ELISE HATHAWAY.

SHE GIVES SOME OF HER IMPRESSIONS OF NEW ORLEANS.

The Bad and Muddy Streets, But the Pleasant Warmth of the Sun—The Lottery Business the Principal Industry—A Monument to a Woman.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., March 2, 1885.—Before we came to New Orleans we had read a great many suggestions from a great many people as to what you ought to wear and to bring with you when you came here. I take this opportunity to add my drop to the torrent of information on that subject with which the country is flooded. Whatever you leave at home by no means come without your parasol and rubbers. By no flight of the imagination could one picture a dirtier town than New Orleans. The wonder is not that they have yellow fever occasionally, but that every person in town does not have it all the time. Their papers tell us, by the way, that the fever is now under the present vigilant and active management entirely stamped out, and could not possibly break out unless imported, and the careful quarantine will prevent that.

It is interesting to know this, but all the same one would think the residents would feel an occasional twinge of uneasiness when they survey their gutters. There are no sewers, and every gutter is a dirty, sluggish stream, picturesquely diversified by orange and bannana skins, cabbage leaves, potato parings, and oyster shells, and coated with a thick, green scum, suggestive of 'all manner of deadly diseases. The sidewalks are broken and irregular, and the frequent sudden sharp showers settle in numberless little pools, and a rain of half an hour makes the whole town muddy or a day. There is no way for the water to run off, as the place is as flat as the palm of your hand.

THE STREETS ARE EVEN WORSE.

There are a very few of the principal ones paved with irregular cobble stones. With these exceptions the entire town is a mass of deep, black mud, and will be, I suppose, until it dries into equally deep and disagreeable dust. What the place is in the summer, with a hot sun streaming down upon these masses of filth, it makes one shudder to imagine. No wonder the principal buildings of interest in New Orleans are hospitals and orphan asylums. It is well they are so abundant, but it seems to the casual observer rather a pity that the money to found and support them could not have been spent in sanitary arrangements which might prevent the epidemics that keep them so full. Think of a city of 240,000 people who all have to go somewhere and pay to take a bath, for there is no water supply, except the immense cisterns which one sees rising like enormous towers in every backyard, and when there is no rain there is no water, in spite of the fact that the Mississippi river and Lake Pontchartrain are at their doors.

The day we arrived, after traveling through miles and miles of snow, when I found in my room a palm leaf fan and a pitcher of ice water, and looking out of the window saw a lady sitting on her front steps under a parasol, we thought it rather an exaggerated effort for local color, so to speak. But we were soon convinced of our error. It is true that in the mornings and evenings their cheery little grate fires—made of a soft coal that burns with a bright flame like wood, and is perfectly fascinating to punch with a poker—look very pretty and feel very comfortable. But in the daytime

THE SUNSHINE IS ALMOST HOT,

and you see everywhere people sitting by their open windows or out on their doorsteps, or in the galleries, as they call the verandas, which are on every house, often up to the third story. These galleries are a very pleasant feature of New Orleans architecture, but they are open to one objection. They hold the water for hours, and no matter how wary you are and no matter how long it is after the shower you are pretty sure, from time to time, to feel a drop splash on your bonnet or trickle down the back of your neck. They are useful to view processions from, however, and that in the eyes of the natives is of paramount importance.

The leading industry of New Orleans would seem to be the lottery business, for every one of the innumerable cigar stores has its windows festooned with tickets, which always seem to command ready purchasers. One store has an enticing sign bearing the hopeful legend, "Tickets sold here always draw prizes." The dealers in soda water, too, seem to have an immense trade. It is sold by all the confectioners as well as the druggists, and they have introduced a marked improvement by having rows of chairs for the use of their customers, which are almost always filled with thirsty people imbibing soda and mineral waters, mead, and lemonade. Nor does it seem at all difficult to obtain beverages of a more stimulating nature. There are innumerable saloons, and they are secluded by no devices of closed doors or screens. On the contrary, they court publicity, and the big double doors are always wide open, affording to the public a fine view of the gentlemen

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE BAR.

If the inhabitants of New Orleans neglect cleanliness it can not be attributed to their excessive devotion to godliness. One's attention is attracted by the advertisement in the papers of some of the stores "No goods sold on Sundays," as if such a course were marked and unusual—as indeed it is. Most of the dealers are trammeled by no such scruples. The saloons, cigar-stores, confectioners, and many others open their doors wide, and apparently do a more thriving business than on any other day. It is on Sunday night too that all the new plays begin at the theatres. The stranger who starts to go to church on Sunday without any previous information on the subject might think that the finding of a church was not much less difficult than the fabled guest of the Holy Grail. If you inquire the way to the horse-races which are loudly proclaimed by a band in an open wagon, or to the prize-fight which is widely advertised there would be no difficulty in finding directors, but a church is a very different matter.

