NEW YORK PILOTS' CHARGES

VIEWS OF THE COMMISSIONERS UPON DISPUTED POINTS.

Favoring a Reduction of 20 to 25 per Cent.—Steam Service Viewed with Disfavor—The Steamship Agents' Statements Answered.

The special committee of the Chamber of Commerce, consisting of C. H. Smith, J. F. Elwell, and G. Schwab, met again yesterday afternoon to consider the pilotage questions. Pilot Commissioners Capts. Snow, Harding, and Thompson, Col. Hincken, and Mr. Morgan were present. Capt. James Parker, Secretary of the New Jersey Board of Pilot Commissioners, came in later.

Capt. Snow, who is President of the New York Board of Pilot Commissioners, said, in answer to questions by Chairman Smith: "Our requirements of qualifications for pilots do not demand that they shall be navigators, but most of them know as much of the science as the ordinary masters of coasting vessels, and all of them enough to find their exact position when at sea. What is demanded of them is special local knowledge and what the duties of a thorough seaman are in handling a ship. We deem the present number of pilots necessary, but the boats, we think, could be decreased. We have, no doubt, power to arbitrarily decrease the number, but have never exercised it, only when boats have gone out of service we have refused to let them enter again. It has been estimated that an active and industrious pilot, one of a crew plying far off shore, can earn $2,000 to $2,500 per annum. I do not know the average dividends paid in boats' share to owners. The Commissioners have been urging the pilots to meet the merchants amicably for arrangement of a reduction of rates, but some of the merchants desire to destroy the present system, and they have awakened the antagonism of the pilots. We have thought the rates should be reduced 20 to 25 per cent. We have practically prohibited steam pilot boats. The scheme was injurious to the pilots who were cruising off shore, doing the most laborious part of the service, and we considered it our duty not to allow pilotage from that beat. We were enjoined by a court from punishing those pilots by penalties, as we have a right to do, and could only when their licenses expire refuse to renew them—which we did, on the ground that it was a combination in the interest of a few English ships, and if allowed, might be followed by one for the Italians, and another for the Germans, and so on, to the breaking up of our whole system.

"A strong reason in our minds for the retention of sailboats in the pilot service is that in them boys learn the art of handling vessels, which they can never attain on a steamboat. We have suggested to the pilots a trial of steamboats, but the reply has been that they have been tried in Liverpool and proved a failure. [illegible] service how they would have to possess [illegible] taken to the [illegible] chamberlain [illegible] gan, the guest [illegible] above him attentive, melliffluous [illegible] chapel. In [illegible] hear a man [illegible] women only [illegible] round, and [illegible] could only [illegible] issue from the royal mouth. He said in *pelto*: "Decidedly the Comte de Chambord is a fine fellow—a hero in his way, and a thorough gentleman. But it would never do to have a prince on the throne who answers in that grand, resonant voice to the priest in the litany. The Parisians would silence him with a roar of laughter."

At the end of the service the painter found the chamberlain awaiting him. They proceeded to the drawing room, where the Comte and Comtesse de Chambord were surrounded by their gentlemen and ladies, and a large number of visitors. Madame was a head and shoulders taller than any one present. She had a powerfully outlined face, and seemed to live entirely within herself. Her deafness and necessities had its explained her abstraction. She addressed as if mechanically, and in a bass voice, a few words of greeting to each courtier. There was no sign of luxurious taste anywhere, but there were evidences of wealth. Family pictures hung on the whitewashed walls. Madame was in black silk of a dull shade, in a dress made in the fashion of thirty years ago, and plain as a nun's robe. No room was afforded for improvers or any of those pardonable falsities in which ladies of spare form indulge. The collar was masculine. Wide linen cuffs fell over thin and knotty hands. Her face was spare, and grave, but fresh, and not of [illegible]. When the guide chamberlain announced that Monseigneur was served, the Comte de Chambord asked the painter to walk at his left hand into the dining room. Madame walked at his right. The rest of the company stood with eyeglass eyelids in reverent attitudes, and the august pair and their visitor had got to the door. There was no taking of arms. The royal couple sat beside each other. Where the Comte de Chambord chooses to be a romantic figure is at table. He gobbles rather than eats. While eating, he questions incessantly his left-hand neighbor, who is generally the latest comer to the chateau. In a few moments Monseigneur gets through a course. A meal is rapidly improvised for himself and the painter, who had not, when he himself was done, got through a portion of the first plat that was handed round. "I have interrogated you so much," he said, "that I am afraid you have not had time to eat. This is a pity. What are we to do? If Madame Blanche will continue to question me, I shall be honored to answer and not to eat. But, the *dejeuner* over, I shall ask you to allow me to have a solitary repast in the battery. Every purpose in that way will be served. I confess that the air of President has sharpened singularly my appetite." The courtiers looked aghast. The words, *Quelle audace!* were stamped on their faces.

