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ANDREW JACKSON.

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES—From the celebrated factory of Sayers & Scovill, Cincinnati. A fine and well selected stock of Carriages and Buggies, both top and open; also, Open Carriages, Doctors' Buggies, etc. Please examine stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

HOES, AXES, ETC.—The well known "Lyden" Hoe, and Planters' Store Hoes, Collins' celebrated Axes and other brands, Traces and Back Bands, Nails, Powder and Shot, Woodware, for sale by Andrew Jackson.

SADDLES, HARNESS, ETC.—A description of Saddles, including the latest styles, and Harness combining the newest improvements, for sale at most reasonable prices.

GARDEN SEEDS—Of the justly popular crops of D. M. Ferry & Co., fresh and genuine. For sale by Andrew Jackson.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES—By the hoghead and barrel, or by retail, at bottom prices, by Andrew Jackson.

FLOUR—150 barrels and half barrels of Fancy and Choice Extra Flour, at the lowest cash prices, at store of Andrew Jackson.

MEAT—Green Sides and Shoulders, Bacon, and, in fact, all articles needed by planters. For sale by Andrew Jackson.

CORN, OATS AND BRAN—Large stocks of the above, for sale low, by Andrew Jackson.

COFFEE—In store, 50 bags of Rio Coffee, different grades, at lowest prices. Andrew Jackson.

WM. GARRIG.

RUBBER BELTING—Just received, a stock of Rubber Belting, manufactured by the New York Belting and Packing Company, and also Lacing Strings for same.

STUBBLE DIGGERS—I have on hand a full stock of Von Plund & Mallon's Stubble Diggers, which I will sell at factory prices.

TEAS—I have just received, direct from the importers, a fine assortment of fresh Teas, in convenient packages for retailing.

SOAP—A full stock of Procter & Gamble's, Haas' and Keller's Soap, always on hand, and which I am prepared to give at bargain in job lots.

WM. GARRIG.

CORDAGE—A full assortment of Rope, Cotton, Sisal and Manila, Cotton and Hemp Packing, Clothing Lines and Baling Twine, always on hand, at store of WM. GARRIG.

SUGAR KETTLE TILE—I have on hand Brick Tile, suitable for setting Sugar Kettles, which I offer for sale at lowest market prices.

SUGAR COOLERS—I have on hand a fine lot of second-hand Sugar Coolers, which I will sell at a very low figure.

WM. GARRIG.

TERRA COTTA WARE—Flower Vases, Hanging Baskets and Lawn Vases, in great variety, at prices to suit the times, at WM. GARRIG'S.

COOPERAGE—I am fully prepared to meet the demand for Sugar Hogsheads, Molasses Barrels, Half Barrels and Syrup Kegs, at the lowest market price.

ROCK SALT—Just received, 5 tons of Rock Salt, suitable for salting stock, and for sale at a low figure by WM. GARRIG.

DAVID & GARRIG.

CRACKERS—SODA, CREAM AND SUGAR Crackers, Sticks, Ginger Bread, Assorted Cakes and Jumbles, all fresh stock at DAVID & GARRIG'S.

WINES—Champagne, Catawba, Claret, Sauternes Port and Sherry Wines, all of good quality at DAVID & GARRIG'S.

PRIZE CANDIES—In great quantities, also Shoo Fly Gum at DAVID & GARRIG'S.

KEN CUTLERY—Axes, Hatchets, Knives, &c., of the celebrated Keen Cutter Co. DAVID & GARRIG.

BRIDGEWOODS WARE—And China Tea Sets at prices which will astonish the natives by DAVID & GARRIG.

SARDINES in Oil, Sardines in Tomatoes, all find and imported goods at David & Garrig's.

OATMEAL—A few 5 lb packages of fresh Pin Head at DAVID & GARRIG'S.

CHEESE—N Y Cream, English Dairy Cheese, Western Factory Cheese. DAVID & GARRIG.

SUGARS—Cut Leaf, best quality; Powdered, strictly pure, N Y & Louisiana "A," White and Yellow Clarified, Choice Prairie, and Fair Open Kettle in quantities to suit, at DAVID & GARRIG'S.

MACKEREL Half Barrels, Quarter Barrels, Drums and Kils, all fresh from Boston packers, at DAVID & GARRIG'S.

SWEET POTATOES—A few barrels of choice Yam Potatoes at DAVID & GARRIG'S.

