Continued from First Page.

THE OBSEQUIES

Not when the Prince of Wales journeying through the country excited the curiosity of tumultuous tens of thousands; not when the Japanese, grotesque and strange, came from afar; not when Henry Clay, he of the silvery tongue, the clear brain and the true heart, our Lincoln's political father, was borne through the length of the land and through the great cities with funereal pageant—not on any of these occasions was this, the second city of the continent, ever moved and stirred, and drawn to a common thought and a common action as she is now. That thought is one of mourning, that action the spontaneous expression of it.

LOOKING AT THE PRESIDENT.

Probably 50,000 will look at the corpse to-day and to-night. As I write the line is formed back ten squares four deep. This forming in column is not done by soldiers or police, but by the common impulse of order and fairness which is distinctive of our people.

The face of the dead President bears a very natural expression, one familiar to all who saw him often. It is just the hint of a smile, and the look of a benediction. I do not know to what it is attributable, but certainly the face is far more natural, more *his*, than when seen four days ago at Washington.

The special train will certainly reach New-York at the hour designated in the published schedule, viz: 10 a. m., Monday.

SHERMAN.

At the breakfast table this morning the party composing the escort first read the history of Sherman's parley with Johnston. There was the utmost indignation at the terms he would have made—terms that provided for the surrender of Sherman, not of Johnston. There were present half a dozen Governors of States, and five times as many Members of Congress, and all joined in denunciation of Sherman's course, and in approval of the prompt veto put upon it by the new President. "I wouldn't have believed it of any general in the army," said one. Said another: "He couldn't have heard of the murder of the President." "The country wont listen to anything of that sort," said a Governor, who still carries in his body the bullet that felled him at the head of his division on the field of Shiloh; he was then a Major-General. The feeling and the demand of the country are summed up in the two words which first made Grant famous, "Unconditional Surrender."

C. A. P.

The Progress.

PHILADELPHIA, April 24.—The body of President Lincoln remained *in state* till one o'clock this morning, when the entrances were closed, all the throng having had an opportunity of viewing the remains. Dr. Brown, the embalmer, removed the dust that had settled on the face and preparations were made for the departure of the body. At 3 o'clock the body was placed in the hearse and the line of march taken for Trenton Railroad depot.

The escort consisted of the 187th Pennsylvania Infantry, the city troops a guard of honor, and a detachment of soldiers to guard the body, Perseverance Hose Company and the Republican Invincibles. The train started for New-York at 4 o'clock a. m.

LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

The funeral party started from the Continental Hotel at 2 o'clock this morning, and halted before the State House until the coffin was conveyed to the hearse.

The transparency, which adorned the front of the building, namely, the portrait of the late President, with a dark border representing a coffin, afforded a relief to the surrounding gloom of the morning, the words "Rest in peace" still blazing from the gas jets.

The Invincibles, a city organization, with torches, composed a part of the procession, and the City Guard acted as the escort. A band of music played dirges on the march.

The procession reached Kensington Station at 4 o'clock. Thousands of men, women and children were still in the streets, and not a few half-dressed residents in that neighborhood, who apparently had just hurried from their beds, ran forward to join the already large crowd in waiting at the depot. The funeral party with difficulty pressed their way to the cars.

Mr. W. H. Gatzmer, General Agent, and Messrs. A. W. Markley, Joseph P. Bradley, and John L. McKnight, Directors of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, and F. Walcott Jackson, General Superintendent, are among the civilians. The running of the road was under the direction of Mr. R. S. Van Rensselaer.

THE TRAIN STARTS.

At a few minutes after 4 o'clock the train started. A locomotive preceded it by ten minutes. The engine is trimmed with the National flag draped with mourning, and there is a telegrapher and two signal men accompanying it, to guard against accidents.

The train consisted of nine elegant cars, provided by the Camden and Amboy Railroad, all tastefully trimmed.

The funeral car last night was additionally decorated, heavy silver fringe being placed at the end of the black coverings of the several panels, and the festoon being fastened with stars and tassels of similar material. First Lieut. James A. Durkee, Lieut. Murphy and Sergeants C. Rowhart, S. Carpenter, A. C. Cromwell and J. McIntosh spent the entire of last night in thus improving the exterior of the car, and clothing the interior with additional drapery. The materials were contributed by citizens of Philadelphia.

M. Hall Stanton, Chairman of the Philadelphia City Councils, who accompanied us, with marked courtesy and constant attention and efficiency, carried into effect the liberal spirit of the Philadelphia Councils in the extension of the hospitalities of the city to its guests.

THE CORTEGE.

There was on board the cars a committee from Newark, consisting of the Mayor of that city, Joseph P. Bradley, esq., and the President and other members of the Councils, together with eight additional citizens.

These and the Mayor of Washington, and other civilians, occupied seats in the front cars. Next in order were Senators and members of the House of Representatives with their respective officers. Then followed the Iowa and Illinois delegations and representatives of the several States and Territories.

