INAUGURATION EVE

Edmund Yates and Don Piatt on the Preparations in the Capital.

BRITISH AND YANKEE NOTIONS.

Experience of the Novelist on a Night Trip to Washington.

SOME AMERICAN NOTES.

A Sunday Morning Survey of the City of Magnificent Intentions.

A PEN PICTURE OF THE BALLROOM.

The Crush and Crowd in the Hotels and on the Streets on Inauguration Eve.

BLACK DOMINOES AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

English Official Hauteur and American Courtesy Contrasted.

A SCENE AT THE TREASURY.

Interviews with Sheridan and Sherman and a Reception by the President.

THE HAND OF ULYSSES.

Features of Former Inaugurations and To-Day's Compared.

PATRIOTISM AND PEANUTS.

Lamentations of the Hon. Jeremiah Black in a Hotel Bathroom.

"DAR AIN'T ROOM FOR A TAILOR, SAH!"

Startling Rumor of a Base Conspiracy to Blow Up the Ballroom and the Board of Works.

MR. EDMUND YATES' ACCOUNT.

WASHINGTON, March 3, 1873.

Accustomed by long experience to the gyration of the sleeping car, indifferent to the sudden pull up which, with one jerk, sends my chin against my feet, and the equally sudden start which long draws out my linked sweetness, and, regardless of the slightly stiffened pocket handkerchief unanimously designated a pillow, dashes my skull against the headboard; unvexed by the nasal music of the surrounding company and rather soothed than otherwise by the monotonous arm exercise of the bootblack, I slumbered peacefully on Sunday night from the time of our departure from Jersey City until daylight did appear. Then I was awakened by vociferous shouts of the name of my favorite picturesque novelist, "Oui, da!" and by the vision of a mule's head with the eye full of the melancholy and resigned expression peculiar to that noble animal, regarding me through the car window.

THE MONUMENTAL CITY.

We were in Baltimore in the act of accomplishing the overland journey from terminus to terminus, through the principal thoroughfare of that hospitable and terrapin loving city. Her streets, no longer flecked with patriotic gore, but ankle deep in half-melted snow, were deserted save by shivering policemen and an occasional face at a bedroom window, which plainly expressed its disgust at having been summoned by the noise of the passing cavalcade from the warmth of the pleasant blankets and its determination to return to them at once. The hint was not to be misconstrued, and I too sank back into the arms of Death's twin brother, Sleep, and for the next two hours remained obtuse to the knuckles of the ticket collecting conductor and the more respectful, but not less urgent, application of my colored brother, the porter.

TERRIBLE REFLECTIONS IN A SLEEPING CAR.

It required the exercise of strong powers of volition to convince myself that the narrow bed, in which I lay supine, was not my coffin, a supposition strengthened by the fact that the black and silver ornamentation of the lower portion of the upper berth above me on which I gazed was hideously like a coffin plate which had slipped out of its proper place. But at length I recovered myself, and by the performance of an acrobatic act, greatly creditable to a man of my size and weight, found myself on the floor of the car. It has always struck me that the pursuit, even under the most trying circumstances, of that virtue which is next to godliness, is essentially characteristic of an American citizen. No matter that the car bounds and springs beneath his feet like the chamois of the Alps, no matter that she rolls and groans like a Cunard steamer in the trough of the sea, he will still dip the end of his nose in the common basin, dry it on the common towel and manufacture that persuasive roll over his noble forehead with the common comb. On this occasion my fellow passengers were unanimous in their sacrifice to the graces, and with the exception of four Chinese gentlemen, who could not muster a scrap of profile amongst them, who were irresistibly reminded of tea chests and paper lanterns, and who looked terribly bare about the nape of the neck, where the pigtail ought to have been, and unjolly, we all looked passably decorous.

A PUFF FOR VANDERBILT.

We were two hours behind time, of course. An experience of six months in this country has taught me that, with the exception of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad (I hold two shares in Commodore Vanderbilt's enterprise; and what is the use of being a writer for the press if you cannot say a kind word for institutions in which you are interested?) I have never yet known one train on time. But there were reasons for the delay. The whole of New York was pouring itself into Washington; and the train, as the conductor asseverated, consisted of the enormous number of sixteen coaches. Ah! the blessings of compulsory education! In an instant a gentleman sitting just by burst into the following rapid calculation: "Sixteen coaches, one thousand passengers, ten thousand five hundred dollar train. Good for them!" And he looked round as if to see who should say it wasn't. Fortunately, at that moment a general tightening of the brakes, and a consequent propulsion of the passengers into a tangled heap in one corner of the car, proclaimed that we had arrived at our destination, and the hackmen claimed us for their own.

AN EARLY VIEW OF THE CAPITAL.

