HAVEMEYER OBSEQUIES.

Religious Services at the Family Mansion and in the Church.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

Imposing Funeral Pageant of the Military and Civil Authorities.

COMPOSITION OF THE CORTEGE.

Scenes in the House, in the Church and Along the Route of the Procession.

BROOKLYN HONORS.

The Way to the Cemetery and Disposition of the Remains.

William Frederick Havemeyer, late Mayor of the city, who died suddenly in his office in the City Hall on Monday morning last, was buried in Greenwood Cemetery yesterday afternoon. The preparations for the funeral were began at the family residence in Fourteenth street, near Ninth avenue, as early as eight o'clock in the morning. At that hour a wagon containing flowers—contributed to the decoration of the remains from friends—arrived opposite the door. Under the direction of Mr. G. W. Matsell, President of the Board of Police, and Alderman John J. Morris, they were taken out and placed in different parts of the parlors where the remains were to rest during the religious services. The body was removed from the small parlor at the end of the hallway and laid, with the head toward the rear of the house, in the further of the two principal reception rooms on the first floor. It was then in the coffin—a heavy rosewood casket, very solid and plain, ornamented only with a silver plate on the lid, bearing the name and age of the deceased, and silver handles on either side—with the face exposed. The arrangements for the reception of the friends of the family were made with all possible despatch, and the decorations of the rooms were proceeded with at the same time in a tasteful and appropriate manner. At the head of the coffin was placed a wreath of immortelles into which was woven in black "1804-1874," marking the year of the birth and that of the death of the deceased. A tall, ebony cross, bound in evergreens, with a large wreath of tuberoses hanging on one of the arms of the cross, stood at the foot, and on the casket were laid a variety of other emblems of life, death, regret and hope. Over against the fireplace and beside a bust of the late Mayor, which was raised upon a pedestal on a side table, was a large, very handsome standard crown, worked of tuberoses and immortelles, surmounted with a white marble dove in full flight, and supported by a carved wooden stand about three feet high. In front of the bust on the table was

A SEMICIRCULAR DAIS CUSHION

of flowers, into the centre of which was woven "Grandpapa." A rustic cross and wreath of flowers filled up the space on the other side of the bust, and completely dressed the table. The melodeon in the recess on the other side of the fireplace was strewn with crosses, wreaths, bouquets of flowers, and an *etagère* on the opposite end of the parlors was loaded down with them. No pictures were allowed to remain hanging in the rooms but portraits and bas reliefs of the deceased. The pillars standing across the middle of the rooms were bound round with black silk, and the walls, door frames, windows and hangings were draped in the same material. From the foot of the coffin to the front windows camp stools were arranged for the friends of the family; on both sides of it, and at a convenient distance, were placed rows of seats for the pall-bearers. The widow and her family occupied the room in which the remains have been lying (at the end of the hall) during the week. They took possession of it almost as soon as the body was removed, and remained there until they went to the church. A door of communication with the large reception room was thrown open, and as the clergymen stood at the head of the coffin, between the windows opposite the open door, the family were direct witnesses of all that passed. At ten minutes to nine the friends began to arrive. They were ushered into the house by Mr. Matsell, who was on the front steps from before eight o'clock, and were seated in the parlor by gentlemen members of the family. Before taking places as part of the congregation in the house the ladies passed around the coffin to look at the remains. The face seemed to wear a tranquillity that looked more like the easy repose of life than the still coldness of death. From a strange peculiarity—probably a slanting shadow from some object in one of the windows—the lips appeared to have regained

THEIR NATURAL HEAT

and color. A transparency had come into the countenance since the remains have been resting on ice that relieved the rigidity sudden death had imprinted and brought back an approach to life resemblance. The friends seemed struck with the natural appearance of the dead as they passed round the coffin. Each one remarked it to his neighbor and attracted attention to the presence of the old kindly benevolence on the face in whispers through the rooms. Dr. Bottome and Dr. Burchard arrived at the mansion at fifteen minutes past nine o'clock. The rooms and halls were almost crowded then, and at half-past nine o'clock Dr. Bottome opened the burial services. An appropriate hymn was sung by the quartet attached to his church, accompanied by the melodeon. Upon its conclusion Dr. Bottome rose and said:—

DR. BOTTOME'S ADDRESS.

— Strange but true, that
Nothing so sanctifies a name
As to be written dead;
Nothing so shields a life from blame
As does the burial bed.

While with us the living are often the dead—
A volume we treasure, sometime to be read;
But once in the grave, O the magic of pain,
They arise, they are living and with us remain.

There must be a dulness where time has been fleetest.
There must be a sadness where music was sweetest.
There must be an absence before we can find
There has been among us a beautiful mind.