The guard of honor occupied the next car, and after this was that containing the remains of the late President and his little son Willie.

The last car was occupied by Rear-Admiral Davis, Maj.-Gens. Dix and Hunter, Brig.-Gen. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General of the United States army (Adj.-Gen. Thomas is detained home by sickness), Brev. Brig.-Gen. Barnard, Gens. Caldwell, Eaton, Ramsey, Major Field, of the Marine Corps; Captain Taylor and Captain Penrose, and other army and navy officers.

ADDITIONS.

At a few minutes past 4 o'clock the train left the Kensington station, and soon reached Bristol, where several hundred persons had assembled.

The sun was now rising in its full glory, beautifully illuminating the rural scenes.

Gov. Parker came on board at the State line—at Morrisville—with his Staff, consisting of Adjutant-General R. F. Stockton, Quartermaster-General Perrine, and others of his staff.

They were accompanied by United States Senator John P. Stockton, Rev. D. Henry Miller, and Col. Murphy, and were received by Gov. Curtin of Pennsylvania, who had joined the funeral party at Harrisburg.

AT TRENTON.

The Delaware River, which separates the State of Pennsylvania from that of New-Jersey, was crossed at 5½ o'clock; and as the trains passed through Trenton the bells of the city were tolled. Immense throngs of spectators had here gathered. Every hill-top and the line of the road, and other advantageous points were largely occupied. The train proceeded onward until it reached the station, where it stopped for thirty minutes. The population here had assembled in much larger numbers, for this was the more attractive point.

The station was elaborately festooned, and the national banner draped with crape was a prominent feature. There was a detachment of the Reserved Veteran and Invalid Corps, drawn up in line on the platform, giving the customary funeral honors. Music was performed by an instrumental band, minute guns were fired, the bells continued to toll.

A number of persons rushed, from various directions, toward the car containing the body of the President; but the masses generally retained their standing positions, evidently showing that they were satisfied to restrain their impatience for a few minutes until the car should pass before them.

Absorbed in the general interest of the same, it did not occur to the male part of the throng that a general lifting of the hat would have been a silent, but becoming mark of respect to the dead. Everywhere, however, the emblems of mourning were prominent, showing that the people of Trenton, like all other true patriots, were not unmindful of the great loss which has befallen the nation in the violent death of a beloved and honored President.

AT NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Leaving Trenton, the train arrived at New-Brunswick at about 7½ o'clock, where it halted perhaps half an hour to afford the residents an opportunity to examine the funeral car and its treasured but inanimate contents. Crowds accordingly hurried in that direction. Meantime minute-guns were fired and the bells tolled. At 8 o'clock the train was again in motion.

RAHWAY AND ELIZABETH.

Twenty-five minutes past eight o'clock and we were at Rahway, and at 8:45 arrived at Elizabeth.

At both these places the emblems of mourning were numerously seen, and flags draped, as at the cities and other places previously passed. The tolling of bells and the firing of cannon were repeated.

Near the latter town a party of young men displayed, on differently colored banners, the words separately of "VICTORY," "PEACE," "UNION," "GRANT," "SHERMAN," with the usual crape attachments.

NEWARK.

As we move on the crowds begin to largely increase, for we are in the sight of Newark, a city of 80,000 inhabitants.

The private residences and public buildings and stores and workshops, are, some of them, elaborately draped, flags half-mast, and other evidences of sorrow exhibited.

Arrived at Newark, and the train for a few minutes at rest, a fine opportunity is afforded from the car window to view the animated scene.

Guns are fired and the bells toll. All Newark, with the exception of those at the windows, seems to be out of doors. Trees, and house-tops, and door-steps, and car-trucks—in fact, all the highest attainable positions and points where an unobstructed view can be had, were occupied. Throngs of people, from various parts of New-Jersey, might have been measured for miles.

And here it should be stated that as the funeral train passed, nearly every man lifted his hat as a mark of respect, and many women removed their bonnets, animated by a feeling similar to that which governed the opposite sex.

Among the more prominent features was the United States Hospital suitably decorated. In front were a large number of soldiers, some of them on crutches.

All the patients who could move themselves were drawn up in double file. Everyone of them stood uncovered, and seemed to be deeply affected by the touching spectacle of the hearse bearing the remains of the assassinated President.

JERSEY CITY.

The train is again in motion, and soon reached Jersey City.

IN THE CITY.

The Occasion.

The footprints of History are seen in the great incidents that mark its progress. In a great national crisis like that through which the American people are passing, those footprints will be distinct and frequent. Among them all none will be more observable to the historian whose great privilege it shall be to write the chronicle of these times, than the Funeral Obsequies of our murdered President. His progress to Washington in 1861 was marked by significant circumstances. The solemn funeral pageant which returns his remains to their last resting-place in Illinois will exhibit striking and instructive contrasts.

