REMEMBERING WASHINGTON

BANKERS AND MERCHANTS UNITING TO DO HONOR TO HIS MEMORY.

Speeches of Col. Frederick A. Conkling and Messrs. Cowdin, Dodge, and Phelps at the Chamber of Commerce Meeting—Plans for the Proposed Statue—Other Celebrations.

Salem H. Wales, A. A. Low, Seth Low, ex-Police Commissioner Thomas C. Acton, Wm. E. Dodge, Col. Frederick A. Conkling, Capt. Ambrose Snow, Royal Phelps, ex-President Cole of the Produce Exchange, Benjamin G. Arnold, Morris K. Jesup, Nathan Chandler, Cornelius N. Bliss, Oliver Harriman, F. L. Talcott, Park Commissioner James M. Wenman, Lucius J. N. Stark, a descendant of Gen. Stark of Revolutionary fame, and other well-known gentlemen attended a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce yesterday, called to consider the proposed erection of a monument to commemorate the inauguration of George Washington as the First President of the United States in Wall street. Mr. James Brown of Brown Brothers, the First Vice-President of the Chamber, presided.

Mr. Dodge offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That it be referred to a committee of twenty-five, to be appointed by the Chair, to consider the propriety of erecting a monument in Wall street to commemorate the inauguration of Gen. Washington as first President of the United States; to ascertain if a suitable site can be had therefor; and to suggest what further measures to adopt to carry such purpose into execution.

Col. Conkling said that he would like to offer an amendment to the resolution. It was that Washington be spoken of in the resolution as George, not General Washington, because it was as George Washington that he was enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen.

Mr. Dodge said that he would accept the amendment with pleasure, and would alter his resolution to conform to it. Chairman Brown then asked Mr. Elliot C. Cowdin to state the objects of the meeting.

"It will be ninety-one years, in the coming April," Mr. Cowdin said, "since Chancellor Livingston, from the open balcony of Federal Hall, then standing where now rise the marble columns of the Sub-Treasury, administered to George Washington the oath of office as first President of the United States. The solemn event which put the seal to the Constitution, and inaugurated the new Government, was witnessed by a large concourse of citizens from various parts of the country. At the close of the august ceremony, the distinguished Chancellor, intending that the people should enjoy the opportunity to welcome the illustrous soldier and statesman who had led the colonies through a protracted war to an enduring peace, cried out: 'Long live George Washington, President of the United States!' Instantly the multitude in Broad and Wall streets, catching the inspiration, saluted the republican chief with enthusiastic cheers. It has been deemed fitting, by many members of this Chamber, that a monumental statue of Washington should be erected in this city, the scene of the historic occasion to which I have referred. Such a memorial will not be set up under the vain impression that it is needed to perpetuate the name and fame of our earliest and greatest President, but rather to show that the present dwellers in the commercial metropolis of the Union look upon him to-day as his contemporaries beheld him, and as future ages will contemplate him, the foremost citizen in America—First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'

Chairman Brown invited further remarks in regard to the subject before the meeting, and Col. Conkling, rising, said:

The proposition to erect a monument to commemorate the inauguration of George Washington, as the first President of the United States, needs no elaborate argument to commend it to the merchants and bankers of New York. Every patriot, grateful to him whose preeminent services have won for him the first place in his country's love, will feel his heart glow with enthusiasm at the suggestion. As General and Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, Washington led our fathers through the war of the Revolution to independence. As the presiding officer of the Constitutional Convention, he was largely instrumental in forming the organic law of the nation. By the unanimous voice of the country he was chosen as the first Executive in order to establish the Government on a firm and enduring basis. This chamber can achieve for itself no higher honor than to assure, beyond the possibility of failure, the success of the design for which it has this day assembled.

If I am correctly informed, we are indebted to Gov. Seymour for the original suggestion of a monument in Wall street. It may not be amiss to repeat, in brief, his eloquent appeal:

"While the people in the rural districts are marking the places of historic interest, it is strange that the city of New York, where more than elsewhere the benefits of our Government are seen, should be so indifferent to great events within its limits. There the Government of our Union felt the first pulsation of its life, when George Washington, in 1789, took his oath of office as President. This completed its organization. It was the last step in its creation—the first step which started the currents of its existence. * * * Yet the thought seems never to have entered the minds of those who enjoy the protection of our Union, that there is a debt of gratitude due to him who, beyond all others, wrought out our liberties; that he completed the organization of our Government; that to uphold it, solemnly administered and reverently uttered upon the very ground where they conduct their gainful pursuits."

