Orleans Republican.
L JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES
L JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

ocal Intelligence.

YING PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT.—owing named industrious individ- terday started for Baton Rouge, are of Mr. C. C. Cain, where they d regular employment in the Peni-

etty larceny—John Sullivan, two two years; Wilson Williams, eight- ths; Mark Lawson, eighteen months; Pratt, alias Touissant, two convic- Seven years; James Johnson, alias ve years; Charles Foster, one year; Henry, two years; John Williams, y, eight months; Charles E. John- year; John Touissant, two years; espaux, two years; Kitty Taylor, ; George Sheply, one year; William one year; Alexander Leroy, one ohn Williams, one year; Charles , alias Lindsey Tesser, two years; Williams, one year; Mary Cester, rs; W. D. Green, one year; Frank two years; Philip Harnett, six Charles Thompson, one year. bezzlement—Ramon Morrison, two

ng and wounding—Kitty McC. Mo- five years.

ary—George Walsh, six months; Davis, one year; Thomas Smith, rs; Alfred Jennings, two convic- ighteen months; John King, ten obert Moore, two years.

y—Edward Bell, five years.

ry—John Valcour, five years.

G BAD MEN.—It was known to e that a number robbers congre- a house near the corner of Tehoupi- d Girod streets, especially in the . 170 Tehoupitoulas street, kept by ley. A search warrant was pro- d several detectives surrounded Friday night to investigate the for men and stolen property. They harles Adams, alias Stewart, Charles and Jack Hartnett in the build- illiams, not liking the company of , made a desperate leap for lib- hile on his downward course a bul- erated his movement through the he instant he landed he was badly and therefore easily captured. t had struck his cheek-bone, but erious result.

artnett is the well known burglar jumped from one of the windows irst Municipal Police Court and e miraculously. He, on learning fficers were close on his track, hid ed in the second story, but he was t with a sudden jerk. These fel- safely lodged in prison.

tectives found some of the goods rom Capiton's Carondelet street p secreted in Mrs. Malloy's house. night of the fourth instant Mr. ooney was garroted and robbed of watch and chain and $15, and he gnizes two of the above as the robbed him.

S AND RUMORS OF RUMORS.—atic people who daily congregate in nd Odd Fellows' Hall have but day and barely indulge in rumors, n they go elsewhere they talk of a e of affairs, especially in this city derstand that as soon as General is inaugurated he will appoint a of policemen, municipal police x collectors, and so on through ter, and assign them to buildings esent in use. The criminal sheriff City Council are expected to work s. Those persons inclined to be nt say that such a proceeding will bloody collision and reform. Per- will. Superintendent Loan is not to permit any force to interfere and may take measures to pre- e Metropolitan system intact. these rumors have a foundation not, there are citizens who seem them. One thing is certain—a f the old Monroe policemen were ellows' Hall yesterday, evidently something.

MENTION.—The Metropolitan Po- ear made 18,346 arrests.

tom office will remain open only to-morrow morning, from eleven until one o'clock. Bonded ware- ll not recognize the claims of old Jackson.

d boy last evening stole a piece roof cloth from No. 608 Magazine The instant the theft was made t cloth was reported worth $54.

rd of delegates to the Firemen's e Association will to-morrow even- four physicians, five druggists, and undertakers.

Falls makes the declaration that ony of Mr. H. T. Lawler before on House committee is almost correct.

nates and criminals who have in the First Municipal Police uld make an early call to-morrow ay eight o'clock, as the court will a eleven o'clock.

, the athlete, being under a repairs, is running a cigar stand Desbon's house, St. Charles street. said Frank thinks he can box compass now that he is crippled. elfth Night Revelers did not cele- night, but adjourned until next

ng rascals who last evening cried s REPUBLICAN" should have been sively in counterfeit nickels for d.

y reporter who last February ar- to go fishing has not yet made the ase, too much politics, conven- tions, parades, returning boards, nal committees and legislatures,ention anything about impecu-

ARBORING THIEVES.—Mrs. Malloy, n who keeps the house No. 170 ulas street, where Jack Hartnett robbers were arrested last Fri- locked up last evening for har- thieves.

Bailey Aldrich, just forty years e born in New Hampshire. He foundation for his reputation in k; wrote "Babie Belle" while he teens, and now resides in Boston. reputation as a poet and novelist ing and improving, foreign critics authority placing him among the erican writers. He has had some as an editor and literary critic. mmenced his career in the office rcial Journal. Aldrich has a wife al children.

[Special Correspondence of the Republican.]

FROM WASHINGTON.

Greeting from a Snow Drift—The Storm and Some of its Consequences—Observance of New Year's Day—Sleigh Riding and Other Winter Sports—Presidential Symptoms—Views of the President—Congress—Mr. Hewitt's Ignominious Failure—Mr. Barnes, the Recusant—The Interocean Canal—Washington—War on the Gamblers.

