



# JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN

Thursday, May 17, 1849.

## The Gold Dollar.

On Tuesday last we had a sight of one of the "gold dollars" which have at length been issued from the Mint at Philadelphia. In size it is considerably smaller than a half-dime, heretofore the smallest of all American coinage.—There is no "hard money" feeling about it.—It is too delicate and beautiful to pay out for potatoes, and beef, and salt pork. The head of Liberty with stars is on one side, and on the reverse, on the margin, the words "United States of America," with a wreath enclosing the words "1 dollar, 1849."

## The New York Riot.

In our paper of to-day will be found the particulars of this disgraceful occurrence, which took place on Thursday evening last. In order that our readers may better understand the origin of this proceeding, it is proper to state that a controversy took place last winter, in the newspapers, between Forest the great American Tragedian, and Macready, the great English Tragedian. A few years since, when Forest visited Europe, and performed on the London boards, he was hissed and otherwise rudely treated; and his merits as an artist were severely criticised by the London Examiner, a paper edited by a warm friend of Macready. Some of Forest's friends have asserted that this was done at the instance of Macready. This Macready denies, and proves to be false—and proves further, by the editor of the Examiner, that he endeavored to prevent the criticism, or to have its character mollified. On the other hand it has been charged that Forrest instigated the indignities shown Macready in our cities last winter, and his more recent and outrageous treatment in New York. This appears to be unsustained by any evidence beyond the public controversy they had in newspapers, which grew out of the treatment of Forrest in London and of Macready in Philadelphia. In fact, we believe there is no evidence that either of them has prompted the outrages which have greeted the other; although it is highly probable if not absolutely certain that each of them believes his treatment was caused by the other's instigation.

## Spring Style of Pantaloon.

This is described by a Philadelphia paper as follows:—"The hue is a cross between that of pea soup and dirty water, with a stray touch of the green scum of a frog pond; and the proud wearers go up and down Chesnut street like so many buffaloes out on a pleasure excursion."

The New York city banks have now in their vaults in specie \$6,100,000; which added to the \$1,872,000 in the Sub-Treasury, gives a total of \$7,972,000 on public deposits in the city. Specie is now flowing back rapidly from England. At least a million was expected in the steamer America.

## Locofoco Consistency.

The Locofocos, previous to the Presidential election, with their own candidates tied hand and foot to the Baltimore platform, accused the Whigs of supporting a candidate who refused to make pledges. Now they tell us that Gen. Taylor is daily violating the pledges he made before the election.

JAMES H. REESE, Esq., of Allentown, was appointed at the late session of the Legislature, Commissioner to settle the affairs of the Lehigh County Bank.

Sir John Franklin sailed from Portsmouth, Eng., with two vessels, in May 1845, in search of a northwest passage to India. The vessels were victualled for three years, but were expected to return in 1847. Since their departure, however, no tidings of them have been received; and besides despatching three separate expeditions in search of them, the British Admiralty have offered £30,000 to the vessel which shall discover the lost ships, and give them relief.

The lady of Sir John Franklin has written a letter to President Taylor, dated April 4, 1849, stating these facts, and very eloquently beseeching the aid of the American government in the effort to discover the discoverers. To this letter Mr. Secretary Clayton has responded on behalf of the President, and after proper condolences with the bereft lady, promises all the assistance that constitutionally lies within the power of the Executive to lend. The case is certainly one of much interest and it is to be hoped congress at its next session, will authorize some active exertions in the premises.

Dr. Warren of Boston, recently took from the stomach of an Irish girl at the Massachusetts General Hospital, by means of an incision, a tape worm forty-one feet and eleven inches in length while the sufferer was under the influence of ether.

**GONE TO MILL.**—We notice the marriage of Mr. Joseph Gene, to Miss Amanda A. Mill.

Who was the first unfortunate speculator? Jonah; for he got sucked in!

## The Past and the Present.

The workings of Providence—unbelievers call it "chance"—are inscrutable and its ways past finding out. The experience of all ages has proved the truth of this maxim of Sacred History beyond a doubt, and we need not go back to the events of other days, or to search the records of old and fabulous times, to establish it. The events of our time afford abundant evidence of its truth if we but open our eyes to facts and our minds to reflection and understanding. We have distinctly before us the chain of events which have conspired to place ZACHARY TAYLOR—a man who three years ago was almost entirely unknown to the great body of the American people—at the head of the most powerful nation upon the face of the globe,—and it affords a most remarkable proof of the proposition laid down by the ancient writer, as to the inscrutability of the workings of Providence.

