New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

is published every day (Mondays excepted) at No. 94 Camp street. Terms: $12 a year; $6 for six months; $3 for three months—payable invariably in advance. Single copies five cents.

Office—No. 94 Camp street.

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'TIS THIRTY YEARS SINCE.

The old Phœnix to-night is thronged with customers. Some stand up to the bar demanding the standard drinks of the season. The ten-pin alleys are crowded with athletic youths ambitious of a ten strike and a spare ball. Agile little darkies dodge the thundering ball, the ten-pins crack, the balls rebound and roll back in sullen thunder along the gutters which return them. In the restaurant the white-aproned waiters spread the repast before the jolly guests who have assembled at the tables, or offer the luscious bivalves on the half shell.

At the lower end is a small compartment, about as large as the caboose of a schooner. It contains the grand cuisinier. Apparently, he was introduced into the caboose when he was a small boy, his portly dimensions being such that like the reel in the bottle, one wonders how he was ever got in through any aperture apparent at present. There he stands, for a moment of leisure, taking off his clean cotton cap and wiping his fervid brow. His portly person and ruddy face are framed into the opening which fronts the restaurant. What a tableau! What a sign of good cheer! He surveys the scene with complacency. He smiles benignantly upon the guests, and nods a benediction as they tilt back their heads to swallow the palatable morsels he has prepared. We pass from these busy and rather noisy groups to the table at which a few old stagers and one or two moderns are seated. The modest inspirative are lager and pipes. At the moment a sententious order is given by our host of the Phœnix, it is borrowed from the adjacent game of ten pins. The order "set 'em up again," is translated by the attendant who comes back with a cluster of worn earthenware beer mugs, in the palm of his hand and hanging ingeniously upon his fingers.

The pull and the pipe make one time two motions. One of the moderns remarks:

"How is it we do not see many of the down town people around here?"

"They prefer their own clubs and cafes."

"There is much better feeling between the Americans and Creoles than there used to be," remarked our host of the Phœnix.

"Did they formerly quarrel?" inquired the modern.

"They were always very spirited and courageous, but sometimes fought on provocations which the Americans would not have resented in a manner so deadly. I remember when Chevalier Tomasi made his appearance; he was a savan, an academician, and beyond him there was no appeal on any question of science. He had theories to explain everything in cosmogony. I have no doubt if he had encountered Humboldt the old philosopher must have been demolished. That is if the Chevalier Tomasi had reported the combat. It was at that day the prestige of the French had never been broken. The altars of the First Consul had their worshipers. The halo of his victories had been expanded over Africa, and encircled Sebastopol. In science the French were as dictatorial as in military affairs, and upon all topics relating to the lyric drama, the dance or the duello, a Parisian authority was impregnable.

The Creole element was in itself very impatient of dissent, and resorted to small arms on all occasions of differences even among themselves. One paper was especially suggestive of such disputes. The writers were Americans, who expressed their opinions without much circumlocution, and so provoked the fiery native greatly. There was one article upon a performance at the opera. This critique occasioned three duels, and upon reading it carefully I was at a loss to find material to have justified one, even conceding that rational people should peril life at all on a question of singing or dancing. But Thomasi had published a communication on the hydraulics of the Mississippi. He would either stop the river, or make it deeper, or restrict it within boundaries specified by science. I do not now remember. The style of the article was dogmatic. It was dictatorial. The Academy of Science in Paris was as omnipotent in physics as the Sorbonne had been in ethics. Americans were an ignorant tribe expelled from Europe for stupidity or other crimes. To cite a Creole authority only provoked a grimace or a sarcasm. It is proper to say that there was a vehement feud between the Creoles and French. Men grow tired of the society of their superiors, and to have Paris eternally thrown in their teeth, with a word now and then about the *filles de cassette* and an assumption of general superiority, would disturb the equanimity of the most phlegmatic, much less of the most mercurial people.

So Tomasi was descanting to a Creole upon the perfection of the system, whatever it was, when a Creole associate ventured to remark that the Mississippi was a very headstrong stream, and that possibly the basis of calculation assumed for the smaller rivers of Europe would not be found applicable to so mighty a stream. At this Tomasi merely employed a gesture of contempt, and added with a sneer, "How little you Americans know of the world. Know that there are rivers in Europe so large that the Mississippi is a mere rill, figuratively speaking." To this the enraged Creole replied: "Sir, I will never allow the Mississippi to be insulted or disparaged in my presence by an arrogant pretender to knowledge." This he accompanied with the flirt of a glove in the face of the Chevalier. A challenge was the consequence, so when we were speaking of the prolific crop of duels which had sprung from this one dramatic article, some one remarked, "By the way, our friend, the Professor Tomasi, has been wounded, as it is supposed, mortally." We expressed due concern, but no surprise. A day or two afterwards, however, the Chevalier entered our sanctum, wearing what the surgeons call a T bandage about his face and jaw. He wore quite a ghostly aspect. We manifested due gratification at the favorable termination of the affair. "Oh," said he, "*c'est rien; une egratignure seulement*," and he stripped away the bandage, to show that the sword of his antagonist had duly vindicated the the dignity of the Mississippi by passing entirely across the mouth of the defamer from one cheek to the other. "But," said the Chevalier, as he replaced his bandage, "I should have killed my antagonist but for the miserable character of your American steel. My sword, sir, doubled like lead. Had it been a genuine *colichemarde* he would have fared properly for having brutally outraged the sensibilities of a French gentleman." He here opened a lecture on the carbonization of iron, which he affirmed, I think, could nowhere be effected properly except with wood cut in a certain forest of France. This lecture was delivered with pain and contortion of visage, but no doubt gave him great relief, as all his premises and deductions were accepted without dispute.

