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EOLIAN.

BY KEITH M. THOMAS.

A legend of the winds. Euroclydon,
That driveth from the bitter Thracian shore,
Brings thine. What deeds the sea and I have done
This passing night will make men murmur sore;
The deep that hath already goodly store
Of jewels and wrought gold and coined gold,
Hath gathered through his sunken secret door
A largess richer by a thousand fold—
Great perished lives—and this is all that shall be told.

A legend of the winds. The herald West,
That hulloth from the sea beyond the straits,
Brings thin: Long, long and vexed hath been their quest
Who seek the lands before the sunset gates.
But peace shall soon betide those tossed ship-mates.
A glad green shore the morning light shall show;
And moorage safe beneath the palms and dates—
There, waving meads men neither reap nor sow;
There, fields of asphodel and poppy sprung arow.

A legend of the winds. Aquilon keen,
That bloweth through the North wild flames of fire,
Whose plumes are lances felt though all unseen,
Brings thin: Three weavers have the gods in hire
To weave you well the garb of your desire,
With days and powers and all delights are fed,
Their distaffs feeding still the swift wheel's gyre;
On the loods' verge they sit and draw the thread—
On the white shore where none are living, none are dead.

A legend of the winds. The idle South,
That singeth old remembered songs most dear,
As who within a dream lifts to his mouth
A sighing mellow reed, yet doth not hear
The sound that breathes: All through the golden year
Are flowers and fruits together on the bough,
Song hath a pleasant tentage there, anear
A deep, sweet stream, where many come with vows,
And all crowned with some cooling green upon their brows.

—New York Graphic.

A HUNTING ADVENTURE

How the Last Panther in Pike County was Killed.

Although I had for several seasons visited the backwoods of Pike county, Pennsylvania (a section now famous among sportsmen), it was not until last season that I met one of the most celebrated characters of the region—Ed Quick, the bear-killer.' The rocky fastnesses and impenetrable swamps and jungles of Pike county still contain many black bears; but it is the attractions of the deer-chase that take hundreds of sportsmen annually thither, it bing only the accidental meeting of Bruin that adds zest to their stay in the woods. But Ed Quick is and has been for fifty years a systematic bear hunter. The deer-chase has no pleasure for him. His dogs are trained only to follow the trail of the bear, and once on the track of his favorite game there is no "lot" to either hunter or hound until the shaggy monster falls a victim to their relentless pursuit. Quick has slain over a thousand bears. Thus much I know from local hunters.

About the close of the deer season last year I stopped at Mose Westbrook's famous sportmen's tavern, in Blooming Grove, one night. The bar-room, lighted up by the blazing hickory logs in the broad fire-place, contained a number of hunters and trappers who had assembled from different parts of the region to interchange stories of their adventures during the season. Near the fire-place sat a tall, spare man, with a very red, sharp face, a long, thin red nose and very small eyes, the lids of which were painfully red around the edges. Surmounting his head was a tall bear-skin cap, made in shape of a spirit lamp extinguisher. It was drawn down to the man's eyes, and gave me the impression that the fiery features below were in danger of momentary spontaneous combustion, and that the cap was kept in readiness to extinguish at once the conflagration. I felt that the man was the noted bear-killer. After a few minutes I drew a chair near to where he sat, and asked:

"Is your name Quick?"

He looked at me without moving a muscle, and replied, with an indescribable drawl:

"W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s."

The other inmates of the room ceased talking. There was a moment of embarrassing silence, which I ventured to break with the inquiry:

"Ed Quick, the bear-killer?"

"W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s."

A very audible ripple of laughter now agitated the backwoods auditors to the brief colloquy, and one of them remarked:

"I reckon he'll hef to wet the ole man's whistle 'fore he gets anything out o' him."

There was no need of a kick; the hint was sufficient.

"Will you take something, Mr. Quick?"

Instantly the cap was pushed back on the head of the hunter. There was a pleased expression on his face.

"W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s," he said, and walked to the bar. "Gimme some applejack."

After drinking he resumed his seat, and said:

"W-a-al, y-a-a-s, stranger, I s'pose I hev killed a few b'ar. B'lieve it or not, I've put the slugs inter more'n a thousan' of 'em. I'm by sixty yar old, an' I've tramped the woods from the Delywar' to Siskybanner for nigh onto fifty. They used to be game in these woods, they did. I killed ten b'ar an' a pant'r 'fore I were ten year old, an' I've killed high as fifty b'ar in one year. An' deer! I've knowed twelve deer hung up in one day within two mile o' this spot! But they ain't nothin' h'yer any more. Do my best I've only skinned four b'ar this winter. Thirty an' forty year ago! Them was the days. They were music in the woods, then, boys! W-a-al, y-a-a-s!"