At last, through the interposition of the omniscient small boy, we find one, and are agreeably surprised at its size and the crowds that are thronging into it, perhaps regarding it as a novel species of entertainment. The visitor is reminded where he is by seeing, on entering, a simple tablet to the memory of the first pastor of this church, who died at the age of 24 of yellow fever. The inscription adds briefly: "His last sermon was from the text, 'For me to live is Christ and to die is gain.'" We cannot help thinking for a few moments of the young preacher called so early from his work to his rest, and we think perhaps New Orleans is not such a wicked place after all when we go in and see the big church crowded in every corner with people. While we are inside we hear the thunder rolling, and when we come out the pretty green little park on which the church fronts is shining through the rain.

EVERYONE RUNS FOR A CAB,

and when we have caught it we almost wish we had stayed outside, for we have struck what is variously regarded as a proof of advanced civilization and a relic of barbarism—a smoking car, and the air is dense with the smoke of a dozen cigars, not all the finest Havanas.

Although there are many things that disappoint one in New Orleans, although we look in vain for the luxuriant rows of orange trees, the strange and odorous flowers, and tropical luxuriance of foliage, and the beautiful dusky-eyed Creoles described so attractively by Mr. Cable, yet there is one thing of which one cannot complain, and that is lack of what is popularly known as local color. From the first moment when you open your bureau drawer to find the bottom of it neatly covered with a French newspaper, and going down the street see stuck on the tree box at the corner a neat little black-bordered notice of the fact that Mme. Jeanne-Marie-Octavie Gautier deceased on such a day, and that her friends are hereby respectfully prayed to assist at her funeral. You realize that you are in a semi-foreign town. Canal street, the principal street of the city, divides it into two parts. All above that is American; all below, is called Frenchtown. Here the streets change their names. The street, for instance, that above Canal is Carondelet, when it crosses it becomes Bourbon. Over most of the shops you see French signs, and all the people you meet in the street are talking French. Here the creoles live, and it is said there are many of them who have never been and will never go above Canal street.

In this quarter are many of the French restaurants, where is the best cooking to be had in New Orleans. You feel at first as if you must have made a mistake when you enter what you are assured is one of the best restaurants in the city, and after noticing in the window a few withered bananas and cauliflowers, see that the interior is a plain, common-looking room, with a big stove in the middle, with coarse table linen and china, and sand on the bare floor. There is a babel of noise as the very few waiters attempt to supply the very many guests, and you hear constant shrill calls of

"ET! ET! GARCON!"

from one table and another. Here is where the Octaves and Jules and Andres come and linger long with loud vivacity of conversation over their dinners of many complicated courses compounded of heaven knows what ingredients and their little bottles of thin, sour wine, and afterwards roll their tiny cigarettes and smoke with intense enjoyment. Nor is it confined to the foreigners, for many members of the southern chivalry stalk in with their hats on and smoke peacefully after dinner although there are always as many ladies there as men. Perhaps they take the ground that if the ladies don't like it they can stay away, but the ladies know too well how rare are the places in New Orleans where an edible dinner can be obtained to adopt that course. There are no bills of fare provided; and you have not the slightest idea till the waiter goes through a hasty process of mental arithmetic and announces the result what your bill is. If you order their regular dinner you are all right, but if not you order what you please and they charge what they please.

The rough narrow streets down here are lined with odd little shops, with quaint finery in the windows and foreign names over the doors. I do not know that they are a very literary people, but there are many old bookstores with shelves crowded with dingy foreign books. I was not a little shocked at the incongruity when I saw a half-worn copy of "Don't" in one of them. Among the French ones was a queer little Chinese store, and in the window, among the delicately wrought fans and embroideries, the elaborately costumed models of Chinese ladies and gentlemen, whom it was difficult to distinguish,

AS THEIR DRESSES AND PETTICOATS

were exactly alike, was a plate of what looked like walnuts, with this neat inscription on a card, "Chinese nuts. Try it. It is of fine taste. Only for 5 cents the dozen." It was a disappointment at the fruit stores to find, as you do, all over town that oranges, which we had supposed could be had for the asking, were exactly the same price that they are at Youngs' grocery store, and at most places rather dearer. Fine ones are 60 cents and $1 a dozen, and they are extremely ordinary ones that one buys for 40 cents, which seems a little queer when you see them growing in the people's backyards.

