



BY M. G. DAVIS:

"THE 'SUN' SHINES FOR ALL"

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Hunt on the Highway.

There was a shrewd robber somewhere. The farm houses were robbed; shops were robbed; the tills of the bars at the way side inns were robbed; and the people had their pockets picked. All this happened in the region of country between Sidney and Lowstone—not a field of vast extent—and yet the robber or robbers could not be found. Officers had searched in every direction, and several suspicious individuals had been apprehended; but the real culprit remained at large. One day the mail was robbed, and on the next a man had his pocket picked of five hundred pounds while riding in a stage coach—for my narrative dates back to the old coaching days. The money had been carried in his breast pocket, and he knew that it was stolen from him while he was enjoying a bit of a doze on the road.

I had been confined to my house by a severe cold for several days, and was not fit to go out now, but as this matter was becoming serious, I felt it my duty to be on the move, and accordingly I fortified my throat and breast with warm flannel and set forth. I had no settled plan in my mind, for I had not yet been upon the road, and was not thoroughly posted up. A ride of five miles brought me to Sidney, and thence I meant to take a coach to Lowstone, where Sam Stickney, one of the shrewdest men lived. Stickney had already been on the search, and I wished to consult him before making any decided movement. I reached Sidney at half-past five in the morning and the coach left at six. Lowstone was sixty miles distant, so I had a good ride before me. During the early part of the day I rode upon the box with the driver, and from him I gained considerable information touching the various robberies that had been committed. He was forced to admit that several people had been robbed in his stage, though he declared that he could not see into it, for he had not the most remote idea even of whom the robber could be.

We reached Bonnyville at noon, where we stopped to dine, and when we left this place I was the only passenger. At the distance of twelve miles, at a little village called Cawthorne, we stopped to change horses, and here another passenger got up. I had been occupying the forward seat, as that happened to be wider than the others, and gave me a better opportunity for lying down; and when the new comer entered he took the back seat. He was a young man, I judged, and not very tall in stature, but so completely was he bundled up in shawls and mufflers that his size of frame was so easily determined. He was very pale, and coughed badly, and I at once made up my mind that he was far less fit to travel than I was. After we got fairly on our way, I remarked to him that I had been suffering from a severe cold, and that this was the first time I had ventured out for quite a number of days. He looked at me out of a pair of dark, bright eyes, and when he seemed to have determined what manner of man I was, he said:

"I have something worse than a cold, sir." He broke into a fit of coughing which lasted a minute or so, and then added, "It won't be a great while before I shall take my last ride."

Again he was seized with a spasm of coughing, and when he had recovered from it, he continued, "The disease is eating me up and shaking me to pieces at the same time."

He further informed me that he had started on a tour for his health, but that he had given it up, and was now on his way home, which place he was anxious to reach as soon as possible. Another paroxysm seized him at this point, and he intimated that he was unable to converse, as the effort brought on his cough. I had noticed this, and had made up my mind to trouble him no more, even before he had given me the hint.

After this he drew his outer shawl more closely about his neck and face, he closed his eyes, and I was not long in following his example. Toward the middle of the afternoon the coach stopped at a small village, where we changed horses again, and where four passengers got up. This broke up the arrangement of my friend and self for rest, as he had to take one of the strangers on his seat, while I took another upon mine, the other two occupying the middle seat. The new comers soon broached the subject of the robberies which had been committed in that region, and I listened to gain information, if possible; but they knew no more than anybody else knew. They had heard all about it, and were inflated with wonder.

One—an old farmer—asked me if I knew anything of the robber. I told him that I knew but little of the affair in any way, having been sick and unable to be out among the folks. Then he asked my consumptive friend if he knew anything about it. The latter raised his head from its inclining position, and was on the point of answering, when we heard our driver, in quick, abrupt tones, ordering some one

to get out of the road. I instinctively put my head out at the window to see what the trouble was, and my eye was quick enough to detect a load of fagots in time to dodge back and escape them. The road was quite narrow at this point, and as the fagots were loaded very widely, it was impossible for the driver to wholly avoid them, and the side of the coach was swept by them quite smartly. I escaped without being touched, but not so my friend. I heard an exclamation—rather a profane one—from his lips, and on looking towards him I saw that one of the fagots had struck him over the head, making quite a mark upon the pate skin. This incident turned the conversation from the subject of the robberies, and it was not again alluded to during the day.

