

THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

AN INDEPENDENT, WIDE-AWAKE HOME NEWSPAPER.—TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

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by
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DONALDSONVILLE BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Etc.
R. LANDMAN, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Plantation Supplies, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco, and General Merchandise, corner R. B. Avenue and Taylor Streets, one block from Railroad Depot.

J. NO. 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 Crocker and Chestnut Streets, opp. River Ferry.

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

BERNARD LEMANN & BROTHER, dealers in Western Produce, fancy and staple Groceries, Liquors, Hardware, Iron, Paints, Oils, Carts, Plows, Saddlery, Stoves and Tinware, Furniture, Crocker, Wall Paper and House Furnishing Goods, Mississippi street, corner Crescent Place.

JOS. GONDRAK & SONS, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Notions, Hats, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Saddlery, Crocker, Furniture and all kinds of Home Furnishing Goods, Blue Store, Mississippi street.

M. TOBIAS, dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, Clothing, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Furniture, Hardware, Crocker, Trunks, etc., corner Mississippi and St. Patrick streets and No. 21 Railroad Avenue. Everything at lowest prices.

C. KLINE, corner Crescent Place and Goods, Clothing, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Groceries, Provisions, Cans, Oats and Bran.

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

M. LEVY, dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Furniture, Hardware and Plantation Supplies, at Lemann's old stand, Mississippi street. G. FEITEL, Agent.

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

V. MAURIN, General Fire Insurance Agent, Mississippi street, over Fernand's barber shop. Represents first-class companies with over \$500,000 of capital. Policies issued directly from agency without delay.

HOTELS AND BOARDING-HOUSES.
R. H. LEE HOTEL, Crescent Place, corner of the Market-House, Jos. LaFargue, proprietor. Bar and billiard room attached. First-class entertainment and accommodations.

CITY HOTEL, P. Lefevre, Proprietor, Railroad Avenue, cor. Iberville street. Bar supplied with best liquors.

LIQUOR AND BILLIARD SALOONS.
THE PLACE, Gus. Israel, manager, Corner Lessor and Mississippi streets. Billiards, Lager Beer, Best Wines and Liquors, Fine Cigars, etc.

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

BARBER SHOP.
F. FERNANDEZ, Barber Shop, Mississippi street, near corner Lessor, Shaving, hair-cutting, shampooing, etc., in most artistic style.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
FREDERICK DUFFEL, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, office on Chestnut street, opposite the Court-House.

EDWARD N. PUGH, Attorney at Law, Atakapas street, opposite Louisiana Square. Visits Natchez on Mondays.

PAUL FICHE, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Donaldsonville. Office: One block below the Court-House, on Atakapas street. j625

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.
GANGRY, THE PAINTER, shop at Cheup Tony's Store, corner Mississippi street and Railroad Avenue. House, Sign and Ornamental Painting in all their branches. Best work at lowest prices.

UNDERTAKER.
SCHONBERG'S Undertaker's Establishment, between Lessor and St. Patrick streets, between Iberville and Atakapas streets. All kinds of burial cases, from the pine coffin to the metallic or rosewood casket.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
BRYBISKI, Apothecary and Druggist, Mississippi street, between St. Patrick and St. Vincent streets, adjoining Gondrak's store.

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

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

MATRESS MAKER.
PETER WAGNER, Spring and Mattress Maker, Spring and Mattress, St. Vincent street, repairing and cleaning furniture a specialty. All orders promptly attended to.

MRS. I. PALMER, DRESSMAKER, Railroad Avenue, near Claiborne street, Donaldsonville.

JOHN P. FORCHIA, Cistern Maker, Railroad Avenue, opposite the Post-office, Donaldsonville, La. All work guaranteed and satisfaction warranted. Prices lower than the lowest.

R. H. DUNN, Carpenter and Builder, Shop on Iberville street near the corner of St. Patrick and Iberville streets. Orders received through the Post-office will meet with prompt attention.

TO A CRUCIFIX.

BY THE LATE MRS. MARY AUSTIN.
Redemption's emblem! whither I reverence thee,
Let none think that I pray to, or adore;
But who will say 'tis sin—idolatry—
To look upon thee, or to kneel before?
Who sighs not o'er the picture of a friend?
Departed hence, but still in memory dear,
Thou shalt not let I'er this sad picture bend,
And on this form bestow a grateful tear?

