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

Local Intelligence.

WHY?—It is shown by the receipt of taxes at the City Hall that the treasurer of the Police Board has on hand in the neighborhood of $100,000—enough, in fact, to pay the police force for three months. But up to this time the rolls for March have not been cashed, and the policemen are beginning to ask why the pay they have earned is not forthcoming. There can be no honest reason why they should wait an hour after the end of the month for their pay—longer than it takes to make out and forward their rolls. It is stated that the Police Board refuse to issue time certificates to the men, and that to only one broker in town is the privilege granted to have orders registered in the board. Thus, a monopoly of brokerage, a refusal to issue certificates which are transferrable and negotiable, and the witholding of money due, when it is on hand to pay, are a combination of ills—in the face of the reduction and shave they are forced to stand—that it is hard for good men to submit to.

MEANNESS AS A FINE ART.—It was thought for some time that Tom Collins was the meanest of the mean. It is generally conceded that the man who never buys a newspaper, but borrows his neighbor's, is rather mean. The fiend who prowls around newspaper offices and abstracts exchanges occupies a position far down the abyss of moral turpitude. But there has lately been discovered a race of beings who have raised meanness to a science and made of it a fine art. Specimens of this singular race of creatures may be seen almost any day at the prominent newsdealers' of this city. They infest these localities much to the disgust of the proprietors and the annoyance of gentlemen who wish to purchase books or papers. It is in vain that the owners of the stores pin down their illustrated papers; calm and unmoved does the news bummer extract the pins and proceed with a perusal of the paper. Sometimes the weak device is resorted to of asking for some periodical known not to be on hand. Another little game is to remark casually, "Well, I don't see what I want," and then saunter placidly away. Another flank movement to cover a retreat is found in the query, "When will the next number of the *Graphic* be in?" Mr. Staub, at Goldthwaite's bookstore, No. 69 Canal street, will be delighted to exhibit to customers this unique specimen of the *genus homo*, known as the champion mean man of America. At the same time he will show to the sincere patron as fine and cheap a collection of periodical literature as can be found in the South.

POLICE WORK LAST MONTH.—The total number of arrests was 1672; of these 1102 were males and 161 females. Married, 362; not married, 1310. Could read and write, 1041; could not, 524. Strong drink caused the majority of arrests. In the first precinct the number of victims was 445; second, 91; third, 481; fourth, 166; fifth, 206; sixth, 121; seventh, 73; eighth, 32; harbor, 42; suburban, or mounted, 15.

As the season of malarious fevers is approaching, we advise a trial of the recently discovered antidote to them—kernine. M. B. Morrison & Co., agents. For sale by G. Meyer.

CHANCE FOR IMPROVEMENT.—It would be a good idea to have an apparatus in some of the most prominent fire alarm boxes by which leading fire officers might send dispatches to the central office, or receive messages, which would occasionally serve an excellent purpose. If the expense will not be great it is hoped that Superintendent Weeks will consider the subject, and if the proposition finds favor in his estimation he can let the public know.

POLICE DISCRIMINATION.—Police Officer W. J. O'Connor, who stabbed Frank West, a car driver of the Louisiana avenue line in the groin Friday night, surrendered himself yesterday to Captain Gray at the first precinct, and was released on parole.

Charles Mitchell was arrested by Officer Donovan of the harbor police, having a loaf of stolen bread in his possession, and was locked up in the third precinct station.

BRIEF MENTION.—Palm Sunday—Passover.

There are rumors that several persons were injured at the Mechanics' Institute rumpus and no report made of the fact, the reason being that the injured individuals do not wish to let it be known that they were worsted or have their names in newspapers.

The Pontchartrain railroad has reduced its fare from twenty-five cents to twenty for a round trip. This reduction is not worthy of mention, and would not be mentioned were it not for the purpose of showing the deceit of the thing. It will be seen that the expense by this route to the lake will cost twenty cents, if the trip is made in one day; if a night intervenes, you must pay forty cents. By other routes the cost is but a dime, and the passenger may return when he pleases, only paying ten cents more—just half as much as is charged by the Pontchartrain road.

A slight break in the levee, head of Elysian Fields street Friday evening, but all was made right in a few minutes by willing laborers.

Judge Lucien Adams was considerably improved, physically, yesterday.

John King has not improved.

The fire alarm rung from box No. 14 about one o'clock last evening was caused by a burning chimney, for which the engines were not wanted.

A number of firemen will this morning start for Mobile to participate in the annual celebration.

E. Requelme, having served a five days' term in the Parish Prison, for selling unauthorized lottery tickets, was arrested the moment his time was out, and sent before Judge Evans, for a like offense committed in the First District.

Frank Munist, the youthful collector for a Tchoupitoulas street grocery firm, who told a doleful story about how he was knocked down and robbed on Gravier street, has concluded to acknowledge that his statements were all untrue, and he is now a prisoner. He says nobody assisted him.