Tomasi, however, came nearer causing my destruction than he had done that of the Creole who skewered his jaws for him. It was at the beginning of the late war. The Federals had fortified Ship island. One of our old citizens was obliged to see a person within the enemy's lines, and obtained from General Bragg, the Confederate commander, permission and a flag of truce to visit the island. At his suggestion and solicitation several of his friends, of whom I was one, accompanied him. How, or in what category or capacity Tomasi had joined the party, I never knew. He had been for some days denouncing the ignorance of our engineers and the want of enterprise of our officers. He had demonstrated by infallible rules how that island could be sunk or all its fortifications blown up. They were too obtuse at headquarters to appreciate this strategy. The truce boat was approaching the federal fort with the flag conspicuously displayed, when we saw the defenses covered with men, and noted officers bringing their glasses to bear on us. As soon as we were within hail an officer cried out: "You are under the guns of this fort, and a capture. Anchor instantly, or we will fire into you." We stopped the boat instantly and made protest of the violation of the usages of civilized warfare in threatening to fire upon a truce. A boat put off from the fort, and for a few moments we were in a precarious condition. When the officer came within speech he called out: "It is a violation of the right of war. You have come out to find the plan and condition of this fort." We indignantly denied the charge. The citizen endeavored to explain his business and the visit of his friends. This was with difficulty made intelligible amid the escape of steam and the confusion of getting ready to cut and run with the first broadside.

"You have come as spies," repeated the federal officer. "Look at that engineer on your upper deck." We turned, and to our inexpressible indignation saw for the first time the super scientific Tomasi. Under shelter of the little pilot house he had rigged his apparatus for sketching. He had his thedolite and his quadrant and his instruments for laying down the bearings of the fort, and was prepared for a reconnoissance of the country surroundings, fortifications, bastions, barbettes, glaces, curtains and fosse, nothing could have escaped the scientific research of the Chevalier. Lieutenant Renshaw shouted to him, "Get down from there you d—d Frenchman, or I'll have you thrown overboard." "Seize him," he called to the mate and pilot, "and throw his d—d drawings and traps overboard. This was literally done to convince the federal officers that we had intended to take no advantage of the opportunity. The indignation and disgust of the Chevalier at a set of men who would not have their boat sunk for the chance of obtaining such valuable information, was manifested by a resistance of the most serious character. But we were drifting under the guns of the fort, and besides had no idea of being outlawed from all the amenities of civilized war by such a misconception of our conduct. The apparatus of the professor, with every scrap of paper, went overboard, and the federal officers, when informed of this surreptitious patriotism of the Chevalier, laughed at the idea of the consequences which might have followed it.

I think the Chevalier returned to France soon after this misadventure, and I have never heard of him since. It is possible he was blown up by the Germans.

A Pet Lobster.

A journalist met with a strange pet the other day when paying a visit. While he was talking he noticed something moving on the carpet, which was neither dog nor cat. On looking again he saw that it was a fine lobster, dark gray, spotted with red, and thought that it must have escaped from the kitchen. The lady of the house smiled and said, "I must tell you the history of my pet. Some months ago I bought a lobster, and as it was not wanted for dinner my cook left it in the water in the kitchen. I was going to a ball that night, and being ready I sat in an easy chair and fell fast asleep. Suddenly I sprang up from the pain of a sharp bite in my foot, and I saw the lobster biting it. I started up and ran to the kitchen. No one was there, and a cloth in front of the fire had caught fire. It was soon extinguished, but I have kept the lobster ever since out of gratitude." It has its basin of cold water, and seems to recognize its mistress, and is so fond of music that it is always drawn towards the piano whenever she plays.—*Paris Correspondent.*

Homicide Near Royville.

We learn that last Saturday night, as Dr. Pickett, of Royville, was returning to his home, he was fired upon by his father-in-law, Mr. McLaughlin, from an ambush behind a fence. The doctor returned the fire and killed McLaughlin on the spot. Shortly after the shooting Doctor Pickett was set upon by his stepson, and severely cut in the throat with a butcher's knife. Many rumors being in circulation regarding the occurrence, and no positive statements, we give the above for what it is worth, and refrain from comments.

P. S.—As we go to press we learn that Dr. Pickett died last Monday from the wound he received from the young McLaughlin.—*New Iberia Sugar Bowl, March 8.*

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know, sweetheart, that under the snow
  A million roses lie?
That over the clouds which hang below
  The stars are in the sky?

That a rainbow shone ere the day was gone
  Over the darkest place?
That the fair new moon goes rounding on
  To the fullness of her face?

That our garden brook, so small and slow,
  Is widening toward the river?
That under the ice its faithful flow
  Makes music sweet as ever?

That the naked trees are all a-throb
  With the sweet blood in their veins?
That blindly reaching they yearn and sob
  For the blessed April rains?

That the precious seeds of life are pressed
  Under the frozen sod,
Till the great earth warms through her fruitful
  breath
  With the spirit of her God?

A Good Democratic Precedent.

An intelligent correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* recalls a little chapter of almost forgotten Democratic history. Its scene is strictly local, and the narrative is commended to those whose political predilections lead them to denounce Lieutenant General Sheridan's recent action:

GENERAL JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS SIXTY YEARS AGO.