When he was received in New-York, a chosen chief magistrate of a people who thought themselves great, the public expression was feeble and cold, marked chiefly by features of curiosity. How all this is changed! Now a million of people join in expressing horror of the "deep damnation of his taking off," and mourning at the nation's loss. All classes and all nationalities unite with one accord in an expression of a measure of respect which is so general and so extended as to be well nigh unwieldy. And this union of sometimes discordant popular elements seems to be earnest and honest, as though each individual felt himself honored in awarding honor to the great departed. If human sentiment and feeling could take physical form, it would be seen that this great procession which follows the dead President, would be surrounded and encompassed with an atmosphere of grief at the loss, and the expression akin to worship, of the great virtues of the deceased. This great movement from Washington to Springfield will form a grand tableau in history, as though the heart of the nation had been borne in a sacred urn to the future Mecca of the American people.

Great events produce great characters; but it remained for Providence to assign the greatest of all to the duty of guiding this nation through its life-struggle before that event was foreshadowed or anticipated by the parties to be engaged in it. The people did not know, but they now see, that the election of 1860, which was then supposed to determine an Administration, was, in fact, under Providence, designed to determine the fate of Human Liberty in America and the world.

The citizens of New-York mourn the loss of a patriot martyr; the friends of Liberty throughout the world, if permitted, would join in the obsequies. The pageant has been as great as it has been solemn, and those who have joined it it would have made it more solemn if it had been possible. It measures the ability of the people, and not their desire.

1861 AND 1865.

One can hardly realize, seeing the air full of flags draped in mourning, that then the number displayed was so small (about 30) that a list of the establishments which raised the national ensign in token of greeting was published in the newspapers. Occasionally, however, were hung out words of welcome and of cheer. We remember one that expressed a dim foreboding of the country's trials, with a pious prayer for the chosen head of the nation. The words were: "May God preserve the Union, and give Abraham Lincoln wisdom and strength to rule over it." Now that he has accomplished his work, turning to the wayside scroll, we read the popular verdict:

> "To the roll of the illustrious dead who have sealed with blood their devotion to the cause of Liberty and justice,
> History has added the name of
> ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
> Elevated to the highest honors by the people, at the most critical period of his country's history, he endured four years of unequaled anxiety, added to an intellectual labor rarely if ever equaled.
> His work is done; his record made.
> Many mourn the Man; the whole nation mourns The President."

His countrymen more than mourn him; they almost idolize him. Those who visit the remains feel as though they were on holy ground and in the presence of a great and good man.

> "The human life that closed so well
> No lapse of folly now can stain;
> The lips whence Freedom's accents fell
> No meaner thought can now profane.
>
> "Oh! countrymen, our deep regret
> Is wasted here; arise and pay
> To Freedom and to him your debt,
> By following where he led the way."

THE DAY.

The day dawned with clear skies, balmy air, and gentle breezes, and so continued to its close—one of the most perfect days of Spring. Had Nature herself not paused in her tears, which have been falling most of the time since the sad pageant left Washington, the sombre scene would have proved so oppressive as to almost overpower us. The throng was immense. To look down from THE TRIBUNE window, the Park and the streets contiguous seemed crowded with faces "like a day of judgment."

SENTIMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

Mingled with the great grief at the loss of the beloved chief of the nation is a burning indignation at "the deep damnation of his taking off." To refer again, by way of illustration, to mottos, which attract much attention from passers on Broadway, the following, although some of the words may seem to halt, still strongly expresses the sentiment:

> "Non
> *Sic Semper Tyrannis.*
> *Sic Semper Tyrannis!* Yes. But his was like the tyranny of Him
> Whose eyes upon the cross grew dim
> And robbed the grave of victory.
> The fiend enchained, the wicked may complain and call the darkness day, and mistake heaven's own light;
> Yet never will the this land deserves
> The life this hero's death preserves,
> Shall she her martyr shame.
> Go, look on tyrants! oh, not far!
> Compare the one who made the war
> And did the deed—*that* tyrant see
> And learn what meaneth tyranny."

And again:

> "The Emancipation Proclamation was signed July 5, 1864, and sealed with his blood April 14, 1865."

On the other hand. President Lincoln's address to his neighbors before leaving Springfield in 1861, and his second inaugural, are sold everywhere on the streets, and often appear in the windows. THE TRIBUNE office displays the words:

> "With malice toward none; with charity for all."

The prevailing sentiment is that of grief, which drowns all others. We saw men in Broadway with tears streaming down their faces. In the Governor's room, where the busts of Washington, Jackson, Webster and Clay, and paintings of the long line of Governors of this State, including Marcy, Seward and King, and patriot heroes like Lafayette and Bollivar, look down upon the features, still in the repose of death, of our martyred President, occur many incidents of a most touching nature.

