THE NEW YORK HERALD.

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THE HEADS OF THE NATION.

The President and Vice President Elect in New York.

Mr. Lincoln's Reception and Levee at the City Hall.

Pithy Speech of Mayor Wood and the President's Reply.

The Rush of the Populace to Greet the Great Rail Splitter.

Curious Scenes, Incidents and Sayings Among the Crowd.

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THE DINNER AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

Visit of the Lincoln Family to the Museum.

THE PRESIDENT AT THE OPERA.

The Midnight Serenade in Honor of Mr. Lincoln.

The Arrival and Reception of the Vice President, &c., &c., &c.

WHAT MR. LINCOLN DID IN THE MORNING.

Shortly after eight o'clock A. M. the President elect entered a carriage for the purpose of paying a visit to and taking breakfast with Moses H. Grinnell, Esq. Mr. Lincoln was accompanied by Major Sprigg, General Webb, Thurlow Weed and Mr. Judd. The manner in which Mr. Troy (formerly engineer of the Astor House and now one of the special force of the Metropolitan Police) managed to get Mr. Lincoln out of the house without notice was very creditable. While all those anxious to see the President elect were stationed on the stairway in the front of the house, Mr. Lincoln and friends were very quietly walking down the stairs of the Vesey street entrance, and had been driven off before even many of the waiters of the hotel had known he was out of bed. At Mr. Grinnell's house Mr. Lincoln met about a hundred of our principal merchants.

At about half-past ten o'clock the Presidential party returned to the Astor House, entering by the same door from which they had earlier taken their departure.

During the absence of the President elect several politicians and others loitered about the corridors of the hotel. Among the party were Messrs. Opdyke, Hoxie, Haws (Comptroller), Barnum, Dr. Ludlow, &c., all of whom obtained private interviews with Mr. L. Another important party also appeared, during the absence of his paternal relative in the corridor adjoining the reception room, and consisted of the junior sprig of the "wooden" nobility, who marched about full of spirits—not alcoholic—blowing a paper trumpet. Barnum asked the little fellow what his name was, when the juvenile answered through his trumpet "Lincoln," and off he went again to his own music.

The police guard of the Astor House consists of twenty-four officers, selected from the different wards, under the charge of sergeants Wilson of the Harbor Police, and Peel of the Third precinct. Some of these officers had charge of the Prince of Wales during his visit here.

THE DEPARTURE FOR THE CITY HALL.

Shortly before half-past ten o'clock certain gentlemen made their appearance at the door of the reception room, and by the remark of one, as he pulled on his kid gloves, viz., "The remnant of the Japanese," it could easily be understood that they belonged to the Corporation. When Mr. Lincoln appeared there was the usual state of "flustification" and bustle that mark the general mode of procedure with our corporative bodies. As eleven o'clock approached, one inquired of another "When they were to start?" and the answer was characteristic of the mode of action of another official body—"Oh, we are waiting for the Supervisors." But at length they came, and Superintendent Kennedy was informed that all was ready. With his usual secret diplomacy he marched through the crowd at the head of the front stairway, telling the officers to keep the way clear, as the President was coming. Of course all eyes were taken from him to look for Mr. Lincoln, and the former quietly slipping up the other staircase, at the opposite end of the lower corridor, took the President elect down the Vesey street stairs. But although the crowd inside the hotel were thus "bamboozled," those outside "warn't to be," as one man remarked. They saw a carriage with four dark horses waiting at the Vesey street door, and while that stood there no power of police on earth could persuade them the President would come out of the front door. There they stood, and cheered every one who made his appearance at the Vesey street door, even the darkey, and the characteristic "hi, hi, hi's," were loud and sonorous. When Mr. Lincoln came out he was greeted with a loud cheer, although at least three-fourths of the spectators saw nothing more than the top of the umbrella. The sight of this was all the reward they gained for standing over an hour in the damp slush and soft snow.

ARRIVAL AT THE CITY HALL.

The carriage containing Mr. Lincoln and party, followed by another drawn by two horses, passed from Vesey street along the front of the Astor House and the west side of the Park, entering the latter by the path opposite the Broadway Bank. Of course the crowd assembled at Vesey street followed, splashing themselves with slush, and many of the disappointed ones from the front entrance of the hotel also rushed to try and get a glimpse of Mr. L. as he ascended the City Hall steps.

At the City Hall the steps were literally crowded, leaving a narrow passage up the centre. A large number of persons were on the balcony, and a still larger crowd formed a line on both sides of the path leading through the Park in front of the City Hall. As Mr. Lincoln left his carriage the crowd gave a long and continuous cheer, which lasted till he disappeared within the building.

THE RECEPTION AT THE CITY HALL.

Here the police arrangements were also admirable. A liberal distribution of the Metropolitans through the several passage ways and at the head of the different stairs prevented a crowd, and Mr. Lincoln was enabled to walk from his carriage to the Governor's room with as little obstruction as if he were in his own garden at Springfield.

