The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 18, 1869.

AMUSEMENT SUMMARY.

Well, the dramatic season of 1868-'9 draws to a close, and reader, what have you done? Can you conscientiously say that you have given your patronage as liberally as managers have deserved? Have you permitted Janauschek, Mrs. Siddons, Little Lotta, Chanfrau, Mrs. Gladstane, to go away unseen by you? If so, you have a heavy reckoning with Thespis, maid of the sock and buskin, for she is an inexorable divinity, jealous of neglect and exacting in demands.

Over at the Varieties "School" has been played in elegant style throughout the week, but to houses which did not come up to our expectations, that is, until yesterday's matinée, which was crowded, a large number of young folks being in the audience. The comedy is a delightful one, well played and handsomely mounted. Its little incongruities it has of course, but one doesn't think of these when watching Miss Alice Grey as *Bella*, Sheridan as *Lord Beaufroy*, or Miss Orton as *Naomie*.

Mr. Cogswell took his benefit last evening. The coming week is thick with benefits, too, for on next Saturday night the Varieties spring season terminates, the company is going home to Washington, where they will appear at the National with Mrs. Scott Siddons. The latter lady left yesterday morning, by the way, for St. Louis, and after a brief engagement there, will hurry to Washington to appear with the company as above.

Miss Georgie Dickson takes her benefit to-morrow evening, the programme being "The Gentleman from Ireland," and "Pocahontas."

REVIEW OF THE ST. CHARLES SEASON.

The season of 1868 and '69 at the Old Drury is worthy, in many respects, of being ranked among the most brilliant in the annals of that theater. One thing is certain, that there has been between it and the preceding season of '67-8 a decided contrast and a marked improvement; it has been a battle of the legitimate against the sensational—a battle hard fought but decisive in result, as will be marked in following the varied phases of success attending the performances according as one or the other was produced.

The season opened on the 6th of November, when a dead calm had followed the terrible excitements of the presidential campaign. The first performance was the good old comedy of the "Rivals," with Mr. Mark Smith as *Sir Anthony Absolute*, and Mr. DeBar as an exceedingly humorous *Bob Acres*. Mr. Smith's engagement lasted for ten nights, and was only tolerably successful, notwithstanding the fact that a good succession of standard comedies were produced and well played.

Miss Fanny B. Price followed. She has some good points, but can hardly be considered as occupying a high place among star performers. Still, she made quite a good two weeks' engagement, bringing out two new pieces, "Foul Play" and "St. Elmo," and appearing also in "Jane Eyre," "Fanchon" and other dramas.

After Miss Price left came Mr. Couldock and his daughter, the management producing that exquisite dramatization of *Dora*, which, up to that time, was the greatest hit the season had recorded. It ran for a week, the second week of Mr. Couldock's engagement giving him opportunities of appearing in the "Willow Copse," the "Chimney Corner," "Louis XI," "Old Phil's Birthday" and others of his specialities.

For awhile after his departure the theater was given up to other than dramatic uses. The "White Fawn" ballet company held possession for three weeks, during which time the management succeeded in sinking a thousand or two. Then came the Hanlon combination, one of the greatest hits that have been made. Recollect what houses assembled to see the Russian athlete Pfau leap across the house in a succession of curves, perilous yet graceful; to applaud the Hanlons as they whizzed about on their bicycles, to listen to Blamphin, the harpist; Miss Thorne, the sweet vocalist; or Mr. and Mrs. Brennan, the parlor comedians. For two weeks the combination remained, drawing packed houses, and then came one whose annual arrival at the St. Charles is the invariable signal for a rush thither. We mean little Lotta, who, coming out first in the new military drama "Firefly," played a three weeks' engagement, during which, as *Little Nell*, and the *Marchioness*, to Mr. DeBar's *Dick Swiveller*, she figured conspicuously.

Lotta went away followed by hundreds of good wishes, and leaving, doubtless, hundreds of broken hearts, to be followed by Miss Price, who returning from Texas, made a re-engagement of a fortnight, during which she brought out "After Dark," a sensation drama with a railroad train attachment, and repeated also *Helen Rolleston*, in "Foul Play."

When Miss Price, at the close of her re-engagement, went hence to Vicksburg, she was accompanied by the stock company of the St. Charles, who were by the arrival of Miss Fanny Janauschek with her own company temporarily rendered *de trop* here. The beginning of Janauschek's engagement inaugurated an era of heavy tragedy which for a while was pleasing in its novelty. The great German tragedienne played to select but not large houses, bringing out *Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, Medea, Deborah*, and several other characters, classical or historical, during her two weeks stay.

Then came Mrs. Lander, who in former days as Jean Davenport, had held New Orleans audiences spell-bound by her dramatic power. *Marie Antoinette* was the role in which she first appeared, and it was, we think, the best one she played for us. *Charlotte Corday, Elizabeth, Mary Stuart* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur* were successively produced during her engagements, but by this time the fickle popular fancy had begun to weary of tragedy, and the houses were small. Mrs. Lander was supported by Messrs. J. H. Taylor and Geo. Becks, both of whom came with her, and the stock company which at Miss Janauschek's departure had returned from Vicksburg.

