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## DOMESTIC NEWS.

**The American Dental Association.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

BALTIMORE, Aug. 18.—The session of the American Dental Association closed yesterday. Dr. Jonathan Taft, of Cincinnati, was re-elected president; J. R. Walker, of New Orleans, vice president, and J. G. Ambler, treasurer and secretary.

**The Miners Victorious.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

CUMBERLAND, Md., Aug. 18.—Three of the largest collieries in the mining region resume to-day at the fifty-five cent rate demanded by the operatives.

**Gambetta's Great Speech.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

LONDON, Aug. 18.—Some days ago Gambetta made a great political speech at Lille, the publication of which has been prevented by fear of the censorship. He expressed great confidence as to the result of the coming elections and spoke with his usual bitterness against the Bonapartists, whom he stigmatized as a party of invasion. Relative to the assertion of the reactionary papers that MacMahon will not be obliged to submit to the will of the nation as expressed by the coming elections, he said that when France had pronounced her sovereign will there must be either submission or resignation.

**The President's Tour.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

WINDSOR, Vt., Aug. 18.—The President and family reached here at about 9 a. m., and the President, standing on the platform of the car, made a short speech to the assembled crowd, and at the close he was greeted with loud cheers. The party proceeded from here in a special car to Claremont.

**The Ohio Workingmen's Party.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

COLUMBUS, Aug. 18.—The Central Ohio Executive Committee of the Workingmens' Industrial Union, issued an address setting forth a platform of principles and recommending that conventions be held in the several counties to nominate county officers and establish industrial unions and clubs in every town and voting precinct, and that each of these select one delegate to the State convention to be held in this city September 13th to adopt a platform and nominate candidates for State offices.

**Arrest of Srikers.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

EASTON, Pa., Aug. 18.—Nine of the leading strikers on the Lehigh Valley railroad, at this place have been arrested and taken to Philadelphia.

**No News of Howard or the Indians.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

SALT LAKE, Aug. 18.—Nothing has been heard from the Nez Perces since they crossed the Montana stage road going East on the afternoon of the 16th. The telegraph line is broken some thirty miles south of Pleasant Valley Station, and was no doubt cut by the Indians. Nothing further has been heard from Gen. Howard. No stages are running on the section of the road where the Indians crossed.

**The Knights of Pythias.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

CLEVELAND, Aug. 18.—The Supreme Lodge of the Knights of Pythias adjourned at a late hour last night to meet in Indianapolis on the fourth Tuesday in August, 1878.

**New York Failures.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—Emery, Ivy & Lee, dry goods merchants, 359 Broadway, failed. The liabilities are $200,000.

The failure of Spellman Bros., large dealers in notions, trimmings, etc., 469 Broadway, is also announced.

**The Saratoga Races.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

SARATOGA, Aug. 18.—The first race, sweepstake, three-quarters of a mile, was won by Rhodamanthus in 1:15½.

The second race, purse of $500, for three-year olds, one mile and an eighth, was won by Oriole in 1:59.

The free handicap sweepstakes, two miles, was won by Galway in 3:40½.

The closing race, purse $300, one mile and a quarter, winner to be sold at auction, was won by Rappahannock in 2:16¼.

**The Detroit Regatta.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

DETROIT, Aug. 18.—The regatta closed today with a contest for the prizes of the Northwestern Amateur Rowing Association.

The junior single scull race was won by Moses Naudeau, of Monroe; time 16:31; distance mile and return.

The double scull race, mile and return, was won by the Wolven Hook Crew, of Greenbush, New York; time 14:02½.

The senior six-oared race, one and a half miles and return, was won by the Excelsiors, of Detroit, in 18:30.

The last race, for the junior four-oared shells, was won by the Floral City Crew in 19:48.

**Sherman's Views.**

CINCINNATI, Aug. 18.—Secretary Sherman, in making his speech yesterday at Mansfield, gave a history of what the present Administration had done. In doing so he spoke only for himself. The President had authorized him to say one thing only, and that was that all reports imputing to him any participation whatever in the nomination of candidates on the State ticket, or any desire to influence the senatorial contest in Ohio, are utterly groundless. His speech cannot be condensed. It will require elaboration to make it comprehensible.

