

FOR PRESIDENT, W. S. HANCOCK, Of Pennsylvania.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it he always gets angry.

The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up to late with the daughter.

When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.

The present incumbent, Mayor Edmond of Monroe, has been nominated by the Democrats of that city for reelection to the position which he has filled most creditably for several years past.

The Vicksburg Commercial says "long-winded prospective presidential eulogies are beginning to sour on the stomach of the reading public. We'll rest on 'our Hancock case.' Pass your paw down this way, Kirkland.

The friends of Judge Beattie are urging him to become a candidate in the Third Congressional District against Hon. J. S. Billie. Beattie's race against Gov. Wiltz should teach him that candidacy doesn't mean election by a good deal.

The Sabine Southron says: "It is a great mortification indeed to suffer the loss of those important civil rights and liberties secured to us by the new constitution which was established at such an expense, for the mere want of faithfulness on the part of the representatives of the people."

A special dispatch from Shreveport says: A difficulty occurred on the McMillen plantation near here, yesterday, between three negroes, which resulted in the instant death of one and the probable fatal wounding of another. The cause of the tragedy was an old feud about a woman.

Mr. A. Gingly, president of the Donaldsonville Brass Band, writes us as follows: "Will you please state in your paper that the Donaldsonville Independent Brass Band excepted no town, city or place in Louisiana, in their challenge. I saw from an item in a late issue of the CAPITOLIAN that you make the error of excepting New Orleans."

Grant has written a letter to one of his former corps commanders. He has lately discovered that the war is over and that the stars and stripes are floating unmolested everywhere through the South. Matters will look still more lovely if some Southern States give him their votes next November. "Let us have peace."

The new British ministry is to be composed as follows: Earl Granville, Secretary of State for the Foreign Department; Hartington, Secretary of State for India; Mr. H. C. E. Childers, Secretary of State for War; Lord Selborne, Lord High Chancellor; Mr. Wm E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland; Lord Northbrook, First Lord of the Admiralty.

On the 14th inst., in San Francisco, a son of Mayor Kalloch entered the office of the Chronicle, and without parleying, drew a revolver and fired four shots at Charles De Young, the editor, who, some time before, shot the father of Kalloch. De Young retreated to where he obtained a pistol, but when he was in the act of pulling the trigger, to return the fire of his assailant, he fell to the floor, a corpse.

On the 25th ult., a furious cyclone struck the Southern portion of Macon, Miss., and in less than five minutes the place was in ruins. The scene beggared description. Twenty odd persons were killed and about forty were injured. The loss is estimated at \$125,000. All business is stopped and the people are devoting themselves to caring for the remains of the dead, and nursing the wounded. A relief committee has been organized, and already a handsome amount has been subscribed.

The Vicksburg Commercial offers the following sharp rebuke: "While we hear of a few Southern idiots, who feel, or pretend to feel a certain amount of faith in the sincerity of Grant's kindly expressions to the Southern people, in his late free-lunch raid, there is not a single stalwart Southern hater of the North who does not regard it all as campfire doings. He has not lost the support of a single man of this class, who would drop him like a hot shot, if they did not know he was lying."

Lieut. Gov. McEnery, has just paid a visit to his home at Monroe, where he was enthusiastically received by his friends and fellow-citizens. Gov. McEnery, so we learn will soon be in New Orleans, whether he goes to assume the functions of acting Governor, during the proposed trip of Gov. Wiltz who leaves our State for a time, in the interest of his still delicate health. Gov. McEnery has proven himself an excellent presiding officer, and will no doubt, perform the duties of Chief Executive with the ability that always characterizes him in whatever station he is called.

THE TRI-WEEKLY CAPITOLIAN.

We are happy to announce to our patrons and the public generally, that feeling encouraged by the support which the CAPITOLIAN has received since its first appearance in February 1879, we have completed the necessary arrangements for publishing soon a Tri-Weekly edition.

