The National Republican.

VOL. XXVII—NO. 267. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1887. THREE CENTS.

Chicago Reached

THE PRESIDENT'S PARTY NOW IN THE WINDY CITY.

Enthusiastic Greeting.

A GREAT MILITARY AND CIVILIAN ESCORT.

The President Cheered by Thousands of Enthusiasts.

The Metropolis of the West Accords the Party the Most Gorgeous Entertainment of the Journey—Review of the Parade—The Public Reception at the Columbia Theater.

CHICAGO, Oct. 5.—Only half a dozen stops were made during the run of the President's special train from St. Louis and these were at water stations. The trainmen report that little knots of people awaited the passage of the train at way stations all through the night merely to look upon the car which contained a sleeping President.

The President left instructions that he be called early this morning to give him an opportunity of seeing something of the rich prairie country south of Chicago. When he made his appearance, the sun was only a few degrees above the horizon, and the heavy frost crystals glistened like diamonds in the slanting rays. Buttoned to the chin he stepped out on the rear platform and spent half an hour alone, looking at the country.

Farmers left their milking and house wives ran out of their houses to see the train, and recognizing the solitary figure on the platform, danced and shouted with delight. At a watering station where there were not more than a dozen houses, a crowd of a hundred or more men, women, and boys, gathered about the platform and stared at short range at the President, while beside the track two enthusiasts were loading and firing a six-pounder as rapidly as they could. The President tried to enter into conversation with some of these people, but the interview was not a success. Finally he reached down his hand toward a red-cheeked lass of 18, who blushingly put up her own in response. The ice was broken, immediately there was a rush and an appearing of hands for a shake.

At Joliet, through which the train ran very slowly, several thousands filled the platforms. Mrs. Cleveland had now made her appearance, clad in her usual close-fitting traveling costume of dark green, and looking fresher and more charming, if possible, than when the excursion began. She took her place beside her husband on the platform, and rewarded the gathering with her smiles. At Lamont, Ill., 500 quarrymen were drawn up in two lines with crowbars at present arms. The President especially remarked the number, and the zeal of old ladies and gray-bearded men in the crowds everywhere assembled to greet him, and was much affected. Many of them were shedding tears in their excitement, and otherwise manifested the unusual interest of this occasion.

Mrs. Cleveland was the recipient of several beautiful bouquets at points where the train showed up, bearing upon attached cards the warmest expression of affection to the "chosen of our President."

Postmaster General Vilas boarded the train with three friends six miles out and accompanied the President into town. Along the line of march the masses were noisy, though orderly, and for the most part kept the line of the curbs on either side, but 10,000 young Americans, from 5 to 20 years old, defied cavalry, infantry, artillery, and police, broke through all lines and over all restraints, clung to the carriages, and when driven from one fastened themselves to another, dodged blows from the batons of the police, ran around and even under the horses of the escort, and suffered everything apparently but death or mutilation to keep in line. It was thought that human possibilities in the way of exultant crowds had reached a culmination at St. Louis, but it was a matter of remark among the visitors that, in point of numbers, Chicago had gone beyond. Her demonstration seemed to the visitors to comprehend her entire population.

Not a bit of decoration was visible for a block around the queer little depot, and not a vestige of color could be seen on the latter building except the dirty drab which protected the outside weatherboarding from the elements and the big yellow letters, which looked almost flashy in their bed of gloom.

It was a welcome fitting the executive of this great republic that President Cleveland met with when he landed for the first time in his life at Chicago this morning. The enthusiasm was electric. The crowds—such bright faces in the same numbers—were never seen before. There must have been 50,000 men, women, and children gathered within a few blocks of the station. All the streets leading to that thoroughfare were choked up completely with a press of human beings. Above the heads of the crowd could be seen the helmeted military. They were truly a fine lot of men, in all four companies, cavalry and artillery. Their arrival occasioned a sensation, which grew more and more tumultuous as the presidential equipage appeared on the scene. The crowd was entirely good natured. Its one wish seemed to be to express respect for the President and his lady. Although boisterous at times, as all crowds are, this one was on its good behavior, and readily enough obeyed the requests of the police to stand back and leave a clear space through which the President might pass. As the President's carriage moved away the military formed around it, and the tumultuous crowd, with wild cheering, fell in behind. The President took off his hat the moment he got into the carriage, and bowed and smiled as the roaring cheers went up. He seemed well pleased with his welcome, and he might well be, for it was royal. Mrs. Cleveland wore a black traveling dress, and looked fresh and charming.

As the presidential carriage came in view a cheer went up from the masses that filled the streets as the carriage advanced, but the demeanor of the crowd at this part of the line of march was in striking contrast to the unceasing din of cheers that greeted the President further on. There was no music until the procession got to Twenty-third street, and the crowds did nothing but look at the President and Mrs. Cleveland.

Closing up behind the carriages came the Milwaukee Light Horse Squadron and battery F, 4th artillery, U. S. A.