This form, a Saviour's, yielding up his breath
In agony, as if on Him were laid
Heaven's vengeance, never to be appeased till
death,
The Just One's death, had saved the world.
And shall not I love this blessed symbol still,
While to my mind it ever most recall
Thoughts of the bloody scene on Calvary's Hill,
When He, the Lamb, was slaughtered for us all.

This Crucifix, what men can look upon,
And be not better than he was before?
Oh! if there be some poor despairing one
Let him behold, then go and sin no more!
Thus crowned with thorns, the Mediator died—
'Twas thus his limbs were stretched upon the cross.

This deep, wide gash in his most sacred side,
All this was done for sinners and for me.
Oh! call it not idolatry to raise
My supplicating hands before this wood—
Praising my God in thanksgiving and praise
Unto my soul so merciful and good.
When I am dying, please sit near my bed,
That my last, lingering gaze may fondly rest
On what I loved in life; and when I'm dead,
Piously place it on my clay-coined breast.

"Farewell, Marie."
More Opinions from the Press in regard to the Popular Melody.

Alexander's Weekly Messenger.
We are heavily indebted to A. J. Reynolds of the Donaldsonville Chief, for a copy of his latest song, "Farewell, Marie." The music is from the facile and brilliant pen of Prof. Blackmar, of New Orleans, whilst the words are Mr. Reynolds' own. We have examined the score and find it a very touching melody, and the words are in full keeping with the music. Taken both together, they form a highly finished, artistic effort, and we hope that as great time will elapse ere our talented confreres give us another one of the same sort.

Lake Charles Echo.
The Echo acknowledges receipt of a most creditable song from Mr. A. J. Reynolds of the Donaldsonville Chief, composed by Mr. R. M. and arranged for the piano by A. E. Blackmar. Many thanks.

Marksville Bulletin.
"Farewell Marie," is the title of a beautiful song just received at this office. The words are by the talented foreman of the Donaldsonville Chief, Mr. A. J. Reynolds, and the music by Mr. A. E. Blackmar, the New Orleans composer. Best Coroll Democrat.

Our thanks are due to Mr. A. J. Reynolds of the Donaldsonville Chief, for a very pretty ballad entitled "Farewell Marie," written by himself and set to music by that well known composer, A. E. Blackmar of New Orleans. This is a sweet little song and should be in the possession of all our musical friends.

West Indian House Sugar Planter.
One of the most captivating pieces of music we have heard for many a day is now upon our table. The words are from the pen of Mr. A. J. Reynolds of the Donaldsonville Chief, and are a credit to the poetical talent of the young author. "Farewell Marie" will become as familiar as "household words" to the musical circles of our State.

New Iberia Journal.
FAREWELL, MARIE.—We are indebted to Mr. A. J. Reynolds of the Donaldsonville Chief, for a copy of his charming song entitled "Farewell Marie," dedicated to Miss Gaudet of New Orleans. The music written by Prof. A. E. Blackmar of the New Orleans Conservatory of Music is well suited to the sentiment so beautifully expressed. For sale at Philip Weir's 135 Canal street, New Orleans.

New Iberia Star.
We are the lucky recipient of a beautiful song entitled "Farewell Marie." The words are by Mr. A. J. Reynolds of Donaldsonville, and the music by Mr. A. E. Blackmar of New Orleans. It is dedicated to Miss Marie Gaudet, also of that city, and is a handsome compliment paid to the lovely and attractive musician. As it must undoubtedly become a favorite, we take pleasure in informing our pianists and musicians that they can obtain a copy of the piece by addressing Mr. Blackmar. Price 35 cents per copy. State Central Express.

"FAREWELL, MARIE."—We are indebted to the accomplished song writer, Mr. A. J. Reynolds, for a copy of the charming song written by him, which has just been issued by Mr. A. E. Blackmar, the well known music dealer of New Orleans. The song set to music is for sale by the principal dealers throughout the State. Price 35 cents per copy. Greenburg Gazette.

"FAREWELL, MARIE."—This is a charming new song just issued by A. E. Blackmar of New Orleans, and written by A. J. Reynolds of the Donaldsonville Chief, and to whom we are under obligations for a copy. It is said to be a sweet, plaintive melody that appeals to the tender feelings of the heart. Price 35 cents per copy. Gretta Courier.

Our young friend Mr. A. J. Reynolds, the mechanical head light of the Donaldsonville Chief, places us under obligations for an exquisite piece of ballad music entitled "Farewell Marie," words by himself, and arranged for the voice and piano by A. E. Blackmar, Esq., of New Orleans, a composer of no ordinary merit. Our typographical pen is congratulated on this, one of the best productions of his gifted pen. Opelousas Courier.

