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WHITTIER EIGHTY YEARS OLD

GIFTS POURING IN ON THE BELOVED POET OF FREEDOM.

The Memorial of the Essex Club, Signed by Many Distinguished Statesmen, Was Presented To-Day—How Mr. Whittier Appears and Lives in the Quaint Old Town of Danvers—Loved By School Children.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

DANVERS, MASS., Dec. 17.—John G. Whittier, the most American poet, is eighty years old to-day. The anniversary is being observed appropriately in many parts of the country, but probably not so generally anywhere as in Boston and in some of the ancient towns of Essex County, where the Laureate of Freedom was born and has always lived. The event was called to the attention of the whole continent some weeks ago by the Essex Club, which had met at the Revere House for the purpose of discussing the political situation from the Republican standpoint. It was just after the Massachusetts elections, and in view of the Republican triumph it was in order to take a retrospective view of the party's work.

There is no one in the party who could do this so effectively as Senator Hoar, and that distinguished gentlemen was present by invitation of Dr. George B. Loring, President of the Club, who, like the Senator, is an intimate friend of the poet and a warm admirer of his genius. While the glories of the party in general were being talked about the glories of that section of the party which dominates Essex County were discussed in particular, and this led Senator Hoar to consider the influence which the Poet Whittier had exerted over the county, the State and the nation. For an impromptu address the eulogy was a remarkably brilliant effort, and it so impressed the company that it was decided at once that the approaching anniversary should be fittingly commemorated.

The President appointed a committee to take the matter in hand, and it was soon decided that a memorial letter should be sent to the aged poet to-day. This letter was drafted by President Loring; and Senator Hoar volunteered to secure the signatures of all the members of the United States Senate and as many as possible of the signatures of prominent members of Congress and leading Federal office-holders. This promise he kept faithfully, and the letter was duly presented to Mr. Whittier to-day. It is very beautifully engrossed, and was handed to the poet in the form of an elegant book, in which was printed also the eulogy of Senator Hoar delivered at the dinner of Nov. 12.

THE MEMORIAL LETTER.

The letter is as follows:

ESSEX COUNTY, Dec. 17, 1887.

DEAR MR. WHITTIER: The Essex Club, composed of citizens of your native county, in connection with your countrymen throughout the Union, desire to extend to you an expression of their respect and esteem on the anniversary of your birth. The eighty years if your life which are now completed are full of great events. American nationality, American freedom, American art and science, American literature have risen during these years to a commanding position in the world. And to no man does our country owe more than to yourself, whose purity of life and high purpose, and faith in humanity, and devotion to the right, and confidence in the people, and fidelity to your friends, and trust in God, have inspired your genius and controlled your conduct. While we express our gratitude for your noble service and our admiration for your brilliant accomplishment, we congratulate you on the career over which you can now turn your back and look; and pray that your old age may be as peaceful and happy as your life has been radiant and useful.

With sentiments of affection and regard,

GEORGE B. LORING, President,
H. P. FRYE, Vice-President,
BENJAMIN PITMAN, Secretary.

To JOHN G. WHITTIER, Esq., Amesbury.

SOME OF THE SIGNATURES.

The letter was also signed by sixty members of the club; by Gov. Ames and the members of his council, and by associate State officials; by the judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; by all the ex-governors of the Commonwealth; by the members of the United States Senate; by many members of the House of Representatives; by the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and by Hon. George Bancroft and many of other distinguished men of the nation. The address of Senator Hoar is given in full. That portion which relates to Mr. Whittier was introduced with those words: "I don't see how anybody can meet an assembly of Essex men without thinking of the great shrines of freedom that Essex County has within its borders."

The eulogy concluded with the suggestion which led to this memorial action being taken, and the suggestion was couched in the following language: "John G. Whittier is to reach his eightieth birthday on the 17th of next December, and it seems to me the American people of a million households where he sits hours by the fireside as an honored guest, the race whom he has helped to lift out of slavery, the men and women whose most pure and simple pleasure has been the reading of his verses, ought in some way to combine and make their love and devotion known to him. At the same time, it seems to me, that it is the place of the Essex Club, every one of whose members he would delight to call his friend and disciple, to initiate some measure to have this expression."

MANY GIFTS TO THE POET.

It would be superfluous to state that this letter was not the only one of congratulation which the poet has received to-day. From persons prominent in literature and from many in the less conspicuous walks of life they have been pouring in upon him. One of the prettiest was from his publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., whose congratulations were accompanied with a gift. The poet looks but little older than he did at seventy. Though naturally of a frail appearance, and always the reverse of robust, he has wintered and summered the changeable New England climate without having suffered much from its severities. His disposition is as kindly in his old age as it was in the spring-time of life, and in the young he has ever taken the warmest personal interest. From many whose struggling efforts to gain eminence in the world of letters he encouraged he has received expressions of gratefulness and good will to-day. The answers will be a reflection of that genial and winning epistolary style which won him many a fast friend in the years agone.