Then came Mrs. Scott Siddons, whose triumphs are so fresh in our memories. She appeared in a line of standard comedy characters, such as *Rosalind, Beatrice, Juliet, Julia, Pauline* and *Mrs. Haller*, and rapidly won her way to favor among the cultivated portions of our people; so rapidly in fact that when her engagement of two weeks ended, it was all too soon, and many regretted her contemplated departure. But Mr. DeBar had made all arrangements for bringing out Daly's sensation drama, "A Flash of Lightning," on the following evening, and was unable accordingly to postpone that event. But what he could not do popular judgment did, for the play which had been at first considered good for a two weeks' run, only held the boards for five nights before slim houses, when, lo, came the welcome announcement that Mrs. Scott Siddons had been re-engaged for a week.

The rest we all know—the Siddons benefit on Friday evening, when she appeared as *Lady Teazle* in the "School for Scandal," and afterward made a neat little address in verse to her audience, we have all read of.

Then came the closing night—last night, which was most properly signalized by the benefit of the manager, Mr. Pope, who had, as he deserved, a crowded house. It needs no very close observation to see that Mr. Pope has been growing constantly in popularity during his managerial career. His impersonation of the melancholy Dane last evening was a finished piece of acting, a fitting climax for his many successes throughout the season.

In concluding this somewhat hasty sketch, we congratulate Mr. DeBar and Mr. Pope upon the events in it recorded, and bid the departing company a kindly adieu.

MR. JOHN A. STEVENS.

Throughout the season at the St. Charles there has been no more careful or invariably pleasing delineator of character than the gentleman whose name heads this article, and it affords us therefore no little pleasure in presenting our readers with a brief sketch of a career promising such success in the future. Mr. Stevens was born on the 14th of September, 1843, in Baltimore, Md., and is of American-English descent. He first began to make his living as an errand boy, then as a clerk in a mercantile house in his native city, and afterwards learned the art of photography, and conducted that business until, five years since, he concluded to take to the stage. His first appearance was in December, 1864, when at the Norfolk (Va.) Opera House, then under the management of S. W. Glenn, he played the part of *Col. Poindexter*, in the "Octoroon." Shortly afterward, however, he returned to his previous vocation as an artist, but re-entered the dramatic profession in Baltimore, in the season of 1865-6, as general utility man, under the management of John S. Ford. There and in Washington Mr. Stevens played until he formed an engagement with Mr. DeBar, of the St. Charles in this city, and came here at the beginning of the season of 1866-7.

Since that time, during three seasons, Mr. Stevens has been favorably known in connection with the Old Drury, and has at times afforded a support to star performers for which we are assured they must have felt extremely grateful. The sudden death, by yellow fever, of the lamented Manager Riley at the beginning of Mr. Stevens' engagement necessitated the latter's appearance at short notice in the role of *Armand Duval* to Miss Cecil Rush's *Camille*. Poor Riley, but four nights previous, had played the part himself. Now he was in his grave, and when Mr. Stevens found the duty thus suddenly placed upon him, and went upon the stage, it was to face an audience over whom it was evident the mournful recollection of what had happened was hovering. But he bravely set himself to studying and rehearsing, and succeeded through the indulgence of the public and the kindness of Mr. DeBar, combined with his own indomitable energy in mastering business far above his engagement.

Since that time, as we stated above, Mr. Stevens has been a valued member of the St. Charles company, and has displayed not only a versatility but a stage presence and dramatic power, which, in view of the brief period he has been connected with the profession, may be regarded as remarkable. It may be said that Mr. Stevens, whether on or off the stage, is at all times a modest unassuming gentleman. His *Joseph Surface* on Friday evening was very neat and finished, while at times he has developed a vein of humor which makes us wonder that he does not give us more frequent opportunities of admiring it. Who that was in the theater at that crowded Christmas matinée will ever forget his singing of "Who'll have me?" in the character of the gushing *Clorinda?*

Well, the company goes, and we suppose Mr. Stevens goes with it. If he don't return next season, it will be no easy matter to fill his place, for we have heard but one opinion expressed, and that pronounces him a pleasing and a careful actor.

DEPARTURES.

The principal portion of the St. Charles and Academy companies leave town to-morrow. The Academy ballet goes to Niblo's, New York, where it will appear in a sensation piece, to be produced about the first of May. M'lles Cribelli, Bertha, and two others, departed thither a week since.

Miss Fanny Stocqueler goes to the Olympic, St. Louis, where she will play until the termination of her engagement with Messrs. Spalding & Bidwell.

THE WORRELL SISTERS.

