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MR. BLAIR'S NARROW ESCAPE

TESTIMONY SHOWING HOW EASILY MURDER MAY BE CONCEALED.

Volkener, his Wife, and Mary Connelly Calmly Discussing the Means of Murdering the Old Man and Putting his Body Away—Revelations Concerning New York Criminal Life.

Detectives from Boston, Philadelphia, and from the Central Police Office of this city were in the Jefferson Market Police Court examination room yesterday at the hearing of the case of Joseph and Mary Volkener and Mary Anne Connelly, accused of attempting to poison C. E. Blair, the cotton batting manufacturer of Chatham Four Corners, and it was hinted that they were on the eve to an unsolved mystery of years ago. Justice Duffy opened the proceedings at 10 o'clock, and Mary Connelly took the witness stand. Mr. Benjamin Baker of Brooklyn appeared as her lawyer. Mary Connelly continued her account of her visit in Boston in company with Mrs. Volkener, and of their meeting with Blair on the boat. She said: "I spent the first night I came in the Marshall House. Walker the hotel at 9 o'clock in the evening of the day following. That was Thursday night. We met Blair at 11 o'clock at Putnam junction. He came aboard the train. On the boat I slept downstairs. Mrs. Volkener and Blair slept up stairs. When the boat reached this city we went to Joseph Volkener's house. Blair came there that Friday night. I have been living at Volkener's, where I paid my board. Taylor is a man about 5 feet 11 inches high, of bound constitution. He is a respectable man. I have seen him once since in Bleecker street. Mr. Taylor has two children. I don't know where he is now. One of his children went to the Houston street school."

"Now," said Lawyer Hathaway, "I want to bring you back to the Volkeners' House. Where did you sleep?"

"In the kitchen. I got up last Wednesday morning at 5 o'clock. I got up earlier than usual, because Blair was coming. There had been a letter received from him by Mary Volkener telling her he was coming."

"How do you know it was from Blair?"

"Because Mary Volkener cannot read, no more can I, and I took her to a lady who lives across town, who read it."

"What's her name?"

"I won't tell you. She is a respectable woman."

"You must tell."

Justice Duffy said if the witness's friend was a respectable woman her name should not appear.

"She's the woman read the letter," continued Mary Connelly. "I took Mrs. Volkener to the house and she read the letter and answered Blair."

Mr. Hathaway—That woman has done a term in State prison?

"Yes; I got acquainted with her there. She lives in Jones street, near Bleecker."

"Do you know that her husband is winding up a five-year sentence in State prison?"

"I don't."

"What was the first thing you did when you got up that morning?"

"I dressed myself, of course. The Volkeners were dressing, too. We then all went out together to Houston street to meet Blair. We went across town to meet the Albany boat. We did not meet Blair, as he had gone. Mary Volkener went to the pier first. I went after. I inquired if all the passengers had gone, and, as I was told no, we waited about an hour outside for old Blair. I then went to Smith & McNeil's to get breakfast. The Volkeners went to Washington Market. Joseph told me they were going there to try and hook a turkey. I did not see them again until 9 o'clock. I go to work in the house when I came home. I said as I entered: 'Hello! where are all the turkeys you were going to hook?' Joseph replied, 'There were plenty of turkeys, and plenty to watch them.' Mary Volkener was drunk. She asked me why I had not return sooner. She said, 'I've got a letter from Blair. I found it underneath the door.' It was read to her in a cigar store, Mary and Joseph then said, 'Hurry up; there is no time to lose. We have to go and get something to dose Blair.' Joseph Volkener added, 'This thing of shoplifting is played out; we've got a money-making job now.'

"I was kind of knocked all of a heap, and said I would have nothing to do with it. Joseph said, 'It's all right; we'll tell him his fortune,' and Mary added, 'It's no use backing out.' I had heard them speak of this two weeks before. They had been writing to Blair, and he had been answering them, and when the letter came when Mary wrote for him. He had said that he came to New York about once a month. They first spoke about poisoning old Blair about two weeks ago. Joseph Volkener first spoke about doing it.

"We were sitting around the fire when Joseph Volkener said that Blair had laid out $5,000 while he was in the city, and that he had laid that amount with him while he was with us, and that we did not even know he had it. Mary Volkener replied: 'Well, he writes to me, and he will soon be back again.' Joseph answered: 'I can write to him as fast as he writes, send him a letter back. When he comes back he will have $2,000.' Mary replied: 'He will never go after another Dutch woman when I have got through with him. He will either go down into the cellar or in Ludlow street jail, or we will blackmail him.'

