BURIAL OF DR. JOHN B. WOOD.

IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL SERVICES AT THE PRESS CLUB ROOMS.

His Bier Surrounded by Hundreds of his Friends—Dr. Talmage's Address—The Funeral Procession to Cypress Hills Cemetery.

The remains of Dr. John B. Wood rested on Tuesday night in the parlor of the New York Press Club. They were enclosed in a handsome coffin covered with black velvet. The silver plate bore the inscription:

John B. Wood. Born Dec. 7, 1827. Died Jan. 27, 1884.

The peaceful face, made venerable by the profusion of white hair, was covered only by the glass of the coffin lid. All through the night, the watchers say, friends came to look upon the face of the dead. Editors, reporters, type setters, pressmen, newspaper counters, and even fly boys took their turn in approaching the coffin. Nearly every man had an account to give of some kindly act done for him by the Doctor.

About 9 A. M. the doors of the room were closed, and final preparations were made, under the supervision of President Truman A. Merriman, for the funeral service. When the room was reopened it was seen that just above the head of the dead journalist hung his picture, a life-like crayon, taken several years ago. Shroudings of crape overhung the mantel, the mirrors, the pictures, and the piano. Upon the coffin lay a sheaf of wheat, wound with a string of roses and violets, and resting upon an ivy wreath. From the wreath hung a white satin ribbon, inscribed:

In memory of John B. Wood, our late Managing Editor. From his associates of the *Evening Chronicle*, St. Louis, Mo.

Close to this tribute was a palm leaf, imbedded in flowers. Near the coffin was a tall broken column of roses and calla lilies upon a base of violets, in which a rising sun, fashioned of white pinks, was set. A dove surmounted the column. In its bill was a spray of lilies of the valley. On the base, in forget-me-nots, was, "The Doctor." The card that hung from a white ribbon showed that this was sent by the Doctor's associates on THE SUN.

A wreath of English ivy, sprinkled with sprigs of wheat, roses, and violets, and bearing the card of the *Herald* Club, was fastened with a white satin ribbon, lettered, "A good man never dies." There were many other offerings of flowers.

Soon after 10 o'clock the rooms of the club began to fill with the friends of the dead journalist. Among them were:

Ex-Lieut.-Gov. Alvord, Thomas C. Acton, ex-Alderman Billings, Commissioner Thomas S. Brennan, Justice Frederick G. Gedney, ex-Police Justice Herrman, Assistant District Attorney Fitzgerald, Park Commissioner Wales, Thomas Costigan, Capt. McKelvy of Brooklyn, Dr. Geo. W. Hosmer, and fully one-half of the newspaper editors and reporters of the city.

There was a delegation of ten from the *Herald* Club, and the type-setters were represented by such a number as they have not had before in many years.

Many women were in the audience. They were shown to seats in the main room of the club, where hundreds of men were already seated. Just before 11 o'clock a bier of black velvet was set up in the passage between this parlor and the larger room. Then the coffin was placed upon the bier. It was within a few feet of where the Doctor's last work was done. Mrs. Wood and Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, her sister-in-law, her brother-in-law, Mr. and Miss Luckey, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Mr. Fisher, Mrs. Saxton, and Mrs. Cark sat in a private room, the door of which opened upon the passage.

The pall bearers, President Merriman, ex-Presidents James Pooton, George E. Williams, Charles H. Bladen, John C. Hennessy, and William N. Penney, Vice-President James J. Chaney, Trustees Charles J. Smith, T. J. Hanway, George W. Pearce, and J. W. McLaughlin, and Amos J. Cummings, Lawrence S. Kane, Joseph Howard, Jr., Horatio C. King, Walter M. Rosebault, and Solomon N. Cohen encircled the bier.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage read the first verse of "Nearer my God to Thee," and then the choir of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, which Mrs. Wood attends, sang the hymn, accompanied upon a parlor organ by Dr. King. Then Dr. Talmage spoke as follows:

A more skillful and conscientious man than Dr. John B. Wood could not be found in American journalism. Born for the work, he naturally drifted down from his Northern home to the metropolis. While connected with the press of this city he was the pride of the East and West, he put all his energies of mind and soul into his profession. He was one of that large number of men who, under the responsibility of newspapers do a vast amount of labor for which they never receive the recognition. In the realm where so many thousands toil he came to the front. He distinguished himself as the antagonist of prohibition, believing that many of the speakers and writers of our time are overmuch affected with the gift of continuance, he founded a process of condensation. He could condense into one short, pointed, emphatic sentence, in one sentence, report at the salient points in an oration of an hour, or in one paragraph, put all the sermons, or songs or circumstances of a religious assemblage. He was a master of condensation.