In these "Governor's rooms," made historic by their use on similar occasions, and by the array of pictures, which recalled the glorious past of the city and country, were the Mayor and a number of gentlemen connected with the municipal government. Reporters, too, had gathered after running a gauntlet something like the following:—

"Can't pass, sir."

"But I'm a reporter."

"Can't help that; our orders are to admit nobody."

"Why, my dear sir, I'm on duty as important as your own. Must pass in, any how. Reporters are not among the nobodies, you know."

"Well, I'll see," says the policeman, somewhat mollified. "Sergeant, here's a reporter of the HERALD."

We are accordingly ushered along a double line of heavy breasted Metropolitans, and stand face to face with the redoubtable *chef de squad*.

REPORTER OF THE HERALD—Sir, want to go in.

Where's your documents.

Here, sir (producing them).

"All right," responds the Sergeant, and with a sort of Kangaroo jump under the impetus of the stalworth officer's muscles we are landed on the floor of the Governor's Room.

The President elect arrived shortly after eleven o'clock. The Mayor took his place behind the rosewood table; Mr. Lincoln, attended by the Committee of the Common Council, rested immediately opposite. The appearance of the two men was striking enough for a picture. The chief magistrate of the city, dressed, with his usual good taste, in a suit of black, with his coat buttoned tightly across his breast, looked upon the President elect of the country with an eye that never removed its gaze during the two addresses. The chief magistrate of the country, also dressed in black, a head taller than the Mayor, looked calm and collected, but did not return the steady gaze that was fastened upon him. Thus disposed, the Mayor and future President *vis a vis*, and the spectators gathered in a circle around, the Mayor spoke as follows:—

MAYOR WOOD'S SPEECH.

Mr. LINCOLN—As Mayor of New York, it becomes my duty to extend to you an official welcome in behalf of the Corporation. In doing so, permit me to say that this city has never offered hospitality to a man clothed with more exalted powers or resting under graver responsibilities than those which circumstances have devolved upon you. Coming into office with a dismembered government to reconstruct, and a disconnected and hostile people to reconcile, it will require a high patriotism and an elevated comprehension of the whole country and its varied interests, opinions and prejudices, to so conduct public affairs as to bring it back again to its former harmonious, consolidated and prosperous condition. If I refer to this topic, sir, it is because New York is deeply interested. The present political divisions have sorely afflicted her people. All her material interests are paralyzed. Her commercial greatness is endangered. She is the child of the American Union. She has grown up under its maternal care and been fostered by its paternal bounty; and we fear that if the Union dies the present supremacy of New York may perish with it. To you, therefore, chosen under the forms of the constitution as the head of the confederacy, we look for a restoration of fraternal relations between the States—only to be accomplished by peaceful and conciliatory means, aided by the wisdom of Almighty God.

To this Mr. Lincoln, calmly and without the slightest mark of trepidation, responded as follows:—

SPEECH OF MR. LINCOLN.

Mr. MAYOR—It is with feelings of deep gratitude that I make my acknowledgment for this reception which has been given me in the great commercial city of New York. I cannot but remember that this is done by a people who do not by a majority agree with me in political sentiments. It is the more grateful because in this reception I see that, in regard to the great principles of our government, the people are very nearly or quite unanimous.

In reference to the difficulties that confront us at this time, and of which your Honor thought it to speak so becomingly, and so justly as I suppose, I can only say that I fully concur in the sentiments expressed by the Mayor. In my devotion to the Union I hope I am behind no man in the Union; but as to the wisdom with which to conduct affairs tending to the preservation of the Union, I fear that even too great confidence may have been reposed in me. I am sure I bring a heart devoted to the work.

There is nothing that can ever bring me willingly to consent to the destruction of this Union, under which not only the commercial city of New York, but the whole country has acquired its greatness, unless it were to be that thing for which the Union itself was made. I understand a ship to be made for the carrying and preservation of the cargo, and so long as the ship can be saved, with the cargo, it should never be abandoned. This Union should likewise never be abandoned unless it fails and the probability of its preservation shall cease to exist without throwing the passengers and cargo overboard. So long, then, as it is possible that the prosperity and the liberties of the people can be preserved in the Union, it shall be my purpose at all times to preserve it. Thanking you for the reception given me, allow me to come to a close.