The bear-skin cap had worked itself back to its old position on the hunter's nose. Quick ceased talking, and after waiting a few minutes I thought to start him again.

"You must have had many thrilling adventures during your long life in the woods, Mr. Quick?"

"W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s."

"Wont you take something, Mr. Quick?"

"W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s. Gimme some applejack."

Again the huge cap sat back on the bear-killer's head, and his vocal organs were once more lubricated.

"W-a-al, y-a-a-s, young man; I s'pose I've had some lob'bin tough times in my day. Forty years ago they warn no end to the panthers, catamounts and wolfs in these parts, an' I guess I done my part a-cleanin' of 'em out. I killed the last pant'r t' ever was seen in these h'yer woods, an' that gi' me the cleanest nail I ever had. I carry a little memmyrandum of that chrisendjee right with me."

The Bear Killer pulled his woollen hunting shirt open at the throat and exposed his chest. A red stick thrit your needle by your finger is extended diagonally from his collar-bone to the lower rib on the right side.

"Give a panther's claw, an' I was only five year old. I had killed twenty-five year. I had done caught a scratch t'other side o' High Knob—that were the devil's place fur b'ar, that swamp. I ever run across. One winter. I 'member, I druv thirteen big uns out'n there, and got ev'ry one of 'em, too. But they aint 'nough in there now to make a lap robe. Me an' my dogs—them was two o' the best hounds 't ever tackled a b'ar or got chawed up by a pant'r. I feel like bellerin' every time I think o' how they was used that time, I do. Why, stranger, they wo'n't no b'ar that could git the hug on them dogs. The time I tackled the she b'ar an' the catamount fightin' over on Paupack, ef 'it hadn't been fur them dogs I'd a b'en squeezed flat, sure's a steel trap. Ye see, I come onto the cat an' the b'ar in a holler, and they was jest a settin' it to one 'nother on 'count 'o some ole grudge, an' I tuck a hand in. I killed the wildcat easy 'nough, but the b'ar seemed to think 't I were mixin' in where I had no business, an' she went for me 'fore I were ready, an' fast thing I knowed she were takin' me to her boosum. The dogs had been settin' down lookin' at the run, an' seed that it were time fur them to chip in, an' they did. They tackled the b'ar in the rear, an' she dropped me like a hot 'tater an' turned fur the dogs. When she riz on her hanches ag'n, I slid 'bout eight inches o' knife-blade in her heart, an' she were hangin' up skinned half an hour arterward. Them were bully dogs. W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s!"

The bear skin cap had reached its old position on the hunter's nose, and he ceased and seemed to be lost in reverie. Finally I said:

"What will you have, Mr. Quick?"

"Gimme some applejack."

Cap once more back on his head.

"Me an' the dog was goin' over to the swamp to empty the traps an' hev a tussel or two with some b'ar thet were real mad on 'count of gettin' ketched. When we got over on the south side of the knob——. Twenty-five year ago! Why, dein it, 't were thirty year ago! 'T were the same winter I drug them yer wolves out'n that cave on the south side the knob, an' that were in '46. W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s. See h'yer, stranger, did y' ever run 'cross a man named Putnam in yer travels—Giner't Putnam?"

I never had.

"Ef they is sech a man I'd like to run 'ginss him. My darter's got a young 'un goin' to school, 'n he come home t'other day with a yarn 't he'd seed in some o' the books 'bout a man named Gin'rl Putman who went inter a cave an pulled a wolf out'n it. Now, I'd like to meet him, for 'tween you an' me I don't b'lieve he done 't, an' I'd like ter ask him a few questions 'bout it. Guess he never hunts 'round h'yer."

I told the Bear Killer that the gentleman he referred to was General Putnam, and that he was dead.

"Dead, is he? Wall, I don't like ter think hard of a man arter he's holed up, but I hev my doubts 'bout his ketchin' thet wolf I do. W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s!"

Spontaneous combustion was evidently now nearer at hand than usual, for the great cap was down nearly to the end of the hunter's nose.

"It was on the south side of the knob that you met the panther, then, Mr. Quick?"

"W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s."

"Won't you have another drink, Mr. Quick?"

"W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s. Gimme some applejack."