With the re-establishment of the Capital at Baton Rouge, we feel confident that a new era of prosperity is dawning upon us. The CAPITOLIAN boldly assumed its title when the cause of removal was yet to be won. Whether it contributed to any material extent in gaining the victory, is a question not to be solved by us. We can, however, assert that for many months, not a single number was published that did not contain all the arguments that we could imagine in support of the movement.

Of course, the advocacy of our political principles have often been in conflict with the views of others.

In this we frankly confess that it has not been our aim to please everybody. We have been sincere and earnest, however, in everything that we have advocated.

The CAPITOLIAN stands now, that the Capital question has been settled, entirely unshackled. More than ever will it speak its sentiments on all questions.

We have sought to conceal in our past, therefore are we not afraid to rise and explain anything that may be charged against us.

Our Democracy is not of that kind which hangs to the coat tails of certain individuals; it is based upon its time-honored principles, from which we have never departed in a single instance.

We have invariably voted every ticket put up or recommended by the Democracy, always taking the dose entire, no matter how bitter it may have been at times. From the day in 1868, when we voted the Conservative ticket(?) on which were inscribed, first the name of a Federal Suttler by the name of Camp, who was afterwards killed wearing the uniform of a metropolitan on Sept. 14th, 1874, and that of Lewis Thomas, colored, as delegates to the national convention of '68, we have hevn close to the line.

And we are proud to say it to-day, that we never failed in the darkest hour to go to the polls and vote "the whole ticket," when others thought it useless so to do.

With that record behind us we feel that we have the right to preach political doctrines which we have never deserted.

We are for the Democratic party first and last. Men are nothing. They disappear. Principles live when individuals have passed away.

Thus it is that in order to perpetuate principles, those men should be swept away, who use them but as a cloak under which to advance personal aims to the detriment of the welfare of the masses.

It is the very essence of loyalty to party to remain within the line, to defeat objectionable individuals in their unworthy purposes.

To combat for right and fair dealing through the instrumentality of the party is the true and most practicable method of securing good government and the supremacy of the principles it should represent.

Such is the course that we intend the CAPITOLIAN to follow, regardless of the consequences that may ensue.

We will endeavor to render the columns of the paper interesting to all its readers, while we will take up all matters that may tend to the advancement of every interest of our City and State.

In substance, we will do all in our power to render our journal worthy of the Capital of Louisiana, trusting that with its growth a generous public will aid us in our efforts, by extending us a liberal patronage.

It must be gratifying to our Cameron parish neighbors to know that among the few members of the house of representatives who acquired a State reputation during the late session for hard and effective work, and for inaugurating and perfecting legislation of real practical benefit to the people, none were more conspicuously praiseworthy than Hon. S. P. Henry, of Cameron.—Lake Charles Echo.

We endorse every word contained in the above. We had occasion in the Constitutional Convention, and later still, during the session of the General Assembly, to notice the course pursued by Judge Henry. Cameron parish may well be proud of it, that they possess as a representative, a truly conscientious, honest man; one whom, neither threats nor scurrilous remarks can deter from doing what is strictly right.

The Gretna Courier and Journalism in Louisiana, sustained a serious loss on the 17th ult., by the death of Henry Hildenbrand, its talented editor. With our brethren of the press we tender our sympathy to his bereaved family. We are glad to see, however, that the excellent paper will still live, under the control of Mrs. Hildenbrand aided by that veteran journalist, John C. White. Success to the Courier.

On the night of Thursday, April 15th, says the Colfax Chronicle, John Mackie, a negro living in the pine hills some twenty miles east of Colfax, was killed by a party of unknown men. Mackie was a negro of bad repute, and it is thought belonged to the band of horse thieves who have been raising such trouble in Grant parish lately.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'!

"DINNA YE HEAR THE SLOGAN!"

In another column, for the purpose of gratifying the desire of many of our readers, we re-publish a communication signed "Junius," which is contained in the last number of that vigorous journal, the East Feliciana Patriot-Democrat.

