

CONKLING.

Some Interesting Reminiscences of New York's Famous Ex-Senator.

His Own Version of the Reasons Leading to His Resignation from the Senate.

The Blaine Episode—Recollections of His Youth—His Boyhood Home.

[New York telegram.]

Funeral services were held over the remains of ex-Senator Conkling on Friday morning in Trinity Chapel, West Twenty-fifth street. Rev. Morgan L. Dix officiated, assisted by other clergymen. In the afternoon the remains were taken on a special train to Utica, N. Y., where the final interment took place on Saturday. The pall-bearers were: Judge Shipman, Abram S. Hewitt, S. L. M. Barlow, Clarence A. Seward, Manton Marble, Senator John C. Jones, Senator Don Cameron, William J. Wallace, Walter S. Church, Isaac B. Bailey, and ex-Secretary of State Hamilton Fish. In New York and Brooklyn flags were placed at half-mast on the City Hall and other public buildings out of respect to the memory of the dead statesman.

Cause of Mr. Conkling's Illness.
Henry C. Melville, of New York, the law associate of Mr. Conkling, says: "It was not the bitter experience of the blizzard that brought on Mr. Conkling's trouble. He did not complain at all of any pain or illness thereafter. Mr. Conkling contracted a cold in Judge Horace Russell's office, March 29, while in consultation with ex-Surrogate Rollins, Leslie W. Russell, and Horace Russell. There was no fire in the room, and Mr. Conkling shivered frequently. All next day he complained of pain in his ear. The following Monday, April 2, I received a letter from him, saying he was ill and could not attend to business. The next day I visited him at his rooms. He said that he had been in perfect agony since Friday. The physicians had given him so much opium, he said, that he was beside himself. The following Thursday I saw him again. He said he had not had a wisp of sleep in a week, and could not sit or lie still in bed, such was his agony. He realized that he was in a desperate state, but seemed to think the pain was due to the opiate and not to the abscess. He showed that delirium was coming on him in other ways."

His Boyhood Home.

On Madison avenue, near the Reformed Church, stands the house where Roscoe Conkling was born, Oct. 30, 1823, says the Albany correspondent of the *Chicago News*. It today presents practically the same appearance as when that illustrious man first saw the light of day. It was here that the statesman, when a boy, labored faithfully in the old academy and acquired in it the rudiments of an education that, in after years, made him a leader among men. From Albany Roscoe Conkling was sent to New York and placed under the instruction of a private tutor. There he was "birched into the classics," as he was wont to say, but liked them less than the English essayists and reviewers. His early passion was for oratory, oratory, and politics; and to them he directed no small share of his attention. Old friends here love to tell of the promise of his early days; how, while yet a stripling, his personality drew about him a following, and his oratorical gifts enchanted multitudes. He was always a great student, and the light often shone far into the night from his study windows as he pored over the books in which he sought the solution of knotty problems of law. After reaching man's estate he frequently visited his birthplace, and his old friends gave him a royal welcome. His loss is deeply felt here by citizens, irrespective of party, who knew the man and honored him for his true worth.

Conkling as a Leader.

The death of Mr. Conkling is not an incident, but an event, remarks the *New York Herald*. As a political influence, rather than as a political leader, Mr. Conkling will be honored. He was not born to lead a modern democracy. He was Coriolanus, rather than Rienzi—a master, not a tribune. The arts of modern leadership—fact, compromise, recognition of the limitations and weakness of devoted friendship—were unknown to his haughty spirit. He rather led the leaders of men—the centurions, the captains of the fifties—who were attracted by the force of his character and followed him from admiration of his picturesque and splendid genius. The intense honesty of Mr. Conkling became often intolerance. There was no bending that intrepid will. His devotion to a principle or a friendship was that of Loyola and not of Tallyrand. We have lost the most aggressive leader in American politics since Clay and Webster died, thirty-six years ago. But he is not dead. His life remains an incentive, an example—let us say an admonition. For it may be well to remember as an admonition that in any public career, pride, intolerance, and the Swift-like gift of withering invective may retard or prevent opportunities of lustrious service to the commonwealth.