"What do you mean by putting Blair in the cellar?" asked Mr. Hathaway.

"I mean that Mary Volkener said that after the old man was dosed he would be a dead man. We were to move that very night. Joseph Volkener had taken rooms in Suffolk street. He took me along there. It was about two blocks from where we live. Joseph Volkener showed me the place. This was on Wednesday afternoon.

"Where is the cellar?"

"Underneath the house the Volkeners live in."

"How was the body to be found?"

"The body was to be taken down during the night. Blair was to be shaved, his beard and hair cut, also his whiskers. The body was to be taken down when everybody was asleep. Joseph Volkener said he could manage that himself. Old Blair did not weigh much, and he would carry him down into the cellar on his back."

"Do you know why they would take him into the cellar?" asked Mr. Hathaway.

"Yes; Joseph Volkener said that by taking Blair down into the cellar no one would suspect how he came there."

"Was the conversation in English?"

"Well, yes. In their Dutch-English. They speak well enough. They also spoke in German."

"Could you understand them then?"

"Well, no. Some words I could."

"What more was said about the poisoning?"

"I remarked that I thought if it was commenced I'd let it would make a bad job. There was no more said at the time. We all laughed over it."

"What next occurred?"

"Mary Volkener said she wished Blair would write; that he had a gold chain. Joseph Volkener was there when she said so. I said, 'I don't think Blair's chain is genuine.' She said, Joseph, the old fellow's gold chain will make a nice chain for you to wear.' I replied: 'Blair's watch would do for a slung-shot, it is so heavy. It is a silver watch.' Mary added: 'It would soon be time for him to come down with it.' Joseph said: 'May be I'll have it yet.'"

"Now, let's come back to that Wednesday morning, the day of the alleged poisoning. What was the first thing said that morning about the poison?"

"Mary Volkener says: 'Hurry up; we'll get the dose.' I said: 'I will not be the woman that will have anything to do with it.' Joseph said: 'Now is the time to act, and never place to tell Blair's fortune and to put him out of the way.' I said: 'You will make a bad job of this, and we will all get into trouble.'"

"How would you get into trouble?"

"If I got the poison, and Blair's body was recognized I would certainly get into trouble. Volkener then said, 'If we can't get this stuff Mary must leave a piece of coal on the window, and that would be a token for me to look at.' Volkener was to stand outside in the yard, and watch the window. By that time Blair was to be put to bed. I was to be there, too, and when Volkener came back with an officer I was to be a witness in the case. He added, if this should fail, we would dose him. This was about 9 A. M. Mary said to me, 'You go and buy the medicine; Joseph will give you the money you want. Go along with Joseph, and have no fuss.' I refused to go, saying I would have nothing to do with killing the old man. Joseph then got mad, and said, 'By —, I'll have it, any way.' He said, 'Come along with me, any way. I want you to walk with me.' I said, 'Joseph, I don't want to have anything to do with that job.' He replied, 'Come down to Division street, any way.' We then walked out and he pointed to a drug store, and told me he wanted me to go in and get the man's card. I was to tell the druggist that my husband was sick, and I wanted something to make him sleep. I said, 'Can't you do that yourself?' and Joseph cursed me, and said I spoke better English, and that I should go in and get the druggist's card. I went in and asked the druggist for some laudanum, but he would not give it to me. I took one of his cards and gave it to Joseph. After I got the card, Joseph wrote something on the back, and took it to the drug store in Division street. Then we returned home. The first words that Joseph said when he got home were: 'I would never have got that stuff if I had not got that card. I paid $5 for it. I must see now how I shall fix it.'

"I asked him what it was. He answered, 'I don't know what it is until I fix it.' I replied, 'It is very funny that you should pay five dollars for it and not know what it is.' 'Oh, I'll make my money out of it any way,' he said. 'I'm going to fix old Blair with that stuff, and if I can't fix him any other way I'll fix him with this.' He then went and got a small flask and a pitcher and went out. When he returned he had beer in the pitcher and whiskey in the flask. I drank some of the beer. We all three drank of the beer. Then Joseph Volkener got the little red and white glass and a wine glass. He put a small quantity of the powder he had bought into each glass. I saw him put it in the glasses. I stood about two feet from him. The stuff was white and dry, and came out of the bottle in little pellets. He put in about five or six grains in each glass. Then he put in beer in the red and white glass, and whiskey in the wine glass. He took up the glasses and shook the stuff up until it fusted. I watched him very close. We none of us spoke while he was doing this. I looked at him close, because I heard him say he would put old Blair to sleep with it. That was the stuff he paid $5 for.

