

LOCAL NEWS.

From the Daily Herald of January 2.

THE PODUNKS!

The M. E. Church Thronged with the Beauty and Elite of Helena.

GRAND SUCCESS.

The Proceeds for the Benefit of the Poor.

SPEECH OF THE GRAND DUKE.

Last evening, the sensation of the week, the entertainment by the Great Podunks took place at the M. E. church. The body of the house was filled at an early hour, and not even standing room was to be had before the hour for the going up of the curtain. At least two hundred people went away, unable to gain admittance. Below we give the programme, as near as it can possibly be got at:

The Superb Tycoon, Chief of the Grand Podunks, greeted the immense audience with a Happy New Year—happy as it could be with such solemn surroundings. Many who might have been here a year ago are not with us now—they didn't have the necessary six bits. Many of us who are here will probably never see another New Year's night in 1872.

We mourn the absence of many who are not only not with us to-night, such as Adam, George Washington, Methuselah, Napoleon Bonaparte and Gimlet, Prince of Dunkirk, who never, even in the past, have had the honor and pleasure of being with us now. It is truly a time for tears:—ye who have them, prepare to draw your handkerchiefs. We mourn the death of the Old Year, with its Bismarck, Lucy Stone, Horace Greeley, George Francis Train and the Grocery Syndicate. I'm busted—(voice from the crowd: Boils ought to be busted.)

From his elevated position, natural surroundings, and development of lung manifestations, our phonographic reporter was unable to catch but a now-and-then word from the lips of the Superb Tycoon. Suffice it that his remarks were terrifically terrible, tremendously strong but toned to the temper of tangibility. Round upon round of side-splitting exuberance rent the air (very close), and every heart palpitated its joy during the entire tableaux vivants.

The address was indeed—much. THE BAND. The Aria was from the Opera of Robert le Diable. The music still crushes our soul with its complications of frenzied harmony, its euphonious soundings, its symphonic dilutions of ethereal poesy, ravishing in its sweetness, entrancing in its tones.

This was followed by a quartette, rendered in extatic style, by Messrs. Stipe, Stuedeman, Childs and Heart. The "two-story dwelling house to the most enterprising citizen," was awarded by the ladies to

COLONEL CHARLES AUGUSTUS BROADWATER. With blushes of maiden modesty the gallant Colonel flew to the deadly breach. Emotion, fond but fixed, but fixed his tongue and the silvery speech would not up at his bidding. The battery of eyes from Beauty's Camp were turned upon the Colonel, and he blushed another blush until his manly cheeks were even flush. (A good poker hand.)

THE ORATION BY THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS. Mr. Chance L. Harris was introduced to the audience amid thunders of applause, and delivered a lengthy address, which was replete with wit, sarcasm, pith and point. Mr. Harris though a comparative stranger among us, seems to be thoroughly posted in regard to our citizens, some of whom he hit pretty hard in his lecture last night. We reproduce some portions of his most excellent speech, and regret our inability to publish it in full. He was frequently and heartily applauded during its delivery, and at the conclusion left the stage amid the most uproarious laughter, clapping of hands, and other evidences of unbounded enthusiasm.

[The speech was delivered in veritable Teutonic vernacular, but we reproduce it in English.]

SPEECH OF THE DUKE. Superb Tycoon, Chief of the Grand Podunks and general Ringtail Snorter of Helena: Ladies and Gentlemen:

You wish me a happy New Year. I suppose you was glad I was been by that house to-night. I have been imported mit the place regardless of suspense to Colonel Widewater and myself, and I can assure you I was most to peices tickled when the great Podunkers allowed me to liquid-ate my own hotel bills at the International tavern.

My friend Sherman only charged me ten dollars per day for extras. I told him I don't got some extras.

"Well," said Sherman, "he was no my fault, you aughter got dose axdras."

FREEZE OUT. On my way from New York I made stopped at Corinne two days, and to entertain me Mr. Kirkendall and Mr. Klein played me a little cold weather out.—(some people call it Freeze-out.) That's the reason I arrived here by the Diamond "R" instead of the coach-stage.

PITCH. The committee told me to pitch into every body regardless of former condition in life—Well, so good, but suppose the pitch sticks to some of 'em? Who pays the libel suit? The Dook Alexis? Not much. I understand this entertainment to-night

was for the poor folks my friends. That was me.

I come by New York and got presents heaps. I come py Helena and Ich wies nit—Ich haeben nix—Ich don't got somedings. Vots ter reasons? Who was ter great Bodunkers? Echo answers—three hundred strong—stronger than was I, and that's the reason I don't got some gelt.

