

NEW YORKISMS.

From Our Own Correspondent. New York, Dec. 14, 1869.

It often happens that the reporter at home is exposed to dangers which are only less imminent than those which beset the correspondent abroad. If he tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, he is sure to create for himself a host of enemies, whose vengeance can be appeased by nothing but blood. Every now and then we read an account of the tragic experience of some "inter-viewer," who probably went about his business with a heavy heart, well knowing he must either make the interview a success or incur the malediction of his chief. The last anti-reportorial demonstration is that which has taken place against Dr. Shine, Deputy to Coroner Flynn. In a recent outside case at the New York Hotel, Dr. Shine was justly accused by the Herald of exceeding his legal powers and duties by holding a sort of inquest without authority from his superior. The reporter who made this statement spoke of Dr. Shine as "the Coroner's man," which so irritated the doctor that he at once proceeded to the Coroner's office in search of the candid writer. When he reached it he found only Mr. Samuel W. Baldwin, of the Herald. Mr. Baldwin is one of the Vets of the press. If he were an actor he would have a complimentary farewell benefit got up in his honor at the Academy of Music or Grand Opera House. Being merely a police reporter, he goes quietly about his business, and may be seen any day from nine till twelve and from twelve to four in the Tombs police court, munching an apple when he is not taking reports, and completely lost to everything but the progress of the trial around him when he is. Between whites, like all the other police reporters, he fetches up at the Coroner's office, whether they all go to compare notes and fill out their reports. When Dr. Shine arrived at the room appropriated to the reporters, he found Mr. Baldwin there alone, and having no respect for his silver-pated head or his silver-plated lead pencil, squared off at him in pugilistic style, and invited him to "come on." Mr. Baldwin has had an immense experience in all the curiosities of crime, but he confesses that he never before experienced anything like that. Recalling that his victim seemed entirely on the defensive, Dr. Shine turned his attention to the desk at which he had been sitting, overbalanced it, split it into fragments, scattered the pens, ink, paper, and books, broke several other articles of furniture, bestowed a choice collection of profane blackguardisms upon Mr. Baldwin, ordered him out of the office, and snailily left. I opine, however, that he is sick of his conduct by this time. I rather think that he has repented in sackcloth and ashes, and begun to feel what a bitter thing it is to insult and abuse even the humblest newspaper man who happens to have been in the right. As it happens, Mr. Baldwin was not the reporter who wrote the innocent article which gave "the Coroner's man" such offense. He was not in anywise connected with it, and Dr. Shine has made one of the highest mistakes of his life.

Just Justice. This gentleman has received from two of the relatives of Mrs. Leigh, the sister of Lord Byron, a letter in which they express their thanks to and regard for him as the author of one of the principal defenses of that lady which have been published by the American press. These relatives are George Leigh, the son of Mrs. Leigh, and the Earl of Chichester, her nephew. The commendation of these gentlemen is in answer to a letter addressed to them by the Count, and offering, if they intended bringing a civil action against Lord Byron's slanderers, he would attend to it free of costs, fees, and expenses, as well as furnish security for costs to any amount. The Count's idea was to have erected in Central Park a statue-grotesque entitled "American Justice protecting the Poet and Sister from the Satanic shafts of their libelers."

Insane Cruelty. Charles Becker, a heavy looking German, is accused of having skinned a dog alive. A friend called in upon him a few days ago and discovered him in the process of canine vivisection, the animal howling and bleating, and the butchering evidently enjoying his work. Upon being called to account he stated that he had been subject to attacks of insanity, and that he had been recommended to apply dog-fat as a remedy. I am not physician enough to explain what property there is in dog-fat capable of exerting a psychical influence, but the jury evidently was more intelligent, for it brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

Russian Opera in the excitement at present. There is not much love of art in the excitement, but there is a good deal of love of sensation in it. As a rule, the opera is to be the first opera, is to be followed, if it prove a success, by a life for the czar, in the original *Don Quixote*. It illustrates how a Russian peasant sacrificed his life to save that of the czar, and is by the Russian composer Glinka.

