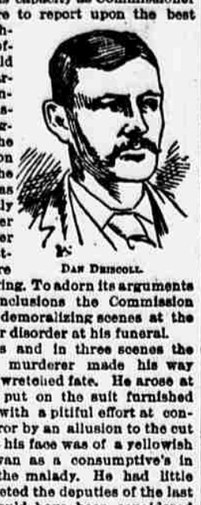
DAN DRISCOLL HANGED.

THE UNEVENTFUL EXECUTION OF A DISTINGUISHED CRIMINAL.

His Last Hours Spent in Prayer—He Chats With the Hangman and Marches Firmly to the Gallows—His Neck Broken at Once—The Remarkable Story of his Life.

Dan Driscoll looked very little like what Sheriff Grant called him, "the most desperate criminal ever caught in the United States," as he stood under the gallows in his slippers in the intense cold of the Tombs yard at 7:30 o'clock yesterday morning. His was the shameful ending of a shameful life. The bravado of the Whyo leader in his cups, with his pistol on his hip amid his degraded companions, had all vanished. He made no show of bravado. No more meek fellow ever was hanged. In another minute his soulless body was dangling in the air.

Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry was one of the witnesses in his capacity as Commissioner for the Legislature to report upon the best means of extinguishing life in capital offenders. It would have been to the argumentative advantage of the Commission had the hangman bungled or the rope broken, but, on the contrary, the death sentence was skilfully and quietly carried out. Never was there a better illustration of whatever little good there is to be said of hanging. To adorn its arguments and point its conclusions the Commission must now hope for demoralizing scenes at the miscreant's wake or disorder at his funeral.



DAN DRISCOLL.

With three stages and in three scenes the miserable woman murderer made his way from his bed to his wretched fate. He arose at about 4 o'clock and put on the suit furnished him by the Sheriff with a pitiful effort at concealment of his terror by an allusion to the cut of his clothes. But his face was of a yellowish white hue and as wan as a consumptive's in the last stages of the malady. He had little else to say. He greeted the deputies of the last watch with what would have been considered curtness in any but a gutter ruffian, but with what was in him politeness, since he blended no oaths with it. He had at last embraced religion and made his confession, and he did nothing to weaken or break that link which at last united him with decent humanity. He said he wanted very little breakfast, some coffee and toast only, and this was ordered for him. He spent some time reading his Bible, and then wrote three letters. Father Gélinas had been sleeping in the next cell, and being aroused was soon astir with his charge. Father Pendergast of St. Francis Xavier's Church came to the prison and joined the others.

Then came the second scene—the last mass in the little chapel in the prison. Father Gélinas officiated and Father Pendergast and gentle Mark Finley, the old sub-official of the jail, assisted. The kindly old man had done that many and many a time before, and in between such offices he sheds the mellow light of a noble and sympathetic nature on all within the prison walls. The condemned took part of the sacrament and then repeated the responses of the Litany. It would have been a good thing for New York could all the many Whyos now in jail and the skulking few who are at large have seen the contrition of their former braggart chieftain. The march back to the cell of the little group was an eminently sad ending of the second scene. First went the deputy warden, then came the reverend priests and their long stubborn convert, and then Deputy Sheriffs Lawrence Delmour, Jas. Carraher, and Patrick Fitzgerald, the three waiwe men of the last watch. When back in his cell Driscoll ate a slice of toast and drank a cup of coffee.

The third scene was at the gallows. A little description is necessary to present this to the reader's eye. The Sheriff's expressions of anxiety lest the man he thought so desperate would resort to violence, or become the hero of an effort at rescue, were sincere. The precautions taken were almost such as one might look for in Europe. For days the abject culprit had been barricaded in the prison, and at last the gallows site had been shifted from the mid-time corner to a new place in the jail yard, close by the door of the part of the prison where Driscoll was confined. Outside the jail, on the four blocks that bound it, policemen were as plenty as Whyos were scarce. Even on the roofs of the buildings commanding an unlimited view of the skylighted top of the prison the forms of helmets of policemen were visible, with here and there the high silk hat of some body with "a pull" on the man on duty. It was making prevention doubly sure, and, therefore, it was not to be criticised. The fact that the police say the Whyos are broken backed and disorganized, and consist only of a scanty few pilferers and drunken men who preyed upon outcast women is not to the point any more than that a dozen worse men than Driscoll were hanged here without quite so great a tribute to their departed greatness. The proof of the pudding lies in the eating, and there never was a more successful or quiet hanging. But it all tended, as everything else has since his sentence, to hurry off the Whyo's mortal coil. The stay he got from the Governor was only until Monday, instead of the customary Friday following, the trepidation of the Sheriff led to the man's death half an hour after daybreak, and, to distance he walked to meet death was shortened by two-thirds of what others had to walk.