The crowd had yelled itself hoarse, cheering for the President when the second division swung into line at the corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. Down Twenty-third street, Wabash avenue, and Thirty-fifth street the people were packed as never before in the history of Chicago. On the tops of houses and in the windows were crowds of eager faces, and from roofs and rushes floated streamers, evidently improvised hurriedly for the occasion. Down at Twenty-second street, where the procession began, there was a repetition of the depot scene and a man might as well have attempted to walk through a brick wall as to force his way into the midst of this fence of men and women. The main procession started from Twenty-second street promptly at 10 o'clock in the following order:

The President and reception committee, preceded by Gen. Charles Fitzsimmons, chief marshal.

Col. Henry Corbin, chief of staff and aids. First division—Col. Henry M. Black, U. S. A., marshal; 25d infantry, U. S. A., four companies, Capt. Randall; 1st regiment I. N. G., Col. Know; 2d regiment I. N. G., Col. Wheeler; detachments of the militia from Camp Sheridan; troop of the 1st cavalry, U. S. A., Capt. Camilla C. C. Carr; Milwaukee Light Horse Squadron, Capt. George J. Schoeffel; Cleveland City Troop, Capt. Garretson; Chicago Lancers, Maj. James Maxwell; Light Battery F, 4th artillery, U. S. A., Capt. Rodney; sailors and marines from United States steamship Michigan, Commander Picking.

Second division—Gen. Joseph Stockton, marshal; detail of police, brigade of the fire department, members of the Grand Army posts, veteran soldiers and sailors, veterans of the 7th (New York) regiment, Gerald N. Stanton, president; Oakland Rifles, Capt. Bradford; Morgan Park Cadets, H. P. Davidson, superintendent; Sharpshooters, Capt. Jacob Stalmer.

Third division—Gen. Hermann Lieb, marshal; the Cook County Democratic Club, Select Knights, A. O. U. W.; Knights of Pythias, Order of Scottish Clans, Patriotic Sons of America, French Canadians, Illinois Cycling Club (on wheels), Societa Italiana di Unione Fratinlanza, Italian Society of Christopher Columbus, Society Aperais Ricigliano, Bohemian Turners, Thirteenth Ward Colored Democratic Club, Legion Giuseppe Garibaldi, in carriages; Clan-na-Gael Guards, L. R. Buckly, commander; Hibernian Rifles, J. J. Brophy, commander.

Fourth division—Gen. Walter C. Newberry, marshal; industrial organizations and Independent Order of Foresters.

As the procession moved along the President was kept busy bowing and smiling. Most of the time he was uncovered. The ladies seemed particularly anxious to get a good look at the President's wife, and many of them were more aggressive in thrusting themselves forward than were the men. It was a succession of ovations the President received all along the route. Up Michigan avenue there extended thousands and thousands of spectators. Faces looked out of every window. Men were to be seen on the roofs of houses, and all over flashed the Stars and Stripes, while the music of many bands and the cheering of the populace filled the air.

When the President's carriage reached the Auditorium building the signal was given and the revenue cutter Michigan, which lay in the harbor just opposite with bunting flying from every point, fired the presidential salute of twenty-one guns. This was a signal for the crowd of 40,000 people to overrun the crossing and swarm like ants toward the stand in their eagerness to see the President. When the President alighted from his carriage and made his way to the stand, he and the few officials with him were almost pushed over the railing by the mob of aldermen and ward politicians behind who engaged in the insane struggle for the front.

The procession moved slowly on, when suddenly there was a crash of timber, and half a hundred people who squeezed themselves on the reporters' tables were precipitated to the platform in a bunch. No one was seriously injured, though the incident almost created a panic. People behind heard the crash, and began to rush away from the spot. Women screamed, and a scene of confusion, lasting several minutes, followed. In the meantime President Cleveland, who had been standing, hat in hand, grew pale from the exertion of keeping his place in the jam, and the mob behind was cleared back a trifle. In the street, however, it was impossible to keep a clear space for the parade. Every moment it would be forced to stop for a time, while the police were forcing the crowds back. The regular troops got through all right, but the 2d regiment was shut off for nearly five minutes. The Cleveland cavalry suffered a similar fate, but managed to squeeze through.

When a comparative order had been restored on the platform, Mayor Roche stepped forward and delivered the following address:

MR. PRESIDENT: In behalf of its citizens it becomes my pleasant duty to tender you a cordial welcome to Chicago, a city of new and progressive civilization, cosmopolitan in its people, character, and spirit, respecting the constitution and laws of the country, devoted to liberty, ruled by law. This Queen City of the inland seas greets, with all the tokens of rejoicing and good will, the Chief Magistrate of the nation—a nation whose growth, progress, prosperity, and happiness are without parallel in the world.

