

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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Volume XXXVII, No. 343

AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW EVENING.

- BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth Avenue.—LADY OF LYONS.
OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker sts.—LA BELLE HELEN.
BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—THE DOUBLE BARRIED BOON.—THE GOLD BELT.
WOOD'S MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—OS HARD. Afternoon and Evening.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Fourteenth street.—ITALIAN OPERA.—MIGNON.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. and Eighth av.—RODOLPH THE CLOAK.
NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Nassau streets.—LEO AND LOTOS.
UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Broadway, between Third and Fourth streets.—ACKES.
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth street.—THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.
WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirteenth street.—OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.
THEATRE COMIQUE, 24 Broadway.—AFRICA: OR, LAVINGS AND STAYLES.
STADT THEATRE, Nos. 45 and 47 Bowery.—OPERA.—NORRA.
MRS. P. R. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.—ARRAS LA FOIXE.
BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montague st.—ITALIAN OPERA.—HUGENOTS.
STRAINWAY HALL, Fourteenth street.—LECTURE.—DANCE O'CONNELL.
COOPER INSTITUTE.—LECTURE.—"HOW WOMEN LIVE IN NEW YORK."
BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st., corner Fifth av.—NIGRO MINSTRELS, ECCENTRICITY, &c.
ATENEUM, No. 85 Broadway.—SPLENDID VARIETY OF NOVELTIES.
CANTERBURY VARIETY THEATRE, Broadway, between Bleecker and Houston.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
TONEY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 20 Bowery.—GRAND FACILITY ENTERTAINMENT, &c.
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, corner 25th and Broadway.—ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS, &c.
BARNUM'S MUSEUM, MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS.—FOURTH street, near Broadway.—Day and Evening.
NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 615 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

QUADRUPLE SHEET.

New York, Sunday, Dec. 8, 1872.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

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FIFTY-TWO COLUMNS OF ADVERTISEMENTS ARE AMONG THE GOOD SIGNS OF COMMERCIAL ACTIVITY IN EVERY BRANCH OF TRADE WHICH THE HERALD BRINGS TO ITS READERS TO-DAY.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON IN THIS CITY LAGS FROM LACK OF ENCOURAGEMENT. Starting with brilliant promise and showing much excellent acting, the public has not taken that interest in the drama which is its due. Excellence in art can only be attained or preserved by a generous appreciation, and we give this hint because it seems demanded by the occasion.

The Bayonet in the State House at New Orleans—A Disgraceful Condition of Affairs.

Up to present indications no immediate rupture leading to sanguinary consequences seems probable in New Orleans, although a contest between "State Rights" and "centralization" looms up out of this fight between mere politicians. The federal bayonets still glistened around the building used as a State House, and the war was being carried on in the Courts. The Returning Board, in the hands of Kellogg and Casey, promulgated yesterday a return of the members said to have been elected, which gives a republican majority of forty-five in the House and twenty in the Senate. The return promulgated on Thursday last by the Governor's Board of course gives quite another political complexion to the Legislature. We are further informed that this pleasant result for the Custom House people was achieved through the process of counting in some thousands of votes belonging to negroes alleged to have been refused registration in their districts. This performance, which would give the Custom House faction all it desires—and it desires everything—from the United States Senator and Governor down to every particle of State and federal patronage within the confines of Louisiana, meets with determined opposition from Warmoth and his party. Their intent is announced to be a calling of the Legislature, as announced by the Governor's Board, and it seems likely that we shall witness the disgraceful scenes of two rival bodies, each claiming to represent the unfortunate Commonwealth, each anxious to plunder it as much as possible, and neither possessing a clear title to exist. Such is the deplorable picture which carpet-bagism has sketched in one of its wildest frocks.