As soon as the applause which followed the last tone of Mr. Lincoln's voice had subsided, the Mayor observed that those members of the Common Council who were to be presented to the President elect would now have an opportunity to come forward. The members of the Reception Committee, who went to Albany, and other Common Councilmen who called at the Astor House, having already passed through the pleasing experience, only a limited number of our metropolitan tax-augmenting representatives remained to be received into Abraham's bosom. Those who sought the introduction were trotted out before the President without a great deal of ceremony, and when they had hold of the Presidential hand seemed highly pleased. At least they smiled, or tried to smile, in the most benignant manner possible. A ghastly grin, however, is peculiarly characteristic of a corporation smile on such an occasion. The chief conservators of the city's honor, Boole and Brady, were prominent in the company. Brady was among the first to put up his paw for the Presidential hand to shake; but Boole looked exceedingly solemn. It was a matter of serious conjecture concerning the notorious Boole as to what change had come over the spirit of his dreams. A satisfactory solution of the perplexing problem was found in the remembrance of the sad calamity which befel the ubiquitous and captivating Tommy soon after his return to his own fair Flowery Land. Tommy was at once the life of the Japanese Embassy, the delight of Van Tine and the especial favorite of Boole, whose attentions to him were little less than those paid to the Tycoon. The news of Tommy's decapitation, so unexpected and so sudden, has had a wonderful effect upon Van Tine and Boole, and the idea was humanely entertained that some advisatory or compulsory measures might be absolutely necessary in order to prevent both of them committing self-destruction, or what the Japanese call *hari-hari*. But these fears were lost sight of by the many for the moment, in the bustle which attended the arrangements for the admission of the crowd which thronged the Hall and pressed in from the Park in order to see the President elect.

SCENES DURING THE RECEPTION.

These may be fairly said to baffle all description. No sooner was the word given that the President was ready to receive the public and to shake hands with all who desired that pleasure, than the corridors of the City Hall became a sort of menagerie, in which a variety of tame and wild beasts struggled for the supremacy. The doors once opened, the crowd poured in, despite the efforts of the policemen, in all shapes imaginable. Long and short, fat and thin, old and young, rich and poor, male and female—though the latter were few and far between—it was one continued heterogenous outpouring of humanity, such as can be gathered together in no other place outside of New York. Germans, Irish, Italians, Frenchmen, Americans, republicans, democrats, people of no particular political opinions, old soldiers, young Yankees, all went to make up the picture.

The style, too, in which they came into the room was amusing. Outside, the crowd was roaring and surging like the waves of an angry sea. Policemen were shouting at the top of their voices, "Keep back," "Don't crowd so," "Shut 'em off," "Close that door;" while civilians imprisoned in the eddying mass would emit all sorts of frantic ejaculations expressive of their misery, such as "Oh, God!" "Oh, my arm!" "Keep off my toes, God damn you;" "Here, give me that umbrella;" "Make room for this lady;" "Pass on;" "Keep your elbows out of my face," and a thousand other remarks, such as would be forced out of a man only under high pressure. As the crowd came into the room where the President elect was receiving the people the scene was equally ludicrous. Some would come in backwards, others forwards, others at an angle of forty-five degrees; and one fat old gentleman landed on all fours, puffing like a steam engine. Hats were smashed, shawls torn off, clothes rent, and the throng generally were put through a process of squeezing that they now doubtless think is much better to read about than to repeat. To use the classical language of one of the unfortunates, it was a "jamboree"—but not by any means a "jam satisfactory."

The President elect could not have formed a very agreeable impression of the first instalment of New Yorkers who thus appeared before his vision, for toilettes were anything but complete, and clothes in anything but a presentable shape. Fat men—always a nuisance in a crowd—seemed to suffer more than anybody else. Our reporter counted no less than a hundred during the first hour, who looked as if they might have been dragged through a brush fence—hair dishevelled, clothes awry, faces grim and sweaty and bulging eyes—that told too plainly of the miseries through which they had passed. Something of an idea of the crowd without may be gathered from the fact that every man who entered the Governor's room vented his satisfaction, astonishment and disgust in one prolonged "Whew!" expressing a sense of relief in this single sigh that is not possible to convey upon paper.

Several ladies were unfortunate enough to be in this jam; but, as one of them—a stout lady from Illinois—remarked, she was willing to endure a "tighter squeeze" yet for the pleasure of shaking hands with the President of the United States.

For an hour this terrible contest of every man to get ahead of his neighbor continued without cessation. After that arrangements were made by which a single file was formed, and all who desired it were allowed the opportunity of gratifying themselves with a Presidential shake with a moderate expenditure of patience and comfort.

MR. LINCOLN BESIDE THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

After the city officials and the few invited guests who were favored with an early entrance into the Governor's room had been introduced to him, Mr. Lincoln was looking about to find a more favorable spot to receive the multitude outside, when he passed along to the end of the centre room, beside Houdon's bronze statue of the immortal Washington, at the same time remarking in the most characteristic manner, "I will plant myself here, and place my back in front of the old General." It was an interesting incident, and might be taken as an assurance that the President elect is desirous of embracing the opportunity of making himself a "second Washington," and that he would profit by the advice of the HERALD on the day of his arrival, to the following effect:—

If Mr. Lincoln desires to be the second Washington of this great confederacy, let him come out emphatically in his inaugural in favor of the Crittenden resolutions as amendments to the constitution; let him call an extra session of the new Congress, and in his first message boldly reiterate this plan and its submission at once to the people throughout the States; let him appoint his Cabinet, but not dispose of another office in his gift till this great and overwhelming question is settled.

