U. S. GRANT.

The Remains of the Old Commander Leave Mount MacGregor Amid the Roar of Guns.

A Last Feeling Tribute from Dr. Newman, the Dead Hero's Favorite Pastor.

Every Town and Hamlet Along the Route Wearing the Habiliments of Woe.

Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock arrived at Mount MacGregor on Tuesday morning, the 4th inst., and at once assumed charge of the remains of the nation's dead hero. At ten o'clock a. m. of that day services were held at the cottage in the presence of over a thousand persons. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Newman, and occupied about an hour and a half in delivery. The impressive funeral services, and the sad journey by rail to the New York capital, are thus described by the Associated Press agent:

On the mountain brow by the eastern lookout a gun boomed sullenly at 4 o clock this morning. The shock of the reverberations was yet on the heavy air when a second report shook the earth and startled the birds in the trees. The artillery men had begun firing thirteen guns to mark the sunrise of Gen. Grant's last day upon the mountain. In quick succession and at short intervals the guns were fired. The soldiers received orders to break up camp, and in less than twenty minutes all the tents had disappeared from among the trees and were packed away in boxes ready for shipment.

Down on the mountain side at 5:45 o'clock a bugle rang out on the still air. It was the assembly call for the trumpeters. Fifteen minutes later the buglers of the four companies of troops were sounding the reveille.

The family at the cottage were astir as the morning touched 8 o'clock, and correspondents and guests were moving at the hotel. The mountain train at 6 o'clock had begun bringing up people, and every hour thereafter the little engine drew up at the depot. The funeral car to carry the remains from the mountain to Saratoga came up early and lay waiting its burden.

At 8:30 o'clock the doors of the Grant cottage had been thrown open, and a stream of visitors poured in steadily for over an hour. About 9 o'clock the head of a long line of buggies, wagons, omnibuses, and various kinds of vehicles appeared, climbing up the steep incline near the eastern outlook, and soon the area in the vicinity of the cottage was thronged with horses and wagons and farmers with their wives and families. At 9:30 o'clock a train of two cars brought Gen. Hancock a number of distinguished visitors. The two companies of regulars were drawn up to receive them. They proceeded from the station to the cottage in the following order: Gen. Hancock and Col. Jones; Admiral Rowan and Gen. Sherman; Senator Evarts and Gen. Rufus Ingalls; Senator Miller and Joseph W. Drexel; Gen. Hancock's staff; Miss Drexel, her aunt, and cousin, dressed in deep mourning. On the same train came the Loyal Legion, Past Assistant Paymaster General Gilbert A. Robinson, Brevet Brig. Gen. Charles A. Carleton, Paymaster George De Forest Barton, Brevet Lieut. Col. Floyd Clarkson, Brevet Lieut. Col. August McClark, Capt. Edmund Blunt.

At 10 o'clock services were held in the cottage in the presence of over a thousand persons. Cane chairs and rustic seats were provided for the ladies under the trees in the grove before the cottage. Those who failed to secure leafy shade used their umbrellas. The ceremonies opened with the reading of psalm No. 90, which was followed by an impressive prayer by the Rev. Bishop Harris. The hymn "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" was joined in by the whole assemblage present with fine effect. Dr. Newman then came forward and delivered a sermon on the subject of the dead General, the family sitting meantime about the remains in the parlor.

Dr. Newman for the funeral sermon took for his text the passage from Matthew xxv. 21: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." He said:

"Such, my brethren, is the eulogy that God shall pronounce upon human goodness and fidelity wherever found among the sons of men. The accidental distinctions between prince and peasant, millionaire and pauper, commanding general and private soldier, are but as the dust in the balance in His estimation of personal worth: He regards not the person of any man; He looks upon the heart. If a renowned philosopher searched an ancient city for a man, God is ever in search for a character, which in His sight outweighs the transitory distinctions of earth and time, and out of which are the issues of life. Tell me not what a man possesses—the beauty of Absalom, the glory of Solomon, the wealth of Dives, the eloquence of Apollos, the learning of Paul, but rather tell me what he is, in his modes of thought, in his emotional being, in the trend of his passions, in the temper of his mind, in the tenor of his life, out of which come the totality of his existence and the finality of his destiny. This is the man as he is, and by it let him be judged. In the intensity of this divine light let us to-day recall the character of the illustrious man whose death a nation so tenderly mourns."