We should not forget that the interests of commerce were among the paramount considerations which led to the adoption of the present Constitution. Before that time the Confederation had formed a sufficient constitution of government during the progress of war, but they were not adapted to the public wants, in the new condition of an independent sovereignty. In 1785 an attempt was made to enter into a commercial treaty with Great Britain, but that Government, with a keen appreciation of the proposition, giving as a reason that Congress had no power, under the articles of confederation, to cause such a treaty to be observed. Attempts to negotiate commercial treaties with France, Spain, and Portugal were equally unsuccessful. Under these circumstances it was manifest that a general government were essential to our safety and welfare. It was absolutely necessary that the power to regulate and control our intercourse with foreign nations should be confided to Congress alone. It was that conviction which mainly led the people of the United States to call the Convention to revise the Articles of Confederation.

The confederacies of the free States which have flourished in ancient and in modern times are illustrious in history, and have the advantage of local self-government to the external power of an empire; but, compared with the growth of the United States of America, all of them sink into insignificance. At the date of Washington's inauguration, in 1789, the population of the United States numbered scarcely less than four million souls, and was almost entirely to New England and the Atlantic seaboard. Ninety years have passed, and we have a national domain extending through forty degrees of latitude and one hundred degrees of longitude, comprising 46 States and Territories, with a population of 45,000,000 and rapidly increasing, and unquestionably the greatest that the world has ever seen—a nationality, blessed be God! in which the sun rises on no master and sets upon no slave. [Applause.]

The enumeration of the inhabitants of this city in 1786 showed a population of only 23,614. To-day we have not less than 1,200,000, and, if we include the population on the opposite sides of the two rivers, but little short of 2,000,000. New York is the outpost and portal of the New World, the centre and focus of the capital and commerce not only of this continent, but to a large extent, of this whole hemisphere, and is destined to be the commercial emporium of the world.

The State of New York in 1790 had an enumeration of only 340,000 inhabitants, Virginia having 750,000; Pennsylvania, 430,000; North Carolina, 390,000; and Massachusetts, 380,000. In fact, New York at that time was the fifth in rank of the whole confederation, as regards population, which in a new State is but another name for power. Now her population exceeds 5,000,000, and it is no exaggeration to call her the Empire State.

If I may be permitted to forecast the future, I predict that during the lifetime of many persons now living, the population of the American Union, within its present limits, will exceed 100,000,000, and will even exceed 150,000,000, in the contingency, by no means improbable, that, from the Arctic circle to the Isthmus of Panama, the entire continent will be dominated by the stars and stripes of the great republic. [Applause.]

Of the many illustrious statesmen and soldiers of the Revolutionary age, Washington was almost alone in his presience of the approaching glories and rising glories of his country. In his address to the army, issued at Newburgh, on April 18, 1783, in which he ordered the cessation of hostilities between the United States of America and the King of Great Britain, to be publicly proclaimed on the following day, which completed the eighth year since the baptism of blood at Lexington on the brow of a new-born nation, he says:

While the General recollects the almost infinite variety of scenes through which we have passed, with a mixture of pleasure, astonishment, and gratitude—while he contemplates the prospect before us, with rapture—he cannot help wishing that all the brave men, of whatever condition, they may be, who have shared in the toils and dangers of effecting the glorious revolution of rescuing millions from the hand of oppression, and of laying the foundation of a great empire, might be impressed with a proper idea of the dignified part they have been called upon to act under the smiles of Providence, on the stage of human affairs; for happy, thrice happy, shall they be pronounced hereafter, who have contributed anything, who have performed the meanest office in erecting this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire on the broad basis of independency; who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor, and oppressed of all nations and religions."

In that noble lesson of wisdom and patriotism, Washington's farewell address, which, unhappily, in our day has been too rarely studied and too little heeded, we find a still more striking illustration of his prophetic foresight:

"The unity of government which constitutes you one people is also dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquility at home; your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But, as it is easy to foresee that from different causes and different quarters much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, at any event, be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which bind together the various parts." [Applause.]

Modesty and self-sacrifice were conspicuous traits in the character of Washington. When the time came for the Congress of the United States to choose a Commander-in-Chief of the army, John Adams arose and made a brief speech, in which he eulogized the qualities of the man whom he thought best fitted for the important service. Washington was intently gazing in his face when he heard his own name fall from the lips of the speaker. Overpowered with emotion, he left his seat and rushed into an adjoining apartment, when Congress immediately adjourned. The next day Washington was unanimously elected General and Commander-in-Chief. President Hancock having announced to him his appointment, he with great dignity signified his acceptance, and concluded his speech with the following words:

"As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept the arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an account of my expenses. These, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

Again, at the conclusion of his inaugural address, on his accession to the Presidency, he says:

"To the preceding observations I have one to add, which will be more properly addressed to the House of Representatives. It concerns myself, and will therefore be as brief as possible. When I was first honored with a call into the service of my country, then on the eve of an arduous struggle for its liberties, the light in which I contemplated my duty required that I should receive no emolument for my services. From this resolution I have in no instance departed. And being still under the impressions which prompted it, I must decline, as inapplicable to myself, any share in the personal emoluments which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the Executive Department, and must, accordingly, pray that the pecuniary estimates of the station in which I am placed may be limited to such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require."

