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Amicus Humani Generis.

A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper

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—BY—

LINDEN E. BENTLEY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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LAURENT L. COMES, Professor of Music, residence one mile below town. My prices are moderate and can but prove satisfactory to all those who are desirous of receiving a sound musical education.

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SODA WATER MANUFACTORY, H. Hether, proprietor, No. 11 Mississippi street. Soda, Mineral, Seltzer and all kinds of aerated waters manufactured, and sold at lowest prices.

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Shaving, Hair Cutting, Dyeing, Shampooing, etc., in elegant style at moderate charges aug1

For the CHIEF.

WHY DON'T YOU SING?

BY LEO NO. 1.

They ask me this—the curious ones,
Ask me this from day to day;
Why don't you sing in happy tones,
As tho' your heart were blithe and gay?
Why don't you sing the dulcet strains
You used to sing not long ago;
Not of aches and not of pains,
And not of gloom and woe?

Ah! these are queries put to me,
As I mingle in the throng
That is bright and cheerful—full of glee,
And gayly sing the song—
I heard *once* warbled by the lips
That were all in all to me;
(As sweet as the nectar Jupiter sips,)
But hushed is their minstrelsy.

And she is gone for aye away,
And we'll meet, perhaps, no more;
Till we meet at the awful Judgment Day,
On the bleak and Stygian shore.
And then, perhaps, the tender chord
That once my heart did thrill;
Will wake and tremble at a word
Spoken by lips that now are still.

And until then my lyric lute,
Shall silent and soundless be;
As patient and quiet and just as mute
As the lips that sang to me.
And this is why I do not sing,
And this is why I'm sad;
Oh! 'tis no light, no easy thing,
For a burdened heart to be glad.

Donaldsonville, October 21, 1879.

A ZOOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

Inspired by an Universal Flow of Animal Spirits.

No sweeter girl ewe ever ghu
Than Betty Marten's daughter Sue.
With sable hare, small tapir waist,
And lips you'd gopher miles to taste;
Bright, lambert eyes, like the gazelle,
Sheep pertly brought to bear so well;
Ape pretty lass, it was avowed,
Of whom her marmot to be proud.
Deer girl! I loved her as my life,
And vowed to heifer for my wife.
Alas! a sailor on the sly,
Had cast on her his wether eye.
He said my love for her was bosh,
And my affection I mushquash.
He'd dog her footsteps everywhere,
Antelee in his easy chair.
He'd setter round, this sailor chap,
And pointer out upon the map
Where once a pirate cruiser boar
Him captive to a foreign shore.
The cruel Captain far outdid
The yaks and crimes of Robert Kid.
He oft would whale Jack with the cat,
And say: "My buck, doe you like that?
What makes you stag around so, say?
The catamounts to something, hey?"
Then he would seal it with an oath,
And say: "You are a lazy sloth!
I'll starve you down, my sailor fine,
Until for been and porenpine!"
And, fairly horse with fiendish laughter,
Would say: "Henceforth, mind what
giraffe ter!"
In short, the many risks he ran
Might well a lions braver man.
Then he was wrecked and castor shore
While feebly clinging to anoa.
Hyena cleft among the rocks
He crept sans shoes, and minus ox;
And, when he fain would go to bed,
He had to lion leaves instead.
Then Sue would say, with troubled face,
"How koodoo live in such a place?"
And straightway into tears would melt,
And say: "How badger must have felt!"
While he, the brute, woodchuck her chin,
And say: "Aye-aye my lass!" and grin.

* * * * * * *

Excuse these steers. * * * It's over now:
There's naught like grief the heart can cow.
Jackass'd her to be his, and she—
She gave Jackel, and jilted me.
And, now, a ha! the little minks
Is bound to him with Hymen's lynx.

—*Charles F. Adams.*

Senator Allen G. Thurman.

New York Sun.

