THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH OF ASCENSION AND TOWN OF DONALDSONVILLE.

VOLUME IX. DONALDSONVILLE, LOUISIANA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1880. NUMBER 52.

Donaldsonville Chief.

Amicus Humani Generis.

A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper

Published Every Saturday, at

Donaldsonville, Ascension Parish, La.,

—BY—

LINDEN E. BENTLEY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year	$2 00
One copy, six months	1 25
Six copies, one year	10 00
Twelve copies, one year	18 00

Payable invariably in advance.

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½ column	30 00	40 00	45 00	55 00	75 00
1 column	40 00	50 00	55 00	65 00	100 00

Transient advertisements $1 per square first insertion; each subsequent insertion, 75 cents per square.

Official advertisements $1 per square first insertion; each subsequent publication 50 cents per square.

Editorial notices, first insertion, 20 cents per line; subsequently, 10 cents per line.

Cards of six lines or less in Business Directory, five dollars per annum.

Brief communications upon subjects of public interest solicited.

No attention paid to anonymous letters.

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DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Etc.

JNO. F. PARK, dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries, Provisions, Plantation and Steamboat Supplies, Canned Goods, Wines, Liquors, Bottled Beer, Ale, etc., Dry Goods and Notions, corner of Mississippi and Chetimaches streets, opp. River Ferry.

A. D. VEGA, Agent, dealer in Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Liquors, Furniture, Hardware, Tobacco, Paints, Oils, Glass, Lumber, Bricks, Carts and Wagons; Loeb's corner, Railroad Avenue and Mississippi street.

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JOSEPH GONDRAN, dealer in Clothing, Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Saddlery, Crockery, Furniture and all kinds of House Furnishing Goods, Blue Store, Mississippi street.

M. TOBIAS, dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, Clothing, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Furniture, Hardware, Crockery, Trunks, etc., corner Mississippi and St. Patrick streets and No. 24 Railroad Avenue. Everything at lowest figures.

C. KLINE, corner Crescent Place and Hommas street, dealer in Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Provisions, Corn, Oats and Bran.

M. ISRAEL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Saddlery, Buggies, etc., corner Mississippi street and Railroad Avenue.

S. MOYSE, dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Furniture, Hardware and Plantation Supplies, at Lemann's old stand, Mississippi street.

S. WEINSCHENCK, dealer in Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Groceries, Hardware, Hats, Boots and Shoes, and general Plantation Supplies, Railroad Avenue, between Iberville and Attakapas streets.

JNO. SOLOZANO, dealer in Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Crockery, Tinware, Notions, etc., No. 21 Railroad Avenue, between Conway and St. Michael streets, Donaldsonville.

ANTOINE PFISTER, dealer in Fancy and Staple Groceries of all kinds, of best qualities and at lowest prices: Wines, Liquors, Boat and Plantation Supplies, etc., Lafourche street, corner St. Michael.

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LIQUOR AND BILLIARD SALOONS.

THE PLACE, Gus. Israel, manager, Corner Lessard and Mississippi streets. Billiards, Lager Beer, Best Wines and Liquors, Fine Cigars, etc.

BUTCHERS' EXCHANGE, P. Mollere, proprietor, Crescent Place, opposite the Market-House. Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always kept at the bar.

HOTELS AND BOARDING-HOUSES.

ROBT. E. LEE HOTEL, at Marx Israel's old stand, corner Mississippi and Lessard streets. Jos. Lafargue, proprietor. Bar and billiard room attached. First-class entertainment and accommodations.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL and BAR-ROOM, Mississippi street, Fred. Rogge, Proprietor. Boarding and lodging at reasonable rates. Table always supplied with the best the market affords. Special and comfortable accommodations for transient boarders.

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PHILIP GEIGER'S Confectionery and Fruit Store, Mississippi street, adjoining Lemann's old stand. Cakes, Soda Water, Nuts, Toys and Fancy Articles.