And yet perhaps we should not think it strange that our lives are so little appreciated while we are making their history. We are very much like competitors in a race; we are too eager for the goal ourselves to measure the success of our neighbors, who are competing with us. So communities learn to measure the worth of a man by his loss. So to-day the common exclamation is, "A prince and a great man has fallen in our midst." And not only because the shock that removed the Chief Magistrate from our city fell so heavily and so suddenly does the common voice unite in ascriptions of praise of the name of him who has thus been taken away, but because it is the common sentiment that one of the most upright citizens that ever graced the Mayor's seat has been removed. Whatever else praise or blame may say of him, all will unite in speaking of his perfect truthfulness and honesty of purpose. Such a testimony, after a third term of public office, in these days of degenerate administrations, is no small meed. But it is not given us to speak of the public life and character of the man—that has been made to devolve on others—but to speak, as we may, of those things concerning him which his children and his grandchildren will love most to think of and speak about in years to come, and to gather up the lessons of profit which the occasion furnishes, as well as specially to commend our bereaved friends to the mercy and comfort of Him who is never so pitiful toward us as when we need that pity. I have been looking on that classic face, as it lies in the calm immobility of death, and have asked what are the lessons which it teaches us as we stand amid these mourners to-day. I stand before that noble form and speak to him, but he has no reply. I call him by name, but he answers not. We gather here to do honor to his memory; a whole city stands still while his funeral pageant moves, but this concerns him not. In a little while we shall have laid him away in his narrow bed and return back to the great city to find its great heart palpitating with the same feverish excitement as it did before the event of to-day. Strange

THAT HUMAN SCIENCE,

with all its researches and discoveries, has never been able to analyze the mystery of death. It is the same insolvable problem that it was when the first man died under the murderous blow of his brother's club. Yet from that day, when righteous Abel died, the endless procession has been going on from this mortal into that which is beyond; but for all this we are as ignorant of what death is as if it had never been.

Death is so strange—we never grow
Familiar with his silent tread;
Much as we learn we never know
The meaning to be written—dead!

We only know that one has gone,
And comes not back for love or hate,
And so we gather close and mourn
An absence that makes desolate.

O, how human pride is humbled in such a presence! What are the poor distinctions that divide men here? What are earthly honors now? What are the baubles of office when considered for themselves alone? What is wealth and fame, if this is its end? Alas! for human pride when God blows upon it. The very grass of the field, the flower of the day, the mushroom of a night are as enduring as human strength. And is there not a lesson, too, in these common occurrences of sudden death which admonishes against the feverish haste of everday life? Are we not expending our vitality as a community at a rate more extravagant and reckless than the prodigal spends his father's gold? I gather also this instruction, I am not my own. I have no power over either life or death. "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death, and there is no discharge in that war."

The last conversation of our departed friend was on this very subject. Two of his old friends had just passed away; but they were of feeble constitution. He could stand the pressure that was upon him, because he was strong and had carefully preserved himself. Alas! he knew not that even then the hand of death was upon him. It is not the lesson of mortality, however, that we should learn alone or chiefly from such events as these. But of immortality—

It is not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

O, there is a way of living that death shall be robbed of his sting and the grave of its darkness. When we are truly awakened by the Spirit of God to understand the great end and mission of human life and give ourselves in true submission and earnest endeavor to "glorify God in our bodies and spirits which are his," then death can never be ill-timed, nor surprise us by its suddenness. O, believe me, there is a power in the Gospel greater than the power of death. There is a principle of life which can convert sorrow into joy and mourning into rejoicing. And yet again I look into that calm cold face and I ask what are the lessons for these mourners? What farewell word for this fond and faithful wife, whose

LOVE AND PRAYERS

have been with thee through the long period of married life, hard on to your golden wedding time? What legacy does he leave to these children and grandchildren in their generations to come? And the answer comes, the lessons of a life time. To the desolate companion, the remembrance of a fidelity that never wavered, of a strong arm that never grew tired, of a heart that found its truest rest and sympathy in the tender ministries of a wife's fond care—an assurance that the doctrines that have been her cherished faith and hope, are right and true, and that the God of the widow will be her God and judge in her habitation. To the children and the friends the legacy of a good name, more valued than whatever of gold or estate or any earthly honor in itself alone. It may be pleasant in after years to speak to your children of the great honors that befell your father in his lifetime; that thrice his native city elected him to its highest office. But incomparably greater will be the satisfaction of handing down the escutcheon he has left you unstained by a single vice. It will be your pride above all things to say that your father was an honest man. More than this. You will love to study the life of your noble father for the sterling principles which marked him in all his intercourse, as well as for those rare qualities of mind which distinguished him in his business career; and we, his friends, will love to think of him for those strong social qualities which made his presence so desirable and his friendship so strong and lasting. And besides these there are very many outside who are mourning to-day as sincerely as any one here, as they think of the hand that so freely gave, but can give no more, and who, with us, will love to think of the unostentatious benefactions which he was continually bestowing. Literally, he strove never to "let his left hand know what his right hand did" in the way of

DAILY BENEVOLENCE.