To the Editor of the Commercial:

I have observed the indignation of the Democrats at the conduct of General Sheridan at New Orleans, and their celebration of General Jackson's victory in that city has caused me to inquire into the proceedings of Jackson while he was in command on that occasion. And as the facts may not all be remembered, I will endeavor to furnish them.

It will be remembered that General Jackson was in command of the defenses of New Orleans for some time prior to the eighth of January, and that he was engaged in strengthening his position, under apprehension not only from the enemy, but that the disloyal and disaffected portion of the citizens would cause an outbreak within the lines. The General had found it necessary to declare martial law, notwithstanding the Legislature was then in session in the city.

Then, as now, this conduct was declared to be a high-handed outrage upon the liberties of the citizens.

The Speaker of the Legislature said openly that the General's arrival was a calamity, and he proceeded to characterize the General as a desperado and a savage, who would bring destruction on the city and the vicinity. The General himself would give no satisfaction to a committee of the Legislature that called to learn his intentions. To a friend he had said that if he were forced to retreat he would fall back upon the city, fire it, and fight the enemy amid the surrounding flames.

This was not a pleasing prospect, to say the least, even to those whose loyalty was undoubted; but those who were friendly to the enemy, or were dissatisfied with "military usurpation," were exasperated to the last degree.

The Legislature found it inconvenient to assemble for deliberation, and the members gathered together at private houses to express their indignation. Among other things it was rumored that the Legislature had determined to surrender the city to the enemy rather than allow the General to carry out his design of destroying it if he should be defeated.

It was evident that the Legislature and the General would not agree. The Legislature meant to preserve the property, whether the city was taken or not; the General meant to defeat the enemy, if he had to destroy the city and all it contained. Here was a conflict between the Legislature and the commanding officer—the military power confronted the civil law. One must give way.

"What is to be done, General, if the Legislature attempts to treat with the enemy?" The answer was, "Watch them narrowly; if they attempt to interfere with my plans, blow them up." This was the order issued by General Jackson to Governor Claiborne.

I especially invite the attention of our indignant Democratic friends to this conduct of General Jackson, ordering that the sovereign Legislature of a sovereign State should be blown up if they attempted to interfere with his plans. When Jackson issued this order he supposed the Legislature was in session. The fact was that Governor Claiborne took possession of the house under Jackson's order, and kept the members out of it. Of course they were indignant then, as much so as some of our friends are now. They assembled in an august procession—proceeded to the hall, and with awful solemnity demanded admittance in the name and by the authority of the State of Louisiana. To this awful summons, the soldier on duty there simply showed them Jackson's order to blow them up if they interfered with the military. The indignation of the assembled lawmakers is said to have been majestic, and the epithets in which they clothed their denunciations of the commanding General have furnished the staple of much oratorical embellishment from that day to this.

But their troubles did not end here.

There were certain members of that body who determined that this high-handed outrage upon the dignity of a sovereign State should be rebuked in such terms as would awake an echo in all sympathizing breasts. One of these members, a Mr. Louaillier, wrote an article, which appeared in one of the newspapers in the French language, protesting against the conduct of Jackson, and pointing out the fact that he was disregarding the rights of citizens and Frenchmen under the treaty with France. This letter was mild in expressing a protest against the alleged unlawful conduct of Jackson, claiming that the time had come for the laws to have their sway. This article appeared long after the victory, so that there was no danger from the enemy. Jackson, upon reading the article, ordered the editor to appear at his headquarters, and demanded the name of the author of the offensive article. The name of Mr. Louaillier was given. Mr. Louaillier was, at that time, a member of the Legislature. Jackson sent not an order to him, but a file of soldiers, to bring him to camp. Before being taken, he managed to have a writ of habeas corpus sued out, returnable to Judge Hall, of the District Court of the United States.

Upon reaching headquarters Louaillier was placed in close confinement without trial for having written the article referred to. He consoled himself, however, that the habeas corpus would soon come to set him at liberty. The writ did come, with all the high antiquity which hallows its history and endears it to every American citizen, whether of African descent or otherwise.

In it and by its very influence the drawn sword is presumed to seek its scabbard, and the great guns of soldiers are supposed to cease their firing, and all nature bows its head in devout silence. In the most positive tones this writ called upon General Jackson to produce the body of the aforesaid Louaillier before the said honorable court forthwith. The General took the writ and read it carefully through till he found the signature of Judge Hall, then dropping it into a basket, he called a file of soldiers and directed them to proceed to Judge Hall's court and bring him to his headquarters forthwith. This was done, and in a short time the judge was confined with Louaillier in the common barracks of the camp. That stopped the habeas corpus business, but it was bad for the judge and the legislator. Still they stayed with the troops. Finally when the official news of peace was received by Jackson he concluded to set the judge at liberty, but having a lurking fear of the habeas corpus business, he banished him outside the lines of his command and shipped him up the river.

However, the judge came back and opened court, and then there was a summons for Jackson to come into court. The General went, but he took care, or his friends did, to have the courtroom filled with Lafitte's banditti, who had served under him as volunteers. The indignation of Judge Hall was such that he at once adjourned court. Finally, when order was restored, Jackson was called to the bar of the court and fined $1000 for contempt. The fine was paid, and I am of the impression that some of our Democratic friends took no little interest in getting it remitted.

I have heard many things concerning General Jackson from Democratic sources, and I do not remember of ever having heard that he was denounced by them in public meetings, or by Democratic Governors in official messages. I am of the impression that his conduct at New Orleans has been a source of inspiration to the Democrats for many years. If I had time I would institute a comparison between his conduct and Sheridan's, but as this article is too long already, I must leave it for your readers to draw for themselves.