DAN FISK. I take these six foot notes from Dan. Fisk. I don't know whether he pays the notes or not, but he was shust ter zame. Dan. was a good boy, if he did lose a lase collar.

Strayed or stolen—one young lady dressed in an elegant lace collar. He's better she makes back the collar or got her name published. Don't know the name but still he was published.

WHO WAS PETER RONAN? I could told you. When a boy Peter was the devil—the devil in a black Rep. book paper in Iowa, Dubuque, mit old Hackley. Peter don't was like that and makes himself to Boston down. His girl boarded at the American House. So did Peter. I was come there 'bout that time, and Peter leaves for bloody Kansas, where the hayjawkers tumbled his press in the river creek. Pressing times those!

Who was Peter now? Head Centre of the Democrats, with a first class paper book. I was a Democrat too. How was us mighty people swim! I speak me now of

GEORGE MANN. He was the ladies' Mann. Avery pretty girl goes herself crazy 'bout that George. That's all right, but if he comes himself by my house when I was away to see my sister,—he don't come.

I told you 'bout that. When Col. Widewater arrived in my express, that George Mann jerke of my hand out my carpet-sack-bag out and says: "Myneer Alexis, I was more glad like I got some new close when I seen you."

Vell I said, "We gates" too, and then we took a little schnapps. Now George don't drink. I don't drink, too. We both kept on don't drink and purty quick I was just so drunk like a post hole. George puts on style now mit his wooden tooth pick hotels, but I knowed him in '64 when he lived on frozen onions straight.

When my friend JUDGE SYMES discovered first Last Chance, Gulch, Pocahontas was made from her wig-lodge-wam away. The Judge at immediately once make a breach of complaint promise and sticks it up on the door shop blacksmith house. Bimeby that feller comes out and said what's the reason mit him? The Judge said it was the last Chance. Now the Judge don't got Pocahontas, but the gulch got a name.

Here's a conundrum. Who got the worst of it—the gulch or Poky? Go ask Shoder or Judge Hilger, the crowbate mans. Speaking of the other fellers I don't could forget that big gun the people call

CANNON. He was the boy as knowed something. He was a double-barreled encyclopedia. He plays smart, too, sometimes. He's the boy what makes little crackers with a quartz crushing machine for the Indian Ring. I wish I got one of those rings. General Bottle and I was quick away rich. I don't could told what kind of a cannon he was, but guess a rifle cannon or mountain how's-your-sister.

Who don't know the Wells Fargo little boys. His name was

CHILD, with a W. C. in front. I knowed him in Walla Walla when he was dead broke, but he could sing, "Put me in my Little Bed," like nothing. He's a web-foot and makes of big tracks in the snow, and when he sees telegraph poles in the street he turns his toes in to keep from down stumbling.

Montana has got a skating park rink—four foot under snow—and a brass band to blow it off—not the rink park, but the snow.

Just so quick I makes myself in Montana, mine gabruder cousin

NICK KESSLER comes of my rooms so glad like benzene to see me a couple of times. Now, I knowed Nick when him and McPherson peddled grain in Chicago; but Nick makes sick of that and come of Ten-Mile out with a few hops. After the schnapps I told Nick he's got rich purty quick. Nick shust winked a little laugh and said, "I told you, Alexis, anybody gots rich when he only puts two hops in four kegs of lager."

That's the reason with him. Who was

THE SYNDICATE fellers? I was got an invitation mit one of 'em next week, but I knowed him in Louisville when he was scene paints—benzine, I guess.

That's the place where the head barrels was red painted before the schnapps name was made on. He learns smart and comes the mountains out with—revolvers, a double-barreled knife, and a boy. By and by the syndicate makes trouble with the news office paper, and goes like ter tivil out mit the revolver knife and double-barreled boy, but Dan Fisk don't was scared much. He don't was that kind of a girl.

Everybody knows what I mean.

THE MONTANA GOVERNOR. Fellow Podunkers I will tell you of him. In olden times he lived himself in a little one-mule town in the Ohio State, and used every day to whistle more up as a dozen goods dried boxes. I don't know whether his name is Potts or Kettles. If the latter, he's a brass one—if the former, he's hard crockery. I

dold you. In a letter he said he was "far in the Montana mountains out away from the genial inflew end ways of civilization." That was purty good for the one-mule town man who gets the govornory place.

