New Orleans Republican.
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music.

There was a jam at the matinee yesterday, and a fair house last night. This evening will be the last appearance of Mr. T. G. Riggs, the Irish comedian, when there will be an immense bill. Three pieces will be produced, "The Irish Emigrant," "Persecuted Dutchman" and "Black-eyed Susan." To-morrow evening Mr. Frank Mayo will appear as *Hamlet*, supported by the dramatic company of the Academy. Tuesday evening Mr. Frank Mayo will appear in "Richelieu," and Wednesday evening in "Othello."

St. Charles Theatre.

The attendance at the matinee yesterday was very good, and the "Lancashire Lass" constituted the entertainment. The same play last evening. This evening the "Lancashire Lass," in which Mr. Ben DeBar personates a mysterious party by the name of *Johnson*. The entertainment will conclude with the new play of "Life in New York." As Mr. Oliver Wren takes a benefit this evening, he will appear in three characters. To-morrow evening Mr. F. S. Chanfrau, the great comedian, in his new play of "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler."

Varieties Theatre.

The matinee performance of "Man and Wife" at the Varieties Theatre yesterday attracted an immense audience, mainly consisting of ladies. The same play was produced last evening to a good house. To-morrow evening "Article 47" will be produced, with Miss Clara Morris in her original character, who will be supported by the talent of the company.

Opera House.

The matinee and evening performances at the Opera House yesterday were excellently attended. This evening there will be a great entertainment, when for the first time there will be produced the popular drama of "Les Pauvres de Paris," to conclude with the vaudeville of "La Consigne est de Ronfler." Tuesday evening three pieces will be produced: "Une Tasse de The," "Fais ce que Doit," musical interlude, "Les Premieres Arms de Richelieu."

Exposition Hall.

The first of the series of three concerts, under the guidance of Mme. Camilla Urso, will be given next Tuesday evening at Exposition Hall, the second on Thursday, and the third a Saturday matinee. Mme. Camilla Urso, the renowned violinist, will be assisted in these concerts by Mme. Comes, soprano, Mlle. Pauline Leblanc, contralto, Mr. Meteye, tenor, Mr. Van Huffien, basso, together with Mlle. Remey and Mlle. Leblanc as pianists, and Mr. D'Aquin, as flutist. Director of the concerts, Mr. Gustave Collignon. Tickets at Grunewald's music store, Canal street.

Lyceum Hall.

The Mount Carmel Orphan Asylum fair will continue this evening. It is a pleasant place to pass an hour, and charity can be bestowed at the same time.

Miss Clara Morris.

This, to the regret of many of the patrons of the drama there, is the last week of the engagement at the Varieties Theatre of Miss Clara Morris, the young, beautiful, attractive and talented actress who has become the favorite tragedienne on the American stage. To-morrow evening Miss Morris will appear in her original part, *Cora*, in Augustin Daly's great and attractive French dramatization, "Article 47," which was played in New York over one hundred nights, and successfully in Boston, Philadelphia, and most of our large cities. Miss Morris will be supported by the best talent of the regular dramatic company of the Varieties.

The New York *Tribune* says of Miss Morris:

She is remarkably successful in depicting the adroit simulation of airy and gay composure, in the midst of almost frenzied agitation and great peril. He rapid transitions from vacant levity or guileless sweetness to wild excitement or passionate hate, are made in a natural manner, and express the subordination of all the artists powers to one fixed purpose. There is a certain roughness of method in the acting of Miss Morris, and she employs favorite mannerisms in excess; but she is a woman of imagination, of emotional power, and of distinct ability for the dramatic expression of character and experience.

The Mississippi Valley Transportation Company, of St. Louis, is to build a fleet of fifty wooden barges as they are wanted for the St. Louis and New Orleans trade. This company has made careful calculations which show that in the long run wooden barges and steamboats are the cheapest. They can afford to sink and wear out a large percentage of hulls, and yet come out ahead, with larger profits than would accrue from the costly iron hulls.

Mr. Van Horn, superintendent of the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern road, informs us, says the St. Louis *Democrat*, that a dividend of two per cent on $12,000,000 of stock has been issued by that company. This, if we are rightly informed, is the first dividend ever made by any road west of the Mississippi. It gives evidence of the prosperity and strength of the road under its later management.

The "indorsement" of the leading Liberals by their home States must be flattering to them. Sumner's State gives 73,000 majority for Grant; Grow's and Curtin's, 137,000 majority for Grant; Trumbull's State gives 50,000 majority for Grant; Fenton's States gives 53,000 majority for Grant; Greeley's native States votes decidedly against him and Brown's and Schurz's State is uncomfortably close.

The will of the late William H. Seward has just been made public. It was written at Pekin, China, and the witness is W. L. Freeman, a colored man, who was a barber in Washington. The property of deceased is to be divided between his three sons, Augustus, Frederick and William, and Olive S. Risley, his daughter by adoption—no part of it going to any church or charity.

Rose Eytinge, the favorite New York actress, who married George Butler, and went with that worthy to Egypt, is about to return to the stage. John C. Heenan's wife, who was also an actress, and whose married experience has been quite similar to Mrs. Butler's, is also said to meditate a return to her old profession.

Some Des Moines, Iowa, girls lately tried to frighten a bashful youth into a thirst for the genuine article by placing an image of a lady in his bed and stewing the chamber with hoop skirts, false hair and bifurcated linen. He hid the falsehood under the barn, and the girls stayed at home from church next day.

The New York *Post* thinks that Edwin D. Morgan, of that city, will be Mr. Boutwell's successor in the Treasury Department. The position was offered to Mr. Morgan by President Lincoln at the time of Mr. Chase's retirement, but he preferred to remain in the Senate.

