# New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

is published every day (Mondays excepted) at No. 94 Camp street. Terms: $12 a year; $6 for six months; $3 for three months—payable invariably in advance. Single copies five cents.

Office—No. 94 Camp street.

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THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN

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

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## DON.*

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

A little face there was,
When all her pains were done,
Beside that face I loved:
They said it was a son.
A son to me—how strange—
Who never was a man.
But lived from change to change
A boy, as I began!

More boyish still the hope
That leaped within me then:
That I, matured in him,
Should found a house of men,
And all my wasted sheaves,
Bound up in his ripe shock,
Give seed to sterner times
And name to sterner stock.

He grew to that ideal,
And blossomed in my sight.
Strange questions filled his day,
Sweet visions in the night,
Till he could walk with me,
Companion, hand in hand.
But nothing seemed to be
Like him in wonderland.

For he was leading me
Beyond the bounds of mind,
Far down eternity,
And I so far behind.
One day an angel stepped
Out of the idle sphere;
The man had entered in,
The boy is weeping here.

My house is founded there,
In heaven, that he has won.
Shall I be outlawed, then,
Oh Lord! who hast my son!
This grief that makes me old,
These tears that make me pure,
They tell me time is time,
And only heaven mature.

—New York Graphic.

* The talented author recently lost by death a beloved son who bore this name.

## VIX.

### A Tale of a Horse.

[The following tale is true in every particular. The facts can be vouched for by Mr. Fower, of Hyde Park Gardens, whose earnest condemnation of the gag bearing rein will be fresh in the memory of newspaper readers.—*Victoria Magazine*.]

When the work on the Central Park had fairly commenced, in the spring of 1858, I found—or I fancied—that proper attention to my scattered duties made it necessary that I should have a saddle horse.

How easy, by the way, the arguments that convince us of these pleasant necessities find their way to the understanding.

Yet, how to subsist a horse after buying one, and how to buy! The memory of a well-bred, keen-eyed gray, dating back to the earliest days of my boyhood, and forming the chief feature of my recollection of playtime for years; an idle propensity, not a whit dulled yet, to linger over Leech's long-necked hunters, and Herrlug's field successes, an almost superstitious faith in the different analyses of the bones of the racer and the of cart-horse; a firm belief in Frank Forrester's teachings about "blood," all these conspired to narrow my range of selection, and, unfortunately, to confine it to a very expensive class of horses.

Unfortunately, again, the commissioners of the park had extremely inconvenient ideas of economy, and evidently did not consider in fixing their schedule of salaries how much more satisfactory our positions would have been with more generous emolument.

How a man with only a park salary and with a family to support could set up a saddle horse and not ride to the dogs, was a question that exercised not a little of my engineering talent for weeks; and many an odd corner of plans and estimates was covered over with calculations of the cost of forage and shoeing. Stable room was plenty and free in the condemned buildings of the former occupants, and a little "over time" of one of the men would suffice for the grooming.

I finally concluded that by giving up cigars, and devoting my energies to the pope in their stead, I could save enough to pay for my horse's keep; and so the ways and means having, in this somewhat vague manner, been provided, the next step was to buy a horse. To tell of the days passed at auction sales in the hope (never there realized) of goodness and cheapness combined, of the stationery wasted in answering advertisements based on every conceivable form of false pretense; to describe the numberless broken-kneed, broken-winded, and broken-down brutes that came under inspection would be tedious and cruel.

Good horses there were, of course, though very few good saddle-horses (America is not productive in this direction), and the possible animals were held at impossible prices.

Those who rode over the New Park lands usually rode anything but good saddle-horses. Fast trotters, stout ponies, tolerable carriage horses, capital cart horses there were in plenty. But the clean cut, thin crested, bright-eyed, fine-eared, steel-limbed saddle horse, the saddle horse *par excellence*, and may I say the only saddle horse! rarely came under observation; and when, by exception, such a one did appear, he was usually so ridden that his light was sadly dimmed. It was hard to recognize an elastic step under such an unelastic seat.

Finally in the days of my despair, a kind saddler, kept to his daily awl by a too keen eye for sport, and still, I believe, a victim to his propensity for laying his money on the horse that ought to win and don't, hearing of my ambition (to him the most laudable of all ambitions), came to put me on the long sought path.

He knew a mare, or he had known one, that would exactly suit me. She was in a bad way now and a good deal run down, but he always thought she "had it in her," and that some gentleman ought to keep her for the saddle, "which, in my mind, sir, she be the finest bit of 'orseflesh that was ever imported, sir." That was enough. "Imported" decided my case, and I listened eagerly to the enthusiastic story, a story to which this man's life was bound with threads of hard earned silver, and not less by a real honest love for a fine animal. He had never been much given to saving, but he was a good workman, and the little he had saved had been blown away in the dust that clouded his favorite at the tail of the race.