Mitchell, employed at the first police precinct station, was sent to the Superior Criminal Court, charged with having ravished Mrs. L. Lefrau several days ago. The case was dismissed by the Board of Police Commissioners.

Twenty-five able bodied laborers from Georgia passed through this city on their way to St. Mary parish to work on plantations. They were hired by an agent acting for planters in the parish mentioned.

Lake Pontchartrain is badly swelled, and seems inclined to remain so. A good west wind would be acceptable just now.

At the Jesuits' Church to-day, at ten o'clock, the choir, under the direction of Professor Collignon will sing Gounod's Grand Mass. Next Sunday Beethoven's Mass in C will be given at the same church.

Policemen faithfully report having found stores, offices and dwelling houses open at unusual hours at night. A building on the corner of Camp and Poydras streets has not been closed or locked, night or day, for several weeks, yet no report has been made of the fact. The reporter knows that policemen on that beat have been fully aware of the truth of this assertion.

Yaeger's silver cornet band, fully represented, will start for Mobile this morning to furnish music for the firemen over there when celebrating their anniversary. This is the fifth consecutive year that Yaeger has visited our sister city.

In any case of fever use kernine.

A SINGULAR DEATH.—At two o'clock yesterday morning Henry Wagner, a German, died at the residence of Mr. Henry Nelson, on the corner of Broad and Havana streets. Death was caused by a gunshot wound in his back, of which Wagner gave no account. It is not known how, when or where the man was wounded, but it was surmised that he was recently at Mechanics' Institute. Another theory is that deceased was a burglar, and was shot by a policeman. An inquest will be held next Thursday.

The Jockey Club Races.

In another column is published the full programme of the races to come off at the spring meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club, which, for variety of turf entertainment, equals any programme yet offered by the club. Next Saturday, the fifteenth instant, will be the opening day, and the games will begin with a hurdle race, always popular with the ladies. "The Pickwick Stakes," mile heats, for three year olds, will follow, and there is no doubt a hard fought race will be the result, as there are three candidates already named to win certain, out of the fourteen nominations. Of course, there is no knowing who will be successful until the winner crosses the score. A dash of two miles will wind up the day.

Two days of rest, and the warriors meet again on Tuesday in a dash of three-quarters of one mile. This will be short and sweet, with a troublesome field, as there will be a number of entries. Then comes the Louisiana Stakes for four year olds, two mile heats. This will be a hotly contested race from end to end, and will bring out at least five starters. One mile with 100 pounds on each, will drop the curtain on the second day. With a good track a very fast race can be looked for.

The third and fourth days are devoted to open races, free for all ages, when it will be "Greek meet Greek."

Friday, the fifth day, the knights of the timber will meet in a handicap hurdle race of two miles. Very uncertain this will be, as the weights are arranged to make the poorest horse on an equality with the best performer. A free handicap race of mile heats on the feat, and one mile and three-quarters will clear the kitchen.

Saturday, April 18, the running closes upon three grand events. The Fortuna Stakes, one mile and a half for three year olds, will set the ball in motion. Then comes the consolation race to cheer the losers, as it is exclusively for horses that have run and not won a race during the week. The closing game will be the most interesting and exciting of all races—the good old fashioned four-mile heats. It is this style of racing that pleases the public, for it does more to produce unflinching gameness and show the weakness of the horse than all other races combined. A visit to the club grounds discloses the fact that great preparations are being made. Everything is in the perfection of neatness; so with bright and genial weather, it can be safely predicted that this will be the most successful meeting ever held by the club.

Amusements.

The past week at the Varieties Theatre has been filled out with the comedy called "Women of the Day" and the powerful drama of "Henry Dunbar." Both pieces were well acted, and the entertainments have deserved better patronage than they received. For Monday evening a sensation has been prepared, called "The Modocs of Wall street." "Arrah-na-Pogue" is also underlined for early representation. Mrs. Chanfrau will take her benefit Monday week.

The first week of the St. Charles Theatre has been very successful under the new management. Mr. C. B. Hawkins, comedian of the old company, remains another week, and also Miss Angie Schott, who will introduce new specialties, called "Magic Toys," and a series of illusionary changes, entitled "Masks and Faces." The young lady is very clever in her line of business. Wednesday and Saturday matinees are given at the St. Charles Theatre, and Fridays are set apart as ladies' nights.

Commissions and Appointments.

Governor Kellogg has issued commissions to the following officers, elected at Baton Rouge last Monday: L. Jastrimski, mayor; Edward Jolly, administrator of improvements; councilmen, Michael Chambers, first ward; William G. Randolph, second ward.

For West Feliciana he has appointed William Bell police juror, vice T. Van Tromp.

