

The New Orleans Crescent

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

S. S. HIXON, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE, No. 24 CAMP STREET.

USE DAILY CHRONICLE published EVERY MORNING—Monday excepted.

TERMS: For one year, \$10.00; for six months, \$6.00; for three months, \$3.50; for one month, \$1.00.

Advertisements inserted at intervals, to be charged as per rates.

Regular advertisements, when advertised regularly, shall be allowed one discount from above named rates, as may be agreed upon; provided, that in no case shall such discount exceed 25 per cent.

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All advertisements not marked for any special scale of insertion will be published at the usual and charged accordingly.

All bills with regular advertisements shall be rendered monthly, payable to the office on or before the 15th of each month.

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THE POSITIVE BELIEGION.

The dearest and most ominous form of infidelity is that, perhaps, which wears the semblance of a religious creed. That most remarkable of French thinkers, Auguste Comte, with his terrible power, and in his almost demonic frenzy, of generalization, having compressed all history and all science into a few positive formulas, found that there was one question which still eluded the grasp of his philosophy. The religious element remained unsubdued to his imperious intellect, like the ancient and populous far east which Alexander, although boasting himself the world's conqueror, failed to penetrate. This chafed his philosophical pride beyond measure. The mental agitation thus induced resulted in one of his periodical paroxysms, or "cerebral crises," to use his own name for an affection which some of his enlightened contemporaries looked upon as downright insanity. But, whatever their pathological nature, in respect of their issues they were like the throes of parturition; and the final crisis, as each previous one, was the prelude to a sort of philosophical palingenesis. The new birth in this case was the positive religion, which is also called by some of his disciples the scientific religion, and by others among them the religion of humanity. The completeness with which Comte had wrought himself up to the conviction that he was the founder of a new system of religion destined to supplant the Christian theology and worship, may be judged from the fact that, shortly before his death, he appointed, from among the most advanced and devout of his disciples, a certain number of apostles to whom he committed the exoteric or popular teaching of his creed and the establishment in visible form of the "church of humanity." They were enjoined, however, not to address themselves to this work until they should be assured that the time was ripe for initiating it. The sign of this ripeness would be the imminent termination of the Christian era. The Comtean era was then to take its date. Upon the ruins of the Christian civilization the work of building up the Comtean civilization was to commence. But the hour and the sign have been provokingly slow. Mr. Henry Edger, one of the designated apostles, has been watching for them, poor man, these many years, looking out, longing and expectant, from his hermitage amidst the marshes and mosquitoes of Long Island; and now, at length, it appears, he has concluded to wait no longer for the visible death of Christianity, since the term of his own life, along with that of his apostolic office, could not continue much further. He, therefore, formally announces his mission, and opens a "church of humanity" at Music Hall in New York city; specifying the usual hours for service and inviting the attendance of all who desire to listen to sermons expounding the new creed. This is no insignificant event, when it is considered that Mr. Edger is presumed to act in concert with French and English Comteans, men who are ranked by numerous admirers among the "ripest and most influential scholars and publicists" of the day. But what amount of religious faith or feeling there may be at the bottom of this so-called religion of humanity, it is quite beyond human reason to make out. Humanity, according to the Comtean creed, is the proper object of the worship of humanity. Let any man try either to analyze or exemplify this proposition. If humanity is adorable in the abstract and the aggregate, it must be so in the concrete and the particular. Therefore, the most depraved, brutal and abhorrent specimen of humanity is entitled to equal adoration with the most virtuous and heroic; for all are alike constituents of the same adorable whole, and this whole can only be adorable because its parts are so. For the rest, the confusion of the worshipful with the worshiper is fatal to the very essence of religion, which cannot exist without objectivity.

