New Orleans Republican.

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THE CHASE IN LOUISIANA.

Game Birds in New Orleans Markets.

Although this city and State were settled over a century and a half ago, venison, turkeys, bears, birds, squirrels and other game still abound in the extensive forests and upon the waters and prairies of this State. And though a large number of our citizens are game eaters, and do not take well to hog and hominy exclusively, there are numerous hunters who make a business of furnishing game and supply these epicures with vast quantities throughout the winter and early spring.

A game shop supplies Parisian epicures in that recently besieged and half-starved city with the flesh of badgers, weasels, ferrets, wild cats, foxes, owls, jays, rooks, crows, magpies, domestic cats, rats and mice. And some time ago in London, owing to a rise in the price of meat, many took to horse flesh, and it is related that a grand dinner was given, at which such delicacies as fricassed puppy and bird's nest soup figured; but the *piece de resistance* was roasted horse flesh, taken from the carcass of a pony twenty years old. But in New Orleans and adjacent country there is enough game, room, good market, fine hunting grounds and lovely weather for a thousand hunters to spend a pleasant and profitable winter. As early as the first days of September this fall, which is earlier than usual, the ducks and other varieties of the winged and feathered race which winter in our mild climate began to arrive, and numbers of mallards or French ducks, some paille-en-queue, some blue-winged teal or sarcelle automne, and green-winged teal or sarcelle d'hiver, together with the dos-gris or red-head duck, were seen in Plaquemines and other parishes.

Le Page du Pratz (who lived some time in this State) in his history of Louisiana, published in Paris, in 1758, or 114 years ago, speaks of killing buffaloes or the bœuf sauvage, which were then plenty, as well as beavers; and gives minute accounts of his *chasse aux dindons*, or turkey hunting; but when that French literary and scientific gentleman, C. C. Robin, lived here, during the first years of this century, there was but little game of this size left. He speaks of a few bears, which were much more delicate and good eating than pork, and plenty of *chevreuil*, or deer. Certainly none will deny the manliness of such field sports as hunting bears and buffalo. Whether the business of the chase in Louisiana at present is so innocent or manly may be questioned. Yet if followed with discretion and intelligence, hunting is a commendable recreation. So far as physical education is concerned, that it stands pre-eminent none will deny, or that its tendency in such case may be even promotive of good morals. Some landholders who are trespassed upon, doubtless hold to the contrary; but hunters' law in this country is this, that the right to hunt wild animals is one of the franchises of the great body of people, whether landholders or otherwise. The preservation of game in this country is associated, in the public mind, with ideas of aristocracy—peculiar privileges to the rich, and oppression to the poor. Who has not seen, but heeded not, such posters as this:

TAKE NOTICE.—All persons found trespassing here, will be prosecuted as the law directs.

Such would not save the grounds nor the life of a pursued fox or pheasant.

> Beasts, urged by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
> And learn of man each other to undo.

Compared with the habits of the hunter a quarter of a century or so ago, his life is now one of comparative luxury. The very early hour when it was necessary to be off for the lakes, woods or prairies rendered it necessary to borrow a few hours from the night to reach there in time. A dark, dreary ride of ten or a dozen miles on a cold December morning, over a bad mud road, was far from agreeable, and no waterproof clothing was then invented. Now, few hunting places which railroads do not penetrate, to convey hunter and horse, if desired, without fatigue or exposure. One has only to select his breech-loader, consult the REPUBLICAN for the time the trains start, and he may diversify his hunting engagements with the greatest ease and with little expense. Still, notwithstanding the modern facilities that are offered, the amusement of duck shooting, the principal chase in Louisiana, is probably one of the most exposing to cold and wet, and, as a knowing writer says, "those who undertake its enjoyment without a 'courage screwed to the sticking point' will soon discover that 'to one good a thousand ills oppose.'" It is no parlor sport. But here we have a population of negroes and foreigners who care little for such hardships, but who, after creeping through mud and mire, often for hundreds of yards, to be at last disappointed, stand exposed on points to the pelting rain or freezing cold to get a shot at a *sarcelle* that may or may not pass. There are Creoles, good shots without taking much aim, who hunt all day up to their waists in mud and water. These are they who own most of the 200,000 dogs which it is said Louisiana possesses. And each one of these hunters is like Lo, the poor Indian, and

> To be content his natural desire, * *
> And thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company.

For the benefit of those gastronomes who relish the proceeds of a hunt better than its toils and perils, and for the benefit of those city sportsmen of this commercial emporium, amateurs of the field, who, with abundant pains and trouble, and with fearful note of preparation, occasionally marshal their forces for a week's hunt in the waters of the Teche, or on the Back bay of Biloxi, here shall follow a list of the birds that are the object of sport in Louisiana, and which might, if they please, fill their larders. This is done partially with the hope that they who shall be successful in filling their hunting bags with any of the game here mentioned will not forget the impoverished writer. The first to be named in the list, being the largest and best, is

THE WILD TURKEY,

which some one says is an unhandy bird—too small for two eaters and a trifle too large for one. It is from this fowl which originated the domestic race of the world, and which was so abundant in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois in Audubon's day, and which has become less plentiful in those now populous States, and very scarce in Louisiana, where were large flocks in the early days. Still there are some of these large, beautiful and delicate fleshed birds about Back bay, in the rear of Handsboro' and in some of the woods of Louisiana about Pass Manchac and other points. A much more delicate bird for the table, but very much smaller in size, and, unfortunately, scarcer in Louisiana than in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, is

THE COMMON AMERICAN PARTRIDGE.