The Chicago *Times* puts the solemn conundrum: "How can we escape fire?" The Gospel offers you every encouragement, but perhaps your "best hold" is to get out of Chicago.—*New York Commercial.*

LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

A Criminal Epidemic—Killing a Traducer—Murders Unpunished—Other Criminals Go Free—Splitting a Split Hair.

[Special Correspondence of the Republican.]

SAN FRANCISCO, November 9, 1872.

It is said a storm is preceded by a calm, but it does not follow that every calm will be succeeded by a storm, yet the quietness and seeming indifference of our citizens at the unusual number of crimes of every shade which have been committed in this city within the last few months, either presages a breeze of no small velocity, or else they have become more indifferent than it is hardly possible for law abiding citizens and taxpayers to become. Really, we are in the midst of a criminal epidemic, and everybody has the monomania, from the "night hawk" who "rolls a drunk" to the high-toned supreme judge who makes it a specialty to reverse decisions on mere technicalities overlooked by appellants and omitted in their bill of exceptions. Our criminal calendar is longer than the moral law is popularly supposed to have been. Shocking crimes have been succeeded by deeds of greater atrocity, until the public appetite has almost become so morbid as to be no longer shocked at the most disgusting details of libidinous lust and treacherous and cold blooded murders. Having established a precedent in acquitting a woman who murdered her paramour for doing her a fancied wrong, it seems difficult to convict any one who has money, and more difficult still to get a sentence executed, as long as the Supreme Court can find a small technicality, or the prisoner command the "outside influence," and muster sufficient courage to break jail, or better still, walk off after hearing the verdict without waiting to know the length of his sentence.

It is erroneously supposed that "human nature is the same the world over;" it varies according to latitude in this portion of our unbounded continent. In an adjoining county a woman became tired of her lover, with whom she had been cohabiting, which was a matter of general gossip, and married another man. This excited his jealousy, and he publicly boasted of his intimacy with her. This caused a separation, when she waylaid her traducer, and, with her father's shotgun, promptly filled his body with buckshot. He fell a corpse, not knowing what killed him. She admitted the crime, did not plead insanity, but was acquitted—on what grounds the jury did not take the trouble to state. In this city an inhuman wretch, who had murdered one wife, attempted the life of the second, is placed on trial for murdering his mistress, by cutting her throat while asleep and then stabbing her a half dozen times, which act is murder, but the jury found him guilty of "murder in the second degree." The jury considered this a severe verdict.

A Chinaman goes into the wash-house of a fellow-countryman, attacks and beats him to death with an iron bar, and is acquitted on the ground of self-defense, though it was shown that the deceased was totally unarmed at the time. This can be accounted for only on the hypothesis that a live Chinaman is worth more (to the company he is serving) than a dead one, and "what's the odds, anyhow!"

A bawdyhouse pimp, in a jealous fit, strangles the woman on the wages of whose sin he had been living. The "emotional insanity" dodge being exhausted, and "self-defense" a little too "gauzy," an alibi is resorted to.

In our neighboring and moral city, Sacramento, a man is on trial for murdering and robbing a woman. The jewelry of this woman was also taken from her person when she was strangled to death, and our murderer charges the crime—a very ingenious dodge—upon the Sacramento murderer; whereat the latter has gone as crazy as a March hare. It is supposed that his counsel will retaliate by attempting to saddle both the murders upon the former.

A ship captain, by outrageous and inhuman conduct to a lady passenger, causes her death. The case is dismissed without even being referred to the grand jury, and he sails to a distant port free, while his victim sleeps in her watery grave—"buried at sea."

A deserting soldier is arrested by our detective police authorities at the instigation of the consul of a power with which we have no extradition treaty, and $37,000 stolen government money is taken from his person and placed in bank to their individual accounts. He is offered a certain portion of it back if he will leave the country and let them divide the balance in peace. This he refuses and brings suit for the recovery of his money and damages, but is compelled to stop proceedings for the lack of funds to fee the lawyers, and he now sits cross-legged on a big square table and swings a tailor's "goose" in a second-class shop in an obscure portion of the city. As he has no more money, he is no longer molested, the officers having since discovered that "they have no authority" in the premises.

A young Russian girl of the tender age of thirteen appears before the police court and charges her lover with lassoing her, just like they do wild mustangs on Texas prairies, while "out for a walk one beautiful evening," and committing a most shameful outrage on her person, and that, too, after having gagged and bound her and carried her through the most crowded thoroughfares, and in street cars, to a remote part of the city. The doubting judge gave her assailant the benefit of his doubt, and dismissed the case as too improbable.

An incarnate fiend sets fire to his own liquor saloon, in order to recover the insurance thereon. He saturates the establishment with kerosene oil, lights the prepared taper, and securely bars the only stairway, leading to a lodging house overhead. The fire is extinguished in the "nick of time," and an entire block of frame houses saved from destruction, and many human beings from a tragic death. And he was acquitted for the want of another "connecting link in the chain of circumstantial evidence."

Another Chinaman is convicted of the crime of attempting to deface the facial features of a fellow-countryman by throwing vitriol upon him. Counsel moved an arrest of judgment on the ground of a defective indictment, in that the vitriol was not thrown upon his John's "statutory person," but upon his clothing (which, doubtless, was a greater offense in John's eye). The motion was allowed and the matter referred to another grand jury. This is bringing things down to a pretty fine legal point—splitting a split hair, and illustrates how justice is defeated by unscrupulous attorneys and the law used only as an instrument to extort money from criminals who can raise a liberal fee, and convict those who can not to serve as a kind of warning to deter other penniless vagabonds from getting into its net.

