OMAHA SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1888,-SIXTEEN PAGES.

SULLIVAN'S SURPRISE

Boston's Great Slugger Fails to Knock Out Charley Mitchell.

THIRTY-NINE ROUNDS FOUGHT.

The American Forces the Fighting to Little Purpose.

MAD RUSHES VAINLY MADE.

The Artful Dodger's Old Maneuvers Win the Day.

SOME HEAVY BLOWS ARE STRUCK

Mitchell Knocked Down Several Times and Sullivan Severely Punished-The Fight Declared a Draw-Both Principals Arrested.

How the Mill Was Fought.

[Copyright 1888 by James Gordon Bennett.] LONDON, March 10 .- | New York Herald Cable-Special to the BEE.]-The great Sullivan-Mitchell fight came off at noon to-day at Chantilly, France. The occurrence of the fight came as a surprise to London, the result of a draw followed as a greater surprise, and immediately opinions were freely given out in sporting circles at every outset of news that the unsatisfactory ending of the affair was a set up job by friends of the combatents. There were, and still are, the same opinions about the Smith-Kilrain matter. For a long time there was no excitement whatever in Fleet stacet, and when two or three hours after the news was received, small crowds began to collect around the offices of the Sporting Life and Sportsman, the remarks were not complimentary to either party, but more so to Mitchell for his tenacity and pluck.

The two combatants and their friends slept at Amiens. Early this morning all parties arose, took hearty breakfasts and amicably left by train for Creil. One would hardly have thought from the demeanor of either party that the proceedings initiated a combat. The appearance was more like a picnic and jollity, and neither principal showed any of the bad feeling inferrable from their correspondence. The idea that even then occurred to several was is this affair to really come off, and if so was it to be more than an exhibition. Arrived at Criel no time was lost in the party availing themselves of carriages, already drawn up beside the platform. The day was bright and balmy, and the drive to the grounds of the Baron de Rothschilds remarkably pleasant. Sullivan chatted very little and seemed moody.

MITCHELL LAUGHED

and bantered with his father-in-law, Pony Moore. He showed no trace, as he did yesterday, of suffering from his sea sickness on on the channel. His manner was perhaps assumedly jaunty, not to say self-confident.

He was full of bluff-said he expected to show that the American is not such a wonder as the Americans think him. To each of these savings Pony Moore would proudly nod assent like a China mandrin. As for Kilrain he was quiet and self-contained and Baldock and the other second spoke cheerily but looked as though they thought if Mitchell could break Sullivan's wind or weary him it would be as much as he could reasonably expect.

In the carriage with Sullivan were his im mediate attendants, Ashton Holske and Jack Barnett, Two hours soon passed and the station Creil was reached. The officials on the platform were somewhat amazed to see the party arrive and see them enter the carringes already prepared. The place for which we were bound was the selection at the last moment of Sullivan's friends of the Sportsman office. Mitchell had won the toss but his friends had failed to find a spot, as was said, where there was not danger of interference by the gendarmes. Perhaps but for the persistence of the Sportsman people for Sullivan the fight might never have come off. During last night Johnny Gideon, of the Sportsman staff, and two friends of Sullivan left Amiens and arranged the ground a few miles from Creil. They were awaiting the party at the station with carriages for the forty-one actors and subscription guests. On the platform awaiting were Lord Wemyss, famous in the Echo Shield and Hon. Michael Sandus.

The morning was Aprilish, with much sunshine and warm, but with ominous clouds. The scenery went for little account until the selected ground, called Apremont, a mile from Chantilly, was reached. It was a good turf, but a little too much in the hollow, as was soon proved. The ropes included the usual twenty-four feet and made the ring perhaps unusual for Sullivan. It was favorable for Mitchell, who had scope for bobbing and dodging which it was now known he was to mainly adopt.

The critics present when Sullivan and Mitchell were accoutred for the bout upanimously agreed that Sullivan was overtrained. Said one: "Quite too fine." Said another: "In getting down his weight Sullivan has sacrificed strength." There was certainly a slight drawn appearance in his face.

Mitchell, on the contrary, looked the pink of training. As they were preliminarily handled by their seconds one could not help thinking of David and Goliah by a comparison of the two physiques.