"We got near where Hobbitty's mill now is," continued the hunter, with his cap pushed back, "four or five miles from hyer, when I heered the dogs a yelpin' on ahead. When I come up I seed the biggest pant'r I ever see stretched out on a big oak limb, a growlin' and awitchin' of his tail in a way that showed he were mad. I hauls up my gun and gav him a send off fes' for luck. He gav a yell an' jumped fur a hemlock tree twenty feet away. He struck a limb all right, but it were kind o' rotton an' it broke with him an' let him down kerthump! to the ground. The dogs was on to him in a second. The next second one o' 'em laid near a rod away with his whole side tore off, and t'other were tore to pieces in less 'n no time. We didn' have any double-bar'l guns 'round hyer then, so I chucks a load inter my old smooth-bore—an' I w'an't pertickler how many buck shot I dropped in neither—ag'inst my turn come, fur I knew that the pant'r'd reach fur me as soon as he'd squar'd up with the dogs. An' didn't he reach fur me? W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s! He let himself out so quick that he were in the air 'fore I could fire. I let him hev a han'ful o' buck shot, though, as near the heart as I could cale'late. But it didn't stop him, and he struck me plum in tith breast and shet his claws on me. Down I went, an' he on top o' me, with a screech that made my heart stop. He gav me one tear, an' the froth from his jaws dropped on my throat, and were hot as fire. That were all. My buckshot had gone where they were sent, an' the pant'r laid onto me as dead as a nail. I rolled him off an' got up. He hed ripped clean through my clothes and tore the flesh on my chist till it hung down like the flap of a game sack. I knowed I'd hef to do sumthin' for that, an' struck out for my cabin, two miles away. I thought I'd hef to lay down an' guv it up 'fore I got there, but I didn't. When I reached the cabin I drawed the flesh together with a wax-end and holed up for a week, an' come out all right. But ef that gun hed a snapped—w-a-a-l, y-a-a-s!"

The bear-skin cap had been slow in its progress this time, but rested on the hunter's nose at last and silence reigned. The other occupants of the barroom had dropped out one by one, and only two remained. They rose to take a good night drink, and one of them said:

"Ed, won't you take su'thin?"

"W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s," said Ed. "Gimme some applejack."

And I bade them good night and went to bed.—*New York World.*

A Good Word for St. Columba.

A Catholic Archbishop, in an elaborate letter to the Pope, advises that Christopher Columbus be raised to the rank of a saint and placed on the holy calendar of the church. The Archbishop thinks that as the present Pope is the only one who was ever in the new world which Columbus discovered, he is pre-eminently the proper one to bestow the honor. The suggestion is a good one. We do not know that it would do Columbus any good, but it would do the Pope and the church credit for appreciating the work of a great man. St. Columbus would be a decided improvement on the common herd of saints, many of whom were noted only for burrowing in gloomy caves and cells, without concerning themselves about their fellow-men of either hemisphere. As civil service reform is popular on this side of the ocean, the venerable Pius might begin a church service reform by canonizing a good man, one of the world's greatest heroes.—*Louisville Commercial.*

Bill Arp, late of Georgia, the man who furnished the witticisms and odd sayings which Charles H. Smith prepared and published some years ago, was accidentally killed near Decatur, Texas, Monday, March 5. He fell from a wagon loaded with corn, the wheels passing over his neck, killing him instantly. When he left home in the morning he told his family he would never again be permitted to enter the house alive, and strange to say, he was within fifty yards of the house on his return when the fatal accident occurred which terminated so fatally. He was a remarkable man, perfectly illiterate, but replete with original ideas and witty sayings.

A drummer in an orchestra should be heard by half-notes. The most distant he is the more enchantment he borrows.

How the Niggers and the Short-Hairs Rule the Corners.

The following state of affairs is portrayed by Nasby in his latest letter from the Cross Roads to the Toledo *Blade:*

Squire Bover hevin gone hentz we hed to elect a justis to fill his place, and in the convenshun Deekin Pogram and Absalum Pettus was the candidates. Pettus developed a good deel uv strength, but the deekin hevin invitid the convenshun out to take suthin, it turned the scale and he wus nominated. Pettus swore he wood never stand that kind uv tactics, and he declared hisself an independent candidate, at wich we laft, for the Dimocrisy uv the Corners are firm bleevers in the sanctity uv regler nominashens.

The Radikels, mostly niggers, hedid by Pollock and Bigler, met and resolved to make no nominashen, and so the contest wuz between the good old deekin and this wretched, disorganizin Pettus, and a very lively canvass it wuz.

The niggers called a meetin, wich precedin filled us with astonishment. Sich a thing hed never happened here before, and we all woudered wat it ment.

"Uv course this can't be permitted," sed the Deekin.

"Not any," sez I. "It's agin nacher, and must be prevented."

And so on the nite uv the meetin, Isaker, Captain McPeler and the rest uv the faithful went to the hall over Pollock's store, where the niggers wuz in session, and, pulling cur revolvers, advised em to git. The niggers didn't git, for up sprung Pettus and about a dozen uv his frends and made sum few remarks.