I have no doubt that Washington is, or rather will be when it is built, a fine city, but to a person who has been up all night it scarcely looks to its best advantage in the midst of a blinding snowstorm. The colored population look well under such circumstances from the sheer force of contrast, but the "whites are mean." Sunday, too, is an unfavorable day. With the exception of the druggists the stores were all closed, and though there was a certain amount of bunting displayed, it hung limp and placid in the driving sleet. It was too early for church, too late for breakfast parties, and too unpretentious for general circulation, so that the streets were deserted and presented a very forlorn appearance.

The father who had taken his sons for a pleasure excursion told them he had brought them out to enjoy themselves, and that if they didn't begin at once he would give them a good licking. I have come to Washington to see the inauguration and to describe its preparations. There was

NO QUESTION OF WEATHER IN THE CONTRACT.

Let us begin at once. *En route* for the temporary building, in which the ball is to be given on Tuesday night. It is on E street, and in its present rough-hewn, unfinished state looks like the chrysalis of a huge railway shed. My conductors took me to a small wicket gate, and, being asked by the attendant custodian if we were members of the committee, became apparently endowed with the spirit of Ananias, and blithely responded that we were. This is

THE PRESIDENT'S ENTRANCE,

and doubtless by Tuesday night the path from the wicket gate to the ballroom will be made practicable. If it be left in its present state of slimy mud, soaked shavings and sodden, slippery plank, I would recommend the President to wear the gum shoes of which the late Mr. James Fisk was so eminent a patron, and have horrible misgivings as to Miss Nellie's satin slippers. In size the ballroom is simply magnificent, being 300 feet long by 100 feet wide, but its noble proportions are somewhat cut and curtailed by interwoven festoons and streamers, which are hung needlessly low. The sides of the hall are covered with an immense quantity of bunting, the Stars and Stripes being elegantly fluted and festooned with banners and pennons of ancient shapes and quaint devices like the tabards of mediæval heralds. The dancing portion of the hall is lit by forty-four pendant gas corona duly decorated; the side aisle on the left, twenty-five feet wide and extending the whole length of the building, is set apart for supper, the kitchens, cellars, &c., for the supply of which are in its rear. The opposite space is for

THE PRESERVATION OF COATS AND HATS,

a department to which particular attention has been paid in consequence of the wild confusion prevalent at the last inauguration ball, during which Mr. Horace Greeley lost his head covering, and is said to have performed the wonderful feat of going away in a worse hat than that which he wore on arrival. A good sized square pigeonhole, duly numbered, is now set apart for each coat depositor. There will be two bands to discourse eloquent music, each numbering about forty performers. The Annapolis Navy Band will devote itself to the dancers, while the musicians from West Point and the United States marines will play marches, &c., during the interval. The President's reception, withdrawing and supper rooms lead off the private entrance, but his place during the greater part of the evening will be on a raised dais at the far end of the room, reserved for himself, his friends and the diplomatic circle. This dais is edged by huge gas standards, while at its back is an immense, fan-shaped screen, seventy-five feet in breadth and thirty-five feet in height, representing the setting sun, with the American eagle at the top soaring aloft into the blue empyrean. (Please observe that I am gradually accustoming myself to the national style.)

WASHINGTON AND GRANT AND WILSON IN GAS.

Across this fan are to be in gas the names of Washington and Grant and Wilson and the word "Peace." I saw this last gas emblem lying on its back amid the shavings and looking very forlorn. Poor, dear Peace! How every one trots her out on all occasions! "*L'Empire c'est la paix!*" said Louis Napoleon, while preparing for Italy and Mexico. "Her land had peace," remarked Mr. Tennyson, in dedicating his book to Queen Victoria, just before we plunged into the Crimean war. But anyhow, it is a nice soft-sounding word and looks well in gas, and there is no apparent reason why, in this country, at least, peace should not reign for many years to come. Before taking leave of the ballroom let me remark that the decorations, which are very creditable, have been executed under the direction of Mr. McPherson of Philadelphia, and that the regulation of the dances has been handed over to Mr. Solomon; why I am unable state. David, we know, by historical precedence and by Byron's lines—

> Not decent David, when before the ark
> His grand pas seul excited some remark—

was a terpsichorean performer; but Solomon is supposed to have been more engaged in cultivating extensive domesticity. However, on Tuesday night we shall find

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY,

boxed up in a little niche, where he will receive the reports of the heads of the six sections into which the ballroom is divided, and whence, by the touching of an electric bell communicating with the orchestra, he will give the signal for the dances to commence, slacken and cease. The desperate weather, and the fact that it was Sunday, rendered it impossible to go through much sightseeing yesterday; but this morning the sun was shining brightly, the snow had almost entirely disappeared, and from an early hour the streets were thronged, "principally with strangers," says my companion, as we go elbowing in and out among the crowd, "and very few Washingtonians among them." What a motley mass!

REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE COUNTRY.