We reached Lowstone shortly after dark, and I went at once to the residence of Mr. Stickney, whom I found at home. He had been out all day and had made all sorts of efforts to obtain some clue to the perpetrators of the robberies that were being committed but without effect.

He said he could learn nothing on which to hang suspicion. Two shops had been robbed in his town, but he could get no clue to the perpetrators. We consulted together, and finally proposed to go in the morning and see another detective officer named Gambit, who resided about twelve miles distant in the town of Orton.

This met the views of my host, and so we left the matter for the evening. On the following morning we were up early, and as the coach would take us directly to Gambit's house, we chose that mode of conveyance, and repaired at a reasonable hour to the tavern for that purpose. When we reached the inn, we found the old farmer, who had been one of my fellow-passengers on the night before, stepping about the floor in a state of excitement. He had been robbed of three hundred pounds, and he was sure it must have been done in the stage, for he had slept with his pocket book under his pillow. He had not thought to look into it when he retired, but he had found it empty that morning when he got up. He said the wallet had been taken from his pocket and put back again—he knew it. As soon as he saw me, he was anxious I should be searched. Of course I allowed the operation to be performed willingly. After the excitement was allayed, I asked where the pale young man was who came in the coach, and was told by the landlord that he went away soon after the coach arrived.

My first aim was to satisfy myself that the old man had been robbed in the stage coach, and of this he succeeded in convincing me. After this my suspicions rested upon the consumptive man, and I believed, if I could find him, I should find the rogue. So I bade the landlord to keep a sharp lookout, and also spoke to the driver who had brought me from Sidney, and who was now on the point of returning, requesting him, if he saw anything of the pale man to see that he was secured. The suspicious individual had only remained at the inn a few minutes on the previous evening, and had then gone away in a gig which had come for him; but no one could tell what direction he had taken.

The coach for Orton soon came to the door, and Stickney and myself took our seats inside, the farmer having determined to remain where he was until he heard something about his money. There were two other passengers inside, and two or three outside, but they were strangers to me. We had gone two or three miles, when the driver pulled up before a small farm house, where a woman and a trunk were waiting by the garden gate. The lady was handed into the coach, and took a seat facing me, and as she turned to give the driver some directions concerning the baggage, she threw her veil over her bonnet. She was pretty—very pretty—with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. Her hair hung in glossy brown ringlets over her neck and shoulders, and was a type of beauty in itself. I looked at the rosy cheeks again and into her dark, lustrous eyes. My gaze was fixed upon this latter point, when she caught my glance, and quickly dropped her veil. At first I felt a little ashamed at having been caught staring at her so boldly; but as the face was hidden from sight, and I had an opportunity for reflection, it struck me that I had seen those features before.

Here was a study for me, and I was buried in its contemplation. Where had I seen that face? I whispered to Stickney, and asked him if he had ever seen her before. He said he had not, and joked me for being so curious about a pretty face.

We stopped at a place called "Turner's Mills," in the edge of Orton, to exchange mails, and here I jumped out to see the postmaster, who was an old friend of mine—and as I was returning to the coach the thought struck me to look at the trunk which had been last put on, and see if any name was on it. It was marked with the simple initials, "A. M." So that as all that I gained from that source. As I came to the coach door I approached from behind, and as I cast my eyes on it, I found that

the beauty had her veil raised, and was looking in at the post-office, as though anxious for the mail to come, that we might be off. The expression of anxiety detracted somewhat from her beauty, and as I looked upon her now, seeing her face in a different light, I was struck with a sort of snake-like cast which was perceptible in the whole character of her features. I was on the point of withdrawing my gaze, lest she should catch me a second time, when a slight motion of her head rolled her curls over her temple, and I saw a faint line, something like a vein over her left eye. It was a mark, a livid scratch—where something had struck her. It might have been the stroke of a whip. But—no; I quickly glided back behind the coach, and there I reflected. Such a mark as that could be made by a fagot!

When I returned to my seat in the coach the fair passenger's veil was again down. Could it be possible that my suspicions were correct, and that chance had thrown in my way a solution of the problem which had vexed my deputies so much? Yes, I was sure of it; and the more I compared the two faces in my mind, the more I saw resemblance. Either these cheeks had been painted red to-day or they had been painted white yesterday. The eyes were the same, and that brow, with its tell-tale mark, not to be mistaken.

