

# THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

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Amicus Humani Generis.

### A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper

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**SCHONBERG'S Undertaker's Establishment**, Railroad Avenue, between Iberville and Attakapas streets. All kinds of burial cases, from the coffin to the metallic or roanwood casket.

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

## THE NEWSBOY'S DREAM.

By EDWARD LYONS.  
The poor little newsboy was lying (concealed by the half-open door, exhausted with helplessly trying To sell all the papers he bore. But still a great pile was beside him. And, placing it under his head, Regardless of what might befall him, He slept as though safely in bed.

He was homeless and sad and forlorn, But in slumber his sorrow slept, too; His hand by another was taken, And—surely, that warm clasp he knew? His mother! Ah, yes, and she smiled! He stood an array of rosy-cheeked boys.

He knew them all well. No confusion He was here. The long night-mare was past. The town-life was all a delusion. He was home with his mother at last. He lay in his arms to be held, His eyes had grown tear-filled and dim. While the night in the passage grew colder, But morning was dawning for him!

He lay cold and still as the gray light Crept in through the half-open door— A poor little boy whom the daylight Could disturb or awaken no more. His kind, with their hands, were bending, Have no time to lament those who fall; They swopt on in their labor unending, But the newsboy was freed from all!

—New York Clipper.

## OUR LETTER FROM BROADBRIM.

Sad Fate of the Leland Brothers—A Lively Dead Woman—The Newman Church Squabble—A Notable Lecture—Parson Humphrey's Treachery—City Politics, Stocks and Speculation.

New Orleans, March 22, 1884.

It is nearly a quarter of a century ago since San Francisco was in a blaze of excitement on account of the opening of a new hotel. The Occidental was finished, and no man could be found on the Pacific coast competent to open and superintend it. So one was imported from the East, and that man was Lewis Leland, then a dapper young hotel clerk just starting into life. The fame of the Leland Brothers was then at its zenith, and their names as first-class hotel keepers were known in every quarter of the land. When you stayed at a hotel was kept by the Lelands you exhausted the vocabulary of ecstasies, for the simple reason that there was nothing better. I have known the brothers for many years. It was with profound sorrow that I saw them drop away one by one, and you can scarcely imagine my feelings when I took up a morning paper to learn that Lewis, one of the most talented and amiable of the brothers, had been sent to a lunatic asylum.

When Lewis Leland came to San Francisco he was a young man. He had absolute control of the finest hotel on the Pacific coast without the investment of a dollar. He had a magnificent suite of apartments at his disposal, and the largest salary that had ever been paid up to that day to any hotel superintendant. At that time it seemed as though Lewis Leland was on the high road to colossal fortune. To-day and almost every member of the family is either dead or financially ruined. George died suddenly in the West. Horace was struck with paralysis. Charles had to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. Young Warren's enterprise at the Coleman ended in a financial disaster. Misfortune after misfortune seems to have overtaken every member of the family, but this last stroke is the cruellest of all. If overwork, anxiety and disappointment have wrecked Mr. Leland's health and shattered his intellect, it will be a source of unfeigned sorrow to the thousands who knew him in his more prosperous days, when the name of Leland assured the passing traveler of all the comforts of a home.

On Monday a wretched female tramp was found frozen to death in Recto street. The policeman who discovered her found her incased in ice, so that he had to beat off the icicles with his club to get her on a stretcher. He carried her to the station-house to all appearances as dead as a mackerel that had been six months in pickle. They entered on the blotter: "Woman found frozen to death in Recto street"—and set the stretcher near the stove so as to have her partially thawed out by the time the undertaker arrived. She had not been lying there long when, to the horror of the officer in charge, she arose from the bier and made it the liveliest time they had seen for several months. It required three stout policemen to put her in the cell, and the officer who brought her in swears that the next time he finds a woman frozen to death he'll be good and sure that she's done to a turn before he takes her in.

Just now our religious feelings are very much excited by the Madison Avenue Congregational Council. You have undoubtedly read the story of "The Old Man in the Sea." That's just what Dr. Newman is to the Madison Avenue church. Dr. Newman is a Methodist; he has never been anything else; he never has experienced a change of heart; he never has been received in the Congregational Church, but he forces himself on a congregation which does not desire his services, and when the members who have represented the church from its formation, request him to retire, instead of exhibiting the humility of which he is so constantly preaching, but which he has never learned to practice, he and his friends resort to tactics of the prize fighter and the bully, representing their ability to knock their opponents out according to the Marguerite of Queensbury rules.

