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BUFFALO COURIER.

CHURCH COLUMN.

CALENDAR.

JANUARY.

27—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

FEBRUARY.

2—Purification.
3—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.
10—Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.
17—Septuagesima Sunday.
24—Sexagesima Sunday—S. Matthias.

MARCH.

3—Quinquagesima Sunday.
6—Ash-Wednesday.
10—First Sunday in Lent.
13—Ember Day.
15—Ember Day.
16—Ember Day.
17—Second Sunday in Lent.
24—Third Sunday in Lent.
25—Annunciation.
31—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

Directory.

Rt. Rev. A. C. Coxe, DD., corner of Delaware and Tracy streets.

S. Paul's Church—Organized 1817—Pearl street, between Church and Erie streets. Rev. Wm. Shelton, DD. Rector, 84 Pearl street; Rev. Thomas C. Pitkin, DD. Associate, 305 Washington street. Service 10½ A. M. and 3 P. M. Sunday School 9 A. M.

Grace Church—Organized 1824—Corner of Niagara and Bidwell streets, Rev. G. C. Pennell, Rector, corner of School and Ninth streets: Rev. R. I. Germain, Assistant, Dearborn street, near Amherst. Service 11 A. M. and 7 P. M; Sunday School 9½ A. M.

Trinity Church—Organized 1836—Corner of Mohawk and Washington streets, Rev. E. Ingersoll, DD. Rector, 7 Mohawk street. Service 10½ A. M. and 3 P. M.; Wednesday, Friday and Holy days at 9 A. M.; Sunday School at 9 A. M.

S. John's Church—Organized 1845.—Corner of Swan and Washington streets, Rev. Orlando Witherspoon, Rector, 47 East Eagle street. Service 10½ A M, 9 A M, and 7 evening. Wednesday, Friday and Holy days at 9 A. M. and 5 P.M.; and Saturday at 5 P.M. Sunday School at 9 A. M.

S. James' Church—Organized 1854—Corner of Spring and Swan streets; Rev. ——, Rector. Service 10½ A. M. and 3 P. M; Sunday School 9 A. M.

Ascension Church—Organized 1855—North street, opposite Franklin; Rev J. M. Henderson, Rector, Park near Allen street. Service 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M.; Sunday School 2 P. M.

S. Luke's Church—Organized 1857—Niagara street, between Maryland and Hudson streets; Rev Charles C Edmunds, D. D., Tenth and Hudson streets. Service 10½ A M and 7 P M; Daily at 9 A M and 3 P M; Sunday School 9 A M. and 2 P M. Confirmation class, 8 P M. Parochial Day School for boys and girls of all ages.

S. Philip's Church, (Colored Congregation)—Organized 1866; Elm street, between North and South Division streets; Rev Samuel V Berry, Rector, 101 North Division street. Service 10½ A M and 3 P M., the second and last Sunday's in the month, 7 P. M. Sunday School at 2 P. M.

Church Charity Foundation Chapel—Chaplain, Rev. Geo. C. Pennell. Services—Sunday 4 P. M. Second Sunday in the month, 9 A M and 4 P M. Sunday School 2½ P M. Offertory for the benefit of the Chapel and Sunday School. The services are open to all persons desiring to attend.

STANDING COMMITTEE.

Rev. E. Ingersoll, D. D. Pres't,	J. M. Smith,
Rev. I. Foote, D. D.	G. B. Worthington,
Rev. M. VanRensselaer, DD,	Julius Movius,
Rev. L. S. Stevens, Sec'y,	Wm. H. Walker.

Rev. C. W. Hayes, Sec'y Convention, Holland Patent, N. Y.
C. E. Upton, Treasurer, Rochester.
Geo. W. Cuyler, Treas. of Christmas Fund, Palmyra.

☞ The Bishop and the Rev. Dr. Shelton, attended the consecration of the Ven. Arch-Deacon Bethune, as Bishop of Niagara, and coadjutor Bishop of Toronto. Bishop Coxe will preach in Toronto to-morrow.