Attitude of the Blaine Men.

There is one possible result of the death of Roscoe Conkling which the Republican politicians here are contemplating with much interest, says the Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Inter Ocean*. Perhaps the question which has suggested itself more frequently than any other is, What effect will the death of Mr. Conkling have upon the Republican nomination for the Presidency? The Blaine men have but one answer to that question. They are very positive that the result will be to encourage the movement in favor of the nomination of Mr. Blaine. For one thing is to be noted—the immediate friends of Mr. Blaine, whatever may have been meant by the famous letter which is generally termed his letter of declination, do not for a moment intimate that he is not a candidate for the Presidency. On the other hand, they all insist not only that he will accept the nomination, but that he will be nominated. The Blaine men here maintain that the death of Mr. Conkling will give an impetus within the State of New York to the movement in favor of Mr. Blaine which that movement would not have had otherwise.

A Notable Episode Recalled.

Hon. S. S. Cox gives the following interesting reminiscences of Mr. Conkling:

"I happened to be present when the contest occurred between Blaine and Conkling. It was a wild scene. It began with a little matter about Provost Marshal Gen. Fry. It was not a great theme, but it aroused intense excitement, inasmuch as Mr. Conkling had insinuated some dishonesty against the General. It was a hot debate. We Democrats stood aloof and observed it, not without some satisfaction. It began as a great many of these troubles do in Congress, about the report of the debate. Mr. Conkling charged Blaine with frivolous impertinence in putting into the debate an imputation upon his motives. It ended some time in April, 1866, about this time, twenty-two years ago. But it was renewed on the last day of April.

"It was a terrific encounter between two men who were thoroughly iron-clad by that time. It began on that day with a demand from Mr. Blaine to have Gen. Fry's letter read. Mr. Blaine contemptuously referred to Mr. Conkling as 'the member from the Utica district.' Then the debate began. Mr.

Conkling, in his measured, quiet, sardonic tone and humor, threw his hot shot upon the member from Maine. Of course, the Democrats enjoyed it. This debate showed Mr. Conkling in his best light of repartee, so far as the House was concerned. Several gentlemen interposed to stop, if they could, the blows that were given and taken, but Mr. Blaine, who was skilled in the dialectics and rules of the House, got the last word; and, after repaying what he called 'the cruel sarcasm' in which Mr. Conkling was an expert, he hoped that he would not be so severe in that mode of handling his innocent self. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so with it, his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic supercilious, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut has been so crushing to myself and all the members of this House that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him."

"Then Mr. Blaine referred to the man whom I supposed to be the most eloquent orator I have met in Congress—Henry Winter Davis. He referred to the 'little jocose satire of Theodore Tilton—that the mantle of Davis had fallen upon the gentleman from New York, and that that gentleman had taken it seriously, and it had given an additional strut to his pomposity.' It is striking," said Mr. Blaine, "Hyperion to Styx, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dung-hill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion." These phrases have never been repeated in the House with so much vindictive animosity. But the Democrats enjoyed it. It was not their fight."

His Withdrawal from the Senate.

A personal friend and admirer of Mr. Conkling, says a New York telegram, gives Mr. Conkling's own version of the circumstances attending his resignation from the United States Senate in 1881. This friend was a fellow-passenger with Mr. Conkling on the steamer *Gallia*, in a voyage to England in the summer of 1885.

