OUR LATE PRESIDENT.

THE OBSEQUIES IN THIS CITY.

Impeasing Demonstrations of the People's Respect—Tremendous Crush and Pressure in the Streets—Sixty Thousand Citizens in the Funeral Procession—Mr. Bancroft's Oration at Union-square—Departure of the Funeral Train.

The coffin in which was deposited the dead body of our deceased President was kept open from 12 o'clock Monday noon, until 12 o'clock Tuesday noon. From the earliest moment to the latest, every facility compatible with the narrow arrangements of the committees, was offorded the public for viewing the remains. The Guard of Honor, divided into twelve watches, did duty until the lid was fastened on the casket, relieving each other every two hours.

At eleven o'clock the Grand Marshal, Gen. WM. HALL, with his Sub-Marshals, Col. N. B. Labau, Col. Frank E. Howe, Gen. J. H. H. Ward, John Tucker, Benj. Winne and Col. E. F. Shepherd, with Mr. Abram Wakeman and others, entered the Governor's Room, took a farewell look at the body and retired. They were followed by Hon. D. D. WHITNEY, Acting Mayor of Brooklyn, with the City Councils, the Supervisors, members of the bar, &c., under convoy of Sergt. BOYD, of the Forty-first Precinct. Archbishop MCCLOSKEY, accompanied by the Vicar-General, Father STARRS, then entered the catafalque, where they remained some little time. At a little after eleven, the sergeant sot the Veteran Corps, who came to carry the coffin to the hearse, filed into the room, taking position at the side of the hall. The embalmer and undertaker then proceeded to close up the casket. Prior to this a notable group gathered about it—Gen. Dix, Gen. Townsend, Gen. Hunter, Gen. Ramsay, Gen. Eaton, Admiral Farragut, Admiral Davis, and the watch of the hour. Nothing was said. What should be? The sightless eye, the speechless lips, the harsh, unmeaning lines, cold and dark—if eloquence was needed, surely these supplied it. One look more—the dust was brushed away from the high forehead, the collar somewhat arranged; the lid was put on, the screws turned, the cold, collapsed figure embox'd, and the men whose commissions he had signed and issued could see him no more forever.

Strange contrast to this scene was the next. The door opened, and in walked the highly decorated representatives of Great Britain, Russia and France—scarlet, gilt, silver-lace, costly trappings, high coat-collars, bearing embroidered cocked hats under their arms, birth and breeding in every gesture, desirous of seeing the corpse. They were too late. The dead was given over to the hand of him who does the final apparelling, and the time had passed when to ABRAHAM LINCOLN the call of Kings or Emperors meant more than that of the humblest boor.

IN THE PARK,

between the police line and the esplanade, was the Seventh Regiment, drawn up by companies, in all sorts of shapes and at every possible angle—neat, trim, handsome as a picture; beyond them a line of blue-coated Metropolitans, as straight and imposing as any in the world, and beyond them a motley crowd of men and women, boys and girls, who stood patiently for hours waiting for something to turn up.

The square in front of the TIMES office was cleared by the police, but up to the lines it was crowded full. The flags of all the buildings round about were at half-mast and draped, the windows were filled with ladies, and the roofs held up greater burdens than ever before. The same scene was presented on Broadway and on the east side—everywhere the people filled the streets, and flags waved peacefully in the air.

At a little after 12½ o'clock a stir was made at the west end of the Park, and there, drawn by sixteen magnificent gray horses, led each by a colored groom, came

THE FUNERAL CAR.

It was drawn slowly down the line to the east gate, then turned back and nearly up to the centre of the esplanade, leaving a line of march of, perhaps, forty feet from the precise centre, to the car. The reader will picture it thus: Imagine a box twelve or fifteen feet long, by six feet wide, on wheels; the box covered with black broadcloth, which falls to the ground, entirely concealing the wheels; on this, silver lace and fringe are elaborately and effectively displayed, embroidered in the shape of shields and stars, and fringing delicately yet richly the entire drape; above this box is reared a pavilion, American flags decorating each pillar, and it in turn covered with cloth ornamented like the other, and surmounted by a temple of liberty with a gilded dome, from which floats the national colors; heavy mourning plumes from every available point, and the elegance and costliness of the arrangement are only equaled by the entire beauty and symmetry of its shape and its perfect adaptation to the service for which it was intended. It is pleasant to find anything done under the supervision of the authorities worthy of commendation. This deserves it, and we but echo the universal comment of "well done, beautiful, perfect." After steps had been placed at the side of the car, for the convenience of the soldiers who were to carry the coffin, Gen. HALL was notified that all was ready. The Seventh then formed in order of march—the funeral car being guarded by a parallelogram of troops, and the signal was given for the

REMOVAL OF THE COFFIN.

