

breasts in the hurrying crowd the badges of grief; carriage and car, van and dray rumbling by with dusky trappings; in the parks the statues of great men were enfolded; crape on the lintels of home and the altars of God; everywhere the same sombre curve, or loop, or pall,—save against the lowering sky, gray with fast moving vapor, where glanced and rippled the glories of our flag—thus was the great city—the million mourning for the one.

There were sounds and sights of war. On every side closed doors told that the wheels of commerce had stopped. Uniformed men hurried to their armories, and the blare of bugles and the shrill voice of the fife rose above the roar of wheels and hurrying feet. Twenty-four years ago the first shell from Moultrie cast just such a cloud and awakened the same echoes. The minds of men went back to those days of trial, saw all their terrors and fierce glories again, and all hearts beat to that same wild rhythm which had measured the march of millions to the shock of arms and the judgment of the sword.

A hundred cities had sent out their peoples to witness this last review, and to the hosts already gathered the busy ferries and trains brought their myriads; there were 1,500,000 gazers in the street of his journey before the great hour was tolled. Broadway moved like a river into which many tributaries were poured. At first the flow was downward and rapid, but the long channel filled to its limit, and the incoming streams were turned back and set like a tide to the north, where they swept up Fifth Avenue to the Park, and thence along the winding route to be traveled, until but one great flood of life was at rest from where the dead lay in state, to where, through miles of the city, the gates of Riverside were open to receive him.

New York had never held such a crowd in density and vastness. It was orderly, quiet, respectful; eager to secure a place of vantage, yet obedient to the sway of those who guarded the dignity of the occasion. By nine o'clock every balcony, window and door commanding the