

Daily Evening Bulletin

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.

VOLUME XXIII.—NO. 260.

OUR BIRTH COUNTRY.

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1870

F. L. FETHERSTON, Publisher.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

PARTRIDGE COMPANY'S COM-
plete outfit of apparatus for steel closets, at A. H.
FRANKLIN'S, 222 Market St.

WEDDING INVITATIONS—
sent in the newest and best manner. L. O. WILSON,
222 N. 2d St. Stationer and Engraver, 202 Chestnut
street.

MARRIED.
KELLOGG—BYANS—In Washington City, Feb. 8th,
by the Rev. Dr. Starke, Lieut. Commander A. O. Kel-
logg, U. S. Army, to Miss Betty, daughter of Alexander
F. Byans, of Washington.

DIED.
ALEXANDER—On Tuesday, the 9th instant, Martha
T. wife of William Alexander,
aged 70 years, died at her residence, No. 1512 Spruce
street, on Friday, Feb. 5th, 1870. She was buried
at 10 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the 7th inst., at
St. Michael's Church.

LARGE PLAIN NAINSOOKS FOR L.A.
DRESSING. SATIN PLAIN CAMBRIC,
FINEST QUALITY. MULLS AND FINEST MUSLINS,
BYK & LANDEL.

SPECIAL NOTICES.
Finest Ready-Made Clothing. Gents' Furnishing Goods.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
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YOUTH'S FASHIONABLE
AND BOYS' MERCHANT
CLOTHING. Tailoring.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
THE STAR COURSE OF LECTURES.

AT A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE
Board of Directors of the Corn Exchange Na-
tional Association, held at the Corn Exchange Na-
tional Association, on Monday, February 8th, 1870.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF THE
Corn Exchange National Association, that the annual
meeting of the stockholders of this company will be
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Monday, February 15th, 1870, at 10 o'clock A. M.

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KIT BURNS.

INTERVIEWING HIM.

FROM THE RAT-PIT TO THE ROSINE.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)
New York, Feb. 9.—About two weeks since
five of us comprising a Philadelphia city office,
a New York artist of name, Police Sergeant
Carr of the district, Reserve Officer Dorney,
and myself, paid a visit of curiosity to Kit
Burns, at his Rat-pit, No. 273 Water street.

The news of yesterday, for which I was not
altogether unprepared, about the dedication
of the haunt for the purpose of a Boaline
Asylum, has put it all into my head again
with extreme vividness, and it is possible that
the sober natives of Philadelphia, who do not
cultivate rat-pits in the very thick of the city,
may be interested in a little picture of him
and his surroundings.

But first let me depict the astonishing somer-
sett that has been turned here. Kit Burns,
or rather Kit Burns's lord and mistress, Mrs.
Kit (a plump, comely and notable lady, by the
way), has leased the Rat-pit to the Rev. Wil-
liam H. Boole for a mission and Rosine, and
the affair was dedicated yesterday on the spot
with a short and practical address from
Stephen H. Tyng and one from Bishop James.
It was a curious, mingled, and withal an en-
couraging scene. In one room the earnest
voice of Tyng, proclaiming to an audience of
charitable ladies that the benevolence which
brings from duty is nothing, and the benevolence
of Christ is all that is left.

Kit Burns and his obscene companions, who
still hold possession of the adjacent premises,
freely jurgating, exhorting their deep
disgust at the whole proceedings, and sincerely
feeling that the "dark days" of the profession
have come down upon them. Meanwhile the
front door is crowded with the forms of the
staring bullies and the livid daylight faces
of the female denizens of the haunt. And finally,
to complete the picture, I can imagine tyng
Mrs. Burns stuffing her well-gotten gains into
the old teapot or stocking, and trying to sil-
ence the three heavy dogs I observed there.

As different as possible from this scene of
holy zeal and thronging was the artistic se-
clusion, the home-fearing and introversion, of
two weeks ago. Let me hasten to say that I
am going to describe an affair of rat-hunting;
that our visit was on one of the off-nights
when there was no bating, and that if there
had been a bating I should not have been there.

"No sport to-night, I see?" said Sergeant
Carr, giving his elegant beaver a polite tilt
over his forehead, as he stood perfectly for the
most ceremonious unconcern of his office.
"No," said Kit, clearing his nose by a neat
and natural impulse, "we're all quiet to-night,
and the rats is at the theater."