Professor A. T. Selover, who has been furnishing fashionable visiting cards to both ladies and gentlemen for a number of years, has, it appears, been seized by the centennial fever and is already turning his eyes in the direction of the City of Brotherly Love. He will remain here long enough, however, to close out the orders he has on hand, and, perhaps, a few dozen more if sent in soon. He speaks for himself in another column.

Mr. Louis Grunewald, Baronne street, near Canal, has sheet and book music, and string and wind musical instruments for the million. He will be pleased to supply all orders, from city or country, for Easter anthems or masses.

Every bottle of the great anti-periodic, sedine, is sold under a full guarantee to cure any case of chills and fever. Where it fails the price will be refunded. M. B. Morrison & Co., agents. For sale by E. Sauter.

LOST.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Once on a time she came to me,
As some small star from heaven might flee—
To be a mortal's sole delight,
A love by day, a dream by night,
The sweetest thing on land or sea,
My little darling crept to me.

A trembling, tender, fairy thing,
Too grave to smile, too sad to sing;
Aware of earth with grieved surprise,
An alien from her native skies,
A baby angel strange to see,
My little darling came to me.

But love and loving taught her smiles,
And life and living baby wiles—
The way to cling, to coax, to kiss,
To fill my soul with deepest bliss;
My heart of hearts, my life, was she,
This little love who came to me.

What words she stammered, soft and low,
No other ear but mine could know;
More gentle than a cooing dove,
More fond than any voice of love,
So shy, so sweet, so tenderly,
My little darling spoke to me.

I know not how to tell the grace
That dwelt upon her wistful face—
The tinted skin, the lips' pure bloom,
The clearest eyes that knew not gloom,
The hair as soft as moth wings be,
My little darling showed to me.

Alas! I know that all is gone,
That here I sit and grieve alone;
That every fair and gracious thing
I loved and lost is but a sting;
Another thorn thy memory,
My little darling, brings to me.

But kindly night doth pity pain;
In all my dreams she comes again;
Her precious head is on my breast;
My happy arms caress her rest;
I hear her words of tender glee;
My little darling kisses me.

Ah! sweet is night—too sweet, too brief—
When day recalls our bitterest grief,
The hungry heart, the longing dire,
That burns the soul with vain desire,
The ancient cry of wild distress,
The Rachel-mourning, comfortless.
Oh God! once more that face to see!
My little darling, come to me.

—Harper's Magazine.

IN DANGEROUS COMPANY.

"There's a sayin', sir, as maybe you've heerd on—"Necessity makes strange bedfellows;" and if any man ought to know whether that's true, I think I ought to, and no mistake! If I was ever to rite my life, and put it in a printed book, that 'ere saying ought to be the motter of it.

"You was a sayin' just now that you never see'd any English soger drink as little as I do; but if you'd fallen in with me twenty year ago, you wouldn't ha' said that, I'll be bound. More like you'd ha' said t'other way, for I was a good 'un at the lush [drink] in them days; but while I was out yonder (it'll be fifteen year come next month, as I make it) I had sich a adventure, that it cured me better'n the talkin' of all the temperance chaps in England could ha' done it. Hye, it *was* a bit of a adventure, that, and no mistake; and if you care to hear it, as you seems to be fond of queer yarns, I'll tell it you.

"I don't s'pose you've ever heerd of Hutteet Bagh, for nothin' never happened there, as I know on, and it ain't down in none o' the maps; but that's where we were stationed, anyhow. It's a little bit o' a village somewheres along the Jumna, stuck away by itself, like Robinson Crusoe's Island, lookin' as if it was a hundred miles from everywhere. You may think there wan't much goin' on there, and the deadness on't seemed to get into our very blood and dry us up, till, 'pon my word, we was a'most glad when parade cum round, 'cause it felt like somethin' to do. So at last (for that's how it always ends) the men began gettin' drunk for want of anything better—and so did I too.

"Now mark ye, I don't stand up for getting drunk, no more wouldn't anybody as had any sense in his head. I've seed too much of it, and of what comes on't, for that; but what I says is, "Everything's got two sides to it, and it's always best to look at 'em both.' Drink's a mortial temptation to an or'nary man, 'specially in a burning hot climate, where you may drink a bucketful and be thirsty again five minutes arter; and when a man's got nothin' to do, and is half mad in doin' nothin', and somebody comes and offers to stand him a drop, why, tain't in flesh and bones to say no. O' course it's clean agin discipline, and you can't pass it over, nor you didn't ought to do it, neither; but there's two ways o' punishin' men, as there is o' doing everythin' else. Seems to me, d'ye see, as how men's pretty much like hosses—keep as firm a hand on 'em as you like, but don't go a-jerkin' of their mouths till you galls 'em, else you just makes 'em wicious, and does more harm than good.