The defeat of the Democratic party in Ohio retires Mr. Thurman to private life, ends his aspiration for the Presidency, and closes his career in the Senate. In a few weeks he will be sixty-six years old, and at that age public men in this country who have usually pursued a profession and politics together, are too much worn out to recover position when once they have lost it. Mr. Thurman served as a member of the House of Representatives in the twenty-ninth Congress, in 1845; then became a Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1851, and subsequently Chief Justice until 1856, when he resumed the active practice of law with success and much distinction. As a candidate for Governor in 1867 he was defeated by a largely reduced Republican majority, but he carried the Legislature the next year, and was returned to the Senate, where his second term will expire on March 3, 1881. In this body he has become best known to the country as the real leader, and by far the ablest member of his party, by the common consent of both sides. * * * As the chief of an opposition, he has had few equals in Congress. Gifted with a strong, analytical and clear mind; trained by a hard study and long practice at the bar; versed in political and general history; devoted to ancient and modern literature; of pleasing and courteous address; with an excellent style of pure English, and no pretension to popular effect, but always going right to the heart of the question under discussion, his superiority in debate can not be denied. He stands like Fessenden in his day, first in this respect in the Senate. Edmunds and Conkling and Carpenter, who are foremost in this special quality on the Republican side, concede his strength, quickness, and incisive faculty, and admire his personal bearing and genial character. They are all intimate with him, but especially Edmunds, between whom and Thurman there is a tacit agreement of a standing pair, so that when one is absent on an important vote the other pairs off voluntarily.

Rayville *Beacon*: Notwithstanding this season has been so remarkably favorable for picking cotton, we notice that a number of fields are still white with the fleecy staple, and we can but wonder how the crop would have been gathered if the fall had been a bad one....Capt. E. Comer killed a large bear out on Cypress bayou a few days ago.

Thibodaux *Sentinel*: Gov. Nicholls has commuted the sentence of hard labor in the penitentiary for one year passed on the Adam brothers, at the last term of the District Court, to confinement in the parish jail for one year.

Democratic Testimony Against Repudiation.

BY EMERSON BENTLEY.

Although a great outcry for the repudiation of State debt was the main device by which an ambitious aspirant for gubanatorial honors, brought into being a new constitution to cut short the Nicholls administration; and by which partisans are preparing for the presidential contest of 1880, it is singular that so many citizens of the State, otherwise well informed, should have paid so little attention to the righteousness or practical bearing of the repudiation incorporated in the new constitution.

A very clear paper on the State debt ordinance recently appeared in the Houma *Courier*, and because statements therein made by "Civitas" concur with those of other Democrats, who have intelligently examined the subject, they may be profitably recalled. The writer narrates that many members of the convention went to New Orleans with the full determination to vote for out and out repudiation, but had cause to change their views when investigation showed when, by whom, and under what circumstances a large proportion of the debt had been contracted. At least $8,000,000 was contracted before secession and never questioned; $4,000,000 was added before reconstruction, in rebuilding levees neglected before the war; and these two items alone make up the $12,000,000 which the State is called upon to pay. During Republican rule, from 1868 to 1874 bonds were issued which would have run the debt up to $35,000,000, but owing to vigorous protest those in excess of $25,000,000 (the constitutional limit) could not be negotiated. In 1874 the funding act scaled the then debt forty per cent. It is stated, with how much truth nobody knows, that fraudulent bonds were funded to a large amount; but it will be remembered that funding had not proceeded far when a number of the best business men of New Orleans were placed on the board, when funding fraudulent bonds became impossible without the connivance of men whose characters are above suspicion. While extravagance and peculation are admitted to have been rife during the administrations of Warmoth and Kellogg it is certain that the State gained more than it lost by the funding process. "Civitas," does not think that any man who has taken care to inform himself about the facts, will dispute that a Democratic convention, a Dem. Governor, a Democratic legislature and a Democratic Supreme Court has each in its turn recognized the debt as it now stands, and makes the point that when *all* parties ratify a contract, the contract would seem to have validity.

During the session of the constitutional convention Gen. Fred. N. Ogden and others addressed a document to that body, with the avowed purpose of counteracting repudiation, in which they recited that from personal knowledge many of our own people (*i. e.* good Democrats) had, since the resolutions of the Nicholls Legislature in 1877, and many more since the adoption of the party platform in August 1878, establishing the State debt as at present outstanding, invested in State bonds. They did not think it could be denied that had repudiation been asserted in 1876 and 1877 the Democratic ticket would certainly have been defeated "for we would not only have had a large vote and influence against us in this city, but we would have made enemies outside of our State and at the North." And scaling the face of the present debt would seriously injure the Democratic party in the State and in the country at large, alienating many of its warm supporters and defenders.

