The American Bonaparte.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF FRANCE AND ITS CONNECTION IN BALTIMORE.

The Louisville Courier-Journal has the following: "The revolutionary movements which are now going forward in France invest the Napoleonic dynastic with additional interest. Prince Pierre Bonpnarte, who has caused the pot to boil so fiercely, is a son of the Great Emperor's brother Lucien, who was considered the ablest of the family next after Napoleon. The present Emperor is regarded by many as not a Bonaparte at all, but the son of a Dutch Admiral by Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter of Josephine. Louis Bonaparte was forced by his brother to marry Hortense. He was in love with another woman, and withal a dreamy sort of person. Those who believe in the operation of a principle of poetic justice running the progress of history, make mention of the fact the grandson of Josephine, and not of Napoleon, now rules in France as proof that the "whirligig of time brings in his revenge." Josephine once said, "My progeny shall be supreme." But Josephine was not the only woman who was ill-used by the Imperial Corsican. Nor was she the only one who cherished hopes of a divine revenge through her descendants. And hereby hangs a tale.

In 1803 Jerome Bonaparte, then in command of a French frigate, landed in New York. As the brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, he was received with distinction, and was most hospitably entertained wherever he went. While in Baltimore he met Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a wealthy merchant of that city, and married her on the 24th of December of the same year. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Carroll, of the Catholic Diocese of Baltimore, a brother of the distinguished Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. The marriage contract was drawn up by Alexander Dallas, afterward Secretary of the Treasury, and was witnessed by the Mayor of Balti- and several other official personages. After remaining in the United States about a year Jerome Bonaparte and his wife embarked for France in an American ship.

In the meantime Napoleon to whom the marriage of his brother gave great offense, had ordered that the newly married pair should be permitted to land at no port over which France exercised authority. They, therefore, landed at Lisbon, where Jerome left his wife, directing her to proceed to Amsterdam, and went to Paris with the hope of prevailing upon Napoleon to recognize his marriage; but this Napoleon refused to do, at the same time upbraiding his brother for daring to marry without his consent. On arriving at Amsterdam, whither she went in an American ship, Madame Bonaparte was confronted with Napoleon's order forbidding her to land. She then sailed for England, where she took up her residence at Camberwell, near London. And here, on the 7th of July, 1805, was born her only child, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, now living in Baltimore.

Napoleon had determined that his brothers should marry among the princesses of Europe, and all efforts to induce him to recognize the wife of Jerome were in vain, and Jerome was at last forced to yield to the wishes of the Emperor, and marry the Princess Frederica Catharine, of Wurtenburg Madame Bonaparte met her husband but once afterward, and then no word passed between them. It was in the gallery of the Patti palace at Florence, in Italy. The Princess was leaning on the arm of her husband when the meeting took place. Jerome started aside on recognizing Madame Bonaparte, and a moment afterward whispered to the Princess, "That lady is my former wife." He immediately left the gallery, and the next morning quitted Florence.

Although Napoleon declared the marriage of Jerome and Miss Patterson, null and void, he could never induce the Pope to so declare it, and a few years ago, when the question as to the rank in which the Bonapartes of Baltimore were entitled as Princess of the Imperial household was up for decision, the protes of the Pope against the decree of Napoleon was brought forward.

Soon after the birth of her son Madame Bonaparte returned to Baltimore, where she has principally resided ever since, in the enjoyment of a large fortune. She was about eighteen years of age when she first met Jerome Bonaparte, and is now about eighty-five. She was always a great admirer of Napoleon, in spite of the cruel manner in which he treated her. It is said that she believes that her grandson will yet be Emperor of France.

Madame Bonaparte's son Jerome Napoleon, now in his sixty-fifth year, has lived in Baltimore since boyhood. He was educated at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1826. He afterward studied law, but never practiced at the bar. When quite a young man he married a very wealthy lady, Miss. Susan Mary Williams, originally of Roxbury, Mass., and has since devoted his time to the management of his large estate, and to agricultural pursuits. His own fortune, added to that of his wife, made him one of the wealthiest men in Baltimore. He visited his father several times in Europe, and for many years received from him a large allowance. He is on good terms with Louis Napoleon, and has once visited the French Court, accompanied by one of his sons, upon an invitation from the Emperor. During the reign of Louis Philippe he was permitted to remain in Paris for a short time, but was required to assume his mother's name of Patterson.