"But our colonel, he was one of the jerkin' sort, and a power of harm he did do with it. You see, he hadn't never been drunk in his life, and, o' course, couldn't know what a temptation it was to us common folks as had; so he was always agoin' on about drunken beasts," and lookin' out for every chance of bein' down on us, till at last we got to hate him so that some on 'em 'ud get drunk out o' bravado, just to spite him.

"But some o' the other officers was a very different lot, and the best on 'em all, to my thinking, was the junior lieutenant, Mr. Edward B. We all liked him, for that matter, every man Jack of us, pretty near as much as we hated the colonel. Not but what Mr. Edward could be as stern as anybody when there was need for it; but he didn't lay hisself out to catch a poor fellow trippin', like the colonel did; and when he seed a man really tryin' to keep steady, he was always ready to hearten him up with a kind word and a kind look, that was ber'n the word, a'most. Fact, when you cum across him, you felt that you had to do with a man like yourself, as had feelin's of his own, and could understand yourn; whereas, the colonel seemed just like some great high and mighty sort of a god away over our heads, seein' nothin' but his own pride and stiffness, and the way he meant to go hisself.

"Now Mr. Edward had always been good to me, and 'specially arter I saved him from a prod with a spear one day when we had a bit of a skrimmage with the black fellers; for he warn't one to forget it. God bless him! He never passed me without a kind word or two; and when he found out as I knowed how to read, he'd lend me a book every now and then when I was off dooty, that I mightn't be 'driven to the canteen for amusement (them was his very words, and they was true enough, for many of our chaps got drunk not so much 'cause they liked it as 'cause they couldn't find nothin' else to do). So, o' course, as long as I had his eye on me, I was bound to keep straight; but when he went away to the hills on sick leave (and I can tell you every man in the regiment looked as glum as a Lunnon fog the day he started), why then—there ain't no use denying it—I began for to carry on as bad as anybody. And it was just the same with all the rest, the minute the leeftenant cleared out, they all began to go on the spree and get into trouble, just as if, as my chum Tom Lee said, 'the good luck o' the regiment had gone away with him.' The colonel had his hands full that bout, and no mistake; there was more floggins that season than e'er a one afore, and the lock-up warn't empty once for a clean month on end.

"Now I should tell yer that this lock-up warn't the reg'lar one of the station, 'cause it was under repair at the time; so they had to rig a temporary 'un out of a big shed jest outside the cantonment as we'd been used to store our perwisions in. It wouldn't ha' kept in a reg'lar cracksman very long, 'specially if he'd had a knife about him; but it was quite strong enough to hold any or'nary man, with on'y his own four bones to help him; and as I was a-sayin' just now, it *did* keep in a goodish few that season.

"Well, sir, it was a good bit afore Mr. Edward cum back, for he'd been mortial bad, poor young gen'lman; but the fust time as ever I see'd him ater his return, I could see d'reckly as he knowed of all tall messes as I'd been a gettin into, and all about it. He never offered for to slang me—that warn't his way; but he just looked me in the face, very quietly and sadly, with his poor thin face and sunken eyes—and then passed on without a word. Then I got quite desp'rate, and made arter him hot foot, and called out, 'For charity sake, your honor, don't think *too* hard of me! you knows yourself how hard 'tis for a man to keep straight sometimes. I don't ceare a hang for bein' punished, but I can't stand bein' cold-shouldered by *you!*"

"He faced round upon me d'reckly, and I could see the tears a-standin' in his eyes; and then he lays his hand on my shoulder, and says, in the same old kind voice as ever, 'I've no right to judge you, my lad, but I do wish you'd be more careful!

"Well, for several weeks arter that, I keep's steady as a rock, for I never forgot them words o' his'n; and, although he didn't say much, I knowed well enough as he'd got his eye on me, and was pleased to see me a keepin' out o' trouble. And so, for a goodish bit, everything went well enough.

"But, one night (just as if old scrath had planned it) two or three of our chaps had got some arrack (that's a kind of strong stuff they make out of rice, you know, and it's dirt cheap out there) from a black fellar in the bazar; and so they set-to to have a reg'lar jollification, and they axed me to jine 'em.

"'No,' says I, 'I've done with that sort o' thing now; I've been on the black list often enough for one bout.'

"At that they all stared, and seemed quite took aback; but just then up come a fellar o' the name o' Groves (a spiteful chap he was, always a lookin' out to do somebody a bad turn), and says he, with a nasty sort of a laugh, 'Don't bother him,' says he; 'he daren't touch a drop to save his life, 'cause he knows he ain't man enough to pull up when he's once started!'

"By jingo! that was more'n I could stand. I started up, and shook my fist in his face, makin' him jump back as if he'd trod on a sarpent.

"'That's a lie!' says I, and you knows it, you dirty sneak! I can take care of myself as well as any of yer; and just to show that I can, I will go and have a drink with you. Come along!'

