The Daily Crescent.

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THE DAILY CRESCENT.

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TERMS OF THE CRESCENT.

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NEW ORLEANS:

MONDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 19, 1849.

FROM THE COPPER COUNTRY.—The correspondent of the Buffalo Morning Express, in a letter dated Ontonagon River, Lake Superior, (Mich.) Dec. 7, states that the business of mining is being carried on there pretty vigorously at this time. Mr. L. O. Knapp, Agent of the Minesota Mining Company, has struck some new veins—in sinking a shaft eight feet he has raised to the surface four tons of pure copper, and fifteen tons for stamping, and he has about four tons more of pure copper in sight. They have also struck a sheet of thin copper, and after cutting through it they found underneath a solid mass of copper, that entirely blocked up the hole, and they had to stop work and commence at the surface, and sink anew in the solid wall rock. Mr. Knapp is putting on all the men he can procure on this new discovery. Mr. Stevens, the Agent of the Ohio Trap Rock Company, is doing very well, and making preparations to push his works. The Boston Company, of which C. C. Cushman is Agent, are doing well. Their new vein has turned out much better than was expected. They have just struck a new vein well filled with copper. The N. Y. Tribune says that Col. Cushman has recently died from the effects of injuries received by a fall into one of the shafts of his mine.

WASH-HOUSES.—An application is about to be made to the Legislature of New York for an act of incorporation with a view to the establishment of a public wash-house in the city of New York. The cost, including land, buildings, etc., is estimated at $50,000.

DAGUERREOTYPE IMPROVEMENT.—The Washington Union, in some remarks respecting Daguerreotypes, states that a new invention has just been introduced at Paris, by which the Daguerreotype likeness may be enlarged to the size of a full portrait; and thus the value of the original design may be greatly extended. Specimens of this new improvement have been exhibited in Paris. A likeness of Gen. Taylor is one among those which have been enlarged.

BRITISH STEAM NAVY.—The steam vessels in the British Navy, of all classes, amount in number, says the Baltimore American, to 181. Their steam power ranges from 20 to 800 horses, and the number of guns carried ranges from 1 to 80 each.

STEAMSHIP NORTHERNER.—This fine sea steamship will be put up at New York for Chagres, via Charleston, Havana and New Orleans.

☞ The Philadelphia Bulletin says that Wm. B. Reed, has succeeded in obtaining from the robbers of the Chester County Bank, the sum of $21,000. This leaves but a few thousand dollars of the stolen notes in the hands of the thieves or their abettors.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—Lieut. Lanman, Bearer of Dispatches from California to the U. S. Government, gives the following information: He left Monterey on the 26th of October, and arrived at Perota on the 10th of January. From Perota he proceeded to Panama, and thence to Chagres, where he arrived on the 21st of January. At Chagres he found from five to six hundred emigrants on their way to California. There was some sickness prevailing, but it was chiefly among the inhabitants, who generally overworked themselves, in transporting the baggage and other effects of the emigrants. Lieut. Lanman represents California as abounding in gold.

☞ They had snow in Mobile the other night. Nothing new to us.

Louisiana, Interior.

THIBODAUX MINERVA.—We are glad to see an evidence of the prosperity of this excellent journal, in its recent enlargement and improved appearance, which, by the way, is everything in which it was susceptible of improvement. A new partner, Mr. Henry S. Karr, has been taken into the establishment, which we hope will continue to increase the sphere of its usefulness.

The Thibodaux Minerva says the Lafourche is now at its highest stage, in fact higher than it has been known for many years.

There are several crevasses below Thibodaux, which have done much damage already. There is not the slightest hopes of stopping them.

The cholera still continues its ravages among the negro population in the vicinity of Thibodaux. The physicians have declared it epidemic.

WEATHER AND CROPS.—The weather, says the Thibodaux Minerva of the 9th inst., up to Monday morning last, has been unusually warm for the season. Since then, we have had one or two white frosts, but no ice. Cane, both rattoon and plant, on a number of plantations, in this and adjoining parishes, is from six inches to one foot in height, and a most excellent stand.

