

GEN. CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE.

THRILLING ACCOUNT OF THE FIGHT BY SITTING BULL.

Sitting Bull has been talking with a correspondent and telling the story of the Custer massacre. He says: "The fight was hell, a thousand devils, the squaws were like flying birds, the bullets like humming bees. We thought we were whipped, not at first, but by-and-by. Afterwards, no. Your people were killed. I tell no lies about dead men. These men who came with the "Long Hair" were as good men as ever fought. When they rode up their horses were tired and they were tired. When they got off their horses they could not stand firmly on their feet. They swayed to and fro, so my young men have told me, like limbs of cypresses in a great wind. Some of them staggered under the weight of their guns, but they began to fight at once. But, by this time, our camps were aroused, and there were plenty of warriors to meet them. They fired with needle guns. We replied with our magazine guns, repeating rifles."

Sitting Bull illustrated by putting his palms together with the rapidity of a fusillade. "Our younger men rained lead across the river, and drove the white braves back, and then they rushed across themselves, and then they found that they had a good deal to do. The trouble was with the soldiers that they were so exhausted, and their horses bothered them so much they could not take good aim. Some of their horses broke away from them, and left them to stand, and drop, and die. All the men fell back fighting and dropping. They could not fire fast enough, though they kept in pretty good order. They would fall back across a coulee, and make a fresh stand beyond on higher ground.

"There were a great many brave men in that fight, and from time to time, while it was going on, they were shot down like pigs. They could not help themselves. One by one the officers fell. Where the last fight took place—where the last stand was made—the "Long Hair" stood like a sheaf of corn with all the ears fallen around him.

"Not wounded?" "No." "How many stood by him?" "A few." "When did he fall?" "He killed a man. When he fell he laughed."

"You mean he cried out?" "No, he laughed. He had fired his last shot." "From a carbine?" "No, a pistol." "Did he stand up after he first fell?" "He rose up on his hands and tried another shot, but his pistol would not go off."

"Was any one else standing up when he fell down?" "One man was kneeling, that was all. But he died before the "Long Hair."

Deadheading on the Newspaper.

The Rome Sentinel rises to explain, and its language is plain, and as follows:

There is no other business on which the public levies such heavy contributions as on the newspaper publishing business. An organization is getting up some kind of festivities, for example. It pays for the use of the grounds, pays for refreshments, gets \$2 worth of tickets and \$4 worth of bills printed either at a newspaper office or somewhere else, and then expects free advertising from the paper to an extent actually worth from \$2 or \$3 to \$10. The mere announcement of a picnic, sociable or festival is a matter of news, but further than that is an advertisement, and ought to be paid for. The result is that a generous proportion of the profits of nearly all entertainments of this kind is money which rightfully belongs to newspaper publishers. Then, after the thing is over the managers will come in with a long string of resolutions, with which to rob the publisher of more valuable space. The truth is, that space in a newspaper represents money. It is worth money to the publisher. There is no more reason why he should give it away than why a merchant should give away his goods. Part of the space of the paper is sold to business men for advertising purposes: the rest of the space is devoted to interesting reading matter. On the last the publisher depends for the attractions which shall sell his paper. Either space represents cash to him. Yet the business man who buys space to the amount of \$2, often buys a gratuity of local space to the amount of \$1 or \$2, or even more. The man-

gers of festivals, picnics, or other home entertainments may not buy one cent's worth of space, but all the same expect the free gift of several dollars' worth of space. The minister who never advertises, may want space to the amount of a dollar or two weekly, for the advertisement of coming sermons. The politician, even though he forgets to keep his subscription paid up, demands column after column of valuable space free, and rarely so such as says thank you for it. For all this the newspaper man, taxed beyond any other business, enjoys the high distinction of being regarded as a dead-head by two thirds of his neighbors.

ROGERS' ENGLISH TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, LADIES' SCISSORS AND OTHER FINE GOODS KEPT BY HENRY ST. JOHN.