For the sake of present peacefulness it is well indeed that the majority of the population look on either in apathy or disgust at this demon dance of the plunderers. But, with the threatening phase of this difficulty removed, the immobility of the respectable masses will become a reproach they will do well to wipe out at an early day. The leaven of corruption will rise more quickly and continuously than any other, and will pervade the whole mass of society until nothing short of the scorching heat of revolution will kill it. As the extent of the corruption is greater or lesser so must be the means of eradicating it. History has recorded that even the overwhelming violence of an outraged people swamping it in torrents of blood, has not succeeded wholly in the object. The sword, the axe and the guillotine may kill corruptionists; but if the contagion itself has not been grappled with and made a moral as well as a physical horror, society is nothing bettered, for the executioners, with power in their hands, will become corruptionists in turn. On the miserable, plundered and outraged past of Louisiana, since carpet-bag ascendancy, we shall not now speak in detail. It is needless to state that those from the North who undertook the task of ruling the conquered but yet seething South were men requiring but little incentive to become the most unprincipled scoundrels civilization with its half-teachings could produce. The well-to-do, the patient and the honest, who might have left the South in a few years as contented with their lot as a sense of humiliation would permit, betrayed no inclination to leave their quiet comfort for the after risks of the war. For the carpet-baggers to enlist the negroes on their side was no hard work, and to make them abettors and sharers in their knavish schemes scarcely more difficult. The worst feature was yet to come—namely the absorption of much of the white Southern element into the ranks of the scoundrelers for plunder. The material benefits of political immorality once palpable, its pursuit, regardless of all consequences, became far more wide than many at the North suppose. As if all the malign influences were conspiring to make the wounds of the South less curable, the hot-headed masqueraders of the Ku Klux, with their fantastic deeds of insane bloodthirstiness, came upon the scene. Giving as they did a spurious crown of martyrdom to the carpet-baggers, they only succeeded in fastening them more firmly in their midst. A strongly radical Congress took the opportunity of disciplining the South with bayonets, and the foolish fellows of the midnight mask, the pistol and the whip found that arbitration by force was more than ever out of the question. When the Ku Klux excesses had failed, as they deserved, of their object, there began the no less dangerous era of compromise. With the birth of the liberal movement at Cincinnati it was fully put under way. In many States of the South—North and South Carolina and Louisiana for instance—the indecency of the plunderers had excited tardy remonstrance from the Executive circles in Washington as they had aroused indignation everywhere else. The fight for the spoils had split up the carpet-baggers themselves into bitter factions, and wherever an attempt was made for a choice between them at Washington, it resulted in sending the rejected faction with unreal sibillets of reform over to the democracy. Warmoth, the present Governor of Louisiana, was one of these "converts" to reform. Snubbed, as he was at Cincinnati, by the honest and earnest of the experimental party, he possessed so much real power in his State that the democracy fell into the snare and helped him to make his fight for revenge and continued power. The insincerity in principle of the bargain, which was, doubtless, one of the causes of the failure of the coalition everywhere, has now found its fruit in the present position of affairs in New Orleans. Manipulating laws and persons to suit his ends, removing this man and crushing the other, he prepared with his party for the election. Lest any light should be shed upon the matter the rival returning boards arrive at opposite conclusions, the United States Courts under the Enforcement act fight the State Courts under local laws, the troops step in, an appeal is sent on to Washington, and it is a question of fear, not scruple, which prevents a carnival of blood following it. How this remarkable and disgraceful state of things can end will not be known before Monday. Kellogg, the carpet-bagger on the one side, is confident, and Warmoth, the carpet-bagger on the other, expresses his resolution to stand by his cause to the end. The unfortunate State thus stands between rival camps, and its people gaze stolidly at the deplorable exhibition before them.

The Religious Press on the Topics of the Day.