The successor of a long line of illustrious Presidents whose names adorn the pages of our history, and whose deeds live in the grateful recollections of our citizens, you come to us clothed with the majesty of the people and representing the sovereignty of a nation of sovereigns. Your high office is the symbol of the power and glory of a free government and a free people. In respecting you we respect ourselves. In respecting you we honor good government, good citizenship, and universal loyalty to the constitution and laws of our land.

We desire to express our sincere gratification that your first Chief Magistrate, by personal observation, is to verify the fact that the west is no small part of our common country, and our belief that this truth will be forcibly illustrated during your western tour. As you have limited your visit to Chicago to a single day we can do little more in the time allotted us than to show you a few of our dwellings, temples, and marts of trade and commerce, and to notify you that to-day the latch-string is out in every home in Chicago of whatever nationality, creed, or complexion. The citizens of this city have only thoughts and words of welcome and hearty good will for the Chief Magistrate of the freest and best government on earth.

The President responded as follows:

It was soon after the election of 1884 that an old resident of your city was earnestly urging me to pay you a visit. He endeavored to meet all objections that were started and insisted with unparalleled pertinacity that the invitation should be accepted. At last, and after all persuasion seemed to fail, he vehemently broke out with this declaration: "The people up where I live don't think a man is fit for President who has never seen Chicago." I have often thought of this incident since that time; and sometimes when I have felt that I was not doing for the people and the public welfare all that might be done, or all that I would like to do, I have wondered whether things would not have gone on better if I had visited Chicago. Indeed it has, I believe, been publicly stated on one or more occasions lately when the shortcomings of the present chief executive were under discussion, that nothing better could be expected of a man who had never been west of some designated place or river; and this, I suppose, means the same thing that my Chicago friend meant, and involves the same accusation and conclusion. If my alleged official crimes and misdemeanors are thus charitably accounted for, I shall not complain; while I confess that the declaration of the representative of this city, as I have given it, is an evidence of that local pride and loyalty of which your great city is a striking monument. All have heard of it if they have not seen it, for every one of your people seems to have organized himself a committee of one to spread its glories abroad. And now that I am here, I feel like saying with the queen of Sheba, "The half was not told me." My amazement is greatly increased when I recall a little recent history. In 1833 the town of Chicago was incorporated; upon the question of incorporation thirteen votes were cast, one of which was in the negative. We do not know the reason which actuated this citizen in his adverse vote, but if he were here to-day I believe he would be heartily ashamed of it. Five days after its incorporation as a town Chicago held its first election for town officers, and we are told that the total vote on that occasion was twenty-eight. We look in vain for any trace of boodlers in those days, though we are told that the first building constructed after the establishment of the town was a log jail.

Your population in 1837, when Chicago was incorporated a city, was four thousand. The number of its inhabitants in 1871 was three hundred thousand or upwards, and the valuation of its property probably two hundred and eighty millions. Its immense growth and volume of business had then made it a marvel among modern cities. At this time it was visited by a direful calamity without parallel in extent and destruction, which threatened all its promise of greatness and apparently ended its career. In October of that year a fire occurred which burned over an area within the city of twenty-one hundred acres, killed two hundred persons, consumed twenty thousand buildings, made homeless one hundred thousand people, and destroyed property of the value of two hundred millions of dollars. Then followed an exhibition of enterprise and bravery as unparalleled as the disaster which called them forth. The citizens of Chicago lost no time in lamentation and not for a moment did they lose faith in the sure destiny of their city. Almost among its embers they commenced business and upon its ashes they began to build. Sixteen years have passed, and there has arisen here a city many fold more populous, more beautiful, and more prosperous than you lost in 1871. Who have greater right to be proud and satisfied than the citizens of Chicago? You have said that the President ought to see Chicago. I am here to see it, and its hospitable, large-hearted people. But because your city is so great and your interests so large and important, I know you will allow me to suggest that I have left at home a city you ought to see and know more about. In point of fact, it would be well for you to keep your eyes closely upon it all the time. Your servants and agents are there. They are there to protect your interests and aid your efforts to advance your prosperity and well being. Your enterprising trade and your wearing, ceaseless activity of hand and brain will not yield the results you deserve unless wisdom guides the policy of your government and unless your needs are regarded at the capital of the nation. It will be well for you not to forget that in the performance of your political duties, with a thoughtfulness and a broad patriotism there lies not only a safeguard against business disaster, but an important obligation of citizenship.

It was 1:25 o'clock when the last of the long procession passed the President, and the crowd began to disperse. There was such a jam that the President could not leave the platform for some time. Finally, however, he got away almost faint with hunger and exertion and was driven to the Palmer House to eat dinner and prepare for the reception in half an hour.

RECEPTION AT THE PALMER HOUSE.