**A Postmaster in Trouble.**

BALTIMORE, Aug. 18.—C. C. Bramall, Postmaster at Monasken, Lancaster county, Va., was arrested here, charged with purloining money from the mails. He was taken before United States Commissioner Rogers, and at his own request was removed to Richmond, Va.

**A Tug Explosion.**

FORTRESS MONROE, Aug. 18.—The steam tug Wat White, while towing a boat out of James river, at an early hour this morning, blew up near the Rip Raps. Capt. Blunt, Engineer Jones and one fireman are missing.

**The Smuggling Denmark.**

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—The steamer Denmark, of the National line, libeled by the Government for the smuggling of silks and laces by her officers, sailed, the steamship Spain, of the same line, having been substituted in her place, under order from Judge Blatchford, of the United States District Court, in admiralty. Bonds will probaby be given for the Spain.

## CAPITAL NEWS.

**A Kansas Land Grant.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—A land case, involving the title of the State of Kansas to over 236,000 acres of land, being the grant to the State under the act of 1861, admitting Kansas into the Union, has been decided by the Interior Department in favor of the State of Kansas.

**Commissioner Leduc's Ideas.**

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—Agricultural Commissioner Leduc has two ideas—one is to save $60,000,000 to the country by stimulating the production of sugar, and the other is to persuade it to rain over the deserts of the far West by planting forests there. The commissioner, however, is not by any means without other ideas, more or less practicable.

**The Base Ball Championship.**

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—Had the Louisvilles won the game at Boston to-day, they would have achieved the championship of the season. As it stands now the Louisvilles must win two games from the Bostons to settle the matter. The Bostons to achieve the championship must win all three of the games pending between themselves and the Louisvilles. That is what the base ball sharps say.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

**The Servian Cabinet.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

VIENNA, Aug. 18.—A political correspondent claims to have information from trustworthy source that the question of Servia taking part in the war has been discussed in the Servian Cabinet. Ministers Miloikovitch and Grovitch did not approve of such an undertaking, but Grovitch appears to have since yielded to the influence of Ristic.

**Attacks on Members of the French Cabinet.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

PARIS, Aug. 18.—The *Figaro*, which lately attacked the Duke de Broglie, President of the Council and Minister of Justice, as being an obstacle to the proclamation of a state of siege, now makes a similar charge against Gen. Berthaut, Minister of War.

The semi-official *Moniteur* defends Gen. Berthaut and charges Gen. Ducros, who commands at Bourges, with being the instigator of these attacks.

**The Spanish Republican Conspiracy.**

LONDON, Aug. 18.—A special to the *Standard* from Madrid reports that over thirty persons have been arrested in connection with the recently discovered republican conspiracy.

**More Troops for Cuba.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

MADRID, Aug. 18.—By the 20th of September 7200 more men will be sent to Cuba.

**Cotton Mills on Short Time.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

LONDON, Aug. 18.—Several cotton mills at Blackburn have commenced running on short time, and it is expected the movement will become general in that district in a few days.

## WAR NOTES.

**SICKNESS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.**

**The Rainy Weather and Bad Food Causing a Great Increase in the Number of Sick.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

LONDON, Aug. 18.—Telegrams from Bucharest and Sistova state that the Russians have made no preparations against bad weather, not even making roads to admit of the free passage of troops and trains to the approach of the pontoon bridge.

A part of the Dobrudscha force had already passed through Roumania and again crossed the Danube about ten miles above Rustchuk, but operations on the opposite side are delayed by the rain, which has made all the roads practically impassable for artillery and trains.

During the occupation of the Dobrudscha lately the sick were sent back at the rate of 300 per day, and there are signs of increasing sickness within the lines on the other side of the Danube.

**The Bombardment of Rustchuk.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

RUSTCHUK, Aug. 18.—The Russian bombardment continues. Two hundred shells have fallen in the town and twenty persons have been killed.

