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GEORGE M. DALLAS.

Now that the State election is over, we find ourselves out of one thing and into another. Like the rolling stone of Sisyphus, politics are always on the move and with them the political editor is carried along. We are not often given to prophecy, being neither a prophet nor a son of a prophet, and of course, we would not be so rash as to attempt to name the individual who will receive the distinguished consideration of the coming National Democratic Convention, at Charleston, next year. Of one thing we can congratulate ourselves, that our party has, at the present day, though death has been busy with them of late years, a long list of distinguished leaders, whose political integrity and sterling merits have brought them into public notice. As singular as it may appear, and we are disposed to think that it augurs success, prominent Democrats are spoken of in connection with the Presidential nomination, by the press, without the least regard to sectionalism. It is indeed a most striking proof of the nationality of the Democratic party. Among them we find the name of our distinguished Minister to England, Mr. Dallas.

Mr. Dallas was born in the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1792, and graduated at the Princeton College, in New Jersey in 1810. He commenced the study of law in his father's office and was admitted to the bar in 1813. In the same year he accompanied Albert Gallatin to Russia as his private secretary, when that gentleman was appointed to negotiate a peace under the mediation of Alexander. He returned home in 1814 and after assisting his father in the U. S. Treasury Department up to the year 1817, he was appointed Attorney General of Philadelphia, which post he filled with credit to himself and the satisfaction of the most distinguished bar of our whole country. Mr. Dallas took an active part in politics as early as 1825 at which time he was elected Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, and on the accession of General Jackson to the Presidency in 1829, he was appointed to the office of District Attorney. This post he held until 1831, when a vacancy having occurred in the representation from Pennsylvania, in the U. S. Senate, he was elected to fill the place, and during the time of his service in that body, he was an active participant in all the debates particularly that of the stormy session of 1833. He declined re-election in 1837 and resumed the practice of his profession in 1837 and was appointed, by Mr. Van Buren, Ambassador to Russia where he remained until 1839, and up to the year 1844 he busily engaged himself in the practice of his profession, when he received the nomination for the Vice Presidency on the ticket with Mr. Polk. He entered on the duties of his office in 1845 and his charming dignity and impartial government have been the admiration of all the members of that august body. Mr. Dallas was appointed by Mr. Buchanan to the responsible position he now holds.

The reader will perceive at a glance that Mr. Dallas has been "through the mill" that he has, during a long period of years, held high, honorable and dignified positions, all of which he has discharged with ability. His experience as politician, his knowledge of our national necessities and the purity of his political as well as social character, all combine to entitle him to the consideration of the nominating convention, along with other worthy Democrats. Of his availability it is not our province to speak, but in the event of his nomination we believe that the Democratic party would ratify and approve it.

THE SEA IN AIR.

In the air are beating, breaking,
Waves of darkness and of light,
Sometimes sleeping, sometimes waking,
Both by day or sombre night.

Roll on roll—forever flowing,
A voiceless, moving sea they are,
Tide on tide, forever pouring,
O'er the boundless sea in air.

On its surface ships are sailing
Laden with our hopes of life,
Never once their sails "a-brailing,"
Near our earthly scenes of strife.

Yet this sea is one of passion,
Heaving up its hidden caves,
Following Ocean in his fashion—
Building lonely, unknown graves.

Up and down upon its bosom,
Washing with its ceaseless tide,
Joys and hopes but yet in blossom
To and fro, unceasing ride.

But out upon its dark'd waters
Whispers reach us, day and night,
From our dear ones—early starters
For the glancing gates of light.

Away o'er its misty heaving,
A city golden, flashing sands,
Where no fear, nor lowly grieves,
Echo o'er its silver sands.

Soon shall we our leave be taking
For this peaceful distant shore,
And o'er this airy sea awaken
With those we love—the gone before.

Alexandria, Nov. 8, 1859.

Sir John Franklin and his Crew.

Tell the saintly minister bell,
For we know they're now at rest;
Where they lie, they sleep as well
As in Kirkyard old and best.