New York has seen many disgraceful squabbles which have helped to bring the church into contempt, and if Dr. Newman is a simple brick no wonder that church pews are empty. For a man who preaches peace, he is as good a specimen of the fighting parson as could be found in Christendom. It is sincerely to be hoped that he will get his come, but he is going to fight it to the court of last resort. It is a disgraceful affair viewed from any standpoint, and one of which all the parties concerned should be thoroughly ashamed.

It is pleasant to be able to say a good thing of a society man, for as a general thing your regular society man is about the most useless and insignificant article that can be conceived, and it was therefore a genuine pleasure to listen to Marrio M. Minto's lecture on society, on Wednesday last at Chickering Hall. Mr. Minto succeeded in getting a representative society

audience around him, and instead of pandering to their prejudices and tastes, he held up their follies to the most merciless ridicule, especially the un-American weakness of hunting up coats of arms and looking for the roots of their ancestral trees across the seas. It is a hopeful sign of the times when a young society man like Mr. Minto breaks the shackles of caste and emancipates himself from the slavery which fashion imposes, and still more hopeful when for two hours he succeeds in holding an audience whose vies he lashes and whose follies he impales. To many of the audience his strictures must have been a moral crucifixion. Yet, strange to say, though there was hardly a fashionable man or woman in the house that escaped castigation, the lecture was received with well merited applause, and at the close was a perfect triumph. It was a good, wholesome American tonic, the more especially valuable at this time that we are deluged with foreign follies and foreign shams.

As a general thing we look upon our Welsh population as among the very best class of foreigners, and when they assimilate with us as the very best of our citizens. It was therefore with considerable surprise that we saw the Rev. Griffith H. Humphrey jugged up before the Commissioners of Charity and Correction, to compel him to provide for a little Humphrey whose mother had no marriage certificate. Miss Jones, the mother, is a comely young Welsh girl, who had been one of the wicked pastor's congregation. When her condition was discovered, a church council sat on the minister, and under a sacred promise of marriage, he induced the young girl to acquit him of the crime and he was reinstated in his church. He then abandoned his unfortunate victim and went off and married another woman, and brought her to the church where the ruined girl might see her. Maddened at the sight, and frenzied at the perjury of her former lover in whom she had put such fatal trust, she applied to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, and it is to be hoped that this wolf in sheep's clothing will forever be disbursed from again disgracing his sacred calling.

It has been a lively week among the politicians and among the Republicans of the city. Johnny O'Brien is now the head of the heap. What makes the triumph of Mr. O'Brien more noticeable is that he has usually been recognized as the leader of the Republican roughs—a sort of necessary counterweight to Tammany—and, indeed, one of the entailed evils of our metropolitan politics. If John Kelly's constituents voted only once on election day, politics in New York would be comparatively plain sailing, but they vote early and often, and a gentleman by the name of O'Brien can manage that crowd very much better than if his name were Andrews, Wheeler or Cooper.

To an outsider there may not seem to be much in this, but if Shakespeare had lived in the Fourteenth he never would have asked the absurd question "What's in a name?" Johnny just slew the swallow tail and he did not take them by surprise either, for his tried and trusted lieutenant, Barney Biglin, who had the \$50,000 contract at Castle Garden, is reported as saying three weeks ago: "Say, look here, the swallow tails don't like Johnny. They don't, don't they? Well, we're just going to humph him inter that cheer, and don't you forget it!" And they did.

The moral Tribune is the Turveydrop of Republican politics, and stands most religiously on department. It seldom reports a boxing match, and such a thing as a cock fight or a dog fight never appears in its columns. Base ball and cricket are its mildest forms of dissipation, and even these come to us diluted through the medium of indifferent reports. The Tribune has ever stood like a wall of rock against the boys. Its usual tactics have been, just previous to election, to send out an active corps of reporters to find out what the boys wanted, and then to shape its course to go the other way—considering the road that led away from the boys as the only pathway of safety. For years this high-toned organ has held up Johnny O'Brien as a terrible example of the viciousness of American politics. To-day and it roars gently as a sucking dove and seems to think that on the whole, for administrative ability, individual honesty, singleness of purpose and genuine Republicanism the party could not have done better.

Whiteleg Reid is a canny child. He finds Mr. O'Brien firmly in control of the election machinery of the city, and he wants a delegation from New York for his friend Blaine. He thinks Johnny is a little at outs with the present administration and he hopes to profit by it. Verily, verily, politics is a queer business, and there is nothing in them half so queer as the political tergiversations of the moral Tribune.

Jay Gould is no longer among us, but still we are not happy. The stock market seems like a water-logged hull; it drifts aimlessly about, and like the wind, no man knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth. Still the moths whirl about the flame and every weak developer the social wreck of some bank cashier or trusted clerk who was a religious professor or church trustee. This week the bookkeeper of a railroad company was found to have fraudulently issued \$300,000 worth of stock, and on the discovery of his defalcation he stole \$500 and fled. He lost the money gambling, but he was such a nice young man!