As Mr. Lincoln stood here in front of the statue of Washington, Col. Ward H. Lamon, of Illinois, occupied a position on the right, and his Honor Mayor Wood a place on the left. Beside the Mayor stood Alderman Cornell, Chairman of the Common Council Committee, and he assisted his Honor in pronouncing the names of prominent citizens as each was individualy presented to the President elect. Arrangements were then effected so that the crowd would enter the Governor's room by the centre door, pass through the open rank of officials and invited guests, pay their respects to the hero of the hour, and depart through the western door, down to the vestibule of the Hall, and out to the Park again to mingle with the anxious crowd below.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE POPULACE.

At fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock the door was opened, and the public admitted. A tremendous clamor and rush characterized the *entree* of the populace. The police carried out their instructions to let in only a limited number at a time, so as to prevent an unusual rush coming upon the President elect. The crowd commenced pouring in, and each person as he passed had the privilege of a personal salutation from Mr. Lincoln, and a cordial shake of his hand. At first they came steadily and regularly, when Mr. Lincoln remarked, "Oh, I could stand it as thick as they come now for six hours!" "You think you could?" interrogated the Mayor. "Oh, yes! easy enough," replied the President elect.

As the stream of human beings continued to flow past, it was curious to notice in the different individuals the varieties of character evinced in their deportment, and the difference in taste displayed in their apparel. It was not strange that, as the day was damp, a large majority carried umbrellas under their arms. Besides umbrellas, some were hugging their shawls, which, in their struggle to pass through the doorway, they had barely rescued from the hands of the uniformed Metropolitans. Others were swept along with such velocity that they lost all thought of their *chapeaux* until they found themselves close beside the President elect. Then they doffed their hats in the most amusing manner possible. Some cast side glances at him as they passed, some stared him full in the face, while every one looked back to have a second glance of him. One man, in a distinct voice, said, emphatically, "Mr. Lincoln, I am very happy to see you," at which the President smiled. Along the tide came, and with it one pious old gentleman, who said, "Allow me to present you with the words of Christ," at the same time placing in Mr. Lincoln's hands a document or pamphlet. One individual was profane enough to suggest, *sotto voce*, that when he should open it he might find it to be, instead of select passages of Scripture, an application for office. The shaking of hands continued, occasionally two persons coming up at the same time, when Mr. Lincoln would extend both hands.

It was agreed that the great rail splitter should shake hands with all who came until twelve o'clock, after which hour he would merely bow to the citizens as they passed. "God bless you, sir," was religiously said by an elderly gentleman, while another, who followed him, seemed to have an "irrepressible conflict" with his glove, which obstinately refused to come off. A desperate final pull, however, relieved his perplexity, and the ardent admirer of the Prince of Rails was permitted to take him by the hand. Another instalment of civilians was let in by the police, and more introductions ensued. The majority passed without having their names announced, for to go through all that formality would occupy too much time. Indeed many who passed during the first half hour were not citizens of New York. They were country people, and being in the city had embraced the opportunity to see the President elect, while some, with that object in view, notwithstanding the elect, had come from the surrounding suburbs. But as public officials or well known citizens came forward, their names were pronounced by the Mayor, Mr. Cornell, or some other member of the committee. The Health Officer made his appearance, and the Mayor introduced "Dr. Gunn." After he had passed Mr. Lincoln observed, "I suppose he is the author of Gunn's Domestic Medicine; I believe there is such a work." "Yes," was the reply, "he is the same individual."

The shaking of hands had been kept up without a moment's interruption, and it was thought that the Presidential arms must certainly be tired. The Mayor suggested that he could shut off the stream (as the Croton water is shut off, somebody said), if he chose. But Mr. Lincoln said, "No; let them come on, and I will shake hands with them till twelve o'clock, and after that hour I will be satisfied if they will pass me without shaking hands. Then the flow continued to pour on. "Not so fast, gentlemen, not so fast," had to be repeated many times by the Mayor and the policemen. Comptroller Haws passed in company with ex-Governor Clark, whom he introduced to the President. Mr. Lincoln kindly thanked him for the visit, and the Comptroller and ex-Governor were carried along with the crowd. One tall fellow with rather short whiskers, as he passed Mr. Lincoln, was heard to say, "Well, he looks like me." "I did not look at him," remarked Old Abe, "but I take it that he is a very handsome man," at which there was inordinate laughter among the immediate spectators.