His heart, as well as his head, was in this work. He was not a cold dissecter of news. How often have I seen him take off his spectacles and wipe the tears at some story of suffering or distress in the world he so little knew of its best side and its worst. He had the strongest love for the genuine, and a pen sharp to prick a sham. Under a countenance solemn as the night, he had a humor bright as a summer morning. He was truly odd, by reason of overwork. His eyes were half extinguished by midnight industry. These white hairs were not the frosts of age, but the frozen sweat of toil. Yes, it was in the performance of his professional duty that he fell.

He, all naked, at the arrival of the doubtful news of his death, what could he have been doing along the wharves of the North River at half past 12 at night when he made that mistake? It was not until yesterday morning that the Doctor's book, the book he had given to his wife to delight herself of the fact that he had projected for himself what he thought might be an interesting and original article, to be entitled "Midnight Adventures of New York." She advised him of the period of that attempt, with his defective sight, in that dangerous region, and urged him to delegate some one else for the task. He said, "No I must see for myself, and have the last degree of accuracy of description."

Through that consecration to his work came the end. All the world has left his tribute decorate his bier, and all acquaintances bereft of as genial a friend as he finds in a lifetime. We stand at the casket of a martyr of American journalism, who, in the prime of life, closes a life in the overwork of his profession, the struggles and hardships and exposures of which few understand. All of us want the news, and the newest news, and time and tide have placed in our hands the news of this morning, and we get it at a cheap rate. Yet how few realize what toils and fatigues every issue of every morning and evening newspaper represents. The senseless cramer of the public for cheaper and cheaper newspapers, until we get what is equal to a book or small library in one newspaper for two or three cents, may be great sport for us, and may make us rejoice that we can buy a whole library of a newspaper that they can spare without any serious inconvenience, but the demand comes with crushing weight upon the reporter, worker, who must do more work for less pay. It fetches the blood.

Standing by this casket of a dead journalist, I demand that the public take the foot of invasion off the hearthstone and the forest trail of the dead, who write three-fourths of the reading matter of our morning and evening newspaper.

With the vast majority of journalists it is a hand-to-hand fight for bread, and nothing ever for a time of sickness and old age. Toil of hand and foot for our country when the lowest compensation, but still more inadequate, paid is the toll of brain. When a pen for thirty years driven at the top of its speed across the midnight page, comes to its last paragraph, and slow signs its last sentence, and stops at the last word, and rests at its last period, it is to be congratulated above all the pens that continue their weary work.

Gathered in these rooms to-day are many who knew and loved Dr. Wood. He was beloved not by any learned institution, but by the loving familiarity of his friends. Men who are not easily stirred to tears wept at this casket. The News Boys, who delivered to him this favored brother to rest in their rooms on the way to the grave.

The first time I saw him was in your rooms, when he was presiding in honor of a hero of journalism from the West, and the last time is when I see him here, surrounded by the members of the New York Press Club. I cannot tell you how dear he was to me. He was welcome to my home and my table, and heartily greeted in my church, and when he made his residence last year in the West we were in correspondence. What a genial and helpful and generous soul he was. He had a prince in heart, and often let out the secret in a princely fashion. If he had an enemy I do not know it. And he was a brother journalist in the best sense, and did some of two things—either give him hay [illegible] action all. There was no lofty or low on the door of his poet. He was built on a large scale, and in the same one of nature's noblemen. From the day that he came from the New England hills he walked right into the hearts, affections, and esteems of as several selling circles of editors as New York, Brooklyn, and St. Louis. There are many sad hearts to-day because Dr. Wood is dead. How new and singular the occasion that we should meet and farewell at his passage. "There is but a step between us and death."

Brother journalists let us do our work well, since so soon it must terminate. Avoid all sour tones and strains, now that we have the Eternal Spring-time of soul. What a tremendous thing is human life—eternity past, eternity to come, its sullen. I commend your friend and the editor's friend of his grave, which is soon to hide him, and give you an inheritance among all those who are sanctified.