The above are only a few of the most noted cases which have occurred within the last few months, and are cited merely as instances. Crimes of every magnitude are occurring in the same proportion, and are "managed" after the same manner; but attract little or no attention—merely a passing notice in the police court reports.

Before the recent carnival of crime and penchant of the Supreme Court for granting new trials and stepping in with writs of *supersedeas*, little cases of conjugal and other sexual infidelity, occupied the minds of our sensation loving public, and the columns of the scavenger press daily teemed with the choice and highly seasoned slush. We had those of native growth in abundance, and foreign importation from the far off regions of Alaska's icy-ribbed garrisoned shores, where the tender plant of love is hardly supposed to luxuriate, to the glowing, deliciously luxuriant and tropical clime of New Orleans, where the growth of beauty is homogeneous with the soil, and the tender passion is fanned into existence and cultivated to mature beatitude under the exhilarating influence of her incense-laden "land of sunshine and flowers." But as I know the value of brevity, I will not enlarge by any further reference to cases of this nature, but may give you a slight inkling of our moral misgivings in my next. There are, also, five other murder cases to be tried within the next few days, and as a matter of curiosity I will endeavor to give you the technical points on which they are granted new trials, if they are not permitted to "break jail" in the meantime.

"HANNAH JANE."

Petroleum V. Nasby's New Lecture on an Interesting Phase of Social Life.

The Chicago *Tribune*, of the twelfth instant, says:

The immense audience that greeted Nasby (Dr. N. Locke) attested not only the popularity of the lecturer, but the cause for which he spoke, viz: the relief of the Boston sufferers. The title of this lecture, "Hannah Jane," is unique and happily chosen. The lecture itself is an enlarged and improved version in prose of Mr. Locke's celebrated poem bearing the same name that originally appeared in *Harper's Weekly*. The story of Hannah Jane is not a new one, but it is one that deserves to be frequently told, and Mr. Locke tells it with a pathos and humor most interesting and effective. Hannah Jane is a poor girl, of passable looks and gentle heart, who marries Abel Merriweather, a young man of some natural ability, great vanity, and who, at the time of his marriage, has just "passed through the hair oil period with safety." He chooses the profession of the law, which he industriously pursues without clients, and consequently, without remuneration; but, encouraged and in great part supported by the hard labor of Hannah Jane, he, having nothing else to do, improves his mind by industriously perusing some law and a good deal of politics and general literature, while she, having much to do, remains in blissful ignorance of even the most ordinary events of every-day occurrence. A fortunate case puts Merriweather on the high road to fortune. A young and charming widow who has fallen in love with a man incumbered with a wife, grows suddenly insane, and shoots him—an occurrence that reminds one strongly of the Laura Fair and Crittenden case. Merriweather puts in a plea of insanity, and a jury being summoned "who never had read a newspaper, and are able to make their affidavit that they never formed an opinion about this or anything else," very naturally clear her. Merriweather is somewhat richer in money after this, and a great deal richer in reputation. Cases flow in upon him. He grows famous and is sent to the Legislature. Hannah Jane, remaining at home, admires her husband from a distance, and rocks the cradle of Merriweather the younger, happy in the contemplation of his greatness. Finally Merriweather goes to Congress, and at last Hannah Jane accompanies him. He grows ashamed of her in Washington, and her want of appreciation vexes and annoys him. Younger and more handsome women command his attention. The good old faithful wife is neglected, and at last sent home. Here the truth dawns upon her. She has wasted her life, has sacrificed everything for him, and he has turned his back upon her. To add to it he tells her plainly that she is unsuited to him, and that the quicker she is out of the way the better. Hannah, obedient as ever, is not long in gratifying him in this particular, and soon leaves the unappreciative man below for the loving communion of the One above, who judges not by the pinched and shriveled form, but the loving and devoted heart that throbbed beneath it.

It is a satisfaction to know that Merriweather gets his deserts. He marries a woman of "culture," one who soars after the infinite and dives after the unfathomable, but who also insists upon extravagant dress and lots of pocket-money. He is defeated for Congress, loses his wealth, and in the hour of his greatest misfortune the woman whose beauty and accomplishments had made his former wife appear so insignificant leaves him as a mistaken affinity whose society no longer contributes to her intellectual enjoyment. Such, in brief, is the story of Hannah Jane. It is needless to say that it is told in a happy and amusing style, and is interspersed with anecdotes and sharp hits at the times so characteristic of the lecturer. Perhaps this lecture is not so decidedly "funny" as those heretofore given by Nasby, but it inculcates a lesson, and has a reality about it which inclines us to think that the story is not all a fabrication, but is only a picture of events that, in large part, have come under Mr. Locke's personal observation. The story of Hannah Jane deserves to be repeated many times, and we doubt not it will receive an appreciative reception from the large and intelligent audiences that everywhere greet the distinguished lecturer.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad.

The Austin, Texas, *Journal* says:

We had the pleasure of a call to-day from Colonel Young, of St. Louis, who is one of the most energetic and principal men of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, the course of which is through the northern portion of our State, passing through the pan-handle lands via Aberkerkie to the Pacific coast. This road, owned as it is by some of the best and wealthiest railroad men of the country, and aided by a heavy subsidy from the national government, is being built with amazing rapidity, and in three years' time it will reach the Pacific coast. The company last winter secured a charter from the Legislature of this State for a branch to run from Sulphur Springs, in Hopkins county, to Sabine Pass, but the Governor vetoed the charter, though, we believe, it had no subsidy. We are informed by Colonel Young that the company will this winter ask for a charter over this route, and that the road will be rapidly built should the charter be granted, and which, we believe, the interests of the section of country through which it will pass demands.