The gallows was the one that the regular hangman, who calls himself Joe Atkinson, makes his peculiar living with. It was labelled with a tag addressed to "Sheriff Grant, New York city." It was put up close to Franklin street, between the street wall and the end of the male prison. The prison windows were curtained outside with white muslin hung from the roof to the flagging. A great sail of cloth was hung in front of the gallows, and the building was and will hid the view from the other directions. The executioner's box of unpainted pine was beside the gallows and surrounded one leg of it—the leg down which passed the rope and the tether that held up the weight which was to fall and lift the body. A plank roofed over for the reporters completed the paraphernalia. It was a cheerless scene—the stone well-like court, the hideous gallows beam and swaying rope, and the knots of shivering men hanging about, for the cold was intense. The sun, just risen at 7 o'clock, had not mounted high enough to reach any part of the yard. Among the first to arrive was Commodore Gerry in sealskin coat and cap. Then came Inspector Williams and young Capt. McCullagh, both in uniform; then Coroner M. J. B. Messemer, who in default of any more initials before his name has M. D. behind it. Then came the reporters, only ten in all, not counting those who afterward paraded in as deputies through great disrespect to the Sheriff's repeated declaration that he would permit none to do so.

At a quarter past 7 o'clock the Sheriff and his posse appeared, he with a rosewood stave topped with a gold crescent at one end, they with gold arrowheads on their staves. Each man wore a gold badge, calling to mind the glorious insignia of the Americus Club, and nearly every one wore a high hat. The Sheriff is short and spare, but the deputies made an imposing appearance. They were nearly all stalwarts, and as comfortably clad as Aldermen. They were Under Sheriff John B. Sexton, General Deputy Joel O. Stevens, Peter McGinness, John Lavery, Patrick Fitzgerald, James Young, Thomas Wild, Charles P. Anderson, Rody S. Brussel, Laurence Delmour, James Carraher, Thomas Carroll, Daniel Hanley, Julius Kaufman, William Burt. Following them came Dr. J. B. Cosby of West Forty-eighth street, invited by the Sheriff professionally, and Deputy Coroner W. F. Conway. The hangman, who is always called Joe Atkinson, was pottering about the yard, and seemed not to be in the best humor, for when he overheard Inspector Williams and Capt. McCullagh commenting on the arrangements for the execution, he broke out into a burst of remonstrance against people's not minding their own business.

"I do what the Sheriff tells me," he said, "and what I say is 'do what you're told.'"

This Joe Atkinson is a stumpy, round-bodied, round-faced man, of strong Judaic features, who wore a shabby great coat and a shapeless round black felt hat. His face was flushed, and he was far less undemonstrative and reticent than usual.

Driscoll remained with the priests alternately at prayer and attending to the disposition of his petty possessions. He asked that the flat gold ring with a great green stone that he wore be given to his brother Henry, and he told the priests that he wished Warden Walsh to forgive him for the harsh things he said about him while imprisoned. He intrusted his newly written letters—one of which was to his wife—to the officials.

At about twenty minutes past 7 o'clock the Sheriff, Under Sheriff Sexton, and Atkinson, the hangman, visited Driscoll, and the under sheriff read the death warrant. Then Atkinson pinioned the pale and haggard felon, tying his elbows with cords of new hemp. It is said that Driscoll called the hangman by name and asked him not to put the black cap on his head until after he reached the gallows. Atkinson is reported to have replied for the man had respect this desire and to have added: "Bear up bravely and it will be quickly over."

It was indeed quickly over. Those who dreaded the spectacle of the march to the gallows, which is far more trying than the aftersight of the silenced mass in midair, were agreeably disappointed. For the man had not twenty paces to walk, and in just one minute after he reached the gallows he was dead.

Atkinson, the hangman, led the way, with his left hat in his hand. Behind him came Driscoll, with a priest on either side, and then the two chiefs of the Sheriff's office. A number of the deputy sheriffs had moved away from the gallows. Two youths, undertaker's men, who had brought the coffin from Undertaker Whelan's in Pearl street, put their heads around the corner of the male prison behind the gallows. The reporters not appointed as deputies were in a line against the wall at one side of and before the gallows. Further along were the police officials and a few regular deputies. Close beside the gallows stood Drs. Cosby and Conway. In the wooden box against the wall was the hangman's assistant.

