New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

## AUCTION SALES TO-MORROW.

BY CONSTABLE PHILIP McKENNA, at 12 o'clock, at the Courthouse in Algiers, furniture.

BY CONSTABLE J. W. JONES, at 12 o'clock, at No. 7 Frenchmen street, household furniture.

BY THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL, at 12 o'clock at the Customhouse, the steamboat Blanche, her tackle, etc.

BY SHERIFF HARPER, at 12 o'clock, at Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, a lot with buildings, on Camp, between Julia and St. Joseph streets; same on Johnson, between Gravier and Perdido streets; same on Dryades between Calliope and Clio streets; same on Burgundy, between St. Louis and Toulouse streets; same on Bagatelle, between Girod and Urquhart streets.

# Local Intelligence.

A GOOD BARGAIN AFLOAT.—The steamboat Governor Allen sold by the United States marshal and went for only $6900. The purchasers are all river men.

IT IS A GOOD NAME.—Some policemen object to the term peeler; but the objection is not well made, as the name was given the London uniformed police in compliment to Sir Robert Peel, whose power in Parliament brought about a radical change in the force. Although it was a London localism, it soon crossed the ocean to us and has been in use many years. The word has occasionally appeared in this journal, used in good faith. It may be that an impression exists that by peeler is meant an officer who peels the hide off of an abdurate prisoner.

VACCINATING POLICEMEN.—Recently, on reliable medical suggestion, the Board of Police Commissioners resolved to purchase vaccine matter for the purpose of having the men innoculated. Dr. Cooper advised that a certain amount of money be appropriated to purchase matter, but Dr. Ames thought the amount too large, and suggested that less than one-half the number of dollars be appropriated, feeling certain that a portion of the force would not need attention; and he was quite correct, for of all the men in the first precinct only three stepped out to have their arms cut.

THE CITY'S SOUPHOUSE.—Administrator Brewster has made considerable progress toward preparing the souphouse for our destitute. It is located in the building formerly occupied by the refuge boys, adjoining the Workhouse, and all will be ready by Thursday. One meal will be given daily, and a number of bunks will be arranged for occasional lodgers. All applicants who are physically able will be called on to perform a little work, such as is required about the building to keep it clean and in perfect order. This is the first, or about the first, institution of the kind ever operated in New Orleans, and, contrary to custom in other cities, will do the most good in summer.

"A VERY SLIPPERY DAY."—A large poster on the street corners yesterday, contained the above line in stunning type, and by chance appeared on a slippery day in reality. The fourteenth of March was one of the meanest and wettest days of this year, one which suggested suicide, robbery and general ill-nature.

GIVE CREDIT WHERE IT IS DUE.—The law promulgated in yesterday's REPUBLICAN, act No. 54, for the benefit of the Firemen's Charitable Association, has made considerable talk among the "boys." The law was quietly written by one or two active firemen, and as quietly handed to a member of the Legislature, became a law with but trifling opposition, and was promulgated before more than a moiety of the department knew of its existence. The business was transacted in a proper manner, and without the least ostentation, although its originators never ceased to watch the bill in its different stages. As it will doubtless be interesting to firemen to know who the gentlemen are, we give three names: Messrs. E. A. Burke and Maurice Hart, of Mississippi No. 2, and Mr. M. Lardner, of Perseverance No. 13. Extreme modesty compels us to omit further mention.

ROWING.—A race will take place this morning on the Bayou St. John between the gig crews of the St. John and Pelican Clubs, to start at ten o'clock, the race to be rowed to the lake for a breakfast. Both crews have been in practice during the week, and a lively time is anticipated.

The Fourth District Campaign Club will hold a special meeting at the Tenth Ward Central Club room on First street, near Liberty, Tuesday March 17, at 7:30 P. M.

EIGHTH WARD.—Attention is called to the published notice of a meeting of the Eighth Ward Club to be held to-morrow evening for the purpose of electing officers.

MRS. MAGGIE VAN COTT.—This distinguished lady evangelist arrived in this city night before last on the Mobile train, and is stopping at the Edwards House. She comes, as before announced, to hold a series of meetings in Ames Methodist Episcopal Church, on St. Charles street. She elsewhere gives her appointments for to-day.

FROM THE SIXTH DISTRICT FIREMEN.—Mr. C. G. Marks, a committee of one from Home Hook and Ladder Company, Sixth District, sends us a hearthy invitation to participate in the pleasures of their annual parade and inspection on the thirty-first instant. Each company is actively preparing for the event, and it seems that the department intends to make a fine showing.

MUTUAL BASE BALL CLUB BALL.—Next Saturday evening this club will give its seventh annual ball at Jacobs' Hall, corner of Frenchmen and Rampart streets, as an invitation ticket informs us.