On several occasions he has come to me privately and put checks into my hand, to be distributed in certain quarters, as he directed, but with the injunction that the parties should not know from whom it had been received. Only yesterday I learned of a similar case among many that have been reported to me, in which, on Friday of last week, he called on a tradesman in the neighborhood, and naming certain cases of need with which he had become acquainted, gave his check for $50, to be distributed among the several families, but with the usual injunction that he was not to be betrayed as the benefactor. "And so," said the gentleman, "I had to appear as the donor myself. I can now let them know who was their kind friend." On one occasion I had incidentally mentioned in one of my sermons a case of extreme suffering. Directly after the service he followed me into the parsonage, and, brushing away the tears, he put a sum of money in my hands, saying, "For that case, you know," and then in his hearty geniality began to play with one of the little ones standing by, as though he would distract any attention that his coming in had occasioned. It may be proper just here that I should refer to his religious sentiments, and, as I may be allowed, I do it very cheerfully and confidently. In matters of religious thought Mr. Havemeyer was as personal and peculiar as he was in matters of public administration, and could never overcome a shrinking from the public

PROFESSION OF RELIGION.

But on the subject of personal piety he was as easy of approach and as simple and direct as he was on any subject in general. He was a devout and profound believer in the Holy Bible and one of the most deeply interested hearers of the Word that sat in the congregation; and I have every reason to believe that he had a very clear view of the plan of salvation by faith in Christ. On several occasions he freely acknowledged to me his conscious dependence on divine aid, and several times said, "Pray! what should I do now without prayer?" It will be my satisfaction and gratitude to think in years to come that I knew him, not as the Mayor of this great city, for that added nothing to him and will be nothing to me, but as a noble and true gentleman, whose heart and hand were ready always for every good word and work. And now let us commend in our most earnest prayers to God our deeply bereaved sister and her sorrowing family about her. Oh, dear friends, our hearts bleed for you. We feel your loss, and would most gladly share it if we could. Our words must be few. Thank God! what we cannot speak we can pray. May He, the Husband and the Father, be both to you. May the everlasting arms encircle you, and the comfort of His holy word be your support. When the blessed Christ, hung upon the cross, He called to His beloved disciple standing near, and said, "Woman, behold thy son—son, behold thy mother!" So commending you to God in this hour of sadness, we would say to this mother and these sons and daughters, "Mother, behold your children—children, behold your mother."

Dr. Burchard then arose and delivered a long address. He sympathized with the widow in her bereavement and pointed out that death was not a source of sorrow, but one of comfort. He concluded with prayer, and the choir sung "I Would Not Live Alway" as an anthem.

Upon the close of the services Dr. Bottome announced that the exercises would be continued at the church. A viewing of the remains again took place, those in the street who were connected with deceased in commercial matters passing through the hallway into the parlors and out again in a stream until

ALL HAD SEEN THEM.

Then the guests in the parlor prepared to pass out, and Mrs. Havemeyer entered quietly from the side room, went to the coffin, kissed the corpse and withdrew without uttering a sound. Her second son, who has remained so close to his father's side since his death, followed her example, and shortly after the casket was closed. During the services in the house Captain Byrnes, of the Broadway Squad, and a guard of honor arrived in the street. They took up the centre of the thoroughfare, and when the body was brought from the house, placed on the shoulders of the men from the sugar refineries, and they moved into the street, the police took up position immediately in front of them. At twenty minutes past ten the procession started from the house, the pall bearers first in carriages, the clerks from the Mayor's office in the City Hall next, then the police and remains borne on a bier on men's shoulders, and finally thirty carriages containing the family and their friends. After going up Fourteenth street to Fifth avenue, the procession, moved along Fifth avenue to Twenty-third street, crossed that street to Fourth avenue and halted in front of the church. It was then half-past eleven o'clock. A vast assemblage congregated in the immediate vicinity of the church from an early hour. Arrangements had been made by the police authorities so that the order and decorum preserved would be in keeping with the solemn occasion. By the time the hearse conveying the remains arrived at Twenty-second street and Fourth avenue the galleries of the church were filled, mostly by ladies. The members of the Common Council and the Common Council elect, the police justices and numerous committees representing commercial bodies met in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, nearly opposite the church, where they were supplied with mourning rosettes and bands, and subsequently proceeded to the church. For several minutes preceding the arrival of the remains a solemn stillness prevailed throughout the building, in which there was accommodation for about 2,000 persons. Every prominent and official institution in the city was represented. Perhaps in accordance with the wishes of the family, the interior of the church was entirely destitute of any elaborate tokens of mourning, but the floral contribution with which the remains were surrounded was bounteous and in exceedingly good taste.

The pews on the right aisle were reserved for the members of the family and relatives of the deceased, the official representatives occupying corresponding seats on the left. The procession entered the church about twenty minutes before noon, and as the casket containing the remains was borne up the centre aisle the entire assemblage arose. Bishop Janes, Drs. Adams, Crawford, Chapman and Hutton advanced to the door and met the men bearing the body. As the procession moved toward the altar Dr. Bottome read the service for the dead, beginning, "I am the resurrection and the life." The choir meanwhile chanted the dirge. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." As the last strains of the organ died out the remains were laid on the stand prepared for it at the foot of the altar, and Dr. Hutton commenced the Scriptural portion of the service at "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" He was followed by Dr. Crawford in prayer, after which Bishop Janes addressed the congregation.