**A Small Russian Defeat.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

LONDON, Aug. 18.—A Russian reconnoitering party has been repulsed near the river Lom.

**Retreat of the Seat of Government of Bulgaria.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

BUCHAREST, Aug. 18.—The seat of government of Bulgaria has been removed from Tirnova to Sistova.

**The Porte's Loan.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 18.—The loan recently placed by the Ottoman Bank will net the Porte $12,000,000.

**The Rainy Season in Bulgaria.**

LONDON, Aug. 18.—The *Times'* Sistova dispatch says: Rain of less than twelve hours' duration has rendered the roads at this place, over which Russian supplies are transported, a sea of mud, with gaping holes of unknown depth at frequent intervals. This forcibly illustrates the impossibility of a Russian campaign in Turkey after the rainy season has begun. It will be very difficult even to maintain their forces between the Balkans and the Danube when the summer weather breaks up.

**Good for a Long War.**

LONDON, Aug. 18.—The *Times'* military correspondent at Bucharest says: Every detail of preparation shows that the Russians have made up their minds for a long war and are preparing great depots of fire wood.

**Cutting Off Russian Supplies.**

LONDON, Aug. 18.—The *Times'* Bucharest correspondent telegraphs: It is reported that Prince Hassan, in Dobrudscha, is marching rapidly with his Egyptian troops, with the object of cutting the communication of the Russians with Bessarabia; simultaneously we learn that eight Turkish steamers have orders to disembark a force north of the Danube's mouth, with the same object.

**Russian Reinforcements.**

LONDON, Aug. 18.—The Daily *News'* Vienna dispatch states that the railways from St. Petersburg to Kischeneff are now carrying 12,000 men daily.

**Delay in the Arrival of Russian Troops.**

LONDON, Aug. 18.—A telegram received tonight reports that one of the piers of the railway bridge at Barbotscha has given away, causing great delay.

**Servia's Policy.**

LONDON, Aug. 18.—The *Standard's* Vienna correspondent telegraphs that immediately after being appointed President of the Council, Minister Ristics informed foreign representatives that no change in the policy of neutrality was intended.

The army would not be mobilized at present.

The calling out of the militia was merely intended to protect the frontier.

**MONEY AND STOCKS.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—Gold 105⅝. U. S. 6's of 1881, 111⅝; do coupons 112¼@112½; new 4½'s 107¾@108; do coupons 108⅞@109⅛; do 1865, new issue, 107@107⅛; do 1867, 109¼@109⅜; do 1868 coupons, 111½@112; 10-40's, 109⅜@109⅝; do coupons, 112¾@113; currency 6's, 124⅞; new 5's, 109⅞.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—Consols for money 95 5-16; U. S. new 4½s 105¼; do 1867, 106⅞; 10-40's, 108¼; new 5's 107½; Erie 10½.

**DOMESTIC MARKETS.**

[Special to the Democrat.]

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 18.—Flour very dull. Wheat lower; No. 2 red, $1 29 cash; No. 3 do, $1 15½; $1 13½@1 12¾ for August; $1 06½@1 05⅝ for September. Corn lower at 39¼ for cash; 40⅞@40½ for September; 41½@40¾ for October. Oats lower; 25¾@26 for cash; 25@25½ for September. Whisky unchanged. Pork lower; jobbing at $13. Bulk meats; no sales. Bacon easier; 5⅝@7 80. Lard nominal.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 18.—Flour steady. Wheat inactive and unchanged. Corn firm, 48@50. Oats in fair demand and firm, 25@30. Whisky active and strong, $1 09. Pork and lard unchanged. Bulk meats easier, 4¾@7. Bacon quiet, 5¾@8.

CHICAGO, Aug. 18.—Pork quiet, $12 30 September, $12 35 October. Lard 8.12½ September or October. Wheat active, 98⅛@98¼ August, 92⅝ September. Corn 41⅞@42 September.

NEW YORK, Aug 18.—Cotton steady; Uplands 11⅛. Orleans 11⅝; sales 4556 bales.

Futures a shade lower, but steady; August 11.56@11.59, September 11.34@11.36, October 10.96@10.99, November 10.84@10.87, December 10.84@10.90.

