The Planters' Banner.

THE MOTTO FOR THE SOUTH---"PROVIDENCE HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

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J. Bowman

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The Planters' Banner.

Our Poet's Corner---Selected.

IN QUIET DAYS.

BY CARL SPENCER.

The dying year grows strangely mild:
Now in the hazy autumn weather
My heart is like a happy child,
And life and I, friends reconciled,
Go over the hills together.

My peaceful days run sweet and still
As waters slipping over sand,
Seeking the shadows of free will
To gather tenderer lights than fill
Day's over-lavish hand.

The summer wood with music rings,
The singer's is a troubled breast;
I am no more the bird that sings,
But that which broods with folded wings
Upon its quiet nest.

Oh, fairest month of all the year!
Oh, sweetest days in life! they meet;
Within, without, is autumn cheer,
September there, September here,
So tranquil and so sweet.

Oft have I watched all night with grief,
All night with joy, and which is best?
Ah, both were sharp, and both were brief,
My heart was like a wind blown leaf,
I give them both for rest.

Fair Quiet, close to Joy allied,
But loving shadier walks to keep,
By day is ever at my side;
And all night long with me abide
Peace and her sister Sleep.

Family Readings and News Items.

THE HUSBAND OUTWITTED.

A GAME FOR TWO TO PLAY.

A week at the watering place, and most of the time spent each day in the company of Mr. Mainwell, the gentleman whom Miss Ellsworth's old friend had introduced to her one morning on the piazza. She had sailed with him along the shore on the moonlight evenings, and she had danced with him in the thronged drawing rooms.

Miss Ellsworth was not a flirt who distributed her ideals among many gentlemen, and she had found her ideal well nigh realized in Mr. Mainwell. Only the evening before, their talk had withdrawn itself from the general topic to which each had been congenial, and in her admiration of his intelligence and manliness she had encouraged an approach to that sort of personal conversation which relates to love and matrimony.

And now to find Mr. Mainwell this morning, with his coat off and a smith's apron on, engaged in mending a lock! He was doing it publicly. The lock was on the door that led to the middle of the front piazza where the fashionable ladies and gentlemen were sitting or promenading.

His back was towards her as she approached, leaning on the arm of her friend, Anna West. She recognized him, looked intently at him, gave her companion over to a party of young ladies near, and then stopped and spoke to him.

"Do you like that sort of work, Mr. Mainwell?" she asked.

"I do, Miss Ellsworth, I believe I am a natural mechanic."

"It appears very odd to see you doing this."

"It is my trade," he replied, rising from his work and turning to her.

Her cheek blanched a little. "Your trade!" she said faintly.

"Yes, trade, Miss Elsworth. The proprietor said the lock needed mending, and I told him I could mend it for him."

The party of girls came along just then. After wondering at Mr. Mainwell awhile, and laughing at him they proposed a ride.

There were three carriages for them all These would take the party.

Ned Whittaker here joined them.

"What the deuce are you about here?" he exclaimed to Mr. Mainwell. "Ah," he added, when the latter turned and glanced at him; "but while you are here, you might as well enjoy yourself."

Mr. Mainwell excused himself from joining to finish his work.

Miss Elsworth left him without any word or greeting.

"It is well," he muttered to himself. "He cannot take me as I am, she is not worthy of me. The woman that marries me must take me for myself."

He stood and looked after her until she had disappeared. She did not once turn to look back.

He gave his shoulders a shrug, compressed his lips, uttered a cynical "humph!" and turned to finish his work.

"Let it be so," he muttered when he was through and was putting on his coat. "I thought perhaps I had found a woman after my own heart. Amid this world of wealth and fashion, she, too, has lost her soul. Let it go."

He avoided her thereafter. He did not seek to catch her eye for a bow of recognition. When she entered a drawing room where he was, he would go out by another way. But he was more than ever in the company of Ned Whittaker. Ned, in passing to and fro between Miss Ellsworth and him, served still as a sort of link between them.

"You are a cynical fellow," said Ned one day. "Why don't you take the people as they are. You will find good enough in them."

"But they won't take me as I am; that's the trouble."

"Pooh! You see yourself, that she allows no other suitors to accompany her. Don't you see she is alone or with other girls the most of the time?"

"Her heart is full of vanity."

"Pshaw! She is trained to luxurious notions, that's all."

Mainwell's trunk was awaiting him and the stage outside on the piazza, at the time this conversation was going on. On the trunk were his initials, G. M. Miss Ellsworth passing that way saw the initials; not by chance, for she had been very busy scrutinizing the trunks that lay together in a pile, and when she saw the initials she started and turned pale. She recovered herself and withdrew with her companion a little way and then stood still and watched. Presently Mr. Mainwell came out with Ned upon the piazza. He chanced to turn his eyes toward her and their eyes met—met for the first time since she had left him while he was at work upon the lock. She did not turn away her eyes. She bowed. He lifted his hat. The ice was broken. He approached her to bid her good-by.