Yours truly, C. W. M.

A Danbury Spelling Match.

An impromptu spelling school was inaugurated in Merrill's grocery Saturday evening. A young man who, last winter, aided Mr. Couch in the management of the North Centre School, conducted the class. The first word he gave out was "Indian."

The first man said, "I-n, in, d-i-n, din—Indin."

The teacher shook his head. "Well, I clare, I thot I had it," said the speller, with keen disappointment; but he picked up when the second man started, and eyed him with considerable anxiety.

The next man, with desperate earnestness, said, "I-n, in, d-e, de, inde, u-n, un—Indeun."

Then he sighed, and gazed anxiously at the teacher, while an old party at the end of the bench, who was watching the efforts with derisive amusement, turned the quid in his mouth and said:

"You ain't within a rod on't; but go on; let's some more try."

The teacher told the second speller that he also had failed, whereupon he sighed again.

Then the third man took hold. He squared himself upon his seat, and holding up one finger, ticked off the letters with becoming solemnity, as follows: "I-n, in, d-d-d-a, da, inda, i-n, in—Indain."

The old party on the end of the bench, who had been teetering on the precipice of a laugh while this effort was being put forth, snickered right out in a loud guffaw at its conclusion.

"Well, that's a spell for you, I mus' say." And then he laughed again. The speller said nothing, but he grew very red in the face when his failure was announced, and cast a baleful glance at the old party, whose turn had come, and who said:

"And now I'll tackle that little word," and he smiled all over his face, while his eyes twinkled with merriment, and looking sideways from one to the other, he rapidly spelled:

"I-n in, g-i-n gin, Ingin."

His smile deepened into a broad grin as watched the chagrin flush to the countenances of the other spellers, who had been misled all the time on a wrong pronunciation of the word. He was grinning with all his might when the teacher said:

"You ain't got the right word."

"Wh-ah-et!" and he bore down on the brazen-faced youth a look calculated to freeze him to the bone.

"Indian is the word. There is no such word as Ingin," said the teacher.

"O, there isn't, hey? (sarcastically). You know, of course. You know all about it. You pimply—"

"But, my dear sir, I—"

"You needn't apologize to me," shouted the old party, stamping the floor with his cane. "Who be you, any way, putting on your airs about me? I could twist your scrawny neck off of you in two minutes, you white livered puppy, you!"

"But, my dear sir, let me ex—"

"It tisn't ingin, is it," ground out the old chap between his teeth. "It's somethin' else, I suppose. Oh yes! you know, of course. And a nice one you are with your eddication. Why don't your mother send back them apples she borrowed a month ago?" and he looked around the store with a triumphant glare of sarcasm.

"But just hear me—"

"Hear you! Who are you any way? What's your father? When's he drawed a sober breath, I should like to know? An' where's your smart brother, Ben? In pris'n somewhere, I'll be bound. Oh, I know yer hull family like a book. And a wuss lot than they can't be found in this neighborhood, and you just put that in yo'r pipe and smoke it, you egregrious ass. Talk to me about spellin'!" and the old man, stamping his cane again, stalked passionately out of the store.

The lesson was then postponed.—*Danbury News.*

Taxation of Church Property.

The subject of the taxation of church property, whose agitation commenced in the secular press, has extended to the religious press, and many journals of the latter class are arraying themselves against the unjust exemption which now prevails. A recent article in the *Independent* is noticeable for the clear and enlightened views it expresses. It commences by giving the position occupied by the various States on the subject, and, from the synopsis it makes, it appears that thirty-one States leave the question of taxation in respect to church property to the discretion of their Legislatures; one State (Minnesota) imposes upon its Legislature the duty of exemption of such property: two States (Arkansas and Kansas) expressly forbid taxation; and three States (Alabama, Mississippi and Missouri) constitutionally forbid any exemption in favor of churches. These States, therefore, are quite in advance of their sisters in this regard, and may justly be held as leading the van in a great democratic reform. The *Independent* proceeds to make the following brief argument against exemption:

"We do not regard the agitation of this subject as by any means intended to serve the interests of infidelity or implying any hostility to religion, to churches or to ministers. The discussion is a perfectly healthy and normal one, in view of the political principles that lie at the very foundation of American institutions. The people have had the idea in general that in this country, at least, there was a thorough and radical separation between Church and State; and it the system of exemption of church property establishes the reverse and virtually contradicts the theory as is clearly the fact, then the question is a proper one for discussion, as is the evil a very proper one for a timely remedy. We believe the system inequitable and unjust, and hence, on principle, advocate and mean to advocate its entire removal. The true remedy is that which places all property on precisely the same footing, and taxes it in proportion to its amount, without any discriminations founded upon its uses. This imposes the burden where the ownership lies and makes it proportionate to the amount owned. It does not rob one kind of property to extend a gratuity or favor to another. All property alike shares in the protection of government, and hence all should alike contribute to its necessary expenses, so far as it is possible to secure this result. That is the best system of taxation which most nearly approximates to this result."

The secular press should be under obligations to the *Independent* for so clearly defining, in the opening sentences of the above extract, the position occupied by the opponents of exemption. It truly states that they by no means intend to serve the interests of infidelity, or are hostile to the cause of religion. They rather desire to serve it by observing the proper limitations of both Church and State—by advancing pure religion, in releasing it from an unholy alliance—by causing it to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Woman Suffrage.