At the top of the drum the four steeple of his handsome steed, Red Bird leaped over the first hurdle, followed almost in the same second by Bearard, Edinboro and Jonesboro, and the second hurdle had been cleared, and the first quarter made in 30 seconds, the relative positions of the four gradually changed, Jonesboro creeping to the lead, followed by Edinboro, Bearard, and at the half-mile post, which was in 38 seconds, working up ahead of Red Bird. Edinboro was close behind him, and Bearard slowly fell back to the fourth place. In clearing the fourth hurdle, the captain's male, Edinboro, stood steady, but kept on and New Orleans, the stand second, led by Jonesboro in 1:58, Red Bird being third. And now the excitement grew intense. All four of the animals were going at their utmost, and the captain's male, had one of them backed or tripped at the hurdle, which were four feet in height, it would have sent the rider heading, with every prospect of speedy annihilation. But on they went—never leading, never leading, clearing each fresh hurdle with the grace and agility of zeppelins, the swiftest horses maintaining the advantage they had gained, while Red Bird lost ground slowly, and Bearard gave great signs of falling back. At the last hurdle, however, the home stretch, shouts of enthusiasm greeted them, Jonesboro passing under the string in the time of 3:51, Edinboro four lengths behind, Red Bird twice as many behind Edinboro, and Bearard to the rear.

This time was extraordinary, being the best by three seconds, we believe, ever made in an American hurdle race; and justifying the heavy odds in Jonesboro's favor, as shown in the pools of the evening before. Even those whose preferences had been for Red Bird or Bearard, could not but admire the plucky bay, as apparently conscious of triumph, he was led off by his groom. A crowd collected around the stand, and the merits of this wonderful feat, among the prominent turfmen we observed Mr. A. Keene Richards, of Kentucky, long well known to the sportsman throughout the country; J. H. Smith, secretary of the Buckeye Club, of Cincinnati; Messrs. Cottrill and Williamson, of the Magnolia Club, of Mobile; Mr. Johnson, of Nashville, owner of the once famous Mogginis; Ex-President John A. Harter, of the latter horse started down the Lexington in so many contests; Col. Bingham, of Natchez; Hon. Duncan F. Kenner, Gen. Westmore, H. S. Foley, Esq., and many others widely known in turf matters, including also Mr. H. L. Leitch, of the latter horse started down to whom, by the way, we are indebted for much information.

But while all were discussing the result of the hurdle race the bell gave the signal to "addle up" for the SECOND RACE. A two year old stake, one mile, \$25 entrance, p. p., and a purse of \$300 added by the Club, for which there were three entries, as follows: T. B. Patterson, a chestnut, William Cottrill's *Puss* bred in Ontario, Ontario taking the lead, closely followed by the chestnut colt, and making the first quarter in 26 1/2 seconds. Richelieu came up quickly on the half mile back stretch, and Puss Broadly was overtaken, and the chestnut colt, so that all three passed the half mile pole in a cluster in 51 seconds. Puss continued making ground, surprising even her best friends, and at the three-quarter mark, Richelieu having previously achieved the same exploit. Down the home stretch it was a tight pull. Puss working her best to reach the string first. But the colt held his ground and came in in 1:47. Puss was a few feet behind, and Richelieu behind and Ontario a fair distance behind. For

A post stake, \$25 entrance, p. p., with \$500 added by the club—two mile heats—two entries had been made, viz: T. G. Moore's *Fanny* (chestnut), and Col. Neilligan's *Bismarck* (grey). The latter took the lead from the start, making the half-mile post in 55 1/2 seconds, and passing the stand on the first mile at 1:51. *Bismarck* had, however, been gaining ground from the start, and on starting on the second mile was only half a length behind. *Fanny* after gallantly setting themselves to the struggle for the second mile, the filly still gaining slowly and passing the half-mile post abreast of *Bismarck*, near as could be kept from the start. On the stretch she struck her heels, and galloped, and came in at an easy gait three lengths ahead in 3:42.

Second Heat—*Bismarck*, fresh as ever, again led, and *Fanny* followed, in 2 1/2 minutes, and *Bismarck*, after following the chestnut ten paces from the string, went off like hot shot from a Napoleon rifle gun, leaving the print of her rider's cavalry boots engraved on the pickets. It was a fine race, and the spectators, the most meagre work before the heat was over, and *Bismarck*, meanwhile, to provide against little contingencies, kept making all the ground he could, passing the half mile post in 58 seconds. On the stretch she struck her heels, and galloped, and came in at an easy gait three lengths ahead in 3:42.