What the conversation was that ensued between the two when they were left alone by means of Ned's ingenuity in spiriting away the rest of the company, is unknown, save the following:

"But, Miss Elsworth," said Mr. Mainwell.

"No matter."

"Are you willing to live as the wife of one who with his hands earns his daily bread?"

"I am willing to undergo anything to be with you. I have suffered enough. During these last few days I have learn what it is to despair of being with the one I love."

"But your mother—your father."

"Unless I am willing to leave them for your sake I am unworthy of you."

"But, then the loss of wealth, of position, of the surroundings of refinement."

"Do not say anything more about it. I am willing to leave all for your sake. I am weary of being without you."

"Would you be willing to become my wife this day, this hour! Your father and mother might otherwise put obstacles in our way."

"I am willing—this hour, this minute."

"They do not know of my position in life."

"They still think you are wealthy, as I did."

"Come, then, we will go our way with Ned, and become before the world what we are now in spirit, husband and wife; and then at once we will take the cars for the home I have for you—a home which, though lowly, will make you happy."

"Willingly will I go."

They w[illegible] a quiet way in the [illegible] with the wicked [illegible] conniving at the [illegible] The next train sped with them to the city [illegible] work."

"[illegible] stated the carriage they [illegible] the city had drawn up [illegible] of brown stone [illegible] of the city.

And [illegible] the demanded, as [illegible] up the broad [illegible] he was seen [illegible] this is the [illegible] other rooms [illegible] he was one [illegible] be said, [illegible] love for mechanical work, after having, as he assured her, regularly served his time at learning a trade.

Mrs Mainwell stood and looked at him intently.

"This is your house?" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"And you are not poor but rich?"

"You speak the truth, Mrs. Mainwell."

"And why did you play this jest upon me?"

"To see if you really loved me for my own sake."

"Ah, pretty indeed; but suppose you don't love me?"

"But I do."

So there was a little family quarrel on the spot.

"Now you invite your father and mother to come and see us," said Mr. Mainwell, after the clouds had cleared away somewhat.

"I will," she replied, "I will; but first you must go with me to see them, and to pacify them in view of what we have done."

"Very well."

In a few days they started out in a carriage on their errand. Mrs. Mainwell gave the directions to the driver, and her husband could not help expressing his wonder at the increasing squalor of the neighborhood through which they rode. The carriage drew up at length before a miserable looking tenement house and stopped.

"Where the deuce are you taking me?" asked Mainwell, looking sharply at his wife.

"Come and see;" was her reply, as she proceeded to step from the carriage.

"Here wait," he exclaimed, after his hesitancy; "let me get out first and help you out. What does this mean?"

"Follow me," was her reply.

She led him up stairs, up, up, through throngs, and dirt, and smells, to the fourth story. Here she opened a door without knocking, and the two entered. The woman was dressed neatly, and so were the children, but they were all dressed very poorly, in keeping with the place. The man was clad more carelessly, and even more poorly. On his head he kept his hat, which certainly was full half a dozen years old.

"My husband, Mr. Mainwell; my father, mother, brothers and sisters," said Mrs. Mainwell, introducing all parties.

Mr. Manwell stood and stared without speaking.

"Ask their pardon, George," said Mrs. Manwell, "for running away with me."

"Who are they?"

"Have I not told you; didn't I introduce you?"

"Who were they I saw at the watering place?"

"Some wealthy people who had seen me at the milliners where I sowed for a livlihood—served at my trade, George, and who fancied my appearance, dressed me up, and took me with them."

"You jest with me," he said with a ghastly smile.

"Do I? Do I, indeed! These people seem to recognize me as a daughter, and as a sister. Jest, indeed! You will find that out."

"You are too cultured, too tasteful, too fine-featured.

"All this a milliner may be, or a sewing girl. Look for for yourself among the class. Look for yourself among the class. Is it not true? All that we girls need is dress."

Mainwell lifted his fist and dashed it through the air. He ground his teeth, and turning away, left the room, slamming the door violently behind him.

[illegible] and buried her face in her handkerchief.

The door opened again, and Mainwell put in his head.

"You have deceived me," he said, "but come—you are my wife—I will try and bear it."

She sprang to her feet and confronted him.

"Your wife, am I?" she exclaimed, "Your wife, and doomed to live with one who does not love *her*, but was in love with her circumstances! No, sir; you may go. I will not live a wife unloved for myself—you must take me thus or I will stay. Still I can work."

He closed the door and retired down the stairs to the street, clenching his hands and his teeth as he went.

