

# PETER COOPER'S FUNERAL

## THE LAST TRIBUTE OF RESPECT PAID TO THE DEAD.

THOUSANDS VIEW THE BODY IN ALL SOULS  
CHURCH—AN ORATION BY THE REV. DR.  
COLLYER—A LARGE PROCESSION OF  
MOURNERS.

A fine drizzling rain was falling yesterday morning when the body of the late Peter Cooper was carried into All Souls' Church, at Fourth avenue and Twentieth-street, to be viewed for the last time by that public to which his features have so long been familiar. Probably more than 1,000 persons, mainly of those humbler walks of life where his benefactions were most felt, were standing in the street waiting for the opening of the church. Private services, at which none were present but members of the family, were held in the house early in the morning. Then the coffin was placed in a hearse and driven slowly around to the church. Abram S. Hewitt, Edward Cooper, ex-Commissioner Charles F. MacLean, and a son of Mr. Hewitt followed in a carriage. As the coffin was taken from the hearse and carried into the church the numerous bystanders raised their hats and reverently bowed their heads. The coffin was placed upon a temporary low platform in front of the pulpit, the head being toward the north. The coffin was made of solid oak, covered entirely with black broadcloth. There were side-bar handles, partly incased in black satin. The silver plate on the lid bore the simple inscription: "Peter Cooper, Born February 12, 1791; Died April 4, 1883." The upper half of the lid was removed, showing the shoulders and head of the dead man. The floral decorations of the church were simple and tasteful. On either side of the pulpit was a single palm tree, in front of which was a bed of red and white azaleas. The baptismal font was filled with a large bed of flowers, among which were large calla lilies, Maréchal Niel, Jacqueminot, and Cornelia Cook roses, lilies of the valley, heliotrope, and violets. Above the coffin and against the front of the pulpit was a rich bouquet of calla lilies and white roses tied with a ribbon of broad white satin. On the lid of the coffin rested a group of roses and a long spray of smilax. A delegation of 18 Alumni of the Cooper Institute served as a guard of honor about the coffin. They were divided into reliefs of three, each serving one hour.

It was 9:20 o'clock when the doors were opened. A police force of 100 men, under the command of Capt. Clinchy, was present, while Inspector Murray superintended the general arrangements. Three policemen stood at the south gate of the iron fence in front of the church to guide the long line of people which was formed in the direction of Nineteenth-street. In the portico of the church stood two more officers to keep the line in single file. The line entered the south door of the church and advanced up the side aisle, passing behind the coffin and going out of the north door. Policemen stood just within the pews up and down each aisle. As the first persons entered the building, Albert J. Holden, the organist of the Church of the Divine Paternity, played the sublime funeral march from the Eroica symphony. As the long line moved steadily and quietly through the church, the strains of Chopin's funeral march, the marcia funebre from Beethoven's Twelfth Sonata, and similar compositions by Mendelssohn, Handel, and other writers were played. The line moved quietly, but somewhat rapidly, about 50 persons passing the coffin every minute. It is estimated that in the first two hours at least 6,000 persons saw the body. Each one paused only a moment to gaze on the face, which bore a singularly life-like appearance. Seldom does death so perfectly put on the appearance of sleep. The lack of color in the countenance was not remarkable, owing to the fact that in late years Mr. Cooper never had much color. The left hand was folded across the breast, and above it rested a spray of lilies of the valley. The crowd that viewed the body was made up of people from every class of life. The majority of them, however, appeared to be people in the humbler ranks of the world, who had come to take a farewell look at the man who had done so much to provide them with the means of culture. Among the throng were many children and old, bowed men. One of the latter was John C. Leveridge, 95 years old. He saw the funeral of Washington.