There is more truth than poetry, contained in the assertions of the talented writer, a prominent Democrat of East Feliciana, one whose past record is so spotless that his fearless expressions will make the welkin ring from one end of the State to the other.

We do not follow him, however, as far as holding Gov. Wiltz responsible for the acts of recreant legislators.

We do believe that the Governor, though hampered at every step by men who claim to be his friends—whereas they are only so as long as their interests are subserved—is endeavoring to do what is right. Every one who is intimately acquainted with Gov. Wiltz knows that one of his prominent characteristics is that which prompts him to stand by his friends.

Such a trait is not an unpardonable sin by any means.

Though we were among the most ardent supporters of Gov. Wiltz, we have asked him no favor for ourself.

While we cannot say that we approve everything that he has done, we are not prepared to denounce him and class him with the selfish politicians, who already have extracted from him "the pound of flesh" nearest his heart.

That he has overpaid some of them for the support they have given him, is self evident in our mind.

As a friend we tell him these things in order that he may check the insatiable thirst of those aspirants, ere they drag his name in the ruts where they alone ought to be found.

SOBRY TO HEAR IT.

Brother Jastremski, of the Baton Rouge CAPITOLIAN, charges indiguised and shameless trickery in the recent Democratic State Convention in the matter of electing delegates to the National Convention at Cincinnati. He says the votes of the country delegates, or "Jakes" as some of the city delegates styled them, were openly and purposely miscounted on the first ballot, and that thereby gross injustice was done to certain gentlemen who were placed in nomination, and particularly to our universally respected and honored Ex-Governor, Francis T. Nicholls. For the honor of our party we earnestly hope that Brother Jastremski has been misinformed. As Brother Scanland, of the Bossier Banner, justly says, "There is a beaten path for every honest Democrat to tread, and when he gets out of it he is running after false idols. This beaten path is sincerity and truth." So say we. It is hard enough to witness the timid, irresolute, halting, "wonder what Mrs. Grundy will say," policy which has recently so seriously weakened, not to say disgraced, our party, without being required to undergo the humiliation of successful insolence and trickery in our public party councils.—Lake Charles Echo.

Our information is based upon reports of the Delegates from this parish, confirmed by a letter from a gentleman of the highest character, from another parish, one whose distinguished services in the lost cause, coupled to an unwavering loyalty to the Democratic party, entitle him to the confidence of every man in the State.

From these sources we learned that the utmost confusion reigned while the first ballot was being taken, caused by delegations changing their votes from one candidate to another, rendering it almost impossible to tell, at the close, which gentlemen had received the required majority. In order to correct errors, a call was made to have the vote read by parishes, when the startling intelligence was conveyed to the Convention, that not tally by parishes had been kept; so that it could not be shown how, and for whom, the respective delegations had voted. In this manner were declared elected, three delegates at large.

We are of that class of Democrats who never bolt a nomination, no matter how it has been made, but we are not so subservient, as not to point out practices that are injurious to the unity of our party, which, if they are not discontinued, will make Democracy but a cloak and a ladder for unscrupulous and shameless aspirants, with which to capture honors and booty.

We are simply for fair dealing, and to use a characteristic phrase: "for honesty even among thieves."

"My boys," said a kind Oil City teacher, "if you would be president of the United States, you must be good and studious." "Who wants to be president," yelled out a young chap from a back seat, "I'd rather be Buffer Bill and shoot an injun." And all the boys chorused: "Them's my sentiments."

He entered a grocery store and said not a word, but allowed his cane to swing to and fro exactly as the pendulum of a clock. The grocer said, "We sell nothing on tick," and the man with the cane passed silently and sadly out.

They went fishing. She looked languidly at him and said: "I wish the fish would bite at your hook. If I was a fish I would."

"What pretty children, and how much they look alike," says C., during a first visit at a friend's house. "They are twins," his friend explains. "What! both of 'em?" exclaims C., greatly interested.