The Trotting Wonder.

As public curiosity has been aroused over the marvelous newspaper stories told of Lady Grant and her wonderful performances in private, our readers are anxious to know if the lady is a myth, or whether there is any truth in the stories going the rounds. The latest report, that the mare had trotted a full mile at an agricultural fair, in 2:12, gave some coloring to her owner's boast that she could beat the Maid's time and determined the proprietors of this paper to inquire into the facts. A reporter was quietly dispatched to the home of the Lady with instructions to unearth the wonder, and get at the bottom facts about her extraordinary speed. If all that was claimed by her was true, it was due that the truth should be made public; or, if false, the rascality exposed. The following is the result of his investigations:

Lady Grant is a medium-sized, fine-looking bay mare, a pretty stepper, and on the road can give all cold-blooded plugs and slugs the go-by; but she is no trotter and would find it difficult to beat 4:00 on a race track. Her owner, Mr. Trask, is a fine, candid, unsophisticated old gentleman of about 60 years of age, and, having been led to suppose that he had a flyer in Lady Grant, is perfectly sincere in his offers to show extraordinary speed. It is about three years since he was taught to think the mare was developing great speed. The boys in the neighborhood indulged him in his belief by timing her trials in such fabulous time as 2:20, 2:15, 2:10, etc. This timing business soon got buzzed about in the neighboring villages, and was understood by those who are fond of a lark. They all enjoyed the joke and helped to keep up the delusion. From the boys the joke spread to children of a larger growth until it culminated at a certain agricultural fair, during the present fall, not a thousand miles from Franklin, New York, when Mr. Trask agreed to show a mile with Lady Grant in 2:10 for a special premium of \$10. After the trial the judges, who had been previously posted, announced 2:12 as the result. Thus, after having been deceived for years, Mr. Trask's friends find it impossible to un deceive the innocent old gentleman. He fancies he has the fastest trotter in the world, and nothing less than \$50,000 will buy her.—[Turf, Field and Farm.]

The old abodes of the French aristocracy in Paris, of which there will soon be scarcely one left, were on a very large scale. The visitor drove into a large court, around which the house was built, with a peristyle in the center. The garden front on the ground and first floors was usually devoted to heads of families and to reception purposes; the second floor and the two sides of the court were divided into innumerable apartments with entresols. These, although low-pitched, were roomy, and, in the clear sky and light air of Paris, are not gloomy. In these were lodged the children, the tutor, M. l'Abbe, and the secretary. In fine weather the ladies passed nearly the whole day in the garden.—[Exchange.]

"WHAT ho, there!" said Queen Elizabeth to the yeoman of the guard. "What ho, without!" "There is no hoe there, your majesty," observe.—Sir Walter Raleigh, bowing with exquisite and courtly grace. "Beshrew thine insolence, saucy knave," responded the virgin Queen, "and yet I do bethink me, thou sayest truly. No hoe indeed, but a rake I fear me." And she graciously extended her royal hand to the knight, in token that she had not taken his jest amiss. This little circumstance is not mentioned in any of the histories.

—BEFORE marrying his daughter to young man of whom he knew but little, a friend of M. Prud'homme requested the latter gentleman to find out what he could about the intended bridegroom's character. In a few days the answer came. "The young man is done, past all hope," said M. Prud'homme, "for he carries no umbrella, and he cuts open the leaves of books with his finger."

—HENRY GORHAM, a Utah Mormon, undertook to chastise his six wives with a horsewhip for disobedience.—He had previously punished them singly many times, and had grown arrogant; but this time he had overrated his power. The six wives joined hands, or fists, and before Gorham escaped from them he was so badly scratched, bruised, and bitten that his recovery was for a time doubtful.

A Noble Group.

