The New Orleans Bee.

OFFICE 73 CHARTRES STREET | NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1869. | 43d YEAR—Vol. XLIII.—Whole—14,912

THE NEW ORLEANS DAILY BEE

DUPOUR & LIMET, PUBLISHERS,

No. 73 Chartres Street.

TERMS OF THE BEE:

Terms of Subscription—Daily, per annum, in advance, $16; half-yearly, $8; quarterly, $4.

Price of the paper—Single copies, 5 cents.

The Semi-Weekly is published every Tuesday and Saturday. Subscription, $5 per annum, invariably in advance.

Rates of Advertising—Transient advertisement having the run of the paper, first insertion, $1 50 per square; each subsequent insertion, 75 cents per square.

First, or Editorial Page, transient advertisements, each insertion, $1 50 per square.

Advertisements inserted at intervals to be charged as new each insertion.

First, or Editorial Page, monthly advertisements, each square, $2 per month.

Regular advertisers, who advertise largely, shall be allowed such discount from the above named transient rates as may be agreed upon. In no case shall such discount exceed 25 per cent.

All Business Notices of Advertisements to be charged 20 cents net per line, each insertion.

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

All advertisements not marked for any number of insertions, will be published till forbid.

All bills with regular advertisers shall be rendered monthly.

Semi-Weekly Edition.

TERMS—PER YEAR.....$5

NEW ORLEANS.

TUESDAY MORNING, NOV. 23, 1869.

TRY GEORGE ALCEE' CIGARS, 85.....Rampart Street.....185

Amusements This Evening.

OPERA HOUSE—"La Traviata."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—"The Worrell Sisters' and Mille. Turner."

VARIETIES THEATRE.—"Lost in London."

THE COMMERCIAL FUTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.

The theme selected for our observations today is not transcended in importance by any other which can possibly engage our attention. Volumes might be written upon it. We shall not attempt to do more than make a suggestion as to the methods we most adopt if we have in view the building up once more of our great emporium. We propose also to point out again to our planters, our merchants and our men of capital, the persistent, determined and successful efforts to draw away from New Orleans the profitable trade she has for so many years enjoyed. We need not observe that the North commenced the war for the purpose of transferring to our own people the wealth and the commerce of Southern cities. And even while the war was progressing, the missionaries of the North in the Federal army and the campfollowers of that army had a sharp eye for commercial speculation. Many of the officers of the Federal army, engaged in such speculations, and made arrangements for future correspondence when the war should have ended. Since peace returned, the whole Southern country has been flooded with Northern agents and drummers who have penetrated, shall we not say *pierced* even the remotest corners of land. A remarkable activity has prevailed among our Northern *friends* and they have succeeded admirably for themselves in turning Northward a large portion of our valuable trade St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago, New York and Boston have all participated in this competition. And now efforts are made in another and unexpected quarter to attract trade from the country bordering on the Mississippi river: Baltimore, Norfolk, Charleston and Savannah have now actually entered upon a race for the trade in the Mississippi Valley. The eyes of Norfolk reach even farther than our great river. They are set upon San Diego in California, and it is no dream when we say that Norfolk may within five years be the Atlantic terminus of a Southern Pacific Railroad. In less time that, Savannah and Charleston will have full control of the trade of middle and Northern Alabama and middle and Northern Mississippi. In Savannah they have a railroad king who is a man of the most indomitable energy and the most unbounded ambition. He controls at the time all the railroads which connect Savannah with Montgomery, Alabama, and is seeking to control others which are designed to connect Montgomery with Vicksburg and the intervening country. Should he succeed, and we have no doubt he will, a through freight arrangement between New York and Vicksburg via Savannah will be made, also, their goods which are now brought to New Orleans and Mobile for the region we speak of, will be landed at Savannah, and the cotton of the same region will seek an outlet to the sea by the same route. This revolution is inevitable. We cannot prevent it, but we may, if we have the requisite energy, open up new markets for our productions and reopen old communications and restore a commerce with New Orleans which formerly existed. We can cultivate a trade South and West of us, unless we would see this once great and powerful commercial city, decay as others have done before her, unless we would see her perish like the ancient commercial cities of the East, whose glories only exist on the page of the historian.

