

# The Louisiana Democrat.

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## THE LAWYERS' PATRON SAINT.

BY JOHN G. Saxe.

A lawyer of Brittany, once on a time,  
When business was flagging at home,  
Was sent as a legate to Italy's clime,  
To confer with the Father at Rome.

And what was the message the minister brought?  
To the Pope he preferred a complaint  
That each other profession a patron had got,  
While the lawyers had never a saint!

"Very true," said his Holiness—smiling to find  
An attorney so civil and pleasant—  
"But my very last saint is already assigned,  
And I can't make a new one at present."

"To choose from the bar it were fittest, I think;  
Perhaps you've a man in your eye"—  
And his Holiness here gave a mischievous wink  
To a cardinal sitting near by.

But the lawyer replied, in a lawyer-like way,  
"I know what is modest, I hope,  
I didn't come hither, allow me to say,  
To proffer advice to the Pope!"

"Very well," said his Holiness, "then we will do  
The best that may fairly be done;  
It don't seem exactly the thing, it is true,  
That the law should be saintless alone.

"To treat your profession as well as I can,  
And leave you no cause of complaint,  
I propose, as the only quite feasible plan,  
To give you a second-hand saint.

"To the neighboring church you will presently go,  
And this is the plan I advise;  
First, say a few aves—a hundred or so—  
Then carefully bandage your eyes;

"Then—saying more aves—go groping around,  
And, touching one object alone,  
The saint you are seeking will quickly be found  
For the first that you touch is your own."

The lawyer did as his Holiness said,  
Without an omission or flaw;  
Then, taking the bandages off from his head,  
What do you think he saw?

There was St. Michael (figured in paint)  
Subduing the Father of Evil;  
And the lawyer, exclaiming, "Be thou our saint!  
Was touching the form of the devil!"

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;  
There's a pause in the valley—a halt on the hill;  
And bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill  
Where sheaves of the dead lie the way;  
For a great field is reaped, Heaven's garnerers to fill,  
And stern Death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice on the wind like a spirit's low cry—  
'Tis the muster-roll sounding—and who shall reply?  
For those whose wax faces glare white to the sky,  
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,  
As they wait that last trump which they may not  
delay.

Whose hands clutch the sword hilt so grimly,  
The brave heads, late lit afire, are solemnly bowed,  
And the riderless chargers stand quivering and  
cowed,  
As the broken requiem is chanted aloud.

The groans of the death-stricken drowning;  
While Victory looks on, like a queen, pale and  
proud,  
Who awaits till the morrow her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;  
The vain pomp of the peace time are all swept  
away.

In the terrible face of the dread battle day;  
Nor coffin nor shroudings are here;  
Only robes that lay where the thickest the fray—  
A rent casque and a headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the  
foe,  
Like a storm wave's retreating—spent, fitful and  
slow.

With sound like that, spirits that faint as they go  
By you red-glowing river whose waters  
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow  
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but, oh! not as they  
came,  
In the pride of those numbers they staked on the  
game,  
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of  
fame.

Never lift the stained sword which they drew;  
Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,  
Never march with the lead and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and lone  
They stole on our ranks in the mists of the morn;  
Like the giant of Gaza their strength it was shown  
Ere those mists had rolled up to the sky;  
From the flash of our steel a new day-break seemed  
born.

As we sprung up—to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death lots are cast;  
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last,  
Do ye dream of yon pale form that rode on the blast?  
Would ye free it once more, O ye brave?

Yea! the broad road to Honor is red where ye  
passed,  
And of Glory ye asked but—a grave!

[Chamber's Journal.]

FOR STATE SENATOR.—The Convention  
which assembled at Mansfield on the 1st  
inst., nominated by acclamation Col. J. S.  
Flournoy of Shreveport as the Democratic  
candidate for State Senator for the parishes  
of Caddo, DeSoto, Natchitoches and Sa-  
tine. [Caddo Gazette.]

Gov. Wickliffe has appointed our  
old schoolmate and friend, W. C. Lawes,  
of Donaldsonville, District Attorney for  
the Fourth Judicial District vice Emile Le-  
gendre, resigned, this appointment is a  
very good one, but it does seem strange  
that the Governor could not find a Demo-  
crat worthy the place. [Acadian.]