"At that they all slapped me on the back, and said I was a right good fellow, and nobody should say a word agin me; and away we all went together. (I've often thought, since, that the whole thing was got up o' purpose to get me in a row; but I couldn't never find out for sartain.) Anyhow, with all my brag about bein' able to take care o' myself, it warn't long afore I was as far gone as ever I was in my life; and the next thing I recollect is waking up as if out o' a dream, and findin' myself a marchin' off to the lockup atwixt two sogers, with my jacket all in taters, and a thunderin' pain in one side of my head. Just as we got to the door o' the lockup, who should I see comin' along, not twenty yards off, but Mr. Edward hisself!

"That sight was enough to sober me at once.

"'Lads,' says I to the two men, 'for the love of Heaven, stand afore me, and don't let the leeftenant see who 'tis!'

"They knowed d'reckly what I meant, and did their best to keep me out o' sight; but 'twarn't not a bit o' use. My trying to shirk him that way was enough of itself to tell him who I was, and I see'd in a moment that he'd made me out; but all he said was, 'Barclay, I didn't expect this of you!' Not another word but that; but I tell you, sir, that it was harder to bear, by a deal, nor all what cum arter.

"They shoved me into the lock-up, and made fast the door; and there I was. It was pretty late by this time, and the whole place was pitch dark; but I made shift to grope out one of the store-sacks in the corner and roll it into the middle o' the floor; and then I lay down and put my head on it, and tried to sleep.

"But I might just as well ha' tried to fly up to the moon. It was murderin' hot, the door bein' shut tight, and no winder 'cept a little bit o' an air-hole 'bout a foot square; and one thought kep' crowin' into my head arter another, each worse than the last—how the colonel would chuckle at catchin' me trippin' again, and how that sneakin' rip of a Groves would snap his fingers over me, and how Mr. Edward would think me a downright bad lot, and never trust me or speak kindly to me agin—and how it was all the fault o' my own confounded folly—till I felt fit to knock my head agin the wall. Ugh! I don't think I was ever so miserable in all my life; but just then somethin' happened as put everthin' else clean out of my head.

"The sacks were all in a great heap in one corner, pretty close to where I lay; and all at once I heered a noise among 'em, as if one was a-slidin' down over the rest. I thought nothin' on't at first; but the next minute there cum a rustlin' along the floor as if somebody was a-drawin' a rope over it—and then came the feel o' somethin' cold and slimy slippin' over my bare feet. I knowed d'reckly it must be a snake!

"'Pon my word, I don't like to think of that minute even now! I'd always had a great horror of snakes—as well I might, considerin' how many men die by 'em in Ingy every year; but to find myself locked up with one all alone, and in the dark, too—ugh! I only wonder I didn't go mad outright! But mayhap 'twas just as well for me as I was so frightened, for it kep' me from screamin' just the fust moment; and then it flashed upon me, just as if somebody had whispered it in my ear, 'Mayhap if I lie stock still, and don't sing out, the beast won't hurt me!' So I lay still as a log, while the great brute (for I could feel as it was a huge big 'un) came slippin' and slidin' up, fust over my legs, then over my body, and at last right on to my face!

"Plain enough, it was a-tryin' to make out if I was anythin' dangerous; for, d'ye see, snakes is always mighty suspicious, and if they thinks as you means mischief, they are bounded to have fust blow at yer. So, back'ard and for'ard it went all over me, half chokin' me with its nasty rank smell, and the horrid feel of its great cold, slimy body wrigglin' and crawlin' over my hot face and my bare feet and hands. I never had sich a time in my life; and if it had lasted much longer, I think I should just have tackled him, and taken my chance.

"At last (I don't know how long it was, but it seemed a year to me) the beast began to coil hisself off me, and stowed hisself away somewhere for the night. But if he slept, I didn't; I lay crouching there all night (which seemed as if it 'ud never end), till at last I see'd the fust gleam o' daylight begin to shimmer through the cracks in the plankin'. I think that was the welcomest sight I ever see's in my life!

"As soon as 'twas light enough to make anythin' out, I looked about for Mr. Snake, but he warn't to be seen nowhere, till at last I peeped under my sack, and there lay old Sausage as large as life, rolled snugly up, fast asleep. Just then I spied a big stone in t'other corner, so I creeps across and fetches it, as gingerly as if I was a treading on eggs, and then comes flop down on the sack with both knees, ketchin' the old sinner in a reg'lar trap. He giv' a hiss like a steam whistle, and a wriggle as almost sent me over, and out cum his great ugly head, with its mouth wide open; but before he could get any furder, I cum down on him with two licks o' the stone, and smashed his old head as flat as a pancake. And when I see'd as he was quite dead, I stood up, and I drawed a long breath, like one that's reprieved just as the firin' party's a takin' aim.