There's BOB FISK. Every body knows Bob cause he raised the tivel in the paper news. That HERALD paper was made a big circulation like the Gazette in all the States and Africa. I knowed Bob as a bare-footed boy without a jack knife when he carried the Courier in Indiana State of Lafayette. But Bob is a self-rising Podunker—learned early to live on yeast powders and now goes it heavy as big medicine in the Republican camp. The people have made him popular with a morning overcoat to sleep in. I must told you of that. At the Charity Fair Mr. Ronan and Bob run a big race—on their friends money, two-bits a vote—first Peter then Bob—then neither. By and by in comes

MYNEER BOHM, and goes strong on Bob with the Emma mine for Peter. Purty quick Myneer Bohm started the crowd like a little quakedearth with: "Mine got! oof I got mad I goes vice tousand tollar on Pob Fisk."

But he turn round soon and say with nose on his finger: "put I don't got mad!" Now Bob is popular, he could borrow a clean shirt from any body—but me. I don't got one.

Montana has got a SMELTING WORKS— with big smoke stacks (pause) and no smoke in 'em.

Montana has got "Italian skies"—over the snow storms.

Ladies and gentlemen, you are much obliged to The Superb Tycoon and myself. To him you owe much. He has been the mountain around which the Podunks have rallied. His brain has conceived, his inspiration carried out, his stout arms executed the avalanche from the hills of Momus which has deluged you to night in such mirth and pleasure as passeth the minds of men. True, he's a good sized Boyle, and I doubt me not he aches in earnest over this affair.

I close me this speech with the toast of my old friend Rip: "May you life long unt broser."

Next came a beautiful solo, rendered by Stipe and received by the audience with decided ecst. This was followed by a presentation of a Gold Headed Cane to the most popular professional man.

Mr. Bullard proved the ladies choice. The Aria, from Du Quit, as rendered by Messrs. Stuedeman and Charles J. D. Curtis, was received with uproarious applause. The costume of Miss (?) Curtis was elaborate beyond description, and "took" with every member of the immense audience. The "make-up," throughout, of both gentlemen was not only elegant, but tasty.

Following this came the spicy tableau of THE GREEK SLAVE, a son of Hibernia, dhudeen in mouth, shillalah in hand, "Sitting on the Stile, Mary."

Messrs. Stipe and Hart next ravished the ears with a do-it, a gem in its way, and highly applauded. At this juncture the audience were favored with "The Fine Old Dietchen Shentleman," by Mr. Double U. be Newell. Das was besser ash coot do.

Now came the presentation of a gentleman's silk dressing gown to the most popular newspaper man.

MR. PETER RONAN, of the Rocky Mountain Gazette, was the happy recipient. With bows profound and graces sweet, Mr. Ronan followed the gallant example of General Videwasser, and accepted this token of esteem from the hands of the fairest of the fair, in golden silence.

The canary bird by WELLS, FARGO & CO. was omitted on account of the absence of Mr. Wells. A sistrin was offered as a substitute by Mr. Childs, but the Superb Tycoon decided the old thing wouldn't work.

The solo by Mr. Stuedeman was heartily received and encored.

The "Gold watch" to the best young man for general purposes, was awarded to Mr. William Shakespeare Todd. Speech by the Superb Tycoon. Response by Todd, who said he would sustain the reputation or die in the endeavor. Tycoon said he guessed he'd be a cold Todd then.

Now came the Mazeppa-5-act-sextuple-tragedy—a tableaux causing much merriment.

THE BAND again put in an appearance and ravished every soul in the assembly by their strains.

Duett by Messrs. Stipe and Hart was rendered in magnificent style, and called for an encore.

The presentation of "A Damascus sword to the Bravest of the Brave," fell to the lot of COL. CHARLES JEFFERSON DAVIS CURTIS, for gallant and meritorious services during the Yellowstone war, wherein the three hundred slew and slathered, skinned and scalped one poor Crow Indian. Happy hits by the Superb, followed by superb happiness from the Tycoon in presenting

CAPT. BOB FISK with a diamond-hilted, gold-mounted, long-bladed, sharp-pointed, silver-guarded Damascus scythe for conduct of a recherche order in defense of the ladies generally.

THE INDIAN BUREAU came next in the shape of a beautiful tableau representing a mammoth demijohn.

Then the oration of silence by O'Donovan Rossa, followed by the presentation of a gold watch to the most valued citizen.

secured the treasure, and in a speech replete with humor and pathos mixed with briny tears, returned thanks for the appreciation of his services in defense of the ragged miners.

The vote for the Circassian doll went in favor of Mr. John Ward, who received the little darling with an affectionate embrace.