DONALDSONVILLE CONFECTIONERY, by A. Grilhe, Mississippi street, near St. Patrick. Branch on Railroad Avenue, near Opelousas street. Cakes, Fruits, Nuts, Soda Water, Ice Cream. Cakes, Ice Cream and Syrups for weddings and parties furnished on short notice.

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JOS. THOMPSON, Railroad Avenue, next door to corner of Conway street, near the depot, dealer in Havana and Domestic Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, Pipes, etc.

SEWING MACHINES.

Singer Sewing Machine DEPOT,

corner Mississippi and Lessard streets.
A. Combe.....Manager,
Mrs. Octavia Ilsley.....Saleslady

LIVERY STABLES & UNDERTAKING.

SCHONBERG'S Livery, Feed and Sale Stable and Undertaker's Establishment, Railroad Avenue, between Iberville and Attakapas streets. Competition defied.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

B. RYBISKI, Apothecary and Druggist, Mississippi street, between St. Patrick and St. Vincent streets, adjoining Gondran's store.

CENTRAL DRUG STORE, corner Railroad Avenue and Iberville street, L. Blanchard, proprietor. Fresh Drugs and Medicines.

MILLINERY.

MRS. M. BLUM, Milliner, Mississippi street, between Lessard and St. Patrick. Latest styles of Bonnets, Hats, French Flowers, etc.; also, all kinds of Ladies' Underwear.

MRS. J. FEVRIER, Milliner; all kinds of Hats, Bonnets, Trimmings, Artificial Flowers and Fancy Articles, corner Mississippi and Lessard streets.

BARBER SHOP.

L. FERNANDEZ, Barber Shop, Mississippi Street, near corner Lessard. Shaving, hair-cutting, shampooing, etc., in most artistic style.

TINSMITH.

LOUIS J. RACKE, Tinsmith, Mississippi street, at Lemann's old stand. Orders attended to with dispatch and satisfaction insured.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

S. GOETTE, Boot and Shoemaker, Mississippi street, opposite Maurin's store. All work in best style at bottom prices.

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Frederick Duffel, R. Prosper Landry.

DUFFEL & LANDRY, Attorneys at Law. Office on Chetimaches street, just back of the Court-House.

EDWARD N. PUGH, Attorney at Law, Attakapas street, opposite Louisiana Square. Visits Napoleonville on Mondays.

SODA WATER MANUFACTORY.

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

SADDLERY—HARNESS-MAKING.

FREDERICK BRENN, Saddler and Harness Maker, 159 Railroad Avenue. Saddles and harness of all styles and prices made to order. All orders for repairing and painting of Carriages and Buggies promptly executed.

Dr. P. J. Friedrichs,

OF New Orleans, DENTIST.

Office on Railroad Avenue between Mississippi and Iberville streets.

DR. A. C. LOVE,

Darrowville, La.

Left bank Mississippi river, opposite Donaldsonville.

Office and residence at Gibson's Hotel.

DR. J. B. VANDEGRIFF

OFFICE:

Attakapas street, near the Court-House,

Donaldsonville, La.

DR. W. M. McGALLARD

Office in Crescent Place,

Donaldsonville, La.

J. D. HANSON, M. D.

OFFICE:

Corner Iberville street and Railroad Avenue, next door to Central Drug Store,

Donaldsonville, La.

MRS. CURIEN,

MID-WIFE,

Iberville St., opp. St. Vincent's Institution,

Donaldsonville, La.

MRS. CURIEN, a French graduate, respectfully tenders her services to the ladies of Donaldsonville and vicinity. Best references given. jly17-1y

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Donaldsonville, La.

Practice in Ascension, Assumption and St. James. mch22-1y

PAUL LECHE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Donaldsonville, La.,

Office: One block below the Court-House, on Attakapas street. my24-1y

F. B. EARHART,

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Office: Opposite the Court-House,

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Practices in the Twenty Second Judicial District (comprising St. James and Ascension parishes), and in the Supreme and United States Courts. my1

R. M. McCULLOH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Donaldsonville, La.

Office on Attakapas street, opposite the Court-House.

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SIMS & POCHE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

St. James, La.