If we go back to 1837, we witness the commencement of a scheme set on foot by sundry cunning politicians, having for its object the strengthening of the slave power of this country. The means by which that object was to be accomplished; the annexation of the infant Texan Republic. Up to the second or third year of the Administration of John Tyler, this scheme had gained so little ground, so far as the public was aware, as to attract no great attention. The great Presidential Campaign which was soon to open, however, brought it before the American people for the first time, a matter that must be met and passed upon. It was fostered and encouraged by John Tyler, but renounced by Mr. Van Buren.—The Whig party opposed it, as mischievous in its design, and likely to result disastrously to the country. Mr. Van Buren lost his nomination in consequence of the ground which he took against it. Mr. Polk—a man of whom the great body of the people had never heard, or hearing, had never remembered his name—was nominated, elected, and entered upon his duties with the scheme nearly completed. So far the plan had worked well. No war had yet been provoked, and in his message, the New President, in a vein of party exultation, congratulated the country upon the great and "bloodless acquisition." So far again, the scheme had worked to a charm—the American people had been fairly bamboozled, and glory enough had been manufactured to furnish an auspicious *prestige* for many future democratic administrations. The executive blustered about the glory and success of democratic measures, and every member of the party, great and small, from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and as far North in Oregon as "49 deg.," clapped their hands with exultation and joy. Democracy was to live forever! Far down the mazy distance the thousand specks of official favor hung in the political firmament, "in bigness as a star of smallest magnitude."

—But hark! The booming sound of cannon comes sweeping on the Southern gale—then the groans of the dying, and following, the mangled corpse and the "garments dyed in blood." The cry of the widow and the wail of the orphan is mingled with this strange discordant sound; the din of war is heard again; the call to arms; and the "bloodless acquisition, after a struggle of two years, and an expenditure of \$100,000,000—the least important of all our losses—becomes ours. And the "glory," for which such a sacrifice was made, becomes—not the reward of those short-sighted men who let loose this carnage—but by the inscrutable decrees of Providence, it is made to work their overthrow.

Gen. Zachary Taylor, the humble soldier, who had in the short space of two years, astonished the world with his mighty genius, and shed a lustre of imperishable glory not only upon our arms, but upon our national character, our virtue and our forbearance, was called as if by some miraculous power to occupy and adorn the place that had been filled by Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison and other guardian spirits of our youthful existence. His triumph was over one of the most unscrupulous and to all appearances the strongest parties that the history of our country ever furnished.

Thus failed the grand scheme of Annexation, to which was devoted so many years of anxious toil and watchfulness—which required to be sealed with blood and treasure before it could be complete. Texas was annexed—a portion of Mexico conquered—but Slavery was weakened instead of strengthened, and the great and marvellous party miscalled "democrats," instead of being perpetuated, was overthrown and put to confusion.—Their horsemen and their chariots were destroyed, and their valiant men—their office-holders—are every day being put to the sword of justice.

## Palpitation of the Heart.

*Tea, Coffee and Tobacco.*—Professor W. Parker, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, at a recent clinical lecture, examined a man who was troubled with palpitation of the heart. The report states that no physical signs of organic disease of the heart could be detected; and hence we may conclude, says Professor Parker, with much certainty, that all the cardiac disturbance is purely functional, depending on derangement of the digestive organs; and this organ depending on the free use of tobacco, tea and coffee, and confinement within doors. What, then, are the indications of treatment? Shall we give physic in such a case? Will physic cure bad habits? Not a bit of it. Let the patient simply throw away his tobacco, his tea, and his coffee, adopt a plain, wholesome diet, and take regular exercise in the open air, and he will soon be well; in a word, remove the causes of derangement and the effect will cease.

## From the New York Tribune.

## ANOTHER SHAMEFUL RIOT.

Attack on the Opera House—The Military called out—Fifteen persons killed and Twenty-five wounded.

We are again called upon to record one of the most shameful events which has ever disgraced the history of our City. The riot of Monday night, of which that of last night was but a continuation, was harmless in comparison. We give the particulars in the order of their occurrence, and almost entirely from our own personal observation.

The invitation extended to Mr. Macready by a number of our most prominent citizens, and his acceptance thereof, called forth a second effort on the part of those who created the riot on Monday night. Early yesterday morning placards were posted up through the City, stating that the crew of the British steamer had threatened violence to all who "dared express their opinions at the English Aristocratic Opera House," and calling on all working men to "Stand by their lawful rights." In consequence of this and similar threats a large body of Police was ordered to attend at the Opera House, and in case this should not be sufficient to preserve order, the Seventh Regiment, Col. Duryea, and two troops of horse, (Capt. Varnum and Patterson,) of the 8th Regiment, under command of Gen. Hall, and the Hussars attached to Gen. Morris's Brigade, were held in readiness. They formed in two bodies, one of which was stationed in the park and one at Centre Market.