MR. WHITTIER'S HEALTH.

Mr. Whittier's birthplace is but a few miles from his residence at Amesbury, but now the poet is staying with his relatives at Oak Knoll in this quiet town, to which he is deeply attached. Though aged and somewhat hard of hearing, the poet looks as he did when his appearance was described by his biographer, Mr. Kennedy. When he was wintering for the last time in Boston the writer enjoyed the pleasure of an interview with him, and then the poet was complaining of the climate and expressed the belief that his constitution could not much longer stand the tax imposed upon it. But to-day he looks as well as he did then, and his health is not the cause of anxiety among his close friends.

THE POET OF LIBERTY.

"As a boy," wrote his biographer, "Whittier grew up slender, delicate and shy, with dark hair and blue eyes; his nature silent and brooding, gentle, compassionate, religious and sensitive to the beauty of the external world. He is of the nervous temperament, and in health has never been robust. Indeed, later in life the state of his health was often precarious and his plans for work have been at the mercy of his nerves." Latterly, however, Mr. Whittier has done but little writing and the rest may have been conducive to an improvement in his general health. It is true that "the fixed sadness of time" is impressed upon his face. But still, at eighty, as you converse with him his countenance is irradiated by a sudden smile, sweet and strange and full of benignity. As Mr. Kennedy describes it, "like a waft of perfume from a bed of white violets, or a glint of rich sunshine on an April day." As he walks about Danvers he salutes with a little jerky bow those whom he meets. A long residence has made him acquainted with almost everybody, and he might, therefore, very properly be somewhat economical of exertion in his salutations, but his abrupt bow is really the expression of that unbending rectitude and noble pride in individual freedom that made him the reformer and poet of liberty.

LOVED BY THE CHILDREN.

The anniversary has already been celebrated in many of the public schools, for Mr. Whittier was no less a friend of the children than was Mr. Longfellow. The pupils took up one or more of the poems of the man of to-day for thoughtful consideration. One of the pleasantest of these exercises took place at the Chauncey Hall School Wednesday. To-night the Women's Educational Union will devote two or three hours to the consideration of the poet and his poems.

FINANCIER IVES WINS.

Justice Kilbreth Decides That He Didn't Steal the $100,000 Check.

Judge Kilbreth sat almost alone in the Special Session Court-room at noon to-day when an usual bustle at the door announced the arrival of the interested parties in the Henry S. Ives case.

They came to hear Judge Kilbreth's decision as to the complaint of the larceny of a $100,000 check made against Ives by President Julius Dexter, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad.

The young Napoleon and his bevy of powerful friends sat inside the railing while Stenographer Seltman read the testimony of Thursday's examination.

Ives was dressed with unusual care and looked perfectly at his ease, and chatted good-naturedly with ex-Congressman Adams and Lawyer Johnson till his turn came to sign his name to his testimony.

He did it with a bold flourish, and all gathered in front of the bar to hear the Judge's decision.

There was breathless suspense for a few moments, and then Judge Kilbreth said:

"There being no sufficient cause to belive the defendant, Henry S. Ives, guilty of the offense charged I order his discharge."

There was a faint cheer, and Ives broke into a quiet laugh.

"Cassidy changed his name from George Cass to Jack Cass," he said to his friends.

Mr. Adams said he had already begun an an action against President Dexter in the Supreme Court for $100,000 damages for the malicious prosecution of Ives.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE CHICAGO.

The New War Vessel's Horse-Power Said to Have Fallen a Little Short.

The United States steel cruiser Chicago, which sailed from here on Thursday morning in order to test her horse-power, during a trial trip in Long Island Sound, returned to the Brooklyn Navy-Yard at 11.30 o'clock this morning.

The contract made between the Government and John Roach requires that the Chicago should develop a horse-power of 5,000 during a run of six consecutive hours. Speed is not specially called for.

Although the indicator cards in regard to horse-power had not been worked up when the vessel reached her dock, it was learned that the Chicago's horse-power fell short some few hundred.

Capt. Henry B. Robeson, who commanded the vessel during her trial trip, is very well satisfied with the new cruiser, and reported to Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, that the ship developed an average speed of fifteen knots.

The Chicago encountered some very rough weather yesterday.

Officers generally believe that the vessel will not be subjected to another trial soon, as the amount of horse-power she fell short is very slight.