Later in the day came the Alumni and students of the Institute, led by the ladies of the Art School, with Miss Susan M. Carter at their head. At this time the scene in the church was impressive, the faces of these new-comers showing that they had come to bear testimony to a true sorrow. Each lady carried a single flower, which, as she passed, she dropped gently upon the lid of the coffin. Behind the ladies came the members of the Alumni Association, with the President, James R. Smith, at their head. Then followed the Faculty of the Institute, led by Dr. Zachos, the curator; the students of the literary, scientific, and chemical departments, the members of the cast and form, architectural, and drawing classes, and the members of the Inventors' Institute. This assemblage numbered about 3,500. The students of the Institute sent a handsome floral pillow, with the inscription in flowers, "Our benefactor at rest." As the time approached for the services to begin a long line of people stretched away down the avenue. Many persons waited fully two hours before they could get into the church, and a great number failed to get in at all. It was estimated that at least 15,000 people viewed the body.

### THE SERVICES IN THE CHURCH.

At 2:45 the line of people entering the church, which then extended to Irving-place, was stopped by the police, and during the next 15 minutes the delegations from the different societies and distinguished persons for whom seats had been reserved passed in at the doors and were assigned to their places. Just before 3 o'clock the mourners entered the church, led by ex-Mayor Edward Cooper, son of Mr. Cooper, and his wife, and the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt and his wife, the daughter of Mr. Cooper, with their two sons and daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Smith Bryce. They were given seats to the left of the centre aisle, and directly opposite them were the pall-bearers, Hamilton Fish, Wilson G. Hunt, Judge Charles P. Daly, John T. Agnew, Gen. Alexander S. Webb, Henry L. Pierson, Jackson S. Schultz, William H. Appleton, Daniel F. Tieman, Cyrus W. Field, John E. Parsons, and Henry M. Schieffelin. The pall-bearers wore wide white sashes, with black crape bows on the left shoulder, as did also the officiating clergymen, the Rev. Robert Collyer, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, and the Rev. Thomas M. Peters, of Bloomingdale. Among the delegations and prominent gentlemen present, who filled the entire body of the church, were the following: The City authorities occupied seats on the Nineteenth-street side of the church. They were Mayor Edson, Aldermen Thomas Carroll, John Cochrane, Robert E. De Lacy, Edward Duffy, Michael Duffy, Patrick Farley, Frederick Finck, Edward T. Fitzpatrick, August Fleischbein, Thomas Foley, Hugh J. Grant, Henry W. Jaehne, Patrick Kenney, William P. Kirk, Michael F. McLaughlin, John C. O'Connor, Jr., John O'Neil, John Reilly, William P. Ruckhoff, John H. Seaman, Edward C. Sheehy, Alexander B. Smith, Charles B. Waite, and James L. Wells, Controller Campbell, Commissioner of Public Works Hubert O. Thompson, Corporation Counsel Andrews, Dock Commissioners Lamber and Voorhis, Health Commissioners Chandler and Johnson, Park Commissioners Wales, Olliffe, and Viele, Police Commissioners Nichols and Matthews, Fire Commissioner Gorman, Police Justices Maurice J. Power, Hugh Gardner, Jacob M. Patterson, Jr., Solon B. Smith, Andrew White, J. Henry Ford, Bankson T. Morgan, and James T. Kilbreth, and Coroner Martin. The procession of City authorities was preceded by Col. W. R. W. Chambers, the Sergeant-at-arms of the Board of Aldermen, bearing his official staff, draped with crape. Occupying pews on either side of the middle aisle were the delegations from the Union League Club and the Chamber of Commerce. The Union League Club was represented by William M. Evarts, Judge Noah Davis, Le Grand B. Cannon, Derman B. Eaton, Albon P. Man, James C. Carter, ex-Judge Charles A. Peabody, Joseph S. Lowrey, John A. Griswold, Frederick D. Tappen, Assistant United States Treasurer Thomas C. Acton, William H. Webb, John A. Stewart, David Milliken, Jr., and George F. Baker. To represent the Chamber of Commerce were President George W. Lane, Samuel D. Babcock, James M. Brown, B. H. Field, Royal Phelps, Howard Potter, D. Willis James, Arthur Leary, and Anson Phelps Stokes. The delegations from the Maritime Association and other societies occupied seats on the north side of the church. From the Maritime Association there were W. H. Van Brunt, Wallace P. Willett, Henry A. Thomas, Charles R. Flint, John D. Wing, W. H. H. Moore, John H. Boynton, Gen. John B. Woodward, and Franklin Woodruff. The New York Board of Trade and Transportation sent W. P. Marvel, J. C. Cook, F. B. Thurber, A. B. Miller, H. K. Miller, Ambrose Snow, Frederick L. Talcott, and Darwin R. James. They all wore white silk badges with the name of the board printed in gold letters. The delegation from the Produce Exchange consisted of C. C. Burke, A. Romer, T. A. McIntyre, H. O. Armour, E. L. Livermore, John Wakeman, William A. Cole, Edward Hincken, Asa Stevens, David Dows, A. Bonnell, T. E. T. Randolph, E. S. Whitman, A. Armstrong, A. E. Orr, A. A. Hoyt, A. E. Kent, E. F. Rauldolph, J. W. Elwell, T. J. N. Stark, T. B. Shaw, Silas Davis, I. T. Frost, R. S. Holt, and T. J. Husted. Koltes Post, No. 32, Grand Army of the Republic, was represented by Commander C. W. Seasey, Post-Commander G. Veltfort, of Koltes Post, No. 32, Senior Vice-Commander Henry Kloeber, Junior Vice-Commander George Dege, Quartermaster E. W. Brueninghausen, and Comrades Schmitt, Pfeiff, Fioke, and Letz-