With one bursting, frantic cheer, crashing through the great rotunda, a mob of 100,000 people rushed like wild beasts at President Cleveland and his wife this afternoon in the Palmer House. It was the reception to the general public, and the Chief Magistrate, with his valiant companion, had just descended the main staircase. So thunderous was the din that the score of perspiring trumpeters seemed making a dumb show. In vain did the police, clubs in hand, attempt to stem the rush. The rope barriers had been swept away at the first onset. It was well that a nook of safety had been provided for Mrs. Cleveland. Immediately to the right of the staircase was an alcove most hidden in silken bunting and waving green plants. Into this she was hastily thrust, while the President, giving a single sweeping glance at the surging crowd, plunged into its midst and sturdily shouldered himself by sheer strength into the place it had been decided he should stand. Three times did files of brawny dismounted cavalrymen seize the ends of one of the ropes that had been dashed to the floor and strive to drag back the multitude. Only with the aid of a double cordon of police—the front line backing against the crowd, and the second rank pushing their line-coated comrades forward—did the lasso maneuver of the soldiers bring a faint semblance of order.

The President meanwhile was shaking hands right and left till he was red in the face, and his fresh linen collar lay limp above his black Prince Albert coat. Behind him and slightly to his right, standing at the entrance to the alcove a couple of steps above the crowd, was Mrs. Cleveland, laughing merrily at the President's plight, and bowing and smiling good naturedly at the crowd. She was surrounded by a bevy of staid matrons richly dressed, but in all dark colors.

When the first appearance of a line had begun to be formed of the people, at the head came a detachment of Union Veterans' bearing aloft the tattered, bullet-riven battle flag of the 11th Kansas volunteers. A striking scene ensued. While the President warmly greeted the old soldiers one after another, the color-bearer stepped forward to Mrs. Cleveland and gently lowering the old flag bade her clip off one of its precious shreds as a memento of the day. The wife of the President gracefully complied, and while the spectators went wild with enthusiasm, displayed her trophy proudly to the ladies at her side. President Cleveland shook hands with redoubled vigor and an actual count at this juncture showed his gait to be forty-seven handshakes per minute. This rate was kept up without intermission until the time fixed for the reception to end, and not a person in line was missed. A low estimate of the number who marched past him is 6,000 persons. But they were the fortunate few. Thousands in the corridors, and thousands upon thousands in the streets failed even to catch a sight of his face. The rotunda and halls of the hotel, like the outside thoroughfares for blocks around, had been taken complete possession of by the gigantic outpouring of people an hour before the reception began, and restraint of any kind seemed impossible. During the crush it is safe to say that as many as fifty women had to be borne from the throng into the stores near by fainting from exhaustion.

Simplicity and lack of ostentation were the distinguishing characteristics of the reception to the President and Mrs. Cleveland this evening at the Columbia Theater, where only those were admitted who had been formally invited beforehand by the committee of citizens charged with that duty. Ten thousand tickets had been issued, each admitting one man and his complement of ladies. The vicinity of the theater was jammed with curious spectators who eyed closely the occupants of the carriages rolling up, one after another, to the main entrance of the theater. No one had been admitted inside before the advent of the presidential party, and people who came in carriages, as well as those who came otherwise, were obliged to wait in lines stretching fully a block on the sidewalk in either direction from the theater. Within was a scene of rare loviness. Barring a liberal display of the Stars and Stripes, the decorations were wholly composed of natural flowers and foliage, and the effect was strikingly rich, but subdued. Roses predominated, not less than 70,000 having been utilized. A floor had been laid throughout the house level with the stage and was beautifully carpeted. The stage itself had been arranged to represent the reception hall of a modern mansion, though the walls were nearly hidden in a profusion of ferns and palms. Simultaneously with the President and wife entering from the side of the stage, and taking their stand under a massive chandelier in the center of the stage, the line of people, two abreast, advanced toward them, headed by Gen. A. H. Terry and wife. The orchestra in the balcony broke into melody. The group of ladies accompanying Mrs. Cleveland clustered about her with their escorts, and under the soft light shed over all she, with her husband, greeted couple after couple with a pleasant word and smile and a hearty shake of the hand. Brilliant toilets were in the line, as beautiful as they were costly, and many of them, but they were the exception, not the rule.

Not over three-fifths of the gentlemen wore the regulation claw hammer, the coat of the remainder being generally a Prince Albert. The President himself was in full dress. Mrs. Cleveland looked queenly in a loose-fitting, simply-made reception gown of dark mistletoe green plush, cut moderately low, and quaintly trimmed at the neck and on the short sleeves with an ancient escurial lace. In her hair she wore a diamond brooch of exquisite workmanship. A necklace of diamonds sparkled at her throat, while around her waist, contrasted with the rich green plush, hung a girdle of old-gold heavy cord and tassel. It seemed that she would never tire of welcoming the people who glided by her, proceeding either to the balconies or homeward rejoicing. And the President was no less gracious. A more notable picture it would be hard to find than that of the thrice happy pair as they stood to-night, the center of admiration at the Columbia.