Driscoll walked firmly, but held his head down. If he raised his eyes at all the movement was not noticed. The strain of the last few days, added to twenty months' confinement, had transformed him from the bully of the Bloody Sixth to a shrunken, pale, and mild-looking youth. As he walked, one priest whispered to him and the other pressed a great ebony crucifix to his lips. When the gallows was reached the hangman turned the felon around and raised his head with a gentle urging of a hand under his chin. The bravado's lower jaw had fallen on his chest. It was pitiful to see how great was the wreck that he exhibited as he stood there without an overcoat, in his slippers, exposed to as keen an atmosphere as ever winter brings to the town. The raising of his head revealed the hangman's noose under his chin. He half opened his eyes, but seemed not to look at his surroundings. He had taken no liquor—the realization of his fate was sufficient to daze so intelligent a man. The priests continued to whisper to him, and one of them says that Driscoll muttered "Jesus, have mercy on me," but it was in too low a voice for the nearest bystander to hear. The hangman shut out the last glimpse of the world to the felon by enveloping his head with the great black cap. Its silk streamers hung down on Driscoll's breast. Next Atkinson caught the clasp of the gallows rope into the noose on Driscoll's neck and pounded three times with his knuckles on the executioner's box.

This was a poor and inhuman substitute for the usual method of signalling with a handkerchief. The blows had a sound akin to that of earth falling on a coffin. The poor wretch standing there trembled when they were struck. It was the last sound he heard on earth. The priest stepped back, the weight rope was cut, the body shot into the air, and the thirty-ninth man who has died there since 1850 was hanged in the Tombs yard. Beyond a few slight tremors that were noticeable, the body hung quietly. The ruffian's neck had been broken at once, and he had felt no pain.

He was hanged at thirty-two minutes past 7 o'clock, lowered at forty-two minutes past 7, and cut down at forty-seven minutes past 7 o'clock.

During the ten minutes that the body hung under the long, stout beam memories of many another such shocking scene crowded the minds of those officials and others who have been obliged frequently to witness these prison yard tragedies. These recollections peopled the yard with swinging figures, one giving place to another. Now it was Peter Smith, the petty murderer of last year, who died with little notoriety. He vanished and gave place to the form of the pessimist Sindram, who died for killing his landlady in 1882, glorified as the one well-informed murderer of his time. Again the mental scene shifted to give place to the struggling body of little Balbo, who murdered his wife, where now is an arch of the Brooklyn bridge, and that in turn gave place to a view of Chastine Cox with his horrid crime of murdering his sleeping benefactress. There was one face which had been more than thirty gallows birds lifted from the hanging, another had been twenty-two, and several had seen more than a dozen. But all the while, to all of them, appeared the substantial body of the dead Whyo, rendered out of human shape by the voluminous cap and the pinioned limbs.

Dr. Cosby felt the dead man's pulse from time to time. Commodore Gerry walked over to the reporters' booth, and was told that so successful an execution did not often take place. He said that it was indeed skilfully performed, but that what was to follow was even more demoralizing than the mere hanging. The possible voting; that Mr. Acker, who voted in favor of the resolution, is not interested in the committee, and that Mr. W. L. Andrews and Gen. di Cesnola, who is ex-officio a member, were the only men whose votes were legally cast against him. He says, too, that Mr. Hoe, in reading his letter to the committee, omitted all mention of the fees, and thereby placed him in a false position.

The pupils of the school, before Mr. Stimson's dismissal, had drawn up an appeal to be presented to the trustees of the museum, in which they set forth these statements. They also say that, as so many of them entered the school on the strength of fees because Mr. Stimson was in charge, in justice to them as well as to Mr. Stimson, the trustees should give the whole matter a fair examination.

Mr. Stimson says that on Jan. 18, before he had received the resolution adopted by the committee the day before, Mr. Avery wrote him a personal letter, in which he tried to smooth matters over, and said that the landlord had promised to make the repairs. Mr. Stimson demanded. To this note Mr. Stimson wrote a reply, in which he said:

> The practical trials brought on by the Chairman's neglect to attend solemnly to those functions he assumed, and the difficulties inflicted by him in a manner, made the situation of things as they were intolerable, and threatened practically to wreck the school. For any apparent rudeness in feeling or in speech, which the pressure upon my nerves had forced to the surface, I can most heartily feel regret, but for no jot of testimony or word of earnest protestation can I in conscience offer anything but the strongest affirmations.
>
> If your kind words represent the sentiment of the meeting, and the guarantees are secured concerning which you speak, I shall immediately resume my duties, and carry the school on to the fullest point of progress and good work which you could hope for within the reach of my capabilities.