BULLIVAN STEPPED INTO THE HING at 12:26. In five minutes Mitchell followed, Bullivan wearing his stars and stripes silk handkerehief, in the left hand corner of which was the Irish harp, and for the rest as has been described in his exhibitions. Mitchell was dressed as he also was in his exhibitions. The referee was B. J. Angle, a swell stock broker and well known amateur

Charley Rowell for Mitchell, and John Barnett, so well known in America, for Sullivan. Each in his corner with their little group eyed each other politely. The first words came from Sallivan. He offered on himself to bet £500. There was no response. Then a sort of auction of offers from the friends of each combatant ensued resulting in nothing although . Phillips tempted Mitchell's supporters with £500 to £200. Subsequently £300 to £100 was taken from Phillips. From the fifth round until near the close the betting got equal. Nearly half an hour passed and

MITCHELL WON THE TOSS. and at 12:52 the start was made.

Mitchell, like Smith in the Roven fight, took his back to the sun, which, however, was disappearing under ominous clouds. They began sparring as if at an exhibition, Mitchell entirely on the defensive and giving Sullivan a lively dance following, showing the difference between the boxer and the slugger. Sullivan, however, showed caution, and presently led with a heavy blow on Mitchell's left jaw with an ominous sound. Outside the ring it looked as if was a "sockdolager," but Mitchell, only staggering a bit almost immediately and deftly responded with a rapid but light body blow, calculated. however, to spend Sullivan's wind. Now came more scientific sparring, Mitchell keenly watching his own guards and Sullivan clearly seeking an opportunity to lunge. Presently it was obvious that Sullivan was becoming nettled at Mitchell's tactics and made a mad rush and lodged presently a tremendous right hander on Mitchell's head.

Half the spectators expected this might end the event and a slight movement of applause came from Sullivan's sympathizers, although it was generally understood and thereafter observed that neither side should manifest any applause. To the surprise of all Mitchell, more than his seconds, picked himself up. There was no blood yet but hard bruises with two bits of punishment in the first round. At its end Sullivan in his corner looked like a lion and gazed over on his antagonist and seemed thinking "you are plucky to stand that."

KNOCKING HIM DOWN.

Time was called and Mitchell looked a triffe dazed as Sullivan began the second round. He rushed Mitchell into his corner, Mitchell dodging a little too much perhaps, for an unguarded moment came when Sullivan made his characteristic rush and landed

A PONDEROUS RIGHT HANDER on Mitchell's head almost on the spot where the first blow came and felled him to the ground where he was picked up by his seconds and attended to and seemed still no worse for his punishment. Sullivan retired sullenly to his corner, he and his seconds whispering something to which he shook his

Time was again called when Sultivan's disgust was clearly expressed on his face. Mitchell sprung alertly from his corner into the middle of the ring, pluckily fresh but with the right side of his face beginning to swell. In this, the third round, which was thought to be the test one for Sullivan, Mitchell went in for athletic exercises, and captured Sullivan all around the ring. This took about a minute when Sullivan's third mad rush came with the same result as in prior rounds.

When time was called for the fourth round and Mitcheil again jumped forward like a bantam, Sullivan could not disguise his look of chagrin, which deepened as Mitchell again began his dodging, capering, defensive tactics. He realized the old stereotyped phrase of "coming up smilingly in the fourth round," and the corners were reached without any effectual work. It was clear from the looks of more than one Sullivan spectator that bets that

SULLIVAN WOULD WIN in four rounds or less had been lost. During the brief intermission before time was called the referee addressed some whispered words to Mitchell's umpire which were undoubtedly what, when the fifth round began, he addressed to Mitchell, cautioning him against the trick of dropping without exchanging blows. One ingenious drop lost Sullivan the effect of still another terrific lunge, a righthander.

When the sixth round began it became evident that Sullivan was suffering slightly for wind and was perhaps feeling the first flush of disappointment for in this round

MITCUELL PLANTED TWO GOOD ONES on the slugger's "frontispiece."

The sevetch round followed as an encore upon the previous round, Mitchell, however, seeming only to tap and sting Sullivan who began, to the eye of exports and as was evinced previously from the handling by his seconds, showing signs of fatigue while Mitchell showed a "Mark Tapley polity under adverse circumstances." Quiek rounds after rounds of retreating and dodging, sparring and dropping on Mitchell's part followed. The contest began to be "monotonous" and indeed tedious. An American bystander freely expressed his opinion that if the referee had been an American he would at this juncture have done more than "caution" Mitchell.

