New Orleans Republican.

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ONLY WASTE PAPER.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

"Only waste paper!"—for the manly hand
That traced the lines on the faded page
Has long since moldered, on that foreign shore
Whereon 'twas cast by ocean's furious rage.

"Only waste paper!"—yet the father's heart
Poured forth its love upon the surface clear,
And, from the far-off shore of India, sent
Affection's message to his children here.

"Only waste paper!"—though the mother's tears
Have rained upon the once pure snowy sheet,
As thinking of the loved but absent one,
She wearied, counting Time's slow, laggard beat.

"Only waste paper!"—for dreary, dreary months—
As sped this letter o'er the ocean's foam,
Her prayed for, by the sailor's anxious wife,
The gladsome tidings: "On our passage home."

A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

[Translated for the Republican.]

Mery, in his *Merits Italiennes*, relates the incidents which follow as told by the Countess Lipona, the sister of Napoleon and the widow of Murat:

While Italy was under the military control of France a disturbance occurred in one of our regiments in garrison at Livornia. It was a very serious affair—much more grave than a mere meeting. The Emperor was greatly provoked when he heard this news, and determined to make a severe example of the offenders. To Murat was committed the punishment of this demoralized regiment. The orders were precise and terrible. He did not order a court martial, but the immediate execution of the offenders. Murat arrived at Livornia and ordered the regiment on parade. He announced to the soldiers that he had received orders from the Emperor to punish them, and that their punishment was inevitable. His earnest language, impetuous and threatening manner, and, above all, the awe of his very name, had already subdued the rebellious command; the soldiers fell upon their knees. They were humble and suppliant. Murat was moved. So kind of heart was he! But his orders were imperative. He restrained his emotions. He preserved the angry expression of countenance, and in a menacing tone exclaimed, "I shall have every tenth man shot!" You may well imagine, the consternation was very great. The regiment, imprisoned in their barracks, sent many deputations to Murat to demand pardon. Officers and men swore to seek death in the first battle, under the eye of the Emperor. Murat continued inflexible—at least, in appearance. At last he seemed touched with such deep contrition. But the offense was so great and the order so positive that he ordered that three soldiers, chosen from the principal offenders, should explate with their lives the crime of the regiment. The three victims were soon selected, placed in the guardhouse, and their execution announced for next day. The regiment remained under arrest. At midnight Murat ordered the officer of the guard, in whom he had perfect confidence, to bring the three soldiers before him.

"You will be shot to-morrow," said Murat.

The soldiers burst into tears.

"Prepare yourselves for death, and fall like brave men, to bury your crime in oblivion. I will transmit your last adieus and regrets to your parents. They have not deserved to have such children as you have proven yourselves to be. Have you thought of your mothers? (Their sobs oppressed their voices.) Those poor women would have been proud and famous if you had fallen before the Austrians. But here, and thus! Miserable men! go! I will send a priest to afford you the consolations of religion. Think of France and of God. From this moment you have no further concern with the world."

The condemned threw themselves at the feet of Murat, not to beg their lives, but his pardon before death. As they were going out Murat called them back.

"Listen," said he. "You may live. Will you be good men?"

"No," replied one of the men. "We have deserved death. Let us be shot. It is but right."

"And if I do not wish you to be shot," said Murat. "Why do you wish to die, when I wish that you should live? I have never ordered men to fire except upon the enemy. I do not wish to give such an order against you, who are my brothers—Frenchmen—though very culpable." And Murat, said the Countess, wept also like a woman. He, the bravest of men! Was he not a gentleman?

And we wept also around the Countess Lipona, who narrated this incident of her heroic husband:

After a pause she continued:

"Attend!" said Murat, with a voice softened by emotion. "You have been very guilty, but I am glad to recognize in you certain qualities of courage and character. You will aid me. I grant you your lives. But you must be as dead men to all the world, and especially to your regiment. To-morrow at dusk you will be led out of the gate of Pisa, upon the slope of the fortifications. You will receive the fire of a platoon at twenty paces, and you will fall dead. At this moment the last file of your regiment, which is relieved from garrison duty here, will pass upon the road. The obscurity will favor you. A man whose discretion will be purchased will place you upon a tumbril and you will be taken to the cemetery. There you will find sailors' clothes, and you will each receive 1000 francs. You will remain concealed four or five days in a sailors' boarding house which will be shown you. Within that time an American vessel will leave for New Orleans. You will live there in future and lead honest lives. Do you understand? You will go on board as soon as the wind shall serve. Be on your guard and obey orders strictly. Go. I will care for your families."