We can do no better upon this subject in the present issue, but propose dwelling upon it from time to time until we see the action of our leading men turned in a *Southern* direction. We don't know but that it would have been better for New Orleans had no rail-connection with New York ever been effected.

LAW SCHOOL—UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA.

The introductory lectures of the Professors of the Law School have now all been delivered, and the winter's labors have fairly commenced.

On Wednesday evening last we had the pleasure of listening to the opening lecture of Professor Roselius, the learned Dean of the Faculty and teacher of Civil Law. We need not say that it was eminently instructive, although it was a mere introduction to his course, and only a foregunner of that profuse learning which the long and laborious study and practice of the law has enabled professor Roselius to acquire and pour out to his students.

On Friday evening, the Nestor of the Bar, Professor Alfred Hennen, delivered his first lecture on Constitutional and Equity Jurisprudence—branches which we wish were studied with more attention than is generally given to them.

On Saturday evening, the junior and lately appointed member of the Faculty, Professor Charles Hunt, delivered his opening lecture on Admiralty Law. This was said to have been an erudite and eloquent production of the new Professor, whose practice at the bar has led him to devote considerable time and thought to this branch of the profession. Mr Hunt is the nephew of Professor Randell Hunt, and son of the late Dr Thomas Hunt. His first effort displayed a thorough acquaintance with the sciences and history of maritime jurisprudence.

Last evening Professor Randell Hunt, President of the University, opened his course of lectures on commercial law. It was a masterly effort, full of learning and eloquence. Mr. Hunt poured forth the wealth of a highly cultivated and powerful mind in this lecture, opening it with a splendid exordium upon the importance of rendering a strict obedience to the injunctions of the Constitution of the United States. One observation he made that pleased us highly, and we wished the learned Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana had been present to hear Mr. Hunt say that no less an authority than Lord Mansfield has declared that commercial law was a part of the public law—the law of nations. He (Mr. Hunt) also spoke in accord with the Confederate currency decisions of this court!

These lectures, we believe, are open to the public; one being delivered every day of the week by the professors alternately.

APPOINTMENTS TO THE SUPREME BENCH at Washington—Attorney General Hoar has appointed to the Supreme Bench of the United States, he will probably be appointed as the *additional* Justice of the Court, provided for by the act of Congress of April 10, 1869. There will still, however, be another appointment to make—that to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Justice Wayne of Georgia, whose seat, to please the Radical leaders, has remained empty. Judge Hoar, no doubt, made his bid for the Bench by his opinion about Mississippi and Texas being still in the "grasp of war." He ought hereafter to be known by the cognomen of "War Grasp Hoar."

We have had the pleasure of a visit from Col. W. H. Fitts, of Montgomery, Ala., who is in the city representing the interests of the Montgomery *Mail*, an exceedingly sound and able Democratic journal. With a very large circulation in Alabama We commend Mr. Fitts to the courtesies of our business men, and would urge them also to render his services in bringing a knowledge of their different establishments, goods and wares, to the people of that district of Alabama where the *Mail* circulates. Our dealers are a long way behind the times in bidding for this trade.

LITERARY LECTURES.—We again remind our readers of the lecture to be delivered on Wednesday evening, 24th inst., at the Lyceum Hall, by Daniel K. Whitaker, Esq., the subject being the genius and writings of the great Scottish novelist.

Tickets can be procured at all the book stores, or at the door of the Hall on Wednesday evening.

We are indebted to Mr. W. M. Evans, Purser, steamship Lavaca, of the Alliance line of Florida packets, for late papers from Key West, Pensacola, Tallahassee, Tampa and Havana.

What It Is Not And What It Is.—These truthful and self-evident PEALON'S VITALIA OR SALVATION FOR THE HAIR is neither a dye nor a fraud. It is a delicate, healthy, agreeable fluid. It is not the "century plant" gold, clear, liquid, aromatic, harmless, and will restore to gray hair its original color, beauty and moisture. Gentlemen, try it; it will delight you particularly as spring paints the snow. 6t m 23

THE OPERA.—"La Dame Blanche" must be reckoned as a success for Mr. Calabresi. The melody and popularity of the music, even when tolerably snug, is enough to save it, but when rendered as Mr. Ketten, and Miss Minnie and their colleagues render it, the performance is more than saved; it is then highly creditable to the management.