When the twelfth round began rain drops fell, the wind was rising and in aid of Mitchell's luck blew the drops away from his corner into Sullivan's face. This clearly annoyed the latter, particularly as the drops grew larger, more Aprilic and faster he began to slightly shiver in his corner. Indeed both were getting wet and not a few lookers on were imitating the Duke of Cambridge by using umbarellas during a review. To add to

SULLIVAN'S DISAPPOINTMENT AND PATIGUE. a pouring, tropical like rain softened the turf. And, indeed, the ground at the ring point being in a slight declivity, the latter much now trodden by the running about of the foxy Mitchell and the six spikes of the combatents shoes, got marshy and miry. Sullivan's weight made his progress difficult and his footing oozy and insecure. Mitcheli

minded these disadvantages less. A description in detail of the rounds from thence up to the thirty-first one would be

chain. The umpires were Mitchell began at the Twenty-ninth round bad. Sullivan viciously rushed at Mitchell. to show fatigue also. Sullivan seemed indeed suffering for breath and his fac eassumed a decided bluish, malarious look. The seconds and some of the spectators undertook to encourage both. This each evidently needed. Nevertheless Mitchell pursued his wearisome tactics. As a celebrated general once said, "It's splendid, but it's not war." More than one spectator was tempted to cry out, "Ingenious, but it is not prize-fighting." So persistent and protracted were these maneuvers that one round-the thirty-second one-lasted twenty-five minutes. At its termination, with nothing that veterans of the prize ring could call punishment occurring to that time, Sullivan showed in his corner signs of ague, the effect of the cold rain on his perspiring chest. He shook until his starspangled handkerebief seemed to be waving. Nor was Mitchell without the appearance of

TWO REALLY PARCICAL ROUNDS followed, but on the thirty-fifth being called Sullivan seemed to revive his second wind, and the round, taking a quarter of an hour, was scientific without effect. It seemed a sort of glove round, but when the thirty-ninth come toward the finish and had occupied half an hour, the spectators began-especially as nightfall was approaching-to mutter and indeed audibly express a desire for a draw Said one, "This is simply becoming a danse de pugilistique." Baldock seemed the first who caught the hint for Mitchell. At the finish-it being now 4:15 p. m. and the sky black and evening approaching-a hurried consultation of the umpire and referee occurred. Phillips for Sullivan agreed, the two shook hands in the most Pickwickian style, a carriage was called and the parties made for the station. Mitchell was very much bruised on the body and mouth and

BY ROUNDS.

showed much punishment. Some applause

followed when Kilrain and Sullivan shook

The Referee's Account of the Great Slugging Match.

[Copyright 1888 by James Gordon Bennett.] London, March 11, 4 a. m .- [New York Herald Cable-Special to the BEE. |-The Referee has an epigramic account of the fight, in the course of which it thus tabulates the

Both men had on woolen trunks. Sullivan would not wear plaister. Sullivan looked as though he would have been better for a stone off, and Mitchell was not drawn any too fine. After shaking hands at 12:46, they shaped. ROUND ONE.

Sullivan stood over Mitchell, looked too big for him, and very spiteful. Mitchell was laughing. He had won the toss for the corner and put Sullivan face to the wind and sun and later to the rain. Three to one on Sullivan was offered at the starting. After half a minute's sparring Sullivan led off. Mitchell dodged and put in his left on the chin, then ducked. Mitchell tried to draw with his left and was too artful. Sullivan went home with his left on the check and right on the top of the head. Mitchell went home with his left on the belly. Sullivan several times beautifully stopped Mitchell's left and landed on his belly. Finally Sullivan cornered Mitchell, who got down to avoid punish

Mitchell led off on Sullivan's eve and

missed a return, but Sullivan presently landed his left on the cheek and closed They separated without an attempt to wrestle, sparred a while, and closed again. Sullivan now rushed and hit Mitchell on the head with his right and gained the first knock down.

ROUND TWO.