The constitutional commission of the State of Maine has decided by a vote of 6 to 2 not to propose an amendment to the constitution of that State giving women the same right as men to vote. That even two voted for it shows that the world moves, though it may seem to move very slowly. Woman's suffrage wants nothing but time to work itself into public favor; and there is time enough in the future for patience and discussion to achieve the result. It has to day ten times as many advocates as it had twenty years ago; and twenty years hence the number will be as largely increased. It is a growing movement every year, and what is now voted down in Maine and recently in Michigan will in due season be voted up by a change in public sentiment. The period is not distant when at least one State will try the experiment which has been so successfully tried in the Territory of Wyoming; and if the result be good, as we have no doubt will be the fact, other States will wheel into line. The prospects of woman suffrage are to day much more encouraging than were those of negro emancipation twenty years ago. Providence in the long run always favors the right. What men call slow may really be fast.—*Independent.*

DEAD DAYS.

Our summers are but burial places, where
  We lay to rest the sweet days as they die—
Softening their outline with love's rosemary,
And memory's lavender and all of rare
  Tokens to keep them fair.

Our winters are the vaults whose ice-fringed cells
  Shut in still other coffined days, for whom,
  When borne and left amid their frozen gloom,
White-surpliced flakes (in place of lily-bells)
  Tinkle their muffled knells.

We bury them, and sigh, with bowing head,
  Submissive else: The tender days must go;
  For they are earthly-born, and perish so;
Yet by what augury hath any said
  That they are wholly dead?

The short-child-meten grave o'er which we yearn,
  Even yet—the empty bird's-nest filled with snows—
  The leafless bough—the spring that comes and goes—
Teach resurrection lessons, each in turn,
  Which we are quick to learn.

Our days die thus: and we—their lives withdrawn—
  Like other mourners, fail of faith's control,
  Forgetful that each memory is the soul
Of a dead day, such as in summers gone,
  'Mid rosemary sleeps on.

And when they meet us yonder, face to face,
  After their resurrection—shall we then
  Hail them with greet and welcome once again,
Companions of our blessedness always—
  Dear, risen, deathless days!

A Great Gambler Dead.

One of the best known sporting men in the country, George W. Hill, better known as "Cooley Keys," died this morning, aged thirty-nine. He was apprenticed to a brass founder, but he liked gambling better and had been a professional gambler for twenty years. His remarkable coolness and his former connection with the brass foundry suggested the nickname of "Cooley Keys." Hill first became proprietor of a gambling house in 1860 in Washington City, and he soon made it yield a larger revenue than any other in that city, his customers being mainly the wealthiest class of politicians.

Near the close of 1861 he sold his gaming house in the federal city, and coming to New York opened a house with Lee Knight and John C. Heenan, playing what they styled a combination game to rival if not ruin John Morrissey. The partners lost $250,000 in less than six months, and then closed their house. Then two influential New York politicians fitted up a palace for Hill at No. 8 East Twenty-fifth street, themselves being silent partners, and for two years the house successfully rivaled Morrissey's, yielding to Hill alone thirty or forty thousand a year clear profit. A quarrel broke the partnership and the house was closed. Then Hill went to Saratoga. John Morrissey had a monopoly there, but Hill had political friends, who secured him the privilege of opening there, but the police sided with Morrissey and bothered Hill so much that he came back to New York. Then Hill began to play against the gaming houses, and for years he played with recklessness, alternately winning and losing large sums. In 1872 he opened a gaming palace on Broadway, with Andrew Sheehan as partner, and the game was very successful, having for its patrons the wealthiest politicians in the city, but Hill fell into his old way of playing against the gaming houses and lost all his profits in those places, and that led to another dissolution of copartnership and the closing of the house. He opened a bank in James Mace's public house, on West Twenty-third street, but was thrown out by the failure of Mace. Hill's last venture as the keeper of a gaming house was over James Collier's, the retired actor, opposite Wallack's Theatre. There consumption overtook him and it finally killed him. Hill was noted for his extravagance in dress, and he was known as the best dressed man in town. He once sent to Paris and imported for his own use shirt bosoms that cost $250 a dozen, gold. He kept $1500 worth of gloves at a time and threw away four or five pairs a day. He died poor. The funeral services are to be performed to-morrow, by Rev. Dr. Houghton, in the Little Church Around the Corner.—*New York Correspondent Philadelphia Times, March 15.*

They "Go For" Pullman.

Our friends, especially our newspaper friends of the hog-and-hominy States, are waxing terribly wroth because "Mr. Pullman," as they call the Pullman company, permits the "dam niggers" to snore in his sleeping cars, on the sole condition of their paying for their berths and conducting themselves properly. It is an infernal outrage on the part of Mr. Pullman, to be sure. Mr. Pullman is "a mean radical" and "a vicious ass," who, according the Meridian *Mercury*, offers to "sleep negroes in his palace sleeping cars gratuitously to insult and provoke the Southern whites to violent resentment of negro insolence." Moreover, according to the same authority, the Baltimore lady who sat up all night rather than mingle her snores with those of a Senegambian on a sleeping car, should instruct her friend, if she has one, to "go for Pullman, as he is the responsible man, and should be held to accountability." And then, again, in the opinion of the Mobile *Register*, Mr. Pullman is a pestilent fellow, engaged in "a fanatical effort to transport foul odors, vermin and disease," and to expose white citizens to "the contact of the vulgar and filthy creatures who compose nineteen-twentieths of the negro race." "Beware of travelling pesthouses!" shouts another irate journalist.

