Harmen, No. 263, and United Brothers' Lodge (together), 125 members.
Albion, No. 26, 25 members.
Park Lodge, H. Haigh, Master, 42 members.
Mt. Moriah, D. Young, Master, 45 members.
John D. Willett, No. 250, H. Wilson, Master, 90 members.
Mt. Nebo, No. 257, J. Lalzberger, Master, 200 members.
Harlem, No. 467, Phillips, Master, 40 members.
Harmony, No. 487, S. Lutz, Master, 60 members.
George Washington, A. H. Colter, Master, 50 members.
Montgomery, No. 168, C. C. Browne, Master, 30 members.
Munn, Wilson, Master, 80 members.
Polar Star, J. J. Holmes, Master, and Silentia, George Hill, Master (together), 45 members.
Templar, No. 33, P. L. Buchanan, Master, 200 members.
Hiram, No. 449, 30 members.
Cyrus, D. Demarest, Master, 35 members.
John Hancock, No. 79, R. J. Mallory, Master, 60 members.
Manitou, No. 106, J. P. Curran, Master, 60 members.
Lodge No. 241, 20 members.
City Lodge, J. H. Clute, Master, 24 members.
Excelsior, G. W. Ray, Master, 32 members.
Charter Oak, No. 249, W. C. Peckham, Master, 20 members.
Enterprise, Curtis, Master, 20 members.
Lebanon, J. R. Curran, Master, 20 members.
United States, 73 members.
King Solomon, Koch, Master, 26 members.
German Union, No. 54, 6 members.
Pythagoras, No. 86, 45 members.
Arcturus, No. 274, 105 members.
Continental, No. 287, 30 members.
Putnam, No. 338, W. T. Pinckney, Master, 105 members.
Americus, S. S. Thorp, Master, 45 members.
Harmony, 30 members.
Germania, 50 members.
Puritan, Samuel R. Kikham, Master, 54 members.
Antiquity, E. Zacharis, Master, 50 members.

The lodges of Free and Accepted Masons were succeeded by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, headed by their band and banner, and which consisted of the Grand Lodge and nineteen subordinate lodges, numbering altogether one thousand members. The next was the Independent Order of Red Men, in front of whom was borne three massive links of a chain draped with crape, followed by their banner, also covered with black. The eighteen lodges composing this sub-division numbered about fifteen hundred men.

The fourteen lodges of the Bnai Bareth, or Sons of the Covenant, came next, preceded by their band and banner, and numbered about fifteen hundred members.

The Free Sons of Israel, consisting of nine lodges, with their band, succeeded them, and were headed by a very large white and black banner with the word Lincoln in the centre, and around it the words—

"The father of this country is dead; the nation mourns for him."

The following was the order of the lodges in this subdivision:—

Noah, Reuben, Levy, Arish, Isaka, Zebulon, Naphthali, Tan and Gad, which numbered in the aggregate nine hundred members.

The next in order were Abraham Lodge No. 1, O. B. A., numbering about forty-eight members; and the Sclavonic Union Society, A. B. Zaremba Master, consisting of about three hundred members. These again were succeeded by the order of Bnai Morsch, which carried two beautiful colored banners, and numbered about four hundred persons. The Chebra Anshe Emuno, Marcin Stark, President, numbering one hundred members, followed; after which the only order in the procession which wore the full regalia appeared—namely, the United Brother's Lodge No. 1—which looked very neat, with their red scarfs, red aprons and other insignia of their Order. This lodge was about one hundred strong. The rear of this division was closed by the United Sons of Erin, headed by their banner and band. Many members of this Order wore green uniforms and red caps, while the remainder were dressed in black, and wore the usual regalia of the Irish civic societies.

The Fifth Division.

After the passage of the Fourth division through the given route, the Fifth division followed. It was composed of Irishmen. Green and gold, mingled unhappily with the solemn badge of the grave, were the devices which each man wore in the ranks. On arm, shoulder and breast each member of each Irish society wore some emblem expressive of sympathy for the dead. Even the little children, the sons of Irish parents, with their neat little green jackets slashed with gold, were provided by their patriotic fathers and mothers with badges suitable to the solemn occasion. All Irishmen who took part in the procession manifested in some way or other their love for liberty and their reverence for the great dead. And now we will proceed to detail those of the Irish societies which took a prominent part in the funeral *cortège*:—

The United Sons of Erin, bearing a banner at their head, heavily draped with mourning, headed this division. They numbered about one thousand men, each wearing the green collar, tipped with gold, and in some instances draped with the livery of the grave.

Next in line came the Ancient Order of Hibernians in strong force—numbering perhaps two thousand men. These, in similitude with the United Sons of Erin, wore appropriate devices on the arm or breast. They were headed by a splendid drum corps, and the melancholy notes of "The Black Bird"—which are familiar to every Irishman—played on the fife and drum, was their funeral dirge.