Bostonese, with an air of calm and conscious superiority, as though saying, "We are from the seat of virtue and learning, descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers and readers of the *Atlantic Monthly;* look on us and be happy;" Chicagoites, equally retiring but with their modesty expressed in a different way in the cock of their hats and the swagger of their stride, in the rich color and plentiful supply of the tobacco juice which they shower refreshingly about, and the looks of scorn which they cast at the bare spaces and common buildings in

THIS UNFINISHED CITY OF MAGNIFICENT INTENTIONS

seem to convey that there would be swinging derricks across the street and growing piles of marble palaces if the seat of government were only moved a few thousand miles out West. Now hurries by a laughing chorus of West Point cadets, looking wonderfully neat in their gray uniforms—neatness only to be improved, if one might suggest, by the abolition of shirt collars, which, to the unaccustomed eye, look unmilitary andout of keeping. Of course there are the irrepressible and omnipresent bride and bridegroom—she in all the colors of the rainbow, half-blushing and half-proud; he in crumpled white overcoat, mauvé tie, fawn-colored trousers, considerable watch chain and looking as if he couldn't help it—which, perhaps, he could not. Now a lot of New Yorkers, a banker, a journalist and a man of fashion, without whose prominent figurehead the window of the Union Club must look quite bare; our colored brethren in swarms, the elder ones gaping and grinning while the younger scramble for cents thrown to them from a window at the National Hotel.

"Say, General, this is to be a right smart show."

The General apparently has no opinion on the subject. He has seen several such smart shows, and his only remark is one strong expletive in condemnation of the shower of sawdust which is blown over him from the wooden seats in the course of erection in front of Mr. Philips' book store.

THE COST OF STANDS AND SEATS.

These extempore stands are being put up everywhere along the whole line of the procession, and seats in them are letting at prices varying from five dollars to fifty dollars. The Cameron Club, of Philadelphia, is said to have paid $150 for the second floor of the Washington Hotel; nor have the sharp dealers neglected to profit by the occasion. In one establishment I find the "Grant hat" extensively advertised, and many of the Chinese lanterns with which the stores are hung are contrived to pay a double deot—that of decorating the building and announcing its trade. Judging by the posting bills, too, there will be no lack of amusements to-night. Those who so wish can notice in the performance of Charlotte Cushman, while those with more refined tastes can visit the "Mammoth Woman," who, if she be anything like the same size as her counterfeit presentment, must be considerably too large for the house in which she is on show; or they can take a lesson from "Dexter," the educated pig, who is said to be as clever a hand at euchre as Ah Sin himself. Now for a run through the hotels. The Conscript Fathers are at the Capitol, and the hall of Willard's is filled with unfamiliar faces. At the Ebbitt House crowds of West Point cadets are huddled together in every room. At each caravansary we visit we find

CLERKS AND PROPRIETORS DRIVEN FRANTIC

by the impossibility of accommodating besieging crowds, and even the stately Arlington seems to have participated in the general shock. There, However, in an inner sanctum, I find one whose fame is world wide and whom I have long desired to see—

GENERAL SHERIDAN.

In figure and face he is wonderfully like the First Napoleon in his younger days; but his manner, unlike that of his prototype, is frank and hearty. "Sheridan's Ride" this morning has been from Chicago, whence he has just arrived. With him, bright, handsome and soldier-like in bearing, is his chief of staff, Colonel Forsyth, whom the red skin warriors know and fear, and another friend, keen, blue-eyed, clear-headed ex-Collector Tom Murphy, who in office in New York never allowed any man to do his duty. The hearty geniality of General Sheridan I find repeated in General Sherman, whom I next visit, and who, in outward appearance, is much more like the typical American, as we picture him to ourselves.

AMERICAN VERSUS BRITISH OFFICERS.

One thing that must strike every Englishman coming to this country is the ease with which men in high position are approached, and the courtesy and affability which they display. A civilian attempting to seek an interview with the Duke of Cambridge, who occupies a similar position with us to that held by General Sherman in this country, would probably be either sent to a lunatic asylum or be beheaded on Tower Hill for high treason. A gentleman having business at our Treasury would probably never see anyone higher in rank than a second class clerk, whereas this morning I saw Mr. Boutwell seated at his desk and engaged in an animated business conversation, while scores of people, not even making a pretense of having any official communication to make to him, but were

MALE AND FEMALE LOAFERS,

strolled at their ease through his apartment, glared at him from the sofas on which they had flung themselves in easy attitudes, and passed loud criticisms upon the furniture and great wonderment at what the monogram U. S. T. D. worked in the carpet could possibly stand for. Easy of access, forsooth! What could have been the shock to my preconceived notions on the subject of dignity when my companion next proposed to take me to the White House and introduce me to the President? We found the steps of the White House converted into the appearance of dominoes by being dotted over with a large number of black men, who were swarming all about. Such very black men dressed in solemn garb. Many were in white chokers, and looking additionally ludicrous by the gravity of their faces. I was irresistibly reminded of a certain performance of the Christy Minstrels, who when they first came to London sang a very doleful ditty called "We're a Band of Brothers,"

IN IMITATION OF THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

The originals were not among us, but the song and the gesticulations with which it was enhanced were so frightfully absurd that it had a great success. Making our way through the crowd and through the loungers collected in the red and green drawing room, we came into the East Room, where my first glimpse was the back view of a little man being violently shaken hands with. When my turn came my conductor advanced and said a few words of introduction. The President (it was the President, though his beard was grayer than in his portraits and he had not a cigar in his mouth, as in his caricatures) was polite enough to say that he knew me well by name, and gave me his hand to shake.