The Worrells left Louisville at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, and will be here to-morrow, appearing in the evening at the Academy of Music in that famous spectacular piece, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." They bring with them a company of thirty-one persons, including Messrs. C. Morton, Geo. Lingard, H. A. Rendle, S. B. Villa, C. B. Chapman, Hagen, Callender, Mrs. Wright, Miss Agnes Wallace and Miss Folch as dramatic performers; M'lle. Bilon and Mons. Vom Hamme, in ballet; Master Haley, the velocipedist; Prof. Dobson, the great banjoist, and others. The Wilson Brothers, already here, also belong to the company. They play a three weeks' engagement, during which "Grande Duchesse," "Barbe Bleue," "La Belle Helene" and other English opera bouffes will be produced. In the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," Miss Sophie will play *Darnley*, Miss Irene *Constance*, and Miss Jennie *Suffolk*.

LEFFINGWELL.

This favorite humorist terminates, this evening, an engagement of a fortnight at the Academy, and leaves, accompanied by his agent, Mr. McDonough, for Memphis on Monday morning, where he plays for four nights, it being his second engagement in that city during the present season. After that, he plays for two weeks in Louisville, and may then reappear in Chicago. While here, he has received also a telegram, asking him to make an engagement with the management of the Pittsburg Theater.

THE ACADEMY NEXT MONTH.

Among those whom Manager Bidwell has engaged to appear during the month of May are James Taylor, the English comic vocalist; the Gregory Family, who, with their miniature circus entertainment, are creating a *furore* in New York; and Prof. Haselmayer, the magician, who last season delighted us with his legerdemain.

THE WILSON'S MINSTRELS

Are to arrive this morning from Mobile, and open this evening at the St. Charles. For five years past they have been performing in St. Louis, where they are said to have become favorites with the general public. They number twenty odd performers, all of whom appear to-night in burlesque or minstrelsy.

THE FIRST PARLOR CONCERT.

There is a fuss and a flutter in the musical world, for to-morrow night, at Odd Fellows' Hall, Mr. Chase gives the first of his third annual series of parlor concerts. We all know the generous motives which induced the postponement of this entertainment from last Monday evening, when it gave place to the Seventh street Orphan Asylum Fair. Fabius conquered by delay, and it may be that the same road to success lies open in this modern day, for the deferring of the concert has not only, under the circumstances, made it more an object of interesting anticipations, but has given time for an increased sale of tickets, with the accompanying assurance of an audience as brilliant as it will be appreciative. No connoisseur can afford to miss such a programme as this:

1. Quartette—"The Knight's Farewell," Kinkel. Mendelsshon Quartette.
2. Soprano Solo—Ariette—"Romeo and Juliet," Gounod. Miss M. G.
3. Duo—Soprano and Contralto—"Montecchi è Caputetti," Bellini. Mrs. Dubos and Mrs. Dunn.
4. Solo for Violin—"Fantasie Caprice," Vieuxtemps. Signor Carlo Patti.
5. Serenade—"'Tis not True" (Non è Ver) Mattei. Mr. A. B. Chase.
6. Bass Solo—From the "Star of the North," Meyerbeer. Mr. A. Cassard.
7. Piano Solo—Trovatore—"Fantasie on the Miererere," Gottschalk. Mr. Leo Wheat.
8. Quartette—"Ecco Quel Fiero Istante," Costa. Miss M. G., Mrs. Dunn, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Cassard.
9. Solo for Violoncello—Grand Fantasie—"Lucia di Lammermoor," Seligmann. Mr. A. Van Couvelaert.
10. Song and Chorus—"The Flag of the Regiment," Eaton. Mr. C. C. Tracy and Mendelsshon Quartette.
11. Trio—Violin, Violoncello and Piano, Mendelsshon. Messrs. Patti, Van Couvelaert and Wheat.
12. Grand Sextette—From "Lucia," Donizetti. Mrs. Dubos, Mrs. Dunn, Messrs. Chase, Meteye, Wheeler and Cassard.

Additional eclat will be given the affair by the use of one of Chickering's grand pianos, and which arrived on Friday evening, having been sent out from his manufactory for this very occasion. It is spoken of as a magnificent instrument.

THE CARLO PATTI MATINEE.

Lovers of music refined and artistic, need not be reminded that at one o'clock to-day, at the German Hall, corner of Bienville street and Exchange Alley, the vocal and instrumental matinée concert, given for the benefit of Carlo Patti, violin solo of the Opera House, takes place. The full orchestra of the opera will furnish accompaniment, and the following programme will be performed by the distinguished artists who have consented to participate:

1. Grand Overture, "Martha," J. Flotow, Orchestra.
2. Romance, "La Cinquantaine," Albert Julien.
3. Violin solo, "Trovatore," Alard, Carlo Patti.
4. Air, M'lle Chauveau.
5. Cor solo, "Dans la Forêt," M. Eckert.
6. Romance, "Rigoletto," (Questa e quella,) Verdi, E. Engel.
7. Grand air de "Charles VI," Halevy, M'me A. Bourgeois.
8. Piano solo, Leo Wheat.
9. Grand trio in A 6, Meyseder, MM. Ph. Greuling, H. Braun, C. Patti.
10. Romance "Siege de Corinthe," Gaston P.
11. Romance, M'lle Chauveau.
12. Violoncello solo, "Souvenirde Suisse," Servais, H. Braun.
13. "L'Impôt sur la Viande des Bouchers," Nardin.
14. Cor solo, "Dors bien, mon bon ange", M. Eckert.
15. Grand Duo Concertante pour Piano et Violin, Jules Cartier et Carlo Patti.