"Just then the door opened, and in come Mr. Edward. He was just a-goin' to speak to me, when his eye fell on the dead snake; and he stopped short, and stared like a stug pig.

"'Good heavens!' said he, 'you don't mean to say you've been locked up all night with that brute—one of the deadliest in India—and come out alive after all!'

"'I have though, your honor,' says I, rather pleased to show him as I was fit for summat yet; and I began tellin' him how 'twas. But I might as well ha' kep' my breath to cool my porridge, for afore I was half through, off he starts, with his heels higher than his head, as if he was a-winnin' a cup. I couldn't think what was up with him; but afore I could say Jack Robinson, back he cum agin hot foot, and a lot o' the officers with him, and among 'em the colonel hisself, lookin' taller and stiffer than ever.

"'Now, Barclay,' says Mr. Edward, 'tell these gentlemen your story.'"

So I told 'em the whole thing, just as it happened, and they looked at each other and seemed wonderfully took aback. But the colonel he heerd me to the end without movin' a muscle; and then he looks me full in the face, and he says, cuttin' every word atwixt his teeth as if he was bitin' cartridge—

"'You may thank that snake, my man; for, but for it, I'd have given you the best flogging you ever got in your life; but I can't flog a man who's done a thing like that.'

"And with that he chucks me a couple o' rupees, and tells me to be more careful next time; and I thinks to myself as how the old Turk warn't sitch a bad sort o' chap, arter all.

"Well, sir, the other officers collected a lot o' money for me, and giv' me a good price for the serpent's skin to hang up in their mess room; so that, altogether, I made a purty good thing on it. But from that day to this—b'lieve it or not, as you like—I ain't never got drunk not once, nor I don't never mean to do it neither."

Cassell's Magazine.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Office Firemen's Charitable Association, New Orleans, April 8, 1876.—Board of Delegates, Regular quarterly meeting MONDAY, April 10, at 7:30 P. M., in the hall of the Louisiana Hose Company.
C. C. FLANAGAN, Secretary.
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A Card.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. mh1 eod4w6m

Office New Orleans and Carrollton Railroad Company, New Orleans, April 4, 1876.—At a special meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a dividend of TWO AND ONE-HALF PER CENT was declared out of the earnings of the last three months, payable to the stockholders on and after THURSDAY, the twentieth instant.
ap5 t20 P. McBRIDE, Secretary.

AMUSEMENTS.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.
JAMES FLYNNE.....Sole Proprietor and Manager
MARSH ADAMS.....Stage Manager
MORE NEW STARS.
First week of
MISS MINNIE SCOTT, MR. BURT CLARK AND MR. BILLY SCOTT.
MISS ANGIE SCHOTT IN NEW ACTS, entitled
MASK AND FACES AND MAGIC TOYS.
All the old favorites in new specialties.
Professor DAVIS and his superb Orchestra and Brass Band.
AD. YALE AND MISS LULU LEONARD
In their sensational drama, written expressly for them, entitled
WAIF OF NEW ORLEANS.
with a powerful cast.
Matinee—Saturday, at 12 M.
Friday—Ladies' Night.
Admission 50, 25 and 15 cents. ap9

VARIETIES THEATRE.
Monday, Tuesday and Saturday Evenings, Also, Wednesday Matinee,
A powerful new American Drama, illustrating a phase of the New York "Ring," entitled the
MODOCS OF WALL STREET.
By Dion Boucicault.
Act 1—A Hot Corner. Act 2—"Modocs" in Council. Act 3—The South Street Fire. Act 4—On Trial. Act 5—Golden Fetters.
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday Evenings, Also, Saturday Matinee,
ARRAH-NA-POGUE.
ARRAH.....MRS. HENRIETTA CHANFRAU
MONDAY, April 17—Grand Complimentary Benefit to Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau, tendered by leading citizens of New Orleans. Box sheet now open. In gorgeous preparation, MONTE CRISTO. ap9

A GRAND CONCERT,
IN ST. ALPHONSUS' HALL,
On Tuesday, April 18, 1876, at 7 P. M.,
To aid the
CHARITIES OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.
By several distinguished artists,
UNDER THE DIRECTION
OF
PROFESSOR H. A. BLAKE.
Admittance.....Fifty Cents.
ap9 16

LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM AT MINERVA HALL, No. 133 Clio street.—J. MADISON ALLEN, trance speaker, will deliver lectures at Minerva Hall THIS (Sunday) MORNING at eleven o'clock and 7:30 P. M.
Subject for the evening lecture—"The Issues of the Hour, from the Standpoint of Spirit Life," an address to the Southern people by the spirit of the Hon. Henry Clay.
Tickets of admission fifteen cents. ap9 1t

THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR,
Having under their care over
150 Infirm and Helpless Old People,
Are at present greatly in need of assistance, and to aid them in their noble charity a
GRAND ENTERTAINMENT
Will be given at the
OPERA HOUSE,
ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1876,
At 7:30 P. M.,
Under the auspices of the ladies of this city.
Tickets $1. mh23 td

WENGER'S GARDEN,
Nos. 11 and 13 Bourbon Street.
H. WENGER, Proprietor.
Largest Hall in the city. Best European and American journals on file. Two fine rooms for families, with separate entrance. The best wines and liquors. First class restaurant at moderate prices. Phil. Best's celebrated Milwaukee Lager Beer at five cents per glass. jal3 1y

WANTED.