The New York Times

Published: April 8, 1883

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aiser. Among the assemblage in the body of the church were Major-Gen. W. S. Hancock, Judge Addison F. Brown, ex-Judge Fithian, ex-Judge William G. Choate, Joseph H. Choate, the Hon. John Jay, Alzernon S. Sullivan, the Rev. Dr. Roswell D. Fitchcock, James A. Roosevelt, Henry J. Scudder, Albert Bierstadt, William Wood, Isaac H. Bailey, Prof. Weiss, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Teller, Miss Teller, ex-Mayor Schroeder, of Brooklyn; James M. Drake, Mrs. H. M. Schieffelin, Miss Schieffelin, Mrs. Howard Crosby, Miss Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jaffray, Miss Jaffray, Frank Winthrop, Lispenard Stewart, Miss Stewart, F. W. Rhinelander, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Golet, Mayor Low, of Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Remsen, the Misses Remsen, S. G. Ward, Miss Thoron, George Cabot Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Miss Edith Fish, Henry E. Fellow, Mrs. John Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Soelet, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Iselin, the Misses Iselin, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webster, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Wilson, Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Bronson, Isaac Iselin, William E. Iselin, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. D. Lauier, Mr. and Mrs. George William Ballou, Mr. and Mrs. George G. Haven, Col. and Mrs. De Lancey Kane, Mrs. William Astor, Miss Astor, Mrs. James A. Roosevelt, Miss Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. William Remsen, the Misses Remsen, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Matthews, the Misses Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rutherford, John A. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Mr. and Mrs. John Kane, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Jr., Col. and Mrs. William Jay, Miss Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. John Keau, the Misses Kean, Smith Cliff, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Kernochan, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Rives, Mr. and Mrs. Francis R. Rives, Mr. and Mrs. Maturin Livingston, Miss Livingston, Mortimer Thorne, Stanley Mortimer, Richard Mortimer, Herman R. LaRoy, Congressman William Dorsheimer and Nicholas Muller, J. Hooker Hamersley, T. J. Oakley Rhineland, B. S. Welles, Jr., Miss Welles, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor Johnston, Miss Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Potter, Mrs. Howard Potter, Mrs. Alexander S. Webb, the Misses Webb, Samuel J. Tilden, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. A. Belmont Purdy, August Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. William C. Schermerhorn, Miss Schermerhorn, Bayard Clarke, Augustus Schermerhorn. There were also present Mrs. Smyth, Miss McHugh, two of the three lady graduates of Cooper institute, and the janitor of the institute, John McGinn, the household servants of Mr. Cooper, and delegations from the clerks and workmen of Cooper, Hewitt & Co.