A New York paper gives the following account of an eccentric Brooklyn peddler, who is reported to have acquired immense wealth by vending straw in small quantities, and who still continues to ply his trade:

Old Wright, the straw man, is a character. For more than forty years he has peddled straw in this city and Brooklyn to the poorer class of the population to make straw beds. Sixty-five years of age, or thereabouts, he is still strong and active. He has an honest, farmer-like look, and wears old and patched garments of an ancient fashion and appearance, but which, nevertheless, look comfortable and appropriate to the man. His overcoat is of blue cloth, with a double cape. He wears a straw hat winter and summer. His boots are fastened together with thongs of leather, and were fashioned by himself. The soles of them are at least two inches thick, and have the appearance of having been worn, with sundry repairs, for at least ten years. His horse, which is blind of one eye, appears to be well cared for, and is probably the only horse in the city that has not had the prevailing disease. Whether he is too old, or has an immunity from contagious diseases on account of his mode of life, it is difficult to say. The harness covering his horse's back is composed of small pieces of leather, rope and bits of chain. Old Wright lives down in the meadows, foot of Tenth street, Brooklyn, in an old shanty, constructed by himself. He has acquired great riches by means of his industry and miserly habits. His property, composed of lots and small houses erected on them, scattered all over Brooklyn, is variously estimated as worth between $300,000 and $500,000—all acquired by selling small bundles of rye and oat straw at five cents a bundle and investing his gains in real estate in Brooklyn.

Postal Telegraph.

Mr. Creswell seems determined to press his postal telegraph scheme at all hazards the coming session. He proposes to devote the larger portion of his annual report to this subject, and to show, by facts and figures, that the experiment will be an inestimable benefit to the country. He has had his private secretaries compile various statements favorable to the working of this scheme, which he will submit to Congress when it assembles in December.

BOTH MARRIED.

How a Baby Spoiled a Remarkable Coincidence.

[Correspondence New York Sun.]

CORNING, N. Y., November 4.

I arrived here recently, and took up my quarters at the Dickinson House. After I had removed the marks of travel I went down stairs and strolled about the hotel with my cigar. Soon I observed a venerable gentleman, carefully dressed, walking up and down, smoking a cigar and swinging a gold headed cane. Leaning against the clerk's counter was a tall, thin, sallow-faced man, with blonde hair and moustache, and also smoking a cigar. This gentleman had already been pointed out to me as Mr. Cole, a leading politician of the county.

By and by I observed the old gentleman pause and look at Mr. Cole very closely. Mr. Cole raised his mild blue eye, and gazed dreamily at the old gentleman. Presently the latter stepped toward Mr. Cole, and said in a very courteous manner. "Excuse me, sir, but I think I've seen you before."

"Very likely," Mr. Cole replied, "I've been there frequently."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old gentleman. "That's very good. But really, I think I've met you somewhere or other before to-night."

"It is not improbable," was Mr. Cole's reply. "At all events," he continued, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "there's no reason why we shouldn't know each other now."

"That's so," said the old gentleman, "and here's my hand."

Mr. Cole took the hand very carefully into his, worked it up and down once or twice, and then restored it to the old gentleman. This seemed to introduce them, and they got to talking. As I had nothing else to do, I smoked my cigar and watched them. Presently, after walking up and down the passage, they came and stood so near to where I was that I could not but overhear all that passed.

"Now, look at me, sir," said the old gentleman, straightening himself up, and putting his cane under his arm with a flourish.

Mr. Cole looked at him as he desired.

"How old do you take me to be, sir?" the venerable man asked, with his head on one side.

"Over twenty-five," Mr. Cole answered, after having apparently considered him attentively for a few moments.

"Over sixty, sir," the old gentleman said, cutting it up into syllables, and placing his right forefinger somewhere on Mr. Cole's waistcoat. "And what do you think?" he added.

Mr. Cole threw himself into a thoughtful attitude, but said nothing.

"What do you think, sir?" the venerable man went on, "I was married last Tuesday!"

"So was I!" exclaimed Mr. Cole, enthusiastically.

The venerable gentleman seized Mr. Cole's hand, and shook it like a small earthquake. "How remarkable!" he went on; "only to think both married on last Tuesday!" And he kept on squeezing Mr. Cole's hand and shaking it with the energy of an early friend. Then they went up to the bar and the old gentleman stood champagne. The old gentleman invited me as a stranger to join them, and after some hesitation I did so, especially as the old gentleman said, eyeing me intently, "Why, I've met you in Philadelphia at the Continental." He brought out of his inside pocket the portrait of his wife and showed it to us. We said it was lovely. He stood more champagne. We talked variously. The old gentleman explained to me the bond that united Mr. Cole to himself. "How singular!" he said, "both married last Tuesday."

He stood champagne for the third time. He wanted Mr. Cole to stay all night and talk on matrimony and such like. Mr. Cole tried to excuse himself, but the old gentleman called for more champagne, saying, "By Jove, it wasn't every day you met with such a remarkable coincidence." Mr. Cole held up his glass of champagne, and, looking at it with approbation, said, "No, it was not."

After a while Mr. Cole said he must go, as his wife had been up all the last night with the baby—.

"The baby!" exclaimed the venerable gentleman, replacing the half raised glass of champagne on the counter with such force as to break the stem and almost choking with surprise; "the baby? Why you told me you were married last Tuesday!"

"So I was," said Mr. Cole, "and have been for the last fifteen years."

The old gentleman gave a gasp, hauled out his purse and paid the bill. Then he went through the door like a telegraph post playing locomotive.

A Telegraph Story.