Now, it may be very bad policy, as a matter of dollars and cents, for Mr. Pullman to "sleep negroes" in his cars, especially on Southern roads. But that is his business, or of the company for which his name is made to stand. If he adopts a line of policy that is calculated to empty his pockets, and bring upon himself the odium of the Southern whites, that is an affair of his own. The cars are his. He pays the railroad companies for hauling them. They are at his disposal, and he has a perfect right to invite such patronage as he pleases. Nobody is obliged to ride in them. If any one chooses to abandon a bottom shelf because a negro occupies a top shelf, there is nothing to prevent him. If a lady preferred to sit up all night rather than sleep in the same car with a negro, it was all very well, but her friend, if she has one, has no business to "go for Pullman," or to wreak his revenge in any other way than by sitting up all night as the lady did, and letting Mr. Pullman go without pay for his berth.

Of one thing the angry Southrons may be pretty well assured. Mr. Pullman's policy is not going to convert his cars into traveling pest houses. "The vulgar and filthy creatures who compose nineteen-twentieths of the negro race" are not going to leave the fields and the kitchens, and take to riding about the country on Pullman cars simply because they have permission. They can't afford it. They haven't either the time or the money. The few who may avail themselves of such accommodations probably carry no more vermin in their clothes than most members of the Ku-Klux Klan, or the Illinois Legislature; certainly not more than the ebony conductors of sleeping-coaches, against whose contaminating pressure the Southern whites have entered no protest.

The Mobile *Register* was a little too fast in assailing Mr. Pullman for permitting Pinchback to ride from Louisville to Mobile. The editor was probably not aware that the car was chartered for the exclusive use of Pinchback and his colored friends. That fact makes the matter look a little better, and possibly the wrath of the *Register* will be assuaged if Mr. Pullman will either burn that car, with its pestilence and vermin, or restrict its use for the future to Northern roads.—*Chicago Times.*

The Nationality of the Cardinals.

With the accession of Cardinals Manning and McCloskey to its numbers, the Sacred College of Cardinals will contain three English speaking members, a thing noteworthy of itself as being, we believe, unprecedented since the time of Henry VIII. When Cardinal Pole died, in 1558, he was the sole English speaking "Prince of the Church," the Scottish Cardinal Benton having been "improved off the earth" by a party of zealous reformers twelve years before. Cardinal De York, the last prince of the direct male line of the Stuarts, died near Rome in 1807, and no new English cardinal was made until the nomination of Cardinal Weld, a kinsman of the first husband of George IV's first wife, in 1830. Cardinal Weld died in 1830. The purple was conferred upon the late Cardinal Wiseman, to the horror and alarm of Lord John Russell, in 1850. Dr. Cullen, the Catholic archbishop of Dublin, was made a cardinal in 1866. The three cardinals, archbishops of Westminster, Dublin and New York, will now represent the English-speaking Catholic world in a college of fifty-seven members. It may be interesting to see what proportions are borne to each other in the college by the different nationalities. Of course, Italy comes first. The Dean of the Sacred College is an Italian, Cardinal Patrizi, bishop of Ostia and Velletri, now a venerable man of seventy seven years. After to-morrow's proclamation Italy will count, with the dean, no fewer than thirty-eight cardinals of the three orders, bishops, priests, and deacons, all the cardinal bishops, six in number, being natives of Italy. Austria and France come next in order, each with five cardinals. Spain has four cardinals, two of whom, by the way, it is worth noting, are natives of the New World, Cardinal De La Lastrey Costa, born in Cuba in 1803, and now Archbishop of Seville, and Cardinal Moreno, born in Guatemala in 1818, and now archbishop of Valladolid. Germany will have one cardinal with the nomination of Count Ledochowski, archbishop of Posen, and Belgium, which has been irreverently styled the bantam chicken of the church, one also with the Mgr. Deschamps, archbishop of Malines or Mechlin. So that on the whole the English-speaking Catholics can scarcely complain of being inadequately represented in the highest constitutional body known to their church. As we have already explained, however, the cardinalate has no direct reference to the administration of the church, but it is in its very essence an electoral body designed to intervene between the church at large and the papacy, and to control the succession to the supreme office. So far as the Catholics of the United States are concerned, therefore, the elevation of their archbishop in New York to this princely rank must really be regarded as in the main intended to show the recognition by Rome of the growth and importance of American Catholicism. So far as the really important electoral function of the cardinalate is concerned, care has been taken, it will be seen, to give Italy precisely the number necessary, if the Italian Cardinals are together, to control the college. A two thirds vote elects the Pope, and of the fifty-seven Cardinals, Italy, after to-morrow's proclamation, will have exactly thirty-eight.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

How the Demagogue Has Cropped Out.

An Albany letter to the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says:

I had hardly finished moralizing when information reached me that Governor Tilden had pardoned James H. Ingersoll, the head devil of the so-called Tammany frauds. He put up the jobs, swore to the bills, and the board of audit awarded the claims on the affidavit of Ingersoll. His crimes are infinitely more monstrous than Tweed's, Fields' or Genet's. Here you have the first cropping out of the great political fraud. He has raised a big dust on canal rascalities, and this dust, he fancies, will blind honest and humbugged members of the Produce Exchange, Chamber of Commerce and other business associations of New York, so that he can make peace with the scum and offal that follow the fortunes of Democracy. This pardon of Ingersoll is but a peace offering to the most dangerous elements of New York.

The next thing that will follow will be the removal of the fire commissioners and Corporation Counsel Smith. This thing was all arranged when John Kelly was here last week. People who fancy that Governor Tilden is not playing a little game in his coquetting about the removal of the officers against whom the charges have been made by the Mayor are indeed very simple. That an understanding has been reached between the Mayor and the Governor, I have not the least doubt. The appointment of General Farrell, from Columbia county, to a place in the water board was to me evidence as strong as holy writ that Mayor Wickham had struck his colors and accepted of the Governor's terms. There is no mistaking which way the wind is coming from when the black ram turns his narrative to the North.