CHARLES FIDELITY ELLIS was the most popular county official—by vote—and stood the ovation with a forty—tude commendable in the extreme. After this, the presentation of general presents to the community at large was made by the Tycoon and assistants. Nearly an hour was occupied, and still not over one-half the presents were given away. During the entire entertainment no flaw occurred to mar its smoothness.

From the rising of the curtain to its final close the walls of the auditorium rang with laughter and echoed back the silvery notes of unbounded joy.

Near the close the superb Tycoon put to vote the question regarding a repetition at some near future day, in the Thespian Temple of our city. A unanimous "aye" from the audience decided the point.

To the pastor and trustees of the church a hearty vote of thanks was given by the Great Podunks.

The receipts of the evening run into the hundreds, from which the poor will be made to rejoice.

The church was vacated at a late hour by the audience, not one of whom left his or her seat without a lighter heart, a happier smile, and a firm resolve to attend the next entertainment, which will be given with an entire change of programme.

New Year's Calls Quite a number of our prominent citizens kept open houses yesterday, but not so many as did a year ago. There were, however, a large number of callers out making the rounds, and all seemed to enjoy themselves hugely. Some of the finest turnouts that we have ever seen in the Mountains, might have been seen yesterday, and we challenge the more pretentious cities of the East to produce so many handsome and magnificent equipages. Among those which arrested our attention, for their style and beauty, were Chas. Travis' four-in-hand; Col. Broadwater, tandem-three; S. H. Bohm's four-in-hand, and several others; but the most notable and attractive out-fit of any which came under our observation, was the six-in-hand mule team out-fit, with gold mounted harness, driver, footman, and other attendants. The sleigh was one of the most stylish in the city, and in it sat four of our most prominent and popular young men, elegantly dressed and wearing each one of them, a bran new black silk hat. They were the observed of all observers, and wherever they went were received with marked respect.

The number of calls received yesterday were very large, and at several of our residences, we are informed, that over one hundred were reported. The day passed off very pleasantly, and nothing occurred to mar the gaiety and hilarity of the occasion.

A Shooting Scrape. About three o'clock this morning, we are informed, a shooting scrape occurred at the Turner's Hall Dance House, on Bridge street, in which a man named Webb was shot in the right side. The wounded man was soon removed to his cabin and Dr. Maupin summoned. His wound, though not considered dangerous, is very painful. Webb is a blacksmith, and we believe, works at one of the shops on Lower Main street. We did not learn the name of his assailant, nor the origin of the quarrel, but understand it grew out of a dispute in regard to a dance.

A Bold Robbery. Sometime last evening, between 9 and 10 o'clock, the Post Office was entered by burglars and robbed of twenty cents, all that could be found. Mr. J. T. Ward, however, was not quite so fortunate. The thieves broke open his money drawer and helped themselves to its contents—about fifty dollars in United States currency. As usual, they made their escape to parts unknown. The robbery occurred during the performance of the Grand Podunks at the M. E. Church, and of course, a good chance for the thieves.

From the Daily Herald of January 3.

The Relief Committee. The Citizens' Relief Committee, appointed to ascertain the wants of the destitute of Helena, and provide for their needs, is composed of the following persons: Col. Wm. F. Wheeler, E. H. Wilson, J. R. Boyce, Jr., Mrs. R. E. Fisk, Mrs. Chas. Rumley, and Mrs. E. T. McFarland. Col. Wheeler, on behalf of the committee, desires that physicians and all others who are knowing to cases of distress, or are conscious of suffering and want in the community, to communicate their information to the committee, that relief may be provided at once. The committee have the sum of \$300 deposited in the banking house of Fox, Lyster & Roe, the net proceeds turned over by Mr. Boyle and his enterprising associates from the entertainment of New Year's night. Let the poor be promptly looked after and comfortably cared for.

THE Helena HERALD of the 20th is out with a flourish of its big trumpet, on the arrival there of "the popular R. L. McCulloh, 'Hi Tyce' of the Diamond R, from Corinne." If Mac doesn't make the thermometer keep its place above zero, we'll give up our knowledge of climatology. He'll do it.—Corinne Reporter.

"We Takes der Herald." This popular "catch" was well illustrated by the large demand for the DAILY of yesterday, the edition being exhausted at an early hour after it was struck off. Great difficulty was experienced in reserving copies sufficient to supply our mail lists intact. The Charity Fair and the grand entertainment given by the "Podunks"—fully reported in our columns—compelled us to supply the public with an extra half-sheet edition, which was "gobbled" up without delay. The WEEKLY HERALD, containing both reports, will be issued from the press to-morrow morning, when we hope to fully accommodate the demands of the public.