Others might be cited to show Democratic responsibility and views, without shedding more light on the subject of repudiation. In justice to these advocates for the honor of the State and the success of their party, it should be said they unite in the belief that the State is unable to pay the debt and interest as it now stands. The ordinance submitted is a repudiation of the rate of interest (5½ mills) required to liquidate the debt, and an attempt to impair a valid contract without the consent of the parties to it, or providing for an equivalent compensation. If the ordinance be defeated (and such an event is not improbable) the limit of State taxation for all purposes is to be five mills, or a failure of the State to provide for the payment of the debt. Marvelously framed constitution! The voter is not allowed to express his opinion by a square vote for or against repudiation and in approval of the new constitution. He becomes a partial repudiator by adhering to the debt ordinance, and a full fledged one if he does not. The only way to sustain the valid contracts of the State, preserve its financial honor, avoid expensive litigation between the State and foreign bond-holders, and the State and her own citizen bond-holders, is by voting against the new constitution. To this absurdity has the "ring" assaulting the Nicholls administration brought us. It is a "ring" trick to trifle with the good sense and better judgment of the people of Louisiana.

In his Lafayette Square speech, formally opening the campaign, Lieut. Gov. Wiltz, alluded to general political questions, but neither did he nor any of the speakers who followed him make any direct reference to repudiation. Gen. Randall Gibson, whose position in Congress gives him ample opportunity to judge of political currents, said he believed that Ohio had been lost to Democracy because of the greenback "idea" which it had attempted to carry, and which was repugnant to every Jacksonian or advocate of honest money. It is well known that the Greenbackers seek to repudiate the national contract with her bond-holders, and that they are opposed by the two great political parties of the country. It is also known that the repudiation of debts by Southern States has been used with great effect in the late Northern elections, and has alienated many friends.

Louisiana, of all other States, should be the last to countenance repudiation in any shape. Her interests require a heavy outlay of capital, and all possible influences to keep in favor with dominant political parties. In most favorable times her Congressional representatives have earnestly struggled to procure a protective sugar tariff, appropriations for river and harbor improvement, a U. S. mint, a national levee system, and steamship lines with Brazil and Mexico. Let the stain of repudiation attach to her and allies will desert her, and a blight fall upon every enterprise and industry. This is the opinion of her own intelligent citizens, and it is corroborated by the record of repudiating States.

It is but an expression of opinion that Louisiana can not pay her bonded obligations as they were contracted. It is not a demonstrated fact. The State has failed to meet her obligations because of a repudiation policy began in advance of investigation; because of tax-resisting associations, and the unwise leniency of legislatures to delinquent tax-payers. The burdens of government through the partiality, not to say criminality, of the General Assembly, have devolved on only a portion of the people. There is needed legislation to compel the payment of all taxes by providing adequate penalties, speedy legal decision, a summary disposition of the delinquent list. Then the treasury would be replenished, the debt could be paid, and taxation be diminished. The political quacks propose to economise by tearing down the house, rebuilding and leaving out the foundation stones at the corners. The sooner this is noted the better. The new constitution is so founded. Of course it has some good provisions; otherwise it would not achieve the ends of its framers; but the questions for the voter to consider are these: Can repudiation of a legitimate debt be atoned for by any process known to commercial circles? What is the difference between a State and an individual who refuses to redeem a pledge? What profits it if victory is won on a platform of transparent dishonesty? Is not honesty the best policy?

Houma *Courier*: We hear that there are several cases of yellow fever on Timbalier Island, in this parish. So far, only two deaths are reported. Dr. A. Blanchard, left for the Island last Wednesday....Mr. Henry White of Tambalier Island committed suicide by bleeding himself to death. It is supposed that the unfortunate man was despaired at losing one of his daughters—her death being caused by yellow fever....This week the citizens of Houma sent a lot of provisions, medicines, etc., to the yellow fever sufferers on Timbalier Island. ....Houma *Independent*: May Babin was tried on Tuesday for killing lawyer Kemble last Spring. The jury found him guilty of manslaughter, and Judge Beattie sentenced him to twenty years in the penitentiary and $100 fine. His attorneys have taken an appeal.