RECORDER ELECTED.—On Monday, January 29th, Mr. Adolph Verret was elected Recorder of the Parish of Terrebonne, without opposition, *vice* Voltaire Thibodaux, deceased.

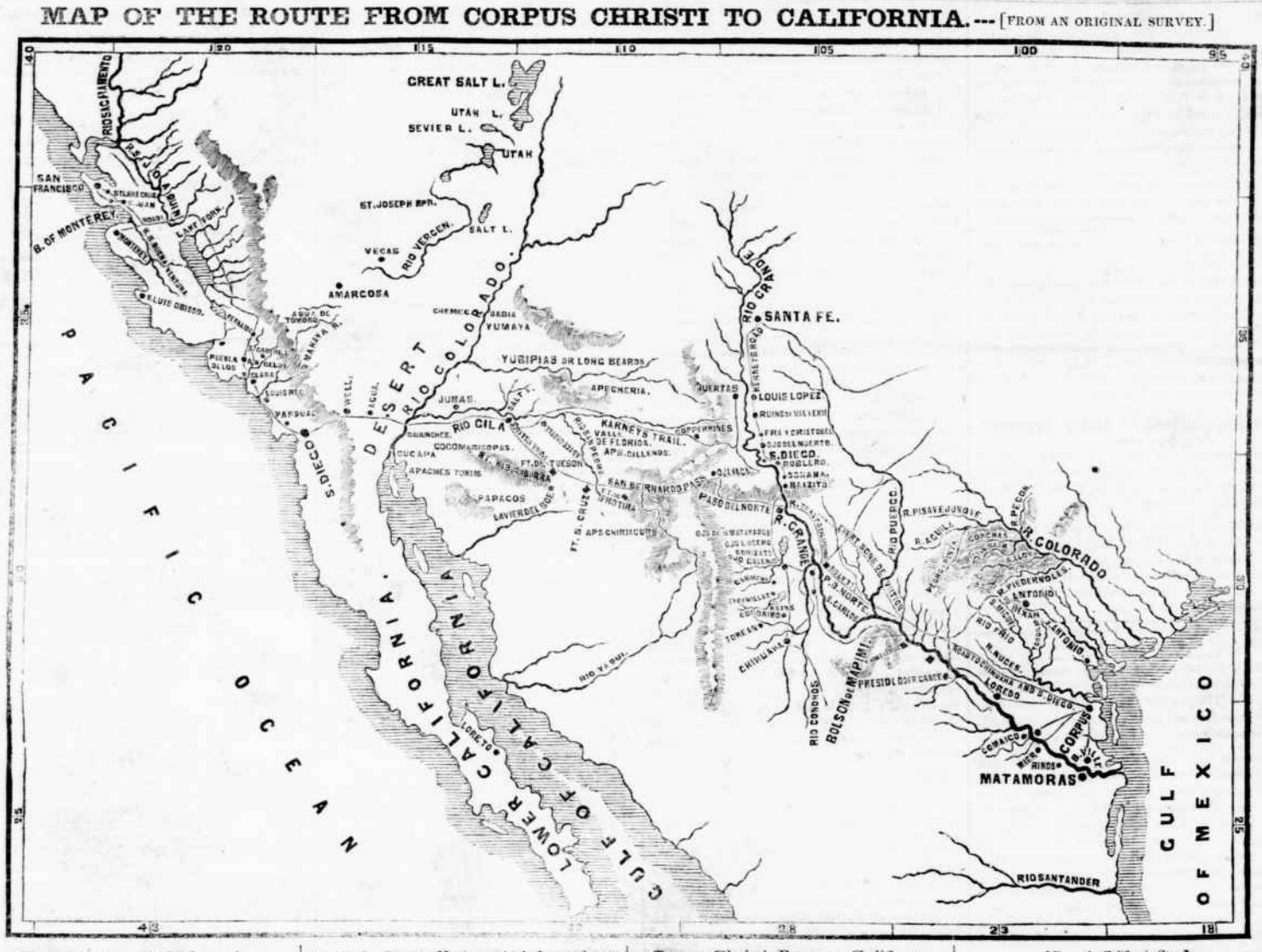
☞ Several extensive cotton factories are in course of construction on the Potomac, near Harper's Ferry.