Mr. Bonaparte has two children, Jerome Nopoleon, who was born in Baltimore in 1832, and Charles Joseph born in 1852. The first named graduated at West Point at the age of twenty and after remaining a short time in the United States army resigned his commission and entered that of France as a sub-lieutenant. He was with the French and English allies in the Crimea, and received a decoration from the Sultan of Turkey for his gallant conduct at the siege of Sebastopol.

Mr. Bonaparte is said to bear a strong personal resemblance to his uncle, the first Napoleon. If the validity of his father's marriage with Miss. Patterson were recognized by the Court of France, it would give him and his children precedence over his half brothers and their sister, the Princess Mathilde, the children of Jerome by his second wife. Efforts to secure such recognition have been made on perhaps more than one occasion, but they failed; though how far they fell short of success has never been known to the public, Jerome himself, who died at a venerable old age a year or two ago, bitterly opposed all such efforts to obtain precedence for the Baltimore Bonapartes, and would acknowledge them only by the name of Patterson.

The scrimmage now going on in Paris is peculiar The American Bonapartes are Republicans, and so are the agitators in the Corps Legislatif. It may afford some of them an opportunity, and a Patterson may yet occupy the Tuileries as a Prince President just as Louis, a Beauharnais, occupied the palace in 1848 At all events the story is worth retelling as more or less apropose of transpiring events in France to which the Bonapartes, their past, present and future, bear such close relation. Jerome Bonaparte acted badly enough to Mis Patterson. Nor has his family done much better It would be a piece of poetic justice if Time should balance the account.

More Literature of the Lash.

Things appear to be coming to such a pass that the man or woman who hasn't thrashed, or attempted to thrash his or her editor is inclined to fear that popular opinion will set him or her down as one of those unhappy persons who have lived in vain. Lydia Thompson is already out with the first edition of her "Literature of the Lash," and on Tuesday last Mr. W W. Leland laid the foundation for the first edition of his. It was on that day

He made the walking-stick surpass
The conqu'r's sword in bearing fame away.

There is no telling how soon millions of other ambitious men and women may follow these examples. Well may the preacher, in view of these facts, say to the fourth estate, "See, then, that ye walk circumspectly."

Mr. George Wilkes, Mr. Leland's victim, is the editor of the Spirit of the Times, and the guide, philosopher and friend of the sports, bummers and dead-beats of New York. In his paper of last Saturday, he published a long editorial article upon Leland, of which the following is a brief sample:

It is but true that Major Wm, W. Leland would recellect anything that he might have to do for a five dollar note. He [Major William W. Leland] is a notorious swindler and scoundrel, whose infamy is as common as the air. He would not be believed on oath by any jury in New York, and, adding beastly cowardice and brutishness to his dishonesty, is discountenanced even by his own brothers for his cruel beatings and kickings of a wife who, in addition to being adorned with every womanly virtue, has borne him several children.

To read this, to arm himself with an oak stick with a heavy knob on the end of it, and to go "walking down Broadway" in search of somebody to thrash, was, with Mr. Leland, far less than the work of a week. He seems to have accomplished the whole thing, thrashing and all, within about three days and a half. The first blow took Wilkes over the head, stunning him considerably, and was followed up by others, one of which knocked Wilkes down and broke the stick. The licks were intended to hurt, and caused the "claret" to flow as handsomely, it is said, as Wilkes ever saw it while acting as bottle-holder for a four-penny champion of the light weights.

The moral of this pretty little fairy-tale is that the manufacture of horse-whips and walking sticks ought to be abolished by law, or Congress should at once impose such tariff restrictions upon the importation of Lydia Thompsons and W. W. Lelands as would amount to an actual prohibition.—[Courier-Journal.

Baby.