Flour dull and heavy. Wheat dull, declining; futures 1@2c lower. Corn dull, a shade lower. Pork quiet, $13 40@13 50. Lard heavy; steam 8.75@8.80. Spirits of turpentine steady, 34½. Rosin firm, $1 85@1 92½ for strained. Freights firm.

**FOREIGN MARKETS.**

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 18.—Uplands, Low Middling clause, September and October delivery, 6 1-32d. The sales included 3050 bales of American. Futures weak. Uplands, Low Middling clause, new crop, shipped November and December, by sail, 6d.

Long clear middles 35@36s.

**THE PASSES.**

PORT EADS, Aug. 18, Noon. — Wind east, fresh.

Arrived: Steamship Hudson, Gager, master, at 9 o'clock last night, from New York, to A. Moulton.

No departures.

SOUTHWEST PASS, Aug. 18, Noon.—Wind northeast, light.

No arrivals.

Sailed: Steamship Chas. W. Lord, for Havana, and Fire Queen for Liverpool.

**MARINE.**

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—Arrived: Britania, Wimbledon, Wesser, Frederica. Arrived out: Sordersrorye, Laientar. Homeward: Lizzie Perry, for Southwest Pass; Framot, for Wilmington.

**THE WEATHER YESTERDAY.**

The following is the "temperature" at the various points named, as reported by the Signal Service telegrams furnished by Sergeant Brown, of the Signal Bureau, and indicating the state of the temperature at the points named, at 3 p. m. yesterday:

Cairo 84 degrees, Cincinnati 79, Galveston 83, Keokuk 83, LaCrosse 87, Leavenworth 81, Louisville 84, Memphis 74, Nashville 85, Omaha 81, Pittsburg 78, Shreveport 86, St. Louis 81, St. Paul 83, Vicksburg 81, Yankton (D. T.) 84, Augusta (Ga.) 81, Corsicana (Tex.) 87, Mobile 83, Montgomery 80, Savannah 78, New Orleans 80, and Key West 85.

The following were the variations of temperature, according to the thermometer Fahrenheit) at Duhamel's store, on Canal street, yesterday:

6 a. m., 81; 12 noon, 85; 3 p. m., 79; 6 p. m., 79.

DANZIGERS' REMOVAL.—Our readers have already been informed of the intended removal of the Messrs. Danzigers from their well-known stand at No. 203 Canal street to their new establishment at No. 157 on the same street, which has for months been in the course of preparation for their reception. The increasing business of the firm, by reason of the popular scale of prices they adopted from the outset, necessitated a more eligible site, and to meet the demands of their customers they wisely decided on a change of base. The new store, upon which a lavish expenditure has been made, will be thrown open to the public to-morrow (Monday) morning at 8 o'clock, and we may venture to assert that it compares favorably with the most fashionable marts of our principal cities, both North and West. Mr. David Danziger, of this enterprising firm, has just returned from a tour to the leading cities of the North, and brings with him an unsurpassed assortment of the latest novelties in dress goods, hosiery, lingerie, etc., which will be offered at prices that cannot fail to enlist the hearty indorsement of the customers that are wont to throng their store from early morning until evening. All are cordially invited to inspect this unexampled display in every department of dry goods, the Messrs. Danzigers feeling assured that their endeavor to cater to the taste of their many friends will result in a continuance of the kind patronage which they have honestly labored to merit.

MESSRS. A. ROCHEREAU & CO.—With the high reputation already established and as wide as our Southern country, it is only necessary to merely call attention to the advertisement, in another column, of Messrs. Rochereau & Co. Their line of champagnes, brandies and wines has been for years recognized by our connoisseurs *par excellence* as *the* importations of our city. It is almost a work of supererogation to speak in complimentary terms of Messrs. Rochereau's wine lists, but we cannot refrain from most enthusiastically indorsing all their many friends have said. If wine is wanted every one knows what Krug is.

Remember the grand entertainment of the Crescent Greys at the New Lake End next Saturday.