Next came the Society of the Immaculate Conception, headed by their cadets and a banner emblematic of the name it bears. The cadets, who were little boys between the ages of nine and twelve, appeared to very good advantage in the line. This society turned out a thousand strong.

Next came the St. Peter's Temperance Society, which made a very creditable appearance.

Next the cadets of St. James' Temperance Society, followed by that body in large numbers. The cadets numbered one hundred and thirty-one boys, dressed neatly in green jackets and red capes, with green trimmings. On the left lappel of their jacket they wore the likeness of the lamented President, together with the following inscription:—"A nation mourns the departed patriot, statesman and martyr."

St. Bridget's Mutual Benevolent and Burial Society next followed.

Then came the Father Mathew T. A. B. societies in the following order:—Young Mens' Father Mathew T. A. B. Society, of Brooklyn, No. 1, eight hundred strong. Father Mathew Union Benevolent Total Abstinence Society, of New York, headed by their cadets. Branch No. 1 of the same society; Father Mathew Society No. 2, of Brooklyn; Assumption Society of Brooklyn, headed by cadets; Father Mathew Society No. 2, of New York, with cadets; Father Mathew Society No. 3, of Brooklyn, E. D., with cadets; Father Matthew Society No. 3, of New York; Father Mathew Society No. 5, of Brooklyn; Father Mathew Society No. 6, of Greenpoint, with cadets; Father Mathew Society No. 4, of New York, with cadets; Father Mathew Society No. 5, of New York, with cadets; Young Men's Father Mathew Total Abstinance Benevolent Society, of New York.

The Sixth Division.

The New York Caulkers' Association made a very fine appearance in the procession. They numbered one thousand strong. In front they carried a handsome obelisk, elaborately draped in mourning, with a dial on either side, stopped at twenty-two minutes past seven, and the inscription:—

A DARK HOUR IN HISTORY.

About the centre of the obleisk was a mourning wreath, surrounding the name—

LINCOLN.

In front, near the base, beautifully executed, was the inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF DEPARTED WORTH.

Two American flags were crossed in the rear of the monument, thickly draped in mourning.

Next came the Longshoremen's Union Protective Association No. 2. This organization was headed by their society banner, with the inscriptions:—

WE MOURN OUR LOSS.

OUR COUNTRY WEEPS.

Thou art gone, and friend and foe alike appreciate you now.

This society carried the American and Irish flags, appropriately draped.

Next came the New York and Brooklyn Sawyers' Association, headed by a splendid banner draped in mourning, all the members wearing crape on their left arms and breast. They turned out six hundred strong.

The next in line came the New York Steam Boiler Makers' Association, one thousand strong, headed by a magnificent banner, draped in the most elaborate manner.

Then came the Waiters' Protective Benevolent Association, which appeared in strong force.

Following came the Coopers' Benevolent Society.

This ended the Sixth division.

The Seventh Division.

This division, consisting entirely of trades and societies, presented a sight exceedingly melancholy.

The American Protestant Association turned out in full numbers—three thousand; their badge of mourning was very tasteful, being a slip of satin ribon with this inscription:—

American Protestant Association.
We mourn our Loss.
Abraham Lincoln.

Above this was a very appropriate figure representing the weeping willow over a monument.

The Workingmen's Union delegation from the different trades was very well represented. The total number of men was estimated at five thousand, the dry goods clerks alone being represented by over eight hundred. The house carpenters were also very well represented.

The New York Caledonian Club, numbering two hundred, presented a very fine appearance, the members all wearing black rosettes, with the badge of the association in the centre. Over their banner was the inscription:—

CALEDONIA MOURNS
COLUMBIA'S
MARTYRED CHIEF.

Heineman & Silberman's silk factory employes, two hundred and fifty strong, wore a silk ribbon, having in it:—

HEINEMAN & SILBERMAN'S EMPLOYES.
WE MOURN OUR LOSS.

The Italian Society presented an extremely fine appearance, carrying the flags of America and Italy entwined, covered with heavy crape.

Ceres Union, one hundred and twenty-five strong, presented a good appearance, wearing a badge of white satin ribbon, with a heavy black border, bearing the inscription:—

CERES.

URN.

WE MOURN OUR LOSS.

The National Glee Club—representing a combination of the Henry Clay Debating Society, the Webster Literary Association and the National Glee Club—made a fine appearance. Their badges were the same as nearly all badges worn, with the exception of having National Glee Club at the top.

And last, though far from being least, was the Island and Rosedale Social Clubs, the Island having a neat and appropriate badge. This society numbered seventy-five, and was fully represented. The Rosedale, under Chief Marshal William H. Murphy, was represented by but few of its members, owing to the fact that many of them, belonging to various military companies, were obliged to take part in the military.

The "Olympic," under the charge of Henry J. Raymond, was quite well represented, each member wearing appropriate badges of mourning for the departed.

A large delegation of the Knights of St. Patrick, and another from the Friendly Sons were in the procession.