The music was under the direction of Samuel P. Warren, the organist of Grace Church, and the selections were rendered by the quartet of that church, consisting of Miss Ida W. Hubbell, soprano; Miss Anna Drasdil, contralto; George Simpson, tenor, and Dr. Martin, basso. As soon as the great congregation had been seated the anthem, "I heard a voice from Heaven" was sung, and at the conclusion the Rev. Mr. Peters read a number of selections from Scripture, ending with the last part of First Corinthians, xx., beginning with the fifteenth verse. After the singing of the hymn "Guide me, oh thou Great Jehovah," the Rev. Robert Collyer delivered the funeral address, which was an earnest tribute to the virtues of the deceased gentleman and a tender of consolation to his bereaved relatives. "We gather about the dust of our dear friend to-day," he said, "and thank God for his life, I trust, more than we mourn his death; to find joy in our heartfelt sorrow, and to say for him what he never felt free to say for himself, after all his years of noble striving, 'He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith,' and proved himself a workman who needeth not to feel ashamed now that the long day's work has done. By pureness, by knowledge, by kindness, by love unfeigned, by word of truth, by the power of God, he has won such reverence as is very seldom won by any man in his own lifetime. Peter Cooper's name was ever spoken by the poorest and most forlorn with a tenderness seldom expressed, even toward the priests of God. He feared no danger in this great City, for the very roughs had become his guardians and would have fallen into line and held their lives in pawn for his safety. His white head was, indeed, a crown of glory whose presence wherever he went lay like a bar of sunshine across the dark and troubled day. I have seen it light up thousands of careworn faces and send waves of sweet laughter rippling from heart to heart in a moment of time. His smallest speech went straight to the heart more potently than the choicest eloquence of other men. His was an example of beautiful innocence and simplicity which compelled us to say of him, 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

Mr. Collyer said that in a conversation which he held with Mr. Cooper three or four months ago the philanthropist said to him: "I should like to live three or four months longer if I may, and finish up some bits of work that are still in my hands, but if I may not live so long, I should be content to go when my time comes, for I have had a very long and happy life." Commenting on this, the speaker said: "I thought to myself then, if our love and longing could prolong your life to the last day of your desire, not for your sake alone, but in order that you might just stay among us and remain our cherished example of beautiful old age, then you should live." This, it seemed to the speaker, was why the community loved him so. He was Peter Cooper, that beautiful old man. The splendid force through which he had been able to hold his own, the sagacity, the intuition, which may well be called genius, was partly gone; the strong man had bowed to the inevitable touch of time. All were aware of that; but the lovely inner life shone through with such a gentle radiance that it was hard to imagine how we would have him other than he was at four score and twelve. His strength had failed him in the course of nature, but, thank God, his charity held out well, and was growing. "He was so simple and sunny hearted. It was such a beautiful old age! This was why we loved him so. He was tempered, no doubt, to grow a little harder as he grew older, to see more of good in his earlier than in his later years. These are the temptations of old age, but they glanced away from the gentle and believing heart, and harmed him no more than they harm the risen saints. He won a treasure that is seldom gained, a love, not for what he had done, but for what he was, the good old man with the heart of a child. The great, good heart was like a full honeycomb. You needed but to touch it and it brought forth sweetness. He was good even to the evil and ungrateful. We should forget our own Gospels, some of us, in these times did not men like our dear friend read to us the lessons for the day, and he, being dead, yet speaketh.