Still, he attached himself to her person, and followed her in her disgrace. "She weren't quite quick enough for the turf, sir, but she be a good 'un for a gentleman's 'ack."

He had watched her for years, and scraped acquaintance with her different owners as fast as she changed them, and finally, when she was far gone with pneumonia, he had accepted her as a gift, and by careful nursing had cured her. Then for a time he rode her himself, and his eye brightened as he told of her leaps and her strides. Of course he rode her to the races, and one luckless day when he had lost everything, and his passion had got the better of his prudence, he staked the mare herself on a perfectly sure thing in two mile heats. Like most of the "sure things" of life, this venture went to the bad, and the mare was lost—lost to a Bull's Head dealer in single driving horses. "I see her in his stable after that, sir, and she 'ad 'ad a 'ard life of it; she were the youngest and likeliest of the lot; you'd swore she were a three-year-old, sir."

If that dealer had had a soul above trotting-wagons, my story would never have been written; but all was fish that came to his net, and this thorough-bred racer, this beautiful creature who had never worn harness in her life, must be shown to a purchaser who was seeking something to drive. She was always quick to decide, and her actions followed close on the heels of her thought. She did not complicate matters by waiting for the gentleman to get into the wagon, but then, there, and on the instant, kicked it to kindlings. This ended the story. She had been shown at a high figure, and was subsequently sold for a song; he could tell no more. She had passed to the lower sphere of equine life and usefulness, he had heard, of a fish wagon, but he knew nothing about it. What he did know was that the dealer was a dreadful jockey, and that it would never do to ask him. Now, here was something to live for, a sort of princess in disgrace, whom it would be an honor to rescue, and my horse hunting acquired a new interest.

By easy stages I cultivated the friendship of the youth who, in those days, did the morning's sweeping out at the Bull's Head Hotel. He had grown up in the alluring shades of the horse market, and his daily communion from childhood had been with that "noble animal." To him horses were the individuals of the world, men their necessary attendants, and of only attendant importance. Of course he knew of the black she-devil; and he thought that "a hoss that could trot like she could on the halter," must be crazy not to go in harness.

However, he thought she had got her deserts now, for he had seen her only a few weeks before "a draggin' clams for a feller in the Tenth avener." Here was a clew at last—clams and the Tenth avenue. For several days the scent grew cold. The people of the Licensed Vender part of this street seemed to have little interest in their neighbors' horses; but I found one man, an Irish grocer, who had been bred a stable boy to the Marquis of Waterford, and who did know of a "poor old screw of a black mare" that had a good head, and might be the one I was looking for; but, if she was, he thought I might as well give it up, for she was all broken down, and would never be good for anything again.

Taking the address, I went to a stable yard in what was then the very edge of the town, and here I found a knowing young man, who devoted his time to peddling clams between New York and Sing Sing. Clams up, and potatoes down—twice every week—distance thirty miles; road hilly; and that was the wagon with a heavy arched top, and room for a heavy load, and only shafts for a single horse. In reply to my question he said he changed horses pretty often, because the work broke them down; but he had a mate now that had been at it for three months, and he thought she would last some time longer. "She's pretty thin, but you ought to see her trot with that wagon." With an air of idle curiosity I asked to see her. I had gone shabbily dressed, not to excite suspicion; for men of the class I had to treat with are usually sharp horse traders, and this fellow, clam peddler though he was, showed an enthusiastic alacrity in taking me to her stall. She had won even his dull heart, and he spoke of her gently, as he made the most of her good points and glossed over her wretched condition.

Poor Vixen (that had been her name in her better days, and it was to be her name again), she had found it hard kicking agains the pricks! Clam carts are stronger than trotting wagons, and even her efforts had been vain. She had succombed to dire necessity, and earned her ignoble oats with dogged fidelity. She had a little warm corner in her driver's affections, as she always had in the affections of all who came to know her well, but her lot was a very hard one. Worn to a skeleton, with sore galls wherever the harness had pressed her, her pasterns bruised by clumsy shoes, her silky coat turned brown by the sun, and neck curved upward, it would have needed more than knowledge of anatomy to see anything good in her, but for her wonderful head. This was the perfection of a horse's head—small, bony and of perfect shape, with keen deer-like eyes, and thin, active ears, it told the whole story of her virtues, and showed no trace of her sufferings. Her royal blood shone out from her face, and kept it beautiful.

My mind was made up, and Vixen must be mine at any cost. Still, it was important to me to buy as cheaply as I could, and desirable, above all, not to be jockeyed in a horse trade; so it required some diplomacy (an account of which would not be edifying here) to bring the transaction to its successful close. The pendulum which swung between offer and demand finally rested at $75.