In anticipation of a riot, the rush for tickets was very great, and before night, none were to be had. For some time before the doors were opened, people began to collect in Astor Place, and the Police took their stations at the doors and in the buildings. The crowd increased with every moment, and when we came upon the ground, at half-past seven, the square and street from Broadway to the Bowery were nearly full. There was such a tremendous crush about the doors, in spite of a notice posted up stating that the tickets were all sold, that several of the entrances were obliged to be closed. The Police used every exertion to preserve order, and succeeded in preventing all attempts to force an entrance. Inside, the house was filled but not crowded, and the amphitheatre was not more than half full. The general appearance of the audience was respectable and it was hoped at first that there would be no serious attempt at disturbance. We noticed, however, that the windows had been carefully boarded up and the doors barricaded—the object of which was afterwards made manifest.

The first two scenes passed over with a vociferous welcome to Mr. Clarke as *Malcolm*. The entrance of Mr. MACREADY, in the third act, was the signal for a perfect storm of cheers, groans and hisses. The whole audience rose, and the nine-tenths of it who were friendly to Macready cheered, waving their hats and handkerchiefs. A large body in the parquette, with others in the second tier and amphitheatre hissed and groaned with equal zeal. The tumult lasted for ten or fifteen minutes, when an attempt was made to restore order by a board being brought upon the stage, upon which was written "The Friends of Order will remain quiet." This silenced all but the rioters, who continued to drown all sound of what was said upon the stage. Not a word of the first act could be heard by any one in the house. The Policemen present did little or nothing, evidently waiting orders. Finally, in the last scene of the act, Mr. Matsell, Chief of Police, made his appearance in the parquette, and followed by a number of his aids, marched directly down the aisle to the leader of the disturbance, whom he secured after a short but violent struggle. One by one the rioters were taken and carried out, the greater part of the audience applauding as they disappeared.

Before the second act was over, something of the play could be heard, and in the pauses of the shouts and yells, the orders of the Chief and his men in different parts of the house could be heard, as well as the wild uproar of the mob without. Mrs. Coleman Pope, as *Lady Macbeth*, first procured a little silence which ended, however, immediately on Mr. Macready's reappearance. The obnoxious actor went through his part with perfect self-possession, and paid no regard to the tumultuous scene before him. As the parquette and gallery were cleared of the noisiest rioters, the crowds without grew more violent, and stones were hurled against the windows on the Astor-place side. As one window cracked after another, and pieces of bricks and paving-stones rained in on the terraces and lobbies, the confusion increased, till the Opera House resembled a fortress besieged by an invading army rather than a place meant for the peaceful amusement of a civilized community. Sometimes heavy stones would dash in the boards which had been nailed up as protection, and a number of policemen were constantly occupied in nailing up and securing the defenses. The attack was sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, but seemed to be most violent on Eighth-st. where there was a continual volley of stones and other missiles. The retreat rooms were closed, and the lobbies so "traced" by the mob outside, that the only safe places were the boxes and parquette. A stone, thrown through an upper window, knocked off some of the ornaments of the splendid chandelier.

The fourth and fifth acts were given in comparative quiet, so far as the audience were concerned, a large number of whom assembled in the lobby, no egress from the building being possible. At these words of *Macbeth*:  
"I will not be afraid of death and hate,  
"Fill Burnam forest come to Dunsinane"  
An attempt was made to get up a tumult, but failed. The phrase,  
—"Our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn."  
was also loudly applauded. But in spite of the

constant crashing and thumping of stones and the terrible yells of the crowd in the street, the tragedy [too truly a tragedy to many] was played to an end and the curtain fell. Macready was of course called out and cheered, as was Mr. Clark. Cheers were also given for the Police, and for many other things which we did not hear in the general tumult.

Towards the close, a violent attack was made by the mob on one of the doors, which was partly forced. A body of Policemen, armed with their short clubs, sallied from it and secured a number of the leaders, who were brought in and placed in a large room under the parquette, with those who had been previously arrested. These rioters, to the number of thirty or forty, battered down the partition of the room with their feet, and attempted to crawl out at the bottom by the holes so made. A strong guard was therefore placed to watch them, and no one, we believe, succeeded in making his escape. From the confusion occasioned by the continued attack on the house, we were unable to learn the names of any of them.

