# The New Orleans Bee.

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NEW ORLEANS DAILY BEE

DUPUOY & LIMET, PUBLISHERS.

No. 73 Chartres Street.

TERMS OF THE BEE.

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The Semi-Weekly is published every Tuesday and Saturday. Subscription, $5 per annum, invariably in advance.

Rates of Advertising—Transient advertisement having the run of the paper, first insertion, $1 50 per square; each subsequent insertion, 75 cents per square.

First or Editorial Page, transient advertisements, each insertion, $1 50 per square.

Advertisements inserted at intervals to be charged as new, each insertion.

First or Editorial Page, monthly advertisements, each square, $20 net per month.

Regular advertisers, who advertise largely, shall be allowed such discount from the above named transient rates as may be agreed upon. In no case shall such discount exceed 25 per cent.

All Business Notices of Advertisements to be charged 20 cents net per line, each insertion. Inasmuch advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Advertisements not marked for any number of insertions will be published six times.

All bills with regular advertisers shall be rendered monthly.

Semi-Weekly Edition.

TERMS—PER YEAR.....$5.

NEW ORLEANS:

THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 29, 1870.


Amusements This Evening.

OPERA HOUSE.—Robert the Devil.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—Miss Jolly Thompson troupe in Patie, or the Apple of Discord.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Gaiety Comique troupe in Robinson Crusoe.

Auction Sales This Day.

By Hoffman, Marks & Co., at 10 o'clock A. M., at No. 8 Chartres street, dry goods. For Cash, Boots, Hats and Carpet Bags.

THE GULF TRADE.

The extension of the railroad system in the Southwest threatens to turn away from New Orleans as a port of entry and departure, a great portion of the trade which formerly was transacted in this market. So long as our only means of communication with the outside world was the sea, our city was without a rival in the trade of the Mississippi Valley. Through this port was shipped much of the cotton, the sugar, the rice, the flour, the grain and the other productions of the Western and Gulf States, and through the same port was received all the various manufactures of the Northern States and foreign countries, for which these productions were exchanged. The value of New Orleans, then, consisted in its proximity to the great markets of the outside world as means of water communication—that is to say, it was the gateway through which the planters of Louisiana, Northern Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Western Mississippi shipped their produce and received their returns. Now all this is changed. St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, Memphis, Vicksburg and even Shreveport are nearer the great markets of the world than our now distant New Orleans. This revolution has been effected by means of railroads, so that we of New Orleans might as well be situated on an island in the Gulf of Mexico as to occupy a position near the mouth of this great river, without a complete railroad connection North, East and West. Without such a connection, we are precisely situated towards New York, Philadelphia, Liverpool or Havre, as a station on the New York Central or Erie or Pennsylvania Railroad. In other words, the trade of the Mississippi Valley is rapidly being transferred from New Orleans and Mobile to the Atlantic ports, because we are from five to ten days farther off from European markets.

But there is a trade for which the Atlantic ports can hardly compete with New Orleans—and which our merchants can affect if they will only adopt the necessary measures. This is the trade with Cuba, and the other islands of the Gulf and with Mexico, which they can command if they will. To this trade we have no rivals if we establish means of rapid communication with the countries named.

In this connection we are pleased to learn that a number of our local capitalists have set on foot a project looking to the establishment of a steamship line to be established to connect this city with the Gulf ports of Florida, and with Havana. Here is the El Dorado of our merchants and bankers—a mine of wealth which is inexhaustible and from which rapid returns can be secured.

We subjoin the prospectus of the company who have taken this matter in hand and if from the character and standing of the parties who originate the enterprise we have no doubt that it will be carried through successfully:

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 27, 1870.

It is proposed to organize a joint stock company under the above title, to run a weekly line of steamships between New Orleans and Havana, touching at Cedar Keys and Key West. The purposes, plans and prospects of the enterprise are as follows:

1. To give to New Orleans a regular, frequent and safe steam communication with the West Indies by a line controlled and in the interest of New Orleans, for the benefit of her commerce in that direction, such, from all the advantages of position should be chiefly her own property, but which, from lack of the facilities enjoyed by cities less favorably situated, is most inadequate. Still, this impeding an outlet for the products of the Great West.

2. To encourage and extend the business of New Orleans and the Western markets with middle and eastern Florida, and to railroad and steamship connections via Cedar Keys to increase and facilitate commercial intercourse with Fernandina, Savannah, Charleston and other Atlantic ports, and to secure the business of the enterprising port and island of Key West.

To accomplish these results the plan of the enterprise is as follows:

To form a company to be incorporated under the law of the State of Louisiana with a capital stock of $250,000, divided into 2,500 shares of one hundred dollars each, to open books of subscription and to make an organization of the company, and call in an installment of ten per centum of the stock as soon as two-thirds of the same is subscribed.