My sister, greatly bereft by the death of a kind and loving husband lift your soul to a kind and sympathetic God. The waves rol high, but they shall not submerge you. Has God of Almighty strength. Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning. He always spoke so affectionately and admiringly of you that I know that your married life must have been very blessed. We offer you our sympathy, our prayers, our tears for you the best consolation of the widowhood.

Farewell, dear brother. Pleasant rest, thou to us in life, but more pleasant in death. We may get from hours we will remember you good, then we'll do as all. Farewell. Thy body to the earth, thy spirit to the God who gave it.

So I must not longer hinder this march to the grave. Brevity and emphasis is more the law of this man. I must not offend that law, now that he is beyond the reach of it. Let us finish this work with the tender regard of the people of another land who, when they follow one to the grave, recite or sing these quaint verses:

Neighbor, accept our parting song.
We part in sorrow, but in hope.
The Lord brought here, the Lord takes hence.
This is not home or permanence.

Our truest of earth, our friend of years,
Our partner feel these chastened years.
We miss his face, his voice,
The place is gone forever more.

Gone to the land of unseen region,
Gone where no close him as he goes,
We hasted soon the day was fair,
A good sleep now, the night is cool.

After the address Dr. Talmage asked the choir to sing Dr. Wood's favorite hymn. Instead the Shorting and the Weeping I Shall be Seen. The choir sang the hymn very softly. Dr. Talmage then offered a short prayer, and the remains were then borne to a hearse at the door, and conveyed, followed by many carriages, to Cypress Hills Cemetery. There, in the burial plot of the Press Club, they were interred.

Subscriptions for Either a Fund or an Annuity for Mrs. John B. Wood.

Amos J. Cummings has received many letters from friends of the late Dr. John B. Wood, offering to contribute toward either a fund or an annuity for his widow. These are extracts from the letters:

In common with all his friends, I lament the untimely death of our old friend Dr. Wood, and regret to learn that he has left his widow in straitened circumstances. I would suggest that a fund be raised to purchase for Mrs. Wood an annuity that will insure her a comfortable maintenance for the residue of her days. I know she is in feeble health and will never recover from the effects of a partial stroke which befel her years ago, so that she needs and will always require the assistance of a personal attendant. Now that she is deprived of her natural protector, she appeals the more strongly to the friends of the deceased. You may put me down for $100, or so much more as may be required to effect the end in view. Whether it is reached in this way I suggest or some other is not essential to me, but if you were to consult with the Mutual Life of New York, the Equitable, or some other sound life insurance corporation of the city that deals in life annuities, I think you would do what we all desire more efficiently, surely, and economically than in any other way. Your friend,

New York, Jan. 29, 1884. I. W. ENGLAND.

FROM MONTAGUE MARKS.

I have been shocked to hear of the death of Mr. Wood, whom I knew very well for many years. Indeed, he was my first friend when I began my career as a journalist in New York. I am afraid that he could not have left sufficient provision for his widow, and, in that event, it would give me great pleasure to contribute to a fund for her benefit.

Will you be so kind as to receive the enclosed check for $25 for Mrs. Wood? I do not doubt that many other former attaches of THE SUN will be glad to contribute in the same purpose, if, indeed, I have not already been anticipated by them in this matter. Yours faithfully,

New York, Jan. 28, 1884. MONTAGUE MARKS.

FROM A BROTHER JOURNALIST WHO IS NEARLY BLIND.

I am not overburdened with money or vision, but shall be pleased to make one of a hundred to give $10 toward assisting the widow of Dr. Wood. I have not seen Mrs. Wood since she lost her son, nor the Doctor for many years, but I know that he would do as much for any one he thought anything of. The best kind of sympathy is money, and I feel sure it will be acceptable to his widow. Yours truly, NED JAMES.

CITIZEN OFFICE, Jan. 29, 1884.

Other subscriptions have been pledged, without solicitation, the total being:

Isaac W. England	$100
Amos J. Cummings	100
Edward S. Stokes	100
Joseph Howard, Jr.	50
A. E. Sheldon	25
Montague Marks	25
C. L.	25
Ned James	10
Total	$435

Any further subscriptions sent to Amos J. Cummings, SUN office, will be duly acknowledged and turned over to Mrs. Wood.

A TARIFF RESOLUTION.

New Jersey's Democratic Assemblymen Come to an Agreement in Caucus.