Let the requiem echo free
From the shores of England forth,
Over leagues of angry sea,
Toward the silence of the North.

Half a score of years or more,
They were phantoms in our dreams;
Many a night, on many a shore
Lit by the Aurora gleams.

We have tracked the ghostly band—
Seen distressful signals wave—
Till we find dim William's Land
Holy with the hero's grave.

Tell the bell that they may rest;
Haunting spectres of our brain—
They for whom her tireless quest
Love pursued so long in vain:

Nevermore let fancy feign;
That the wonder'd Esquimaux
Haply sees them toll again,
Wild and haggard through the snow.

From the Erebus they past
To a realm of light and calm;
And the Terror sailed at last
Into peace and perfect calm.

Tell the bell, but let its voice
Moaning in the minister's den,
Change at times, and rejoice,
For the mariners are home!

Address for Report of treatment, Dr. J. SKI
LBY HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Assn.
No. 2 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.
By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL,
Gen. Fairchild, Secretary. President,
Sep 21-1y

FASSMANN'S IRON HOOPS AND TIE FOR COTTON BALES.

The New York Herald, of the 22d ult., has the following remarks on the organization of the next House of Representatives. It says:

Great calculations have been made upon a coalition "on a business basis" for the purpose of electing the next Speaker of the House of Representatives; that is to say, upon the Black Republicans being able to buy up with a portion of the spoils a sufficient number of Douglas Democrats or of the Southern Opposition members to give them a majority. But the practical development given to Seward's "irrepressible conflict" by Ossawatimie Brown, at Harper's Ferry, overthrows this whole scheme. The next House will stand as follows:

Republicans..... 113
Democrats..... 92
Douglas Democrats..... 21
Southern Opposition..... 11

The Republicans looked for the six votes they lack of a majority either from the Douglas Democrats or the Southern Opposition members. These they cannot now hope to attain, for any Southern member of Congress who would now affiliate with Black Republicanism would commit political suicide and any Douglas Democrat would do so would murder the prospects of his leader to enter the White House. In the South Mr. Douglas will be held responsible for the conduct of every one of those members of Congress who have followed his lead on the anti-Compromise platform. Look out sharp for new Congressional combinations about this time.

Payson's Director.—Petersburg, Oct. 28.—All parties opposed the election of Roger A. Pryor in this Congressional District, by from 1200 to 1800 majority. A great jubilation occurred here last night, and Mr. Pryor addressed the crowd from the Merchants' Exchange.

VARIETIES.

Myneber Drinkenoff makes a distinction thus: "Too much whisky is too much, but too much lager beer is stoutest right."

WOMAN'S LAUGH.—A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of lutes on the water. It leaps from the heart in the clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued a unseen fugitive through the trees, led only by her fairy laugh; now here, now there—now lost, now found?

A Vermont poet, we learn, in his great poem on nature had reached as far as the following lines: "Wiggle, wiggle, pollywog—Prettily soon you'll be a frog."

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce says the following letter was lately received by the Secretary of an insurance company, in response to an advertisement for a bookkeeper. The writer thoughtfully inclosed a leaf cut from an old account book, as a sample of his work. Either the applicant is an original genius, or a wag of the first water:

"BIG TAGER,"
Wilkes County, Georgia.
"My Dear Sir—I am a wanting of a situation in bookkeeping, and Mr. Shirman said that you would like to get me in your office. If please to answer at once, I send you a specimen of my single entry, but I can keep em double as well. I am all of a tremble, having just been licking a nigger."

From yours, truly,
F. H. HINSWORTH.

Mrs. Partington asks very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeits why should there be such a difficulty in passing them.

"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent.

"But ma, I like her, she is a good little girl, I am sure she dresses as prettily as I do, and she has lots of toys."

"I cannot help that, my dear," responded the foolish, anti-American, "her father is a shoemaker."

"But don't play with her father, I play with her—she isn't a shoemaker."