It has been aptly said that the estimate which distant nations form of the character and deeds of men may be likened to the verdict of posterity. Once of the most eminent of the Lord Chancellors of England sums up the character of Washington in these memorable words: "This is the consummate glory of Washington: a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course without precedent; but a warrior who has never used, and a ruler who has the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the draught might pass from him, nor would suffer more to wet his lips than the most worn and wearied duty to his country and his God required!

"To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a captain the patron of peace and statesman the friend of justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword which he had worn in the war for liberty, and which he had never drawn but in the cause of the scabbard but in self-defence or in defence of their country and her freedom; and commanding them that when it should thus be drawn, they should never sheath it nor ever give it up, but prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof. Words, the majesty and solemnity of which are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens or of Rome." And he adds:

"It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages to set in succession passed examples memorating his illustrious name, and none shall be more memorable than this, in which we now are. Our country has made it well worth while to be born in it. Virtue is derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

Has an unfaltering reliance on duty, on virtue, on God, amid unparalleled trials and discouragements is a formidable while adversity could not depress, nor success elate, a man whose genius was equal to every emergency from the highest to the lowest, from that of the statesman to that of the grenadier; if the steady sacrifice of private interests and pleasures to the public good, if all these combined constitute a just claim to the veneration of mankind, then he must be the greatest of all. Such was Washington. Such he will be, and revered.

In the words of an elegant essayist, "it shall accompany the march of time to the latest ages, and grow brighter as it proceeds from the accumulated tributes with which posterity shall adorn it."

Will not the merchants and bankers of New York, who have given us the opportunity to associate their names with that of the Father of his Country? Will they not employ a portion of their wealth to rear a monument on the spot where he was inaugurated as the first President of the republic, which shall attest to distant generations their appreciation of a character transcendent services? [Applause.]

Mr. A. A. Low said that he was in full accord with the gentlemen who had spoken, and he did not think that any words that he could choose would increase the veneration of Americans for George Washington. The only question that he rose to suggest was as to where the proposed site of the monument was. He felt that if the money expended in erecting marble or metal, on the part of the mercantile community, of this veneration, he hardly thought it becoming to set up this monument on the sidewalk of a thoroughfare like Wall street, or in the much-trodden stone of the Sub-Treasury. But he observed with pleasure the last terms of Mr. Dodge's resolution, left discretion to the committee to be appointed under it as to the site. He trusted that this committee would weigh well the question he had suggested before arriving at their report.

Mr. Phelps said that he considered the question raised by Mr. Low worthy of careful consideration from the committee. He had no doubt that the committee would resolve upon a site entirely satisfactory to the merchants of New York, the chief citizens of the community, and the people of the United States. He hoped that they would not take advantage of the opportunity afforded by the gathering of so many gentlemen, deeply interested in the project under the same roof, to open a subscription toward the erection of the monument, but he had concluded to abandon it for the time. He had prepared a list of the various forms of subscription. He did not think that there was a merchant in this city, whether he were native or foreign born, who would not join in it with joy. [Applause.]

Mr. Dodge said that to the young men of the country it was more a work for the perpetuation of its commercial greatness than of any other thing. While would not delight to see, pleasant in the afternoon drive, to see in the Central Park a grander monument to George Washington than any that now adorns this beautiful place of recreation, he would much rather have a less imposing memorial raised in Wall street, where young men, as they passed to and fro in the struggle of business, might look up to a representation of a man who made to himself the virtues that every young man who desired to be an honor to those who loved him, to his country, and to himself, should imitate. [Applause.] He hoped that the monument would be placed where it would be a constant reminder to young men of the virtues of George Washington. [Applause.]

Chairman Brown then asked for the vote of the meeting upon Mr. Dodge's resolution, and the resolution was adopted unanimously. Then Chairman Brown appointed a committee composed of the following gentlemen: William E. Dodge, A. A. Low, Royal Phelps, Elliot C. Cowdin, Benjamin G. Arnold, Levi P. Morton, David Dows, James Talcott, Lucius N. Tillinghast, Henry Hentz, Arnold S. Rentz, Joseph S. Lawrey, Oliver Hoyt, Edwin D. Morgan, Morris K. Jesup, John D. Jones, George Kemp, Francis Lathrop, Frederick Cromwell, Peter B. Tyler, Joseph Seligman, Benjamin B. Sherman, Simon Stechar, Henry E. Spaulding, Charles L. Tiffany, and the officers of the Chamber. A meeting of the committee was called for an early day of next week.