On the sturdy shoulders of the Veteran Reserves the casket was tenderly taken from the dusty catafalque, borne down the winding stairs and brought to the City Hall steps. Here a halt of a few minutes occurred, when the procession moved forward to the car, the troops presented arms, the drums rolled, the colors drooped, and the thirty thousand men in front bared every one his head. It was a memorable scene. Following the coffin were

Maj.-Gen. John A. Dix.
Maj. Gen. David Hunter.
Brig.-Gen. E. D. Townsend.
Brig.-Gen. Charles Thomas.
Brig.-Gen. A. B. Eaton.
Maj.-Gen. J. G. Barnard.
Brig.-Gen. J. G. Ramsay.
Brig.-Gen. A. P. Howe.
Brig.-Gen. D. C. McCallum.
Brig.-Gen. J. C. Caldwell.
Rear Admiral C. H. Davis, U. S. Navy.
Capt. W. R. Taylor, U. S. Navy.
Maj. T. Y. Field, U. S. Marine Corps.
Vice-Admiral Farragut.
Maj.-Gen. Butterfield.
Maj.-Gen. Peck.
Brig.-Gen. Hunt, and others.

These officers, with uncovered heads, passed slowly down the line, halting at the head of the car, while the bearers placed the coffin on the elevated dais, which exposed it to the full view of the people.

Had the procession moved on at once, the programme would have been excellent, but as on all other occasions of the sort, there was

A VEXATIOUS DELAY.

Gen. DIX and Staff, accompanied by Gen. BUTTERFIELD and HUNT, were mounted and took position in front of the horses of the car; the others walked behind it. For an hour and a half Gen. DIX sat like a monument upon his horse, waiting for the procession to move; for an hour and a half the gallant veterans forming the "guard of honor," whose word for years has been law, to whose "go" or "come" immediate heed was paid, now stood in the hot sun, weary and worn with watching and fatigue, while the head of the procession moved far up Broadway. The people are patient in this city. They had waited, thousands of them, for hours, literally without a morsel of food, to see the car with its beloved load pass on, and now another hour and a half was added by the lack of head in the management of the affair.

The Governor's Room was deserted when the body was removed. Curious people picked up pieces of silver lace and fringe as mementoes, and some carried off portions of a broken bust of WASHINGTON which had fallen, smashed, upon the velvet carpet of the catafalque; on the balcony were gathered a few notables, several ladies and the press—all that was of interest was resting, unconscious of delay, in the gorgeous box upon the car. Presently a bugle sounded, Gen. SANDFORD had moved, the superb band of the Seventh struck up, and slowly, mournfully, wearily the funeral car, with its precious burden, rolled from in front of the City Hall, and out upon the stony pavement of hushed Broadway.

The Procession.

Even during all the night before Tuesday, 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 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 tipt 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 curbstone to curbstone.

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. SHAW, GROSS, MAIDHOF (acting,) VARIAN, 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. MAIDHOF'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.-EGAN, 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 ACTON, 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, unwalled, 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 hang almost to the earth. Up on the surface of the dais and platform, beautiful white flowers were disposed in graceful, plenteous wreaths and bouquets and the deep blackness of the draperies is moreover 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 arrangement.

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 persons. 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 trowsers and red coat. One or two of these gentlemen were all ablaze with gold lace. Probably few noticed them, in the absorbing interest 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 showing disgracefully enough, 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 sucessful.

The Ceremonies in Union-square.

Shortly after the procession had passed through Union-square, Tuesday afternoon, a meeting was held for the purpose of rendering fitting testimonials of respect and reverence for the character of the late President, and joining in appropriate religious exercises.

Facing the Maison Doreé, a large stand had been erected, with the national colors draped in black, and a broken column, the design of Mr. THOMAS, round the base of which a roll of black crape was placed. In the square opposite the Spingler House, and to the right of the stand, was a pedestal bearing a bust of President LINCOLN, which is said to be a striking likeness. It was draped in mourning, and attracted much attention. In front of the stand about two thousand persons, among whom were a number of ladies, had collected, and the windows and doorways of the houses within sight and hearing distance of the stand were crowded.