It is called in some localities, less appropriately, the quail. Its love-notes in May of "Bob White, ah, Bob White," are known to every country boy in Louisiana and in the Western States, where they are mostly caught in nets during drizzly days. The writer has often assisted in thus catching them, and after they were broiled, assisted in eating them, and he is fully prepared to bestow on them the extravagant commendation given by an enthusiast, viz: "That it should be eaten with none but champagne sauce, and in no posture but on one's knees, through thankfulness." Of course, then, the scarcity of this bird is to be regretted, and well may we exclaim with Byron;

> Oh, nut-brown partridge; oh, brilliant pheasant!

Their days seem numbered in this land.

An almost equally savory and delicate bird for eating, and universally known to our sportsmen, is

THE AMERICAN WOODCOCK.

Ornithologically it is the Microptera Americana, and by the French called becasse; and all men over the nation are fond of woodcock shooting and eating. They are rarely seen in numbers, except where the hard frosts of the North have driven them hither for subsistence. It resembles the woodcock of Europe in figure and manners, but is less in weight, the male weighing five or six ounces and the female eight; the European twelve. But of still more importance to the sportsman are the various species of

WILD DUCKS.

We have in winter time a great abundance of these. And though we have no duck grass (valisneria Americana) in our waters, as they have in Chesapeake bay, we have plenty of wild celery over on the line of the Mobile railroad, which opens up to us good duck hunting grounds. The rice fields of Plaquemines are becoming more extensive yearly, and rice fed ducks are excellent. Of course the flavor depends on the quality and abundance of their food. Only one of all the varieties here in the season is native, and that is the wood duck, or summer duck, the others retiring on the approach of summer. It is probably so called from making nests in a hollow or holes in trees. It looks like a miniature muscovy duck. The writer has often seen their nests in the West in sycamores, and in holes made by woodpeckers. Their flesh is best in September and October. But the most celebrated is the

CANVAS-BACK DUCK.

It is abundant from the mouths of the Mississippi to the Hudson, and its ornithological name of Fuligula valisneriana is from the botanical name of duck grass, on which it feeds in the north, and which makes it so excellent. It has long been known here as canard cheval. It arrives here from October 20 until the end of December, but it becomes less valuable here when deprived of its natural food. Baltimoreans say of it what the English divine said of the strawberry—"doubtless God might have created a better berry if he had chosen; but, doubtless, God never did," by changing but the name strawberry to canvas-back. Other varieties are liked better here. One nearly equal to it, but smaller, is the

RED HEADED DUCK,

or pochard, known commonly in New Orleans by the name of "dos-gris," which often mingles with canvas-backs, and is sold as such, having similar colors. They generally arrive here about November 1, but as before remarked, they were arriving this fall in September. They are equally fond of salt and fresh water.

Another very abundant duck, particularly in the West, as it prefers fresh water, is the mallard duck, known here as canard *Francais*, or French duck, and which, as it has been long domesticated, is known everywhere. When young they are tender and juicy, and as good as any canvas-back, being plump and tender. Their heads are emerald green, with a white ring about the middle of the neck. Then there is the gadwall duck, which Louisiana Creoles call "Violo," on account of the whistling sound of its wings. It weighs about two pounds and arrives here with the widgeon or Bald-pate, the switch-tailed widgeon, a much smaller bird than the canvas-back, and greatly esteemed for its flavor. Another duck that comes with the teal and remains in Louisiana all winter, but which is scarce, is the shoveller duck, which Creoles know as "micoine," and which is excellent eating. Its head is deep green, and its bill shovel-shaped, or double breadth at the end.

We have also the "ring-necked" or "tufted duck," the "scaup duck," the "ruddy duck," the "scoter duck," the "buffer-headed duck" (known in different districts as the spirit duck, butter box, dipper and die dipper and the more beautiful name of marrionette), but which, like some varieties of widgeon and the salt water ducks, with serrated bills—bec-scie or saw beak—which, formed to feed upon fish, obey their calling, and, for culinary purposes, are neither fish, flesh nor fowl. They are shot, but seldom eaten. Then we have the best of all ducks, the blue and green-winged teal, viz: American green-winged teal, known in Louisiana as sarcelle d'hiver and sarcelle d'ete. A fresh water bird which feeds on grass seed and berries, which make its flesh delicious. The blue-winged teal is here called in spring sarcelle printanniere, and in autumn sarcelle automniere, but it is always the same teal. It arrives very early, and is fond of the wild pimento.

WILD GEESE.

The Canada goose is found even this far South, and its goslings are as good as the best ducks. But in Louisiana the alligators, garfish and turtles eat their share of these on the water, to say nothing of the lynx, congar and raccoon on land, and the white-eagles in the air.

The white fronted goose, a good eating variety, is also here in winter, and in Attakapas the white or snow goose, equally good food, is found.

SWANS.

The cygnets, or young, of the trumpeter swan *cygnus buccinator*, which are occasionally seen in this market, are good eating.