The prisoners shed abundant tears, and repeatedly assured him with many protestations that he would be satisfied with their conduct. All went off as Murat had planned. A signal example was given to the regiment. No blood was shed, and the Emperor, happily deceived, thanked Murat for having sacrificed only three lives in the enforcement of discipline.

The sequel of this story was told me some months after at Rome. It is like the romantic results of a drama, which would seem to be less of real life than the imagination of fiction. On the skirts of a forest near New Orleans a hunter called at the gate of a handsome farmhouse to ask shelter from a storm. This was in the autumn of 1860. The door was opened and the stranger invited to enter by an old lady, who received him in a very neat parlor, plainly furnished, but the walls of which were almost covered with lithographic engravings of Paris, representing the principal virtuosos of the French.

"It seems," said the stranger, "that my good fortune has brought me among my own countrymen."

"You are no doubt from France," said the old lady.

"Yes, madam, I am a true Frenchman, and I have even relations in this parlor. My son is in the garden. I will call him. He will be much pleased to see you."

"Your son is French also?"

"Yes, sir." This answer was given with with some hesitation. She added with more confidence:

"He has been in this country a long time, and, thank God, has no cause to regret it. This farm belongs to him. We are respected by our neighbors, and are happy."

At this moment the master of the house entered the room.

"This gentleman," said his mother, "has done us the honor to rest a moment with us in awaiting the end of the storm. He is one of us. He is a Frenchman."

The owner of the farm made a military salute and muttered some expressions of civility. The face of the stranger seemed to strike him forcibly. His emotion was such that he could scarcely reply to the questions asked him. At last he made a painful effort to address a remark.

"Sir," said he, "you may find my request, perhaps, impolite, but I am compelled to ask your name. Excuse me, sir, but your face ——"

"My friend," replied the hunter, "this is the only question to which I can not reply. It would be easy to deceive you by giving a false name. I prefer to be silent. A man who bears my name knows not how to lie. Since I have declined to tell my name I have no right to ask yours."

The farmer made no reply.

"It would seem that you, also, are under obligations to conceal your name," added the hunter.

"Yes, sir! The name by which I am known here is not my true name. That it would not profit you to know. I am known here by the name of Claude Gerard."

"Nevertheless," said his mother, "the gentleman must not think that my son has cause to be ashamed of the name he bore in France. There are reasons which"—

"That is my case," said the hunter. "I only give my name to those who are fit to know it. And from this moment such I esteem you to be. I am Achille Murat. I am the son of the King of Naples."

Claude Gerard and his mother prostrated themselves, as if thunderstruck by this great name.

The Prince, now a citizen of the United States, seeing them weep, could not comprehend this excessive and continued emotion. When Gerard had somewhat recovered, he pointed to the portrait of the King of Naples encircled by branches of fresh laurel and said:

"Behold your glorious father! He is the master and the saint of this farm. I owe all to him. Once, when I was about to die, he saved my life."

"On the field of honor!" asked Achille Murat.

"No; on the field of dishonor. Once I had forgotten myself; my head was on fire; I had deserved death; they led me to the gates of Livornia, with two of my comrades as culpable as myself; they fired on us; we fell as if dead; Murat had planned it all. With the money he gave me I came to America. My two comrades died two years since in New York. I yet enjoy the life which I owe to your father. I have toiled. I am in easy circumstances. My mother, who had received my death order, received some years after a letter from her son living, who sent for her to America. The poor woman, who had wept so much, almost died of joy in seeing me again. Now, if the son of my royal benefactor requires it, my life, my property, my arm—it is all his."

"I recognized the generous Joachim Murat," said Achille, with tears in his eyes.

"He has shown mercy to many others beside," said Gerard.

"They showed no mercy to him," replied a voice choked with emotion.

Coincidences.

An account was given some days ago of a singular coincidence between the battle in which General Zollicoffer was killed in the West, and a rumor which preceded the fight by three or four days, and gave the actual particulars as they afterward occurred, even to the death of Zollicoffer. It is very singular what strange forms these coincidences assume. Flamsteed, the astronomer-royal, the first director of Greenwich Observatory, and the most eminent English astronomer of his time, was once asked by an old woman who—according to the superstition of that day, considered him an astrologer and magician—the whereabouts of a certain bundle she had lost. Flamsteed gravely told her to look in a certain ditch, and then come back. Meanwhile he prepared himself to give her a severe lecture on her folly—when the old woman returned in great delight, with the bundle in her hand, found in the ditch. It is needless to say that it was thereafter impossible to shake her belief in Flamsteed.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

Fremont's French Trial.