Of suicides we have had a half dozen, but I cannot go into particulars as the subject is unpleasant, but I may briefly state the causes—love and whiskey; bad complaints, both of them, and considering the weather, which has been execrable enough to make any man commit suicide, commending those who have that subject under consideration to the sober second thought. I would advise them to remember Mr. Toddlie's grand motto, "My son, never do to-day that which you can put off till to-morrow."

Yours truly,  
BROADBRIM.

Dr. A. S. Sarrapella, the first blood medicine to prove a real success, still holds its place as first in public estimation, both at home and abroad, as shown by its unobscured and constantly increased sales.



Hon. Thos. P. Ochiltree.

## Proposer of the Famous Lasker Resolution.

There is probably no other Representative in the Forty-eighth Congress whose name is more frequently mentioned throughout the United States, and even in foreign countries, than is that of the above Congressman from Texas. This sudden notoriety has been due to Mr. Ochiltree's introduction a few weeks ago, in the House of Representatives, of the now famous Lasker resolutions, which Prince Bismarck has thrust back upon Congress with the intimation that our country should attend to our own affairs. This insult stirs the American heart to resent it, and brings Mr. Ochiltree into a national prominence in connection with the affair which will perpetuate his name in our civil history.

Mr. Ochiltree is a resident of Galveston, Texas, and the first native Texan ever elected to our Congress. He represents twenty-seven counties, which compose the seventh district, and comprise over 37,000 square miles of territory, reaching from Galveston on the gulf, to Eagle Pass on the upper Rio Grande. He was elected to Congress as an Independent by a majority exceeding 3000 votes over Findlay, the Democratic candidate.

After receiving a limited education in the public schools of his State, at the age of 17 he became a private in the Texas Rangers, and was engaged in the campaign against the Apache and Comanche Indians in 1854-55. When the war broke out Mr. Ochiltree joined in the Confederacy, and his war record on the staffs of Generals Green, Taylor and Sibley is replete with incidents of bravery that would have been more profitable in a better cause. But when the victorious army of the North had suppressed the rebellion, Col. Ochiltree accepted the new order of things in good faith, and in time was appointed United States Marshal of Texas by President Grant, and thereafter was appointed United States Commissioner of Emigration to Europe, in which capacity he several times visited foreign countries, and when in Berlin had numerous audiences with Bismarck on emigration affairs.

In personal appearance Mr. Ochiltree is one of the original freaks of human nature. Heavy set, with canary colored hair and a heavy light colored mustache, eyes twinkling with good nature, a ruddy complexion, protruding lips and rather antiquated dress, he is a striking oddity in the present Congress, but very popular and always the centre of a group of attentive listeners.

## STATE NEWS.

**Items of Interest Gleaned from the Louisiana Press.**  
Backwater is overflowing Madison and Tensas parishes.  
The office of the *Vienna Sentinel* has been destroyed by fire.  
Trains on the Vicksburg and Monroe road have been stopped by the overflow.  
A fire at Vienna during the latter part of February destroyed ten business houses.  
Dr. Carver, the famous rifle shot, killed 1003 bats in seventy-one minutes at New Orleans.

The Democratic convention in Pointe Coupee split and two parochial tickets have been nominated.  
Mrs. Wm. Rich of Mansfield took a dose of morphia thinking it was quinine, and died from the effects.  
Four cases of small pox recently appeared on the plantation of Mr. N. Moniotte, Pointe Coupee parish.  
A two-year-old child of Mr. Anatole Boudreaux was found drowned in Bayou Black, Terrebonne parish.  
S. T. Baird, Esq., Democratic nominee for District Attorney in the Morehouse district, is not yet 23 years old.

Dr. D. C. Brown, inventor of Brown's Fertilizer Distributor, died suddenly at his home in Ouachita parish on the 2nd inst.  
Hon. Charles Parlane of Pointe Coupee was unanimously nominated for State Senator by the Democratic convention in the fifteenth district.  
John Starks was shot and killed in Grant parish by his cousin, Breckenridge Starks. Both were white men and neither bore a very high reputation.

Gen. Fred. N. Ogden has been appointed Chief Superintendent of the World's Cotton Centennial Exposition which will open in New Orleans next December.  
Gov. McEnery has signed the death warrant of Joe McEee, convicted of the murder of Green B. Gory, in Red River parish. The execution is to take place April 4.  
Mr. E. T. King of New Iberia announces himself an independent candidate for Senator from the eleventh district. Mr. Overton Cade, the Democratic nominee, has declined to run.