HOW THE PRESIDENT SHAKES HANDS.

They say that President Lincoln used to gripe the hands of his visitors until they screamed for mercy. General Grant's hand-shake is of a very different kind. He places in your's a soft, yielding hand; it may be the *main de fer dans le gant de velours*, but it is supple and delicate. A few more pleasant speeches and my interview is at an end. With it terminated the general audience, and the President, with one hand in the hind pocket of his coat and the other on the small of his back, was merged in the crowd.

So much for to-day. My chronicle of the great events of to-morrow shall be duly sent to you.

MR. DON PIATT'S ACCOUNT.

WASHINGTON, March 3, 1873.

Patriotic citizens, actuated by some curiosity and a good deal of office-seeking, are crowding into Washington at a fearful rate. The trains run hourly are emptying their loads upon the streets, and the hotels, filled to overflowing, turn hundreds away to wander about in search of lodgings. Last night a crowd from Illinois, failing to find shelter even in rooms to let, with premeditation and malice aforethought knocked down a policeman and won accommodation with quarters in the station house. The price imposed by Justice Smell this morning was so much less than a hotel bill that it is feared the practice will become general, and the police be rendered incapable of attending to the pleasing duty on the fourth of caring for the safety of the gentleman who is to swear upon a Bible he never read to sustain a constitution he cannot understand. That lofty, elegant creation called the room clerk of the hotel, grows more dignified and indifferent as the suffering crowd increases, and after permitting each inferior creature to register his name looks with calm indifference upon the surging throng, leaving the waiters, who brush with the power of locomotives and the tireless continuance of a debate in the Senate, to inform the unfortunates that "the elevator and the water closets have all been taken long ago and

DAR AINT ROOM FOR A TAILOR, SAH."

The force of this will be appreciated when one remembers that the tailor is supposed to be the ninth part of a man. Along the halls and in the public parlors, cots, borrowed from hospitals, fearfully suggestive of smallpox, straddle their insecure legs, that make one seasick when occupied, and have mattresses that feel as if they were stuffed with doughnuts and grasshoppers. About those cots wander no end of influenzas, quinzies and epizoots; and sixteen times a night the unfortunate occupant is aroused to a general engagement with some drunken wanderer, who insists upon turning in with boots and hats on and a cotton umbrella under his arm. The lobby has made a demand upon Congress to devote the Rotunda to a lodging place for the patriotic people unable to find shelter elsewhere. The lobby has lost much of its influence since their Crédit Mobilier scandal has been investigated, or the Rotunda would be given up. It is calculated that the Rotunda will hold five thousand patriots if packed with any regard to sardine possibilities. A night in such a tomb is terrible to contemplate.

THE UNRULY WINDS IN THE ROTUNDA.

In this Rotunda unreconstructed winds from the South get in, and, encountering loyal winds from the North, the two sorts blow about, whistle to and fro and fight each other, while it is as calm as a Summer day on the outside. All night long the doors would be banging like thunder to coming and departing lodgers, letting in the ice cold from without and making the unfortunate sardines nearest the entrances howl like Indians in their wrath. But think of a lodger awaking from a nightmare to gaze at that gorgeous representation of old George at a heavenly picnic, or even to see William Powell's De Soto or Pocahontas committing matrimony, or the landing of Columbus, where European legs so dominate, the astonishing family of Mr. Lo, or Trumbull's historic monstrosities, where all the noses of the Fathers are precisely alike! Only the devil could get some useful hints for the improvement of the infernal regions from this diabolical suggestion.

LAMENTATIONS OF THE HON. JEREMIAH BLACK.

I called upon the Hon. Jeremiah Black at the Arlington. I found him in a so-called bath room, with not only a bed therein, but a cot. The venerable jurist was stretched upon the first named, and I hailed him from the outside. "Hello!" cried I. "Do you mean to say that more than one occupies this den?" "Only two," he responded. "I and my Fifteenth amendment;" meaning thereby his colored servant, George Washington. "Climb over and speak," he continued. "Why, Judge, this is a crowd," I said. "Yes indeed," he replied. "I was wakened up last night to know if I could not accommodate Dick Yates. I responded that he could sleep with George. He has done so much for the nigger the nigger ought to do something for Dick. But he did not respond." From all this you may learn that a fearful crowd is gathering in the national capital. No such gathering at an inauguration lives within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; but as his memory "went up" long since the testimony does not amount to much. It is caused, says the official organ here, by "the great joy felt over the success of this truly good man, U. S. Grant. It is pure patriotism." Well, let us hope so. I am pleased to believe that of the Bowen House transaction, the Black Friday, the sale of French arms, the St. Domingo scheme, the Crédit Mobilier, the Treasury speculations in Wall street, the Louisiana interference and a hundred and one dark transactions the sublime figure of the great and good Ulysses rises like the central goddess of a transformation scene of a popular spectacle, amid rose lights and blue lights, rockets and music by the band. It is the biggest crowd, and, Beau Hickman says, the meanest crowd ever collected on a like occasion. He says they

ALL HAVE CARPET BAGS AND NO MONEY.