WANTED TO PURCHASE,—A SET OF meeting room furniture, including officers' desks, etc. Also a second-hand billiard table. Address glass box No. 3036, stating price, and where the same can be seen. fel5

WANTED,—A POSITION AS GOVERNESS, BY a young lady capable of teaching English, French and Music. References exchanged. Address Miss C., at this office. no9

LOTTERIES.

DRAWING OF THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY FOR APRIL 8, 1876.
CLASS S4.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	10	21	40	46	33	30	34	38	7	73	61	51	—

The above drawings are published in the principal papers, and are drawn in public daily, at the rooms of the Company.

Witness our hands at New Orleans, Louisiana, this eighth day of April, 1876.
H. PERALTA,
ADAM GIFFEN,
Commissioners.
BEWARE OF BOGUS LOTTERIES. ap13

TO THE PROPERTY OWNERS AND CITIZENS OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

FELLOW CITIZENS—In a very few days we shall be called upon, in accordance with law, to vote for or against a proposition to assess the property of this parish one half of one per cent per annum for four years, to aid in the construction of the New Orleans Pacific railway, a great enterprise now being rapidly pushed forward from deep water on Red river to the northern part of the State.

This road, when completed, it is undisputed, will restore to our city a very large proportion, if not all, of the lucrative trade which has been diverted into other and alien channels; will stay the ruinously downward tendency of real estate of this parish, now almost without salable or rentable value; will cause a return of profitable business to our merchants, traders and manufacturers; will furnish remunerative employment to hundreds of educated young men, who are now living in enforced idleness and undeserved poverty, and will double the present rates of wages obtained by skilled and unskilled workmen, by handicraftmen of every description, longshoremen, draymen, day laborers, and the many other descriptions of workmen unclassified, who get honest bread in the multifarious occupations of a large city.

The question, then, it appears to us, which we as a suffering and despondant people are called imperatively to ask ourselves is just this: Shall we consent to assess ourselves half of one per cent per annum for four years, with every reasonable expectation of the flattering results described, or shall we refuse so to do, with the moral certainty of witnessing a permanent loss of our best commerce, the still greater depreciation of our property, more ruinous diminution of wages and employment, and ultimate depopulation of our city?

These are the only questions that really are involved in the issue presented. It is not whether the inhabitants can or can not pay the pitiful sum of one-half of one per cent per annum for four years, and for which they will receive stock in the road and a permanent control of its affairs; but whether if they do not they can give any satisfactory reason for their conduct, any even specious argument to show that ruin will not follow their recusancy.

We, the subscribers to this appeal to our fellow-citizens, are not speculators in railroads, but deeply, according to our respective means, interested in the real estate and mercantile and mechanical enterprises of our city; and we regard as absolutely unworthy of serious consideration the assertion of a few men that this community can not afford to pay for or toward a work, not disputed, recollect, by any one, to be of the most pressing and urgent need, the trifling sum of half of one per cent per annum for four years.

Let us suppose that one of our number who have signed this appeal has a little property assessed this day at $1000, his tax per annum will be $5, and in four years he will have paid $20 in all, and to that extent he is and always can be a stockholder in the New Orleans Pacific railway, getting, if a dividend of eight per cent per annum per share, say, is declared, his proportion, one-fifth of a share. If he purchases enough in addition to make $100, then he is a voter as well as a stockholder, and will have his say in the affairs of the company just as fully as if he owned 100 or more. Is there any monopoly or private corporation about this?

The present directors of the New Orleans Pacific railway devote their time, attention, and a portion of their means, without a hope of reward, to the promotion of this great enterprise and our hopes; and they will, at any time, retire to make way for others the stockholders may deem more capable, or continue their disinterested services until the completion of the line, when paid officers will no doubt be elected by the stockholders, and the company, thenceforth, go on as every other one of the kind does.

This, then, is the vital undertaking we shall all be required and within a very few days to approve or reject at the ballot box. Can there be a shadow of doubt as to the result, a solitary fear entertained that any enlightened real estate owner, merchant, trader, manufacturer, clerk, artisan or laborer will hesitate in voting for a small contribution for so great and vital an object?