Mr. Ervarts, in a conversation with a Herald representative, said a day or two since:

"This Administration has before it three things which it means to accomplish. First, to nationalize the Republican party; second, to resume specie payments; third, to emancipate the action of the voters from the control of the office holders."

The Secretary's first and third interests just at this moment. How does the Administration propose to nationalize the Republican party? How does it propose to emancipate the action of the voters from the control of the office holders; and, as far as the Administration has gone in this business, how has it adhered to the famous enunciation of the President, that he serve his party best who serves his country best? Mr. Hayes would serve his country best by throwing overboard all the corrupt and disreputable leaders of the Republican party in the South, and he would best emancipate the voters from the influence of the office holders by appointing men to office who are honest and capable and who are not professional or machine politicians. Let us review his appointments in this State, and see if they accord with his own professions or with the programme of his Secretary of State. The President has been in office nearly nine months, and during the whole time the Federal offices of this State have been in the hands of a most corrupt and obnoxious ring of machine politicians. The Returning Board, in short, has, so far, not the Custom House. There we have had King, the alter ego of Anderson, Tom Anderson himself, Mad. Wells, Kenner and their satellites. A few days ago we heard from Washington that the President was disgusted with this dirty crew John Sherman had put on him, and was determined to take the Louisiana appointments in his own hands. We were not so enthusiastic over this news as were some of our friends. There was nothing in the manner in which Mr. Hayes had stood by the Returning Board to justify any very strong conviction that he would appoint any man to a position in this State who was not of the stripe to reorganize or attempt to reorganize the Republican party on its old basis.

The issue shows that our distrust was not groundless. Judge King has retired, and it looks as though the influence of the Returning Board has been weakened. But who has been appointed to step into Judge King's shoes? Colonel Edgingham Lawrence, the alter ego of Mr. Warmoth. Against Colonel Lawrence personally we have nothing to say; neither did we have anything personal to say against Judge King. But there is not a man in the State who does not know that Colonel Lawrence is the friend and partner of Warmoth, and that Lawrence means Warmoth just as clearly as King meant Anderson.

The significance of this appointment is more evident when we observe that Colonel Jack Wharton is Marshal, General McMillen Pension Agent, and that George Sheridan is to be Collector of Internal Revenue. The noble group was not complete, and the dull sense of the public did not recognize the subject until the master placed the central figure and unveiled his wonderful creation. Lawrence, the alter ego of Warmoth, Sheridan, Wharton, McMillen! Angels and ministers of Grace defend us! Here we have the combination which shone in constellated glory over the mildest and wildest saturnalia of debauchery which ever disgraced civilization, and at the recollection of which the flush of burning indignation mantles the cheek of every Louisianian.

It appears then that the Administration proposes to nationalize the Republican party in Louisiana through the instrumentality of Warmoth, and to emancipate the action of the voters from the control of the office holders by organizing in this State a corrupt Federal ring of machine politicians and officials.

Not many months ago when Warmoth was under a cloud in his own party and Packard, Pitkin & Co. were running the Custom House machine, he exclaimed, "Give me but the power those men have got and by G-d I will carry this State any way I please." In the process of nationalizing the Republican party the President has given the shrewd and audacious carpet bagger full possession of the power he so coveted and which he boasted he could use so effectually.

Poor King was but the figurehead of a corrupt and unscrupulous ring, and poor Lawrence will be but the feeble figurehead of an equally corrupt but probably shrewder combination. Warmoth is now the head of the Republican party in Louisiana, and with the opening spring, his far-reaching, busy, bold and unscrupulous machinations for the organization of the negroes for the campaign will be visible in every part of the State.

If the President meant well he has made a mistake.—[New Orleans Democrat.] —OLLIE MORTON, youngest son of the late Senator Morton, has left Indianapolis for New Haven to complete his preparation for college. Mrs. Morton, his mother, will follow him as soon as her health permits. Walter, the second son, resumes his work upon the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

The Cost of Fences.