By ——, sir, Congress will have to make an appropriation to get them away. Poor Beau! He lives by contributions levied on the masses, and he knows this intelligence is bad for Washington. The city lives considerably by these attractive displays. The peanut stands on the Avenue are renewed every four years in their stock from inaugurations. It would be terrible were the peanut stands to go into bankruptcy. If the Beau is right ruin stares us in the face. I saw this morning

A DARK CLOUD IN WHITE CHOKERS

moving on the White House, and made one of a curious crowd to see what the demonstration meant. I learned from one of the white chokers that it was a delegation from the Methodist Conference (colored), now in session here, going to pay their respects to the President. Wishing to see how colored respects were tendered I entered, with 500 others, and an interview was improvised in the East Room. The President, sustained by a staff of the sleekest looking men I ever saw, slouched into the room, and a tall, solemn son of Christianized America stepped forward and addressed His Excellency. The colored brother was filled with thankfulness. He thanked God for everything, but especially for our Chief Magistrate. The pious delegation evidently thought our excellent President a precious boon—a special providence, as it were. His Excellency has imprinted on his intellectual countenance a perpetual expression of bore. On this occasion it deepened into one intense bore, and, with his heavy, dead eyes fixed on the Speaker, he seemed to be gazing through and far beyond into a dim distance, where unknown Cabinet officers may be found. He was too full for utterance, at least nothing could be understood, although I have no question but that a handsome response will be gotten up and printed to-morrow. As we came out I heard one white choker say to another, "I does thank de Lord for His mercy in sparin' to dis afflicted country dat good and great man." My soul was bound in humble thankfulness, and I said, "Amen."

MILITARY PREDOMINANCE IN THE FETE.

The demonstration has one peculiar feature—the military predominates. At all other inaugurations the Philadelphia firemen made the feature. What connection the Philadelphia firemen had with inauguration always puzzled the will and confounded the understanding. This time the firemen succumb to the soldiery. We have not only the cadets from West Point, and are to have the incipient Jack Tars from Annapolis, but all the independent volunteers able to pay half-fare are here in force. The Stanton Guards and the Washington Riflemen and other local organizations are all the time welcoming the Bungtown Bugles, the Boston Bucktails or Noodletoosy Sharpshooters, and their gay, fancy uniforms remind me of the sunny afternoon when

ON A RIDGE OF BULL RUN

I saw broken lines of baggy breeches and yellow pants and swallow-tails disappearing in the distance as if the Devil was after them. And so he was, when I come to think of it. Some captious creatures are objecting to Belknap's fetching the West Point cadets to Washington on this great occasion. How absurd this is! What graver or more important lesson could be taught these youthful roosters than to exhibit to them this hero, who was once a West Pointer himself, and then writing home to their loved fathers over the name Hampden:—Ulysses gave eloquent words to his patriotic sentiments near the monument to Kosciusko, where he lamented the fall of that patriot while fighting for our liberties. There was a slight historical inaccuracy in the statement, but the sentiment was beautiful. Are they not to be taught, these little game cocks, that through slight historical inaccuracies and noble sentiment each one may yet be President? The rotund Robeson has ordered up the incipient Jack Tars from Annapolis to inspect the competitive models for the Farragut monument. This is all right, and when they see Little Vinnie Ream and little Vinnie's model of old F.'s nose won't they exclaim, "Here the wonder grows how one small head could carry all his nose." And when Vinnie shakes her locks at them won't they be unanimous and enthusiastic for Vinnie! It is said to-day that Chandler, the great war Senator, will have charge of the honored sailors. This is appropriate, as the great Michigander is all the time "half seas over," and therefore very naughtycal. To-night

THE NEW BALL ROOM

is to be lighted. It is claimed to be the largest ball room in the world, built by the citizens with an eye to commerce, stimulated by the Board of Public Works. That Roosevelt, the enemy of man, aided by Crane, Ordway and other villains, have been busy circulating the report that the ball room is insecure, and may fall and kill some of the patriotic admirers of the administration. This is a weak invention of the enemy, and the Board and citizens have employed pay director Cunningham, who is ubiquitous, to contradict the report.

THE MOST STARTLING RUMOR

is that Ordway, Crane & Co. intend to tie a can of nitro-glycerine to a rat's tail and chase it in under the ball room at the moment the Board welcomes the Administration. The Hon. Henry Wilson has taken the hint and will not be present. Old Probabilities has promised us a clear day to-morrow, the crowds increase and the excitement is intense.