The company propose at once to purchase or build steamships exactly adapted to the service, and to put the line speedily into operation. The plan is still further to enlist in this movement the merchants and capitalists of this and the different Western cities, whose interests are to be greatly and immediately benefitted by it.

The prospects of the enterprise are of the most encouraging character. It numbers already among its supporters and the subscribers to the stock of the company the largest exporters from this city to Havana, whose patronage and support is a guarantee of success. The business already secured, together with the business sure to direct profitable results to the company, while all the stockholders will be still more largely benefitted by the general good done to our commerce by the movement.

The foregoing plan having been submitted to the consideration of Messrs. J. H. Oglesby & Co., Pugh Brothers, Fatio, Marks & Co., Cavaroc, S. H. Kennedy & Co., and Pike, Brother & Co., these firms endorsed it, over their respective signatures, in the strongest words "we are of the opinion that the realization of such a project would be of the greatest importance to the commerce of our city and of the different Western markets."

THE HALL SAFE.—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Folger & Co., agents of the Hall Safe which successfully stood so severe a test at the Varieties Theatre fire.

The certificate of a citizen so well known as Mr. Crickard ought to put the resistance power of the Hall Safe beyond doubt. Folger & Co. have on hand a large stock.

COAL! COAL!—The late cold weather has created a large demand for coal in this city and has locked up the upper rivers. It will be several weeks perhaps months before the stock can be replenished. In these circumstances those of our readers who require to renew their supply cannot do better than apply to Messrs. W. G. Coyle & Co., who are prepared to answer all demands. See advertisement.

LOUISIANA No. 2 vs. BEE.—We acknowledge complimentary tickets of a grand mask ball to be given by Louisiana Steam Fire Engine No. 2, at Turner's Hall on Saturday evening next. The list of Managers and the general reputation of the Company is a sufficient guarantee that the affair promises to be one of the most entertaining features on New Year's Eve.

Thanks to Mr. Black, of Ellis' newspaper establishment, opposite the Post-office, for late illustrated publications.

INFANTS.—Much suffering to these tender little buds of the human family might be allayed by using Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. See advertisement in another column.

Dispatch from Evansville, Indiana.

EVANSVILLE, Dec. 28, 3 P. M.

To Messrs. Fairchild & Bingham, 91 and 93 Magazine street:

Ice very heavy. Cairo packets laid up. Susie Silver loading here: will leave Saturday, 31st. Weather moderating.

W. G. BROWN & Co.,
Wharf Boat Agents.

It is reported in Washington that the family of Robert E. Lee were much mortified at the gratuitous effort of Senator McCreery to have the Arlington estate restored to them. They declare that they did not authorize the attempt, and have not entertained the idea of recovering the property.

## TRESSILIAN COURT;

OR,

## The Baronet's Son.

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIN,

Author of "The Double Life," "The Saint's Scheme," "The Sundered Hearts," "The Lady of Kinkora," "A Life at Stake," "The House of Secrets," Etc., Etc., Etc.

### CHAPTER I.

A FATEFUL CATASTROPHE.

A wild storm was raging upon the Mediterranean Sea, near the close of a dreary November day, and sky and waters were black with the gloom of the sudden and furious tempest, before which a small sailing vessel was scudding under bare poles. Her build and rigging proclaimed her Sardinian. She was the *La Gulf*, Captain Varino master, on her way from Cagliari to Palermo.

She had on board two seamen, and two passengers.

These passengers were Englishmen, who had procured passage on *the Gulf* to Palermo, whence they intended to embark by steamer to Marseilles, the following day.

While the Captain and his assistants were attending to their duties, and expressing apprehensions as to their safety, the two Englishmen stood apart, leaning against the low bulwarks, and surveying the wild scene around them.

These men were both young, apparently of the same age, about three and twenty, but evidently they were not of the same station in life.

One, the more striking of the two, was aristocratic in his bearing, tall, slender and handsome, with a frank, smiling mouth, a pair of fearless blue eyes, set under a wide and massive forehead and wavy hair blowing back from his face. Noble, generous and kind-hearted, he had an adventurous disposition and a dauntless courage.

He was Guy Tressilian, the only son and heir of Sir Arthur Tressilian, Baronet, of Tressilian Court, England.

His companion presented a remarkable resemblance to him, being also tall and slender and fair, with wavy hair and mustache, but he had not the frank smile, the bright, fearless look, or the joyous spirit that characterized young Tressilian. Young as he was, he had seen much of the dark side of life, and his experience had been such as to develop in him some of the worst qualities of his nature.

He was Jasper Lowder, Guy Tressilian's hired travelling companion, and bosom friend.

The meeting and connection of the two had a touch of romance. Young Tressilian had spent four years in a German university, whence he had been graduated with high honors. Young Tressilian had left home, on leaving the university, in obedience to his father's written command, he had undertaken a tour of the countries bordering the Mediterranean Sea, in company with one of his late tutors. This gentleman being unexpectedly promoted to a professorship, abandoned Tressilian at Naples, leaving him to find another travelling companion.