Letters received in Washington, from Paris, represent that the trial of General Fremont, in the matter of the Memphis and El Paso railroad, is to begin June next. It is a criminal prosecution, and will proceed under the French law, whether he is present or not. Those indicted with him are Probst, his Paris agent, two citizens of Paris who assisted in placing the fraudulent bonds on the market, the two engineers, and a New Yorker named Opperman, who is charged with obtaining the forged certificate of the New York Stock Exchange that the bonds of the road were regularly quoted in Wall street. Some of the old members of the lobby at Washington are considerably excited over the public developments of the trial.

The Water Valley *Courier* states that some of its exchanges have fallen into a slight error in their flattering notices of Colonel E. D. Frost:

Colonel Frost has recently been promoted to the position of general manager of the Mississippi Central, Mississippi and Tennessee, and the New Orleans and Jackson railroads. By some means the papers have it that he has been elected vice president of the Southern Railroad Association. This is a mistake, as Colonel S. H. Elgar is the vice president of the association, with his office at New Orleans. We are proud of Colonel Frost, and of the high and responsible position he fills with so much ability on this line of road, but we do not propose to heap honors upon him which belong to others. As a railroad man, Colonel Frost has the ability to preside over a dozen railroads, while it might take several vice presidents to fill the place he occupies.

An experienced railroad man, holding a prominent position on one of the great Western roads, says that even steel rails have failed to stand the intensely severe weather which has characterized the present winter. On one section of the road in Chicago, which is laid with the finest steel rail, which, it was supposed, was strong enough to resist blows from a trip-hammer, several breakages have been caused by frost. He also asserts that the steel tires on locomotives have succumbed to the inclemency of the weather, and that in consequence several iron horses had to be taken to the repair shops. These circumstances, he claims, are unprecedented in the annals of railroading. It has been the worst winter for railroads ever remembered, the frost having been so intense, the atmospherical changes so sudden, and there having been so little snow.

[Written for the Sunday Republican.]

THE JACKSON MONUMENT.

On the eighth day of January, 1815, General Jackson, with his little army of American patriots, stood between New Orleans and a foreign invader, who had landed his hostile army on the land of freedom to conquer and subject to the yoke of monarchy its citizens. The historian has recorded the result of that invasion and crowned with honor the defenders of the homes and firesides of the people of the Crescent City. The people of the United States of America in general have shown their love and appreciation of the hero of the battle of New Orleans by making him, for two successive terms, their chief magistrate.

But the State and city in particular, that he saved from destruction and pillage by a foreign enemy, seems to have forgotten the debt they owe the great soldier and his memory. They have raised up something which they call the Jackson monument, but which is a standing disgrace to the great State of Louisiana, and the immortal name it bears, and the glorious memory it is intended to perpetuate. Out of respect for the memory of the immortal dead and the battle-field it is intended to adorn, we say build it to completion or tear it down.

Finish it or sell it for what it will bring, and give the proceeds to the few remaining heroes in our midst. It is better thus disposed of than to let it crumble to pieces, and for want of attention become a dead loss. It is a laughing stock and reproach to the community and the citizens it should look down upon in just pride, and to whose minds it should recall the patriotism and valor necessary to preserve our government from destruction.

Was the field of Chalmette, with its glorious memory, situated within the jurisdiction of any other State in the Union, we firmly believe that it would be made a resort worthy of the great struggle it calls to the memory of Americans, and a monument would be erected that would, besides doing honor to the memory of Jackson, reflect true pride and credit upon its citizens and the American people.

The Chalmette National Cemetery is situated within the limits of the battle field, and is visited by thousands of people annually, especially during the business season in New Orleans, and as the national government is endeavoring to make the cemetery a place pleasing to visit, and worthy of being the resting place of its dead, why not the great common wealth of Louisiana prepare a place, and complete a monument that will do due honor to the hero of New Orleans, and his soldiers, and at the same time reflect credit on its citizens? Of the thousands that visit the cemetery, there is not one but asks to be shown the Jackson monument. And how sadly disappointed they look when told that that dilapidated shaft is all that is to be seen to commemorate the name of Jackson and his defense of New Orleans. There it stands, a shame to the citizens of Louisiana who have to answer the queries of the stranger visitor, and tell him or her that that thing, like a great chimney among old ruins, that you see guarded by decaying trees and tumbling shanties, and surrounded by briers and rank smelling weeds, is the Jackson monument.

Cannot our legislators make some provision by which the monument can be finished!