On the stand were a large representation of the clergy, and deputations from the Union, New-York, Century, Athenæum, City, Union League, Eclectic, and other clubs. A number of ladies and children were also admitted to the stand, which was most inconveniently crowded.

Hon. JOHN A. KING presided. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, during which the assemblage remained uncovered. After repeating that beautiful portion of the burial service, commencing

"I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," the reverend gentleman said: O God, in whose hands is our life, Thou hast pleased in thine infinite wisdom to take away the light of our eyes, the desire of the people; we bow to thy decree with submission, and we revere Thee as the high and lofty One. Thou hast chastened as a father chasteneth his children. We confess Thee as the Saviour, we acknowledge the fulness of Thy power, we feel a thankfulness for that Thou hast given and now hast taken away. We bless Thee that Thou hast made him the instrument of saving the nation, and proclaiming liberty to those in bondage. We feel a deep sense of our loss, but we bow in humble thankfulness for all our blessings. We implore Thee to bless the wounded and suffering, the widow and the fatherless; we implore Thee to bless and protect the new President, and to hasten the hour when the nation shall desire war no more."

After the prayer, the band played the "Dead March."

Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT then delivered the following oration:

MR. BANCROFT'S ORATION.

Our grief and horror at the crime which has clothed the continent in mourning, find no adequate expression in words and no relief in tears. The President of the United States of America has fallen by the hands of an assassin. Neither the office with which he was invested by the approved choice of a mighty people, nor the most simple-hearted kindliness of nature could save him from the fiendish passions of relentless fanaticism. The wailings of the millions attend his remains as they are borne in solemn procession over our great rivers, along the seaside, beyond the mountains, across the prairie, to their final resting-place in the valley of the Mississippi. The echoes of his funeral knell vibrate through the world, and the friends of freedom of every tongue and in every land are his mourners.

Too few days have passed away since ABRAHAM LINCOLN stood in the flush of vigorous manhood, to permit any attempt at an analysis of his character or an exposition of his career. We find it hard to believe that his large eyes, which in their softness and beauty expressed nothing but benevolence and gentleness, are closed in death; we almost look for the pleasant smile that brought out more vividly the earnest cast of his features, which were serious even to sadness. A few years ago he was a village attorney, engaged in the support of a rising family, unknown to fame, scarcely named beyond his neighborhood; his administration made him the most conspicuous man in his country, and drew on him first the astonished gaze, and then the respect and admiration of the world.

These who come after us will decide how much of the wonderful results of his public career is due to his own good common sense, his shrewd sagacity, readiness of wit, quick interpretation of the public mind, his rare combination of fixedness and pliancy, his steady tendency of purpose; how much to the American people, who, as he walked with them side by side, inspired him with their own wisdom and energy; and how much to the overruling laws of the moral world, by which the selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself. But after every allowance, it will remain that members of the government which preceded his administration opened the gates to treason, and he closed them; that when he went to Washington the ground on which he trod shook under his feet, and he left the republic on a solid foundation; that traitors had seized public forts and arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States to whom they belonged; that the capital, which he found the abode of slaves, now the home only of the free; that the boundless public domain which was grasped at, and, in a great measure, held for the diffusion of slavery, is now irrevocably devoted to freedom; that then men talked a jargon of a balance of power in a republic between Slave States and Free States, and now the foolish words are blown away forever by the breath of Maryland, Missouri and Tennessee; that a terrible cloud of political heresy rose from the abyss, threatening to hide the light of the sun, and under its darkness a rebellion was rising into indefinable proportions; now the atmosphere is purer than ever before, and the insurrection is vanishing like the mists of morning. In the country is cast into another mould, the work of more than two centuries, is undone, the wrong which had been borne down, we hope forever. And as to himself personally: he was then scoffed at by the proud as unfit for his station, and now, against the usage of later years, and in spite of numerous competitors, he was the unbiased and the undoubted choice of the American people for a second term of service. Through all the mad business of treason he retained the sweetness of a most placable disposition; and the slaughter of myriads of the best on the battle field, and the more terrible destruction of our men in captivity by the slow torture of exposure and starvation, had never been able to provoke him into harboring one vengeful feeling or one purpose of cruelty.

How shall the nation most completely show its sorrow at Mr. LINCOLN's death? How shall it best honor his memory? There can be but one answer. He was struck down when he was highest in its service, and, in strict conformity with duty, was engaged in carrying out principles affecting its life, its good name, and its relations to the cause of freedom and the progress of mankind. Grief must take the character of action, and breathe itself forth in the assertion of the policy to which he fell a sacrifice. The standard which he held in his hand must be uplifted again, higher and more firmly than before, and must be carried on to triumph. Above everything else, his proclamation of the 1st day of January, 1863, declaring throughout the part of the country in rebellion the freedom of all persons who had been held as slaves, must be affirmed and maintained.