It had been announced that the reception would close at 11 o'clock. The President and Mrs. Cleveland looked at the line of anxious faces and lingered past the hour. Five minutes, ten minutes went by, but the crowd seemed unending. Reluctantly both of them turned away and from two to three thousand people who waited hours were disappointed. It was not wanting much of midnight when the place was finally cleared.

STEAMBOAT NAVIGATION.

A More Desirable Class of Steamboat Officials Wanted.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—The first part of the second day's session of the National Board of Steam Navigation was given up to the discussion of plans and methods by which a more competent class of men could be secured as captains, mates, and engineers. It was stated that the law governing the examination of applicants for certificates was so lax that many unqualified candidates were passed. The general tenor of the discussion favored the adoption of a strict law and its stern enforcement.

WAS A TOOL OF THE POLICE.

A SENSATION CREATED BY ONE OF THE MOONLIGHTERS.

He Testified Against His Accomplices and Gives Away the Plot Against Sexton—He Was in the Pay of the Police for Five Years.

LONDON, Oct. 5.—Callinan, the moonlighter, who was one of the party that killed Constable Whelehan at the Sexton homestead at Lisdoonvarne on Sept. 11, and who had turned queen's evidence, was taken to Ennis to-day and testified against his accomplices. He was escorted by a strong force of police. He swore as to the plot against Sexton, and identified seven of the prisoners as having participated in the killing of Constable Whelehan. Callinan admitted that he had planned a number of moonlight raids in Kerry and Clare. He said that he had been in the pay of the police for the last five years, and that he had received from Constable Whelehan, just before the raiding of Sexton, a small sum of money in payment of his share for arranging the raid. This statement caused a great sensation in the court.

While returning to jail the prisoners were cheered by the crowds in the streets. The police charged the people and used their batons freely.

Mr. John Bright has written a letter denying the statement that he could not support the government's Irish policy because he had declared that force was no remedy for the troubles in Ireland.

TRYING TO GAG THE PRESS.

DUBLIN, Oct. 5.—The Dublin corporation have unanimously passed Mr. Dillon's motion to attend in state to-morrow the trial of Messrs. O'Brien and Sullivan. Mr. Sexton to-day declared that the government in attacking the lord mayor had attacked the representative of the people, besides trying to gag the press.

SOCIALISTS OPPOSED TO COMPROMISE.

BERNE, Oct. 6.—The conference of socialists at St. Gall passed resolutions protesting against the passage of laws intended for the sole benefit of monopolies, condemning the taxation of commodities, and denouncing the rejection by the government classes of measures designed for the protection of workmen.

SIGNOR CRISPI'S VISIT.

BERLIN, Oct. 5.—Signor Crispi, in an interview, says his recent visit to Prince Bismarck had no reference to any particular political objects. The vatican question was not considered, as that was an internal matter, with which Italy would allow no interference.

GOV. WASHBURN'S DEATH.

He Drops Dead While Attending the Mission Meeting at Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Oct. 5.—Ex-Gov. Wm. B. Washburn, of Greenfield, died suddenly this morning while attending the meeting of the American board at the city hall. He was sitting upon the platform, and while Dr. Smith was reading the annual survey, and soon after the opening, he fell forward into the lap of the gentleman next to him, and expired in a few minutes. He had spoken to a friend but a moment before, and death came without any immediate warning. Though he continued to breathe for a few moments, he never spoke nor gave any sign of consciousness. Loving hands bore him to the little room at the right, connected with the tower entrance, and Dr. Post was called, but it was evident that death had come. Medical Examiner Beck was summoned and viewed the remains and said that the circumstances pointed to heart disease, though it was impossible to pronounce definitely upon the cause until after further examination.

Gov. Washburn, with his wife, came from Greenfield this morning, reaching here at 9 o'clock. He went to the city hall, while his wife went to the woman's meeting at the First Church, and there received the news of her husband's death.

He was born in Winchendon, Mass., in 1820; he graduated from Yale College in 1844; entered the state senate in 1850; was identified with the Republican party from its organization, and in 1862 went to Congress, being returned every succeeding term until made governor in 1871; was re-elected in 1872, and 1873, and in 1874 he was chosen to fill the unexpired term of Charles Sumner in the United States Senate. He continued in the Senate until 1875, serving in important committees. He had been trustee of Yale College, Smith College, and a member of the board of overseers of Amherst College. Harvard gave him the degree of LL. D. in 1872.

COLORED MEN SEE THROUGH IT

Richmond Democrats Try to Corrall Their Votes.

RICHMOND, Oct. 5.—The Democratic primary election for the nomination of four candidates to represent the city in the next legislature will take place to-morrow, and for the first time in the history of the party negroes will be allowed to vote, but the brother in black declines to do so, thinking that if his influence and voice are needed now they have been badly neglected heretofore. It is generally reported that prominent members of the city government have made overtures to the colored people to join the ranks of the Democrats, but it is known that they have declined to be bought. The reformers of Richmond have the power to elect their candidate, and their platform is good enough for the Republican party. The reform demonstration last night showed that the Democratic party in this city is doomed.