IT IS DISCOURAGING.

EDITOR PATRIOT DEMOCRAT—It is discouraging, and it is no wonder that decent people quit in disgust. The modern processes of politics are such, that nothing less than a perfect willingness to sacrifice principle to policy and expediency, and an eagerness to combine with the schemers, will elect a man to office. It is even worse than this. It would be laughable if it was not disgraceful to notice how gingerly the politicians talk of such a thing as the Louisiana Lottery Company. They know it is dangerous to antagonize such a power.—At the beginning of the last session of the General Assembly, it had absolute control of the New Orleans politics. By the time the session was over, it had absolute control of the whole State government, and now we have the lamentable spectacle of a State, such as ours, at the mercy of a rich, unscrupulous gambling corporation. It is enough to excite the alarm of the people. It will grow worse and worse. Already the State is so under this domination, and it has so fastened itself that it will be more difficult to shake it off, than it was to shake off Kellogg & Co. There should be no underestimating its power. Men, loved, honored and trusted by the people, have bowed and put on its yoke. Who has ever heard our dearly beloved young Governor say anything against the Lottery Company. He must have known ere this that it has bribed and corrupted every legislator for ten years; and he could not have failed to know, that its money passed the disgraced Lottery articles to the Constitution. And yet, while this serpent has trailed its sinuous course through the State House, and held the Speaker in its deadly embrace, and showed the figure of its coil beneath the tawdry trapping of his strutting brigadiers, still he has no word of caution and never in any of his numerous eclectic productions has seen fit to say, that bribery and corruption is rampant—that the destruction of all true interests—that rascality is holding high carnival in the Halls of the General Assembly. 'Tis time to sound the alarm. When Charlie Howard elects the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana, and for any purpose that suits him, can control a sufficient number of Democratic members to pass or defeat any bill. There is no disguising these facts, and the day is not far distant, when he will invade our courts of justice. Judges will do his bidding as Legislators do, and judgments will be rendered by his dictation, and as a consideration of money he has won by gambling. Yes! gambling, we say gambling, because he has hired two Ex-confederate Generals, Jubal Early and G. T. Beauregard to deal the cards, is no reason why it should not be called gambling. There is nothing to distinguish it from the cheating rascal that deals cards or dice in the third story on St. Charles street, except the stupendous proportions of the game. And though a thousand Confederate Generals were to prostitute their celebrity, and thus bring shame to our dear lost cause and uniforms, it would still be gambling. More disgraceful than that where men are equally matched. A pathetic sight to see Howard and his Confederate generals on one side of the wheel, and on the other, a motley throng of men, women and children, beguiled from their honest occupations, thus taught to forget the ways of honest thrift. Just think of it. Almost millions of dollars invested in one gambling scheme, backed by the Legislature of Louisiana, and lying the "starry cross of the Lost Cause." As a Confederate soldier, I protest. "Furl that banner." As a citizen of Louisiana, I protest, and call the attention of all honest men to the disgrace and danger. There should be no issue of any paper, from this day on, till the people are thoroughly aroused. And I specially call upon the misrepresented people of North Louisiana, that their representatives are in large part responsible for the deplorable state of affairs. Look well to it, and be not deceived. You have some Brigadier-Generals, and Judges too amongst you who have the instincts of peddlers. Call meetings and instruct your representatives, and be assured that East Louisiana feels keenly the disgrace, and that we intend to hold to a strict accountability everybody who has trafficked with the devil.

And next week I propose to tell who trafficked with the devil.

JUNES.

THE WESTERN TOBACCO.

