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THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

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Is published every Saturday morning and contains the news by telegraph, miscellaneous reading, editorials, local matters of general public interest, commercial and monetary reports, and everything that appears in the Daily, except such items as are of little or no public moment. The WEEKLY REPUBLICAN is an excellent family paper, valuable as well for instruction and amusement as information on the current topics of the day.

THE RAILROAD WAR.

Vanderbilt, Fisk and Gould on the Situation—Fisk Proposes to Build "a Broad Gauge Double Track Road from the Terminus of Erie to the Setting Sun."

[From the New York Tribune.]

The Vanderbilt-Erie fight appears to have been reduced to a war of words, and the representatives of each road seem to content themselves with strongly expressed views of the other's respectability and claims to consideration on the score of veracity. Each contend that they are the champions of public interests, and that in the successful result of their endeavors, the best interests of the long-suffering traveling and shipping community will be vindicated.

Our reporter visited Commodore Vanderbilt at his residence yesterday, when the following colloquy took place:

Reporter: Are there any new developments in the so-called railroad war, Commodore?

Commodore: Railroad war, what's that? I haven't heard of any.

Reporter: The papers, of late, have been full of accounts of battles, between the Central Road and the Erie, and some correspondence between the Vice President of the Central and Colonel Fisk has been published.

Commodore: Oh! yes, I understand all that. There was a letter notifying those chaps that they couldn't use the Buffalo and Niagara road any more, because they couldn't behave themselves and stick to their agreements, and out of that they are getting up newspaper accounts of a railroad war; but it's nothing but a puff for them, that's what it's intended for. But we don't pay any attention to them; it would be beneath us to have a row with them. You see, my son, there are some disreputable fellows around this town who have got hold of a railroad somehow or another, and are trying to run it. Nobody knows anything about it or cares anything for it. They saw they had to bring the thing up, and to make it a little respectable they talked about a "war" they'd hatched up with the Central, so as to make folks think that it amounted to something; but there's nothing in it, nothing in it.

Reporter: The Erie people say that you cut down your freight rates lately, and that it was done with the intention of affecting their interests.

Commodore: No such thing; we put down the rates because we are contented with small profits; we pay our stockholders eight per cent dividend, and when we can do that we've got enough; if we go over that, down go the rates; but it made them Erie fellows squeal, we came down to the same rates they were running at, and no one would go near them; they can't do any business when we both run at the same prices; we pay our stockholders, too, but they don't pay anybody, and the consequence is that Central stock is at par and Erie twenty-two.

Reporter: Then why should they squeal? If you both run at the same rates, and you pay eight per cent dividend and they don't pay anybody, they should be contented; what becomes of their money?

Commodore: H'm; well, I don't know; they can keep it, that's sure, and I rather think from what I have heard about them that they must steal it.

Reporter: They say that you control the Lake Shore line and will not allow them to use that line, though they have an agreement with it.

Commodore: I don't know anything about it. The Lake Line folks are all honest, and I run the Central, but the Erie fellows are squealing about it, ain't they? They can't do anything, nobody 'll trust them, the Central has all the traffic, and they have got none, and before long they'll have less.

After some conversation, our reporter, finding that it was impossible to get any facts relative to the war, left the Commodore and proceeded to the Grand Opera House in search of Fisk, Gould and general information.

The Colonel and Mr. Gould were closeted together, and in answer to our reporter's question as to whether there was anything new, replied there was not; that they were in this manner acting as they always had—upon the defensive; that Vanderbilt had made a raid upon them, and they had only protected themselves.

Reporter: But Vanderbilt says that he never heard of any war except from the newspaper reports, and he says you got those up to puff your road.

Fisk: How would that do it?

Reporter: Why, according to his theory, anything that will bring your road in contact with his lends to yours an air of respectability to which it could in no other way attain.

Fisk: What! he or his road lend respectability to us? Why *he* never had any, and two rainy days or a bad week would burst up his whole concern—road, individuals and all.

Reporter: I don't know about that; he says he is doing a flourishing business; that he put his rates down because he was making over eight per cent, which he pays his stockholders, and which he thinks is enough.

Gould: Doing a flourishing business, is he? We carry more passengers than he does, and more freight than he ever did.

Fisk: Yes, and as for paying his stockholders, well he might; he's only got one to pay, and that is himself.

Reporter: But he says you don't do even that.

Fisk: That's so; we can't until he sends back the $5,000,000 he took out of the Erie treasury when he left. If he'll give us that we'll expend every dollar in dividends. He talks about us, and here we've had our doors beseiged for the last three days by his relatives, trying to effect a settlement of the affair amicably; while he says himself personally there is no war going on. I tell you what I think I'll do. Red Cloud and Spotted Tail are in Washington now; they own all the real estate between the terminus of the Erie Road and the setting sun. I guess I'll buy the right of way, and start a broad gauge, double-track road to the sunset, and you'll see Vanderbilt running a cattle train there the next day, with the engine on fire, the brakes broken off, and his rates sixty-two and a half cents lower than mine.

Reporter: Good day, gentlemen.

Chorus: Good day.

THE WRONG MAN.

Many years ago, my health having become much impaired by over-study, I was recommended to pass a winter in the south of France. Of so agreeable a prescription I readily availed myself. I was without wife or child to encumber my departure. And, armed only with a portmanteau, made a most delightful journey of it to the charming town of V——.

Shortly after my arrival, whilst sitting at the window of my hotel, a man passed by, so very much like myself, that, struck with the resemblance, I arose, and leaned forward, followed him with my eyes. His dress bespoke him an Englishman. He was tall; so was I. Slim; I was slim. His eyes were blue, his skin fair, his hair a deep auburn, his nose aquiline. All this was my portrait.