AMES'S CIRCUS, MENAGERIE AND AVIARY.

The big tent at the corner of St. Joseph and Baronne streets has been daily and nightly, since Wednesday, filled with a large crowd of delighted spectators. Without doubt, this is one of the best shows of the kind that New Orleans has had for years. Though the equestrian and acrobatic feats may not be as astonishing or perilous as some that we have witnessed, they are none the less elegant, classic and pleasing. The feats of tumbling and the exercises on the horizontal bar are particularly noticeable; while the child-wonder, Master Codona, at once astonishes and delights. The clowns, Lawton and Seeley, are well up in their business, and succeed in keeping every one in good humor and fairly convulsing the juveniles. Their jokes are, for the most part, new and good, and are noticeably free from any taint of coarseness. In fact, the circus throughout is conducted on refined and legitimate principles. This fact is well attested by the large and select audiences that frequent it. The trapeze performers, for their skill and nerve, and the lady riders, for their beauty and grace, must not be forgotten. Nor must the doings of the baby elephant Bismarck, or the trained mare Esmeralda go unrecorded. The performance of Mlle. Eugenie, the lion queen, in the cage of lions, and the taming and subduing of the tigers and leopards by Herr Lengel, are features of the exhibition well worth alone the price of admission. The riding of Mr. and Mrs. Codona and of Mr. Holland, and the performance on the rolling globes, are the most finished acts of the kind to be seen anywhere. As to night is the last night, we may expect an unusually large attendance. Doc Chambers will be on hand to superintend and manage matters in his usual urbane and inimitable style.

After the regular performances of the circus troupe, there is a concert given under the direction of that clever ring-master, Mr. Poland. This concert consists of songs, dances, negro minstrelsy, etc., and Mr. Poland is entitled to much credit for the manner in which this little after performance is carried out.

The circus will close in its present location on Monday night, and on Tuesday and Wednesday nights will show on the corner of Orleans and Bourbon streets. It appears in Ozyka on Thursday, Summit on Friday, Brookhaven on Saturday, Hazlehurst on Monday, Crystal Springs on Tuesday, Jackson on Wednesday, Canton on Thursday and Goodwin on Friday. The last grand parade will be on Monday night.

DR. SEAMAN'S LECTURE.

The lecture announced for this evening by Prof. J. E. Seaman promises to be well attended. We are greatly pleased to note this, as no institution so much merits the attention and regard of the public as the House of the Good Shepherd. The professor has chosen for his subject a theme susceptible of much poetical elaboration and literary embellishment. Those who attend will have a rare intellectual feast, and will in addition minister to the most noble charity which New Orleans boasts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Prof. Calfass is showing some very neat and attractive wax figures at No. 103 St. Charles street. Among them visitors will see a tableau in a group of five, representing the recent garroting in Havana of the two Cuban patriots Leon and Medina.

Belle Boyd left for New York last evening on the Jackson railroad train.

Mrs. Lander has been playing an engagement of six nights in Nashville, Tenn. A correspondent says the house on the opening night was literally crowded. The play went off excellently. The receipts were upwards of $650, which, for Nashville, is a big thing.

The New York Clipper says that Janauschek is having a lonesome time of it at the Academy of Music, where she appeared several evenings the past week. The German population prefer their own Stadt Theater to the Academy, and while they attend Haase's entertainments at the former in large numbers, Janauschek and the Academy are almost deserted.

Miss Fanny B. Price is playing a three weeks' engagement at Omaha, terminating on the 3d prox.

The Zavistowskis have been playing a brilliant engagement at Troy, New York. Mons. Zavistowski is superintending the ballet at Fox's American Theater, Philadelphia, where Carleton, the Irish vocalist, is performing.

M'lle Galleti, the accomplished danseuse, and Mons. Cardella, both late of the Academy, reached New York on the 29th ult. M'lle Galleti has lately lost her mother.

Mr. Couldock closed an unsuccessful engagement at the Broadway Theater, New York.

The Hanlon combination, including Pfau, Miss Emily Thorn, Blamphin, Mr. and Mrs. Brennan, Sylvani and Benedict were at the National in Washington last week.

Millie Tournour opened at the Tammany on Monday last, and has created a furore among New Yorkers.

A Frightful War Picture.

THE HORRORS OF BEING "INSTANTLY KILLED."