The Leaders' Association, composed of about 1,500 members of the public schools with Mr. Jacob Doyle as President, observed the day with appropriate exercises in Steinway Hall. On the platform were many of the School Commissioners and the principals of nearly every public school in the city. The programme was a collection of patriotic and sentimental music, songs, recitations, tableaux, dances, and scenes. The actors were Miss Henrietta Beebe, Master Max Anna Bunday, Hilda Contrasier, Mr. A. D. Woodruff and George Edward Jenoris, W. C. Baird, curtain by G. T. Adam, Jasper. The last song, entitled "The Banner of Liberty," by Master Willie Spitz, was encored by the guard, Messrs. Aiken, Eckel, Wentworth, and Barth. The popular quartet was loudly applauded and encored. Tableaux, Miss Beebe, Mrs. Hills, and Mr. Alison, sang "The Queen of Night" and "The Bobolink Love Song," by Mr. Bond, was encored. The Belle of St. Michael's Tower, by the walking artists, was received with applause. Miss Beebe's song, "The Berry Dance," was twice encored. Master Harry Spencer delivered an address entitled "The [illegible] on Friday Washington's birthday [illegible] school day [illegible] principals [illegible]

FEBRUARY IN FERVID CUBA.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN THE EVER FAITHFUL ISLE.

Through the Vuelta Abajo—A Tea at the Palace—Why Bianco is Under a Cloud—Base Ball in Havana—The Casino Espanol.

HAVANA, Feb. 4.—Grant got back late upon Saturday evening from a brief run through the Vuelta Abajo, for which the Ferro-Carril del Oesti placed a special train at his disposal. The trip being a private one, the Grant party, including the faithful historian and artist who are to perpetuate the memory of this modern Odyssey, had the train to themselves. After a short stay of fifteen minutes at San Cristobal, to view the ruins, the train jolted along to Paso Real, the present terminus of the road. Here carriages were in waiting, and the party were driven across the country to Candelaria and to San Diego de los Banos, celebrated for its sulphur springs. At all these places the people were demonstrative in their greetings, and Grant seemed to like the change from the very lukewarm welcome met with in Havana. Throughout this region, wherein the best tobacco is said to be grown, the champion smoker had frequent occasion to grieve over the lamentably short crop of his favorite weed. On the return trip the train stopped at Alquizar, and Grant visited the *ingenio*, or plantation, of Señor Barbon, who had extended a special invitation to him.

The plan was that, upon his return to Havana, Grant and his suite should shift their headquarters to the Hotel Pasaje, and rooms had been engaged. But Captain-General Calleja insisted upon their remaining at the palace, and, rather than wound the proverbial Spanish punctiliousness, Grant gave way. Unfortunately the palace is anything but a lively place, being in the business part of the town, and as far as possible from the Paseo and Cerro, the fashionable drives. Gen. Calleja is a soldier of as few words as Grant himself, whom he somewhat resembles in feature, in awkwardness of manner, and in his disinclination to raise his eyes from the ground when talking. Gen. Blanco, the real Captain-General, is quite a different style of person. Affable and lively in his manners and address, courteous to his personal appearance, and a thorough man of the world, he offers a great contrast to the two other Generals. He is still busy in the disturbed parts of the island, and it is a constant topic of discussion in Havana whether he did not select the present time to be absent in order to avoid meeting Grant, whom rumor affirms, he personally dislikes. Blanco visited Washington some years ago and was introduced to Grant. It is said that he has since expressed himself as averse to renewing the acquaintance. This is common gossip in the clubs and cafés. Blanco's absence may have set their tongues wag, but Spanish conversation is anything but punctual in paying off the soldiers, and it is part of the duty of the Captain-General to put them off with promises whenever they become tired of fighting for nothing.

Last night a tea was given at the palace in honor of Gen. Grant. The invitations were for 9½, and shortly after 10 the rooms were fairly filled. The grand staircase was well lighted with badly smelling gas, and decorated with a few green plants and soldiers of the household brigade. The uniform of this body guard is picturesque—bright red coats braided with white, high boots, white knee breeches, and Knickerbocker vests, trimmed with red, and a sash of the Manhattan yellow. At the head of the staircase Gen. Calleja received his guests, shook them solemnly by the hand with a subdued dignity as if he were about to condole with them over some serious misfortune, and presented them to Señora Calleja, a handsome woman, and very good-looking in her plain evening dress, with a red and gold sash.

Entering the salon Gen. Grant and Mrs. Grant were discovered surrounded by Gen. Sheridan, Col. Fred Grant, and wife, and the other members of their suite. Mrs. Grant was gorgeous in a peacock-colored silk, with long train, and looked Mrs. Fred Grant was charming in white silk, her dark hair tied in a simple knot with the band of gold ribbon which she constantly wears, and which resembles at a little distance the coronet of a Countess. Grant was in evening dress, and seemed happy that all the ceremonies had been returned to him on his honor. Sheridan was not in uniform, but wore some decoration, apparently French, fastened to his waistcoat, while Fred Grant's burly form was encased in full-dress regimentals.