From Our Own Correspondent. New York, Dec. 15, 1869. The "Real" Case. A little over ten months ago the trial of John Real for the murder of a policeman named John Smedick took place in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. Real was sentenced to be hanged on the 21st of the ensuing April. Owing to some technical quibbles, and a factious interest existed by one or two untoward circumstances attending the homicide, a stay of execution was, with great difficulty, obtained, and Real was transferred from the condemned cell to the one he had occupied previously to the trial. There he has remained since last June to the present hour, suffering all the horrors of solitary confinement, a banishment of the world, with a rope suspended over his head instead of a sword. During his imprisonment he has been rapidly advancing in consumption, and if he were released to-day would hold his life by as slender a thread as that of the Emperor of France. After a lapse of many months the decision of the Supreme Court, before which the case was retried, has been announced, and it is unfavorable to the prisoner. This decision, however, will necessarily be reviewed by the Court of Appeals, and since probably one year more will elapse before that tribunal gives its ultimatum, Real will probably be, by that time, where human judgment will have no terrors for him. During his imprisonment various reports, relative to his having been seen on the street and at various places of amusement, have gained more or less credence. The simple truth is that he has never been out of jail. Guilty or not guilty of deliberate murder, he bears the look of a man who has expended the crime, as much as such a crime can be expiated in this life, by physical and mental suffering. Certainly as to his fate—whether it is to be that of imprisonment or execution—would be the best tonic in his present collapsed condition. It is the uncertainty that kills. If you could see his face, as I have, you would say that the seal of death was there.

Honors to George Peabody. What do you think of the idea that our city militia shall turn out in order to do honor to the remains of Mr. Peabody? Isn't it absurdly ridiculous? Why should a man whose whole life was one of peace and good-will be surrounded in his death by anything even remotely connected with martial honors? It is well enough for the United States Government to turn out its militia in order to escort the honored relics to the depot. There is some show of propriety in that. But how can the great philanthropist possibly be honored by the spectacle of a set of epauleted amateurs caroling around on cheap steeds that they don't know how to manage? There might be some reason in parading all the benevolent societies, public schools and Sunday schools, and improving a philanthropic jubilee. Mr. Peabody was equally a friend to every benevolent movement, and a general appreciator of the advantages of education. There are sacred as well as civic associations with his memory, and there would certainly be no impropriety in solemnizing the arrival of his remains with something of devotional reverence.

Statuary by Hiram Powers. Recent additions have been made to their collection of statuary by Messrs. Fisher & Bird, No. 91 East Houston street, New York city, of two busts by the celebrated American sculptor, Hiram Powers. One is the head of "Eve," his most recent, and it is said his most beautiful production. The other is a head of the celebrated "Greek Slave." These busts are for sale, and offer a rare opportunity to amateurs to become the possessors of such beautiful statuary. Snowballed to Death. A little boy named John Doody, six years of age, died yesterday morning from the effects of a wound received from a snow-ball. In company with some other little men, he had been celebrating the fall of the "beautiful snow" by an accumulation of beautiful snow-balls, which he proceeded to distribute gratis at the heads of his friends. One of them, by way of returning these attentions with interest, unwittingly discharged back a snow-ball a little harder than the rest. It hit the child on the temple and knocked him to the ground insensible. He was taken to his home, and was immediately attended to by skillful physicians, but the wound was too serious for its effects to be prevented. Death was that night, and the little fellow died, having never recovered consciousness. The moral is—that little boys should never play snow-ball, but that ice and stones are not proper materials to construct these crime pellets out of.

A Trick Fanny. Senor Lorenzo Humassello is one of those Spanish barbers on Broadway who keep placarded in their windows and on their walls the announcement, "Aqui se habla Espanol." One of his customers was Senor Jose Ferrero de Conto, editor of *El Cronista*. For some reason or other Senor Conto provoked the ire of Senor Humassello, who expressed his revenge by hanging up in his shop a caricature of the editor. Senor Conto, being annoyed at this, proceeded to Senor Humassello's palatial shaving shop, tore down the picture, and got up a small Spanish built-up barber being the bull which he took by the horns. The case came before the Justice of Jefferson Market Police Court, who dismissed it as being of too frivolous a nature.

The Latest Free Lesson. Of course the Richardson-McFarland case is like Aaron's rod, which budded and brought forth thorns. The latest "other" is that of a married couple over in Williamsburg, whose name was Conlin. For several years Mr. and Mrs. Conlin lived a cordial sort of existence. Wedded life to them was one long process of turtle-dovery. But Mr. Conlin was a traveling agent, and was sometimes absent for months at a time. During his last interval of absence he was informed by some of those who were in the family, who are always lying around loose, that something wrong was the matter at home. Instead of saying "Shoo, my, don't bother me!" as less suspicious men would have done, he came home at once, found Mrs. Conlin and a man named Cunningham imbibing convivial comfort together, and forthwith smashed Cunningham, and frightened Mrs. Conlin in mysterious suddenness down the first convenient back-alley. It is understood that Mr. Beecher has consented to perform the ceremony of marriage between Mr. Cunningham (the injured seducer) and Mrs. Conlin (the faithless and meretricious wife). Mr. Frothingham has not yet been interviewed, but I understand that he is busy giving thanks for what "these two" (meaning Mrs. Conlin and Mr. Cunningham) "have been to one another."