Have we no patriotic and energetic citizens, intelligent and influential, who will organize themselves into a monument association, and endeavor to wipe out the disgrace? Almost beneath the shadow of the so-called Jackson monument, and within the limits of this historic and hallowed ground, is the Chalmette National Cemetery, before mentioned. The work of beautifying and ornamenting the cemetery goes on every day. It is an attractive place for visitors, especially for strangers visiting New Orleans, who want to see the monument, the National Cemetery, and the Chalmette battle ground.

And here we will say we think it would pay the City Railroad Company to run their cars to the cemetery. Also, we believe that the citizens of the State, especially of the city, want a place of outdoor public resort, a promenade, a drive, a park that they can be proud of; and where can they find a more fitting, a grander, a more historic and endearing place than the Chalmette field upon which was fought and won the battle of New Orleans? Here is a pleasant drive along the river front from the city, a pleasant and cheering river view from all parts of the Chalmette field. We can have a park of historic note, and with a river front and view second to none in the country.

We will have good and sufficient drainage, and consequently no cause for mud and draining machines. Finish the monument; build in the park a museum into which may be collected memorials of the battle of New Orleans, of the Mexican war and the war of 1861; erect in the park an agricultural college; and then with the National Cemetery we will have a place to be proud of, to talk about and visit, that will be surpassed by none in the Union. P. P. C.

[For the Sunday Republican.]

Keep the Ball Rolling.

We sincerely hope that the New Orleans REPUBLICAN will reap the full benefit of the grand reward it deserves for the stand it has taken in behalf of human freedom, and especially for the stimulus it has given to the cause of Cuba and the Cubans. With you we have wondered why our great statesmen have not grappled with this question long ago. With you we have often thought how could the friends of freedom and leaders of republicanism remain passive and act as if their work was done, when, comparatively speaking, slavery in its worst and most inhuman form existed at our very doors. It is somewhat incomprehensible to behold the emancipators, with seemingly unalloyed pleasure, throw down the pen and keep silent the tongue that amended our constitution, and proclaimed to the world that our government was a republic in fact as well as in name, while we could almost hear the clank of the chains of slavery, the groans of the oppressed, and the supplications of humanity calling for succor, beseeching help and praying for a recognition of their right to throw off the yoke of tyranny and slavery.

Surely this boon can no longer be withheld; the rights of belligerents can no longer be denied a people who have defended their rights and maintained a war of four years' duration. Moreover, by acknowledging their rights we defend our own, viz: the right to be free and equal before the law; the right to defend and maintain a government of our own choosing, a government reflecting the sentiments and principles of a majority of the people composing it to possess at no distant day that which is ours by right, by nature (geographically, commercially and politically), the island of Cuba, not by force or strategy, but by the willing voice of a free and independent people, the Cubans. Under the government of the United States of America the West India archipelago, especially Cuba and San Domingo, will become the El Dorado of the new world. We have for years refused to recognize a people who have been knocking at our door and asking us to extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and not prevent them from obtaining that which we enjoy and love so dearly, the boon of liberty. Have we acted with the spirit of charity toward those people, who, as it were, only ask us to look upon them as human. We seem to have no charity, and but little compassion, for a people battling for freedom and self-government.

If we had shown half the disposition to help, and given one-twentieth part of the assistance and succor to the Cubans in their endeavors to crush out slavery, tyranny and oppression, and establish for themselves a government of their choice, that Spain gave to aristocracy to wipe out the republic, and build upon its ruins a slave oligarchy, the Cubans to-day would be free, blood would have ceased to flow, war would have been ended in Cuba, the people would be engaged in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and commerce; they would be far advanced in social and political progress and prosperity.

We have refused to hear the voice of freedom, and gave ear to the dictates of a tyrannical and oppressive monarch, that when asked to respect the law of nations, almost spit in our face; and this is the same power claiming to be Christian and civilized, that refuses to treat the people whom its oppressive laws have taught to rebel, in accordance with the usages of war and the dictates of humanity. This is the same power that gave succor to our own rebels, and welcomed their ensign of slavery.

We have seen the ensign of disunion and slavery float side by side with our own star-spangled banner of the free, under the protection of Spanish guns. We have seen the banner of the free when it was ordered from the Bermudas by Englishmen offering protection to the flag of a most highly intelligent and truly respectable aristocracy seeking the life of our republic; and we have seen our flag of liberty covered by the guns of Morro Castle, because it dared follow the ensign of confederacy and slavery, flashing from the mast of a vessel the Spanish had loaded with munitions of war to destroy our country.