"It did not discolor either the beer or whiskey. Then he threw away the beer, and put the glass of whiskey that contained the stuff under a tumbler, and he covered it with a cloth. Mary Volkener looked up at the watch on the wall, and said: 'Now I will comb my hair and put on a new wrapper before old Blair comes.' I was then sitting in a chair. She said: 'You and Joseph will have to go out.' Mary combed her hair quick, while I and Volkener sat together. It was then that Joseph Volkener took another two small champagne bottles and filled each half full of lukewarm water, which he poured into them through a small funnel. He put quite a large teaspoonful of the stuff into each bottle, and shook them up. I saw him do so. He said to me, 'It does not matter who gets the first dose, at old Blair to give him a dose of that.' He then put one of the bottles on the bureau, and covered it up with a towel. I said: 'Joseph, that dose might kill old Blair.' He replied: 'I would not say anything to scare.'

"Now, Mary Connelly," inquired Lawyer Bogart, "at that time was there any agreement between you as to how, or under what circumstances, Blair should be treated if he took the drug that was given to him?"

"There was an agreement to take his money, without thinking he had $2,000."

"Why did you sit down quietly if you were not a party to the intended murder, after Volkener had told you the bottle contained poison?"

"He did not say it was poison. He said it would make old Blair sleep. I did not think they would have had the heart to kill Mr. Blair."

"Just as Joseph Volkener had put the second bottle in his pocket there came a knock at the door. I opened it, and Mr. Blair entered and said: 'How do you do, Miss Taylor?' We shook hands and he shook hands with Mary Volkener. Joseph Volkener had jumped into the bedroom. Mr. Blair then sat down and inquired if there was anybody else in the house but Mary and me. Mary Volkener replied: 'No.' He asked her, 'Where is your husband?' and she said he had gone there for eight days. Then Mary said to Mr. Blair if he had any money. He answered 'Yes.' Mary then told him that she was going out to buy a turkey, and asked Mr. Blair to give her some money. He replied he would rather give it to me. Mary then said: 'Mr. Blair, tell us you and I go out and buy the turkey.' He then took a seat. All that time Joseph Volkener was hiding in the dark bedroom. When Mr. Blair and Mary went out, Joseph got under the bed, remarking: 'Now I will be able to see all that is going on inside.' He didn't lose any time either getting under the bed. I don't thought he could have got under it. I doubt it not."

At this point of the proceedings Mr. Matthew B. Breen arose and asked the Court for permission to speak. He said that Mr. Blair had sent for him to act as his counsel; that Mr. Blair had begun to realize the terrible attempt upon his life, and that he was determined to push the matter to the bitter end. He desired to tell the Court that he wished to be recalled, and given an opportunity of telling the whole truth. Up to this time he had for his wife of his friends and family kept back some things that he had hoped would have been found out for he was so fond that the case had become so prominent that to conceal its any longer was only to clook the search after the truth.

Justice Duffy promised Mr. Breen that every opportunity would be given at a subsequent time for Mr. Blair to tell his story in full.

Mary Connelly then continued: "Mary Volkener and Blair came back together. He carried the turkey, and also the sausages. We had the latter for dinner. I cooked them. After dinner Mr. Blair and I went out and bought the cranberries. I left him at the bottle of the bottles which Joseph Volkener had mixed up the stuff and put it in my pocket. We went to a grocery store two blocks away, and there bought the cranberries. Then I told him I would have to leave him, as I wanted to go home. He wanted to go along with me, but I would not let him. After I left him I went to Bleidenfeld's drug store, at 3 Second avenue, where I am acquainted. I first bought a sedlitz powder, and then taking the bottle out of my pocket I asked the druggist what the stuff in it was. He tested it twice. The second time he said it was poison. I asked him what that was; if it would kill a man? He said there was enough there to kill many men. Then he put that red label on it with the 'death's head,' and told me it meant it would be death to any one who drank it. He wanted to know where I got it from, and asked me if I knew how to use it. I replied I saw the stuff getting mixed, and I thought it was to make a person sleep. He said it would be a death sleep.