Here passes a woman with meek and reverent soul, and desires but to touch the garment that incloses the lifeless form of him who has passed on "To the blest kingdom meek of joy and love;" but this denied—she is held back—still she stretches out her hand and says, "There, I have touched his coffin!" and gratefully passes along in the line. In a thousand ways is it illustrated that moral power is the greatest power in the universe. The deepest depths of the heart are stirred, and religious emotion is manifest as it never was before in connection with any public occasion. But it is felt that the cloud has a silver lining. While they mourn him, so good and great, they feel that he still lives:

> "So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
> And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
> And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

THE RECEPTION.

We now proceed to give in detail the arrival of the remains, the procession, and the lying in state at the City Hall.

Jersey City Preparations.

From an early hour this morning the block and streets adjoining the depot of the New-Jersey Central Railroad in Jersey City were filled with an immense assemblage of the citizens of Jersey City, Hoboken and other places in the neighborhood. The entire mass presented an orderly appearance, which is not a very common occurrence in our cities. Only a very small squad of police were necessary. There were 57 detailed and present.

Brig.-Gen. Hunt, United States Army was in charge of all exercises to be held in and around Jersey City.

There was a detachment of about 200 men from the Second and Sixth Regiments Regulars, Capt. Livingston commanding, who were present to receive the remains at the depot and to assist in any way they should be needed. They were so stationed as to keep the crowd back from approaching too near the cars.

The arrangements for receiving the remains of our late President in Jersey City were not on as grand a scale as they might have been had the funeral cortege remained there any length of time. The Mayors and Common Councils of Jersey City, Hoboken, Hudson City, and Greenville were present in a body at the depot and accompanied the procession to the City Hall New-York.

The field and staff of the Hudson Brigade, Brig.-Gen. Hatfield were also present.

The battalion of Artillery connected with this brigade, under command of Capt. Guth, fired a salute of 56 guns. They commenced immediately upon the arrival of the train. The four singing clubs from Hoboken were present at the station and chanted while the remains were being taken from the cars. The pieces sung were *Integro Vitæ* and the *Grabesruhe*, a chorale. The first was a song rather in honor of our departed leader. It is a Latin song, the translation of which is "A man of upright life." The latter was a funeral dirge—"May he rest in peace."

The names of the Clubs were: The German Club, Quartette Club, the Concordia, and the Harmonia. They intend remaining all night in the Governor's Room, at the City Hall, and at regular intervals to chant appropriate stanzas. Mr. Sawyer, the President of the German Club, led the singing.

The mourning habiliments displayed upon the houses and offices upon Exchange Place were quite grand, several additions having been made when it was known that the remains were to pass through there. The stores were closed throughout the city, and the inhabitants presented far from a business-like appearance. All other cars were excluded from the depot, and private individuals had to obtain passes from the officers of the railroad to enable them to have access to the building.

There were not many present within the depot. The most had obtained some standing place without as that enabled them to have a view of the party who had come on with the remains, the guard of honor, and also all that was visible of the coffin and appurtenances. Many of the inhabitants of Jersey City and immediate neighborhood expressed their desire and intention of coming to the City Hall, New-York, to have a parting glance at what remains of our much lamented President.

The corpse of the President arrived at the Jersey City Depot yesterday morning at precisely 10 o'clock. The delegations from New-York, with the military heads, were waiting on the platform to receive the remains. They consisted of Major-Gen. Dix, their staff, Major-Gen. Sandford and staff, Gen. Hincks, Gen. Peck, and nearly all of the prominent New-York military authorities, with Mayor Gunther, the members of the Common Council, the Joint Committees of the Common Council and Board of Aldermen.

THE INTERIOR OF THE DEPOT.

The interior of the depot was very handsomely draped. The sides of the long galleries were diamonded with white and black, one end bearing the motto:

"BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD;"

while around the clock, at the upper end, were the impressive words:

"A NATION'S HEART IS STRUCK."

The galleries were perfectly stuffed with spectators, more than one-half of whom were ladies, and two of the platforms were also densely thronged. The other two platforms were kept clear for the reception of the remains. Although the crowd was very great, excellent order was preserved. Every one appeared to appreciate the solemnity of the occasion, and to conduct themselves accordingly; and although the arrival of the remains was distinctly and widely advertised to take place at 10 o'clock precisely, by 7 o'clock the galleries and sidewalks were thronged with eager spectators, patiently awaiting the arrival of the train. Every available spot in the depot was completely choked up with the crowd, while numbers of enthusiastic patriots were at first quite demonstrative in their efforts to reach the most advantageous points. But the conduct of the whole assemblage throughout, was not only creditable to them, but peculiarly significant of the profound respect, sorrow and tenderness of the sentiment in which the occasion seemed to be regarded by all. The half-mast flags, funeral draped, the buildings wrapped in woe, the hushed multitude, and the downcast, sorrowful faces of all that concourse, were not everything to be considered and felt. There was something in the atmosphere, in the influence of that vast peopled silence which was more profoundly significant to the contemplater of the varied scene. It seemed to say in a varied tongue not only that our chosen chief was slain, not only that the country suffered, but that a good, genial, noble-hearted man had been taken from a naturally good-humored people; and that the nation was pierced to the heart as well as the brain.

