

LAST HONORS
SADLY PAID
TO SHERMAN.

On the Same Bier Which Carried the Bodies of Grant, Hancock and Sheridan His Body Was Borne Toward His Grave.

THOUSANDS TURNED OUT TO MARCH AND SEE.

Great and Impressive Pageant of Regulars, Grand Army Men, Militia and Veteran Organizations March on Seventy-first Street to Desbrosses Ferry, Where the Train Is Taken for St. Louis.

FATHER TOM IN TIME TO PRAY BY THE COFFIN.

Thousands Gather at the Wayside Stations When the Train of the Old Warrior Goes By.

TWIN HEROES.
Twin heroes in twin tombs do dwell, In their country's Pantheon,
Far from sound of shot and shell,
With all their brothers' benison.
One of sea and one of land,
Conquerors stand in story,
And with clasp of hand in hand
Share in battle's glory.
Names in letters deep are graven,
Speakers with the gun and mortar,
Hail their fame unto high heaven,
William Sherman, David Porter.

HE tryst with death has ended, and the body of General Sherman rolls westward to the Mississippi.

New York had a last farewell to its most honored of its adopted citizens yesterday. The rolling drums, the tolling bells, the deep toned minute guns and the sonorous voices of brass and reed have intoned their several requiems. The flag crowned coffin has passed in review before half a million hushed spectators. The rushing tides of business were stayed for an afternoon. Farewell has been spoken in all the various ways that military pomp and circumstance could suggest, and to-day the usual currents of life will be resumed and the hero will pass into a memory.

The funeral pageant was long, stately and impressive. A vast concourse of people turned out and braved the biting winds of winter to take part in the solemn ceremonies. No possible honors were omitted that might hold to render memorable the sepulture of the soldier who had so honestly won honor.

Men high in the councils of the nation, State and city were there. There was a leaven of the little army which nourishes the seed of war—a long and still impressive column, though one growing thin and straggling before the scythe of Time, of the aged boys in blue who were an unconquerable bulwark in the troublous times now past—and the compact masses of the



FROM THE HOUSE TO THE CAISSON.

younger boys in blue who are sworn to uphold the present peace and honor of the State. Amid such surroundings the dead General passed through the streets of the city and was borne aboard the funeral train.

THE FAMILY SERVICE FOR THE DEAD.
The family circle which gathered about the coffin was completed yesterday by the return of the absent son just in time to read the prayers and Scriptures above his father's dust. He came too late to gladden the eyes of the dying man who tried so hard to live until his coming, but not too late to bury him. The cross was hard to bear, but it might have been much harder.

There was a quiet little service in the decorated parlors just before the noon, and the Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman presided. Boys from the choir of St. Francis Xavier's Church sang the sweet and touching notes of "Rest in the Lord," and selections from the "Elijah" and the "Miserere." The family knelt about the taper lighted coffin and prayed for the repose of the father, grandfather and friend. And then, after that last long, sad look, the coffin lid was screwed down for the last time and the pious dead was ready for the pageant.

AROUND THE STREETS.
Out into the streets it was borne where miles of soldiers were drawn up to salute for the last time the dead commander. On the stout gun carriage it was placed—for the bier of the Gen-

eral is a rude and jolting vehicle—and then, with the long roll of drums and the clang of the bells, it began its slow and solemn march from the house in Seventy-first street through the thronged city streets to the Desbrosses street ferry.

It was just two o'clock when the coffin appeared at the door. There was a long and vexatious delay in getting the pallbearers and mourners and invited guests into their respective carriages, which made the procession move somewhat haltingly, and the brief day was ebbing long before the long column had gone over the line of march.

Every porch and window and roof was filled. Every sidewalk was packed. The more than thousand police officers detailed to keep order had their hands full, for the struggling but good natured mass was far greater than the advantageous space.

The decorations of the city were not elaborate and expensive, but very widespread. From palace and tenement alike floated the black bordered flags and other emblems of mourning, while the shipping in the harbor, both American and foreign, spread the colors of mourning almost without exception. As the ferry boat bearing the remains steamed across the North River a hundred vessels dipped their colors in honor of the burial.