The next day after receiving the resolution calling for an apology, Mr. Stimson wrote to Mr. W. L. Andrews a letter in which he said:

> Messrs. Stiepevitsch and Tuckerman called at my home to say that personally they did not share in the harsh criticism, and with the entire body of teachers and scholars request me to remain.
>
> You can comprehend that I am confused between the two expressions, all the more that by the testimony of witnesses in each case Mr. Hoe did not read to the committee that part of my official appeal and explanation on which I depended for their just appreciation of my position, and (I greatly regret to add) did not make clear to you that my refusal of obedience at his office was specifically and definitely a refusal to meet him as an individual, but not a refusal to respect his official authority when he fully, definitely, and justly represented the wishes of the committee.
>
> Will you kindly let me know whether the answer to Mr. Avery's explanation of the meeting covers the ground you have desired and closes a mutually distressing episode? Grant me the opportunity the projection of our common work against the practical Mr. Cassidy (the janitor), to the protection of my home and honest name against the moral injuries inflicted by my natural friends, for whom I have toiled, and who have most interest in being fair and preventing public scandal?

Mr. Stimson has been in charge of the schools since Jan. 1, 1884, since which time the classes have grown in number from three to fifteen, and the scholars have increased from thirty or forty to 300 at the present time, the end of his year's first term. About $5,000 has been taken in tuition fees this year.

Besides his personal difficulty with Mr. Hoe Mr. Stimson complains of lack of steam, water, light, and especially of money for current expenses.

There is likely to be a legal fight. The petition of the students justifies Mr. Stimson, and intimates that their tuition money was paid under an implied contract for his services. They hold also that the resolution demanding an apology was illegal, null, and void. They ask Mr. Henry G. Marquand to present the petition to the Board of Trustees. They have appointed J. J. Merrill, H. E. Day, F. M. Vogan, Frank H. Armbruster, Mrs. J. Chalmers, and Miss S. I. Logan a committee to receive the Board's answer, and have asked Roscoe Conkling to present the petition to Mr. Marquand.

MR. STIMSON DISCHARGED.

THE ART SCHOOLS' PUPILS PETITION AND TALK FIGHT.

Six Days Given him to Apologize to the Metropolitan Museum Committee on Art Schools, but he Wouldn't—The Schools Need Steam Heat Badly Just Now.

Vice-President W. C. Prime of the Metropolitan Museum of Art sent a notification yesterday to Mr. John Ward Stimson, manager of the Industrial Art Schools, notifying him that he had been dismissed by a vote of the Committee on Art Schools. Mr. Prime enclosed a copy of this resolution passed by the committee yesterday:

> *Whereas*, On the 17th inst. the following resolution was adopted, and a copy sent to Mr J. W. Stimson: "Resolved, That inasmuch as the manager of the Art Schools, Mr. J. W. Stimson, has addressed a number of letters to the Chairman of the said Art School Committee, which letters the said committee consider as improper and unwarranted, that he be and hereby is requested to withdraw said letters with a suitable written apology, and that only by so doing he can resume his official connection with the Art Schools;" and
>
> *Whereas*, No reply has been received, and the committee have on thorough investigation found the written statements made by Mr. Stimson not sustained by the facts; therefore
>
> *Resolved*, That Mr. Stimson be and he is discharged from employment as manager of the Art Schools, this discharge to date from the 17th of January, 1888, and that the President be requested to notify Mr. Stimson hereof.

Mr. Prime says in his letter:

> This action of the committee in charge renders unnecessary any official reply to your letter of Jan. 16, addressed to the trustees, which has come to my hands. It is, however, proper for me to say (what your experience of three years should have informed you) that the manager of the schools was, of course, always under the direction of the Committee on Art Schools and of their Chairman as their representative.
>
> Such being the fact, your letter to the trustees could not but be offensive to them, as it is personally insulting to one of them, the Chairman of a committee, whose conduct of the schools they have uniformly approved, and to whom they have intrusted the direction of the manager, the schools, and all persons employed in connection with them.
>
> I am confident that on reflection you will appreciate the manifest truth of what I say, and the great offensiveness of that letter, that I venture to suggest to you for your own sake the wisdom of a withdrawal of your letter before Wednesday next, when, if not withdrawn, it must go before the Executive Committee and be filed permanently with museum records.