In eulogizing Grant's services in war and peace Dr. Newman said:

"For his clear and certain imagination, the future loomed before him clothed with the actuality of the present. Read his military orders, and they prophesy the history of the battles he fought. He foresaw the enemy's plans as though he had assisted at their councils of war. He was one of those extraordinary men who, by the supremacy of their wills, force all obstacles to do their bidding. By the promptitude of his action, he left no time for its contravention. Times, places, and persons he comprehended with mathematical accuracy. Nothing escaped his penetration. Such was the perpetual calmness of his intellect that he could transact the most important affairs when the storm of battle was raging at its height. His soul was the home of hope, sustained and cheered by the certainties of his mind and the power of his faith. His was the mathematical genius of a great general, rather than of a great soldier. By this endowment he proved himself equal to the unexpected, and that with the precision of a seer. 'The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong,' because the unexpected happens to every man. The grandest campaigns are often defeats, the most brilliant plans are unconsummated, the most wished-for opportunities are unrealized, because baffled by the unexpected at the very moment of expected fulfillment. But he appeared greatest in the presence of the unforseen. Then came an inspiration as resistless as the march of a whirlwind, as when on the second night of the battle of the Wilderness, when he changed the entire front of the line of battle, and quietly said, in response to a messenger: 'If Lee is in my rear, I am in his.'

"When he rose to supreme command the nation demanded one dominant spirit, mighty to grasp, strong to execute, powerful to inspire. The country was one, the rebellion was one, and the armies of the Union should be one; and the general who could mold, control, inspire an army a million strong and make them think, feel, and fight as one man was the desire of the republic. Such a one was he around whose bier a nation weeps to-day. To be everywhere present at once by his spirit and orders was in him a realized fact. His laconic order was: 'All strike together.' He imparted to all his own spirit and all things became possible to his faith. The nation felt her mighty change, and the rebellion went down beneath the power of one master mind. He was the logician of war. He conquered by logic. He reasoned out his victories. In all the annals of war there is no such splendid reasoning on the certainty of results. Others have conquered by the superiority of material force, but he by the superiority of mind over mind. Alas! Alas! that he can no longer think for us. Doubtless he will be best known in coming ages as the foremost soldier of the republic. Unknown generations will read his battles with wonder and admiration. In every hamlet, in every metropolis, his martial form will be cast in bronze and sculptured in marble. Historians will vie with each other in paying homage to his genius; but the time will come when men everywhere will recognize the greatness and beneficence of his administration as President of the United States."

In speaking of his private character the preacher said:

"And whether in camp or Cabinet, in private or public, at home or abroad, how pure and commendable his moral character! Life in the camp has proved ruinous to the morals of the greatest of warriors. The excitement of a life devoted to arms, the scenes of excess and plunder to which a soldier is exposed, the absence of the restraints of home and church, tend to the worst of passions and to the corruption of the best morals. But here in the presence of the dead, whose ears are forever deaf to our praise and censure, let it be our grateful duty that after five years in camp and field he returned to his home without a stain upon his character. His sense of justice was equaled only by his love of truth. He preferred honor to wealth and poverty to riches not his own. Gentle, true, and kind, gratitude was one of the noblest emotions of his soul. His words were were few, but pregnant with grateful recognition. To one who had been a friend in need he declared: 'I am glad to say that while there is much unblushing wickedness in the world, yet there is a comprehensive grandeur of soul. In my case I have not found that republics are ungrateful, nor are the people.'

The reverend gentleman then referred to the dead hero's tastes in the following terms: "He loved life and enjoyed it; he loved children and caressed them; he loved his family and found them in his chief delight. He had not taste for music, but he had melody in his heart. He despised pretense and show, but admired the real and beautiful. He was not fond of books, yet by carefulness of observation, by thoroughness of reflection, by attentiveness to the conversation of the well-informed, by extensive travels in many lands, by the daily study of current events he was the most intelligent citizen in our republic. He was the most diligent newspaper-reader in the land. He was a living encyclopedia of facts, figures, and men."