On the evening of the very day after this occurrence, as Guy Tressilian was sauntering through the streets of Naples, he had been assaulted by a trio of his own countrymen, more or less intoxicated. It was important, that the row took him for another, and intended to wreak vengeance upon him. Without allowing him to speak, they fiercely fell upon him, and Guy was getting the worst of the conflict, when a stranger came running to his assistance, and in a few moments the two had put the ruffians to flight.

This stranger who came so opportunely to Guy's assistance was Jasper Lowder. He was indebted to accept Tressilian's acquaintance in the latter a romantic interest. He questioned Lowder, learned that he was poor and friendless in the world, and took him with him to his hotel. Believing that the similarity of features indicated a similarity of tastes and natures, he engaged Lowder as his travelling companion, and the past year they had spent together more like brothers than like employer and employed.

"This storm is a regular Levanter," said Lowder, clinging with both hands to the bulwarks.

"Do you think the craft will stand it, Tressilian?"

"Yes, yes," answered young Tressilian, wiping the salt spray from his face. "The Captain knows the Sicilian coast perfectly. In two hours, or less, we shall be in the lee of Sicily. Rather hours we shall be domiciled in the best hotel in Palermo, the ancestress of the wretched old pile. You pity me for my poor, dreary, ancestral home, Lowder? Ah, you have never been seeking to gain a living by teaching English, and the same destiny is open to me."

Tressilian turned his handsome face upon his companion in surprise and affectionate reproach.

"Jasper!" he exclaimed, "you talk strangely. Do you suppose I have called you friend and brother so long, and loved you so well, for your money? I meant to leave written to my father concerning you and your future, Jasper, but his sudden death has driven all else from my mind. I will return home without writing. I shall telegraph from Marseilles that you will come home with me. And you will, will you not? You will not abandon me, my friend? I will charge myself with your future. I will see that you obtain the position to which your talents entitle you. You have no ties to keep you on the Continent?"

A strange expression passed over Jasper Lowder's face.

"No, I have no ties," he said huskily.

"And you will go home with me?"

"Should I, if your father say to my coming," demanded Lowder, with a flash of generosity quite Quixotic. He will dismiss from his house the hired companion who dares to associate with his son?"

"An odd, romantic story! But why did your father abandon you?"

"That he might have a breed of equanimance to make a grand marriage. From what my grandmother said at different times, I conclude that my father was in love with a titled lady before my mother's death. No doubt he married this lady. If he lives, this lady's son may be the worst qualities of his nature.

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"Why, no, my friend, no! I am cast ashore, while the others are drowned! Oh, this is terrible! I have lost my best friend in Guy!"

He moaned and wrung his hands.

"He is dead, who would have done so much for me, and I so worthless am saved! All my hopes of an easy and luxurious life must be resigned now!"

At that moment he beheld a dark object at a little distance in the water. The waves hurled this object against the projecting head of a sunken rock. At the same instant Lowder recognized it as the body of a man.

He crept toward it, and the waters dashed the body on the shore at his feet. He put his hands on the face. How cold and wet it was! It felt like the face of a dead man!

Lowder's fingers came in contact with the soft, silken mustache, and he knew that the body was that of Guy Tressilian!

Of the five who had stood on the sloop's deck a half-hour earlier, these two alone were left. The captain and his crew had found their deaths among the cruel, yawning waters.

Lowder thrust his hand under the waistband of his friend, but he could not perceive the beating of his heart. Despair took possession of him.

"Dead!" he said shrilly. "Dead! And he would have done so much for me if he had lived! And his father and the young girl he was to have married will wait in vain for him coming! His place at Tressilian Court is open, and he will return no more! Often a stranger came running to his assistance, and in a few moments the two had put the ruffians to flight.

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The seamen echoed his cries.

The two young Englishmen, comprising their party, clasped hands in silence.

For the next few minutes it seemed that a fiendish demon reigned.

Then a terrific crash, a report of a cannon suddenly boomed through the storm and the darkness. The little vessel shivered, reeled, and then, as if struck upon her side, she fell.

She had struck upon a rock.

A moment later crew and passengers were struggling in the waters.

A few moments of terrific foam and tossings, of vain struggles and agonized, involuntary prayer, and then Jasper Lowder felt the senseless slip from him, and became unconscious.

When he came to himself, he was lying upon a rocky beach of the Sicilian shore, sore, bruised, and weak as a child.

He opened his eyes. The wind had spent its fury, and now moaned along the coast with a dismal, despairing wail. The waves beat against the rocks.

Lowder struggled to his elbow.

"Where am I?" he moaned. "I am cast ashore, while the others are drowned! Oh, this is terrible! I have lost my best friend in Guy!"

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