FAREWELL, MARIE.—We are indebted to the accomplished song writer, Mr. A. J. Reynolds, for a copy of the charming song written by him, which has just been issued by Mr. A. E. Blackmar, the well known music dealer of New Orleans. The song set to music is for sale by the principal dealers throughout the State. Price 35 cents per copy. St. Louis Democrat.

We are in receipt of a copy of a new and beautiful song with chorus entitled "Farewell Marie," for sale at 25 cents by Philip Weirlein, New Orleans. The words of this song are by A. J. Reynolds and the music by A. E. Blackmar, the State's great composer.

Hale's Honey of Horsehood and Tar will arrest every ailment of the lungs, throat, or chest.
Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute. For the skin—Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Prof. James A. Sewell, A. M., M. D., of Medical Faculty, Laval University, Quebec, says: "I have found Collier's Libbig's Liquid Extract of Beef and Tonic Invigorator particularly useful in advanced stages of Consumption, weakness, dyspepsia, and all nervous affections. In pregnant women it has been retained while every other article of food was rejected. Pleasant and easy of digestion." (Take no other.)

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

A Week Memorable for its Exhibit of Infamy—The Milk Revolution—An Ovation to Albany—Yankee Enterprise vs. British Pluck—Paddy Egan's Honey Bag—Salmi Morse, Wiggins, Gould, etc.
NEW YORK, March 24, 1883.

EDITOR CHIEF:
New York has covered herself with infamy. No more disgraceful episode has occurred in her history than the exhibition of last Sunday. All the big dailies have given graphic accounts of the low scenes attending the funerals of the two murderous thugs who were buried that day; but no mere description can convey a sense of the humiliation, degradation and infamy felt by the people who were compelled to look on, while thousands of convicts, murderers and thieves held high jinks at that carnival of death. Not since the death of Bill Poole has New York seen any thing like it, if we except the procession which followed John Reel from the gallows to the grave. In the deaths of Bill Poole and Jim Elliott, and Mike McGloin and John Reel there was a most remarkable resemblance. Poole was a ruffian like Elliott; but, though consorting with thugs and roughs like himself, Poole was not a thief. The fire ladies and butcher boys were then the demigods of New York, and in that set Bill Poole was regarded as a king. He had met John Morrissey in a rough and tumble fight, and the question is still undecided who came off the best. John Morrissey came out of the fight with a broken nose, which he carried to his grave. Two desperate factions sprung up in New York, headed by these desperate characters, and the feud ended in the assassination of Bill Poole, whose last words were, "I die a true American." Native American feeling ran pretty high in those days, and as his assassin was an Irishman, the parting words of the dying rough were not calculated to lessen the rancor of a strife which was only extinguished by the death of the principal actors. Jim Elliott, the murdered ruffian who was buried on Sunday, in addition to being a rough was a thief who had passed one-third of his life inside the walls of a prison. There was no crime in the calendar of which he was not capable, from murder to petty larceny; his crimes and his character were open to the world; yet his funeral was an occasion, a triumph which I trust we may never see again. Friends recounted his virtues; his bier was crowned with flowers, and a procession followed him to the grave such as has followed no public man for a century—repeating the honors paid Lincoln or Garfield, or any one else in its remembrance. The great evil of all this is right here: as a general thing the criminal classes creep out of sight and slum observation; but in the procession of Sunday were murderers who, like McGloin, were tough, for they had done their man; pickpockets, burglars and men whose faces are seldom seen by daylight outside the prison or the Rogues' Gallery. Villains thronged the streets by thousands; the notorious Shang Draper leading the procession, supported by the equally notorious Jim Dunne, each with an enormous badge on his coat inscribed "We mourn our loss."

It is not a comfortable thought what these murderous villains could do if they were organized. Those who saw the procession will not easily forget it, and the baneful effect of the pageant on the hoodlums of our city, whose highest ambition is to walk to the gallows without flinching, and after to have a funeral like that, will remain a souvenir of last Sunday's obsequies for years to come. But while these two ruffians were being borne to their last resting place, two other murders occurred, which will fill the cells left vacant by McGloin and Malone last Friday. It has been a week of terrible experiences and anxiety, which will make March memorable for a long time to come.