Last night the "Black Domino" was performed to a moderate house, comic operas do not appear to draw in New Orleans. Miss Dupuy went through her part in a manner to place it beyond doubt that she has a correct conception of the character she personates, and to render the music most charmingly. We are bound to say, that such was not the opinion of some who consider themselves critics.

To night a repetition of "Le Trouvere," with Michot and Demestre in the leading characters.

LEGAL-TENDER.—We wish to keep it before our readers that although greenbacks were made a legal-tender, they were not made a legal-tender, dollar for dollar. So that whether the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, now so much talked about, be in favor of or against the legal-tender act, no one will be bound to receive greenbacks dollar for dollar any more than they have been since greenbacks came into use. That is—all contracts entered into, previous to Feb. 25th, 1862, the date of the legal-tender act, were gold contracts then and are still. A promissory note—say—one thousand dollars, dated 24 Feb, 1862, payable—say—24 Feb, 1870, will be payable in the sum of one thousand dollars in gold or its equivalent. If the greenback dollar is worth only 78 cents on the dollar on Feb. 24, 1870, then it will take the sum of $1282 05 of the greenback currency to pay the note.

AMUSEMENTS.

VARIETIES THEATRE.—"Lost in London" was presented last night in magnificent style by the regular Varieties Company to a fair audience. The acting was generally excellent, and the scenery in perfect keeping with the rapidly shifting effects of the play. The same piece is to be repeated tonight.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—As might be expected, the first appearance of the Worrell Sisters' coupled with the engagement of the exquisite tragedian, Mille. Marie Turner, completely filled the Academy last night. The very humorous old farce, "The Dead Shot," was most admirably played by Messrs Atkins, Hill, Lingard, Lawrence and the O'Neil Sisters, and the burlesque "Lulla Rookh" was rendered by the Worrells. Sophie and Irene, in their well-known pleasing style, eliciting the warmest applause. In both pieces Mr. Atkins was especially excellent.

NOYES' CIRCUS.—This circus, after having exhibited successfully in the Second District, returns to day to the First District, where it will again exhibit at Tivoli Circle for a limited period. The circus has received some important additions to its attractions recently, among them the celebrated equestrienne Miss Adonie Worland.

ROLLER SKATING.—Skating on rollers, no novice, is a growing attraction, causing hundreds of young men and not a few ladies to stay learning the beautiful and healthful art under the superior teaching of Mr. St. Clair, whose services have been engaged by Messrs Lawrence & Co., at their school of instruction in the Mechanics' Institute, on Dryades street. Instruction free.

The evening assemblies are from 7½ to 10 p. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Gentlemen's hours for practice are from 7 to 9½ Tuesday and Thursday evenings. To morrow there will be a matinee from 9 till 12 M. for children. Admission 25 cents.

CRESCENT CITY MUSEUM.—This museum, filled with thousands of rare curiosities is open daily and till 10 o'clock at night. Among the curiosities are lions and tigers, monkeys, gorillas, etc., and hundreds of birds of rare and beautiful plumage, besides those wonderful human specimens, the fat boy and fat girl, who are "mountains of flesh," and the Albino children with white hair and pink eyes, and other curiosities too numerous to attempt to particularize. The Museum is on St. Charles street opposite the St. Charles Hotel.

Among the new attractions we notice Mr Forrestelle, who amuses visitors by swallowing swords.

In the back part of the museum Mr. E. E. Howard has some articles which may attract attention.

Sudden Changes of Weather are productive of Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, &c. Cure is to be found, and in the timely use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*." They possess real merit. Try one box *yourself* to test the truth of this, and you will have *yourself* to thank for a cure of many years, having received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

The Broken Home.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

In San Francisco, on the north side of Folsom street, adjoining the Mission Bay, stands a palatial residence.

The interior of this house is even more beautiful than the outside, every apartment being in its way a gem of magnificence and refinement.

The library especially realizes the most perfect ideal of an elegant and cultured home.