MR. EDITOR—

If there be an especially obnoxious feature in our agricultural system, it is long practice of years, been regulated by law, and is now generally known as the "Stock Law." I think it would be perfectly right to say, that since the war, no custom sanctioned and enforced by law has operated so injuriously to the development of the prostrate agricultural interests of the Parish as this law. Before the war, with the perfect labor system then existing, it was difficult to comply strictly with its requirements. Since the war, with a labor demoralized, and utterly unreliable, in addition to the universal poverty of the planters, it has been found impossible to comply with it. With the hope of calling public attention to the subject and that public opinion may be formed to demand that the existing laws be modified so as to conform to the true interests and altered condition of our people, I ask that the following article be published in your journal:

A writer in the Illinois Agricultural Report for 1864 says: "The fences of the United States have cost more than the houses, cities included; more than the ships, boats and vessels of every description, which sail the ocean, lakes and rivers; more than our manufactures, of all kinds, with their machinery; more than any one class of property, aside from real estate, except it may be, the railroads of our country." This may seem like an exaggerated statement, but a little estimate will show that it is not so extravagant as would first appear.

The first cost of the fences of New York State was between one hundred and one hundred and fifty million dollars. Robinson gives it as \$144,000,000. Assuming this to be approximately correct, and estimating the first cost of the fences of the other States on the same basis, we have, as the total first expense of the fences of the whole country, the vast sum of \$1,296,000,000. This requires to be renewed once in ten years, giving \$129,600,000 as the annual cost, to which should be added, however, at least half as much more for repairs, making the aggregate of \$194,400,000, as the annual national expense, or, in other words, below the total figures, not quite beyond comprehension. Nicholas Bidde estimated that the "fence tax" of Pennsylvania was ten million dollars a year.—Gen. James T. Worthington, of Ohio, says that there are 18,000,000 acres of land in Ohio, inclosed with 45,000 miles of fences, at a prime cost of \$115,000,000, and at a yearly expense for repairs, etc., of \$7,680,000.

If roadside and boundary fences can be dispensed with, half the cost of fencing will be saved. That cost is now an annual tax of \$1.50 on every acre of improved land in the United States—the "fence tax" being twice or thrice as great as the aggregate of the State and local taxes combined. If we cannot a large portion of this outline saved for some profitable investment? Every dollar rescued from fences may be added to productive wealth. Fences are dead capital; they pay no interest, and are a constant drain upon the pocket. As Mr. Greeley says: "We poison our land with fences; they are a shelter for weeds, as well as a vast and useless expense." The indirect waste which they inflict is almost as great as the direct cost. A Virginia zigzag fence occupies five acres for every hundred inclosed, thus imposing a five per cent tax on the market value of the soil—a tax that would be felt to be oppressive if it were for the payment of the national debt instead of to shelter a growth of weeds. Shall we fence stock out or in? There is no doubt that our people now expend four times as much money to fence stock out as would be required to fence it in. Our present custom which commands universal fencing, is the worst blunder the practical American people ever made. Enterprising and original in many matters, they are here following slavishly, generation after generation, the habit of the earliest English colonies—following it, though very expensive and inconceivable, because it is "the good old way." Europe has learned a more rational method. There are ten times as many fences in Illinois as there are in Germany, and Duchess county in New York, has more than all France. In France, Germany and Holland farmers hold their lands in common, with only narrow paths between them.

The continental system of having few or no fences is evidently the best; and even exclusive England is slowly adopting it. America will inevitably follow, for economy, taste, thorough tillage, fair play, and good sense command it, and the time will come, before many years, when the absence of farm fences will be a sign of progressive culture.

The immense cost of sustaining fences; the inconvenience of having them always in the way of thorough tillage, and of easy ingress and egress to the premises; the impossible snow-drifts accumulated by them; the shelter they afford to weeds and briars; the protection they stand to many of the worst animal pests of the farm, and their unsightly appearance generally throughout the country, as the receptacle of stone heaps, piles of brush and dead trees, to say nothing of the countless acres rendered worse than useless by their occupancy, would seem sufficient reasons for disposing of fences wherever "it is indispensable for purposes of pasturing."