Mr. Charles Guerinier, Jr., a very popular citizen of St. Martin parish, is the Republican nominee for Senator in the Eleventh District. The late Gov. Wiltz was his brother-in-law.  
Every citizen who wished to do so was permitted to take part in the Bossier parish Democratic primary election and nearly 3000 votes were cast. The nominees are Hon. E. W. Ogden for Representative, A. R. Thompson for Clerk, R. E. Wyche Sheriff and Dr. W. J. Mobly for Coroner.

## OUR NEW ORLEANS LETTER.

War of the Elements Against Louisiana—Action of the Sugar Planters—Senator Jones Stoops to Conquer and Perverts the Record—The Republican Ticket—Ward Elections.

NEW ORLEANS, March 21, 1884.

**EDISON CHIEF.**  
The general belief is that the elements have conspired to wreak some vengeance upon Louisiana. If not, why is it that when the Mississippi is crowding its banks and leaping over them, threatening destruction to hundreds of happy homes, men and beasts and thousands of acres of tilled lands, the waters from above in copious showers descend, and the winds blow, powerfully abating the diminutive craft in leaping down the barriers of safety?

Only a few weeks ago the praises of our "Lave Governor" were sounded by associates, but alas, where are those loved now! Of course the levees were so sound as fresh cut structures usually are, and the State's executive department is not expected to control the Mississippi, but this overflow will prove to be a damp one in many respects. In New Orleans a restless feeling has prevailed, and although the daily assurance of no danger has been given from City Hall, eyes have rested upon bits of loose plank, unhangable doors, skiffs, etc., with a view to possible necessities. Twice the alarm was sounded—once from Carrollton and once from the sixth district, but hundreds came promptly to the rescue and closed the threatening gap. The daily news from the country is dispiriting to business circles, in sympathy with those in distress, or who promise soon to be, and the stage of water in the river is an absorbing topic.

Your readers have been informed that the sugar planters of Louisiana have appointed a central committee with a view to all political action it may be deemed necessary to advance their interests. One of the objects is to oppose the election of members of the General Assembly who contemplate voting for a United States Senator not in accordance with them. They should turn their attention to a special case of importance. It is becoming customary for country conventions to pass resolutions favoring the reelection of Hon. B. F. Jones to the United States Senate. Recently, in a letter to Chairman Jastrzemski of the Democratic State Central Committee, giving reasons for his inability to take part in the present State campaign, he makes this allusion to President Arthur: "The people will not soon forget that the last river and harbor bill (containing the appropriation for the Mississippi river) was vetoed by a Republican president." The record shows that a gigantic raid on the treasury, condemned by the leading press of both political parties of the country, and which depended largely for its success on coercing the Mississippi river interest to its support, was defeated by the veto of President Arthur. It was universally regarded as one of the best and wisest acts of his administration. The President has repeatedly urged Mississippi appropriations, sent several messages to Congress and signed bills before him on the subject. The Chambers of Commerce of New Orleans, Vicksburg and other cities of the valley have cordially approved and thanked the President by special resolutions adopted. Now comes a Senator of Louisiana with an ungenerous, discourteous attempt to pervert the record for partisan uses. Do the sugar planters believe that Senator Jones can in Washington be all snappy in appeals to the President and his political party in Louisiana exhibit ingratitude for favors received by his constituents, and long continue to be that efficient representative at the National Capital which the sugar and levee interests require? If President Arthur be not his own successor the probabilities are that an equally liberal and sound Republican will be, and a United States Senator with a little less of pugnaconism Bourbonism than Mr. Jones puts on parade, and as much of a scholar and a statesman as Randall Gibson has proven to be, should be sent on to Louisiana.

The withdrawal of Messrs. John H. Stone, nominee for Auditor, and Dr. Dupre, nominee for State Treasurer on the Republican ticket, has given the State central executive committee the opportunity, under the resolution of the State convention, to put on Republican names in their places and remedy a serious defect in its composition. There is no use in trying to mix oil with water, and no possible advantage can result from carrying the names of Democrats without pledges on Republican tickets. Mr. H. Bonzano of New Orleans has accepted the nomination for State Treasurer in a letter which does credit even to a Unionist and Republican of good record as a citizen and official. Mr. Alfred Shaw is qualified for the Attorney Generalship, is also a Unionist and a Republican. The Republican ticket is now equal and possibly superior to the Democratic one, in the popularity, ability and personal integrity of the candidates. Every Republican may register, work and vote for the ticket as now constituted, with the assurance that it is worthy of all efforts to elect it. And no citizen of Louisiana tired of ring rule, sissamese manipulations of the ballot boxes, destruction of the public school system and the uncertain attitude of Democracy on protective tariff questions, need hesitate one moment in giving it a preference over its competitor. Let these citizens join, become part and parcel, bring their wealth and intelligence where it will be welcomed, and unity mind and muscle in the work of scouring better government for Louisiana.