And yet, at the moment we look in upon it—one August afternoon, as he occupied his library—the proprietor of all this wealth appeared of all men the most miserable.

He was Mr. Morton Preble, for many years a leading banker of San Francisco.

It was in vain that the broad bay window at the south end of the room had been opened, giving access to the sunshine and the fragrance of rare flowers—in vain that the walls were lined with richly carved book-cases and paintings—in vain that soft couches and luxurious chairs had been gathered around him.

He was wretched.

He lay in a sofa, in the depths of the great bay-window, the wreck of a once powerful man. His frame was tall and gaunt; his face white as marble; his eyes having an expression of wofful apprehension, of harrowing anxiety, of dreadful suspense.

It was evident at a glance that no merely physical ailment had made him what he was.

By what withering secret, by what destroying affliction, had he been thus agonized? Who haunted? Thus hunted? He so young, and yet so wealthy and distinguished!

As he moved restlessly upon his luxurious cushions the pretty clock on the mantel-piece struck five, every stroke seeming to fall like a hammer upon the head of the nervous invalid. He aroused himself, struggling feebly to a sitting position.

"Oh, will this fatal day never, never pass?" he murmured, "nor bring us rest!"

Noticing with a nervous start that he was alone he touched a bell upon a table before him, and called—

"Helen, Helen! where are you?"

Before the echoes of his voice had died out a step was heard, and his wife entered his presence.

"I left you only for a moment, Morton," she said, advancing to the banker's side. "You look so tired, I think I wished to send for the doctor!"

She was a beautiful woman, of some six and thirty years, with a form of rare grace and love, and loving eyes, in which the brightness and sweetness of a sunshiny nature were still perceptible, under a great and anxious sadness stamped upon that evinced by her husband.

"The doctor!" he echoed, half-reproachfully. "Yes, dear," she said, in a low, musical cheerful voice, as she drew a chair to the side of the sofa, and sat down, stirring the corrugated forehead of the invalid with a magnetic touch. "He will be here immediately. Your last nervous crisis alarmed me. You may become seriously ill!"

Mr. Preble bestowed an affectionate look upon his wife, but said despondingly:

"The doctor! He cannot minister to a mind diseased!" "Oh, if these long hours would only pass! If I only knew what the day has yet in store for us!"

"Look to me, Morton!" enjoined Mrs. Preble, with a reverently tender glance upward through the open window at the blue sky, and as if looking beyond the azure clouds therein—"Let us trust in the goodness and wisdom of Heaven!"

The banker gave a low, sobbing sigh.

"I cannot look up, Helen," he answered, with a passionate tremor in his voice—"only to shake down at the grave that is opening before me!"

Mrs Preble continued to stroke his forehead softly, while she lifted her pale face to the sunlight streaming into the apartment.

"Look up, Morton—always look up!" she again insisted upon the invalid. "During all those fourteen years of agony, I have not once doubted either the goodness or the justice of Heaven. "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted!' I believe that we shall yet rejoice more keenly than we have mourned, and that we shall come to a glorious day of joy beyond all this long night of sorrow!"

The face of the invalid lighted up with an answering glow, and he murmured:

"Glorious faith! Blessed are you! My wife, you are a blessed comforter! Perhaps, after all, you are right."

A knock resounded on a side-door at this juncture, and the next moment Dr. Hutton, the family physician, for whom Mrs. Preble had sent, entered the room.

He was a cold man, portly in figure, with white hair and beard, but with a fresh and ruddy complexion, a pair of shrewd blue eyes, and an air and manner betokening a physician that must well up him. He had a kind heart and a clear head. He approached the sofa, after greeting the husband and wife, and lifted the thin restless hand of the invalid, feeling his pulse.

"Quite a high fever," he said, after a brief pause. "Worrying again, eh, Mr. Preble? You are wearing yourself out. Medicine will do you no good so long as your mind is in its present condition. I must give you an opiate—"

"Not now, doctor," interposed the banker, sitting upright and speaking rapidly to-day! I need the brood weeks now, for I cannot tell at any moment what the next may bring forth. I am looking for the accomplishment of all my fears! Opiate me to-morrow, if