Chicago Tribune.

TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1865.

THE CITY.

THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL.

Reception of the Remains of Abraham Lincoln in Chicago.

Gathering of the People---Forming to Receive the Body--Decorations of Residences.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN FROM MICHIGAN CITY.

Arrival of the Cortege in Chicago ---Strewing the Coffin with Flowers---The Arch and Funeral Car.

The Procession---The Remains Escorted Through the Streets by Nearly 20,000 People.

IN THE COURT HOUSE.

THE BODY LAID IN STATE.

The Coffin and Catafalque---Funeral Dirge---The Embalming Process.

VIEWING THE BODY AT NIGHT.

THE WHOLE CITY IN MOURNING.

Torch-Light Procession To-Night---Departure of the Funeral Cortege for Springfield.

All that is mortal of Abraham Lincoln, the honest and good man, the prudent and sagacious counsellor, the savior of the country from the nefarious schemes of treason---the blackest and most desperate the world has yet seen---now reposes in our city, the city that he loved and that loved him, while all the nation about him was rent and every house wears the funereal symbols of sorrow, and every voice is hushed in the presence of the great dead. These streets, that five years ago this very month bloomed with flags and echoed the booming of cannon and the jubilations of assembled thousands, as the news was announced that Abraham Lincoln had been nominated as the candidate for the Presidency of the United States, are now clad in the pall-colored emblems of mourning, and echo only the solemn tolling of bells that then rang out glad peals, and the booming of minute guns that then gave forth the people's gladness. He went from among us the brave, earnest, hopeful, honest, Christian man, to save the country from the ruin which portended---he closed, no higher than a man's hand, that overspread the whole heavens, covered the whole land with darkness and deluged it with the pitiless storm. He went as an earnest, simple man, determined only to interpose the shield of justice and right between the threatened Republic and its enemies, to maintain the authority of the laws and the Constitution handed down by the fathers, and re-establish order and peace throughout the land; and, as his work finished, the Republic vindicated, its enemies overthrown and suing for peace; but ah! he returns with the crown of martyrdom, the halo of a saint around his head.

He left us asking that the prayers of the people might be offered to Almighty God for wisdom and help to see the right path and pursue it. Those prayers were answered. He accomplished his work and now the prayers of the people ascend for help to bear the great affliction which has fallen upon them. Many, very many, have been stricken down, as no other man has died, cut down while interposing the hand of his great charity and mercy between the wrath of the people and guilty traitors, the people of Chicago to-day tenderly receive the body of their dead friend. For hours and hours they have marched by with steady, measured tramp, and all the dirge-like music in our cars, and the roll of distant drums proclaims the end is not yet. Was ever man so loved? Was ever man so mourned?

The great metropolis of New York lavished its wealth upon the solemn ceremonies and decorations and funereal pomp, and hundreds of thousands of men, women and children stood by in silent awe and sincere sorrow as the procession passed bearing away the remains of the martyred President. It was a great, fitting tribute. A triumphal mart of the Western world, bowed down in sorrow and anguish. Upon the prairies of Illinois, upon the far off green hills of Vermont, as well as the funeral cortege swept along, an old man, silver haired, and bent under the multiplied years, leaned upon his staff, his head bowed down in silent reverence and respect, think ng he thoughts that only old men know who see the end near." The object visible upon that broad expanse. He stood alone in his grief, paying his tribute. A tribute more tender, more solemn, more reverential even than the sorrow of the great city. Thus from the congregated thousands of the busy city to the solitary old man alone in his sorrow, in the heart of man, woman and child, in every age, and nationality and sect, throughout the same chord of grief will turn to the sad details of the day of mourning:

THE LINE OF MARCH.

The body was received from the line of the Michigan Central Railroad at Park Row, on the lake shore, one mile south of the depot, conveyed thence to Michigan avenue, escorted up that to Lake street, down Lake to Clark, on Clark to the east gate of the Court House square, and inside the square round to the north door of the Court House, in which the coffin was deposited; the different parts of the procession filed through the Court House, past the corpse, and left by the north door, breaking up into section as they re-entered the street, and passed off to the places where they had gathered in the morning.

The whole of the line of march was strongly roped in, and guarded along the edge of the sidewalks. Inside these were formed the different components of the procession in double solid column; the sidewalks and open spaces being reserved for spectators. It was at first intended to shut the outside public off completely from the streets along which the procession was to move, but this was decided to be impracticable. Under the new arrangement the people had room to pass, and owing to the very efficient measures taken to preserve order, there was no inconvenience among the immense crowds of people who thronged every avenue through which a sight of the mournful cortege could possibly be gained, and stretched far away back into the streets and alleys abutting on the line of march.

At a very early hour the people began to fill in the streets, and by nine o'clock there was a grand blockade of every entrance to the ground to be traversed. Some time before ten o'clock the various bodies participating commenced to move into the places assigned them, and for the next hour the scene was one of apparently inextricable confusion, as they wheeled into scores of independent lines and passed each other in thick pressed columns. But by eleven o'clock, and even earlier, all had gained their appropriate places, and the stillness of death reigned over the scene. Even the school children felt the deep solemnity of the occasion, and stood in almost breathless suspense, patiently awaiting the passage of the mournful cortege.