We soon stopped at the door of the inn at Orton. The driver announced that they would stop there fifteen or twenty minutes, to exchange horses and wait for the mail, and also informed the passengers that they would find plenty of accommodations in the house if they chose to go in.

The lady at first did not get out, but at length she did so and went into the hotel. I determined now to find out who she was. I left my deputy at the door of the room she entered, having ordered him to rush in, in case he should hear anything that warranted his intrusion. On going into the apartment I found the beauty was sitting by a window, gazing out between the blinds. She started up as I entered, and let her veil fall.

"I thought this was a private room, sir," she said. Her voice trembled and sounded unnatural.

"It may be," I resumed; "but that does not exclude those who have business. I came on purpose to see you."

There was a momentary struggle, and then she appeared as calm as could be.

"What are you?" she asked. "I am an officer from Bow street," I replied. "I want to know who you are."

"Stop—one moment," she said; and as she spoke she carried her hand beneath her cloak. It was quickly withdrawn, and in it was a pistol, but she had grasped a portion of her dress with it, and before she could clear it I had sprung upon her and seized her by the arm. But it was a her no longer.—There was more muscle in that slight body than I had bargained for. However, my man "popped in" the moment he heard the scuffle, and the beauty was soon secured. The glossy brown tresses fell off during the scuffle, and some of the paint was removed from the cheeks.

As soon as the prisoner was secured, I had his trunk taken off and brought in, and upon overhauling its contents, we found disguises of all sorts and quite a sum of money, besides watches and jewelry of much value. When he assumed a proper male attire, and stood forth in propria persona, I found that he had not only used red paint for the blushing beauty of his face, but that he had applied a more cadaverous coloring matter for the consumptive individual of yesterday. As he stood now, he was a little built, intelligent looking youth, of not more than five and twenty, but with a cold-blooded expression upon his marble face and an evil look in his dark eyes.

We carried him back to Lowstone, where we found the money of the old farmer upon him, besides other money that had been lost by different individuals. At first he told strange stories of himself, but finally, when he knew that the worst must come, he confessed the whole. He was from London, and had come into the country on purpose to rob. He had two confederates with him, who helped him from place to place. One of them had taken him away from the inn the night before, and the other had brought him and set him down at the farmer's gate that morning. We made search for these confederates, but they had got wind of their principal's arrest, and were not to be found.

However, we had got the chief offender, and had broken up the game. After he had been found guilty and sentenced, he seemed to enjoy himself hugely in telling how he had deceived the good people of our country. Now he would turn his eyes again upon the old man

who had given the driver so much trouble about her bandbox. Then he would be again the meek-browed minister, who had distributed tracts to the passengers and picked their pockets while they read. Then he would draw himself up into the little humpbacked old man, who had been lifted into and out of the coach, and robbed his helpers while they fixed his crutches for him. It was funny, very, and perhaps we might never have caught him but for the accident of the fagot. That was not so funny for him; and I doubt if he found much fun in working at our hard stone, hammering early and late, with an inexorable master over him to spur him up when he flagged.

An Editor in Iowa has become so hollow from depending upon the printing business alone for bread, that he proposes to sell himself for stove pipe at three cents a foot.

At a printers' festival, recently, the following toast was offered: "Women—second only to the Press in the dissemination of news."

How to keep your friends: Never ask any of them to do you a service.

Be a friend to yourself, and others will be so to you.

[OFFICIAL.]

POLICE JURY—PARISH OF JEFFERSON, LEFT BANK.

SITTING OF SEPTEMBER 3d, 1860.

The Board met this day pursuant to adjournment.

Present the Hon. Wm. Mithoff, Messrs. Levy, J. Miller, L. C. Perret, R. L. Preston, and Wm. Fish. Absent N. Betz.

The minutes of the last meeting were read, and on motion of Mr. Perret, were approved.

Mr. Perret offered the following communications, from the Syndic to the Police Committee, which were read and received.

To L. C. Perret, Jurimen of the Police Committee.

The Syndic respectfully reports that on Sunday night last Mr. Babin did not turn out according to orders received. Said Babin gave as an excuse that he was sick, but on information I found that he spent the night at a party instead of being out on patrol.

(Signed) JACOB WEIYEL, Syndic, Left Bank.

Parish of Jefferson, August 13, 1860.

To Messrs. L. C. Perret and others Committee on Police.

The Syndic reports that Mr. Babin has informed me on the 30th August, that he gave up his place of Police Officer of this Parish and although I represented to him his month was not out, and that he would have to go to the 6th inst., to complete said month.