"These gentlemen," sed Pettus, "is citizens uv the Yoonited States, and, ez sech, hev a rite to meet and consult ez to the condition uv our common country. They are goin to do it, or yoo hev me to fite ez well ez them. This thing is played out."

I wuz struck dum with astonishment.

"Why, this is revoloosheni This is anarky! This is a turnin over uv things! This is a upturnin and an upheevel! The idee uv a white man and a Dimekrat a sidin with niggers and Radikels! Pettus, wat do you mean? Set down, sir! The Dimocratic party holds yoo to your allegiance."

"D—n the Dimekratic party," wuz the reply uv this infiddle. "I want to be Justis and I'm a goin to be! I perpose to beet the old sucker."

The niggers held ther meetin and resolved to cast their ballots for Absalum Pettus, Esq.

"Will they be allowed to vote?" askt the Deekin, his voice quiverin with emoshun.

"Never!" sed I. "Ef they vote then chaos comes agin."

The elockshun wuz held last Monday. Early in the mornin Pettus, and a dozen or two uv renegade Dimocrats, with Pollock and that infamous Joe Bigler, all uv em with revolvers, wuz on hand when the polls wuz opened, with more than a hundred niggers. Instid uv hevin Pogram, Bascom, and McPeller for the board, which hez bin the custom for yeers, they insisted upon bein represented theirselves, and ez they wuz largely in the majority they put a nigger on the board.

The Dimocrisy rallied, but it wuz evident they wuz demoralized. Pettus talked all day about the rites uv all citizens to vote, and ez the niggers hed bin made citizens he swore they shood vote, or he'd know the reason why, espeshelly ez thy wuz all a votin for him. And Pollock and Bigler backed him up, and the niggers took heart, hevin support from so many white men, and they come in in droves, and votid ez naterally ez the they hed bin allus yoosed to it.

And ez we hed no chance to do the countin by ourselves, owin to that nigger's bein on the board, with Pettus and Bigler standin right behind him, the ornary cuss wuz declared electid, and Deekin Pogram defeetid, by a large majority.

This is the end uv all things. Pettus hez declared for the administrashen uv the yoosepor Hayes, and hez changed his hedquarters to Bascom's store, and ther he and his minyuns meet every nite and exult over his triumph.

But it doesn't end here. Isaker Gavit kicked a nigger yesterday, and the nigger hauld him up afore Squire Pettus, and that onfeelin man fined Isaker, and when Isaker refoosed to pay the fine on the ground that a court elected by niggers coodent possibly be coonstoosshnel, nobow, he chucked him into the calaboose, where he is now languishin, a marter to prinsiple and a want of $4 50!

Princess Salm-Salm's Life.

Princess Salm-Salm, who is still kindly remembered by many who knew her while here, has written the story of her most interesting adventures under the title of "Ten Years of My Life." The story is full of romance, and the incidents crowd upon and jostle each other like a procession of people eager to get somewhere. It begin's with the author's visit in McClellan's great military display in Washington to the early part of the war, and once there she must needs visit Blenker's German division, where she met Prince Salm-Salm. He could not talk English, and she could not talk German, but they stood and blushed at each other, and—were married in St. Patrick's Church in Washington, August 30, 1862. Dismissed from Blenker's staff by Stanton, the Princess tried her hand at diplomacy, and her address secured his appointment to the command of a German regiment from Governor Morgan. This was followed by all sorts of adventures, and to follow her flying footsteps through the war would be to reprint her book. Immediately at its close Salm-Salm went to Mexico and offered his services to Maximilian, who appointed him colonel. The Princess started to join him, and he started to fetch her from New York, but was taken sick of the yellow fever at Havana, where they met by accident. In the Mexican war they took an active part. The Princess was everywhere, and was one of the unfortunate Maximilian's most effective aide and diplomats. She was equal to all emergencies but two, she could not make money nor save a cause which bad generalship had doomed, and his life with it. But she succeeded in effecting her husband's release from Vera Cruz and with him escaped to New York, whence in the winter of 1868 they started for Europe. They were kindly received by the Prince's brother, Alfred of Schloss Anholt, in Westphalia, but the Emperor of Austria snubbed the Prince, and his old creditors arrested him for debts contracted in his young spendthrift days, but the Princess saw the Archduchess Sophia, who cried a good deal, embraced her, and gave her a bracelet with the portrait of Maximilian, and the Emperor presented her with an annuity of $1200, which she thankfully accepted, and escaped from dukes and duns to quiet old Anholt. Then they traveled. Salm-Salm published his Mexican diary, which his wife probably prepared for the press. Interested friends introduced him to King William of Prussia, who gave him an appointment in the Queen Augusta Regiment. There were any number of jealousies, rivalries, irritations and tribulations. The Princess found high life as afflicted with annoyances and stings as a New Jersey home with mosquitoes. But the French war troubled these small grievances away. The Prince was killed at Gravelotte. The Princess performed the funeral rites as he requested, but immediately returned to the field and worked in the hospitals till the war was over. Then she had a long battle with creditors, and was obliged to renounce her husband's birthright, which did not satisfy them. But a rich uncle had died very opportunely and left her a fortune. She abandoned the idea of entering a convent, visited Spain to recover her health, after which she returned home—"a home with which I am perfectly satisfied." This is the outline. But the story, covering three great wars, and giving inside views of all of them, is intensely interesting. It is full of movement, vivacity, surprise, accident, everything. It is a romance on the run. Such an active, irrepressible, enthusiastic woman as the Princess is, who carries all before her, can not help drawing her readers after her and leaving the novelists behind in the race. She drops opinions which are often amusing. She calls McClellan the *dilettante* General. She says, being a woman she must not defend Queen Isabella, but thinks she deserves more compassion than the contempt with which she has been treated. Kings like her, if not better princes, are judged very leniently, but queens with morbid passions are forgiven only if great as sovereigns. But she writes about everybody, and quotation is impossible. The plums are part of the pudding, and both must go together.—*New York Graphic.*