She was brought to me at the park on a bright moonlight evening in June, and we were called out to see her. I think she knew that her harness days were over, and she danced off to her new quarters as gay as a colt in training. That night my wakefulness would have done credit to a boy of sixteen; and I was up with the dawn, and bound for a ride; but when I examined poor Vix again in her stable, it seemed almost cruel to think of using her at all for a month. She was so thin, so worn, so bruised, that I determined to give her a long rest and good care—only I must try her once, just to get a leg over her for five minutes, and then she should come back and be cared for until really well. It was a weak thing to do, and I confess it with all needful humiliation; but I mounted her at once; and although I had been a rider all my days, this was the first time I had ever really ridden. For the first time in my life I felt as though I had four whalebone legs of my own, worked by steel muscles in accordance with my will, but without even a conscious effort of will.

That that anatomy of a horse should so easily, so playfully, handle my heavy weight was a mystery, and is a mystery still. She carried me in the same high, long-reaching, elastic trot that we sometimes see a young horse strike when first turned into a field. A low fence was near by, and I turned her toward it; she cleared it with a bound that sent all my blood thrilling through my veins, and trotted on again as though nothing had occurred. The five minutes' turn was taken with so much ease, with such evident delight, that I made it a virtue to indulge her with a longer course and a longer stride. We went to the far corners of the park, and tried all our paces; all were marvelous for the power so easily exerted and the evident power in reserve.

Yes, Frank Forrester was right; blood horses are made of finer stuff than others. My intention of giving the poor mare a month's rest was never carried out, because each return to her old recreation—it was never work—made it more evident that the simple change in her life was all she needed; and although in constant use from the first, she soon put on the flesh and form of a sound horse. Her minor bruises were obliterated, and her more grievous one grew into permanent scars—blemishes, but only skin deep; for every fibre of every muscle, and every tendon and bone in her whole body was as strong and supple as spring steel.

The park afforded good leaping in those days. Some of the fences were still standing around the abandoned gardens, and new ditches and old brooks were plenty. Vixen gave me lessons in fencing which a few years later, in time of graver need, stood me in good stead. She was a light weight and carried a heavy one, yet she cleared a four-foot fence with apparent ease, and once, in a moment of excitement, she carried me over a brook with a clear leap of twenty-six feet, measured from the taking off to the landing.

Her feats of endurance were equal to her feats of strength. I once rode her from Yorkville to Rye (twenty-one miles) in an hour and forty-five minutes, including a rest of twenty minutes at Pelham bridge, and I frequently rode twenty-five miles out in the morning and back in the afternoon. When put to her work her steady road gallop (mostly on the grassy sides) was fifteen miles an hour.

Of course these were extreme cases; but she never showed fatigue from them, and she did good service nearly every day, winter and summer, from her twelfth to her fifteenth year, keeping always in good condition, though thin as a racer, and looking like a colt at the end of the time. Horsemen never guessed her age at more than half of what it actually was.

Beyond the average of even the most intelligent horses, she showed some almost human traits. Above all was she fond of children, and would quiet down from her wildest moods to allow a child to be carried on the pommel. When engaged in this serious duty it was difficult to excite her or to urge her out of a slow and measured pace, although usually ready for any extravagance. Not the least marked of her peculiarities was her inordinate vanity. On a country road, or among the workmen of the park, she was as staid and business like as a parson's cob; but let a carriage or a party of visitors come in sight, and she would give herself the prancing airs of a circus horse, seeming to watch as eagerly for some sign of approval, and to be made as happy by it as though she only lived to be admired. Many a time have I heard the exclamation, "What a beautiful horse!" and Vix seemed to hear it, too, and to appreciate it as keenly as I did. A trip down the Fifth avenue in the afternoon was an immense excitement to her, and she was more fatigued by it than by a twenty mile gallop. However slowly she traveled it was always with the high springing action of a fast trot, or with that long stepping sidelong action which the French call *a deux pistes;* few people allowed us to pass without admiring notice.

Her most satisfactory trait was her fondness for her master; she was as good company as a dog—better, perhaps, because she seemed more really a part of one's self, and she seemed always to respond to my changing moods. I have sometimes, when unable to sleep, got up in the night and saddled for a ride, usually ending in a long walk home, with the bridle over my arm and the old mare's kind face close beside my own in something akin to human sympathy; she had a way of sighing, when things were especially sad, that made her very comforting to have about. So we went on for three years, always together and always very much to each other. We had our little unhappy episodes, when she was pettish and I was harsh—sometimes her feminine freaks were the cause, sometimes my masculine blundering—but we always made it up, and were soon good friends again, and, on the whole, we were both better for the friendship. I am sure that I was, and some of my more grateful recollections are connected with this dumb companion.