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THE ALBION SOCIETY. The Anniversary Meeting.—The Toasts and Speeches. The fourteenth anniversary of the Albion Society—a society of English residents of this city, for the relief of Englishmen in distress—was celebrated on Monday evening by a most excellent dinner at Augustus's, in Walnut street. The elegances of the table were only equaled by the wit, humor, and enthusiasm of the party, and it affords us a great deal of pleasure to state that this dinner was one of the most successful ever given by the "Albion," already famous for its unbounded charities and excellent dinners.

The worthy President, Frederick Fairthorne, Esq., occupied the chair with his accustomed grace and dignity. Her Majesty's Consul, Charles E. K. Kortright, Esq., was on his right, and General Patterson, of the *Hibernia* Society, on his left. Surrounding him were Chief Justice Thompson, of the Supreme Court, Judge Hare, James Allen, Esq., of the St. George's Society, Charles Macclesley, Esq., of the St. Andrew's Society, and other invited guests.

After thoroughly justifying the propriety of the delicacies of the table, the President called the gentlemen to order, and among the first of the intellectual duties, a letter was read from Edward Thornton, Esq., C. B., her Majesty's Minister at Washington, regretting his inability to be present, expressing his very great interest in the benevolent object of the society, and enclosing a check. This letter had so much merit in it that it was received with great applause. A letter full of encouragement was also received from William Welsford, Esq., now of New York, the former President of the Albion. The emergency-General Brewster also expressed by letter his inability to be present.

The first toast of the evening was then announced, "The Queen," which was drunk standing, the national anthem of God Save the Queen following with very great enthusiasm. The second toast, "The President of the United States," was also drunk standing, and "The Star-Spangled Banner" sung in thorough John Bull style. The next, being the third toast, "The Donors and Benefactors of the Albion Society," was drunk standing, and the fourth sentiment on the list was "Her Majesty's Representatives in the United States," Charles E. K. Kortright, Esq., her Majesty's Consul, responded to this toast.

Mr. Kortright stated that it was with pleasure he rose to respond to the sentiment, especially as he beheld a body of gentlemen who, whatever their intimate social and commercial relations with this great country, still preserve a fond regard and attachment to the sovereign and people of the country to which they owe their origin.

In the common intercourse of nations, circumstances will arise tending to disturb the harmony and peaceful relations which it is so desirable should exist between countries like England and the United States, owing as they do, one common origin; but when such questions arise and are met in a spirit of mutual forbearance and good-will, the clouds which seem to lower over our heads soon become sunshine under the genial influence of patriotism and statesmanship, and eventually become buried in the deep bosom of the ocean of diplomacy and politics.

the song "All's Well," rendered in most artistic style. "England, the land of our birth."—This sentiment was responded to by Mr. McDonough in his usual happy and eloquent style, referring to the literature, the statesmanship, and the powerful influence of England in every clime. The Queen also received well-merited compliments from his silvery tongue, as also did the world-lamented George Peabody.

Sixth, "The United States, the land of our adoption."—Responded to by Macgregor J. Mitchell, Esq., in his well-known able manner. Seventh, "Our Sister Societies."—Charles Macclesley, Esq., of the St. Andrew's Society, took charge of this sentiment, tracing the beneficial effects of the various societies for the relief of foreigners in the large cities, referring to the fact of gratitude he himself had witnessed in many instances of relief afforded to persons who have landed on strange shores without means, without friends, and almost without hope. Mr. Macclesley also spoke in the most forcible manner of the friend and the universal philanthropist, George Peabody, whose great charities would tend more than any other event that has happened for some years to cement the cordiality and good feeling between England and America. The speaker was much applauded.

Eighth, "The Army and Navy."—Able responded to by General Patterson, who made one of his very best speeches. Ninth, "The Judiciary, the Bar, and the Press."—Responded to by Chief Justice Thompson in a very able manner, for the judiciary, aided by Judge Hare for the bar, in very eloquent terms. Tenth, "The Clergy."—Responded to by an appropriate song, led by the musicians beforehand. After the regular toasts were over, Mr. Fairthorne, the President, opened the *roie* for the continued flow of wit and feast of reason in a very neat speech, which was greeted with rounds of applause. James Allen, Esq., of the St. George's Society, George Buller, Esq., of the Conshohocken Mills, Messrs. Wright, Thompson, and others made speeches savoring of wit, humor, and pliancy.