FIRE CRACKERS—A small lot of Golden Chop Fire Crackers, just received and will be sold cheap by DAVID & GARRIG.

CHOCOLATE—Mallard's Vanilla and Sweet Chocolate, McComb's half Vanilla and Cocoa in half and quarter pound packages at DAVID & GARRIG'S.

NEFOPHATEL CHEESE—Two cases nice and fresh. Price low. DAVID & GARRIG.

PURE FRUIT JELLIES—Put up in new and attractive styles, and guaranteed Pure Fruit. DAVID & GARRIG.

Select Miscellany.

THE SHOWMAN'S STORY.

I lathered where a crowd thronged in an open square To see in a netful of things That were both odd and rare. It was a traveling showman's stock That made the people stare.

There were horses gray and ponies brown, And birds of every kin, And lions fierce, and polar bears, And serpents long and thin; An elephant was up for sale Amid the noisy din.

Gravely above the gaping crowd The huge beast patiently stood. Yet gazed, unmouthing, with anxious eye Beyond the rabble rude, To where an old man sat apart In fixed and mournful mood.

"I asked, he raised his head, His eyes were full of that dumb grief On faces that are dead. "They're selling off old Bet from me." In husky voice he said.

"And do you care so much?" A tear Upon his cheek he fell, "Stranger, sit down beside me here, And, if you like, I'll tell Why that old bet is so dear, And why I love her well.

"The night twelve years since Bet and I First started on the road, And never once, in all that time, I've touched with my hand, She is the kindest, quietest thing, That ever bore a load.

BONNIE BESSIE.

It was a spring day, sweet and bright, even amid the shadowy solitudes on the highland hills, with delicious woodland odors, and fitful gleams of sunshine, and the tender beauty of bursting bud and opening flower.

Though the day was drawing to a close, "Bonnie Bessie" still lingered by the highland spring, a brooding look of pain and regret, and half-formed resolve, in her great, dusky eyes. Every one called her "Bonnie Bessie," from Lady Janet, of Duddleston Castle, to Rob, the herd's lad, of Black Linn.

As she grew up to womanhood the name clung to her. "Bonnie Bessie" they all called her, and rightly enough; for, of all the highland lassies who gathered at the little kirk, Sabbath morning, not one was half so beautiful and winning as Bessie. Her young form was as slim and supple, and graceful as a tall willow; her voice was the sweetest when she sung, and the charm of her soft, dark eyes, and the sweet smile of her red mouth was irresistible.

"Squire Renfrew, of the Red Pass, was desperately in love with Bessie, and sought to make her his wife, in spite of the difference in rank. The herds at the Red Pass were the finest and largest in the neighborhood, and the barns and storehouses were always well filled. He was a bachelor, something over two score years, and he wanted "Bonnie Bessie" for a bride.

"If the lassie thinks she can like me," he said, addressing Bessie's grandmother, as he stood under the low brown rafters of the little Black Linn cottage, a hot flush mounted to the shining crown of his bald head; "if the lassie thinks she can fancy me, the bargain's made, I'm willing and ready to go to the kirk to-morrow; and if a good, true husband and some gold and silver will make her happy, she'll be as happy as a queen at Red Pass."

Bessie listened with wide, startled eyes, burning cheeks and quivering lips. Her grandmother, "auld Mither Burns," as the neighbors called her, looked up, with eager delight in every feature of her hard, time-worn old face. Such an offer was more than she had ever dared to dream of for Bessie.

She looked at him breathless, palpitating and unable to speak. What could he mean? "The seaman has been heard from at last," he said, with a sad smile as tender as a caress. Bessie uttered a short passionate cry.

"Oh! Jamie! is he alive? It was no ghost then, that I saw?" "Let him answer for himself," said the Squire, stepping aside to make way for a tall figure that had been hidden behind a rock.

"Besse, my darling," said the stranger, as his strong arm clasped her. "But why did you avoid me the other night?" said Bessie, after a while. "Why make me think you were a ghost?"

"I had heard of your engagement to Squire Renfrew, and was mad with jealousy and anger," he replied. "I was going to see again, when the Squire himself heard I was here, and he came to me, and—you know the rest."

"Ah, he is the noblest of men," answered Bessie, glancing up at her lover's shoulder, "and I shall always love him as a brother." A few days after there was a happy marriage at the kirk, "Squire Renfrew himself giving away the bride, our "Bonnie Bessie."