A LITTLE OF THE NEEDFUL.—A five dollar bill just now looks as large as one side of the Customhouse, and by a small expenditure a venturous person may strike the Louisiana Lottery. The next drawing will have three capital prizes, nine approximations to each, and there will be 270 prizes in 10,000 chances. One good way to secure a bushel of money is to form clubs and choose the proper numbers.

BRIEF MENTION.—Spring potatoes are plentiful, but not too large for small months.

Vessels in port—Steamships 12, ships 40, brigs 39, barks 7, schooners 9.

In our report of the condition of the United States Circuit courtroom for Friday night, it was stated that the deputy marshals left, which was not altogether correct. Several remained on duty all night, eyes and ears wide open.

Officer Martin saved Charles Burrell, a cabin boy on the steamboat Commonwealth, from drowning, at the head of Julia street. The lad had fallen into the river accidentally.

The next sensation or public display will be on Tuesday next, when the Hibernians will celebrate.

Yesterday morning when the general fire alarm was rung for the ship Ailsa, several of the down town steamers and trucks rolled up Camp street and created a sensation among wagons, carts and cars, for they traveled at lightning speed, as if Satan was close behind and gaining. All sorts of vehicles sought refuge in the gutters and cross streets.

THE BRITISH SHIP AILSA AND CARGO BURNED.—The British ship Ailsa, Dick, master, lying at the head of Washington avenue, was found to be on fire late Friday night. She has about 3000 bales of cotton on board, for Liverpool, where she is owned by Messrs. Pollock & Gilmora, who have an insurance in English offices. The firemen were quickly at work, but they found it difficult to send water to the place most needed.

Before the firemen retired it was supposed that the flames were extinguished, but they were mistaken.

Yesterday morning a general alarm was sounded, as it was found necessary become the fire started out again. The vessel is now nearly full of water and is on her keel, well down by the head, but in fact so badly damaged that she can not be repaired in a few weeks. All the cotton is badly damaged. How the fire originated is a mystery, and will probably remain so. She can be raised, although she is of about 1300 tons, and now lies in thirty feet of water. The great loss is in the cotton, and will probably amount to something like $200,000. She was consigned to Messrs. J. A. Bryson & Co.

A BRUTAL CAR DRIVER—*Who is to Blame?*—As the green car of the Dryades and Rampart street line was passing up St. Charles street, about a quarter past four o'clock yesterday afternoon, a boy—evidently a newsboy—mounted the rear step of the car. The driver, watching his chance, tied his reins and sprang over the railing of his platform, endeavoring to catch the boy. The latter ran to the east side of the street where he slipped on the wet banquet and fell, his head striking heavily on a stone doorstep. The driver caught him and, in spite of the boy's pitiful cry for mercy, kicked him severely several times.

As the driver regained his car and the boy raised his head and the blood was discovered flowing from his wounds onto the stones, great indignation was excited among the passengers in the car, and the driver came near being very roughly handled. No policeman was in sight for several blocks, or the driver would have been placed in custody. The injured boy crawled to the first precinct stationhouse, where his wounds were dressed and he was sent home.

This little incident gives rise to reflections. It is clear that the habit of boys clinging to the rear of street cars is a very bad one, and the driver is liable to dismissal from his employment if he permits it. The car drivers of the city, as a class, are a worthy body of men, who are required to do hard work, in a civil way, for miserably small wages, from very early in the morning to very late at night, under most exacting regulations.

No organization of men in our city demonstrates the adage that "corporations have no souls" more completely than do the directors of our street railroads. They are usually as indifferent to the welfare of their employes as they are to the comfort of the traveling public. It was under the stringent regulations which the companies impose, that this driver felt it to be his duty to prevent boys from riding on the rear of his car, and that led him, under the exasperation of the moment, to commit the outrage he did on the poor newsboy. It is susceptible of proof that most brutal orders have been given to car drivers in connection with this matter, and it would be to the interest of humanity if some of the wealthy street car companies were compelled to pay dearly for the authorized brutality of some of their employes.

TWELFTH WARD CLUB.—The following named persons were elected officers of the Twelfth Ward Radical Republican Mother Club on the night of the thirteenth instant for the ensuing year, viz: President, E. T. Stamps; first vice president, J. E. Neelis; second vice president, L. Vanderpool; third vice president, A. Perry; fourth vice president, B. Campbell; recording secretary, E. B. Falls; corresponding secretary, John Marks; treasurer, Joseph Mitchell; grand marshal, Rafe Collins; sergeant-at-arms, John Augus.