Letter from an Arkansas Settler.

The following choice bit of humor appeared originally in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* in 1839. It is now republished by request. From the last paragraph of Sam Streller's letter, it is safe to infer that Sam was an original bulldozer:

We have thought it right to give publicity to the following very intelligent letter, lately written by a settler to his mother in St. Giles', London, on account of the valuable statistical information it contains:

Catchum's Shallow on the littled Red River
Arkansaw April 1838

MY DEER MUTHER—Yer mostest wunder if you havnt heru of me for sumie time, but grate grefe is dumb as Shaxpire sais, and I was advised to hop my twig and leaf old ingland, which indede i was verry sorrorful, but now i am thanks gudness saf, and in amerrykey. i ardly no ware myself, but the best of this will tel my tell. i ham a squatter in the far wurst, about ¼ a mile thie side sundown, and if i ad gun mutch father i shud av found nothin but son, an no nite at all. You kno how the hummegrating Agent tolde me that if peepl cudnt liv in Sout G lesee amerrykey was ospitile to dy in; besides ses he if you're not verry nere you can ade yure muther in distres. so i went aborde a ship wat was going to Noo Orlinea. Ive herd peopel tawk about rodes on the atlantick but I tell you what the verry ruffest i evir rode on and it was verry long and very cold and we had nothin 2 heat hardly, but we found a ded rat in a warter cask witch the flavur was grately increased thareby. at last we cam to the arbur at the city of Noo Orlinea witch is all under the bottom of the top of the river, and we all an ankering to go ashore. I ad no idear as the rivvers was so big in this country, but as the present is so very ezy i didnt fele it at al. The noo orlinea peepel is odd fishis and not at all commun plaies; wen all the peeple in the streets is mustard it is a pepper and sault populashun, there is blak wites an wite blaks, an a sorte of mixt peeple caled quadroons because they are of fore colers blak, an wite blake, an blak wites. Has the river is so very hi it is always hi water, an the manifold advantigies of the city depends on the gudness of its banks, there is loks in em to let the water out, and keys to kepe it in. Munney here is very common, an is cald sentee, and evvery thing is cheep in Noo Orlinea, 5 dollar bills bein only worth 2 dollars. We went up the rivver in a large bote like a noise ark only more promiscus, the current account was against us, it dent turn and turn agen like at putny bridg, and as it runs alwys in wan way i wunder it dont run away alogethir. There is no cows nor tailer shops nor pallisses as i expectorated there wood be, the wood was all quite wilde not a bit of tame no ware nor no sines of the blessidniss of civilizashun as jales and jin shops nor no kitching gardins nor fields nor ouses nor lanes nor alleys nor gates nothin but alleygators. after a grate dale of settlin i settled to settle as ahay ware you will rite to me. These staits is called the united staits because thire mails and females all united. Theres six of them winmin staits. 2 Carolinas, Mise Sourry, Missis Sippy, Louese Anna, and Arkansas, all the rest is mails. I have sene no cannibels and verry few ingins besides steam ingins there quite unbeducated and dout emply no tailers. I dont like fammin mutch but praps I shal won i get used to it, the its very ticonvenient at furst. i am obliged to wark very ard and if i have to chop my one wood mush longer i hav determined to eat my stick.