ROUND THREE. Mitchell hit out with the left at Sullivan's belly and closed. They broke away and Mitchell got home with his left on the mouth. but received from the right on the law. Sullivan rushed, and landing with his left on the

temple and his right on the jaw sent Mitchell

Mitchell came up with a lump on the left temple. He led with his left on the belly. There was long sparring. Mitchell frequently led low and was well stopped. Sullivan tried his right and rushed. They clinched, but mutually drew away without wrestling. Sullivan looked able to do what he liked while holding Mitchell. Mitchell got home twice on the chest. Sullivan, waiting, rushed again. Mitchell cleverly slipped him and the round ended with Sullivan getting home his right on Mitchell's left eye in a fast rally, which sent Mitchell down.

ROUND FIVE. Both came sharp to time. Sullivan directly forced the fighting. There was a fast rally in the middle of the ring. Mitchell clinched and then separated. After a short round Mitchell went down from the right.

ROUND SIX.

Sullivan was leading thus far. Mitchell opened with three left handed shorts on the body, and in the following exchange he had the worst of it, but stopped a heavy right at his belly, though he was finally downed on his cheek.

HOUND SEVEN.

Mitchell led with his left at the belly. Sullivan feli in the rally and Mitchell on him. Sullivan in all the rounds walked to his corner. Mitchell was generally carried. ROUND EIGHT.

First blood to Mitchell. Mitchell got home several times on the belly and avoided Sullivan's tremendous right. After heavy exchanges Mitchell landed hot on the right eye and got down to avoid. ROUND NINE.

ell's neck, After a rally Mitchell's left met Sullivan's mouth and then got home again on the ear. Sullivan landed twice with the left on the car and temple. Mitchell went down

Sullivan got home with the right on Mitch-

from the right on his arm. ROUND TEN. Another smart round, Mitcheil with a

ROUND ELBVEN.

Mitchell came home twice with his left on the body. He was worked to his corner and | ver out of his pocket and fired first in the got down to avoid. The ground was slippery,

ROUND TWELVE.

Both were fresh. Sullivan made a vicious rush. Mitchell fell without a blow, but the claim was not allowed. Sullivan was savage. Mitchell repeatedly slipped him and finally went down to svoid.

ROUND THIRTERY.

Sullivan forcing. Mitchell went home with his left on the body. Sullivan, waiting to use his right, finally sent Mitchell down with a right on the neck. ROUND FOURTEEN.

Sullivan always serious, Mitchell laughing. A mild, harmless rush and exchanges. Mitchell received on the mouth, bleeding Sullivan on the temple, Sullivan then sent Mitchell down with his right on the ear. Sullivan seemed winning.

ROUND PIFTEEN. Mitchell did the most work, but went down

ROUNDS SIXTEEN TO THIRTY-NINE. The utmost fairness was shown on both sides. It was at times most amusing to see them on crossing and quitting by consent, separating in the most polite manner. Mitchell playfully tapping Sullivan. Much talking was done, usually followed with smack! smack! and a rush, Mitchell away laughing. Sullivan did not relish some of Mitchell's hits, but was gracious enough to acknowl edge them. "That's a good one, Charley," and so on, Sullivan'a right eye getting in mourning, and his lips swelling, while Mitchell's temple had a big red lump. Sullivan's nose and lips trickled a carmine. He would not have his moustache removed. When two hours and a half had elapsed in the thirty-seventh round, a reference to Smith and Kilrain caused a tittering, but John looking serious would not reply. The ground was in a terrible state. Mitchell was frequently down on his hands, but was up quickly and now seemed fresher and more confident than ever. There was, however, always a dangerous blow in John but he did not push the fighting Charley being more inclined to plant until Sullivan hit vicious and went for him.

Charles was always on the alert and away,

and there was no use for John racing after him. He was too agile. THE THIRTY-NINTH ROUND was of thirty-five minutes duration. Frequently Mitchell, for a change, would walk around the ring, Sullivan standing still. Some four times they

retired to their corners to get the clay off their boots and refresh, till one would challenge the other. A draw had been suggested but declined, till between 4 and 5 o'clock all got impatient, as the finish seemed at least two hours off. However it was favorable to Mitchell, and the latter at last said, "Well, let's shake hands or fight on, as John likes." Hereupon Buldock, who had been very troublesome, rushed in and joined their hands. They were nothing loth as both were tired. There was a great ovation for both, all being desirous of shaking their hands. Although John's side looked glum they soon relaxed after the draw. John never was so done up. It is unexplicable to them. Mitchell was like a cricket. John's right was gone. Mitchell has now shown himself a most clever fighter as well as boxer. There was excessive quietness at the ring side and utmost good order, and

Mitchell and Sullivan Arrested.

generally speaking good humor all around.