And this is the government or people that ask us to respect its decrees, and acknowledge that peace exists where war has been waged for four years by a people who want to establish a republic, where all men will be free and equal before the law. Here we are almost within sound of the battle-cry of freedom, and we refuse to respond to the echo. Where are the men of freedom, especially where are the colored men, that you do not organize an association for the abolition of slavery in Cuba, and assist your brethern in establishing a government that will, at least, respect their humanity! Let us have an organization, and a grand procession that will represent Cuba in slavery, Cuba battling for freedom, and Cuba free. Let us not cease till the Gordian knot is untied, and the Augean stable is cleaned out. Let us keep the ball rolling. P. P. C.

Needed Legislation.

The frequent and disastrous fires resulting from coal oil, demand at the hands of our law makers some definite action—such legislation as will at least prevent the sale of the dangerous classes of coal oil now glutting our market.

Much inquiry has been made of late in regard to the exact terms of the law lately passed in Ohio regulating the sale of mineral oils. We therefore give below the exact text of the law. Its terms are very strict, as will be seen, but we believe none too much so for the safety of the consumer and the general welfare of the trade.

An act to regulate the sale of mineral oils and other substances for illuminating purposes, and to repeal an act entitled "An act to provide for the inspection of mineral oils for illuminating purposes," passed April 16, 1867.

SECTION 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to offer for sale, for illuminating purposes, as agent or otherwise, any mineral or petroleum oil, or any oil, fluid or substance which is a product of petroleum, or into which petroleum or any product of petroleum enters or is found as a constituent element, until he or they have tested the same in the manner following, to wit: By taking not less than half a pint of the oil, fluid or the substance to be tested, and placing the same in a small vessel, in which there is no other substance of such dimensions that the surface of the oil, fluid or substance shall not exceed four square inches in area, and placing a Fahrenheit's thermometer in said oil, fluid or substance in said vessel in such a manner that the thermometer will indicate the temperature, fluid or substance being tested, which shall then be heated at a rate of not less than two degrees per minute, Fahrenheit, to a temperature at which said oil, fluid or substance shall emit a gas or vapor that will ignite by bringing the flame of a lighted match or other burning taper in contact with the article being tested with such frequency and in such manner as to ascertain the exact temperature by said thermometer at which said oil, fluid or substance will emit a gas vapor that will ignite at any temperature below 110° Fahrenheit, then it is hereby declared to be dangerous and it shall by unlawful to sell or offer the same for sale.

SEC. 2. That any person or persons who shall offer for sale, for illuminating purposes, any oil, fluid or substance mentioned in the first section of this act, until after he or they have tested or caused to be tested, as prescribed in this act, or who shall offer for sale, for illuminating purposes, any of said articles that will emit gas or vapor that will ignite at any temperature below 110°, Fahrenheit, under the test prescribed in this act, he or they shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be fined in any sum not less than $100, or imprisonment in the jail of the county not exceeding twenty days, or both, at the discretion of the court, and shall pay the costs of prosecution.

SEC. 3. That if any manufacturer, refiner or wholesale dealer in any oil, fluid or substance mentioned in the first section of this act, as agent or otherwise, shall sell for illuminating purposes any oil, fluid or substance mentioned in said section, that will emit a gas or vapor that will ignite at any temperature below 110°, Fahrenheit, under the test in this act prescribed, he or they shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be fined in any sum not exceeding one thousand dollars, or imprisonment in the jail of the county not exceeding twenty days, or both, at the discretion of the court trying the case, and shall pay the cost of the prosecution.

SEC. 4. That if any person or persons shall sell for illuminating purposes, and in a quantity less than a barrel at a single sale, any oil, fluid or substance that will emit a gas or vapor that will ignite at any temperature below 110° Fahrenheit, under the test prescribed by this act, he or they shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be fined in any sum not less than twenty-five or more than two hundred dollars, or imprisoned in the jail of the county not exceeding ten days, or both, at the discretion of the court, and shall pay the cost of prosecution.

SEC. 5. That if any person shall sustain damage to his property, or injury to his person, by reason of a violation of any of the provisions of this act by another person, the person guilty of such violation shall be liable to the person injured for all damages sustained thereby.

SEC. 6. That any and all contracts made in violation of the provisions of this act are hereaiter declared to be void, and the vendee may return the oil, fluid or substance purchased, at the expense of the vendor, therefore, including all charges for transportation and all other damages resulting directly from the said sale.

SEC. 7. That the council of any city or incorporated village may provide by ordinance for using any of said articles of a lower grade than 110° Fahrenheit, in the street lamps provided by said city or village for lighting streets or alleys, in which case it shall not be unlawful to offer for sale or sell any of said articles, to be used only in such street lamps, to officers duly authorized by said city or incorporated village to purchase for that purpose; provided that any person who shall use any of said articles purchased under and by virtue of such an ordinance, for illuminating purposes in any other instrument, lamp or lamps, than said street lamps, he or they shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, fined in any sum not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars, or imprisoned in the jail of the county not less than one nor more than ten days, at the discretion of the court, and shall pay the costs of the prosecution.