BEHIND THE DRAPED LOCOMOTIVE.
The scene in the great train house of the Pennsylvania Railroad was a memorable one. All Jersey City seemed struggling to have a hand in the final farewells, and small army of Grand Army and military men were there to pay formal respects to the departing commander.

The caasket was gently placed in the funeral car, the President and the Cabinet climbed into their cars, the grave Senators and Governors and other high officials proceeded forward to say goodbye to the living who were to accompany the dead. The black draped locomotive slowly steamed out of the depot through a phalanx of men and women. And so, on the tick of time, amid the tolling of bells and a silence that was greater than cheers, the train moved out on its long and arduous run across the plains and over the Alleghanies to the rich valley where the yellow Mississippi runs for ever.

Hail and farewell, William Tecumseh Sherman!

THE GARB OF MOURNING.

BUSINESS HALTED, FLAGS AT HALF-MAST AND CRAPE MARKED THE GRIEF OF THE CITY.
It was a rare, crisp day in the city, one of those days when life seems worth living. The air was clear, and a kindly sun tempered the keen wind, which, without it, would have made standing in the open air a penance. As it was, the latter part of the afternoon was too much for many of the thousands of spectators who patiently watched the passing of the funeral procession.

There was but a single topic on the public tongue—the funeral. The great hotels teemed with the shiny files of waiters and the uniforms of officers gathered from all parts of the country to join in the universal tribute.

The fluttering flags at half-mast and the sombre drapings all spoke of a common theme. Merchants prepared to close their doors at noon, and clerks hurried away early to don the regiments of the various regiments to which they belonged. All travel turned toward the most ostentatious houses on the pleasant block in Seventy-first street.

TARGET OF SHERMAN'S DEEDS.
The children of the public schools were told to come to their usual places, but it was not so today. They were told about the great deeds of General Sherman, and what he had done to uphold the threatened Union, and then they were dismissed.

The courts were closed for the day. The great exchanges and many places of business only opened for half a day, and at noon or within an hour thereafter there was a general closing of doors and drawing of shutters. Business was dropped for a while and sentiment, so seldom cultivated in this workaday world, was for the time being in the ascendant.

THE CITY DRESSED IN MOURNING.
From the high ground above Central Park looking down the avenue the wonderfully clear atmosphere was filled with the splendor of the floating flags of mourning.

The Osborne and Grenoble bore on their fronts draped masses of black, set off by looped flags. The Vanderbilt and Whitney mansions bore great silk flags, with rosettes and streamers of crape. The heavy pillars of Dr. Ely's church were swathed with black; the house of Colonel Elliott F. Shepard was hung with a heavily draped great silver flag; the broad doorway of D. O. Mills' residence was heavy with flags and crape, while the facade of the Democratic Club was covered with draped flags and black bunting.

The Colgate Reform Club had its elaborately decorated wayways nearly hidden by flags, which were drawn half way back before a heavy crape flag; the broad doorway of the Windsor Hotel had their balconies hung with black, and the Church of the Heavenly Rest showed its

pillars wrapped in the national colors, bound here and there with crape. The house in Forty-second street, where heavy drapings on its balcony, while the entrance to the Hotel Bristol, next door, was a mass of black—pillars, steps, doorway and all. Still further down the avenue the Republican Club had its doorway covered with emblems of grief and the Union League's two broad balconies bore heavy folds of black, lightened by the flag which Sherman loved so well. The Knickerbocker, too, showed how old New York mourned her adopted son. The Hoffman House had its lower story quite hidden by bunting and crape, while the portico of the Fifth Avenue displayed a mass of black.

Below Twenty-third street the decorations were more general, flags at half-mast and draped being on nearly every building. The Old Guard Army showed the national and State shields draped, and the home of Edward Cooper displayed elaborate tokens of mourning. From Washington Park to the ferry flags were everywhere though, there was but little crape.

SERVICE AT THE HOUSE.