Dr. Newman then made a most touching reference to the home life of the General, depicting the great love borne by him to his wife and children, which was exemplified by his desire that his wife should be buried with him. The minister then reviewed Grant's religious life, showing how he leaned on the Scriptures as a guide and ever-present help. The death-bed scene was reviewed minutely and the sermon closed as follows:

"'Tis morning. The stars have melted into the coming light. The rosy-fingered morn lifts the drapery of the night. The distant mountains stand forth aglow. The soft, pure light of early dawn covers earth and sky. The dewdrop sparkles on the grass and in the daisy's cup. The birds from their sylvan coverts carol the melody of a thousand songs. The world rejoices, and its many minstrels challenge the harpers of the sky. In a humble cottage, prone upon his couch, lies 'our old commander.' He is dying.

"'Tis morning, and in the light of that day thousands of earnest faces flash with renewed concern. From many a shaded lane and mountain slope, from many a farm-house and splendid mansion, eager eyes look toward the mount of suffering and breathe a prayer to God for the one we loved. Alas! He is dead.

"'Tis morning. It is the promise of a brighter day. The trumpters of the skies are sounding the reveille. Their notes have reached the earth. Their notes have reached our General's ear. He has gone to join the triumphant host. 'Tis morning in heaven."

At the conclusion of the discourse the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was rendered very impressively by the al fresco congregation. The services ended with the benediction.

U. S. Grant Post, 327, of Brooklyn, bore the remains from the cottage to the station shortly before one o'clock. The military were drawn up and a salute was paid the remains as they passed to the depot, and the throng stood with uncovered heads while the casket was borne to the car. The mountain train waited at the little rustic depot. Seven cars were there. Next the engine the funeral-car, with open sides and solid, massive drapery, was placed. The transfer from the cottage to the train was completed without difficulty, and the train started for Saratoga. Among those representing the military were the following:

Gen. W. S. Hancock, Gen. William T. Sherman, Gen. Rufus Ingalls, Gen. H. A. Perry, Col. Sutherland, Col. John P. Nicholson, Lieut. Col. Finley Anderson, Capt. G. S. L. Ward, Capt. John H. Weeks, and Lieut. Eugene Grimm. The guard of honor, U. S. Grant Post, Brooklyn, consisted of Col. William H. Barker, Maj. B. R. Corwin, Dr. George W. Brus, Reese B. Gwillim, J. P. Howalt, Commander John H. Johnson, Henry W. Knight, R. S. Mackellar, William McDonald, William J. McKelvey, George J. Collins, Noah Tibbitts, George B. Squires, and six men of the Legion of Honor.

The general mourners were represented by William M. Evarts, Admiral Rowan, Warner Miller, Joseph W. Drexel, Potter Palmer, Gen. J. A. Cresswell, and others.

At 1 o'clock the order to start was given. Engineer Martin shut all steam from the cylinders, and the train, standing as it did upon a grade, slowly started by its own weight and impetus down the mountain. The bluffs and ridges on each side of the track were densely thronged with people. The grove south of the cottage, where the General's little grandchildren played, was alive with spectators. Every rock every jutting point, every vantage ground was occupied. But from all the throng standing uncovered in the afternoon sunlight no sound escaped. The mountain was hushed and still, except for the heavy booming of guns thundering a grim farewell.

It was a funeral occasion—a death scene in sunshine. Slowly the little engine started, but quickly it felt the impetus of the descent. Out upon the first bluff of the mountain and clear of the forests crept the little engine, and the train trailed around the curve where, seven weeks before, Gen. Grant, alive, had turned to view the same sweep of valley and mountain, with Saratoga Lake glittering in the sunlight ten miles away. And to-day, as the train rounded this outlook, the General's sons gazed out upon the scene and mayhap thought of the other day as compared with this. Sweeping about curve after curve, to the right and left, the train passed slowly down the mountain.

On it rolled toward the plain, and away up on the mountain by the famous eastern lookout, yet now in full view, there was a puff of white smoke. In an instant the sound of a booming cannon echoed in the trees and rattled a volley of little echoes over and down across the plain. The artillerymen were yet bidding their farewell.

The descent to the little village of Wilton was safely accomplished, and on the platform a few hundred villagers silently saw the train pass through, and their heads were uncovered. The level plain was reached. Seven level miles lay between the train and Saratoga. The speed was a little increased. Farmers and their families stood near and sat upon the farm fences to see the train that bore the dead General. Again the cannon on the mountain spoke out over the valley, but only the edge of its echo reached the moving tran. The spires of Saratoga were coming in view, and from that direction came the dull booming of the cannon planted half a mile out of the village beside the Mount MacGregor track. Soon this battery was reached, its brass guns saluting the train on its passage. The last curve was rounded and the train straightened away parallel to the tracks of the Delaware & Hudson, on which, just north of the Mount MacGregor depot, the funeral train of the New York Central Road was waiting, while thousands of persons were being held back by the military. The mountain train drew alongside of the other train and stopped.