New York World. St. Louis, April 21.—Prof. John H. Tice, the well-known meteorologist, who went to Marshallfield to investigate the phenomena connected with the storm, telegraphs the Republican as follows: "Everywhere along the track of the tornado there is evidence of a wave of water flowing in the rear of the cloud spots. At some places there are only faint traces of such a wave. At others the debris is carried up and over obstructions two or three feet high. These waves of currents flowed in the greatest volume up hills. There are places where the entire top soil is washed away by the currents. Fibrous roots and tufts of grass show their direction to have been up hill, and what is more significant from all points of the compass towards the top of the hill when the tornado was raging at the time and expending its force. No trace at any point can be found where they flowed downhill. Many level places are swept clean of soil. Leaves, grass, debris of wrecked buildings and fragments of planks carried along by the current and left in its track arranged themselves longitudinally to the current.

"The following is vouchered for by George Gilbert, of this place. He and his wife and four children were on a visit eight miles in the country, and the centre of the tornado passed within five or six yards from where they were. A wave of water, apparently fifteen feet high, rolled in the rear of the point of contact of the clouds spout with the earth. It rolled over them in a second, and was icy cold, drenching them thoroughly. About two miles northeast of the town stones weighing from 500 to 700 pounds were lifted out of the earth and carried along some distance in the track of the tornado.

"J. H. Williams, presiding justice of the county court and residing in Panther Creek valley, tells me a stone fell in the centre of a field belonging to H. Rose, the weight of which was estimated at two tons. It is not known from whence it came."

THE WEST POINT INVESTIGATION.

West Point Special N. Y. Star. Cadet Frank B. Andrus created a sensation. He added to the story that all cadets tell of the colored boy's complete isolation in the Academy. He had answered the formal set of questions satisfactorily, when the Hon. Mr. Townsend started the audience with the question: "Did you threaten to strike?" "Whittaker if he fell in beside you?" "No, sir," said the youth, a bright-eyed, intelligent looking fellow, already soldier-like.

"Did you say anything to him?" "Yes, sir."

"I was junior cadet corporal of C Company. Whittaker had been falling in beside me for four or six weeks. I got tired of it, for two or three reasons, and I asked him one day, between drums, not to fall in next to me at dress formation, as then size made no difference. This did not do any good. For two or three formations he did not do so, but afterward he fell in beside me again. I told him again, but that did not do any good."

"Was they any place fixed for the poor boy to fall in?" asked Mr. Townsend, with affection and pity in his voice.

"No, sir," the boy said, with a soldierly stiffness.

"What did you think the boy was going to do, my young friend?" asked Mr. Townsend; "the boy had to fall in somewhere, hadn't he?" "Yes, sir," the youth said.

"That's enough," said Mr. Townsend.

"Did you change your place afterward?" Major Mordecai asked.

"I went to the cadet captain," said Andrus, "and asked permission to let me change from the right and fall in on the left. I spoke first to the corporal next to me in rank. I told him I did not like to leave him where Whittaker would be as unpleasant for him as it had been for me. Finally we both went to the cadet captain, and told him we both wanted permission to fall in on the left at dress formations. At dress formations it made no difference."

The young man added that if this had not been done he should have asked to be reduced to the ranks, resigning the rank of corporal, so as to escape standing in that particular place.

"Who was the member of Congress when you were appointed?" Mr. Townsend asked.

"John H. Baker," Mr. Andrus replied. Andrus was appointed from Indiana, but was born in Michigan. To a reporter afterwards he did not deny that the trouble was with Whittaker's color, but he said that there was another reason. The only other reason that those cadets who were spoken to could suggest was that Whittaker used hair oil scented in a manner that the cadets described as maddening.

NO NEGROES NEED APPLY.

Memphis Avalanche.

A number of colored emigrants, returning from Kansas to their former homes in Mississippi, took passage yesterday by the Mississippi and Tennessee road. They all appeared despondent, and showed by their general appearance that the promised land had proved a step-mother to them. Among the numbers were an old negro woman and her grandson, a nice looking yellow boy of ten years, who seemed particularly done up by their travels. The boy was thin, laggard, and with a wild expression of countenance that betokens illness. His cheeks were sunken, and his hands so attenuated that the bones looked ready to pop out of the skin.