Count Tolsboi's "Sevastopol in May," in course of publication in Hours at Home, gives a very remarkable description of the death of a man who is instantly killed—as the living say, "instantly killed"—by a piece of a shell which strikes him. But to him, the dying man, his death seems a different affair. This surely is extremely powerful writing:

Michailof looked behind him. The shining point of the bomb seemed to stand at the zenith—in that position where it is impossible to tell its direction. But that lasted only a minute; the bomb came quicker and quicker, nearer and nearer, so that you could see the sparks from the tube and hear the fatal whistling, and directed its course straight to the middle of the battalion.

"Lie down," cried a voice.

Michailof and Praskukin lay down on the ground. Praskukin, tightly closing his eyes, heard only how the bomb fell heavily somewhere very near on the hard ground. A second passed—it seemed an hour—and the bomb did not burst. Praskukin began to be afraid that he had done a cowardly act without any reason, that perhaps the bomb had fallen far away and that he only thought he heard the fuze fizzing. He opened his eyes and saw with satisfaction that Michailof lay immovable on the ground near his legs. But his eyes at that moment met the sparkling fuze of the whirling bomb not a yard from him. A horror—a cold horror excluding all other thoughts and feelings—took possession of him. He covered his face with his hands.

Another second passed—a second in which a whole world of feelings, thoughts, hopes and recollections passed through his mind.

"Whom will it kill, me or Michailof? or both together? If it hits me, where will it hit. In the head, then its all over; if it hits my leg they will cut it off, and I shall ask them to do it by all means with chloroform—and I can still get through alive. But perhaps it will only kill Michailof—then I can tell how we were walking together, and he was killed and I was spattered with blood. No, it's nearer to me—it will kill me!"

Then he recollected the twelve rubles that he owed Michailof; he recollected also another debt at Petersburg that he ought to have paid long ago; a gipsy air that he had sung in the evening came into his head; the girl whom he loved appeared to his imagination in a cap with lilac ribbons; he remembered a man whom he had insulted years before and who had never paid it back, although at the same time with these and a thousand other remembrances the feeling of his present circumstances—the expectation of death—never for a moment quitted him. "However, perhaps it will not burst," he thought, and with despairing decision wanted to open his eyes. But at that instant, through the still shut lids he saw a red fire, and with a horrible noise something hit him in the middle of the breast.

"Thank God! I am only bruised," was his first thought, and he wanted to feel of his breast, but his hands seemed to be bound down, and a weight to keep down his head. The soldiers shone in his eyes, and he unconsciously counted them: "one, two, three soldiers, and that one whose overcoat had slipped down is an officer," he thought. Then he saw flashes, and he thought, "what are they firing from, mortars or cannon? Probably cannon. They are firing again, and there are more soldiers; five, six, seven soldiers, and they all go past." He all at once became afraid that they would leave him there. He wanted to cry out that he was wounded, but his mouth was so dry that his tongue stuck to his palate and a terrible thirst tormented him. He felt how wet he was about the breast. "Really, I fell into some blood when I lay down," he thought; and, yielding more and more to the fear that the soldiers who were going past would leave him there, he collected all his forces and tried to cry out, "Take me along;" but instead of that, he groaned so audibly that it was awful to hear his own voice. Then some red fires danced in his eyes, and it seemed to him that the soldiers were laying stones on him; the fires danced quicker and quicker, the stones which they laid on him oppressed him more and more. He made an effort to throw off the stones, stretched out, and then neither saw nor heard nor thought nor felt. He was killed on the spot by a fragment of shell in the middle of his breast.

HILLE & THOMAS.—This go-ahead firm have just opened their parlor and bedroom sets, which are now offered at prices to compare favorably with any house in New Orleans. They have looking glasses of all sizes, also oil paintings, diningroom furniture, kitchen safes, etc., etc.

But more especially would they call the attention of the public generally to their cane and wood seat chairs which they import direct from the factory and as they always have funds in advance at the factory, they are allowed a special discount which they in turn allow those purchasing of them. All they ask is a trial of their prices. Call upon them at 167 Poydras street, at any hour during the day. They are always at the store ready to wait upon all who may call upon them.

THE TIMES IN ARMS AND EAGER FOR THE FRAY. Messrs. Auch & Zable, as representatives of the famous Times cooking stove, have proposed, through a card, which will be found in our morning's columns, a contest with the agents of the Charter Oak and Brilliant. We trust, in the event of its being accepted, that a decision may be rendered of a character satisfactory to all parties.

In another column will be found a notification of the dissolution of the late firm of Messrs. Jno. W. Norris & Co., No. 27 Canal and 17 Crossman street. Mr. Norris announces that the business will in future be continued on his individual account, and we trust that the patronage which heretofore sustained the house will still evince its appreciation for so energetic and thorough a merchant as this gentleman is acknowledged to be.

IMPORTANT TO EVERYBODY WHO TRAVELS.