At a late hour this body of thorough-paced English gentlemen left for their homes in very well-remembered condition.

LEGISLATURE OF FRANCE. Opening Discussion in the Corps Legislatif.—Demands of Interpellation by the Republican Opposition.—Proposition to Impeach the Ministry.—Exciting Scenes. SESSION OF NOVEMBER 30TH. The President, Colonel Rogus, is assisted by Messrs. Laignel-Loup, De Beauchamp, and Martel, Secretaries.

M. Jules Favre ascends the tribune—I have the honor to depose with the Bureau of the Chamber the following demands of interpellation. We demand to question the Government upon the motives that have caused the delay in the convocation of the Corps Legislatif, without respect for the rights of the Chamber, and in face of the serious risks that might have been incurred by the uneasiness which was the inevitable result of such a delay.

We demand to question the Government upon the subject of official candidatures, so that we may be informed whether it intends to persist in that system. We demand to question the Government upon the different authorities charged to watch over the public peace and the execution of the laws in the month of June last.

We demand to question the Government upon the facts that have been the motive of the sanitary regulations, the disturbances in the basin of the Loire. We make a special interpellation for the disturbances of l'Aveyron. Finally, we have the honor to depose upon the Bureau of the Chamber the project of a law by which we demand that henceforth the attributes of the constituted powers shall belong to the Corps Legislatif exclusively.

M. Emile Olivier—I desire to be heard upon a question of our regulations. The project of law is presented to you in virtue of our initiative right, and it is not for us to proffer against our project as yet totally unperfected and this latter fact is the reason of my desiring to speak before the reading of the explanation of motives. It seems to me that, no matter what may be the regulations, the initiatory right of the members of the Chamber shall be subordinate to a previous examination, as has been the case in the regulations of all the precedent Assemblies. (Interruption.) I say to a committee instructed by the Chamber to examine the project, and upon its report to be voted upon.

the reply of the Minister of the Interior to M. Jules Favre. I have come to present to you a proposition for a more advanced plan than his—a proposition which you reserve, while it should precede all the rest—namely, to impeach the Minister who has slapped your face. (Laughter on some benches.) You laugh, gentlemen, and yet it is true that you have been gently put out of doors, and that you have accepted the fact with the utmost meekness. With the exception of myself and a few others, well! I impeach M. de Forcade (laughter) for having falsified the elections, for it is he who has done all the mischief in these elections. Without him you might really consider yourself named entirely by universal suffrage, while at present each has doubts on the subject. (Exclamations.) A great number of the members of the House cannot boast of having been named by universal suffrage. You took the oath yesterday; had you the right to take the oath? (Confusion.) I make an impeachment; I have the right to be heard; this accusation is formal. You have had even— M. de Tillancourt—One can't hear a word. M. Raspail—You have had terrible events; you have had the 7th June and the following days. Who made those days? Was it not you, M. de Forcade la Roquette?

The Minister of the Interior—You know better than I who made those days, M. de Raspail. M. Raspail—It was you who invited M. Pietri to make those days. (Noise and cries of "We can't hear.") You are responsible for them. Not only have you attacked a portion of the population, but you have attacked all ranks of society. All ranks of society have been, so to say, put— (Noise and interruption.) You may interrupt me as much as you please, but you will not prevent me uttering the truth. Blood flowed; that blood accuses you. It is thus you desire to learn to govern. You are always threatened by— (The noise drowns the voice of the speaker.) Shout as long as you please: I will shout louder than you. I have listened to you without interrupting you, and I have the right to be heard without interruption. (The noise continues.) All sides cries of "Speak louder; one can't hear you." I'll interrupt those who interrupt me. Hear me: I have presented myself before you to demand an act of impeachment against assassins. (Exclamations and laughter.) You laugh at it. But they belong to your class those who were assassinated in the streets. Three of your counts received blows of loaded clubs, while going about to raise each other when knocked down. They were your men. None of ours were there. It is for the sake of the population of Paris that I address you and accuse the Minister guilty of such provocation. It was infamous, and it happened daily. On the 20th of October you had 40,000 men who arrived to produce the same phenomenon, and against whom? Against people who were nowhere to be seen. You reserve them all for this offensive men. (Murmurs.) You may well murmur. This sort of speech, to which you do not know how to reply; this speech of menace and of— (Increasing murmurs.) You will not hear me then. I conclude by saying to you that all France will applaud me, and that you will remain the only complaisants of a homicidal power. (Exclamations and murmurs.)