The work was getting hard enough, the chosen Chief Magistrate was getting warm, so, assisted by the Mayor, he took off his overcoat, and resumed the shaking of hands with additional vigor. Directly behind a fat man waddling along with difficulty and a spare man, with spectacles on and a ghastly countenance, came a tall lank fellow, who said, in a familiar way and a loud tone, "Friend Abraham, how do you do; how is your wife and family?" This fraternal greeting was the signal for great laughter, in which Mr. Lincoln himself heartily joined. The noise of the tumultuous crowd in the corridors, every member of which wanted to be admitted before everybody else, was distinctly heard inside, so that the President elect was constrained to observe, "I suppose there is a great jam outside." "Yes," replied His Honor, "they will keep you here all day if you stay;" to which Mr. Lincoln retorted, with a characteristic smile, "I will stay the two hours out, so as to keep up to the bargain that I made." Every tall man seemed to have a right, on account of his size, to say something as he passed the President elect, while any one who wore a white shoker appeared to claim, as a Divine prerogative, that he should quote some appropriate verse of Scripture or offer up a brief but fervent prayer, *en passant*, for the prosperity of Mr. Lincoln and the wisdom of his administration. Occasionally some one would affectionately whisper something to him, and the ludicrous spectacle now and then presented by some officeseekers of rather diminutive stature, as they reached up to put their mouths close to the Presidential ear, caused considerable tittering in the room. Some, more definite and more hopeful, would place a letter in his hand, while other officeseekers, more bashful and more despondent, passed by in silence; and yet their lingering steps and backward glances told that they secretly said in their hearts, "Old Abe, remember me."

A heavy woman, more fat than fair, in company with her husband, also more fat than fair, passed at this moment, and stopped to say a word. She, possessing more brass than her better half, undertook to press his claims for Presidential favor. It was understood that she represented him as having been a member of the Indiana Legislature, on account of which she thought he should be remembered in his list of appointments by the President elect. They walked arm in arm—the husband had hold of his wife's arm, and stood with trembling frame and half averted head while she spoke the few words in his behalf. After they had passed a few steps he seemed to gain a little individual courage, and essayed to make his way back to the Presidential dispenser of official positions, but the coming crowd rudely but innocently pushed him back in their unavoidable progress, and the poor Indiana officeseeker, entirely despondent now, was lost for a time among the crowd, and was seen shortly after in a perfect state of bewilderment, looking everywhere for his wife, who had let go his arm in the pressure at the moment that he seemed to have mustered courage enough himself to speak to the President elect.

A good looking, rotund gentleman from Staten Island stopped to make a little speech:—"As a representative of the inhabitants of Staten Island," he said, "I give you the hearty congratulations of the people of our island"—at the same time shaking Mr. Lincoln's hand in such a terrific manner that the few policemen close by seemed to be getting ready, expecting that their services might be called into requisition at any moment—"and to assure you," continued the Staten Island gentleman, "that you have the heartfelt prayers our inhabitants, and their earnest hopes that your administration may be instrumental in reuniting the country." Mr. Lincoln listened attentively, smiled, shook the hand of the speaker, who gave another and a final shake, and the Staten Island gentleman passed on with the rest.

This temporary stoppage had blockaded the line somewhat, and now when the rotund individual had passed, the people came tumbling one upon another. It was again suggested that as the crowd had become so pressing, Mr. Lincoln had better desist shaking hands before twelve o'clock, and let the people pass with a bow. "No," he said, "I think we had better stand to what we have said," and the shaking was resumed. Observing people noticed the ludicrous contrast presented by a dandy Englishman and a Dead Rabbit walking side by side. As they came up the Dead Rabbit got the best of him, and shook Mr. Lincoln's hand the first. Ex-Mayor Harper, as he passed, invoked a blessing on the head of the President elect.

Three ladies now appeared, having gone through a tremendous squeezing in order to reach the room. One of them was exceedingly fat, puffing profoundly, and as she passed looked up as if Mr. Lincoln might kiss her, as she had had such terrible experiences in her efforts to see him. But he rewarded her the same as he did the other ladies, with a gentle shake of the hand. A young man, greatly bewildered, his body shaking and his eyes rolling with phrenzy, loudly exclaimed as he passed, "Mr. President!" Every one in the room burst out into a roar of laughter, which had the effect of bringing back his wits and restoring somewhat his equilibrium.

Another great rush, and on the people came, tumbling over each other as before. "Not so fast, gentlemen, not so fast," was repeated by the Mayor and passed round by the policemen. A little gentleman, somewhat advanced in years, as he caught the hand of Mr. Lincoln, said, "Thank the Lord, I have seen another President. I hope you will live a good many years, and I hope His counsel will guide you." This pious person was followed by the announcement of a gentleman from Charleston, who very cordially shook the hand of Mr. Lincoln. Great laughter was caused by this proceeding, and some one, unable to contain himself, roared out, "O, he is a South Carolinian." The Mayor supposed that the President did not consider that out of the pale of his jurisdiction. Mr. Lincoln replied, "I will shake hands with South Carolinians if they will shake hands with me. That is not a very technical question." In the midst of the merriment the Charlestonian had passed, and given place to an indignant individual, who exclaimed, "Please to take good care of the Collector of Georgetown, South Carolina; he is in prison awaiting trial for treason." This request, coming directly after the cordial greeting of the South Carolinian, produced increased ebullitions of laughter.