HERONS.

The great blue heron, or blue crane, as it is generally called, is seen here as everywhere. Some like its flesh, while others do not.

Then, of course, we have the Louisiana heron, the young of which afford tolerable eating. These are far less shy than the blue crane, and are even called here *egrette folle*, owing to their apparent insensibility to danger. And on account of its extreme beauty, Audubon calls it "lady of the waters."

The snowy heron is also a beautiful Louisiana bird of excellent eating. It is a constant inhabitant of this State, and is sometimes seen in our market with its pure white plumage. The wood ibis, or "grands flamans," a splendid looking white crane-like bird, is said by Louisiana planters on the Mississippi to equal any in delicacy of flesh. The yellow-crowned night heron, or "cap-cap," is shot for the excellence of its flesh. They are now gone, as they arrive here at the end of March and depart by the middle of October. Green herons are also seen in our markets, their flesh being tolerable eating. Under this head may be placed also the American bittern, called by the French here "garde soleil," but everywhere else "Indian hen." It is common here in autumn, and bought by the poorer classes to make gumbo soup. Also the least bittern, or, as the Louisiana French call it, "butor," from its apparent stupidity.

SNIPES, RAILS AND PLOVERS.

There are many varieties of these. Snipes, of about a dozen species, are numerous, arriving in October and remaining until May. And there is morass enough to furnish subsistence for millions, although havoc is made among them by sportsmen. In this family are found the Bartramian sandpiper, or papabote, which arrive in Louisiana in great bands in spring, and the grassy plains of Attakapas and Opelousas are peopled with them in both spring and autumn. They are fat and juicy when arriving here from the North in August, living there on strawberries and the like, and remaining here until October. Audubon says of them:

> Like all experienced travelers, they appear to accommodate themselves to circumstances as regard their food, for in Louisiana they feed on cantharides and other coleopterous insects; in Massachusetts on grass-hoppers, etc; in the West on strawberries, etc. Those feeding on cantharides require to be carefully cleaned, otherwise persons eating them are liable to suffer severely. * * * When flavored with the ripe strawberries, on which they have fed, their flesh is truly delicious.

Indeed, so excellent are they esteemed that they must have figured on the sumptuous tables at Belshazzer's feast. In Massachusetts and further east they are called upland plover, and elsewhere field plover. Their greatest objection is their small size, weighing only six to seven ounces.

The knot, or red-breasted sandpiper, is when young and fat, another good snipe. Audubon says "it is always welcome to the palate of the connoisseur in dainties." In some States these are called May birds, in others graybacks—weight four and a half ounces. Also the red-backed sandpiper has fat and juicy flesh in Louisiana in winter, but is very small, of three ounces weight. A larger snipe is the long-legged sandpiper, with equally delicate flesh, found at Barataria island and other localities. A still smaller snipe than the red-backed is the semi-palmated sandpiper of only an ounce or so in weight, but fat and excellent eating in autumn. A tolerably good eating, but rather fishy snipe, is the yellow shank tattler in autumn, when they are fat. The same may be said of another snipe, the tell-tale, called by Creoles here "clou-clou." These also have yellow shanks, but are much larger than the preceding, weighing from six to seven ounces. There is also the green-shanked snipe, or tattler. Here, as everywhere, is found Wilson's snipe, called by French Creoles "cache-cache," and which is probably the best eating of all the snipes, equaling woodcock, but only of some three ounces weight. Lastly, the red-breasted snipe, called by Louisiana Creoles "becassine de mer," as well as "carouk." It is a little larger than the preceding. Thus we have ten species of snipe. There are nearly as many rails: First, the purple gallinule or rale blou, as called in Louisiana, which, though fair eating in September, is generally only used by the negroes for gumbo. Another gumbo bird is the American coot or poule d'eau, a guinea fowl-looking bird, called also mud hens. During late autumn and winter they have been abundant in market, the poorer classes using them for gumbo, skinning them for the purpose like rabbits instead of plucking them. The sora rail, reaching here from the shores of Mexico, is seen in our market in March. The yellow-breasted rail has most delicate and savory flesh, and is a pretty bird; but the difficulty in procuring them renders them a rarity even where most abundant. It arrives here the end of October and in November, going northward in March. The rallus elegans, the great red-breasted rail, or fresh-water marsh hen, is almost peculiar to Louisiana, where the Creoles name it grand rale de prairie. They ought to be musical birds, for they principally feed on "fiddlers," and few birds afford better eating, particularly in autumn, when feeding on grass seeds; but it takes a good gunner to obtain them. The clapper rail, or salt-water marsh hen, is more abundant here in winter than the former, but not so good or delicate, either as the former or the soras. A much smaller bird than the red-breasted is the Virginia rail, which spends its winters here, but is comparatively scarce, though strings of them are sometimes seen in market, affording good eating. Of the plovers space affords little to say. These are not aquatic chaps; they frequent the high, open pastures. They come here in August in capital condition, often bursting from the fall when shot. They are a shy bird, and best approached in a carriage. The black-bellied plover is tolerable eating when feeding on berries of all kinds; so is the American golden plover. The killdeer plover are plentiful, but poor eating, except the younger birds during autumn. Wilson's plover, on the contrary, is plump and delicious in autumn; so are the young of the American ring plover, and the piping plover, but from the small size of these latter, sportsmen seldom touch them.