This was undoubtedly a model mill in various

[Copyright 1888 by James Gordon Bennett.] Paris (via Havre), March 10 .- [New York Herald Cable-Special to the BEE. |-Mitchell and Sullivan were arrested and are still locked up at Senies. All persons present were also arrested but released later.

Interview With an Eye-Witness. [Copyright 1888 by James Gordon Bennett.]

Paris, March 10 .- New York Herald Cable—Special to the BEE. |—The day ended even more dramatically than it began, nearly ending in a tragedy. Last night, pale and weary, areporter limped into the Herald office. "I am one of the unfortunates," he gasped, as he dropped back on a chair and clutched at a glass of beer which happened to be on the table near him. "What unfortunates?"

"I am a survivor of the party which stood by while the fight was fought to-day." "What has happened?"

"This, we were all arrested. Mitchell and Sullivan are in the lockup still, and heaven knows when they will get out. For God's

sake give me a drink." He was given a drink. Thus refreshed he pulled himself together and told his story.

"It came about this way. The fight was

over, and we had got about a mile from the

directions. One stopped the cab in which

battlefield. I was in the box of the cab with some of Mitchell's party. Sullivan and some of his friends were behind in three other cabs, and we were making for Creil where Boston Sportsmen Thunderstruck. we had left our baggage. Just then I saw a man on horseback in the distance, riding towards us. I took a look at him. He had a queer kind of cap on, and a cloak beneath which I got a peep of something red which made me think that he was a French officer. However, being rather anxious I asked the coachman whether he was not a gen d'arme. 'Ah je n'en sais rien, replied the jehu with true Gallic insouciance. I had another spy at the horseman, but he seemed inoffensive enough, and we drove on Suddenly the gen d'arme-for he was onerode up to the cab and ordered us to stop. 'Nabbed, by -!' f exclaimed, looking about to see if I could make a dash for the the woods. It was no use. He got close up to the window and made a memoranda of all the people inside. He told the coachman to turn round and drive to town, the other cabs following us. There was nothing to do but obey. As we were sneaking back, I saw first one, then two, three, and at last about ten other gen d'armes riding up from different

one tries to get out he'll be shot. Nevertheless one of the party opened the door and made a clean bolt for the woods. While he was running a gen d'arme pulled his revolair, then deliberately at him. He missed and our pal disappeared. I was serlously thinking of trying the trick myself, but that revolver sobered me. 'No, no, musseer,' said I, 'je restay ici.' A stout man in one of the cabs, who was rather excited didn't catch on. He was on one side and the revolver on the other. I'd heard of such things before but I never believed them. 'Well, lads, its no use fighting,' said I. 'We're collered.' We all sat still after that, looking rather foolish. Where are you taking us to? said somebody. 'To Senlis, ten kilometers off,' gruffly replied a gend'arme. It was pouring with rain, we hadn't eaten anything since morning, and altogether you bet things began to look unpleasant. For almost an hour we jolted over the roads with the gend'arms beside us till we reached the little town and were drawn into the court yard of the gendarmeries. There were thirty of us. They walked us all into a big room and told us to wait. 'I'd give a couple of hundred to be out of this,' said on. 'Think myself lucky if we get off with a month, said another. The brigadier soon

came down and began sniffing around at us to find out which were the principlas, but of course we none of us winded. Then he thought h'ed find out for himself, and seeing Mitchell with a very black eye and Sullivan with his lip all cut about, of course he spotted them and had them marched up stairs. They were led down again presently handcuffed, and then he asked for the sec onds and took our names and addresses. The rest of us were taken up one by one and closely questioned. A nice lot of yarns we spun, too. Prize fight! Lord bless you, no! only a wrestling match. What was I doing there! Why I ran against the gentlemen quite by accident in the train. Any betting? Certainly not, no betting, and a good deal more of the sort. The difficulty was not to contradict each other. In a moment of confusion, as we were being marched up the stairs, one of us distracted the attention of the gen d'armes and Jake Kilrain, who was with us, slipped away and got off. At last, when we had been half-starved and badgered to death, they let us go and we came back by train to Paris. All of us, that is, except Mitchell and Sullivan. They are still in the lockup at Senlis and likely to stop