The perfection of the providence for childhood is easily acknowledged. The care which covers the seed of the tree under tough husks and stony cases provides for the human plant the mother's breast and the father's house.—The size of the nestler is comic, and its tiny, beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the happy, patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high reposing Providence toward it. Welcome to the parents the puny struggle, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or, more beautiful, the sobbing child—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation—soften all hearts to pity, and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. His flesh is angels' flesh, all alive. "In fancy," said Coleridge, "presents body and spirit in unity; the body is all animated." All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon house, sputters and spurs and puts on his faces of importance; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. By lamplight he delights in shadows on the wall; by daylight, in yellow and scarlet. Carry him out of doors—he is overpowered by the light and by the extent of natural objects, and is silent. Then presently begins his use of his fingers, and he studies power—the lesson of his race. First it appears in no great harm, in architectural tastes. Out of blocks, thread-spools, cards and checkers, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Pailadio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senoir countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no senoirity of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, grandsires, grandmas, fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.—[Emerson.

IN A HURRY.—"Progress" is evinced in many parts of this country by remarkable events:

The wife of a Tompkins county (N. Y.) farmer died on Saturday, April 5th; on the Sunday following he married his servant girl; on Monday the newly wedded pair attended the dead wife's funeral; on Tuesday the 'bran new' wife gave birth to "such a dear little baby!"

YERGER.

HIS ESCAPE FROM PRISON AND HOW IT WAS EFFECTED.

The public was somewhat surprised at an early hour on Sunday morning last by the announcement that E. M. Yerger had escaped from jail, and various and contradictory were the conjectures and rumors that prevailed during the day concerning the event.

It appears that the prisoner had become impatient under the several postponements of the hearing of his petition for bail, under writ of habeas corpus, and was especially indignant toward his counsel on Saturday last for having agreed to the postponement of the case for still another month. He determined to make his escape, and intimated as much to his counsel, and perhaps to others. When the prisoner was placed in the custody of the sheriff he was confined as other prisoners; but the rules of the jail were greatly relaxed in his favor on the pledge of his counsel that he would not attempt to escape, or avail himself of any opportunity of doing so. After the proceedings of Saturday, and the threat of the prisoner to escape, the sheriff was notified by his counsel that they would no longer be responsible for his remaining in confinement. Acting upon this notice, Sheriff Lake and his deputy visited the jail about 11 o'clock on Saturday night, with a view to securely locking up the prisoner. They found him insensible from drink, or feignedly so, and could not remove him to a cell without lifting him bodily. They very reasonably concluded that he would be harmless until morning, and so left him. For all this, and the general management of the jail, Sheriff Lake has been made the subject of much gross and absurd abuse. We are no champion of his or any other appointees of the late General Ames, but, occupying an important public office as he does, we are surprised to see such wholesale denunciation of him from a quarter where his loyalty should have been better understood and better appreciated. The appointment of Mr. Lake to the office of sheriff was only one of many other outrages perpetrated upon our people, but that he has not been efficient and faithful in the discharge of his duties has been first discovered by brethren of his own political household. In our opinion, Mr. Lake did precisely what any other sheriff would have done with any other prisoner alike charged before the law, when importuned by respectable and responsible counsel, and when like pledges for good faith on the part of the prisoner were made him. He was nevertheless, legally responsible for the safe-keeping of the prisoner; but certainly there appears no ground for criminal connivance on the part of the sheriff, as has been uncharitably, and we believe unjustly, insinuated against him.

The prisoner left the jail about 5 o'clock a. m., having evidently scaled the high plank fence by the aid of a barrel, box and bucket placed against it. The fence is about twenty feet high. It seems that he had prevailed upon the jailor to go to the market-house near by to procure him a cup of coffee, and during his absense made his escape. He proceeded up President street, to the residence of Mrs. Buck, which he entered visiting several rooms and inquiring for a friend. He continued up that street, and when just North of the penitentiary wall met a gentleman on horseback. This proved to be Mr. Wilson, now occupying the residence of Mrs. Clark. He was on his way to market. He spoke to Yerger, asked him how he was getting along, etc., supposing that he had been admitted to bail and was taking a morning walk. He asked Mr Wilson to dismount, to which the latter objected, remarking that sickness in his family required him to hasten back from market. Yerger then ordered him to dismount, and, getting on the horse, rode off with all possible speed. As soon as the sheriff was informed of his flight, couriers were dispatched in all directions, and armed guards were employed during the day in searching private residences under the belief that he was yet within the city limits. A liberal reward will doubtless be offered for his apprehension, and no effort will be spared to obtain it.