At about half-past 10 dancing began, the music being a band of about 40 pieces, and five colored soldiers. The dances were Virginia reels, dances, and polka, and these four dances were repeated four times, ending at the polka and beginning again at the reveille. The Cubans are graceful dancers, the women being particularly fitted for the dance by their small feet. Indeed, to measure so slow that the body seems to twist without any movement of the feet. The more energetic people of the North would probably frown down such a dance as immodest; but it is not immodest when danced by a Cuban or Spanish girl. As a rule, members of the Cabinet do not dance, but they do their receptions at the palace. This is partly owing to the dislike they have for the Spaniards, and partly to a misalliance which cost Blanco some years ago, and which they cannot forgive. Before the Carlist war, Blanco then a Colonel commanding a regiment in Havana, became intimate with a woman, of whom he was then in the habit of living with him. He was attacked by a very severe illness, through which this woman nursed him with great care. Living as he supposed, upon his death bed, he wished to reward her fidelity by marrying her. Half an hour afterward he became a man, and finally a very gallant soldier. Blanco rose rapidly in rank, and distinguished himself, and, after a victory gained by him over the Carlists, he was made a General and given the title of Marquis of Peña Plata, the name of the place where the battle was fought. When he was appointed Captain-General of Cuba, he left his wife behind him, but she was too well bred to be not forgotten. Last night, however, these feelings were forgotten, and many of the most respectable people in Havana were present. Yet, politically, Grant is not liked either by the Creoles or the Spanish, the former blaming him for not recognizing the Cuban republic, and the latter for giving that he is an ally to the Spanish occupation.

The quality of the wines at the palace is generally poor, but last night some of the better kinds were produced, and an excellent supper was served for those who felt hungry. In an antechamber there was also a buffet on which were champagne, iced, and what the footman was pleased to call punch, but which really was the somewhat vulgar but refreshing drink known as "shandy gaff." A rather novel feature of this tea was the handing round of cigars, which everybody smoked in the corridors. Possibly it was meant as a compliment to Grant, and indeed the cigars had bands upon them marked "Presidentes." All seemed to enjoy themselves hugely except poor Gen. Calleja, who had to stand all the time in the hall way where the guests deposited their hats, coats, receivers, and swords, and was raised at unceasingly by a man looking like a New York politician.

For the last week we have had no new earthquakes here, but at San Cristobal and Candelaria shocks are constantly felt. Bad flights of the volcanic kind, which are flights, and preparations for the carnival are the principal amusements. One one theatre is open, except the Cervantes, which remains open all the year round, and becomes more and more licentious in the dress and dialogue of its plays and more threadbare in the costume of its actors.

The amusements of the Cubans are so innocent that it is pleasant to find among the rising generation a taste for athletic sports. The children of many of the best Cuban and Spanish families here have been at school in the States, and these boys have acquired from their playmates in the North a love for base ball and other athletic sports. Two base ball clubs have been formed, the Havana and the Almendares, and each already boasts of a long list of members. As the players all belong to the best society in Havana and their friends attend the matches, base ball has become a fashionable pastime. Bats and balls are dear, and this, which can only be procured from members, are eagerly sought for.

On Sunday last there was a match between the two clubs. Already two matches had been played, and each club had secured a victory, this one consequently to be the deciding contest, and it was watched with great interest. Around the Havana Club, where the match was played, is charmingly arranged on the Vedado, some three miles out of town, and upon the seashore. It is not unlike, in its situation and surroundings, the cricket ground on Staten Island, except that there is only the open sea in front and in place of a green lawn the distance is covered with the Morro Castle, a famous fortress over the entrance to the harbor, and remaining one of the gloomy days of Havana, before turrets, chains and destroyed sugar were invented. The outer along the shore is very deep for this port, and men and boys are always to be seen in the water, the sea being which have been eaten into fantastic shapes by the waves and rain. As one drives along the beach there is to be seen every now and then a man nearly bather who drives off the rocks, or one of the sharks that abound at this place, whether they have been driven from the harbor by the noise of the shipping, or for what reason, occasionally a bar graph appears in the papers. Bathing is a shark," but the boys and men who bathe in the open sea do not seem to heed the danger they incur.