## AMUSEMENTS.

### Varieties Theatre.

The performance given last night by the Variety Dramatic Club for the benefit of the St. Mary's Orphan Boys' Asylum, was well attended, although the weather was most unpropitious. The programme embraced the pleasing comedy "Charles II.," and the amusing farce "Who Speaks First." Both pieces were well rendered, the comedy specially so. Mr. Onorato made a most clever representative of *Captain Copp*, Mr. A. H. Brown enacted the merry monarch in fine style and the other characters were all well sustained. A special word of praise must be accorded to Miss Etta Graves. This young lady is possessed of considerable natural ability; she has a fine presence, and is easy and graceful in whatever personation she assumes. We predict for her a successful theatrical career. Owing to a severe cold and consequent hoarseness, contracted yesterday morning, Mr. M. H. Redon was unable to appear in his Dutch specialties, as announced.

The young gentlemen of the Variety Club have our sympathy for the ill fortune in the matter of weather that appears to attend their efforts. Last night is the third time that their entertainments have been marred by rainy weather. Still they have good audiences, and those who brave the storm and attend find themselves amply repaid by the meritorious acting of the young amateurs. We append a cast of the two plays performed last night:

CHARLES II., OR THE MERRY MONARCH.

King Charles II. ..... A. H. Brown
Earl Rochester ..... J. H. Hisgen
Captain Copp ..... B. Onorato
Edward ..... Miss Etta Graves
Lady Clara ..... Miss G. Sparhawk
Mary Copp ..... Mrs. G. C. Pearce

WHO SPEAKS FIRST?

Mr. Millitant ..... P. R. Angelovich
Captain Charles ..... J. M. Conway
Old Potter ..... B. W. Belden
Mrs. Millitant ..... Mrs. G. C. Pearce
Smart ..... Miss Etta Graves

### St. Charles Theatre.

Mr. Robert McWade closed his engagement at this theatre last night, playing *Rip Van Winkle*, the only character in which he has appeared here.

To-night Mr. C. W. Couldock, a sterling actor of whom we have seen too little of late years, will commence a short engagement, appearing as *Luke Fielding*, in Boucicault's powerful drama, the "Willow Copse." Ever since the first production of this play in America, which occured more than twenty years ago in Philadelphia, Mr. Couldock having been the original *Luke*, his name has always been spoken whenever reference has been made to the "Willow Copse." His acting of *Luke* is one of the most natural, touching and strongly marked characterizations known to the stage. He has repeated it many hundred times when starring in different cities of the Union, and it is still a popular play. It has been nearly four years since Mr. Couldock last played in New Orleans, and acquaintance with his acting, and the characters in which he is best known, will be renewed with pleasure.

### Opera House.

To-night Mme. Blainville, the leading lady of the comedy company, takes her benefit. The performance will open with the production of the fourth act of "Les Huguenots," in which Messrs. Gueymard, Lourde, Feitlinger and Mme. Fursch-Madier will appear. The beneficiary will appear in the play "La Tour de Nesle." On to-morrow evening Gounod's grand opera "Faust" will be sung. "Hamlet" is underlined as being in preparation.

### Meteorological and River Report.

The signal service, United States army, reports, for the benefit of commerce, the meteorological record, and rise or fall of the rivers, at 3:43 P. M., local time, yesterday, as follows:

| Place. | Ther. | Wind. | Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Augusta | 57 | W. | Cloudy. |
| Cairo | 49 | S. E. | Cloudy. |
| Cincinnati | 41 | N. E. | Cloudy. |
| Davenport | 39 | S. E. | Cloudy. |
| Dubuque | 40 | E. | Cloudy. |
| Galveston | 66 | E. | Threatening. |
| Indianola | 68 | S. E. | Cloudy. |
| Keokuk | 39 | S. E. | Threatening. |
| Key West | 77 | E. | Clear. |
| Lacrosse | 2 | S. | Cloudy. |
| Leavenworth | 41 | S. E. | Light rain. |
| Louisville | 43 | N. E. | Cloudy. |
| Memphis | 54 | N. E. | Cloudy. |
| Nashville | 51 | ..... | Fair. |
| New Orleans | 56 | S. E. | Light rain. |
| New York | 37 | N. W. | Clear. |
| Omaha | 39 | S. | Light rain. |
| Pittsburg | 32 | N. W. | Cloudy. |
| Savannah | 55 | E. | Cloudy. |
| Shreveport | 52 | N. | Light rain. |
| St. Louis | 44 | S. E. | Cloudy. |
| St. Paul | 24 | S. E. | Light rain. |
| Vicksburg | 57 | S. E. | Cloudy. |
| Yankton | 32 | S. E. | Cloudy. |
| Baltimore | 41 | N. W. | Clear. |
| Mobile | 54 | S. E. | Cloudy. |
| Montgomery | 57 | E. | Cloudy. |

THE RIVERS.