☞ On the 22d and 23d of this month, there will be held in this city, a Convocation of the Clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, organized from Allegany, Broome, Chemung, Schuyler, Steuben, Tompkins, and Tioga counties. The object of the Convocation is, in brief, to promote some concerted action in regard to our Missionary work in the Southern Tier.—The first service will be held in Trinity Church, on Tuesday morning next, commencing at 10½ o'clock. It is expected that the Rev. Mr. Platt, of Binghampton will preach the opening sermon, after which the Holy Communion will be administered. After this service, a business meeting will be held at the rectory of Trinity Church. In the evening at 7½ o'clock, a Missionary service will be held at Grace Chapel, at which time addresses will be made by various members of the Convocation. On the 23d (Wednesday) there will be Divine Service in Trinity Church at 10½ A. M., after which another business meeting, which will close the services of Convocation. We trust the laity of both Grace and Trinity Churches will bear this announcement in mind, and make a special effort to be present at all the public services. A cordial invitation is likewise extended to all among those in our midst who "profess and call themselves Christians."—*Church Column Elmira Daily Advertiser.*

S. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—The work of making the improvements and alterations necessary to render S. Paul's Church Cathedral like in its appearance, is already commenced. The pews in the Chapel have been turned around so as to face the main nave, making them among the most eligible seats in the church.

Parochial Changes

We had intended to follow up the "Remonstrance" of the Bishop, on this subject in last week's paper with an editorial of our own, but we gladly postpone it for the following article by one of the most prominent and efficient Presbyters in our Diocese:

The 'Remonstrance' in the *Messenger* of last week, will be regarded by most of its readers as timely and suggestive. It implies, what is no doubt true, that many changes of rectors are taking place in our parishes.

"This is most deplorable. To the Diocese at large it must prove a great calamity, unsettling its plans and weakening its enterprises. And experience fully proves that no parish can grow (at least with a healthy growth) under a frequent change of pastors. The interruption of services, and the indifference to Divine worship which necessarily follows; the restlessness of the congregation, and the spirit of dissatisfaction and unteachableness which this encourages; the talk and criticism it provokes, and the injurious effect of this upon the tender consciences of the young, to say nothing of the older members; the breaking up of every thing like systematic enterprise, and the unchristian strife which is often fostered; these, and their kindred evils, are surely enough to cast a moral blight over the the best congregation in the land.

"And in nine cases out of ten is there any good reason for these changes? If the rector, as is too frequently the case, has not a competent support, is it really *too great a burden* for most of our parishes to make it competent? There may be doubts respecting the *will*, but in most cases, there can be no doubt respecting the *ability*. But perhaps the parish itself *wants* a change. It is not satisfied with the *pulpit-power* of its present rector. It wants an eloquent preacher. This, it seems to us, is most absurd. In the first place, eloquent preachers cannot be had.—Bourdaloues and Melvilles are not by any means numerous. Not one of all the ministers in the world is in any high sense an eloquent preacher. There is indeed a great deal of spurious and affected eloquence, show and clamor and fustian; but this, in its moral lasting results, whatever may be the temporary effect, is worse than useless, it is depraving. No congregation ought to have it, even if it wants it.

"In the next place, eloquent preaching is not really the great need of the Church in these days. We can live very happily and be very good Christians without it. What we need most of all in the ministry, are faithful, permanent pastors, men of earnest zeal, devout piety, and competent ability. And these we have in large numbers. They are the rule, not the exception, in the Church. And where any parish has such a pastor, we would say to them, for the sake of the Church, whose peace and welfare should be your first prayer, and for your own sake, and for your children's sake, do all in your power to retain him. Keep him with you for life, surround him with the evidences of your attachment, make his home a cheerful one; sustain and encourage him in his work. He will not care to leave you; and the blessing of God will descend upon you. As a flock of Christ you will grow in knowledge and grace and long years to come will bear testimony to the blessedness of such a pastorate over such a people.

"And why may not this be in almost all our parishes? We can well understand why the denominational churches should insist, as the first requisite in their religious leader, that he shall be an interesting, a stirring, or a sensational preacher. We say it with respect, it is their great staple. They rely mainly upon this to fill up their ranks, to give character to their religious meetings, and to hold their members together in one body. But in the Church it is certainly quite different. Worship, and not preaching, is the chief object of our public assemblies; while edification, and not gratification, is, with all conscientious pastors, the object of their preaching. With our matchless Liturgy to make the sanctuary always a desirable place with our sacramental system, which receives the infant at the font and thence undertakes to bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, with our ministrations and offices, adapted to all the tender relations of life; with our Apostolic ministry, faith and discipline, we have a most secure foundation, to build upon. All we need besides, are faithful, permanent pastors for our master builders, and faithful flocks to sustain and help them.