Events, as they rolled onward, have removed every doubt of the legality and binding force of that proclamation. The country and the rebel government have each laid claim to the public service of the slave, and yet but one of the two can have a rightful claim to such service. That rightful claim belongs to the United States, because every one born on their soil, with the few exceptions of the children of travelers and transient residents, owes them a primary allegiance. Every one so born has been counted among those represented in Congress; every slave has ever been represented in Congress—imperfectly and wrongly it may be—but still has been counted and represented. The slave born on our soil always owed allegiance to the General Government. It may in time past have been a qualified allegiance, manifested through his master, as the allegiance of a ward through the guardian or of an infant through its parent. But when the master became false to his allegiance the slave stood face to face with his country, and his allegiance, which may before have been a qualified one, became direct and immediate. His chains fell off, and he stood at once in the presence of the nation, bound, like the rest of us, to its public defence. Mr. LINCOLN's proclamation did but take notice of the already existing right of the bondman to freedom. The treason of the master made it a public crime for the slave to continue his obedience; the treason of a State set free the collective bondmen of that State.

This doctrine is supported by the analogy of precedents. In the times of feudalism the treason of the lord of the manor deprived him of his serfs; the spurious feudalism that existed among us differs in many respects from the feudalism of the middle ages, but so far the precedent runs parallel with the present case—for treason the master then, for treason the master now loses his slaves.

In the middle ages the sovereign appointed another lord over the serfs and the land which they cultivated; in our day the sovereign makes them masters of their own persons, lords over themselves.

It has been said that we are at war, and that emancipation is not a belligerent right. The objection disappears before analysis. In a war between independent powers the invading foreigner invites to his standard all who will give him aid, whether bond or free, and he rewards them according to his ability and his pleasure with gifts or freedom; but when at a peace he withdraws from the invaded country he must take his aiders and comforters with him; or if he leaves them behind, where he has no court to enforce his decrees, he can give them no security, unless it be by the stipulations of a treaty. In a civil war it is altogether different. There, when rebellion is crushed, the old government is restored, and its courts resume their jurisdiction. So it is with us; the United States have courts of their own, that must punish the guilt of treason and vindicate the freedom of persons whom the fact of rebellion has set free.

Nor may it be said, that because slavery existed in most of the States when the Union was formed, it cannot rightfully be interfered with now. A change has taken place, such as MADISON foresaw, and for which he pointed out the remedy. The constitutions of States had been transformed before the plotters of treason carried them away into rebellion. When the Federal Constitution was *formed*, general emancipation was thought to be near; and everywhere the respective legislatures had authority, in the exercise of their ordinary functions, to do away with slavery; since that time the attempt has been made in what are called Slave States to make the condition of slavery perpetual; and events have proved with clearness of demonstration, that a constitution which seeks to continue a caste of hereditary bondmen through endless generations is inconsistent with the existence of republican institutions.

So, then, the new President and the people of the United States must insist that the proclamation of freemen shall stand as a reality. And moreover, the people must never cease to insist that the constitution shall be so amended as utterly to prohibit slavery on any part of our soil for evermore.

Alas! that a State in our vicinity should withhold its assent to this last beneficent measure; its refusa was an encouragement to our enemies equal to the gain of a pitched battle, and delays the only hopeful method of pacification. The removal of the cause of the rebellion is not only demanded by justice; it is the policy of mercy, making room for a wider clemency; it is the part of order against a chaos of controversy; its success brings with it true reconcilement, a lasting peace, a continuous growth of confidence through an assimilation of the social condition. Here is the fitting expression of the mourning of to-day.

And let no lover of his country say that this warning is uncalled for. The cry is delusive that slavery is dead. Even now it is nerving itself for a fresh struggle for continuance. The last winds from the south waft to us the sad intelligence that a man, who had surrounded himself with the glory of the most brilliant and most varied achievements, who but a week ago was named with affectionate pride among the greatest benefactors of his country and the ablest Generals of all time, has usurped more than the whole power of the Executive, and under the name of peace has revived slavery and given security and political power to traitors from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. Why could not he remember the dying advice of WASHINGTON, never to draw the sword but for self-defence or the rights of his country, and when drawn, never to sheath it till its work should be accomplished? And yet from this bad act, which the people with one united voice condemn, no great evil will follow save the shadow on his own fame. The individual, even in the greatness of military glory, sinks into insignificance before the resistless movements in the history of man. No one can turn back or stay the march of Providence.

