# Daily Globe.

VOL. VII — ST. PAUL, MINN., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1884. — NO. 159


## BLACK FRIDAY.

### The Blaine Men Knock John L. Arthur in Four Rounds.

A High Old Gala Day for the Grand Old Party of Moral Ideas.

Black Jack Logan Fallen Upon as the Victim for the Second Place.

The Delightful Quiet Which Added to the "Hilarity of the Occasion."

Fun for the Blaine Boys, but Death to the Old Seeds of the Party.

How Minnesota Voted and Swears It Was an Original Blaine Boomer.

The Man Who Can't Carry New York Selected to the Disgust of the Crotchet Dudes.

The Day They Hang People Selected For Making the Republican Ticket.

Pen Pictures that Almost Make You Think You Were There and Knew How It Was Yourself.

EPITOME OF THE DAY.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

CHICAGO, June 6.—The following is an epitome of the Republican national convention to-day:

MORNING SESSION.

Called to order at 11:20 a. m.

Prayer by Rev. Dr. Scudder.

Balloting for president commenced at 11:35 a. m.

Four ballots taken and James G. Blaine declared the nominee at 4:30 p. m.

Adjournment to 8 p. m.

EVENING SESSION.

Vacancies on the national committee filled.

Gen. John A. Logan, of Illinois, nominated for vice-president.

Committee appointed to wait on the nominees.

Adjournment *sine die* at 10 p. m.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

CHICAGO, June 6.—I am happy to be written down a false prophet. The man who can't carry New York has been selected as the Republican standard bearer in the coming campaign. I did not believe the Arthur forces would be so politically foolish as not to be prepared to combine on a third man, and hence, while I knew as every one did that Blaine would lead at the outset, I did not think he would climb to the top. This was a mistake. It was a contest of the office holders and the old fellows on the one hand and "the boys" on the other, and "the boys" got away with them. I am glad of it for several reasons. The man they have selected is the weakest in the doubtful states of the prominent candidates named, and besides I like to see "the boys" winn. You see I used to be a boy myself in younger days and a sort of natural sympathy goes out from my heart of hearts; (that's poetry) when I go back half a century in my mind's eye, and recall the old campaigns. So here's to the boys and the July nominee, who will lick them out of their boots and make them wish that they had never been born, or else make them sigh to be born again.

But to go back a little, a tired, headachy, crowd, so to speak, arose this eventful black Friday, and early in the day began wending their way to the exposition building where the final scenes of the great convention, were to be enacted. There were the usual obdurate doorkeepers, the numerous policemen ordered on duty by Carter Harrison, (after he got the warnings from the temperance memorials) and the thousands who had no credentials to gain admittance, as well as the thousands who had. The immense hall was packed to repletion. The aisles and corners were packed everywhere. The reporters' tables were jammed, outsiders crowding in so that reportorial work was anything but convenient, but the newspaper men could overlook this as it was natural the public should want to see the "grand old party" in its final throes.

It was 11:20 a. m. when the chair rapped the convention to order and called upon the Rev. Dr. Scudder to pray. The prayer was merely a formality. Nobody listened to it but the short hand reporters and they felt as though they ought to have extra price for being obliged to loaf about when a ballot was pending.

THE FIRST ROUND.

At 11:35 the reading clerk called "Alabama" on the first ballot. The supreme moment for the Republican party, as my crochety friend, Geo. Wm. Curtis, would remark, had arrived. Alabama was recorded seventeen for Arthur and one for Blaine—as everybody expected it would be. Powell Clayton responded for Arkansas, eight for Blaine, four for Arthur and two for Edmunds. "I challenge the correctness of the vote," shouted an ace of spades delegate from Arkansas. "The delegation will be polled," said the chairman. The name of each delegate was then called but the result was not changed. Florida was also challenged and similarly polled, but without changing the result. Iowa's twenty-six for Blaine was received with thunders of applause. Maine's twelve for Blaine brought another demonstration. It was evident that the Blaine forces were prepared to yell him through if enthusiasm could do it.