The news that Mr. Stimson had been dismissed did not get abroad in the afternoon, and even Mr. Stimson was unaware of it when a SUN reporter saw him. At the schools in Forty-ninth street the reporter found that the elevator was in too feeble health to stand the exercise of moving up and down. The artists and artisans present were occupied chiefly with the temperature. In the room for drawing from the life ladies and gentlemen in Newmarkets and furs were sketching the figure of a youth, who, clothed in the Hottentot fashion, was holding with both hands to a stool to keep from shivering himself out of his heroic posture. In another room all the gas jets were burning, not for light but for heat. The instructors had for the moment given over teaching, the weather was too cold, and they were nailing weather strips on the windows. No one would talk about the Superintendent's quarrel with the trustees.

Mr. Stimson was disposed to question the legality of the action of the committee in calling upon him for an apology for his reflections upon the trustees, which he declared false. He says that out of the seven members of the sub-committee on Art Schools three were absent, namely, Mr. John Taylor Johnston, Mr. D. O. Mills, and Mr. J. W. Pinchot; that Mr. Stiepevitsch dissented; that Mr. Hoe refrained from voting; that Mr. A. Avery, who voted in favor of the resolution, is not interested in the committee, and that Mr. W. L. Andrews and Gen. di Cesnola, who is ex-officio a member, were the only men whose votes were legally cast against him. He says, too, that Mr. Hoe, in reading his letter to the committee, omitted all mention of the fees, and thereby placed him in a false position.

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WEIR KNOCKS OUT MILLER.

The Omaha Bantam No Match for the Belfast Spider.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 23.—The fight at the Washington Rink to-night between Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, and Tommy Miller, the Omaha Bantam, came near being a fizzle. The articles called for ties to weigh under 120 pounds. Weir balanced the scales at 119¾; Miller weighed 122¼. Before the doors were open, Weir refused to fight unless he received the $200 forfeit money, which he claimed was due him on account of Miller's overweight. After considerable wrangling it was agreed to leave the matter to the *Tribune*, the forfeit holder.

The fight was twenty rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, two-ounce gloves, the winner to take 75 and the loser 25 per cent. of the gate receipts. The men were both in good condition, and both were determined to win. They are both of the same build and have the same style of fighting. The pools previous to the fight stood 7 to 4 in favor of Weir. Weir was seconded by John Donahson and Jerry Murphy, of Minneapolis, while Ed. Lothery, Miller's backer, and Pat Killen, both of Omaha, stood behind Miller.

The entertainment began with what was to have been a ten-round contest between D. W. Webb and Charlie Gleason for $100 a side. Gleason, however, struck in only one blow, and this landed on the jugular, and Webb was knocked out in about 5 seconds after time was called. It was the quickest knock out on record.

At 9:35 Weir and Miller shook hands.

ROUND 1.—Both fought shy and considerable sparring was indulged in, when Weir caught Miller on the chin with his right. Miller made several hard passes, but was short. The round closed with good lighting on both sides.

ROUND 2.—Weir got in three hits, the first on Miller's nose, which brought the blood. First blood allowed for Weir.

ROUND 3.—Weir caught Miller on the cheek with his left when they clinched. The round was a circus for Weir. He kept the crowd in a roar by his funny antics.

ROUND 4.—Weir landed one with his left on Miller's nose, the latter followed with his right on Weir's cheek. In the clinches Miller got in another on Weir's face, and Weir followed with three terrific body blows. They were fighting hard when time was called.

ROUND 5.—Miller fought game but was groggy and was about used up at the end of the round. The round was mostly clinches.

ROUND 6.—Weir came up fresh while Miller was unable to guard Weir's lightning blows. Miller to avoid punishment dropped to his knees. Weir pounded him as he pleased and was not hit himself.

ROUND 7.—Weir played with Miller when he gave him a terrific right-hander, knocking him against the ropes. In again went Miller an upper cut, knocking him clear into the ropes and completely out. Miller was carried from the stage to his dressing room.

The referee, Frank Selys, gave the best of satisfaction throughout. Miller fought gamely, but he was no match for Weir.

DEMPSEY IN BOSTON.

He Thinks he is in Good Shape for his Contest with McCaffrey.

BOSTON, Jan. 23.—John E. Dempsey, the "Nonpareil," arrived in this city from New York shortly before 8 o'clock this morning, in company with Denny Kelliher of Quincy. Dempsey's present visit is in connection with the benefit to Kelliher at Music Hall this evening, where the "Nonpareil" and the Quincy middle weight are to spar the wind-up of three rounds. Dempsey registered at the Adams House. He said to a reporter:

"I weighed 147 pounds a day or two ago, and I am in just as good trim now as I ever have been. I am going to spar ten rounds with Dominick McCaffrey on Jan. 31, and I have kept myself in shape for this event. I will meet McCaffrey at about 148 pounds, although it is a certainty he will come in high at least twenty-five or thirty pounds heavier."