"I love to think again," said the speaker, "of his absolute and life-long integrity. Here was a man whose word was so divine to him that his bond became a memorandum. Seventy-five years ago he began business in this City, and he was open always to that temptation toward new adventures which is at once the bane and the blessing of our New World. He lies there in his coffin wholly harmless and undefiled as a merchant and a man of business. He never made a promise, even of the worth of an acorn, which he did not keep. Here lies a man who never owned a dollar that he dared not take up to the great white throne, and who never owed a dollar that he would not and would not pay. I reckon seven judgments they all came suddenly, like a thief in the night. They swept thousands of able merchants away like the drift-wood before a flood, but he stood with those like-minded. He was the living oak whose roots run deep and far out to the last leaf on the branches. The fine, strong brain could not be panic-stricken, the steady nerve could not be invaded, the quiet heart could not be over much disturbed. He trusted in God because trustworthiness lay in his own nature. He was as open as the day. We might not be able to share some of his opinions, but we could never feel a doubt of the absolute and beautiful integrity of the man." Referring to the establishment of the Cooper Institute, the speaker said: "I love to remember again the wisdom which lay within his noble gift to our City and our Country. The most precious thing about Peter Cooper's gift is that he should have given so much of his own life in preparing it, instead of leaving his wealth to an unborn child, as so many of our rich men do. He was the only man living who could have founded such a university, and have built it up with his own brain and his own strength. As the greatest things are always done by faith, and by those who live by faith, so this was done. How many anxious days he passed over the great project of his life, we shall never know, but his faith saved him and made him whole. Peter Cooper saw dimly enough, it may be, in 1828, what we see now. The great object that I desire to accomplish by the erection of this institution," he says, in the scroll hidden away in the corner stone, "is to open the avenue of scientific knowledge to the youth of our City and country, and so unfold the balance of nature that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift." He wanted no such monument as we would have built for him gladly. He was wise in that, because he was so modest and simple that he has such a monument as no art could contrive, built by his own hand, but those words should be built on it in letters of gold for all men to read until this island falls back to a heap of ashes. And so the end of all this labor under the sun is that Peter Cooper stands alone, so far as I know, among the men who would do some great work for the help and blessing of the whole Nation, and have lived to see that worked perfected in their own life and time."

Mr. Collyer devoted a brief part of his address to touching on the subject of Mr. Cooper's religious views. He was a devout man, he said, and full of the Holy Ghost. His name was on the record of Mr. Collyer's church 44 years ago, and 15 years later he went to sit under the ministry of the late Dr. Bellows, in the church from which he was buried yesterday. Peter Cooper, however, was too greatly made for any church to hold him. He was an original thinker, and, while he held fast to the antique piety of the past, there was room in his heart for all the truth that can be told. He was a real, liberal Christian. The great central conviction of his religion was the fact that God is our Father. He yearned to see all men saved, and he counted his institute as no mean aid toward such salvation. Mr. Collyer in conclusion addressed a few words of consolation to the surviving relatives of the dead. "We cannot ask you not to mourn," he said, "which would be less than human, touching this man who was something more than human. But be comforted. The life lived so well on earth is now consummated in heaven. This is not a memory that you will cherish, but a living presence while you live and forever more. That divine word of the Master comes true once again, 'He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die,' for life is even lord of death, and love can never lose its own."

At the conclusion of Mr. Collyer's address the quartet sang the hymn beginning, "I will praise my Maker while I have breath," and the Rev. Howard Crosby then made a five-minute address. He referred to the great outpouring of the people to do honor to the memory of Peter Cooper, and said that the movement was one of reverence, veneration, and love for a virtuous life. It spoke well for New-York that she stood still, with uncovered head and bowed head when Peter Cooper died. "It is a false estimate of greatness," said Dr. Crosby, "to call those great who lift up axes against great trees. He is the truly great man who plants