Office at F. P. Poché's. Address: Convent P. O. ☞ Mr. Sims will be in St. James every Monday. ap24

N. BEL,

DRUGGIST,

Corner Chetimaches and Mississippi Streets

Donaldsonville, La.

A complete stock of Pure Chemicals always on hand. Prescriptions carefully compiled at all hours, day or night. feb16

For the CHIEF.

IN MEMORIAM

Of Anna C. Wilkinson, wife of Wm. G. Wilkinson.

DIED, SEPTEMBER 1, 1880.

When the Summer's budding beauty
Wedded Autumn's golden glow,
And the tinted leaflets falling
Whispered of the coming snow,

Then she heard her babies calling—
Two bright buds that bloomed and died,
And in all their winsome beauty
Drifted off upon Death's tide—

And her weary hands she folded
O'er her still and pulseless breast,
Through the Valley of the Shadow
Wandered to the home of rest.

Not dead, but only gone before,
And near the One who died to save,
She watches, waits to welcome you,
In lands that lie beyond the grave.

For the CHIEF.

THE COMPETITIVE DRILL.

BY A. J. REYNOLDS.

The sun shone bright with a melting light
As we marched out on the square,
And the boys so true, in coats of blue,
Were to test each other there.

So we marched through town to gain renown,
In spite of prejudiced prattle,
Each vowed in his heart he would do his part,
If we did not win the battle.

So we marched away, whilst the band did play,
Music most inspiring,
And it braced every nerve so they never would swerve
While the contest was transpiring.

So we entered the drill with a zeal and a will
That we felt were sure to win,
And we knew, ev'ry man, with Jones in command,
Battery C would never give in.

Now Captain Lejeune led off in the fun,
With the men known as Battery B,
But they often got mixed, though carefully picked
From the flower of companies three.

Then Captain Pachoud put his bully boys through
In a style that did all of them credit,
But Battery C proved the best of the three—
The judges and people all said it.

Long will we think, and many toasts drink
To Sunday's competitive drill,
And every man owns that to brave Captain Jones
We owe our success and our skill.

We sing to his praise and we hope that his days
Will be happy and long in the the land,
And that Battery C forever will be
His proud and victorious band.

The name of Cofield we never will yield,
But with hearts that are happy and free,
We'll seek new renown until we are known
As the pride of the L. S. N. G.

SAVED BY PRINTER'S INK.

When trade grew slack, the notes fell due,
The merchant's face grew long and blue;
His dreams were troubled through the night
With sheriffs, bailiffs all in sight.
At last his wife unto him said,
"Rise up at once, get out of bed,
And get your paper, ink and pen,
And write these words unto all men—
'My goods I wish to sell to you,
And to your wives and daughters, too;
My prices they shall be so low
That each shall buy before they go."
He did as his good wife advised,
And in the paper advertised;
Crowds came and bought of all he had,
His notes were paid, his dreams were glad,
And he will tell you to this day
How well did printer's ink repay.
He told us with a knowing wink,
How he was saved by printer's ink.

Acklen's Little Game.

Morgan City Review.

Among the St. Mary parish ward meetings called by Mr. Acklen, who pretends to be acting as chairman of an executive committee, was one to assemble in Franklin, third ward, Thursday last. Contrary to expectation, the people heeded the call; and in the crowd was Mr. Acklen himself. Finding that from the persons present he could not control the mass-meeting that was called in his hand-bills, Mr. Acklen arose and stated that on account of the dissension in the Democratic Conservative party and for the sake of harmony, he would adjourn the meeting, and that the nominations for delegates to the parish convention should be made to-day, under the call of the committee of which A. G. Frere, Esq., is the chairman. Thereupon Mr. Acklen's attention was called to the fact that he could not adjourn a meeting which had not been organized and which the people in mass present had the right to hold. In the exercise of that right the citizens acted as stated in the proceedings of the meeting published elsewhere, which we trust every one will read, and particularly note the vote of 64 to 2! All this in the strongest voting Democratic ward of St. Mary parish, which Mr. Acklen calls his home.