ARRIVAL OF THE FUNERAL TRAIN.

At precisely 10 o'clock the vast crowds, which had gathered in front of the depot gates, were observed to surge from side to side, and immediately afterward the train moved slowly into the depot. It consisted of nine handsome cars. The car containing the coffin was large and roomy, black paneled, the upper portion festooned with black merino, looped with silver cords, with silver tassels drooping below, the whole surmounted with solemn rows of sable plumes. All heads were uncovered as the train moved in, and a most impressive silence prevailed throughout the vast multitude. While the train moved in, and for several moments afterward, while the remains were being borne from the boat, the German singers, of whom we have already spoken, raised their grand and solemn requiem for the dead, until the vaulted roof of the great structure resounded to the impressive strains. In the interval, the crowds in the galleries remained perfectly hushed, and that grand song alone rose and fell, and swelled and wavered among them, like the lament of a mourning world.

BEARING THE BODY TO THE BOAT.

The coffin inclosing the remains was slowly and carefully removed from the car, and placed upon the stalwart shoulders of the guard which had accompanied it from Washington—a detachment of the Veteran Reserve Corps. The preliminary procession was then formed, and proceeded to the boat in the following order:

Gen. Dix and Staff.
Gen. Sandford and Staff.
Gens. Hinks, Vliet, and other
New-York Officials.

RELATIVES AND FAMILY FRIENDS.

Judge David Davis, United States Supreme Court; C. M. Smith, and N. M. Edwards, brothers-in-law of Mrs. Lincoln. Gen. John B. S. Todd, cousin to Mrs. Lincoln. Charles Alexander Smith, brother of C. M. Smith. Ward H. Lamon, United States Marshal of the District of Columbia.

GUARD OF HONOR.

Major-Gen. David Hunter.
Brigadier-Gen. E. D. Townsend.
Brigadier-Gen. Charles Thomas.
Brigadier-Gen. A. B. Eaton.
Brigadier-Gen. J. G. Barnard.
Brigadier-Gen. J. G. Ramsey.
Brigadier-Gen. A. P. Howe.
Brigadier-Gen. D. C. McCallum.
Brigadier-Gen. J. C. Caldwell.
Rear Admiral C. H. Davis, United States Navy.
Captain W. R. Taylor, United States Navy.
Major T. Y. Field, United States Marine Corps.
Quartermaster and Commissary of Subsistence for Escort,
Capt. Charles Penrose.

CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE.

on the part of the United States Senate and House of Representatives:

Maine—Representative Frederick A. Pike.
New-Hampshire—Representative Edward H. Rollins.
Vermont—Representative Portus Baxter.
Massachusetts—Representative Samuel Hooper.
Connecticut—Senator James Dixon.
Rhode Island—Senator Henry B. Anthony.
New-York—Senator Ira Harris.
Pennsylvania—Senator Edgar Cowan.
Ohio—Representative Robert C. Schenck.
Kentucky—Representative Green Clay Smith.
Indiana—Representative George W. Julian.
Minnesota—Senator Alexander Ramsey.
Michigan—Representative Thomas W. Ferry.
Illinois—Senator Richard Yates, Representatives Elihu B. Washburne, John F. Farnsworth and Isaac N. Arnold.
California—Representative Thomas B. Shannon.
Oregon—Senator George H. Williams.
Kansas—Representative Sidney Clark.
West Virginia—Representative Kellian V. Whaley.
Nevada—Senator James W. Nye.
Nebraska—Representative G. D. Hilbaugh.
Colorado—Representative Allen C. Bradford.
New-Jersey—Representative William A. Newell.
Maryland—Representative Charles E. Phelps.
Sergeant-at-Arms United States Senate, George S. Brown.
Sergeant-at-Arms House of Representatives, N. G. Ordway.

ILLINOIS DELEGATION.

Gov. R. J. Oglesby,	Hon. J. T. Stuart,
Gen. I. N. Haynie, A. A. G.,	Col. J. Williams.
Col. J. P. Bowen, A. D. C.,	Hon. S. H. Melvin.
Col. M. H. Hanna, A. D. C.,	Hon. Shelby M. Cullom,
Col. D. M. James, A. D. C.,	Gen. J. A. McClernand,
Major H. Waite, A. D. C.,	Hon. Lyman Trumbull,
Col. E. L. Phillips, U. S. M.	Hon. T. S. Redenburg,
of S. District of Illinois,	Hon. T. J. Dennis,
Hon. Jesse K. Dubois,	Hon. S. W. Fuller,
Lt.-Gov. Wm. Bross,	Hon. J. B. Turner,
Francis C. Sherman, Mayor	Hon. J. Lawson,
of Chicago,	Hon. C. L. Woodman,
Hon. T. A. Heine.	Hon. G. W. Gage,
Hon. J. Wentworth, M. C.,	Hon. G. H. Roberts,
Hon. S. S. Hayes,	Hon. J. Commisky,
Hon. Col. R. M. Hugh,	Hon. L. Talcot.