| Stations. | Rise, inches. | Fall, inches. | Above low water mark. Ft. | In. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cairo | .. | 11 | 41 | 11 |
| Cincinnati | .. | 33 | 25 | 5 |
| Davenport | .. | 1 | 12 | 0 |
| Dubuque | .. | 5 | 5 | 10 |
| Helena | 1 | .. | 41 | 5 |
| Keokuk | .. | 5 | 9 | 0 |
| Leavenworth | .. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Louisville | .. | 11 | 10 | 3 |
| Memphis | .. | .. | 34 | 2 |
| Nashville | .. | 33 | 13 | 8 |
| Pittsburg | .. | 10 | 6 | 1 |
| Shreveport | 3 | .. | 33 | 1 |
| St. Louis | .. | 3 | 16 | 10 |
| Vicksburg | 1 | .. | 43 | 1 |

The river here is two feet nine inches below high water mark of 1871.

### Brief Dramatic Review—McWade's Rip Van Winkle.

Time was when Hazlitt and Schlegel wrote delightful essays on the drama, and silver-lipped Leigh Hunt gave the public much that was entertaining about the actors and actresses of his day. And later still, we were treated to fine, carefully considered criticisms by such men as Hollingsworth and Oxenford, who held that no one should aspire to wield a critical pen unless he was thoroughly acquainted with dramatic literature, and had acquired that experience of the proprieties of the stage and the necessities of personation of character which are essential to a writer on dramatic art.

In this country, unhappily, dramatic criticism is too often confided to inexperience, and so it has degenerated into mere notices, similar to those given to goods, wares and merchandise. This is all bad enough; but when some of our so-called critics make haste to demonstrate how utterely ignorant they are of the most ordinary matters connected with the stage, one is tempted to make a bonfire of the "morning's wet newspaper."

For example, a few days since a city contemporary said, when speaking of Mr. McWade's *Rip Van Winkle*, that Sothern and Owens had elevated such "unimportant characters as *Lord Dundreary* and *Solon Shingle* to the highest grade." And so the idiotic drama, of which Sothern is the representative, and downright low comedy stand side by side with the splendid creations of Shakespeare, Massinger, Knowles, Lord Lytton and the rest.

Now, suppose we enlighten some of the writers we have in our "mind's eye" touching "Rip Van Winkle," of which much in the shape of Gratiano's logic has been given the public. They seem to think that no other version of Wasington Irving's remarkable legend was ever known before the day that Boucicault helped Mr. Jefferson to fame and fortune. Hackett was the first *Rip Van Winkle*, and Burke, Mulholland and Glenn followed the renowned comedian. Jefferson was the fifth performer, and adopted the old two act version of his predecessors, but failed to impress the public. In London Boucicault rearranged the two act play, and then it was that Jefferson let *Bob Acres* take care of himself and bounded into popularity as *Rip Van Winkle*.

Mr. McWade's adaptation is an improvement on the "Rip Van Winkle" of Boucicault, for the simple reason that it adheres more closely to the legend. Irving deals chiefly in description, and hence the adapter is compelled to furnish the dialogue necessary to the situation and peculiarities of the characters. Save *Vedder*, there is no incidental character named, and only a few sayings, of which his toast is an example, are put into the mouth of *Rip Van Winkle*. The dramatist is, therefore, compelled to create characters, language and scene. He can only follow Irving so far as to give the auditor a proper idea of that most improbable of all things, a drunken, pipe-smoking Dutchman sleeping for twenty years in the Kaatskills, and returning to his native village to find everything changed, and to be told by his daughter that her mother died in consequence of bursting a blood vessel while cursing a Yankee peddlar. In Mr. McWade's adaptation the original two act drama is partially rearranged so as to retain a few essential lines, but the plot from its incipiency to its culmination is the idea of the personator, drawn from the legend, and following the landmarks of Irving with great fidelity. It is more wholesome as a domestic drama than either Hackett's or Boucicault's version. For instance, McWade does not allow *Rip Van Winkle's* wife to live and marry the man who was the cause of his ruin, moral and domestic; *Rip* is not allowed to return to drink, the curse of his earlier life; he is not permitted to lie to children. On the contrary, *Rip* shows a desire to become a good man and a worthy citizen of the new republic.

No inconsiderable comment has been expended on the introduction of a dog as the companion of *Van Winkle*. The skeleton of his canine companion, as introduced by McWade, serves one useful purpose at least, to keep up an illusion as to time, just as the presumed growth of a twig to the dimensions of a tree indicates to the audience the duration of *Rip's* sleep in the Kaatskills. And then again, what painter would ever think of transferring to canvas Irving's ideal hero without those necessary accompaniments, the dog and the gun? And if the bones and body of *Rip* himself were held together for twenty years, and even the stock of his gun is found to be not wholly decayed, what objection can be urged against the skeleton of the dog remaining intact? The fact is, in all adaptations from legends of an improbable character, great latitude is allowable both in language, situation and scene.