Long before the official count was announced the newspaper men telegraphed the result and it was probably known in St. Paul before the authorized figures were given. When the vote was read—Blaine 334½, Arthur 278—the Blaine men were wild with joy, and, as I remember it, made no attempt to disguise their feelings. The fact that Blaine had held up to his figures so well and that Arthur dropped below 300 was regarded as almost decisive from the start.

THE SECOND ROUND.

"Ballot!" "Ballot!" was the shout when the prolonged applause of the Blaine delegates and spectators had sufficiently subsided to make any word intelligible. "The roll will be called for the second ballot," announced the chairman, and again the reading secretary shouted "Alabama!"

As the roll call proceeded on the second ballot the votes of numerous states were challenged, partly ty to put the individual members on record and partly to kill time. It was evident that somebody was afraid, and it wasn't the Blaine men. New York and Pennsylvania were challenged and as one had seventy-two and the other sixty delegates a long time was consumed in making the detailed record.

Arkansas showed the first Blaine gain on the second ballot, giving him eleven votes to eight on the first ballot. This was the signal for great applause and each time as a state showed a Blaine gain the multitude who were keeping the tally interrupted with cheers.

The announcement of the second ballot—Blaine 349, a gain of 14½, and a loss of 2 for Arthur—fairly drove the Blaine men wild. They jumped and danced and howled. Reporters mounted their chairs and tables; delegates stood up and waved hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, fans, papers and anything they could get hold of. Men and ladies on the platform, ladies and men in the galleries and spectators' seats, joined in the loud acclaim, swung flags and yelled and yelled again.

THE THIRD ROUND.

"The clerk will call the rolled for the third ballot," said the hoarse chairman in a voice so inaudible that the reading secretary at his elbow could scarcely hear it. "Alabama," again roared the reading secretary, and rap, rap went the gavel of the chair, calling for order. "Alabama," again called the secretary, and finally Alabama responded, and the third roll call was in progress. There was not quite so much challenging of votes on this ballot as on the second, but there was considerable. Again the Blaine gains were cheered, and it was with the utmost difficulty that, amid the noise, confusion and excitement, the secretaries could make the record. The reading secretary would call out the vote in reply to each state, name by name as the chairman of the delegation would announce it and a second reading clerk stood at his elbow and repeated it a third time for the recording secretaries.

Outside of the newspaper men but comparatively few kept tally on any candidates except Blaine and Arthur. When the delays occurred by the call of challenged states in detail, the volunteer tally keepers would foot their lists as far as the roll had proceeded, so that a minute after Wm. Young, the last name on the list, had cast his vote, hundreds knew that Blaine had gained 26 more votes, and had 375 on the third ballot. The enthusiastic Blaineites did not wait for the official record, but concluded to yell while it was hot, and they did and in good style. Again hats went up into the air, and all kinds of demoniac yells were heard from the excited throng.

Some one marched through the aisles, as well as he could, with a big Kansas banner having a picture of Blaine upon one side, with the inscription, "Kansas 50,000 for the nominee, 75,000 for James G. Blaine." On the reverse side was a stuffed rooster, with gigantic claws, clutching in his bill a card bearing the inscription "Kansas crows for her loyal delegation." As this banner was carried about the hall it was everywhere greeted with redoubled yells, and when one man tired another took up the refrain, so that there was no apparent cessation. The secretaries had completed their official footing, and the chair rained blows upon the desk with his gavel that were as little heard as his hoarse voice. The uproar still went on. The Blaine men felt that they had substantially "got there," and they did not see any use of waiting for the fun to begin officially.

At last when sufficient order was restored to give the vote, the reading secretary took the precaution to announce the Blaine vote last. If he had not the rest of it never would have been heard of. Arthur was received in silence. He had only lost two votes on the ballot and only four on the whole. He was holding his strength with the tenacity with which Dr. Day keeps his grip on the post-office, but there was no one to grow enthusiastic over it. The final announcement, "375," did the business and the "whoop-'er-up" fellows went at it again. Again the Kansas rooster was borne about, and again the yells went up and were taken up by the crowd outside and echoed back into the convention hall. It was a continuation of previous scenes and would undoubtedly have been more intense but it couldn't—they had been just as intense as they could be before and could only repeat without improving on it.

A DUDE SCENE.