TWO WEEKS MORE TO LIVE.

A Murderer Who Once Escaped Approaching the Gallows.

HARRISBURG, PA., Oct. 5.—James P. McCabe, the Wayne county murderer, who was to have been hanged at Honesdale to-morrow, has been granted a respite until the 10th of November. All the arrangements had been made for the execution. Counsel for the prisoner appeared before Gov. Beaver to-day and argued that the respites issued during the time McCabe was at liberty after his escape from jail were irregular and he desired time to establish the prisoner's legal rights under the peculiar circumstances.

THE MITKIEWICZ CONCESSIONS.

A Rumor That China Cannot Carry Out the Arrangement.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—A dispatch from London to the *Evening Sun* says the British government has received advices that the viceroy, Li Hung Chang, has notified Count Mitkiewicz that he cannot carry out the proposed arrangement with the American capitalists.

Gen. Pitcairn Morrison Dead.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 5.—Gen. Pitcairn Morrison, U. S. A. (retired), aged 92, died to-day at the residence of his son-in-law in this city. He was a native of New York city, and in 1820 was appointed second lieutenant of artillery in the regular army. He was subsequently transferred to the infantry.

Knights Sympathize With Ireland.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 5.—At the Knights of Labor General Assembly to-day an address was delivered by Michael Davitt, which was well received. Powderly introduced resolutions heartily sympathizing with Ireland's struggle, which were unanimously adopted.

Resentenced to be Hung.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 5.—The general term to-day affirmed the conviction of Robt. Van Brunt, or "Happy Salvation Bob," for the murder of Will Roy, at Warsaw, last fall. The court directs that he be resentenced to be hung.

REPUBLICANS ORGANIZING

They Propose to Establish a Strong and Influential Club.

A large number of gentlemen met last night in the "Johnson annex" to the Arlington Hotel, for the purpose of organizing a permanent Republican club at the national capital. The session was attended by many representative citizens, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and the success of the Republican party, its principles and candidates, was the wish of all. The meeting was simply for forming a temporary organization, and, with this in view, Mr. W. W. Dauenhower was elected president, Mr Patrick O'Farrell secretary, and Mr. J. H. Howell treasurer.

Mr. William A. Cook's motion to appoint a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws was adopted.

The chair appointed Messrs. William A. Cook, Dr. E. A. Adams, ex-Senator Fowler, D. A. Windsor, Thomas A. Gardiner, Simon Wolf, Dr. Purvis, Smith Wormley, and Fred. Douglass. On motion, W. W. Dauenhower was added to the committee.

The motion to make the proposed club a permanent one was adopted amid much applause. The discussion that was brought forth by the resolution made known the fact that plenty of money was at command, and that the ulterior object was to establish a club house, and to effect an organization that would be equal if not superior to the Union League clubs of New York city and Philadelphia.

Mr. E. W. Fox suggested that the headquarters for the club be obtained at once, and that a name be given the organization which would arouse Republican sympathy for the club.

The motion to adopt a name was postponed until the next meeting.

The absence of representative colored men from the meeting was alluded to, and it was stated that invitations had been sent to several, but they failed to respond.

A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Roessle, the proprietor of the Arlington, for the courtesies he had bestowed upon the gentlemen calling the meeting. During the evening the following dispatch was received by Mr. E. W. Fox, dated Philadelphia: "I indorse and will co-operate in the movement for the organization of a Republican club. I regret that I cannot be present at the meeting to-night." Signed Greene B. Raum.

Kind words were also received from many leading Republican senators and members of the House of Representatives indorsing the movement and offering such aid as will be found necessary. The meeting proved to be very successful, and the happy speech of Mr. Simon Wolf, indorsing the formation of the club and its objects, met with an outburst of approval. The strong logic used and the language in which it was expressed awakened old Republican enthusiasm and gave great impetus to the purposes in view. The men participating and the zeal manifested are good indications that a powerful and influential Republican club will be established in this city.

AWAITING ADVICES.

The Troops at Crow Agency Wait Orders from Washington.

BILLINGS, MONT., Oct. 5.—The troops at the Crow agency are still waiting orders from Washington. The Indians are still much excited, and so determined to resist arrest that the police have not dared to attempt it. The sheriff of Custer county will probably be called upon to execute the warrants with a posse. Gen. Dudley, in command at Fort Custer, said last night there would be no serious trouble. The old chiefs disclaim any connection with the affair, and are jealous of the growing importance of Young Thunder and Lightning. The agent is blamed for being too hasty in attempting the arrests.

ANOTHER BOODLER SENT UP.

His Deal Was in Pretended Horse Purchases.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 5.—Judge Kunter to-day sentenced Charles Doll, ex-member of the board of public works of Cincinnati, to two years in the penitentiary upon conviction of having misapplied city funds in the purchase of a lot of horses in Illinois for the city's use.