He, therefore, who can produce the most interesting and wholesome version deserves success. This McWade has done, and while every one of taste concedes to Mr. Jefferson all that belongs to his splendid abilities, let us, also, concede to Mr. McWade the credit of improving vastly on the versions of Hackett and Boucicault, and giving us a *Rip Van Winkle* more consonant with our moral tastes and our desire that the celebrated legend of our great American Goldsmith shall be just as closely adhered to as is possible for dramatic effect.

*En passant* of the toast. Boucicault has it: "May you all live long and prosper." McWade substitutes "happy" for "prosper," as more in keeping with the utterance of a simple and uneducated man. We suspect that Irving himself would see the propriety of this substitution.

All said that can be said, McWade is rising with great rapidity in his specialty of *Rip Van Winkle*. Jefferson has culminated, and is declining on the dramatic horizon, for the reason that fortune is his, and the spur of necessity no longer urges him forward. Rankin has left *Rip Van Winkle* asleep and betaken himself to the stock, and McWade, young, vigorous and ambitious, acquires every year additional popularity in the personation of the legendary hero. In the Northern cities he is steadily rising, and is a fit example of what a man can do whose tenacity is unconquerable and whose talents are unquestionable. He goes hence to Memphis and St. Louis.

### The Temperature.

The thermometer at Louis Frigerio's, No. 50 Chartres street, on March 14, stood as follows: At 8 A. M., 50°; at 2 P. M., 57°; at 6 P. M., 59°. Lowest point during the night of March 13, 50°. Rain during the day of March 14, six-tenths of an inch.

The following atrocious paragraph appears in an exchange: "Dorothy Williams, of Wyoming, started to walk three miles to church the other Sunday, and they found her torn into about fifty pieces, the result of meeting a bear whose moral character was at a low state."

### LITTLE FEET.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days.
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways!

These rose-white feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smoth and fair—
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there;

But when the mother's watchful eyes were shrouded
Away from the light of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, that tender stranger,
Fair faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For my darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

### How Squire Skaggs got Skinned by the "Pharaoh Men."

[From the Savannah News.]

"You see," said the Squire, pitching his voice to an exegetical altitude, "it wuz sorter this way. Last Cluesday wuz a week ago, I sailed down from Gwinnett to Atlanty with seven bags of cotton. Arter I sold' em I kinder loafed roun' lookin' at things in general an' feelin' just as happy as you please, when who should I run agin but Kurnel Blasengame. Me an' the Kurnel used to be boys together, an' we wuz as thick as five kittens in a rag basket. We drunk outen the same goard, an' we got the lint snatched outen us by the same bandy-legged school teacher. I was gitten as lonesome as a raincrow, afore I struck up with the Kurnel, an' I was glad to see him—durned glad. We knocked 'roun' town right smartually, an' the Kurnel interjuced me to a whole raft of fellers—mighty nice boys they wuz, too. Arter supper the Kurnel says:

"'Skaggs,' says he, 'less go to my room whar we kin talk over the ole times sorter comfortable an' undisturbed like.'

"'Greeable,' says I, an' we walked a squar or so an' turned into a alley an' walked up a narrer par of stars. The Kurnel gin a little rap at a green door, an' a slick lookin' merlatter popped out an' axed us in. He wuz the durndest perlitest nigger you ever seen. He jest got up an' spun aroun' like a tom cat with her tail afire. The room was as fine as a fiddle an' full of picturs an' sofys, an' the cheers wuz as saft as lamb's wool, an' I thought to meself that the Kurnel wuz a lugsuriant cuss. Thar wuz a lot of mighty nice fellers scattered roun' a laffin an' a talkin' quite soshable like. Aperient, the Kurnel wuzen't much sot back, for he sorter laffed to himself an' then he says:

"'Boys,' says he, 'I hev fetched up a fren'. Jedge Hightower, this is Squire Skaggs, of Gwinnett. Majer Briggs, Squire Skaggs,' an' so on, all 'roun. Then the Kurnel turns to me an' says:

"'Reely, I wuzen't expectin' company, Skaggs, but the members of the Young Men's Christun Sosashun make my room their headquarters.'

I ups an' says I wuz mighty glad to meet the boys. I used to be a premativ' Baptis myself atore I got to cussin the Yankees, an' I hev always had a sorter hankerin' arter pious folks. They all laffed an' shuck han's over agin, an' we sot thar smokin' an' a chawin' jest as muchuel as you please. I disremember how it come up, but presently Majer Briggs gits up an' says:

"'Kurnel, what about that new parlor game you got out the other day?'

"'Oh,' says the Kurnel, lookin' sorter sheepish, 'that was a humbug. I can't make no head or tail outen it.'