WILD PIGEONS, DOVES, ETC.

Of the genus columba, our hunters have the passenger or wild pigeon, the Carolina dove and the ground dove, the former being most notorious all over America, though it makes us but occasional visits, or when it has devoured the mast and other food which in ordinary seasons it finds in more northern latitudes. The squabs or young birds from pigeons' nests are excellent eating. The flesh of the old is dark colored but tolerably good. Persons raised in the West will all confirm our Audubons' statements of the vast multitudes of pigeons which fill the air and obscure the light of noonday as they fly over in interminable flocks from the northeast during some autumns there.

SMALL GAME.

The best of these is probably the rice-bird, called in New York "bobolinks," but known by our Creoles with the name of "ortolan," a name given in Santo Domingo to the ground dove. Audubon says the first Louisiana settlers named all finches, buntings and orioles "papes;" and, all the warblers and fly-catchers, "grassets," from their usual plumpness and fatness. Many thousands of these rice birds or ortoleans are caught and exposed in New York and other Atlantic shore markets; but there are not so many here. Their flesh is extremely tender and juicy, epicures delighting in it. By December they have left for the West Indies. They arrive here from the North in August.

The red-winged starling or blackbird is not very good eating, yet the animated pie of the nursery rhyme, containing four and twenty living blackbirds, is by no means an unfrequent dish among some people here, who think them good. They also eat the purple grackle, or crow-blackbird, and make it into pot-pies. Such can eat crow.

Louisiana, or French Creoles, are also fond of the orchal oriole, or as they call it, *pape de prairi* and they are not bad in October, about the time they depart, arriving here in March. These are not so handsome as the Baltimore oriole, called by the Creoles *pape de bois*, but these are too beautiful to kill for their eating; still, people who will kill and eat such lovely songsters as meadow larks which many do, will kill doves, humming birds or anything else held sacred by others.

The cedar bird, or waxwing, though handsome, can't sing; and the only reason it should not be eaten as it is—it destroys thousands of cankerworms, and thus confers a great benefit on the farmer. It arrives in November and leaves again for the North in March. Spare the little fellows for the benefits they confer.

The American robin, or migratory thrush, arrives from the North and West, where it is held sacred as is the mocking bird here, in November, when every gunner brings in bags full of them and they are fat, juicy and excellent eating, fattened by the cherries and other good things of the North and West. Here they sometimes have to eat the berries of the pride of India, or of China, with which they are often choked to death, or stupified by its narcotic powers.

The Louisiana water thrush, equal to the nightingale as songster, is found here at all seasons, and in the winter it is plump—a mass of fatness and delicate eating.

The black-throated bunting, a prairie bird, has good flesh, what there is of it. And the common snow bird—a regular visitant from the North—is seen in the markets during its short winter sojourn. Though very small, it is extremely delicate and juicy. Another beautiful little bird, the painted bunting or finch (named pape in Louisiana), frequents our orange groves in April, and is caught in trap cages and other ways in large numbers, and brought to market. It is a shame to kill such a pretty little singing sparrow that gives us music even throughout the heat of the day, and only eats a few figs that would otherwise rot. As before stated, a number of other birds are also named pape. The towhe ground finch (another little sparrow-like bird, coming from the West, where they breed and get fat, and are prized here for the table in winter. They, with others, are named grasse here, for their plump fatness. Flocks of the purple finch, seen all over this State are as good eating as any other small bird.

Financial Reform Schemes.

Says a Washington special to the St. Louis *Republican*:

> As the time approaches for the annual report to Congress various schemes for financial reform are being agitated at the Treasury Department. The most important of these concerns the remodeling of the national banking law. It is suggested, as a step toward the resumption of specie payment, that national bank notes shall be called in and legal tenders issued in lieu thereof, and that instead of the banks receiving ninety per cent on their stock deposited, as at present, that they receive 100 per cent in legal tenders on the stock deposited. The banks are to keep on hand certain amounts of specie, to be increased from time to time until such period as specie payments can be conveniently resumed by both the government and the banks. It is intimated that this plan has the favor of Secretary Boutwell, and whether he introduces the project or not into his forthcoming report, that will be urged before Congress this winter. It is anticipated that this scheme will incur the opposition of the entire national banking interest.

Slowest Railroad Ever Heard Of.

"John" writes the New York *Sun* from Syracuse as follows:

> A railroad runs from Oswego to Syracuse. It is thirty six miles long. I rode on it, and these cars move so slow that if you want the draft in your face you have to ride backward to get. They never have hot journals on that road; the great danger is, the stuffing and ivy around the axles will freeze. The screech of the locomotive is very faint, kind like the warble of a four year old boy, blowing through a knot-hole in a board fence. It is capable of giving a grasshopper a thrill of alarm, but won't scare a cow worth a leather cuss. The conductor, engineer and fireman always walk ahead of the train to look for broken rails; the cows always run ahead of them to keep out of the dust. I tried an experiment. Two trains were passing, and I stuck a match out of the window, and let the head of it rub against a passenger car. It went so slow I could strike a light. If you ever take a trip from Oswego to Syracuse over that road, you want to take lots of clothes, a wheelbarrow, and a barrel of corned beef along with you.