HOW GENERAL SHERMAN LEFT HIS LAST FAREWELL HOME ON HIS LAST LONG MARCH.
The sun had scarcely kissed the ponderous bow of black upon the doorbell of the Sherman residence on Seventy-first street before the people began to come in search of advantage places to see the drama of the day. Early elevated train brought a crowd, which first gathered on the sidewalks here, and then scattered to columns of range along the line of march. The hundred policemen, who were present under charge of Inspector Steers and Captain Borgheld, kept them in motion and cleared the doorsteps.

An old man stood bareheaded beside the entrance

to General Sherman's house and stayed there till the coffin had passed out of sight. Nobody seemed to know him, but no one ordered him away. He bore a strange resemblance to the late President Garfield. He was advised to put on his hat, but steadfastly refused, though his face grew blue and he trembled with the cold. He seemed to think it an honor to suffer in the cause of his devotion and he was given his will.

ALONE WITH THEIR DEAD.
The family was alone with their dead until nine o'clock, when the officials to whom had been intrusted the funeral arrangements took possession. From then until almost noon permission was given to Grand Army men to view the remains, and many gladly availed themselves of the opportunity.

Two very old men wearing conical caps and with faded Grand Army badges upon their breasts, who said that they were veterans of the famous Sixth corps and that they had come from Massachusetts, asked to see the features of the great General for the last time. Lieutenant Thacker took them into the house. A few minutes later they went away with sad faces.

A message was sent to President Harrison asking if he wished to see the dead General. He replied that he preferred to remember his face as he had seen it in life. But Secretary Blaine, with his wife and daughter, Mrs. Demore, came to look, and so did Secretaries Rust and Frootor, and General O'Brien and Romer.

At nearly every house upon the street a half-



PASSING ON WATFORD PLACE AT WASHINGTON SQUARE.

masted flag hung over the pavement, and many of them were bordered with broad bands of black. Numerous pieces were brought to the house and laid in the back parlor, one of the most beautiful of which was a wreath of roses from Mrs. Andrew Carnegie.

SIMPLE SERVICES FOR THE FAMILY.
At about half-past eleven the Rev. Father Young, S. J., choir teacher in St. Francis Xavier Church, led the family to the house. He was followed by the Rev. Father Henry Van Rensselaer, S. J., the friend and schoolmate of Father Tom, and the Rev. Fathers McKinnon, Taylor and Byrne. This was the signal that the simple services were about to begin, and all but the members of the family, brothers, children, nieces and nephews withdrew. The services could not have been more simple. The General himself could not have wished them otherwise.

As the family knelt about the black coffin, on which the light of the dying candles still fell like a benediction, the quiet, modest old son, the young priest, knelt by the head and read a few prayers in English. Then the sweet voices of the boy choir filled the room with a simple rendering of the familiar hymn, "Rest in the Lord." As the notes arose the sound of stifled sobbing was heard. The debt of nature, it must be paid. Two selections from the oratorio of "Elijah" were then sung and the young and old members of his father in his slight, student-like features, read in a low voice some passages from the Scriptures which he had so often read to the children.

When this was done the children gathered together to take a last look on the aged face of their father, and then the undertaker came forward and adjusted the lid, shutting out the light and the world forever.

At noontime the street was filled with a surging crowd and the police were clear. The big force of policemen had no difficulty in obeying this command. Then the participants in the funeral pageant began to move in earnest. A squad of mounted police, riding slowly, were in the street and rode to their station on Eighth avenue. The distant sounds of life and drum told that the great event was getting on.

According to the official orders, the military guard of regulars, the pallbearers, gun carriage, which is the warrior's honor, the guard of honor from Lafayette Post and the carriages were to form in Seventy-first street. The Loyal Legion was to form at the junction of the street and Broadway, the Grand Army posts down either side of Eighth avenue, from Seventy-first to Sixty-first street; the West Point cadets on Eighth avenue, opposite Sixtieth street; the veteran and miscellaneous organizations on Broadway, from the National Guard beginning at Sixtieth street, facing east, a line extending south along Eighth avenue to Broadway and Fifty-seventh street to Fifth avenue. By this arrangement the dead would pass in review before the entire line of the Grand Army, which would swing into line as named above, save that the National Guard took precedence of veteran and miscellaneous organizations.