BISHOP JANES' ADDRESS.

Bishop Janes then delivered the first address. He said:—Death almost uniformly has a melancholy aspect. The victim may be ever so well prepared to die; his exit from the world may be ever so triumphant; his gain by death may be ever so great; the event to him may be most auspicious and happy, still the survivors weep and mourn. As Dr. Jahn declares, "It is the survivor that dies." The solemn event that at this time has cast its shadow very widely and very extensively has wounded many hearts; the tenderest conjugal ties, strengthened by many years of domestic solicitude, have been snapped to a sudden close, as the tempest snaps the cordage of the vessel. She who was so recently a happy wife is now a sad and mournful widow, feeling a loneliness which no human person can describe and a grief which no human discretion can assuage. May she from this hour feel that her Maker is her husband, and may the Divine Presence cheer and sustain her in her widowhood. This is the first instance, I have been informed, in which the cruel archer has been permitted to strike a member of this domestic circle with his fatal shaft. The eight children of these parents have all been preserved to them by God. Six sons and two daughters mourn the death of him that begat them, who watched over their childhood with paternal solicitude, supervised their education with love and care, and by his counsels, suggestions and sympathy enabled them to enter upon their life work, and in all practical methods sought to promote their happiness and their well being. Affection most deeply mourns this bereavement. Our departed friend by his intelligence, his general information, his genial nature, his conversational powers was the delight of the social circle. Showing himself friendly he had many friends, and in his attachments, when they were formed, he retained the constancy of his friends. There are many old and devoted friends who will feel most deeply this trial of their affection. He was very considerate and generous to the poor, and in many lowly homes the intelligence of his death will be received with much sadness. He was also a public man, and the Common Council of this city in their resolutions declared that the city has suffered great loss by his death, and that all classes of citizens mourn his decease. Why this sorrow? Why this public mourning? The reasons must be found in the character and relations in life of the deceased. William F. Havemeyer was a native of this city. He graduated at the oldest collegiate institution of this city—Columbia College. He chose for his profession that of merchandise, and by great industry, strict honesty, sound judgment and untarnished honor he soon became eminent for his success and reputation. All public interests should be confided to men who have displayed wisdom and sound success in their private affairs. There is no more miserable policy than to intrust public interests to men who have been unsuccessful in their personal affairs. So judged the citizens of New York in 1845, when they called the successful and honored merchant to the chief magistracy of the city. And, in 1848, finding they had not been mistaken in their previous judgment, they again elected him to this same high office. In 1872, when the citizens were seeking a reform in their municipal government, which was most urgently required, on looking round for a non-partisan candidate for the highest office in this great metropolis, they remembered the ability and the fidelity of their old servant, and again nominated him for this office. They prevailed upon him by entreaty and persuasion to accept the nomination, and then, for the third time, he was elected to the Mayoralty of this city. He was thus three times by his fellow citizens called to this high municipal office; this was an honor sufficient to satisfy the ambition of any reasonable man. Within a few days of the close of his third term of service, on last Monday, he died suddenly and his earthly career was terminated. He died in the place and in the manner in which an earnest, chivalrous man, be he philanthropist, or soldier, or patriot, or Christian, would choose to die—in the place of active duty; in the discharge of incumbent responsibilities. As the poet has said,

Whether in the tented field
Or in the battle's van,
The fitting place for man to die
Is where he dies for man.

John Wesley prayed:—

My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.