No sentiment of despair may mix with our sorrow. We owe it to the memory of the dead, we owe it to the cause of popular liberty throughout the world, that the sudden crime which has taken the life of the President of the United States shall not produce the least impediment in the smooth course of public affairs. This great city, in the midst of unexampled emblems of deeply-seated grief, has sustained itself with composure and magnanimity. It has nobly done its part in guarding against the derangement of business or the slightest shock to public credit. The enemies of the republic put it to the severest trial, but the voice of faction has not been heard—doubt and despondency have been unknown. In serene majesty the country rises in the beauty and strength and hope of youth, and proves to the world the quiet energy and the durability of institutions growing out of the reason and affection of the people.

Heaven has willed it that the United States shall live. The nations of the earth cannot spare them. All the worn-out aristocracies of Europe saw in the spurious feudalism of slaveholding their strongest outpost, and banded themselves together with the deadly enemies of our national life. If the Old World will discuss the respective advantages of oligarchy or equality; of the union of church and state, or the rightful freedom of religion; of land accessible to the many or of land monopolized by an ever-decreasing number of the few, the United States must live to control the decision by their quiet and unobtrusive example. It has often and truly been observed that the trust and affection of the masses gather naturally round an individual; if the inquiry is made whether the man so trusted and beloved shall elicit from the reason of the people enduring institutions of their own, or shall sequester political power for a superintending dynasty, the United States must live to solve the problem. If a question is raised on the respective merits of THEMISTOCLES or JULIUS CÆSAR, of WASHINGTON or NAPOLEON, the United States must be there to call to mind that there were twelve Cæsars, most of them the opprobrium of the human race, and to contrast with them the line of American presidents.

The duty of the hour is incomplete, our mourning is insincere if, while we express unwavering trust in the great principles that underlie our government, we do not also give our support to the man to whom the people have entrusted its administration.

ANDREW JOHNSON is now, by the constitution, the President of the United States, and he stands before the world as the most conspicuous representative of the industrial classes. Left an orphan at four years old, poverty and toil were his steps to honor. His youth was not passed in the halls of colleges; nevertheless he has received a thorough political education in statesmanship in the school of the people and by long experience of public life. A village functionary; member successively of each branch of the Tennessee legislature, hearing with a thrill of joy, the words: "The Union, it must be preserved;" a representative in Congress for successive years; Governor of the great State of Tennessee, approved as its Governor by reélection; he was at the opening of the rebellion a Senator from that State in Congress. Then at the Capitol, when Senators, unrebuked by the government, sent word by telegram to seize forts and arsenals, he alone from that Southern region told them what the government did not dare to tell them, that they were traitors, and deserved the punishment of treason. Undismayed by a perpetual purpose of public enemies to take his life, bearing up against the still greater trial of the persecution of his wife and children, in due time he went back to his State, determined to restore it to the Union, or die with the American flag for his winding sheet. And now, at the call of the United States, he has returned to Washington as a conqueror, with Tennessee as a Free State for his trophy. It remains for him to consummate the vindication of the Union.

To that Union ABRAHAM LINCOLN has fallen a martyr. His death, which was meant to sever it beyond repair, binds it more closely and more firmly than ever. The blow aimed at him, was aimed not at the native of Kentucky, not at the citizen of Illinois, but at the man who, as President, in the executive office of the government, stood as the representative of every man in the United States. The object of the crime was the life of the whole people; and it wounds the affections of the whole people. From Maine to the southwest boundary on the Pacific, it makes us one. The country may have needed an imperishable grief to touch its inmost feeling. The grave that receives the remains of LINCOLN, receives the martyr to the Union; the monument which will rise over his body will bear witness to the Union; his enduring memory will assist during countless ages to bind the States together, and to incite to the love of our one undivided, individual country. Peace to the ashes of our departed friend, the friend of his country and his race. Happy was his life, for he was the restorer of the republic; he was happy in his death, for the manner of his end will plead forever for the union of the States and the freedom of man.

The delivery of the oration was frequently interrupted by applause.

Rev. Dr. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON was then introduced, and read President LINCOLN's last inaugural address in a very impressive manner.

This was followed by the reading, by Rev. W. H. BOOLE, of the 94th Psalm, which was pronounced by the inspired Psalmist against the enemies of his country.