I think the most curious fact, taken altogether, that I have heard of the electric telegraph, was told me by a cashier of the Bank of England. "Once upon a time," then, on a certain Saturday night, the folks at the bank could not make the balance come right by just £100. This is a serious matter in that little establishment; I do not mean the cash, but the mistake in arithmetic, for it occasions a world of scrutiny. An error in balancing has been known, I am told, to keep a delegation of clerks from each office at work sometimes through the whole night. A hue and cry was of course made after this £100, as if the old lady in Threadneedle street would be in the *Gazette* for want of it. Luckily, on Sunday morning, a clerk (in the middle of the sermon, I dare say, if the truth were known) felt a suspicion of the truth dart through his mind quicker than any flash of the electric telegraph itself. He told the chief cashier on Monday morning that, perhaps, the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race, lightning against steam, with eight and forty hours start given. Instantly the wires asked "Whether such a vessel had left the harbor." "Just weighing anchor," was the answer. "Stop her!" frantically shouted the electric telegraph. It was done. "Have up on deck certain boxes marked so and so; weigh them carefully." They were weighed, and one—the delinquent—was found by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns heavier than it ought to be. "Let her go," said the mysterious telegraph. The West India folk were debited with £100 more, and the error was corrected without ever looking into the boxes, or delaying the voyage an hour. Now, that is what is called "doing business."

Refusing to Send Troops.

A Washington special says:

The United States marshal at New Orleans made application to the President by telegraph, on Saturday last, for troops to aid him in arresting certain persons who were conspiring against the election laws, and who manifested an intention to resist the federal authorities. The President promptly refused to comply with this request, deeming such action entirely unnecessary, especially when there was no information showing that the civil authorities were powerless to execute the laws and punish those who attempt to violate them.

According to recent statistics the population in country towns and in rural districts is not increasing, but the cities are filling up at the expense of the outlying regions. As a consequence of this exciting city life, the robust women of former days are no longer known, and the number of the children who die in infancy is increasing. Another defect is the great prevalence of extravagance in every shape, and old fashioned economy is considered disgraceful. Too much money is spent on dress, and greater frugality in housekeeping would promote both health and comfort. The art of living both well and cheaply is not now thoroughly understood, and girls are not brought up to supervise the management of a household. On the other hand the acquisition of money seems to be the only object worth contending for, and the owners of fine houses and showy equipages, however dishonestly acquired, are held in higher estimation than the quiet, unpretending citizen who pursues the even tenor of his way in his daily avocation.

The name of a Europeon artist, which is spelled Wieniawischktchi, gave his English friends who wished to pronounce it great trouble until a wag suggested that the exact pronunciation was wine-and-whisky, and then everybody easily swallowed it.

The Texas and New Orleans Railroad.

[From the Houston Telegraph.]

For five years nearly in the columns of this paper, we have been the advocate of the importance of this road, and for twenty years before we were its advocate. All this time we have seen that it would prove a sort of promised land, and to Texas a deliverance.

Years ago Houston had the wharfage system, but saw its error and repealed it, but at Galveston it has been continued, and the wharf company has grown enormously rich by its wharfages levied and collected from the people of Texas. It is to-day the most grinding and unnatural monopoly in the United States, and became so enormous in its weight upon the people of Texas that the Houston Direct Navigation Company was started mainly to give them protection against it, and it has saved them hundreds of thousands of dollars levied upon them by this monopoly and other sharpers at Galveston.

Heretofore Galveston has been the outlet for Texas, and it has gorged itself unto fatness from her people. But the day is near by when this will be changed, and the completion of the railroad to New Orleans will do it.

It is well known that the European trade of this part of the South goes mainly to New Orleans. Vessels go there loaded with merchandise, when they come to Galveston, seldom, and then almost in ballast, to carry our cotton to Europe. Our interior merchants have been compelled to pay tribute to Galveston, to their great detriment, by shipping their cotton there; but very soon, after this connection is made, they can ship it to New Orleans as cheaply as heretofore they have done to Galveston, and secure better prices for it. And then there they can buy and have delivered at Houston goods cheaper and on better terms than they can buy them at Galveston. And in case they wish to ship cotton to Europe, New Orleans will give them better and cheaper facilities than Galveston has ever done.

We only ask our interior merchants to note the result and judge for themselves as to what we say. Nor is this all; but the time is near by when Houston will pay better prices for cotton, and sell cheaper goods and on better terms, than Galveston has ever done. Wait, watch and judge.

The Supreme Bench Vacancy.

A Washington special to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says:

The expected vacancy on the Supreme bench, contingent upon the retirement of Judge Nelson, develops the usual amount of candidates. The United States Senate has at least three members, Conkling, Howe and Edmunds, who have long had aspirations in this direction. Unfortunately, however, these gentlemen fall within a constitutional prohibition, they having been in Congress while the salary of the office was increased. The South comes to the front with a formidable list, such as Judge Durant, of Louisiana, Judge Bond, of Maryland, and Settle, of North Carolina. Judge Carter, of the District Supreme Court here, has long been an aspirant in this direction, and he is sanguine enough to believe that the friendship of the President for him is strong enough to make his own appointment a foregone conclusion. It may be confidently asserted that no Southern man will receive this appointment, as the circuit over which this judge presides is the most important in the North, and the selection will undoubtedly be largely influenced by the wishes of the New York bar, which is the most directly interested in Nelson's successor.

Railroad Interruption.

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

WASHINGTON, November 19.—The tearing up of the railroad track along the front of the Capitol grounds in this city last night destroys the only all-rail connection between the North and South, east of the Alleghenies, and will compel the transfer of all mails, passengers and baggage by horse power across the city.