WASHINGTON, January 3, 1877.

Your correspondent sends New Year's greetings to your readers from a snow-drift the like of which has not been seen here at the national capital before for many, very many years. The morning of the first opened cold, cheerless and utterly gloomy. The bluish-gray atmosphere was soon filled with the snow flakes, driven almost horizontally along by a piercing east wind, stinging the unprotected faces opposed to its fury like the wounds inflicted by a vacinating instrument. However, the city was early afoot. The usual receptions were held by the President and his Cabinet ministers and at the residences of many private families, although the preparations for the conventional observance of the day were not on the magnificent scale which has heretofore obtained for some years, and the same economical restrictions, it is evident, are to govern "society" in the gayeties and dissipations mapped out for this season's campaign. About the usual number of inebriated swells were seen on the streets struggling in their obfuscated condition with the snow-drifts, which by 6 P. M. had become quite embarrassing to pedestrians; and many of them are undoubtedly indebted to the vigilance of the police force for exemption from frost bites.

The severe cold of the past three weeks has laid an embargo on the navigation of the Potomac; and the almost unprecedented severity of the storm practically isolated us from the balance of mankind from early in the evening of the first instant until a late hour on the second, when the belated trains began to make their appearance.

Yesterday morning presented a scene rarely witnessed in the national capital. Everything having a surface was loaded with snow, the streets being covered to a depth of more than a foot. Our entire population, acting with a singular unanimity of purpose, have united for a systematic enjoyment of this rare New Year's gift—the juvenile portion with hand-sleds, and the adults by sleigh-rides and other appropriate out-door winter sports and pastimes.

The asinine (according to the ultra reform estimate) decision of the House committee sent to South Carolina, in favor of the Hayes electors, and the refusal of the Florida Supreme Court to interfere in Tilden's behalf, have depressed the Democratic heart here as nothing else has done since the election, and correspondingly elevated Republican hope and expectation. If Louisiana fails them, there is nothing left but submission to constitutional requirements, or the inauguration of Tilden by means that would subject every active participant to arrest and punishment for rebellion against the laws and constitution; and the response of the leading men of the South has not been of such a character as to encourage a resort to such a desperate expedient. No one believes that there is any legal power to compel the Returning Board of the last named State to undo the work it has done. As to the Grover-Cronin conspiracy to defraud the voters of Oregon of their presidential choice, it has already so tainted the great cause of "honesty and reform" and imparted such a rank odor, not only in Republican nostrils, but in those of a large faction of Tilden's supporters at the late election as well, that it has become an actual and positive element of weakness. It was the ill-advised expedient of a coterie of desperate gamblers who had exhausted every other possibility, and hastily devised it, hoping to gain something by the addition of another complication.

The latest utterances of President Grant relative to the November election have still further embittered the Bourbons of the opposition, because they are so utterly unanswerable. Relative to South Carolina he said that Democrats even now concede the State to Hayes; that in Edgefield county non-residents carried the county by the most outrageous proceedings, returning twice as many votes as there were legal voters in the county; that Tilden could only be said to have carried Florida by counting the votes of a county in which there was no registration, and in which there was the most utter disregard of law, and that the Board of Canvassers, if it had any respect for its oath of office, could not do otherwise than reject its vote. Referring to Lodisiana, he believed that there was no legal process by which the decision of the Board of Canvassers could be reversed. He is reported to have said that, except in Delaware, perhaps, he did not think there had been a fair, free election in any portion of the South; that in Mississippi, Alabama and Arkansas there is a legitimate Republican majority; that the Democratic contestants for offices in South Carolina and Louisiana would likely hold out till the presidential contest is decided—quietly withdrawing if in favor of Hayes, and overturning the present governments in less than twenty-four hours if Tilden is declared the winner. He is represented to have expressed doubts whether the question will have been settled by the fourth of March, but that the President of the Senate, as acting President, would encounter no serious embarrassments in carrying on the government.

We are likely to very soon know, now that Congress has reassembled, what programme Mr. Tilden has decided upon through his numerous managers in Congress, who have visited him during the recess for instructions.

With Mr. Hewitt's failure to impeach the management of the New York Postoffice, he appears to have occupied a back seat, doing penance, probably, for his stupid mistakes and his bungling management of the indictment of Postmaster James.

Mr. Barnes, the New Orleans agent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is here, under the surveillance of the officer who brought him, waiting the pleasure of the House. It is not known what his answer will be.

The distressing intelligence reaches us that Grover is snow-bound some where between New York and San Francisco. It is rumored that he is to have a public reception tendered him by his political friends here.

So soon as our presidential business shall have been determined, the matter of the inter-oceanic canal by one of the routes already surveyed by United States officers in Central America, is likely to assume a very prominent position before Congress and in the eyes of the world. Russia, Germany and England have already signified their desire to co-operate, in response to the President's invitation, and other maratime powers are expected to do so at once. Its cost is estimated between fifty and one hundred millions, and it is predicted that its construction will be commenced within two years.