The spring of 1861 opened a new life for both of us—a sad and a short one for poor Vix.

I never knew just how much influence she had in getting my commission, but, judging by the conduct of the other field officers of the regiment, she was evidently regarded as the better half of the new acquisition. The pomp and circumstance of glorious war suited her temper exactly, and it was ludicrous to see her satisfaction in first wearing her gorgeous, red-bordered shabrack; for a long time she carried her head on one side to see it. She conceived a new affection for me from the moment when she saw me bedecked with the dazzling bloom that preceded the serious fruitage of the early New York volunteer organizations.

At last the thrilling day came. Broadway was alive from end to end with flags and white cambric and sad faces. Another thousand were going to the war. With Swiss bugle march and chanted Marseillaise, we made our solemn way through the grave and anxious throng. To us it was a day of sore trial; but with brilliant, happy Vixen it was far different; she was leaving no friends behind, was going to meet no unknown peril. She was showing her royal, stylish beauty to an admiring crowd, and she acted as though she took to her own especial behoof every cheer that rang from Union square to Cortland street. It was the glorious day of her life, and as we dismounted at the Jersey ferry she was trembling still with the delightful excitement.

At Washington we were encamped east of the Capitol, and for a month were busy getting settled in new harness. Mr. Lincoln used to drive out sometimes to our evening drill, and he always had a pleasant word—as he always had for everyone, and as everyone had for him—for my charming thorough-bred, who had made herself perfectly at home with the troops, and enjoyed every display of the marvelous raiment of the regiment.

On the fourth of July we crossed the Potomac and went below Alexandria, where we lay in idle preparation for the coming disaster. On the fifteenth we marched, in Blenker's brigade, of Miles' division, and we passed the night in a hay field, with a confusion of horses' feed and riders' bed, that brought Vixen and me very closely together. On the eighteenth we reached the valley this side of Centreville, while the skirmish at Blackburn's Ford was going on—a skirmish now, but a battle then. For three nights and two days we lay in the bushes, waiting for rations and orders. On Sunday morning McDowell's army moved out; we all know the rest, Miles' thirteen thousand fresh troops lay within sight and sound of the lost battlefield—he drunk and unable, even if not unwilling, to take them to the rescue, and all he did was, late in the evening, to turn back a few troopers of the Black Horse Cavalry, the moral effect of whose unseen terrors was driving our herds panting back to the Potomac. Late in the night we turned our backs on our idle field, and brought up the rear of the sad retreat. Our regiment was the last to move out, and Vix and I were with the rear guard. Wet, cold, tired, hungry, unpursued, we crept slowly through the scattered debris of the broken up camp equipage, and dismally crossed the Long Bridge in a pitiless rain, as Monday's evening was closing in. Oh! the dreadful days that followed, when a dozen resolute men might have taken Washington, and have driven the army across the Chesapeake, when everything was filled with gloom and rain and grave uncertainty.

Again the old mare came to my aid. My regiment was not a pleasant one to be with, for its excellent material did not redeem its very bad commander, and I longed for service with the cavalry. Fremont was going to St. Louis, and his chief of staff was looking for cavalry officers. He had long known Vixen, and was kind enough to tell me he wanted her for the new organization, and (as I was her necessary appendage) he procured my transfer, and we set out for the West. It was not flattering to Vix to be taken on these grounds; but it was flattering to Vixen, and that was quite as pleasant.

Arrived at St. Louis, we set about the organization of the enthusiastic thousands who rushed to serve under Fremont. Whatever there was of ostentatious display Vixen and I took part in, but this was not much. Once we turned out in great state to receive Prince Plon Plon, but that was in the night, and he didn't come after all. Once again there was a review of the troops, and that was magnificent. This was all. There was no coach and four, nor anything else, but downright hard work from early morning till late bed time, from Sunday morning till Saturday night. For six weeks, while my regiment of German horsemen was fitting up and drilling at the Abbey race track, I rode a cart horse, and kept the mare in training for the hard work ahead.

At last we were going up the Missouri, sticking in its mud, poling over its shoals, and being bored generally. At Jefferson City, Vixen made her last appearance in ladies' society, as by the twilight fires of the General's camp she went through her graceful paces before Mrs. Fremont and her daughter. I pass over the eventful pursuit of Price's army, because the subject of my story played only a passive part in it. At Springfield I tried her nerve by jumping her over the dead horses on brave Zagonivi's bloody field; and, although distastefully, she did my bidding without flinching when she found it must be done. The camp life at Springfield was full of excitement and earnestness; Price, with his army, was near at hand (or we believed that he was, which was the same thing), our work in the cavalry was very active, and Vix had hard service on insufficient food—she seemed to be sustained by sheer nervous strength.

