Funeral of Alexander B. Johnson.

[From the Utica Morning Herald of Sept. 13, 1867.]

The funeral services of Alexander B. Johnson took place from his late residence, 235 Genesee street, yesterday afternoon. A very large number of the first citizens of Utica were in attendance to show their great respect for the memory of the deceased. The services were in charge of the Rev. Dr. Coxe, Rector of Trinity church, and for many years pastor of Mr. Johnson. Rev. Drs. Van Deusen and Goodrich took charge of the services at the grave. Besides the regular burial service of the Episcopal Church, the choir of Trinity, led by Prof. Siebold, sang the hymns “Rock of ages, cleft for me,” and “I would not live alway.” The house grounds and street in front were thronged with people. The remains were enclosed in a casket bearing the following inscription:

ALEXANDER BRYAN JOHNSON,
Born, 6th of May, 1786,
Died 4th of September, 1867.

The casket was covered with two wreaths and a cross of white juponicas. The services at the house concluded, the remains, preceded by the clergy and Drs. Gray and Bissell, was borne to the hearse by four porters, the following named gentlemen acting as pall bearers: Judge Iliam Denio, Judge William J. Bacon, Hon. E.A. Wetmore, Hon. Rutger B. Miller, Hon. Charles S. Wilson, J. Watson Williams, Thomas R. Walker and Isaiah Tiffany. The horses drawing the hearse were heavily draped. The procession to the cemetery was very long, numbering some twenty-three carriages. The remains were placed in the vault of William C. Johnson, Esq., son of the deceased.

The funeral was one of the largest that ever took place in Utica. The people who came were real mourners. Many a tear was dropped as the man who had lived so many years among them was borne away to his last resting place.

Extract

From a Discourse Preached in Trinity Church, Utica, September 15th, 1867.

The Sunday following the decease of Mr. A. B. Johnson,

By Rev. S. H. Coxe, D.D.

An accustomed seat is vacant this morning of its usual occupant; one that rarely was left unoccupied, if health and presence in the city would permit; one that will be difficult to fill. Alas, the places that have known him so long and well will know him no more forever! It is but three weeks since he worshipped with us, and although it has been longer apparent that his strength was in decline, yet we have been surprised to hear that Mr. Johnson was no more. Gradually, but surely, very gently, one by one, the cords of life have been severed. The venerable man, with the calmness of a Christian philosopher, could see the tomb opening to receive him; could smile on death, as Heavenly Hope remained; nor could I ever discover that he feared to die.

It is not mine to sketch his life and character, as connected with the world; as a man of business or a financier; especially as this has already been so ably done through the medium of the press, by those who have known him for half a century, and were well acquainted with him in these relations. But it is mine to view him rather in his relation to the Church, and to breathe, as time will permit, a few thoughts in sympathy with his mourning family and the bereaved Parish, of which he was so prominent and honored a member. Allow me to give utterance to my personal feelings of attachment and respect, for I have uniformly