There were nine cars in the New York Central train. Next to the engine came the funeral car "Woodlawn." The other cars were occupied as follows; Second car, clergy and Dr. Dougls; third, the sons and notable mourners; fourth, Gen Hancock and staff; fifth, Gov. Hill and staff; sixth, the press; seventh and eighth, the military escort; ninth, the baggage. The remains were lifted in silence by the guard of honor to the car "Woodlawn," which was draped with black and hung with flags, and the funeral parties were transferred to their respective cars, which were all trimmed in plain black. The Brooklyn guard of honor and the six men of the Loyal Legion, with a detachment of regulars, entered the dead car; also two men of Wheeler Post, G. A. R. Soon after 2 o'clock Superintendent Voorhees bade Conductor Thornton give the signal to start, and the impressive and heavy train moved through the throngs and away from Saratoga.

The clock-tower dial in Saratoga indicated 2:10 o'clock as the train passed through the suburbs. Twenty-five minutes later the train pulled slowly into Ballston.

About the depot were throngs of men and women. The church bells were slowly tolling, and a field-piece near the depot saluted the train. High street was passed at 2:37 p. m., and the cast line four minutes later. The train was quickening its speed. In the funeral car the U. S. Grant Post, who were with the remains, mounted guard at the casket. The remains rested upon a black dais, and the compartment in which they lay communicated with the main saloon by folding doors, which were open. The doors at the sides of the funeral compartment were also open, and the afternoon sunlight shone upon the royal purple velvet and the silver mountings of the casket. The first and each succeeding detail mounted on guard consisted of two men of the U. S. Grant Post. One stood with folded arms at the head of the casket and the other at the foot. The first guard was mounted as Ballston was being passed. Round Lake, the Rev. Dr. Newman's summer home, was passed at 2:48 o'clock. The depot, platform, fences and the fronts of the cottages in the grove were black with mourning drapery. The resident population of the resort formed lines of uncovered heads on each side of the tracks, and scarfs of mourning were fluttered by many ladies in the throng as the somber train moved by.

The hamlet of Coons was left behind at 2:55 o'clock, and Mechanicsville was only five minutes ahead. The sound of the village bells came faintly above the rumble of the train, and signals of grief were displayed. Waterford Junction was passed at 3:14, and between there and West Waterford, which was three minutes beyond, a train going in the opposite direction slowed and halted as the funeral train approached.

At Albany.

Col. Grant, Jesse and U. S. Grant, Jr., alighted first from the funeral train when it had stopped at the foot of Spencer street in Albany. Gov. Hill took the first upon his arm, Asst. Adj.-Gen. McEwen the second, and Col. Gillette the third. The Rev. Dr. Newman, Dr. Douglas and Gen. Sherman followed with Gen. Porter, and the party was at once escorted to carriages and driven to the Governor's mansion. Before the remains were removed, Gov. Hill and the other officers returned to the train and there greeted Gen. Hancock and staff, who were at the moment alighting from the car they had occupied. The remains were placed within the mounted catafalque. Six black horses with black trappings were hitched to the funeral car, and at the head of each horse as leaders were members of G. A. R. posts 5 and 121.

The crowd was dense. The remains having been deposited on the funeral car it was drawn out into Spencer street, where it was flanked by Company A, Fifth Artillery, and Company E, Twelfth Infantry. Grand Army men guarded the remains at posts of honor, and four men of the Tenth battalion were mounted at each corner of the catafalque. Gen. Hancock and staff filed out into Spencer street, where the General was mounted on a powerful black horse, splendidly caparisoned. The organizations to take part in the procession were waiting in various streets along the line of march, and assumed their assigned positions in the procession as the head moved on. There were 4,311 men in the procession.