At last the order to advance was given, and we were to move out at daybreak; then came a countermanding order, and then, late in the evening, Fremont's farewell. He had been relieved. There was genuine and universal grief. Good or bad, competent or incompetent—this is not the place to argue that—he was the life and soul of his army, and it was cruelly wronged in his removal. Spiritless and full of disappointment, we again turned back from our aim; then would have been Price's opportunity.

It was the loveliest Indian summer weather, and the wonderful opal atmosphere of the Ozark mountains was redolent with the freshness of a second spring. As had always been my habit in dreamy or unhappy moods, I rode my poor tired mare for companionship's sake; I ought not to have done it, for I never rode her again. The march was long and the noonday sun was oppressive. She, who had never faltered before, grew nervous and shaky now, and once, after fording the Pomme de Terre in deep water, she behaved wildly; but when I talked to her, called her a good girl and combed her silken mane with my fingers, she came back to her old way and went on nicely. Still she perspired unnaturally, and I felt uneasy about her when I dismounted and gave her rein to Reedolf, my orderly.

Late in the night, when the moon was in mid-heaven, he came to my tent, and told me that something was the matter with Vixen. My adjutant and I rushed out, and there we beheld her in the agony of a brain fever. She was the most painfully magnificent animal I ever saw. Crouched on the ground, with her forelegs stretched out wide apart, she was swaying to and fro, with hard and stertorous breath—every vein swollen and throbbing in the moonlight. Degrandele, our quiet veterinary surgeon, had been called while it was yet time to apply the lancet. As the hot stream spurted from her neck she grew easier, her eye recovered its gentleness, and she laid her head against my breast with the old sigh, and seemed to know and to return all my love for her. I sat with her until the first gray of dawn, when she had grown quite calm, and then I left her with Degrandele and Reedolf, while I went to my duties. We must march at five o'clock, and poor Vixen could not be moved. The thought of leaving her was very bitter, but I feared it must be done, and I asked Degrandle how he could best end her sufferings—or was there still some hope? He shook his head mournfully, like a kind-hearted doctor as he was, and said that he feared not; but still, as I was so fond of her, if I would leave him six men, he would do his best to bring her on, and, if he could not, he would leave her alive. I have had few harder duties than to march that morning. Four days after Degrandele sent a message to me at our station, near Rolla, that he was coming on nicely, and hoped to be in at nightfall. "Vixen seems to be better and stronger." At nightfall they came, the poor old creature stepping slowly and timidly over the rough road, all the old fire and force gone out of her, and with only a feeble whining as she saw me walking to meet her. We built for her the best quarters we could under the mountain side, and spread for her a soft bed of leaves. There was now hope that she would recover sufficiently to be sent to St. Louis to be nursed.

That night an infernal brute of a troop horse that had already killed Ludlow's charger, led by some fiendish spirit, broke into Vixen's inclosure, and with one kick laid open her hock joint.

In vain they told me that she was incurable; I could not let her die now, when she was just restored to me, and I forced from Degrandele the confession that she might be slung up and so bound that the wound would heal, although the joint must be stiff. She could never carry me again, but she could be my pet, and I would send her home and make her happy for many a long year yet. We moved camp two miles, to the edge of the town, and she followed, painfully and slowly, the injured limb dragging behind her; I could not give her up. She was picketed near my tent and for some days grew no worse.

Finally, one lovely Sunday morning, I found her sitting on her haunches, like a dog, patient and gentle, and wondering at her pain. She remained in this position all day, refusing food. I stroked her velvet crest, and coaxed her with sugar. She rubbed her nose against my arm and was evidently thankful for my caresses, but she showed no disposition to rise. The adjutant led me into my tent as he would have led me from the bedside of a dying friend. I turned to look at poor Vixen, and she gave me a little neigh of farewell.

They told me then, and they told it very tenderly, that there was no possibility that she could get well in the camp, and that they wanted me to give her over to them. The adjutant sat by me, and talked of the old days when I had had her at home, and when he had known her well. We brought back all of her pleasant ways, and agreed that her trouble ought to be ended.

As we talked, a single shot was fired and all was over. The setting sun was shining through the bare November branches and lay warm in my open tent front. The band, which had been brought out for the only funeral ceremony, breathed softly Kreutzer's touching "Die Capelle," and the sun went down on one of the very sad days of my life.

The next morning I carved deeply in the bark of a great oak tree, at the side of the Pacific railroad, beneath which they had buried my lovely mare, a simple VIX; and some day I shall have to scrape the moss from the inscription.