To-morrow the ward elections will show whether Fitzpatrick is boss of New Orleans or whether somebody else is. More anon.  
GENERAL OBSERVER.

When a cold or other cause checks the operation of the secretory organs, their natural healthy action should be restored by the use of Ayer's Pills, and inflammatory material thereby removed from the system. Much nervous sickness and suffering might be prevented by this promptly correcting these slight derangements that, otherwise, often develop into settled diseases.

**OUR GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.**  
**FOREIGN.**  
Larocche, the Italian tragedian, is dead. The English buried 2900 dead around the Nile.  
Bedouins of Jeddah are in revolt against Turkey.  
The Swiss police are still arresting Anarchists.  
An attack on Boacinah by the Annamites is expected daily.  
The increase in Belgium.  
Queen Victoria is to be presented with a standard captured at Tokar.  
The Empress of Austria's health is in a very unsatisfactory condition.  
The Spanish Chamber of Commerce protests against the embargo on American pork.  
The Porte has disavowed the nomination of Halim Pasha, the Turk, as Governor of Crete.  
Paris has a mounted beggar who extends his riding on the ground of old age and infirmities.  
The Porte has forbidden the merchants of Jeddah, Arabia, to export goods to Snaikin.  
Princess Clotilde, sister of the King of Italy, and wife of Prince Napoleon, is dangerously ill.  
Sprague, the Baptist preacher, has fallen heir to a large fortune, left him by Joseph Pool of Leicester.  
A young Austrian lieutenant has been deprived of his rank and commission for refusing to fight a duel.  
One hundred and twenty thousand pounds have been subscribed at Madrid to raise a revolutionary movement similar to that of August, 1838.  
An unprecedentedly magnificent and impressive celebration of the sixth anniversary of the coronation of Pope Leo XIII took place March 3, in the Sixtine Chapel, Rome.

**DOMESTIC.**  
Ole Bull's daughter is also a violinist.  
Capt. Paul Boyton has married a Chicago girl.  
The United States army is the best paid in the world.  
The visitors to Vanderbilt's art gallery average 3000 a day.  
Lake Champlain is frozen its entire length and breadth.  
Mrs. John J. Astor is very ill in New York with malaria fever.  
The gallows has not been used in Erie county, Pa., for fifty years.  
Mark Twain is never dramatizing his novel of "The Prince and the Pauper."  
A wrestling match between a woman and a man has taken place in San Francisco.  
A Minnesota student committed suicide after failing to pass a school examination.  
A woman of Carbot, Mass., made 100 feet of clothes-line from the combings of her hair.  
Twenty men were killed by the caving in of the shaft of the Friesse coal mine in Sonora.  
Fence floors have had to be put in all the houses at Arkansas City on account of the floods.  
Cedar Key, Florida, has had but four deaths in the last twelve months, out of a population of 3000.  
Four children and their mother were poisoned in Chattanooga, Tenn., by eating canned blackberries.  
The method of a California divorce lawyer was to erase the names from old decrees and write in those of new clients.  
A sea-side home exclusively for nursing mothers and their infants is to be established within a short distance of New York.  
Over 124,000 letters, which the Chinese tried to smuggle into San Francisco without paying postage, were captured in one day.  
A number of regular boarders in a San Francisco hotel left because Sullivan and his gang of pugilists were received as guests.  
A woman of Westchester, N. Y., whose husband's leg was amputated, had it embalmed and set on the front stoop as an ornament.  
Miss Susan Gaffney of Baltimore, a niece of the lamented Margaret Hangerly of New Orleans, has taken the black veil at Cantonville, Md.  
The plaintiff in a Pottsville, Ill., suit for damages in a wooden-legged widow of a wooden-legged man and mother of a wooden-legged son.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 4, 1882.  
B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gentles—I don't know as you will care for a testimonial from me, but think it may not come amiss to mention what I know in regard to your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I bought a horse for \$40 that had a large bone spavin, used two bottles of Kendall's Spavin Cure on it, used him carefully all the time, and in two months from the time I bought him he sold for \$175. The spavin was removed in about two weeks. Very respectfully,  
T. C. HAMILTON.

The cattle on a farm near Boyntonville, N. J., belonging to Mrs. Delia Farwell, mother of the distinguished Irish agitator, have all been poisoned.