What do you think of it, reader? What is the conclusion? Is Mr. Acklen depending upon the will of the Democratic party of this district or upon political sharpness? Do the people want him for their Congressman? Every candid man must answer no.

We are glad to see that, notwithstanding the lively interest taken by the friends of the different candidates, the very best of feeling prevails among the Democracy who seem to have but one aim and that is to secure the nominations of good and true men. Personal preferences and interest have no shewing and it is well it should be so. We except, of course, the Third District imbroglio, and we hope that the true Democracy will soon throw overboard such men as Acklen and work with one common accord for Democratic principles and Democratic success.—*Avoyelles Bulletin.*

Our Broadbrim Letters.

Heterogeneous Humanity—Classes that form the Component Parts of the Great City's Population—A Warm Week—Politics and Business.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28, 1880.

EDITOR CHIEF:

Where do they all come from? is the question that forces itself upon you as you walk up and down Broadway. Night or day the great human tide flows on, but never seems to ebb; and yet there are hours when the tide seems to swell till the worn sidewalks almost tremble and groan beneath the tread of weary, hurrying feet. The character of our population differs on the great avenues that lead down town, at different hours of the day. Above Grand street, the First and Second Avenues, and all the streets that cross them, constitute a great German hive, from which all other foreigners are driven out. German signs greet you on every hand. Schweitzer kase, pretzels, lager and bologna are articles of general consumption, while the grocery store that would be rash enough to start business without a good supply of sauer kraut might soon be expected to sink into utter bankruptcy. It is a region of strange sounds, and strange and unholy perfumes, and when, as in last June, the thermometer touches the nineties, it almost seems like a miracle how all these people live; yet live they do and grow fat. On either side of these great Avenues, and on all the by-streets are immense rows of tenement houses, six, seven and eight stories high; perhaps the house has from 100 to 200 occupants, but all of them find something to do. The Germans are a thrifty and a busy people, and idleness has no place in their vocabulary. Whoever eats is expected to work, and they have about them that sturdy independence, which makes beggary their last resource, and when misfortune overtakes them, they have among them so many charitable associations, that comparatively a small proportion of them ever seek charity from the city. Between the hours of 6 and 7 a mighty and resistless tide rolls out from all these tenements—old and young, women and girls, and even little children—each carrying a small roll of paper, a basket or tin can, in which is the little lunch, which is to sustain them till they reach home, weary and worn in the evening. On they troop, thousands and thousands of them, till they reach the great factories down town, where paper boxes are made, and wholesale clothing is manufactured, and different kinds of nick-nacks are put up, which find their markets, not only in the United States, but in all parts of the world. Almost as silently as the great ocean, these huge factories swallow up these living streams, and then, for an hour or so, there is a perceptible lull in the flow. Then comes a different class altogether, but not from the Avenues—they pour into the city on the railroad trains and ferry boats, and are a comfortable, well-fed class, wearing fine clothes and rich jewelry—there are bank clerks and book-keepers in insurance companies and large mercantile houses. The pulses of life are again quickened, and once more the streets are filled with a seething, human tide.