The President—I ask the Chamber to pronounce its opinion upon the question of sending to the Ministry of the Interior M. Jules Favre to the Bureau like an ordinary law. (Yes, yes.) Then I will pass on to the interpellations. (The votes are taken.)

The President—I now come to the interpellations. The first demand of interpellation forwarded to me has been formulated by the honorable Marquis Andelarre. It reads as follows:— "We demand to question the Ministry upon their delay in convoking the Corps Legislatif." M. Jules Favre has already made the same demand.

Marquis de Pire—I demand that the interpellations shall be held back till after the verification of powers. ("Yes, yes—no, no, no.") We must first of all name our President, constitute the Bureau, and then give the powers of those of our colleagues that are not as yet admitted. (Interruption on the Left.) As the gentlemen of the Left complain of the delay of the convocation of the Chamber, let them be at least consistent with their complaint. (Applause.) I demand that my proposition shall be voted upon.

M. Jules Favre—My reply is very simple. Those of our colleagues whose powers it has been impossible to verify as yet will have the same rights as those whose powers have been verified. (The votes are taken.)

Marquis de Pire—I have the honor of the reply of the honorable M. Jules Favre not being completely satisfactory is the fact that there are some of our unverified colleagues whose expulsiion M. Jules Favre would be the first to demand. But, pardon me, this expression was neither just nor polite. I withdraw it and substitute the word non-admission. There are some, I say, whose non-admission M. Jules Favre would be the first to insist upon, because their elections seem to have been extraordinarily favored by the Prefects. I do not wish to use the qualification employed by the gentlemen of the Left, and by their journalists; it is worthy of eagerness this public oration to protest against it, for it appears to me to be as unbecoming as it is trivial.

The President—According to the old regulations, the demands of interpellations had to be sent back to the Bureau where they had been examined. According to the Senate Constitution there is no longer any question of their being sent back. The Chamber fixes the day when it desires to pass to the discussion. Do you want to send the demands of interpellations back to the Bureau, as the old regulations prescribe? ("No, no! Yes, Yes!") I consult the Chamber to know if it intends to apply the old rule. ("No, no.")

After a short debate the Chamber decides that the demands of interpellation shall be submitted for examination after the constitution of the Bureau.

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CORNER EIGHTH AND FIFTH Fancy Goods Suitable for Presents. 1600 Paris Silk Fans, 75, 80, \$1, \$1 1/2, \$1 3/4, \$1 7/8, \$2, \$2 1/2, \$3, \$3 1/2, \$4, \$4 1/2, \$5, \$5 1/2, \$6, \$6 1/2, \$7, \$7 1/2, \$8, \$8 1/2, \$9, \$9 1/2, \$10, \$10 1/2, \$11, \$11 1/2, \$12, \$12 1/2, \$13, \$13 1/2, \$14, \$14 1/2, \$15, \$15 1/2, \$16, \$16 1/2, \$17, \$17 1/2, \$18, \$18 1/2, \$19, \$19 1/2, \$20, \$20 1/2, \$21, \$21 1/2, \$22, \$22 1/2, \$23, \$23 1/2, \$24, \$24 1/2, \$25, \$25 1/2, \$26, \$26 1/2, \$27, \$27 1/2, \$28, \$28 1/2, \$29, \$29 1/2, \$30, \$30 1/2, \$31, \$31 1/2, \$32, \$32 1/2, \$33, \$33 1/2, \$34, \$34 1/2, \$35, \$35 1/2, \$36, \$36 1/2, \$37, \$37 1/2, \$38, \$38 1/2, \$39, \$39 1/2, \$40, \$40 1/2, \$41, \$41 1/2, \$42, \$42 1/2, \$43, \$43 1/2, \$44, \$44 1/2, \$45, \$45 1/2, \$46, \$46 1/2, \$47, \$47 1/2, \$48, \$48 1/2, \$49, \$49 1/2, \$50, \$50 1/2, \$51, \$51 1/2, \$52, \$52 1/2, \$53, \$53 1/2, \$54, \$54 1/2, \$55, \$55 1/2, \$56, \$56 1/2, \$57, \$57 1/2, 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