"'I'll bet I kin manage it,' says Jedge Hightower, quite animated like.

"'I'll show you how, jedge, with pleasure,' says the kurnel, an' then he went to a tab'e, unlocked a box an' tuck out a deck of keerds an' a whole lot of little whatyoumaycallems, similarly to horn buttons, some white and some red."

Squire Skaggs paused and supplied his tireless jaws with a fresh quid of tobacco.

"It ain't no use to tell you any more. When them fellers got done larnin' me that game I didn't have money enough to take me down stairs. I lay I looked a leetle wild, for when the Jedge closed the box he said:

"'We hev had a pleasant evenin', Squire. You'll find the Kurnel waiting for you on the steps, an' he'll give you your money back.'

"I ain't never laid eyes on the Kurnel sence, an' when I do thars going to be a case for the kurriner—you mind my words. I seed Rute Lester next day—you know Rufe; he's in the Legislature now, but I used to give him pop-corn when he wuzen't so high—I seed Rule an' he sed I wuz tuck in by the Pharoah men. Tuck in ain't no name for it. Derned if I didn't go to the bottom an' git skinned alive."

### The Truth About Macduff and Macbeth.

Macduff was a historical character, and the claims of the earls of Fife and Wemyss to be descended from him are toierably well authenticated; but the witches' prophecy to Banquo: "Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none," was not verified by events. "Early authorities show no such persons as Banquo and his son Fleance, nor have we reason to think that the latter ever fled farther from Macbeth than across the flat scene, according to the stage directions. Neither were Banquo or his son ancestors of the house of Stuart." Instead of being a usurper, Macbeth was a legitimate claimant of the throne; instead of being the victim of a midnight and treacherous murder, Duncan was slain in fair fight at a place called Bothgowan, near Elgin, in 1039; instead of being a tyrant, Macbeth was a firm, just and equitable ruler; instead of being killed at Dunsinane he fell, two years after his defeat there, at Lumphanan. "The genius of Shakespeare having found the tale of Macbeth in 'The Scottish Chronicles' of Holinshead adorned it with a lustre similar to that with which a level beam of the sun often invests some fragment of glass, which, though shining at a distance with the lustre of a diamond, is, by near investigation, discovered to be of no worth or estimation."

### Oldest Timber in the World.

Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man is that which is found in the ancient temples of Egypt. It is found in connection with stone work which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This wood, the only wood used in the construction of the temple, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another in its upper surface. When two blocks were laid in place, then it appears that an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block, into which an hour-glass shaped tie was driven. It is therefore very difficult to force any stone from its position. The ties appear to have been the tamarisk or shittim wood of which the ark was constructed, a sacred tree in ancient Egypt, and now very rarely found in the valley of the Nile. Those dovetailed ties are just as sound now as on the day of their insertion. Although fuel is extremely scarce in that country, these bits of wood are not large enough to make it an object with the Arabs to heave off layer after layer of heavy stone for so small a prize. Had they been of bronze, half of the old temples would have been destroyed years ago, so precious would they have been for various purposes.

### The Death of Senator Sumner.

From the telegraphic columns of the Memphis *Appeal*, we are enabled to furnish our readers with the particulars of Senator Sumner's death, which our own press agent at Washington has neglected to furnish:

WASHINGTON, March 10.—Senator Sumner to-night had two serious attacks of angina pectoris, which have seriously alarmed his friends. It is a recurrence of his former disease and is thought to have been brought on by his recent effort in the Senate Chamber. The Senator is now sleeping quietly. Several friends are at his bedside.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—Mr. Sumner passed a quiet night, under subcutaneous injection of morphine. This morning at nine o'clock he was sleeping under its effects, without material change. Surgeon General Barnes and Doctors Johnson and Lincoln were at that hour in consultation at the residence of the Senator. Yesterday in the Senate he had a slight attack affecting the nerves of the heart, but when he returned home he was sufficiently well to entertain two friends at dinner, at the close of which he made allusion to the condition of his heart, and between nine and ten o'clock he was taken so sick as to require attendance of a physician, and an hour or more thereafter he had a second attack of his old disease, *angina pectoris*. Several of his nearest personal friends were sent for, and remained with him during the night. Senator Sumner does not seem to suffer any pain, being under the influence of strong opiates, but his extremities are quite cold, and his physicians do not think their natural warmth can be restored. An immense number of anxious visitors, including a great many colored people, have called at the residence. The condition of the Senator was such about noon that his physicians sent a dispatch to George F. Hoar that he was dead, which was afterward contradicted.