At the base ball club, play has already begun. The sun is almost as fiercely on the heads of the players, but they do not appear to mind it; indeed, they look much cooler than other English cricketers or American ball players. The grand stand is crowded with ladies dressed in light muslins, and all, with the exception of a few of the older ones, wearing hats and bonnets; for, unfortunately, the mantilla has been discarded for the last two or three past two years. It is curious to study the features and complexions of the girls, and to observe the admixture of the Saxon, Celtic, and Latin races. There a blond young beauty with a complexion that many a Saratoga belle might well envy, yet her name is probably Dona, Carmen, or Isabel, while her neighbor, with raven tresses and the large, lustrous, dark eyes of the South, is an O'Donnell or O'Farrell. The prevailing color of the dresses is a light blue, for this is the color of the Almendares Club, and its members are in high favor with the fair sex. But on Sunday fortune did not smile upon them, and the Havanas won with great ease, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the small boys, who rushed into the field and insisted upon embracing the successful players. The spectators appear to understand the game thoroughly, and to appreciate any good play. The English terms are all used, and "steady," "out," and other words are heard on every side. One urchin of about 10 years of age, who had wagered ten pesos upon the Havanas, and who spent the time between the innings in eating oranges and sandwiches, drinking sherry, and smoking cigarettes, was very loud in his applause, and greeted every successful catch with cries of "Bueno catcho! Bueno catcho!"

The Cubans are enthusiastic billiard players, but as a rule they play very poorly. At the Casino Español, the principal club, there are at least fifty tables, all constantly in use throughout the evening. The majority of the tables are made for the English game, and have six pockets, but the French and American games are also played. A species of pin pool, played upon an English table, is the favorite game, but as it is almost impossible not to scratch upon a table with three pockets, six pockets, and five pins, the game would hardly please young New York. The balls are very large, and are struck with great vigor, so that it is not unusual to see a ball driven two or three times round the table, while the spectators wonder whether the result will be a carom, a nasser, or the ball falling down of the pocket. As a natural consequence of this very hard hitting, the balls are constantly forced over the cushions, and the markers are kept pretty busy in fielding them.

The Casino Español is a fine building, occupying two sides of a square. The rooms are exceedingly long, and run at right angles to each other. As there are no doors between them, the two rooms that are on each floor form only one great *salon*. That on the second floor is the billiard room, while on the third floor there is a stage at one end, where amateur performances are often given. Behind the theatre is a reading room and library well stocked with newspapers and periodicals and a small collection of books. At the end of the *salon* furthest from the stage hangs a life-size painting of Alfonso XII., and all around the room are hung pictures representing well-known events in Spanish history, such as Charles V. in his retirement, Isabella pawning her jewels, and the sailing and arrival of Columbus. On the pillars hang shields with the coats of arms of the Spanish grandees, while handsome pieces of statuary are placed at intervals. At night, card tables are placed along one side of this room, and music and dancing are kept up till morning. These tables are perfect in their equipment. Before each player there is an oblong hole cut in the table and divided into three compartments, in which he keeps his chips, and at the corners the green baize cloth is covered with a triangular piece of some kind of bright metal, upon which the dealer drums his claim.

Down stairs, at the end of the billiard room, is a fencing school, where a master attends every day to give lessons, and adjoining it a school which any person may attend without payment and learn drawing, geography, languages, and other accomplishments. In London or New York the Casino Español would scarcely be called a club, but here it is admirably suited to the climate and the people.

IN A BOGUS FIT.

A Man who Says that by Feigning Illness he has been in Many Hospitals.

Between Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets and Tenth and Eleventh avenues is one of the very few remaining rock-bound hillocks, thickly covered with tumble-down shanties. In the neighborhood it is known as the "Statesmen's Rock," for from these shanties have come Judges, State Legislators, and Congressmen. A narrow defile cut through the stone is the passage from one avenue to another.

Sergeant Cortwright, in the course of the storm of last Tuesday night, was looking for the man on post, and, having repeatedly rapped without success, he began a search along the beat. Passing near the dark, narrow defile, he heard indications of a struggle, and midway in the defile he came upon two policemen working over a man who was apparently in a fit.

"He would have killed himself, Sergeant," said one of the men, "but for our coming up. We heard him screaming, and found him butting his head against the stone."

Sergeant Cortwright examined the man and found the hands limp, but open. His suspicions were aroused.

"He isn't foaming at the mouth," Cortwright remarked.

Hardest said he said so than the man began to foam at his mouth. A tank cart was obtained, and the man was taken to the Fifty-seventh street police station.

Sergeant Brown summoned an ambulance from Roosevelt Hospital. The young man lay motionless on the floor in the officers' room, his eyes wide open, and his pulse so feeble that it was being handled to him the ringing of the ambulance bell outside gave warning of its approach. In a moment the young man had relapsed into apparent insensibility. Two doctors leaped from the ambulance, entered the officers' room, gave a quick glance at the prostrate man, and asked how long he had been in the fits.

"Well, for about an hour," Sergeant Brown said; "that is, on and off."