SEC. 8. That the above recited act, passed April 16, 1867 (S. & S., 402), be and the same is hereby repealed.

SEC. 9. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after the first day of August next.

England and the United States—Views of Caleb Cushing.

We copy this from Washington special, to the St. Louis *Republican*:

The text of the Queen's speech at the opening of the British Parliament, and the debate which followed in both houses upon the award of the Geneva tribunal and the decision of the Emperor of Germany, has attracted attention in official circles here. The attack made by the opposition under the lead of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, and the defense by Gladstone, the Marquis of Ripon and the new Lord Chancellor, Lord Selden, late Sir Roundell Palmer, seems to have been expected.

Your correspondent called upon the Hon. Caleb Cushing to-day for the purpose of ascertaining his opinion of the debate. In view of the fact that General Cushing was one of the counsel on the part of the United States before the Geneva tribunal, his judgment in this matter was important. General Cushing says it is clear, in view of this debate and the tenor of the Queen's speech, that the British government intends to execute to the letter the stipulations of the treaty of Washington; that the amount of the money award will be speedily paid, in spite of the opposition of Mr. Disraeli and the Earl of Derby, who will be unable to resist the overwhelming tendency which exists in Great Britain to establish and maintain hereafter the most cordial relations with the United States. The same spirit has been manifested in the readiness with which the great English bankers propose to take all the bonds Secretary Boutwell is prepared to place in the market.

England not only desires peace with the United States, but she desires to strengthen and extend her business relations with us. To this course she is impelled by many causes. Her capitalists are quite sick of the folly they committed in purchasing Confederate bonds and in driving those of the United States into the hands of the German bankers. They will not again be guilty of such madness in this generation. Her material interest led her in the same direction as evinced in the striking fact of the growing demand for American coal for many uses, which heretofore have been supplied wholly from the coal mines of England.

It is easy to see also that England is looking to the possibility of differences before long with Russia. This produces the same effect in England as did the approach of her last war with Russia, namely, an earnest determination to be on good terms with the United States. Indeed, in the two days' debate on the Queen's speech it is evident that the subject of Great Britain's relations with Russia occupied men's minds much more than any of the disagreeable features of the treaty of Washington, or of the defeat of England at Geneva and Berlin in the two arbitrations. The solicitude of England on the side of Russia, is by no means a military one. It is not at all likely that these two governments will go to war in the heart of Asia. What England is anxious to avoid is the moral effect of the approach of Russia toward the English possessions in India. Thus far Russia has succeeded in reconciling her numerous Mahammedan subjects to her sway by admitting them unreservedly to all the advantages of other subjects of the Czar. Most of the new conquests of Russia in Turkistan are occupied by Mohammedans. The more subjects Russia has in that direction the more the danger is that she may be looked to for relief by the millions of Mohammedans, subjects of the English in India, who are not and never will be reconciled to the sway of Great Britain. All accounts agree that the continued advance of the Russians in Turkistan is the subject of universal solicitude and curiosity in India, among all classes of inhabitants, especially among the Mohammedans. The suppressed agitation that prevails among them has been made apparent by the recent assassination of the chief justice and of the governor-general. Whatever may occur between England and Russia, there is no doubt but the former will take care to cultivate friendly relations with the United States.

With regard to the complaint of Earl Derby, that as a result of the Geneva arbitration England would hereafter be liable to damages in matters wherein she could make no claim against others, General Cushing says that nothing so many colleges will probably make the Geneva decision disadvantageous to England. She is made responsible for the conduct of the various governors of her colonies, and through their stupidity or recklessness she may be involved in trouble.

Right of Through Railway Travel in New Jersey.

We copy the following from the New York *Commercial*:

The opinion of Vice Chancellor Dodd in the Stanhope case, delivered at Trenton, will, no doubt, settle the vital question of a railroad through New Jersey. The attempt to override the provision of the charter of the Camden and Amboy road, now in the hands of the Pennsylvania Central, by joining together several roads, under different charters, to make a through line, is pronounced illegal by the vice chancellor. Such a line must have a new charter from the Legislature for a continuous line, and any other way of getting across the State without breaking bulk on a railroad is illegal. One company is reported to have offered the New Jersey Legislature a bonus of half a million of dollars, to be put into the school fund, for a through charter, and this decision of the vice chancellor will probably bring negotiations to a point. If the statement be correct that such an offer has been made, it would be in better shape, it seems to us, if payment to the school fund were to be a percentage on earnings rather than a gross sum as a bonus. But then as we do not live in New Jersey it is none of our business.