We are now in the midst of a violent revolution on the subject of milk. It is true that milk is an article unknown, except by name, to the average citizen. If you should ask any adult, male or female, the color of milk, the reply would be "blue," or "light brown." Such a thing as white milk only lives among the traditions, and the fool who would venture to assert it was "white would be denounced as an A. I. lar or an escaped lunatic. The farmers in the interior of the State furnish pure milk, as tested by the lactometer, at three cents a quart; this is brought down in cans to the railroad depot, where it is taken by the New York dealers, and by the time it reaches the consumers in Gotham it is retailed at ten cents, one half of it being water, and not very good water at that. The profits are enormous—a quart of milk for which they pay three cents to the farmer brings them twenty cents, for merely the trouble of delivery; and now the farmers have risen in rebellion along all the great railroad lines leading to New York. We pray for the success of the farmers' strike, and hope the day is not far distant when we may have pure milk. It may seem like a small matter, but it costs us four millions of dollars per annum, and that is not to be sneezed at these hard times. The opera season opened on Monday with Albany, and her reception was an ovation. I rejoice at the appreciation of American talent, and I was glad that all the honor was not reserved for a certain disreputable foreigner who, whatever her ability, has shocked the moral sense of our community by living with a man who abandoned his wife and children to

live with her. Albany is an honor to American womanhood; she reflects credit on her sex and her country; her hard won fame no one envies her; it is a meet desert to a spotless and toilsome record and a pure and untarnished name.

So far the gallant Colonel Mapleson of Her Majesty's Opera, has had it all his own way for several years past; but next year he will encounter an opposition which will test the stamina of the world-renowned impresario. Mr. Abbey has completed his arrangements for the new opera-house, and with as able a lieutenant as Max Strakosch, there is very little doubt but he will make it lively for Mr. Mapleson. Somebody is going to lose a good deal of money. London, with its four millions of inhabitants, would not support two operas, and New York with only one to draw on, will not better. The trial now comes between Yankee enterprise and British pluck; both of these are hard factors in a fight; the contestants are good ones, and I give the toast of Tom Sawyer, "May the best man win."

Paddy Egan, the Treasurer of the Land League, dropped in on us as unexpectedly as the last comet, and has created almost as much of a sensation. The man who holds the bag is always an object of interest, and Paddy Egan holds the bag. Lady Florence Dixy says that Paddy has bagged ninety-six thousand pounds of the loot, but Paddy says that he balanced the books himself, and he knows it is all right. His reason for getting away from Dublin is equally satisfactory with his disposition of the Land League funds. His friend, Mr. Biggar, was in trouble—that is to say, he had lacerated the heart of a susceptible Irish female who kept a lodging-house in Paris, and when the lady demanded the only satisfaction in his power to give—himself or his deuces—he refused both, and swore by St. Patrick that she was hardly numbered in the list of his acquaintances. But Paddy Egan knew better than this; in fact, he knew enough to cast his friend in heavy damages; but, instead of assisting his injured countrywoman, as a gallant and true Irishman should, he shook the dust from his brogues and cut off to America. This may be a cunning way of helping his friend Biggar, but it is scarcely the conduct which one would expect from a foine old Irish gentleman. New York is very much exercised at Egan's arrival. The object is undoubtedly to replenish the Land League funds. Egan says they have about \$450,000 invested in United States bonds and other good securities. Meanwhile, the cry of starving thousands rises to heaven night and day for food. What better use could this money be put to than saving their starving countrymen? Not a dollar will go that way. No doubt but Mr. Egan will find fools enough to give him money to spend as a million of dollars have been squandered without helping Ireland a particle. The cry from our western rivers has impressed on us the fact that all the misery and suffering of the world is not confined to the Emerald Isle, which would be in much worse condition than it is if it had no more assistance than has been given by Patrick Egan.

As I intimated, the invasion of Salmi Morse's house by the police, when he was giving a few invited guests a rehearsal of the Passion Play, has been denounced as an outrage by the Magistrate, and he intimated that Mr. Morse might have a probable ground for action against the city for damages. This is as it should be. The question is not whether Mr. Morse be allowed to perform in public the Passion Play, but have the police, without warrant, the right to enter the private house of a citizen and prevent an entertainment which has been decided moral and instructive by the Archbishop of San Francisco? New York has a right to deny him license if it sees fit, and to prevent its public performance, but it has no right to drag him through the streets and shut him up in a jail with murderers and thieves; and I hope the city may be made to pay him for its offence.

We are getting our second wind after Wiggins' storm. Quite a number of people seem to be disappointed because the roofs were not torn from their houses, and they are inclined to abnegate Wiggins. I don't belong to that class, and freely make Wiggins a present of my share.