The Snuggery into which we had passed
was exceedingly small, and it lay behind a
bar that was a curiosity of strain and sim-
plicity. But it was all perfect in its way.
I have called the seclusion artistic, meaning
that it was permeated with a sense or essence
of rat-chasing. The place, in fact, was dark,
and the light was from a single gasolene lamp.
The chief business of the evening was to hear
the letters of Sir John Young and other
which Mr. Donald Smith had brought with
him as commissioner of the Dominion
Government.

Kit Burns is stout, roly-poly, genial, thirty-
five, black-haired and right pleasant-looking
in good humor. His round red cheek, olive
torse and pug nose have been gone over
by the tool of the small-pox, leaving a kind
of stippling or thimble-printing on the skin. His
short black hair and whiskers are in oily
condition, and like most sports, he wears the
newest, earliest and the most silk hat that
Knox can build or more can procure. Under
the jaw, the skull, and the facial angle,
the prize-fighter. It was somehow made evi-
dent to me, also, that if we had been in other
company the manner could have been different,
that the genial blandness would have been
gone, and that the cunning eye, now twinkling
like the cushion of ink in the neck
of an instand, would have grown deep and
sullen.

It appeared to me, also, that under other cir-
cumstances the flattery of the dogs would have
been wanting. I must introduce them between
the man and his wife, for that was the way
they stood—Kit in the low doorway, then the
stove, surrounded by the bristles and two bul-
dogs, and then Mrs. Burns, rising from her
table. One was a white pup, whom Mrs.
Kit introduced with much professional
pride as a likely fighter. Its handsome
white hide was pure as milk, its black muz-
zle shined with health, and its face, seen
in front had that becoming fatness proper
to the breed—something as if it had been held
against a pane of glass, or against a wall, to
grow. The second bulldog was the perfect
white lily of which this was the lily-bud. The
bull-terrier and these two slouched up to be
admired, and then settled down again in their
nests, taking no notice whatever of each
other, nor passing remarks about our quality
and flavor, nor among themselves, but, each
glancing at his black lip with appetite, and
glancing at us in a variety of what might be
done with us if encountered under more propi-
tious circumstances.

Mrs. Burns, the capitalist, does not need
much further introduction. As she had been
sitting, cleanly dressed, all the evening in the
company of her neat and murderous dogs, she
would continue to sit in silence if we were
gone. That is to be the wife of a

THE PARIS RIOTS.

Gustav Florens—His Share in the Revolution.

The principal leader in the revolutionary
movement, Gustav Florens, is a journalist,
and was, until recently, one of M. Rochefort's
associates on the *Marseillaise*. He is a tall,
powerful man, somewhat of an impulsive, reckless
disposition. Like better men, he appears to
possess the character of a leader who can pre-
cipitate revolution and command popular re-
spect. The present manifestation against
Florens's share in them are both inseparable
from the funeral of Victor Noir. On that
occasion, as M. Rochefort has since explained
in the *Marseillaise*, there was a difference of
opinion as to the course to be pursued. One
was in favor of proceeding to Paris with the
funeral, which meant an immediate uprising
of the people; the other desired to have the
demonstration to retain its pacific character.

The multitude consulted M. Rochefort, which
regards as evidence that it was not the
favorable moment for a rising in Paris,
for, he says, "a crowd of people, un-
disciplined, and without a leader, is not
able to act, it consults no one." Besides,
he knew that 100,000 soldiers and
hundreds of cannons were in the city, and
in requisition. The assembly was nearly
all unarmed, and being at Neuilly would
have had to march to Paris to secure
large arms. The main divergence of opinion
was in favor of proceeding to Paris with the
funeral, which meant an immediate uprising
of the people; the other desired to have the
demonstration to retain its pacific character.

The whole place, Bar and Saugery, had its
walls quite covered with prize-fighters in lith-
ography. The prints were neatly framed, and
hung everywhere, to the number of perhaps
a hundred or more. They formed the com-
plete history of the Ring, in a very early
date. "Here's a condé," quoth Mrs. Burns,
"we can't rightly see 'em."

And she lighted us around the historic
walls, flashing the candle on the brawny
biceps of the heroes, and coming out strong
in anecdote and allusion. Poor obscure soul,
they were the gods of her Olympus, and she
knew their lives as a pious Roman matron
knew the stories we find in Ovid,
or the teacher knows Fox's Martyrology.

Then Kit came up, and out in stories about
the fighters he had met in the old country and
here. This one he had broken the nose of
himself, and this one he had seen swallow the
finger-nail of that other one. The portraits
represented the course of British art, from
the day of George IV., when it was impos-
sible to represent even a fighter's head without
a hyacinthine row of curls, nor his calves and
feet without a gentlemanly and ornamental
swelling impossible in anatomy, to the more
photographic and literal portraits of Sayers
and Rice. Among their glowing bodies were
stuck here and there, the dusky silhouettes of
negro fighters, equal and dumber, garnets
among pearls.