"Has he spoken at all?"

"He did, about a second before you came; he asked for water."

The patient at this time foamed at the mouth, his eyes were fixed, his flats were clenched, and his limbs rigid. The doctors watched him closely.

"It looks like epilepsy," said one, "or hysteria, produced by exposure and want."

"I don't think so," remarked the other, a tall, thin, sandy-haired, beardless man, with sharp features. "It looks to me as though the man were shamming."

Both doctors stooped over the patient. One of them got a kick in the abdomen; the other a blow with a clenched fist. The doctors seized the man by the head and limbs. He was as stiff as a log of wood. There was a heaving of his breast and noticed the violent upheavings. One of the doctors pronounced it a case of epilepsy; the other still clung to the notion that the man was shamming. "I will try him," he said.

The doctor then obtained a cup of ice-cold water, and allowed it to slowly trickle into the patient's mouth. The only effect was that the patient spouted the water out. Again the experiment was tried, and with the same effect. The doctor who had claimed that the patient was suffering from epilepsy was now more certain than ever.

"I can't agree with you," quietly replied the other. "I think the man is shamming. I will give him another test." The doctor dipped a tin cup into a kettle of boiling water on the stove, and took out about a tablespoonful. Standing over the man, he allowed about a teaspoonful of the boiling water to fall on his bare skin.

The remedy was instantaneous. The man jumped up and danced madly round the room, howling and cursing. "I thought you were shamming," the doctor said. "I will teach you not to do it in this room any more."

Saying this, the young ambulance surgeon seized the man by the throat, threw him violently on the floor, and deluged him with ice-cold water till he begged to be let up.

"And've done this before?" one of the doctors asked.

"Yes. I've been a month at Bellevue lately, and one month at St. Luke's. I've been in nearly every hospital in the country. Whenever I want a new suit of clothes and to feed up I go out and have a fit."

John Siebert, the fit-shammer, has a cast in each of his eyes, and this greatly aids him. Sergt. Brown asked him to go for his night, but Justice Patterson discharged him on the following day.

Fit-shammers, the authorities at the hospital say, have to be looked after closely, as they generally go to hospitals for the purpose of stealing.

Alleged New Evidence in a Murder Case.

The counsel for Frank Lammens, who, with Mrs. Meierhofer, was convicted of murder in the first degree, in Newark, last week for killing John Meierhofer, claim to have discovered new evidence in their behalf. It seems that William Conner, a stonecutter, says that one morning in October last, about the time of the murder, he saw a man whom he thinks was Lammens in the road, a few rods from Meierhofer's house, and a man and a woman with a buggy. A few months afterwards, Conner, who is a Republican, was approached by a Democrat, who, seemingly, from his manner, had been sent for the purpose. The man told Conner a long story about a Democratic meeting, and wanted to know if he was not after whiskey and whether he was gone Mrs. Meierhofer's sled to Hoboken. Conner said he met a man in the road on his return with the whiskey.

That Amateur Flute.

From the Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.

Hear the flutter with his flute—
Never flute
Oh, what a world of wailing is awakened by its toot!
He will blow away a verse
On the matchless charms of music
And he tells us in the strain
That excites the sentiment of sight
Of the sweetness of the flute
When its tones linger, lost—
With reiterated bellowings we can scarcely tell
The long protracted agonizing toots.
Or the flight of the flute
Flute, flute, flute
And the wheezings and the sobbings of its toots.

Should he get that other flute—
Another flute—
Oh, what a deeper sense of woe is presence instituted!
How has he to wake even he'll raise,
As he plays
As he plays!
How he'll make the air quake
When he plays!
And the people, the people,
They shall see no peace in the people,
Where he visits in his rounds
Where he plies his wares, plays—
In the concert of ways,
And thinks we ought to listen,
And expect us to be quite,
Who would rather have the earache
Than the sound of the flute,
Of the flute, flute, flute,
And the business of his toot,
Phiz, phiz, phiz, phiz-whizz,
Of the flute, the flute, flute,
And the tootle, tootle, tooting of its toot.

COPAKE'S HUGE PORKER.

WHERE HOG GUESSING IS MADE BOTH A SCIENCE AND AN ART.

Over Eleven Hundred and Thirty-seven Pounds that Could Not Stand Up nor Open Its Eyes, Yet was Wonderfully Astute.