TRENTON, Jan. 30.—The Assembly continued to-day its effort not to take any positive action upon the resolution requesting the New Jersey Congressmen to oppose any material change in the present tariff laws. The Democratic members in caucus adopted this:

Resolved, by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, that we favor a tariff for revenue limited to the necessary expenditures of the Government, and so adjusted as to give protection and encouragement to home productive industry and labor without producing or fostering monopolies.

This was the tariff plank in the last Democratic State platform. When the Assembly met this resolution was offered as a substitute.

The House got into confusion over points of order and appeals from decisions of the Chair, and great disorder prevailed for some time. Democratic Mr. Neighbor moved the previous question, and when Republican Mr. Cole tried to explain his vote upon it the Speaker declared him out of order and told him to sit down. Mr. Armitage, the Democrat whom ex-Speaker Fagan tried to bribe last winter, denounced this ruling as an outrage, and emphasized his opinion by deserting his Democratic colleagues and voting with the Republicans against the previous question amid applause from the Republicans.

The previous question was ordered by a vote of 32 to 25. When the question was put upon the substitute agreed upon in the Democratic caucus, Mr. Cole made an attempt to explain his vote and was again ruled out of order. Mr. Armitage once more voted with the Republicans, saying that he could not be whipped into the traces by a caucus. The substitute was adopted by a vote of 32 to 27, all the Democrats voting for it except Mr. O'Donnell, who was absent, and Mr. Armitage.

The substituted resolution will now go on the calendar for second and third readings, and will, if passed, go to the Senate, where the Republican majority will amend it into a strong protective resolution, and send it back for concurrence of the Assembly. The whole morning was occupied in the debate over this tariff matter, and the greater part of the afternoon was taken up with a matter growing out of it, viz., a protest on the part of the Republican members against the summary manner in which the Speaker ignored the demand for the yeas and nays, and declared the Assembly adjourned yesterday afternoon at a time when the first resolution was about to come to a vote. A Republican caucus drafted the following resolution to be presented in the Assembly:

Resolved, That the action of the speaker of this House, the hon. A. S. Story, at the session of the afternoon of the 29th inst., in refusing to allow the yeas and nays upon the motion to adjourn to be called for by Mr. Fiske and seconded by Messrs. Armstrong, Stadler, Jenkins, Bell, Burgess, Keasbey, Holsworth, Shallback, Mills, See, Dickinson, and others, is in violation of all the rights of the minority, and such action cannot be allowed to close the proceedings of this House; that whatever may be the fate of any question pending, all the members of this House are interested in having the rules of this House strictly observed, and therefore it is incumbent upon this House to protest against the Speaker's action yesterday afternoon.

The Speaker, hearing that such a resolution was to be introduced, went to Mr. Cole and asked him to withhold it, declaring that he had not intentionally violated the rules. Mr. Cole refused the request and the resolution was offered early in the afternoon. The Speaker placed Mr. Chapman in the chair, and the latter declared the resolution out of order. There was an exciting debate, ending in the Republicans appealing from the ruling of the chair. The appeal was voted down by a strict party vote, but the Republicans had accomplished their object in getting the resolution and a roll call upon it on the minutes.

It is said that hereafter Mr. Armitage will not be admitted to Democratic caucuses.

Gen. Jourdan to be Retired.

It was erroneously reported yesterday that Gen. Jourdan had forwarded his resignation as Police Commissioner to Mayor Low. There is, however, not the slightest chance of the general's retention. On Monday Mayor Low said he would not reappoint him. Gen. Jourdan has been in public life in Brooklyn for nearly twenty years as Revenue Collector, commander of the Second Division of the National Guard, and Police Commissioner. In politics he has been a Stalwart Republican, and at the Chicago Convention he was one of the supporters of Grant.

He was not in sympathy with the line of policy pursued by the Young Republican Club, to whose influence with the Mayor, it is said, his removal is due. He has large private business interests, and it is understood that this will be the reason alleged for the Mayor's refusal to reappoint him. Two years ago, however, the same objection held good.

It is intended that the responsibility for his retirement shall rest with the Mayor, and it is for this reason that he has not resigned.

The management of the Police Department under Gen. Jourdan has been declared to be as nearly non-partisan as could be expected, and he is popular with the rank and file.