The war against the gamblers of this city has effectually closed all the hells, and the union against them is no nearly unanimous that their early evacuation or capitulation can not be long deferred. REP.

NIGHTS IN THE GUARDHOUSE.

By One Who Was There.

Our regiment was the crack corps of the old army, and, as a matter of course, our band was the best in the service.

We had a strange character in the band—Doyle, the snare drummer. He was endowed with a keen, sharp wit, peculiar to himself, and was full of original sayings. His doings were still more original. One beautiful summer afternoon the band was playing at the colonel's quarters, where quite a large number of our best citizens were enjoying the frequent hospitality of our venerated commander.

Among the selections performed by the band was the beautiful duet from "Bellazario," a composition well known to all lovers of the divine art.

Doyle, perambulating around the band, to keep the boys quiet, was accosted by a gentleman, who desired to know the name of the piece then being performed. Doyle, putting on one of his profoundest looks, replied:

"Sure, sir, that is the 'Jewetts in the Bellows.'"

The gentleman, opening his eyes in amazement, says:

"The 'Duetts in the Bellows?' I never heard of such an opera before. You surely must mean the 'Duetto in Bellazario.'"

"No, I don't. I mane just what I said. If you are not satisfied with my explanation, you must go ax the master. The government pays me for bating the drum, and him for knowing all about the music; you must apply to him for further information."

Shortly after Doyle joined the regiment he received the soubriquet of "the count," from the fact that he was of no earthly account to either himself or the government.

Doyle was frequently an inmate of the guardhouse. When on one occasion the colonel was soundly rating him for his repeated delinquencies, Doyle quite innocently exclaimed:

"Shure, colonel, you don't expect a man to be endowed with all the cardinal virtues for $13 a month."

This remark has been repeated as a good thing by others since, but Doyle was the first to get it off. When our government raises the pay of the enlisted men to a reasonable rate, then you will find a correspondent elevation of Christian morality. Another occasion, when in the guardhouse, he was amusing himself singing one of Moore's most beautiful melodies. The sergeant of the guard sent a corporal to have him shut up his infernal noise. Doyle, evidently feeling the sting of designating those beautiful songs of his favorite poet a noise, became furious—denounced the sergeant as a villain and a pagan, and threatened the vengeance of the whole Irish people on any person who could not appreciate the songs of his native land.

Doyle having participated in many of the earlier engagements of the Army of the Potomac, died in the service, deeply regretted by all who knew him. He was the life of our barrack-room amusements, the head of all fun; to recount all of his eccentric movements would require a volume.

His remains are quietly resting in the Arlington cemetery, and as long as the old —— Infantry carries the national colors, Doyle's name and fame will remain forever.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A POINT OF HONOR. By Annie Edwards. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York. For sales in New Orleans by George Ellis & Brother, No. 82 Camp street.

Mrs. Edwards is regarded as one of the brightest of English novel writers, and, "Ought we to Visit Her?" and "Steven Lawrence, Yoeman," two of her best works, have attained great popularity in this country. Her latest novel will be welcomed by her many admirers.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE GRAND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1876. By M. L. Simonin. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. For sale in New Orleans by George Ellis & Brother, No. 82 Camp street.

This little brochure is the substance of a translation from the Paris *Revue des deux Mondes*, made by Samuel H. Needles. It is a short and somewhat comical account of the Centennial Exposition from a French standpoint.

RUPERT HALL. A Love Story. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brother, Philadelphia. For sale in New Orleans by R. G. Eyrich, No. 130 Canal street.

This is the latest novel from the pen of the most prolific writer of the age.

Better Times Ahead.

This country is steadily growing richer year by year. It is also constantly on its way to a firmer basis in all manner of financial affairs. It now produces more than it consumes. During the past year our exports exceeded our imports by over $90,000,000.

A few years ago the people of the United States were running in debt at the rate of millions of dollars a week, and were having a brilliant time in wearing the goods, and drinking the wines and spending the money thus obtained. Latterly, they have been paying off their debts, and the process has been a hard and disagreeable one. But it is also a wholesome process, and we shall soon begin to see the benefits of it. The premium on gold is declining. Specie is flowing hither from Europe. Everything is settling down upon a hard-pan basis. When business takes a start, it will rest on reality and not on sham, capital and not on credit. All the indications give assurance of better times ahead.—*New York Ledger.*

Seeking Homes Abroad.