Hog guessing in Dutchess and Columbia Counties is both a science and an art. A mammoth porker was killed in the little village of Copake, in the latter county, on Tuesday last. There are two reasons why this event has long been anticipated with intense interest by the farmers of not only Columbia, Dutchess, Rensselaer, Greene, and Ulster Counties, but also by those in western Massachusetts and Connecticut, near whose boundaries the village of Copake snuggles down in the shadow of the Berkshire Hills. First, the hog was claimed to be the largest hog in the State, and therefore in the United States; and, secondly, the hog's butchery was to be accompanied by such a "hog-guessing" as Columbia County had never seen. When any outsiders expect to beat the descendants of the old Knickerbockers of that region in guessing how much a live hog will weigh when killed and dressed for market, they usually go home at night with pocket-books for which they have no use. The old farmers have a way of "multiplying the length of the hog by his breadth, dividing the product by the girth just behind his fore legs, and multiplying this result by the number of pounds of lard that the hog will weigh to the square foot," or of using some other "cantrap," the secret of whose power is known only to themselves. They take pride in telling about the traditional hog guessings of their ancestors. On Long Island hog guessing is a pastime, but in the village of Copake it is a serious business. All other occupations are suspended. In other places fifty cents is charged for a guess, and he who is found to have guessed the nearest to the correct weight of the hog is made its owner. But this scheme to the farmers on the Hudson smacks of lottery or monkeying. The owner of the hog there has spent two or more years in carefully nursing the animal to its utmost capabilities, and is too public-spirited to make any money out of his art. To be sure, he usually keeps a hotel, and the guessers see that the public-spirited landlord, who has laid in an extra supply of beverages, cooling and otherwise, is fully repaid for his trouble. The hog is afterward disposed of by the original owner as he pleases.

Fully 1,500 people were in Copake village on Tuesday to see the pride of the village die. The normal population of Copake is from 55 to 100 souls. Whenever a wagon load drove into the public square on which the hog resided the occupants tumbled from the vehicle and then hastened to inspect the hog. The next thing was to "have something," presumably for the purpose of stimulating their judgment. The more prudent and experienced farmers at this stage "made their mark on the hog," as they express the action of deciding how much in their judgment the porker would weigh. The young and inexperienced took time to make up their minds, and as they also took frequent occasion to consult the smiling barkeeper on the all-absorbing question, they grew more and more undecided, until they left widely and in amounts beyond their previous intention.

Meanwhile, a man with dazzling watch chain began about midday to sell pools. It was mainly Dutchess County betting against Columbia County. The counties adjoin, and the same interest in hog guessing obtains in each. Columbia County hogs are supposed to weigh from 1,050 to 1,100 pounds, and Dutchess County from 1,100 to 1,140. Numerous private bets were made. A "pocky box," as it is called in that neighborhood, was established and was well patronized. The "pocky box" is a system of mutual betting by lots. Twenty five cent ticket is bought, and on it is written the buyer's name and the figures which he bets on. Then the fifty cents, with this card, are slipped into the box as tickets are put into a ballot box. The nearest guess takes the entire sum in the box.

The hog's reception of its visitors, who were coming in from all points of the compass from 9 A. M. to 1:20 P. M., when Conrad, known for its skill with the dagger, stood over the animal with a blade gleaming in his hand. The name of the hog was Columbia, and by that name it has been known for two years. It was raised by Jim Dinehart, brother-in-law and adviser of Henry Van de Bogart, the prominent citizen of Copake, Columbia's father weighed 980 pounds and its mother 922 pounds, and a hog-guessing was made up for each of them. When Mr. Wesley Van de Bogart, who failed Columbia, bought the hog it weighed on Sept. 20, 1879, as he says, 300 pounds. It was fed on milk and meal, and ran out for a big hog. It looked like a pig on stilts—long, lean, big-boned, and sad-sided—but I saw points in it and I bought it and tended it carefully." Mr. Van de Bogart did his whole duty on it. A warm place was made under an outbuilding, and new straw was put in it every day. As the hog grew fatter and fatter it ceased to walk around in its pen. For nearly a month before it met its violent death it could not walk, nor could it be goaded to get upon its feet.

"Do you think I'm going to run the risk of having him break a leg?" asked Mr. Van de Bogart, frequently, when requested to poke it up to its feet.

Columbia was so fat that the rolls of flesh fell over its eyes, and for months he had been as blind as a bat. Yet it would allow no one to feed him but Mr. Van de Bogart. He knew his owner's step and voice. Three times a day the latter would take to Columbia a front door a big pailful of corn meal, made into a dough with fresh milk. The hog, at the scent of food, propped itself up a little on its fore legs while Mr. Van de Bogart fed him with a wooden spoon. Columbia's appetite remained good, and when any farmer's wife asked for a piece of the hog for sausage, because it was so unwieldy, he found out his mistake. The hog snorted, put his nose under the boy, and tossed him to a respectful distance. Once his owner went away, and the barkeeper attempted to feed him. The hog refused. Then the barkeeper returned to the house, and stood behind a screen and watching the proceeding, for Columbia smelled him if the barkeeper. Columbia smelled first at the barkeeper's clothes and then at the wooden spoon. Then he refused to eat