"Let the world without see the Church thus fixed and abiding, not given to change, but dutifully, earnestly, devoutly serving the Lord in all good works, and gratefully using the ministrations His Providence allows them, and you will see the weary and disappointed of other folds turning there for rest, the wandering and the unsettled looking thitherward for a home, and the doubting everywhere beginning to think and to say, This truly is the House of God, and these are His people.

"Blessed indeed is the way before us, and great the promises of our prosperity as a Church, if we can have and be content with a permanent ministry. But it requires no prophet's vision to predict. "Wo to the parish, and wo to the Diocese, where change is the rule and permanency the exception—*Gospel Messenger.*"

[Correspondence Buffalo Courier.]

OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

Art and Artists.

NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 23, 1867.

Religion has won the world's heart and conscience,—has lifted humanity from degredation, but it has vibrated pendulum-like, from country to country, brightened this, only to cause a shadow in that other land, and then swinging backward, to leave night where the glow of godliness slept but a hundred years ago. Not so with Art. Epochs and States, Monarchies and Republics have kept the interests of taste, and cultivated a love for the beautiful in some of its various forms, without regard to creeds, language, or locality.

The nobler portions of the nature of man have been elevated, toned and softened by a united love of art, during periods when revealed religion, or imagined Deities had lost their power.

It has been the high privilege of Art to live through all the changes and phases of the world's strange history, and it throws its lovely beams into a darkness which, but for this, would have been completely impenetrable. We can trace the religious, moral and political history of a nation by its manifestations in canvas or in stone, when there are no other records to reveal what has been in the lost years.

Pictures of *genre*, of course, more than landscapes, are valuable as historians, but even this stretch of distance seldom fails to speak of peace, and prosperity, or want and desolation, in some of its details, however minor in themselves, and, considered independent of the genius that creates and the beauty which gives us satisfaction, Art has a high mission.

REPUBLICAN ART.

We do not foster our own, so much as we do the genius of strange lands. America is an unnatural mother to her gifted children. Disciples of Mammon are protected and insured the means of perfect success, but not so with the genius of the brush, or chisel. They struggle for existence, while less worthy hands are filled with gold, and brains less broad are crowned with bays. America has sent its million to Europe within the last half year, for pictures far inferior to those in our own studios.

Somebody has said that we must stimulate Art by foreign competition, and by forcing developments. If foreign pictures generated a higher standard of taste, Artists could afford to be starved, but unfortunately, with few exceptions, they are not of that sort. We do not want an American picture to be a French or Florentine. We wish to be simply ourselves. What are our pictures to be, as historians, if we are to be imitators of another land, under another government and religion?

If the pictures we have from over the Atlantic were the best, we should have some compensation, but unfortunately they are not. Drunken troopers with garments of wonderful colors, and texture, and disgusting delineations of intoxication which have not even the Bacchanalian element of poetry to redeem them from our loathing, and nude figures which possess only flesh perfection, and gross attitudes, not to mention the ravings after old saints, standing upon their toe nails, are the sort which money hunts after, and grasps at any price, while genius of a purer sort and higher aspirations starves at home.

MEISSONIER

sweeps over the ocean, and carries himself where he will, at any price he pleases, and yet, save a few technical perfections, what have his pictures shown us? Not a moral, religious, or historical thought, and certainly not a glimpse of loveliness, unless you can use such a term when enjoying haberdashers. Feminine tongues do speak of bonnets, and other elements that go toward making up the sum total of women, [see Nasby] as being *sweet and lovely*, and perhaps the terms could be properly applied to some of our foreign fashion plates, found in the French Sketching Club. Every detail of a picture should be perfect in its effect, but we want something more,—an idea, a thought that will make genius remembered, and the memory of an artist sacred. As studies of color, these pictures of Meissonier may be suggestive of something to the devotee of the brush, but as possessions in a house, they are travestied representations of the Chinese Art on canvass.

TISSOT

possesses something more. He appeals to our sympathies. He puts humanity in its deepest, and sweetest, and saddest moods before our eyes, and if we do not become worthier, because of the lesson, he does not make us detest mankind, either for their frivolities or their vices. His "Faust and Margueritte" has its moral, as does "Margueritte by the Well;" but the back grounds are not in the likeness of anything earthly. Nature could not take upon herself, even in her most eccentric moods, such color as Tissot represents. It is a libel. Meissonier makes the central idea, however degraded it may be, and the detail, of equal importance, while Tissot goes to the other extreme.

