

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

Mr. George's Body Escorted to the Brooklyn City Hall by Many Organizations.

ABOUT 2,000 IN THE LINE

Col. George E. Waring, Jr., Acts as Chief Marshal of the Mournful Parade—Hats Removed, Heads Bowed, and Church Bells Tolled.

The funeral procession of Henry George was started from the Grand Central Palace at a few minutes after 7 o'clock. The casket was borne out through the front door of the Palace at 7 o'clock precisely, the ushers, honorary pall bearers, and others being massed from the door to the catafalque and dividing so as to make a narrow lane. Every head was uncovered as the casket passed, and the band, standing just south of the door, played softly, "Flee as a Bird to the Mountain." At this time nobody was on Lexington Avenue, between Forty-second and Forty-sixth Streets except the police and those who were to immediately precede or follow the body. Masses of people were banked against the tall, blue lines of police at each end of the cleared space.

Broad steps had been placed against the back of the heavily draped, flowered-covered catafalque, standing ten feet above the wheels. Up these steps the casket was carried without difficulty. It was put in its place on the top easily and quickly.

After a brief delay, during which the band moved to a point in Forty-second Street, west of Lexington Avenue, and the platoon of mounted police, under command of Sergt. Gannon of the High Bridge Precinct, rode to its place, about fifty feet in front of the leaders of the sixteen black horses, with black trappings, drawing the catafalque, the word was given, and then the compact procession moved. The police went first, followed by a detachment of mounted aids to the Grand Marshal, Col. George E. Waring, Jr. Each pair of horses was guided by a leading rein held by an attendant in silk hat and dark frock suit, walking on the right. The pall bearers and ushers followed the catafalque. The start was made slowly, and only the clatter of the horses' feet on the asphalt broke the deep silence.

The procession moved very slowly and halted frequently while descending the long hill in Madison Avenue, the horses being barely able to keep their feet on the asphalt. A number of sturdy men ran to the catafalque and held it back, as there were no brakes and the danger that the heavy vehicle would run down on the horses was serious.

As the police platoon rode into Forty-second Street the band struck up.

At Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue a line of eighteen carriages drove in immediately behind the ushers and the pall bearers. They contained the mourners and honorary pall bearers. As each side street was reached the men waiting in them took places in the line. At Twenty-sixth Street, when the last of the organized bodies had fallen in, the count showed between 1,900 and 2,000 men.

To Madison Square.

Before the sun went down, people began to fringe the sidewalks along the route down Madison Avenue from Forty-second Street to Madison Square. This line deepened until at 7 o'clock it was in some places five deep, and the police, stationed every few feet, who anticipated a crush, began to tighten their belts and to prepare for trouble.

But the lines never deepened, and late comers sought vantage points on high stoops and railings, leaving a clear passage way for pedestrians. All sorts and conditions of men and women made up the waiting multitude. Well dressed, meanly dressed, young and old, stood shoulder to shoulder, and in subdued tones discussed the life and works of the man whom the city was mourning. There was no flare of torches, or music. Nothing but the bare, white street over which the shadows cast by the arc lights played. This bare space the police guarded with jealous care.

At eight minutes past seven o'clock a battalion of mounted police swung around the Lexington Avenue corner into the gloom of Forty-second Street. Inspector Thompson ran ahead of them, raised his hand in signal, which was passed from policeman to policeman over to Madison Avenue, and as a consequence the police lines were tightened. Behind the police came a small band without uniforms. Only the muffled beat of the drum was heard as the head of the procession turned the corner.

The line of people was much the same on Fifth Avenue. There was more light there, but in the centre of the blocks very often the shadows were so dense that the procession might have passed into a cloud to emerge again in the light of a corner lamp. At Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue the one dramatic incident of the march to Madison Square occurred. As the crowd stood with uncovered heads an old man, with his long gray hair falling about his ears, brushed his way to the street. The horses were passing then, and a policeman caught the old man with "Here, Sir! You must keep back!"

"Please don't stop me," the trespasser pleaded. "I simply want to see. I have come a long ways, and he was a friend of mine."

Knelt in the Street.