Forty-third Congress.

This is a special to the St. Louis *Republican*:

> WASHINGTON, November 13.—Speaker Blaine is in favor of organizing the Forty-third Congress immediately upon the adjournment of the present, on the fourth of March next, inasmuch as the law providing for a continuance of the session of Congress beyond this time has been repealed. Of course this presupposes some legislation to that effect this winter, and Speaker Blaine has already written several letters to prominent members of the House advocating the passage of a bill to meet this contingency. He suggests the election of all the officers of the House and the appointment of committees for the Forty-third Congress on the date above stated. It is intimated that he is not willing to take his chances for the speakership in 1873, when a new Congress will have had nine months in which to make new issues and look around for other candidates.

Meeting of Educators.

This is a special to the Cincinnati *Gazette*:

> WASHINGTON, November 13.—At the meeting of prominent educators to-day, in addition to the plans stated in the regular reports, a suggestion made by Mr. Spofford, of the library of Congress, that the printed catalogue of American libraries be sent to Vienna, as part of the collection designed to set forth and outline the American system of education, was adopted. Mr. Spofford stated that it would surprise most to know that very few of the public libraries in Europe have ever printed catalogues of their books, but depended on written lists, and his impression was that at least a thousand volumes of catalogues could be readily obtained in the United States.

A Washington special to the St. Louis *Democrat* says:

> Official returns in the First Congressional district of Virginia, which has been in doubt, give Sener (Republican) 397 majority. The members elect in other districts are as follows: Second district, James A. Platt, Republican; third district, J. Ambler Smith, Republican; fourth district, William H. Stowell, Republican; fifth district, A. M. Davis, Conservative; sixth district, Thomas Whitehead, Conservative; seventh district, John T. Harris, Conservative; eighth district, Eppa Hunton, Conservative; ninth district, Reese T. Bowen, Conservative.

LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

The Young Crittenden Pistol Sensation—Mrs. Fair in No Danger—An Attorney in Love with the Fair—Suit by Her Other Counsel—The Mother's Sensation—Mrs. Fair in Fashionable Quarters—Will She Come to New Orleans?—A Deserted Wife—Improved Plan of Liberating Criminals—Sacramento Bears the Palm—Railroad Subsidies—A Competing Railroad Wanted—Nowhere to Live.

[Special Correspondence of the Republican.]

SAN FRANCISCO, November 7, 1872.

Your correspondent is not prejudiced against Mrs. Fair, only so for as a desire to see the law and an outraged community vindicated. Neither has he been "snubbed" by her, as he never places himself in that position to be "snubbed" by any of that class of Hecates. It was earnestly hoped that on her acquittal she would leave the State, as her counsel promised she would; but she still lingers behind, courting and seeking further notoriety. She has made—or rather the sensational press has—considerable capital out of the silly attempt of the thoughtless young stripling, Crittenden, who sought to assassinate her for murdering his father. But all who knew the boy—and none did better than she—knew that there was no harm in "Jimmy;" that it was but an impulse of the moment, partaking more of the bragadocio than a seriously, deep laid criminal scheme. Then came the sensational report that her chief counsel, Green Curtis, had fallen in love with and would marry her. No doubt the first portion is true, which would be part of her nature to encourage and policy to carry out, thereby saving a large fee, and retaining the residue of her murdered victim's gold; but as he is yet aspiring for a reputation and a name in society and the world, he is not in that position to brave or defy public opinion by such an alliance, unless he were "insane," and then a little more so than she pretended to be at the killing.

The only confirmation of the above story is that he was to have received $3000 for his services in the case, and as yet has not even asked for it. Is that lawyer-like? Who ever heard of a precedent to this? On the other hand, her other attorney has brought suit for $8000, his fee, and attached all of her money in the Savings Bank—about $15,000. So when both are paid, if ever, she will not be overburdened with money, as I stated in a previous letter. This suit will come up in a few weeks. She refuses to compromise—says she thinks she has "paid out about enough—as much as his services were worth, and won't give up another cent;" that she is robbed, persecuted, and all that sort of thing. This is her gratitude. She is right, in one sense—her attorney's services were not worth anything, considering the cause he was engaged in.

The suit between herself and her mother, which also came up as another sensation after her acquittal was simply the result of a quarrel for the possession of the money. Both sought to defraud the attorneys, but each thought they could do it in the most improved manner. The mother would get the money, and it could not be attached for her daughter's debts, while Mrs. Fair would retain possession of it and claim that her mother employed additional counsel for her second trial—which is her present line of defense—and she was not responsible for contracts made by her mother. Should this be the truth, which is hardly possible, inasmuch as she tacitly and implicitly consented to such an arrangement and interposed no objections, and as the case is to be tried by one of the profession, of course—and there is a kind of a "telegraphy" running through the whole fraternity—the chances are that she will lose this suit.

She has since shown her liberality to her mother for her untiring devotion by retiring her on a princely pension of $50 a month to be revoked, of course, at pleasure, which will be on the first "spat."