The scene was now indeed a merry one. It was five minutes to twelve o'clock, and the announcement was made that just as soon as the bell should strike the hour of noon the President elect would cease shaking hands, and merely bow to the people as they passed. This statement was made to the crowd by the policemen at the doors, and then there was a tremendous rush, for every one wanted to have it to say that he had shaken the hand of the President.

The crowd seemed determined to break through the squad of policemen outside, push in the door, and rush in *en masse* to grasp the hand of the rail splitter. But the police kept them back, and out of the scene of excitement, which was now at its height, emerged another solitary woman whose apparel plainly showed that she had gone through an "irrepressible conflict" with a conglomerated mass of "such ruse people," as she called them.

A personal friend was having a few words with Mr. Lincoln, when the bell in the Park pealed forth the hour of noon. Now the shaking of hands must cease. The crowd were informed that Mr. Lincoln would receive the citizens for another hour, but as they passed they must simply bow—not attempt to shake hands. This was an unpleasant announcement to those superstitious people who, in their own minds, had various virtues associated with the shaking of the hand of a President. Some people, not willing to pass with a bow, would manœuvre with their hands suggestively, but Mr. Lincoln would say, "They won't let me shake hands," and these few words addressed to an individual directly were more pleasing to him than if he had participated in a fraternal shake.

The Veterans of the War of 1812, some in full uniform, and some simply with badges, now made their way up in a body, headed by their commander, Colonel Raymond. The Colonel said, "I must offer to shake hands with you; we are Union men," and Mr. Lincoln replied, "Certainly, I must shake hands with the Veterans." And then the old men, all bearing the marks of age and the signs of service, walked passed him, some of them shaking their heads and saying that it was the last President's hand they expected to shake. Several more ladies then made their appearance, and of course they would not be permitted to pass with a simple inclination of the head and the formal "How d'ye do." Mr. Lincoln instinctively took hold of their hands. "You make a distinction in favor of the ladies," observed the Mayor, "Yes; their hands don't hurt me," he replied.

The crowd continued to pour in with increased eagerness and momentum. On an average fifty people passed in a minute. Nearly every other one fumbled with his hands, expecting a shake notwithstanding the prohibitory announcement; but Mr. Lincoln said he was in charge of the Mayor and the committee, and repeated every few moments, "They wont let me shake hands." "I'm sorry for it," moaned a disapointed individual. All the veterans were not able to keep together before they entered the room, so that every few minutes one would make his appearance solitary and alone, and would be cordially greeted by the President. Old Captain Riell could not restrain himself from saying, "God bless you! stand by the Union and the constitution, and I will stand by you." Another simply ejaculated, "God bless you!" and after he had passed shouted, "Hurrah for Lincoln!"

At this moment there came along a well known person from the First ward, and, as he looked so imploringly, the Mayor introduced "Mr. Wilson." A smile was passed round, nobody essayed to say anything until one, bolder than the rest, amended by saying "Billy Wilson." The smile was now exchanged for a hearty laugh at the expense of Billy. But in the meantime the pugilistic representative from the First ward had passed on and disdained to recognise the sport. Frequently a short fat man and a tall lean man would come up together, and the tall man would be followed by some boys, who generally managed to come in parties of two and three, and the marked contrasts presented in this way during the course of the two hours were very curious to witness. One middle aged man was so bold as to promise, "If you satisfy the people this time, Mr. Lincoln, you will receive the unanimous vote of the next electoral college." This tempting offer caused much merriment among the people, and Mr. Lincoln aptly remarked, "I think when the clouds look as dark as they do now, one term might satisfy any man." Turning to Mayor Wood, he said, "If you can ever get the city matters so systematized as to hold your present place with any comfort, you will have a good deal to do." The Mayor intimated that it was a difficult matter, and the reply was, "But you have done a good deal to systematize them already."

Two more ladies came in separately. One of them exhibited to Mr. Lincoln a letter, and as he was about to take it from her, she held it fast, merely showing the address. She then went off perfectly satisfied. He, thinking he recognized his own handwriting, said:—"I suppose she was showing me a letter which she received from me." Commander Breeze and Captains Foot and Gansevoort, from the Navy Yard, paid their respects to his Excellency, and said something about their being happy to see him at the Navy Yard. Another of the veterans caught him by the hand, saying, "I am glad to shake hands with you; we are some of the old boys." A great commotion outside and a tremendous rush at the door produced some excitement inside, when in came a greasy personage as if he had been borne above the heads of the masses, sprawling on all fours, his umbrella and hat considerably in advance of him. He was picked up by some policemen, puffing with all his might and main, and after recovering his balance proceeded to pay his respects to the President. Right on his heels followed a woman, who was kindly received and cordially welcomed by the President.