It is with the anatomy of the human mind as it is with the anatomy and physiology of the human body; the rare case is not that of a man's being unconvertant, but that of his being convertant with it.

[J. Bentham.]

Decay of Irish Nobility.

We extract the following from "Vicissitudes of Families," etc., by Sir Bernard Drake:

The gentry of Ireland are now, in many cases, dispossessed; new manners and new men are filling the land, and the old time honored houses are rapidly passing away. Who ever collects instances of fallen families, some thirty years hence, will have a fruitful field to gather in. No one will gainsay the beneficial influence of the Encumbered Estates Court has exercised in a national point of view, or fail to trace to its introduction into Ireland the dawn of the prosperity which is now shining on that most improving of countries. That it has worked infinite public good is undeniable; but it is equally certain, that the general benefit has been effected at the cost of much individual misery. The condition of the country is increased by it, as the state of a boat's crew, tempest-tossed, with only a slender basket of provisions, is improved by some of the unhappy sufferers being thrown overboard and drowned. But the relatives of the doomed cannot but lament, and even the unconnected spectators of such stern and sharp justice cannot remain unconcerned. No cases of vicissitudes would be so pathetic, no episodes of decadence so lamentable as those that could be told, in connection with the transfer of land in Ireland; but the wounds are too fresh, and the ruin too recent, for me to enter on so painful a theme. Many a well-born gentleman—born from his patrimony—has sought and found on the hospitable shores of Australasia and America the shelter and happiness denied to him in the land of his birth, while some I might mention, who staid at home in the vain hope of retrieving the past, or who were too old to enter on a new career, ended their days in the poor-house. What story of fiction is more striking than that of Mr. D'Arcy, of Kiltullagh and Clifden Castle, in the county of Galway, who, after the ruinous sales of his estates, took orders and became a missionary in the very district which used to be his own? or, what more marvellous instance of the depreciation of property than in the sale of Castle Hyde, in the county of Cork, the inheritance of Mr. Hyde, a scion of the Clarendon Hydes, and first cousin of the Duke of Devonshire, who was deprived of his fine old place in the worst times of the famine?

How THE SLAVE TRADE AND NEGRO'S PROPRIETOR.—A negro boy, belonging to Mr. Washington, who was taken by the insurgents at the time his master was, when he reached the Ferry was offered a price which he refused, when one of the insurgents told him that he was free and should fight the whites the boy replied, "I don't know anything about being free; I was free enough before you took me, and I'm not going to fight until I see Massa Lewis fighting, and then I fight for him." This boy was among the prisoners in the engine house.

English Political Squibbing.

FROM THE LONDON PENCIL.

Punch's Imaginary Correspondence.

Viscount Palmerston to Lord John Russell.

"Broadlands, September 19.
"My Dear John—Having a little time upon my hands, I cannot, I think, do better than fulfill an intention which I have for some time entertained, and address to you a few words of advice, which I am sure that you need as that you will take in good part. Our long intimacy, the similarity and intensity of our political convictions, besides my having a year or two's advantage (as it is amusingly called) over you in age, will be my excuse for this course, if any excuse be needed."

"With the sanction of my Sovereign, my dear John, I have placed you in a situation of great responsibility. It is a situation which I myself filled for many years, and history rather than myself shall say how. I assure you, my dear John, that it will give me the most sincere pleasure to recognize in you a worthy successor to myself; and that I have, in the afternoon of life, that gratification, is one of the main reasons, and possibly a selfish one, for my now taking you in hand."

"My task would be an easier one, my dear John, but for your extreme ignorance. Do not recede at the word, or, as you sit in your library, glance indignantly round at books, most of them larger than yourself, which you have laboriously read, sedulously analyzed, and disgracefully disfigured with your profound marginal notes. I will do you no injustice. I believe that the Oxford Examiners would do you some did they pluck you for shortcomings in history. I am sure that you know perfectly well that Maximilian the Second, of Germany, married the daughter of the Emperor Charles the Fifth; that Louis the Fourteenth declared the Gallican Church independent in 1682; that Lord Chat ham, as Mr. Pitt, supported the Board Bottom Ministry; and that Mr. Wilberforce's bill for abolishing the slave trade was rejected by the House of Lords in 1804. Pray, my dear John, do not suppose that I accuse you of being ignorant of knowing myriads of things the knowledge of which is entirely useless. I should be most reluctant to put myself in the position of the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green with you, and drop my fact and date (as he dropped money against his daughter's lovers) against your fact and date. I should be bankrupt in no time."