The chaplain of the Senate in his opening prayer, said: "The light of the morning sun falls upon the busy scenes of men; but there are mysterious shadows in many dwellings. We miss those of our members who are withdrawn from their seats, and are lying prostrate with sickness and disease, and especially one who, but yesterday, came into this chamber with all the presence of his manly form; but now, when we meet again this morning, he lies close to the brink of darkness. O God, we beseech Thee to be very near to the soul of Thy servant at this time. If it were possible, we would pray Thee to restore him; but if Thou hast otherwise appointed, then we beseech Thee to support him with the hope of Thy people, and with the glorious prospect of a comming resurrection, and a blessed immortality."

Immediately after the reading of the journal, Senator Sherman said: "One of our number lies ill, and perhaps dying, I, therefore, move that the Senate adjourn. Agreed to, and the Senate adjourned.

At forty-five minutes past twelve Mr. Sumner was fast failing. In addition to the physicians, Senator Schurz and Representatives George F. and E. R. Hoar are with him. The parlors and halls of his mansion are filled with anxious friends. Senator Schurz in leaving Mr. Sumner's room at half-past twelve, took Mr. Sumner by the hand and asked, "Do you know me?" Mr. Sumner replied, "Yes, but I can not see you." At once Mr. Sumner fell into an easy slumber, which encouraged some of his friends to believe he was somewhat better, but a consultation of physicians held about that hour did not establish any reason for such impression. Dr. Brown Sequard has been telegraphed for and is on his way to this city. At two o'clock Senator Sumner was still sleeping, though at intervals he would awaken, at which time he was in great pain. He is perfectly conscious when awake and knows all his friends, occasionally rallying to the effort of saying a few words to them.

WASHINGTON, March 11, 3 P. M.—Senator Sumner died at a quarter to three o'clock. He passed away calmly and without a struggle.

During the last two hours of Mr. Sumner's illness, his intellect seemed to be much clearer, and he was perfectly conscious to the last. This condition was, doubtless, the result of his recovery from the effects of the morphine which had been freely administered to him this morning. His sufferings toward the last seemed to be intense, and he several times exclaimed: "I want quiet; I am tired." He recognized friends who came into the room. One of the last to whom he spoke was ex-Attorney General Hoar, of Massachusetts, to whom he said: "Take care of my civil rights bill."

About a quarter before three o'clock he was attacked by a sligot spasm, in which he died. Around the bed at the time were ex-Attorney General Hoar, Dr. W. P. Johnson, of this city, Major Benjamin Perley Poore, George T. Downing and James Wormley. Other friends, who had been with the dying Senator throughout the day, had left just previous, not anticipating that death would be so soon. Senator Schurz and Hon. Montgomery Blair entered the room just as he breathed his last, and Sumner was then too near dissolution to recognize them. The only relative that Senator Sumner has is a sister, wife of a physician in San Francisco, and to her the sad news was telegraphed immediately after his death. During the day his house was visited by a great number of the members of both houses of Congress and other prominent persons, among whom was Fred. Douglas. The sidewalk in front of Mr. Sumner's residence was filled with anxious and saddened friends. At the time of his death, and when the sorrowful announcement was made, the grief of many, and especially of the colored people, found vent in heartfelt exclamations of grief and weeping. Sergeant-at-Arms French, of the Senate, was sent for immediately, and that official, in connection with the committee, will have charge of the funeral arragements, though of course no time has yet been fixed upon therefor.

The funeral ceremonies will take place in the Senate Chamber. Sumner's age, at the time of his death, was sixty-three years, two months and five days. Senator Sumner had been solicitous for his health for several days past, the earnest part he was taking in the questions before the Senate having given him reason to pay especial regard to it, and he remarked last night to a friend, some hours before he was attacked with the serious spasm which, in a few hours, culminated in his death, that he wanted to talk to him about his health. He was afraid he was working too hard.

Senator Sumner, at about two o'clock yesterday afternoon, moved from his seat in the Senate Chamber to one beside Senator Sargent, and inquired of Senator Sargent, who, like himself, had taken a prominent part in opposition to the centennial bill, whether he had received any anonymous insulting letters on the subject, adding that he (Sumner) had received a number of such letters and packages of a most offensive character, both through the mails and by express. He seemed considerably annoyed by these insults, and Senator Sargent therefore turned the conversation to the resolution of the Massachusetts Legislature rescinding the censure of Mr. Sumner, and he expressed himself greatly pleased with this action. An hour or more afterward Mr. Sumner called Senator Ferry, of Connecticut, aside to a sofa in the Senate Chamber, and talked with him, as he had frequently done before, in regard to their respective states and ill health, both resulting from affection of the spinal chord.