Working all day, morning, afternoon and evening, and then sleep—sleep the voyage of the night, and then drop the anchor—that was sublime dying. In this manner our friend departed. He was in his office in the discharge of his official duties when the fatal shaft struck him; when the silver cord was loosened, and when the golden bowl was broken. All parties, as soon as they learned of his death, hastened to pay their tribute to the man and the magistrate. In our courts both the Bench and the Bar united in their tribute. The heads of the departments, the municipal departments, all joined in their testimony. The Common Council paid their highest and most appropriate honors, and with remarkable unanimity the press came forward to lay their tribute upon his bier. Bishop Janes here read an extract from a letter written, he said, by an editor in the State of New York, eulogistic of the character of the deceased. He then said—"This earnestness of all these parties and persons to honor the deceased shows the estimate which the public places upon virtue and upon honor. They also discover to us the motives which govern the world and which are laid upon private character and in criticising the administration of public office. I do not know that my words will be heeded or useful, yet I do feel that my age and the circumstances of this hour justify me in uttering the hope that the time is not distant when the principles and measures of government and of administration will be freely discussed, without involving private or personal character. This is one of the greatest reforms that can be promoted in the interests of our great Republic. Those editors and those persons who will lead in this reform and bring about this happy result will contribute very largely to the welfare of our nation and to the advancement of our civilization, and they will bring upon themselves the blessing of posterity, and, above all, the blessing of God. We do not claim that our friend was faultless. He would rebuke such an assumption with more indignation than any living man. What we do claim, and we are satisfied that this claim will be sustained, is that he was a man of many excellencies, of distinguished virtues and of high merit. If there are persons who are so unwise as to look for those without fault, in society, let me say to them that they must go to heaven to find them. There are souls of such purity before the throne with God, but there are none such upon His footstool. We are here to-day in the presence of those who are grateful for this religious truth that it is possible for us to attain to the perfectness of our being and attain the glory divine of our manhood; and let me say that he has a perfect manhood who dwells with God, living in fellowship with a spiritual help that is divine and eternal. May the circumstances of this hour give emphasis to the entreaty when I beseech all who are here present to secure this prize and lay hold of this eternal life, and may we be admonished to do it speedily. The occasion is one of great impressiveness; the father, the husband, the friend, the noble citizen, the Chief Magistrate of our city has fallen, and we are here to perform his funeral obsequies. May God, in His infinite mercy, overrule it for the public good.

The audience was then requested by Dr. Chapman, the pastor of the church, to rise and join in the singing of the hymn commencing—

Before Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred awe.

Dr. Chapman said that this hymn was a favorite one with the deceased, who frequently spoke of the impression made upon him in his youthful days when he heard it sung at the Lutheran church in Walker street, to the tune of "Old Hundred," and it was to that tune it would be sung. The immense congregation then rose and sang it with great fervor.

DR. ADAMS' ADDRESS.

Dr. William Adams in the course of his address, said:—The sudden death of the Chief Magistrate of our city is an event fitted to convey the most impressive lessons to the community. The conspicuous position occupied by the deceased makes the event more than ordinarily appalling. It is like the falling of a giant oak in a forest. Death! death! familiar as is the spectacle, oh, what a mystery it is! To-day active, busy, absorbed in affairs of life, and in a moment withdrawn from the sight of men. Going forth with the morning, and ere the evening lying down never to rise until the heavens are no more. In the administration of public affairs Death protrudes his ghastly form into the scene, waves his skeleton arms and all is hushed and still. God intended it should be so, and the lesson it teaches is the insignificance of all things human before the pallid king. We turn to the Word of God and find that death entered the world by cause of sin. Sin is the sting of death. We are all subjects of its power; it is the transition of the soul to the judgment of God. To die is to be stripped of all earthly adjuncts and stand naked in our moral natures before the eye of God. No man can be indifferent to the judgment of men, but in contrast to the judgment of God of what small account is their estimate or opinions. Men are misjudged by the prejudices of parties and men. How true it is that a man with the heart of a child is oftentimes represented to be austere and cold and unsympathetic. Good men may safely refer their motives to God, who knows the heart. That a public man should be open to fair criticism needs not a word of comment, but is it not true that public men are treated unfairly through the lines of party distinction. While we honor the government let us all learn a lesson from this hour. Let us over this bier pledge ourselves to pray for our rulers that they may lead peaceable lives in all honesty and godliness. Our Chief Magistrate fell from the very chair of office, at the post of duty. Death, however, never can be sudden to a man who is mindful of it, and who by the grace of God is prepared for it. There is a lesson in this hour that we must ever be ready and watch, inasmuch as we know not the day or the hour when the Son of Man shall come. This is the lesson repeated to us by the pallid lips of the deceased, and perhaps this death is productive of more good to the entire community than the greatest triumph of a long and honored life. Watch in the name of Jesus Christ, whose minister I am. I repeat the injunction. Be ye also ready. Ye men of authority, ye judges on the bench, ye fathers of the city, ye soldiers, ye citizens, listen to the word of God. Sin confessed, sin forgiven, and the sting of death is gone, for we are Christ's, and Christ is ours.

At the conclusion of Dr. Adams' remarks, the choir chanted the Lord's Prayer.

ADDRESS OF DR. HARE.