Astonished Sluggers. [Copyright 1888 by James Gordon Bennett.] LONDON, March, 10.- New York Herald Cable-Special to the BEE.]-TheBlue Anchor, Shore Ditch, is a sort of pugulistic conservatory. It was crowded all evening, a Herald reporter visiting it with more details than the evening extras had about the fight, was enthusiastically hailed. The astonishment at the result is universal. George Cunningham, ex-light weight champion, said: "They don't fight now like as we used to fight. We didn't have the draws in my time. We fought till we couldn't see, and then we went on fighting without seein'. The only way Mitchell could stand up agin John L. was on account o' that twenty-four-foot ring. John couldn't hit him, because he kept a running out."

"It just breaks me all up," put in Dan Mc-Gannon, Smith's second in the famous Smith-Greenfied fight, and a great friend of Sullivan's. "I saw John stripped two weeks ago, and I remember saying to him then, 'John, if you don't kill Charlie Mitchell I'll never speak to you again.' Why, he had everything in his favor, weight and reach and strength, and yet he couldn't knock him out. The thing will make a mighty bad impression on the English public. Two draws in succession is too much.

At this moment another champion joined the circle, Denny Harrington, who vanquished Jem Good with bare knuckles. He expressed the most profound astonishment and disgust at herring that the Boston hero had failed to pulverize the unpopular Mitchell. In fact it was most curious to observe the dissatisfaction with which these English bruisers received the tidings of their coun tryman's unexpected success. These I se lect as samples. It was the universal opinion of a dozen sports present. The Referee of to morrow will have a dispatch from Birmingham where Charley Mitchell was born, which thus concludes.

"It would be manifestly unfair to preju dice this evidently popular sport in public opinion, but from the general tone of the enlightened section of the Birmingham sporting public, these lengthy scrimmages and ultimate draws will have the undesirable effect of running prize fighting as a profession, unless later accounts are of a more favorable character."

I learn at the Sportsman's office that in a few nights Sullivan will spar at Cardiff.

Boston, March 10. -Boston sporting men were thunderstruck to-day when they heard

the news of the battle on the other side of water. They considered it beyond belief that Sullivan had faced the Englishman for more than two hours and failed to knock him out. He was expected to win, and the fact that he did not was received in the same manner as the news of his defeat would have been. It was the unanimous opinion of all Sullivan's warmest friends in Boston that the result of this battle would discourage the champion. It convinces them that the champion's fighting days are practically ended. This little set-back, occasioned by an unfor tunate chasm of circumstances they say, will have a worse effect upon him than a similar failure would have upon any other fighter

Forbids Importation of American Pork COPENHAGEN, March 10 .- A governmen order is published forbidding the importation from America of bacon and steam lard and other undressed products. The order goes boxer. He bogan nervously toying with his tedious to read of. It was tedious to see. hump on his left temple, Sullivan's right eye one of the seconds was, and called out if any | into effect to-morrow

GOSCHEN'S BIG COUP.

A Scheme That is Sacred in the Eyes of Gladstone.

MR. FOWLER'S GROTESQUE CRY.

A Sound That is Very Familiar in the House.

LUCKY STROKE OF THE MINISTRY.

King Harman Tired of Working Without a Salary.

HEALEY'S MERCILESS SPEECH.

Proposal of Labouchere to Abolish the House of Lords as a Hereditary Chamber - Gladstonians Favor the Mea-

sure.

To Reduce the Public Debt. [Copyright 1888 by James Gordon Bennett.]