Couldn't Resuscitate "Pickled" Subjects.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

CLEVELAND, Dec. 17.—A fire in the Homœopathic College building early this morning caused $500 damage. Flames were first discovered in the library and burned through the floor into the dissecting-room. While the firemen were at work five dead bodies were precipitated through the aperture in the floor on their heads. The brave laddies put into practice previous instructions for saving asphyxiated persons and worked some time before they were told by a college professor that they were "pickled" subjects and it was useless to attempt resuscitation.

Workingmen Denounce Meddling Police.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BALTIMORE, Dec. 17.—At the meeting of the Federation of Labor this morning, resolutions were adopted denouncing the meddling of police with workingmen's meetings. Among other things, the resolutions stated that there was a tendency among the municipal authorities of several cities to interfere with the constitutional rights of the people. A resolution that the Federation make no recommendation upon the eight-hour working day was also adopted.

A Sophomore Insane from Over-Study.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Dec. 17.—John R. Henshaw, a prominent member of the Sophomore class at Wesleyan University, is now confined at the State Insane Asylum in this city, a victim of over-study. He was taken ill several weeks ago and went to his home in Suffield, Conn.

The first suspicion that his mind was deranged was noticed one afternoon when he was watching the Wesleyan football team play a practice game. He stood wringing his hands in an agonizing manner, and said he was trying to solve a problem which would enable the team to beat any eleven in America.

Where Some Missing Letters Went.

Joseph W. Lacker, a Post-Office clerk, was held to-day on a charge of stealing letters. Twenty-one special delivery and seven ordinary letters were found in his pockets. They contained money, checks, theatre tickets, baggage checks and love messages. Twenty-three more letters were found at his home, 123 Chrystie street.

Appointment Clerk Higgins's Successor.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—It is reported that Perry C. Smith, of New Jersey, will be selected to succeed Eugene Higgins as Appointment Clerk of the Treasury Department.

Iron Breaks Stone.
PAIN PAINT subdues pain. Druggists sell it. ***

E. BERRY WALL'S MARRIAGE.

DUDEDOM SURPRISED, PAINED, PLEASED BY THE NEWS FROM BALTIMORE.

Who Will Succeed to the Throne of the King of the Dudes?—He Was Married in Brown Trousers and a Black Cutaway—Col. Ochiltree Hears the Tidings—Bob Hilliard Said to be Out of the Race.

Two gentlemen strolled into the Hoffman House early this morning and walked with the easy gait of boundless leisure into the reading-room.

One of these gentlemen was Col. Thomas P. Ochiltree, fresh for the work of a new day, and carefully clad. The other was a tall, well-built young fellow, with blond hair and mustache, and clothes faultlessly fitting, suggestive of the only Poole. He wore an eye-glass, which looked as if it had been irrevocably rivetted to his eye.

Col. Ochiltree took up a copy of THE WORLD and cast his lynx eye carelessly over its columns. His friend, whose eyeglass seemed to act as an obstacle to newspaper reading, threw a leg over the arm of his chair and twisted his mustache—an intellectual effort that evidently caused him no trouble.

Suddenly Ochiltree uttered an exclamation of surprise, the newspaper dropped from his hands, his eyes rolled, his face flushed in an alarmingly apoplectic manner, and no one could have beheld him without emotion.

"Tom!" said his friend. "Speak, old man! What is it?"

The Colonel groaned.

"Oh, Brock," he began. His voice was too thick to continue.

"Why, oh, why, Tom, did you eat that whole porterhouse this morning?"

Col. Ochiltree had by this time recovered.

"Look there," he said loudly, pointing to THE WORLD. "Look, I say," his hand shaking as he pointed. "I am a friend of that man and see what he's gone and done! The boss of society, the fellow whose name is in the public prints day after day, the cynosure of all eyes, has gone and—pshaw!—married!"

"Brock" took up the paper and read the head-line: "The 'King of the Dudes' Married."

"Tell me all about it, Brock," murmured Ochiltree. "I'm too weak to read it."

The man with the monocle took up the paper.

"Let's see," he began. "The bride is Miss Salome Melbourne, of Washington (deuced pretty girl, I remember her myself). Wall wore brown trousers, black cutaway coat, white waistcoat and low hat." Well, if that isn't a rig out for Berry! Brown trousers and black cutaway—good heavens! It's easy to see he's about finished his reign of dudeism. Tom," with evident envy in his tones, "I always thought Berry's good taste was exaggerated. Just think of brown trousers and a black cutaway!"

"Oh, go on with the news," interposed Ochiltree.

"The bride wore a long sealskin coat, a coquettish traveling hat and a pair of violet eyes. They got into a coupé from the St. James Hotel, called for Winslow Williams at the Maryland Club-House, drove to the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, paid the office rent, went to his residence, obtained a license and proceeded to the house of the Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, who married them, after which they returned to the St. James Hotel, dined, telegraphed to Mrs. Charles Wall and Mrs. Melbourne and left for Washington."