the trees, and preserves them for welcome shade over earth's weary ones. It is not the Napoleons, the Caesars, the destroyers of men, who are the great of the earth. It is the Vincent de Pauls, the John Howards, and Peter Cooper was among these." The blessing of a life such as this to a community, the speaker said, could never be fully estimated. Well might we mourn to-day the loss of so beautiful a life, and give thanks that we may cherish its memory and keep its lessons ever by us. "For the household whose sunshine is now removed, and whose beauty and loveliness has been so largely derived from this beautiful life, let us rejoice that they have as an offset the precious legacy of the memory of a father who has been so prominent for so many years in doing good. His career has shown to our young men what the true aim of life ought to be; it has shown to our wealthy men how money obtained by honesty and integrity, and spent in benefiting mankind, will never produce a war between capital and labor. If all wealthy men were like Peter Cooper all the claims of humanity would be amply satisfied, and the community would be as near perfection as it is possible for it to be in this world." Mr. Crosby closed with an earnest prayer for the family of Mr. Cooper, and that the lessons of his life might be appreciated by the rising generations. The quartet then sang the chant, "Lord, let me know my end," and Mr. Collyer pronounced the benediction. To the music of Beethoven's Dead March the pall-bearers then marched up the centre aisle, followed by the casket, borne by six Alumni of the Cooper Institute, A. A. Griffin, '80; of the Class of '69; Robert Scott, '64; D. A. Curtin, '80; John Allaire, '82; Robert Magniecke, '69, and John M. Bossing, '70. The casket was followed by nine Alumni, Henri D. Dickinson, '81; Samuel Scottron, '78; Emil F. Maurer, '80; Walter Tinsley, '78; Henry Bitman, '77; E. J. Kaltenbach, '76; James S. McQuillon, '82; John McCarthy, '64; John Burdon, '78; and Dr. Daniel Cooke, William D. Whiting, and John W. Goff, old students of the Institute. Following came ex-Mayor Cooper and the relatives of Mr. Cooper, and then Mayor Edson and the heads of Departments, and the different delegations, the rest of the congregation standing as the solemn procession passed into the street.

#### THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

As the hour approached at which the funeral procession had been advertised to leave the church the outside crowd grew denser in the vicinity of the church, and the police were obliged to use their utmost efforts to keep sufficient space clear in the street to allow the carriages to drive up before the doors. Private equipages were driven along the route the funeral cortege was to pursue, and little groups began to form at the corners further down the street. Windows of houses and stores in the vicinity of the church were thrown open, and ladies and gentlemen came out on the balconies. Children swarmed along the iron fence and its stone coping on the north side of the church, boys climbed the trees in the vicinity, and the various approaches to the edifice were soon blocked by crowds composed largely of business men and clerks, who had left their offices to pay a last slight token of respect to New-York's illustrious philanthropist. Shortly after 4 o'clock there was a slight commotion at the door of the church, and all pressed forward as the coffin, covered with white flowers, was borne down the steps. Every man in the vast throng uncovered his head reverently as the pall-bearers carried the coffin to the hearse, and then entered their carriages, and many honest tears were shed by the humbly-clad women who looked after the hearse as it was driven away. The funeral procession was led by a squad of policemen, who cleared a path for the carriages. Dr. Collyer and Dr. Peters occupied the first carriage, which was followed by four carriages which held the pall-bearers. After them were three carriages in which rode the immediate family of Mr. Cooper. Dr. Hull and Dr. Lincoln occupied the next vehicle, and 14 carriages containing the members of the Board of Aldermen and the delegation of City officers came next. They were followed by half a hundred coaches in which rode friends and relatives, and after them came a delegation of 100 members of the Alumni Association and 200 students of the Cooper Institute, who were on foot and wore mourning badges and craped upon their arms. The funeral procession moved solemnly down Fourth-avenue through a throng of spectators, who lifted their hats as the hearse passed between them. Cooper Institute was heavily draped in black and a multitude of men, women, boys, and children thronged the broad steps and porticos. Store windows, doors, steps, and balconies were occupied by spectators as the solemn pageant passed, and business and pleasure was temporarily suspended along the route. At Fourth-street the procession turned down to Broadway, whence it proceeded directly to Hamilton ferry. The great thoroughfare had been cleared in order that the carriages and hearse should not be interrupted, and the sidewalks were lined with spectators, and everywhere hats were lifted as the hearse containing the body of Peter Cooper passed. From the lateral streets throngs of people passed toward Broadway to see the procession pass; the doors and windows of the hotels were occupied, and flags hung at half-mast from the roofs of the principal buildings. At the City Hall Park a multitude had gathered, and another throng almost blocked the street at the junction Park-row. As the procession passed St. Paul's Church the bell tolled slowly, and the chimes in the tall tower of Trinity rang solemnly as the cortege neared the ferry. In the Battery Park an immense concourse of laboring men was assembled, among them not a few Wall-street operators, who had remained down town to pay a last mark of respect to the good old man whose charities have made his name a household word.