"When the druggist asked me who mixed this stuff, I said I did not know; that it had been given to me. I then left the store. It was still daylight, and when I returned toward the house I met Joseph Volkener, who was standing at Rivington street. Joseph Volkener said sharply to me: 'You did not keep Blair out long enough when you went out for the cranberries,' but he added that Mary Volkener was smart, and that as soon as Blair entered, she had gone for him (Joseph), and had made out as if they were flashing, and put him out of the room. I then took the bottle out of my pocket and said: 'Do you know this is dangerous medicine?' He took the bottle from me and replied: 'You go up to the house for a little while—I mean to the house in Suffolk street—and I will show you the rooms I have engaged.' Volkener and I then went to Suffolk street and afterward we returned to Essex street. There he told me to stand outside while he went into the yard to see if the piece of coal was on the window sill. [This piece of coal was to be placed on the window sill to show Volkener that Blair was in bed.] He came back soon, and we then walked up two blocks. I told him I was getting tired of this fooling, and he said: 'Come to a saloon and I will show you the street I will buy for you in the new rooms.' We then went to a saloon and had a glass of beer, and remained there about twenty minutes. After that Joseph Volkener, went back to the house, and came back and said: 'By —, it's too bad, that piece of coal isn't getting out of the window.' He said he had seen Mary and had given her that bottle, and he added: 'By —, she's got to do it. I know she is willing enough to do it; but the old man hasn't gone to bed; that's why she hasn't put the piece of coal out.' I then left Volkener and went toward the Bowery, and returning to Essex street a few minutes after, I again was met by Joseph Volkener, who would not let me go up stairs. He said Blair was coming to terms; that his wife was arranging things all right, and that he would not let any one disturb her. We then went down to a saloon, where Volkener goes all the time. Shortly after we got there Mary Volkener came in for a pitcher of beer. She came to the table we were sitting at, and she said, 'That old —!' I said that I would not stand this much longer; that I wanted to go to the house; that I had paid for my board, and they could not keep me out. Joseph Volkener then said to Mary, 'The only way now is to give him a dose. That will make him want to go to bed soon enough.' She replied, 'He will get it soon enough.' Joseph remarked that it was a little early to begin dosing the old man, and told Mary to keep on fooling with him. We remained in the saloon some time longer, and she returned for another pitcher of beer, and said she had given the old man up as a bad job. We then all went toward the house, and Mary came back soon and said Mr. Blair wanted to go out for a walk. We then stationed ourselves at the corner of the street waiting for her. It was dark then, and Joseph Volkener followed his wife from a distance. I was going the same way, but on the other side of the street. Mary Volkener and Blair walked toward Grand street. They were followed by Joseph. I lost sight of them at the Bowery, and went into the American Museum. I had been there about half an hour, when suddenly some one came up behind me and tapped me on the back. I turned round, and there stood Mr. Blair and Mrs. Volkener. They both laughed heartily at meeting me. I was struck dumb at seeing them there. We left soon an hour afterward, and as we came out I saw Joseph Volkener with his hat pulled down, waiting for us outside. We got home soon after 9, and then the dosing began."

The hearing was adjourned until 10 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Blair said yesterday that what he had said of the mystery that enveloped the resting place, of so many of his relatives was intended for the private ear of the Court. "Now that it is imperfectly reported," said he, "I wish you would listen to exactly what I did say."

"The Judge said to me," Mr. Blair continued, "that instead of my being there in his room, smoking a cigar with him, I might have been in the Potter's Field or the Morgue, or even in the bottom of the East River, with no monument to mark my grave, if the plot of these people had been successfully carried out."

"I said to the Judge," Mr. Blair went on to say, "that monuments amount to but little. The monuments of great men are thunder-riven, crumbled, and buried under the dust of succeeding generations, while the memory of other men is kept fresh in the hearts of their friends. That is how I came to speak of my family.

"My grandfather was the Captain of a vessel, and he died at the mouth of the Mississippi River. He was buried there, that is—on the land at one side. Now the mouth of the Mississippi has covered that ground, and my grandfather's remains have been swept away into the Gulf of Mexico. I had four uncles, all seafaring men, and by means of shipwreck and accident their remains all lie in the Atlantic Ocean, between the coasts of New England and the shores of Europe. My two brothers—the only two brothers I ever had—were scattering men also. One of them—he was a mate aboard a ship—fell from a mast when he was upwards of 60, and was killed. This was in the Pacific Ocean, and he was buried there. My other brother, who was a foremast hand, died while on the Atlantic Ocean."