"Ah," said Col. Ochiltree, sighing, "sic transit—Brock, let's have a drink."

In the barroom, within half an hour, there were at least nine young men all full of the news of Berry Wall's marriage. They were evidently elated. It is a well-known fact that the reign of the King of the Dudes, like that of other kings, has often been menaced by insurrection. Why should Wall monopolize public attention, by Jove, when there are dozens of men who dress as well? We like Wall, don't chernow, but his friends are making an ass of him. Such sentiments as these have long been prevalent.

Berry Wall has now retired. The resignation of Grévy from the French Presidency was certainly not half as interesting to the *jeunesse dorée* of this city as that of Mr. Wall. His future, as a married man, will be absolutely uninteresting, from a sartorial standpoint, at any rate.

Said one of these Hoffman House Daniels, "Wall won't care a fig now whether his tie is pink or yellow—what married man does? He won't be able to spend so much time at his tailor's—his wife might think he was somewhere else. Oh! what a fool to marry and blight his prospects—and such prospects! We've heard the last of Berry."

"I tell you, old man, when I was in London this summer I sickened every time I went into Poole's to hear 'Mr. Wall had just ordered trousers of this cloth,' 'Mr. Wall is going to have a coat made in this style,' and so on, ad nauseam, as they say. Now we can say, 'Tehabod, his glory hath departed,' ha! ha! ha!"

Thus was levity awakened at the news of Berry Wall's wedding. A gentleman from Washington came into the hotel later and he was pounced upon for information, of which, of course, he had little.

"I wasn't surprised," he said, "to hear of his marriage. He had been very attentive to Miss Melbourne, who is a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office. She has a sister named Blanche. Oh, yes, they are both pretty girls and very well dressed. Blanche lives in London, where she married, but she is often in Washington.

In the neighborhood of the Bijou Opera-House the discussion of Berry Wall's marriage called for a great deal of incidental talk about Robert C. Hilliard. It is thought extremely unlikely that he will be renominated for the office vacated by Mr. Wall.

Bob Hilliard has dropped out of notice since his "affaire" with Mrs. Langtry. He went to Boston a short time ago, and there he was said to have tried his hand at reciting. His former haunts knew him no more. He is not the Hilliard that he once was.

A Dishonest Employee.

C. Beekman, formerly in the employ of Chas. Devaux, of 14 Russell place, Brooklyn, was yesterday arraigned before Justice Walsh on a charge of dishonesty, in having appropriated to his own use $25 of his employer's funds. When charged with the theft Beekman said: "There was only $24.10 in the roll." He saw that he had committed himself, and then denied that he had taken the money. He was held.

A Brakeman's Body Cut in Two.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

NEW BRUNSWICK, Dec. 17.—John Shane, aged twenty-four years, of Millstone, a brakeman for extra freight train No. 20, fell between the cars at 10 o'clock last night near Meiuchen and was instantly killed, his body being cut in two.

Pulled Off a Telegraph Pole.

While Hugh Higgins was stringing wire to-day at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, a Third avenue car became entangled in the wire and Higgins was pulled off the pole, falling thirty feet. He was seriously injured.

A Matter of Interest.

Do not neglect to read "The Witch's Prophecy," which begins in No. 48 of the New York *Ledger*. Out to-day. For sale at all news-stands. ***

DEATH FOLLOWS A PRAYER.

Nellie Southwick Found Dead with a Bullet in Her Breast.

Handsome Nellie Southwick, once a jolly village girl of Glens Falls, N. Y., lies dead in the Twentieth street police station, with a revolver bullet in her left breast.

Robert Montgomery, a salesman for the Jordan L. Mott Iron Works, of 88 Beekman street, is under arrest in the same station-house on suspicion of having murdered her.

Montgomery rented the second floor front room of 255 West Twenty-first street from Peter Milburn last April. In July Nellie Southwick came to live with him as his wife. She set up in business as a dressmaker, and did her share towards her own support.

She was a plump and prepossessing woman, about twenty-five years of age. She had thick, brown hair, gray eyes and a plump and pleasing figure. Montgomery is an ordinary looking man thirty-six years of age.

Montgomery passed the woman off as his wife to such friends as he met. They lived together happily and contentedly until a few days ago, when Montgomery asked the young woman what had become of a diamond ring that he had given her. He charged her with having pawned it.

They had some words about the matter and then dropped the subject altogether.

Last evening Montgomery renewed his charges about the ring.

The young woman cried bitterly, and acknowledged that she had pawned the ring for the purpose of getting money enough to buy him a handsome Christmas present. She had some of her own earnings to put with the money received from the ring.