When he reached the bottom of the street he paused, looked around, then slowly returned, crossing the road, however, and taking the opposite pavement. This enabled me to get a clearer view of the man. I confess I was much impressed with the resemblance, and hardly liked it. The physiologist, I thought, may delight as much as he pleased in such coincidences; for my part I decidedly object to being made a portion of any sort of phenomenon. I had read of very unpleasant consequences following personal resemblances, and earnestly hoped that this individual, whom nature, short of moulds at the time, had undoubtedly cast in mine, would speedily clear the neighborhood of his presence.

A week or two after this, in taking a walk across a beautiful bit of adjacent country, I suddenly encountered my likeness seated on a rustic bench beneath a tree, with his arm circling the waist of a very beautiful peasant girl. Her skin, of a pure and cream-like tint finely contrasted the beautiful luxuriance of her black hair.

Her eyes flashed upon me as I passed, and I noticed her draw herself erect with rapid hauteur, as if indignant or impatient of detection. The man by her side, who would have passed very well for me to any other person but my mother and myself, still maintained his caressing attitude.

He did not condescend to raise his eyes to me as I passed, but kept them fixed upon the face of the girl, who, I could see, watched me with a species of sullen eagerness, as if wishing me well out of sight.

As I passed them I must confess to having experienced a momentary sensation of envy of the man. Since Nature has put him in my skin, I thought, it seems only fair that I should put myself in his shoes. For all I know, I reflected the beautiful peasant girl might have been originally designed for me; but the intention of nature has been defeated by her love of coincidence. I laughed at my thoughts as I walked on, and then, turning a corner, I lost sight of the lovers.

On reaching the bottom of the lane I had fallen upon a *cul de sac*. The passage terminated in a series of fields, across which I could discover no footpath. I had no wish to be arrested for trespassing, so I decided on returning the way I had come.

On sighting the bench I found it was deserted. I was not sorry. I would by no means have disliked another peep at the beautiful brunette; but at the same time I had no ambition to inspire the couple with the notion that I was watching them.

I had got to the top of the hill, and was passing between a row of thick bushes, making a sort of natural hedge for a broad area of trees, like a gigantic park, when I was suddenly startled by the report of a pistol, discharged to my left. At the same moment I heard the hollow sound of a ball striking my hat, and that article of dress rolled to the ground.

I looked round with a pale face. The attack was horribly sudden. Who, in the name of heaven, wanted my life? For what crime was my blood demanded? What had I done? I saw the blue smoke curling in from the densest portion of the bushes and heard the crackling of the furze and twigs, caused by the hasty flight of some one.

I picked up my hat. The ball had passed clear through it. Had it struck two inches lower it would have entered my skull.

I hastened toward the town, possessed with much the same sort of enviable feelings as you might imagine a Tipperary landlord or agent would feel who sees threats of his life carved on every other tree. Bravery in a situation of this sort was quite out of the question. Of what use is pluck when you have to deal with invisible foes.

I might almost confess to having broken into downright flight as I neared the town, so extremely anxious was I to escape the vicinity of every sheltering bush, tree or hedge in the neighborhood.

On gaining my hotel I began to reflect on my narrow escape. I had been too much excited to attach to it the significance it demanded. But the hole in my hat conveyed the most shuddering information of my narrow escape. Beyond all reasonable doubt my life within that hour had only been worth two paltry inches.

I repeated the question to myself, "Who wants my life? And if anybody wants it, what are his claims? What have I done to merit assassination?"

Being wholly unable to answer these queries, I resolved to make a confident of my host, the hotel keeper. I called him to my room, and told him what had happened. He shrugged his shoulders as he exclaimed:

"Monsieur, like the rest of mankind, must pay the penalties of making love."

"But," said I, shocked at his *sangfroid*, "I have not made love. Since I have been here, I am not conscious of even having looked at a woman, much less spoken to one."

"Then it is an enigma," he replied. "The only solution that I can offer you is—you have been mistaken for some one else."

"*Mon Dieu!*" I replied. "You have undoubtedly hit the mark. I have been mistaken, and I know for whom. Have you not seen a man in this town who bears a striking resemblance to me?"

"No," was the answer.

"Well, my friend, I have. The moment I saw him I felt uncomfortable. It was a presentiment of evil. Oblige me by letting me have your bill. I shall go to Paris tonight. It I stop here another day, my life, which I left England to fortify, will be snuffed out like a candle."

The hotel keeper, seeing matters come to a point that affected his interest, endeavored to laugh down my doubts.

He argued that the ball in my hat might have been destined for a bird; that it was the shot of some wretched marksman, who might have mistaken my hat for a crow.

"That may be all very well," I answered, "but suffer me to tell you that your excuse only makes me more resolute to leave the place—for of what value is a man's life in a district which abounds with sportsmen who can mistake a hat for a crow."

A train left for Paris at 2:25. It was an express, and I found it to be due at eight o'clock. I dispatched my portmanteau by a porter to the station, and having twenty minutes before me, sat down to a light repast of cold fowl and *vin ordinaire*. The position of my table enabled me to get a view of the street. As the porter strode away with my luggage I observed a man cross the road and accost him. In reply to what was obviously a question, the porter, with the gesticulation of a Frenchman, pointed with his thumb to the hotel and vigorously nodded his head.

The man crossed over again to the pavement, came on until he was opposite the hotel, caught sight of me through the window, and abruptly turning on his heel, walked in the direction taken by the porter.