"Now, what I said to the Judge," Mr. Blair continued, "was that none of these men have monuments to mark their resting places, yet all of them are remembered by us, and thus it is and will be no matter how or where any man dies."

Presently Mr. Blair's face grew very serious. He manner grew impressive, and he seemed to find it difficult to say clearly exactly what he desired to say. Tears came in his eyes when he spoke of the fear that the public had prejudged his case, and again when he solemnly declared his innocence of wrongdoing in his relations with the women who are said to have plotted against his life.

"I am sorry that this matter is made public," said he, "for I think by means of the publicity my case is being prejudged. I have asked, and I ask again, that all shall hear the testimony to the end before they make up their minds. I tell you I am innocent and solemnly that I know no more about them poisoning me until the charge was made than you did or the other gentleman did. Just as earnestly and honestly I want to say that in going to the house of those women I went with no wrong intention. I had an honest purpose. I did, indeed—and a charitable purpose. The world has taken that and makes me out a very different character, but I tell you I went to that house with an honest purpose."

In speaking further about his family and himself Mr. Blair said that he was born in Dudley, Worcester County, Mass., and was at one time a policeman in Webster, across the river from Dudley.

Mr. Blair was asked what the witness Connelly meant when she said that Mrs. Josephine Trond, who offered herself as Mr. Blair's bondsman, was his wife. Mrs. Blair, Mr. Blair said he could not imagine, but that the fact is that Mrs. Troud is a very slight acquaintance of his.

SNATCHED FROM DEATH.

Starting Elevated Railway Trains Before the Gates are Closed.

Miss Paine of East Seventy-first street visited a friend in Brooklyn on Sunday last. On her return, in the afternoon, she attempted to get on an elevated railroad train at the Fulton street station. The gate was open, but the train was already moving. She put one foot on the car platform, but, not allowing for its forward motion, she was whirled around and she lost her balance. The folds of a heavy seal-skin cloak prevented her from grasping the rail attached to the car. A stranger, who had stepped on board immediately in front of her, turned in time to see her peril, and clutched her by the arm just as she was falling backward between the station platform and the moving car. He nearly lost his own balance, but he was able to draw her on the car unharmed, but much frightened. She was profuse in her thanks. On asking his name, she learned that man's life, and that he was determined to push the matter to the bitter end. He desired to tell the Court that he wished to be recalled, and given an opportunity of telling the whole truth. Up to this time he had for the sake of his friends and family kept back some things that he had hoped would have been found out for he was so fond that the case had become so prominent that to conceal its any longer was only to clook the search after the truth.

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FIRST DAY OF CONGRESS.

THE SESSION OPENING WITH LESS THAN THE USUAL INTEREST.

Some Senators and Representatives as Photographed from the Reporters' Gallery—Listening to the Reading of Hayes's Message.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—There was nothing specially interesting in the opening proceedings of the first regular session of the Forty-sixth Congress. The galleries of the Senate and House were comfortably filled with spectators, but it was a subject of remark that there were very few strangers present. In the Senate side were a few diplomats, the most conspicuous of whom was Sir Edward Thornton, who remained for a few moments only. The attentive friends and admirers of Logan, Anthony, Cockrell, Carpenter, Whyte, and Burnside sent reminders in the shape of beautiful bouquets. Some appreciative friend also placed a lovely sevres cup and saucer on Burnside's desk, which an awkward Senatorial friend brushed off with his elbow and shivered to atoms. Thurman and Edmunds, whose politics are so widely asunder, but whose personal relations are very brotherly, appeared in renewed health and vigor. They were both exhausted and debilitated by the continued strain of the last two sessions, and Edmunds spent his vacation in Europe, while Thurman summered at the Isle of Shoals. Before the present session closes these two leaders in the Senate will doubtless have many bouts on political measures, but on all future questions of law they will be together, as they were in the great fight against the Pacific Railroads. The seat of Zach Chandler was not draped in mourning, as is customary, a decided lack of thoughtfulness on the part of the Democratic Sergeant-at-Arms. A friend, however, testified his regard for the dead Senator by providing a magnificent wreath of immortelles for the dead Senator's desk. Conkling made his appearance late, looking pale, and was cordially greeted by his Republican colleagues. Blaine was not present, and his absence was the subject of inquiry on every hand. Ben Hill was missed also on the Democratic side. A Democratic Senator, remarking upon the absence of these two Senators, said that if they would only stay away until after the holidays, it might be possible to get the public business under headway in some measure got rid of political discussions.