THE GERMAN ORGANIZATIONS.

These societies made a very fine display, and took their positions in the following order:—

New York Sharpshooters, Captain Louis Geisler, forty men, in green uniform and with badges of mourning.

The German Bakers, (employers) about seven hundred men. These form two associations, of which Messrs. Jacob Eidt and John Dexheimer are the respective Presidents. They bore two banners—the United States flag and the bakers' banner, dressed in mourning.

The New York Turn Verein, President Metzner, in a body, numbering four hundred men.

The Turner Tambour corps, twenty men.

Turner Sharpshooters, forty men.

The Turner Zoeglings Verein, forty members.

Turner delegations from Bloomingdale, Brooklyn, New Brooklyn, East New York, Strattonport, Jersey City and Hudson City, numbering in all about two hundred men. The Turners appeared in their Turner dress, and wore white linen coats. They bore in the procession folded flags and banners dressed in mourning.

The veterans of the Turner regiment, President Stryppel, fifty men. They bore the old regimental colors and battle flag dressed in mourning in the procession.

The veterans of the Twenty-ninth regiment, President Rudolph Carl; forty men.

Blenker's veterons, President Rosenberg; thirty-six men.

Veterans of the Garibaldi regiment, President Adam Urner; one hundred and fifty men, who bore the old battle flag.

Veterans of the Steuben (volunteer) regiment, President Carl Kapf; thirty-six men.

Then followed the Social Reform Societies, which includes the Cabinet Makers' Association, numbering at least one thousand men. About a dozen flags and banners, all dressed in mourning, were borne by them.

Then followed the Arbeiter Bund (Workingmen's Union), three hundred men; the German Carvers, two hundred men; the German Cigar Makers' Association, President August Koch, four hundred and fifty men; Normandie Aid Society, fifty men.

The Eighth Division.

BROOKLYN CITIZENS AND SOCIETIES.

This division formed a very interesting portion of the civic branch of the procession, and attracted much attention along the route. It marched past in the following order:—

Colonel E. J. Fowler, Marshal.
Aids, Dr. Jas. T. Farley, John Vliet, Henry Mitchell, Chas. Carrol Sawyer.

Band.

War Fund Committee, composed of the most prominent citizens of Brooklyn, under command of J. S. Stranahan, Esq., assisted by Messrs. A. A. Low, Luther B. Wyman, G. T. Pierrepont, E. Griffith and Mr. Fiske.

Kings County Medical Society, headed by Dr. Bennett.

Hose Company No. 17, Samuel Bouton, Foreman.

Temperance Cadets, No. 1, numbering one hundred and fifty boys, carrying a huge banner draped in deep mourning, inscribed as follows:—

TEMPERANCE CADETS OF THE
VISITATION OF THE B. V. MARY.
SOUTH BROOKLYN.

Marshal, James Don.
Aid, Robert Dill.

These boys were peculiarly dressed in green shirts, lined and bordered with white satin, black pants and sashes draped in mourning.

Temperance Cadets, No. 2, numbering seventy-five boys.
Marshal, Charles P. Hastings.
Aids, Thomas W. Scott and John Burns.

These boys also carried a banner draped in mourning, inscribed with the name of the organization.

Band from New Haven, numbering sixteen pieces.
John Lyons, leader.

Father Mathew Total Abstinence Benevolent Society No. 1, of Brooklyn, numbering eight hundred men, with a large banner inscribed with the name of the organization.

Marshal, Patrick McGuinn.
Aids, M. Murray and Thomas Clynn.

Mr. Henry Morgan is President, and Mr. Bernard Martin Secretary of this society.

Father Mathew Total Abstinence Benevolent Society No. 2, numbering five hundred men, with banner draped in mourning.

Marshal, John Cohely.
Aids, Stephen Quinn, J. Fennety.

St. Ann's Total Abstinence Benevolent Society, of Brooklyn, numbering two hundred men.

Marshal, Henry Breslin.
Aids, Daniel Dougherty, John Kearney, John Maloy, Patrick Maguire, Daniel McCanley.

'Longshoremen of Brooklyn, numbering one hundred men, carrying a white banner, draped in mourning, inscribed as follows:—

L. U. P. A. No. 1, OF BROOKLYN,
ORGANIZED JANUARY 10, 1855.

Portrait
of
The Dead.

WE MOURN OUR LOSS.

Marshal, Charles J. Lafayette.
Aids, Thomas Shiplin, James Murphy, Lawrence Cullen, John Ingraham, Thomas Allison, Thomas Lyons.

St. James' Roman Catholic Benevolent Society, Numbering three hundred men, all dressed in black, with white gloves and white satin mourning badges.

This society was preceded by an excellent band, composed of thirteen boys, all belonging to St. James' Roman Catholic church of Brooklyn, under charge of the Christian Brothers. The youthful band performed excellent music on the march, and showed proficient skill in their extraordinary duties. The society was under command of Marshal, Thomas H. Draper.