Capt. Partridge, the present Fire Commissioner, who will probably be Gen. Jourdan's successor, has been a Half Breed, and is in high favor with the Young Republicans. He was colonel of the Twenty-third Regiment of Brooklyn, and was recognized when he was appointed Fire Commissioner. Mayor Low will announce his appointments to-morrow.

Business Reverses.

John C. Jessup and William B. Eakins (J. C. Jessup & Co.), manufacturers of colors at 44 Eleventh avenue, made an assignment yesterday to John S. Eakins, giving preferences for $5,777.

Jacob Strauss, cigar manufacturer, of 350 Eighth avenue, made an assignment yesterday to Joel S. Lazarus.

Higgins & Norton, iron founders at 235 Water street, are embarrassed and their works have closed. Liabilities $28,000.

The schedules filed yesterday in the insolvent assignment of Kennedy & Dunlap, state the liabilities to be $17,[illegible] and the assets $6,011.

The firm of Smith and Metal Company of St. Louis made an assignment yesterday. The assets are said to be worth $[illegible] above encumbrance. Richard C. Pope, the President of the company, had loan mortgages to John D. Perry, a banker, one of them on the company's house for $[illegible], and the other on his residence for $[illegible]. Both are due.

W. S. Parks & Co., dealers in men's furnishing goods, 347 Washington street, Boston, have failed for $12,000. The assets are nominally $[illegible]. The liabilities are [illegible].

The failure of Perine & Co., cloth jobbers in New York, followed the assignment yesterday of Henry W. Peabody, a silk dealer, of Rich, N. Y. It was the second one that hit the New York drug. The liabilities of the New York house are $[illegible] and the assets $[illegible]. The liabilities of H. W. Peabody on account of the Bath store are $4,[illegible].

This celebrated Silver Gloss of the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga., has created a furor. 100 West 23d st., and Auction Rooms, 6 East 23d st. Ladies are delighted with it. Good of skin diseases. Examinations and consultation free.—Adv.

You have tried Carter's Little Liver Pills and were pleased with them. Try strychnine pills, liver, regulate the bowels, and sluggishness will disappear.—Adv.

ROWELL'S PLEA OF INSANITY.

One Expert Answers Affirmatively to Hypothetical Questions of Both Sides.

BATAVIA, Jan. 30.—The defence in the Rowell trial rested their case to-day after examining one witness, Asa F. Lawrence, who testified that Rowell visited his cabinet shop on Oct. 30, 1883. Witness had never seen him before. The interview lasted nearly or quite an hour. Rowell's conversation was incoherent, and impressed witness as being irrational.

Coroner Tozier was recalled in rebuttal. He produced letters, which the prosecution wanted to put in evidence to show that Lynch was in Rowell's house by invitation of Mrs. Rowell. The defence objected, and the Court excluded the letters as reopening the case for the people.

Sheriff Southworth, recalled, testified that he saw Rowell in jail nearly every day. Nothing that he said or did impressed witness as being irrational. He was cool, and spoke only when spoken to. After Dec. 1 he became more cheerful and pleasant, and conversed freely. He was supplied with five or six different newspapers a day. He began to keep a scrap book the second day he was put in jail. It contained accounts of the tragedy and comments on the case taken from the newspapers.

On cross-examination the Sheriff said that he could not say he ever saw Rowell read a newspaper. When he smiled it was very faintly, as though absent minded, at some cheering remark by a visitor. Usually his visitors endeavored to cheer him up. On the night Rowell was sent to jail, witness searched him and found a picture case in his side pocket. Witness asked, "What is this?" Rowell said: "It is a picture of my wife. For God's sake, let me keep that." He said this with great earnestness and tenderness.

Herman F. Knickerbocker, reporter of the Utica *Herald* testified that he interviewed Rowell in the jail on Oct. 31. Rowell declined to make a statement, because his counsel had cautioned him not to do so. He said he was sorry for Mrs. Lynch. Rowell's eyes were sunken, and he was emaciated and pale.

Dr. Judson B. Andrews, Superintendent of the State Asylum for the Insane, Utica, answered hypothetical questions for both sides in the affirmative. When an affirmative answer was given to the hypothetical question of the defence the spectators applauded, and were severely rebuked by the Court.

To the District Attorney the witness said that a person in the condition described by the hypothetical question of the defence would be in a feeble condition and almost wholly deprived of mental power. The witness would characterize it as dementia, and if in that condition, the prisoner could not have talked intelligently the morning after the shooting. If he recovered at all, it would be in a period extending over a year or more.