And now followed the most comical scene of this or any other convention. When there was a little lull in the Blaine jubilation, Foraker was on a chair at the front of the delegate seats and at last obtained recognition of the chair and said: "I move that this convention take a recess until 7 p. m." His words beyond "recess" were not heard further than his immediate surroundings, for yells of "No! no!" and "Ballot! ballot!" went up and down and all around and caromed on the air from delegates and galleries until hell reigned again. The New York independents, whom the Blaine papers disrespectfully style "political dudes," were on their ears and feet at the same time. They wanted to secure a roll call on the motion for a recess, as they knew with a *viva voce* vote the spectators would join and thunder down the motion.

Wm. Walter Phelps, from New Jersey, mounted a chair and young Roosevelt, the par excellence political dude from New York, just in front of him—both wildly gesticulating with both hands and talking as fast and as loud as they could yell. A Pennsylvania delegate mounted a chair just across the aisle and turning his back to the chair addressed his remarks to Phelps, wildly gesticulating and yelling. Phelp's body swayed and as I faced him his mouth opened and shut like a fly-trap. He grew pale from exertion, and young Roosevelt grew red in the face at the same time and not one solitary word of anything they uttered was heard by anyone. It was a perfect pantomine scene. The Blaine yells would have drowned a mule's bray, and the New Jersey and New York dudes could not have been heard if they had been talking with a cannon.

"Go it dudes," was yelled by some one, and the yell was taken up and repeated. As all good things must have an end, this scene terminated, and in despair and exhaustion the dudes took their seats. The chair then put the motion for a recess by a *viva voce* vote and declared it lost, as every Blaine man in the house, whether delegate or not, who could hear the question put voted "No!" as loud as he could yell.

THE FOURTH ROUND.

"The reading clerk will call the roll for the fourth ballot," whispered the chair in his hoarse voice. "Alabama," shouted the clerk. But again Phelps and Roosevelt arose on their chairs. They both made trumpets of their hands and yelled and yelled again for a roll call.

Finally Roosevelt made himself heard to demand a detailed call of New York on the motion for a recess. Gen. Carr, of Illinois, struggled to his feet, and with a voice that could be heard even in that racket, made the point of order that the roll call having begun, no other business could interfere until it was concluded. The chair whispered hoarsely that the point was well taken, and again the reading clerk shouted "Alabama!"

This time it was McKinley, of Ohio, who struggled to the front. He mounted the same chair Foraker had occupied, and gaining recognition, said that they did not want to take any advantage. He evidently felt that they had the bulge beyond all contingency, and he urged in the interest of James G. Blaine that the roll be called on a motion for a recess. The chair acceded to the request and this time "Alabama" was shouted on the motion for a recess. Everybody watched the tally sheet of the third ballot and as anti-Blaine delegates voted against adjournment there were loud cheers. The first important gain visible was when Illinois was reached. That state had given but three votes for Blaine, but fifteen against adjournment and this evidence of a leaning towards Blaine was greeted with a wild yell. Indiana followed with a gain of four against adjournment over Blaine's vote, and another yell was given. Minnesota was solid at last and wheeled into line with fourteen votes against adjourment. It was evident long before the roll call was completed that the fellows who "wanted to go home" would not be accorded the privilege and when 450 votes against adjournment were secured Blaine was as good as nominated. I imagine you would have thought so if you could have seen the Blaine men go wild again with joy. They hugged each other, shouted, yelled, screeched, whistled, shook hands, and jumped up and down, threw everything into the air they could lay their hands on and whooped and screamed and yelled again and again. Previous efforts were outdone so far as it was possible to exceed the summit of ecstatic joy.

FORAKER'S SHARP GAME.

When the applause began to lull, from sheer exhaustion, Foraker, of Ohio, mounted a front seat and waved his hands to attract the attention of the chair. He finally got there; you know all Ohio men do sooner or later. When partial quiet was restored Foraker said that he had presented the name of John Sherman as a party duty and in response to the sentiment of a large portion of the Ohio Republicans, but the time had now come, when in deference to the same sentiment and as a further party duty he would move the nomination of James G. Blaine by acclamation. Half a dozen dudes sprung up in a bunch but the applause carried them off their feet.