Several of the Senators have been fortunate in their business operations this summer and fall, and among the rest Plumb of Kansas wore a very complacent and self-satisfied air. He had had bullish on the morning speculation shares of Nevada, which has not recovered its fortune, but is in a fair way of doing so by the management of the Bonanza Kings, still lingers on the Pacific coast. A few other Pacific coast Senators were present. Ingalls of Kansas, who is being investigated on the charge of receiving money from Dorsey and Caldwell in purchasing his seat, was quite demonstrative in his greetings of both Democratic and Republican associates. David Davis, whose recent great affliction has almost incapacitated him for the time being for worldly affairs, was not in his seat, and probably will not be until after the holidays.

The Senate was called to order at 12 o'clock by William A. Wheeler. The Secretary was directed to notify the House that the senate was in session, and Senators Bayard and Anthony were appointed a committee to join a similar committee on the part of the House to wait on the alleged President and notify him that both Houses of Congress were in session and ready to receive any communication he might choose to make.

Mr. Burnside gave notice that after the morning hour to-morrow he would ask leave to call up the joint resolution offered by him at the last session relating to the proposed interoceanic canal, for the purpose of making some remarks thereon.

At 1:45 P. M. the Senate Committee to wait on Mr. Hayes reported that they had done so and had been informed that he would at once communicate to Congress a message in writing. Immediately after the Committee had reported, Mr. Hayes's Private Secretary appeared and delivered to the Senate the message, which was read by the Clerk.

At the conclusion of the reading, Mr. Ferry (Rep., Mich.) rose and said that the sorrowful official duty devolved upon him of announcing to the Senate the death of his late colleague, Zachariah Chandler. It was not his present purpose to speak of the character and services of one so long and so notably a member of this body, but at some suitable time he would rise to the Senate to express, by resolution and by eulogy, its sense of the irreparable loss the nation had sustained in the death of so distinguished a citizen. As a mark of respect to a Senator deceased at the last adjournment, and absent now for ever more, he moved that the Senate do now adjourn. The motion was agreed to, and at 2:15 P. M. the Senate adjourned until 12 o'clock to-morrow.

In the House.

The galleries of the House were comfortably filled with spectators half an hour before the proceedings began. There was no crowd in attendance impeding passage in the corridors and driving ladies upon the floor of the House, as was the case at the close of the last session. The appearance of the members was vastly different from that of the last night of the extra session. Then many of them were sick, and all were more or less fatigued from the effects of continuous meeting night and day. No sick men were on the floor of the House to-day. Ruddy faces, full forms and elastic movements had succeeded wan visages, lean bodies, and dragging steps. The members seemed glad to be back to Washington again. They shook hands cordially, some even embraced each other with outward appearances of great affection. The familiar faces of the older members were, as usual, the attraction of the galleries.

Speaker Randall has improved greatly in health during the recess. He has gained in flesh and seems thoroughly prepared to patiently guide the deliberations of the House during a long spell of legislative work. Mr. Cryner looks handsome and younger than ever. He has trimmed his whiskers and moustache *à la* MacMahon, and it causes much resemblance between him and Gen. Hawley of Connecticut. Judge Kelley, the father of the House, looks just as lightsome and gay as at the last session. His intimate association with European statesmen this summer has not elevated Mr. Kelley's opinion of himself. The fact that Bismarck has accused Mr. Kelley of betraying confidence in an alleged interview which took place between them has not ruffled the serenity of the gentleman from Pennsylvania.

Mr. Fernando Wood, after hobnobbing all summer with Mr. Leon Chotteau and various members of the French Chambers, returns as dignified, impassive, and gentlemanly as usual, to resume his duties as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. Jimmy O'Brien answered to his name when the roll was called. He came into the House early this morning, and to his dismay discovered three bouquets upon his desk. Realizing that a mistake had been committed, he pushed the roses and lilies over upon the desk adjoining, which belongs to Mr. Acklin of Louisiana, and took his seat with a resigned and slightly bored expression of countenance. Mr. Bliss of Brooklyn was the centre of a group of friends, and Waldo Hutchins, the new member from the Westchester District, was introduced to as many of his future associates as his chaperone, Mr. Wood, could find upon the floor.