There have been several small flights of stocks, and every time the tenderfoot rushed in for a rise they wished they hadn't. Jay Gould is in Florida eating haddis and alligator soup. Hoping that favoring gales may wait him to our arms again, I am,

Yours truly, BROADBRIM.

At a point between forty-three and fifty fathoms beneath the surface of the sea, Sechi, Bontrials and Bouguer have found that all traces of light cease, the most delicate chemical tests remaining unaffected when sunk lower in the water. Prof. T. Puchs lists in this limit of light-penetrating a division line which separates all oceanic life into two great classes, one of which seeks the light, while the other remains in a region of total darkness. The fauna of light inhabits the shallow water near coasts, and is not abundant at a greater depth than thirty fathoms; while the species of darkness live in the deep sea, and are never found much nearer the surface than fifty fathoms during daylight, although some of them rise to the surface at night.

OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Written for the CHIEF.
OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.
Serious Evils—Wholesome Suggestions.
DONALDSONVILLE, March 20, 1883.

EDITOR CHIEF:
The indifference of the citizens is a serious evil. Little care is taken and small the anxiety felt on the subject of education. Men do not generally appreciate its worth, and are satisfied with such acquisitions as will enable the possessor to write his name and roughly to keep his accounts. Hence, in many places no attention is bestowed on schools, the teachers or the scholars; the directors are left to manage them in their own way, and even in the selection of these officers little regard is paid to their qualifications and less to the performance of their duties. It can not be expected that those who are ignorant of the treasures of education should place a high value on the means to attain it. Where no scholastic has been gathered, in the stable of learning the refreshing influence of the speechless dew will not be perceived. To arouse public attention on the subject of common schools; to impart to parents, as far as possible, a knowledge of the invaluable blessings of sound instruction and the importance of the system to the future welfare of their children, should be the aim of the Legislature and the effort of every good citizen.

A beneficial effect in this particular would be exerted from additional taxation in the school districts. Every parish in Louisiana can raise an additional tax of five mills for common school purposes, which would enable the School Board of such parishes to keep open their schools for at least eight months in the year. Let the Police Juries make an election for such a purpose and by a vote of the majority of the tax payers of a parish a tax of five mills can be levied and collected. By such proceedings on the part of the citizens they would create and stimulate the standard of education. Not only would the condition of the schools, the improvement of the scholar, and order and harmony of the scheme awaken a lively sense of well founded regard, but the increased amount of money raised could not fail to attach a deep interest in its success. Where our treasure is, there our hearts are also. The influence of this prevailing principle must startle even the sluggishness of indifference, and attract the attention of the unconcerned. Other methods, however, should not be left untried. The public press throughout the State would find it to their interest to devote a column periodically to the subject of education. Ministers of the Gospel could exert an influence which might reach every fireside, opening the eyes of the blind, and unstopping the deaf ears, on the subject of national and moral instruction.

The apathy of parents in regard to the education of their children, although the result of ignorance of its benefits, is lamentably mischievous. Did they know that a higher tone of morality and religion attended a cultivated intellect, that the past afforded its lessons of instruction, with deeper solemnity and brighter colors; did they know that learning, even in its elements, opened the vista which leads with irresistible impulse to the throne of Omnipotence; were they conscious of the higher energies of the human mind when awakened with a draught from the fountain of knowledge, and could they see the "ladder set upon the earth, and its top reaching to heaven;" were they conscious that the little rill from which they offering drank the rudiments of education, widened and deepened in its progress, until earth and sky were reflected from its bosom; were they capable of understanding the untold wealth in the treasury of knowledge;—they would tear from their sloping energies the loaden weight of insensibility, their hearts would expand with strange affection for their children; no sacrifice of wealth or time or attention would be deemed prodigal until they had unbarred the prison door of ignorance and given liberty to the immortal spirit.

Education may appear trifling to some, but it is nothing else than the bulwark of our nation, and if this be trifling, education is trifling. Our fathers, and mothers too, bought for us civil and religious privileges which we enjoy at a dear rate, and every interest calls upon us to perpetuate them. Our liberty was procured by arms, but it is to be perpetuated in this way. Our army and our navy may be ever so strong, and every attempt to continue our admirable institutions prove abortive, if ignorance pervade the land. In education, moral as well as literary, is our only hope.

Signor Pavesi has shown that diluted nitromuriatic acid is an excellent preservative agent, in which treat and other animal substances may be kept unaltered for years.

A Frenchman has discovered on the African coast a spider which spins a long, firm web closely resembling yellow silk in appearance and nearly equal to the product of the silk-worm in quality. The new silk producer will probably be introduced into France—experimentally, at least.