Having discharged my bill, I walked to the railway station. On one platform there was much tumult, a train from Paris having just arrived. But upon the platform against which stood the train which was to bear me to the North, I counted only five persons, exclusive of the porters.

The shrill whistle of the guard sounded. The engine gave a snort, and the line of carriages clanked to their chains as they tightened to the train.

Suddenly several voices cried: "Stop! Stop! Now, then, quick! Which class—first? Let's see your ticket. Right. Here you are—jump in."

The door of my carriage was opened, a form bounded in, the door was slammed, there was another shrill whistle, and off went the train. I looked at my companion. He was the man that I had noticed speak to the porter and stare into the window of my hotel.

A thrill passed over me. My recent escape had greatly shaken my nervous system, and the apparition of a man whom I felt I ought to suspect sent a thrill through my blood. As a peasant, which he was—not only expressed in his dress, but in his hands, which were rough and horny—what did he do in a first-class carriage?

I would have given something to have changed carriages; but there was no communication with the guard. Moreover, the train, as I have told you, was an express, and did not stop until a run of sixty-six miles had been accomplished, and we were now bowling along with great rapidity.

I began after a time to regain my composure; I struggled to laugh down my fears. What, I thought, had I to fear from a man I had never seen—who had never seen me? The thing was preposterous. I extracted a paper from my pocket and commenced to read.

Half an hour passed away. All at once, over the edge of my newspaper, I saw him put his hand out the window, as if to open the door. I had not time to conjecture his intention, when, with a wild, screaming whistle, we were hurled into the night of a long tunnel.

The rapid disappearance of the daylight made the oil-lamp suspended in the carriage emit but the dullest light for some minutes.

I laid the newspaper down, with all my old fears revived in me. I had scarcely done so, when I saw the outlines of a man rise in the carriage. He leapt over to where I was seated. I saw the gleam of a knife in the air.

Mad with passion and surprise, I grasped the descending arm. A furious determination to save my life inspired me with the strength of a giant.

The ferocity with which I seized his wrist forced the hand open. The knife fell, and then commenced a silent, furious struggle.

He seized me by the collar, and clung with the tenacity of a tiger. I heard his snapping teeth, as if he was endeavoring to bite. We swayed from one side of the carriage to the other. I felt how weak ill health had left me, and prayed to pass out into the light, that I might the better see how to encounter the ruffian.

Suddenly I felt myself swung round with tremendous energy. I bounded against a door, which opened, and we both fell out on to the lines in the very centre of the tunnel.

The fall seemed to have stunned him, for he fell under me, and remained for a time motionless.

For myself, I received an indescribable shock, such as is experienced in a collision, but I retained my senses. I heard the roar of the train dying away in the distance; I saw the red gleam fading like the eye of a dying demon.

I still clutched him by the throat, nor did I dare relinquish it. My situation was frightful; suspected that a down train would be passing, and in the intense blackness of the tunnel I could not see on which line we had fallen. I would have stretched forth my hand to grope for the rails; I might have found a place of safety by judging of the distance between them, but I felt the form of my assailant commencing to writhe beneath me.

His struggles grew fiercer. He endeavored to rise, but with the fury of despair I kept him pressed down, one hand on his throat, the other on his breast. What I desired was to render him insensible. I would then leave him in the darkness and grope my way as I could.

It never occurred to me at the time that we were on the railroad track and in a narrow tunnel.

A few minutes had elapsed when I heard a distant rumbling like approaching thunder. It increased. I seemed to feel a wind blowing against my face.

I tasted, too, a continual draught of smoke and steam. I knew that a train was approaching, and my hair lifted on my head. What rails were we on? The suspense was terrible.

My assailant increased his struggles. He became furious. He was evidently fighting to throw me down, and over in the direction of that side of the tunnel along which came the roar of the train.

I saw his object and madly pressed upon him. His body frantically writhed. He twisted under me as it he revolved on a pivot. He endeavored to shriek some words to me, but my throttling grasp made his voice no more than a horrible hoarseness.

I saw the red and green lights of the engine approaching; they grew in size and lustre with a hideous rapidity.

There was a roar, a shower of dust, a wind that struck me down like a blow from a strong man's hand; then followed the dying rattle, ending in a dull and sullen moan.

I rose to my feet. I crossed over to the wall, and feeling along it, took to walking with all the speed my sinking frame would suffer me to put forth.

I now and then stumbled over piles of rubbish lying groped against the side, and sometimes my groping was bewildered by coming across recesses into which my hands guided me.

At length I saw a star, tremulous, glorious, in the distance. It was daylight—the aperture of the tunnel—and I pushed forward with invigorated spirits. I neared it slowly; for this star maintained an inexorable distance, and would not enlarge.

How shall I describe my joy as I gained the twilight of its reflection—as I advanced and felt the pure air of heaven upon my dry cheeks and burning lips—as I saw the blue sky and dim vista of pale green banks.

I seated myself to recover my strength. I could see I was a dismal and terrible spectacle. My coat was torn, my hands were black, so too, I judged, was my face; my collar had been torn from me, and the skin at the end of my fingers was lacerated. After reposing myself I climbed the bank, and perceived about the distance of a mile a small station. I made toward it, and gained it. A railway official, who was standing looking at two children playing in a back garden, uttered a loud cry of alarm as he spied me. I narrated my story to him as coherently as I could, and then sank upon the ground in a fainting condition.

MISS TENNIE C. CLAFLIN.

She is Interviewed by Don Piatt.