MEMBERS OF THE PRESS.

J. A. Gobright, Associated Press.
C. R. Morgan, Associated Press.
U. H. Painter, Philadelphia Inquirer.
C. A. Dana, New-York Tribune.
G. B. Woods, Baton Advertiser.
Dr. Adonis, Chicago Tribune.

GOVERNORS OF STATES.

Governor William Stone, of Iowa, and staff.
Governor O. P. Morton, of Indiana, and staff.
Governor John Brough, of Ohio, and staff.

THE GUARD OF HONOR.

The guard of honor consisted of:

Captain J. McCamby, 9th Veteran Reserve Corps.
First Lieut. J. R. Darkee, 7th Veteran Reserve Corps.
Second Lieut. E. Murphy, 10th Veteran Reserve Corps.
Second Lieut. E. Hoppy, 12th Veteran Reserve Corps.

First Sergeants.

C. Swinehart, Co. D, 7th Veteran Reserve Corps.
J. R. Edwards, Co. E, 9th Veteran Reserve Corps.
A. C. Cromwell, Co. I, 7th Veteran Reserve Corps.
J. F. Nelson, Co. A, 9th Veteran Reserve Corps.
L. E. Bullock, Co. E, 9th Veteran Reserve Corps.
P. Callaghan, Co. H, 9th Veteran Reserve Corps.
A. J. Marshall, Co. K, 9th Veteran Reserve Corps.
W. T. Daly, Co. A, 10th Veteran Reserve Corps.
J. Collins, Co. D, 10th Veteran Reserve Corps.
W. H. Durgin, Co. F, 10th Veteran Reserve Corps.
Frank Smith, Co. C, 10th Veteran Reserve Corps.
G. E. Goodrich, Co. A, 12th Veteran Reserve Corps.
A. E. Carr, Co. D, 12th Veteran Reserve Corps.
F. Carey, Co. E, 12th Veteran Reserve Corps.
W. H. Noble, Co. G, 12th Veteran Reserve Corps.
J. Kerr, Co. D, 14th Veteran Reserve Corps.
J. P. Smith, Co. I, 14th Veteran Reserve Corps.
J. Hanna, Co. B, 14th Veteran Reserve Corps.
F. D. Forehand, 18th Veteran Reserve Corps.
J. M. Sedgwick, 18th Veteran Reserve Corps.
R. W. Lewis, 18th Veteran Reserve Corps.
J. P. Berry, Co. A, 24th Veteran Reserve Corps.
W. H. Wiseman, Co. E, 24th Veteran Reserve Corps.
J. M. Pardun, Co. K, 24th Veteran Reserve Corps.

Guard of Honor. [HEARSE.] Guard of Honor.

Mayor Gunther
and the
City Authorities.
Delegations from
Newark, Jersey City, Hoboken, Hudson, Bergen.

As the imposing procession moved through the densely crowded depot to the still more crowded street, and thence into the depot again, there was a most remarkable silence everywhere. The roofs of the buildings and the tops of cars in the company's yards were crowded to suffocation; the crowds in the streets were immense, and the same deeply respectful silence, the same breathless suspense prevailed throughout. Not the least touching feature in this display was that exhibited by the negroes, of whom there were a large number in the crowd. Upon their dusky faces could be seen the traces of a grief, which sprang from instinct rather than from reason, a profound reverence which was worthy of the study of scholars learned in study of character, and of cause and effect.

The hearse was a very handsome one,—a frame-work of glass, black paneled, inlaid with silver beads, with four nodding plumes of sable on either side. It was drawn by six handsome gray horses, and was owned by Mr. Young—Bowery, opposite Spring-st. The undertaker in immediate attendance was Mr. Peter Religh, of No. 8 Willard-st., in this city. The caparisons and everything connected with the hearse were simple, but appropriate and beautiful. After depositing their precious burden therein, the Guard of Honor marched as special guard to the remains, seven on each side—while the remainder of the cortege followed in due order.

The ferry boat New-York, which was waiting to receive the procession, was appropriately decorated with flags and symbols of mourning. The bridge leading to the ferry was also handsomely decorated with flags and streamers, and the inevitable dead black.

After a short delay, the whole party were embarked, and the powerful steamer moved across the river with hardly any perceptible vibration, as if it were a thing of life and conscious of the precious nature of its charge. The requiem singers continued their solemn chorus. From far down the Bay came the echoes of the distant cannon, and, nearer still they rang and reverberated over the boat. Guns boomed, the requiem swelled and fell, vessels in the harbor dipped their flags in token of respect, and the hum of the peopled piers awaiting to receive their dead chieftain could be heard long before the vessel touched the landing.

ARRIVAL AT NEW-YORK.