"The horrid disgrace of it," he muttered. The derision that will be my lot. And then to marry such a girl."

But at the street door he tarried. He had a struggle with himself, there all alone. Suddenly he turned and dashed impetuously up stairs, flung open the door of the room, seized his wife in his arms and clasped her to his heart.

"My wife," he whispered in her ear. "Such you are, and ever shall be in the sight of God and the world."

"Now I begin to think you do love me," she said smiling in his face. "You do love me! You really think you do, George?"

He clasped her more tightly to him.

"Come then," she said, "though of such parents as these, poor as they are, I should not feel ashamed—yet they are not my parents, but have only played a part in which I have instructed them. Shake hands with them, George, they are worthy people."

And he did shake hands with them, and what is more he helped them.

A merry party was gathered that evening at Mainwell's house. A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Mainwell and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, the young lady acquaintances of the watering place, and Ned Whittaker. Ned never was in better spirits, nor let it be stated, were Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, who forgave their daughter and her husband without hesitation.

"I say, George," said Ned, whispering in Mainwell's ear, "two can play at that game can't they?"

"Mainwell took Ned's jeering very soberly.

"Yes," said he after a few moments of thoughtfullness, "and the experience has taught me a lesson. What fools the pride of wealth makes of us all. I thought she ought to have taken me regardless of my circumstances, for myself alone, and without hesitation even. And yet when she tested me, I myself was found wanting. Shall we ever learn to disregard a person's occupation and look only at the character and soul?"

[illegible] his shoulders dubiously.

"I think I have learned this lesson," Mainwell ad[illegible]

As an illustration of the prevalance of insanity on the Pacific coast a correspondent states that on the 2d inst., no less than four men were sent to a lunatic asylum, and adds: "Californians live continually in a perfect whirl of feverish excitement, enduring an amount of wear and tear of body and brains not equaled in Wall street, itself. There are few old Californians to be found who have not been rich and poor again at least half a dozen times, and most of them are poor now."

An emigrant writer on finance and economy, M. Eugene Foveade, became insane two years ago. His friends applied to have the care of his property, but apparently left the invalid to take care of himself. However, a strange lady, a widow, and an admirer of Foveade's talent, stepped in, and for two years nursed him through his illness. The Court having pronounced him of sound mind, the next day he married his heroic nurse, and they have started for Italy to pass their honeymoon.—[Paris letter.

A new knitting machine has been perfected in Hamilton, Canada West, that knits 324,000 stitches of ribbed work, colored or plain, per minute. It is one of the great inventions of the age, and will create a complete revolution in the manufacture of all kinds of knitted work. It has been patented in the United States and Canada. It is estimated that one machine will turn out 400 shirts per day.

St. Landry Parish.

A Much Governed People—Land, Labor and Lucre—Double Crops—A Beautiful Country—Fine Business Opening—Railroads, etc.

[From the Courier-Journal.]

RAILROADS, ETC.

Our State is one of the most backward in internal improvements, but she hopes ere many years to come out with banners flying. We have several railroads already, and there are two others approaching to completion—the N., O., O. and Texas roads, and the Chattanooga road, and Mobile, N. O. and Texas roads. There is great competition between these two roads and doubtless both will soon be speedily run through.

ST. LANDRY PARISH

is one of the most valuable, as well as one of the most beautiful and desirable parts of this State or the whole South. She has rich swamp and prairie lands in the greatest abundance—a moderate climate with excellent health, generally prevailing throughout the year. The well water is healthful and cold, though cisterns and rain water are of course better. The cotton crop is generally about ten or fifteen thousand bales. It is thought that if the worms do not come it will reach eighteen thousand bales this year. Sugar is grown in abundance, as also corn, rice, yams, Irish potatoes, of which two crops can be made a year. Beans of all sorts, of which two or three crops can be made per annum, particularly of the navy bean. Nearly all of the fruits will grow here in abundance and would pay. The range for cattle and horses is unsurpassed. What we now want,

First—Though our parish is filling up pretty fast, is the immigration of good citizens, who will yet find an abundance of open land (some of it Government land) which can be had generally at reasonable prices.

Secondly—We want a rice mill. If any one will put up a steam rice mill they will be kept busy and make money too. I understand that twelve rice mills have been built since the war, in this State, but this does not come up to the demand.

Thirdly—We want a cotton factory. There is a big fortune for some company slumbering in that direction. The people would supply them with all the cotton needed and then buy all their goods from the concern. Besides our towns and villages would patronize them; and then the factory could send any surplus to New Orleans or Texas by railroad or water. By building a factory here the company would save the freight, storage, insurance, commission, drayage, etc., on cotton. We hope that some one will inaugurate the movement.

LABORERS.