At Clark's hall this evening, Hon. E. P. Wade, of Louisiana, who is now in Nebraska to seek a location for a colony of colored countrymen, where they can enjoy the full advantages of United States citizenship and avoid the persecution of Democratic bulldozers, will lecture, by request of our leading citizens, upon "Bulldozing." He is a well read and educated gentleman, and knows whereof he speaks from bitter personal knowledge. His lecture will be one well worth listening to, and deserves a large attendance.—*Omaha Republican.*

The Southern Democrats keep "putting their foot in it." Following the tacit recognition of Hayes as President by Wade Hampton, comes the recognition of Governor Kellogg by the bulldozers of Louisiana. The rump Legislature addressed to him as Governor "a communication in writing," and sent a committee with it to wait upon him. In turn Governor Kellogg failed to recognize them as a legitimate body, and refused to receive any official communication from them.—*Chicago Journal.*

COURT RECORD.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1877.

Superior Civil Court.

The late Superior District Court expired on Friday morning by the promulgation of the act creating in its place and in place of the Sixth District Court the new Superior Civil Court.

Yesterday the appointments of Judge Alfred Shaw to preside, and General Jack Wharton as clerk, were confirmed by the Senate.

Soon after noon Judge Shaw appeared in the Superior District Court room and issued an order to the sheriff to appear and open court, and at the same time presented his commission as judge of the Superior Civil Court to Mr. Burke, deputy clerk of the old court. The order to Sheriff Handy directed him to appear personally or by deputy and open the Superior Civil Court this day, and from day to day in accordance with section seventeen of act No. 1, approved January 4, 1877.

Mr. P. Ad. Fortier, deputy sheriff and crier, appeared and opened court, Mr. William Walsh, chief deputy sheriff, being present.

On motion of F. B. Earhart, Esq., the commission of Hon. Alfred Shaw, judge of the court, was spread on the minutes.

General Jack Wharton presented his commission and bond, and on motion of Mr. Earhart they were spread on the minutes.

Act No. 1 of 1877 was ordered to be recorded on the minutes by the court.

Chief Deputy William Walsh designated as deputy sheriff for the court Mr. P. Ad. Fortier. General Wharton appointed Mr. P. E. Burke deputy and minute clerk, and Mr. S. Michel deputy clerk, and they were ordered to be so recognized.

The clerk was directed to procure a seal and books, and to take charge of the records and dockets of the late Superior District Court and of the office of the clerk.

The clerk was directed to notify the keeper of the courthouse that the court had selected the rooms occupied by the late Superior District Court in accordance with section fifteen of act No. 1 of 1877.

Mrs. M. E. Ferier vs. city of New Orleans.—Taken under advisement with the proviso that it may be reassigned for argument.

For Liberty or Death.

Mr. D. A. T. Walton, sheriff of Bee county, arrived in the city by the International and Great Northern railroad yesterday morning, considerably shagrined at the loss of a prisoner, to secure whom he had taken a good deal of trouble and incurred a pretty heavy expense. It seems that some eight or ten months ago a band of horse thieves who had been previously operating in some of the Western counties, began their depredations in Bee, and Mr. Walton concerted measures with some of the good citizens to effect their capture. About four months ago he succeeded in arresting two of the band named J. T. Holly and W. H. H. Holly, brothers, hailing from Bossier parish, Louisiana, who were caught *in flagrante delicto*, while driving off a drove of stolen animals. They were confined in the Bee county jail, which proved to be too insecure to hold them, W. H. H. Holly making his escape before trial. His brother, however, was tried, convicted and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, after which he too broke jail and made his escape.

Mr. Walton immediately offered a reward for their recapture, and believing they would make their way to their old home in Louisiana, particularly notified the officers of Bossier and Caddo parishes to lookout for them. Some three or four weeks ago he received notice from the sheriff of Bossier that he had arrested W. H. H. Holly, at the house of Sam Holly, a brother, and that Sam, resisting the arrest, was shot and killed. Mr. Walton, as soon as possible, obtained a requisition from the Governor on the Governor of Louisiana, proceeded to New Orleans for the necessary papers, and then was compelled to go to Shreveport, by way of Memphis and Little Rock. Arriving at Shreveport, he was delayed for five days by stress of weather, but finally started with his prisoner on the cars last Monday night, intending to place him in the jail in Galveston for safe keeping. Apprehending an attempted rescue by friends and relatives of the prisoner, he kept him ironed and tied, and never allowed him a moment out of his sight until he had got far enough away to be beyond any danger of rescue. Tuesday night he relieved the prisoner of his bonds except the handcuffs, which were stout and perfectly secure. At midnight, when the train was some six or eight miles north of Crockett, the cars running at the rate of fully twenty miles an hour, the prisoner desired to enter the water closet. Mr. Walton accompanied him to the door, and holding the handle, turned to a passenger to inquire the time of night. The passenger looked at his watch, replied: "Five minutes past twelve," and Mr. Walton turned to looked after his passenger. On opening the door, he was almost stupefied to find the room empty. The bird had flown. Holly had raised the window, and notwitkstanding the increased peril by reason of his handcuffs had taken the opportunity of his guard's momentary inattention to make a fearful leap for liberty through the window. The train was stopped and backed a short distance, but nothing was seen of Holly. Mr. Walton does not think the train ran far enough back to reach the spot, and as the conductor was unable to lose the time necessary for a thorough search, he did not think it worth while to get off and risk the effects of exposure to the severe weather for a probably fruitless errand. The place was a wild one in the woods, the train was running fully twenty miles an hour, and it was hardly possible that Holly escaped uninjured. Mr. Walton reasoned, therefore, that if hurt he could hardly avoid recapture, handcuffed as he was; and if not hurt, it would have been useless to look for him in the woods in the dark. Yesterday morning information of the escape was telegraphed to the officers of Houston county, and a reward of twenty-five dollars offered for his arrest. It was a desperate break for liberty, in which the chances were ninety-nine to one against success.