The policeman made no reply to this, but walked away leaving the old man alone. By this time the car was passing, and seeing this the old man knelt on the asphalt and remained there for some moments. Then he arose and was lost in the crowd.

The procession moved steadily and at a good pace. In twelve minutes the entire parade turned the Madison Avenue corner at Forty-second Street, and as it marched down from the side streets the small delegations of men waiting in the side streets joined with soldierly precision and celerity. Along Fifth Avenue the leading band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and with that exception nothing but the sound of men tramping and the scrape of horses' feet disturbed the quiet. By 8 o'clock the entire procession had passed the Worth Monument and the assembled line of men and women turned quietly to go to their homes.

At the Worth Monument.

It was 7:35 o'clock when the cavalcade swung around from Twenty-sixth Street into Fifth Avenue at the northwest corner of Madison Square, the band in front playing "Columbia." An hour before that time a double black line had formed along both sides of the route marked out for the column around the two sides of the square. It was a silent, respectful crowd, talking in low tones when it talked at all, but remaining for the most part in dumb expectation. The police were there, but their services were not needed to keep back the people.

Just before the parade appeared a man standing near the Worth Monument produced a hymn book and sang "How Firm a Foundation Ye Saints of the Lord," which served to deepen the funeral atmosphere of the locality. At the same moment an illuminated electric sign, taking the place of an advertising inscription overlooking the square, flashed out in glittering incandescence the words, "Henry George, the Hero of the Masses."

There was a murmur along the waiting

line as the tall catafalque, with the swaying casket atop, wheeled into view, but even this was hushed when the funeral equipage came abreast. Then no voice was heard, the people with one accord rendering the tribute of silence, profound and respectful, to the passing dead.

The Scene in Broadway.

Smoothly, silently, solemnly, the column glided into Broadway. The space in front of the Bartholdi Hotel was packed, but in the throng down upon which the big colored picture of Van Wyck in front of the Tammany headquarters looked there was for the time no talk of politics. Here was a brilliantly lighted spot, but on beyond toward Union Square the thoroughfare so busy during the week, was comparatively dark, accentuating the solemnity of the scene. Almost without a word either from marching men or standing on-lookers the column moved to Union Square. Here again along the side of the park bordered by Broadway was a double fringe of people, four or five deep, on either side of the street.

At the corner of Twentieth Street and Broadway stood a young woman leaning on the arm of a man who might have been her father. She held her handkerchief to her eyes, and was weeping violently, as if from deep personal grief, a striking tribute to the dead leader.

At Union Square.

The head of the procession reached Fourteenth Street and Broadway at 8 o'clock. Long before that hour, even as early as 6 o'clock, the crowds began to swarm into Broadway, and when the funeral cortege appeared every bit of available space on each side of the great thoroughfare was occupied. Union Square was fairly alive with people who occupied the sidewalks and benches, and the crowd extended far out into the street.

The first intimation of the approach of the procession was when the sound of the funeral march played by the band at its head was heard in the distance. Many in the crowd, and particularly the women, had grown tired with long waiting, but the faces brightened visibly at the sound of the music. When the mounted police appeared, followed by the Grand Marshal and his aids and the sixteen black horses drawing the catafalque, the people saw that the procession would occupy only one side of the street. Before that the police had managed to keep the waiting throngs back of the curb, but now they surged into the street and lined up close to the sides of the marching column.

The band which had headed the procession to this point, was here left behind. The managers of the parade thought that, in the lower part of the city the music would cause too many to follow the procession, and thus create trouble and confusion. On the march down Broadway the procession kept to the west side of the street, in this way allowing the cable cars bound uptown to pass. When the catafalque bearing the body of the dead leader passed the throngs near Union Square, many heads were bared and bowed down, and more than one face was wet with tears. There was no sound to be heard but the rumble of the funeral car and the clank of the horses feet on the granite pavement. Silently the crowds watched as the sombre procession moved on and then they as silently dispersed.

The Dense Crowds.

From Fourteenth Street to Third Street the crowds were densest, but they were kept in order with little trouble. When the funeral car reached Grace Church the great bell tolled, and was rung slowly at intervals until the carriages had passed. At this many who before had been thoughtless removed their hats, as though the bell had reproved them.