Through a singular complication of ownership and use of roads, the property destroyed was owned and controlled by the Scott interest, while the actual sufferers by the interruption of business are Garrett and his friends of the Southern roads. Freight business by way of this city is seriously impeded for the present, and to-day 1000 cattle are at Alexandria awaiting transportation northward. The responsibility of tearing up the track rests with the board of public works, whose action relieves Secretary Delano and Generals Babcock and Humphreys from the duty imposed upon by the last legislative appropriation bill of preparing and reporting to Congress a plan by which the removal could be effected with due regard to the rights of all parties concerned.

The King Murder.

A New York special to the St. Louis *Democrat* says:

Nearly all the daily papers comment on yesterday's murder, and demand a speedy and fair trial of King, the murderer. The latter takes the matter very coolly, and says he will be cleared whenever his case comes to trial.

Witnesses of the scene in Pine street yesterday, at the time of the arrest of King, the murderer, say the crowd, composed of well dressed and intelligent men, was greatly inclined to lynch law, and that the ruse by which King was taken through an unoccupied building was all that saved him from summary justice. The presence of so many unpunished murderers is the subject of much comment, and talk of lynch law is revived.

The *Journal of Commerce* to-morrow will contain an editorial headed the "Omen in Pine street," in which the spirit displayed by the crowd of brokers, merchants, and other business men is considered indicative of a vigilance committee, or some similar organization, at no distant day.

Important Patent Decision.

The United States Supreme Court has reversed Judge Blatchford's decision in the suit of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, of Providence, against the New York agent of Rogers & Brother, of Meriden, Connecticut, for an infringement of the cottage design of silverware, and sustains the claims of the Providence company to the patent. The case has attracted great attention among silverware manufacturers and dealers, the patent being valued at $50,000, and evidence being taken from the most prominent firms in the country. Judge Strong delivered an opinion, from which Judges Miller, Field and Bradley dissented.

Emigrants.

The President, in his annual message, will devote special attention to the question of a better protection to emigrants. The Treasury Department long since made the discovery that the laws relating to this subject were insufficient, and a report from this department, together with a bill to regulate the matters complained of, was laid before the last Congress. The bill has been most carefully considered, and is solely designed to secure good treatment and food to emigrants on board ship, and safe, cheap and speedy transportation on railways. The bill failed only because of the press of business last session, and the prominence given to matters of a political nature.

Redemption of Mutilated Currency.

By direction of the Secretary of the Treasury the practice of transmitting transfer checks in redemption of old, defaced and mutilated currency, in sums of $5 and upwards, and legal tender notes in sums of $50 and upwards, forwarded by express to the Treasurer of the United States, will be discontinued December 1, 1872. Thereafter returns for such remittances will be made in all cases by express, at the expense of the department, in new legal tender notes or fractional currency, in such denominations as the owners may request. When no request is made, returns will be made in currency of the same kind as that received.

There is an advantage in being acquainted with the customs of the country through which you are traveling. As, for instance, in this case: Some drummers on a train to Portland, recently, wished to open a whisky bottle they had with them, but had no corkscrew. "I'll get one," said one of the number, and rising, he called out, "Is there a gentleman from Portland on the train?" A gentleman responded. "Will you lend me your corkscrew?" said the drummer. The corkscrew was forthcoming.

A Mission in the Wilderness.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

A few paces from the grove of palms I heard a bell swing jubilantly. Out over the solemn sea, up and down that foam-crested shore, rang the sweet Angelus. One may pray with some fervor when one's journey is at an end. When the prayer was over I walked to the gate of the chapel yard, and at that moment a slender figure, clad all in black, his long robes flowing gracefully about him, his boyish face heightening the effect of his grave and serene demeanor, his thin, sensitive hands held forth in hearty welcome—a welcome that was almost like a benediction, so spiritual was the love which it expressed—came out, and I found myself in the arms of Pere Fidelis, feeling like one who has at least been permitted to kneel upon the threshold of his Mecca.

Why do our hearts sing jubilate when we meet a friend for the first time? What is it within us that with its lifelong yearning comes suddenly upon the all-sufficient one, and in a moment is crowned and satisfied? I could not tell whether I was at last waking from a sleep or just sinking into a dream. I could have sat there at his feet contented; I could have put off my worldly cares, resigned ambition, forgotten the past, and, in the blessed tranquility of that hour, have dwelt joyfully under the palms with him, seeking only to follow in his patient footsteps until the end should come.

By happy fortune a Sunday followed when the Chapel of the Palms was thronged with dusky worshippers; not a white face present but the father's and mine own, yet a common trust in the blessedness of the life to come struck the keynote of universal harmony, and we sung the "Magnificat" with one voice. There was something that fretted me in all this admirable experience. Pere Fidelis could touch neither bread nor water until after the last mass. Hour by hour he grew paler and fainter, spite of the heroic fortitude that sustained his famished body.

"*Mon pere*," said I, "you must eat, or go to heaven betimes." He would not. "You must end with an earlier mass," I persisted. It was impossible; many parishioners came from miles away; some of these started at daybreak, as it was, and they would be unable to arrive in season for an earlier mass. Excellent martyr! thought I, to offer thy body a living sacrifice for the edification of these savage Christians. At last he ate, but not until appetite itself had perished. Then troops of children gathered about him clamoring to kiss the hand of the priestly youth; old men and women passed him with heads uncovered, amazed at the devotion of one they could not hope to emulate."

Whenever I referred to his life he at once led me to admire his fellow-apostle, who was continually in his thoughts. Pere Amabilis was miles away, repairing a chapel that had suffered somewhat in a late gale; Pere Amabilis would be so glad to see me; I must not fail to visit him: and for fear of some mischance Pere Fidelis would himself conduct me to him.