Mr. Yerger certainly could not have been advised by and of his friends to take a step so exceedingly foolish. All the probabilities were that in a few weeks he would be admitted to bail until such time as the crime of which he stands charged could be fairly and dispassionately considered by a jury of his countrymen. He now occupies the undignified and unenviable attitude of a fugitive from justice, with the chances of arrest and re-incarceration greatly against him.

Since the above has been put in print we learn that he, Yerger, has returned and given himself up to the authorities.—[Jackson (Miss.) Clarion.

YERGER'S LETTER TO GOV. ALCORN.

MEMPHIS, March 23.—Yerger has addressed the following letter to Governor Alcorn:

JACKSON JAIL, MISS. March 23, 1870.

SIR:—Learning that the Sheriff and his subordinates, and perhaps yourself, have been censured for my escape, and unwilling that injustice should rest in any quarter, I voluntarily return to prison. Wearied almost beyond endurance with long confinement, my mind tortured by supposed unnecessary delay in bringing my case properly before the court, I was possessed with an ungovernable desire to breathe the air of freedom. I always intended to return and stand trial. If I have violated the law, I will not shrink punishment, and now await the action of the authorities. I prefer returning and enduring any suffering rather than innocent persons should suffer for my acts. E. M. YERGER.

☞ In the good old times just after the revolutionary war, the patriotic citizens of Braintree, Mass., heard a sad rumor about the widow of one of the most eminent revolutionary leaders residing in Boston, and sent one of their number to see about it. He dressed himself in his well-kept Continental uniform, cocked hat and all, called on her, and proceeded at once to business, saying that he had been deputized to ascertain if it was true, as reported, that she was about to marry Captain S. She informed him that the report was true. "But," said the horrified messenger, "do you know that he is an Englishman?" The lady told him that she was well aware of that fact; but most assuredly it would not change her purpose. "Then," said the now irate Continental—"May God forgive you; the town of Braintree never will."

HEROISM.

WE fall into the abysses, saying to the Almighty, "Why hast thou made me so weak?" But notwithstanding our vain pretext, he addresses our consciousness, saying, "I have made thee two weak to rise from the pit, because I made thee too strong to fall therein."—*Rousseau.*

To every living being a way is appointed and duties given. Over each life there reigns a law, which it is the end of being to fulfill. From the workings of this law there is no escape,—every action has its antecedent and consequent, and a rigid logic follows as step by step. We mourn the wreck of a man, and soften our sentence by saying, "An evil star ruled his destiny," "Fortune was adverse to him," etc. Thus we wrong our natures, and ascribe our failings, not to ourselves, but to some unseen evil power. Fortune, Fate, Destiny! mere subterfuges under which we would conceal our cowardly inaction, the appeal of all weak minds. Man is his own star, and as is the strength of his soul, which he augments or dissipates at will, so can he conquer the most advise power. What a pretty thing we make of life! We throw away our opportunities like chaff, and then complain of the hardness of our lot; we yield continually to temptation until we lose all control over our wills, and then complain of our weak natures; we rush into the combat half armed, and think to come off victorious.

Few of us, indeed, appreciate rightly the deep significance of life. On one side we hear curses, on another prayers, but rarely strong, heroic words from a self-sufficing soul. The one universal aim seems to be rest, content. We have heard men, who having stifled all the high aspirations of their spiritual natures and narrowed themselves down to mere physical pleasures, say, "Thank Heaven, I no longer know care. I have plenty of food and raiment. At night I lie down on my bed of ease, and with the morrow I go on my way rejoicing. I rest. I am content. Poor fellow-mortals, why struggle ye after what is beyond your grasp? Why disquiet yourselves or be troubled that you have souls?—leave that to God and your church,—is it not enough that you have bodies?"