## FOX HUNTING IN WEST FELICIANA.

**A SHORT SKETCH OF ONE OF THE FAIREST REGIONS IN LOUISIANA.**

**A Few Points Concerning the Hospitality of Its People.**

Feliciana means region of happiness. The colonists who applied such a title to West Feliciana were characteristically just in their selection of a name for the beautiful country which they chose for a home.

A fertile soil, a genial climate and a fair surface are the requisite features to make any region attractive and its inhabitants happy. West Feliciana has all these. The country in a greater part of the parish surpasses in beauty any other part of the South. To attempt a graphic description might be a futile task, but a crude account of a few of its characteristics might give some faint idea of its general appearance.

Between St. Francisville and the Mississippi boundary line lies the region concerning which this is written. Over its surface broad waves of green hills roll away to the northward and westward on to the horizon; in their valleys, coursing over beds of white sand, clear streams wind their way to the Mississippi river, while along their bases dark green groves of magnolia lend their majestic grace to the loveliness of the landscape, and, serving to bring out the beauties of the hill scenery in stronger relief, an occasional sombre forest of oak and poplar forms a fitting background for the view.

One may ride on horseback as free over these upheaved hills as in a boat over the waves of the ocean, and with less inconvenience for the first time, as the terrestrial billows have no tendency to perpetuate that eternal law of upheaval which seems to be a melancholy duty of the sad sea waves.

In "the olden golden days" the people of West Feliciana were famed for their wealth, hospitality and refinement; for these two latter characteristics they are noted still, if the stranger among them, who above all ought to know, can judge. The princely residences of some of the old planters are, many of them, still kept in order; others which seemed more like palaces than private mansions are going to ruin, and soon will only be monuments of an age whose glories have departed, and which might advantageously be hidden from memory so soon as the ivy and woodbine hide the crumbling stones from sight, as the races that rule and the men that toil have no time for sentiment now.

Among the people of West Feliciana there are but few who have saved their fortunes from the wreck of war and the ravages of misrule. Yet all are now busily engaged in attempting to rebuild that prosperity for which their country was erstly famed.

The nearest approach to a picture of West Feliciana scenery may be seen in the Royal Academy of England. This is in a celebrated painting of "the Weald of Surry" by Birket Foster. The same grand rolling sweep of country is there, the majestic groves, the winding streams; the far off woodlands, with their distance hue of blue mellowed into purple by the red sunlight. In Foster's picture an indecorous group of shepherd girls, who are reclining on their stomachs, whose hands are under their chins, and whose heels are engaged in futile efforts at hammering their owners' backs, somewhat mars the harmonious effect of the whole; but leave these shepherdesses out and the picture will do for West Feliciana just as well. The prettiest landscapes in the parish look much more like England than any part of America.

In old times the people of the parish had English tastes and enjoyed English sports. They owned magnificent baronial estates; they kept fine horses and hounds, and enjoyed fox-hunting to the same extent as do the English people, while they practised the sport on a corresponding scale. One gentleman of West Feliciana kept a pack of eighty fox hounds. The fondness for this noble sport has not decreased, though the hunts are not such splendid affairs as they were formerly.

On the 10th of this month it was our pleasure to take part in one of these hunts. "Fox hunting in August!" The reader may be startled at the idea, but on that morning at daybreak we were well covered in bed when the Judge called us. When we rose we found a cool north wind blowing and the temperature nearly as low as it is usually in October.