Aids, John Norton, John Gerretty, Patrick Lee, M. Klinn, Patrick Carbury, John Kelly.

Shamrock Benevolent Society of Brooklyn, No. 1, Numbering one hundred men, under command of Marshal, Richard Halpin.
Aid, Patrick Shanahan.

Brooklyn citizens, preceded by a banner borne by six men, inscribed as follows:—

CITIZENS OF THE FIFTH WARD OF BROOKLYN.
The hand of the Assassin has entwined the name of Abraham Lincoln in a wreath of immortality.

About one thousand Brooklyn citizens, forming the left of this division, followed this banner. They were under the command of

Marshal G. Braisted.
Aids, C. O'Neill, Z. W. Batcher, Dr. John Young, John Leary, Chas. Phillips, Jacob Dennin, Andrew Walsh.
Citizens generally.

The Colored Population.

Following the Eighth division were the colored population of New York, who, though deprived of an invitation to join the grand pageant, nevertheless, when informed of the action taken by the military authorities, were only too glad to pay the last sad tributes of respect to their great benefactor. Having formed in Reade street, they patiently awaited the arrival of the left of the Eighth division, and then joined in the procession, numbering at least two thousand persons. They were preceded by a banner bearing the following inscription:—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
OUR EMANCIPATOR.

On the reverse side of which were the following words:—

TWO MILLIONS OF BONDSMEN HE LIBERTY GAVE.

All along the route, and particularly in Union square, the colored people joining in the procession were vehemently applauded by the crowded assemblages.

The Park During the Procession.

Having thus sketched the entire procession in detail, let us now take a look back again, and review the entire route of the procession. We will begin with the scene about the Park during the moving of the funeral *cortège*.

As the remains were being removed from the City Hall to the funeral car, on the esplanade in front, the crowd that pressed heavily against the line of guards and police about the Hall seemed to suspend respiration for a moment, and anxiously and eagerly watched every motion of the veteran sergeants who bore the coffin. Then there was an impulsive advance on all sides by the men, women and children, who, with only an overpowering desire to draw closer to the honored, surged against the lines of blue and gray, as if they would carry all before them. The authoritative voices of the soldiers and policemen recalled the minds of the saner throng to the solemn event they were a part of, and they fell back to their places as quietly and peacefully as children. No aggressive feeling was developed, and no remonstrance was uttered by the crowd when they were urged to retain their places by the police. All were subdued by the solemnity and sadness of the occasion. On the Broadway side, where the crowd was densest, not a single exhibition of bad temper or ill-feeling was made on the part of the people, who, wearied with watching, and patient, awaited the moving of the funeral *cortège*, to catch the last glimpse of the casket that inclosed all that was earthly of the honored head of the nation. The people there, as on the Chatham street side, were well dressed, respectable and orderly. The entire mass, such as in size this city has never before seen, seemed to be animated by one sentiment, and controlled by one impulse. High and low, rich and poor, native and foreign born, all seemed to be touched by the one sentiment of regret and sadness, that subdued the natural tendency of great masses to indulge in mild forms of mob violence, and made them as quiet, as peaceble, as orderly, as the congregation the country church bell calls to prayers on a mid-summer day. The city never saw a greater throng, nor a more orderly one. The adventurous urchin that climbed the trees overlooking the Park, dropped for the time being his outlandish calls for his comrades with outlandish names, and sat solemnly and quietly and watched the funeral procession with a dignity and a seriousness rarely witnessed in the Park from furtive youths. There were no incidents, such as spring up and are garnered by the argus-eyed reporter on other public occasions in the City Hall Park. The people were too sad and depressed to indulge in mirth or sportive tricks. No one was drunk to create a disturbance, and no one was elated enough to attract attention. So the people, with tearful eyes under the shadow of the great affliction, watched patiently and unmurmuringly the moving of the honored dead and mournful procession, and silently breathed over them their most heartfelt and fervent prayers, and saw it go from them with a pang at every heart and a sigh from every lip.

Such an occasion, such a crowd and such a day New York may never see again. The world never witnessed so grand a collection of well dressed, intelligent, well behaved beings, male and female, as thronged the streets of New York yesterday and gathered around the bier of the leader of the nation. No outbreak, no violence, no feverish commotion marked the immense gathering. All was tranquil, free from disturbance, and as peaceable as the flow of the mighty Hudson. It was a proud day for New York, and a new evidence to the world of the well founded strength of republican institutions.

The police arrangements, under Captain Brackett, of the City Hall precinct, were all that could be desired. The machinery worked smoothly, and without jar or trouble. Affairs could not have been better arranged.

The Scene in Broadway.