## COURT RECORD.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875.

### United States Circuit Court.

Present—Hon. W. B. Woods, circuit judge.

Ex parte the Secretary of War, making expropriation of land for national cemetery.—Robert W. Hunter, Sr., L. N. McGinnis and William W. Whittington, of Rapides, appointed appraisers.

George W. Hall vs. Keys, sheriff, et al.—Rule for plaintiff to show cause why he should not file amended answer allowed.

Francis J. Stewart vs. Miles Owen et als. Bill in equity. Orator, as resident of Jeffersonville, Indiana, brings this bill against Miles Owen, of Tennessee, William Fagan, Edward Conery, D. C. McCan and Temple S. Coons, showing he is the holder of sundry notes "Miles Owen for steamer Katie," signed by Miles Owen and indorsed by J. Pinckney Smith drawn on various parties at different times of payment dated April 6, 1872, amounting to $30,297 51; that J. M. White built the boat, became insolvent and mortgaged her for $45,000 to creditors to give them a fraudulent preference, their claims being of a less amount; that Smith conspired with White to have the latter declared a bankrupt; that Miles Owen, Smith's father-in-law, had no knowledge of steamboat business and was insolvent and conspired with Smith and the mortgage creditors in giving mortgages to sundry parties amounting to $58,271 19 to place the boat beyond orator's reach; that under a libel in this court the boat was ordered sold sold for cash, but was purchased by John W. Cannon for $23,200 on bond at a pretended sale to hold for the benefit of and pay the mortgage creditors, and that these parties defendant have now conspired to sell the boat to Mrs. Mary Tobin. Prayer for order for answers to interrogatories; that the mortgages by White and Owen may be declared fraudulent and annulled; that the sale of January 11, 1873, and subsequent ones be declared void, and defendants be enjoined from disposing of the proceeds of the sale. Restraining order issued.

### Superior District Court.

E. W. Huntington vs. Administrator of Accounts.—Relator obtained a judgment against the city, which the Administrator refused to pay. He applied for a mandamus, which the court refused.

Rufus Waples vs. City of New Orleans.—Plaintiff alleged he had suffered damages by the removal of a wooden building by men and boys, etc., and used as fuel, to the amount of $3500. On the ground that the case had not been made out, judgment was given for defendant.

Hannah McCormick vs. Louisiana Retreat for the Insane.—Petitioner was confined in the asylum as an insane person; she alleged she had on her person $2000, which was there taken from her and never returned. The testimony showing the contrary, judgment was given for defendant.

### Superior Criminal Court.

NEW TRIALS.

Pierre Gabait, grand larceny, granted.

Lawrence Williams, burglary, armed with dangerous weapon, refused.

GRAND JURY.

State vs. Christian Goetz and James Egan.—Murder. Charged of killing Andrew Marks, a Mexican, who was robbed and beaten in a yard of the Liberty House on Rousseau street. True bill against Goetz, who has fled from justice. James Egan, not a true bill.

State vs. George Drury.—Forging of public documents. A true bill. Bail fixed at $10,000.

The grand jury also made the following report and were discharged:

To the Hon. George H. Braughn, Acting Judge of the Superior Criminal Court:

May it please the Court—Enrolled as a grand jury early in January last, we were not put upon active duty until the first of February, owing to the unfortunate sickness of Judge Atocha, who, until that date, was unable to deliver his charge. Since then, however, even during the time which intervened until your honor assumed the chair of this court, we took under consideration all matters brought before us with due diligence and care. Many complaints, after due examination, proved either frivolous or matters for the civil courts, and were consequently dismissed.

During our term we have brought indictments for murder 7, rape 1, arson 1, embezzlement 1, forgery 4, burglary 2, burglary with dangerous weapon 1, false imprisonment 5, extortion in office 1, assault with dangerous weapon 1, manslaughter 3.

The grand jury would respectfully submit the following presentment of matters within the cognizance of your honorable court.

A source of almost incalculable evil and injury to this community we find in the maladministration of the Metropolitan Police. The crimes and disorders of the community for several years back may in many instances be attributed to the fact that the police body has been diverted from legitimate police duty; our streets have been left unguarded, our property unprotected, while we are onerously taxed for the support of a police, and are therefore entitled to their unremitting services. Another cause of inefficiency consists in the employment of disreputable characters, ex-convicts, etc., upon the force in responsible positions, thereby lowering and degrading the service and rendering it unworthy of the good citizen, and this, too, when there are scores of trustworthy men in our midst perfectly competent to discharge any duty devolving upon a detective or a regular policeman.