The Grand Podunks' Entertainment. There was a meeting last night of the various committees of the Grand Podunk Exhibition, including the finance committee, at the office of Wells, Fargo & Co. The gross receipts were reported at \$391.95, considering that the tickets were only seventy-five cents, (a number of which were sold at fifty cents,) and that the number of tickets were limited, it appears to us that the exhibition was a success almost unprecedented. The expenses, amounting to seventy dollars have been paid, leaving as the net proceeds \$300, to be expended entirely for the relief of the poor and destitute of the city. This sum has been turned over to the Treasurer, Geo. W. Fox, of the banking house of Fox, Lyster & Roe, where it will remain subject to the order of the committee.

From Dearborn River. BENTON ROAD, December 30, 1871. To the Editor of the Herald.

Snow.—Snow is the order of the day with us, and but for the HERALD and the endurance of "Hank" and Tom, of G. & S., our citizens would be devoid of news from the outside world.

This is the most severe weather ever known in this part of the country, but notwithstanding the cold and snow, there are but few cattle perishing, and unless it gets worse than it is at present, Montana will come out of the hard winter ahead. Buffalo are coming nearer this season than common, and are reported on this side of Sun River. Mountain Sheep, Blacktail and Antelope are plenty. The "Wolfers" were all driven in by the storm, but it is yet time for them to reap a rich harvest. DEARBORN.

A CARD. HELENA, M. T., January 2, 1872. Rev. Mr. Van Anda, Preacher in charge and the Board of Trustees, of the M. E. Church. Gentlemen:

At a meeting this evening of the various committees connected with the entertainment on last night, I was instructed on their behalf, to present to you their most cordial thanks for your kindness in permitting the use of your house for the exhibition.

Very much of its unexpected gratifying success is due to your courtesy, as the Court House would not have possibly held more than one half of the large assembly which was so densely crowded in the audience room of your commodious edifice.

Hoping, gentlemen, that there was nothing in any manner connected with the exhibition which has given cause for any regret of your kindness, I am, with considerations of regard; Very Respectfully your ob't serv't, LEONIDAS H. BOYLE.

Items. —Three days of moderating weather, with the mercury ranging from 30 to 40 degrees above freezing point. A respite of the recent cold snap best appreciated by the numerous great stock herds scattered throughout Montana.

—Len Robinson, last night, was made the recipient of a handsome watch, presented to him by Major Walker, on behalf of the ladies. The watch was given to him in consideration of his efforts in behalf of the Charity Fair.

LIST OF LETTERS Remaining in the Post Office unclaimed for at Helena, M. T., on the 3d day of January, 1872.

Anderson C W Fritz Michael  
Anderson A J Gross Miss Isabella  
Arnold W W Hera Mrs. Rosa  
Bobo Jarrot Hazlett J N  
Brown Frank Ingraham Geo T  
Brown Geo Loyd Peter  
Cawle Mathew Matthea on Ch  
Calbert C E Masquer Alex  
Caldwell Jas Murray J A  
Carsons Harry Myers A C  
Chase Jos T McCarthy Chas  
Chase T J Nelson Jno W  
Clark L Pair Joseph  
Conway Jas Pue Richard  
Crase T H Rothgerber A H  
Dayton J R Selder R L—2  
Delaney Jas Storrett Jas D  
Duruy Jno H Swartz B  
Edgerton Jno Suthoff Henry  
Elwer Jas Truchess Fred—2  
Farree C J Warren Mrs Lucinda 2  
Flowers H G Walsh Wm  
S. H. CROUNSE, P. M.

MARRIED. At Missoula, on the 21 inst., by A. B. Babcock, Probate Judge, Mr. J. Cornelius Cookley to Mrs. Jennett Curry.

On the 20 inst., at the residence of Mr. Thomas Felco by the Rev. Father Ministre, Mr. Wm. J. Lyons to Miss Mary Collins. All of Missoula County.

DIED. On the 27th inst., in Helena City, Flora Adams Stone, infant daughter of Dr. E. W. Stone and wife, aged 1 year and 12 days. Her death was caused by the lodgement of a foreign body in the trachea.

At the Sisters' Hospital, on the 26th inst., Emanuel Maisonneuve.

At the Sisters' Hospital, in this city, on the 25th inst., Thomas Cook, ag Roxbury and Boston (Mass.) pap.

TAKEN I. Came to the ranch of the undersigned on or about the first of October, (few white spots) with dewlap, a right hip. Owner of property can bring charges. Wm. J. Jans E.