This class of people are in great demand here, as elsewhere in the South. Our planters are satisfied that no confidence can be placed in the hands now in the field. A large immigration will doubtless set in from the land of tea, and probably our parish will get her share. If "large planting" is to be continued, I suppose these will do as well as any others; but I believe that the greater wealth, intelligence, religion and happiness of our State, as well as the parish, lay in the small farm system.

RELIGION AND SCHOOLS.

Of the first we have all sorts in great abundance. As for churches, there are Catholic and protestant churches built all over the parish. Though our public school system is yet in embryo, there are many private [illegible] are very promising.

J. E. B.

Millais, the English artist, fixed $10,000 as a prohibitory price for painting the portrait of a Manchester millionaire whose picture he did not want to make, but it was accepted, and he gets the largest sum ever paid for a portrait, to an artist.

Madame Ristori's success in Brazil has been equal to that of Gottschalk. The Emperor and Empress attend all her representations, and when a delegation from other theatres came to read verses in honor of her, the Emperor and the public remained standing and uncovered.

The water famine is not confined to Philadelphia Several towns in New Jersey are suffering from the same cause. The wells are dry, or nearly so, in Englishtown, Jamesbury, and Roadhall, and in Passaic and Morris counties the long continued drouth has seriously injured the crops.

The Paraguans assert that the forces of the Allies are not strong enough to attack the positions of Lopez in the Cordilleras. Brazilian reports state, however, that a battle is imminent, and that both the land and naval forces of the Allies are actively preparing for offensive operations.

A family of jay birds, seven in number, will consume in one hundred days twenty thousand insects. A single pair of sparrows is reported to have carried to their nest five hundred insects in one hour.

The Masonic fraternity are about erecting a widow and orphans' home at a cost exceeding $100,000 upon ground donated for that purpose by several liberal citizens at Louisville.

A correspondent of the Houston Times, writing from Sour Lake, August 31st, says:

A man by the name of Thomas Reed was killed a few days since, by a man named Cole. The affair occurred about a mile from here, and, as I am informed, Cole was justifiable in killing Reed. It may be a little remarkable that Cole, being a carpenter, was called upon to make a coffin in which to bury the man he killed the day previous. Cole is now at this writing. Politics had nothing to do with the killing.

From the Empire Parish, published at Côte-a-la-Hache, we gather the following items:

The health of our parish coutinues good, and we think we may congratulate the people of our parish and State, on their happy escape from an epidemic.

The yellow fever is raging in the West Indies and the countries abjacent thereto, and as we are in almost daily communication therewith, we may justly impute our escape to the present rigid enforcement of the Quarantine and our warmest thanks are sepcially due to Gov. Warmoth, the board of Health and Dr. Baldwin, in this parish, for the strict and successful enforcement of the laws in relation to Quarantine.

The weather, on the whole, is not unfavorable to the harvesting of rice; we have every day, alternating sunshine and showers. We hear of no damage as yet to rice and still confidently believe that one splendid and unprecedented crop of rice will be harvested in first rate order.

Cane is rapidly maturing, is splendid in appearance and promises to munificently reward our enterprising sugar planters.

Our various steam rice mills are making active preparations for a heavy fall and winter business. The immense and unprecedented crop of rice made this year, will keep them fully occupied, and we think they will record this as one of the most prosperous seasons they have ever known; but, they are always fully up to the requirements of the public and richly deserve their success.

LETTER FROM NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, August 30, 1869.

Editor Planters' Banner.

The publication in your columns of the "Address of the Committee on Emigration, of the German Society of New Orleans," has elicited so many responses from the citizens and planter of the Attakapas and neighboring parishes, that I am constrained to trespass upon your courtesy in asking permission to avail myself of your popular journal as a medium of communicating with the correspondents of the committee.

The committee are pleased with the many courteous letters received from gentlemen of the State, the advice and suggestions therein contained being pertinent and valuable, and evidence the interest which the writers feel in the subject of German immigration.

The progress of the committee is necessarily slow; our association being an independent, private one, receiving and soliciting no assistance except friendly counsel and the encouragement of those who desire the development of Southern resources and an increase in the country's prosperity. I can assure such persons that the Committee on Emigration are using the utmost diligence in accumulating facts and information for the enlightenment of the German people as to local requirements and the advantages to result from a residence in our section.

With this view, I am now engaged in the preparation of a lengthy address in the German language, which will be widely circulated among those for whose benefit it is designed, and arrangements are being made to send out, at an early day, a gentleman of intelligence and experience to act as the society's agent in Germany.

The committee have been made the recipients of communications from American consuls resident at the capitals of various German States, with the flattering assurance of their support, and many of the newspaper proprietors of that country have transmitted copies of their journals, containing favorable comments upon our association and its object.