At about 7.30 o'clock last evening Montgomery, who usually spent his evenings at home, went out to several saloons, where he drank a quantity of whiskey. He returned home at midnight to find Nellie sound asleep. He then went to bed. This is Montgomery's story as told by himself.

In the early gray of the morning Peter Milburn, who was watching by the bedside of a sick child, saw a dim shape near the northeast corner of the back yard. He called to his brother-in-law, Samuel Swayne, a Greenpoint gasfitter, and asked him to see what it was.

Swayne went downstairs and out into the yard. In the dim light he found Nellie Southwick lying there dead, with a bullet-hole in her left breast. A 32-calibre revolver was lying near.

It seemed as though the young woman had knelt down on the wet earth to pray, and had then shot herself through the heart. She had fallen forward upon her face. Her clothing near the wound was singed with burned powder.

A policeman came in after a while to arrest Montgomery, who was found apparently sound asleep in bed. Montgomery was grief-stricken at the news of the young woman's death.

Deputy Coroner Scholer called later in the morning and removed the body to the station-house. He was of the opinion that it was a case of suicide.

Montgomery was for five years an actor in Mrs. D. P. Bowers's company. He said that he had intended to marry the woman soon.

SUICIDE OF EDWARD H. PETERS.

A Worth Street Shirt Manufacturer Shoots Himself While Delirious With Drink.

Edward H. Peters, thirty-five years of age, committed suicide last night at his residence, 26 East Twenty-second street, by sending a 32-calibre bullet into his brain.

It was 11 o'clock when he did it, and the shot was heard by Policeman James Boyle, of the West Thirtieth street police station, who traced the sound to a finely appointed stone-front house, and in a luxuriantly furnished bedroom on the upper floor found Mr. Peters lying dead on the velvet carpet surrounded by members of his family.

The members of Mr. Peters's family were very reluctant, and expressed a strong desire to have the facts of the suicide suppressed. Deputy Coroner Jenkins was sent for. He gave a permit for burial.

The only reason the family assigned for the deed was that Mr. Peters had been drinking rather freely of late. Last night he returned home about 11 o'clock drunk and boisterous, and all efforts on the part of his family and friends to calm him were unavailing.

He became almost delirious, it is asserted, and was not responsible for his actions. Before his family could prevent him he drew his revolver and shot himself dead.

Mr. Peters was a shirt manufacturer at No. 54 Worth street. A suggestion of financial embarrassment being the motive of the suicide was indignantly denied by his family.

CHARGED WITH INFANTICIDE.

A German Girl Caught Disposing of Her Child's Body and Arrested.

Sarah Hick, a German girl, only nineteen years old, was arrested this morning by Policeman Wieser, of the Delancey street squad, charged with murdering her babe.

Expressman Baum, who lives at No. 93 Ridge street, saw her throw the body into a vault and followed her, with Martin Heckner, of No. 29 Cannon street, and Louis Arenberg, of No. 37 Pitts street, until they met a policeman.

Sarah denied that she killed the child, and said it was still-born. She said she lived at 22 Ridge street, and worked at Union Hill, N. J.

She will be held pending an investigation.

Mr. Powderly Must Take a Rest.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SCRANTON, Pa., Dec. 17.—Mr. Powderly slept well during the night, and to-day is free from pain. He is yet very sore internally as a result of the violent hemorrhages. Dr. Allen insists upon his keeping perfectly quiet for several days, and is confident that if his instructions are obeyed his patient will recover his lost strength. It is difficult to persuade Mr. Powderly to remain quiet. He feels that he should be at work, and is anxious to resume his duties as soon as possible. Dr. Allen has repeatedly advised Mr. Powderly to take more rest, and will now insist on it.

The Chinese Gamblers of New York and their Games; a complete picture of the seamy side of Mott street, will be described in THE WORLD *to-morrow.*

Aubertin Seized With a Fit of Madness.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.]

PARIS, Dec. 17.—The strange behavior displayed by Aubertin, the would-be assassin of M. Ferry, in the course of his examination by the magistrate, culminated yesterday in a fit of madness. He will be sent to a lunatic asylum to-day.

No More Stone for Harlem Bridge.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BIDDEFORD, Me., Dec. 17.—Notice was given to-day that a warrant of insolvency has been issued against the individual members of the stone-contracting firm of James Andrews & Sons of this city. Andrews & Sons took the contract a year ago last fall to furnish stone for the Harlem River Bridge in New York. The contract is still hanging. It calls for about 25,000 yards of stone and only a little over 3,000 yards have been supplied.

ROCHESTER LAMP Headquarters, 25 Warren st. and 1201 Broadway. Thousands to select from. ***

THE WIND-UP.