Tilden has pardoned more desperate scoundrels out of State Prison since the first of January than Governor Dix did during his term of two years. Yet this political imposter and vendor of quack nostrums is glorified as an honest man and a reformer. O, humbugged people! Let some member of the Legislature introduce a resolution calling on the Secretary of State for the names of the criminals pardoned by Governor Tilden since the first of January. It is about time that this successful and consummate political imposter, sharper and trickster was shown up in his true colors. Is this outrage upon society—the release of Ingersoll from State Prison—to pass unnoticed? If so, of what advantage to honesty, decency and morality is the prosecution of the canal robbers? If one set is to be hunted down and the other to be set free and reinstated in society, where is the advantage. Honest and humbugged people should pause.

A Curious Historical Relic.

A curious and interesting art relic is among the contributions to the art exhibition at the Lotos Club this evening. It consists of a miniature portrait of General George Washington, accompanied with a portrait of Martha Washington, each painted on ivory and encased in a medallion solid gold frame. Each miniature is surrounded by hair from the original. The pictures have, for nearly 100 years, been in the possession of the Washington family. The portrait of General Washington was painted in the federal camp during the siege of Boston, by Charles Wilson Peale, and presented to the General. Some years later, at the time of the first presidency, the portrait of Martha Washington was painted, and the two pictures were inclosed in the present case, with the hair of General Washington and his wife, and presented by Washington to his sister, Mrs. Betty Lewis. Upon the death of Mrs. Lewis the miniatures descended to her daughter, Mrs. Carter, and from her were handed down to her grandson, Mr. John H. Patterson, son of Eleanor Carter, the granddaughter of Mrs. Betty Lewis.

There are several points of interest in this portrait of George Washington. The expression of the face gives a different impression of the man from that conveyed by Stuart's famous picture. The mouth is softer and more kindly than in the Stuart portrait, and the eyes and the brow also vary in noticeable particulars. It must be remembered, however, that Washington at this time was less mature than when the Stuart portrait was painted. He had not yet begun to wear the set of false teeth, made from a solid block of ivory, which afterward distorted his face. Under the General's uniform coat is seen, in this miniature, a wide blue scarf, which, it is asserted, was only worn at this early period of the war. A general order, which included Washington himself, indicated, by the color of the scarfs to be worn, the grade of the various Generals at that time personally unknown to the army. The color of Washington's hair beneath his powdered peruke was brown, slightly streaked gray at this time. The braid of Lady Washington's hair is of the beautiful auburn hue, which remained almost unchanged to the end of her life.—*New York Tribune.*

Paper Canoeing.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* says: Mr. N. H. Bishop, who started from this city several weeks ago for the Gulf of Mexico in a paper canoe, has written a letter to a friend in this city, announcing his safe arrival at Newbern, North Carolina. He paddled from Norfolk through the Cypress Swamp canal to Pamlico sound, keeping along the shore of the narrow strip of land which separates those bodies of water from the Atlantic, and running considerable risk in crossing the stormy current which sets in through Hatteras inlet. The voyager was picked up in Pamlico sound by a yacht belonging to Judge West, of Newbern, who, with a party of gentlemen, had been cruising for several days on the lookout for him, and who offered him the hospitalities of their town. Mr. Bishop's plan after leaving Newbern was to row down Bogue, Stump and Messenboro sounds in about ten days, and reach Cape Fear river by interior water passages all the way except the last seven miles. The rice planters on the Waccamaco and Pedee rivers have invited him to visit their plantations. Mr. Bishop writes that not a man whom he meets will trust himself in his boat. Every sailor, boatman and oysterman says he would not cross a creek in such a shell.

Navra & Offner, No. 174 Canal street, are selling out on account of removal.

The Influence of Late Dinners on the Drama.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* writes:

A controversy which has often been canvassed in England has just been raised among the journalists here. M. Sarcey, the dramatic critic of the *Siecle*, protests that there is great danger of the theatre going to the dogs in France in consequence of the habit of making the dinner hour later and later every year. The result is, he declares, that the hour of producing the chief piece of the evening is constantly retarded, and that, nevertheless, the theatres are not half filled when the curtain rises. He proposes to alter this state of things by doing away with dinner altogether. The remedy is radical. He is, however, indulgent to the animal propensities and weaknesses of humanity, and he proposes that society shall sup instead of dining.