Almost in the middle of the city, the Chinese and Italians have their abiding places—I can not call them homes, yet homes I suppose they are. At the first glance it seems that these people led the most miserable of lives, the tenements in which they live are old and ruinous, the walls and ceilings being broken and dirty; filth inconceivable is every where; the cellars are full of rags, waste paper, broken scraps of iron, and all the debris of a great city. During the day it is comparatively quiet, but at night activity is every where. This, also, is the headquarters of many of the low thieves and ruffians who prowl around the city under cover of darkness, to knock down a belated traveler, or break into some defenceless house. Long before daylight a vast army pours out of the noisome dens of this horrible quarter, armed with iron-hooks and immense sacks—the numbers are nearly equal of men and women—the men usually present a wretched appearance, their clothes hang in tatters about them, their hair is tangled and unkempt, their eyes are blood-shot, and their faces pale and haggard, as if the preceding night had been spent in the wildest dissipation. The women are warmly clad, although their covering is the filthiest of rags of many colors wrapped around their legs and arms, over their heads and around their bodies, while a piece of a boot on one foot, and a part of an old gaiter on the other, protects their feet from the sharp paving stones of the street. Long before daylight they sally out, to search the gutters for the means of life; with eyes like cats, which seem to pierce the gloom, they pass through the streets, picking up every rag and every stray piece of paper that happens to fall in their way; ash barrels are searched, and kitchen doors are tried, and if perchance one is unfortunately left open, the bag is quickly filled, and they hurry back to their dens to conceal the spoil. Here 4000 people live from day to day on what other people throw away. Some deal exclusively in rags and paper, while others drive a thriving business on the refuse coal and cinders thrown out by careless and unthrifty servants. Another portion of this colony has usurped all the street stands throughout the city, where fruit and candies are sold by the cents' worth to children. A few years ago these street stands were all in possession of the Irish, but by hook or by crook the Italians have rooted them all out, and are now in possession of the entire city. The business must be a profitable one, for an old Irish woman died in New York about a year ago, who for more than a quarter of a century kept an apple-stand on the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets. Rain or shine, winter or summer, the old woman was always at her post, and when she died, she left an estate worth $50,000. The Italians have got all that business now. They also monopolize all the hand-organs in the city. They are not a desirable class of citizens. There may be, and doubtless are, honorable exceptions, but the great body of them are filthy, murderous brutes, having the lowest and basest of human passions, drinking to madness, gambling and fighting; they furnish one of the most dangerous elements to be found amongst our criminal classes. The Chinese, who are their immediate neighbors, are, as a general thing, quiet, orderly and industrious. At the present time they are the laundrymen of New York. The Irish washwoman is getting to be a thing of the past, and in a few years the places that knew them once will know them no more forever; the Italian has captured their apple-stands and John Chinaman has secured their wash-tubs, and to give the —— his due, they certainly are the most reliable of laundrymen. As a general thing, you get all the clothes back that you give them. There are but few missing handkerchiefs or socks, while the shirts, instead of returning like battle flags that had been through the great rebellion, have a decent, home-like appearance, and are white as the driven snow. The French colony lies apart by itself, and has little or no communication or affinity with the Germans or Italians. As a general thing they hate the Germans with a good, hearty, solid and enduring hate. They do not drink the same drinks or eat the same food, or patronize the same amusements, or have any thing in common with their neighbors. From this region comes the cooks and confectioners for all our great restaurants and hotels. Men who work in fancy cabinet making and furniture manufactories are here by thousands. They are a happy and contented people, making much out of little, and giving us Americans lessons of economy in every-day life which it might be worth our while to learn. During the winter season they support one of the most fashionable operas in the city, and their habits are so unobtrusive, and they keep so completely within themselves that their existence as a separate class is scarcely suspected by the great body of people in our city.

For the past week the heat has been so great in the city that everybody who could get away has left. There were several days when, as Sidney Smith once remarked "it would have been a luxury to have stripped off your flesh, and to have sat in your bones, and let the wind whistle through them for the time." All our seaside resorts are full to overflowing, and new hotels are going up on every hand, Long Branch having three new ones of enormous capacity in active preparation, while Coney Island, Manhattan Beach and Rockaway, notwithstanding the immense caravansaries that have been opened during the past year are all full, and the public, like Oliver, are crying "more, more, more."

Politics, of course, are booming; and the mining-stock market has had quite a lively tussle. I don't exactly know what it means, but mining stocks which have been as dead as a salt mackerel for the past six months, have suddenly taken a jump. In the language of the almanac, "now is the time to look out for squalls." Button your pockets tight. Resist the devil, and the desire to become a millionaire, "*ne sutor crepedem*"—let the shoemaker stick to his last, and when the temptation is past he will be better off.

All kinds of business is good, better than it has been for years.

Our churches and theatres are all nearly ready for the new season, and in another week the wanderers will be coming home. Yours truly,

BROADBRIM.

If Acklen should get the Democratic nomination for Congress, the good people in the Third District would have to toss nickels, "heads or tails," to know whether to vote for Acklen or Darrall—and then they wouldn't know for certain.—*St. Tammany Farmer.*

Our Washington Letter.