ARRIVAL OF THE ISABEL AT CHARLESTON.—*Remarkable Passage—55 hours from Havana.*—The fine steamer Isabel, left Havana at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday week, and though detained a couple of hours at Key West in delivering the mails, and the same length of time at Savannah in exchanging them, she reached her wharf in Charleston at 9 o'clock in the morning of Sunday last, completing the entire run from port to port in the astonishingly short time of fifty-five hours.

Quarantine Regulations at Havana.—The following important quarantine regulations have been made by the authorities at Havana:

HAVANA, Feb. 4, 1849.—The Board of Health at Havana has determined that only vessels proceeding from ports infected with Cholera, viz: London, Glasgow, Leith, New York and New Orleans, shall be subjected to an observation of eight days, should they bring clean bills of health; otherwise, to fifteen days quarantine.

MAP OF THE ROUTE FROM CORPUS CHRISTI TO CALIFORNIA.---[FROM AN ORIGINAL SURVEY.]



Route to California.

We publish this morning a map of the route from Corpus Christi to San Francisco. The map is drawn by Capt. Fairchild from the notes of Col. Hays, Mr. Evertson, and the report of Maj. Cooke, and engraved by Messrs. Shields & Collins of this city in their usual excellent style. It forms one of a series which we intend to give of the overland routes to California.

The distance from Corpus Christi by the road here laid down, will be about fifteen hundred miles, perhaps, a few miles more. It has the advantage, however, over more northern routes in being practicable at all seasons of the year, in being less subject to the inconvenience arising from the inclemencies of the weather, and in lying through a region of country in which grass and water and game may be every where obtained.

Col. Hays, who started from San Antonio, and became somewhat embarrassed by losing his way, nevertheless says:

"It is about one hundred and fifty miles from Paso del Norte to the Pecos, (Puerco) over a good country for wagons, from thence to an Indian trail which leads to the head of the San Saba fifty miles, from thence to San Antonio, one hundred and fifty miles. In a direct line it is not three hundred miles, but this way it is over a beautiful and level country, with the exception of a few miles between San Antonio and Camp Llano. There will be nothing to detain a wagon on this route, except in crossing the Pecos (Puerco) which is a narrow stream and can be forded except when high. Although I have not examined the whole way to the Paso del Norte, I am satisfied from authority on which I fully rely, that the road can be constructed without any obstruction to that place, by ascending the Pecos fifty miles and crossing over to the valley of the Rio Grande. It is one hundred and fifty miles from Presidio del Norte to Paso del Norte, but by leaving the Pecos at a point fifty miles above the Paso del Norte road, the distance will be considerably shortened. A party leaving at this season of the year from this part of the country, would necessarily suffer from the cold north winds and would not find as good grass as would be had at any other time. But even now I feel confident that the trip might be made. The distance from Matagorda Bay to Paso del Norte cannot exceed six hundred and fifty miles, the way the road will run; and I am fully satisfied that it must be the road to California at all seasons of the year, having every advantage over the Missouri route either as it regards distance, climate or country."

This letter was written about the beginning of January, when of course the weather was the severest.

Mr. Evertson, in a letter under the date of the 20th of November, writes as follows:

"Understanding that you contemplate the opening of a trading route to the vicinity of Chihuahua, I herewith send you the result of my observations in that direction, having returned on the 27th ult., after an absence of 47 days, in examining for a route from this point, reaching about 50 miles beyond the Puerco, with a party in all consisting of fourteen men and boys. If your contemplated route lies in that direction, it would afford me pleasure in sending you a plot of the country as far as examined. A practical wagon road can be found with very little labor from the head of the Las Moras, crossing the Styx (heretofore supposed to be the Puerco) and the Puerco (lying about 25 miles farther west), about 30 miles from their entrance into the Rio Grande. * * * * On our return we crossed the Puerco a few miles farther up, on an old trail, and the Styx about 15 miles on a principal trail, and from thence to the head of the Las Moras, which I consider as the only feasible route between the low country and the Rio Grande west of the Puerco.

"Your route would naturally lead up the Nueces in the vicinity of its west bank, until near the parallel of Presidio Rio Grande; thence move westardly to avoid a very broken country that lies west of the Nueces, and north of the Wall Road, extending nearly to the head of the Las Moras."