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Furthermore, this grand jury, like some of its predecessors, attempted to investigate the subject of gambling, notoriously carried on in our principal thoroughfares, in direct contravention of the law of 1870, and failed to reach a satisfactory result only through inability to elicit from witnesses examined testimony as to specific violations of the law. Enough evidence, however, was obtained to convince the grand jury that a regular system of blackmail is carried on by the police, on payment of which by gamblinghouses to agents authorized by the police they are allowed to continue the business undisturbed. * * * *

With reference to public institutions we submit the following report:

The Parish Prison, under the efficient and judicious administration of Sheriff Fagan, affords no grounds of complaint excepting in this, that the room in the building is entirely inadequate to the proper keeping of the large number of prisoners, especially during the hours when the cells are closed. The morning of our visit we found in confinement 115 white and 170 colored men, 7 white and 53 colored women, in all 345, with a probability of additional arrivals during the day. In a number of the cells it is absolutely necessary to crowd in as many as fifteen to twenty, an unhealthy condition of things, to say the least, although every precaution is used in the way of cleansing and disinfecting the premises. We suggest that the adjoining building, or some other suitable building, be procured at once, in order that the inhumanity above indicated may be corrected, and we urge prompt action in this matter more especially as the heated season is at hand, and there is great risk that the prison may become a pesthouse. Since the first of December sixty-seven convicts have been transferred to the State Penitentiary, of which number six were whites. So far as we can judge the prisoners have a sufficiency of food, clothing, etc., and are otherwise properly cared for. The prison building is in need of repairs, especially the flooringe.

We would suggest that prisoners under sentence for short terms be put in charge of the city Department of Improvements during each day for work upon the streets, as there are many able bodied men among them now kept in idleness, whose labor could in this way be made to contribute toward the expense of their keeping.

In the City Workhouse we found fifty-one males and twenty five females, under charges of drunkenness and other minor offenses. These, too, are kept in idleness, the former system of labor having been abolished by legislative act. Adjoining the Workhouse and connected with it is the City Souphouse, where some 300 poor are fed daily, and where about 150 take up lodgings for the night in bunks, minus the luxury of bedclothing of any kind.

In that handsome and commodious establishment, the Boys' House of Refuge, were sixty-two white and sixty-four colored boys, from four to eighteen years of age. Major Bosworth, in charge, assisted by the ladies and other members of his family, have here made a pleasant home, a place of instruction and healthful employment for boys who have gone astray. Besides the school, the boys enjoy facilities for learning several useful trades, such as making shoes, tin and woodenware, and have fine grounds for out-door sports. The major practically realizes the highest uses of a House of Refuge, aiming to elevate in mind and morals those under his charge.

The bakery attached to this institution furnishes bread to the Workhouse, Insane Asylum, Home of Aged and Infirm and City Souphouse, aggregating 500 loaves daily.

Very agreeably surprised were we to find the Insane Asylum showing a marked degree of improvement over its condition several months ago. Under the energetic exertions of Administrator Bertoli and Superintendent Henry Andry, and the charitable assistance of a number of ladies and gentlemen of the city, the inmates are at present pretty well supplied as to every need; but there is still much to be done to render this a suitable abode for the unfortunates there confined.

Upon examination of the Charity Hospital we found the internal management of this famed institution of the most perfect character. As to the financial management, we are incompetent to speak, having had no time for proper investigation. Number of patients under treatment as reported the morning of our visit (Monday), 380 males, 169 females.

The city Home of Aged and Infirm, under charge of Mrs. Stokes, as matron, has seventy-three inmates, of whom eight are men and sixty-five women. The institution is crowded, but as well kept so far as the arrangements of the building will permit.

Home for Jewish Widows and Orphans, corner of Jackson and Chippewa streets.—This institution is supported by private contributions and is under charge of the Association for Relief of Jewish Widows and Orphans: Isaac Scherck, president; E. J. Kursheedt, secretary; S. Katz, treasurer. It provides for ninety-one inmates, including eighty-nine boys and girls, all ages from infancy, and two widows. Dormitory, kitchen, refectory, all kept clean and well provided with all the necessaries of life. Has had no support from the State for years, but gives evidence in its comfortable arrangements of the kind and fostering care of those under whose administration it is conducted.

Children's Home, Protestant Episcopal Church, corner Jackson and Fulton streets. In this asylum we found thirty-six inmates under charge of Sister Roberta. This institution is also supported by private contributions, under the general control of the Protestant Episcopal churches of this city. The matron informs us they are in need of many comforts, especially increase of water supply, and we call the attention of contributors to this fact.