—The heathens are organizing foreign missions for the conversion of Christians. This Hindus of the sacred city of Benares have founded a society for the propagation of Brahminism among the Christians of Australia.—An eminent Brahmin of the name of Suradshi, a man of great authority, has recently been visiting some of the English colonies, and while traveling in Australia, was appalled and grieved at the fearful prevalence of drunkenness among the Christians. On returning to India he called together a number of thoughtful Brahmins, to whom he communicated his glowing zeal to do something for the salvation of their degraded fellow-men and fellow-subjects in Australia. The only perfect remedy, he considered, would be the conversion of these Christians to a better and purer faith. A large sum was collected for the pious and benevolent enterprise, and some of the Brahmins declared their willingness to devote themselves to the work, and to spend and be spent in this humane and holy cause. Suradshi is now engaged in translating fitting passages from the Vedas into the English tongue for the use of the missionaries.

The Gospel of Traveling.

It can not be too often remarked that kindness is one of the virtues which hardly ever fails to produce an effect; kindness "in season and out of season;" kindness which is in every one's power. How very much the wheels of life would be smoothed, how very much everyone would add to the sum total of human happiness, if every one were to take hold of any of the many opportunities which every situation offers to be kind, courteous, easy and agreeable toward the chance travelers that he meets in his journey—toward the chance sufferer that he comes across! It is never forgotten. The boy at school never forgets the kindness of an elder school-fellow. The poor, solitary and wayward man or woman never forgets the pressure of a kind, feeling hand, the glance of a loving, sympathetic eye. "A cup of cold water," given unexpectedly at the right moment, will indeed not "lose its reward." Think of this, all those who are concerned in the movements backward and forward which make England, and we may almost say the whole civilized world, at this season of the year, a world of travelers, a descent and ascent from Jerusalem to Jericho, from Jericho to Jerusalem. Railway officials, how very much you can ease the burden and lighten the difficulties of some helpless solitary creature, by speaking a kind word to him, by showing him the way, by telling him what he ought to do in the hurry and confusion of multitudinous railway stations! Policemen in our great cities, how very much you can do and enable your excellent vocation by a readiness to guide, by a willingness to give information by the friendly hand or encouraging word in the crossing of the streets, by the unceasing vigilance to avert every kind of roughness or disorder in the vast area of your multiplied callings! Cabmen, in taking up or setting down some suffering woman or child, how much in the course of the day you may add to their comfort your own happiness by gentleness instead of rudeness, by courtesy instead of harshness. Servants, officials, passers-by in our great public buildings, what a pleasure you can give to all who come through this or any like resort, by making them feel that they are welcome and at home; what a delight you can impart by a word of instruction, or warning, or advice!—Travelers, whoever you may be—Englishmen, Americans, here or abroad—how far and wide you may make your own good influence and the fame of your country extend by an agreeable turn to give to some traveling disaster, by not pressing hard on your neighbors in a crowded vehicle, by giving place to those who are weaker or less befriended than yourselves, by extending to those around you, or who come within the reach of your notice, any protection which your superior wealth, or strength, or health may put in your possession! The "presence of mind" to catch these opportunities of diffusing Christian kindness is one of the most valuable of God's gifts, which we should endeavor to strengthen by prayer, by habit, by remembering that God, in whose presence we are, is ever requiring of us the special frame of mind which makes us ever "present" with Him, and ever "present" to the call of our fellow creatures.—[Dean Stanley.]

FEW DOZEN OLD RYE—SEVEN YEARS OLD. PRICE \$1.50 PER BOTTLE. FOR SALE BY HENRY ST. JOHN

MARRIED: At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday evening, November 21, 1877, by the Rev. A. N. Ogden, Miss ADELIA MADDOX to Mr. D. W. HYNSON.