The old lady herself came in for a little sensationalism—but made a miserable failure—by attempting, or pretending to commit suicide because of her daughter's cruelty; but it was "too thin." Mrs. Fair could see through it, and like the country maiden, "had been fooled that way before." The former has retired into obscurity in a garret at a third rate hotel, while Mrs. Fair has taken spacious apartments, "front room," of course, in a fashionable lodging house, kept on the "furnished-rooms-to-let-and-no-questions-asked" principle. The other day she indited a peremptory note to the clerk of the court for "that pistol." He sent it forthwith. There is nothing now detaining her but that suit for attorney's fees: That settled and—what next? She will undoubtedly visit New Orleans. I mention this so that every one may be on his guard.

We came very near having a nice little sensation of the "injured innocence" order, but it fell flat as stale beer. A nice, demure little maiden of seventeen had married a brother to Mrs. Fair in Baltimore about three years ago, which Mrs. Fair brought about for family influence. As usual, he was a trifling fellow, "failed to provide," etc., and the deserted wife thought this an opportune moment, during the general Fair excitement, to parade her grievances to the world. But there was not sufficient material to cook up a good sensational dish and make her a notorious heroine and she was quietly allowed her divorce, and we hear no more of that branch of the irrepressible Fair family, which, like Figaro, seems to be "here, there and everywhere," and I sincerely hope will disappear from notoriety for a while at least.

Latterly we have improved upon the plan of liberating criminals on the "emotional insanity" dodge. But we must accord our sister city, Sacramento, the credit for having originated it. Allowing a convicted murderer to walk out of court, after favoring the jury with a glance of withering rebuke for finding him guilty. This, it would seem, is a much better plan than letting convicts break jail, as we did a few evenings ago, not willing to be outdone, for then there are not necessarily so many parties to the plot. It is strange that the Brotherton forgers did not decide upon this defense, instead of getting one of their attorneys into trouble and jail for attempting to bribe a juror. It was certainly a much better, though probably not cheaper plan, but it disposed of the whole subject matter finally.

The political contest having been settled, or rather the formality of a contest, it is hoped the railroad interest has been, also, for a while at least.

This is the great bug-bear—the subsidy question—which has tended so much toward the general inactivity in business and the ruinous depreciation in real estate during the last few years. The Central Pacific Railroad Company will renew their fight at the next session of Congress for the cession of Government Island, and probably with success. Then nothing can save San Francisco from commercial ruin but a competing road, and for that we look to Colonel Tom Scott. If he will build the road, he will receive the thanks and patronage of the people of California, and the Pacific coast in general and San Francisco in particular.

The election was the most quiet and unenthusiastic ever held in this city, notwithstanding the fact that at least two or three hundred legal voters were deprived of their right of voting for simply changing their place of residence from one ward to another a few weeks prior to the election.

Our last Legislature simplified our election law by doing away with poll lists and transfers, and simply requires a ward residence of thirty days next preceding the election. Under its literal construction, a man who changes his residence during the thirty days prior to an election, loses his citizenship in one ward, does not gain it in the other, and is not entitled to vote in either; and is therefore disfranchised by the laws of his State for simply changing his boardinghouse. In the course of human events, and the rise and decline of landladies' temper and the quality of the daily provender, this sometimes becomes necessary, and though it may be an offense to them it is not considered a felony at common law.

The matter will probably be brought before the courts in the shape of a suit for damages to test the constitutionality of this dubious law.

The Boston Fire.

We reproduce the following special dispatch to the Cincinnati *Gazette*. The distance that cinders and a charred note were carried was about thirty miles:

NEW YORK, November 13.—The worst statement of the Boston fire still keeps the amount considerably under $100,000,000, without reference to salvage, which will reach one-sixth and perhaps one-fifth of the total loss. The insurance on Boston seems to rise, and the reported loss to fall. The pieces of property destroyed are valued by assessments at $9,820,300, but worth $15,000,000. The sufferers include 2013 business firms. Of the total insurance of $40,000,000, $30,000,000 will be paid.

The transportation companies to the East have improved their facilities so that the clog of yesterday is not likely to be repeated. Everything is cleared from the wharves to-night, for Boston, though the steamers were later than usual from their immense freights. All the large hide and leather dealers of Boston are wealthy. Mr. Rhodes, a large leather dealer, has arrived from that city to purchase a new stock. He says the shoe and leather trade is conducted by men who can easily stand all the losses incurred, but as they dig their safes from out of the ruins they discover that matters are not so bad as they expected. A very few cases have been reported where men have asked for an extension of time for moneys now due, until the safes and vaults can be removed from the ruins and available funds drawn against. But there is not a whisper of financial distress from the burnt shoe and leather district. There is not a man among them whose credit was good before the fire who can not buy as freely as he did before, on the usual credits. The disposition of our hide and leather merchants to those who have come here is indulgent in the extreme.

The work of recovery is already under way. A steady stream of returning refugees has set in toward State, Washington and other streets on the borders of the blackened territory, bearing back to the deserted premises the goods and papers which were removed Saturday and Sunday to other parts of the city. Jordan, Marsh & Co. conveyed a million dollars worth of property to the residence of members of the firm, to the Somerset Club, the Synagogue on Warrenton street and to other places of safety. The Coliseum was used as a storehouse by a great many people. A bank president is mentioned who had two millions in money and securities conveyed to his dwelling. To-day the streets are crowded with vehicles transferring goods back to the warerooms and offices from which they were so hastily removed. Many of them seem to have been gathered up in great disorder. The packages are often open, and the rain is falling upon costly fabrics exposed in open wagons, handcarts, or carried in men's arms.