THE SCENE AT THE HOUSE.
But hark! What was wheels were these that rattle on the paving stones so harshly? It was the carriage of the dead—General Sherman's body in the gun caisson of the Second battery, surmounted by a platform draped in solid black, that has been seen before in the funeral of the Emperor of Austria.

It has carried brave dust, that platform—the dust of Grant, of Hancock and of Sheridan—of more than three hundred years of the battle field. Between their funerals it has been carefully preserved in the Military Academy at West Point, and it is only brought out on great occasions. A harsh and jolting sort of hearse it has been, and in the land would not give much to take his last ride upon it, jostle it never so rudely!

It drew up before the door at twelve. It was in charge of Sergeant Jordan, the high leader ridden by Artillery Sergeant and the wheeler by Private Steinbecker.

Behind it Private E. C. Webb led a coal black horse, shrouded in a pall, bearing the army saddle of General Sherman, with the reversed boots in the stirrups. Major General Howard came slowly to the front of the caisson, and the regulars, first regiment of artillery, swung into the street, marching in open column of the national colors, under command of Colonel Langdon, and wheeled into line. They were overcoats, with the capes turned back so as to show the bright red linings.

ARRIVAL OF THE MOURNERS.
Then the celebrities began to drive up thickly. General Clarkson and his aide, Messrs. G. W. Childs, A. Drexel and Hiram Hitchcock in a carriage together; General Walter Swaine, on his proud crutch, and General Daniel E. Sickles, picturesquely supported by his pair, Cyrus W. Field and David Dudley Field, in a carriage together; Secretary and Mrs. Blaine again, and General Ewing and Mrs. Demore.

Half a block away a bugle sounded two notes. "Attention! Order arms, carry arms, shoulder arms! Carry arms! Order arms!" With a sharp rattle the metal shod stocks struck the pavement.

"Carry arms! Present arms!" Then it appeared in the open doorway—the dark burden, the coffin—wrapped in the flag which Sherman gave to the Junior Paraguts, and which will be draped above his body until it reaches Calvary Cemetery. It was borne on the shoulders of six stout sergeants of the First artillery, who paused for a moment to make sure their footing.

Ten thousand heads were bared in the presence of the dead. The coffin was slowly carried down the steps and placed on the platform of the funeral car. Beside it stood Generals Howard, Sickles, Scofield, Slocum and a host of other old comrades, bare of head and sorrowful of heart.

THE LONG MARCH BEGINS.
With a slow step the red shouldered escort swung out into company front; the band took up the wild refrain of the Miners and the column marched to the front and halted.

There was no little delay while the pallbearers were being assigned to the carriages set aside for them. Then the Rev. Father Sherman, with Miss Rachel on his arm, and P. T. Sherman, with Miss Mary Elizabeth on his, came out and entered their carriages. They were followed by Senator Sherman and Major Hoyt Sherman, the two brothers of the General, with the two married daughters, and then the long procession of relatives and friends and invited guests.

Again the roll of the drums sounded, and the

Hamilton Fish, D. O. Mills, Senator Evart, ex-Mayor Hewitt, Edward Cooper, D. D. Field, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia; George W. Childs, Dr. Metcalf, H. C. Eno, Hiram Hitchcock, General Z. B. Taylor, the Rev. Father Deschon, the Rev. Father Taylor, Cyrus W. Field, Augustus Daly, General H. T. Collins, the Rev. Mansell Van Kessel, Richard Butler, General Fitz John Porter, J. W. Pinchot, the Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith, Logan C. Murray, A. M. Palmer, W. W. Cooper and Stephen B. Elkins.