There is no greater sin than such contentment; it is passivity, ignorance, cowardice, stagnation, the tendency to nothing, death! All honor to the brave, heroic soul that stands up fearlessly and says, "I know not whence I came, nor whither I am going; but this I do know, that I live now, and so surely as I do live, will I live truly. No pleasure shall conquer me, and no pain subdue me. I am superior to both,—prepared as well for the profoundest depts as for the sublimest heights. Fellow-men, I ask but your love and good wishes; other help I need not; other help is not in your power to give."

Oh, friend, be thus heroid. What is evil fortune? Know you not you are your own chief enemy? Do men tempt you? your fault the yielding. Do they oppress you? your fault the submission. Look to it; the fault is in you! Though the foul fiends beset you in legions, they can do you no evil, so you will that they shall not; nor has any human being the power to harm you. There never was a human soul so weakly endowed by nature that it could not do royal battle with the ills of life. There never was an aim too high for any mortal "nor aught so sublime between heaven and him of which he is not capable."

If we would but acknowledge it, we are none of us innocent. Day by day we do violence to our souls; we shun the truth; we shirk our duties; we scorn what lies before us; we fret away our strength; and in the end we would fain sink into the arms of a merciful God, and yield up to him what we have made utterly useless.

Oh, friend, life is not easy; it is no child's play, but life is hard; it is one continual battle for the true and right. Nor does death mean rest,—it but make labor freer; it is but an enlargement of life's horizon. Shame on you, cowardly profligate, who waste it in idle dissipation! Shame on you who degrade its noble aims and shun the workings of its solemn problems! Say not, "I enjoy life; I do no harm; I give half my substance to the poor; surely the Lord will bless me hereafter."

Oh, man, thy soul is so shrunken and wasted that it will scarcely survive thy body, and there is no heaven for the! Say not, "I but endure life; its woes weigh heavy upon me. Surely the Lord will recompense me for my suffering." In vain. Heaven is only to be won by heroes. Suffering is good only so far as it strengthens; and want, so far as it leads to labor. To each one is given a soul. Let him make the most of it!—[Educational Gazette.

THE MAN THAT WOULDN'T BE HANGED.—The following incident has happened at Flessingue, in Holland: A wife, exasperated by the continual drunkenness of her husband, threatened him with death. Some days ago she attempted to put this threat into execution. There was but an attic above the sitting room. To this she ascended, made a hole in the floor, and passed a rope through it, one end of which fell to the floor below, while the the other remained fastened in the attic. She then descended, made a slip-knot in the rope, and awaited her husband's return. He at last arrived, and was much surprised to receive no reproaches on his bad conduct.

"There is something underhand here," thought he. "I must see."

We must premise that this scene took place in complete darkness. The husband, whose suspicion were roused, let himself fall into a chair and appeared to sleep profoundly. After some snoring, he felt a rope passed around his neck. He then understood the little trick that was to be played him, but did not move. His wife went up to the attic, and taking advantage of this moments respite, the drunkard relieved himself of his rope and fastened it to the foot of the stove, which soon went up to the ceiling with a frightful noise, caused by the fall of some crockery which was standing upon it.

The wife, thinking the noise was caused by the fruitless struggles of her husband, ran to the police office to declare that she had found her husband hung. The police arrived in hot haste and a candle was lighted, when all started back at the spectacle which presented itself. The stove was swinging gracefully in space, and the husband sat gravely smoking his pipe. Instead of a suicide, an attempt to murder was established against the wife, who was arrested.

COMMON SENSE SEWING MAchine. Simple, durable, cheap.—Price, only $18. Jos. McEvoy, Agent, Ice House Hotel.

TRY ST. JOHN'S COUGH EXPECTORANT.

The Game of Life.

Out of so dry a thing as the official statement from the Bureau of Statistics of imports of the United States, for 1869, it is possible to extract some suggestive incidents of that tangled web we call life. Here, in the grim lifeless figures that spread before us in almost endless profusion, are the records of our health and our sickness, our meat and drink, our faults and our vices, our pleasures and our toils.