THE MEET

was at a certain cross-roads store situated on the estates of Deserta. The Judge and his guest, on their arrival at the designated spot, found six or seven gentlemen already there. Among these were Messrs. Bains, Fisher, Howell and Lopez, of West Feliciana; Mr. Turner, of New Orleans, and a stranger with a red shirt; also Henry Clay, a colored gentleman, who acted in the capacity of driver, and who had brought along seven black-and-tan hounds, which formed quite an addition to the numerical strength of the twelve fine fox hounds that the gentlemen had brought with them. Shortly after the morning greetings were over, Mr. Bains, who is the finest hunter in Louisiana, blew a blast on his horn. James Fitz James never blew, nor Katharine Mavoureeen never heard such a blast as that. It went right to the heart, swept over the nerves as the wind sweeps over the chords of an Æolian harp. It was piano, crescendo and diminuendo, and when its note had ceased the far off hills and the distant woodlands took up the sound and floated its music back again till the strains fell on the ear as soft as that kind of music which seems to make silence softer. Shortly after its last echo had died away we heard the responsive blasts of several horns, and five additions were made to our party. Two of these were the Messrs. Barrow, and another was a young man chiefly conspicuous for his youth, and for the various aphorisms which he gratuitously advanced concerning fox-hunting in particular and all other hunting in general. We had altogether quite a respectable gathering. Twelve hunters, nineteen hounds, and Henry Clay who was neither least or last in his own or anybody's estimation.

THE MOUNT.

The Judge rode a fine blooded bay mare of medium size, and managed her with the ease and grace of a true chevalier. The other gentlemen were all well mounted, with the exception of the aphoristic youth noted above. Henry Clay was apparently better satisfied with the beast he bestrode than any of the party. He rode one of that illustrious line of steeds sired by John Asinus out of Equus, as one could tell at a glance from the delicate refined cut of the ears and the dexterity of the heels whenever Clay applied the unnecessary spurs to unduly stimulate the animal's speed till it reached a point proportionate to his own exuberancy of spirits or to the pace of the horses. The stranger with the red shirt, whose name was so long that nobody remembered it, and who was spoken of generally as above, seemed to sit tolerably well in the saddle of a small bay mare. The animal was apparently tough and agile, though not so scrupulously equipped as a thorough fox hunter would have liked, as the bridle reins were made of a small rope. The stranger's face was very red, his mare was a bright red, and his shirt was scarlet, so his general make-up was altogether red, which was in keeping with the red flush of dawn, whose edges were then gilded with the rays of the sun, which had by this time nearly risen. After a ride of about a mile toward the Bayou Sara creek the hunters struck off toward a narrow skirt of woodland through an old field. Shortly after entering the field the pack struck two hot trails simultaneously. All the dogs except Clay's hounds were soon called in and centered on one trail. Clay's seven ran off on a more inviting course, and were followed by the Judge, Mr. Turner, the red-shirted stranger and Clay himself. After a short run, and a good view of the fox, Clay's dogs were completely baffled, and lost the fox in a long thicket on the Bayou Sara creek. By this time the hounds in the main pack were in full cry in a wood about two miles distant, and the baffled hounds and hunters took a cut across the country to join in the chase.

Before they reached the woods in which the pack was hunting the fox, much to the chagrin of Mr. Howell, took a new course by a cross roads store, and caused a temporary halt on the part of three of the hunters, whose steeds suddenly showed signs of distress and the need of a short rest. The suddenness of this discovery of the jaded state of their nags on the part of the three riders was not less bewildering than the wonderful recuperative energies both riders and horses displayed almost instantly after the remount. Thus, at least, thought the casual observer, who, having continued the chase, was soon overtaken by the noted parties. Then the casual observer, who was rather of a skeptical disposition at any rate, began to think that this reluctance on the part of Mr. Howell and his companions at being compelled to dismount in the heat of a very exciting fox chase was a partially feigned, if not an altogether fictitious, sentiment. But, to return to our hunt. An hour had been passed in the chase of the sly fugitive, which now turned on his track and afforded an opportunity of centering the whole pack on his trail.