Many companies outside of Albany and its vicinity were present and joined in the procession. The column moved through North Pearl street to State, to Eagle street, to Washington avenue, to Knox street, to State street, to the Capitol. There Gen. Hancock dismounted and retired, and the remains were deposited beneath the great catafalque in the Senate corridor. Before being so placed the body was conveyed to a private room in the Capitol building, where the undertakers and embalmers removed the lid of the casket to inspect the body and learn its condition after the journey from the mountain. They said they found the remains in excellent condition. The public was admitted, finally, about 5 o'clock, being permitted to walk two abreast on each side of the casket, which lay on an inclined dais. Seven thousand four hundred persons viewed the remains the first hour. The U. S. Grant Post of Brooklyn had 125 men waiting here, and a detail of six men on each side of the casket kept the throng moving. The details for guard duty will be relieved by members of their respective organizations at intervals of three hours each until the remains are again moved. Company B, of the Fifth Battalion, under command of Captain Stackpole, was placed on duty in the corridor to stand guard until midnight, when it was relieved for six hours by Company D of the same battalion.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Imposing Services, Attended by Many Americans.

The Grant memorial service in Westminster Abbey, says a London dispatch of the 4th inst., was an imposing event added to the history of England. The edifice was crowded with a congregation nearly every member of which was a distinguished person, many Americans being present. The order of the service was as follows: Schubert's "Funeral March"; the funeral procession up the nave of the cathedral to the choir; the opening of the burial service; the ninetieth psalm; the day's lesson; funeral sermon by Canon Farrar; Spohr's anthem, "Blest Are the Departed"; Handel's anthem, "His Body Is Buried in Peace"; two concluding prayers; the burial service; blessing; the dead march in Saul.

The funeral address delivered by Canon Farrar was most impressive, and was listened to in almost breathless silence. Canon Farrar took his text from Acts, chapter xiii., verse 36. He said that he desired to speak simply and directly, with generous appreciation, but without idle flattery, of him whose death had made a nation mourn; that he would touch only upon his public actions and services. The speaker then traced Gen. Grant from boyhood to manhood, compared him with the great men of the world, and ranked him with the foremost. In the course of his sermon Canon Farrar said:

Gen. Grant has been grossly and unjustly called a butcher. He loved peace and hated bloodshed, but it was his duty at all costs to save the country. In his silence, determination, and clearness of insight Grant resembled Washington and Wellington. In the hottest fray of battle his speech never exceeded "yea, yea," and "nay, nay."

Among the distinguished English personages present were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, the Earl of Iddesleigh, Earl Cranbrook, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Forster, and a great number of peers and members of the House of Commons. There were also present Prime Minister Salisbury, the Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief of the British army; the Marquis of Lorne, Gen. Lord Wolseley, Senor Martinez, Chilian Ambassador to England; Chief Justice Waite, ex-Atty. Gen. Brewster, Senator Edmunds, Senator Hawley, and other prominent Americans. Queen Victoria was represented at the service by her equerry. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Edinburgh were also represented by equerries.

Cinderella's Slipper.

The origin of this nursery tale is sufficiently curious. About the year 1730 a French actor of equal talent and wealth, named Thevenard, in passing through the streets of Paris, observed upon a cobbler's stall the shoe of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time he returned to his house, but his thoughts reverted to the shoe with such intensity that he reappeared at the stall the next day, but the cobbler could give him no other clew to the owner than it had been left in his absence for the purpose of being repaired. Day after day did Thevenard return to his post to watch the reintegration of the slipper, which proceeded slowly, nor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the sixtieth year of his age, so extravagant became his passion for the fair one that he became (were it possible for a Frenchman of that day to be so) melancholy and miserable. His pain was, however, somewhat appeased by the appearance of the little foot itself, appertaining to a pretty and youthful girl in the humblest class of life. All distinctions were leveled at once by love; the actor sought the parents of the damsel, procured their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.—*London Globe.*

I NEVER knew a man that lived upon hope, but that he spent his old age at somebody else's expense.

A SOLEMN PROGRESS.

The Remains of General Grant Transferred from Albany to the Metropolis.

Imposing Civic and Military Procession to the New York City Hall.

The remains of Gen. Grant lay in state at the Capitol building in Albany from 4:30 p. m. of Tuesday until 10:40 Wednesday morning, the 5th inst., during which time they were viewed by 77,200 people. At noon of Wednesday the funeral train started for New York, Gen. Hancock and Gov. Hill, with their staffs, and committees representing the State Legislature and the city of New York, being on board. Great crowds were gathered at all the stations along the route, and when the metropolis was reached a vast multitude was waiting. The following incidents of the journey and arrival at New York we glean from the copious reports telegraphed West:

At the Executive Mansion in Albany the sons of Gen. Grant, with Drs. Douglas and Newman, breakfasted quietly with the Governor. The morning papers were afterward scanned in silence by the party, the voluminous details calling forth no comment from the sons except among themselves. The day had dawned bright, and from the country side farmers and their families had come in early to view the dead. Trains east and west added to the number of strangers in the city, and the morning boats brought many more.