It may seem an extravagant assertion, but it is nevertheless true, that there is not more than one person in fifty who knows how to travel properly. There are certain rules, simple yet nevertheless important to the traveler, as well for his own interest and comfort as that of his fellow travelers. When you have made up your mind to go to any point, decide on your *route* first, and then gather all the information you can relative to the same. Take with you as little baggage as practicable, and avoid, as far as possible, the carrying of hand-parcels, as they are a nuisance and liable to loss. Purchase your ticket before starting, as you will have to pay more on the cars than at the ticket office. The following rules will serve to govern you on any railroad in the United States or England, and may be relied upon:

A person is entitled to as many seats as he purchases tickets for. (Decided in relation to New York and Erie Railroad.)

Parcels or packages of any kind left in the seat in the absence of the owner insure that seat to him, and no one has a right to remove them except the conductor of the train, and not he, even, unless the said parcels occupy more seats than have been paid for.

If a passenger loses his ticket he must pay his fare over again, unless he can produce evidence satisfactory to the conductor that he has really met with such loss. The conductor is not bound to take the word of a stranger in such case.

A ticket purchased over any railroad is *good until used*, (unless it is an "excursion ticket," and accordingly limited,) words "good for this trip and train only," or "good only for this date," being of no account. A regular ticket for fare on a railroad or steamboat is simply a convenient evidence to the proper officials that you have paid for your transportation, and they, as common carriers, are obliged to transport you accordingly on presentation of said ticket.

Travelers are entitled to all the courtesy, attention and information from railroad and steamboat officials which they can give consistent with their duties.

It is the business of travelers to attend to the checking of their own baggage, after which the company is responsible for the same until the checks are given up.

Railroad companies have a right to charge extra for "extra baggage," and are not responsible for it unless it is paid for in compliance with their rules.

Railway companies are in duty bound to transport passengers to their destination as near their advertised time as possible, and compatible with circumstances and safety: and they are liable for any injuries a passenger may sustain while on their road, or for unnecessary and willful delay, which may result in serious damage to said passengers.

Passengers in sleeping cars are entitled to all the room they pay for, be it "birth" or "section;" but they have no right to occupy, even temporarily, any other section than the one selected and paid for.

Passengers have no right to stand upon the platform of the cars while in motion.

Gentlemen paying for first-class fare on any railroad, are entitled to as good cars and accommodations in every particular, as ladies; and no railroad has a right to discriminate between passengers who pay first-class fare, as for instance, the appropriating of a *superior* car as a "ladies' car," and the crowding of gentlemen "unattended" into a *second class* car, as is often the case; and it is the duty of all railroad companies to provide a separate car for those who desire to smoke.

Passengers are obliged to show their tickets whenever requested so to do by the proper official.

A passenger having purchased a "through ticket," may "lay over" at a way station with or *without* the consent of the conductor!

It is the duty of the conductor of a train to see that his cars are properly warmed and ventilated and provided with water, and no passenger ought to open windows or ventilators, to the discomfort of his traveling companions. There is but one place where good or ill breeding will manifest itself quicker than in traveling, and that is "at table." The writer has suffered intensely for weeks with colds caught while traveling, by persons opening windows or doors, when a good fire would hardly keep the car comfortable. Always remember in traveling that there are other people besides "No. 1."

Acquaintances made in traveling are not recognizable after, except at the option of both parties. A formal introduction may still be as necessary to an intimacy as before.

It is quite as safe traveling by rail or steamboat at night as by day. In fact, the great majority of railroad accidents occur in the daytime. In the night the roads are generally free from freight, gravel and "extra trains," and particular care is always exercised.

The safest car in a train is generally the one next the last, and the easiest seat about midway the car, or half way between the wheels.

HACKS AND CABS.

As regards hacks, cabs, omnibusses, etc., different cities have different laws, and *some none at all;* so it is always best to make your bargain before you engage. In New Orleans, the omnibus line charges 50 cents for each passenger to any part of the city and 50 cents for each piece of baggage. Hacks are entitled to $3 the first hour and $2 the succeeding hours, and cabs $2 the first hour and $1 the second.

In Cincinnati, omnibusses take a passenger and baggage for only 50 cents. Hacks about same as in New Orleans.

In Washington, omnibuses charge 50 cents a passenger and 25 cents for each piece of baggage; a carriage, however, can be had for both purposes, between hotel and depot, for $1.

In New York, hackmen will "skin you alive." Express will transport your baggage to any part of the city for from 25 to 50 cents a piece. If you take a carriage, always make your bargain before you step in. If you have but little baggage it can be taken along also, and so save expressage.

In Boson, a carriage will convey yourself and baggage to or from the depot for only 50 cents.

In Montreal, for the same price in silver.

It is the writer's experience that the English plan of carrying a "hamper" instead of depending on eating houses along the *route* is the best and by far the cheapest plan. A basket made for the purpose, with bottles, spoons, knives, forks, etc., can now be purchased very cheap; and this filled with cold turkey or chicken, sardines, canned meats and fruits, boiled eggs, bread and cheese or sandwiches, and cold coffee, claret, cider or milk to drink, will be found a superior lunch to what you will have to pay $1 for in the eating-houses (!) south of the Ohio river, with once in a great while an honorable exception. If you want a cup of hot tea or coffee it can be had at the stopping places usually.