Dere muther, i think i shuld be more cumfurtable if i had a few trifels witch you cold bye me, if yew wud only sel sumthing, and send me all the bills partickular, and I'l be sure to owe it you—namly sum nedils and thred, and sum odd buttons, but thems of little use without you send me sum shirts, and a waistcote, and upper cote, to put em on, when those tumbles off thats on when you sends em, and sum brads, and some hammers to drive em with, and a spade an a pickax, an a saw, and sum fish hooks, and gunpowdr, an sum shot, witch they will be of the gratest convenience, if you can send me a gun, likewis sum stockins, an shues and other hardwears, only its no use to send me any bank notes, for my nerest naybours is sum ingin wagwans above 70 miles of an'i endnt get changes there, so dont forgit some *led and sum bullit molder, for some blak fellers has been fishin close by, jist within 7 miles an I wants to have a pop at em with the bu and pere dutiful son*

SAM. STROLLER.

The Dollar Greenbacks.

The local currency circulation of Washington consists very largely of greenbacks, to the exclusion of national bank notes, and the effect of the order of the Secretary of the Treasury, issued only a few days ago, to suspend for the present its further issue of one and two dollar treasury notes, is naturally first felt in this city. Already a scarcity of notes of these denominations is experienced, and several of the banks have, within the last day or two, begun to pay all sums less than $5 in amount in silver. The result is a considerably increased silver circulation. It the present policy is continued, silver will gradually take the place of the one and two dollar treasury notes, and the currency consisting of coin will eventually become much greater than that of fractional currency, now partially withdrawn everywhere. This is an important, though perhaps not a very long, step in the direction of specie payments. The full amount of legal tender notes of denominations not less than $5 outstanding November 1, 1876, was $59,500,265. Two or three per cent of these notes have probably been lost or destroyed.

Louisiana Silk Culture.

We have been handed by Mr. Roy Mundy, Esq., a skein of silk made by a young lady, Miss Ware, of Lincoln parish, but now of Red River. The silk was made from the cocoon grown in Lincoln, and is most beautifully died pink. Mr. Mundy informs us that he saw specimens of all colors, which would bear the closest inspection in any market, and all wound and spun by Miss Ware. We understand these specimens will be on exhibition at the State Fair, and we believe, without exciting any wild terms sensitiveness speculation such as once occurred in our memory, that the production of silk in Louisiana might in time become a solid and remunerative industry to our ladies and such of our population as are not physically suited to the severe labor attending the production of cotton. Persons wishing to examine this specimen are requested to call at the *Reporter* office.—*Monroe Reporter.*

Blaine didn't include the Boston *Traveller* when he said the Boston papers didn't represent the stalwart Republican sentiment of New England. The *Traveller* says: "President Hayes and Governor Packard were elected by the vote of Louisiana, and the Sunkeys who discredit Governor Packard's right by that out invite President Hayes to step down and out. There may be ways of dodging that fact, but they are not honest ways."

STEAMSHIPS.

FOR HAVANA VIA CEDAR KEYS AND KEY WEST.

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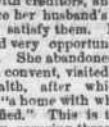
MARGARET, EMILIA.



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SHERIFF'S SALES.

H. Rousselin vs. Marie Merlet, Widow, etc., et al.

FIFTH DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 3[illegible]—By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale to me directed by the honorable the Fifth District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Custom-house streets, in the Second District of this city, on FRIDAY, May 4, 1877, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit:

TWO LOTS OF GROUND, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon, rights, ways and appurtenances thereof, and all the rights, privileges and servitudes thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining, situated in the First District of this city, designated as the numbers nineteen and twenty on a plan drawn by Joseph Pilie, late surveyor, on the first of May, 1840, and deposited in the office of F. L. Morlay, late notary public in this city, and a copy or a sketch annexed to an act passed before R. G. Gottschalk, late a notary public in this city, on the thirteenth of June, 1866, said sketch made by A. G. Blanchard, deputy surveyor, and dated the third of June, 1866, which two lots of ground form part of square number two hundred, comprised within Common, Palmyra, Prieur and Roman streets, and measure, English measure, as follows, to wit: Lot number nineteen forming the corner of Common and Prieur streets, measures twenty-seven feet five inches two lines from on said Common street by one hundred and thirty feet five lines deep on the line dividing it from lot number twenty, and twenty five feet nine inches deep on the other side line toward Roman street and twenty-seven feet wide in the rear. And lot number twenty measures twenty-seven feet five inches two lines front on said Common street, one hundred and twelve feet three inches deep on the line dividing it from lot number nineteen, and twenty-seven feet wide in the rear. Being the same property acquired by the defendants herein by purchase from William Kinne, by act passed before said late notary, R. G. Gottschalk, on the third of April, 1866.