Of the entire practicability of the road from Corpus Christi to the Paso del Norte, there is no longer a doubt; and the explorations which are now being made will soon render it as familiar as the ordinary highways of the country. The route for nearly the whole distance lies along the Nueces and the Rio Grande, where abundance of grass and water can be procured. When the Paso del Norte is once reached, the remainder of the road is comparatively easy; it has been passed with ease and safety by that most cumbersome of all things travelling, the wagon-train of an army—as will be seen by the following letter of Major Cooke, which in this connection we publish, although it has appeared before in our columns:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6, 1847.

Sir—I have the honor, at your request, to address you a brief memoir on the subject of the district of country in Sonora, Mexico, which I passed over in November and December last, with a wagon train, when I deviated in search of a practicable route from the mule trail of Brig. Gen. S. W. Kearny, on his march from New Mexico to California.

When he turned off from the Rio Grande, opposite the Copper Mines, and the heads of the Gila river for thirty miles to the south, and making a southern bend, turned again toward the north, and struck his route—as surveyed by Mr. Emory, of your corps—just above the village of Pirro and Maracossa Indians—an estimated distance of 444 miles.

Immediately below the point of deviation—on the Rio Grande—the country bordering the river became sensibly flatter and less broken. I left the river when in view of a point marked on the common maps as "San Diego," and the distant view toward "El Passo" proved the country to be unbroken and comparatively level. From the river I ascended to the table land of Mexico, by an almost insensible slope over a smooth prairie. For 150 miles on this smooth level table land, which is studded with isolated hills or mountains, I journeyed without any difficulty, passing over but three hills—in two cases I know, in the third I believe unnecessarily. I then unexpectedly and suddenly arrived at a great break off, to a lower level of country; the descent to which was broken and rough mountains for fifteen miles.

I found, however, that I had at that moment fallen into an old wagon trail, which led, I was told, from Yanos. I was able to get my wagons through, following a stream all the way, and descending in the fifteen miles possibly a thousand feet. This was the head of the Huaqui river, which empties into the California Gulf. I was told that this was called the Pass of Guadalupe. I then passed an unbroken country about 80 miles, when I fell upon the San Pedro river, which empties into the Gila. I descended this without difficulty of ground about 80 miles. In turning off there is an ascent to nearly level country of perhaps above an hundred feet, but it could be made very gradual. It is then about 48 miles to Fueston, a town of about 500 inhabitants, with a fort and garrison. This distance is over much smooth ground, maintaining the same general level. Fueson is in a rich and well cultivated valley, where there is also a dense forest of Magquite timber. From Fueson it is some 75 miles to the Gila; it is a level plain, generally of clay, where my wagons and footmen, water being very scarce, passed at the rate of about 30 miles a day.

On the map which I made, and which is in your bureau, is marked a route considerably to the north of the Guadalupe Pass, which some of my guides believed would avoid that broken descent, and be found to be nearly level throughout, to the San Pedro, at that point where I turned off from that beautiful little river. The most sensible and experienced of these men, Deroux, who lives in Taos, New Mexico, and who had trapped on the Gila, and passed, in a different direction, over that country, was decidedly of this opinion; but his knowledge, on the other hand, was sufficient to forbid the attempt to explore it, in my situation, on account of scarcity of water.

The Rio Grande bottoms, for a hundred miles above, and at the point where I left it, are well timbered—there is none on the table land, save upon the small mountains which are every where to be seen; this is cedar and pine, but of small growth; rock is every where to be had—secondary rocks of almost every kind. But by this wonderfully level route the continent may be passed with scarcely a vein of granite. As far as Fueson, the gama grass is abundant, and it will fatten cattle while working, and in the winter. The route from Fueson passes through a country abounding in exceedingly rich Gold Mines.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
P. ST. GEORGE COOK, Major 2d Dragoons.

GOLD FOR CALIFORNIA.—Two barrels of brass scraps and filings were found on the wharf at the foot of Roosevelt street, New York, supposed to be a part of the freight of the Robert Bowne, bound for California.