"How do you feel about this coming fight with McCaffrey?"

"Well," replied Dempsey, "if I am feeling well on the night of the contest, I have no doubt that I will be heard from. At any rate, I will be there at the end of the last round."

The three-round bout between Dempsey and Denny Kelliher, in Music Hall to-night, attracted nearly 3,500 people. Dempsey had much the best of the fight, and demonstrated the fact that Kelliher is out of his class. He drew blood in the first round by a clever left-hand upper cut which landed on Kelliher's nose. Very few blows were struck, but every one had its effect. In the second round Kelliher got in a few harmless body blows. Along toward the last part of it Dempsey got in his left again on Kelliher's nose, which sent the blood flowing again. Dempsey had his man pretty well done up in the third round when time was called.

Dempsey is a great favorite in this city, and when he appeared on the stage before the fight the spectators insisted upon a speech. Dempsey said:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate the honor you pay me, but I am not much of a hand at speaking, and do not like to attempt anything I cannot do well."

Dempsey left on the 11 o'clock train to-night for New York. He will join Billy Madden at Washington to-morrow.

Russell Knocks Out Connors.

Joe Russell of Yonkers and Jim Connors of New York, who tried to get off from Hoboken two weeks ago on a barge to fight with bare knuckles, met early yesterday morning at a hotel in City Island and had it out.

Only fifty persons were present. They made up a purse of $300. It was announced that the men were to fight to a finish with kid gloves, according to London rules. Russell stands 5 feet 7 inches tall and he weighed 134 pounds. Connors is 5 feet 6½ inches and he weighed 130 pounds. Both were in fine condition. Time was called and the men quickly came to the centre. They went right at each other, hitting right and left. Only two rounds were fought, lasting 6 minutes 30 seconds, when Russell let go a swinging right-hander, which landed on Connors's jaw. Down Connors went down like a log.

As he did not come to time for the next round Russell was declared the winner. Russell had had all the best of the hitting, and did not show a mark, while Connors's face was pretty well cut by the gloved knuckles of his antagonist.

The Interrupted Funeral Parade.

Alderman Dowling and Commander Michael H. Whalen of Peter Cooper Post, G. A. R., who were arrested by Police Captain Garland on Sunday, while marching in the funeral procession of Casper Herrman, a member of the post, were arraigned before Justice Patterson in the Essex Market Court yesterday, charged with parading without the necessary permit. Justice Patterson stated his views upon the law, and then adjourned the hearing to next Sunday morning. Meantime Alderman Dowling and Commander Whalen were paroled.

MR. CORBIN'S MANIFESTO.

Chairman Lee Preparing an Answer to It—Surprise in the Coal Regions.

READING, Jan. 23.—The Schuylkill valley from tidewater to Broad Mountain was surprised at the tenor of the manifesto of Mr. Corbin of the Reading Railroad Company. All indications had pointed to the conclusion that Mr. Corbin desired peace along the line if it could be obtained without the company receding from its position, and inasmuch as a way had been suggested that might have proven satisfactory to the conservative miners in the coal regions, who are now believed to be in the majority, the slightest encouragement to them might have given them backbone to vote down any motion to continue the strike, and the trouble would soon have ended. As it is, Mr. Corbin has burned all his bridges behind him, has alienated the conservative element among the miners, has defied their organizations and denied the statements of the leaders, has given figures which the men contradict, and has left no way out of the difficulty except by an unconditional surrender of the men, which they will be very slow to accept. The labor leaders from many quarters claim to be able to hold the men out as firm as ever before. Here in this city, where a disastrous strike was prevented, the men feel as though Mr. Corbin should have cleared a way by which the strikers could have eventually returned under a compromise. Sympathy here has increased for the strikers, and this is the case from all points heard from in the coal regions.

But there are many who believe that the labor leaders will not be able to hold the miners' ranks unbroken. The business men of the coal regions are an important factor now. They show letters from New York and Philadelphia merchants informing them that credits have been curtailed and cash sales are now in order. The individual colliery owners will make renewed efforts to go to work. The Church is also taking sides against the miners. Yesterday another priest condemned the strike. The Rev. Father Longinus of St. John's Catholic Church advised all his parishioners who had work to stick to it. He said it was a causeless and senseless strike. The labor organs and the press generally condemn the miners for taking up the cause of the discharged trainmen, and the individual operators are offering heavy advances in wages. All these forces to-night are being directed upon the miners, and the effect upon the miners in this region, and it will be a great wonder if Lee, Davis, Cahill, Lewis, and others who are busy at work to-night will be able to hold the ranks of the miners unbroken. Mr. Corbin's letter is being taken as a text for ringing labor speeches, the leaders pointing to the fact that monopoly is banded together to crush out organized labor. The company officials are of the opinion that the miners will not continue the strike when they realize that the trainmen's strike is a dead issue to the company forever. Still, Chairman Lee contends that the miners will stick together, and that there will be plenty of money coming from all points in the United States to support them until such a time when the Reading Company must start its mines.

