

SINGLE COPIES: FIVE CENTS. VOLUME VII—NO. 222. NEW ORLEANS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1873.

AMUSEMENTS.

BIDWELL'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Monday Evening, December 23, 1873. Every Night, Saturday and Holiday Weeks.

BIDWELL & MACDONOUGH'S BLACK CROOK. THURSDAY (CHRISTMAS)-SANTA CLAUS AT HOME.

Academy's Greeting: A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL. Eighteenth Annual Toy Matinee—10,000 Christmas Toys Presented will be Given Away.

VARIETIES THEATRE. A MERRY CHRISTMAS! TWO GRAND PERFORMANCES. BY THE CELEBRATED ACTRESS, ROBE AND HARRY WATKINS AND LITTLE AMY LEE.

Liberal Prices for the Holidays. Parquette Circle, \$1.00. Family Circle, \$0.50. Matinee prices, fifty and twenty-five cents.

CHRISTMAS MATINEE. TOYS FOR THE LITTLE ONES. Thursday Matinee and Night, Harry Watkins' grand American drama, entitled PIONEERS OF AMERICA!

OR, THE MAID OF THE WAR PATH. Jocko, the Adorably Beautiful, HARRY WATKINS, Isabel Carlotta, and ROBE WATKINS.

IT TAKES TWO TO QUARREL. Friday Evening—Grand Complimentary Benefit to the BENEVOLENT SOCIETY. BROCKG W. ERD, Business Manager.

OPERA HOUSE—OPERA HOUSE. Thursday, December 25, 1873. AN EXTRA MATINEE AT 12 M. LA TRAVIATA.

LA TRAVIATA. Grand opera, in four acts. LA VIE EN ROSE. Grand opera, in four acts.

THURSDAY EVENING—Performance at seven o'clock: LA MURTE DE PORTIC. de St. PRESCENT BILLIARD HALL.

This establishment, which has been closed for the past ten days undergoing repairs, renovations and alterations, will be reopened this evening.

The proprietor, with a lively appreciation for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon this department, is determined that nothing shall be left undone to make it complete in every particular.

The tables now in use in this establishment are from the manufacturers of W. G. Gumbel & Co., with Delaney's patent wine combination, custom pronounced now the best in use; all have been thoroughly refitted.

THE CLUB ROOM, which is to form a new and important feature in Crescent Hall, will be open shortly. Due notice will be given.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE. REK DEBAR. Proprietor and Manager ALEX. FITZGERALD. Stage Manager.

ONE WEEK ONLY. LITTLE 12 & 21. THE CALIFORNIA DIAMOND. THIS EVENING AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, FIVE-DOLLAR THE FINE WAIF.

Great First Night, "The California Diamond." SELL MATTIE CHESTER MAR AT 12 M. Ten o'clock. To be given away to children.

FRIEDAY—Benefit of LITTLE 12 & 21. SATURDAY—AT 12 M. GRAND LITTLE SELL MATTIE CHESTER MAR AT 12 M.

Prices of admission as usual. W. M. TAYLOR vs. HERENCIA BRICE—First Justice Court for the Parish of Orleans, No. 1473.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF FIERI FACIAS to direct the Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans, Louisiana, to sell at public auction, on Monday, January 27, 1874, at twelve o'clock M., at my warehouse, No. 63 Chartres street, between the Orleans and Common streets, in the Second District of this city:

ONE HORSE AND WAGON. One lot of BROWN HANDLES. One lot of TWINK. One lot of BROWN HANDLES. One lot of TWINK.

W. M. TAYLOR vs. HERENCIA BRICE—First Justice Court for the Parish of Orleans, No. 1473. JOHN HURLEY, Constable.

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THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Where Time the measure of his hours, By changed bud and blossom keeps, Ankle a young bride crowned with flowers, Fair locks and golden tresses.

Where, to her part's torn stone, The Spring her gifts of flowers imparts, Less sweet than those his thoughts have sown In the warm earth and golden harvest.

There sat the stranger, when the shade Of scattered date-trees thimble lay, While in the hot clear heaven delayed The Angel and his wondrous way.

Strange traces and fruits above him hung, Strange odors filled the sunny air, And gray-haired men the shepherd bowed, And angels gazed on him in awe.

And strange bright blossoms came around, Turned toward from the shepherd's bowers, As if the Giver's hand had found A fitting home in his flowers.

What'er he saw, what'er he heard, The hopes that led his footsteps on, No Christian gait, nor Christian word, For church with Sabbath bell chimed glad.

But Moses gazed, with turban shone, And Moses' notes chanting while, in view, And gray-haired men in low tones Chanting their Koran service through.

The flowers which smiled on either hand, Like budding's buds, whose cause as they Which once, o'er all that Eastern land, As gifts on common airs lay.

As if the burning eye of God, For truth to those who know, From such his gifts knew no cloudy veil, The Sun's hot glances smote him through.

"Ah me!" the thoughtfully stranger said, "The bright light of your eyes, From such his gifts knew no cloudy veil, The Sun's hot glances smote him through."