All the way to the Brooklyn Bridge the line of march was thronged on either side by crowds of silent watchers. When Chambers Street was reached the original line of march was changed. It was originally intended to march from Broadway through Chambers Street to Centre Street and then to the bridge. Instead of that, the procession kept on down Broadway and crossed City Hall Park through the broad walk in front of the City Hall. Both sides of the walk were crowded, and the steps of the City Hall were packed with people. Park Row, too, was crowded. There were about 250 policemen here in charge of Inspector Cross and Capt. Copeland. These men kept the crowd in order, and there was no disturbance. The head of the procession reached the New York entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge at 8:45 o'clock. The rear guard started up the driveway fifteen minutes later.

Across the Bridge.

About 1,000 men were all that undertook the march across the bridge. They plodded wearily along while thousands of onlookers crowded around the railing to catch a glimpse of the flower-laden pier. Many heads were bared as the procession passed by. The bridge policemen stood at attention and saluted.

Rarely has such an enormous crowd turned out in Brooklyn on any occasion as that which assembled last night to see the funeral procession. The head of the column did not arrive at the Brooklyn end of the bridge until 9:15 o'clock, but before 7 o'clock the crowd had begun to assemble. By 8 o'clock it was next to impossible to force one's way down Washington Street, and most of those who wished to go down that street to the bridge had to take the roadway. For over an hour before the procession appeared trolley cars made their way along the principal streets with the utmost difficulty, and blocks of long duration were of frequent occurrence.

At last the head of the procession emerged from the bridge promenade and turned into Sands Street. The mounted squad under Sergt. Cole, which was to escort the remains down to Fort Hamilton, met the procession and headed it on its march up the street. Even now there was no noise, no comment. Here and there some one spoke to his neighbor, but usually in an undertone. Anything more impressive than this vast crowd of thousands, hushed and dejected, all looking with gloomy faces at the body of the dead leader, cannot be imagined.

At Brooklyn City Hall.

At the City Hall the crowd was the densest ever seen there. It was impossible to move, either on Fulton Street, Joralemon Street, or Court Street. The City Hall steps, the statue of Beecher, the tree boxes in front of the park, all were crowded. The crowds were packed in dense ranks from the trolley lines back to the sidewalk, and back of that to the little park. There were thousands on thousands here who were so far back that they could see nothing of the procession except the flags, but they were packed in too closely to get out, and had to

wait till the end of the procession. It was striking, gloomy, and grand. The slow tolling of the City Hall bell and the regular beat of the drums were the only sounds that broke the stillness, except such fragments of subdued conversation as those heard down at the bridge.

When the last man had passed and the carriages had moved on to Court Street, the casket was taken from the bier and transferred to a hearse, which conveyed it to Fort Hamilton. The family and immediate friends of the dead hero drove back to the bridge, where they embarked in two special cars for the family residence.

Mr. George's Private Funeral.

Brief and simple private services will be held at 10 o'clock this morning over the body of Henry George, at the family residence, on Shore Road, at Fort Hamilton. The Rev. Mr. George and the Rev. Mr. Latimer of Philadelphia, the latter a cousin to the deceased, both Episcopal clergymen, in which faith Mr. George was raised, will officiate. The body will be carried to Greenwood Cemetery, to be interred in the family lot on Ocean Hill, looking out on the Atlantic. Immediate friends of the family will be admitted to the services.

THE CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

Members Have Difficulty in Getting Through Police Lines Into the Grand Central Palace.

The trade and labor organizations did not begin to form in line along Madison Avenue until the evening had well advanced. Very few of them had received the notices sent out from the Henry George headquarters on Saturday evening by Jerome O'Neil, and those union men who did go to the points assigned for their unions to form had seen the assignments that had been printed in the newspapers.

The Central Labor Union was about the only central labor organization that took action on Henry George's death yesterday. All political faiths are represented in this body, and although repeated efforts have been made by his followers in the Central Labor Union to boom his candidacy and obtain his indorsement, the different Chairmen—for there is a new Chairman at every meeting—would not allow any political discussion.