When the hounds got well together the real fun commenced. There was no doubt about it—"the fox was up," and excitement ran high, as every movement of the twelve hunters and their horses evinced. The dogs passed to the eastward through a long skirt of woodland till they got more than a mile away, down in a valley, whence their baying came up softly as the cooing of a dove. Some of the horsemen had followed them, others took a short cut across the country toward the head of the woodland, hoping to get a view, as the chase seemed to be bearing that way. These latter proved right in their surmises, but got to the end of the woods just too late to see the fox run across a broad belt of open land into another long thicket that bordered on the creek. The fox was a good half mile ahead of the hounds, and by the time these had reached the head of the woodland the hunters had all gathered there. There were numbers of cattle on the open field where the fox had passed, hence the trail was rather slow and difficult; but, after a mile of tedious winding, it entered a large thicket on the Bayou Sara. Here the fox had apparently rested after a run of nearly two hours' duration, for he was jumped just before the hounds, as the Judge and the red shirted stranger, who had ridden around the eastern edge of the thicket, saw him break cover and cut for the bluffs of the creek. The Judge gave the view haloo, and he, aided by the gentleman with the red shirt, soon got the pack together after him. The chase led down the bluffs to the lower ledge near the water; then bordering the creek for 1000 yards led back into another line of woodlands, which came to a point in a broad open plain. The excitement now rose to a higher pitch as the hounds were fast driving the fox through the narrow woodland toward the open plain. The fox had no chance of doubling now as the woods were too narrow. Abreast of the pack on either side of the long thicket galloped half a dozen horsemen, whose loud cheers hied on the hounds and apparently urged them in their speed. Frequent glimpses of the fox, as the thicket grew thinner, added to the excitement of the hunters. The stranger with the red shirt posted himself at the head of a ravine which debouched from the end of the woods, and there apparently waited developments. He had not long to wait, for soon the fox came running up the ravine and crouched in its extremity. Beyond this ravine lay an open grassy slope of 1000 yards or more, which abruptly terminated in another ravine. Behind were a score of hounds. Before these came on the red shirted stranger called up the rest of the hunters, who rode up to the edge of the ravine, and there awaited the final burst and the finish. The hounds came on in full cry till within fifty feet of the fox, who, springing over the edge of the gulch fled across the slope with the whole pack running in sight. Nineteen dogs in full cry, and all in a bunch, with a fox flying fifty feet ahead and twelve cheering horsemen riding behind at a breakneck speed is a rare sight for a sportsman. Afterwards some of them called it "gloriously grand." The stranger with the red shirt urged his mare at a mad gait to the next ravine to head off the fox and turn him so that the finish might be on the open ground. But the flying fugitive wouldn't turn, and as he passed under the legs of the stranger's mare her rider struck him across the rear with a riding whip just as he jumped over the brink of the ravine. This was an unprofessional and disreputable transaction, but as it was done in the excitement of the chase it was pardoned by the other hunters. The hounds tumbled promiscuously down the ravine after the fox and there finished him. The stranger with the red shirt rode his mare down after them. For a few moments there was a promiscuous mass of dog, fox and red shirt. At the end of this most extraordinary melee the red shirted stranger, who had dismounted and whose horse had apparently gone to the devil, appeared above the brink of the ravine with the brush in his hand, and with this end of the fox ended, after two hours splendid sport, what two old hunters chose to term "the finest fox hunt seen in twenty-five years in West Feliciana."

The Judge and his guest then took a short cut for the mansion of Deserta. Before we reach the portals of hospitable halls our story must be told. As we leave them, perhaps never to return, it is with a genuine sentiment of sadness. All we care to have left to us of the long ago we found in that region. There the stranger may find those noble traits of character in man and the lovely graces in woman that were universal in Southern society in the olden time, and if he be not appreciative of the one or fascinated with the other, he must either be not of a kindred race or must be of a tribe averse to true nobility in man, and to refined loveliness in woman.

R. A. W.

## CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

**THE WAR THAT CONKLING IS TO WAGE ON THE NEW SYSTEM OF OFFICE-HOLDING UNVEILED BY SCHURZ.**

**The South and Its Carpet-Bag Debts—The "Democrat" as a Representative of Southern Sentiments and Ideas.**

[Special Correspondence N. O. Democrat.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 13, 1877.

As you have already been advised, by blare of brass bands and acclamations of Custom-House clerks in New York,

CONKLING HAS RETURNED.

The favorite son of the Empire State has come back from his travels; and not only was the fatted calf killed for him, but he was met at the pier by a whole drove of calves, fat and lean—who, unfortunately for society, perhaps, have not been killed. It is sad to think that the devotion of the New York Custom-House to Conkling, which erstwhile burned with such unselfish fervor, must now be chilled by the untimely frosts of civil service reform. And yet, when we come to further reflect that the frost aforesaid is under the control of John Sherman, we are cheered by the consciousness that its chill of reform will not be acute enough to hurt much.