The scene at the foot of Desbrosses-st. was one never to be forgotten. Every foot of ground, every attainable perch, every house-roof was black, with human forms. Men and boys were perched on trees and telegraph poles; house-tops were so covered with spectators that it was a wonder that they did not fall in, and every window appeared to contain a dozen heads of eager spectators. But a strong force of police was on hand, and the best of order prevailed. Up the long open space, which stretched from the gates of the ferry-bridge, could be seen a clear, broad lane, awaiting the funeral cortege. The left hand lodge was the splendid front of our own 7th Regiment, as regularly formed as a line of palisades, the long line of policemen, on the right, presenting a no less creditable appearance. The arrangements had been perfected with singular judgment, and the excellent order which was everywhere preserved, notwithstanding the enormous crowd, reflected great credit upon the police authorities. Indeed, we did not witness, in the entire march, a single disturbance of a serious character. The equanimity of the crowd, as a general thing, appeared to be equal to their respect for the departed President.

THE MARCH DOWN TOWN.

But little time was lost in preparations for the march to the City Hall. The hearse was first drawn out, the Seventh Regiment forming round it in hollow square. Four battalions of policemen, in excellent order, followed, and the remainder of the procession came after in the same order we have already mentioned. A portion of the Washington delegation, however—that comprising the General officers—making the remainder of the march in coaches. Four policemen followed, and the remainder of the procession followed in the order we give above.

The appearance of the sidewalks and houses, as the procession moved up Desbrosses-st., to the dull beat of the dead march from the band in the van, was most impressive.

Every window was full of heads, every house was covered with mourning, and the people on the sidewalks formed a solid, scarcely breathing wall.

Turning slowly up Desbrosses-st. to Canal-st., and thence eastward, the solemn procession swung down Broadway, to the same funeral step, the dense crowds gathering denser as they moved, while the most impressive silence prevailed.

The gallant Seventh, with 850 guns, looked its gallantest. Their appearance, was very good, their drill excellent, and their march superb. They were commanded by Col. Clarke, and swept along at the tardy step of the occasion in a most creditable style. The rest of the procession, of a somewhat less showy and striking character, also moved on with a sad and measured step.

Incidents.

The population in the neighborhood of Canal and Hudson-sts. is of a hybrid character—Irish, Dutch, and African blending together in charming confusion. Yet upon all of the tenement houses were exhibited the drapery of woe. Incidents of the sentiment of the people were very numerous.

As the great procession turned up Desbrosses st., an uncouth Irish woman observed, from the balcony of a tenement house, as the hearse was passing: "Well, is that all that's left of Owld Abe?" "It's more than you'll ever be," was the response of another Milesian near by. "O, I have nothing against him," was the reply. "I never knew nor cared much for him when living, but, *he died like a saint.*"

ANOTHER INCIDENT.

A great, brawny six-footer, who looked as if he might be able to cut six cords of wood a day, and paint a picture afterward, pressed forward very earnestly to see the hearse as it was passing. There was a strange eagerness on his hard bronzed face. "Don't walk over me," said an irate individual whom he was pressing rather sharply. "Excuse me, sir," said the backwoodsman, "but I *must* see the coffin." "Why *must* you see it?" "Because I love the man—he's one of my craft," was the reply. "All right was the answer, still petulant. "I *must* get through," persisted the backwoodsman, "two of my brothers have died in the same cause as old Abe. I'll never go back to the prairies till I see and bless his coffin." And he pushed his way through with his brawny shoulders, and that was the last we saw of him.

STILL ANOTHER.

As the solemn procession swept past the Alhambra Palace, a saloon of pleasure on Canal-st., the windows were crowded with the sad faces of negroes and mulattoes, most of whom were ladies, and all of whom were bathed in tears. To illustrate the depravity of a certain class, as we perceived one colored lady, who was weeping copiously and at the same time partaking of some refreshment which resembled a piece of pancake, we heard a bystander remark, in the words of an antiquated strain:

> "The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
> The tear was in her eye."

We did not stop to hear him repeat the remainder of the ballad, but pushed onward for more meaning demonstrations. We found one at the corner of West Broadway and Canal-st., where an old negress was sweeping very violently, exclaiming: "He died for me! he died for me! God bless him!" Indeed, he did die for her and for her down-trodden race.

NATURE WILL OUT.

The bodily ills of a great procession may be fraught with sorrow, but the grandeur of the event which upon this occasion we solemnize should engulf all minor considerations. Nevertheless, nature will out, and we have to record the following: As the procession turned into Broadway, a little girl, accompanied by an elderly lady, pressed from the throng and exclaimed to a member of the 7th, during a temporary halt: "Please, sir, let me shake your hand. I want to remember this day all my life." The bronzed veteran folded her tiny hand in his broad palm for a few seconds, dashed a tear from his eye and then faltered forth in husky tones: "I shall remember it, too; for I've got on the all-firedest tightest pair of boots that ever cursed a poor, miserable son-of-a-gun." Comment is unnecessary.

DECORATIONS.