ACCIDENT TO THE STEAMER DE KALB.—The steamer De Kalb, Capt. Lubbock, ran on a snag on Friday afternoon, the 9th, about three miles below the Canal, on the Santee river. The Captain succeeded in running the boat on a sand bar, and was engaged on Saturday in pumping her out.

☞ Jackson College, located in Maury county, Tenn., has become the property of the Masonic fraternity of that county.

QUARANTINE.—The British Government has requested the London Board of Health to give an opinion as to the efficiency of Quarantine in cases of cholera, the Board has not only emphatically repudiated it, but has gone a step further in advance, they denounce the whole Quarantine system.

TANNERY BURNT.—The tannery and bark-mill of Wm. Chandler, at Wilmington, Del., were destroyed by fire on the 11th. Loss $3000, and no insurance.

Corpus Christi Route to California.

[Correspondence of the Crescent.]

CORPUS CHRISTI, January 21, 1849.

Eds. Crescent: As the route to California seems at present to attract considerable notice, I have thought that a few words respecting the ascertained roads, and the necessary outfit, would not be without interest to your readers. I am the more induced to this from the fact that a party have arrived here from New Orleans, with a superabundance of outfit, the most of which must be abandoned at this place, or its progress will be seriously retarded. The route selected is also more circuitous than need be.

I herewith enclose you a map, carefully compiled by me from actual surveys and copious notes and reports, some of them by officers of the U. S. Army—all establishing beyond a doubt the practicability of a direct road from this point to San Diego, on the Pacific, and thence to San Francisco. This road runs along the dividing line between the United States and Mexico its entire length, and must hereafter be the main overland route for military as well as commercial purposes.

Until very recently, the practicability of a road from the Gulf shore of Texas to El Paso del Norte was unascertained, and considered problematical—now its feasibility is a well-ascertained point, and settles a most important fact—the establishing a transportaton route on the dividing line between the United States and Mexico. That a railroad can be constructed from the Gulf shore to San Diego, is beyond cavil or doubt; and upon this point we have the best authority that can be given—the opinions formed from actual survey by scientific men who have passed over the ground. It would pass through a country considerably settled, much of it under cultivation, well watered and fertile. The distance from this place to San Diego cannot exceed 1200 miles, and is set down at that in the estimates of all who have traveled it.

I will now take the starting point from Corpus Christi, and give you a hasty sketch of the route and conformation of the country to Paso del Norte. Mr. Evertson, a gentleman who left San Antonio about the same time as Col. Hays, but who took a different direction, was so entirely successful in finding a feasible route, that he is making preparations to open a road to a point on the Rio Grande nearest Chihuahua. Mr. Evertson sent a map to this place, which I have made use of, as it is the one from which I compiled the one enclosed to you. In a letter accompanying his map, he says:

"A practical wagon road can be found, with very little labor, from the head of Las Moras, crossing the Styx (heretofore supposed to be the Puerco) and the Puerco (lying about 25 miles farther west) about 30 miles from their entrance into the Rio Grande. * * * On our return, we crossed the Puerco, a few miles farther up, on an old trail, and the Styx, about 15 miles, on a principal trail, and thence to the head of Las Moras, which I consider as the only feasible route between the low country and the Rio Grande west of the Puerco. Your route would naturally lead up the Nueces, in the vicinity of its west bank, until near the parallel of Presidio Rio Grande; thence move westwardly, to avoid a very broken country that lies west of the Nueces, and north of the Wall road, extending nearly to the head of Las Moras. * * * The distance from the coast, via this point, forbids all thought of seeking our supplies by Lavaca. We must, therefore, turn our attention to Corpus Christi."