"But, my dear John, your ignorance is of another and more serious kind. You do not know men, and what is of more consequence, you do not know women. You really amuse me (or would do so, if I could be amused at the misfortunes of my beloved country) when I see you in society attempting to gain the confidence of the former or the good-will of the latter. Believe me, my dear John, no highly virtuous youth from a dissenting College, with 'Dwight's Theology' on his table as his prize for an Essay on Predestination, could be more convinced that he was the eighth wonder of the world or more certain to be at the best a wonder, whose extinguishment the proverb fixes at the ninth day. I wish, my dear John, that I could make you a man of the world."

"Let me instance for a moment a case or two in point, and you will forgive me when you observe how intently and affectionately I must have watched you. At a party at your own house, a few evenings before the termination of the session, you may remember that D'Azeglio came up to you, and, after a grumble or so, which you did not very happily imitate, he asked you whether you had sent out a certain dispatch. What he wanted to know, of course, was whether I had seen it, and you naturally wished him to think I had not. What was your foolish answer? 'Un bon cheval n'a pas besoin d'apron,' with a half-toss of your head. He did not want to spur you; he wanted to know a fact, and your pert little answer was not evasive, only characteristic. Why did you not say plain blank that you had sent it. You know quite well that you had not, so no harm could have been done. Why not, my dear John, be frank and natural? Those dusty little sayings which you heard up, because you can pronounce them glibly, are really out of date."

"Well, then, at Lady Palmerston's assembly, the next night, a lady asked you a question, and intended to be, but it was not silly put, nor is the asker a silly woman. She had no business to ask it when has a woman any business to ask the things she does? But she certainly got a siller answer, and it was intended for a wise one. You must out with another of your p overbs: 'Une femme ne cele que ce qu'elle ne sait pas.' My dear John, it was very pedantic, and almost rude. Why on earth did you not explain to the woman confidentially anything that came into your head, and send her away pleased with your confidence and utterly mystified? As it is, wait till you want her to keep young Gableton in town for a diversion."

"Now, my dear John, consider what I have said, and in your dealings with the world, try to be a little more a man of the world. You have industry and patience, and a certain amount of brains, which in the brother of the Duke of B., may be called talent, and you might do a good deal for yourself if you would not be old-fashioned and pedantic, and would have a little more *bonhomie*—these are a French word for you, as a sugo-plan to sweeten the gitters."

"I need hardly caution you to keep this letter to yourself, and burn it when read."

Always, my dear John, yours faithfully,
PALMERSTON.

The Lord John Russell.

Lord John Russell to Viscount Palmerston.

"Richmond, September, 20.

"My Dear Lord—I am favored with your lordship's letter, dated the 19th inst., but received this morning at 11 A. M."

"That the Prime Minister of England has time upon his hands is a circumstance which may be differently interpreted by those who form different opinions of the individual holding that office. I am unaware that Mr. Fox or my Lord Melbourne ever complained of having too much time for the business of the country."

"Wasting the other points in your lordship's introductory paragraph, and especially the referen-

to the intensity of political convictions on the part of a Minister whose earnest devotion to reform actually makes him tremble to approach it, I would observe that I believe your lordship was born in 1784, and that my natal year was 1792. Your lordship is pleased to compliment me on a certain acquaintance with dates, and it is due to myself, to show that the credit is not entirely undeserved."