Mr. Bright of Tennessee was one of the happiest-looking men on the floor. His newly married wife was present. The two Turners, Oscar and Thomas, who, by a funny case of mistaken identity afforded great amusement to the House last session, were in their places. Mr. O. Turner has recovered from an ailment which, last session, compelled him to carry a crutch, and Mr. Cook of Georgia has, by reason of an accident, been compelled to take a pair of crutches to assist him in walking. Harry White, Mr. Calkins, Mr. Springer, and other gentlemen celebrated for their extreme facility in monopolizing the attention of the official reporters, moved about adored, at least by themselves. De Witt Garfield's desk was adorned with a huge bouquet. Julius Caesar Burrows of Kalamazoo, the silver-tongued orator of Michigan, hovered uneasily about the floor. Mr. Conger sat in his seat, his feet in the aisle, his elbows upon the desk, and his chin in his hands, ready to shout "I object" to the first motion made by the Democrats. William R. Morrison marched up and down the aisles, shaking hands with his friends, making quadrilateral bows, and giving six digs at the fellows he thinks are wrecking the Democratic party.

Little groups of politicians were scattered about the floor discussing the political situation and caucusing informally about the work of the session and the proper policy to be pursued. A loud hum of conversation, something like the buzzing of a swarm of bees in a hive, was suddenly interrupted by the sound of the Speaker's gavel and the opening of the session. After prayer the roll was called, and 292 members answered to their names, 66 being absent. The four California members, one from Iowa, and Mr. Hutchins of New York were sworn in. In Mr. Hutchins's case, by unanimous consent, the certificate of election of the Secretary of State of New York was dispensed with, and he was seated upon the certificate of the district canvassers of his election. A committee of the Senate informed the House that the Senate was in session. A committee was appointed by the Speaker to inform the Senate that the House was in session, and to act on messages when they should be received from the President. An hour and a half was consumed by the Clerk in the reading. One by one the members dropped out of their seats, the surroundings of the place grew quiet, and those remaining paid no attention to the message. Not the slightest manifestation of approval or disapproval at anything Mr. Hayes had to say was evinced. The message was received with complete indifference. Afterward the House adjourned.

The order of business for the morning hour to-morrow in the House will be a call of the committees *de novo* for reports, beginning with the Committee on Elections. This Committee, however, will not have any business ready to report, nor will the Committees on Ways and Means and Appropriations, which stand next on the list. Hence it is probable that by unanimous consent the morning hour will be dispensed with to-morrow, an resolutions adopted authorizing the Speaker to call the States for the introduction of bills and joint resolutions for reference to committees. At the conclusion of this call the death of Senator Chandler will probably be announced, to be followed by an adjournment at an early hour.

Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania, whose name is near the head of the Speaker's list of members desiring to move the adoption of resolutions under a suspension of the rules, does not believe that the resolution which was adopted on motion of Fernando Wood, last session, requesting the President to negotiate a commercial treaty with France, expressed the real sentiment of the House, the overwhelming majority of which, he believes, would be in favor of the adoption of a similar resolution at this time. He therefore intends to offer the following as soon as he obtains the floor:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this House that the negotiations by the Executive Department of the Government of a commercial treaty, whereby the States of and to be admitted to the benefits of the commercial treaty of the United States, be conducted in such manner as to secure the protection of the American industries, and would, in view of the provision of section 7 of an act for the Commission of the Senate and House of Representatives of the Forty-sixth Congress, be an act in violation of the Constitution and an encroachment on one of the highest prerogatives of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Platt (Rep., Ill.) has prepared the following resolution, which he will introduce in the House at the first opportunity:

Resolved, That any attempt to change the legal status of any of the money issued by the United States or to recognize any other money than the notes which have been issued and the coin which is now legal tender, and would tend to retard returning prosperity.

DEMOCRATIC PACIFIERS.