At 3 P. M. Dr. Andrews left the stand, and the proofs were closed. Mr. Wilson then began summing up in the defence, and spoke until 5 o'clock, when the court adjourned. His argument was in support of the theory of insanity, and that Rowell, while in that condition, became the tool of Palmer, who waited until his mental condition had broken down before developing the greater portion of his scheme to him or supplying him with weapons.

THE PLUMBER'S ASSISTANT.

The Old, Old Story of Finding a Gas Leak Retold Once More.

While blowing the froth from his glass of beer in a public house in Marion street last evening, a weather-beaten man who had entered alone caught sight of some splintered boards lying on the floor. He sniffed the atmosphere of the room as though sampling it, and then, looking at Mr. Bopp over the brim of his glass, observed:

"Had a gas explosion here, haven't you?"

"Yes; it was this forenoon," said Mr. Bopp.

"Jesso," returned the stranger, resting his glass, still untasted, on the bar. "You noticed the smell of gas several days ago, especially in the front part of the cellar, and spoke to somebody about it; am I right?"

"I spoke to the old gentleman about it—my uncle, George Bopp."

"Yes: and the smell grew stronger, so that your customers said, 'Whew! are you trying to strangle us?' and you began to suspect that there was a gas leak somewhere around?"

"I sent for a plumber to find out."

"So a plumber and he happened to be here at half past 7 this morning, sharp. Now, when he arrived at 11 o'clock, was he attended by one assistant, or by two?"

"I think he was assisted by only one attendant," said Mr. Bopp.

"Answer me this now, when the old gentleman—Am I right in inferring that your aged uncle showed the way down cellar, did you observe that the plumber's assistant walked behind with his lighted candle?"

"I believe he did."

"And there was no immediate explosion?"

"No."

"Ah," said the stranger, thoughtfully stroking his beard, "sometimes there is not. Well, when there was no immediate explosion did the plumber say he would go home to dinner and return at 20 minutes to 2 o'clock?"

"No. He kept right along."

"Yes! That is strange, but slight variations sometimes appear," the stranger observed, meditatively and as though speaking to himself. "Did the plumber at this stage of his investigation express any opinion as to whether gas was or had been leaking?"

"I can't say."

"Well, I will presume that he did not, for that would have been unprofessional. Let's see. We have the old gentleman leading the plumber and the plumber's assistant toward the front part of the cellar. The plumber's assistant found a place where a gaspipe came through the stone wall, and was able to get close to this place and to apply a lighted candle to the opening around the gaspipe. Was it then that the explosion—"

"No; he blew out the flame that started then."

"Ah! The next time he tried did he get an explosion?"

Mr. Bopp pointed to the debris of the wreck in the front of the store, and said that the cellar went off like a cannon, finding vent both through the sidewalk and on the inside of the room, shaking up the neighborhood, and making the best 5 cents' worth of the glasses of the customers who sat at his tables.

"Which fire engine got here first?" the stranger inquired.

"It was No. 29, I believe," said Mr. Bopp.

"I congratulate you on the saving of the building. Was anybody killed or badly hurt?"

"No, strange to say."

"And the plumber's assistant, notwithstanding the virtual failure of the explosion, did he seem to be in good spirits?"

"Pretty fair."

"They are not easily cast down, as a rule," observed the stranger, draining his glass. "It looks as though we might have a rainy night. Good evening."

"Good evening."

Another Wanderer from Bloomingdale.

Mrs. Margaret Deffer of 124th street and the Grand Boulevard saw a man enter her yard, on Jan. 17, and sit down on the snow. She went to him, and he said: "You did not like to see me out all night in the cold, did you?" At this moment two keepers from the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum appeared, and took the man away with them.

Dr. Payne of the asylum said last evening: "A keeper took his patients to a walk that day on the Grand Boulevard. They went side by side toward Manhattanville. One of the patients was bright and the other stupid. The keeper got interested in conversation with the bright patient, and the latter, as soon as he found himself out of course the keeper could not drag the bright patient around with him in a search for the other, so he brought his remaining charge back to the asylum and reported what had happened. A large force of keepers was sent out, and the dull patient was soon brought in, uninjured."

Potatoes.