At 10:30 o'clock this forenoon the Capitol doors were swung shut. The compact line of waiting visitors, which extended over a block, was shut off thus, and those who had entered were permitted to pass rapidly out, when the State street doors were closed.

Slowly the funeral car, drawn by six black horses with their mourning trappings, moved to the State street side of the Capitol. Gen. Hancock, mounted upon a black charger from West Point, and followed by his staff, approached the Capitol, as also did Gen. Farnsworth and staff.

Eleven o'clock had passed, and it was half an hour later when the great doors of the Capitol swung open on the State street side. The somber car was waiting at the foot of the steps in the street. Four men were inside the car, and assisted in lifting the remains to the black dais within the mounted catafalque. Then Colonel Black and Major Brown ranged their companies of regulars on either side of the car, the front being level with the heads of the horses. The Grand Army guard took positions, the blare of trumpets rang out, and the procession started at a measured pace down State street, the various organizations falling in to form the procession—reaching Broadway amid the dull boom of cannon and the tolling and chiming of bells in the steeples. The march through Broadway to Steuben street, and thence to the depot, was viewed by a dense throng. Guns boomed while the remains were being placed in the car Woodlawn, and the bells tolled slowly. The committee from New York entered their cars, Gen. Hancock and staff were aboard, the regulars were quartered, and the great train started.

At the instant the train started a dirge came up to the ears of all in the train from the band of the Jackson Corps, that stood in line and saluted. Hundreds of persons standing nearest the tracks laid coins on the rails to have them flattened beneath the wheels of the train that carried Gen. Grant on his last journey. On the roofs of the houses in the vicinity hundreds witnessed the start, and, as the black train rumbled across the long bridge of the Hudson, it was between two dense lines of people, who filled the foot-paths on either side. There was no clang of bell, no scream of whistle, only the dull rumble of the wheels beneath the memorable train. Across the river were crowds of people. The shops and stores and factories had closed their doors to business. All who work and those of leisure seemed to have come out to stand with uncovered heads to witness a scene never again to be enacted. The long, sweeping curve was rounded, and the black train straightened out level with the Hudson on its way to the metropolis. Looking back from the engine cab as the trailing train swept around this curve at Greenbush the impressive effect was thrilling.

At every town and station along the route from Albany to the metropolis the people ranged themselves along the track, and with bared heads testified their respect to the memory of the illustrous dead, as the funeral train swept by. A few minutes before 5 o'clock p. m. the train arrived at the Grand Central Depot. As soon as it halted all the passengers alighted and formed a long line on the raised footway beside the train. Facing it ahead, drawn up in the line, were the regular army soldiers—Company E of the Twelfth Infantry, under Maj. Brown, and Company A of the Fifth Artillery, under Capt. W. B Beck. The thirteen men of Grant Post, G. A. R., of Brooklyn, who have acted as the guard over the coffin since the Sunday after the General's death, were the last to leave the train. They went to the car that contained the coffin, lifted it out, and put it on a new and handsome baggage-truck that had been brought to the side of the car for the purpose.

The soldiers presented arms as the coffin came in sight, the civilians removed their hats, the truck bearing the coffin was rolled to the front of the depot, and transferred to the funeral car, while a band played a solemn dirge.

The funeral cortege marched in the following order:

Battalion of Mounted Police.
Maj. Gen. Hancock and staff.
Light Battery F, Mounted, from Fort Hamilton,
Capt. W. F. Randolph Commanding.
Company A of the 5th United States Artillery.
The Fort Hamilton Military Band.
A Battalion, Comprising Four Companies of the
5th United States Artillery, on Foot.
Two companies of marines and blue jackets,
under Lieut. Commander W. W. Mead.
Two companies of sailors under Lieut. Emory.
Maj. Gen. Alexander Shaler and staff.
Second Battery, First Division, National Guard.
Brig. Gen. Ward and staff.
The First Brigade N. G. S. N. Y., comprising the
9th, 11th, 12th, and 22d regiments.
The catafalco.
The guard of honor, consisting of members of
the U. S. Grant Post, of Brooklyn,
the George G. Meade Post, of
Philadelphia, and the Loyal
Legion, of the United
States.
Brig Gen. Fitzgerald and staff.
The Second Brigade N. G. S. N. Y., comprising
the 7th, 8th, 69th, and 71st regiments.
The Mayor's Committee of 101.