RECEPTION OF THE WEST POINT CADETS

The West Point cadets, General Upton commanding, will be received by the Seventh regiment at the Battery on Thursday, at nine A. M. The rules of the Military Academy forbid the acceptance of courtesies other than military and General Upton has, therefore, declined the invitation of the Seventh to the Corps of Cadets to breakfast at one of the principal hotels. Colonel Clark has issued the following order for the parade:—

GENERAL ORDERS—NO. 1.

HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y., NEW YORK, March 3, 1873.

1. This regiment will parade in full uniform on Thursday, March 6, as escort to the Corps of Cadets of the United States Military Academy, West Point. Assembly at half-past seven A. M. The officers and members of this regiment will be prepared to parade in overcoats in case of inclement weather. The line of march will be from the Battery, at nine A. M., up Broadway, Fourteenth street, Fifth avenue, Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue to the Thirtieth street depot.

2. The howitzer section, Lieutenant Dominick, commanding, will assemble at the armory for public drill, in full fatigue, artillery cap and sabre, on Saturday, March 22, at eight o'clock P. M. The voluntary services, as well as the proficiency in artillery practice of the officers and members of the howitzer section, deserve special notice and commendation.

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By order of Colonel EMMONS CLARK.

LOUIS FITZGERALD, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel and Adjutant.

MOVING ON WASHINGTON.

The Military Leaving Gotham for the Scene of the Inaugural Fete.

The Noble Fifth Shivering Two Hours in the Cold While Waiting for the Coming of the Second Connecticut—The Escort to Jersey City—Departure of the Old Guards—The Perennial Youngsters Patriotic and Jovial.

For the last few days the military circles of the city have been filled with excitement over the subject of the Presidential inauguration and the respective parts which were to be taken by the different bodies of valiant warriors in the great national *fete*. Yesterday things came to a crisis, or "to a head," as the old-fashioned tea-table ladies would say. It cannot be said with safety that there existed no envy among the regiments negatively elected to stay at home by their more fortunate brethren in arms who were bound for Washington, the scene of honors, pageantry, revelry and pleasure; but there can be no doubt, from the generous nature of most of the "boys" of the rank and file of the State Guard, that they see their comrades go away with hearty good wishes, and even may have felt so highly good natured as to have been willing—were the times as ripe as they were once for such superstition—to throw old boots after them for the sake of luck. Bodies of men from other cities, whenever they have paused in New York for even the shortest length of time, have never had reason to complain of lack of courtesy and welcome on the part of our own brave fellows. The latter seem, however, to have been slighted by the Boston Lanciers, who arrived in Jersey City on Sunday morning, and immediately proceeded thence to Washington. The West Point Cadets likewise coolly avoided our hospitable armories, and were taken in the loving embrace of a government transport, as soon as they arrived, to Jersey City, where they again embarked for the South. The Albany Burgesses Corps, although they did not treat us with contempt, discovered thereby a very good reason for doing so in future, as they marched through the city on Sunday with no escort and unattended, except by the inevitable crowds of ragged gamins and vagabonds who howl their delight or jeer their malignity with diabolical wildness.

A BRILLIANT MILITARY PAGEANT.

Yesterday, however, there was given to the idlers on Broadway, after the hour of dark, a brilliant display of military pageantry, and of what may even be called self-sacrificing hospitality. The visit of the Second Connecticut infantry regiment to Gotham last Summer created a great sensation because of their splendid discipline, fine appearance, perfect organization and attractive uniforms, and the impression has not yet faded from the metropolitan mind albeit so much used to sights and wonders. It was telegraphed that the New Haven lads would again be in the city for a short time on their way to Washington, and friendly assurances of a hearty welcome were sent them in return. Indeed, a regiment of this character is worthy of exciting feelings of pride in the breast of every member of the National Guard, as it is unquestionably the best in drill and organization in the country. They have made for themselves, by their manly qualities, a warm place in the estimation of the Gothamites. Therefore, there is some disappointment that their last visit could not be longer than a mere transitory arrival and departure, as it was yesterday.

THE SECOND CONNECTICUT

arrived at the Grand Central depot at half-past three in the afternoon. They were 600 strong, and bore in their faces the expression of a determination to carry the capital either by storms of war or by more gentle arts. They found waiting for them the Colonel and staff of the Seventy-first regiment, in uniform, and by them were escorted down Fourth avenue to Union square, down Fourteenth street and stretching south to Eleventh street the Fifth regiment filled Broadway from curb to curb with a sea of gleaming helmets, conspicuous among which, with its lofty white plume, that could, like that of King Henry's of Navarre, be seen from afar off, was that which graced the brow of Colonel Charley Spencer, and which cost him $150 of his hard-earned money. On its front are emblazoned two silver eagles, whose talons have a chronic and eagerly avaricious clutch. The regiment waited here from four o'clock until five with most heroic fortitude, notwithstanding the fierce charges of the bitter north wind that swept with icy anger through

THE CROWDED THOROUGHFARE.