Proposing a Love Feast of Indiana and New York Politicians to Agree on a Ticket.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—Mr. Hendricks of Indiana, who is here ostensibly on private business, is anxiously looking after his interests for 1880. He is the wonderful great harmonizer. He thinks that the Indiana and New York Democratic politicians ought to settle the question for 1880. In this he is seconded by more than one self-important Senatorial and Representative Congressional politician. Their panacea for the evil brought upon the party by the extra session and other blunders is to have a love feast of Indiana and New York politicians and let them agree upon a ticket that can carry both States. They say that Tammany is ready and willing to pursue this course. John Kelly and his followers will work harder for a satisfactory ticket in Kelly than they have ever done, if they are only allowed to dictate it so far as New York is concerned. As for Tilden and his friends, the persons who are managing this love feast say that they must not be ignored, of course; but still they must not be allowed to drive Tammany out of the party. It is suggested that it may happen that the delegates from New York will have nothing to do with Tammany, the result is that they will carry their resolutions so far as to destroy the ticket for 1880.

The Democrats seem to be any settled purpose on the part of the Democratic bolters of the House and Senate as to the policy of the present session. They are evidently at sea. The only thing they seem to agree on is that they have got the party in a tight fix, and something must be done to get it out.

Senator Gordon, who was interviewed on the political situation, He says that he has come here determined to do everything in his power to prevent another sectional debate and exert all his influence to prevent Southern Congressmen from replying to the taunts of the Northern Republicans. He says he regards the Northern people as generous, brave, and true, and he believes that they generally regard the Southerners in the same light. He believes in local self-government, and he feels confident that the Northern people believe in the same thing. He says, however, that the present is no time to discuss State rights, because the politicians use such discussions to revive the dead and buried issues of secession. A cessation of all sectional debate is, in his opinion, the only thing that will lead to the restoration of harmony between the sections.

DR. TALMAGE'S TRUSTEES.

Defending their Pastor, and Asking to be Led from the Presbyterian Fold.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Trustees of the Brooklyn Tabernacle yesterday the following communication was drawn up, to be presented "officially and unitedly" to the pastor, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage:

In view of the wanton and persistent pursuit and persecution of the pastor of this church, by a malicious and malicious one, under the garb and pretext of ecclesiastical, in having for its avowed object the destruction of the pastor, and the destruction of the prosperity and peace of religion in this church, we find it necessary to express our sense of the freedom of the Lord Jesus Christ demands the separation of the Brooklyn Tabernacle from the Presbyterian church, and we do hereby, in the name of the Lord, declare that wrong shall continue, and we request our pastor to adopt such measures as will effect this course required by scripture, by the rights of human nature, and to the interests of Christ's cause, and we pledge our support, in the work here so begun in the past and present, and broken up to higher sacrifices and successes for the cause of the evangelizing gospel in the future.

Quarrymen in a Prize Fight.

William Moore and John Deffering, two quarrymen in West New York, N. J., for some time past have been on bad terms. They arranged recently to settle their differences in a prize fight. Their friends tried several times to bring about a meeting, but the presence of the police or the absence of one of the principals caused frequent postponements. Early yesterday morning the two men, accompanied by their backers and some invited guests, met by appointment in a secluded spot known as "Bully's Acre." A ring was formed, and the two quarrymen, after stripping to prize fight costume, began to pummel each other vigorously. After four fiercely contested rounds, the spunge was thrown up in baffling even her, and principals, backers, and spectators adjourned to the nearest barroom.

An Old Bachelor's Suicide

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 1.—An old bachelor named John Bogus committed suicide to-day by shooting himself. He lived by himself and had no associates, friends, or relatives. He kept a little store and was supposed to be a rich miser. He was about 50 years old. This letter was found near him:

Pittsburgh, Dec. 1, 1879.

Getting daylight. Before sun up I expect to be dead in a cold blooded way, but circumstances on my heart and my conscience of all, but most from creditors, and hope they will all join in giving me a full pardon when they hear of my death, for I have not $5 in the world in money or houses or lands, and no one will give me any.

The Seward Investigation to be Renewed.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The sub-Committee of the Committee on Expenditures in the State Department will immediately begin the second investigation of the affairs of George F. Seward, Minister to China. Mr. New of Indiana, the chairman of the sub-committee, has seen a copy of the report of Mr. Stahl, appointed by William M. Evarts to investigate Minister Seward's charges against the Eastern consuls, as received at the State Department, and considered it a very fair and impartial report. It is understood that upon Mr. Evarts's report will be introduced in the house.

Is It Suspended Animation or Death?

FALL RIVER, Mass., Dec. 1.—The wife of Franklin Chase died suddenly, in Westport, on Nov. 29. Preparations for burial were made, but the lifelike appearance of the remains induced her friends to postpone the funeral, and the body has been kept until the present time, no change having appeared since death. Her friends are satisfied as to whether the case is one