We passed out through the bar, leaving Mrs.
Burns motherly and pensive among the dogs.
As I was turning a glass of fragrant liquor
defly into a dark corner, Kit pointed to a
handsome photograph, handsomely framed,
over his head. It represented a man in fault-
less broadcloth, his large hands cased in kid
gloves, his hair and mutton-chops dyed black,
and surrounding a seamed, vulgar, and middle-
aged face, an illustration of Amory, in the
novel of "Pennyless." Kit Burns, in indi-
cating this figure, wore an air of real respect
and devotion, tempered with an evident de-
sire to seem grand and important.

"I ain't dined with him," said he in a low
decent tone, "for some time; not since he and
Mace and me was all tight together."
It was the Honorable Mr. Morrissey.
In conclusion, I must state the ground of
Mr. Burns's lament, which he performed for
with a great deal of feeling, like an Indian
captivè's death-chant. The neighborhood, he
said, ever since Mr. Dyer, and John Allen,
and that lot, was losing ground. There
wasn't half the crowds at his Rat-pit. People
was holding back, afraid, or going and staring
at the prayers meetings. The bookshops
were comparatively deserted. The girls really
did go and learn the psalm-singing. The good
old times was gone, and it was Johnny Allen
and the white chokers had done it all.

And so, with a gleam of real hope, we tilted
our hats over the opposite ear, and took our
leave.

THE WINNERS REVOLUTION.

A Mass Meeting at Fort Gerry—Letter of Sir John Young.

The *New Nation*, of Jan. 21, contains the
report of a mass meeting held at Fort Gerry. So
many were present that it was necessary to
hold the meeting in the open air, though the
chief business of the evening was to hear
the letters of Sir John Young and other
which Mr. Donald Smith had brought with
him as commissioner of the Dominion
Government.

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five, black-haired and right pleasant-looking
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much further introduction. As she had been
sitting, cleanly dressed, all the evening in the
company of her neat and murderous dogs, she
would continue to sit in silence if we were
gone. That is to be the wife of a

prize-fighter, to sit, as Aurora Leigh says,
"and hear the people, prating
far off" the achievements of the man; to
subdue her mind to the quality of her lord; to
sally the raw zeal for his dog, and become
warmly interested in their qualities; to a
close and heavy hand on whatever cash comes
into the till or drops out of the betting-
book; and some day, as an apothecia,
to drive a tight bargain with the Church,
and be everywhere by Rev. Mr. Boole, and to
hang herself with the thought of having got
a fancy rent for the place celebrated and ad-
vertised by its old wickedness. Here she will
fancy the girls she has spitted upon, psalm
singing and talking through their noses; she
will not exchange her free condition, and
her honest pride in her husband's biceps, with
the state of the most pious and ugly among
them.

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among pearls.

MAY HEREIN THIS VERY CHAMBER.

Two members of the New York Junta then called on

the members of the Junta then called on
them the question as to how much they would
be willing to give in case Spain should roll-
back all claims on Cuba. They said at first
they would not do so, but on pressing the ques-
tion home and a kinder the position
amount they could offer, they an-
swered one hundred millions. I had living
in my mind at that time a proposition from
General Prim on this very subject, but the
offer did not cover his terms, otherwise the
contract would have been signed by me on the
spot, and the representatives of the Junta
on the other, but the matter had set. I did
not tell them of this offer by General Prim,
however, at this time, nor indeed subse-
quently, but I am tolerably certain that they
got at the drift of my questions before we parted.

You think then, sir, that the reasons for
the present attitude of the Government on the
Cuban question may be found in the proba-
bility of a war with Spain, which grantal of
Belgrader rights to Cuba would probably en-
tail.

Mr. S.—Such is the view I entertain of the
case, and as the administration holds to the
same opinion, its line of policy may be fore-
seen. The daily average of the price of
Cuba is very far from being a constant
where she can demand recognition from us,
and we shall be in no hurry to force an issue.
I would not like to understand, however, that
the recognition of Cuba is an impossibility,
but for the present, at least, a strong improb-
ability.

COIL OIL.

Operations During January.

The *Tribune Herald* has the following re-
port for the month ending January 31, 1870:
The Production.
There was a moderate and general recession
during January in the yield of the old districts,
which exceeded by about two hundred barrels
the increase in the new districts. The total
production as shown by the shipments and the
difference in stocks, was 331,654 barrels, a
daily average of 12,343 barrels, against 12,844
barrels the daily average for December.