"Senator Conkling hinted to me," said he, "the reasons for his indisposition to support Garfield for the Presidency, but as he did not express himself in detail on this point I think it better to pass over it. He told me that at first he determined to take no part in the canvass of 1880, but later, at the urgent solicitation of Gen. Grant and other friends, he consented to enter the campaign and speak for the Republican party, but not for the candidate. Thereupon he returned to his clients retaining fees to the amount of about \$18,000, chartered a private car, and took a man with him to prepare his bill at every hotel where he staid, in order to be free from all obligations. He delivered his first speech in the campaign at Warren, Ohio, and from there went to Mentor to call upon Gen. Garfield, who expressed his gratitude and sense of obligation to him in the strongest terms. Mr. Conkling made several speeches at other places—In Indiana and elsewhere—incuring a total personal expense in the canvass of about \$29,000, including the amount of the fees he returned to his clients. Soon after Garfield's election Mr. Conkling informed his friends of his purpose to resign from the Senate. This intention was stated privately as early as November, 1880, though it was not then publicly announced, as there was a desire that Mr. Conkling should do certain things to further the administration in the State of New York. He not only assented, but took immediate steps to carry out the President's wishes. At this time Garfield voluntarily assured Mr. Conkling that when he made the principal appointments in this State he should select whatever persons were acceptable to that Senator. In the same week the President, without another word to Mr. Conkling, sent to the Senate the nomination of persons especially objectionable to him.

"Soon after this a caucus of the Republican Senators was called, at which a committee was appointed to wait on the President and inform him that in the opinion of those Senators his course in regard to these appointments was calculated to disturb the harmony of the party. When the committee informed President Garfield of this action of the caucus he expressed much indignation, saying that he did not propose to be dictated to, and that any Republican Senator who voted against these nominations would thereafter receive no favors from the Executive. Senator Conkling then determined to carry out his original purpose of resigning from the Senate. He felt that if a co-ordinate branch of the Government was to be dictated to by the President in that manner he had had enough of that administration."

A FAMOUS BASE-BALL MAGNATE.

Albert G. Spaulding, the President of the Chicago Club.

The *Chicago Inter Ocean*, in its series of illustrated sketches of well-known Chicagoans, prints the following interesting biography of the now famous President of the Chicago Base-ball Club:

A leading New York newspaper asked the question of its readers, "Who are the ten best known Americans?" Of the hundreds of answers received 20 per cent of them contained the name of Albert G. Spalding. In commenting upon the subject the editor said that of all the names probably Mr. Spalding's was known to more of the inhabitants than any of the others, from the fact that all the boys in the land were familiar with it, and the supremacy lay between A. G. Spalding and P. T. Barnum. Everybody in Chicago is acquainted with the name; it is a household word. There used to be a glue man named Spalding, but he had his day before "Al" got here. There is only one Spalding now, and he is the Base-Ball King. He came into prominence in 1876, when the great "big four" deal was made with Boston that transferred Spalding, White, McVey and Barnes from that city to this. The championship was won then and held for several years. Mr. Spalding became the secretary of the Chicago Ball Club, and in 1882 succeeded William A. Hulbert, who died, as president, an office which he has held ever since. Mr. Hulbert was the founder and president of the National League, and Mr. Spalding was elected president of the league up to within four years ago.

A. G. Spalding was born in Byron, Ill., September 2, 1850. He was educated in Rockford, Ill., and became connected with the Forest City Ball Club in 1865. This club was the most prominent in the country at that time. In 1867 he came to Chicago and was bookkeeper for Meeker & Baker. He returned to Rockford in 1870, and was bookkeeper for the Rockford *Register*. He was the pitcher for the Forest City Club in 1871, and that same year was engaged by the Boston club as pitcher and captain, a position he held until the end of the season of 1875, when he came to Chicago. He started the A. G. Spalding & Brothers' store here at that time, and in 1877 retired from the ball field as a player, devoting his time to his business, which has grown to be the largest of its kind in the world. A branch store was opened in New York in 1884, and agents are established in every large city in Europe and America.

Mr. Spalding's latest venture is the preparation of plans to take a double team of ball players to Australia at a personal expense of \$30,000. As he was the manager of the Boston-Athletic visit to England in 1875, he may be said to have experience in this line.

BLED FOR TWENTY YEARS.

American Farmers Robbed by Trust-Protected Classes.

All Monopolies and Huge Corporations Oppose a Revision of the Tariff.

Because It Would Leave the People No Longer at Their Mercy.