Mr. Walton is much mortified at the loss of his prisoner, after all his trouble to get him, but is satisfied that both of the Hollys will eventually be captured, and is confident of success in thoroughly breaking up the gang, or at least making Bee county too hot for them. They had given that county the go by for a long time, but on commencing their depredations there came to grief in their second venture. So may they always.—*Houston Telegram.*

Origin of the Military Salute.

A correspondent of the *Army and Navy Gazette* gives the following account of the origin of the military salute: "Within the last few years, among the many changes which have been introduced into the army is that of the salute. Why the old time-honored salute was abolished no one knows; but it is an interesting fact, and one probably unknown to most of our readers, that the old salute, which consisted of the hand being brought into a horizontal position over the eyebrows, has a very old origin, dating, in fact, from the very commencement of the history of the English army.

"Its origin is found in the tournaments of the middle ages, and was as follows: After the Queen of Beauty was enthroned, the knights who were to take part in the sports of the day marched past the dais on which she sat, and as they passed, they shielded their eyes from the rays of her beauty.

"Such was the very interesting origin of the old salute, and it is a question worthy the attention of our military authorities, why should not the old salute, possessing such an origin, and associated with our army from the earliest times, be restored! It is difficult to discover for what purpose it was ever abolished.

"The principal part of the officers' salute—kissing the hilt of the sword—dates also from the middle ages. When the crusaders were on their march toward the Holy City, the knights were in the daily custom of planting their long, two-handed swords upright in the ground, thereby forming a cross, and before these they performed their morning devotions. On all military occasions they kissed the hilts of their swords in token of their devotion to the cause of the cross, and this custom was perpetuated after the crusaders were numbered among the things of the past, and when the religious origin of the salute was forgotten."

"SWEARING OFF."

The Steamboat Captain's Fight with Appetite.

During the first day of the trip, Crayme made no trouble for himself or Fred; under the friendly shelter of night the two men had a two hour chat which was alternately humorous, business-like and retrospective, and then Crayme fell asleep. The next day was reasonably pleasant out of doors, so the captain wrapped himself in a blanket and sat in an extension chair on the guards, where with solemn face he received some condolences which went far to keep him in good humor after the sympathizers had departed. On the second night the captain was restless, and the two men played cards. On the third day the captain's physique reached the bottom of its stock of patience, and protested indignantly at the withdrawal of its customary stimulus; and it acted with more consistency, though no less ugliness, than the human mind does when under excitement and destitute of control. The captain grew terribly despondent, and Fred found ample use for all the good stories he knew. Some of these amused the captain greatly, but after one of them he sighed:

"Poor old Billy Hockess told me that the only time I ever heard it before, and didn't we have a glorious time that night! He'd just put all his money into the Yeneseei—that blew up and took him with it only a year afterward—and he gave us a new kind of punch he'd got the hang of when he went East for the boat's carpets. 'Twas made of two bottles of brandy, one whisky, two rotten one gin, two sherry, and four claret, with guava jelly, and lemon peel that had been soaking in curacoa and honey for a month. It looks kind of weak when you think about it, but there were only six of us in the party, and it went to the spot by the time we got through. Golly, but didn't we make Rome howl that night!"

Fred shuddered, and experimented upon his friend with song; he was rewarded by hearing the captain hum an occasional accompaniment; but, as Fred got fairly into a merry Irish song about one Terry O'Rann, and uttered the lines in which the poet states that the hero

"—took whisky punch
Every night for his lunch,"

the captain put such a world of expression into a long drawn sigh that Fred began to feel depressed himself; besides, songs were not numerous in Fred's repertoire, and those in which there was no allusion to drinking could be counted on half his fingers. Then he borrowed the bar-keeper's violin and played one tune after another, the airs which had been his favorites in the days of his courtship, until Crayme exclaimed:

"Say, Fred, we're not playing church; give us something that don't bring all of a fellow's dead friends along with it."

Fred reddened, swung his bow viciously, and dashed into "Natchez Under the Hill," an old air which would have delighted Offenbach, but which will never appear in a collection of classical music.