"Where are the harvest fields all white, Where flock the sheaves, like doves in flight, From the dark hiding-place of sin?" The hoary man's tones of bliss.

"And what I am, o'er such a land, The hoary man's tones of bliss, From the dark hiding-place of sin?" The hoary man's tones of bliss.

Down by some wandering Frank, it drew From the dark hiding-place of sin, The story of the Saviour's birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly mood, The hoary man's tones of bliss, The story of the Saviour's birth.

In love, the Christian's prayer he led, With tears of joy the wanderer felt, From the dark hiding-place of sin, The story of the Saviour's birth.

With cheerful steps, the wanderer's dawn From the dark hiding-place of sin, The story of the Saviour's birth.

HEARD DEBAR. Proprietor and Manager ALEX. FITZGERALD. Stage Manager.

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the head of it was at hand. George tapped the big bell three times, two leadmen sprang to their posts, and in a moment their weird cries rose on the night air, and were caught up and repeated by two men on the upper river.

"No o' bottom!" "Dee up four!" "Hark three!" "Quarter three!" "Mark under wa-ter three!" "Hark twain!" "Quarter twain!"

"Seven and a half!" "Another jingling of little bells and the wheels ceased turning altogether. The whistling of the steam was something frightful now—it almost drowned all other noises."

"Stand by to meet her!" "George had the wheel hard down and was standing on a spoke."

The boat hesitated—seemed to hold her breath, as did the captain and pilots—and then she began to fall away to starboard, and every eye lighted with interest.

"Now then! meet her! meet her! Snatch her!" "The wheel flew to port so fast that the spokes blurred in a moment, and the swing of the boat subsided—she steadied herself."

"Seven feet!" "Seven and a half!" "Six feet!" "Six and a half!" "Bang! She hit the bottom! George shouted through the tube:

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Eleven poor creatures lay dead and forty more lay moaning, or pleading, or screaming, while a score of Good Samaritans moved among them, doing what they could to relieve their sufferings—bathing their skinless faces and bodies with lincseed oil and lime-water, and covering the places with bulging masses of raw cotton, that gave to every face and form a dreadful and inhuman aspect.

A little French midshipman of fourteen lay fearfully injured, but never uttered a sound until a physician of Memphis was about to dress his hurts. Then he said: "Can I get well? You need not be afraid to tell me."

"No—I am afraid you can not." "Then do not waste your time with me—help those that can get well." "But—" "Help those that can get well! It is not for me to be a girl. I carry the blood of eleven generations of soldiers in my veins!"

The physician—himself a man who had seen service in the navy in his time—touched his hat to this little hero, and passed on.

The head engineer of the Amaranth, a grand specimen of physical manhood, struggled to his feet, a ghastly spectacle, and sixteen others and his brother with second engineer, who was unhurt, he said:

"You were on watch. You were boss. You would not listen to me when I begged you to reduce your speed. Take that—take it to my wife and tell her it comes from me by the hand of my murderer! Take it—take it and take my curse with it to bluster your heart's content!"

And he tore a ring from his finger, slipping it back and forth with it, threw it down and fell dead.

The Boreas' lungs must not dwell upon the next large town and delivered it over to a multitude of eager hands and warm hearts, ready to receive the cargo amounting by this time to thirty-nine hundred and twenty-two dead bodies. And with these she delivered a list of ninety-six missing persons that had drowned or otherwise perished at the scene of the disaster.

A jury was impetioned, and after due deliberation and inquiry they returned the inevitable American verdict which has been so famous for a long time, "No body to blame."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1873. First District Court. NOLLE PROSEQUI ENTERED.

John J. McCarthy, John Scott, William Brown, Jennie Thompson, Annie Richardson, D. C. Moise.

State vs. Peter Vincent—Willful and corrupt perjury. On TRIAL.

State vs. Norman Whitney—Arson. Second District Court. Successors of William Hughes, Joachim Freest and Martin Manner opened.

Large Shipping Business. Captain N. C. Fisher, of the steamship Lizzie, running between this port and Pensacola, informs us that the Pensacola firm of W. J. Kaiser, Judah & Co. recently chartered 120 large sized vessels to ship lumber to foreign ports.

Don't forget the old family reunion at the Academy.

Court Items. That the grand jury are in earnest in their investigation of the gambling question has been made plain to the public before this. But they not only propose to attack the principal offenders themselves, but all who attempt to shield them in any way.

The grand jury has returned a true bill for perjury against Peter Vincent.

Eighteenth annual toy matinee at the Academy, 12 M.

Six good linen bosom shirts for \$7, at Garthwaite, Lewis & Miller's, No. 100 Common street.

The River. During the past week the Red river has risen nearly three feet at Shreveport. Only slight changes are reported from the Missouri. The Cumberland has fallen nine feet at Nashville. The Mississippi has risen four feet at St. Louis, six at Cairo, eight at Memphis, eleven at Vicksburg and twelve at New Orleans.