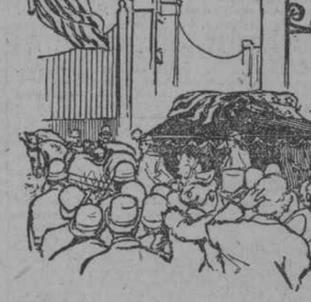
THE COYONER OF THE LOYAL LEGION.
The Loyal Legion turned out a splendid body of men, straight, soldierly, intelligent. They were nearly all of them officers with fine records, both in the army and the navy being represented in their ranks. They marched a score of files with the full front of twelve, as ordered, all wearing dark civilian clothes with the exception of two or three, who wore the uniforms of their ranks. The body could have been made still more imposing if many of the leading members, including most of the major generals in the pallbearers' carriages, were not on duty elsewhere.

The five divisions of the G. A. R. were linked sweetest long drawn out. They made an imposing and interesting turnout, but candor compels the admission that they did not otherwise in keeping their file fronts full and considering the coldness of the weather there were altogether too many gaping spaces between the old soldiers.

It was a quarter past three before the head of the column reached this part of the route, Captain Albain and his twenty-four mounted policemen leading the way for the Grand Marshal, General Butterfield, and his white horse, with his staff. New York's handsome cavalry, the young, but already famous Troop A, Captain Roe commanding, had the right of the escort line and followed, clattering. Their mounted band, sounding sweetly without the drum, brought the first notes of the dirge to our ears, and few bands played more moving ones.

The yellow linings of the capes of the soldiers' overcoats thrown over the shoulders brightened the sombre cortege, but instead of yellow plumed helmets they wore black mourning ones.

Next a battery of the First artillery, U. S. A.,



ENTERING THE FERRY HOUSE.

rattled along, and after them the Second battery, X. G. R. Y. T., Captain David Wilson, and the First battery, N. G., Captain Louis Wendel, detailed as regulars. They had no band, but only the wailing bugles, sounding one note for "halt" and two for "march."

After those marched the other batteries of First regiment United States Artillery—dismounted—not enough of them to frighten a foreign power, but looking finely and marching well, what it was, then. The Governor's Island band and the Marine Corps, with their queer, old fashioned coil scuttle caps, and the Engineers' Corps, which seemed more attuned to engineering work than to marching.

The pallbearers came next in the following order:— First carriage—Major General J. M. Schofield, Major General O. O. Howard, Rear Admiral D. L. Braine and Rear Admiral J. H. Greer. Second carriage—Professor H. Kendrick, General Joseph E. Johnston, Major General H. W. Slocum and Major General D. E. Sickles. Third carriage—Major General G. M. Dodge, Major General J. M. Corse, Major General Walter Swaine and Major General Stewart L. Woodford. Fourth carriage—Major General H. G. Wright and Brigadier General John Moore.

And then General E. L. Vail's well known body appeared at the head of a dark uniformed body of men carrying the banners of Lafayette Post, G. A. R. They were marching in a hollow square and in close ranks, jealously guarding that which was in their midst.

hears. In the first were relatives and connections by marriage. They were the Rev. T. E. Sherman, Misses Elizabeth and Rachel E. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hitch, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thacker, F. E. Sherman, Senator John Sherman, Mrs. Sherman, Major Hoyt Sherman and his daughter, Mrs. Frank Whoomer, Mrs. Henry Sherman, General and Mrs. Thomas Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoyt, General and Mrs. Miles, Charles Sherman, Mrs. Colgate Hoyt, Mrs. Henry Hoyt, Senator and Mrs. Don Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Probasco, Dr. and Mrs. William K. Otis, Mr. A. W. Hoyt, Miss May Ewing, Miss May Hoyt, Mr. Sherman, Mr. William Ewing, Mr. Thomas Ewing, Jr., Miss Annie Hoyt, Mr. Hampton Ewing, Mr. Arthur Sherman, Mr. Charles Ewing, Jr., Miss Elizabeth Thacker, Miss Virginia Ewing, Mr. Benjamin Thacker, J. M. Barrett, James G. Blaine, Mrs. Walter Demore, Miss Eliza Scott, William Scott, Mrs. and Mrs. Bolton Hall, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Bowie Dash, the Rev. and Mrs. William Brown, Mr. and Mrs. F. Elliott, James Scott, Mrs. General Grant, Colonel John Bacon, Colonel L. M. Dayton, Mrs. Quirk, Dr. C. T. Alexander, U. S. A.; Mrs. Alexander, Miss Alexander, Miss L. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Dabben Walker, Mrs. John Lynch, Mrs. Emmeline Kane, James W. Collier, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Kilpatrick and Dr. Robert H. Green.