The sensible planters and master-mechanics of the finest portion of Louisiana cannot fail to perceive the advantage of securing such labor as we propose to furnish, and we trust they will in every way facilitate our endeavors, in order that the benefits promised by this undertaking may be realized at the earliest possible moment.

With great sepect,

EDW. S. WURZBURGER,

Chairman Committee on Emigration.

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ter, but the French nation appear nervous in view of the uncertainties before them.

The N. O. Bee denounces the black ruffians who attacked the house and family of Mr. Evins, and says that Warmoth & Co. should be held responsible for such outrages.

The following on crop prospects, we copy from the Sugar Planter:

The cropping season is fairly drawing to a close. It may be said, without much risk, that the crops of sugar and cotton are made.

From all parts of the State, we have the same cheerful intelligence in regard to the rapid growth of the cane and its promising appearance. The weather from this time forward, can affect the cane but little, and if our planters are ready to take off their crops when the first freeze falls, there is little to prevent their being gathered. What the sugar crop of Louisiana will be this year, it is impossible to say; but we think we are in bounds when we predict a hundred and fifty thousand hogsheads, and were it not that many hundreds of acres have been sold for seed to others, or retained on plantation for more extensive plantations next year, the figures would exceed that amount. The high price of sugar, and its being an almost certain crop in this State, has attracted the attention of many capitalists from other States, who have invested in this remunerative branch of agriculture. As time progresses, and our political troubles temper down to something like peace and order, every acre of available sugar land will be put in cultivation.

If the valley of Mexico ever is left dry, and is upraised, as geology shows to be common, there will be strange revelations made. At present the water rises to within a few feet of the surface in places in the higher parts of the city of Mexico—those which have been artificially elevated—and less in the others. It is known by the ancient buildings, the convents particularly, that the ground has been raised since they were built from three to six feet. Some of these massive structures have sunk and remain out perpendicular, but without showing any breaks or cracks. Examples of this may be seen in the churches of the Profesa and of the Santisima whose towers are leaning ones, and in the College of Minerva. But the strangest case is that of the convent of St. Domingo, below which has been found another edifice, with arch columns, rooms and all the whole being full of water. Excavations have ben made with a view of discovering several millions of treasure said to have been hidden there and revealed in certain deeds; and also various spiritual manifestation. Permission was obtained of the goverment to search, and a company formed and shares paid for with this object. A steam pump drew out the water and an immense quantity of earth was removd, which brought to light the structures already mentioned, although the money was not obtained, when the scarcity of funds and the abundance of water put an end to the enterprise. As the soil was always as full of water it seems imposible to have built below the surface, and to have been useless, even if posible, with many and powerful pumps, which were not in existence in the old times; and history does not give the solution of the mystery.

We are compelled to believe that in the first time of the Spanish conquerors, or much more like before their arrival, a temple was erected on this spot, which afterwards sank into the earth and served as a foundation for the present buildings. The boring of wells proves that there is a solid stratum of tepoate, a stone probably formed of volcanic ash, which would afford a resting place for the building after passing through the intervening mud. So, in the absence of any explanation, we venture the above which the visible facts suggest to us as probable, and better than none at all with such strange things to astonish.

COMMUNICATED.

On the Bayou Teche, Parish of St. Mary, (What is left of it,) Territory of Louisiana, in the New United States of America, September, 12th, 1869.

D. Bennett, Editor Planters' Banner:

You will pardon me for intruding upon your generosity, but as I am an old citizen of the good old parish of St. Mary, having lived here since the year one, my neighbors and friends are constantly annoying me for information, believing from my long residence here, and dating back to the year one, that I ought to know something although I am a Know-Nothing.

The constant interrogatories propounded to me are these:

"Have we, the citizens of the parish of St. Mary, any representation in the General Assembly of what is called the State of Louisiana? Are any of the members pretending to represent this parish in the State Legislature, residents of this parish? If so, where do they reside?"

If my mind serves me right, I think the parish of St. Mary has lost a portion of its territory, and added to the new parish called Iberia, and in the portion ceded by St. Mary to Iberia, nearly a year ago, by act of the Legislature, lives a *Free Negro Called Esnard*, who received his *per diem and milage*, as a mis-representatire from this parish. He is now a citizen resident and domiciliated in the parish of Iberia, and has been since he left New Orleans.

The second is one *Andrew Jackson Demarest*, (may God pardon his relatives for having poluted the great name,) alias the former negro worshipper of the town of Franklin, who is now and has been for two years, a citizen of New Orleans, and whose wife and children have left this parish about a year ago to join him in the city, there to live in peace, love and unity, and not be compelled to "keep his eye peel like an ingon," on the rebs of St. Mary. He is now pursuing the peaceable occupation of a lager beer saloon on St. Charles street, New Orleans.