All along the line of march the people stood with uncovered heads, silently and reverently gazing at the purple-covered casket that contained the remains of the great soldier. It was an imposing pageant and one long to be remembered. When the head of the funeral cortege reached the eastern entrance to the City Hall plaza the line was reformed. The Twenty-second Regiment, a fine body of men, splendidly uniformed, formed on either side of the entrance to the City Hall, and, forming a line from the steps to the catafalco, the marines and regulars were drawn up in a line facing the entrance. Again the command to present arms was given, and the bearers carried the coffin into the rotunda of the City Hall through a glittering wall of steel. Here it was deposited on a catafalco erected in the center of the rotunda.

At 9:15 the central iron door was swung open to the public. The five thousand people who had been massed outside of the police lines on the plaza were ranged in double file at the edge of the plaza opposite the gate, and marshaled across the plaza straight up the steps. They passed through the gateway two at a time at the rate of 160 a minute. Each one who passed the catafalco bent over slightly to look at the face of the dead hero, and then hurried on. In the first five minutes 490 had passed, and a count made during the first hour showed that 5,880 had passed the coffin. All sorts and conditions of people were in the throng. Two Chinese laundrymen, wearing fluttering shirts of silk and embroidered Chinese slippers, stooped far down over the coffin and looked at the face of the General until a Grand Army veteran caught their sleeves and hurried them on. One of the Chinamen pressed his handkerchief to his eyes and went away with bowed head. Barefooted newsboys, negroes, and aged men passed up quickly, and women and girls walked by in groups. Every man lifted his hat reverently as he entered the building. It is estimated that 34,000 persons passed through the corridors of the City Hall and viewed the remains between 9 p. m. and 1 a. m.

TAKING THE LAST LOOK.

Tens of Thousands of People Pass the Casket Containing Gen. Grant's Remains.

The Mechanic, Working Girl, Clerk, and Business Man Side by Side.

One hundred and seventy-five thousand people viewed the remains of Gen. Grant on Thursday, the 6th inst., as they lay in state at the City Hall in New York. During the entire day great throngs, representing every condition of society, surged through the building. Two lines of policemen, says an eye-witness describing the scenes, were placed across the plaza from the City Hall entrance to the fountain. These two lines formed a passageway through which four men might walk abreast, and along which all day the visitors to the remains should pass. Meanwhile the officers of the Twenty-second Regiment, who had been on duty through the early morning, were filing out of the City Hall. They were going home, and their places were being taken by the officers of the Twelfth Regiment. Sergt. Riley, with thirty men, picketed the corridors through the building so as to form the channel through which the throng should move to the exit on the Court House side of the City Hall. The Grant Post had mounted a detail at 5 o'clock to serve from that hour until 8 o'clock.

These men were placed nearest the catafalque, and the two lines of visitors passed between them and the casket on either side. All within the gloomy corridors was in readiness. Outside on the top step of the City Hall, and in the middle of the channel of officers to the fountain, stood a big brawny police officer, who acted as a wedge to split the current of people and send them in lesser streams through the gates, where they should flow past the casket as detailed. The clocks pointed to 6:06 o'clock, and at the Inspector's orders the iron gates were thrown open. Ten or twelve hundred people had jammed up against the officers who barred the channel at the edge of the fountain-circle, but when the gates swung open the officers ceased to hold the people in check, and the stream began to flow past the remains and through the building. The first person to review the remains was a spare but sweet-faced little woman, who led with each hand a little boy. She was anxious her children should see the General's face, and the children were permitted to halt an instant and gaze over the side of the casket and peer into it. It was yet early. The police refrained from pushing the very first visitor, and she a woman. The police had not yet begun the annoying practice of bumping persons forward upon the heels and necks of their immediate predecessors. In the first minute only eighty-four persons passed the casket. This rate of passage would never answer when the dense crowd should be waiting outside. People were hastened; they were hurried through at 101 a minute; then the pressure was increased to 104 a minute. The procession was almost a lock-step, and the tramp was quick.