The Italians here, as elsewhere, confine themselves entirely to the fruit stand and the hand-organ as means of livelihood, though their hand-organs are imposing and dignified-looking instruments, exactly resembling upright pianos. They require two able-bodied men to trundle them through the streets, one of whom grinds the machine, while the other passes a small tin receptacle with such an ominous and deadly glare that you drop some money in in sheer terror. They all count their money by "bits," as they call them. It is two bits for this and four bits for that, and it is at first a little confusing to remember that a bit is 12½ cents and to do the necessary mental arithmetic.

One sees a great many legless and armless men, and we cannot help reflecting with pity that they haven't even a pension to solace them for their loss. There is little else to remind you of the war except the towering monument to Gen. Lee. A monument more interesting for its novelty, and really a very sweet and touching memorial is that in honor of Margaret, the benevolent baker, who used her large means almost exclusively for the benefit of the poor of the city, and founded a girls' orphan asylum in the little park, in front of which the monument stands. She is represented as a comfortable, motherly-looking woman, clasping with her arm a half-clad little girl. This is the first monument in this country ever erected to a woman.

ELISE HATHAWAY.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GREECE IN THE TIMES OF HOMER. By T. T. TSIAMYENIS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Washington: W. H. Morrison; 16mo., pp. 392.

The writer of this book is also the author of an admirable "History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Present." In the work just now issued, to which this notice refers, his object is to spread out before us the outlines of that picture of the Homeric age which the great poet himself has so vividly drawn. In other words, he gives us some of the striking characteristics of that early period as they are exhibited in the Iliad and Odyssey. The author tells us that though he has examined the principal Greek, English, French, and German works which relate to his subject, he has nevertheless made Homer himself his great teacher and guide. Of this thorough study of the old bard himself, as well as of the most authoritative treatises of his time, the volume before us gives abundant proof. His quotations from Homer, through Bryant's elegant translation, in confirmation of the points he wishes to illustrate, are very ample and apposite. We advise, then, our readers to get this interesting book and with its learned author as their guide to look at the architecture and arrangements and furniture of the houses where the Homeric heroes ate and slept, and where their wives and children lived; to learn something of the relations which the men and women sustained to each other; of the courtships and marriages; of the education of their children; of the respect and love cherished in that age for parents; of the condition of slaves; of the clothes men and women then wore; of their care for and mode of dressing the hair; of their ornaments; of their bathing; of their food and drink, and temperance at their feasts; of their way of disposing of their dead; and of their notions of a future world. We shall derive much pleasure and profit from following our erudite and agreeable author as he traces the characteristics which that wonderful people, the Greeks, exhibited in the morning of their own and of the world's history.

It would be easy to find in a book of 360 pages words, expressions, and opinions to which we might object, as when our author refers to the use of brass in Homer's time (which was probably then unknown), instead of bronze; or when he calls the subjects of King Alcinous Phaeacans, instead of Phaacians; but we will not search for blemishes in a work of so much merit and so worthy of being generally read.

"SERAPIS, A ROMANCE." By GEORGE EBERS. Translated from the German by Clara Bell. New York: William T. Gottsberger. Washington: Brentano Bros.

To make the past seem as real as the present, the year 391 as vivid as 1885, and the doings and sufferings of ancient Egyptians as much actual events as the incidents we read in the morning paper, is the work in which Ebers has particularly excelled, and in which he has hardly a rival. In the present volume, although every historical detail is presented with the utmost accuracy the story itself hardly comes up in interest to the standard of "Uarda" or "The Egyptian Princess." The multiplicity of characters is rather confusing, but each one is sketched with light and vivid touches that make them seem very real to us. The time is the era of the great conflict in Alexandria between the Pagans and the Christians, and it is rather a novel element in early romance to find the Christians the persecutors instead of the persecuted. We can hardly think the author justified in representing the Christian women of the time in the ambitious and unscrupulous Mary, the mother of Marcus. The selection of the name must, of course, be merely a coincidence as the time forbids identifying her with the woman of that name mentioned in the Bible. Much of the story centers around the destruction of the great Alexandrian library, and the thrilling events of the time are graphically and dramatically narrated. The story is, as usual, clearly and faithfully translated by Clara Bell.

Literary Notes.