The third is the would-be member of of Congress for this Congressional District, the notorious copper thief, called Dr. Darrall. He is something like the Wandering Jew, his whereabouts are not known, yet he has the inpudence to draw his per diem and milage as a State Senator from St. Mary and Vermilion. Can it be possible that this *copper-fastened thief* is to be *fastened* upon the citizens of this parish as a Senator, and upon the Congressional District as a member of Congress, both at the same time? Is there no remedy for this? Has the Governor to me that the tax payers and properly holders of this parish ought to raise their voice and be heard.

It is high time that this parish should be represented in the State Legislature by worthy, respectable and responsible gentlemen, instead of itinerant and irresponsible carpet-baggers and scalawags.

What a change has come over our dreams. Let us think back to the better days of the Republic, when St. Mary was represented by such men as old Joseph Charpantier, Dr. Brashear, Judge Baker, Judge Palfrey, J. G. Olivier, F. D. Richardson and many others even down to the year 1866. What gratification it was to us old citizens at that time to know that we were represented by honor, dignity and capacity. But alas! what a change. Since the boiling kettle of the revolution has been heated by the Radical fires, what scum has been thrown upon us, and we, once proud citizens of good old St. Mary must look upon all this in silence and humiliation.

How much longer are we to suffer this state of affairs to go on? Is there not a time when forbearance ceases to be a virtue? Please give us some light on the subject. More anon.

Yours truly,

A KNOW NOTHING.

The Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee is dead.

Lopez, with a bravery and power almost without a parallel, still defies and fights his Brazilian foe.

The Picayune strongly favors the movement now made to turn a portion of the European immigration to the South.

Over two hundred dead bodies of miners have been recovered from the coal mines at Scranton, Penn., the scene of the late terrible disaster. Over six hundred widows and orphans of unfortunate miners are in deep distress.

At 350 West Third street, Mrs. Sarah Boyle and her daughter were found dying of starvation. They had gone into a damp dark cellar and lay down to die. When found the daughter had two bricks under her head for a pillow, and her mother had utilized for the same purpose a mere waif of straw. The warden of Bellevue Hospital, having been informed of the facts, personally went with an ambulance and bore them to his institution. The daughter died soon after entering its portals. The mother's case is precarious.—[Philadelphia paper.

BEGINNING TO BELIEVE.—"Bubbles," of the California Golden Era, gets off the following:

I begin to believe, nowadays, that money makes the man, and dress the gentleman.

I begin to believe that honesty is the best policy—to speculate, with until you have gained everybody's confidence, then line your pockets.

I begin to believe in humbugging people out of their dollars. It is neither stealing nor begging, and those who are humbugged have themseves to blame.

I begin to believe that a man was not made to enjoy life, but to keep himself miserable in the pursuit and possession of riches.

I begin to believe that the surest remedy for hard times and a tight money market is an extravagant expenditure on the part of the individual—to keep moving.

I begin to believe that none but knaves are qualified to hold office under the government, with the exception of a few natural born fools and lunatics.

LOUISIANA ITEMS.

The Baton Rouge Advocate of the 8th, says:

Cotton picking continued vigorously and the town is swept of laborers who are engaged in this work.

The rust on the highlands and caterpillar on the lowlands are cutting the crop short at a rapid rate. On the Maringouin the worm has riddled some of the fields and injured others to a less extent. On Lower Grosse Tete they have also been destructive on particular plantations. In Pointe Coupee the yield will be one-third, at least, less than was expected only two weeks ago. We hear no report of caterpillar on the highlands.

The Advocate adds:

Yet if the crop is not cut short by the continuance of wet weather, causing the caterpillars to spread, we believe the crop will be a large and paying one.

The Monroe (Ouachita) Intelligencer of the 8th states:

The reports of the cotton crop are not so encouraging as they have been. The cotton worms have commenced eating the cotton some little in the lower portion of this parish on the river.

The Natchitoches Times of the 4th inst. says:

Cotton picking is progressing throughout the parish. We hear of injury from rust in some portions of the parish. Caterpillars appear here and there, and the prevailing impression is that the crop will be eaten up by them by the 15th or 20th of this month. But the yield will be very nearly two-thirds of the anticipated crop, even if such should be the case.

The Union (parish) Record, after dilligent inquiry is forced to conclude there will not be be scarcely a half crop gathered of what the yield promised on the 15th of August. This is owing to the unfavorable weather since the above date.

The Alexandria Democrat of the 6th, reports cotton doing well and opening fast—the few caterpillars reported here and there doing but little damage in the long run—in some localities would be of benefit. Fully as much cotton will be made in Rapides as can be gathered and saved.