[Washington correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

I happened in the parlors of Willard's last night, when I noticed a circle of quill-drivers and Congressmen gathered about the piano, at which sat a fair lady, made up of steel springs and grasshoppers, who kept her body, the piano and her tongue in continuous play. She wore a crop of short, light hair, wavy to curls almost, on which rested a man's straw hat, contrasting oddly enough with a water-proof clasped about her round white throat. Her face was lit up with a pair of large, luminous eyes, and womanly enough; but for a chin, mouth and Roman nose that nature, intending for a man, hesitatingly gave to this woman.

Little Copeland, who sat with his mouth and eyes open, as if seeking to fill them with amusement and admiration, called me up, and I was introduced to Miss Tennie C. Claflin, of Wall street fame.

"This is our most distinguished correspondent," said little Copeland.

"Eh! what?" asked the female bull or bear, as the case may be, tossing her straw into the air with one large white hand, while she clasped mine with the other. "Eh! what did you say the name was?"

"Pee-att—Colonel Pee-att—Colonel Donn Pee-att," responded Copeland, with emphasis. Evidently the name and fame of your correspondent had never reached the female recesses of Wall street. The light died out of her harmonious countenance—she had evidently gone in on herself wonderingly in search of that unknown name. Suddenly her face lit up like a lantern, and she asked, triumphantly:

"Spratt, did you say?"

Little Copeland grew desperate.

"No, I did not say Spratt; I said Donn Piatt, correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*."

"Cincinnati *Commercial*," triumphantly exclaimed the fair broker. "I know everybody in the *Commercial*. I did over a thousand dollars worth of advertising in the *Commercial*. They all love me there. Are you a son or brother, or anything of Mr. Halstead?" she asked of me.

"I come under the head of 'anything,' I believe, Miss Claflin."

"Well, he's a goodish sort of man, and well mannered, if you advertise a good deal."

"How do you find Washington, Miss Claflin?"

"Perfectly charming. You ought to see me in the lobby, as they call it, surrounded by Congressmen. They are delightful people—great deal better than brokers. Brokers are beasts, called 'Bulls and Bears.'"

"They are as bad as thieves and cut-throats."

"I beg pardon, Miss Claflin, but that is rather hard on our thieves and cut-throats."

"Eh! what did you say?" she asked, looking puzzled. To get a joke into Miss Claflin would require a fearful operation.

"Look here, Miss Claflin," exclaimed Copeland, indignantly; that's humor—that's the Colonel's humor, hang it. Why don't you laugh?"

Miss Claflin looked more puzzled than ever, and, suddenly retreating to the piano, struck into a wild, plaintive air, that sounded like "Ferguson's Lament" or "Bonaparte's Retreat."

"I say, Copeland," I remarked to my enthusiastic young friend, "if you don't subside, I shall be taken with a temporary fit of insanity, resulting in a death in your family."

"Biarst it," cried Copey, "I don't want the woman to make a fool of herself."

"Quite impossible, my dear Copey. Nature did that for her."

"Oh! come, now—none of that; she's a friend of mine."

"I did not insinuate that she was not."

Miss Claflin, having recovered from her slight embarrassment, came out from behind her breastworks—I beg pardon, I mean the piano—and charged on me again.

"I went to see Grant yesterday."

"And how did you find his Excellency?"

"A great deal better than I expected. He is better looking."

"That is because he keeps Dent as a background."

"Whose Dent?" asked Miss C., again relapsing into doubt and amazement.

"A small man attached to a big nose, and High Custodian of Card Basket and Bootjack."

"Shoemaker?" she asked, looking more painfully puzzled than ever.

"Well—yes—about the same thing; regular army. But about Grant?"

"Well, he's more sociable, and has more sense than the world believes. I met him and giving him both my hands, I asked, 'Are you 'Lysus Grant?' he said 'yes;' then I said 'you are the picture of your brother, Orville Grant; do you know what I said to Orville?' 'No,' said the president. 'Well I went to him to buy a pair of ponies, and as we were trying them he kept blowing, and at last I said 'Orville, if your brother 'Lysus is no better master than you are he'd better stop trying to be president.' You ought to have heard 'Lysus laugh. I met him on the avenue this morning, and I made up my mind as I saw him approaching to let him speak first. He lifted his hat with a smile, and you ought to have seen mine go up. I had quite a crowd of gents about me, and all their hats went up."

"It was firing by platoon."

"I don't know; you make such odd remarks and those gentlemen laugh as if they saw something in them. Do you know that your face is very familiar to me? I yet don't know where to place it."

"Place it next your own, Miss Claflin, and while stimulating your memory it will be very pleasant to me."

"Now, that speech would be an impertinence to any one but a Wall street broker. I have gone through that until I am utterly indifferent; and as much so as if I were an ill-mannered, stupid man."

"Your rebuke is just; I stand corrected. You had a lively time in Wall street?"

"Didn't I? The vulgar, selfish wretches were determined to drive me out. I was determined not to be driven. I said to them, at last: 'I have paid for my office for one year in advance, and I intend to keep it and do business there. If you say much I intend to fetch down my things and live there.' They tried all sorts of little games to do me; but all of no use."

"It is strange, that with your lack of financial education and experience, they did not trip you up."

"Bless your soul, I kept my eye on old Vanderbilt. I advised with him. It was good fun for the old Commodore to see a woman too much for the sharpest; so he helped me; and I kept my eye on him, you bet."

"Well, Mademoiselle Bruin, I must take my leave, having an engagement that tears me away from your fascinating conversation. I will return in the morning and convince you that we are old acquaintances."