Scarcely two months since a joyous cavalcade passed through our city. Our armies had gained a succession of glorious victories and a nation jubilantly turned out to do them honor. Broadway then presented a holiday appearance, flags and streamers waved from every house, crowds of joyous processionists marched to stiring national airs. How changed did our city appear yesterday, and how different a guise did Broadway assume. No streaming banners, no joyous shouts, no lively music. Clad throughout its entire length in the sable garb of mourning. Crape floated from every casement where so short a time since our starry banner, gorgeous with its crimson stripes, fluttered in the breeze. A silent crowd instead of the merry shouting, laughing multitude of the 6th of March. The muffled rolling of the drum, the slow measured tread of the military. And how is this? The various designs and mottoes which adorn our palaces of trade on either side may enlighten us.

One strikes us—a coffin on which is incribed the name of "Lincoln," o'er which a figure of a woman bends in grief. Under this is written

WE MOURN THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Alas, it is too true. A nation has turned out to follow to the grave the remains of its chief. Abraham Lincoln is dead.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

From an early hour vast crowds thronged the sidewalks, steps and every available inch of ground in Broadway. The very trees were *accablie* with a living weight. Every window along Broadway was crowded with eager spectators arranged tier above tier. Temporary balconies had been erected outside of a number of stores, which were filled with ladies. Every housetop was covered, and at the corners of the various streets off of Broadway carts were situated with seats arranged on them, all occupied by anxious watchers for the passage of the funeral procession. It was so arranged that the street from curb to curb was kept perfectly clear, and few attempts were made by the crowd to exceed the limits allotted to them. It did not require that the streets should be lined with military or police in order to sustain order. Each person seemed too much alive to the solemnity of the occasion to attempt any breach of decorum. As the time approached at which the funeral *cortège* was announced to move, the crowds became so dense that it was impossible to remain other than stationary. It differed from other crowds in there being none of that swaying to and fro, that rude jostling one of another. During the early part of the day the various regiments passed in succession down Broadway to the City Hall, in order to take their allotted position in the procession.

At one o'clock precisely the booming of the minute guns at Union square announced that the funeral *cortège* was in motion. On it came, the military marching, with measured tread, to the solemn music of the "March from Tannhauser." The sun gleaming on their bayonets threw into relief the various mourning ornaments of the houses on either side. Regiment after regiment passed, and at length the appearance of General Dix and the Guard of Honor, with arms reversed, intimated the approach of the funeral car on which the body of our late President was borne. This was the all-absorbing portion of the procession. As it came in view, surrounded by the Seventh regiment, each head was simultaneously uncovered. The scene at this stage was truly impressive. Not a word disturbed a silence only broken by the rolling of the muffled drums; many a head was bowed in sorrow and we noticed here and there tears dimming the eyes of many of the spectators. Some gazed in admiration at the magnificent ornamentations of the coffin and car, while in many instances the clasped hands and upturned glances betokened the flight of full many a prayer to the throne of Him who holds alike the keys of life and death; and long and anxiously was the car watched as it was drawn from their sight. Then followed the remainder of the procession; but the thoughts of the spectators were with the cold corpse, in that splendid hearse. Memory brought them back to that time four years ago, when within those walls whence his ashes had just been carried, with the glow of health on his face he received their congratulations on his election to the chair which he filled with such ability.

The various bodies of citizens having passed, comprising the last divisions, and exciting no great interest among the crowd, the end of the *cortège* drew nigh, and was terminated by the colored people, who attended in some numbers. The emancipation of the negro having been the great end and aim of our late lamented Chief Magistrate, for which he lived and for which he died, the appearance of this feature of the procession caused considerable excitement. A round of applause greeted them at various stages of their progress up Broadway, showing how universal the public feeling is to endorse the principles of him who now sleeps till the glorious morning of the resurrection.

It is worthy of notice that gay and showy colors did not find a place in the dress of our fair citizens. To their honor be it spoken, the holier feelings of their nature outweighed all desire for display, and they combined to render the mourning universal. Mourning badges were also universally worn by both sexes. The procession having all passed the vast crowds separated quietly and departed to their homes.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

After the funeral car had passed by Chambers street a large St. Bernard dog that was with his master, Mr. E. H. Morton, bounded forward and secured a position directly underneath the car. It appears Mr. Morton had, a short time since, brought his dog with him while paying a visit to the late President at Washington. The late Mr. Lincoln had patted the dog affectionately on the head, and it seemed to take a peculiar fancy to him. This instance of the peculiar instinct of the dog is particularly worthy of notice.

DECORATIONS OF BROADWAY.

In addition to the decorations of Broadway which have been described at length in the HERALD, a number of new ones have been recently put up. We give the principal of them.

Barnum, not to be outdone in the way of making a show, has added another decoration on the front of his Museum, which for expressive design and artistic execution was equal, if not superior to any other decoration in the city. It represented an elevated bier, on which rested a superb coffin; on the pall covering the bier was the word "Lincoln," surrounded by rays; at the head of the coffin were two large candelabras, in each of which was a lighted taper. At the foot of the bier Columbia was represented as if genuflecting, and, while shading her face with one hand, is placing a laurel wreath on the coffin with the other. At one side, in the background, is a soldier, and on the other side a sailor (representing the army and navy), both bowed with grief.