The religious press this week is prolific in its eulogies of the late Horace Greeley. It would seem as if the love and veneration for the departed Sage of Chappaqua were not confined to any particular sect in religion nor to any faction in politics, but that the memory of the man himself, that of the philosopher whom all respected, receives universal deference, with one or two exceptions. The Independent trusts that his (Greeley's) soul is in peace. His last words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," are characterized by that journal as fitting words to grace his lips when his sinking humanity lay shivering on the extreme verge of life and the frontier of an opening eternity. "They contain," continues the Independent, "a sinner's confession of faith when the word Redeemer is most welcome and when the gracious services of a Redeemer are most needed." The Independent does not, apparently, heed the memory of Horace as Abraham did Lazarus, to its bosom. It thinks the democratic party has done its work and ought to have the grace to die. "Destructive and rapacious in life," says the Independent, "its carcass may serve to enrich the nation's soil, and some fruits of equality and peace may draw their transfused juices from its praiseworthy suicide." Who killed the democratic party? The Christian Union (Henry Ward Beecher) speaks from the editor's brain when his pen indites:— So robust a mind, so vital a nature, so fresh and youthful a presence, and the restless worker, that sixty seemed the very prime and flush of manhood, and years of labor appeared to beckon him. But many griefs broke the great heart, and the strong body crumbled in a day. From his life a great legacy remains: the vast influence of a generation which learned from him that honesty, honor, simplicity, frugality, generosity, purity, temperance, are above all worldly gains. From his death the gospel of tolerance takes deeper meaning, and the crucifixion looks more like the charity that believeth all things seems divine. For the rest, his friends will keep his memory green. There are break alike to watch above the dead, and the earth offers but cold shelter. Yet one fancy that he whose life was full of storms, whose aggressive spirit could not rest, whose hours were but a warfare with the elements, peace in the rigid rigidity of the winter slumber than in the languorous thrill and stir of June. The Golden Age (Theodore Tilton) concludes an eulogistic panegyric on the deceased philosopher as follows:— Had he lived longer, after such a shock as his recent illness, it would only have been as an old and broken man, and the remainder of his better self—a living ruin. How many of our eminent public men unfortunately survive their influence and fritter away their fame, and on, should they die, in the hour of defeat, and after two-thirds of the nation had registered their verdict against him, and in the face of a superior to his, and by and by fortunate death takes possession of the hearts of all his countrymen, reuters his name in eulogues through all their lips, restores his broken name in all their hearts, bows the whole nation into mourning at his bier, and thus transmits, as by a moral miracle, his unparalleled vanquishment into the most illustrious triumph possible to a human career. The Observer does not go beyond ordinary ecclesiastical hints in making its observations this week. It wants to know whether the red man has any rights which the white man is "bound to respect," and publishes a communication from a gentleman who has been spending some time in the Indian Territory. This communication is dated at "Chata-Tamaha, Choctaw Nation," but its information is so far behind the HERALD'S reports from the same quarter that we fail to discover anything worthy of reproduction. The fact that the Choctaw Nation has ordered all white men from its territory presents a new phase to this interesting matter. The Freeman's Journal (Catholic) seems disposed to accept the election of General Grant for a third and even a fourth term, provided he satisfies the conditions of administering fairly and impartially, the powers of his great office, without yielding to any narrow and therefore dying ideas of preference for persons or for cliques that may claim to own him. "He has," continues the Journal, "the freest field ever any man in his position has had. All the old political parties are dissolved. But the principles that used to distinguish the democratic party are not dissolved. He that knows how to preserve them will be the leader of the future." The Catholic Review is full of Father Burke, Mr. Froude and the Bishop of Rochester, Dr. McQuaide. The Boston Pilot is out this week in its usual form with some marked improvements in its editorial as well as typographical appearance. The Christian Intelligencer, referring to the late Horace Greeley, says, after a review of the career of the deceased, that "candor compels the verdict that this great man, with all his admitted power, was the hapless victim of his own struggles for political pre-eminence." Continues the Intelligencer:— In a republican government like ours the highest prizes of office are open to the honorable ambition of every citizen. Over it stands, with such examples of successful attainment before him, Mr. Greeley should aim to secure the object of his desire. But the singular history of his double nomination for the Presidency, the excitements of the campaign, the result of the election and the sad close of his life amid the gloom of his crushing defeat, will long remain as an admonitory chapter in American politics. The Jewish Messenger advocates Hebrew free schools, and says the society for the encouragement of such schools is dependent upon the city for support—"a society for the dissemination of Hebrew learning, neglected by the Jews, and actually forced to seek assistance from the public funds!" The Messenger does not appear to regard this position of things in regard to Hebrew free learning with much satisfaction. The Liberal Christian (Rev. 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Under existing circumstances he may not impugn his motives in seeking and accepting the support of a political party with which he had all his life been in bitter antagonism, nor will we reflect on his honesty in his attitude to his own party in the administration of General Grant; but the simple fact of his humiliating disappointment and the reaction he experienced in such a case of defeat, is sufficient, in itself, to account for his mental prostration and his premature death. Our country religious contemporaries do not furnish us, as they should, with the progress of religious revivals in their communities. This is an important feature in making up a history of the advancement of Christianity in

The World of Amusement.