The Western Union Meeting.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—The executive committee of the Western Union Company's board of directors met to-day. After the meeting Mr. Russell Sage said that only routine business had been transacted. Mr. Gould said that nothing had been done about the purchase of the Baltimore and Ohio lines, but declined to say whether or not the subject was discussed.

The Cutter La Popa Launched.

WILMINGTON, DEL., Oct. 5.—The revenue cutter La Popa, constructed for the United States of Colombia, was launched at the Pusey & Jones ship yard this afternoon. La Popa is a schooner-rigged propeller, with an iron hull sheathed with wood overlaid with copper. She is 120 feet long, 20 feet beam, and 11 feet deep.

Death of an Estimable Lady.

The many friends of the family of Mr. A. P. De Graw will learn with surprise of the death of his wife, Mrs. Susan N. De Graw, and mother of Mr. P. V. De Graw, manager of the Washington office of the United Press Association. The sad event took place last evening at the family residence. Mrs. De Graw was a lady overflowing with kindness, and known for her many charitable deeds. She will be greatly missed, not only in the home circle, but among others who knew her well and deeply loved her.

Fire in Georgetown.

The alarm from box 72 at 2:30 o'clock this morning was for the burning of a frame house near Twenty-eighth and O streets. The cause of the fire is unknown, and the damage done is estimated at $500.

The Light Infantry Hops.

The Washington Light Infantry last night elected a large number of members and appointed a committee to arrange for a series of hops during the coming winter.

PERSONALITIES.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES is in New York.

COMPTROLLER DURHAM has gone to Kentucky.

SIR ARTHUR BLACKWOOD, of England, is at the St. James.

HON. JOHN M. GLOVER is in Philadelphia. He will go to St. Louis next week.

THE Misses West, daughters of Minister West, have arrived in New York from Europe.

MRS. AND MISS SHERRILL have returned from their summering in the Adirondack mountains.

JUSTICE AND MRS. MATTHEWS and the Misses Matthews are in the city, at their residence, on the corner of N street and Connecticut avenue.

HON. SIMON WOLF will leave here next Friday for the south, delivering lectures at different points for the benefit of the orphan asylum at Atlanta.

MR. L. M. LA FETRA and lady, and Mr. C. W. La Fetra, all of Los Angeles, Cal., are spending a short time in this city visiting their brother, Dr. G. H. La Fetra, at Temple Hotel.

THERE is great rejoicing among the members of the Irish American Club over the election of Dr. Florence Donohue as surgeon general of the G. A. R., and he was last night the recipient of many congratulations at the club rooms.

LIEUT. P. H. SMITH, of the Hillyer Guards, of Hartford, Conn., who accompanies the Putnam Phalanx, was the guest of the Irish-American Club last night and was handsomely entertained by President Healey and Mr. O'Connell, of the club.

MRS. JEFFERSON CHANDLER and her charming daughter, Miss Mamie Chandler, have returned from Capon Springs, where they spent the latter portion of the season. Hon. and Mrs. Chandler were recalled from Europe, where they went early in the summer, by the illness of their younger daughter, Blanche, who is now convalescent.

THE "PUTS" AT MT VERNON.

THE REVOLUTIONARY COUNTERPARTS VISIT WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

The Weather Interferes Somewhat With the Display, But Does Not Affect the Patriotism—Exercises at the Tomb—Fun and Patriotism in Alexandria

The slight rain yesterday morning interfered somewhat with the programme arranged by the Putnam Phalanx for the second day's visit at the capital. It was intended to have made the Mount Vernon pilgrimage in full dress uniform and with arms. The rain, however, caused a change. The full dress coats were laid aside and the cockade hats, with the gorgeous plumes, were carefully tucked away in bandboxes, that the dampness might not affect the curl of the feathers. The muskets were left standing in the gun rack at the Riggs House, for carrying them in the rain meant rusting the bayonets and barrels. The Phalanx pride themselves on the excellent condition in which their arms and uniforms are kept, and they take no chances of weather impairing the high standard of either. The command paraded with fatigue cap, regulation knickerbockers, and distinctive yellow-topped boots. Over the fatigue blouses many of the command wore overcoats, the chilly weather warning them that they would prove very comfortable for the river trip.

But the most brutal weather ever sent to disarrange military displays or afflict suffering humanity with the terrors of hay fever could not deter the famous Phalanx drum corps. Arrayed in their resplendent red coats and other equally gorgeous uniform paraphernalia they bravely took their positions at the head of the column, and when the parade started pounded out with increased vigor their patriotic airs. Drum Major Hope was then in all his glory, and his martial presence inspired the drummers and fifers to an unusual degree.

Several Washingtonians accompanied the Phalanx and their guests on their pilgrimage to Washington's tomb, and when the steamer W. W. Corcoran pulled out from the wharf a party numbering nearly 700 was on board. The drum corps let it be known that they were on hand. They played almost continually on the trip down. When passing the arsenal the ruffling salute was paid to the flag flying from the staff.