"What's the matter with you? Is he sick?" asked Capt. Bob Leech of the woman. "Yes, marster, he's very unwell," was the reply. "Tain't sickness," muttered the boy; "I'm hungry. I ain't eat nothin' for two days." "Is this true?" inquired Capt. Bob of the woman. "Oh, marster, it's God's truth," she cried breaking out into a passion of tears; "I only had money 'nuff to pay out my back home, and didn't have nothin' to buy vittles with." The captain didn't say for anything more. He rushed off, but soon reappeared, bearing a lot of eatables, with which he proceeded to stuff the old woman and the boy until they nearly died under his compassionate hands. This incident is not an exceptional one. Many of the poor people who have been lured away from their homes by a will-o-the-wisp called the promised land of Kansas, are returning daily in a state of utter destitution, and but for kindness such as that just mentioned, would suffer from hunger. The majority of those who are returning to Mississippi are from the vicinity of Hardy, Winona, Duck Hill and Carrollton. Some of them went away with full pockets; all come back dead broke. One negro man, with no one to take care of but a grown daughter, had eight hundred dollars after paying their passage to St. Louis. He was gone two months, and came back, about a week ago, without a cent. He said he was robbed of half his money in St. Louis and the other half in Kansas City. He was ashamed to go back home, and so went to work for a farmer near this city. One woman was asked, "Why didn't you go to work on a farm, or in somebody's kitchen up in Kansas?" The reply shows what chance a darkey has in the land of promise. "Lord! chile dey want nuthin' there for me to do. De farm work is all done wid machines, and what do a nigger know 'bout 'chinery'?" Cook, Why dem white folks wouldn't eat nothin' cooked by one of us. Dey'd be afear'd of gittin' pizen'd." They all agree that the white people in Kansas gave them the dead shake. According to their report, the Kansians interfere neither to prevent the negro from voting or to prevent him from starving. The report they bring back has a salutary effect in partially arresting the tide of emigration. More than two hundred along the line of the Mississippi and Tennessee road, who had made all their arrangements to leave for Kansas, changed their minds when they saw how emigration panned out, and concluded to stay at home.

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You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Plain and Fancy Job Printing at the Capitolian Office.

AFGHANISTAN.

LONDON, April 26.—A Ghuznee dispatch says Gen. Stewart again engaged the enemy on the twentieth. The enemy numbered 8000, known as Mooki Amme's army. After two hours fighting they were defeated with a loss of 400 killed and wounded. British loss two killed and nine wounded.

A dispatch from Kabul to the Times gives the following details of a battle between Gen. Stewart and the Afghans on the nineteenth instant: The enemy was observed two miles off, and the British forces were immediately formed into position when the artillery advanced to the attack, firing with great effect on the enemy, who lined the crest of the hills. Before the attack was developed a desperate charge by 5000 Ghazis was made along the face of the whole line, enveloping both flanks.

The Ghuzis were magnificently led by three men with standards, and charged right into the British lines. Some of them succeeded in getting around the flank of two squadrons of lancers, who charged on the main body. A considerable number also got through the line of infantry in the centre, and nearly reached Gen. Stewart and the headquarters of his staff. In stopping these and defying the guns on the right the two squadrons of Punjab cavalry made several brilliant charges, and did great execution. The action lasted an hour, when the enemy retired from the hills to the plain, leaving over 1000 dead and removing as many wounded. The British loss is 17 killed and 126 wounded.

The South Carolina Republican delegates will go for Grant, while Ohio goes for Sherman. Pennsylvania will send an unpledged delegation to Cincinnati. Indications are that Illinois will go for Blaine or Washburne. Grant stock seems to be going down.

The newspapers of the Crescent City are giving the police the very mischief. The "peelers" are a little too handy with their clubs and pistols. A reporter of the City Item was set upon the other day by two of them and most brutally beaten on account of a paragraph appearing in the local news column.