It is understood that Mr. Lee is preparing an answer to Mr. Corbin which will set forth that the agreement made by the miners did not contain a clause that the 5 per cent. advance should cease on Jan. 1, 1888. General Manager McLeod has the true copy, and one time contemplated having it lithographed for general circulation, but was dissuaded. Mr. Lee will point out alleged errors about the original strike, and with respect to Mr. Corbin's statement that the Company made 12 years lost over $12,000,000 on the coal it mined, Mr. Lee will say that Mr. Corbin says nothing of the $70,000,000 the Coal and Iron Company paid the railroad company for tonnage in those twelve years. He will also show that the year 1887, during three months of which the 8 per cent. advance was in force, was the best year the company ever experienced, and that in Mr. Corbin's first year's management, under new business principles, he was aided by a most loyal set of workingmen, who toiled night and day for the company. Nothing will be left undone by the labor leaders to keep all the men out, and, from here, there are grave doubts whether they can succeed. The mines are still idle, and no coal is coming down. Lee says this will be the daily report for many days to come, and that Mr. Corbin will know more about the position of the miners as he grows older and takes observations.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 23.—Secretary Cahill of the Executive Committee of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad employees' convention has prepared a reply to President Corbin's statement, explaining the position of the striking and discharged train hands. Mr. Cahill says the first strike, which is not the present one, had its inception at Elizabethport, and then he reviews the trouble at that point and subsequent events at Port Richmond. He refers to the conference of Chairman Lee with Superintendent Swelgard, and says that "seven men are prepared to testify that the general superintendent agreed to adjustate the other differences, and also to restore their places to all men who had quit work except the five crews and Ambrose Hede and B. J. Sharkey." "This strike," Mr. Cahill says, "is not to sustain the discharged crews at Port Richmond, but it is to maintain our organization and to assist those who were discharged, on a principle. In this strike we expect to win."

On behalf of the miners he says that President Corbin has put forward as a copy of the agreement with the miners' joint committee, which is dated Sept. 14, 1887, under which an advance of 8 per cent. over the $2.50 basis was granted, a document which he calls a memorandum made three days later, on Sept. 17, by General Manager Whiting of the Coal and Iron Company, purporting to contain the points of the agreement, which was formally repudiated by the joint committee of the miners on Dec. 24 last. The original agreement, it is said, was simply an agreement for advance of wages.

Much indignation prevails among some of the strikers over reports that some of their families were on the verge of starvation. Several of the striking stevedores this morning declared the publications to be true, and asserted that they would leave the Knights of Labor if relief was not soon furnished.

JOEL PARKER'S SUCCESSOR.

Charles G. Garrison of Camden to Go on the Supreme Court Bench.

TRENTON, Jan. 23.—Gov. Green has stuck to his first plan, in spite of the howls of south Jersey statesmen, and has appointed Charles G. Garrison to succeed Joel Parker on the Supreme Court bench. The nomination was sent to the Senate to-night, and there is no doubt of its confirmation, as the Republicans admit that Garrison is unexceptionable except for being young and inexperienced, and they think that his appointment will increase Democratic dissatisfaction in south Jersey.

The Governor also sent in the nomination of Thomas F. McCormick for Presiding Judge of Union county, of Bayard Stockton, Prosecutor of Mercer county, and of Joseph Scull for Common Pleas Judge, and Jos. Thompson for Prosecutor of Atlantic county, all renominations. The Senate confirmed Job H. Lippincott for Judge in Hudson county, but did not take up the nomination of Prosecutor Winfield to succeed himself in that county, which looks as though there was basis for the rumor that somebody had made charges which the Republicans will try to make an excuse for keeping him off from getting another term.

Senator Griggs to-night introduced a bill to prohibit the public display, for advertising purposes, of pictures or other representations of murder, assault, or other crimes. The act is aimed at the bills of blood-and-thunder dramas, and is introduced at the request of the State Teachers' Association, which believes that such pictures demoralize the small boy. It is modelled after a Michigan law.

The Republican caucus to-night, after a long contest, has nominated George Wright of Rahway for Prison Inspector, Stacy Pancoast of Gloucester county and David Cartwright of Essex were renominated for the same office.