Metairie Jockey Club Races—Spring Meeting 1888. First day, Saturday, April 11. First Heat—Hurdle Race—2 mile stake, \$25 entrance, p. p., with \$500 added by the club—two entries had been made, viz: T. G. Moore's *Fanny* (chestnut), and Col. Neilligan's *Bismarck* (grey). The latter took the lead from the start, making the half-mile post in 55 1/2 seconds, and passing the stand on the first mile at 1:51. *Bismarck* had, however, been gaining ground from the start, and on starting on the second mile was only half a length behind. *Fanny* after gallantly setting themselves to the struggle for the second mile, the filly still gaining slowly and passing the half-mile post abreast of *Bismarck*, near as could be kept from the start. On the stretch she struck her heels, and galloped, and came in at an easy gait three lengths ahead in 3:42.

At the stand it was anything but a stand still. The public stand was really overcrowded, roomy as it is, the members' stand was almost as near as full, and the portion allotted to the latter sex was literally radiant with mingled colors, moving faces, waving handkerchiefs and fair, bright eye faces. Down stairs all was life and excitement. Bars were established at convenient intervals, rendering it impossible for one to die of thirst anywhere in the vicinity. Sundry shouts of "Copper that queen," "I play the ace to win," "Eagle Bird," "Thirteen in the red," and so forth, coupled with "Johnny, if I see another stack of chips," and a constant click, click, click of the little ivory mustard seeds, from which each spectator hoped to spring a monster tree of fortune, suggested very forcibly that the tiger had broken loose from his fair in town, and was, with the rest, determined to play the old scratch.

A very liberal lunch was spread for members and invited guests, nor can we say that there appeared to be any lack of readiness in parking here, as a familiar repeat was also spread for lady visitors. Outside, there was a good deal of money changing hands, although the sale of pools on the previous evening and during the day had absorbed the receipt of large and well selected additions to their stock of money. In respect to the market, there was a large and well selected stock of finishing goods, trunks, valises, carpet-bags, etc., all of which they are offering at the lowest cash prices. These gentlemen have always had the reputation of having the choicest stock in the city, and they were too well known to suggest to the buyer that a 31 and 33 Camp street is the place to procure a fine suit of clothes for the smallest amount of ready money.

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Second Heat—*Bismarck*, fresh as ever, again led, and *Fanny* followed, in 2 1/2 minutes, and *Bismarck*, after following the chestnut ten paces from the string, went off like hot shot from a Napoleon rifle gun, leaving the print of her rider's cavalry boots engraved on the pickets. It was a fine race, and the spectators, the most meagre work before the heat was over, and *Bismarck*, meanwhile, to provide against little contingencies, kept making all the ground he could, passing the half mile post in 58 seconds. On the stretch she struck her heels, and galloped, and came in at an easy gait three lengths ahead in 3:42.

Metairie Jockey Club Races—Spring Meeting 1888. First day, Saturday, April 11. First Heat—Hurdle Race—2 mile stake, \$25 entrance, p. p., with \$500 added by the club—two entries had been made, viz: T. G. Moore's *Fanny* (chestnut), and Col. Neilligan's *Bismarck* (grey). The latter took the lead from the start, making the half-mile post in 55 1/2 seconds, and passing the stand on the first mile at 1:51. *Bismarck* had, however, been gaining ground from the start, and on starting on the second mile was only half a length behind. *Fanny* after gallantly setting themselves to the struggle for the second mile, the filly still gaining slowly and passing the half-mile post abreast of *Bismarck*, near as could be kept from the start. On the stretch she struck her heels, and galloped, and came in at an easy gait three lengths ahead in 3:42.

At the stand it was anything but a stand still. The public stand was really overcrowded, roomy as it is, the members' stand was almost as near as full, and the portion allotted to the latter sex was literally radiant with mingled colors, moving faces, waving handkerchiefs and fair, bright eye