## The Democrat.

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### The Presidency and the Schemes of Political Conspirators.

Among the many modes employed by politicians to advance their own aspirations, and those of some particular candidate, we find that of misrepresenting the position and intentions of those in power to be of common resort. Possibly in no case has this course been pursued with greater recklessness of truth and honor, than by those who espouse the cause of Stephen A. Douglas. The powerful name and successful administration of Mr. Buchanan, are stumbling blocks in the pathway of the Little Giant and his friends. To lessen the influence of the President, therefore, and to misrepresent the feelings of the people with regard to his Administration, is a task at once gratifying to malice, and promotive of their design to elevate another upon the ruin which they seek to create. In connection with this scheme to demoralize the Administration before the country, the intention of the President as to a re-nomination affords a happy theme for misrepresentation. The solemn and oft-repeated assertions of Mr. Buchanan that he would not be a candidate again, are designedly treated with distrust, and represented to be a mere cover to mask the desire as well as the preparation for a re-nomination. It does not seem to strike those parties that by pursuing such a course they absolutely show great apprehension of what they at the same time attempt to prove would be impossible. They fear the influence and power of the Administration, and yet they assume to treat with scorn the idea that a re-nomination of Mr. Buchanan could be entertained by the party, by reason of the superior popularity of Douglas, and the wonderful strength of the faction by which he is backed. While denouncing the Administration and advocating its repudiation, they tremble and quake at the very intimation that the present Chief Magistrate may go before the Convention. The pusillanimity of this course is equaled only by the cowardly imputations of insincerity on the part of Mr. Buchanan. Those who take this course and the whole country have long been made aware of his well settled determination in this respect. We have frequently alluded to his often repeated purpose, but have hesitated to silence all hope upon the part of the true Democracy, that a change could be effected in his determination. We have had it in our power to state most authoritatively that Mr. Buchanan has never deviated in thought, word or deed from his resolution avowed upon accepting the Cincinnati nomination, but we have heretofore contented ourselves with a mere reference to that avowal, with the ardent hope that circumstances might yet induce the President to change his views. At present this seems impossible, and we are compelled to yield a reluctant submission, and, in common with all true men of the party, sincerely lament his unalterable desire to be left free to perfect the measures of his Administration. We are well aware, too, that his desire in this respect proceeded from a patriotic wish to preserve his Administration from the trammeling and malign influences which would surround him if again a candidate. This should have been appreciated by his enemies, to whatever party they claim allegiance. That he has not escaped these antagonisms, therefore, is not his fault; that obstacles are thrown in his path, that imputations of hypocrisy are made, and every means of defamation and misrepresentation are used to impair the confidence reposed in him by the people, proceeds not from him but from those who aim at his honor and seek to deprive him of power. Does not the country recognize this? Are the people asleep, or do they, too, embrace the cause of those discontented, those selfish miscreants who would undermine the temple of liberty itself, because they had been driven as unworthy from its portals, or who, like Sampson, would wrench the pillars from their foundations, though they should be involved in the common ruin? We know, however, that such is not the case. The people stand aloof from these plotting demagogues, these fuming, self sufficient patriots of the hour, who seek to make a personal cause of quarrel the people's cause.

## VARIETIES.

When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star round which our orb of day and his planetary attendants revolve—a waggy member exclaimed, "What! our sun's sun! why that must be a grand sun!"

The Emperor of the French wishing to re-establish old and glorious traditions, has decided that any regiment which shall take a color from the enemy, shall bear the cross of the Legion of Honor attached below its eagle.

A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat were, "Fust de right arm, den de left, and den give one general convulsion."

MRS. POTSER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Folks must put up wif their own kin as they do wif their own horses; it's their own flesh and blood. I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men. Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong 'f their own inside.

## CARRIE.

I have a little cousin,  
She's scarcely five years old,  
Her eyes are blue as heaven,  
And her locks are shining gold.  
Her brow's a lily petal,  
And her cheek a damask rose,  
She's a winsome little cousin—  
And this, she almost knows.

Her glad blue eyes are beaming  
Like sunshine on the earth;  
And she laughs away the shadows  
With her effervescent mirth.  
She dances like a fairy,  
With footsteps light and free,  
As bright as any angel  
This Carrie is to me.