Death of Gen. Myer—Arrival of the New Postmaster General—Retirement of Gen. Howard—Senator Conkling Preparing to Enter the Campaign, etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 25, 1880.

EDITOR CHIEF:

Gen. Albert J. Myer's death was officially announced yesterday by the Secretary of the War. The General was very popular here, and he had become so widely known throughout the country that his death will excite attention. If entitled to the credit for most of the progress of the "Weather Bureau," as I think he was, the loss was a serious one. To dwellers upon land and sea and lake, his bureau was of great and growing benefit. An effort has been made to show that what is really of importance in the bureau was suggested and explained by another, and that General Myer appropriated instead of originating. The authorities here have always given the credit to General Myer, and probably with reason. The contest for honors will be removed, however. The deceased officer's rank was that of Brigadier General, and the place will probably be filled from among army officers holding as high a rank as Colonel. There seemed to be no foundation for the report that Captain Howgate would be selected.

Hon. Horace Maynard, appointed Postmaster General, will be commissioned to-day and will assume charge of the Department. It is understood that the new official will make few, if any changes in the *personnel* of the Department. He will be absent a large portion of the time until November, and will hardly have opportunity to learn the merits of his subordinates. Judge Key leaves at once for Tennessee.

There are afloat here now two rumors of interest concerning army officers. One is that an order has been prepared, relieving General Schofield from command at West Point, but that it will not be issued until after the November election. The other is to the effect that General O. O. Howard has asked to be placed on the retired list. It is known that General Howard seriously considered this step some time ago, and the report now current, and which seems to have authority, indicates that he has finally decided in that course. The service could not lose a more gallant officer.

Washington gathers into her permanent population annually, a large number of retiring Government officials and Congressmen. General Halbert E. Paine, late Commissioner of Patents, and who, by the way, was formerly a law partner of Secretary Schurz, will remain permanently here and devote himself to legal business, including cases before the Patent Office.

Senator Conkling in a letter to a gentleman in this city, says that he is hastening the settlement of his private business so that he may engage in the campaign unembarrassed until the day of election in November. He says that he does not believe the Democracy of New York State will be divided in the contest in that State, and therefore the Republicans will have to put forth their best efforts to be assured of success.

A Democratic ratification is advertised to take place here Friday evening and the projectors of the affair expect it to be "a big thing." The campaign progresses satisfactorily to both parties, judging from outward appearances. The Republicans are confident of carrying every Northern State. Yours, SENTINEL.

A Washington correspondent pays the following compliment to the Republican candidate for President:

James A. Garfield represents the best ideas of the Republican party and the Republic. In the prime of life and manhood's vigor, erudite, well-read in the history of other countries, and profoundly acquainted, even to minutiae, with all the details of our governmental system, he will bring to the administration of national affairs such intelligent insight as has not before been known in the executive office. Then, there is no one who has a more extensive and intimate acquaintance with public men, or who will be more competent to select the right men for the place in all the numerous appointments under executive control. While his Republicanism has never been questioned, his candor and liberality have compelled the esteem of political opponents, and the most prominent Democrats who have been associated with him in Congress, have given expression to their admiration of the noble attributes of his mind and heart.

The Lake Charles *Echo* seems to be the only paper in this District that supports Acklen for a renomination. We wish it distinctly understood that the endorsement of forty Congressional committees can not get the writer of this article to vote for or support any man who for two terms that he has been in Congress has had Congressional committees constantly at work to screen him from that punishment he so richly merited.—*Thibodaux Sentinel.*

Summary of State News.

Gleanings from the Louisiana Press.