Arriving at Mount Vernon the drums were muffled and a dirge played on the march up the hill and past the tomb. When the mansion was reached the command, with their guests, were drawn up in line and photographed by Mr. L. C. Dillon, who obtained two splendid negatives, after which a half hour was spent in viewing the mansion and grounds.

"Fall in" was then sounded, and the command remarched to the tomb. With the band playing accompaniments the whole party united in singing "America," after which the chaplain, Rev. J. Kittridge Wheeler, offered prayer. Judge Advocate Clark was to have delivered an address, but he was taken suddenly ill, and the chaplain read his address, which was a splendid eulogy of Washington. He was followed by Hon. Henry T. Sperry, of the *Evening Post*, who called the roll of those present on the original pilgrimage twenty-seven years ago. Not a response was given, though Mr. Sperry himself and Maj. Lockwood, who remained in the city yesterday, were on that trip. Then Hon. S. A. Hubbard, of the Hartford *Courant*, who arrived yesterday morning, read extracts from Isaac W. Stuart's famous address made on the occasion of the original pilgrimage. The exercises closed with the singing of "Columbia."

The Phalanx let loose their reserved stock of fun on the return trip. A couple of dancing darkies were corralled and run up on deck where they were surrounded by an admiring throng while they went through the gyrations of a plantation hoedown. The remuneration given for the saltatorial exhibition made the darkies eyes stand out.

On reaching Alexandria the major portion of the command and guests disembarked. A visit was first paid to the Marshall House where Jackson shot Ellsworth at the opening of the war. Then a visit was made to old Christ Church where Washington worshipped. Lack of time prevented a visit to many other historical places of interest.

On the way to the depot the party, which had attracted much attention, was followed by a crowd of colored children. All the way down the street pennies, nickles, dimes, and quarters were flipped in the air, and the pickaninnies scrambled for them in the dust of the street. This sort of amusement was continued to the depot, when the scene of action was transferred to a coal heap. The "picks" found the visit quite remunerative, one particularly active boy cheering the train on its departure, and gleefully announcing that he had picked up $1.21.

THE RIGGS HOUSE BANQUET.

The dinner given by the active organization to Connecticut residents at the capital and government officials at the Riggs House last evening was a brilliant finale to a day full of enjoyment. The Phalanx, in their full dress uniform, assembled in the lobby of the hotel, while the guests were marshaled in the parlors on the floor above. At 9:45 the invited, Maj. Warner and Col. Moore in the lead, descended the stairway and entered the banquet hall, receiving a salute from the actives, under command of Capts. Perry and Lyman Smith, in passing. The guests were District Commissioner Wheatley, Deputy Pension Commissioner McLean, United States Treasurer Hyatt, President E. M. Gallaudet, Gen. Albert Ordway, Gen. C. L. Williams, Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, Gen. Alfred Pleasanton, Col. J. L. Woodbridge, Capt. P. J. Moran, Congressman-elect Russell, E. K. Winship, O. S. Ferman, Prof. Richard Rathbun, Capt. Augustus R. S. Foote, G. A. Lillibridge, L. M. Penfield, H. S. Stephens, John Tweedale, J. B. Randolph, George A. Jones, Prof. N. H. Eggleston, Spencer M. Clark, Hon. T. H. Healey, Capt. P. O'Farrell, Hon. H. T. Sperry, Hon. S. A. Hubbard, Thomas H. Mitchell, Henry A. Seymour, and Dr. N. Frank White, of Washington; Rev. A. S. Brown, and the following officers of the Light Infantry: Col. W. G. Moore, Adjutant W. H. Harrison, Capt. H. E. Leach, Capt. H. Dingman, Capt. W. B. Gray, Capt. A. W. Kelly, Capt. E. G. Wheeler, Lieut. George Breitbarth, Capt. W. N. Dalton, Capt. J. C. Entwisle, Capt. J. S. Miller, Capt. B. R. Ross, Color Sergt. H. Y. Brooks, and Private F. G. McGlathey.

After the elaborate menu had been ended Maj. Warner, of the Phalanx, made an address of welcome, in which he returned thanks to the Infantry and citizens of Washington for their cordial reception. He was followed by Col. Moore in an enthusiastic compliment to the Phalanx and the cause they represent and commemorate. Other addresses were made by Rev. J. Kittridge Wheeler, Gen. C. L. Williams, President E. M. Gallaudet, Maj. F. M. Brown, C. C. Hubbard, S. A. Hubbard, of the *Courant*, the oldest newspaper in the United States; Congressman-elect Russell, and others. Hon. H. T. Sperry acted as toast master. At the conclusion of the speech making the assembled guests united in singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "America."

The visitors will spend to-day in sightseeing. In the evening they will participate in the Shepherd parade. They leave for Baltimore at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the District of Columbia will be held at Waugh M. E. Church, Third and A streets northeast, on the 25th and 26