Nothing can be more charming, he declares, than to go to the theatre on an empty stomach, and nothing more delightful than to eat on leaving a performance and to talk over all your impressions of the evening. M. Sarcey points to the example of Germany, in which he is quite right, and of Italy, in which he is quite wrong. In the latter country theatres begin at a later hour than in any party of the world with which I am acquainted. His reference to Germany is also susceptible of an interpretation running counter to his argument, for the hours of dining, on which the theatrical usages depend, are becoming later and later every year. Half past twelve used to be the normal time, as it is still in country districts and Switzerland. Then it got on from one till two, and until the war the regular time for dining at the Berlin *tables d'hote* was three. In 1871, as I remember to my cost, it was not possible to get anything to eat in the shape of dinner at the one single good *restaurateur's* in the Prussian capital after six o'clock. But the tendency was even then to retard the hour, and, as the business of life becomes more pressing, men try to cram more and more work into the working hours of the day. It may be very nice to shorten dramatic entertainments, so as to enable play-goers to get to bed early; but I know from personal experience how troublesome it is for a busy man to take his seat in a theatre at six o'clock. I also remember well the shamefaced feeling with which, after spending three hours in a hot atmosphere, one emerges into broad daylight. One feels as though it were to-morrow morning, and as though he had passed the night in a carouse. The plan of substituting supper for dinner would never do in Paris, where it is the fashion to go into society after leaving the theatre, and where the only refreshment provided is in general a glass of orangeade and a sweet biscuit. Nor would it be convenient, not to say possible, to provide supper for the chance guests who may happen to drop in. In the present state of things, the lady of the house is equally well prepared if only six visitors appear, or if, as sometimes happens, sixty make a sudden and unexpected irruption into her salons. It is not by such artificial devices that people can be induced to go to the theatre. Not that it needs much inducement to drag Parisians to the play, for as I am perpetually reminding you, the majority of theatres are always full. The spectators, too, are for the most part as punctual as they are patient. There are certain persons who come in after the first act is half over, not because they have been detained by a late dinner, but because they want to make a sensation. They are the same individuals who talk loud during the performance, and who, in fact, use every means in their power to distract the attention of the audience from the stage and to attract it to themselves. At whatever time the performance began, these ill-bred persons, who are generally *gandins* and *cocottes in esse*, or *in posse*, would make a point of arriving late. At all events, it is not by raising the curtain at six instead of at nine that play-goers of this class can be induced to come earlier. It is of no use fighting against the universal habits of society. There is, however, one way of making a visit to the theatre infinitely more pleasurable than it is now in Paris, and that way is to shorten the length of the *entr'actes*. It is the inordinate extension of the waits that drives theatrical entertainments in Paris to so late an hour. In a piece which I witnessed a few weeks ago, and which I timed, watch in hand, the *entr'actes* lasted exactly as long as the performance. This is all very well in Italy, where ladies are in the habit of receiving in their boxes instead of in their homes, where the best *loges* are provided with a large *salon*, and where the audience only care to hear their pet "bits" in the opera performed. But Paris theatres are not arranged after the same fashion, nor are the same people, except at *premieres*, in the habit of meeting night after night. In this respect, at all events, to say nothing of the generally more comfortable arrangements of the English theatres, Parisian managers might take example by their London *confreres*.

The Tomb of the Duke of Urbino.

Charles Heath Wilson, writing from Florence to the London *Academy*, describes the opening of the tomb of Lorenzo de Medici, grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent, which took place in the Chapel of the Medici February 27. He says:

The statues of Dawn and Twilight being raised, it was resolved to slide off the lid and ascertain the contents of the sarcophagus, and so settle the question whether the monument was that of Lorenzo or Giuliano. Two bodies would be found if it was that of Lorenzo. The sight within was strange. Two bodies were distinctly visible. They had fallen flat, but at one end of the sarcophagus lay a skull with a black cap upon it, and the body and arms in what seemed to be a white shirt, while close to me was a headless body in a black tunic, the form of which was plain enough, with a white embroidery at its lower extremity. The professor destined to examine the bodies was summoned and raised the black tunic. Under it was the skull of Lorenzo, for now there can be no doubt that this monument is that of the Duke of Urbino. On each side the chest and head of Lorenzo were the legs and feet of Alexander, who apparently was the taller man, unless when he was buried the head of Lorenzo was pushed down under his tunic, where it was found, which is not unlikely. The bones of the leg[illegible] of Alexander were in white linen hos[illegible] if it was linen, and under his head w[illegible] a white pillow; a stout iron spi[illegible] projected from the bottom of [illegible]ke marble sarcophagus, apparently put th[illegible]ere when Alexander was deposited. The [illegible]re-mains of a similar spike were also obse[illegible]rved at the other end where the head of Lo[illegible]renzo should have rested. It is probabl[illegible] that these spikes had something to do [illegible] that fastening of the first lid, removed [illegible]ith the way for Alexander. The spike wa[illegible]o make in its place with mortar, which [illegible] fastened with a gum probably used in e[illegible] glistened the father. The skull of Loren[illegible]mbalming and well formed, with fine tee[illegible]o is large about eight seem to be absent. [illegible], of which in 1492 and died 1519, a[illegible] He was born seven. The professor wa[illegible]ed twenty-right in exclaiming, "This [illegible] therefore, of a young man." The [illegible] the head was smaller, the f[illegible] other skull the nose must have been a[illegible]ehead lower, some of which remained, [illegible]uiline; the hair, curled (*Il Moro*). The bo[illegible]ack, coarse and were arranged on one of [illegible]es thus gathered the chapel. They were a [illegible] the long seats of in some places, and lo[illegible]ark brown, black Both skulls were dark br[illegible]oked bituminous, taken by the professor [illegible]own. These were with callipers and thei[illegible]nd duly measured tered, while the bones a[illegible] proportions registered, put back into the sar[illegible]nd fragments were been proved that the m[illegible]ophagus, it having Angelo with the statue[illegible]nument by Michael Dawn and Twilight is [illegible]s of the Penseroso, Duke of Urbino. [illegible]that of Lorenzo, the

One of the latest European scandals is to the effect that the Duchess Sophie, youngest sister of the Empress of Austria and wife of the Duke d'Alencon, an Orleans Prince, has fled to the United States with Haufstenzel, a Bavarian photographer with whom she has long been infatuated. She had previous to her marriage with Alencon been engaged to King Louis II., of Bavaria, but the match was broken off on account of scandalous stories in which the same photographer was involved.