Mr. Powers, who has resided in Texas for some fifteen years, corroborates fully the statements of Mr. Evertson, he having crossed from the Nueces to Presidio Rio Grande, in the Spring of 1835, with a train of fifteen wagons. He says he found no lack of water, although he traveled not more than two miles per day. Mr. Manning, an old surveyor and frontiersman, has traveled and surveyed the route up the west bank of the Nueces, from Corpus Christi to the point whence Messrs. Everton and Powers struck the Rio Grande, and represents the country as abounding in grass and water at convenient travelling distances. Col. Hays and Capt. Highsmith report favorably on that portion of the route in the valley of the Rio Grande passed by them, as high up as Fort Leaton. This expedition suffered on the way out, in consequence of a too great deviation to the north, which led them through the mountainous region of the San Saba, but on their return they struck on the head waters of the Styx, Las Moras and Nueces, and thence to the Llano and San Antonio de Bexar, with no difficulty whatever—finding wood, water and grass, and paising over a fine level country, unobstructed by mountains or any natural opposing obstacles. From Fort Leaton to Paso del Norte, the country is level, being represented as one immense plain, with a distant view of the mountains on the right and left. A subsequent report of Mr. Evertson, who is now here, presenting the particulars of the route from this place to El Paso del Norte more in detail, establishes the fact that a road, as marked in the accompanying map, would be practicable, to that point, at all seasons of the year.

The fact being established as to the practicability of the route from this place to El Paso del Norte, places the main question upon a footing no less than certain. In evidence of this assertion I refer to the report of Maj. Cook, of the 2d. Dragoons: it is brief and to the point. [The report alluded to is given in the preceding article.]

Gen. Kearny's report supplies fully the particulars of the command to San Diego. He represents the country as level, practicable for wagons, as evidence by the fact that Maj Cook's train passed rapidly over it to that place.

Can any one doubt that a main thoroughfare should be opened on this line, when they take into consideration the populated and rich country through which it must pass, drawing to it the trade of all Northern Mexico, and uniting us with our newly acquired and immeasurably rich territory of Alta-California? Construct a railroad along this line, and you make the fertile valleys of the west, blooming with perpetual summer, empty their rich products at your door, and gather from China and the Islands of the Pacific a trade richer to our country than would California be were her sands diamonds and her rivers flowing gold.

There is little news of general interest to communicate. Since writing the above I understand the company which came here on the Fanny contemplate taking the route as set forth in the foregoing communication, and to my mind they will act wisely in so doing. They are now making their purchases of horses and mules, preparatory to taking up their line of march.

P. S. The point marked "Everton's Deviation" was traced in my map by Mr. Evertson himself. He says the road abounds in all the necessary elements for speedy travel—wood, water and grass. HIRAM.

[From the California Star.]

The City of San Francisco.

Yerba Buena, (San Francisco,) the name of our town, which means "good herb," is situated on the Southwest side of the principal arm of San Francisco bay, about five miles from the ocean, on a narrow neck of land, varying from four to ten miles in width—the narrowest place being sixteen miles Southwest of the town. It is in latitude 37° 45′ N. This narrow strip of land is about sixty miles in length, extending from the point formed by the bay and the ocean, to the valley of San José. The site of the town is handsome and commanding—being an inclined plain of about a mile in extent from the water's edge, to the hills in the rear. Two points of land—one on each side, extending into the bay, form a crescent, or small bay in the shape of a crescent, in front, which bears the name of the town. These points afford a fine view of the surrounding country—the snow-capped mountains in the distance—the green valleys beneath them—the beautiful, smooth and unruffled bay in front and on either side, at once burst upon the eye. There is in front of the town a small island, rising high above the surface of the bay, about two miles long and one wide, which is covered the greater part of the year with the most exuberant herbage of untrodden freshness. This little island is about three miles from the shore. Between it and the town is the principal anchorage. Here vessels of all nations rest in safety and peace, and their flags are displayed by the aromatic breeze. Two hundred yards from the shore, there is twenty-four feet of water, and a short distance beyond that, as many fathoms. The beach immediately in front of the now business part of town is shelving; but it will, no doubt, in a short time, be filled up and become the most valuable part of the place.