"Ah! that's something like music," exclaimed Captain Cryame, as Fred paused suddenly to repair a broken string. "I never hear that but I think of Wesley Treepoke, that used to run the Quitman; went afterward to the Rising Planet, when the Quitman's owners put her on a new line as an opposition boat. Wess and I used to work things so as to make Louisville at the same time; he going up, I going down, and then turn about, and we always had a glorious night of it, with one or two lively boys that we'd pick up. And Wess had a fireman that could fiddle off old 'Natchez' in a way that would just make a corpse dance till its teeth rattled, and that fireman would always be called in just as we'd got to the place where you can't tell what sort of liquor it is you're drinking, and, I tell you, 'twas so heavenly that a fellow could forgive the last boat that beat him on the river or stole a landing from him. And such whisky as Wess kept! He used to go cruising around the back country, sampling little lots run out of private stills. He'd always find nectar, you'd better believe. Poor old boy! the tremens took him off at last. He hove his pilot overboard just before he died, and put a bullet into Pete Lampston, his second clerk—they were both trying to help him, you see—but they never laid it up against him. I wish I knew what became of the whisky he had on hand when he walked off—no, I don't, either; what am I thinking about! But I do, though—hanged if I don't!"

Fred grew pale; he had heard of drunkards growing delirious upon ceasing to drink; he had heard of men, who, in periods of aberration, were impelled by the motive of the last act of recollection which strongly impressed them; what if the captain should suddenly become delirious and try to throw him overboard or shoot him! Fred determined to get the captain at once upon the guards—no, into the cabin, where there would be no sight of water to suggest anything dreadful—and search his room for pistols. But the captain objected to being moved into the cabin.

"The boys," said the captain, alluding to the gamblers, "are mighty sharp in the eye, and like as not they'd see through my little game, and then where'd my reputation be! Speaking of the boys reminds me of Harry Genaug, that cleared out that rich Kentucky planter at bluff one night, and then swore off gambling for life, and gave a good-bye supper aboard the boat. 'Twas just at the time when Prince Imperial champagne came out, and the whole supper was made up of that splendid stuff. I guess I must have put away four bottles, and if I'd known how much he'd ordered, I could have carried away a couple. I've always been sorry I didn't.

Fred wondered if there was any subject of conversation which would not suggest liquor to the captain; he even brought himself to ask if Crayme had seen the new Methodist Church at Barton since it had been finished.

"Oh, yes," said the captain; "I started to walk Mosher home, one night, after we'd punished a couple of bottles of old crow whisky at our house, and he caved in all of a sudden, and I laid him out on the steps of that very church till I could get a carriage. Those were my last two bottles of crow, too; it's too bad the way the good things of this life pass off."

The captain raised himself in his berth, sat on the edge thereof, stood up, stared out the window, and began to pace his room with his head down and his hands behind his back. Little by little he raised his head, dropped his hands, flung himself into a chair, beat the devil's tattoo on the table, sprang up excitedly and exclaimed:

"I'm going back on all the good times I ever had."

"You're only getting ready to try a new kind, Sam," said Fred.

"Well, I'm going back on my friends."

"Not on all of them; the dead ones would pat you on the back if they got a chance."

"A world without whisky looks infernally dismal to a fellow that isn't half done living."

"It looks first rate to a fellow that hasn't got any back-down in him."

"Curse you! I wish I'd made you back down when you first talked temperance to me."

"Go ahead! Then curse your wife—don't be afraid; you've been doing it ever since you married her."

Crayme flew at Macdonald's throat; the younger man grappled the captain and threw him into his bunk. The captain struggled and glared like a tiger; Fred gasped, between the special efforts dictated by self-preservation—

"Sam, I—promised to—to see you through—and I'm—going to—do it, if—if I have to—break your neck."

The captain made one tremendous effort; Fred braced one foot against the table, put a knee on the captain's breast, held both the captain's wrists tightly, looked full into the captain's eyes and breathed a small prayer—for his own safety. For a moment or two, perhaps longer, the captain strained violently, and then relaxed all efforts and cried:

"Fred, you've whipped me."

"Nonsense! whip yourself," exclaimed Fred, "if your' going to stop drinking."

The captain turned his face to the wall and said nothing; but he seemed to be so persistently swallowing something that Fred suspected a secreted bottle, and moved an investigation so suddenly that the captain had no time to wipe his eyes.

"Hang it, Fred," said he, rather brokenly, "how can what's babyish in men whip a full-grown steamboat captain?"

"The same way that it whipped a full-grown wooden mill manager once, I suppose, old boy," said Macdonald.

"Is that so?" exclaimed the captain, astonishment getting so sudden an advantage over shame that he turned over and looked his companion in the face. "Why—how are you, Fred? I feel as if I was just being introduced. Didn't anybody else help?"

"Yes," said Fred, "a woman; but—you've got a wife, too."