Seized in the above suit.
Terms—Cash on the spot.

THOMAS R. HANDY,
ap7 14 my4 Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

Lochte & Cordes vs. Mrs. Mary Ann Pudenz for.

FIFTH DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF Orleans, No. 3033.—By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale to me directed by the honorable the Fifth District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, for I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Custom-house streets, in the second District of this city, on SATURDAY, May 5, 1877, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property, to wit—

THE THIRD, TENTH AND EIGHTEENTH of the defendant herein in and to a certain suit late pending in the Sixth District Court for the parish of Orleans, entitled Samuel Johnson vs. Canal Street City Park and Lake Ponchartrain Company, No. 8[illegible] of the docket of said Sixth District Court, now pending in the Superior District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the 2d of the docket of the docket by transfer. Said defendant being assignee of said Samuel Johnson, by sheriff's sale, in said No. 8[illegible] of the docket of this court. Seizure and particulars process having been regularly served in the hands of said company through its president.

Seized in the above suit.
Terms—Cash on the spot.

THOMAS R. HANDY,
ap7 30 my5 Civil Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

Lafayette Fire Insurance Company vs. Peter H. Thobe.

FIFTH DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 7[illegible].—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias directed by the honorable the Fifth District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled cause, to Eugene Wagnaman, late sheriff, and by said late sheriff to me transferred, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal street, between Canal and Custom-house streets, by virtue and in pursuance to an order from the Hon. A. L. Tissot, judge of the Second District Court for the parish of Orleans, dated March 23, 1877, for account of and succession—

ONE UNDIVIDED TWO-SIXTY FOURTHS INTEREST IN AND TO THE SCHOONER ANNA, supposed to be at sea or in some seaport.

2. ONE-TWELFTH INTEREST IN AND TO THE SCHOONER SAM. STROLLER, supposed to be at sea or in some seaport.

3. ONE-TAWELFTH INTEREST IN AND TO THE SCHOONER [illegible], supposed to be at sea or in some seaport.

Terms—Cash on adjudication. ap7 18 17 24 my1 4

VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

WIDOW PIERRE CAZELAR, TESTAMENTARY EXECUTRIX, VS. HEIRS OF PHILIPPE MENGHERE.

Second District Court for the Parish of Orleans—No. 20,[illegible].

BY PLACIDE J. SPEAR, AUCTIONEER—Office No. 48 Royal street.—SATURDAY, May 5, 1877, at twelve o'clock M., will be sold at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal street, between Canal and Custom-house streets, by virtue and in pursuance to two judgments, the one rendered March 13, 1877, and signed March 14, 1877, and the other rendered and signed April 9, 1877, by the Hon. A. L. Tissot, judge of the Second District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled matter.

A TRACT OF LAND, situated in the parish of Orleans, on the right bank of the Mississippi river, forming part of that very famous tract of Cazelar plantation, and measuring about 16 arpents front on said Mississippi river, by a depth of forty arpents, and bounded in the upper side by lands belonging to Mrs. Moss, and on the lower side by lands belonging to the heirs of J. P. Sénac.

Terms and Conditions—One third cash on adjudication, the balance at twelve and twenty-four months, with interest at eight per cent per annum from date of adjudication, secured by mortgage and special privilege, with five per cent attorney's fees in case of compromise, to be released to assume all taxes payable to 1877, and subsequently, over and above the price of adjudication, and to furnish for the credit installments notes corresponding to the respective interests of the parties hereto.

Act of sale before Jules Mossy, notary public, at the expense of purchaser. ap7 18 17 24 my1 4

IMPROVED PROPERTY ON PHILIPPA STREET, BETWEEN UNION AND GRAVIER STREETS, FIRST DISTRICT.

SUCCESSION OF GUILEPPE SPORTONO.

Second District Court for the Parish of Orleans—No. 20,012.

BY PLACIDE J. SPEAR, AUCTIONEER—Office No. 48 Royal street.—On SATURDAY, May 5, 1877, at twelve o'clock M., will be sold at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal street, between Canal and Custom-house streets, by virtue and in pursuance to an order from the Hon. A. L. Tissot, judge of the Second District Court for the parish of Orleans, dated April 9, 1877, for account of said succession—

ONE UNDIVIDED HALF OF A CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND, together with the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in the First District of this city, in the square comprised within Philippa, Laurel, Josephine and Gravier streets, designated as the lot No. 11, on plan of A. Kaul of March 24, 1855, and measures 25 feet 3 inch front on Philippa street, 52 feet 10 inches in depth on the upper side, 52 feet 11 inches in depth on the lower side, and 25 feet 4 inches in the rear.