The climate here is, in the winter, which is the rainy season, damp and chilly. During the balance of the year it is dry, but chilly, in consequence of the continual strong winds from the north and north-west. There is but little variation in the atmosphere throughout the year; the thermometer ranging from fifty-five to seventy degrees Fahrenheit. Yerba Buena is one of the most healthy places on the whole coast of the Pacific. Sickness of any kind is rarely known among us. The salubrity of the climate—beauty of the site of the town—its contiguity to the mouth of the bay—the finest harbor on the whole coast in front—the rich and beautiful country around it, all conspire to render it one of the best commercial points in the world. The town is new, having been laid off in 1839 by Capt. John Vioget; and notwithstanding all the troubles in the country, has gradually increased in size and importance. It now contains a population of about five hundred permanent citizens. Two years ago there were but about two hundred. Three miles south is the Mission Dolores on Mission creek, surrounded by a small valley of rich and beautiful land. The water from this creek can easily be brought by means of aqueducts to any point to supply vessels. For the supply of the citizens the best of well water is obtained in every part of the town, by boring the distance of forty feet.

In going south from Yerba Buena, the traveller passes over this narrow neck of land; a most delightful region, interspersed with hills, valleys and mountains—the valleys rich and beautiful—the hills covered with tall pines, red wood and cedar, that have withstood the tempests and whirlwinds of a century, and the mountains rising in majestic grandeur to the clouds. In passing out, the valley of San José opens to the view in all the loveliness of the climate of Italy and beauty of the tropics. This valley is about sixty miles long and ten wide The Pueblo, which means an incorporated town, is the principal place of business for the valley, and is about five miles from Santa Clara, the landing, on the bay, or, as it is termed here, the "embarcadaro." Passing on from here northeast, the traveller in a few hours ride reaches the Straits, which separate the Sussisun Bay, formed by the confluence of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin rivers, from that of San Pueblo. Here it seems that the accumulated waters of a thousand years had suddenly rent the opposing mountains asunder, and flowed with tremendous force to the great bosom of the deep. On the north side of the bay, from the Straits to Sousilito, is one of the finest districts of country in Upper California. Next to Yerba Buena, Sousilito is the best point on the whole bay for a commercial town. It is seven miles a little east of north from this place, on the opposite side of the bay, and has long been a watering point for vessels. An attempt has recently been made to lay off and build up a town at the Straits, to supercede the two last mentioned places. It will no doubt, however, be an entire failure. San Francisco Bay being the safest and most commodious harbor on the entire coast of the Pacific, some point on it must be the great mart of the western world. We believe Yerba Buena is the point, commanding as it does now, all the trade of the surrounding country, and there being already a large amount of capital concentrated here. The town of Yerba Buena is called in some of the old maps of the country San Francisco. It is not known by that name here, however. The town takes its name from an herb to be found all around it, which is said to make good tea; and possessing excellent medicinal qualities, it is called good herb, or Yerba Buena.

THE DRAMA.

Messrs. Editors—In these days of Theatrical puffery, the public scarcely ever find anything in the papers upon the merits of an actor, but unqualified praise, if he be the *fashion*, or wilful silence if he come not stamped with a trans-Atlantic seal or fresh from among "one of the first families" of our own country, which, in spite of our republican notions, renders such a person a superior being.

Will you, therefore, give room to the subjoined article, written with an intention to benefit such play-goers as are willing to believe all the puffs continually placed before them in the play-bills and in the columns of many daily papers, and oblige, Yours, V.

MR. MACREADY'S OTHELLO.

In puff parlance, "a very large and fashionable audience assembled at the St. Charles Theatre on Wednesday evening last, to witness the eminent tragedian in the arduous character of Othello."

It was really a treat to an observer, to study the faces of the crowd gathered around the ticket-office and filling the stairway leading into the boxes. With what anxiety did they gaze towards the ticket-seller, waiting their chance! With what malignity did they regard any one who was enterprising enough to push aside his neighbor and win his way to the treasurer! With what agony of suspense did they measure at a glance the diminishing crowd in advance of them and the augmenting mass in their rear! Watches were fearfully gazed at, their owners fearing they might lose the opportunity of seeing the eminent tragedian's first entrance. How many furtive glances were sent up the stairway, as imagination cheated their ears with the last few bars of the overture, and rang the little bell which so magically sends the curtain up among the rafters. What haggard eyes peered upon "the gentlemanly treasurer!" What tremulous voices accompanied them demanding "four," "six," "two," "one," in tones which betokened their doubts as to "the gentlemanly treasurer's" willingness to part with his tickets; and oh! what a joyous sight to one who rejoices in the happiness of his fellow creatures, to observe the transition of their features as they drew forth their hands and found they actually had tickets in them! How cheerfully and with what pleased alacrity did they toil their weary way up the Alps (beg the Manager or the Architect's pardon, meant to say stairs) on their way to their seats; and notwithstanding the labor of the journey, with what goat-like agility did they hop-skip-and-jump from the back of one chair to another, not getting fastened between or falling over them oftener than half a dozen times before arriving at the right one. After a few belligerent looks, arising from liberties taken with corns, crowns of hats, etc., a general cheerfulness blended with them, the intensest anxiety overspread the hydra-faced public.