When she next looked up, however; nothing except the overhanging rocks of the glen, the brook shimmering in the evening light, and the white birch trees swaying spectrally against the sky.

AN EDITOR'S VALEDICTORY.

The editor of a New York State journal, on retiring from the profession not long since, embraced the occasion to give utterance to some sentiments which are applicable to the world over among newspaper readers:

"Having for nearly seven years been a weekly visitor at your homes, kindly sharing the hospitality, and we hope, contributing somewhat to the comfort of the same, it only remains to shake hands all around, take an affectionate and heart-breaking farewell, and come no more, probably, forever.

Good-bye! It has been spoken over the dead lying in their coffins. It has been spoken when an ocean was to roll in between parting hearts, but it never is spoken with such pathos and unctious as when a country editor, with the memory of his hard grubbings and his scant comforts pressing upon him, hands his valedictory over to the compositor, puts the stub end of his worn-out pencil into his breeches pockets, and shuffled his rheumatic legs down stairs to go no more back forever.

"We part upon the square." We proclaim general amnesty all around. We retire forgiving our enemies, and shall haunt those who obstinately refuse to forgive us. We are bound to be forgiven.

Farmers, good-by! You are the dorsal column of the county editor's subscription list. It could not stand erect without your help. May the time soon come when no mortgage, like a great morass in the centre of a pleasant meadow, shall obstruct. Have you ever given us wood of crisp pattern and highly perforated cordage? The act is forgiven. Have you ever given us butter of most unalloyed favor? We hope after a little to forgive even this. There is a particular class of patrons whom every departing country editor remembers with special gratitude: It is the substantial, steadfast patrons—the men who are never blown out of favor with him by the light gusts of ill-will. They are the men who cash their bills with thorough professional honor and promptness. We remember all such men in G—with downright and uncompromising gratitude. We count their names with thankfulness. They are like the brick walls which hold this office above the street below.

Support the new management. A country newspaper needs friends, and cannot afford to have enemies. Don't get mad if something fails to suit, and stop your patronage. Don't prattle all over the village about the shortcomings of the editors—co-operate with and encourage him to get news, and see that he has his share of money to do business with. Don't loaf around his office and steal his time. Don't give him too much good advice. He knows more about his business, probably than you do. Help but do not hinder. Again, good-bye!"

THE LAKE PROVIDENCE AFFAIR.

STATEMENT OF THE CAPTAIN AND PILOT OF THE TOWBOAT—HOW THE DIFFICULTY BEGAN.

Vicksburg Commercial.

Capt. Thomas Tobin, in command of the coal boat from which the crew were recently taken by armed citizens of Lake Providence, charged with complicity in the murder of City Marshal McGuire, of that town, and were set upon and shot while in custody, gives the following condensed account of the affair:

On last Sunday evening I arrived at Lake Providence in charge of a coalboat. Shortly afterwards a flat-boat, loaded with potatoes, belonging to Ritterhouse & Pierson, came down the river and landed about 600 yards below my boat. Some hours afterwards the crew of my boat went down to the potato boat, and the crew of the two boats proceeded up into the town. While there, I am informed, some of them drank considerably, and one man became loud and boasting on the street. After remaining about 8 o'clock in the evening, they started to return to the boats. The man who was boasting so loudly pulled off his coat and hat, and remarked: "Boys let's take the town."

As they proceeded in the direction of the river, John Brasher, one of my crew, and Jim Brown, the booster, and who is said to have done the shooting, were at some distance behind the rest, when the city marshal stepped up to lay his hand on Brown. Brasher started to run. While running he heard two pistol shots. He did not see who discharged them. But turning his head backward as he fled, he saw the marshal on his knees still clinging to Brown, and heard him exclaim, "O Lordy!" or words very similar. At that the remainder of the party seems to have been at a considerable distance in front of Brown and knew nothing of the shooting at the time it occurred.

A citizen of Lake Providence informed me that the marshal fired once, but this I do not personally know. When the members of my boat's crew came on board, myself and a man named Hazel were there. About fifteen minutes after this a body of armed men came down to the boat and called for the captain. I told them: "Here I am." They ordered me to come ashore, and when I complied some of them said: "You're not the man." They then ordered me to bring out the whole crew. I called for the leader, and demanded protection for my property and my men, and told him I surrendered to the civil law.