Reports from DeSoto parish to the 4th inst. are also rather favorable.

This from the Carrol Record of the 4th:

A portion of the cotton crop is maturing rapidly throughout the parish, under the influence of the late extreme warm weather and drouth. Old and experienced planters inform us that they have never seen so many forms fall off as have fallen during the past month. On the Bayou Macon hills nearly half the crop has been lost. In the swamp it is not so bad, but the rows are strewn with the young forms, which probably would not have grown out of the way of the worms that are now doing the 23d ult., are being realized, and by the 20th of this month it is probable that the cotton fields will be denuded of all their green leaves and young forms. The warm, dry weather thus far has not retarded the progress of the cotton worms, their march has been steadily onward since their first appearance in July, and now they have full possession of nearly every cotton field.

PLAQUEMINE.—The Empire Parish of the 4th says:

We hear of no damage, as yet, to rice, and still confidently believe that our splendid and unprecedented crop of rice will be harvested in first rate order. Cane is rapidly maturing, is splendid in appearance, and promises to munificently reward our enterprising sugar planters.

IBERVILLE.—The crops are doing pretty well, although it is now certain that the sugar crop will fall much below the expectations of some months ago. Cotton picking has fairly commenced, and will be carried on as rapidly as practicable, for fear of the caterpillar.—South.

LAFAYETTE.—The rain in our parish during the last week has been too abundant, and some planters fear therefrom the rot on the cotton crop; but that disease can effect, if at all, but the lower bolls, and, with the bright prospects before us, would still leave to our planters the hope of a more than easy crop. Wonderful, but true, our planters are seeking hands to pick the cotton which they have cultivated.—Advertiser.

TENSAS.—Since our last issue the crop prospects have materially lessened. We hear great complaints from many neighborhoods that the cotton has dropped many of its leaves and forms. Added to this, the worms on many places have commenced their work of destruction. No material damage can be done by the worms to the cotton on sandy lands, but the young crops and those on back lands will be cut short. We still think that as much cotton will be raised as the labor now in the parish can gather.---Gazette.

OUACHITA.—During the past ten days the cotton crop has been considerably damaged by drouth. Expectations have accordingly been reduced at least one-fifth. Certain localities have been favored with pretty good showers within a few days, but as there are no more than ten days during which blooms may come, and subsequently make mature bolls, we do not estimate the advantage to be derived by these late rains as adding much to the crop already made. We hear very little said of the caterpillar, but look for a second or third crop in a few days. Picking has fairly commenced.—Telegraph.

ST. LANDRY.—The Opelousas Journal of the 4th, complaining of showery weather, says:

The crops in consequence have received some damage, particularly the first planting of cotton. Such continous showers at this season of the year invariably cause the cotton to shed its forms and young bolls. We fear that we will have to abate somewhat in our calculations hitherto given. We are still, however, decidedly of opinion, that should these daily showers cease shortly, as much cotton is already made as can be picked out by the laborers in the parish. We hear of the appearance of the caterpillar in every portion of the parish in small numbers; but no serious damage is apprehended unless they make their apearance in force before the 15th of this month.

A wife of Brigham Young, who was formerly the wife of a well known Boston merchant, by the name of Cobb, has arrived in San Francisco. Her daughter, Charlotte Cobb, has just had a revelation to marry a rich Mormon merchant with three other wives, and goes to San Francisco on a bridal trip.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A traveller says if he were asked to describe the first sensation of a camel ride, he would say: "Take a music stool, and put it in a cart without springs, get on the top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and then you will form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you experience the first time you mount a camel."

OLD NICK.—When Nick Biddle was connected with the United States Bank, there was an old negro named Harry, who used to be loafing around the premises. One day, in a social mood, Biddle said to the darkey:

"Well, what is your name, my old friend?"

"Harry, sir—ole Harry, sir," said the other, touching his sleeping hat.

"Old Harry!" said Biddle, "why, that is the name that they give the devil, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said the colored gentleman, "sometimes ole Harry, and sometimes ole Nick."

Mark Twain has made his beginning as editor of the Buffalo Express, and the following specimens of the bottom are from his first day's work:

The boring of the ancient and incorrigible artesian well at St. Louis has again been stopped, after reaching a depth of 3,843 feet. Why do they not go around and try at the other end awhile? There is water there somewhere.

The king of Italy has added three dollars and a half a year to the pay of his soldiers. They only got seven dollars a year before this. But will they really be any happier now than they were when they were poor?

That the Yankees are not only people who answer one question by asking another, witness the following:

A steamboat captain on one of the lakes was recently feeling his way along in the dark, when the lookout ahead cried out, "Schooner without a light." It was a narrow escape and as the steamer passed the schooner, the captain demanded: "What are you doing with your infernal schooner here in the dark without a light?" To his dismay, the skipper who was a Frenchman, answered, "Vat ze diable you do here viz your ole steamboat in three feet of water, eh?" and just then the steamer landed high and dry on a sand bank.