After these came the carriages containing the President and Vice President, the Cabinet, ex-Presidents Cleveland and Hayes, the Mayor of New York, the Lieutenant Governor and the committees from the Legislature and from Congress. The last of the carriages contained the following gentlemen who were invited to attend the funeral:—Benjamin Field, Archbishop Corrigan,

Sixty-ninth regiment New York Veterans, under Thomas M. Canton. Paul H. Sheridan Command, No. 1, of United States regular army and navy veterans, sixty men, under William H. Sheridan. New York division, Sons of Veterans, sixteen camps, under Colonel W. H. Wicks. This includes Lafayette Camp No. 83, and the Grand Army of the Republic, (Herkules School Battalion of cadets, under Townsend Morgan.) Columbia School Battalion of cadets, Colonel J. B. Dudley. Hebrew Orphan Asylum cadets, Major Cohen. Peckskill Military Academy cadets, under John M. Tilden. Bernard School cadets, under T. C. McDonald. Confederate Veterans' Camp of city of New York. Representatives of the Chamber of Commerce of the city of New York in carriage. New York Historical Society in carriage. Sons of the Union League Club. Members Board of Aldermen, Brooklyn.

Lieutenant George Burr, of the First United States artillery, stationed at Fort Hamilton, was thrown from his horse yesterday evening during the Sherman obsequies and sustained a compound fracture of the left foot. The accident happened at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth street, and the officer was removed to the St. Luke's Hospital.

BEHIND THE FUNERAL CAR.

WHAT WAS OBSERVED BY SOME OF THOSE WHO MARCHED IN LINE.

It was a solemn and full of honor that fell to the men of Lafayette Post, of the Grand Army of the Republic. With General Ebert L. Vail at their head they marched on either side of the gun carriage that carried General Sherman's body from his house to the funeral train.

Dolefully the heavy wheels of the black gun carriage rumbled as its black horses slowly moved southward. As the column wheeled into Eighth Avenue I saw a mass of people, the men uncovered as far as the eye could reach. By the courtesy of General Howard and General Vail I was marching with Lafayette Post. On either hand were sad faces and kindly looks as the old leader's body was carried past. These men and women who stood in silence were more than spectators. They were the dead man's friends. It seemed as if all New York had gathered along Eighth Avenue to do him honor. The sidewalks, the pavement and the grassy banks that make the western side of Central Park all were black with humanity. The house fronts were swarming with people at every door and window and the roofs were fringed with adventurous men and women.

But this was only the beginning. Every hotel and church and club, every house, whether dwelling or shop, bore its hundreds of patient watchers. The flags at half-mast were everywhere.

The windows and balconies of the Union League, New York, Manhattan, Knickerbocker, Calumet, Lotos and Union clubs were thronged to their full capacity.

Three hundred men and boys climbed and sat and stood upon the fire escape of the house at the northwest corner of Thirty-first street and Fifth Avenue. The front walls of the house were torn out, and the debris piled, slanting into an excellent amphitheatre. But it was all covered up by the throng.

Three reckless young men gained a fine point of view and ruined a window pane by climbing and over hand to the top of the bay window at the north east corner of Eighteenth street and Fifth Avenue. This was just before the caisson came past, and the young men hoped to be unnoticed until this part of the procession had gone. But a shrewd housemaid who had seen them breaking her mistress' pet vine opened the window above the youth and poured a basin of very cold water on them. Presently she appeared with another basinful and served to them. The dry people in the street cheered the maid. When her victims saw her go away for a third gallon they lost heart and climbed down the vine into the grip of one of Captain Reilly's detectives. He hurried them clattering to the station house where they spent the night.