Our heartfelt acknowledgments are returned to the happy and blessed couple for a bountiful supply of the Printer's usual share, and our best and sincerest wishes accompany them in their voyage of wedded life.

NEW THIS DAY. TEMPERATURE AS REPORTED BY FERGUSON & SCHNACK

Table with 4 columns: Date, Morn., Noon, Night. Rows for dates 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.

STATE OF LOUISIANA. Parish Court—Parish of Rapides. No. 298. WHEREAS DANIEL EDWIN Nicholson has made application to this Court to be appointed Administrator of the Succession of Fanny Milton, late of this Parish, deceased: Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, to show cause within ten (10) days from the date hereof, why the same should not be granted.

By order of the Court. Clerk's Office, Alexandria, La., this 13th day of November, 1877. C. L. RANDELL, Deputy Clerk.

BUTCHERY. THE UNDERSIGNED HAS NOW a Butcher's Stall in the Market House, and will sell at current Cash rates BEEF, MUTTON, and PORK. He solicits a share of the public's custom, promising to keep at all times the best market affords. S. PINCUS, Agent. Oct. 3-3m. BUTCHERY. THE UNDERSIGNED HAS taken his OLD STALL, in the MARKET HOUSE and will sell the best of BEEF PORK and MUTTON, at CHEAPEST RETAIL PRICES. JACOB IRVING, JR. Nov 14-4f

JULIUS LEVIN'S FAMILY GROCERY STORE. CHAS. GOLDENBERG, MANAGER. DEALER IN GROCERIES! WINES CONFECTIONERIES! SPECIALTY MADE OF CORN, HAY, OATS, BRAN, LIME, CEMENT, SAND.

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JULIUS LEVIN'S ICE CREAM SALOON. MORRIS AARON, MANAGER. Ice Cream, Soda Water and Cakes

JULIUS LEVIN'S LUMBER YARD. AGENT FOR G. R. WATERS' SAW MILL. ON HAND

100,000 FEET OF FENCING, 100,000 " " PLANK, 100,000 feet Weatherboarding. SPECIAL ORDERS FILLED IN 48 HOURS.

MISCELLANEOUS. GO TO BLOSSAT'S MAMMOTH NEW STORE! Cotile Landing, RED RIVER

MISCELLANEOUS. CARRIAGE SHOP. I HAVE PROCURED THE SERVICES OF G. W. Glynn & Jno. Harris

WE HAVE NOW ON HAND, AND still receiving an assorted stock of DRY GOODS. BOOTS, SHOES, and HATS, GROCERIES, DRUGS, WINES & LIQUORS, and are fully prepared to meet the demands of trade.

G. W. Glynn & Jno. Harris and have opened a CARRIAGE SHOP in all its branches, on the Corner Third & Beauregard Streets, where CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, and WAGONS can be repaired at short notice. I have also a BLACKSMITH SHOP in connection, where horses will be shod promptly. Tires shrunk on any kind of a vehicle WITHOUT CUTTING OR WELDING, with a new machine. CHARGES VERY MODERATE!

FOR SALE! CHEAP FOR CASH!

NEW and second-hand Buggies always on hand for sale, CHEAP FOR CASH. Office at the Excelsior Stable, Jackson street. N. L. MCGINNIS. Oct. 24, 1877.

THE OAK DALE PLANTATION JUST four miles below Alexandria, fronting on Red River. Well improved with good dwelling and outdoor buildings. Five hundred acres all under good fence, with good cabins, and the best of farming land, and one of THE BEST STOCK FARMS IN THE STATE; the best shipping point on the River, with good shipping agents. Any one wishing such a place cannot fail to be pleased—it is one of the most desirable places in the Parish. For further particulars apply on the place to JAMES MOORE. Sept 26, 1877-6m

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