Crayme fell back on his pillow and sighed. "If I could only think about her, Fred! But I can't; whisky's the only thing that comes into my mind."

"Can't think about her!" exclaimed Fred; why, are you acquainted with her yet, I wonder! I'll never forget the evening you were married."

"That was jolly, wasn't it! said Crayme. "I'll bet such sherry was never opened west of the Alleghanies, before or—"

"Hang your sherry!" roared Fred; "it's your wife that I remember. You couldn't see her, of course, for you were standing alongside of her; but the rest of us—well, I wished myself in your place, that's all.

"Did you, though!" said Crayme, with a smile, which seemed rather proud; "well, I guess old Major Pike did, too, for he drank to her twenty times that evening. Let's see; she wore a white moire antique. I think they called it, and and it cost $21 a dozen, and there was at least one broken bottle in every—"

"And I made up my mind she was throwing herself away in marrying a fellow that would be sure to care more for whisky than he did for her," interrupted Fred.

"Ease off, Fred, ease off now; there wasn't any whisky there; I tried to get some of the old Twin Tulip brand for punch, but—"

"But the devil happened to be asleep, and you got a chance to behave yourself," said Fred.

Crayme looked appealingly. "Fred," said he, "tell me about her yourself; I'll take it as a favor."

"Why she looked like a lot of lilies and roses," said Fred, "except that you couldn't tell where one left off and the other began. As she came into my room, I felt like getting down on my knees. Old Bayle was telling me a vile story just then, but the minute she came in he stopped as if he was shot."

"He wouldn't drink a drop that evening," said Crayme, "and I have puzzled my wits over that for five years—"

"She looked so proud of you," interrupted Fred with some impatience.

"Did she?" asked Crayme. "Well, I guess I was a good looking fellow in those days. I know that Pike came up to me once, with a glass in his hand, and said that he ought to drink to me, for I was the finest looking groom he'd ever seen. He was so tight, though, that he couldn't hold his glass steady, and, though you know I never had a drop of stingy blood in me, it did go to my heart to see him spill that gorgeous sherry.

"She looked very proud of you," Fred repeated; "but I can't say why, for I've never seen her do it since."

"You will, though, hang you!" exclaimed the captain. "Get out of here! I can think about her now, and I don't want anybody else around. No rudeness meant, you know, Fred."

Fred Macdenald retired quietly, taking with him the keys of both doors, and feeling more exhausted than he had been on any Saturday night since the building of the mill.

The Latest from Louisiana.

The news from Louisiana presents several points of interest. First come "the bottom facts" touching bulldozing, or, as it should be called, it seems, cowdozing. The bearer of the bogus McEnery-Tilden electoral vote of that State has reached Washington and explained the mystery of Pelican intimidation. "During the campaign," says this fountain of intelligence, "the colored women occupied themselves pulling Conservative speakers off their platforms by main force." We would suggest that he be allowed to amend his pleadings or file a cross bill.

The Democratic members of the Louisiana Legislature committed a serious blunder yesterday. They seceded from the Capitol, organized a rump in some hall of the city, and then waited upon Governor Kellogg, thus recognizing him as the lawful executive head of the State. In their zeal to announce themselves as the Legislature, they put their foot into a trap, and from it there is no extrication. By the law of estoppel, the Democrats have divested themselves of all pretext for claiming any longer that McEnery is the lawful Governor of the State. These legislators have recognized Governor Kellogg, and their own party is bound by their action. One of the consequences is the entire invalidation of every possible pretext that, the so-called electors who met in college to cast ballots for Tilden on the strength of certificates issued by McEnery had any legal basis for their action. A Washington telegram says the Democrats there are "dismayed at the fact that a committee of the Democratic Legislature in Louisiana waited upon Governor Kellogg and recognized him as Governor." It inadvertently, but no less really, knocked from under them their last prop. Governor Kellogg defined the legislative situation to the committee of the rump, and in his message to the real Legislature, delivered yesterday, he reviewed the political situation, giving a very significant and entirely truthful explanation of the Warsaw-like peace of the Southern States in which the Democratic minority have wrested the State government from the Republican majority. We will only add that the three alternatives stated by the Governor cover the whole ground. Unless national authority interfered to protect the colored people in their rights as citizens the elective franchise in their hands would be a mockery, or, if exercised freely, fraught with imminent peril.—*Chicago Journal.*

Santa Claus in Chicago.

On Saturday one of the mail sorters in the Postoffice found a letter addressed to "Santa Claus." As that mythical personage has no local habitation within reach of the carrier, the officials opened the envelope and read the contents. The letter was written by a little girl named Amy McKenzie, living with her parents at No. 56 Emerald street, and in it she made a touching appeal to Santa not to forget her or her folks. Her little brother wants a new pair of shoes; father would like a new hat; mother would be pleased with a new dress, and the little writer adds: "Now, dear Santa Claus, if you have just one little doll left please bring it around to me, and I'll promise to be a good little girl all next year."