Terms—Cash on the spot.

THOMAS R. HANDY, Sheriff, No. [illegible], notary public. ap7 30 17 my1 4

AUCTION SALES.

By Placide J. Spear.

INTEREST IN AND TO TWO SCHOONER'S.
SUCCESSION OF JOHN CRAIG.
Second District Court for the Parish of Orleans—No. 20,[illegible].

BY PLACIDE J. SPEAR, AUCTIONEER—Office No. 48 Royal street.—SATURDAY, May 5, 1877, at twelve o'clock M., will be sold at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal street, between Canal and Custom-house streets, by virtue and in pursuance to an order from the Hon. A. L. Tissot, judge of the Second District Court for the parish of Orleans, dated March 23, 1877, for account of said succession—

ONE-TWELFTH INTEREST IN AND TO THE SCHOONER [illegible], supposed to be at sea or in some seaport.

ONE-TWELFTH INTEREST IN AND TO THE SCHOONER [illegible], supposed to be at sea or in some seaport.

Terms—Cash on adjudication. ap7 18 17 24 my1 4

VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

WIDOW PIERRE CAZELAR, TESTAMENTARY EXECUTRIX, VS. HEIRS OF PHILIPPE MENGHERE.

Second District Court for the Parish of Orleans—No. 20,[illegible].

BY PLACIDE J. SPEAR, AUCTIONEER—Office No. 48 Royal street.—SATURDAY, May 5, 1877, at twelve o'clock M., will be sold at public auction, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, on Royal street, between Canal and Custom-house streets, by virtue and in pursuance to two judgments, the one rendered March 13, 1877, and signed March 14, 1877, and the other rendered and signed April 9, 1877, by the Hon. A. L. Tissot, judge of the Second District Court for the parish of Orleans, in the above entitled matter.

A TRACT OF LAND, situated in the parish of Orleans, on the right bank of the Mississippi river, forming part of that very famous tract of Cazelar plantation, and measuring about 16 arpents front on said Mississippi river, by a depth of forty arpents, and bounded in the upper side by lands belonging to Mrs. Moss, and on the lower side by lands belonging to the heirs of J. P. Sénac.

Terms and Conditions—One third cash on adjudication, the balance at twelve and twenty-four months, with interest at eight per cent per annum from date of adjudication, secured by mortgage and special privilege, with five per cent attorney's fees in case of compromise, to be released to assume all taxes payable to 1877, and subsequently, over and above the price of adjudication, and to furnish for the credit installments notes corresponding to the respective interests of the parties hereto.

Act of sale before Jules Mossy, notary public, at the expense of purchaser. ap7 18 17 24 my1 4

AUCTION SALES.

By C. E. Girardey.

THE GREAT SALE OF THE SEASON,
COMPRISING THE
CHOICEST OF COMMERCIAL AND RESIDENCE PROPERTY IN MARKET,
EMBRACING STORES, LONG ESTABLISHED AND SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS STANDS,
ON CAMP, CARONDELET, CHARTRES AND OLD LEVEE STREETS,
THE POPULAR BALLIO'S STORES AND THE CHARMING COTTAGE RESIDENCE ADJOINING AND
THE MAGNIFICENT BUILDING SITES,
FORMING THE ENTIRE SQUARE BOUNDED BY ST. CHARLES, JACKSON, CARONDELET AND JOSEPHINE STREETS,
THE MOST PICTURESQUE PORTION OF THE FOURTH OR GARDEN DISTRICT.

SALE TO EFFECT A PARTITION
SUCCESSION OF THE LATE MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER PHILLIPS.

Second District Court for the Parish of Orleans—No. 20,154.

BY C. E. GIRARDEY, AUCTIONEER—Office No. 31 Camp street.—SATURDAY, May 19, 1877, at twelve o'clock M., at the Stock Exchange in the rotunda of the Hotel, in this city, will be sold at public auction, by virtue and in pursuance of an order from A. L. Tissot, judge of the Second District Court for the parish of Orleans, dated the third of April, and rendered in the above entitled and numbered cause, the following valuable property, viz:

FIVE CERTAIN LOTS OF GROUND, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, and all rights, ways, privileges, servitudes and appurtenances thereunto belonging, situated in the First District of this city, and in the square bounded by Chartres, Exchange alley, Custom-house and Bienville streets, measuring 43 feet 10 inches front on Chartres street by 192 feet in depth, between parallel lines, American measurement. The improvements comprise the three-story brick building, designed by the No. 194 Magazine street—Delerio's orthopedic and veterinary establishment, and by him leased out till the 15th day of October, 1877, at the rate of $600 per annum.

2. ANOTHER LOT OF GROUND, WITH TH