An exchange says a hard winter is inevitable. The corn husks are thick, muskrats are making arrangements to live in the basements of their domicils, while old bachelors are pairing off to hedge against the friged waves.

Our Broadbrim Letters.

Theatres and Theatricals, Old and New—The Actors and Play-houses of Fifty Years Ago—Politics and Pedestrianism—Business Revival.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11, 1879.

EDITOR CHIEF:

Nothing is more indicative of the vast change that has taken place in this city, than the utter destruction, and I may say annihilation, of all the places that were, forty or fifty years ago, the centres of amusement for old New York. Of the theatres, only one remains, and all the public gardens of forty years ago have vanished. I was passing up the Bowery the other day on the Elevated road, and as we dashed by Old Drury, as the Bowery Theatre used to be called in the olden time, it seemed as if a ghost had started from the grave, and the deep gap of forty years had suddenly been filled up. The Bowery Theatre, which for twenty years has been little more than a ruin, is once more decked out in gay colors, and looks as bright and as chipper as when Tom Hamblin, Ingersoll, Cooper, Forrest and Booth trod its boards, and exemplified to old New York what good acting really was. Admirers of the present namby-pamby, walking-stick school, irreverently speak of the men I have named as blood and thunder actors, but if the present style of so-called society plays are allowed to demoralize the stage much longer, it will utterly annihilate the race of good actors in America. There was a time when there were many young men coming forward, who promised to be ornaments to the American stage; but they have been elbowed out of the way by the sweepings of London concert rooms and music halls, while our young women have been driven away from the stage by a brazen herd, whose vulgar display of so-called charms would scarcely be received as a model by the painter of a pot-house sign.

Although the old Bowery remains, it is no longer an American Theatre; it has been handed over to the Germans, so that the last of our old American Theatres has been literally wiped out. What glorious days were those when we used to wander of a Sunday evening with the girl of our hearts, down to Castle or Atlantic Gardens, and there, while enjoying the soft evening breeze that swept over the moon-light bay, revel in the luxuries of ice cream and doughnuts. Oh, sweet golden hours, Will ye never come again? Atlantic Garden has been gobbled up by the Elevated railroad, and the lovers retreat is foul with grimy engines, and littered with the ruins of defunct railroad cars, while Castle Garden, which once echoed with the divine notes of Jenny Lind, is now disturbed by a conglomoration of sounds that would have affrighted the denizens of Babel, while the horrible perfume of Dutch pipes, schweitzer kase and garlic, almost make a fellow wish that Castle Garden had been sunk in the sea, before it was ever turned into an emigrant depot.

Coming up Broadway, as we approach the Park, we look in vain for some vestige of the old Park Theatre. Not a sign or a symbol remains. Gloomy stores stand over the site of this famed temple of Thespis, where George Frederick Cooke delighted and amazed our grand-mothers, and where Edmund Keene electrified the town, and where Fanny Elssler turned the heads of half the young bucks in the city, about forty years ago. On Church street stood the National, managed by Harry Wallack, the uncle of the present Wallack, who, at sixty-three, still insists on playing the juvenile lovers. The National divided honors with the Park. In 1842 it was destroyed by fire, and disappeared from the list of our theatres. A few years later, James Wallack, the father of the present Lester Wallack, opened a theatre on the west side of Broadway; the company was good, the acting was unexceptionable, but it seemed from the first to be a failure. Mr. Wallack abandoned it after a very disastrous experience. It was then taken by Mrs. Sinclair, the divorced wife of Edwin Forrest; after a time she gave it up, and its last manager was the late Barney Williams, after which it fell a prey to commerce and disappeared. The Broadway Theatre, on the east side of Broadway, after a checkered experience of fifteen years, met the same fate as the rest. Mitchell's Olympic, which in 1840, delighted the people with the "Cats in the Larder," and "Buy It Dear, It's Made of Cashmere," and Dickens Tableaux, etc., when Mrs Timm, Miss Edwin, one Mary Taylor, Horncastle, and the rest of that glorious band, gave us an Opera Bouffe, which our daughters could listen to without a blush, before French indecency had corrupted our hearts, or foreign vulgarity, had sapped the foundation of our morals. The Richmond Hill stood on the site of Aaron Burr's house, and from it he went forth on the morning he shot Hamilton, at Weechawken. Thirty years have passed since the Richmond Hill disappeared from the list of theatres, and even the people living on its site have never heard of its name.