LONDON, March 10 .- [New York Herald

Cable-Special to the BEE. |-Mr. Goschen's

scheme for the reduction of consols has been

the parliamentary event of the week. When

the house met at 2 this afternoon there was by no means a full attendance. Members who find three o'clock too soon are not likely to come at 2. By the time questions are over a good many straggled in, among the last to arrive being Mr. Gladstone. On Mr. Goschen's rising to unfold his new scheme for lowering interest on the national debt, there was a slight cheer led by that leatherlunged tory fugleman, Alderman Fowler, His cheer consists of loud and frequent repetitions of the words, Yah! Yah! dimly sup posed to be meant for hear! hear! No sound is so familiar to the house as Fowler's grotesque cry. Mr. Biggar has also a peculiar cheer of his own, exactly resembling the bleating of sheep suffering from cold, but Alderman Fowler can easily drown every other voice in the assembly. Encouraged by this worthy man's support, the chancellor of announced. the exchequer proceeded to tell his tale. The Herald has already given the essence of it, and to its account there is kittle to add. The idea is not original. Whatever credit belongs to it must be given to Sir Robert Peel's chancellor of the exchequer in 1844. Mr. Goulbourn, whose method and principles Mr. Goschen has closely followed. A certain portion of the debts, known as new threes, Mr. Goschen proposes to call in at once, offering in exchange stock bearing interest at 254 per cent for fifteen years. It as then to fall to 2 per cent and be guaranteed for twenty years further. The main body of consols cannot be called under one year's notice, but to entice the holders to come in at once, Mr. Goschen offers to releem every £100 in the news stock with a bonus of 5 shillings in cash, thus making an funeral. extra 1/4 per cent. Holders of new threes are to have till March 29 to decide whether they will exchange for money or new stock. Silence will be taken for consent. If all the holders of consols agree to the scheme there will be an annual saving from next year of £1,400,000, and eventually of double that

which must be sacred in Mr. Gladstone's eves, since he had either created them or taken part in them. He was a member of Peel's ministry in 1844 which carried out a great conversion of the debt, now initiated by Goschen.□ This crafty device for spiking Gladstone's guns turned out fully successful. It was one of Goschen's cleverest coups. He had devoted great care to the preparation of his statement. It was all fully written out before him, and he read a large part with the aid of spectacles and two tumblers-of water. There were few cheers during its progress, the members being rather anxious to know what the people out doors will say and think. The postoffice and other savings banks throughout the country will have to lower their rate of interest. How will frugal depositors with limited means like that? Will small annuitants bear with patience a reduction of their narrow incomes? These are things we shall find out before long. As regards the reception of the plan by the house it must be said at once that Mr. Gladstone settled that. He put his imprimature on it and other criticisms would have been useless. He accepted the whole project, subject to discussion on details, and gave Goschen as hearty a support as he could desire. Thus it goes forth to the world with every circumstance in its favor, and the ministry has had

another stroke of luck.

amount. Mr. Goschen soon made it clear

that he had gone to work artfully, for he had

built up his plan entirely on precedents

entertainment. The under secretary for Ireland, King Harman, has hitherto been doing his work without salary, but every man gets tired of that in time, so a bill was introduced providing £1,000 a year for King Harman. The Parmellites have an aversion to him as deep as the Atlantic, and they fell upon him with a wild shout of joy. Dillon made a wound or two and then Tim Healy rose and slowly poured in drops of vitrol, occasionally taking out his scalping anife and making a fresh gash, and then repeating the methodical application of corrosive liquids. So merciless a speech I have seldom heard. According to house of commons traditions King Harman ought to have taken his pun ishment in person, but Balfour, as he admitted, advised him to stay away and there fore while the sanguinary 'Iim was operating on his reputation, the victim puffed meditatively at a cigar in the smoking room. Two or three times the Parnellites called for him but his modesty was invicible. So Tim pursued his way gaily, sometimes setting the house in a roar with bursts of genuine Irish humor, sometimes cutting and slashing with almost superhuman vigor, but at last the ministry got its own way and King Harman his thousand a