Since 1783, when the first balloon of the Montgolfier brothers ascended into the air, no material advance has been made toward a solution of the problem of aerial navigation, although the century has been a period of unprecedented scientific and mechanical progress. The barrenness of result in this field can not be attributed to lack of interest or to the inactivity of the subject; has received much attention, and we are now told that during 1882 no less than 229 proposals of balloons—were made to the German Aeronautical Society, but none of these schemes offered suggestions likely to prove of any considerable value. It is not at all impossible, however, that some coming Edison may attack the problem in a practical way and show the world something new about sailing through the air.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Foreign.
The French Senate is considering a law to put down dueling.
Three thousand weavers in Huddersfield, England, have struck work.
An eruption of Mount Etna has occurred, accompanied by an earthquake.
An attempt has been made at Sagorok, to explode the Jewish bank with dynamite.
Cardinal Manning has asked for a collection in aid of distressed people in Ireland.
A branch of the Blackhand Society has been discovered in the northern part of Portugal.
The post mortem examination of the Russian Prince Gortschakoff discovered no traces of poison.
The ball given to the Czar by the Russian nobility at the coronation will cost 100,000 rubles.
The Lord Mayor of London has appealed for subscriptions to relieve distress in the western islands of Scotland.
The government has offered a reward of £1000 for the discovery of the authors of the explosion at Westminster, England.
The train of the Zarina's coronation robe, which will consist almost entirely of silver, is to weigh more than twenty pounds.
The famous Gridley sack of flour, which was auctioned during the war for \$200,000, is to be put on exhibition at Stockton, Cal.
Russia, France, Switzerland and Austria are to organize an international detective force to cope with the various secret societies.
The German law against the importation of American pork grows more and more stringent, and is to be made the subject of diplomatic correspondence.
Commandatore Salvini of Venice has presented to the American people a large mosaic portrait of President Garfield, composed of 8000 minute pieces of enamel.
A young nihilist who was commanded to shoot the Czar at a fête given by the Finland Regiment, attended the banquet disguised as a waiter, lost courage at the last moment, and has surrendered to the authorities.

Domestic.
Boston is to erect a statue of Paul Revere.
Philadelphia has a good list of lady millionaires.
New York used \$4,500 eggs last week for Easter purposes.
The harness industry of Philadelphia has proved a success.
David Davis' bride is 40 years of age, and the Senator is 63.
Chicago physicians share with druggists the profits of prescriptions.
A Chinese laundryman is suing the Louisville Courier Journal for libel.
Senator Tabor is the owner of the most superb and expensive opera-house in America, at Denver.
The steamer Burgundia, bearing John Howard Payne's remains, arrived at her Brooklyn dock March 22.
The Passion Play is to be produced in Louisville, if the Mayor of that city can be induced to grant a permit.
Owing to the recent severe cold snap the estimate loss in the apple crop of Iowa will be 2,000,000 bushels.
The Tennessee Senate has adopted a resolution authorizing a settlement with Polk, the defaulting State Treasurer.
The Post-office Department at Washington has a magnificent museum in which all articles found in the dead letter bags are placed.
Rats have been making such havoc with the cotton seed in South Carolina, that large orders have been sent out for a supply of cats.
Mrs. Rodick, the evangelist, recently married a couple at Columbus, Ohio, being the only instance in America where a lady officiated as clergyman.
A child was born at Chattanooga, Tenn., recently which weighed one and a half pounds, was but eleven inches long and six in circumference.
The break in the canal at Windsor Locks, Conn., by which 1000 men were thrown out of employment and \$100,000 lost, was the work of a muskrat.
A grand procession representing the trader and industries is to march from Brooklyn and New York, meet in the centre of East River Bridge and formally declare it open to public travel.

The Bo tree of the sacred city of Amarapura, in Burmah, is the oldest tree of which any records exist. A statement which Sir James Emerson Tennent shows to be well founded places its age at 2170 years, and references have been made to it in historic documents dating as far back as 182 A. D. Other trees are supposed to be older—specimens of Africa and California having a computed age of 5000 years—but there is no certain evidence that such is the case.

A Finnish meteorologist, Prof. Leontar, announces that he has made a remarkable experiment, in which he placed on the apex of a hill a galvanic battery with conductors covering an area of about 10,000 square feet. The cone became surrounded by a halo which faintly but perfectly yielded the spectrum of the aurora, and the experimenter regards this result, with some subsequent ones, as direct proof of the electrical nature of the mysterious light which often dances in northern skies.

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