"How old? Where did I meet you before? Your face is very familiar."

"That matter of years is too delicate a subject for you and I, and as for the circumstances, you must not expect me to reveal them in this crowd."

"Then the crowd must excuse us, for I am determined to know:" and taking my arm, we swept into the hall, and marching to and fro for half an hour, I tried in vain to call to the fair broker my gentle reminiscence. And then we separated.

A LISBON TRAGEDY.

The Daughter of a Noble Family of Rio Janeiro Murdered by Her Injured Husband, Who Was a Distinguished Writer.

[From the Diario do Noticias, of Lisbon.]

Don Jose Çardoso Vieira de Castro, ex-deputy, orator and distinguished writer, presented himself last week to the commissary general of police, and informed him that he had just killed his young wife, Claudina, who had dishonored him. He then surrendered himself to justice.

The commissary general asked the murderer to accompany him to the house of the murdered wife, in the Rua da Flores. They went, accompanied by a justice of the peace and a doctor, to view the corpse. In the chamber of death a young woman of twenty-one, beautiful still in spite of her pallor, lay stretched on a bed saturated with blood.

Daughter of a noble family of Rio Janeiro, she married three years ago Don Vieira de Castro. For a long time Mr. de Castro was a model of attention and tenderness to his young wife, whom he adored. They traveled over America and visited the capitals of Europe. On arriving at Lisbon they were invited to the most brilliant salons. Balls, concerts and theatres beguiled their leisure hours, and they charmed the select society where theirs was sought. At one fell stroke all this happiness had vanished, and the young woman, so admired yesterday, was to-day nothing but a rigid corpse.

What had happened to change in one moment so splendid a life into so cruel a death? Alas! a fatal mystery!

One day Don Vieira de Castro enters noiselessly and unheard into his wife's chamber. He wants to surprise her by a kiss. He steps forward. She is writing—of course to him. He casts his eyes over the imprudent woman's shoulder. Horror! Her passionate and burning words are addressed to a lover.

The blood rushes to his face; he thinks of stabbing her, but has the courage to restrain himself, and disappeared unheard, as he had come, but meditating a treacherous punishment. At first he thinks that poisoning her with chloroform in her sleep would be complete vengeance. But reconsidering—"No," he says, "she must die by my hand, and she must know why I kill her."

At nightfall, with his heart full of hatred, his eyes glowing, and with the name of his rival on his lips, he rushes on her, seizes her by the hair of the head, and drags her into the middle of the room.

"Madam," he says, "you are about to die." The unfortunate woman tries to defend herself. With strength doubled by rage, he seizes her in his arms, drowns her face in chloroform, and when she endeavors to cry for help, he clutches her by the throat, and releases his hold only when, without having uttered a single cry, she falls lifeless at his feet.

He remained in the room in presence of the livid corpse until daylight. He rushes then, after double-locking his apartment, to the house of the man who had dishonored him; it was his dearest friend. With his heart overflowing with a just hatred, Don Castro does not hesitate. He carries a loaded revolver under his cloak, and knocks at the door of his rival's house. They tell him he is out. He waits. His friend, Mr. Garrett, is one of the most distinguished men in Lisbon, nephew of the celebrated Garrett, the leader of the literary revival of Portugal.

Tired of waiting, M. de Castro goes to find two of his intimate friends, to whom he relates the terrible event.

He confides to them to arrange with Mr. Garrett the conditions of a meeting to take place that same day, with any weapon whatever, but without truce or mercy; in fact, the conditions of a mortal combat.

The latter refused to fight, saying he could not fight a friend whom he had so fearfully outraged. But he handed them a letter, stating that he should leave for Madrid that same evening; that on his way to the railroad he would pass through such and such streets, and that he should expose himself to the fire of his enemy without returning it, too happy to lay down his life in expiation of his offense. But M. de Castro will not commit a murder, and delivers himself into the hands of the commissary general, to whom he relates the facts. He was arrested and lodged in jail, where he awaits the decision of the judge.

Mr. Garrett has gone to France, and intends, they say, to retire to a Trappist monastery.

Madame de Castro was buried on the eighteenth of May.

DASHED TO DEATH.

Eighteen Indians Carried Over the Falls of the Yellowstone.

A correspondent of the Helena (Montana) *Herald* thus describes a thrilling scene on the Yellowstone river:

After nearly three hours sharp riding we came upon the band, and in such a manner as to cause us some surprise, about midway in the stream, where could be seen a hastily constructed raft, composed of drift wood joined together by thongs made of buckskin and buffalo robes. Upon this strange craft were seen in the centre thirteen braves, while five squaws were essaying to paddle the unwieldy craft to the opposite shore, with pieces of bark as substitutes for paddles. Our pack-horses were in the river, as also were the Indian ponies. Four of the latter reached the opposite shore.

This strange sight bursting upon our view rendered us, for the time being, incapable of action. At a glance we could see that they were gradually going down stream, despite the efforts of the squaws, and although our senses for the moment forsook us, the sharp crack of a rifle and the yell of a "Sheep-eater," told that the equanimity of our Crow guide was well preserved. At this juncture Pierre Bernard shouted out, "For God's sake, boys, don't murder them; they are bound to go over the falls." We looked, and a sight met our gaze which was fearfully impressive.

The raft having been caught in an eddy, not a vestige of it was to be seen, it having sunk several inches below the surface, and the Indians seemed to be like so many weird spirits floating on the rushing waters. One of the Indians rose, and bending his bow, shot our Crow through the arm. The shot was returned, and again a yell of pain was heard proceeding from a "Sheep-eater." Bernard then told the Crow, in his own dialect, to stop firing, but he paid no attention to the command. Again he raised his rifle, but a lariat skilfully thrown by Pierre held him fast. The scene now presented was one which those who witnessed will not forget to their dying day.