#### FROM THE FERRY TO GREEN-WOOD.

The procession dispersed at the ferry and a single carriage followed the hearse to the grave. It contained ex-Mayor Edward Cooper, Lloyd S. Bryce, his son-in-law, and the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt. Most of the passengers on the boat reverently took off their hats as the hearse was driven on board. On the New-York side of the river there was a great crowd, which ranged itself in long lines, running back from the entrance to the ferry-house. In it were sturdy laboring men in overalls and blouses, going home from their work with their dinner-pails in their hands, and as many more who were better dressed. But all united in showing their respect and veneration for the dead and the most perfect order was maintained. The presence of the police was not required to keep the assemblage in its place. Most of the people had waited for over an hour for the cortege, and when it approached they quickly formed so as to allow the hearse and the carriage behind it to pass down between the masses that stood on either side. There was no crowding among the truckmen to get on the boat. They drove their horses away, in order not to interfere, and patiently waited for the next boat. On the Brooklyn side the crowd was not so large, but a good-sized throng stood at the gate. As the hearse and carriage passed up the street the people followed them in streams on the sidewalk. They could not, however, keep up, and after a few blocks had been passed, were left behind. Green-Wood was reached at 6:40. The hearse and carriage passed in at the main entrance on Fifth-avenue. They were followed by two other carriages, which kept at a respectful distance. The hearse and carriage, turning down the declivity, went slowly around the picturesque lakelet called Arbor Avenue, and halted at the receiving vault on Willow-avenue, below which lay the little sheet of water. The shadows were beginning to deepen and an impressive air of solemnity was thrown over the scene by the subdued light and the chirp of the first birds of Spring. Fifty or more persons were congregated about the vault, and they made way for the hearse and carriage when they came up. The coffin was taken out by black-gloved attendants, who carried it into the vault and put it into a box upon which the cover was placed and screwed down. Thence it was borne along the arched corridor, preceded by a gray-haired man bearing a lantern to light the way. The gray-haired man turned to the right, again to the left, and then to the right, where, after advancing a few paces, he halted. Compartment No. 10, of section No. 2, was open, and into this the coffin was put, while Mr. Cooper, Mr. Bryce, and Mr. Hewitt stood near with uncovered heads. The compartment was closed, the gentlemen who had followed the hearse retired, the doors of the vault were shut, and the knot of persons dispersed. By this time it was quite dark.

What is known at the cemetery simply as Peter Cooper's lot is situated at Central and Grove avenues at the foot of Ocean Hill and is circular in shape. Here the body will be interred as soon as the lot, which is intended for six graves, can be made ready. The interment, which will probably be made some day this week, will be private. Interments have been made in the lot, but owing to Mr. Cooper's unexpected death it had not been prepared to receive his body.

The New-York Mercantile Exchange adopted resolutions in memory of the late Peter Cooper yesterday, and the Exchange was closed during the day out of respect to the dead philanthropist. On motion of Joseph H. Stiner the Jefferson Market Police Court was adjourned yesterday as a mark of respect to Mr. Cooper's memory. The Press Club at its meeting yesterday passed resolutions eulogistic of the dead philanthropist.