Yesterday, however, the entire body paid a handsome tribute of respect to the memory of the dead single-tax leader, in resolutions and in a visit to view the remains in the Grand Central Palace.

Daniel Harris was elected Chairman of the Central Labor Union meeting, and immediately after the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting Delegate Hawkes asked for a suspension of the regular business to enable him to make a motion for some special and urgent business.

This was done, and then Mr. Hawkes said: "Most probably all of you know why I made this request. We have lost the greatest friend of the working people that this generation has seen. In the death of Henry George we have lost a man who knew what it was to fight the battle of life from the bottom round of the ladder until he achieved a world-wide reputation. Yet his life was spent in devising plans for the benefit of his fellow-workers."

The following delegates were then appointed a committee to draft suitable resolutions on Mr. George's death: William J. O'Brien, B. T. Hawkes, J. J. Ryan, Samuel Prince, and John T. Lawrence.

The Union Marches.

After that the delegates and members of district and local assemblies of Knights of Labor formed a column in front of Clarendon Hall, in Thirteenth Street, and marched to Fourth Avenue, and up Fourth Avenue to Thirty-second Street.

On reaching Thirty-second Street the column turned east into Lexington Avenue, and marched up Lexington Avenue to Forty-first Street, where it was halted by the police. A couple of delegates were sent up to ask the police commanders to allow the Central Labor Union the right of way to the Grand Central Palace, inasmuch as the delegates were anxious to join as soon as possible their respective unions, which they understood were forming along Madison Avenue.

Word came back that the Central Labor Union should march up by Third Avenue and Forty-sixth Street. This was done, but in trying to get into Lexington Avenue at Forty-sixth Street the delegates got wedged in the large crowd that was there, and the order was then given to face about and go round by Third Avenue and Forty-seventh Street.

This was about 4:30 o'clock, when the services were still going on in the Grand Central Palace, and the crowds outside were kept back by the police. A large number of men had learned that the Central Labor Union would have the right of way in after the service fell into line, and the column became more than twice as long.

These people were doomed to disappointment, for just as the police lines were reached the order was given that none should be allowed past the lines except delegates who showed Central Labor Union cards or were vouched for by such delegates. This reduced the column to its original proportions, and then the delegates had to wait in Lexington Avenue until the services were over and the assembled crowds had gone out. Then the delegates were ushered in at the head of the crowds that were still waiting to get a last glimpse of the face of Henry George.

On leaving the Grand Central Palace the delegates hurried toward Madison Avenue, where they dispersed, each in search of his particular union.

It was already after 6 o'clock, but comparatively few people were in Madison Avenue, and the members of trades unions that were forming at the different corners, beginning at Forty-first Street, were generally very few, and for a time it looked as though the labor end of the parade would prove a failure. Some of the men said that their fellow-trade unionists had gone off to get something to eat, as they felt chilly and tired, while others expected their friends to arrive every minute.

At Forty-first Street and Madison Avenue there were about 100 Manhattan Single Tax men, but when the parade began the numbers were increased to about 500. Typographical Union, No. 6, had also been assigned to form at this corner. It numbers nearly 5,000 members, but at 6 o'clock only a few had arrived, although they had their handsome banner of Big 6 with them, and also a band of music. They were under command of Samuel B. Donnelly, the President of the union, and when the parade began they made the best showing of any trades union, their numbers having increased to about 250.

At Fortieth Street there were assembled members of the Franklin Press Feeders' Union, about fifty men; the Adams and Cylinder Pressmen's Association, under command of Charles Reed. Across the avenue were the photo-engravers, under command of Delegate Ryan, and the Stereotypers' and Bookbinders' Unions, none of which were well represented.

The letter carriers made a better showing, as they turned out about 100 men. At Thirty-ninth Street there were about fifty men from Cigarmakers' International Unions Nos. 144, 141, 90, 13, 10, 231, and 251, of New York, and Nos. 85 and 149 of Brooklyn.

Lower down the avenue the Henry George workingmen were best represented at Thirty-sixth Street, where there was a large delegation of tile layers under Marshal James J. Daly, a number of bricklayers, and the Henry George Club of the Eighth Assembly District.