A gang of men were unloading a cargo of potatoes from a canal boat at the foot of Murray street yesterday. "We brought them down the Hudson in the fall, and have stored them in the boat at the Atlantic Basin until now," said the tally clerk. "Thousands of bushels are kept there every year." Asked why, he said: "A full no artificial heat is necessary. We are selling potatoes by the pound this year. Last year the bushel was the standard of measure. Potatoes at wholesale are worth about twelve shillings or a little over a dollar a bushel. We handle them in quantities from Nova Scotia potatoes in it. Potatoes are so cheap now that not many of them are imported."

A Thief in a Policeman's Apartment.

Frank Donovan, colored, of 200 Thompson street, was discovered in the apartment of Policeman Lamb at 20 Elizabeth street yesterday noon by the policeman's wife. He had Mrs. Lamb's diamond circular and ran out. She ran after him. Policeman McWilliams of the Elizabeth street station, who is said to be the best runner in the department, caught Donovan after a hot mile chase.

Hack Drivers After Larger Privileges.

A committee of hack drivers visited Mayor Edson yesterday to ask him to prevent livery stable keepers from keeping carriages in front of hotels a privilege from which hack drivers are excluded. Officer Oliver, stable man foll the Mayor that the guests at hotels didn't patronize hack drivers. Mayor said he would hear both sides again on Friday morning.

Beyer—Soulard.

Miss Florence Adelaide Soulard, daughter of Andrew I. Soulard, President of the Sterling Insurance Company, and Lieutenant E. Beyer were married in St James's Lutheran Church, in East Fifteenth street last evening. The Rev. Dr. Schmeckenbecher officiated. Miss Soulard's bridesmaids were Miss Edmundson and the misses Mary R. Coombes, C. A. Smith, and W. Stratton.

London dressed Alaska sealskin garments all sizes, lowest prices in New York for retail or wholesale. C. C. Shayne, manufacturer, 103 Prince st., near Broadway.—Adv.

BANGS THE LAWYER BEGINS.

HE DECLARES THAT THE LITTLE VENUS HAS CHICAGO FEET.

He Retorts upon Mr. Choate for Quoting Bottom's Advice to him, and Talks Very Earnestly Concerning the Cesnola Collection.

Mr. Francis N. Bangs began his summing up on behalf of Mr. Fenardent in his suit against Gen. Cesnola yesterday morning in the United States Circuit Court, before Judge Shipman, in the presence of a crowded court room. Many ladies were among the auditors. Mr. Bangs began in a very low voice, thanking the jury for their attention, and asserting that the prolongation of the trial was due quite as much to the defendant as to the plaintiff. Then he considered Mr. Choate's allusions to himself in the quotation from "Midsummer Night's Dream." He said:

The gentleman who spoke to you yesterday and the day before came here in a mood of which you have seen many displays in this trial. It was compounded apparently of two sentiments, one of complete self-sufficiency and satisfaction with himself, and one of entire discontent and querulousness with others, which displayed itself in terms. Sometimes the displays were mingled with each other, so that you could hardly trace them out. He had from Friday until Monday to gather his thoughts, so that they were carefully framed and committed to memory. The outpourings were not the spontaneous offspring of impulse, but were carefully arranged, composed, and illustrated. It appears too, from his other things, he had been studying poetry. He made one or two attempts to enlist your laughter, but they fell flat and stood. He then tried his hand in a more elevated vein of poetic and treated us to an extract from "Midsummer Night's Dream," conveying a reflection that he thought it better to insinuate than to utter in plain language. Referring to Mr. Choate's remark about Mr. Bangs appearing in a lion's skin, the spectatorship of the gentleman displayed itself before he had gone far, and with distended nostrils and excited manner and his face aglow, addressed to the desired goal, the minute he commenced to quote the third, and, with loud, and triumphant bray, pronounced himself my rescued brother. Laughter.