The yield in the Pithole and Boca farm,
Tidioute and Church run districts, as well as
in the vicinity of Oil City and Shaffer and
Charley runs, and at a great many and Scarb-
grass, did not present any material variation
from that during the preceding month. But
on most of the farms along Oil Creek and
Lower Cherry and Cherry runs, there
was a decrease which ranged from ten to one
hundred barrels. On Upper Cherry the yield
of three of the farms fell off, but that of all
the others either remained about stationary,
or else increased.

At Parker's Landing there was an increase
of about 200 barrels. The daily average of this
district, as shown by the shipments and the
difference between stocks, was about 1,200
barrels, against 950, the daily average for the
previous month. In this district very nearly
all the wells sunk have produced in paying
quantities. The number of wells producing
on the 1st inst. was about one hundred and
sixty.

The Development and the Territory.
While the number of wells completed
during January was about one-third less than
that of the corresponding month of 1869, the
number of wells which produced in paying quan-
ties was as large as usual. The number in
process of drilling on the 1st inst. was 24 in ex-
cess of that of the corresponding month of 1869.
There were two important discoveries of
territory made, and two or three of the old
districts were greatly enlarged. The new dis-
covery was made on the 1st inst. on a small
mile and a half from Oil City, and about one
mile from the mouth of the Oil creek, and
about a mile north of the Shamburg district.
The course of the well was about 30 degrees
and about 48 gravity. The indications,
so far as observed in these new districts,
were quite similar to those of the old ones,
and the yield was large.

The Stock.
The quantity of oil held in the oil region on
the 1st inst. was about 2,000 barrels in excess
of that of the corresponding month of 1869,
and about 70,000 barrels in excess of that of
the 1st inst. of 1868. The quantity of oil
held in the hands of refiners was 35,000
barrels and was located as under: at Miller,
2,200 barrels; at Pithole, 2,000; at Titusville,
10,000; at Red Run, 300; at Ryan farm, 1,500;
at McClintonville, 1,000; on the Blood farm,
600; on Cherrytree run, 4,100; on Upper
Cherry run, 3,400; at Pleasantville, 800; at Oil
Centre, 2,150; at Story farm, 800.

The Shipments.
At the beginning of the month most of the
outside refineries were bare of stock, and
the quantity of oil shipped during the month
for the purpose of accumulating stocks was
less than during the corresponding month of
1869. The shipments to Cleveland
reached 114,000 barrels.

The Total Shipment was 372,149 barrels of
oil, against 392,963 barrels in 1869, and
372,149 barrels in 1868. The quantity of oil
shipped during January 1870, was 372,149
barrels, against 392,963 barrels in 1869, and
372,149 barrels in 1868.

MUSICAL.

Mr. Wolfsohn's Matinee.

The selections for the Chopin matinee in
the foyer of the Academy to-morrow afternoon
are particularly interesting, as most of the
pieces upon the programme are new to our
public. The *Rondo* for two pianos is an ex-
quisite poetic conception, and it will receive
an exact and truthful interpretation at the
hands of Mr. Wolfsohn and his talented young
pupil master Bariff. The nocturne and *Andante* for
piano have never before been given at a
public concert in this city. The Chopin
polonaise is more familiar to musical
people, and it enjoys such popularity
that its performance at this matinee
will be sure to give satisfaction. At the re-
quest of several friends Mr. Wolfsohn has in-
troduced into the programme the *Bargello*
trio for piano, violin and violoncello, which
excited so much enthusiasm at its concert
last year. Mr. Wolfsohn gives us as much
as possible of Chopin's different styles at
the different periods of his life. On this ac-
count, if for no other, this concert should
attract all of our citizens who are the admirers
of this composer.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the Chestnut Street Theatre the Galton
English Comic Opera Company will appear
to-night, in the charming opera, *The
Cricket*. Miss Susan has a farewell benefit to-
morrow night.

At the Arch, this evening, John Brougham
will appear in *The Red Jacket*.

At the Walnut Street Theatre, this evening,
Mr. Edwin Adams will appear in *The Marble*.

A first-class miscellaneous entertainment
will be offered at the American Theatre this
evening.

Signor Blitz will give an exhibition of
magic and legerdemain at Assembly Build-
ings to-night, and on this and Saturday
afternoon.