After the play was over, the noise being apparently diminished somewhat, the audience were allowed to go out quietly by the door nearest Broadway. The crowd was not dense in the middle of the street, a body of troops having just passed along, but the sidewalks, fences and all other available positions were thronged, and a shower of stones was kept up against the windows. As we reached Broadway a company of the Greys came round from Eighth-st. and took their position in front of the Opera House. Two cordons of Police in Eighth-st. kept the street vacant before the building, but the shattered doors and windows showed how furious had been the attack on this side. We learned from those in the crowd that troops of foot and one of horse had arrived about half an hour previous and passed entirely around the building, partially dispersing the mob. They had been assailed with stones, it was stated, one of the dragoons knocked from his horse and another carried off with a broken leg from the fall of his horse.

Up to this time we did not learn that any proclamation had been made to the rioters.—After passing the Greys at the corner of Broadway we went into Eighth-st. and were on the return, in not more than three minutes afterward, when a volley was fired by the troops, the quick, scattering flashes throwing a sudden gleam over the crowd, the gas-lights in the streets having all been extinguished. Hastening into Astor-place, we found the troops drawn up before the house, and the crowd beginning to disperse in front of them. It was generally believed that they fired blank cartridges, and a large number of persons, who were mere lookers-on did not pay much attention to it. We passed into Lafayette-place, and there saw the bodies of two or three persons dead or wounded borne away.

The crowd seemed taken by surprise, as on account of the incessant noises very few could have heard the reading of the Riot Act. Many assert that it was not read, but we have positive testimony to the contrary. We were returning and had nearly reached Astor-place again when a second volley was fired, followed almost without pause by three or four others. A part of the crowd came rushing down Lafayette-place, but there was no shout nor noise except the deadly report of the muskets.

After this horrid sound had ceased, groups of people came along, bearing away the bodies of the dead and dying. The excitement of the crowd was terrible. We heard nothing but one universal expression of vengeance and abhorrence. What adds to this tragic occurrence is that most of those who were killed were innocent of all participation in the riot. An old man, waiting for the cars in the Bowery, was instantly shot dead. A little boy, eight years old, was killed by a ball, at the corner of Lafayette-place, and a woman sitting in her own room at the corner of the Bowery, was shot in the side. Some of the bodies were carried into Vauxhall, others into Jones's Hotel, and others to the City Hospital and the Ward Station House. In the former place we saw a dead man stretched on the billiard table, and another with a ball in his hip, writhing in great agony.

Groups of people collected in the streets and in front of Vauxhall, some of which were addressed by speakers, calling them to revenge the death of the slain. The troops for a time anticipated another attack, in consequence of this, but up to the hour of going to press, all has been quiet. We here give a list of the killed and wounded, which is as correct as was possible to make it, under the circumstances:

Geo. Lincoln, 30 years old, 139 Walker street. Ball in groin and out the back. No hopes of recovery.

James McDonald, 17 years old, 134 Walker street. Ball through left side.

Bridget Fagan, Irish, 30 years old, shot in the left leg, just below the knee. Lives in Eleventh street, between Avenues 1 and 2. She was two blocks off, walking with her husband on their way home, and fell into his arms.

Edward McCormick, 135 First Avenue, 19 years old; worked at 200 Mulberry. Shot through the side.

John Delzell, 22 years old of Edinburgh. Lived at Widow Harrison's opposite Washington Market. The same ball went through the thigh, making a serious compound fracture. The same ball went through his hand.

George G. Curtis, Printer, residing in New York, aged 23, shot through the right lung.

Conrad Becker, 27 Hudson street, worked for Mahoney & Thompson, Upholsterers, Chatham street. Ball went through the right thigh.

Thomas Aylwood, aged 19, Clerk, resides corner of East Broadway and Clinton streets. Ball through the thigh, fracturing the bone.

Stephen Ellwood, (insensible when our Reporter was in the Hospital.) Ball entered the left eye and lodged near the ear.

George N. Kay, 23 years of age, merchant, boarded at 107 Chambers street. Ball in the right breast, going entirely through.

Henry Burguist, known as "Harry Bluff," lived at 510 Pearl street. Ball grazed the neck, went into the right shoulder, coming out behind the right arm. He had been deputized as special policeman for the evening.

S. F. Cornell, shot through the neck, severing the jugular vein; died in the drug store corner of Fourth street and Broadway.

Henry Otten, grocer, corner of Hestor and Orchard street, was shot through the stomach, and died in the 15th Ward Station House while we were there. His aged mother was present, and her lamentations were truly heart rending.

At the same Station House we saw a fireman (name not known,) who had just died from a shot through the brain.

Frederick Gillespie, a boy, shot through the foot, was taken home.

There was another man lying dead from a ball through the head.

Another dead man was brought into the Station House by order of the Coroner. He had three wounds in the neck and breast.