On one of the columns between the doors of the store at 353 Broadway was a miniature monument, and immediately beneath the following:—

Just in the fulfillment of his executive appointments—judicious in the selection of his state co-workers—wise in the administration of his governmental functions—he has established a reputation for truth, wisdom and justice, as stable in its continuance as it was exalting in its realization.

At No. 247 was the motto:—

THE WORKMAN DIES, BUT THE WORK GOES ON.

Fairbank's scale depot was entirely covered with black.

At No. 393 a temporary framework was erected, which was covered with black, festooned and trimmed with white fringe and tassels, and on the top was an eagle, covered with crape, on either side of which was a small flag, also draped in mourning.

At No. 356 the handsome little monument which has been standing since shortly after the sad news arrived, was nicely trimmed with black crape.

At No. 372 was the following:—

Your cause of sorrow must not be measured by his worth; for then there would be no end.

At 429 was a large banner inscribed as follows:—

HIS DEEDS HAVE MADE HIS NAME IMMORTAL.

Then followed the Nassau street decorations, of which our late President was so fond, commencing:—

Oh! why should the spirit of mortals be proud.

At 445 was the inscription:—

Let others hail the rising sun,
We bow to him whose race is run.

At 546 the following words appeared:—

The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to Heaven.

At Gimbrede's, under the Metropolitan Hotel, was a handsome monogram of A. L., and underneath the following:—

——He rose,
Till the plain tiller of the sod
Tower'd o'er his peers in mind and soul, a God.
The assassin's hand bestowed the martyr's crown,
And the wide, wide world now echoes his renown.
The insulted nation, bowed with bitterest grief,
Demands stern vengeance for her fallen chief.

At Stuyvesant Institute was the following motto:—

SEMPER HONOS, NOMENQUE TUUM,
LAUDESQUE MANEBUNT,

surrounding the name "Lincoln;" and opposite, on the armory of the Ninth regiment, was the following:—

Though the assassin has rendered inanimate the noble and generous heart, yet the spirit which God has called to Heaven still hovers around us, and its influence in the cause of Liberty and Union shall remain forever.

Immediately under this was a shield with the words—

"A time for weeping,
But vengeance is not sleeping."

Next door to the Institute were the following in white letters on a black ground:—

Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere;
In action faithful and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end;
Who gained no title and who lost no friend.

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of time.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood.

At Gurney's was the following tribute to the late President:—

Sleep, martyred hero, sleep!
Thy going to thy great and just reward,
Among the faithful and the good whose lives
Are stainless lives, hath left a gloom
Upon a nation's and a people's joy.
A silent city from its domes and towers,
With universal tears, flings out its signs of woe.
Great husbandman, though lost to us,
Thou yet hadst time to scatter far the seeds
Whose future fruit shall yet
Adorn the times; and of thy tillage
Shall our annals speak
And make a record of thy deeds and name,
Eternal as our principle.

At 753 the black drapery over the windows was formed so as to leave a diamond shaped space, in which were the following words on a white ground:—

IN PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM.

At 757 both windows were covered with black; on one was the following:—

A.
JUSTICE TO TRAITORS IS

—And on the other:—

L.
MERCY TO THE PEOPLE.

At 763 was the inscription:—

The good and great to God belong
Of every age and time;
Columbia hath her sacrifice
Laid on the hallowed shrine.
Slavery's tyrant chain is broke;
The swarthy bondman now is free;
A nation's chieftain lowly laid,
Eucharist of Liberty.

Between the stanzas was a likeness of the late President, and on either side a couplet of draped flags:—

On Stewart's upper store was an extra draping, hanging in heavy folds over the capitals of the columns of the main floor, caught up by large bows of black ribbon under white stars. The festooning on the upper portion of the building was more tastily finished that it had been, and all the lower columns on the front were entirely covered with black.

Brady's photographic gallery, immediately opposite Stewart's, was dressed profusely, yet appropriately. Between the windows of the upper story were the initials "A. L." surrounded by evergreens. Between the windows of the next floor below was a handsome American shield, on one side of which was a large white flag and on the other a black flag, both festooned so as to hang below the point of the shield, and seemed almost imperceptibly to be mingled with a voluminous draping of funereal colors which fell in graceful folds on either side of a fine portrait of the lamented President, which stood between the windows of the next floor. Below this portrait were these words of Mr. Lincoln:—

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE;
WITH CHARITY TO ALL.

The spaces between the windows of the second floor were entirely covered with black, the monotony of which was relieved by a large bow and streamer of white ribbons.

Among other interesting facts, we may mention that Brady, the celebrated photographic artist of this city, took some excellent views of the funeral car as it passed slowly along, with all the surrounding scenes of interest. From the windows of his gallery the very best opportunity was offered to his artists to accomplish this work in the most complete style of art.