To take them as they come, we first touch the article of amusements, and find that the duties last year on imported playing cards were $5,162.30, and those on chalk for billiard cues $309.50, a fearful exhibit of masculine vice, no doubt some fair one will think, but let her wait Her little eccentricities have a place in the picture. Beauty calls for $99,215,50 for beads, $71,820,25 for her fancy fans and $396,387 for the dressed feathers which decorate the little clam shells that the girl of the period puts upon her comely head under the name of bonnet.

Turning to the matter of drugs the physician will find an awful significance in a duty of $8,833,75 on ergo; of $227,491.88 for opium simple; and $158.718,75 on opium prepared for smoking. Calomel, on the contrary, with which the Faculty are said to dose, only calls for $1,354,60 and ipecac, $5,535, 50.

Coming to what we eat and drink, coffee pays a duty of $11,540,718,83; rice—thanks to the sublime policy of reconstruction which takes Cuff out of the field and sees him to making laws and constitutions—is imported in such vast quantities that the duty aggregate $895,610 63. Tea calls for $9,785, 438 88; molasses for $4,168,900 16, and sugar for $30,645,235 39 in which two latter items we see once more the fine effects of taking the negro out of the cane field and putting him to legislating like a learned cow.

Men's vices do not make so great a show as the constant harping on that theme would lead one to suppose, and it is with pleasure we mention the circumstance, inasmuch as it is a pet belief that the great mass of mankind are much better than we take them to be. Fusil oil, the gentleman who lately made such a sensation throughout the country, only calls for a duty of $10,310, which is a little remarkable considering the wonderful tales that have been spread abroad respecting his universal use and presence! For segars there is paid a duty of $1,237,556 07; for meerschaum pipes, $153,885 15, and for the dandy's walking stick, $13,085 80. This is not so very bad a record for the frivolities of man, but, says one, how about liquid? We are coming to that. On the brandy and the wine imported into the United States during the year 1869, the duty was $5,111,832 80.

This is terrible, of course, but it is also terrible to know that in the article of silk dresses alone, lovely woman calls for a duty of $5,951, 983 60 which rather "sees" men's toddies, and goes $800,000 better. Lovely woman's laces, also, cost $969, 537 65; her velvets $624, 212 31, and her dainty ribbons $2,249,799 58. Add to this the small miscellaneous item of $2,221,310 50 for silk mixed goods and the feminine exhibit rather overtops the male item of $6,771 60 on silk vestings. Human hair for chignons pays a duty of $128,680 20 and cordials, liquors, etc., $104,438 12. Railroad iron pays $3, 513,658 49 duty, and woolen dress goods $12 061,295 49. Diamonds and gems pay $190,728 20; Brussels carpets call for $1,166,337 19; perfumeries and cosmetics $227,223 10. Sugar candy for the little ones pays a duty of $5,429 45, and the canaries that trill so sweetly in our houses call for a duty of $31, 436 on the seed they eat.

And thus go the items which make up a duty on imports of $177,151,126 26 gold, for 1869. Truly a map of life and, by way of winding up this review in a manner to defend poor men, we give the duties in some chief articles used by him as compared with some of the few little cheap things required by lovely women:

DUTIES PAID—1869.

Masculine.	
Segars	$1,237,556 97
Brandy wine	5,111,862 80
Playing cards	5.162 30
Liquors	101,438 12
Fusil oil	10,310 00
Billiard chalk	309 50
Total	$6,469,609 69
Feminine.	
Ribbons	$2,249,799 58
Silk dresses	5,951,993 60
Fancy fans	71.820 35
Chignon hair	128.680 20
Beads	96,216 50
Lily white	69.026 00
Total	$8.579,536 23

DEMORALIZATION OF THE PEOPLE.—Wherever we go, in New Orleans or in the country, we see deplorable signs of demoralization among the people caused by Radical rule, and iniquitous laws.