The mid-channel in which they were now swiftly gliding down seemed to be clear of obstructions, while on either side jagged rocks peered out from the foaming water. When about fifty yards below where we were standing, an old Indian arose and stood erect in the centre of a circle of braves. He spoke a few words, turned his face toward the sun, and seemingly bade it farewell; then wrapping his robe around him, he sat down. The squaws immediately flung their pieces of bark into the river, threw themselves on the submerged raft, and commenced pulling out their long tresses, in the meantime screaming and howling more like demons than human beings.

Indians seated in the circle then shook hands, and then commenced wailing their always mournful death song. Nearer, nearer they approached the fearful abyss; still not a movement was perceptible on the part of the braves. They sat as immovable as statues, and did not quake with fear at the near approach of the King of Terrors. As they shot swiftly down the stream our party instinctively raised our hats while looking at them, and I doubt if there was one, except the Crow, who did not show signs of visible emotion.

How singular, was it not? Before us were our enemies, who, but a short time ago we would have gladly killed in a fight, but now whose near approach to death touches our very hearts with mingled feelings of tenderness, sorrow and pity. A few moments, and wonderful to state, the raft, without losing a single piece, goes intact, with its freight of life, over the awful brink and into the mouth of death.

We turn from the spot with indescribable feelings. As we take our last look at the treacherous stream, where eighteen mortals passed from life to death, we discern hovering over the fatal precipice two large eagles, whose screams resound above the noise of the waters. The roar of the cataract and the eagles' screams—what a fit requiem for these departed red children!

Strings of small silver bells are worn [illegible]

AUCTION SALES.

By C. E. Girardey & Co.

LAND IN MADISON PARISH.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY ORDER OF E. E. NORTON, ASSIGNEE.

IN THE MATTER OF JOHN W. BUTLER, Bankrupt—No. 413.

District Court of the United States of America for the District of Louisiana.

BY C. E. GIRARDEY & CO., AUCTIONEERS—Office No. 17 Exchange Place.—WEDNESDAY, June 22, 1870, at twelve o'clock M., at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in this city of New Orleans, by virtue of an order of the Honorable E. H. Durell, Judge of the District Court of the United States of America for the District of Louisiana, sitting in bankruptcy, dated March 5, 1869, and rendered in the above entitled matter, will be sold at public auction, the following described property, to wit—

A CERTAIN TRACT OF LAND, situate in Madison parish, Louisiana, described as follows: Bounded on the east by Spencer Montgomery's place, on the south by J. F. Wolf's place, on the west by Hugh Montgomery's place, and on the north by Bayou Macon, containing about 462 acres, more or less.

The decree of the court ordering the sale of the above described property, directs that the same be freed from all incumbrances, and the assignee, acting as the officer of the court, will convey only such title as is in him vested by the assignment in bankruptcy and by the aforesaid order of court. The taxes not having been paid, and the assignee not knowing how much there may be due therefor, the purchaser to assume the payment of all the taxes that the property may owe up to the day of sale over and above the price of adjudication.

Terms—Cash on the spot at the moment of adjudication.

Act of sale, together with the United States internal revenue stamps attached, at the expense of the purchasers before M. Gernon, notary public.

je17 14 19 22

ALABAMA LANDING ON OUACHITA RIVER, AND LANDS IN UNION AND MOREHOUSE PARISHES.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY ORDER OF E. E. NORTON, ASSIGNEE.

IN THE MATTERS OF C. E. JOHNSON AND JAMES EDWARDS, Bankrupts—Nos. 456 and 457.

District Court of the United States of America for the District of Louisiana.

BY C. E. GIRARDEY & CO., AUCTIONEERS—Office No. 17 Exchange Place.—WEDNESDAY, June 22, 1870, at twelve o'clock M., at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in this city of New Orleans, by virtue of two orders from the Honorable E. H. Durell, Judge of the District Court of the United States of America for the District of Louisiana, dated respectively the thirty-first of March, 1869, and the twenty-eighth of May, 1870, and rendered in the above entitled matters, will be sold at public auction, the following described property, to wit—

1. The property known as ALABAMA LANDING, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon or thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining, situated on the Ouachita river, in the parish of Union, being the same property purchased by James Edwards and C. E. Johnson in November, 1859.

2. A TRACT OF LAND, containing eighty acres, more or less, situated in Union parish, north of Alabama Landing, being the same property purchased for the firm of Johnson & Edwards by the firm of Culver & Harrison.

3. A TRACT OF LAND, situated in Morehouse parish, containing about 120 acres, being the northeast quarter of northeast quarter, and southwest quarter of northeast quarter, section twenty-three, township twenty-three, north of range five east, and the southeast quarter of northeast quarter of section twenty-three, township twenty-three, north of range five east.

The whole of the above described property is owned by C. E. Johnson and James Edwards in common as copartners.

4. A TWO-ACRE LOT AND HOUSE THEREON, situated in the town of Marion, Union parish, Louisiana. Which property is owned by James Edwards individually.

N. B.—The property firstly described, known as "Alabama Landing," is leased until the twenty-second April, 1871, and will be sold subject to said lease.