"Your lordship will be good enough to receive my protest against the assumption that you placed me anywhere. I have in my time had most reluctantly to place your lordship outside a Cabinet, but I cannot admit that you have been in a condition to place me in one. In the arrangement into which I entered from a sense of duty to my country, and for the purpose of removing my Lord Derby from office, the choice of place was my own, and I should have selected the Premiership; but for feeling that the foreign Office required more statesmanship than the nominal headship of the Government. To the implied and scarcely decent allusion to the sovereignty it may suffice for me to remind your lordship of a certain castigation procured by me for a Minister who neglected the fitting formality of acquainting his Queen with the contents of his foreign dispatches."

"Passing over a variety of phrases which would be impertinent in an individual less accustomed to substitute impertinence for pleasantness, I would simply remark that your lordship's successes in this world by no means justify your adopting a dictatorial line. I could find in the books to which you are taunting allusion more profitable reading than the study of your lordship's career, but I do not think I should detect in one of them an instance of an individual assuming to be a statesman, and at the close of a long career of a terebrate hollow triumph and helpless fumble, preaching insincerity as the leading article of his political faith."

"I shall not enter into detail, my dear Lord, nor vindicate myself for what it suited me to say in well-watched conversations in your drawing-room or my own. I am content to be charged with not knowing men by one who does not even know himself, and mistakes himself for a statesman; and as to knowing women, I deprecate the levity which would sanction a woman's presuming to meddle with matters beyond the sphere which Providence has assigned to her."

"While it is necessary for me to maintain the Palmerston Cabinet by retaining the Foreign Office, I shall administer that department in conformity with the principles to which I have ever adhered; principles which placed the House of Brunswick on the throne of these realms, and will, I trust, long retain it there, in spite of the dangerous intrigues of scoundrels and the reprehensible fippancy of octogenarians."

"That I may not seem ungrateful for your lordship's kind advice, I will venture to return it by strongly recommending that, instead of interfering with my business, your lordship should mind your own."

"With kindest wishes for your lordship's health, (the evenings are cold and damp,) believe me, my dear Lord, yours, very sincerely,
JOHN RUSSELL.

The Lord Palmerston."

"This last sentence of all seems to have been interpolated hastily, and as if the letter, after being approved by another eye than the writer's, had been reopened."

Thackeray on Washington.

In a late number of the "Virginians" is a spirited passage on the great struggle that added the "stars and stripes" to the list of national flags:

"Ah! 'tis easy, now we are worsted, to look over the map of the great empire wrested from us, and show how we ought not to have lost it. Long Island ought to have exterminated Washington's army; he ought never to have come out of Valley Forge except as a prisoner. The South was ours after the battle of Camden, but for the inconceivable meddling of the Commander-in-Chief at New York, who paralyzed the exertions of the only capable British General who appeared during the war, and sent him into that miserable *col-de-sac* at Yorktown, whence he could only issue dejected and a prisoner O, for a week more! a day more, an hour more of darkness or light! In reading over our American campaigns from their unhappy commencement to their inglorious end, now that we are able to see the enemy's movements and conditions as well as our own, I fancy we can see how an advance, a march, might have put enemies into our power who had no means to withstand it, and changed the entire issue of the struggle. But it was ordained by Heaven, and for the good, as we can have no doubt, of both empires, that the great Western Republic should separate from us; and the gallant soldiers who fought on her side, their indomitable and heroic chief above all, had the glory of facing and overcoming, not only veteran soldiers amply provided and inured to war, but wretchedness, cold, hunger, dissensions, treason within their own camp, where all must have gone to rack but for the pure and unquenchable flame of patriotism that was forever burning in the bosom of the heroic leader. What a constancy, what a magnanimity, what a surprising persistence against fortune! Washington before the enemy was no better nor braver than hundreds that fought with him or against him, (who has not heard the famous *captains were accustomed to indulge*?) but Washington, the chief of a nation in arms, doing battle with distracted parties; calm in the midst of conspiracy; serene against the open foe before him and the darker enemies at his back; Washington inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rags; stung by ingratitude, but braving no anger, and ever ready to forgive; in defeat invincible, magnanimous in conquest, and never so sublime as on that day when he laid down his victorious sword and sought his noble retirement; here, indeed, is a character to admire and revere; a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw."