DORE,

as represented in this club, exhibits a wealth of luxuriant foliage, and fine color, but the pictures are not proper representations of this celebrated artist, because action, is his speciality. Some body will purchase these vast expanses of canvas, because they are from such a renowned master, and not because they are attractive pictures. As specimens they are valuable, but preserve us from an invoice of the same sort.

MOORMANS

has a superb picture of the "Gallery of the Appollo at the Louvre." Any American whose conscience has not hinted at the propriety of patronizing and fostering our own productions, would do his taste no discredit, by purchasing this work.

The polished floor, mosaiced with rich, low, toned colors, stretching toward a window through which the light comes and coquettes with the furniture's shadows, is of itself a pleasant view. Then the walls, with pictures distinctly outlined and colored with apparently only the haze of distance to prevent their recognition, are sufficient for an hour's study. The frescoes are soft and lovely, and lighted exquisitely. It is the finest picture of the collection, and better than most interiors in any gallery which New York possesses.

ZENN'S VIEW OF VENICE.

Almost all Artists have painted one, but this is very rich in color, exquisite in grouping and the perspective fails to give your ideas of distance the usual shock, and yet Americans have done just as good things, and perhaps in some particulars better. Many of his pictures are worthy of consideration. They are well enough where they are, and every one who has taste and leisure, will visit them, but that need not, and if they have discrimination, will not lead them to purchase these efforts, the poorest of foreign studios, when the best of our own, are procurable.

PROTECTION.

The subject of legislative protection to our own Artists and Sculptors is being seriously considered. It would be a degrading act to bring the law to the aid of such a thing, which is power in itself, and requires no protection. Patient labor, and as patient waiting will make all things right. Genius has no nationality, any more than Astronomy, or the laws of gravitation. Let monied idiots employ their surplus moneys as they will, their children, or at farthermost, their children's children will turn in shame the canvass of to-day to the walls of future homes, because it will tell the tale of ignoble ancestry.

The aesthetic growth of America would be hindered, but for the contrasts between good and bad expressions of the brush and chisel. When truly faithful representation of nature comes to us, whether in still or active life, whether of an emotional or simply beautiful expression, we must welcome them, and they should not be put beyond our reach by enormous duties. Americans are such persistent people that a hindrance to the possession of a coveted thing, would only secure its possession, at almost any price.

Only artists can cure this evil by earnest labor and endurance. If legislation could protect us against poor pictures, against such works as are devoted to India shawls, Lavender Satin, and the perfection of Parisian bonnets, and in fact everything that is in the millinery business, and nothing that nature or his tory ever dreamed about, we should be satisfied.

ALEXANDER WUST

is a young American artist, full of enthusiasm and energy, and the only man who has to any extent conquered the prejudices of foreign opinion. By royal decree he received the gold medal, awarded only once in three years, at the exhibition in Brussels. He won his honor, and came home to leave the glory of Republican genius upon American soil, and what was his reward? Meissonier's Drunken Trooper brought fifty-five hundred dollars, and this lovely picture of Wust's secured the comparatively paltry sum of twenty-five hundred!—Shame! This beautiful work of art, is a

NORWEGIAN WATERFALL BY MOONLIGHT.

It is difficult to give even the faintest idea of this strangely magnificent landscape. Nature is in her weirdest, wildest, grandest mood. The rocks are black with night and their own peculiar gloom, but the moonlight smiles over them, as one sometimes sees a light upon a face whose sorrows have turned it to granite, and the stoniness is for a moment veiled, but not hidden. The velocity of the water, as it rushes downward, seems like a sentient thing, hurrying before some terrible fate. This idea of motion is so marvelous, that one's imagination must be dull, indeed, not to hear and be overwhelmed by the roaring of the foam! Mr. Wust's companionship with Nature must be intimate to a very deep and sweet degree, or she would not so reveal herself to him.

Another picture of his, for which he received the gold medal at the Hague, secured of American patronage a still paltrier price than the last. It is called,

A MOUNTAIN FOREST IN NORWAY.

This has many of the characteristics of the last, with a touch of tenderer feeling upon the face of Nature, which is caught by the subtle perceptions and cunning hand of the artist.