The touching pathos of the missive and the simple faith of the little girl made a deep impression upon the officials, and after a brief consultation it was decided that the little one should have a satisfactory Christmas. Postmaster McArthur and one of his clerks drove to the residence and found that the statements of the little girl were correct. On their return down town they drove around to several business acquaintances, and it is needless to say that they in a very short time collected enough to more than satisfy the longings of the little petitioner. A pair of shoes was got for the little brother, and two or three pairs more for other members of the family; the father's and mother's wants were supplied, and a handsome doll was secured for Amy. A purse of $25 was made up and sent along with the other gifts; and in no household in Chicago was there a happier Christmas than that in the little cottage on the obscure street, whose guardian angel is Amy McKenzie.—*Chicago Tribune.*

There are many eminent men having just enough wit to prevent them from being ridiculous.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Office New Orleans and Carrollton Railroad Company, New Orleans, January 2, 1877.—At a special meeting of the Board of Directors, held THIS DAY, a dividend of two and a half per cent was declared out of the earnings of the past three months, payable to the stockholders on and after Saturday, the twentieth instant.
ja3 15t F. McBRIDE, Secretary.

The Louisiana National Bank—New Orleans, December 30, 1876.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors, a dividend of five per cent was declared, payable on demand in this city and in New York on and after the second of January, 1877, at the banking house of Winslow, Lanier & Co.
de31 7t A. LURIA, Cashier.

Office of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, New Orleans, December 30, 1876.—The stockholders of the corporation are hereby notified that an election for seven directors, to serve for two years, will take place on TUESDAY, the ninth day of January, 1877, at the office of the company, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.
By order at the Board. H. PERALTA, Secretary.
de30 10t

The Delta Ross Company, No. 47 Carondelet street, December 23, 1876.—The regular annual meeting of stockholders will be held at this office, on TUESDAY, January 9, between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M., for the election of five directors to serve during the ensuing year.
GEORGE D. COLE,
d29 10t Secretary pro tem.

Notice.—New Orleans, December 27, 1876.—The annual election for twenty-five directors of the Lafayette Fire Insurance Company will be held at its office, No. 623 Magazine street, on TUESDAY, January 9, 1877, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 2 P. M.
LOUIS MARIN,
de28 1d Secretary.

Office Jefferson City Gaslight Company, New Orleans, December 30, 1876.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the twelfth instant, a dividend of THREE PER CENT was declared, payable to the stockholders on and after the second Monday in January next.
de31 1d CHARLES BERNARD, Secretary.

Office of the New Orleans Gaslight Company, December 24, 1876.—A dividend of FOUR DOLLARS per share, will be paid to the stockholders on MONDAY, January 15, out of the earnings of the past six months. VOR VALLOIS,
de24 1m Secretary.

Office of the New Orleans Homestead Association, No. 116 Poydras street, corner of Camp, New Orleans, December 19, 1876.—The stockholders of this association are hereby notified to attend a general meeting to be held at this office, the THIRD MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1877, ensuing, for the purpose of submitting for their approval or rejection an amendment to article two of the charter. They are also notified that the second Monday of January, 1877, being a legal holiday, the annual election of directors is postponed to the THIRD MONDAY, the fifteenth of January, 1877.
JOHN McCAFFERY, President.
T. J. O'SULLIVAN, Secretary. de16 1aw1d

Office of the New Orleans Gaslight Company, December 24, 1876.—The regular annual meeting of stockholders will be held at this office, on TUESDAY, January 9, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. for the election of seven directors to serve during the ensuing year.
The transfer books will be closed for one week preceding the election. VOR VALLOIS,
de24 7d Secretary.

CONSTABLES' SALES.

Sambola & Decros vs. Mrs. Adelaide Cass Bennot and Seven Bennoix, in sends, Gustave Weber, sur-ty—Second Justice Court for the Parish of Orleans. No. 1467.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF FIERI FACIAS to me directed by the Hon. W. H. Holmes, second justice of the peace in and for the parish of orleans, in the above stated suit, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal street, between Canal and Customhouse streets, on SATURDAY, February 10, 1877, at twelve o'clock M.—

A CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND, with all the buildings thereon, situated in the Six h District, designated by No. 19, of square B, bounded by Live Oak, Octavia and Laurel streets and Peters avenue, as per plan of P. Lelong, dated April 9, 1866, deposited in the office of W. H. Pete s, late notary public, as plan No. 32. Said lot forms the corner of Live Oak street and Peters avenue and measures 30 feet 1 inch front on Live Oak street, by a depth and front on Peters avenue of 120 feet.

Seized in the above suit.
Terms—Cash on the spot.
ja7 20 fe10* JOHN McCORMICK, Constable.

A. Kocherean & Co. vs. J. Brengne & L. F. Generelli—Third Justice Court for the Parish of Orleans. No. 3297.

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