Gen. R. E. Colston, late boy on the general staff of the Egyptian army, who contributes the article on the Soudan, "The Land of the False Prophet," to the current number of the *Century Magazine*, had an "open letter" in the September *Century*, 1884, in which he predicted that the fall of Khartoum was only a question of time, and that the only hope for Gordon's safety lay in his being captured and held for ransom. In a recent private letter to the editors of the *Century*, Gen. Colston says: "What would not Wolseley give now to have his forces once more concentrated at Korti! That will never be; and I fear much that Wolseley himself will never get back. The Bedouin tribes 400 miles north of him can interrupt all his communications, even below Korosko, and virtually besiege him; and it matters little whether he is confined to a space of a hundred square miles or one square mile in a country which affords nothing for the subsistence of an army. Buller, besieged at Abu Klea, eating his camels, short of water, transportation, and ammunition, is doomed. At least, these are the probabilities; and in war, as in chess, we must assume that our adversary is going to make the best, not the worst, move possible. The British are paying very dearly for underrating the enemy's skill as well as pluck. Graham, it is said, will have 8,000 men at Suakin by the 9th of March. He will never march ten miles beyond, in my opinion."

Unconfirmed Nominations.

The following is a list of nominations made, but not confirmed during the second session of the forty-eighth congress:

Postmasters—Berry Wick Craig, at Versailles, Ky.; Jacob J. Elliott, at Idaho Springs, Col.; Cornelius A. Field, at Hanover, N. H.; James M. Fletcher, at Seward, Neb.; George W. Richardson, at Washington, N. C.; Abe Roberts, at Montrose, Col.; Chester C. Willis, at Pleasanton, Kan.

United states marshals—Thomas B. Keogh, western district of North Carolina; Edward A. Kreidler, district of Montana.

United States district attorneys—James Atkins, northern district of Georgia; James E. Boyd, western district of North Carolina; Ross Guffin, western district of Missouri.

For promotions in the navy—Lieut. Downs L. Wilson, junior grade, to be lieutenant; Ensign Henry T. Mayo, to be lieutenant in the junior grade.

For promotions in the army—Third regiment of cavalry, First Lieut. James F. Simpson to be captain; Second Lieut. George H. Morgan to be first lieutenant.

Surveyor general—William H. Wicks, for Florida.

Melter of the mint—Nicholas Sylvester, at Denver, Col.

Naval officer of customs—Wm. M. Burwell, at New Orleans, La.

Only one nomination was rejected by the senate during this session—that of Isaac Heyman, to be postmaster at Opelika, Ala.

CHILDREN can't be poisoned by the use of Red Star Cough Cure. No bad effects.

Former Pension Office Clerk Sentenced.

PHILADELPHIA, March 6.—In the United States district court Judge Butler to-day sentenced Thomas Lawrence, a former clerk in the pension office in this city, who had been convicted of issuing fraudulent vouchers, to pay a fine of $500 and to undergo an imprisonment of four years in the Eastern penitentiary.

Statue Injured by Frost.

PHILADELPHIA, March 6.—The arm of the marble figure of Justice on the new city hall, which was extended and held a pair of scales, fell off to-day. The mass of marble, weighing 100 pounds, struck the pavement without hurting any of the passers by. The breakage was due to the frost.

UNEQUALED, unrivalled, unapproached—quickly quiets quinsy—relieves, restores, rescues—Red Star Cough Cure.

DIED.

BURKE.—On Friday, March 6, at 8:45 a. m., VIOLETTE BURKE, widow of James Burke, of Fairfax County, Va.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral from residence of J. W. Butcher, No. 333 D street southwest, Sunday, at 2 o'clock p. m. *

JANUS.—On Friday, March 6, 1885, at 5 p. m., after a short illness, ANTHONY JANUS, aged 25 years.

Interment at Warrenton, Va. *

CLARK.—On Thursday, March 5, 1885, LAWRENCE CLARK, at his residence, 1024 Seventh street southwest at 9:10 p. m.

Funeral from St. Dominic's Church on Monday, March 9, at 10 o'clock a. m. **

THOMAS.—At 6:10 p. m. March 5, 1885, JENKIN THOMAS, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

Funeral from his late residence, Georgetown, D. C., Saturday afternoon at 4 p. m. *

POSEY.—On Friday, March 6, 1885, at 8:45 a. m., at the residence of his son-in-law, James H. Saville, 1315 M street northwest, PETER DENT POSEY, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Funeral Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m. Interment at Rock Creek. *

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