In these days of progress the traveler who is going a long journey and neglects to pay the paltry sum necessary to insure him against accidents is, to say the least, unwise. A few cents will insure the traveler for thousands against accidents, and no man with a family should neglect this little precaution, and I say this advisedly, and in the interest of no insurance company existing. It is simply a duty a man owes to his family.

I have now mentioned all the leading and important facts governing corporations and the traveling public, and a little care and attention to what I have here mentioned may save somebody a deal of trouble. E. O. H.

SOMETHING NEW AND VALUABLE.—During our peregrinations yesterday we stumbled over a new invention which is likely to work a revolution in a part of the economy of housekeeping. It was a new-fangled scrubbing brush, invented and patented by a man named Brooks, who has disposed of his patent right to an old citizen of New Orleans. Everybody knows that scrubbing after the old style was about the hardest labor that had to be done in a household, and husbands had a sort of terror come over them on the approach of the days upon which it was to be done. But this patent relieves all such terrors, for with one of these new scrubbing brushes the work is rendered as light as sweeping, while the scrubbing is done more effectually than could be hoped for from a nigger and a big rag, overlooked by a scolding woman and a peck of brick-dust. We advise every man who desires peace at home, and every lady who aspires to having the best scrubbed floors in town, to buy one of these new brushes at first opportunity; they only cost a dollar and a quarter.

FURNITURE.—Meyer, Ketwitz & Co., No. 43 Royal street, are offering their large and elegant assortment of furniture at greatly reduced figures. Parties desiring such are advised to call and examine.

"H. G." Among the Chickens.

HIS ADVENTURES AT THE POULTRY SHOW—HOW THE ROOSTERS RECEIVED HIM—ASTONISHMENT OF THE DUCKS—ADMIRATION OF THE TURKEYS—YELPING DOGS AND AN INFERNAL MULE.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Times.]

Greeley came late to the poultry show as usual. The attendance was small, and looked all the smaller from the vast space the show was held in. The venerable editor of the Tribune was not in a good temper, and he had a certain querulousness in his tone that he does not usually reveal in public, reserving his chief disagreeableness for the editorial room and his intimate friends.

His voice was pitched to a higher treble than common, and the various birds there, not being very intelligent, failed to recognize it as human. They evidently mistook it for the expression of an unknown animal, and greeted it accordingly. "My friends," began H. G., and here a rooster poured forth a cock-a-doodle-doo in clarion notes that fairly drowned the feeble organ of the journalist. "My friends," he repeated, "I am glad to meet you, (quack, quack, quack, went a whole corps of ducks, and kept it up for five minutes.) As I was saying, I am glad to meet you here tonight (gobble, gobble, gobble, sounded from a hundred turkeys, until the speaker turned red with vexation.) Farming is the noblest calling, every wise man will attest (a countless number of geese drowned his voice with a hideous noise,) as every one will attest who is within reach of my (quack, quack, gobble, gobble, cock-a-doodle-doo, all in a chorus)—within reach of my voice.

"The farmer (quack, quack, quack)—the farmer I say (gobble, gobble, gobble)—the farmer—(cock-a-doodle-doo). If I could make myself heard in this somewhat noisy place—" (here H. G. lifted his shrill treble so high that a huge Cochin-China cock, considering it a challenge from a rival rooster, flapped his wings, and gave such a loud and prolonged crow that the Spruce street philosopher was completely drowned in the volume of sound).

Greeley made no effort to finish the sentence. It was evident anger was getting the better of his judgment. He was silent for some moments before he went on: "nature dwells in the country; there is her sanctuary; there —" (peyunk, peyunk, peyunk yelled one of the many dogs the farmers had brought to town, and tied in the inclosure).

Once more the sentence was cut off and another begun, H. G. growing red about the ears, and saying, *sotto voce*, "D—n poultry, anyhow! Who that has a generous soul will not respond——" (bow-wow-wow, peyunk, peyunk, quack, gobble, gobble, quack, hiss, hiss, cock-a-doodle-do, peyunk, bow-wow-wow, chimed in geese, ducks, roosters, turkeys and dogs.)

The audience could not repress their merriment longer. Everybody burst into a roar of laughter save Greeley, who looked as mad as he ever can look. There was a long pause, and then the venerable journalist took heart again. "Great cities have many attractions, but they are artificial, and deceptions, my friends. Look into your heart; question it; and it will answer in a still small voice," (he-haw, he-haw, he-haw, bellowed a mule almost under the speaker's nose, and submerged the editor's slender organ as the roar of a battery stifles the piping of a thrush.)

The philosopher lost his philosophy. He spoke no more. The mule's protest against his continuance was too much for human nature. He left the rostrum saying in audible tones, "I always did hate mules. D———n mules; they'll do anything!"