The men were faced in double column on the sidewalk on the west side of the street, and were amused with orders which resounded in the clarion tones that have so often smote the ears of discomfited witnesses in Court, and in reference to which they were expected to confer upon their country the slight favor of shifting their arms again and again without complaint or murmur. When the muskets were at the rest it was curious to note how many of the helmeted and belted warriors would silently steal away to the sequestered precincts of the "sample room" on the corner, where their superior officers were already "bracing up" with trifling doses of stimulus. Then the bugle note would sound "To arms! to arms!" and there was hurrying to and fro, but no mounting of steeds in hot haste, for even the strutting Colonel had none to mount, and however much haste had been indulged in the arrival of the regiment from the Nutmeg State would not have been hastened. Ugh! how bitterly blew that terrible wind and how it stole with malicious intent through one's heavy clothing and froze the marrow of one's bones like a fatal nightmare! The militia-men were without overcoats, and yet they stood the cold nobly. Whether the fact was due to the remarkably generous qualities of the beer which they drank or not. Great crowds collected and black forms shiveringly stood upon every eminence, from a stoop to a garbage box, and

EACH COIGNE OF VANTAGE

was made a sentinel height of observation. The innate patience of humanity might be earnestly and glowingly commented on, for the waiting was long, and the mischievous small boys, who were turned into imps of devilment, excited innumerable false surprises and occasioned disappointments the most disgusting by shouting in the most innocent manner, "Here they come! Here they come!" Then the bugle would be sounded again; the men would rush to their ranks, but in vain. At last the Second came. In front marched Colonel Vose and staff, of the Seventy-first regiment; then the drum corps and band of the Second Connecticut regiment, which together comprise about one hundred men. Colonel Stephen R. Smith and Staff came next at the head of the main body, which marched in company columns three deep. They were all of them noble looking fellows; the lines were straight and unvarying, and the step steady and uniform.

THE SIMPLE BLUE DRESS,

with black knapsacks, with red blankets rolled up and strapped on top, and white shoulder straps crossing the breast, is both tasteful and conspicuous, and any large body of men thus attired must present a fine appearance.

As the Second passed the Fifth the latter saluted and cheered in their gruff German manner. Colonel Spencer became excited and one would really have taken him to have been of Teutonic birth. His eyes gleamed with a fine frenzy, and his arms waved wildly. The Second then formed to the right of the Fifth, on Broadway, and the latter marched by them in like manner, receiving a salute. The procession was then formed in regular order of march, and started at about six o'clock from Twelfth street, amid the cheers of the motley crowd. The gaslights gleamed brightly on the polished bayonets, and the scene reminded one of far more earnest scenes during the war, when our boys in blue were "moving on to Washington" in earnest, and many of them never to return. At seven o'clock both regiments reached the depot in Jersey City, and the train, when loaded, soon started forth, amid the cheers of spectators.

THE OLD BOYS.

Another event occurred yesterday of military importance and one which calls for unmixed feelings of sympathy. The Old Guard, the veteran crack corps of all the corps of the State, marched from the armory of the Seventy-first regiment down Broadway to Canal, down Canal to Desbrosses street, and down Desbrosses to the Jersey City ferry, where they embarked for the present city of the pilgrims—Washington—and carried with them any number of good wishes. The gay old fellows, with their gray whiskers and splendid uniforms, looked particularly patriotic, jolly and proud yesterday, and were cheered all the way to the ferry.

The old familiar faces in the ranks were specially taken note of. There, for instance, was "Old Sandy" Slater, a model private, with a soldiery form and imperturbable gravity; "Handsome Fred Montague," Molineaux Bell, "the gay Lieutenant," Harry Ferris and Sergeant Foster.

THE "NEW BOYS"

or "N. B.'s," the juniors and heirs to paternal fraternity, were also numerously present. The line to be drawn in order to make a distinction of this sort must, however, be a very vague one, and, in fact, all of the guards—even "Old Sandy" himself—it is said claim to be youngsters, and at times their behavior is such as almost to justify the claim. Gray hairs do not count. Witness Lieutenant Ben Gurney, who is really one of the youngsters, and has three white lines in his whiskers.

At one o'clock the train carrying the Old Guard, who were about eighty strong, started, with a cheery godspeed. Major McLean is in command of the battalion. The First company is commanded by Captain Frederick Allen and the second by Lieutenant Ben Gurney (captain commanding), whose first and second lieutenants are Webster and Davis. Among the distinguished privates in the Old Guard going to Washington are General Funk, Colonel Rockafeller and Brigadier General Hatfield. Another gentleman, who wears a colonel's hat and goes wherever there is good champagne and lobster salad better than his own, was also along; but he cannot be said to be distinguished, except in an unenviable way.

> Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
> If there is, turn him out without making a noise!

"FOSTER'S DOOM."