Now there entered an exceedingly tall, wiry looking individual, who, the moment he entered the door, commenced straightening himself to the full extent of his altitude. When he came alongside of the gigantic proportions of the President elect, he stopped and disputed the question as to which was the taller. Amid a good deal of merriment Mr. Lincoln said, "I will contest it with you;" whereupon they put their backs together, when Lincoln was found to have a slight advantage. Considerably crestfallen the tall man passed on, the crowd laughing at him as he went. "I saw that he was running a tilt with me, and was stretching himself to make the issue with me," said the taller rail splitter, "and I was determined to take him down." Speaking on the question of altitude, he added, "I have always said on that subject that there is considerable 'outcome' in me." Along the stream continued to flow after this slight interruption. One man said, "I must shake hands with you, because they say I look like you." To which Mr. Lincoln replied, "I take it that that settles that you are a good looking man."

It was now half-past twelve o'clock, and the noise and bustle outside continued without abatement. A bow from each person as he passed, returned by Mr. Lincoln with a "How do you do, sir?" was the usual manner of procedure until some incident or humorous remark relieved the tedious monotony. "I wish to shake hands with you—I'm from Canada," said one individual. Mr. Lincoln complied with the request, remarking "They have forbid me shaking hands, but I will shake hands with a person from a foreign nation." This reply provoked considerable laughter. A gentleman from Illinois shook hands with Mr. Lincoln, who whispered something in his ear, which seemed to please him exceedingly. One from the country would not be content to go without a little shaking, stating that he had come forty miles to do it. A very fierce looking specimen of humanity, wrapped in the folds of an immense cloak and taking gigantic strides, strutted proudly past, exclaiming, "God bless you, Mr. Lincoln, the flag of the country is looking at you." Next came a representative of divinity, with spectacles, who ejaculated, "Lord bless you and keep you firm." A Bowery boy, when told that he must simply bow, blundered out, "I'd like to shake hands with him, by gracious." Somehow, everybody expected that an exception would be made in their case, and that he would shake hands with them. "They won't let me shake hands with you," he said to one young fellow, "but if you had a sister here, then I could shake hands with her," at which there was a good deal of laughter, and an old gentleman coming past remarked, *apropos*, "None but the brave deserve the fair."

It was now five minutes to one o'clock, and the agitation and tumult among the multitude who were vainly struggling for admittance, joined to their ridiculous ejaculations, added, to say the least, variety to the scene. The last incident that marked this curious reception was the entrance of a mammoth man, who, as he approached, was observed to be at least a couple of inches taller than the President elect. His appearance at once elicited loud laughter, and as he came near the Mayor said to Mr. Lincoln, "I guess you will have to come down now." The great rail-splitter shrugged his shoulders and acknowledged that he was beaten. This mammoth man, who was understood to be a Mr. Woodward, a butter dealer, was six feet six inches in height, and weighed 250 pounds. Mr. Lincoln remarked that he himself was a little short of six feet four inches, with his boots off, calculating all the "outcome" that was in him. Soon, a short gentleman came along and said, "Abe, how d'ye do? I hope you will take care of us all." "You take care of me," said he; and "I will do my duty," replied the man. Another gentleman, of the white choker fraternity, naively asked, "Is the country safe?" Lincoln retorted, "I hope so; you must do it," at which the gentleman of divinity shook his finger in an admonitory manner.

One o'clock had now arrived, the doors were closed and no more people admitted. Requests had been made to the effect that thousands outside who wished to see the President elect and could not gain admittance to the Governor's room, would be highly pleased to have him appear on the balcony. In compliance with these requests, Mr. Lincoln then went out on the balcony, where he was greeted with loud cheers from the multitude below. When silence was restored he spoke as follows:—

FRIENDS—I do not appear for the purpose of making a speech. I design to make no speech. I appear merely to see you and to allow you to see me—(cheers)—and I have to say to you, as I have said to audiences frequently on the route from my home to this place, that in the sight I suppose I have the best of the bargain. (Laughter and applause. "Three cheers for Old Abe.") Assuming that you are all for the constitution, the Union—(loud cheers)—and the perpetual liberties of this people, I bid you farewell. (Cheers.)

Mr. Lincoln then retired to the Governor's room again, and in company with Mayor Wood walked round and viewed the principal portraits. Then, passing out of the centre door, down through the vestibule and into the Park, where he bade farewell to the Mayor, Mr. Lincoln and the members of his suite who were with him entered the carriages and, amid the cheers of the crowd, drove off to the Astor House.

Among the incidents related of Mr. Lincoln during his stay in this city is one which is told by Mr. George Thompson, of the Mayor's office. It appears that this gentleman was selected by his Honor to make any arrangements with the President elect which his pleasure might dictate, and, in speaking of the opera last evening Mr. Thompson suggested that during the ball scene the President, if he chose to do so, could go upon the stage in mask. "No, I thank you," said Mr. Lincoln good humoredly, "one is enough. The papers say I wear a mask already."

AFTERNOON SCENES AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

THE RETURN FROM THE CITY HALL.