There is one peculiar fact in connection with the most persistent, the most rabid, and the most intensely interested advocates of high tariff that the agricultural, laboring, and consuming masses do not seem to have studied as closely as it might be profitably studied.

Every "trust," every "combination," every great corporation, and every monopolistic interest stands like a stone wall in opposition to any revision of the tariff or any reduction of the customs duties upon all the articles that are essential to the welfare and the comfort of the masses of the people.

If you will take a census of them you will find that they are in favor of reducing the surplus revenues by cheapening whisky and tobacco, but are unalterably opposed to reducing them by cheapening the necessities of life.

Does the farmer look to the "trusts," the "combinations," the giant corporations, and the interests that have grown into grinding monopolies through the operations of a tariff system carried to a manifest excess for the promotion of his interests? Clearly he does not, for his complaints have been ascending against them for twenty years. While their power has grown, and their wealth has increased, and their arrogance has become next to unendurable, their profits have shrunk, and new "shingles" have been nailed upon his real estate by the money lenders.

They have suffered what the agricultural class suffer in all overtaxed countries and communities—their profits have decreased and their debts have increased, while a limited class have profited enormously at the expense of an immensely larger and more deserving class.

When a system of unjust and unnecessary taxation is converted into an engine of genteel and legalized plunder of the many by the few, there can be no community of interest between the plundered and the plunderers. This proposition is too plain to need any argument.

The farmer cannot, consistently with his own interests, advocate the system that serves the purpose of the trust, the combination, and the monopoly. For that system tends only to the concentration of wealth; and the safety, the welfare, and the prosperity of the farmer lie only in its widest diffusion and most equitable distribution.

Of course the farmer is told this year, as he has been told heretofore by the advocates of the tariff, that he is prosperous, and that his marvelous prosperity is the direct result of our war-tariff system. He has had more than twenty years of war-tariff taxation in time of peace, and I appeal to him to ask himself about his alleged prosperity, and answer his own question.

When he makes his complaint the trust protectionists either tell him that he is on the threshold of fortune through the "home market," or that the tariff has saved him from absolute bankruptcy. Now that he has been standing still or going backward during these twenty odd years, would it not be wise for him to advocate and intelligent advocacy compel a change, and test the question of a change in results?

In a representative Government like ours it is always safe to change a financial and governmental policy that is reasonably suspected of not producing the best attainable results. Even if a mistake is made it is not irreparable, and may be easily corrected as made. And in this connection it is well enough to note an historical act. Not a change in the direction of the lessening of war taxes has been made in the last twenty years but has been vindicated by ensuing results and approved by the sober judgment of the country.

Will any reasonable man pretend to say that there is any possible danger of still further reducing our enormous and unnecessary national revenues and bringing down the simple needs of the Government?

As a class the laboring men, skilled and unskilled, have been more generally and completely deceived and bamboozled by the protection fetish than any other. With their employers protected against foreign competition and themselves open to the competition of imported contract labor, which has been poured like a many-channeled river into every section of the country where there was a large market for labor, they have spent about one-third of the time at hard work and the other two-thirds in organizing against their "oppressors" and striking against a reduction of wages, while perhaps a majority of them went regularly to the polls and voted to maintain the system that put them at the mercy of the men who, while deplored the idea that the American workingman should be placed in competition with the "pauper-made" wares of Europe, ransacked the Old World for the "pauper labor" with which they broke the strikes, and by doubling the supply of laborers were able to pit one set of men against the other, and make their special privileges cut like a two-edged sword.

But for our vicious tariff system, continued and made more galling after the great national exigency which made it temporarily permissible had passed away, the workingmen of the country would have no "oppressors"—they never had them in any other period of our national history—the country would not be filled with the clamor of strikes, disastrous not only to those engaged in them but to whole communities, and frequently producing national stagnation, and not a ship-load of contract pauper laborers would ever have been imported.