At Dr. Chilton's drug store, corner of Broadway and Eighth Street, we learned of good authority, that seven men, one boy and one lady had been treated, several of whom are mentioned above in the Hospital report.

In the Opera House one man lay dead. At Jones's, corner of Ninth street and Broadway, we saw a Mr. McKinley, about 26 years old, a book-binder in Third Avenue, near Fifteenth street, who, while passing down the Bowery, was struck on the left breast just below the collar bone, the ball going out through the left shoulder blade. His wound was dangerous, but not hopeless.

At No. 19 Third Avenue, corner St. Mark's Place, eight of the military were brought, injured by missiles thrown by the mob. None of these were seriously hurt. Eleven other persons were brought to this store, four of whom we were assured by the Doctor were dead. We saw two coupes ourselves. A man with a shot in his leg was taken from here to the Hospital. Several balls were said to have struck the walls of this store.

At the Seventeenth Ward Station House, we saw two dead persons.

Owen Burns, shot through the head; and William Butler, apparently a sailor, shot in the right breast.

We were assured that one wounded man died in, or was taken down to Vauxhall Garden.

John Smith, 96 Perry street, was shot in the thigh. His wound is very severe, but not dangerous.

Mr. Romaine, a young man, butcher of 55 First street, lay mortally wounded at the druggist's corner of Third Avenue and Eighth street. Another dead body had been removed. Three had died there. They knew of 11 persons shot—eight mortally.

We heard of a colored woman shot at the corner of Lafayette Place.

J. Irwin, of 243 Tenth street, said his son had just been brought in with a ball through his leg.

B. M. Seixas, Jr., a private citizen, was wounded.

Capt. Pond, 7th regt., had a severe flesh wound on his cheek.

Capt. Peck, a militia officer, had been hit in the stomach with a large paving stone, before there was any firing. He seemed quite sick.

Mr. Ruckle, Fourth Company, was hit hard with a brickbat.

The first soldier struck was Theodore W. Todd, 2d Lieutenant, and Lieutenant W. H. Harrison was injured.

Private John Mortimer, Orderly Sergeant Norton, Capt Underhill, Private Isaac Devore, 1st Company, and Bogart 4th Company were wounded—none dangerously.

We were told that a woman was shot while getting out of the cars; and another on a stoop in Ninth street.

Two dead, one dying, four wounded, were taken from Dr. Chilton's.

We have heard that John Curran was wounded, and saw two dead bodies in the Seventeenth Ward Station House.

A Mr. Brown was carried to 42 Mercer street, dead as we were told.

We found Mr. Matsell, Chief of Police, in the Opera House. He said that the mob fired with guns or pistols—that a great number of the police were hurt—some of them shot through and through—one mortally, as he had heard.

One of Mr. Matsell's officers told us that of 40 or 50 under arrest in a kind of pen down stairs, one Tappen had been arrested within three months on a charge of burglary. Some had been ironed, but their irons had been taken off. Bill Sparks, a notorious character, Tom Burns, E. Z. C. Johnson, editor of *Buntin's Own*, were among them.

The National Greys and Police had possession of the House, and would remain all night.

The Mayor, Gen. Sandford and the Sheriff, were on the ground at the moment of the greatest difficulty.

Some artillerymen were there when we left. There were, of course, a thousand rumors more or less exaggerated in circulation, which are not worthy of particular mention.

It is impossible to ascertain to night the number of dead and wounded; but we think we have positive evidence that at least twelve, and perhaps fourteen were either killed outright or died before 1 o'clock this morning. The number of wounded will vary from twenty to thirty, although many are not dangerously hurt. We should also mention the alacrity and promptness with which the druggists and Physicians in the vicinity proffered their services to the wounded.

The military were severely pelted with stones, but none of them were seriously injured, as we learned from several officers.

We left the Opera House about one o'clock this morning; all was quiet in the streets, with no apparent excitement on the part of the people. Little knots of men were standing here and there, talking over the affair; but, with one or two exceptions, in a calm and reasonable manner.

Strong cordons of policemen barricaded Broadway street and Astor place, preventing all approach to the scene of the riot; while a body of the National Greys had possession of the building and its approaches. Every precaution had been taken to prevent a repetition of the sad and bloody occurrence, so disgraceful and unusual in our city.

Sixty-three persons were taken into custody on Friday evening, by the police for riotous behavior, by throwing stones at the police and the soldiery. The Tribune of Saturday evening says:

"The excitement in relation to the riots has almost entirely subsided. The general feeling of the public appears to be in favor of the measures taken by the city authorities. There are still threats to be heard in some quarters, but