Messrs. Carnross & Dixey announce a
very attractive performance at the Ely Street
Theatre to-night. *The Lute Indian*,
The Coopers, "Wonders of Electricity"
and other novelties are on the bill.

A first-rate entertainment will be given at
Duprez & Benedict's Seventh Street Opera
House to-night.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn will give his "Chopin
matinee" in the Foyer of the Academy of
Music to-morrow at 3 o'clock. The following
programme will be presented:

- Bondo, two Pianos, (C major).....Chopin
- Andante, Violin and Piano.....Schubert
- Nocturne, D flat major.....Chopin
- Allegro Vivace, G major.....Chopin
- Bourne, L'Amor Funesto, (Violoncello Obligato),
Donizetti.....Donizetti
- Revue.....Berioz

Polonaise, (C major).....Chopin
Trio, (F major, Op. 6).....Chopin
Adagio e Allegro Moderato—Andante sostenuto—Scherzo
presto—Allegro con fuoco.....Chopin

At the Circus, this evening, the Arabs will
appear, together with the regular company,
in a first-class performance.

At the Academy of Music to-morrow
night the Parepa-Rosa English Opera Com-
pany will begin an engagement with *The Mar-
tinet's Pigou*. As the Saturday matinee
Madame Rosa will appear as "Arline" in
The Bohemian Girl. The cast for *The Marriage*
of Figaro to-morrow is as follows:

- Count Almaviva.....Mr. Laurence.
- Dr. Bartolo.....Mr. Gustav Hall.
- Figaro.....Mr. S. G. Campbell.
- Cherubino, Page to the Count,
Donna Anna.....Mrs. Fanny Stockton.
- Donna Elvira.....Mrs. Nordblom.
- Antonio, Gardener to the Count,
Barberina.....Mr. E. Seguin.
- Don Curzio.....Mr. Kilaros.
- Susan, Lady's Maid to the Countess,
Mme. Paropa-Rosa.

NAPOLEON THIRD.

What the Papers Call Him.
"Napoleon the Third," exclaims the Paris
Gaulois, "must be greatly embarrassed. How
does he call himself? Every public organ in
France simply calls him Napoleon. The
Journal Officiel de l'Empire calls him, officially,
H. M., the Emperor; the *Constitutionnel*, respec-
tively, His Majesty the Emperor; *La Paix*,
naively, His Majesty; the *Siecle*, familiarly,
Napoleon III.; *La Oche*, indifferently, Napo-
leon; the *Reveil*, pleasantly, The Executive;
the *Republique*, facetiously, *Consul*; the
Revue, pitilessly, Sardanapalus; *Heliogabalus*
Hercules. When *La Marseillaise* is very angry,
it adds Sardanapalus, son of Queen Hortense."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "There is a
writer in a popular English newspaper whose
chief employment is this: On Mondays, Wed-
nesdays and Fridays he has to say that the
French Emperor is looking remarkably well,
and mounts his horse, or leaps into his car-
riage with quite astonishing vigor. On Tues-
days, Thursdays and Saturdays the same in-
dependent journalist regularly exclaims that
the Emperor is the most generous and
hearted of men; or that the Empress has the
most melting soul in the world; or that the
Prince Imperial is the darling of the young
gentlemen who play with him, and the hope
of the army."

The Case of Mrs. Bradwell.
In September last Mrs. Myra Bradwell,
of Chicago, applied to the Supreme Court of Illi-
nois for a license to practice law, and her ap-
plication was denied solely on the ground that
the disabilities of her married condition ren-
dered it impossible that she should be bound
by her obligations as an attorney. Mrs. Brad-
well afterward submitted a printed argument
to the court, which was represented as being
very able, and the court reconsidered her ap-
plication, but last week again denied it. In
denying the application Mr. Justice
Lawrence delivered a very elaborate
opinion, deciding that no woman could be
admitted to practice law in Illinois. An attorney,
the court says, is not merely an agent but an
officer whose business it is to assist in the ad-
ministration of justice. If a woman can fill
this office, every office in the State will be
open to her. The adverse argument is based
mainly on the common law as it affects the
property of women under the statute relieving
some of its rigors and the usage under
which have denied women the right to hold
office. The judges were very polite, and
told how much pleasure it would give them
to grant licenses to women, but they
care to close up the avenues against the re-
formers by packaging that "curse of justice"
were not intended to be made the instrument
for pushing forward measures for popular re-
form.

A singer, who is now in Colorado on a
concert tour, is said to have fallen heir to
\$25,000 in gold at interest in Paris, and five
muskat acres of fine land in Texas, through
the death of an uncle.