Three things that never agree—two cats over one mouse; two wives in one house; two lovers after one girl.

Who is Ossawatimie Brown?

A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser in speaking of Brown, the leader of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, says that he was personally acquainted with him in the years 1836 and 1840—that he was the son of a wealthy and esteemed citizen of Hudson, in Portage county, in this state, named Owen Brown. Capt. John Brown was born in Connecticut, but resided for more than thirty years in Hudson Township, on a dairy farm, but subsequently embarked in wool growing, in which business he was quite successful, until he accompanied a large venture of the finest qualities of that article to England. This speculation resulted in a ruinous loss, and from that time to this he has been more or less absorbed in the furtherance of Abolition views, on which subject he was a complete fanatic.

The correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser says that he is mistaken. Brown himself hailed from the East, Massachusetts we think, and in a long conversation we had with him, never claimed to have lived in Ohio. We understand that he has a brother living in Ashtabula County, where he remained some time. A family of Browns, the lead of whom, Captain Jim Brown, was indicted for counterfeiting and sent to the Penitentiary, who lived in Portage County, may have led to the error, by confounding one scamp with another.

Since the above was in type we have received the Summit County Democrat, whose editor says that Brown formerly lived two miles west of Akron, immediately previous to his going to Kansas.

A bolder or worse man, than that same Ossawatimie Brown, the world never knew. His single virtue, "linked with a thousand crimes," was bull-dog courage. Fanatic to the highest degree—a pupil, in politics, of the Giddings school, he has been taught to believe that the killing of a slaveholder was an act which God would approve. When in this city last spring, in his lectures, he told of his stealing negroes and running them to Canada—of his stealing horses, which he then had with him for sale—of his shooting down slaveholders, and of other acts equally atrocious. And now, said Brown, "I wish to know if the people of Cleveland approve of what I have done. Those who approve of my acts will say *Aye*," and more than one-half of his audience, composed of Abolitionists, shouted "Aye," while not a single *Nay* was uttered by any one present.

BY STANISLAW KING OF POLAND.

It is one of the great effects of Providence, that every nation, however miserable it may be, fancies that happiness cannot be found elsewhere.

The best way for some to console themselves for their ignorance is, to believe useless all that they do not know.

Can princes born in palaces be sensible of the misery of those who dwell in cottages?

Patriotism is nothing more than the sentiment of our welfare, and the dread of seeing it disturbed.

Everything, even piety, is dangerous in a man without judgment.

Reason has an occasion for experience, but experience is useless without reason.

Conscience admonishes as a friend, before punishing us as a judge.

To believe with certainty we must begin with doubting.

I cannot comprehend how death is so cried down, and, at the same time, so common. There is no man but is afraid of being deceived, and yet, on the least opportunity, endeavors to deceive others.

I would be glad that there was a less distance between the people and the great. The people then, not believing the great to be greater than they are, would fear them less; and the great, not imagining the people more insignificant and miserable than they are, would fear them not.

If beauty knew all the advantages of the modesty that heightens its charms, it would not constantly expose it to so many dangers.

Why fly from the unhappy? Their state makes us more sensible of the value of the happiness we possess.

To suppose courage in a coward, is to inspire him with courage in effect.

To make the principle of our conduct consist in the necessity of duty, is to make it very hard and painful, and to expose ourselves constantly to the desire of breaking through it.

How many people make every thing their business, because they know not how to occupy themselves in any thing.

Experience, acquired by faults, is a very costly master.

We are fond of conversing with those we love, why therefore cannot man, who loves himself so well, remain a moment with himself.

It is not astonishing that the love of repose keeps us in continual agitation?

In all sorts of government man is made to believe himself free, and to be in chains.

The less we require from others the more we obtain. To exercise authority too much is the way to lose it.

He who possesses a great deal is not the most happy; it is he who desires little, and knows how to enjoy it.