James P. Foster Elected President of the Republican League.

Sherman Men Strive to Form a Combine to Beat Blaine.

Plans of Ohio Delegates Upset by a Letter from Chauncey M. Depew Declining to be a Candidate—New York and Michigan Unite With the Buckeyes and Win—Loudon Snowden Withdraws His Name—Apostles of Protection and Prohibition on Hand—A Motion to Table the Lamar Resolutions Declared Carried by Mr. Evarts After a Close Vote—Adjourned.

The third round and wind-up of the great battle between James G. Blaine and John Sherman took place to-day.

In the battle up to this point Blaine had much the best of it, although Sherman drew first blood in the selection of a temporary chairman.

This advantage was only temporary, however, and from that point Blaine butted and pounded his opponents unmercifully, till the spirit was about knocked out of Sherman when time was called for the wind-up at Chickering Hall at 11.10 this morning.

When the convention of Republican clubs reassembled, they had got a glimmering of what would be the style of fighting adopted by their opponents, but were not quite decided how to meet it. They caucused in little groups prior to the reopening of the convention, but were reticent as to what they would do.

Last night they were ready to endorse Chauncey M. Depew for President of the National League, but when Mr. Depew's declination was received, coupled with the announcement that the Blaineites had decided to name Col. A. Loudon Snowdon, Pennsylvania's personification of Blaineism, the Ohio men were at sea.

MR. DEPEW'S LETTER.

Mr. Depew's letter of declination was as follows:

NO. 2 EAST FORTY-FIFTH STREET,
NEW YORK, Dec. 16, 1887.

My Dear Mr. Evarts:

I have just received the telegram informing me that the New York Club has voted to present my name for President of the National League.

The great work of organizing for the coming campaign requires for the position the degree of care and attention which will fully occupy the time of the executive officer.

It would be impossible for me, if elected, to properly perform the responsible duties of so important a place.

While I profoundly appreciate the great compliment paid me by the New York Club, and hope in some less conspicuous way to prove it in the next canvass, I must, through you, request them to make some other selection. Yours truly,

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

The Ohio men felt that they had been driven around the ring long enough by their enemies, and would be glad of any opportunity which might offer for a bolt—in short for "anything to beat Blaine."

They knew, too, that despite the clamor for Blaine by the New York men, there was a large minority who were looking anxiously for some chance which would force Blaine out of consideration for 1888.

They suspected that many of the New Yorkers now shouting for the European tourist will knife him if he be nominated at Chicago next June.

LOOKING FOR A CANDIDATE.

For an hour before the convention was called to order there was going on quietly a movement to create a "spontaneous demand" for Gen. Nathan Goff, of West Virginia, who has shone forth during the convention as a forceful, earnest speaker.

Ohio men were at the bottom of it, though, as usual, the Ohio delegation was divided. A large half of the men were still undecided and in the situation of Micawber—waiting for something to turn up.

Something seemed to turn up presently, for overtures were made to them by the New Yorkers for a union upon James P. Foster, President of the New York Republican Club, for the place.

It was proposed that Michigan should unite with Ohio and New York to beat the Pennsylvanians, and for a few minutes the Ohioans showed a lively interest in life.

Foster was believed to be of the class who are Blaine men only because they have not yet seen a chance to drop the Maine man for some one who could win.

MAHLON CHANCE ON HAND.

Mahlon Chance, the great apostle of protection, who has been active for some months in organizing Protection Leagues throughout this city, was on hand this morning with distributors of copies of a small protection tract bearing the title "The Vital Question."

Young men from the Manhattan Temperance Association presented to each delegate a pamphlet urging political action for prohibition and arraigning the Republican party for its inaction in the premises.

EVARTS RESUMES THE GAVEL.

Caucussing was over, and the delegates had exhausted all themes half an hour before the convention was called to order, and that time was spent as the gallery gods spend the time between the acts at a Bowery theatre.

They stamped, clapped their hands, yelled "Time!" gave cat-calls and emitted ear-piercing whistles, until President W. Maxwell Evarts finally quit in the midst of a word which he was uttering in the ear of the Senator from New Hampshire, grabbed his gavel and rapped the gathering into silence.

The handsome Reading Secretary, E. A. Sumner, of Minnesota, as the first business of the day announced in his big, full, resonant voice that the Pennsylvania delegation would meet in the hall after the morning session to organize a State League.

VICE-PRESIDENTS AND COMMITTEEMEN.

Then the chairmen of the State delegations announced the result of the elections held last evening, in which each State was given by its delegation a Vice-President of the National League and a member of the National League Executive Committee.

Four or five States and Territories made no response. J. M. Huston, of Indiana, asked that the selection of these representatives for his State be referred back to the State for future action.