For these two pictures, Mr. Wust received the earnest acknowledgments of foreign judges, only to some home with his trophies and find them unappreciated. Ah well! The young man is brave, and believes in his divine mission, and so will continue to sacrifice at the shrine of the beautiful, whether recognized as one of its high priests, or only as a simple worshipper. His

DESOLATION

is a strange, almost supernatural representation of a Lagoon, where Nature has been wickedly perverse, and not a thing looks at you but what is misshapen. Gnarled roots, grotesque rocks and trees, appearing like anchored ghouls grouped about rank depths of sullen water, remind you of human hearts out of which every God-like attribute has departed.

Mr. Wust's coloring is very peculiar and though representing latitudes with which few of us are familliar, yet by our intuitions we know it is true. These pictures give us an impression of fidelity which is so charming when we are weary with unnatural things, upon sketches of canvas that have nothing in them, upon which to rest ourselves. His

SUFFODEN

is brilliant with the richest color. It seems to have been painted with the resolution of asserting his ability to do that which so many artists blind us with, and yet the picture does not give one the same impression of impertinent glare. It is luxuriant, without being vulgarly magnificent. As a proof of his versatility, we welcome it, but with many others from his gifted hand we sympathize more earnestly and completely.

Thirty-four pictures from his brush were sold in New York at prices just, perhaps, in some respects; but when considering the offerings to lesser genius, because they "are one of our best foreign artists," we blush and cry shame! What would "our best foreign artists" do if they had not ignorant Americans to purchase their failures?

Ah well! we can live. There are glorious contrasts to stupidity and vulgarity among us, and the effort to prove that we can be ourselves and represent ourselves, both in marble and color, will conquer at last. Hope, talent and energy are sufficient. Alexander Wust is mentioned first, as an appropriate comment upon the patronage bestowed upon worthless Old World pictures. His paintings are excellent, and with his generosity he will gladly acknowledge, with us, that he has his peers in the studios of many at home. We are proud of him, and we are proud of many more.

OUR OWN.

Criticism ought to be solemnly offered. Different tastes and varieties of opinion may cause unpleasant, and perhaps, unjust decisions, yet only by such comparison shall we ever reach the heights of truth, or stand upon the lofty table lands of success. Unfavorable opinions sometimes sting deeply, but, be it remembered, that all growth is through pain. Severity has not proved a tonic to the weak strugglers in the contest for fame, because we have not heard enough of it. A desire to give pleasure, rather than a heroic determination to utter truth, has ruled the pens of those who should have cried, "Not yet!" instead of soothing the contestants into sluggish rest.

Neither an artist, nor an author, should consider an unfavorable criticism as an unkindness, or as an assault, but give some small acknowledgment of the fact that a critic may possess a conscience, though perhaps an untutored taste and dull perception. Bierstadt, Gifford, Whitredge, McEntee, Beard, Bradford, De Haas, the Harts, Cropsey, Fairman, LeClear, Guy, Inness, Wier, Brown, Durand, Griswold, Lay, and Richards, of the easel, and Thompson and Ward of the chisel, and many more of New York, besides Hamilton and Rothermel, of Philadelphia, and hosts besides, are devotees of art, and shall have their place in the world's heart and in the COURIER. G.

THE STEWART DIVORCE CASE.—The case of Mrs. Emile J. Stewart, *vs.* Rev. Hart L. Stewart, an application for divorce, which has been before the Superior Court of Chicago, for two weeks past, and has attracted much attention here and elsewhere, was brought to a conclusion on Tuesday last, and given to the jury. After being out twelve hours, the jury returned a verdict in the favor of the defendant. This case was clearly one of conspiracy, and we are glad that the jury so decided. Mr. Stewart is, evidently, not a clergyman above reproach; but his wife was not legally entitled to the relief she demanded.

BOOKS OF HIS REST.—About the drollest man alive is a chap now in Chicago, well known in Northern Vermont by the name of 'Tim Wait.' do what you might to Tim, he was always ready with a repartee, and a good one. On one occasion he came into a hotel in Burlington, looking rather jaded and down in the mouth.

'What's the matter, Tim,' said one of the party. 'You look rather the worse for wear.' 'Why, you see,' said Tim, 'I have not slept a wink for these three nights, last night, to-night and to-morrow night.' Having left the bar room in a roar, Tim retired to make up his loss by a triple snooze.