[Columbus (S. C.) Courier.]

Rev. Mr. Finney the noted revivalist now President of Oberlin College, Ohio, has lost none of his eccentricity. The Cleveland Herald says:

On one occasion, in the midst of prayer, the Professor said to have thus introduced himself to the notice of the Lord: "And here, O Lord, is thy servant, Professor Finney, ready and anxious to be used up in thy service; but, we pray thee, if consistent with thy will, let him be used up as economically as possible." In the same effort, the Professor thus took off Professor Morgan: "And here, Lord, is Brother John Morgan; Lord, thou knowest he has more sense than all of us; but, O Lord, he is so lazy." At another time, while in the midst of a discourse, Brother Morgan entered the church behind time, with a pair of new boots, which squeaked horribly as he walked up the aisle. The Professor abruptly stopped in the middle of a sentence, turned and cut down Brother John Morgan with: "Brother Morgan, where did you get those boots?"

A "hoosier girl" has been recently discovered in Knox county, Indiana, who is 20, weighs 110 pounds, and followed and kept up with a cradle one day, neatly binding 160 dozen large bundles of oats. She said she could easily have bound 200 if the cradle could have cut them.

"I shouldn't care so much about the bugs," said a thin, pale lodger to his landlady, "but the fact is, ma'am, I haven't got the blood to spare."

MORAL & PISCATORIAL SOCIETY.—We see there is a society of the above name over in Montgomery. Now, we would like to know whether they fish morally, or moralize fishingly. Will brother Hooper please explain?

[Columbus (Ga.) Equivocal.]

The following notice may be seen on a blacksmith's shop in Essex: "No horses shod on Sunday except sickness and death."

An Irish preacher was considerably annoyed (as many before and since have likewise been) by persons getting up and going out of church during the sermon. His patience being exhausted, he stopped his discourse, and, in a rowdy way, exclaimed: "Go on, may lad; I've seen the top of your head, that's enough." The fellow turned around, and, with an angry, menacing look, muttered: "I'll see you again, sir!" "You had better see me now," replied the preacher, "for, when I'm in the pulpit, I fight for the Lord Jesus; but when I'm out of it, I fight for myself!"

ILL-SORTED MATCHES.—In a recent lecture on marriage, Rev. G. W. Woodruff, of Connecticut, said:

I know of no more distressing thing than a large hearted, noble, expansive man linked to a petulant, little-souled, henpecking woman, or a noble woman linked to one of those sordid, mean little liels upon manhood. If such is your case, why get a divorce in Heaven's name, and God help.

The President recently sent a beautifully-chased gold-headed cane, bearing the inscription: "James Buchanan to Dr. Thos. Bachler," together with a letter conveying the thanks of the President to the Doctor for his kind attentions during the President's late illness in Baltimore.

## ON WHIPPING WOMEN, OR HOW TO RULE A WIFE.

[A citizen of Kentucky recently petitioned the Courts for a divorce from his wife, on the ground that she was in the habit of whipping him:]

What's gone with "Old Kaintuck," that famous beast  
Half horse, half alligator, as we used to hear,  
Who used to boast how easy he could lick  
His weight in wild-cats, and such other deer—  
That mighty gouger with the thundering voice,  
Sledge-hammer fist, and long and bloody knife,  
Whose eyes glared savagely at the sight of foe,  
And lion heart beat wildly for the strife?—  
What's gone I say, with "that ar' mighty human,"  
To let himself be whalloped by a woman?

O man! degenerate of those sturdy sires  
Who erst could take a bullock by the horns!  
Go hide thyself amongst the rocks and caves  
Where toads and lizards hide them from the storm!  
Alas! poor soul, thou hast not strength to see;  
Weak as a mouse beneath a kitten's paw,  
With looks imploring and a piteous whine,  
Thou pray'st for mercy in a Court of Law!  
O shades of Crockett and mighty Boone,  
How you must "awar" at hearing such a tune!