The decree of the court ordering the sale of the above described property directs that the same be freed from all incumbrances, and the assignee, acting as the officer of the court, will convey only such title as is in him vested by the assignment in bankruptcy and by the aforesaid order of court. The taxes not having been paid, and the assignee not knowing how much there may be due therefor, the purchaser to assume the payment of all the taxes that the property may owe up to the day of sale over and above the price of adjudication.

Terms—Cash on the spot in United States treasury notes at the time of adjudication.

Act of sale, together with the United States internal revenue stamps, at the expense of the purchaser, before M. Gernon, notary public.

je17 14 19 22

SUGAR PLANTATION IN THE PARISH OF POINTE COUPEE, LOUISIANA.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY ORDER OF E. E. NORTON, ASSIGNEE.

IN THE MATTER OF N. B. TRIST, Bankrupt—No. 607.

District Court of the United States of America for the District of Louisiana.

BY C. E. GIRARDEY & CO., AUCTIONEERS—Office No. 17 Exchange Place.—WEDNESDAY, June 22, 1870, at twelve o'clock M., at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in this city of New Orleans, by virtue of an order of the Hon. E. H. Durell, Judge of the District Court of the United States of America for the District of Louisiana, sitting in bankruptcy, dated March 11, 1870, and rendered in the above entitled matter, will be sold by public auction, the following described property, to wit—

THE UNDIVIDED HALF OF A CERTAIN TRACT OF LAND formerly cultivated as a sugar plantation, situate in the parish of Pointe Coupee, in this State, fronting on the Atchafalaya river, bounded by lands of N. Chalfant, and below by lands formerly belonging to the succession of McGee, and behind by lands of Uristed.

The whole containing 720 acres, more or less, and was acquired by bankrupt and his brother, J. B. Trist, since deceased, by act before C. R. Tessier, notary public, in the parish of Pointe Coupee, on the twelfth of May, 1860, in which said tract is more particularly described, reference being therein made to township and sections.

The interest of the bankrupt in and to sections eighteen and nineteen, and one-half of section twenty, will will be sold separately from the residue of said tract of land, it being the land sold by Louisa Flower, wife of Charles Collins, to the bankrupt and J. B. Trist, say 390 acres, and the residue of said plantation, containing say 325 12-100 acres will also be sold separately.

The decree of the court, ordering the sale of the above described property, directs that the same be freed from all incumbrances, and the assignee, acting as the officer of the court, will convey only such title as is in him vested by the assignment in bankruptcy and by the aforesaid order of court.

The taxes not having been paid, and the assignee not knowing how much there may be due therefor, the purchaser to assume the payment of all taxes that the property may owe up to the day of sale, over and above the price of adjudication.

Terms—Cash on the spot at the moment of adjudication.

Act of sale, together with the United States internal revenue stamps attached, at the expense of the purchaser, before M. Gernon, notary public.

je17 14 19 22

LANDS IN BIENVILLE AND NATCHITOCHES PARISHES.

ASSIGNEES' SALE IN BANKRUPTCY

BY ORDER OF E. E. NORTON AND LEWIS Eldridge, Assignees.

IN THE MATTER OF A. M. LISSO, Bankrupt—No. 40.

District Court of the United States of America for the District of Louisiana.

BY C. E. GIRARDEY & CO., AUCTIONEERS—Office No. 17 Exchange Place.—WEDNESDAY, June 22, 1870, at twelve o'clock M., at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in this city of New Orleans, by virtue of an order of the Hon-

AUCTION SALES.

By C. E. Girardey & Co.

the United States of America for the district of Louisiana, sitting in bankruptcy, dated fourteenth of May, 1870, and rendered in the above entitled matter, will be sold by public auction the following described property, to wit—

The southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section thirty-one, township fourteen, range eight, containing 40 34-100 acres; northwest quarter section and south half of northeast quarter of section twenty-three, township twelve, range nine, containing 239 70-100 acres; west half of southwest quarter section twenty-three, southeast quarter, northeast quarter, west half, southeast quarter section twenty-two, and west half, northeast quarter section twenty-seven, township twelve, range nine, containing 280 6-100 acres; southeast quarter, southwest quarter section thirty, west half, northeast quarter, east half northwest quarter, north half southwest quarter, northwest quarter, southeast quarter section thirty-one, township thirteen, range nine, containing 319 71 100 acres; south half, southwest quarter section thirty-one, township thirteen, range nine, containing [illegible] acres, west half, southeast quarter section thirty-six, township thirteen, range ten, containing 79 81-100 acres; southeast quarter of southeast quarter section twenty-four, northeast quarter section twenty-five, township thirteen, range nine, containing 78 31-100 acres; and one acre of land in Springville.

The decree of the court ordering the sale of the above described property directs that the same be freed from all incumbrances, and the assignee, acting as the officer of the court, will convey only such title as is in him vested by the assignment in bankruptcy, and by the aforesaid order of the court. The taxes not having been paid, and the assignee not knowing how much there may be due therefor, the purchaser to assume the payment of all the taxes that the property may owe up to the day of sale over and above the price of adjudication.

Terms—Cash on the spot in United States treasury notes at the moment of adjudication.

Act of sale, together with the United States internal revenue stamps attached, at the expense of the purchaser, before M. Gernon, notary public.

je17 14 19 22

LANDS IN UNION PARISH.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY ORDER OF E. E. NORTON, ASSIGNEE.

IN THE MATTER OF W. D. COOPER, Bankrupt—No. 465.

District Court of the United States of America, for the District of Louisiana.