HINDOO WOMEN.—Very sad is the condition of women in the East. She is there 'a servant of servants.' She has no position in society, and is, in all things, entirely at the mercy of her husband. The birth of a daughter is regarded by a Hindoo family as a great calamity. When she is only twelve or thirteen years of age, she is sent away by her parents to become the wife of a man whom she, perhaps, has never seen, and in the selection of a husband her wishes are not regarded. Once a wife, her bondage is completed; for the Shasters, or sacred writings, thus define her duties:

'When in the presence of her husband, a woman must keep her eyes upon her master, and be ready to receive his commands. When he speaks, she must be quiet, and listen to nothing beside. When he calls, she must leave everything else, and attend upon him alone. A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of all good works that she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion. Though he be aged, infirm dissipated, a drunkard, or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her god. She must serve him with all her might, obeying him in all things, spying no defects in his character, and giving no cause for disquiet. If he laughs, she must also laugh; if he weeps she must also weep; if he sings, she must be in an ecstasy. She must never eat, until her husband is satisfied. If he abstains, she must also fast; and she must abstain from whatever food her husband dislikes.'

A Descendant of Columbus.

The Madrid papers announce the death of the Duke of Veragua, a grandee of Spain of the first class. The Paris papers, in reproducing the news, described him as 'Admiral and Governor-General of the Indies.' The deceased duke was neither an admiral nor a governor of the Indies, or of any other place. These were merely titles which he inherited from his ancestor, Christopher Columbus, or Cristoval Colon, as he is called in Spain. It is known that Columbus left two sons, Ferdinand and Diego; the former illegitimate, who inherited much of his father's genius, of whom he left a valuable memoir. The neglect and ingratitude with which the great discoverer was treated by King Ferdinand, after the death of Isabella, is a matter of history. His legitimate son, Diego, after a long and tedious lawsuit against the crown, obtained a decision from the Council of the Indies that he was entitled to the privileges and titles conferred upon his father. But the cares and anxieties he had undergone in the pursuit of his just claims had done their work upon his frame, and there is no doubt that trouble, grief and disappointment hastened his premature death, 'He was worn out,' Herrera says, 'by following up his claims and defending himself from the calumnies of his competitors, who, with many stratagems and devices, sought to darken the glory of the father and the virtue of the son.' His widow continued the struggle in defence of the rights of her eldest son, Luis, then only six years of age. She left St. Domingo, where she was on the death of her husband, and arrived in Spain. The title of Admiral of the Indies was immediately conferred upon him by Charles V., who augmented his revenues, but set up opposition to his claim to the Viceroyalty of the province of Veragua conferred upon his grandfather, which was thought too vast for a subject to enforce, and moreover, involved an interminable litigation. The claims were at last commuted for the titles of Duke of Veragua, Admiral of the Indies, and Marquis of Jamaica. Don Luis left no issue, and was succeeded by his nephew Diego, son of his brother Christopher. Diego married his cousin Philippa, but also died without issue; and with him the legitimate male line of Columbus became extinct. A long lawsuit ensued among the surviving members of the family, of whom Balthasar Colombo, of the house of Cuccaro in Montferrat (Piedmon,) was the most active and perserving, and who maintained that it was he who had the right to inherit the estates and dignities descended from the great admiral. The cause lasted for 30 years, and was finally decided by the Council of the Indies in 1608, who formally declared the male line extinct. Nuno Gelves de Portugallo, grandson of Isabella, third daughter of Diego, son of Columbus, was put in possession of the titles and estates, and became Duke of Veragua, Isabella having married George of Portugal, Count of Gelves; and thus those titles and estates passed into a branch of the house of Braganza, established in Spain. It is from this branch that the duke whose death is just announced, was descended. His titles were, Don Pedro De Portugallo, Colon Duque De Veragua, Marquis De Jamaica, y Almirante des las Indias. The late duke never figured in public life. It was his pasture grounds that used to turn out some of the best bulls for the Madrid arena. The archives of the family were carefully preserved by him, and Washington Irving gratefully acknowledges the liberality of the descendant and representative of the great discoverer in submitting them to his inspection, and exhibiting the treasures they contained, when he was collecting materials for his history of the life and voyages of Christopher Columbus.—*Paris Correspondent of the Times.*

From the Chicago Republican.

The Opera House Drawing.

Antecedents of the New Proprietor—Telegram from Mr. Crosby—Street Rumors and Gossip.