Dr. Hare said:—It falls to my lot on this occasion to speak of Mr. Havemeyer personally. Not to give you a detailed history of the man, for the newspapers have already spoken so correctly and with such fulness and accuracy of him that it is not necessary to speak of his history, except as it may point to some revealment of his character. Indeed this accuracy in which the papers have spoken of him since his death creates a little surprise in some of our minds that they did not always speak of him more accurately in life. He was born, as you all know, seventy years ago; entered Columbia College when he was fifteen, graduated at nineteen or twenty and immediately engaged in commercial pursuits. When he gave himself to commerce he did not turn his talent into merchandise, but he went there with the memory of his studies and of high example fresh upon him, and entered there with his *penchant* for right and justice, which he had learned in school. He went there with a culture which had determined him not to sell himself for money, and not lend his moral sense by the laws of exchange, contracts of brokers' boards; not to jeopardize his everlasting sense of right, justice and purity for these things. He had a keen perception of affairs, a politic energy and a faculty of comprehensive generalization. He had an untiring industry, and it is not strange that in twenty years he stood among the first of the merchants of New York. Nor is it strange, standing there as he did at that time, as remarked by preceding speakers, he should be called to political affairs. When the ship fever raged in 1845, and when it was at the risk of life that nurses performed their duty, he was found night and day at the side of the plague-stricken sufferers. I knew him very well; and what I say is from personal observation. You know that he reorganized the police, and with what care and faithfulness he inspected every man, personally, and became acquainted with every man, and by his brave appeals to their honor inspired them with his own high sense of duty and honor. In 1848 he was again elected, and was animated by the same unbounded integrity and the same bright honesty, and when he went out of office it was with the respect of all classes and all parties of his fellow citizens. The newspapers say that from that time, and whenever any danger threatened the city, he was the man that was always looked up to by his fellow citizens. He was a man of strong logic; he thought long, he thought profoundly, and he thought a great deal; he had a large faculty of generalization and keen perception. No man who knew him could question the strength and power of his intellectual faculties. He hated all shams; never more than he did any man hate any trade deceit or meanness. It was grand to hear him flame out against political meanness; it was almost terrible to behold, and yet he was a man of tenderness. If a man betrayed him he spoke of it mournfully, and in his latter days he never spoke of his enemies with anger. He was an exceedingly self-reliant man, and of one thing he was always sure—his own integrity. He was simple in his habits. He would go down to his cellar every morning to saw a little wood, and in going to his office he walked, without parade or ostentation. There was nothing in the world he would not dare to do if he thought it was right. He made some mistakes, but no man in his place, during the last year of his administration, could have made fewer of them. It was his exceeding self-reliance that led him to commit mistakes, but not a man who knew him questions his honor and integrity. He never made but one appointment to office during his whole career at the suggestion of any member of his family, and even then his judgment entirely approved of it. He loved his friends; he was true to them; but if he knew it he allowed no friend to influence him. He meant to rule for right. "Mother," he said one day to his wife (and remember that this was in the sacred privacy of the domestic circle), "Mother," he said, "I will do right if they crucify me." That was the spirit which guided and prompted every action of his life. He had not a friend that he would not have consigned to punishment if he was convinced that friend was doing wrong. He was going down the other morning in a street car, and as he had taken the child of a poor woman on his knee, a lady who knew him leaned forward and inquired, "Your Honor, are you fond of children?" Very fond indeed, madam, for they never cheat," was his reply. He was domestic, strongly domestic. No woman ever had a more devoted, loving husband. No children a fonder father than the six brave sons and two fair daughters who mourn their loss this day. Dr. Hare then detailed a number of acts of liberality and benevolence to the poor which the deceased had manifested toward the deserving. His life, said Dr. Hare, was a true, upright, manly and beautiful life. How much he stands above all the calumnies which have been raised against him, let this tribute, which I clip from the NEW YORK HERALD, testify:—

In person Mayor Havemeyer was of medium height and possessed a full and portly figure, indicating a splendid vital organization. In manner he was dignified and courtly, impressing those with whom he came in contact with a sense of his culture and intelligence. Though a man of warm feelings and capable of the most lasting friendships, he sometimes assumed a cold and critical and even cynical exterior. Very popular up to the last year of his life he never lost the esteem of those who knew him best, nor do we think his personal integrity was ever questioned, even by those who most thoroughly disagreed with his political policy. He was a man of firmness, stability and worth. Though he sometimes carried the first of these qualities to the extreme of stubbornness, he was generally guided by common sense, and, consequently, though often dogged, he was seldom absurd. He carried youth into age, and, though dying at three score and ten, death came to him without any premonitions of his near approach.

Dr. Hare concluded by expressing forcibly and eloquently his conviction of the special need there was at the present time of men of the character of the deceased. At the close of this address the benediction was pronounced and the procession formed. The remains were borne from the church as they were taken into it, accompanied by the Old Guard and the clergymen. They were then placed upon the hearse and

THE CORTEGE STARTED.