A very few rich real estate owners, who do not, perhaps, recognize the necessity of any contribution to public objects, and the non resident owners of over fifty millions worth of real estate of this parish may deem their whole duty discharged to this community when they withdraw their accruing rentals from our impoverished people; but surely, those to the manner born, or who have abiding interests in New Orleans, will not look to such examples, but will come forward like true men and determine that this New Orleans Pacific railway shall be built by themselves, by their contributions alone, and owned exclusively by them, and in such a way that not a dollar of bonded or other debt shall attach to it on the day of its completion, when they shall enter on its permanent possession, and may we not hope a glorious future.

Emory Clapp, John J. Gidiere, Ar. Miltenberger, A. G. Ober, John Chaffe, J. & G. Cromwell, B. Biscoe, Leopold Christ, John D. Britton, Robert L. Moore, William D. Hardeman, C. L. Walmsley & Co., Henry Renshaw, J. L. Harris & Co., John T. Hardie & Co., Louis Bush, G. W. Smith, John M. Shannon, B. S. Story, per O. H., O. Hopkins, J. A. Lum, Samuel H. Kennedy, Lucien Denuys, Thomas S. Dugan, R. L. Macmurdo, P. Labouisse, G. H. Behn, Thomas A. Adams, William Hartwell, O. Levi & Co., Thomas D. Miller, J. James, H. G. Buckingham, John Thuer, M. W. Smith, A. Gonzales, J. Boriaud, George Richman, John Myers & Son, W. E. Seymour, Louis Schneider, S. Hopkins, Jr., James Strawbridge, J. G. Girardey, George Palfrey, J. U. Payne, Decan Zerega & Co., Duncan F. Kenner, Bell & Menge, John Henderson, J. A. Girdner, Henry Denegre, Schan, Thorn & Co., S. Bloom & Co., John I. Adams, Edward J. Gay, Jr., J. M. Lewis, William Flash, F. M. Ziegler, A. T. Bennett, Wackerbrath & Joseph, James McGrath, W. G. Coyle, R. Sinnott, Mortimer Carr, J. K. Bell, John McNulty, William C. Black, J. K. Austin, H. C. Warmoth, John Phelps, Charles Prager, Rivers & Lonsdale, W. R. Lyman, Samuel Alston, Charles A. Johnson, John B. Hamilton, Moore, Janney & Hyams, Joseph Ellison, M. J. Weiss, Ad Meyer, Victor Meyer, C. N. Welchans, August Heffman, David H. Syme, A. B. Griswold, Henry Grinder, R. A. Tyler, M. Scooler, Wm. Hogan, Gus. A. Breaux, Winstock, Finlay & Co., W. Morrison, W. R. Barstow, Edward Forster, Thomas Hunton, P. A. Barker, N. H. Walsh, W. S. Bailey, Lyman Harding, G. H. Braughn, John N. Pike, William Mehle, Thomas McLellan, J. O. Bartels, A. Eyrich, Charles T. Nash, H. Prellsen, Lafayette Folger, Eugene May, J. C. Donovan, Edward Page, Peter Moran, Robert B. Lincoln, Louis Mayer, per Rill, J. R. Guyot, A. R. Boullemet, Mrs. R. L. Hart, James S. Clarke, S. B. Prout, Kats & Barnett, Charles Kerr, R. Edmunds, H. Mason, William H. Peters, Sigismund Kats, Richard Walther, R. Kahn, G. Burkhardt, Morris Goldstein, J. Burkhardt, George Burkhardt, Charles Tower, P. J. Harnan, John B. Reeder, O. Fernandez, M. J. & D. D. O'Brien, F. J. Odendahl, L. J. Bright, J. M. Schwartz, J. A. Blaffer, T. T. White, James Clarke, Forchheimer Brothers, J. Forchheimer, D. Moffatt & Co., L. Laditte, O Carriere, R. J. Bobet, Jules Durel, F. Labord, A. Bauer, Thomas H. Handy, John Casey, V. G. de Pinle, John McKay, Thomas McCarthy, Patrick Maher, Patrick McGivnn, Kuhnhoedt & Bienvenu, A. Conrad, J. A. Muir, Folsom Brothers, John Peterson, John Miller, J. P. Rohrbacher, J. R. Greyot, Henry Subra, L. Levy, John Dunn, R. B. Sprtce, Jr., J. Pinckney Smith, Thomas J. Carew, Angel L. Edwards, Mullan & Holloway, McMen & Value, Charles Gannebaum, R. Dejean, Owen E. Sullivan, A. T. Schwartz, Tobias Langdon, R. Dollgos, W. D. Oliver, J. V. Cox, Gilford Perry, Joseph Wolmer, J. C. Harts, Samuel Boyd & Co., P. W. Pettiss, Thomas Lunn, R. K. Bryant, A. J. Harrell, S. C. Coulon, J. H. Phillips, M. H. Church, James Mertzweiller, R. H. Adams, J. A. Turnell, N. M. Ab