On the northwest corner of Twelfth street a scroll bore this inscription:—

A glorious career of service and devotion is crowned with a martyr's death.

Next door to the above was the following, on a white ground:—

Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

At 823 was a scroll with this inscription:—

BARBARISM OF SLAVERY,
CAN BARBARISM FURTHER GO?

In the window of 841 was a statuette of the Goddess of Liberty holding an American flag, surrounded by most ample folds of black and white.

The Cortege Passing Union Square.

The grand *cortège*, as viewed from the balconied parlors of the Maison Doree, seemed to have no model in history. It was prodigious in magnitude and perplexing to ordinary conception. A broad panorama of varied life, in miscellaneous attire, panoplied and armed, with all the paraphernalia and bannerial emblems of a thousand organizations, rolled on like successive waves through miles of thoroughfare, banked by continuous columns of the populace, and teeming with the drapery of grief and death. No age, ancient or modern, has witnessed a more sublime and magnificent tribute to the memory of the Cæsars of the world than was embodied in the spectacle. In all its aggregate elements the republic seemed to set forth a tithe of its representative strength to create the wonder, if not the awe, of all the earth.

Union square has long since become historical—the scene of the alternate humiliation and glory of our arms—where the people vowed, before mankind and Heaven, that the bloody, but quixotic attempt to destroy popular government should be amply avenged, and that crime should be the limits of liberty. It now looms up as one of the great landmarks of the war. The plains drenched with gore from the Potomac to the Gulf, and the ignoble flight of the chieftain of the rebellion, laden with booty, proclaim that these vows have been fulfilled.

But to the spectacle. To what shall we liken it? The countless legions which fell in the wake of the Roman eagles, as they passed for three days before purpled emperors of the seven-hilled city and cast their treasures and their homage at his feet—the celebrations of military conquests and the peaceful triumphs of science and art—the mighty assemblages which start in an hour from their homes in holiday attire and crowd the cities of the world to commemorate some religious or secular feat in Christendom—the great gathering who sang the glories of a skill-born republic nearly a score of years since, while its President was transformed into an emperor quicker than the butterfly can emerge from the aurelia—the ever-teeming population of the Orient as they march in bacchanalic triumph before the repulsive divinities of their worship—all, one and all of these never combined the constituent elements and the moral grandeur of the wonderful exhibition, the moving acres of men who occupied nearly five hours in their march before the Maison Dorée yesterday.

THE POPULACE FORMING LINES.

Union square is specially appropriate for sight seeing. Its broad area can accommodate tens of thousands, and it combines the rare advantage of a dozen streets and avenues of exit, through which the wearied spectator can take refuge at his option by returning to his home. Hence it attracted a vast multitude yesterday, who, under the direction of the police, skirted either side of the pathway through which the funeral *cortège* was to pass. The scene presented in the square was of an extraordinary character. No previous event attracted such a cosmopolitan concourse. Every spot where the foot could stand on any elevated position was seized in advance. Women and children flocked to the stoops. Domes and parapets, all the stories of every mansion and hotel, from basement to garret tiers, were occupied. Portions of the crowd, in their haste, had climbed the work piers which intersect the Park, and mounted its railings and the cars which were obliged to cease travel and accumulate within a score of yards from the main throng. Even the roofs held large audiences, principally composed of domestics and their friends, who leaned over the steep gables and endeavored to identify some popular device or organization below. This strange scene, mingled with all the legdeons of shrouded colors, of which our late President was

[illegible] of morals be proud.

[illegible] mortuary legends and tributes to the memory of the great man whose death called them forth, was novel, solemn, peculiar and peerless.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE DEAD.

Nearly opposite the Spingler House a new testimonial, temporarily deposited, commanded general notice. The space which it occupies is about ten or twelve feet square, and a railing, of the rustic order—partially Gothic in shape—surrounds it. It resembles a miniature monument, the pedestal and the column being of the ordinary model. On the former appears the name—now too famous to be preceded by initials—

LINCOLN.

The panels of the pedestal bear appropriate sentences. On the first is the adieu to the departed:—

GOOD NIGHT!
AND
FLIGHTS OF ANGELS
SING THEE
TO THY REST!

The marble next this has the words of the late President:—

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE;
WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.

On the third is the inscription:—

THERE'S A GREAT SPIRIT GONE!

On the last panel is the quotation from Shakspere:—

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world—
This was a man.

From the base of the column above the panels four beautiful wreaths of *immortelles*, inlaid with crosses of jet, were suspended, giving grace and finish to the testimonial. On this site a fitting monument to the memory of the assassinated chieftan will be raised.

THE SCENE FROM THE MAISON DOREE.