The Comte de Chambord was amused and pleased at the proposal, which he thought an example of the frankness which is a distinctive mark of the French character. "No," he said, "de sert will be delayed; take your time, I shall see to you and do all the talking while you eat. What would you like?" "I see, Monseigneur, some partridges on the sideboard." "Bitise. They are truffled partridges. Twelve of them already for the sick are daily sent to me in the shooting season from Perigord by a friend who has a hunting seat there." We have French viands always here. Alsace and Lorraine are represented on our table. Our wines, too, are French. By the by, what wine do you prefer? Bordeaux, I think, goes best with truffled partridges. In no country in Europe are there such vintages as in my dominy. You know I am Due de Bordeaux. What are the foremost restaurants now? I care very little for a renowned cuisine, but as my house is always filled with French friends, I am particular about the cookery."

After coffee, which was served in the drawing room, Monseigneur asked the artist to accompany him into the park, which is hilly and beautifully wooded. The prospects are very fine. All the conversation was about France, of which the royal host spoke for more than an hour. He said he wept over her, he mourned sometimes over her, he loved her always, and he prayed constantly for her welfare and regeneration, which he left to a wise Providence. The sensations he experienced on the road to exile, he said, he dare not describe, and what he felt when quitting Cherbourg for England. Then he described the incidents of his numerous visits, few of which took place when Louis Philippe was King. The first happened when Monseigneur was 21 years old. The Comte de Chambord was in Switzerland. He one day could not resist the temptation of setting foot upon French soil, and started with the intention of crossing the boundary line. He had walked some time when he met a forester guard. "My bravemen, he asked, could you show me how to reach the frontier? I am a stranger, and am bound for France." "You are in France. The frontier is behind you. Do you see on the hill yonder, a good quarter of an hour's walk from this, some cottages and a tall tree? The tree stands on the line of demarcation." The ranger went his way and disappeared behind a knoll. The descendant of St. Louis prostrated himself reverently to embrace the soil of his native land. In relating this incident he sobbed. His emotion gained the painter, who felt the liveliest sympathy for him.

"Mon Dieu," thought the guest, "the destiny which rules the fate of nations must be a perverse one. Our French civilization is threatened with extinction for want of honest statesmen. We are the prey of charlatans, intriguants, and house sharks. Skepticism gnaws our vitals. Hope is a prisoner of great heart, chivalrous character and French feeling; but he is impossible. He would have been an ideal king four hundred years ago. In our time he is a picturesque anachronism."

Mrs. Furlong's Unlucky Husbands.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

A few years ago a man named Elko was drowned in Big Lake, Indiana. His widow, after a time, married Wesley Furlong. A year ago, while Mr. Furlong was [illegible] Lake, he was seen to fall overboard and disappeared. The widow [illegible] on his return to his home in Indiana to the account of his death. Mrs. Furlong [illegible] the sympathy of the neighbors and friends [illegible] Last Wednesday evening Mr. Furlong came home, with the information that he was on his way to the Pacific coast. He had [illegible] Mrs. Furlong, with the intention of going on [illegible] Mrs. Furlong refused to go, [illegible] Mr. Furlong left for the Pacific coast [illegible] Elko [illegible]

Paul Revere's Tankard.

From the Portland Argus.

Mr. Stephen A. Russell, an Augusta, Me., jeweller, has [illegible] a treasure which would rejoice the heart of an antiquarian. It is a silver tankard made over a century ago by Paul Revere, the famous Boston silversmith, and is in good condition. The tankard has the initials of Paul Revere stamped upon it in two places, and engraved on the bottom is the name of Elizabeth Coffin, one of solid silver and weighing [illegible] ounces. Mr. Russell found it in a store in Waldoboro, [illegible] and had left it, asking that he might be allowed $25 for it, about its value for fashion.

Court Calendars This Day.

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS.—Nos. 51, 52, 54, 55, 57, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111,