DENNIS KEARNEY ON PARCELL.

In recent speech in New York, Dennis Kearney said, referring to Mr. Parrell:

"I'm with him heart and soul and body and blood. I believe he's a honest young man and an earnest one, and I want to see the like of him here and in Ireland get out and declare themselves against every devilish kind of tyranny and every black-hearted pretence of doing right. These fellows that come into the world with silver spoons in their mouths, and loll about on pillows all the days of their lives without knowing what it is to strain a muscle, and then take to crumpling with their heels the men of body and heart that make the land—these fellows need to be belabored out, and people that can and will do the right thing should go to the front. Every man who has a head big enough to hope to make his way in the world, and who has arms stout enough to back it up, oughtn't to be laid out under the sole of a puppyish, donkeyish mule. He ought to have a chance of doing what's in him, and have something to show for his lifetime. What can a man do in Ireland no matter how hard he strives? No home to win for himself, no land to call his own. The very ground he's thrown into is the property of a sluggish, dandified brute that breeds and thrives on his misfortunes! Bah! I'm with Parrell, and he's no man that won't give him a Godspeed."

THE SUPREME JUDGSHIP.

A correspondent of the Patriot-Democrat, referring to the supreme judgeship, says:

Of all the duties assigned to the Governor of the State, by the new Constitution, that of selecting the judges for the supreme court is the most important. Out of its will come greater good or ill than any other duty assigned him. And the administration of Gov. Wills will be judged, and its success or failure depends in greater measure, upon the proper selection of the high officers than upon anything else.

And just here comes our greatest good fortune in having Wills for our Governor. He is thoroughly aware of this fact, and has perhaps the most intimate and extensive acquaintance with the public men of Louisiana of any man in the State. It is not at all in a spirit of dictation that we suggest in this connection, the name of ANDREW S. HERRON. Gen. Herron has been at the bar in Louisiana for a great many years, and is known to the profession and the public as a man of splendid attainments. He is of a judicial temper, and a man of the most irrefragable character. He has long been looked upon as the leader of the bar in Eastern Louisiana. He has represented his people in two Constitutional Conventions, and been repeatedly sent to the Legislature. He served during one term as Secretary of State, and for one term as Attorney General of the State.

While not a partisan, he has been a loyal party man and a life-long Democrat, and can well be called one of the most distinguished citizens of Louisiana. He is now, though perfectly preserved in health and in the full vigor of manhood, past the meridian of life, and it would be a grateful thing to see him promoted to the exalted station of Supreme Judge. He is pre-eminently fitted for the place. He is one of those men who have lost none of the virtues of youth while gathering the wisdom of age, and if made Judge, it would do great credit to the administration, and secure the services of a man learned, pure and true.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR IRELAND

The New York Herald, in a lengthy editorial on Ireland, asked a pertinent question, which it proceeds to answer. It says:

"What, then, can the Irish in America and Americans in general do to help Ireland? In the first, as we have repeatedly urged, food is needed and at once; without the loss of a day. A shipload of provisions will do more for the relief of Ireland now than the most statesmanlike or the most brilliant plans for a redistribution of the land. Secondly, money is needed to promote and assist emigration on a somewhat large scale—a systematized, well-prepared emigration of Irish families to our farming lands.

"We shall rejoice to see Mr. Parrell use the opportunities he will have in this country to further these ends. He has the power to do a great and real service to his distressed countrymen, for there will be a widespread desire to see and hear him; and his appeals on this side of the water, if they are in the direction we have urged, will meet with immediate and practical response, and will secure relief to many thousands of families; while to feel the flame of agitation will be only to make the condition of his countrymen a hundred times worse."

Not long ago an Irishman applied to an overseer in a Tyne shipyard to be put on a job. He was informed that he could not comply with his request; but as Pat continued to gaze earnestly at an anchor which was lying in the vicinity, the foreman repeated his reply that there was no work for him, and advised him to go away. "Devil a bit will I storr, sir," replied Pat, "till I see the man that's going to use that pick."

"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Jones?" "Why, the doctor says as how as if he lives till morning, he shall have some hopes of him, but if he don't he must give him up."

The Sugar Bowl says there is some discontent expressed at the conduct of one of the officials of that parish who recently released mullers from custody on the pretext that there was no means of paying their board.