On mean sights which this mean world affords  
There's none that's meaner than hen-picked man,  
Poor sniveling wretch, too weak to fight or flee,  
Thy wife regards thee as a peltry sham!  
No woman ever loves the man she rules,  
Howe'er adroitly she may play her role;  
But 'midst her tattling croons makes him her jest,  
And scorns and loathes him in her inmost soul!  
Poor fool! she never knows the boundless bliss  
That dwells within an honored husband's kiss.

## The Last Scene of Washington's Life.

Irving's new Life of Washington, in five volumes, has just been completed. In the fifth volume, after giving a succinct narrative of the Administration of Washington, his retirement from office, and his mode of life at Mount Vernon, Mr. Irving brings the work to a close with the following description of the final scene:

Winter had now set in, with occasional wind, and rain, and frost, yet Washington still kept up his active round of indoor and outdoor avocations, as his diary records. He was in full health and vigor, dined on occasionally, and had frequent guests at Mount Vernon, and, as usual, was part of every day in the saddle, going the rounds of his estates, and, in his military phraseology, "visiting the outposts."

He had recently walked with his favorite nephew about the grounds, showing the improvement he intended to make, and had especially pointed out the spot where he proposed building a new family vault, the old one being damaged by the roots of trees which had overgrown it, and caused it to leak. "This change," said he "I shall make the first of all, for I may require it before the rest."

"When I parted from him," added the nephew, "he stood on the steps of the front door, where he took leave of myself and an other. It was a bright frosty morning; he had taken his usual ride, and his clear healthy flush on his cheek, and his sprightly manner, brought the remark from both of us that we had never seen the General look so well. I have sometimes thought him decidedly the handsomest man I ever saw, and when in a lively mood, so full of pleasantry, so agreeable to all whom he associated, that I could hardly realize he was the same Washington whose dignity awed all who approached him."

For some time past Washington had been occupied in digesting a complete system on which his estate was to be managed for several succeeding years; specifying the cultivation of the several farms, with the tables designating the rotation of crops. It occupied thirty folio pages, and was executed with that clearness and method which characterized all his business papers. This was finished on the 10th of December, and was accompanied by a letter of that date to his manager, or steward. It is a valuable document, showing the soundness and vigor of his intellect at this advanced stage of his existence, and the love of order that reigned throughout his affairs. "My greatest anxiety," said he on a previous occasion "is to have all these concerns in such a clear and distinct form that no reproach may attach itself to me when I have taken my departure for the land of spirits."

It is evident, however, that, full of health and vigor, he looked forward to his long cherished hope, the enjoyment of a serene old age in this home of his heart. According to his diary, the morning on which these voluminous instructions to his steward were dated, was clear and calm, but the afternoon was lowering. The next day—the 11th—he notes there was wind and rain, and "at night a circle around the moon."

The morning of the 12th was overcast. That morning he wrote a letter to Hamilton, heartily approving of a plan for a

military academy, which the latter had submitted to the Secretary of War.

At 10 o'clock, he mounted his horse and rode out as usual to make the rounds of the estate. The ominous ring round the moon which he had observed on the preceding night proved a fatal portent. "About 1 o'clock," he notes, "I began to snow, soon after to hail, and then turned to a settled cold rain." Having on an overcoat, he continued his ride without regarding the weather, and did not return to his house till after 3.

His Secretary approached him with letters to be franked, that they might be taken to the post-office in the evening. Washington franked the letters, but observed that the weather was too bad to send a servant out with them. Mr. Lear perceived that the snow was hanging from his hair, and expressed his fears that he had got wet; but he replied, "No his great coat had kept him dry." As dinner had been waiting for him, he sat down to the table without changing his dress. "In the evening," writes his Secretary, "he appeared as well as usual."

On the following morning the snow was three inches deep and still falling, which prevented him from taking his usual ride. He complained of a sore throat, and had evidently taken cold the day before. In the afternoon the weather cleared up, and he went out on the grounds between the house and the river, to mark some trees which were to be cut down. A horse which had hung about him through the day grew worse toward night, but he made light of it.

He was very cheerful in the evening, as he sat in the parlor with Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear, amusing himself with the papers which had been brought from the post-office. When he met with anything interesting or entertaining he would read it aloud as well as his horse would permit, or he listened and made occasional comments while Mr. Lear read debates of the Virginia Assembly.