Louisiana Republican Convention.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 23.—The Republican State Nominating Convention was called to order in Washington Artillery Hall, at 12¼ P. M., by Gen. A. S. Badger, the Chairman of the State Committee. The total number of delegates elected was 368, and 296 were present whose elections had not been contested. The attendance was fully 500, including delegates, proxies, and alternates. Thomas A. Cage of Terre Bonne and Henry Demas of St. John were nominated for temporary Chairman, the vote resulting, in the election of Mr. Cage. He appointed the Committee on Credentials, and the Convention took a recess until 6 P. M.

Mr. Robert Harlan of Ohio has been canvassing the Convention in the interest of Sherman, but it is generally thought that a Blaine delegation, headed by ex-Gov. Warmoth, will be elected. The Convention will nominate a full Republican State ticket.

A Strike Ruining a Town.

SANDWICH, Mass., Jan. 23.—The strike of the employees of the great Boston and Sandwich Glass Company is seriously affecting this town. The glass works are the only industry in the place, and the suspension of operations, which has now become almost complete, is killing local trade, and fast leading to poverty for most people. The local Glass Workers' Union is receiving funds from the national treasury of the organization, the allowance to the strikers varying from $6 to $10 a week. Many of the striking employees are already leaving town, and there is still no prospect of a settlement.

Jersey City's Democratic Postmaster.

For the first time in twenty-four years Jersey City has a Democratic Postmaster. John F. Kelly, who succeeds John G. Gopsill, took charge yesterday. He will put Democrats on guard all along the line as soon as possible.

John Swinton Getting Well.

John Swinton is now fairly advancing on the road to convalescence. He was dressed yesterday afternoon for the first time since his illness. He is deaf in one ear, and has to keep his eyes bandaged yet, but these troubles will pass away. The attack of erysipelas was unusually severe. He reads with grim pleasure the various newspaper accounts of his sickness which have been saved for him, and some of which have made him a "raving maniac," declined to remain so for the rest of his life. He hopes to be about at the end of a fortnight.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan.

Herr Alvary's performance of *Lohengrin*, which was seen last evening for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House, comes nearer to the Italian than to the German ideal of the Knight of the Grail. The young tenor's portrayal of *Elsa's* defender takes its color from the composer's music rather than from the librettist's lines; in other words, it commands more admiration as a lyric effort than as a representation of the mystic personage that the German playwright—who, in "Lohengrin," is quite distinct from the musician—drew in his book. The most impressive portions yesterday were the farewell song to the swan in the first act, and the beautiful duet in the third, and it is only just to observe that it is a long while since these numbers were sung as they were last night—with a fresh and supple voice, with the requisite breadth of phrasing, and with alternate gentleness and force. That there have been artists listened to whose tones were more silvery, and whose management of light and shade was more deft than Herr Alvary's is true, but these, unfortunately, have not been heard for many years. It was a novelty, and a refreshing one to great *cantabile* instead of declamation, and in music in which declamation is wholly out of place. At the same time Herr Alvary's *Lohengrin* was in some respects inferior to that of some of his German predecessors. It often suggested a lack of sincerity on the part of the performer; its dignity was occasionally a trifle theatric, and simplicity was now and then sacrificed to animation and picturesqueness. Herr Alvary, however, is a thoughtful and conscientious artist, and when he grows into the character he will no doubt succeed in developing its possibilities, which are abundant for a gifted and earnest singer and actor. His work last night was followed with sustained interest, and he was again and again called before the curtain. The performance of "Lohengrin" does not call for extended notice on any other grounds than the tenor's first assumption of the titular role. In its progress Frau Seidl-Krauss repeated her familiar portrayal of *Elsa*, and Fräulein Brandt her still more familiar and much-admired delineation of *Ortrud*, and a newcomer, Herr Emil Steger—by courtesy of Mr. Gustav Amberg"—presented a decent, if conventional, *Telramund*. Herr Elmblad was the King, and was not at his best. The orchestra was in splendid form, but the chorus was frequently uncertain.

The Boston Ideals in "Carmen."

The Boston Ideals gave a good singing performance of "Carmen" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last evening. In some respects it was dramatically excellent, notably so in the impersonation of the capricious gypsy by Miss Zelie de Lussan. It is a part that well suits this clever artiste, and her performance of it may compare favorably with those of the greatest sopranos who have sung it here. The impudence and capacity for hatred in the character were admirably portrayed, and if there was a lack of fervency in the passion of love it was compensated by the sinuous grace of her movements and the pi