While we were riding a herald met us bearing a letter for *mon pere*. It was a greeting from Pere Amabilis, who announced the chapel as rapidly nearing its complete restoration. Pere Fidelis nearly wept for joy at this intelligence, and burst into a panegyric upon the unrivaled ingenuity of his spiritual associate. We were sure to surprise him at work, and this trifling episode seemed to be an event of some importance in the isolated life they led.

At sunset we passed into the open vale of Wailuanui, and saw the chapel looking fresh and tidy on the slope of the hill toward the sea. Two waterfalls that fell against the sunset flashed like falling flame, and a soft haze tinged the slumberous solitudes of wood and pasture with the dream-like loveliness of a picture. There seemed to be but one sound audible—the quick, sharp blows of a hammer. Pere Fidelis listened with eyes sparkling, and then rode rapidly onward.

Behold! from the chapel wall, high up on a scaffolding of boughs, his robes gathered about him, his head uncovered, and hammer in hand, Pere Amabilis leaned forth to welcome us. The hammer fell to the earth. Pere Amabilis loosened his skirts and clasped his hands in unaffected rapture. We were three satisfied souls, asking for nothing beyond the hem of that lonely valley in the Pacific.

I learned something of the life of these two friends during that evening. Born in the same city in the north of France, reared in the same schools, graduated from the same university, each fond of life and acquainted with its follies, each in turn stricken with an illness that threatened death, together they came out of the dark valley with their future consecrated to the work that now absorbs them, the friendship of their childhood increasing with their years and sustaining them in a remote land, where their vow of poverty seems almost like a sarcasm, since circumstance deprives them of all luxuries.

"Do you never long for home? do you never regret your vow?" I asked.

"Never!" they answered; and I believe them. "These old people are as parents to us; these younger ones are as brothers and sisters; these children we love as dearly as though they were our own. What more can we ask?"

What more, indeed? With the rain beating down upon your unsheltered heads, and the torrents threatening to engulf you; faint with journeyings, and hungered often; weak with fastings; pallid with prayer—what more *can* you ask? say I.

The parting from these friends was as cruel as death. Pere Fidelis was paler than ever; he caught his breath as though there wasn't much of it, and the little there was wouldn't last long. Pere Amabilis wiped his spectacles and looked utterly forsaken; the natives stood about in awkward, silent groups, coming forward, one by one, to shake hands, and then falling back like so many automatons. Somehow, genuine grief is never graceful; it forgets to pose itself; its muscles are perfectly slack and unreliable.

In the proem to this idyl I seem to see two shadowy figures passing up and down over a lonesome land. Fever and famine do not stay them: the elements alone have power to check their pilgrimage. Their advent is hailed with joyful bells—tears fall when they depart—their paths are peace. Fearlessly they battle with contagion and are at hand to close the pestilential lips of unclean death. They have lifted my soul above things earthly and held it secure for a moment. From beyond the waters my heart returns to them. Again at twilight, over the still sea, floats the sweet Angelus; again I approach the chapel falling to slow decay; there are fresh mounds in the churchyard, and the voice of wailing is heard for a passing soul. By and by, if there is work to do, it shall be done, and the hands shall be folded, for the young apostles will have followed in the silent footsteps of their flock.

Elections in Florida.

The vote of all but five counties gives Grant 3600 majority, which, if the missing counties give the same Democratic majority as in 1870, will not be diminished below 2000. Returns show that the Republican majorities have increased an average of fifty per cent on those of two years since, which leaves little apprehension that the five counties can save the State for Greeley. The Legislature will have five or six Republican majority, insuring a Republican successor to Senator Gilbert. The entire Cuban vote at Key West was thrown for Greeley, in obedience to instructions from the junta in New York.

The Chicago *Times* has this incident of the hippophalgia:

Recently a well-dressed gentleman arrived by train at the Michigan Southern railroad depot. One solitary express wagon, with an epizootical animal attached, was in waiting. The gentleman had a trunk, such as persons of affluence usually take with them when they go abroad. He demanded of Jehu what amount of lucre would be necessary to secure the transportation of the trunk to the Northwestern depot. Three dollars was the price, and not a cent less would the mercenary wretch take for the trifling service. Our traveler had been abroad before, and his maternal ancestor evidently knew that he had gone forth. An idea struck him with gentle force. After offering $2 for the service, and being unwilling to submit to an extortion, he walked up Lake street a few blocks, and purchased a wheel-barrow for $1 50. Into this vehicle he placed his trunk, and propelled it to the place of his re-embarkation, thereby saving $1 50 and having a serviceable wheel-barrow on hand. The affair was witnessed by several prominent railroad officials.

Shall We Remain Dormant?

We copy the following from the Shreveport *Telegram:*

Has it fully occurred to the property holders of Shreveport that an effort, and a strenuous one, must be made to recover the ground lost through past indifferences to what was going on around us? The present condition of our trade is not so much due to the low stage of water in Red river, as to the fact that other avenues of transportation have been opened up leading away from our city. It is useless to close our eyes to the fact that it will be years before we can recover from the blow dealt us even with our best energies thrown into the scale. In former years, no matter the stage of water in the river, planters were forced to bring their produce here, because they had no other means of reaching a market unless they hauled some hundreds of miles. Now it is different. A number of counties in Texas which formerly traded in this city have railways passing through them, which is diverging daily a trade that should naturally seek the Red river.

We can not expect to overcome our mishaps under a series of years. It is not enough to trust to the extension of the main trunk of the Texas and Pacific road, neither will it do to rely upon the projected connection with New Orleans. Something must be done to help ourselves. Unless the property-holders of the city come to the rescue, they will feel for years the effect of their past inactivity. What we lose this year can not possibly be gained the next, but by a unity of action and a liberal manifestation of a progressive spirit of enterprise, we may hope to seize the lost ground within a few years to come.