St. Joseph German Catholic Asylum, corner Laurel and Josepine streets.—This asylum contains 100 boys and ninety girls under charge of Sister Jacobine and fifteen other Sisters of Notre Dame. It is supported chiefly by alms collected in St. Mary's Church, also by the sale and rent of lots in St. Joseph's Cemetery, and by the city. No repairs are needed, and the institution is kept in perfect order. In all departments are seen the same order and regularity which universally govern the management of the good Sisters. They also need help from the city, which for a long time has been withheld from them.

The Little Sisters of the Poor (having charge of the aged and infirm) corner of Laharpe and Johnson streets.—It is a wonderful work that these Sisters keep this establishment in such perfect order. We found it under the charge of only fifteen Sisters and yet it contains 140 old men and women, having all that could possibly be desired for comfort and good maintenance. No revenues but charitable contributions. No assistance from the State, and only $400 from the city last year. They owe $10,000 on the new building, having $7500 due next month. The ever generous Margaret recently presented them with 112 new bedsteads for the occupants! When we go through this edifice and examine the marvelous work accomplished in such a short time by these humble, unobtrusive yet devoted Sisters, and witness the evident happiness and content of thier aged charges, we can not refrain from the thought that the hand of God is there.

House of Good Shepherd, Bienville street. This institution contains 270 inmates, of whom 100 are small girls of all ages, and all in good health. The place is well kept under the charge of thirty Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who are also considerably embarrassed by debts on the building and for provisions. The older inmates are employed in sewing and other industrial employments, the younger in school. Included among these are the girls formerly in the Girls House of Refuge, and to whom the change has been greatly beneficial. In their good work these Sisters are also greatly in need of aid from the city and charitable contributions.

St. Mary's Boys' Asylum, Third District.—Under charge of Sister Mary De Desert, eleven Sisters and three brothers. Over 250 children are cared for in this institution. They are in great need at the present moment of mosquito bars and clothing. Dr. Mercer's bequest partly relieved their indebtedness on the first of January, but since then they are again in arrears for current expenses, having no revenue outside of charitable contributions and city appropriations. From the State, nothing has been received for four years. Here too we witness the same wonderful economy of means and provident application of the small aid the Sisters receive. Here too, we heard the name of Margaret mentioned with reverent affection, as of one whose bounties never slackened.

Girls Orphan Asylum of the Immaculate Conception, Third District.—This institution contains about 100 girls, and has for principal source of revenue the Academy of Holy Angels. Considerably indebted on Building, and for provisions, amounting for three years back to about $10,000. Received from the city last year $360, and nothing from the State. In their great need there is little hope of relief from the school upon which they mainly depend for support, the attendance in these times being comparatively small. It is neatly and orderly kept, and we commend it to those charitably inclined as an object well worthy their consideration.

St. Anna's Asylum, corner St. Mary and Prytania street.—This asylum, organized and especially adapted for the care of widows and their children, now contains sixty widows and twenty-five children. They are comfortably lodged and provided for. The building is now undergoing repairs. The matron being absent at the time of our visit, we failed to obtain necessary particulars. We were pleased to learn that a bequest from the late Dr. Mercer would perhaps give it a permanent income. It is neatly and orderly kept, and the aged occupants seemed cheerful and content.

New Orleans Female Orphan Asylum, corner of Prytania and Clio streets.—This well known asylum, under the care of eleven Sisters of Charity, now contains 146 girls from seven to fifteen years of age, all in good health, well attended and cared for. It is indeed a pleasure to record again the evidence given here of the great cleanliness and order for which the Sisters are noted. Like the other asylums this is also in need and in debt for provisions. The city gave only one contribution last year, but the State nothing for four or five years.

St. Vincent's Infant Asylum, corner Race and Magazine streets.—This institution, under charge of Sister Mary Agnes and her associates, possesses all the facilities adapted for its purposes—the care of small children, of whom they now have about 150 little girls from three months to nine years of age. The whole interior of this admirably arranged building exhibits the same beautiful system of the devoted sisterhood, and strikes the visitors as a perfect model of order and good management. And here again the hand of the good Margaret is at work building a much needed addition to a part of the establishment. Indeed, the good Sister who conducted us remarked, "What would we do without Margaret?"

During our term we have ascertained that several witnesses in important or capital cases, necessarily detained in prison, are placed among convicts. This does not meet the approval of this grand jury, and we urge that such persons should have other quarters and treatment, as neither waiting trial for crime, nor under conviction. The necessary confinement is sufficient hardship, and such witnesses should not be lodged among criminals.

During the early part of the present week this community has been apprised by published intelligence, over the signatures of State officials, that the appropriation bill, passed during the recent session of the Legislature, had been tampered with, prior to its promulgation. While this grand jury, in common with all good citizens, deprecate reckless appropriation of the State funds, and in excess of its revenues, yet they could not pass over with indifference the fact that a bill of the State Legislature, passed and approved by the