Mr. Babin has refused doing duty or turning out since.

I respectfully submit said facts to you. (Signed) JACOB WEIYEL, Syndic, Left Bank.

September 3d 1860.

Mr. Preston seconded by Mr. Levy here asked that the resignation of Mr. A. Babin, as Night-Policeman be read and received; which motion was carried.

Mr. Preston seconded by Mr. Fish offered the following which was also carried.

Resolved, That the Police Committee be empowered to appoint some competent person to fill the vacancy in the Night-Police.

The Finance Committee approved the following bills, which were on motion, ordered to be paid.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes S. N. Cannon, Guy Drex, Jacob Weiyel, E. Commere, Jean Mazurang, D. Heuchert, Daniel Young.

CARROLLTON, Sept. 3, 1860.

To the Hon. the President and Members of the Police Jury of the Parish of Jefferson, Left Bank.

Gentlemen.—I respectfully report that Mr. P. A. Bienvenue, after suit being instituted, paid the amount of special assessment against him, under protest; also, that after amicable demand of Mr. John Hoy for the amount of his taxes, and receiving no satisfactory reply, I have instituted suit.

Respectfully,
N. COMMANDEUR

The Treasurer's Reports were read and received:

To the Hon. the President and Members of the Police Jury, of the Parish of Jefferson, Left Bank.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Includes Cash on hand last report, Received since from Tax Collector, Parish Tax, Special Tax.

Warrant of E. Rigaud, as treasurer of school fund, 25 00

N. Commandeur, as per bill of P. A. Bienvenue, 21 52 1/2

Total cash received, 3170 92
Disbursed since, 695 60

Cash on hand, 2775 32
Report as Treasurer of the School Fund.

Balance on hand last report, 2434 60 1/2
Disbursed since:

2nd District, Aug. 2, to J. H. Harriss, teacher three weeks salary and school house expenses, \$41 50

2nd District, Aug. 29, to J. H. Harriss, one month's salary, 50 00

4th District, Aug. 1st, to R. Stille, 1 month's salary and school house rent, 45 00

4th District, Sept. 1, to R. Stille, one month's salary and school house rent, 45 00 -181 50

Cash on hand, 2253 10 1/2

Yours Respectfully,
CHARLES E. ROYER, Treasurer.

Reports of the Juries called to examine the Levee in front of the different Villages, were received from the Syndic, and read, and on motion of Mr. Preston, the reports were approved, and the Syndic authorized to have the work done.

The following report was also received from the Syndic.

To the Hon. the President and members of the Police Jury, for the Parish of Jefferson, Left Bank.

Gentlemen—I have been on the Lake and examined the Break-water and road, much damaged by the storm of the 11th August. Therefore I request your Honorable body to inform, what to do.

Yours Respectfully,
JACOB WEIYEL.

September 3d, 1860.

On motion of Mr. Preston the above report was referred to a Committee of three.

The President appointed Messrs. Preston, Miller and Perret on said Committee.

Mr. Levy on behalf of the Committee to whom was referred the opening of Magazine street reported verbally, that they had written to the Agent of the Poucher property but had as yet received no answer.

The following resolution offered by Mr. Perret at the last meeting was also adopted.

Resolved, That Art. 8, of Licensee be so amended as to include Retail Dealers.

The following communication from Mr. S. H. Brown was read, and on motion of Mr. Perret was referred to a Special Committee.

To the Hon. Police Jury, Left Bank, Parish of Jefferson.

Gentlemen—The undersigned, having lately purchased two squares of ground, above and adjoining New Carrollton, and fronting on the Public Road—have established a brick-yard, and commenced operations, desire to increase their facilities for the transportation of brick to New Orleans by means of a connection with the Jefferson & Lake Pontchartrain Railroad.

They, therefore, petition your Hon. Body for permission to lay a track on one side of Milton street, in New Carrollton from their property to the Railroad of said Company, promising, if said request is granted to keep their track in order and not to interfere or impede the passage, or travel on said street. With due respect they remain,
Your obedient servants,
S. H. BROWN & CO.

Per N. COMMANDEUR, Atty.

September 3, 1860.

The President appointed Messrs. Perret, Preston and Miller, to compose said Committee.

On motion of Mr. Levy, the Jury adjourned to meet on Monday the first day of October, 1860, at 11 o'clock A.M.

A true copy,
CHARLES E. ROYER, Secy.