Though the best and greatest die, though hearts ache and familiar places are made void by the absence of those who will never return, the world of amusement wags on, shaking its head more or less facetiously at sorrow, whispering, moralize as we may, that "all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players;" which, in truth, it is, and most of the players are nature's journeymen, they imitate humanity so abominably. Good and bad have had their exits and their entrances during the past week—the Merry Wives of Windsor still playing their mad pranks upon a Falstaff much longer than he is broad, Sothorn still convulsing the hobnobbers of Wallack's with Lord Dunderbary's sublime idiosyncrasy, Miss Ethel unwearingly depicting the highly moral spectacle of woman's devotion to worthless man, Folly revolving "Round the Clock" at the Grand Opera House amid a glare of fireworks, aided and abetted by a genuine boxing mill calculated to thrill the pugilistic soul to its inmost fibre: "Leo and Lotos" at Niblo's, and "Blue Beard" at the Olympic, engaging in amicable rivalry by generous displays of spectacular limbo; Miss Neilson impersonating Miss Neilson under the name of Rosalind, in "As You Like It," at Booth's; Mr. Thompson being "On Hand" at Wood's Museum, and "Tom and Jerry" among the classic shades of the Bowery; minstrel after minstrel leading us into dark ways; Barnum, the grand moral showman of the universe, driving the little people quite wild by matinees, where lions do roar as gently as any sucking dove, and wonders in wax and flesh and blood make each particular fair stand on end with that delight peculiar to ingenious youth; and Max Maretzek, or, as he so felicitously styles himself, "a necessary evil," proving, like a dying swan, that his sweetest operatic notes are his last. "Mignon" dies only to live as the most successfully rendered opera of a singularly barren season. Thus the players of one stage pursue the players of another, and every mood—from grave to gay, from lively to severe—finds more or less reflection in that mirror held up before Nature's speaking countenance.

OUR VOLUNTEERS FOR CUBA STILL POUR IN their applications for an opportunity to distinguish themselves in the service of the HERALD. Elsewhere we print a number of letters, mostly of the amusing order, from among the immense quantity we have received on the subject. It may be remarked that this apparent levity on the matter overlies in every case a real desire to undertake the dangerous mission. It will, however, be a serious matter long before the task can be attempted. The air of mystery which, in the eyes of our Cuban contemporaries, whose article we reprint, enshrines the matter with us cannot for the present be avoided. When it becomes necessary to be more explicit we shall assuredly take that course.

The Greely Monument.

Our explanation of yesterday with reference to the amounts received in consequence of the HERALD'S appeal on behalf of the daughters of Mr. Greeley has brought us satisfactory evidence that our faith in the contributors was not misplaced. Yesterday we published the letter of a great-hearted American journalist subscribing one thousand dollars to the endowment fund. In view of our explanation conveying the gratifying intelligence that the Misses Greeley were now in want of such assistance Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, the gentleman referred to, telegraphed us yesterday as follows:— PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 7, 1872. To J. G. BENNETT, Esq.— My subscription can be appropriated in any way the family of Mr. Greeley may indicate. GEORGE W. CHILDS. In another column we publish the communication of a fellow journalist, who subscribed one hundred dollars to the fund, and who now promptly intimates his desire to have the amount diverted to the erection of a statue to the memory of Horace Greeley. Thus the kindness which dictated the responses in the first instance shows itself unchanged, although the object is not of a nature so directly appealing to the best feelings of human nature. It is, nevertheless, one admirable and fitting.