The newspapers are filled with the announcements of houses that have resumed. The *Advertiser* prints this morning double its usual number of advertisements, and at an early hour last night was obliged to close its counting room and refuse to take any more.

Business houses which last week occupied immense structures of marble and granite, are now content with an upper loft, or perhaps with desk room; but in these narrow quarters they are preparing to continue their commercial transactions immediately on the usual scale, and there is rivalry everywhere in getting to work as quickly as possible. The city government is urged to permit the erection of temporary wooden buildings on the Common for business purposes, and if the ordinance passes, the dry goods trade will probably fix itself here for the winter, while the leather trade purposes occupying the public land at Fort Hill.

The public sentiment is very strong in favor of widening and straightening the business avenues. There is some further delay, though it will not be long, while the merchants are still ignorant of the condition of their safes.

The vaults and safes of many business firms stood the terrible trial, but many others have certainly given away, and many are still so hot that it is considered dangerous to open them. Deep under the ruins, in the heart of the fire, are many more which can not be reached for several days. Still there is no abatement in the general feeling of elasticity, and even of good humor, which has been so remarkable throughout this whole disaster. The losers are generally men of large capital and long established credit; who will bear up under the blow without great difficulty, even should the insurance companies pay no more than twenty-five or thirty per cent. There will, of course, be a great call for money when rebuilding fairly begins. The new warehouses are likely to be as costly as the old, and if money will make them fireproof Boston builders will spare no extra expense to attain so desirable an end. Most of the capital spent upon those buildings, after the insurance companies have paid what they can, must be borrowed.

A plan has been broached for making the city the lender of these vast sums. Bonds are to be issued, according to the scheme, and loaned to the builders, under proper guarantees that the proceeds shall be honestly expended for the restoration of the ruined property, the city securing itself by mortgages on the estates. This device meets with favor, and will doubtless be brought before the proper authorities immediately.

The current of air created by the flames was so great that fragments of paper were carried thirty miles away; leaves of check books and letters were found at Quincy, Hanover, and East Weymouth; cinders fell in Abington; Hanover, and Pembroke; a charred $50 note was picked up at East Abington; the glare of the conflagration was seen by night at Concord, New Hampshire, and the light was distinctly visible ninety miles at sea, and was also noticed off the Isle of Shoals.

Two firemen rushed into a burning building to help a poor fellow, half buried by the fall of one of the side walls. While they were at work, the front wall came down, and they were never seen again.

A brave fellow crawled into a cellar, on Congress street, and let off the steam from the overheated boilers, which threatened every instant to explode. It was so hot that his comrades kept two streams of water playing on him while he performed this perilous duty.

Prominent Boston merchants write to their correspondents here that the reported aggregate loss will doubtless diminish rather than increase now; that they should not be surprised if it proved ten to fifteen millions less than is now believed. They feel confident that within six months the present burnt district will be entirely rebuilt.

Inspecting Grain Out.

We copy this from the St. Louis *Democrat*:

Mr. Marshal J. Smith, a commission merchant of this city, was the originator of the very excellent proposition to inspect cargoes of bulk grain shipped from here to points below. We have a very rigid inspection into our elevators, but once in any one may buy the different grades and mix them as they please in shipping out. In fact, it is said a good deal of rejected corn has been mixed with the No. 2 in shipping out cargoes: that some of these cargoes have been purchased in New Orleans for European account as straight St. Louis No. 2, and have damaged on the way, bringing great discredit upon the great water route as a safe thoroughfare. This is all wrong, and we indorse Mr. Smith's proposition that inspection of grain should be compelled.

Sinking of the St. Marys.

We copy the following further details from the Memphis *Appeal* of Friday:

On Wednesday morning, just before ten o'clock, the steamer St. Marys, owned by Captains Woodburn and Robinson, and commanded by the former, while on her way up the river from this port with a cargo of over 300 bales of cotton, 150 bales of rags, fifty tons of scrap iron, and a miscellaneous freight of perhaps thirty tons, sunk at the head of Brandywine bar, thirty-five miles above here, in the following manner: She had gone into a wood yard about a mile below Charley Morris' place to get wood, but finding none, started out again and headed directly up stream, and getting into an eddy her stern was carried rapidly toward the Arkansas shore until she struck a log or a huge snag, just aft the wheelhouse, or perhaps between the wheelhouse and stern, that knocked a large hole in her hull and caused her to fill rapidly. As soon as the extent of the injury was known, Captain Woodburn directed the pilot at the wheel, Joe McCullough, to head her for the nearest bar, some 200 yards distant, and toward the Tennessee shore, which he did, and ran her bow, as he thought, hard upon the sand. At this time the boat's officers and crew, not knowing the extent of the injury, busied themselves in getting the life-boat and yawl ready, and lowered the former, putting in it several passengers, but owing to the excitement, forgot the oars, which were subsequently found and placed in it. Then the boat had settled down in the water to within six inches of the boiler deck, and Mr. Morgan, second clerk, and the mate, James Howard, were about to lower the life-boat when the St. Marys again began to float and floated down the river a distance of nearly two miles, the cotton and rags as well as other light freight on board buoying her up and preventing her from sinking deeper, until she reached the head of Brandywine bar, where she grounded, and now lies with the water almost touching the cabin floor, or twelve feet above her lower deck, making eighteen feet in all, and lies nearly straight. After she had struck the bar, Messrs. Morgan and Howard, hearing cries for help coming from under the cabin floor guard, at once searched for their origin and found that one of her deck passengers was directly under the guard mentioned, with his head against the cabin floor, and had just enough space left to keep him from drowning. Taking the situation at a second's glance, Mr. Howard immediately procured an axe, and cutting a hole through the floor, rescued the almost exhausted passenger from a watery grave, and then turned their attention to the removal to the bar and shore of such passengers as desired to leave the boat. This was done quickly, and soon the City of Chester, on her way up, came alongside, and took off the remainder of her passengers destined up stream, and also took to the shore those who for safety had been placed upon the bar. The John F. Tolle coming down later, Mr. Morgan took passage on her, and came to this city, arriving at about ten o'clock yesterday morning, and related the facts as above stated. He thinks the St. Mary can be raised without much difficulty, but a great portion of her cotton—325 bales, shipped by S. M. Anderson—will be materially damaged, but it is covered by insurance in Eastern companies. The St. Mary was valued at about $30,000, and was insured in five companies at Cincinnati for $16,000. This was her first trip for the season in the new line, and her loss will be deeply regretted by all. As far as known there were no lives lost, and but one person, a colored firemen, named Williams, is missing. He, it is thought, was left here when the boat backed out, as he had shipped from here and was not seen when the boat left. Captain W. P. Walker, upon learning of the disaster, at once telegraphed to Captain Reese Dugan, of the wrecker T. F. Eckert, at Helena, to come and go to the St. Marys, and received a reply that the Eckert would be up at daylight this morning, and proceed at once to the relief of the St. Marys. We trust she may have as good fortune in raising her as she did the Katie. Captain Woodburn will enter protest here or at Cairo.

The engineer of the Katie started down to New Orleans on the Emilie La Barge, but turned back from Vicksburg upon the receipt of a telegram from Captain Cannon.

The St. Mary's was owned at Cincinnati, and her insurance value was $20,000. She was insured for $15,000 in the following Cincinnati companies: American, Western and Union, each, $2000; the Eureka, $1500; the Farmers', Burnet, and Firemen's, each, $2500.

Through Bills to New York.

This is from the St. Louis *Democrat*:

There are two or more lines of steamers plying regularly between New York and New Orleans, and our shippers are now busily inquiring why some arrangements are not perfected for issuing through bills of lading on meats, lard, flour, grain, etc., from here to New York. Rail rates are so high as to make these inquiries necessary, if trade between this city and Eastern points is to be prosecuted further. We believe, if the company controlling either of the New York and New Orleans lines of boats would appoint an agent here, an important business could be worked up here in a brief period.

Reporters of the Boston press have their annual supper on the Saturday after the State election. The Boston *Herald* of Monday last says:

The reporters of the Boston newspapers sat down to their annual supper at the Revere House Saturday evening, some sixty plates being laid. The supper was excellent in every particular. Mr. L. L. Holden, of the *Journal*, presided, and Mr. William M. Olis, of the *Advertiser*, was toastmaster. The sentiments and speeches were numerous and enjoyable. The officers for next year are Mr. William B. Smart, of the *Post*, president, and Mr. Clarence S. Watson, of the *Globe*, secretary.

As a rule they do not report the speeches made on these occasions. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, and so the Boston reporters were enjoying their annual supper, while the fire was burning that lit their city with flames.

The Memphis *Appeal* says, endeavoring to be facetious:

The Hesper, that sunk one day last week in Red river, has some notoriety in these waters, and won considerable fame several years since by being captured by a party of urchins, who wanted to provide themselves with smooth bore muskets to hunt ducks with. The muskets, although intended for the militia of Arkansas, were accidentally lost overboard in the excitement, and have never yet been wrecked, but the Hesper will be now.

A Washington special to the Cincinnati *Gazette* says:

The Republican members of the North Carolina Legislature held a caucus on Saturday evening upon their plan of action in the coming senatorial contest. The Democratic majority in the Legislature being only fourteen on joint ballot, the Republican leaders have hopes of dividing or overcoming the strength of their opponents and securing the Senator. Messrs. Pool and Vance will undoubtedly be rival candidates.

A Baptist minister at Harlem, New York, got into trouble the other day by remarking at the funeral of a member of his church, "This man was a lazy Christian," and, upon the family of the deceased objecting to such language, made matters worse the following Sunday by saying, "There is a family in the church who are my enemies for the reason that I did not say the soul of a son was in heaven." The result of which is that the ingenuous clergyman has been hauled before a council for a misdemeanor.

At a meeting of the Citizens' Relief Committee in Boston Thursday morning, the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the action on behalf of the citizens of Boston return their most sincere and hearty thanks to their fellow-citizens in all parts of the Union for their warm expressions of sympathy which have been tendered at this time of calamity, and for the friendly offers of aid which they have made, and that their friendly offers be, and they are hereby accepted.