The system of fostering a certain class of industries and stimulating them by a misnamed or at least a deceitful system of protection created a privileged class, who, being relieved from foreign competition, began to grind their employees, and when they rebelled, availed themselves of the double privilege of the free importation of labor to maintain their undue advantage,

not only over their employees, but the whole community.

This is the true history of our protective system, stripped of the sophistry of the protected protectionists, and which is written in twenty years of strikes, often bloody and always destructive and desolating to the common interests of the whole community where it occurred.

We are told and have been told all along that this system was especially designed, under the guidance of Providence, to make the workingman happy, contented, and prosperous. Has it accomplished its proclaimed purpose? I leave the workingman to answer the question for himself. I do not believe that he has fought, and organized, and struggled, and suffered, and complained for a score of years for the mere love of being a disturber.

He has been the victim of a bad system, and the beneficiaries of that system, while holding him by the throat, have instilled into his mind the idea that the wiping out of that system would ruin him. As a matter of fact, what is left at the end of twenty years for him to lose?

Under the benevolent system which he is called upon to worship and maintain by his vote his cottage has grown dilapidated and degenerated into shreds and patches, while his employer has grown into a millionaire and erected a palace that *Lucullus* might have envied.

The reason for this is simple enough. Under a vicious system of excessive taxation, masked with a deceitful name, the actual wealth of the country is being rapidly concentrated in the hands of a few, while the many suffer the inevitable evil effect—and the men who work must drink the dregs of the bitter draught.

Have the workingmen, the farmers, the masses of the people any remedy? An active and a sure one, and as simple as the cause of all their woes. Break the wheels of the Juggernaut of excessive, unnecessary class taxation, and the national wealth will readjust itself.

It needs no dynamite, no torch, no dagger to deliver the people from the oppression of which they so justly complain. A Congress composed of men who believe in just taxation, equitably distributed, just to all, with special privileges to none, will speedily accomplish the work. The people have listened long enough to the siren sophistries of the protection barons; let them listen to the plain voice of common sense and take counsel with their own interests and elect such a Congress.

COLUMBUS, O. W. A. TAYLOR.

FREE RAW MATERIALS.

How They Cheapen Goods and Increase Labor.

We constantly receive letters from workingmen asking us to explain this, that, or the other effect of tariff reduction.

Here is a question which one of them has asked:

"Will the *Herald* tell me what will be the result to men who work for a living of putting certain raw materials—wool, for instance—on the free list?"

Well, first of all, the duty on raw wool is a tax which the man who uses the finished product, the cloth, must pay every time. The manufacturer doesn't bear the extra cost—why should he? If he can buy his mixing wool at a low figure he can afford to sell whatever he makes at a correspondingly small price. On the other hand, if his raw material is dear, that is your misfortune, for he will have to charge you more or he can't do business. The duty, or tax, 67 per cent. duty on woolens, is paid by you whenever you buy the manufacturer's goods.

Again, if the cost of raw materials is high the production from them is limited. That is serious. There is no sense, however, in producing a great deal when only a little can be sold. A man would be an idiot to keep his manufacture running night and day when there is no demand for what he is making. High prices mean a small demand and smaller number of people to buy. Poor folks would like to buy, but they can't afford to. They get along without what they need in order to be really comfortable, because their money must go for flour and potatoes.

Then, again, when a manufacturer is doing a small business he only wants a few workmen. The moment you limit his market by increasing the cost of his products you cut down his pay-roll. On the contrary, if he can get his raw materials so cheaply that everybody can afford to purchase his goods he wants a bigger building; there is work for carpenters and masons; he requires more looms; there is work for machinists; and he wants more hands in his mills every day in the year; then you have good wages and steady work.

Prosperous times for laboring men depend on the popular demand for what manufacturers turn into the market. Choke off the production by a tax on raw materials and you not only lessen the number who have work, but you increase the number who are seeking for it and can't find it.—*New York Herald*.

The Tax on Wool.

Wool is also a necessity, and a very great one. In this trying American climate, with its sudden changes and fierce storms, warm clothing is one of the absolute essentials of comfort and