A great intellectual banquet was about to be spread before them, at least so the play-bills told them, so had a great portion of the press in this country, and indeed some of the leading journals of England have told them so for years. Yes, journals—puff-proof journals—not to be bribed by all California's gold, and as free from doubt as that an "eminent tragedian" would engage a clever writer by the year to prepare favorable criticisms on his performances. It is true, many of the English public prints of high repute have as strenuously declared against his claims to greatness. But what of that? Perhaps they were not dining acquaintances of the "eminent tragedian," and that would readily account for the "milk," etc., for it is an indisputable fact that a good dinner and good wine has been known greatly to enhance the merits of the host. But this is digressing, and we have only to do with the performance of *Othello*. The intention of this article is, chiefly to review Mr. Macready's performance, without reference to the other characters more than the subject will render necessary.

When *Othello* is first introduced to the audience, he is supposed to have been conversing with *Iago* previous to their entrance, and when *Iago* speaks, it should, together with *Othello's* manner, convey to the spectator the idea that they are continuing a dialogue. Did Mr. M. effect this? or did he remind one of a drill-sergeant, with a file of men behind him, marching to a certain spot, and then turning as if to cry "halt?"

Shakspeare has written no single line without a meaning, and *Othello's* reply to *Iago* who declaring

"——— "I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerked him here under the ribs,"

has a very significant meaning, and it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that the meaning of the reply,

"'Tis better as it is,"

is an approval of *Iago's* conduct in *not* having yerked him under the ribs. Did Mr. M. give *any* meaning to the line? If he did, the writer of this could not, although closely observant, discover it, and he can see yet without spectacles and has good hearing.

The remainder of this scene was given with no particular effect, save that it savored much of the actor's peculiarities—angular, unpleasant, and full of mannerism. His exit with *Brabantio* on their way to the Senate, was still marked with a manner which belongs entirely to the man, and if it had a meaning, it was so subtle that no one looking at it could explain it. Those who witnessed it, will remember that he got as far as the side-scene—paused, looked around, and without any marked intention, offered *Cassio* his hand, and led him off as if he intended to perform a minuet with his Lieutenant.

Had Mr. M. in this exit, by action, called *Cassio* to him, and walked away with him in earnest conversation, the audience might have understood that *Othello* was surprised to hear, and desirous of knowing why the Senate was in session in the night.

In the Senate scene, those who sat upon the right hand side of the theatre might have seen the Duke and Senators, but to those on the left, that august body might as well have been entirely off the stage. This was attributable to Mr. M.'s artistic skill, for which he is so renowned.

The celebrated defence before the Senate seemed rather to be addressed to *Desdemona* than the Duke and Senators. It was feminine and out of keeping with the tone and manner of a soldier "little blessed with the set-phrase of peace."

His meeting with *Desdemona* on his return to Cyprus, was replete with *Macreadyism*, and unlike a soldier; and his joy on seeing her before him, was delivered in tones and manner which can only be expressed by the word namby-pamby-ism.

The second scene of the second act, where *Othello* advices *Cassio* not to "outsport discretion," was rendered sensibly, soldier-like, and unaffected; and the words, "Michael, good night," were uttered so much like a superior officer and a friend, that it caused the close observer to wonder that the same actor could be guilty of such affectation as he almost continually indulges in.

Much has been said and written upon the subject of Mr. M.'s chastity of acting—his avoidance of rant and noise. Now, who that witnessed his efforts when aroused from slumber by the dreadful bell, and rushing forth to the scene of midnight brawl, will deny that if he did not produce as much noise as *another* "eminent tragedian," it was only because he had not the power? He gave as much