The Washington *Chronicle* of Tuesday, in reference to the then forthcoming report of the Senate committee for the investigation of Louisiana affairs, and the return and to count for State purposes, says:

But as it is not the province of the committee to decide this point, and as the State courts have already passed upon it, it may be questioned whether the committee will see proper to recommend a disturbance of the settlement that has been reached. As the laws of the State are being administered in accordance with the rulings of the courts, there can be no question as to the existence of a republican form of government, whatever may have been the irregularities in the election and the count.

New York belles have beautiful arms, which are very effective in full dress. To avoid the disfigurement of these charms, they have the vaccination done just above the place where they are popularly supposed to wear garters. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* None but blind married physicians of middle age employed.

[Communicated.]

"Lady Audley's Secret" and "Caleb Plummer."

Eloquence is the work of emotion. A piece written with the grace of a Bulwer, and delivered with the skill of a Booth, fails to chain attention, unless the electric chords vibrating so musically in the breast of the speaker telegraph to the surging multitude. No melody of utterance, no sweetness of tone, no inimitable command of the most delicate expression can insure the triumph of one mind over many minds. Acting, the concealing of all art, is not the fruit of incessant toil alone; there must be soul; the Promethean fire that kindles the flame and pours life into every line. Mrs. Bowers has studied all the wondrous range of the human voice, she has learned to express the same feeling and passion that would be pronounced in real life upon one who felt the same emotions; she puts a language into the very crooking of her finger. But even Mrs. Bowers fails to exhibit in *Lady Audley* the genius that glows in every tone of *Mary Stuart*. She does well, marvelously well, but we feel that she is acting, because the character that Miss Braddon has drawn is not true to nature. We feel that her efforts are grand, but we never forget the stage and the actress, because *Lady Audley* excites no sympathy, gives vent to none of the passions that smoulder in our breasts. Her pride, anger, madness, are all palpably artificial. In the *Alicia* of Miss Hawthorne we find none of those passions at work that are intended to give prominence to *Lady Audley*, but the sweet tempered, loving girl is represented with perfect faithfulness. We loose sight of the actress, we sympathize with her creation, because we have known as intensely the emotions she pictures. There is no strain as we accompany her, no fatigue, no weariness, for our minds are taken captive, and the thoughts that are in her spirit are transferred to ours.

Dickens' sweetest charm is that he holds the mirror up to nature; the passions that struggle in the breasts of his characters are all natural passions; their thoughts, hopes and sufferings are all essentially human. *Dot*, in solitude and down-hearted, before God had blessed her with her child, thinking of the weariness of her life should *John* be lost to her, and striving to realize the wealth of his love, in the chirping of the cricket on the hearth, seems to hear another little voice, whose sweetness melted her troubled dream; a chirp, chirp, chirp, that poured cheerfulness and trust and confidence into her little heart. Poor, sweet *Bertha*, loving *Tackleton* because her fancy had made him kind and good; and, truest, most touching picture of all, *Caleb Plummer*, working patiently in the cold, cold shed, fearing that his voice, that grows feebler day by day, may betray him; singing to his child to make her believe him still young and lively, deceiving her as to *Tackleton*, that she might not know her poor father's misery. *John, Tilly, Tackleton* and *May* all are pictures that will live for ever, monuments of Dickens' descriptive powers. There is an indescribable sadness in the subdued expression of Owens' face, a touching devotion in the weak old man's love for his daughter, and an indescribable pathos in his voice, which none but the great comedian can claim. In that wrinkled and careworn face there is a shifting expression of misery and love, illumined by flitting touches of mirth, and in the trembling hands that bend so uncomplainingly to their work there is a language which is the very soul of eloquence. Even now, that voice, and look and love come back to me, and the tears steal into my eyes. As *Bertha* Miss Gordon achieved a triumph that will long be associated with her name, while Miss Rignold gave much of the pure hearted *Dot*, dreaming in happiness while the cricket chirped merrily on the hearth. LUNARCAUST.

Letter from New Orleans—John in a Tropical Clime.