The suave and festive Acklen, he of "the smile childlike and bland," having been repudiated by the Democrats of his district, feels that an outrage has been perpetrated upon him. Believing that the country will go to the dogs, if he leaves the halls of Congress, he is about to enter the lists as a free lance candidate. Will not the republicans of the third district take up his cause as they usually do, for those who are left out in the cold at Democratic nominations.

It looked like a butterfly. It had wings. He chased it; he caught it, and sure enough it was but a fly.

A Utica bootblack who was driven out of that city claims to be a polish refugee.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST COME! I HAVE JUST RECEIVED, PER STEAM, or Fred A. Blau a large assortment of FRESH CONFECTIONERIES, ALSO, Fresh New Can Fruit and New Fruit, such as New Orleans market apples. I also intend to keep SODA WATER, with which I will endeavor to suit people of all tastes. Respectfully, W. P. KIRBY.

Seized to pay and satisfy the amount of judgment, interest and costs claimed in the above entitled and numbered suit, and to me directed to the Sheriff of said parish, in and to the following described real property to-wit: One hundred acres of land on Sandy Creek, containing the same, situate in the town of Gretna, on the south by lands formerly owned by J. O. Denham, east by Sandy Creek and West by Samuel Butler, with the buildings and improvements thereon.

Seized to pay and satisfy the amount of judgment, interest and costs claimed in the above entitled and numbered suit, and to me directed to the Sheriff of said parish, in and to the following described real property to-wit: One hundred acres of land on Sandy Creek, bounded on the north by the above one hundred acres, on the east by lands formerly owned by J. O. Denham, on the Baton Rouge and Liberty Road.

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Seized to pay and satisfy the amount of judgment, interest and costs claimed in the above entitled and numbered suit, and to me directed to the Sheriff of said parish, in and to the following described real property to-wit: One hundred acres of land on Sandy Creek, bounded on the north by the above one hundred acres, on the east by lands formerly owned by J. O. Denham, on the Baton Rouge and Liberty Road.

Seized to pay and satisfy the amount of judgment, interest and costs claimed in the above entitled and numbered suit, and to me directed to the Sheriff of said parish, in and to the following described real property to-wit: One hundred acres of land on Sandy Creek, bounded on the north by the above one hundred acres, on the east by lands formerly owned by J. O. Denham, on the Baton Rouge and Liberty Road.

Seized to pay and satisfy the amount of judgment, interest and costs claimed in the above entitled and numbered suit, and to me directed to the Sheriff of said parish, in and to the following described real property to-wit: One hundred acres of land on Sandy Creek, bounded on the north by the above one hundred acres, on the east by lands formerly owned by J. O. Denham, on the Baton Rouge and Liberty Road.

Seized to pay and satisfy the amount of judgment, interest and costs claimed in the above entitled and numbered suit, and to me directed to the Sheriff of said parish, in and to the following described real property to-wit: One hundred acres of land on Sandy Creek, bounded on the north by the above one hundred acres, on the east by lands formerly owned by J. O. Denham, on the Baton Rouge and Liberty Road.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF LOUISIANA—Seventeenth Judicial District Court, parish of East Baton Rouge, W. G. Walker vs. George W. Cochran, No. 3. By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, issued in the above entitled and numbered suit, and to me directed to the Sheriff of said parish, in and to the following described real property to-wit: One hundred acres of land on Sandy Creek, bounded on the north by the above one hundred acres, on the east by lands formerly owned by J. O. Denham, on the Baton Rouge and Liberty Road.

Seized to pay and satisfy the amount of judgment, interest and costs claimed in the above entitled and numbered suit, and to me directed to the Sheriff of said parish, in and to the following described real property to-wit: One hundred acres of land on Sandy Creek, bounded on the north by the above one hundred acres, on the east by lands formerly owned by J. O. Denham, on the Baton Rouge and Liberty Road.

Seized to pay and satisfy the amount of judgment, interest and costs claimed in the above entitled and numbered suit, and to me directed to the Sheriff of said parish, in and to the following described real property to-wit: One