The curtain now rose on a different kind of

year. So ended the second part of the per

The third began at 9 o'clock with frolid

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some Labouchere as chief actor. He proposed to abolish the house of lords as a here ditary chamber. The tories do not altogether approve of this, though many are in favor of great reforms in the upper house. The Gladstonians generally were prepared to support the resolution. . Thus surrounded by friends and foes, Labby dashed upon the scene in his usual cool, cynical devil-may-care fashion. He managed to give for over an bour more or less amusing proofs of the unfitness of hereditary legislators to make laws for this great country. With his left hand in his pocket, and a bundle of notes in his right, he smote the peers hip and thigh, and once at the last brought out vigerous cheers from the whole liberal and Parnellite party. This was done by an adroit allusion to the queen's letter reflecting on Mr. Gladstone's refusal to send aid to Gordon. A good deal of feeling in liberal circles has been excited by this letter, and Labby cleverly afforded an opportunity for its expression. He was followed by another radical-Mr. Rathbone-who by an unlucky phrase set the house in a roar. The house of lords, he said, had been a dam-, and before he could explain that it had dammed up public opinion, another application was given to his words and for a few moments the members enjoyed a hearty laugh. Then Mr. Curson rose from the conservative side and made a diversion by declaring that Labby himself had once been willing to become a peer. When Labby roser to deny the soft impeachment, he was received with shouts. it was sometime before he could get out the explanation that he never contemplated a fate so horrible. Altogether the affair was more adapted to a debating society than & a national assembly, and as the result was a foregone conclusion that all interest in it melted away long before the close.

Labouchere could have had the title of Lord Taunton restored on his uncle's death in his favor, but he declined the offer.

I understand that to-night the new Goschen stock is quoted at 10 in the city, a great triumph for the chancellor. Rothschilds and other large houses had made a secure market for the stock long before it was officially

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

PEACE PROSPECTS.

Hopes Strengthening By the Accest sion of Frederick. Comminht 1888 by New York Associated Press

BERLIN, March 10 .- Court interest is becoming centered in the question of coronation, and the position of the new emperor toward Prince William. In a message coming from the emperor to officials here his son. Prince William, is studiously ignored and his name is not mentioned. Among the orders issued to-day it is directed that troops shall take the oath of allegiance without delay; that ministers of state proceed to Betters field to-morrow to receive the emperor, and that no reception be held until after the

The aspect of Berlin to-night is more and more indicative of national mourning. Officers and soldiers all wear crape on their uniforms. Windows and balconies throughout the city are draped, and most of the shops are closed. Dr. Bergman has arrived, He says the emperor is attended by Doctors Mackenzie and Krause, and that he is safe and well, and will reach Berlin in fgirly good condition. During his interview with King Humbert at the railway station to-day, the emperor exhibited unusual animation. Several times he tried to speak, but could not, but kept up a conversation by means of small slips of paper upon which he wrote. On one of these which escaped destruction, the emperor says he hopes to show himself equal to the work before him, and thanks the Italian government for supporting Prince Bismarck in his present trials. Since parting with him, King Humbert has wired to Berlin that the emperor looks unusually well.

The regent of Bavaria has received this message from Emperor Frederick: "In this moment of my deepest sorrow I trust to your friendship to assist me and relieve the heavy cares now devolving upon me."

To this Prince Leopold responded: "I am deeply moved by your touching telegram. I hasten to express my heartfelt sympathy with an assurance of continuance of our faithful friendship."

The accession of Frederick William to the imperial throne tends to strengthen hopes that peace will be maintained.

The soldiers took the oath of allegiance to the new emperor to-day. The court has gone into mourning for three months commencing vesterday. It is stated that Emperor Frederick's reply to a message of condolence sent by President Carnot, of France, was very cordial, and that he expressed a hope that the relations between the two countries might continue friendly.

Tranguilizing Prospects.

VEINNA, March 10 .- Regarding the death of Emperor William the New Free Press says: The testam ent of the dead and the programme of the living emperor constitute a poticy of peace, affording most consolatory and tranquilizing prospects. The Austro-German alliance is one of its foundations, which personal character does not affect.

Celebrated Their Silver Wedding. London, March 10 .- The queen, Duke of Albany, Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry, of Battenburg, all attired in deep mourning, drove to Malborough house to-day to greet the Prince and Princess of Wates on their silver wedding. A crowd gathered on the route and cheered as the royal party

The reception was very largely attended. There was present, the King of Belgiam, King and Queen of Denmark, Duke of Cambridge, Lord Salisbury, and other persons of

London, March 10 .- In a collision of the British bark Tasmania with the British ship City of Corinth, the latter was sunk. It is believed twenty-eight lives were lost.