Burrows, of Michigan, finally got a word in and moved that the roll be called for the fourth ballot. He wanted the record to be made up in proper form. Foraker mounted his chair again and said, out of deference to the manifest wishes of the convention, he would withdraw the motion. He had gained his points his whole design being to give a little dramatic effect to the Blaine boom. It was known by the insiders that Logan had sent a telegram withdrawing in favor of Blaine, and as Illinois would be reached in the roll call before Ohio, she would have the credit of starting the stampede. Ohio would then have to follow instead of lead. By Foraker's trick he had got the start of all of them, and brought Ohio to the front in advance of any of the states. He never expected to press his motion, but only made it to cover the announcement that Ohio would be solid for Blaine on the fourth ballot and to be in advance of Illinois.

As I have before remarked Ohio has a way of getting there. In fact all great men live in Ohio or did at some time. Modesty forbids my mentioning that I formerly lived there myself. Perhaps I'll leave such an announcement to be made after I'm dead so that the blushes will be invisible. At all events I won't say anything about it now because I don't want to disturb the equanimity of the "grand old party" or mar the memory of this convention.

FOURTH ROUND.

[Marquis of Queensbury Rules.]

"Alabama" sung out the reading secretary for the fourth ballot and Alabama responded with a gain of six for Blaine and a loss of five for Arthur—the other one coming from Logan. The animal's eyes were sot and there wasn't much use of yelling, but the Blaine boys couldn't hold themselves and yelled all the same.

When Illinois was reached the chairman of the delegation tried in vain to read the withdrawal telegram of Logan, but the anti-Blaine forces had got caught by letting Foraker get in his work and they didn't propose to be caught again. He swung the telegram over his head and finally sent it up to the chair, but the chair would not have it read, and he was finally obliged to announce 34 for Blaine. That was a gain of 31, and with Alabama's gain made a total Blaine gain of 37. A gain of 36 over the third ballot was all that was needed to nominate him, and the fiat had gone forth when Illinois cast her 34 votes. Foraker's dodge was more than ever apparant.

When Florida was reached, Lee, an ace of spades delegate, who wore spectacles to make things look white, said Florida would be found faithful among the faithless—but the vote showed a gain of two for Blaine nevertheless.

Minnesota was solid again, and her fourteen votes for Blaine, for once represented the Republican sentiment of the state. New York and Pennsylvania, and several other states, had to be polled again, and the Blaineites had to yell, and all was confusion and excitement, so that the roll call proceeded slowly. Every one knew that Blaine was nominated, and the wires had carried the tidings in every direction an hour before it was officially announced.

Some idea of the noise can be formed from the fact that pending the fourth ballot they began firing cannon within a block of the building, and though the smoke of the powder floated in at the windows, the boom of the report was drowned by the regularity of the proceedings.

As before, when the vote was finally announced, the reading secretary reserved the best for the last, and votes were received in camparative silence until he said, "Blaine, five hundred," and then there was a roar, sure enough. That convention never heard officially that the vote stood "Blaine, 544." Five hundred was good enough, and they didn't propose to mind about such trifles as 44 votes, at that stage of the game. The Kansas rooster again come to the front, and the scenes I have already described were again repeated, save that previous efforts had caused the expenditure of so much physical strength and lung power that the final jubilance was, if anything, a little milder than before. Still it would do, on a pinch, and if a person was reckless about the truth, might be called a "Blaine boom."

The nomination was made unanimous, though the voice of the dudes did not get up much higher than Dr. Scudder's prayer, when every one around would have preferred to sacrifice his chances for heaven rather than delay finding out how the figures would stand on the first ballot.

The convention was tired, exhausted, and, as no temperance resolutions had been offered to-day, I am afraid they were thirsty. A recess was taken to 8 p. m., and when I visited the hotel bar-rooms a few minutes later I concluded they wouldn't be thirsty a great while, unless the refreshments gave out.

*Evening Session.*

It was half-past 8 to-night when the convention was called to order. I really ought not to say "called to order" for there was no such thing as order. If babel had been dropped down into the centre of the exposition building there could not have been a greater clashing of tongues and jumble of words than marked the opening, and in fact, the whole evening's session.

The job had been set up during the recess

*Continued on Fourth Page.*


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