and the countenance serious and often sad—silently witnessed that the vast city arose in oneness of heart to offer a last testimony of grief and love at the death of the liberator, the patriot, the honest man and the wise ruler.

Within an hour or two, the primary gatherings for the occasion were mainly complete. During all the rest of the forenoon, the hundreds of separate organizations of all kinds from which the procession as a whole was to be articulated, were steadily moving toward the system of streets in which its

EIGHT GRAND DIVISIONS

were to form. These streets may be sufficiently well represented by a fan wide open, the handle at the City Hall Park, and the eight sticks, (the divisions) spreading out North, East and South, from Broadway around eastwardly to Nassau-street. The First Division standing in line for a mile and three quarters on Broadway from the Park to Fourteenth-street, could thus be conveniently followed by each of the others in its order, all crossing the Park and wheeling to the right into Broadway.

THE SPECTATORS.

As the time of starting approached, a tremendous crowd of spectators lined the whole of the appointed route, standing often in a dense human hedge twelve or fifteen feet deep along the curb-stones. Another