CONVERSATION HUNDED.
But as a rule the behavior of the spectators was orderly and grave. So hushed was all conversation that the words of the speakers were heard. The foundations of the Washington Arch at the end of Fifth Avenue gave place to a score of spectators who reverently uncovered as the car passed. The business houses along Broadway and

through Canal street to the river were full of sad faced people. Sherman's last march had touched their sensibilities. They showed their mourning with black draped flags, bared heads and silence.

THE PORTENT VISIT.
It was a tedious wait for the militiamen from the hour when they assembled at their respective points until the hour, "Forward march." They were late. Aye, and it was a chilly one, too, notwithstanding they were clad in the thickest of garments and wore their overcoats. The ranks of the Grand Army seemed to have no end.

It is rather unusual for the boys of the National Guard to fall in at the rear of the processions that crawl through the city's arteries, and yesterday the innovation filled them with despair of ever being seen by the multitudes who were known to be looking for them throughout the line of march.

The funeral car had, with its guard, passed the West Point cadets when they were stationed at Sixty-first street and Central Park, West, nearly an hour and a half ere the command was given them to wheel into line. Their long line of march had been the admiration of the thousands who swarmed to the sidewalk behind them and stared at them from the brown knolls of Central Park, where the invaders minded not the gray-coated policeman's peremptory orders to vacate.

But the long wait since their arms had been presented and the ranks of the boys had been formed, the coffin was borne rumbling by came to an end, and like machinery they wheeled into line in a formation of six companies, and with their execution

Brigadier General Louis Fitzgerald, his staff, were patiently awaiting the moment when the First brigade was to fall into line at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth street. The brigade was to follow the West Point cadets, and when the gray company fronts of the latter appeared at Fifty-seventh street it was with feeling satisfaction that the officer and his staff watched their approach. The music of the Marine band at the head of the cadets brought the brigade to the mouth of General Fitzgerald and his staff, and with a prance the staff brought up at the rear of the cadets.

THE SIXTY-NINTH LEADS.
The Sixty-ninth, with Colonel Cavanaugh at their head, were quickly brought into line with their twenty companies, and with their West Pointers for marching honors. Following the Sixty-ninth came Colonel George D. Scott at the head of the Eighty-first regiment. The Ninth regiment, with Colonel William Seward, Jr., well mounted, was the next in line, followed by Colonel Johnson's camp, commanding the Twenty-second regiment, which was in excellent order to Gilmore's rendition of "Marching through Georgia." The Seventy-first regiment, commanded by Colonel Frederick Kopper, formed the connecting link between the Twenty-second and Seventh regiments. Colonel Daniel Appleton's Seventh numbered eight hundred men, and the company fronts were perfectly aligned. The left of the brigade, and preceding the Twenty-second, was the Twenty-first regiment, under command of Colonel Heman D. Hunt.

But of the march that took the men down Eighth Avenue to Broadway, through Fifty-seventh street to Fifth Avenue, Waverley place, to Broadway, to Canal street, when the National Guard left the line. Aye, it was a march worthy of its solemn and doleful music and muffled drum beats, a march that occupied the greater portion of three hours, finally ending in the early darkness of the evening at half-past six o'clock.

SORROWING MOURNERS.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS AT THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD GENERAL.

The Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., was naturally more composed yesterday morning than on the night of his arrival in the city, and he had very little more to tell him of his last illness than had already been told him by his old classmate, the Rev. Father Van Rensselaer, who went down the bay to meet him on Wednesday night.

Father Sherman has the upright figure which distinguished the old warrior; is strong, handsome face, while his manner is retiring almost to bashfulness.

He had no objection to speak of his father's religious belief. He said it was a fact that he had been baptized into the Catholic Church; he had

CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN LINE.
Not the least interesting feature of the procession, though it was very late, was the division of veterans, sons of veterans and other miscellaneous groups appearing at the head of a dark uniformed body of men carrying the banners of Lafayette Post, G. A. R. They were marching in a hollow square and in close ranks, jealously guarding that which was in their midst.

THE MOURNERS.
A long line of carriages followed this military