Although very materially abated, the excitement and public curiosity in regard to the chosen one of the blind goddess—the winner of the Opera House continues, and many and various are the rumors in relation to the fortunate individual. That this person is Mr. A. H. Lee, of Prairie du Rocher, Randolph county, Illinois, there can remain but little doubt. As already stated, the books shown that the ticket number 58,600 was sold by Messrs Pettes and Leathe, agents for the sale of certificates at St. Louis, to Mr. Lee. The popular question of the hour is, "Who is Mr. A. H. Lee?" Another question propounded by those ignorant of the geography of the State is, "Where is Prairie du Rocher?" The town and the individual are the subject of popular curiosity. The town is one of the oldest and least noted in the State, but hereafter will be noted in history as being the residence of the winner of the Opera House.

The antecedents and biography of Mr. Lee we are not yet enabled to furnish in full. He is a gentleman of about 60 years of age, formerly a merchant of St. Louis, who removed to Prarie du Rocher about ten years ago, and there engaged in the milling business. The turning of the wheel has brought him a fortune. He is the father-in-law of Col. Daniel G. Taylor, ex-Mayor of St. Louis, a gentleman well known in this city, and one whom rumor says will hereafter be the actual manager of the prize. Dame Rumor also says that Mr. Lee is father of several marriageable daughters, which if the rumor be true, will be of interest to many of the gallant young beaux. Were it a matter of interest to anxious mammas, it might also be stated that he is the happy father of a couple of promising sons, and in connection with the last statement it would be proper to say that Prarie du Rocher is not a fashionable summer resort. There are no springs there.

On Monday afternoon, after the drawing, the following dispatch was sent to St. Louis:

"Chicago, Jan. 21, 1867.

"MESSRS. PETTES & LEATHE, St. Louis:
Put a faithful man on horseback and have him notify holder of number 58,600 that he has drawn the first premium. Do not lose a moment. We'll pay expenses. Answer. U. H. CROSBY."

A St. Louis paper says that a messenger was immediately dispatched to Mr. Lee to notify him of his good fortune.

It is somewhat singular that no reply has been received to the dispatch, although it required an answer. Mr. U. H. Crosby, yesterday afternoon, informed our reporter that he had heard nothing from Mr. Lee, and that he did not expect to. It may be proper to state that, though the committee under whose auspices the drawing took place, had no doubt that Mr. Lee would be notified of his good fortune, one of them promptly telegraphed to another party in St. Louis to see that such was done.

Reports were yesterday rife upon the streets. One report said that a trio of speculators had started from Chicago on Monday night to purchase the ticket from Mr. Lee. If the report be true, the speculators are foiled, as they could not reach him before he had learned the value of his ticket. Another rumor said that Mr. Lee had arrived in the city and had sold the Opera House to Mr. U. H. Crosby. This cannot be true, for Mr. U. H. Crosby says he has not heard from Mr. Lee, and he does not expect to. An equally good reason for denying the rumor is, that it is impossible that Mr. Lee could have arrived in Chicago so soon.

This much is known; the Opera House will soon be under the control of another than its present owner. But none need fear that the Opera House itself will be removed.

Ristori in Chicago.

The most pointed criticism of Ristori, is the following from the Chicago *Republican*, supposed to be written by a gentleman in the saloon. He says:

The "saloon is the place where the sensitive gentlemen go between each act. There are no ladies there, and the masculine sentiment regarding Ristori is freely expressed. At the end of each act gentlemen say to their lady companions, "I must go and see a friend for a few minutes." This universal friend is the barkeeper of the saloon. The saloon is just under the auditorium. As men only are there, the remarks regarding Ristori may be accepted as the true sentiments of those expressing them. These sentiments are given here as the expression of an individual; he represents the majority of those in the saloon. Were the opinion of each man given, there would be too much "whisky," "gin and sugar," "brandy and soda," &c., expressed. The following remarks are the condensed opinion of the majority of the saloon *habitues*:

Ristori was not a whirlwind to-night. She was a gentle gale from the South, sweet and weak. As a matter of course, I adore her. If I don't, I should betray my ignorance of Italian, which, between you and I, I don't understand in the least. If I say that her acting is superb, I show at once that I am a thorough Italian scholar, and a judge of good acting.—New York has said so, and shall Chicago say "nay?" My wife admire Ristori. She has shown it by making me pay for a new bonnet and opera cloak. In other words I admired Ristori to the extent of $150. Had I been single I should have admired her in "Marie Stuart" to the extent of $1.50. So much for being married. I think (confidentially speaking) that the play would have been a great deal better if the second and fourth acts had been entirely omitted. Ristori does not appear in them. When the rest of the company appears with Ristori one pardons them; she seems so much the better. When they appear alone, one goes to take a drink; that adds to the expense of the thing.