Next Mr. Bangs considered the allegation that he had treated on the witness stand with brutality and cowardice the defendant, who had "become a General in the army by the grace of God and his own vote." He declared that he had asked only questions that would bring out the truth, and enable the defendant to tell whether or not he was a General, and that the defendant had his own testimony to free that for years he had been traveling in this and other communities under a name and title that never belonged to him. If Gen. Cesnola had had any excuse for assuming his title he ought to have been glad of the opportunity to tell it, instead of getting his counsel to make an unprovoked and indecent assault upon the lawyer who gave him a chance to bring it out. But his military title rested upon nothing but falsehood and pretence. There was a good precedent for the inquiry into the authenticity of his title, which was supplied by Mr. Choate himself in a trial in this very court when he spoke of Col. Keitt of South Carolina as a Captain in war and a Colonel in peace. Then Mr. Bangs ran over the testimony on the subject, and arrived at the conclusion that Gen. Cesnola served but a very short time as a Colonel, and escaped trial by a military court only by being fortunately captured by the enemy and confined in Libby Prison, and that he had no more right to call himself a General than Mr. Mason, the Clerk of the Court, who was also in that prison, had, or even than lawyer Bangs had, who served thirty days and earned $30, which he never spent, and got commended by his superior officer, a corporal. The fact was that Gen. Cesnola's commission was not even in a newspaper, which the General never saw until after this trial began.

Flourishing before the jury a picture of the Tweed ring in which each one is pointing to another and shifting the responsibility from himself, Mr. Bangs called attention to the many cases where Gen. Cesnola had a double upon which he shifted the responsibility for the changes in his collection, for the photographs of it, for his own book, for the repairs and restorations of his statues, and even for his own photograph in the uniform of a Brigadier General with one star on his shoulder. For all these things Gen. Cesnola had some one to blame beside himself.

With due credit to the public-spirited citizens who contributed to the establishment of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, who paid for the collection, and who gave the people of the city who had given about $600,000 to establish the collection, he spoke of the right of the people to go and see this collection and to say if they chose: "Your statues have too many handy legs and nose-lapped arms and your women are too ugly and your men baboons." And to say it without the risk of Cesnola's saying in reply: "You are a thief; you are an impostor; you do not know how to spell; you are ignorant; you are a swindler; you cheated me out of $13,000."

Referring to the exoneration of Gen. Cesnola by President Barnard and his associates, Mr. Bangs said that whatever might be the other qualifications of President Barnard, he was certainly not qualified to administer justice.

Looking over Gen. Cesnola's book on Cyprus, Mr. Bangs said:

Let us see what this man, who was one-third American blood and two-thirds some other blood, really did instead of discovering antiquities he turn them of the earth for $30 and by frightening them with a pretended book of adventures and giving them a tract too backwards. He found that the natives had encroached the place and carried the pottery into their houses, and the place was ransacked and was the enforcement of the Turkish law to compel them to give up the articles which they had taken without a permit. It was a startling scene, this Cesnola, with his pistols and his sword, and his fierce look, and his face aglow, addressed to the desired goal, and triumphant bray, pronounced himself my rescued brother. Laughter.

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Here, notwithstanding his pretence of love of science and art, Gen. Cesnola in the presence of the world noticed all the machinery of trade to sell his collection. He did not want to sell it in parts, but to sell it as a whole. He did not want to sell it to a museum, but to get a bad one to sell a good one. And he sold it for "lock, stock and barrel." To let the directors of the British Museum be tarts of it would be to defeat his object. Transportation would be to defeat his object. And he did not want to sell it in one collection, and when the Metropolitan Museum of Art left it to a cabinet maker Mr. Cesnola felt very hot and very cold. He did not want to be left for a mantelpiece there, or a chin, or a limb, gone. The usual way to do such things in foreign countries is to let them without concealment, and the effect was to put the rubbish in a place, and variations is not to be seen a single pebble lost. But here alterations were made by fashion or stupid amateurs, and colored up with paint which plaster of Paris and time and water will make legs. Some of it was done when Cesnola was away, and he says he disapproved of it when he got back.

Mr. Bangs took a moment of breathing time, and continued:

Well, among the articles exhibited there was a little Venus, a little Venus, a little Venus, a little Venus, a point upon which I do not agree with the counsel on the other side. He likes her. He speaks of her only with rapturous. This is not rapture with me. I find her cold and unexpressive. But I have got I know that I like her. She is not to my mind as good looking as many an American woman that I know. She is not as well built as many an American girl I know. She is not as good looking as a fifteenth amendment. Mr. Prince says she looks like a dancing girl. I do not know why, but I do not believe that Cesnola ever had a dancing girl in his house. I believe I could not tell a Dancing? When, or on what occasion did she ever dance? He did not examine. Why, look at her! Chicago feet! Yes, sir, Chicago feet! Look at her! Look at her! Look at her