On retiring to bed, Mr. Lear suggested that he should take something to relieve his cold. "No," replied he, "you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came."

In the night he was extremely ill with the ague and difficulty of breathing. Between two and three o'clock in the morning he awoke Mrs. Washington, who would have risen to call a servant, but he would not permit her, lest she should take cold. At day-break, when the servant woman entered to make a fire, she was sent to call Mr. Lear. He found the General breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. Washington desired that Dr. Craik, who lived in Alexandria, should be sent for, and that in the mean time Rawlins, one of the overseers, should be summoned, to bleed him, before the Doctor could arrive.

A gurgling was prepared for his throat, but whenever he attempted to swallow any of it, he was convulsed and almost suffocated. Rawlins made his appearance soon after sunrise, but when the General's arm was ready for operation, become agitated. "Don't be afraid," said the General, as well as he could speak. Rawlins made an incision. "The effluvia is not large enough," said Washington. The blood, however, ran pretty freely, and Mrs. Washington, uncertain whether the treatment was proper, and fearful that too much blood might be taken, begged Mr. Lear to stop it. When he was about to untie the string, the General put up his hand to prevent him, and as soon as he could speak murmured "more, more," but Mrs. Washington's doubts prevailed, and the bleeding was stopped, after about half a pint of blood had been taken. External applications were now made to the throat and his feet were bathed in warm water, but without affording any relief.

His old friend, Dr. Craik, arrived between eight and nine, and two other Physicians, Drs. Dick and Brown were called in. Various remedies were tried, and additional bleeding, but all of no avail.

"About half-past four o'clock," writes Mr. Lear, "he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bedside, when he requested her to go down into his room, and take from his desk two wills which she would find there, and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them, he gave her one, which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it, which she did, and took the other and put it into her closet.

"After this was done, I returned to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me: 'I find I am going; my breath can-

not last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange all my military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters which he has begun.' I told him this would be done. He then asked me if I recollected anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had a very short time to continue with us. I told him that I could recollect nothing; but that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that as it was the debt which we must all pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation."

In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his posture in bed. Mr. Lear endeavored to raise him and turn him with as much ease as possible. "I am afraid I fatigue you too much," the General would say. Upon being assured to the contrary, "Well," observed he, gratefully, "it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it."

His servant Christopher, had been in the room during the day, and almost the whole time on his feet. The General noticed it in the afternoon, and kindly told him to sit down.

About five o'clock his old friend, Dr. Craik, came again into the room, approached the bedside. "Doctor," said the General "I die hard but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it—my breath cannot last long." The Doctor pressed his hand in silence, retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire absorbed in grief.

Between five and six the other Physicians came in; and he was assisted to sit up in his bed. "I feel I am going," said he; "I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you to take no more trouble about me; let me go off quietly; I cannot last long." He lay down again; all retired uneasy and restless, but without complaining, frequently asking what hour it was.

Further remedies were tried without avail in the evening. He took whatever was offered him, did as he was desired by the Physicians, and never uttered a sigh or complaint.

"About ten o'clock," writes Mr. Lear, "he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said, I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead." I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again and said, 'Do you understand me? I replied, 'Yes.' 'This well,' said he.

"About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock on the night of December 14, 1799) his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrists, I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hand over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

"While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was seated at the foot of the bed, asked with a firm and collected voice, 'is he gone?' I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. 'This well,' said she, in the same voice. 'All is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through!'"

A remarkably handsome young lady of Boston was recently married in great haste by her parents to an Iowa merchant, to keep her from marrying a gambler of that city. But the gambler followed the couple home to Iowa, and the infatuated girl eloped with him.

The gambler's rule: "heads I win, tails you lose." He was "bound to win in the long run" even when he ran to Iowa and then ran away with the merchant's wife.

Mrs. Mair, a granddaughter of Mrs. Siddons, is giving reading from Shakespeare's plays in London. As the invitation of Lady Noel Byron, a small party of private friends recently attended the reading of Macbeth.

PRAYERS AT A WHIPPING.—In the early history of Harvard University corporal punishment was one of the most common means of correction—the tutors chastising the students at discretion. By the college annals it appears that when one Thomas Sargeant was publicly whipped in the hall, the exercises were opened and closed with prayer!