As the Presidential party left the City Hall on their return to the Astor House, the crowd, as is usual on such occasions, began to rush and shout, run and chase, with their utmost power. The carriages were driven round to the Vesey street entrance, through which the party entered the hotel, where they arrived shortly after one o'clock P. M. The President elect was so fatigued with the hand-shaking at the City Hall that almost immediately after his arrival at his rooms he retired to rest, to the annoyance of many prominent politicians who had been waiting for an introduction. Among the visiting party who arrived during the afternoon were Judge Peabody, Ex-Police Commissioner Stranahan, Col. Fremont, Gen. Nye, David Webb, Collector Schell, Simeon Draper, George Opdyke, Capt. Faunce, of the Harrie Lane, Shepherd Knapp, and a number of merchants of this city; S. Hotaling, Hon. J. R. Briggs, Col. Hazard, Commodore Stringham, Chauncey Shaffer, who introduced the Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, &c., &c. Most if not all of the foregoing ultimately succeeded in obtaining an interview with Mr. Lincoln. Col. Fremont had a strictly private interview with him.

During the morning Superintendent Kennedy introduced to the President a veteran from Brooklyn, Long Island, named Hon. Joshua Dewey, who had voted for George Washington and at every Presidential election since, including that of Lincoln. He is ninety-four years of age, and Mr. Lincoln expressed great gratification at the introduction.

William A. White, Esq., introduced the Rev. Lyman Beecher, who was accompanied by an elderly lady, to the President elect. They were both cordially received.

Several ladies applied during the day for admission to visit Mr. Lincoln, but were informed by the blue coated guardians that they could not then see him. One elderly lady said, "Can't I get just one glimpse?" "No, ma'am." "Only one; I merely want a glimpse. Now, just do." "Our orders are positive, ma'am;" and so the officer would not relent, and the lady went away without the satisfaction of even "one glimpse." A little girl was very persevering in trying to obtain a view of the new object of excitement, being on the spot as early as nine o'clock in the morning, and only leaving for a few minutes at a time during the whole day. At last her perseverance was rewarded by Mr. Lincoln having occasion to pass along the corridor, when she obtained a full view of him.

On the table of the reception parlor was a large and handsome nosegay of very choice flowers, rich in color and fragrant in odor.

During the whole afternoon the reception parlor was crowded with politicians, merchants and others. So great was the anxiety of the curious to get into this room that all kinds of excuses and dodges were adopted for the purpose, sometimes successfully, but more frequently without avail. Cards were sent to any prominent person inside, or the individuals called out into the corridor; but even this kind of work did not always have effect except the party inside was invested with full powers. The police were sometimes rather puzzled how to act in certain cases, for one of the Corporation Committee would give orders not to admit any person upon any pretence, and in a minute or two afterwards another member would bring two or three followers to be admitted. As the two members would perhaps be invested with similar powers of action, and it might be dangerous for the M. P. to refuse to obey the orders of either of them, the poor fellows would hardly know what to do, but did their best by doing nothing.

During all this time where was Prince Bob? He certainly did not assist his paternal relative in the onerous duties of the reception parlor, but certain friends of his said he was engaged in company with Major Sprigg during the best part of the day in other, to him, more pleasing duties—namely, that of refreshing his inner man with certain liquid arrangements.

YOUNG LINCOLN DON'T CARE ABOUT BEARS.

At about two o'clock P. M. the nurse and the elder of the Lincoln juveniles, accompanied by officer Dolan of the Second precinct, visited Barnum's Museum. The youngest Lincoln would not go. "He could see plenty of bears in the country he came from, and therefore did not want to see Barnum's." So he was left behind, and several persons who could not get the chance of shaking Lincoln by the hand took this opportunity to shake that of his youngest son. Officer Dolan has been dubbed by his companions the "Grand Keeper of the Presidential Juveniles;" but whether the office will be lasting is not yet determined.

THE VESTIBULE CROWDED.

At the head of the main stairway the police had hard work during the whole day to keep anything like a clear passage way, for as every person there assembled made up their minds that Lincoln would pass that way some time or other, they persisted in staying and occupying the corridor until after five o'clock P. M.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE VICE PRESIDENT.

At half-past five o'clock the police cleared a portion of the main corridor so as to allow the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin and wife an opportunity to reach their rooms without annoyance as soon as they arrived. At ten minutes before six o'clock P. M. a carriage and four drove up to the front entrance of the Astor House and the Vice President alighted, but so quiet was the whole affair of his coming kept, that comparatively very few persons were gathered together to receive him. What few were present made an unsuccessful attempt to get up a cheer as Mr. Hamlin passed up the stairway, accompanied by General Nye and Colonel E. Allen, of Boston. The following gentlemen arrived at the hotel with the Vice President:—John N. Goodwin, C. W. Walton, S. C. Fessenden, John H. Rice, F. A. Pike, members of Congress elect from Maine; C. W. Goddard, late President of the Senate, Maine; Capt. Gay, U. S. N.; Col. E. Allen, Col. E. P. King, of Boston.

THE RECEPTION OF MRS. HAMLIN.

Mrs. Hamlin's carriage was driven around to the Vesey street entrance, where the lady was received by Charles A. Stetson, Jr., and Mr.