The temptation to poke fun at Conkling is always irresistible; for that, I suppose the ridiculous side of his character is always carefully kept by him most prominently in view. And yet those who have enjoyed opportunity to know Mr. Conkling well realize that there is no public man now living in this country whose character, as a whole, is really deserving of more serious consideration or of more sober, earnest regard than his. The superficial observer undoubtedly sees in the lofty Roscoe nothing but a "magnificent torso," animated chiefly by the impulses of arrogance and vanity. But the closer student of his character discerns some of the elements of real greatness and many attributes of substantial superiority, rather oddly and amusingly veiled by something of foppery and a good deal of shirt-frill.

It has never been my fortune to agree with Mr. Conkling respecting any public topic. Most of the time during the last eight years, which is the entire period of my familiarity with current politics, Mr. Conkling has been the priest, if not the prophet, of all that is to me heresy and heterodaxy in politics. And yet I can truly say that to none of my political opponents, or, indeed, to very few of my associates either, have I accorded so profound a personal respect as to him. I will tell why Mr. Conkling is always respectable to me: For the same reason that, during the war, made Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and A. P. Hill objects of my admiration and respect, though enemies in the field; because there never was any doubt about his status, never any cavil as to his attitude. Whatever he did was done as a full-blooded man always does things, even though his cause be bad. In Senate or on the stump his voice was always diametrically against what I thought was right and just, but he was

AN OUT-AND-OUT MANLY ANTAGONIST,

one who never resorted to mean subterfuges or foul tricks, and one who never failed to accord to his opponent the same scope of thought and the same liberty of opinion that he claimed for himself. Above all, he never "denied" and never lied. I remember once, when he was being assailed for arguing railroad tax cases before a United States Judge and against a District Attorney of his own appointing, asking him if these charges were strictly true.

He said he didn't know that it made any difference whether they were or not. The point involved was whether the Judge and District Attorney did their respective duties in the premises. He was certain that he did his duty by his client, and if he thought the Judge and the District Attorney failed in theirs to the government, he should feel called upon in his political capacity to recommend their removal or impeachment.

From this I inferred that he had no denials to make and no apologies to offer; and you know a man who stands in that manner upon his acts, defiant and self-sufficient, always commands the respect of men who respect themselves. Conkling is no political Jumping Jack like Blaine, always on the lookout for some soft spot to light on; nor is he

A PROFESSIONAL REFORMER LIKE SCHURZ,

getting rich by preaching a gospel of honest poverty, and getting office by pretending that he doesn't want it. But he is at all times a bold, square man, in every sense of the word; when he espouses a cause he takes it for better or for worse, neither exulting overmuch in victory like Blaine, nor whining like a whipped cur over defeat as Schurz in 1872. For all these things Mr. Conkling claims my respect, which is as freely given him in the most diametrical antagonism as it would be in the most complete accord. And from what I know of the men who direct the DEMOCRAT, and of the community who read it, I am satisfied that my sentiments on this subject will find abundant toleration in its office and among its readers as a mass.

I am conversant with the meaning of

THE LATE CONKLING DEMONSTRATION,

and can assure you that it has no bearing upon the Southern policy of Mr. Hayes. I think I may safely assert that it is no part of Mr. Conkling's political programme to antagonize that particular feature of the present Administration. But you may depend upon it that his batteries will be early trained upon that glaring compound of monomania and "dillittante-ism—for the want of a better word—which is known as

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

under the necromancy of Carl Schurz. And here let me digress a trifle. It is obvious to every intelligent observer that if Schurz' un-American absurdities are put in force and practice, civil service reform will speedily become a humbug much more disgusting than the abuses of the civil service under Grantism were obnoxious. Schurz does not seem to comprehend the great fact that the founders of our system expressely sought to provide for a constant struggle between two parties for power and between two sets of politicians for place; firmly believing that in such constant struggle would be found the most perfect protection for the institutions they estab-