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The religious press this week is prolific in its eulogies of the late Horace Greeley. It would seem as if the love and veneration for the departed Sage of Chappaqua were not confined to any particular sect in religion nor to any faction in politics, but that the memory of the man himself, that of the philosopher whom all respected, receives universal deference, with one or two exceptions. The Independent trusts that his (Greeley's) soul is in peace. His last words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," are characterized by that journal as fitting words to grace his lips when his sinking humanity lay shivering on the extreme verge of life and the frontier of an opening eternity. "They contain," continues the Independent, "a sinner's confession of faith when the word Redeemer is most welcome and when the gracious services of a Redeemer are most needed." The Independent does not, apparently, heed the memory of Horace as Abraham did Lazarus, to its bosom. 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THE ALABAMA DEADLOCK.—Delegations from the two contending factions at Montgomery are now in Washington. Attorney General Williams yesterday granted an audience to the democratic delegation; but, as stated in our special despatch, published to-day, he refused to give an opinion. Both sides seek to be recognized by the government; plausible stories are carefully told by each, in order that the federal authorities may step in and settle the matter. It is probable the Attorney General will refuse to compromise the government and will suggest the advisability of a settlement by a compromise between themselves.

The Religious Press on the Topics of the Day.

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It thinks the democratic party has done its work and ought to have the grace to die. "Destructive and rapacious in life," says the Independent, "its carcass may serve to enrich the nation's soil, and some fruits of equality and peace may draw their transfused juices from its praiseworthy suicide." Who killed the democratic party? The Christian Union (Henry Ward Beecher) speaks from the editor's brain when his pen indites:— So robust a mind, so vital a nature, so fresh and youthful a presence, and the restless worker, that sixty seemed the very prime and flush of manhood, and years of labor appeared to beckon him. But many griefs broke the great heart, and the strong body crumbled in a day. From his life a great legacy remains: the vast influence of a generation which learned from him that honesty, honor, simplicity, frugality, generosity, purity, temperance, are above all worldly gains. From his death the gospel of tolerance takes deeper meaning, and the crucifixion looks more like the charity that believeth all things seems divine. For the rest, his friends will keep his memory green. There are break alike to watch above the dead, and the earth offers but cold shelter. Yet one fancy that he whose life was full of storms, whose aggressive spirit could not rest, whose hours were but a warfare with the elements, peace in the rigid rigidity of the winter slumber than in the languorous thrill and stir of June. The Golden Age (Theodore Tilton) concludes an eulogistic panegyric on the deceased philosopher as follows:— Had he lived longer, after such a shock as his recent illness, it would only have been as an old and broken man, and the remainder of his better self—a living ruin. How many of our eminent public men unfortunately survive their influence and fritter away their fame, and on, should they die, in the hour of defeat, and after two-thirds of the nation had registered their verdict against him, and in the face of a superior to his, and by and by fortunate death takes possession of the hearts of all his countrymen, reuters his name in eulogues through all their lips, restores his broken name in all their hearts, bows the whole nation into mourning at his bier, and thus transmits, as by a moral miracle, his unparalleled vanquishment into the most illustrious triumph possible to a human career. The Observer does not go beyond ordinary ecclesiastical hints in making its observations this week. It wants to know whether the red man has any rights which the white man is "bound to respect," and publishes a communication from a gentleman who has been spending some time in the Indian Territory. This communication is dated at "Chata-Tamaha, Choctaw Nation," but its information is so far behind the HERALD'S reports from the same quarter that we fail to discover anything worthy of reproduction. The fact that the Choctaw Nation has ordered all white men from its territory presents a new phase to this interesting matter. The Freeman's Journal (Catholic) seems disposed to accept the election of General Grant for a third and even a fourth term, provided he satisfies the conditions of administering fairly and impartially, the powers of his great office, without yielding to any narrow and therefore dying ideas of preference for persons or for cliques that may claim to own him. "He has," continues the Journal, "the freest field ever any man in his position has had. All the old political parties are dissolved. But the principles that used to distinguish the democratic party are not dissolved. He that knows how to preserve them will be the leader of the future." 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But the singular history of his double nomination for the Presidency, the excitements of the campaign, the result of the election and the sad close of his life amid the gloom of his crushing defeat, will long remain as an admonitory chapter in American politics. The Jewish Messenger advocates Hebrew free schools, and says the society for the encouragement of such schools is dependent upon the city for support—"a society for the dissemination of Hebrew learning, neglected by the Jews, and actually forced to seek assistance from the public funds!" The Messenger does not appear to regard this position of things in regard to Hebrew free learning with much satisfaction. The Liberal Christian (Rev. 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