A neighboring clock strikes one. A salute like a single peal of thunder is heard, and the whole line, which had preserved its level patiently for three hours, vibrates to and fro, with the instinctiveness that the head of the procession had moved. Now the spectators eagerly prepare to view the exhibition. Everything that impeded their view was removed, and the general gaze was directed to the junction round which the *cortège* was to proceed.

In the banquet hall of the mansion the lady friends of the committee who inaugurated the subsequent demonstration are wondering at the broken column which rests pensively at the foot of the rostrum, which was destined to bring forth the millennial novelty of a service in which every denomination, Hebrew and Christian, radical and orthodox, was to participate. The shattered column creates curiosity; but the figures of Liberty and Hope beneath it furnish no clue to the solution. It had a profound alliance with the sprigs of cassia of the phalanx of Masons, whose respectable appearance might be the best advocate of their Order. The broken column denoted that one member of the great human circle had fallen, and that his brethren were thus reminded of his death.

Half an hour has passed, and the advance guard of the *cortège*—a section of the Broadway squad—files round the square with the dress and momentum for which they are noted. Almost giants in size, they were fit pioneers of the mighty columns which followed in their wake. New troop after troop of cavalry succeeds each other, the sounds of their prancing steeds only to be the accompaniment of the sorrowful notes, the dirges and the funeral marches of military bands. Next is heard the shrill notes of the fife and the sounds of kettle drums, muffled and subdued, and in antipodal contrast to the spirit-stirring airs of which they are occasionally the instruments. Here marches the fragment of a regiment in Zouave costume, with its veteran ranks reduced almost to a corporal's guard, and its torn and bullet-pierced colors jaunting proudly on the breeze. There are the moving battalions of Highlanders, with their cavingorms glittering in the sunlight. Anon comes the gray-uniformed Seventh, marching with a dress which could only be likened to a propelled plane. Now with a quick step, in the wake of a few commands, the great arm of the service which imitates heaven's artillery, rushes past, with mounted caissons, the iron and brazen throats of their ordnance drooping to the earth, muffled with crape. Grenadiers, in tall fur *chapeaus*, file past with measured steps, which keep time to the solemn notes of the "Dead March in Saul," and the military cavalry is continued by a brilliant host of cavalry, ten abreast, whose steeds become restless by the sounds of the minute guns from the north side of the square. Half past two has arrived. A halt is ordered. The procession is knotted by its own numerical labyrinths; but a courier rides along the line and it moves again. During the pause, however, a brief conception of the numbers which had passed was realized. But the military lines have not yet been exhausted, and the solid battalions of the people, rank and file, are to come, and, counted by no enrolments or martial attire, they will form a gigantic phalanx, before which the serried ranks which preceded them will become a mere advance guard. Now the approach of the escort of honor announces that the honored corps will soon pass through the square, and in a few moments a magnificent funeral car—one of the grandest temples in which death ever was enshrined—is drawn by nearly a score of spirited horses, caparisoned in sable, while numerous regiments present arms along the lines in token of their respect. The moving canopy of jetty velvet and beautiful silver lace calls out unlimited observation and pity for the dreadful fate of the beneficent chief whom it was conveying to the house of death.

The remainder of the *cortège* was principally civic in its character. The Masonic and Odd Fellow brotherhoods, the league clubs and the literary societies represented by the Century and Athenæum clubs, the temperance organizations and the Irish societies, marched with solemn and stately tread to the music of dirges and funeral hymns.

The Irish organizations, like the Masonic fraternity and the Odd Fellows, are justly entitled to special honor for the appearance they presented. With banners containing patriotic legends and tokens of their devotion to the country, and a display of brilliant regalia in green and gold, they called forth general commendation from the spectators along the line of route. One of the Celtic societies carried a beautiful miniature monument, inscribed with the name "Lincoln" on the pedestal. In the shaft was set a clock, the hands of which were stopped at twenty minutes past seven—the time which witnessed the expiring breath of the President. This tribute had more than an ordinary signification. It is a Celtic and Castilian custom of the present day to stop a clock the moment a relative or friend departs in the house, as a token that time for the deceased had closed forever, and that eternity had been opened to his view. This explanation shows the force and grace of this beautiful emblem. Now the whole procession has passed, and as it files up the Fifth avenue it seems like a huge shadow rising and falling as the measured cadences of breathing, tell it is lost in its own immensity.

Fifth Avenue and Madison Square.

Nowhere along the route of the procession, perhaps, was the effect of the pagaant so sublimely grand as when it wheeled around the corner of Fourteenth street into Fifth avenue. The aristocracy turned out en masse, and lined their favorite thoroughfare from Delmonico's to Thirty-sixth street so as to render locomotion on the part of the pedestrian anything but an easy task. The windows, stoops and even the roofs of the palatial mansions were crowded with the *élite* and beauty of the metropolis, while the court yards and sidewalks were taken possession of by the more democratic portion of the community west of Seventh and Eighth avenues.

The crowd commenced to assemble about nine o'clock, and by noon every available spot along the thoroughfare was occupied. It is estimated