There were no other unions until Thirty-third Street was reached, where small delegations stood from the pavers, bluestone cutters, and paving inspectors.

Below this street no trades unions were found.

MEMORIAL MEETINGS HELD.

Friends and Admirers of Henry George Pay Tribute to His Memory.

A number of friends of Henry George, gathered from the literary and artistic circles of the city, held a meeting in his memory at the Carnegie Lyceum last evening. W. D. McCrackan, author of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," a single taxer, and a personal friend of Mr. George, presided. The meeting, he said, had been designed as a tribute of the arts to Henry George, the philosopher, but it had been turned into a memorial to the dead leader.

"We have here," Mr. McCrackan said, "novelists, poets, historians, actors, painters, and sculptors, and we have come together to show the people of New York what they have perhaps not suspected before—that Henry George counted his followers not only among those who labor with their hands, but also among those who work with their brains."

John E. Keller, the well known actor, followed with the reading of several striking passages from "Progress and Poverty."

Dr. D. D. Cohen said that the keynote of George's life was that which all could take to heart—love for human kind. His

death, he declared, was great and glorious, worthy of a life so noble. It was the death of a martyr.

The Greatest of Philosophers.

Thomas B. Connery pronounced Henry George the greatest philosopher of this or any other age. Had he lived, he believed George would have converted the world to his ideas on political economy.

Frank Stephens of Philadelphia paid eloquent tribute to the fallen leader. Henry George dead, he declared, was greater and stronger than Henry George living.

Dan Beard, the artist and illustrator, spoke feelingly of Henry George, whom he regarded as the greatest man of his day, and John W. Hutchinson, of the "Hutchinson Family," paid a brief, but strong tribute to his memory.

Hamlin Garland was the next speaker. "There was a time in America," he said in opening, "when there was no discussion of the social problem, when the phrase 'Progress and Poverty' was unknown, and the tramp had not yet set foot upon the weary road of want." He pictured the evolution of the people from their pristine simplicity to a nation of trusts and syndicates and corporations, a nation of speculators and millionaires.

A Manufactory of Millionaires.

"It was our boast," he said, "that we created millionaires quicker and with less trouble to the millionaire than any country the world had ever seen. We smiled upon William Tweed and ran to the window to see Jay Gould pass. Human folly could no further go."

Mr. Garland told how Henry George, then a poor young printer came to New York from California and had his attention called to "the enormous differences existing even then between the rich and the poor," and returned to the West with the question puzzling his brain which resulted in the production of "Progress and Poverty." Speaking of that work, Mr. Garland said:

Awoke the Nations' Consciences.

"This book awoke the conscience of the civilized nations of the earth. It taught Tolstoi the cure of Russian serfdom, and it created a new party in Australia. It was translated into a score of languages, and everywhere it went it exposed the shame of political economy, laid bare the injustice of men, and taught the bounty and beneficence of malice. It criticised, but it gave hope. It undermined lying, robbery, and special privilege—it built strongly for righteousness."

"Suddenly all America began to think of the phrase 'Progress and Property.' The intrenched hosts of special privilege denounced the book. The pulpit apologized for things as they were, and the press fell upon the advance guard of Henry George's hosts with pitiless cudgels of abuse."

"But the mishap was done. Never again would the spirit of boasting rule in America. Never again would privilege throne high on fraud, and intimidation rest at ease. It was placed in an attitude of defense."

"After Henry George came other critics. The conscience of the privileged and easeful few was awakened. Poets represented by William Morris, novelists represented by William Dean Howells and Edward Bellamy artists represented by George Inness arose to spread a noble discontent, and lead the people toward a happier, because more unselfish life. 'Progress and Poverty' prepared the way. Upon Henry George fell the strife. He led the way when to question was to be imprisoned or outlawed. To him shall be the eternal honor as well as the brief obloquy. He was the William Lloyd Garrison of the latest emancipation crusade. And now he is dead. He whose lifted hand launched lightnings at oppression. He takes his place with Lincoln and all great and unselfish workers of the earth."