Santa Claus at home to-day, twelve o'clock M., at Academy.

Red (all wool) Shaker flannel undershirts and drawers for \$1.50, at Garthwaite, Lewis & Miller's, No. 100 Common street.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Opera. To-day at the matinee performance will be sung Verdi's grand opera "La Traviata."

This evening the magnificent opera "La Muetto de Portici" will be given, with M. Guyonard as Massaniello, M. Devoyod as Pietro, Mme. Lagy as Elvire, and Mlle. Bourgeois as Fenella.

"Charles VI.," that masterpiece of Halesy, will be produced at an early date.

Mr. Rose Watkins and Mr. Harry Watkins will appear at a merry Christmas and toy matinee to-day in their great American drama entitled "The Pioneers of America," to which will be added other attractions.

On Friday evening the old-time friends of Mrs. Watkins, those who know her as Mrs. Charles Howard, when at the old Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, were present.

DEAR MADAM—It is with unexpressed satisfaction that I have read and witnessed your return to the scene of your many triumphs, for your name and fame are indissolubly connected with the Varieties Theatre, and the greatest favorite that ever trod its boards.

In memory of "Auld lang syne," and as a token of our personal esteem for you, both as a lady and professional, we respectfully request your acceptance of a complimentary benefit, to take place at the Varieties Theatre, at such time as may be most convenient and agreeable to yourself.

With our best wishes for your success and prosperity in the future, we remain, very truly and sincerely, your friends, P. F. Wilder, F. B. Green, W. M. Green, J. C. Dennis, J. H. Hunt, J. H. Barton, J. B. Scherer, Peter Labouisse, E. A. Tyler, E. W. Simmons, D. O. Selkx, S. H. Stanton, Robert Moore, W. H. Hart, W. C. Tompkins.

NEW ORLEANS, December 24, 1873. Messrs. E. Rigby, John Phelps, Thomas H. Hunt and others.

GENTLEMEN—As words can but poorly express my gratitude for the compliment you have so kindly tendered me, please excuse the brevity of my reply.

I deeply regret to see the dear old city, with which so many of my happiest moments are associated, under a cloud; but as every day has its brightening, so I feel assured that the Crescent City will yet emerge from her gloom, and rapidly revive her former prestige.

With your permission I will name Friday, December 26, as the occasion of your professed benefit.

Wishing you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I remain yours and the public's faithful servant, ROSE HOWARD WATKINS.

Little Nell will sing and dance and perform seven characters in her drama of "Fidèle" for the amusement of the little folks to-day, and Mr. DeBar will play Santa Claus by distributing several thousand toys among the audience at his theatre.

Full houses are of nightly occurrence at the Academy of Music during the "Black Crook" reign, and the manifold attractions of the great spectacle make it seem most natural that strangers and old residents ever, should flock in crowds to see it.

A most attractive programme has been arranged for "Pip's" reading, at Grunewald Hall, Friday night, for the Fry benefit. The Nine-cent Infantry band has volunteered for the occasion, and a choice entertainment may be expected.

Red (all wool) Shaker flannel undershirts and drawers for \$1.50, at Garthwaite, Lewis & Miller's, No. 100 Common street.

The thermometer at Louis Frigero's, No. 50 Chartres street, on December 24, stood as follows: At 8 A. M., 45°; at 2 P. M., 51°; at 6 P. M., 50°. Lowest point during the night of December 23, 42°.

Santa Claus at home to-day, twelve o'clock M., at Academy.

A little girl who was visiting the family of a neighbor heard them speak of her father as a widower and in silver return home, said "Pa, are you a widower?" "Yes, my child. Don't you know that your mother is dead?" "Why, yes, I know my mother is dead; but then you always told me you were a New Yorker."

Florida journals say that the falling of Northern orders for lumber, owing to the financial depression, has led to an increase of foreign trade. There are now six or seven vessels loading at Jacksonville for West India and South American ports.

John Randolph met a personal enemy on the street one day who refused to give him half of his sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rival. "Of do," says Randolph, stepping aside and politely raising his hat; "pass on."

THE NECKLACE OF PEARLS.

He met her in the garden, A bright and beautiful maid, Who grew at once a woman, Who loved, and could not help it.

He kissed her in the garden, And—was it what he said, Or what she could not help it, Her heart went out to his, And as he stooped to kiss her, She rose to meet his kiss.

He drew her down the garden, And—was it what he said, Or what she could not help it, They must go if she loved him, They must go if she loved him, They must go if she loved him, They must go if she loved him.

He led her down the garden, And while her arms were round The neck of the pearly string, She saw upon the ground The string and pearls were gone.

She went with pining eyes, And wondered where her pearls were, And where they lay, And where they lay, And where they lay, And where they lay.

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BY TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK. Suspensions. New York, December 24.—Doland & Buelch, millers, and William H. Carpenter, millinery goods, have suspended.

Fisk & Hatch have resumed. The Case of Morton. The case of John W. Morton, charged with appropriating to his own use \$115,000 of government funds while employed in the treasury department, was suspended.

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