It is hardly worth while to describe the many beauties of Broadway, in the way of funeral decoration, they have already been so frequently described. We may mention, however, the appearance of the *Times* and TRIBUNE offices as being specially appropriate. There was, also, a very handsome bust of the late President to be seen in the cornice of the Register's office, and other buildings in the vicinity were suitably draped and ornamented.

Arrival at the City Park.

On the procession moved amid serried masses of people ranged along the sidewalks, until it reached the City Park, and here words fail to convey an adequate idea of the impressive scene. Balconies, windows, housetops and door-steps, were crowded with fashionably-dressed ladies and gentlemen. Every available post was occupied. Enthusiastic boys fixed themselves on railings, lamp-posts, &c., while in the Park many were perched on boughs and branches of the trees to the manifest peril of life and limb. The most perfect silence was observed, save at times, when a murmur of whispered grief, like the sound of distant waters, was borne on the air. Heads were uncovered, and tearful eyes turned heavenward as the remains of the martyred patriot—a nation's idol—were borne past. The Astor House was one mass of life, while the dark decorations of mourning waved sadly and sullenly from basement to roof. As the procession wheeled around the lower end of the Park the utmost efforts of a large and efficient force of police could not keep the crowd back. For a few moments the procession was broken, and outsiders had an opportunity of pushing onward to the City Hall to get a glimpse of the departed. Many were the congratulations on this point. THE TRIBUNE reporter, after being knocked about for some time in the melée, suddenly found himself side by side with a gentleman, who, evidently considering "our reporter" an interloper in the procession, like himself, said, "Come along; let the two of us go together, and we'll get in. This is a great thing, and we may not get a chance again." We observed another gentleman, who wished to be on the staff of THE TRIBUNE for the time-being, and marched along with another of THE TRIBUNE corps, and thus secured admission to the City Hall. Incidents such as these could be multiplied, but we forbear. It was a grand, a solemn scene. The ceremonies of to-day will exceed it in numbers and in magnificence, but the earnest, heartfelt devotion, the air of quiet solemnity which characterized the removal of the remains, cannot be described. Under ordinary circumstances, the procession of yesterday would be considered large, but in view of the stupendous arrangements of to-day, it sinks into nothing.

But on we go. Underneath the windows of *The Albion* office the English and American colors are draped in mourning. Large streamers of black and white flapped in the breeze from the windows of the other houses. A bust of the lamented dead enveloped in mourning was placed underneath a canopy over the office of THE TRIBUNE, above which was furled in folds of crape the Stars and Stripes. Anxious eyes looked out from the windows in the vicinity, while the crowd surged to and fro beneath. Rarely have scenes like this been witnessed. Death is at all times impressive, but under circumstances like these the feeling is too intensified for language to express it. The windows of French's Hotel were, like all others, full of anxious, eager, pallid faces. Moistened eyes rested on the funeral car which bore the last precious remains of a people's choice, and as the last honors were paid to the great departed a mournful silence pervaded the vast multitude. Never did the word of command, "present arms," fall on the ear with such a choking sensation. In the looks of those men thus arrayed there was something too deep for language, too overwhelming for outward expression. The decorations of the City Hall have been described at length before in those columns. A repetition now were needless. Everything around testified that the motto above its main entrance, "The Nation Mourns," was not mere sound, but the universal feeling of this good country, wherever the flag of the Union to-day floats half-mast. The soft April sunbeams shone on indeed a melancholy scene. The trees, even here in the center of dust and smoke, were budding forth into leaf, a promise of the bright flowering to come; but, alas! for the great man, whose remains were borne along our streets yesterday morning, there comes no other spring, and no bright Summer, no mellow Autumn, when he should rest from all his labors. A nation's thanks lie at his feet, and redeemed millions bless his name. He is gone! His name belongs to history now. The City Hall is reached. The coffin is removed from the hearse. Slowly and solemnly, with heads bent low, and look of profound emotion, while the bright sunshine glimmered on brilliant uniform and glittering sword, and waving flags almost darkened the air, the coffin is borne onward by fourteen orderlies past the military lines of the 7th N. Y. S. N. Guard; but the veterans of the war of 1812 passed the lines of the Metropolitan Police drawn up in hollow square—on, still on—up the steps of the City Hall, where one thousand German singers were stationed, whose mournful wail floated high above all other sounds, and was re-echoed within the dim and solemn chamber of the Hall, and borne onward beyond the military lines on the passing breeze to the distant, heaving crowd. The whole was grandly impressive, such a tribute as a great nation can accord to a great man. So magnificent are some of the decorations, that it is hard to divest the mind of the idea that it is not a magnificent pageant of joy, instead of one of dark and overwhelming sorrow.

The remains were hardly deposited within the Hall when a column of eager applicants for admission was formed, which extended away through Chatham-st. to nearly the Bowery. All races and all colors were represented in it, and we certainly never supposed that there was so much human patience in the world. The horse cars had to cease running along the line, and those coming down town disgorged their burdens at the end