Rev. Dr. ROGERS then pronounced an eloquent prayer, in which he thanked God that our late President had been removed from among us without even a shadow on his name, and that a Joshua had been raised up to replace him.

After appropriate music by the band, Rev. RABBI ISAACS, of the Broadway Synagogue, read a selection from the Scriptures and delivered a short prayer.

Rev. Dr. SAMUEL OSGOOD then read the following hymn, composed only a few hours previously, by Mr. W. C. BRYANT:

O, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just,
Who in the fear of God did'st bear
The sword of power, the nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the woe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done, the bond are free—
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life—its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noblest host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

Dr. OSGOOD also read the following composition of Mr. BRYANT, which he said had not yet been published:

HYMN.

"Thou hast put all things under His feet."

O North, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled towns, and fields between,
Uplift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years—
His Kingdom is begun;
He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father, haste the promised hour
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority and power
Beneath the ample sky.
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

Archbishop MCCLOSKY being unavoidably absent, the benediction was pronounced by Dr. HITCHCOCK, and the assemblage then dispersed.

PROGRESS OF THE CORTEGE.

President Lincoln at the Capital of the Empire State.

ALBANY, Wednesday, April 26—10 P. M.

The capital of the Empire State to-day paid a noble tribute to the memory of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Business was entirely suspended, buildings were wreathed in black, and military and civic associations turned out in a most imposing pageant. No such crowd was ever before seen here. The streets were a perfect sea of human beings; multitudes who hoped to catch a glimpse of the placid features of the martyr President, went away disappointed.

Gov. FENTON was serenaded to-night by a splendid band which played at LINCOLN's inauguration. The Governor responded in an appropriate speech, alluding in fitting terms to the mournful occasion, and expressing an earnest prayer, that under God, this terrible calamity may be the means of uniting more completely the hearts of the American people in the love of their country and of liberty.

From New-York to Albany.

We have already recorded the departure of the funeral train from New-York, and here briefly note some of the events transpiring along the Hudson River Railroad.

The procession arrived at the Hudson River Railroad Depot at 4 o'clock, and with the usual ceremony the coffin was transferred to the funeral car. Gov. FENTON then came on board with his Staff, namely: Gen. J. S. BATCHELLER, Inspector-General; Gen. JAMES B. SWAIN, Engineer-in-Chief; and Gens. ALEXANDER W. HARNEY and E. A. MERRITT.

FORT WASHINGTON, Tuesday, April 25—4:35 P. M.

A crowd had here assembled, displaying banners, clothed with crape, the children waving their hands and the adults in other ways manifesting their respect; and so it was all along the road.

At Mount St. Vincent a large black flag with white letters, bore the words:

"We mourn our Nation's loss."

This motto is repeated in other localities.

YONKERS—4:55 P. M.

Mottoes and draped flags are profusely displayed and of the large concourse of people every man raises his hat.

HASTINGS, April 25—5 P. M.

The residents of Hastings, by voluntary subscription erected a funeral arch near their depot. It was heavily draped and artistically adorned with flags, wreaths and insignia of grief. It was composed of four pillars forming a triple arch, over which rose a black and white shield surmounted by a golden star. Beneath was suspended a laurel wreath encircling the letter L in gold. This beautiful erection bore the following inscription:

"We will cherish the memory of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by supporting the principles of Free Government for which he suffered martyrdom."

At the request of Admiral FARRAGUT, whose home is in Hastings, the funeral train checked its speed while passing, and thus acknowledged this beautiful tribute to the memory of the distinguished dead.

IRVINGTON—5:15 P. M.

Here another large crowd is assembled, exhibiting similar marks of mourning.

TARRYTOWN—5:20 P. M.

Here was a striking and impressive scene. The surface of one side of a frame structure was entirely covered with an American flag, trimmed with mourning and adorned with mottoes. Near it, on a tastefully decorated platform, was a number of young ladies with clasped hands, dressed in pure white, with broad black sashes, apparently immovable as statues.

SING SING—5:30 P. M.

The crowd here was very large, especially in the vicinity of the railroad station. The cadets were in line, and a long row of men with heads uncovered, and a number of ladies dressed in white, with black sashes, heightened the effect of this interesting scene. Minute guns were fired here.

PEEKSKILL, Tuesday, April 25—5:55 P. M.

The people were abroad, and were evidently interested and mournful spectators. Flags and mottoes were here displayed, and a band of music performed a funeral march, greatly adding