No Decision from Governor Dix As Yet.

The Judges of the Court of Appeals in Consultation with the Executive—Preparations Being Made by the Sheriff for Foster's Execution.

Day by day the fatal Friday approaches on which William Foster is to suffer the penalty of the law on the gallows for the murder of Avery D. Putnam. Unless Governor Dix should interfere very shortly, if he interferes at all, which is doubtful, it will be too late to save Foster. This morning Sheriff Brennan will issue invitations to a jury of twelve known and reputable citizens to act as a jury and to about a dozen physicians who are to attend the execution of Foster. Beside this a number of representatives of the press will be invited in the guise of "special" and "sworn" deputy sheriffs, in addition to all the judges, police and civil magistrates of the county, even to the District Court, the justices who are included by statute among those whom the Sheriff is compelled to issue notices to attend the hanging.

Up to twelve o'clock last night Governor Dix, who was at the residence of his son-in-law, Charles F. Blake, at No. 3 West Twenty-first street, had given no decision up to that hour, and refused to give any information whatever to the press, with the exception of stating that he was entertaining the case and giving it due consideration.

Yesterday afternoon and evening Governor Dix had a long and private conference with Judges Allen, Folger, Andrews and Rapallo, of the Court of Appeals of this State, the last and highest tribunal before which Foster's case was adjudicated. There are seven Judges of the Court of Appeals, the other three being Chief Justice Sandford E. Church, Judges Grover and Peckham. Four Judges of this Court make a quorum, and, as they had come to town in regard to making arrangements for holding a civil term of the Court of Appeals, Governor Dix seized the opportunity to consult with the Judges of the Court of Appeals, to whom the counsel of Foster made his last appeal. The conference was rigidly private, and no inkling of the proceedings was allowed to go out.

A reporter called on Judges Folger and Allen at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the conference was held last evening, and having sent up his card for information there, the two latter gentlemen sent down word that they were "not in." Another call was made on Judge Charles A. Rapallo, of the Court of Appeals, who resides at 17 West Thirty-first street, and this gentleman observed in his demeanor the same official air of mystery in regard to the conference at the hotel with Governor Dix. He said that the latter was "entertaining" the case very "seriously" and had not come to any conclusion as yet.

A call was made on the counsel of the condemned man at 78 Broadway, but this gentleman refused to give any information whatever in regard to the matter. It is known, however, that he has been working desperately and with some slight hopes of success with the Judges of the Court of Appeals and the Governor for some time in hope that his client's life might not be forfeited to the law. Foster's counsel has a large pamphlet printed, in which letters are given from Hon. Hamilton Fish, William M. Evarts, Abraham R. Lawrence, Henry E. Davies and a great number of leading Episcopalians in favor of saving the life of Foster.

It is probable that Governor Dix will let the Sheriff know his decision before he goes to Albany by letter, or send it by telegraph after he reaches the gubernatorial mansion at Albany. Should he follow the former course it is understood that he will give a full explanation of his course and decision. His letter, it is said, has been prepared for publicity. The erection of the scaffold will begin on Thursday morning.

Foster spent the day, as usual, sitting in the corridor talking to his wife almost constantly and occasionally conversing with his friends or a stray clergyman. He sits near the stove to keep himself warm; but as the time approaches on which he is to suffer he seems to be losing his firmness, and he is evidently getting nervous and fidgety as day by day of suspense goes by with the sword of Damocles hanging over his head.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN VESEY STREET.

The Building of the United States Tea Company Completely Destroyed—Loss $120,000—Narrow Escape of Five Men—One Seriously Hurt—Inadequacy of the Water Supply—The Wind Too Strong for the Pumping Force.

At twenty minutes past ten last night a fire broke out in the five story building occupied by the United States Tea Company in Vesey street, two doors from Church street. Andrew Gilmartin, of the Fire Patrol, first discovered the fire in the roof of the building and gave the alarm. In a moment, almost as quick as it takes to tell, the fire engines were rushing to the spot, and engine 27 was before the building not five minutes after the first alarm was sounded. Others soon arrived on the spot, and three streams of water were put on the fire. The strength of the wind was so great that in spite of the force of the water, as it came from the nozzles, it was scattered in all directions before it reached the fourth story of the building, and in this way was of but little effect. To remedy this the firemen managed to make their way to the roof and endeavored to carry the hose with them, but even this was found impossible to do. They therefore tried another plan by putting up ladders against the walls. All this time the fire was still confined to the upper floor apparently. The first three floors of the building were occupied by the United States Tea Company, which had vast quantities of tea and sugar stored in the floors above. Five of the men belonging to the Fire Insurance Patrol broke down the door leading up stairs and ascended to the third floor, with the intention of saving as much of the stock as they could. They were at work on the third floor, and already had some of the goods ready to be taken down stairs, when suddenly there was a sound as of thunder, and the roof and the two upper floors gave way and came down to all appearances upon the heads of the devoted firemen. They had been warned, however, by