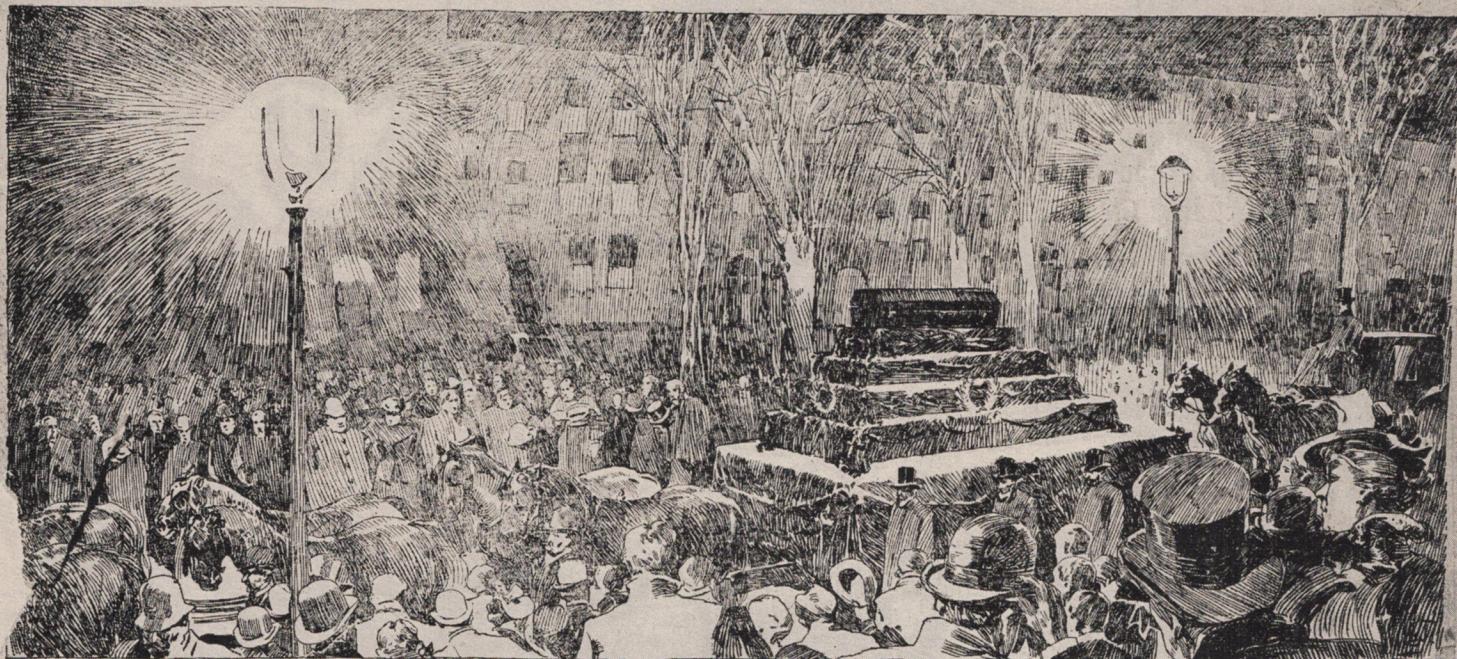


NEW YORK JOURNAL, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1897.

THE BODY OF HENRY GEORGE BORNE AT THE HEAD OF THE NIGHT PAGEAN



ALL DAY LONG A MULTITUDE LOOKED
ON THE DEAD FACE OF HENRY GEORGE

RECENT

" " Dr. M

the crowd in the body of the hall the people who were patiently waiting themselves in the open air for the solemn night march from mid-New York across the Bridge to Brooklyn.

From the "Daily Whig":

her decked the bier with a few of the simplest ornaments. Then she went away. It was nearly seven o'clock, and three hundred policemen, advance guard of the powerful body which Chief McCullagh had detailed to escort the dead to their final resting place, stood in silent order and keeping the streets "up about the doors."

white roses from Mr. and Mrs. Tom I. Johnson and wife, the Rev. Dr. John E. Mitchell and Mrs. Lucy Johnson and many others. The Rev. Dr. Johnson, who was slender the Sunday morning, but now was sturdy the Sunday evening, was immutably with the monotony of the procession. He had been a man of few words, but now he spoke with a voice whose names appear in the newspapers—those were hard—any to mark in line the white face in the coffin. Very few words were spoken. What few uttered

The funeral cortège of Henry George, from the *New York Journal*, November 1, 1897.