BY C. E. GIRARDEY & CO., AUCTIONEERS—Office No. 17 Exchange Place.—WEDNESDAY, June 22, 1870, at twelve o'clock M., at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in this city of New Orleans, by virtue of an order of the Honorable E. H. Durell, Judge of the District Court of the United States of America for the District of Louisiana, sitting in bankruptcy, dated second of February, 1869, and rendered in the above entitled matter, will be sold by public auction, the following described property, to wit—

The east half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-three, the northwest quarter and the west half of the northeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section twenty-four, and the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section fourteen, containing about 400 acres of land.

The southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section twenty-four, containing about eighty acres of land.

The northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section thirty-five, containing about forty acres of land.

The northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section thirty-five, containing about forty acres of land; all in township twenty-two west, range one east.

The west half of the southeast quarter of section nineteen, township twenty two north, range two east, containing about eighty acres of land.

All in the district of lands subject to entry at Monroe, Louisiana.

The decree of the court ordering the sale of the above described property directs that the same be freed from all incumbrances, and the assignee, acting as the officer of the court, will convey only such title as is in him vested by the assignment in bankruptcy and by the aforesaid order of court. The taxes not having been paid, and the assignee not knowing how much there may be due therefor, the purchaser to assume the payment of all the taxes that the property may owe up to the day of sale over and above the price of adjudication.

Terms—Cash on the spot at the moment of adjudication.

Act of sale, together with United States internal revenue stamps attached, at the expense of the purchaser, before M. Gernon, notary public.

je17 14 19 22

BRICK STORE NO. 283 RAMPART STREET FRONTING THE NEW BASIN.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY ORDER OF E. E. NORTON, ASSIGNEE.

IN THE MATTER OF HENRY C. PETTY, Bankrupt—No. 1059.

District Court of the United States of America for the District of Louisiana.

BY C. E. GIRARDEY & CO., AUCTIONEERS—Office No. 17 Exchange Place.—WEDNESDAY, June 22, 1870, at twelve o'clock M., at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in this city of New Orleans, by virtue of an order of the Honorable E. H. Durell, Judge of the District Court of the United States of America, for the District of Louisiana, dated twenty first May, 1870, and rendered in the above entitled matter, will be sold by public auction, the following described property, to wit—

THE LOT OF GROUND AND TWO-STORY BRICK STORE thereon, known as No. 283 Rampart street, situated in the First District of this city, in the square bounded by Rampart street or Mobile Landing, Triton Walk or Delord street, Julia and Philippa or Dryades streets, designated as lot No. 7 on a plan of said square, deposited in the office of C. Boudousquie, late a notary of this city, and measuring 22 feet 3¼ inches front on Mobile Landing or Rampart street, by a depth of 142 feet 1 inch and 4 lines; being the same property which was allotted to Henry C. Petty, as Lot No. 7 in an act of partition made and passed before William Shannon, notary public in this city, on May 18, 1867, to effect a partition of property owned by the heirs of J. W. Wilde, and the said Henry C. Petty, in undivided ownership in common; together with all the buildings and improvements thereon, consisting of a well-built two story brick store and outbuildings.

Together with One Hundred and Fifty Shares of the Mortgage Stock of the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana, attached to the said property.

Terms and conditions of sale—The purchaser to furnish a stock note in favor of the said Citizens' Bank of Louisiana for the sum of $2400, payable on the first of April, 1871, or renewable according to the provisions of its charter, and to be identified with the mortgages securing the same; the balance of the purchase price to be paid cash on the spot at the moment of adjudication. The purchaser will assume payment, over and above his bid, of all taxes due on the property up to the day of sale.

The court ordering the sale of the above described property directs that the same be freed from all other liens, mortgages or incumbrances resting thereon other than that above recited in favor of the Citizens' Bank; and the assignee, acting as the officer of the court, will convey only such title as is in him vested by the assignment in bankruptcy and by the aforesaid order of court.

Act of sale, together with the United States internal revenue stamps attached, at the expense of the purchaser, before M. Gernon, notary public.

je17 14 19 22

LAND IN LIVINGSTON PARISH.

ASSIGNEES' SALE IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY ORDER OF E. E. NORTON AND J. H. CARTER, ASSIGNEES.

IN THE MATTER OF AUG. RICHARDS, Bankrupt—No. 507.

District Court of the United States of America for the District of Louisiana.

BY C. E. GIRARDEY & CO., AUCTIONEERS—Office No. 17 Exchange Place.—WEDNESDAY, June 22, 1870, at twelve o'clock M., at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, in this city of New Orleans, by virtue of an order of the Honorable E. H. Durell, Judge of the District Court of the United States District of America for the District of Louisiana, sitting in bankruptcy, dated the ninth of April, 1869, and rendered in the above entitled matter, will be sold at public auction the following described property, to wit—

A CERTAIN TRACT OF LAND, with the improvements thereon, situated in the parish of Livingston, Louisiana, being the northwest quarter of northeast quarter of section thirty-two, in township five south of range seven east, containing 40 45-100 acres, agreeably to receiver's receipt, No. 1827, dated in Greensburg, Louisiana, March 13, 1854, acquired by purchase from Mrs. Charlotte Mayers.

The decree of court ordering the sale of the above described property directs that the same be freed from all incumbrances, and the assignee acting as the officer of the court will convey only such title as is in him vested by the assignment in bankruptcy and the aforesaid order of court. The taxes not having been paid, and the assignee not knowing how much there may be due therefor, the purchaser to assume the payment of all the taxes that the property may owe up to the day of sale over and above the price of adjudication.

Terms—Cash on the spot, in United States treasury notes, at the moment of adjudication.

Act of sale together with the United States internal revenue stamps attached, at the expense of the purchaser, before M. Gernon, notary public.