Then the scene was most imposing. Standing on the raised platform on which the body was received from the cars, the eye took in the full length of the gathering. On its left was Park Row, its marble buildings all elaborately draped with the emblems of mourning. Immediately in front was the gorgeous funeral arch, to be presently described. On every side was a perfect sea of heads, unbroken save by the thin line of blank space running along the middle of the streets, kept in by circles stood the military and navy officers, and prominent city officials; beyond them were the faithful military lines, made up of three regiments---two from Camp Douglas, their bright-polished arms glittering in the morning sunshine, which had just broken out from behind a cloud. In the rear of these were nearly ten thousand children, from our public and private schools, and behind them the immobile spectators. Further along the line, every down the avenue as the eye could reach, extended the throng, the draped regalia of the different societies showing conspicuously, and presenting a most grand background of marble palaces all fringed in mourning, and many of them elaborately decorated. Behind, was the still clear surface of lake Michigan, its waters so long rolled by the storm striking and rolling across acute latitudes in meteorological measure, this unflinching and unyielding power, the first announcement of the most imperative duty, in a political sense at least, this man of men, and demanded that the country should recognize him as one fit to stand by high places---a safe counsellor in danger, a wise and prudent ruler in crises, and when the clouds were gathering thickly, and the mutterings of the approaching tempest were heard on the southern horizon, and the nations of the earth gathered together in this city to select the pilot who should steer the ship, Chicago firmly demanded that the pilot should be Abraham Lincoln. His abilities had been tested in the wrestle with the most able and astute politicians of the land, and his sagacity and honesty and purity no man could question. The convention nominated him, and the announcement that he was to be the standard bearer was received by the people of Chicago with deep enthusiasm. The result of the November succeeding that nomination, they called their night at the polls as they had never rallied before. Chicago answered his call for troops at the very outset of the war. When the army was organized, sent her sons to the field to do battle for the immortal principles of which he was the exponent and representative, and, more than that day to the day of his unnatural murder, has she unhesitatingly given him her love. The people of Chicago loved him and he loved them. They of the Red admired and respected him as they saw his inner nature illustrated by his deeds, and when the South hated him as vice always hates virtue; the people of Chicago took him as a friend and brother who had grown up amongst us, whose every trait and habit were as familiar to us as household words, and that love he returned. His acts, his life was ever turned westward, and already he had determined that his home for life should be his glorious mission, full of honors, his course ended and complete as the orbit of a planet, *outer republics*, then he would settle the affairs of government and sheathing the sword of justice, he would come to Chicago to spend the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of that ease to which he deservedly won, and go down to the grave in the midst of home, peacefully and serenely, as the mysterious and inscrutable providences of Almighty God that we desire or his heart was ever turned, and the widow and children of his sons follow the path he would have trod, and henceforth Chicago will dedicate to honor the dead, and tend to them the warm grasp of sympathy and friendship, in memory of the great dead and in token of the love it bore him.

For all these reasons it was peculiarly appropriate that Chicago should do honor to his remains in a manner commensurate with his great abilities and his resplendent traits of personal character. That duty has been accomplished nobly and appropriately. As the train which conveyed the sacred remains to this city swept on, the gloomy pall of clouds rolled away and the sun broke through the rifts, enveloping all the pageantry in a yellow flood of light. This was deemed was a solemn tribute to his memory and opened the procession with which all classes looked upon him. Its composition was varied, and embraced all nationalities, all creeds and all sects. Bronzed, war worn and grey bearded heroes of the army and navy; veteran soldiers incapacitated from active service by honorable wounds; Governors of States and ex-Governors; the children of the schools by thousands, unconsciously participating in a ceremony which in after years will be their most

white crape were entwined around the pillars and four large draped flags were gathered in festoons over the door-way. Over the office door was the motto, "Thou art a monument without a tomb," in the windows were displayed flags and banners, and a black tablet bearing the inscription in white---

"He won the wreath of fame.
And wrote in memory's scroll
A deathless name."

Flags tastily draped ornamented the windows.---Hibbard & Spencer's, corner of Lake and Dearborn, was beautifully encircled by crape and flags, and bore the motto, "Look to our honor glorifies the dead."

Kidder, Peabody & Co., No. 64 Lake street, was likewise tastefully decorated, and bore the motto, "And on thy name attend the tears and prayers of all time." Over the door was a portrait of the late President, with the Union platform of 1864.

Forman Brothers, No. 63, bore several beautiful devices and the motto, "First in the race that led to glorious goal."

The third street front of the Tremont House was covered with appropriate and beautiful drapery, consisting of crape, black and white cloth, and draped flags all tastefully and elegantly arranged. From the balconies were displayed the following:

"Our strength how weak, our eyes how dim,
And how his hosts are over him---
Know ye not that a chief has fallen to day in Israel?"

Situated from the cold and formal world.

And pressed by the great mourner to her glowing breast.

Over the entrance were festooned American flags intermingled with crape, and above all was an American shield, encircled in its beak the emblems of national mourning.

The American Express Company's office was elaborately draped in mourning. Heavy folds and rich American flags being festooned over and around the entrance, several large pieces of crape was used in the outside decoration. Above the door was a bust of the late President, over the bust a shield and flag of the Union, in large white stars on dark ground, and underneath, a gracefully draped portrait of Lincoln was fixed over the residence of H. O. Stone, on the corner of Harrison street, and a large white flag, bordered in black, was entwined in crape. From the residence next northward was hung a tablet, inscribed "The Union and the Constitution," fully draped, and flags and festoons beneath.

The residence of J. H. Dunham, Esq., No. 823 Michigan avenue, was massively draped in black and white cambric. The balcony, especially, was very beautifully decorated, and bore the motto, "Mournfully, tenderly bear on the dead." Over the door was another and curving drapery festooned, surrounded by crape, and bearing in white letters on a black ground, the words, "Our Father in Heaven." Large and appropriate devices, in the first anniversary of Lincoln was fixed over the residence of H. O. Stone, on the corner of Harrison street, and a large white flag, bordered in black, was entwined in crape. From the residence next northward was hung a tablet, inscribed "The Union and the Constitution," fully draped, and flags and festoons beneath.

The residence of C. A. Lamb was covered with black and white cambric, and draped flags and roses.