He told Mr. Ferry that he had suffered so much from his heart the night previous that he had sent for his physician to obtain some relief by an injection of morphine under the skin. He asked Mr. Ferry's opinion of such hyperdermic injections, and from time to time complained of severe pain while they were talking. Finally, a little before four o'clock, Mr. Sumner took his hat and overcoat and went home, his last words in the Senate Chamber having been uttered in this conversation with Mr. Ferry. The apparent vigor manifested by Mr. Sumner in his speeches on the centennial bill excited considerable surprise in view of his long continued feeble health last year, and many of his friends expressed their apprehension that he was overdoing his strength in these efforts. It is regarded as a remarkable and fortunate coincidence, that the resolution of the Massachusetts Legislature, rescinding its vote of censure upon Mr. Sumner, should have been presented and read in the Senate before he left it, and on the last day of his presence in the chamber as a member of that body.

In the House the debate was interrupted at three o'clock by the committee rising, when the Speaker had just received a telegram announcing that Mr. Sumner had died at ten minutes before three o'clock. Mr. Dawes moved, in view of that sad intelligence, that the House adjourn, and the House thereupon adjourned.

Dr. Brown Sequard, of New York, Mr. Sumner's consulting physician, arrived here this morning. He expressed an opinion to-night that death resulted from the rupture of a blood vessel at the heart. After Mr. Sumner had paroxysms his body remained cold, clammy and his pulse very feeble, breathing slowly, but with some rattling in the chest. Soon after death the body of the late Senator showed signs of discoloration, and it became evident that decomposition had set in.

The work of embalming the body was commenced to-night, and upon the success of that process depends somewhat the fixing the time for the funeral. Should the embalming be successful the body will be detained here until the arrival of the committee to be appointed by the Massachusetts Legislature.

About the last words of Mr. Sumner were expressed to Judge E. R. Hoar, and were: "Tell Emerson I love him and revere him." This sentence was uttered about ten minutes before his death, and just after it escaped his lips a paroxysm seized him in which he appeared to suffer severely, and he passed away a few minutes after. His strength seemed to increase from ten o'clock this morning to the time of his death.

Weston Powers, son of Hiram Powers, will take a cast of the face of Mr. Sumner to-morrow morning. There is scarcely a member of the Senate who did not call at the house, either before or after the death of the Senator.

### The Freedmen's Savings Bank.

The House Committee on Banking and Currency began an inquiry into the condition of the Freedmen's Savings Bank and its numerous branches, in obedience to a resolution adopted, on motion of Mr. Bromberg, of Alabama, some weeks ago. The members of the committee say that the proceedings thus far are preliminary, and they wish it understood that the fact that the investigation is taking place ought not to alarm the depositors in these institutions. The resolution instructed the committee to report whether any legislation is necessary to secure additional protection to the depositors. The Freedmen's Bank was established in March, 1865, under the name of the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company, and under a charter obtained from Congress. The avowed purpose of its incorporators was to encourage the freedmen to save their earnings and cultivate habits of thrift by affording them an opportunity of making a safe investment in a bank having the sanction of the national government. Branches were soon established in all the principal cities of the South, and also one in the city of New York. These branches are not authorized by the act of incorporation, and not operating under State charter, are exempted from the safeguards thrown around other savings banks by State law. They are, in fact, subject to no control or supervision except that of the parent bank in Washington. There was no provision of law for an examination of the affairs of the parent bank until 1873, when a general act was passed authorizing the Controller of the Currency to overhaul all the banks in Washington chartered by Congress. The branches of the bank are situated at the following places:

Washington, Wilmington, North Carolina, Vicksburg, Mississippi; Tallahassee, Florida; St. Louis, Shreveport, Louisiana; Savannah, Georgia; Richmond, Raleigh, North Carolina; Philadelphia, Norfolk, Virginia; New York, New Orleans, Newbern, North Carolina, Nashville, Tennessee; Natchez, Mississippi; Montgomery, Alabama; Mobile Alabama; Memphis, Tennessee; Macon, Georgia; Lynchburg, Virginia; Louisville, Kentucky; Little Rock, Arkansas; Lexington, Kentucky; Jacksonville, Florida; Columbia, Tennessee; Huntsville, Alabama; Columbus, Mississippi; Charleston, South Carolina; Beautort, South Carolina; Baltimore, Augusta, Georgia; Atlanta, Georgia; Alexandria, Virginia.

The total deposits are a little over $4,000,000, of which $718,000 is in the parent bank at Washington, $412,000 in the New York branch, and the remainder in the Southern branches, in sums ranging from $17,000 to $300,000. It is alleged that serious defaults have occurred in two or three of these branches. Members of the committee express the opinion that the branches should be brought under the operation of State laws in order to prevent the investment of the money of their depositors in hazardous securities.—*New York Tribune.*

A thin layer of sharp silver sand not only looks nice spread over the earth in pots of plants, but is also a specific against worms in the soil.

## POLITICAL NOTICES.

**Hall Eighth Ward (Regular) Central** Radical Republ