Samuel R. Lowry, the colored man who has represented the State of Alabama in the convention, asked that the convention direct him in the matter. He did not feel like appointing himself to all the offices.

The following is the list of Vice-Presidents selected and the Executive Committee for the ensuing year:

States.	Vice-Presidents.	Executive Committee.
Alabama	—	—
Arizona	Robt. E. Morrison.	A. L. Morrison.
Connecticut	E. B. Bennett.	Jas. A. Hayworth.
Delaware	Jos. R. Whittaker.	Edw. Mitchell, Jr.
Illinois	D. H. Hammer.	Wm. W. Tracy.
Indiana	—	—
Iowa	Robt. Fullerton.	J. S. Parkson.
Kansas	Jas. W. Hamilton.	Jas. G. Slonecker.
Kentucky	Alex. R. Pearson.	Aug. E. Wilson.
Louisiana	—	—
Maine	A. A. Strout.	Jos. A. Manley.
Maryland	Ira Tyler.	W. W. Johnson.
Massachusetts	Geo. D. Robinson.	John W. Candler.
Michigan	Clarence A. Black.	Junius E. Real.
Minnesota	Moses Grinauer.	T. E. Byrnes.
Nebraska	G. D. Mickelson.	R. Breckenridge.
New Jersey	F. E. McGowen.	R. W. Sanderson.
New Hampshire	Chas. S. Sawyer.	Hiram J. Black.
New York	J. A. Blancard.	E. D. Brackett.
Ohio	L. W. Brown.	J. A. Caldwell.
Pennsylvania	Benj. F. Hughes.	A. C. Robertson.
Rhode Island	D. R. Brown.	E. W. Hayes.
Tennessee	M. J. Condon.	John J. Littleton.
Vermont	W. C. Dunham.	Geo. C. Noble.
Virginia	John S. Wise.	J. W. Southward
West Virginia	G. M. Bowers.	D. P. Morgan.
Wisconsin	W. E. Gardner.	R. M. La Follette.
Dakota	Leonard A. Rose.	A. B. Guptill.
Dist. of Colum.	A. M. Clapp.	E. W. Fox.

NOMINATIONS FOR PRESIDENT.

Mr. Evarts then announced the most important business of the day—the selection of a President of the League. He called for nominations and the delegates began a hum of conversation.

L. A. Simons, of New York, placed Mr. James P. Foster, President of the Republican Club of this city, in nomination.

Congressman Goff, of West Virginia, arose in the right gallery and delivered a spread-eagle speech, nominating Col. A. Loudon Snowden, of Philadelphia. He paid a high tribute to Col. Snowden.

"He is a delegate to this convention," shouted Congressman Goff, "and when he rises to address it so does Pennsylvania."

Delegate Gay, of Minnesota, nominated Congressman Goff, and there was a great deal of enthusiasm and cries of "Goff," "Goff."

Congressman Goff in a few words, declined the compliment and requested the gentleman from Minnesota, to withdraw his name. Delegate Gay did so.

Mr. Mott, of New Jersey, seconded the nomination of Mr. Foster. He said that Mr. Foster originated the idea of having a convention of Republican clubs.

SOME OTHER FOSTER.

W. F. Yardley, a colored delegate from Tennessee, jumped up from his seat in the gallery and asked for recognition.

Mr. Yardley began a flowery oration in which he kept referring to the Ohio River and the great States of Tennessee and Ohio. "A negro is always safe when he is across the Ohio River," he said.

"I came here," continued Yardley, "to vote for the best man for the head of the League. In my opinion Gov. Foster, of Ohio, is the"——

The colored brother's voice was here lost in the great laughter that broke out.

The delegate discovered that he had mistaken Mr. James P. Foster, the nominee for President of the League, for Gov. Foster, of Ohio, and the dusky Tennessean had taken up ten minutes seconding what he believed was Gov. Foster's nomination.

Andrew J. Lester, of Illinois, thought that New York was entitled to the Presiency of the League. He favored the election of James P. Foster.

City Solicitor Charles Warwick, of Philadelphia, blundered in seconding the nomination of Col. Snowden. While he was speaking Mr. Beveridge, of Tennessee, interrupted him.

"I am not through," yelled Warwick.

"I intended to second the nomination of your candidate," answered Beveridge.

"I do not need a second," was the retort. "I can fight my own battle."

"I do not wish to second you," remarked Beveridge. "I wish to second the nomination of Gen. Snowden."

"I misunderstood you," ejeculated Warwick, amid cries of "oh, oh!" and "you put your foot in it."

Ex-Congressman Horr, of Michigan, made the New York and Ohio men yell with delight when he announced Mr. Foster as his choice.