The New York *Sun* has a vivacious correspondent, which his name is John. This is his first letter from New Orleans:

NEW ORLEANS, January, 1873.—This is New Orleans, and it is a glorious place, too. It isn't so pious as it might be, but still it's a good place to live in. They have good hotels in New Orleans and they give nice boiled knives and forks, and nice boiled plates, too—boiled clean; and they give you broiled bananas. If you've never tasted a broiled banana you don't know what it is to luxuriate upon the fruits of a tropical clime. I had a tropical club yesterday. I climbed to the top of the St. Charles Hotel.

Sundays in New Orleans are not like Sundays in Boston.

New Orleans was named after the Duc d'Orleans, Regent of France. This Duc was a wild Duc, and he's dead duck now. New Orleans was abandoned as soon as founded in 1717, and it was not settled again until 1722. In 1764, with all Louisiana west of the Mississippi river, it was transferred to Spain, by treaty. The free citizens of New Orleans didn't consider that treaty much of a treat, but the city so flourished under the new government that they got over their anger, and in 1785 the population had increased to 5600, which was a big thing for those days. In 1801, Spain having fallen into the power of France, New Orleans was retroceded to that nation, and in 1803 it was sold to the United States. The population was then about 8000; in 1805 it was made a port of entry, and it was incorated in 1806; early in 1812 the first steamboat from the Ohio river made its appearance; it went by steam, and it went by a good many other things too.

On January 8, 1815, there was quite a disturbance in New Orleans. Some English people, with red clothes on their backs attempted to steal the whole town all at once. If they had succeeded it would have been a success; but there was a citizen named Jackson who objected, and he objected so strongly that the English people got injured, and some of 'em got so badly hurt that they never ear anything more after that day. A man named Packingham was one of 'em. This Packingham was in no way related to the powerful family of packing hams at Cincinnati, Ohio. This Jackson was the same Jackson who afterward became President of the United States, and was known as Old Hickory.

The Mississippi river opposite New Orleans is about half a mile wide and from 100 to 160 feet deep, and it continues of this depth until near the gulf, where there are a number of bars, having thirteen to sixteen feet of water. I never saw a bar in New York with so much water as that on it.

All kinds of languages are spoken in New Orleans, and there are thousands of banks here, all named after one man. I think the name is an abbreviation of Pharoah, but I wouldn't swear to it. They pronounce it here Faro, and the banks are called faro banks.

There is never snow enough here to whitewash the back of a red ant, yet sledges are not unknown to the people, for the play old sledge, and are fond of it, and although the weather never gets cold, still poker is more used here than North, and with this poker they use chips too. When a New Orleans man says I've got two pairs, or I'll straddle your blind, he doesn't mean he's got two pears, good to chew, or that he is going to swing on your window shutter. High low game isn't good to eat on toast; ante doesn't mean a New Orleans man's mother's sister; and they cut cards without scissors or knife—in fact, they are a queer people.

There is a place up the river called Bayou Sara, pronounced Buy you Sarah. There ain't so many buy you Sarahs here as there were before the war.

Creoles live in New Orleans. A creole is a person born in or near the tropics, of any color. The term creole-negro is used in some parts of the English West India islands to distinguish those negroes born there from the African, and that's why lots of people in the United States think that a creole is a negro. It isn't so; and some of the wealthiest and best blood of Louisiana are creoles.

THE COURTS.

Second District Court.

The succession of Joseph Raynor has been opened in this court.

Superior District Court.

In the case of Chaffraix & Agurvs. W. P. Harper, civil sheriff, and D. & J. D. Edwards, where plaintiffs sued for an injunction restraining defendants from interfering with them in the possession and sale of certain sugar and molasses, Judge Hawkins has ordered the writ to issue.

The facts are as follows:

Dr. Joseph B. Wilkinson, of the parish of Plaquemines, being indebted to the plaintiffs in the sum of $20,000 and upwards, for supplies furnished him for the cultivation of crops upon his plantation, known as Myrtle Grove, in said parish, shipped by the steamboat Bradish Johnson, consigned to plaintiffs to be sold by them, and the proceeds to be applied toward the extinguishment of said debt, twenty-five hogsheads of sugar and sixty four barrels of molasses. The sheriff, under a writ of fieri facias, issued at the suit of D. & J. D. Edwards against Wilkinson, from the Second Judicial District Court of the parish of Plaquemines, seized the said sugar and molasses. Hence the application for an injunction.

In the case of the Louisiana Levee Company vs. Antoine Dunnelet, State Treasurer, on motion of A. P. Field, Attorney General, appearing for the State Treasurer, it is ordered that the plaintiff show cause, on the eighteenth instant at 11 A. M., why the injunction issued should not be dissolved and set aside.

The injunction was issued forbidding the Treasurer to deposit taxes collected for the benefit of the Louisiana Levee Company to any other credit but those of