While the services were being conducted in St. Paul's church, to which admission to the ground floor was wisely limited by ticket, a great crowd congregated in the vicinity of the building. The presence of several regiments of the State militia in waiting to escort the remains, the array of firemen drawn up in solid column, and the general surroundings incident to such a rare occasion attracted vast numbers, so that by one o'clock a dense mass of humanity had congregated as near the church as possible. The arrangements were complete, and when the long panegyrics in the church had come to an end little difficulty was experienced in forming the procession. The multitude waited in patient expectation for three long hours, and it was not without a feeling of relief that the spectators beheld, shortly before two o'clock, people coming from the church. The Old Guard, which, by the way, presented a splendid appearance, was detailed as the guard of honor and special escort, and was drawn up in line in front of the church, under command of Major McLean, and when eight of its stalwart members, with uncovered heads, and bearing on their shoulders the casket containing the remains of the deceased Mayor, walked in solemn tread from the church, the immense crowd was hushed to deadly stillness. The band of the Old Guard played a solemn dirge with trumpets draped. The pall-bearers followed in carriages. The hearse was flanked on each side by a detail of six men from the Old Guard, in command of Lieutenant Gowney, two platoons preceding, and the rear being brought up by the staff officers. After that marched the attachés of the Mayor's office and the Common Council, the Common Council elect, the Mayor and Common Council of Brooklyn and heads of departments, county officers, Board of Education, Commissioners of Emigration and Police Justices. The members of the Stock Exchange and several other associations of citizens and clubs walked immediately in front of the detachment of police that made the last line of the cortége. On leaving the church the procession passed through Twenty-third street to Broadway, and down that thoroughfare to the South ferry. Both sides of the street through which it passed were lined with people, and every window of the houses on either side that could hold a head was tenanted. Many of the large commercial houses were draped and flags at half-mast floated from all. A great solemn reserve and silence pervaded the entire scene, showing on the part of the people a deep respect and memory for the dead. There was no holiday or sight-seeing look about the mass of human beings as the cortége moved through them to the slow strains of the dead march. Reverence and awe had taken the place of noise and mirth.

OWING TO A CHANGE

that had been made by the committee of arrangements the military and other bodies that were to have met the procession when it landed in Brooklyn were a good deal disappointed. Instead of going over by the South ferry way and touching at the foot of Atlantic avenue, as was originally intended, the procession crossed by the Hamilton avenue ferry. The Twenty-third regiment and the detachment of police who had been waiting for news of the procession for some hours received a telegram informing them of this alteration, and they were obliged to put themselves in a location as speedily as possible to meet the cortége. The route was then through Union street to Fourth avenue, and thence to Greenwood. The Superintendent of Police despatched a couple of officers along Atlantic avenue to notify the people who crowded that thoroughfare of the change. The Twenty-third regiment marched by way of Clinton street to the corner of Union and Van Brunt streets, where they remained awaiting the arrival of the cortége. In the vicinity of the Hamilton ferry were captains of police and a force of men keeping order among the crowd, which numbered upward of one thousand people. Several prominent citizens also drove up to the vicinity of the ferry in carriages and patiently awaited the funeral as a tribute of respect to the deceased.

At fifteen minutes before four o'clock the ferry-boat, most appropriately selected—the New York—entered the slip on the Brooklyn side, and the funeral cortége filed through the gateway in the order set forth:—Four carriages, containing the pall bearers; hearse, Old Guard, band and carriages with relatives of deceased. The Old Guard marched up to the point where the Twenty-third was stationed, and, after receiving and returning a salute, they surrendered the duty of military escort to the Brooklyn soldiery. They then returned. The line was formed, and the procession moved off on its way to the cemetery.

The marching step was taken up to the mournful cadance of the band, and the solemn procession wended its way up Union street to Fourth avenue, attracting the attention of many thousands of people who lined the way. At the corner of Fifth street and Fourth avenue the military filed on the right into line, with the musicians on their right, facing the cortége. The band played a dirge, while the soldiery saluted as the hearse passed on. At this point the military and police turned off. The entrance to

GREENWOOD CEMETERY

was guarded by the police. It wanted but fifteen minutes of five when the first carriage passed beneath the inner arched gateway, amid the solemn tones of the bell, and the spectators, many of whom were ladies, hastened to the sepulchre, which is not more than one hundred yards distant. At the entrance to the vault the carriages stopped, and the first to alight was Rev. Dr. Bottome. He was followed by the pall-bearers and the four sons of Mr. Havemeyer. The coffin was then lifted from the hearse and placed in a case of great size, and the lid was screwed down. The mourners stood around with heads uncovered, in the bleak vestibule of the vault, forming for a few moments a strange and weird picture in the gray twilight of the cold December evening, and in the desolate presence of death. A few ladies, who pressed into the vestibule of the tomb, lent by their presence ideal sympathy to the sorrowing sons of the deceased. The silence was broken by the voice of the Rev. Dr. Bottome reading the final prayers of the burial service of the Methodist Episcopal church—"We commit the body to the earth. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and then he treated of the hope of resurrection on the last day to eternal life. The prayer ended, the vault laborers threw back the iron gates, which grated on their hinges and upon the nerves of the timorous, and raising the case of the dead bore it in, moving at a hurried pace, until the third angle was turned in the labyrinth of the vault, and there, in a cavity on the second tier, they deposited their burden. About fifty persons who had followed them, turning rapidly, made their way out and breathed more freely when the bracing air fanned the roses to the cheek. The remains will be left in the general receiving vault, where those of the late Mayor's brother, who died about two months ago, are also reposing, until negotiations for the purchase of a suitable plot, which are now pending are completed. There is a Havemeyer plot in Greenwood Cemetery, but it is the property of distant relatives of deceased. It is somewhat remarkable that the last great departed citizen of New York to enter that necropolis was Horace Greeley, who was buried on the 4th of December, 1872, just two years and one day before Mayor Havemeyer.