It was 6:25 a. m., and the pulse of curiosity had sunk to 56 to the minute. At 6:28 the rate was 52. A little bootblack with his box on his shoulder came along to see the dead General. His face shone and his hair had been freshly wet and smoothed out by the fountain. Many women came, too, and they caused delay. They must needs examine every detail, and would fain put their noses to the flowers. Men and boys and wan-faced women, with lunch-baskets and dinner-pails, filed along. At 6:40 the running average per minute was 91, and the total then passed was between two thousand seven hundred and two thousand eight hundred persons. The channel was just full, with no clogging or crowding.

The hour from six to seven o'clock was employed by workingmen and women, boys and girls, in viewing the remains. They were on their way to work; the day was young, and their opportunity better than at any hour of the day. After seven o'clock the line changed as to its personnel. There were less women and girls. They had gone through and were at work. Then the line began to lengthen.

At 8 o'clock there was another change taking place in the complexion of the visitors. The laborers had gone and the clerks coming downtown were stepping from elevated and surface cars into the line that was moving then at the rate of 110 and 120 per minute. The police were re-enforced at 8 o'clock. Details under sergeants and roundsmen had been arriving and reporting to the Inspector from 7 o'clock. At 8 o'clock there were 487 men on duty. The channel, with walls of police, was extended in Y-shape around the sides of the fountain-circle, which, like a hopper, received the people and from which they were straightened out in lines of twos and threes up to the City Hall steps. The guards at the casket were hastening the people; 150 per minute were being hurried through. The hands on the clock dials marked 9 o'clock. The fountain circle was no longer the point or formation of the line. Every car and train coming down town added its quota to those anxious to look upon the face of Gen. Grant. By the remains the U. S. Grant post had mounted another detail of thirteen men, and the men of Wheeler post, of Saratoga—which first mounted a guard about the Mount MacGregor cottage after the General's death—were standing at the foot of the casket, while members of the military order of the Loyal Legion were likewise represented. Rapidly the people were augmenting. The crowd was fast becoming a throng; the line was being hurried through the hall at the rate of 140 per minute, and for a little while the pace was 170 per minute, which rate, if maintained for an hour, would have passed 10,200.

This could not be done, however. To accomplish it the visitors must be hurried through and pass the remains almost upon a trot. This rate of speed comported illy with the dignity of the occasion, and more time was given. But the accretions were too rapid to be cared for, and the line of waiting people stretched out finally at 10 o'clock around the bend, at the Register's office and down Center street.

At 11 o'clock a. m. between 30,000 and 31,000 persons had passed the casket and looked toward the remains, though many coming rapidly in from the bright sunlight were scarcely able to distinguish them in the somber shadows of the black-draped corridor.

It is difficult to form an idea of how entirely cosmopolitan this procession of citizens was. Within a block there was every shade of wealth and poverty, of lowliness and highness, of culture and ignorance, of tottering age and curious childhood. They passed on in the line together with all possible quiet and respect. Throughout the entire day no unseemly conduct marred the solemnity of that extraordinary occasion. Further than to keep the line straight and to make way for wagons at crossings and for foot passengers on the sidewalks, the police were without occupation. All seemed to realize that this was no ordinary concourse of citizens, and that their presence in a continually re-enforced procession of thousands was the spectacle of a lifetime. They moved along quietly, quickly, and with a gentle decorum that savored not of an unpleasant curiosity, but of concern, devotion, and respect for an illustrious memory. At different hours the point where the line began varied. It got as far up town in the early and late portions of the day as Canal street, and fell off several times down to Duane street, but in the main it kept about the vicinity of Franklin street. Near the City Hall it was no uncommon thing to see from $1 to $2.50 offered for a coveted place. The crowd all day was orderly.

After 5 o'clock p. m. the rush became greater than ever. The line was then forming at Worth street, and it was an hour and twenty minutes before a person could reach the City Hall steps. At 6 o'clock the line had reached Canal street and Broadway, half a mile away, and showed no signs of diminution. It was then composed of young clerks and shop-girls, who chattered merrily along the route, but seldom addressed themselves to other than their immediate companion, and all sound died away long before they reached the stone steps of the building.

Officers of the guard of honor of the Loyal Legion who were making frequent counts of the people passing found that they varied from 7,000 to 9,000 an hour. These reports were corroborated by the police reports at the same time. At 1 o'clock, when the doors were closed for the night, it was calculated that 175,000 persons had passed through the building.