The audience exploded the more. The geese hissed, the turkeys gobbled, the ducks quacked, the roosters crowed, the dogs barked, and the cows bellowed in such a grand menagerie chorus as has rarely been heard on the Island of Manhattan. Attempts were made to pacify Greeley, but he strode off in a towering rage, declaring, it is said, "D———n you, I hate all of you. You're as bad as that d———d mule!"

An Inedited Autograph Letter of Chateaubriand's.

To the Editors of the New York Evening Post:

I take pleasure in placing in your hands for publication the translation (herewith inclosed) of an inedited autograph letter of Chateaubriand's, that great and good Frenchman, friend of Washington and admirer of our republic. It explains itself, excepting as to its recipient, who was my uncle, the late Ralp Ingersoll Lockwood, of this city, attorney and counselor at law, author of "Reversed Cases," "Husband and Wife," etc., etc., and also of the historical romance "The Insurgents," (dedicated to Chateaubriand,) and the novel "Rosine Laval," dedicated to Fanny Kemble. Very truly yours,

INGERSOLL LOCKWOOD.

Washington Heights, N. Y., March 30, 1869.

[Translation.]

PARIS, February 15, 1836.

Sir—Your work, together with the letter which you did me the honor to write me, has been placed in my hands by M. de B. It would have afforded me great pleasure to thank you immediately, but unfortunately a work upon which I am engaged leaves me scarcely a moment of leisure time.

I am, sir, very grateful for your dedication, for everything that comes to me from the land of Washington I hold dear and sacred. I have seen that great man. His eyes have rested upon me. In the arduous moments of my life the remembrance of him has sustained me, and I have striven to act as if I had been in his presence. Faithful to liberty and to myself, I shall go to my last resting place without remorse and without shame.

I have not yet been able, sir, to read the "The Insurgents" carefully, but I have given it a hasty perusal with great interest, and shall resume it as soon as my engagements will allow. I was unwilling to neglect any longer to express to you my gratitude, and to beg you to receive the assurance of the distinguished consideration with which I am, your very humble and very obedient servant, CHATEAUBRIAND.

NOTES OF TRAVEL TO WHITE PINE.—The California papers are full of notes of travel to White Pine, the new silver discovery. Here is an extract: "At one station the party halted for a square meal. There was a tent, and in it a huge kettle of coffee and a camp oven. After waiting a few minutes, the landlord came to the door and snapped out 'Room for four.' Our informant went in with three other men, and they knelt around a flat box, which the hotelkeeper had turned down on the ground. On the top were four basins of strong coffee, and by each dirty tin was a dirty black biscuit and an egg. The coffee and eggs were good and the biscuits were good on the outside, that is the eater had to choose between two evils—dirt over the top crust, dough under it. Each loaf was like a cream cake, perfectly soft inside. The hungry men tore off the top crust, and, after blowing, scraping and rubbing it, to remove the alluvial deposits, put it down with a gusto and torrents of strong coffee. The inside masses of dough were left by each man's basin. When the men had finished their meal, and while they were yet kneeling, their host put his soot begrimed and greasy hand over the box and spoke again, 'Four dollars.' He was paid. Plump went the silver into his pouchy pocket, and pop went the four masses of dough back into the oven. As soon as a new crust was baked over them, eggs cooked and the basins were refilled with coffee, four more hungry men knelt down, ate off the crust, rejected the rest of the dough for another baking, and paid their dollar each for the meal. It was calculated that one more stage load of customers would finish the biscuits, and put the landlord to the trouble of kneading a new batch."

AUCTION SALES.

LOUIS STERN & BROS.' SALES.

AUCTION.

BY LOUIS STERN & BROS.,

M. STERN, Auctioneer.

MONDAY, April 19, at 10 o'clock A. M., at their sales rooms, Nos. 33 Magazine and 96 Gravier street, without any limit or reserve whatever, will be sold—

500 CASES BOOTS, SHOES and BROGANS, consisting of an assortment suitable for city and country trade.

These goods are fresh and desirable, and will be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

Country buyers consulting their own interest will attend.

TERMS—At Sale.

GABRIEL LEAUMONT'S SALES.

HARDWARE.....HARDWARE

BY GABRIEL LEAUMONT,

Salesroom—69 Chartres street.

MONDAY, 19th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., will be sold—

A large assortment of Hardware, Shovels, Spades, Coffee Mills, Coal Hods, Saucepans, Sieves, Shovels and Tongs, Scales, Hoes, etc.

TERMS—Cash.

MEN'S AND BOYS' HATS, CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS.

BY GABRIEL LEAUMONT.

Salesroom—69 Chartres street.

MONDAY, 19th instant, at 10 o'clock A. M., will be sold—

300 cases Men's and Boys' Hats, of all kind.

—ALSO—

An assortment of Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

TERMS—Cash.

MESLIER & THAYER'S SALES.

FURNITURE.....FURNITURE

AT AUCTION,

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