Beveridge, of Virginia, caused everybody to laugh when he began a Snowden speech with "I come from the land of flowers."

He came to a full stop after boasting that James G. Blaine could sweep the Old Dominion.

Congressman Houck, of Tennessee, was for New York and Foster.

FOSTER ELECTED UNANIMOUSLY.

Col. Snowden walked down the centre aisle. He said he was put in nomination against his desire. He then asked that his name be withdrawn.

Finally Mr. Foster was unianmously elected by acclamation.

OVER AT LAST.

After Mr. Foster had made the conventional speech of thanks and the "bloody shirt" resolution against Mr. Lamar's appointment to the Supreme Court was tabled, the Convention adjourned sine die.

He Fired at the Thief.

William H. Friday, of 89 Stuyvesant avenue, Brooklyn, reports to the police that about 9 o'clock last night some man entered the stable at the rear of his residence and stole a set of harness. Mr. Friday's stableman fired three shots at the thief, who dropped the harness and made his escape.

Andrew Carnegie Resigns.

Andrew Carnegie has resigned from the Nineteenth Century Club. His resignation is due to the criticisms which Cortland Palmer made concerning his remarks at a recent meeting of the club.

The Great Family Paper.

Miss Laura Jean Libbey's great story is published in the New York FAMILY STORY PAPER; also "My Plucky Boy Tom," by P. T. Barnum; out to-day. Ask for the FAMILY STORY PAPER. ***

THE KING DUDE ABDICATES.
Berry Wall Exchanges His Throne for the Golden Bonds of Matrimony.

Well Worth Knowing.

By all means read No. 48 of the New York *Ledger*, containing the first chapters of "The Witch's Prophecy." Out to-day. For sale at all news-stands. ***

EXTRA

MRS. ROBINSON'S FATE.

Bostonians Anxiously Waiting for the Verdict.

The Jury Has Been Out Nineteen Hours—No Decision Reached.

Report that the Jurors Stand Seven for Conviction and Five for Acquittal—No Instructions Asked For as Yet—The Prisoner Has Recovered from the Effects of Her Swoon Last Evening.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BOSTON, Dec. 17.—Since 9 o'clock this morning an anxious crowd has filled the Supreme Court room in East Cambridge waiting for the verdict of the jury in the Sarah J. Robinson case.

The jury went out last evening at 8 o'clock and have now been out nineteen hours without agreeing on a verdict. It is understood that they stand seven for conviction and five for acquittal. Little reliance can be placed on this, however, for the jury has not left its room except for breakfast, and then in charge of two officers. If any hint was dropped it was at that time.

The Court came in at 9 o'clock this morning and waited a half hour, but no word came from the jury either asking for instructions or as to their verdict.

The prisoner herself was not in court, but will, of course, be brought from the jail as soon as any word comes from the jury. Her counsel says that she is much better this morning, having recovered in a great degree from the effects of her swoon last evening.

The judges are in their room, the court is crowded with spectators and the counsel and reporters are passing time in the counsellors' room by relating harrowing details of previous murder cases which have come under their experience, and offering consolation by recalling instances where juries have held out for day after day.

All must wait, however, until some word comes from the twelve men in whose hands the matter now rests.

FATHER RIORDAN'S FUNERAL.

The Cathedral Crowded with Mourners for the Good Priest.

Father John Riordan, the Apostle of the Emigrants, was buried this morning with all the respect that could be given to honored virtue. The solemn office of the dead was sung by hundreds of the clergy, the requiem mass was given with great magnificence, priests from every parish in New York City and scores from the neighboring suburbs, together with hundreds of the laity, thronged the immense white-walled cathedral and stood patiently in the aisles after the seating capacity of the edifice was exhausted.

Such a tribute of respect for such virtue is the greatest glory that can shed its splendor on the dead!

At 9.15 the choristers, antiphonarii and numbers of the clergy streamed from the sacristy and took their places in the front seats, which had been reserved for them.

The remains of Father Riordan were in an open casket, placed on a catafalque and surrounded with tapers. The catafalque was placed in the middle of the main aisle over the sanctuary railing, with the head of the dead priest pointed toward the high altar.

He was vested in amice, alb, cincture, stole, maniple and chasuble, with his black beretta on his head and his hands clasping a gold chalice. The placid form seemed ready to mount the altar steps and offer the sacrifice once more for the poor emigrant girls.

At 10 the officials of the mass, the clergy and the altar boys filed solemnly forth into the sanctuary to begin the mass of requiem.

Archbishop Corrigan, robed in a cape of black silk embroidered in gold and wearign a snowy mitre, closed the procession.

The Kyrie Eleison of Cherubini's lovely mass floated through the lofty groined arches as the Archbishop crossed himself at the foot of the