If I were not engaged, I should frown on Ristori; as it is, I adore her. If I didn't my love would scorn me. That's because she has read New York papers, and cannot understand Italian. But I know what is what. In "Marie Stuart," Ristori is a failure. Not understanding Italian, I understood nothing. Had I not paid fifty cents for the book of the play I would not have known what was going on. Her gestures and her tones show nothing.

The play would have been greatly improved if the second and fourth acts had been discarded. Ristori did not appear in them, but then that adds to her popularity in the acts in which she does appear. Those two acts are to the advantage of Ristori; perhaps, therefore, to the advantage of the audience.

Let's take a drink.

Thus speak the majority of the masculine audience frequenting the saloon. From them must be excepted, however, Mr. Grau and the ushers. They drank, but they admired Ristori. If one wishes an usher after the first act has begun, he can find him in the saloon. One has but to say "Let's take a drink," and the usher shows you your seat or one that is better.

—Miss Mary L. Booth, who has won the first place among American translators of the French has begun an English version of Eugene Sue's great historical novel, *The Mysteries of the People, or the Story of a Plebeian Family for 2000 Years.* It makes eight volumes, or series, which are to be issued in 8vo form, two columns to a page, in paper covers, and sold for a dollar a volume. The first series makes 177 pages. Clark, New York, publisher.

Senator Pomeroy.

LEAVENWORTH, Jan. 25.

Senator Pomeroy, in his speech at Topeka, last night, said the South must be reconstructed on the basis of loyalty by loyal men after disfranchising the disloyal and leading rebels. The Confederacy had surrendered everything through Lee and Johnson—reserved nothing, and possessed nothing but what Grant had given them in the terms of surrender.

Senator Ross endorsed the sentiment of his colleague. Col. Thos. Murphy left Kansas City to-day with 66 representatives of the Indian tribes in Kansas to make treaties for the cession of their land in this State and the purchase of new homes in the Indian territory west of Arkansas.

The Subtro Tunnel.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 25.

The Nevada Legislature unanimously passed a memorial, asking Congress to aid in the construction of the Subtro Tunnel.

Manzilla is now in possession of the Liberals, and clearances to that port will hereafter be signed by the consul of the Republic of Mexico in this city.

Failures.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.

Among the numerous failures reported today, the only cases which at present appear to be authenticated, are those of Howard, Lapsley, Reed and Chase, and F. A. Van Dyke, jr.

Fenian Trial.

TORONTO, Jan. 25.

The excitement regarding Fenianism is about over. Prisoners Wm. Orr, Frederick Fry, John Hughes and James Sarthemé, were discharged to-day, there not being evidence sufficient to convict them. Barney Dunn was found guilty, but sentence deferred.

Tutwell Pardoned.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 25.

Considerable dissatisfaction is displayed here at the pardon of Tutwell by Gov. Bramlette

Consecration of a Bishop.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.

At Trinity Chapel this afternoon, Rev. Dr. Neeley was consecrated Bishop of Maine. Rt. Bishop Potter delivered the discourse, in which he alluded to the ritualistic movement counselling moderation on part of both the defenders and opponents of the system.

Relief.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.

A meeting was held to-night in favor of the Southern relief. Resolutions were adopted for the appointment of a Commission of thirty to raise contributions and distribute supplies among the destitute without respect of race or opinion, and philanthropic men and women in other cities and communities throughout the North are earnestly invited to aid in the work.

The Impeachment.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 25.

Gov. Smith, of Montana is in this city. Mr. Walbridge a photographic reporter of the *Democrat* has been summoned to Washington to testify before the Impeachment Committee as to the correctness of his report of President Johnson's speech at the Southern Hotel in that city.

Alabama Capitol.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 25.

A special dispatch to the *Times* from Montgomery, Ala., dated 24th inst., says:

The Judiciary Committee of the House will submit to-morrow a bill for the removal of the Capitol to Mobile. The Committee stood 11 for and 2 against the measure.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

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