Famous among the theatres of forty years ago was the old Chatham Theatre, where Charley Thorne, then in his prime, gathered around him a company of actors which it would be difficult to match at the present time. The dramatic demi-god of those days was Kirby, a man with more genius in his little finger than is to be found in the whole body of nine-tenths of your present day actors. Mrs. Thorne, one of the most talented and agreeable actresses on the American stage, was then in the zenith of her beauty, alas! alas! for my early dreams, the fairy form has vanished. She is now a staid matron on the shady side of sixty, whose overdupois could only be determined by a pair of hay scales.

Niblo's Garden, on the corner of Broadway and Prince street was the most fashionable up-town resort for those who desired rational amusement, combined with a breath of country air. The garden disappeared many years ago, and on its site is the Metropolitan Hotel, which Tweed thought would be the head-quarters of the Ring, and—the metropolitan theatre—where the Black Crook was first produced, by Wm. Wheatley, Harry Palmer and Mr. Jarrett. A favorite resort for the Bowery boys, was old Vauxhall Garden, which stood at the head of the Bowery, almost opposite the site now occupied by the Cooper Institute. Here the fire laddies and their girls were wont to pass the summer nights, luxuriating on pork and beans, and enjoying the delights of the maizy dance. A clothing store and a stable now cover the flower-beds and arbors of that famous resort, and it will not be many years before the last man will have passed away who remembers the spot where it stood.

Politics and pedestrians at present occupy the public mind, the two most prominent objects being John Kelly and Blower Brown. Blower Brown, however, is a dead cock in the pit; what will be John Kelly's fate, we are unable to tell, till the race is ended on the 4th day of November, but John's wind is good, and his feet are sound, yet how he will come out in the political race, is still a matter of lively speculation.

There are lots of lame ducks among the book-makers this week, and the report is that at least one-half of the gamblers in the city are ruined. At the start of the race for the O'Leary belt, Blower Brown was the favorite the most extravagant stories were told of his prowess, and some unfortunate fools were induced to make bets that he would cover as high as 140 miles in the first 24 hours. No one seemed to think of the possibility of his failure, and yet a more lamentable collapse was never seen on the course. As far as the man himself is concerned, it is a matter of very small consequence, but he has dragged down thousands in his ruin, which is said to be directly traceable to his intemperate habits while training. A more frightened lot than his backers were never seen in New York, and a more fearful financial panic has never been known among gambling men. It has been a regular Black Friday among the betting sharps, and there are hundreds of them who will not have money enough to carry them back to their homes. At this I do much rejoice, for with their gambling pools they have corrupted and demoralized almost every amusement that has become popular in America. I hope the lesson may not be thrown away upon our people. In two weeks we have paid, in New York, about $150,000 for these walking exhibitions. No good thing has come out of them, but, on the contrary, they have been fruitful parents of gambling and dissipation. The men who have been prominent in them would scarcely be admitted behind the counter of a respectable merchant unless he had one of Pinkerton's detectives to stand by, and watch the till; yet thousands have neglected their business day after day, and now they find themselves literaly robbed—the victims of misplaced confidence.

It is many years since New York has seen as prosperous a season as that which we are now enjoying. The streets in the lower part of the city and all along the wharves are densely crowded with wagons and carts from early morning till late at night. Immense amounts of all kinds of produce are being received here, and as soon as received are shipped away. Gold is still flowing in upon us, $600,000 in a single shipment last week. Our merchants are all smiling, and everybody congratulates everybody else on the return of good times. Stocks of all kinds have been very lively, and the sudden jump in wheat brought grief to those who sold short in September for October delivery. A turn in the wheel of fortune may, however, soon set them again on their legs, and hoping that everybody, myself included, may make a million, I am,

Yours truly,
BROADBRIM.