The bustle and uncertainty of the political campaign is over, and the time may now be very well devoted to the maturing of plans by which we may improve the material welfare of our city. No one will question but that we stand distressingly in need of immediate action in this respect. We anticipate an influx of population and capital at this point with the resumption of navigation, and trust that the active and energetic minds that may come among us, brought hither by the reports which have reached them abroad, will not find us lying idly upon our oars. This could not possibly have but a detrimental effect. We have local railroad enterprises to put on foot, of vast importance as feeders to a railroad centre, and it would be well to urge them forward with all due diligence. Property holders must assist our mercantile interests, to whom too much has been left to be done. By working together, however, the bright future now looming upon Shreveport can certainly be secured. Continued inactivity may lose us altogether our prospective position.

In this connection we submit an extract from the New Orleans REPUBLICAN upon the duty of the people of that city, which may very well be applied to Shreveport. The two cities have both been accustomed to rely too much upon natural advantages. Says the REPUBLICAN:

"Politics have had nothing to do with our commercial misfortunes. It has been a lack of energy, enterprise and go-aheaditiveness (if we may use the expression) of our merchants. They think more of politics than they do of the vast industries which furnish the sole avenues to commercial greatness. The development of the country which lies around us and far to the westward, is greatly dependent on the railroads which penetrate Texas and bear onward, toward the Pacific. With their completion will come new necessities, and the possession probably of the northern tier of the Mexican States and the country between the Rio Grande and the Sierra Madras. New populations and new capacities will turn these fruitless plains into farms teeming with agriculture and the development of mechanic arts. These countries and the numberless and vast affluents that water them are tributary to New Orleans. Stronger laws than those of man's ordination have made them so—physical necessity.

These, then, are the requirements of the future. To neglect these evident possibilities is criminal indifference to the best interests of the city and State. Commerce is the golden medium of our wealth and prosperity. It will prove, if rightly appreciated, the cornucopia from which will flow a prosperity unrivaled in modern enterprise and plenty.

Great Storm at Duluth.

[Special to the St. Paul Dispatch.]

DULUTH, November 17.—We have just passed through the fiercest storm known here for years. The water was fifteen inches higher in the bay than ever before. Last night about nine o'clock the end of the breakwater near the elevator began to give way. We thought that part was safe, protected as it was with a wide sea wall of large rocks for 300 feet from the shore. You can now see nothing of the breakwater, though below the water level it may be intact. Probably the breakwater is played out. Since the opening of the canal it has been mainly valuable to protect the breakwater and freight depot. The top of the breakwater being gone, the sea washed in. Most of the freight in the crowded freight house was safely removed to the cars. The waves swept away part of the track between the elevator and the freight house, and the wind tore off part of the elevator sheeting. Unless something can be done this winter the elevator will be in great peril. The steamer St. Paul was moored at the elevator. She had to leave, but being light, she dared not go to sea, and so started for the canal, but her wheel became entangled in the ropes and timber, so she was beached near the Citizens' dock. Her rudder is gone, otherwise she has suffered no serious injury as yet, and as the storm has nearly abated, she may be safe. Schooner Alice Craig, of Bayfield, was smashed all to pieces. The schooner Francis Palmer, of Detroit, 800 tons coal, first trip, brand new, has broken her back and will be a complete wreck. The schooner Sweetheart will not be very seriously bagged, unless she wears a hole in her bottom on the sand. The captain of the Sweetheart says if there had been towers on the end of the canal piers he could easily have gone through the canal. Wind blowing very cold from the north.

Collection of the Internal Revenues.

The forthcoming report of the Fifth Auditor of the Treasury will show that the total collections of internal revenue for the year ending June 30, 1872, were $117,314,323, the assessments having been $123,169,577. The total expense of collecting the internal revenue was $1,903,002, over 418,000 less than for the year preceding. The revenues from the New England States were: Massachusetts $6,876,692, Maine $303,591, New Hampshire $385,275, Vermont $147,045, Rhode Island $638,191, Connecticut $1,204,613. The forthcoming report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue will show that the total revenue from taxes on spirits for the year ending June 30, 1872, was $49,475,516; from tobacco, $33,736,171; from beer and fermented liquors $8,258,498, and from incomes, $14,436,862. For the preceding year the receipts were: From spirits, $46,281,848; tobacco, $33,578,907; beer, $7,159,740, and incomes, $18,375,388.

Alleged Revenue Frauds in Boston.

BOSTON, November 18.—A special term of the United States District Court opened here to day, Judge Lowell presiding, for the trial of the case of the United States against, William F. Welds & Co., in which the defendants are charged with defrauding the government of a large amount of revenue. The amount claimed by the government is $1,430,000, and the alleged frauds cover a period of upward of five years. District Attorney Mason, Assistant District Attorney F. W. Hurd, and General B. F. Butler appeared for the government, and the Hon. E. R. Hoar, E. D. Sohier, and Richard Olney for the defendants. The case will occupy several days.

The Shreveport *Telegraph* says: From the election returns at last received from De Soto, it will be seen that W. H. Wise, Esq., has been elected district attorney by a majority of 181 votes in the district. Wise ran ahead of Bell in this parish 985, and Bell led Wise in DeSoto 804, leaving a majority in favor of Wise of the figures above stated. Although indorsed by the Republican party Mr. Wise has preserved intact his past political convictions, which were always moderate and conservative. The district is fortunate in the returning of this young gentleman to the important position of district attorney. He will undoubtedly give satisfaction and at the same time do justice to all men, irrespective of political principles.