A servant girl in Altoona recently tried whiskey to kill rats. She sweetened it with sugar, soaked bread in it and then left the bread in the cellar where the rats "most do congregate." She had been up stairs but half an hour when she heard laughing, singing, and a general hullabaloo down stairs. She accordingly went down to see what was the matter. Imagine her astonishment to find about a dozen rats gloriously fuddled, engaged in throwing potato parings at each other, and hauling one another up to drink.

A negro undergoing his examination as a witness, when asked if his master was a Christian, replied, "No, sir; he is a member of Congress."

A country paper, in a notice of a lecture given by a phrenologist, says: "Behind the gallery is a platform of life-size portraits, twenty feet high."

They have a queerer law in Deleware about the gordian knot of matrimony. It requires the "naughty men," before leading one of the Delaware lambs to the sacrificial altar, to give bonds for good behavior.

A striking illustration of the saying that the pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript, was that of a young lady who had gone out to India, and writing home to her friends, concluded with the following words:—"P. S. You will see by my signature that I am married."

MEMORY.—It is a good thing to have a good memory. At any rate we are told so by a certain United States official, who, although a very good collector, couldn't collect his memory enough the other evening to recollect that he had a horse and buggy in town, and consequently walked home. About bedtime, however, his memory served him, and he walked back and then rode home.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat is an out-and-out Radical paper and has never been Democratic for at least thirty-five of the thirty-seven years of its life. If it be asked why it calls itself the Democrat, the answer Hans because dat ish his name."

A Western paper "bursts into song" in the following atrocious manner: "I told you a story, about Mr. Borie, and then my story began, how his beautiful daughter saves Mr. Reeves from the water, and now my story's undone, for Borie hasn't any daughter.

On a recent trip of one of the Illinois river packets, a light draft one, as there were only two feet of water in the channel, the passengers were startled with the cry of "man overboard!" The steamer was stopped and preparations made to save him, when he was heard to exclaim: "Go ahead with your darned old steamboat, I'll walk behind you."

Canada is paying much attention to the raising of flax, and has a yield this year of 350 pounds of prepared fibre, and ten bushels of seed to the acre. An English company proposes to enter upon the flax culture and manufacture upon a large scale.

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURIES.—The Southern States contained eighty-six cotton factories, and had 215,000 spindles in active operation. Virginia had 10, North Carolina 17, South Carolina 5, Georgia 21, Tennessee 10, Alabama 8, Mississippi 6, Texas 4, Kentucky 3, Arkansas 3. This number is rapidly increasing and the profits of Southern manufactures are large.

SAVING SEED CANE.—Mr. L. D. Verret, of St. Landry parish, has a new way of saving seed cane by which he claims that he can always secure sound seed, regardless of the season. He also has a mode of cultivation which he claims secures a better yield than the old mode, and requires less labor. Mr. Meynard, who made the extraordinary crop last year at Indian Bend, saves cane and cultivates on his plan. We copy the following from the Opelousas Courier of the 4th inst. in regard to cane raised by Mr. Verret, to cut on the 1st of September:

We have at our office two sugar canes raised by Mr. L. D. Verret, on his place in Bois Mallet, in this parish. One was planted on the 20th of March, and has nineteen well developed joints. The other, planted on the 5th of April, though larger, is not so near maturity. These canes are well advanced for the season, and it is evident that they were cultivated with great care. Besides, this is not Mr. Verret's first attempt. He cultivated sugar cane in the parish of St. Mary for a number of years, and we rember having published, in 1858, an article recommending his peculiar system of cultivation.

Mr. Verret will visit St. Mary shortly to consult with the planters in regard to saving seed cane, and will give due notice in the BANNER.

IMMIGRATION TO LOUISIANA.—The St. Louis Republican has a leader in which it recommends German immigrants to turn their attention to Louisiana. We cordially invite the Germans to turn their attention to the fertile sugar and rice lands of this section of our State. Where can an industrious German farmer get as much money and profits out of a hundred or fifty acres of land, as in any of the six parishes west of Berwick's Bay? Where can they find better health? Not in Illinois or Missouri.

We would be glad to see ten thousand German families settle in this country in the next year. They are good farmers and worthy citizens, and we do not wish to see them come merely as the hewers of wood and drawers of water for other people; we wish to see them have farms of their own as fast as they can obtain the means to buy land and build houses; and in a great portion of this country lands are cheap, and can be bought in tracts to suit small farmers; or immigrants can combine, buy up a tract of one or two thousand acres, and divide it in lots to suit purchasers.