From the information we obtain, a fair average cotton crop will be made in this parish.—*Farmerville Gazette.*

A Negro man, name unknown, was killed by another Negro man, in Jackson parish last week.—*Vienna Sentinel.*

A fire occurred on the plantation of Ira B. Wall, six miles east of this town, destroying a tenant house with its entire contents, leaving the tenant homeless and penniless. Loss about $200.—*Clinton Watchman.*

The cotton pickers are hard at work, and have splendid weather for gathering the crop in the best condition. No worms have appeared. The crop is good, and has not been injured more than one-fifth by the late rains.—*Colfax Chronicle.*

The first bale of new cotton was brought to town on the 21st, and sold to Mr. Sol. Isaac at 10 cents a pound....On Thursday another rabid dog was killed at this place, after biting young Lou Walker through the shoe.—*Opelousas Democrat.*

A cow belonging to M. Lange had a fine calf on Monday night of last week. She was properly cared for, milked and turned out each day. On Saturday night last she gave birth to another fine calf, as large as the one that was a week old and of identically the same color. Both are males.—*Baton Rouge Advocate.*

Sunday evening some men while riding in on the prairie in Mouton's Cove, discovered the dead body of Isaac Kahn, a white resident of that locality. The supposition is that he was kicked over the region of the heart by his horse. The deceased was a new comer, and leaves a large family in necessitous circumstances.—*Vermilion Meridional.*

Cotton is opening rapidly and worms, although in numbers in localities, have not yet materially injured the crop. Paris green has been used with marked success, but we hear that the London purple is a failure. So was the first invoice of Paris green brought here, it being an impure article. Chemically pure London purple is as deadly poison as Paris green.—*Natchitoches Vindicator.*

Last week, at Fausse Pointe, a lady gave birth to three children—two boys and a girl. At last advices mother and children were in perfect health....Our neighbor, Mr. Bernard, has a calf about five months old provided with three horns. Two of them occupy the ordinary position on the forehead and the third is midway between and on a line with them.—*Iberia Sugar-Bowl.*

The first bale of cotton was brought to Rayville this week by A. M. Taylor, from Jas. A. Rhymes' place, near Alto, and was bought by Mr. Titche, at 10¼ cents....Mr. A. Bankston brought the first bale of new cotton to Delhi on the 20th. It was purchased by Mr. Wm. Miles for 15 cents per pound....We learn that a colored man was shot and killed by another colored man near Oak Ridge last Friday.—*Richland Beacon.*

The Osage is at the wreck of the Bonnie Lee, but owing to the depth of the water it has been found impossible to accomplish any thing as yet, and we are told that the wreckers will remain there until the water goes down sufficiently to enable them to work effectively....Cotton is opening very fast and picking has become general. Very little talk of caterpillars and no danger apprehended from that source.—*Avoyelles Bulletin.*

Mlle. Marie Candau, the young lady whose life was attempted last week by Jules Richard, who afterwards committed suicide, is still in a very precarious condition, and is suffering from fever....If the spread of charbon has been subdued in LaChinche, it must be attributed to the timely removal of those mules predisposed to the affection, principally owned by Messrs. Chism & Boyd and Mr. James P. Putnam.—*St. Bernard Eagle.*

Wednesday night three colored boys were playing together in the neighborhood of Bellow's store. The eldest, aged about 16 years, and known by the name of Siesce, provoked by his companions, Cornelius Harris and Wesley Harris, 10 and 15 years respectively, who made fun of his nickname, seized the younger Harris by the throat, whereupon Harris drew his pocket-knife and struck him under the ribs. Siesce died next day and the Harris boys were arrested.—*St. John Meschacebe.*

Mr. Jesse S. Davis, grandson of the late Judge Jones, was drowned while bathing in the Bogue Falia, near Covington....Last Sunday evening, about eight miles from Covington, Miss A. Norris of New Orleans was thrown from her horse, dislocating her arm, and receiving several smaller injuries....One day this week the little daughter of Mr. Wunderlich, a druggist in New Orleans, who is spending the summer on his farm near Covington, was badly bitten by a moccasin snake. At last accounts the little girl was out of danger....Mr. Wm. Forbes, a resident of Columbia, Miss., was thrown from an ox wagon, which passed over his chest, crushing his ribs and breaking both shoulder blades. Dr. Chambers was called, and reports the injuries as likely to prove fatal. Mr. Forbes is a single man, about forty years of age.—*St. Tammany Farmer.*