THE SUNDAY LAW.

The Police to Enforce the Law To-Day—The Exception to the Rule.

There will be lively times in some of the wards to-day if the proprietors of the concert saloons, variety halls and "opera houses," who have not as yet obtained injunctions against police interference, throw open their doors to the public, for the flat has gone forth from the marble mansion in Mulberry street that whosoever offends against the Sunday law shall pay the penalty of a night in the station house for his temerity. Superintendent Walling has instructed the captains of the various precincts to keep a keen lookout for the doings at the various halls, and there are those who contend that in many of the precincts the Superintendent's order is interpreted by the captains to mean that all liquor saloons kept open must be taken care of by the police; but no person at headquarters, so far as could be ascertained yesterday, had authorized any such view of the order, it being supposed probably that all liquor saloons are, of course, closed every Sunday anyhow. The places of amusement which cannot be interfered with by the police, owing to the fact that they have been enjoined by the courts to keep their hands off, are the Bowery Theatre, the Germania Theatre, the Grand Opera House, the Stadt Theatre and the Terrace Garden Theatre, Fifty-eighth street.

It is claimed by the police authorities that on Sunday next, if the existing injunctions should be dissolved meanwhile, stringent regulations will be issued for a proper enforcement of the Sunday law, and that any proprietor of a place of amusement who thereafter offends against it will not only be arrested, but every legal effort will be used afterward to have him punished to the full extent of the statute. In conversation yesterday with one of the police officials in regard to the action of the police to-day he said that so long as there was a law against the opening of theatres and places of amusement of all kinds on the Sabbath day it was the duty of the police to enforce it strictly, and the order that had been issued looking to that end would in every precinct be rigidly enforced to-day to the letter, the places which were protected by injunctions to be of course exempted from its operations. He added that in his opinion the sentiment of the great mass of the people, without regard to religious sect or difference, was heartily in favor of Sunday being regarded as a day when places of amusement ought to be closed. When questioned as to whether the police would interfere with "sacred concerts" the official remarked—"The captains of the various precincts have received their instructions and will know what to do. They are clear, and no mistake can be made. The term 'sacred concert' has become of late to mean almost anything. It has been used to cover all sorts of low amusements even. All I can say is that to-morrow the law will be enforced in the city rigidly with strict impartiality."

SMALLPOX ON THE BOULEVARDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

I ask, as a matter of simple justice, to be allowed a brief space to set myself right in your paper, where untruths have been stated by certain persons about me in connection with the smallpox at Washington Heights.

Dr. Rodenstein says that the first case of smallpox there was a man named Moody, who was attended by me. This is not so. Moody told me himself that he had been treated by Dr. Porter, the Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, for malarial fever. Dr. Porter saw this man stripped after death, and must have agreed with me that the man did not die of smallpox, or else he has rendered himself liable for violating the law about the disposal of the bodies of those who die of that disease. That I was sick afterward is true, but it was of cold and bronchitis and not of smallpox.

It is not true that a patient visited by me was attacked with smallpox nine days after. I was not called to visit the man in question, and his wife and child whom I did visit did not have the smallpox then and have not had it since.

Dr. Jackson says that my child, who died of the smallpox, had not been vaccinated. This is not true. It had been twice vaccinated, but the virus had not taken either time. He also says that my child caught the disease from me. Since I never had the smallpox and have not within five years attended any case of that disease this seems rather incredible, unless there were some cases of infectious disease in the institution, so that by contact with some of the inmates I may have carried home to the child that I lost some infection in my clothing without any possibility of knowing it.

Dr. Jackson says that Patrick Quin, now dead from smallpox, helped to put Moody into his coffin. This is not true. Moody's body was attended to by Mr. Sanger, the undertaker, and his assistant, who are both alive and well now, and have not been sick at all since then with smallpox or any other disease. Quin had nothing whatsoever to do with Moody, and the man who did nurse him is now well, and has not been sick since.

S. W. GOODRICH, M. D.

THIEVES ARRESTED ON SUSPICION.

Two men, well known thieves, named James Morgan, alias "Sheeny Mike," of No. 240 West Forty-first street, and Henry Miller, of No. 342 West Forty-sixth street, were arrested yesterday by Detectives Elder and Heidelberg. They were taken on suspicion of being the men who robbed the store of Brodie Brothers, No. 44½ Maiden lane, of furs valued at $2,000, and also of having been implicated in the recent robberies of jewelry stores in Albany. They are locked up in the Central Office, waiting to be seen by Mr. Clark, who saw the thieves leave the store of the Brodie Brothers, and by witnesses from Albany.

A DISFIGURED CANNIBAL.

Thomas Cunningham, of No. 109 Mulberry street, is a fanciful man. He was passing through Mulberry street last night about half-past nine o'clock and had