Bribes, threats, self-interest, timidity, laws made to punish honest men and reward the unprincipled, rings, trimmers, corporations and fossil politicians join hand in hand to financially ruin, and morally and politically degrade the State.

And the true friends of the State, like Moses of old, have to contend against the Hittites, the Jebusites, the Warmothites, the Wickliffeites, the Ringites, the Congressites, and all the other ites who are working to impoverish the State and undermine the government. The political and financial rats are undermining the walls of the temple which war could not batter down.

But in our own Louisiana the most melancholy feature of all is the fact that too many of our own people, from interest, or spleen, or worse motives, secretly join hands with the corrupt Radical officers to make money and hurt their neighbors. Shame on those who thus prostitute their principles for base and ignoble purposes! Shame on those who, having a pique at a neighbor, and not the manliness to speak of it openly, should attempt to punish him through Radical instrumentalities.

Where are the true friends of the honor, the peace, the dignity and welfare of Louisiana? How many stand square in the ranks, and are ready to fight it out on this line, regardless of self-interest, or the character and magnitude of the opposition? Honest, true, and brave men are wanted, men who have hearts, and who, feeling that they are right, do not fear the face of clay.

Such men are not scarce. If they will but organize and work together, they will in the end win, and save the State. And the State was never in such danger as it is now, not even during the war. Never did she call so loudly, and in such tones of despair, for her friends to rally to rescue her from degradation and ruin.—[Franklin (La.) Planters' Banner.

HOW TO ATTAIN OLD AGE.—To celebrate your one hundred and fourth birthday, eat eighty-five grains of opium, daily, retire at six and rise at three Captain Lahrbush, of New York, has tried it and knows. At his birthday breakfast in New York the other day, after remaining at the table about three hours, and doing his duty there as any of the "boys" around him, Captain Lahrbush rose and said that it was his invariable habit to take a nap at that hour of the day, and he therefore begged to be excused, and hoped to meet the gentleman on a like occasion in 1871, whereupon his health was drank in a rare and peculiar wine imported by the host for the occasion, from a vineyard near the Cape of Good Hope, where the veteran Captain was formerly stationed.

JUST THE DIFFERENCE.—Roger B. Taney, was United States Chief Justice for 25 years. He entered upon the duties of the office a poor man, and died leaving his family of daughters literally without a penny. Two of them are clerks, and thus earn a livelihood. Mr. Stanton, left a wife and son in full health, a life insurance $75,000, to say nothing of $100,000 raised by private subscription. The Tribune, with all its clamor for economy, supports a gift of $6000 for the Stanton family. Had it been Taney's poor daughters instead of Stanton's well-off family it would have "died first" and such is the difference between Radical preaching and practice.—[N. Y. Express.

COMMON SENSE SEWING MAchine. Simple, durable, cheap.—Price, only $18. Jos. McEvoy, Agent Ice House Hotel.

DON'T WHIP A FRIGHTENED HORSE.—Never whip your horse for becoming frightened at any object by the roadside, for if he sees a stump, a log, or a head of tan bark in the road, and while he is eyeing it carefully and about to pass it, you strike him with the whip, it is the log, or stump or the tan-bark that is hurting him in his way of reasoning, and the next time he will act more frightened. Give him time to examine and smell all these objects, and use the war bridle to assist you in bringing him carefully to these objects of fear. Bring all objects, if possible, to his nose, and let him smell of them, and them you can commence to gentle him with them.

BUTTON ONIONS, FOR PLANTING, at H. ST. JOHN'S

☞ A good story is told of a Washington clergyman, who lately refused to buy Mark Twain's book. He was disgusted with it. "Why," said he to the agent, "the man who could weep at the tomb of Adam must be an idiot."

SEND TO HENRY ST. JOHN FOR

J. C. ROGERS,

Treasurer, In Account with Corporation of Alexandria.

1870.		Dr.
March 1.	To Balance	$1208 17
31	Licenses for March.	260 00
	Taxes for 1869	64 50
	Taxes collected by attorney W. A. Seay	104 75
	Tax on one dog	1 00
	Fines for March	10 00
	Wharfage for March,	225 00
		$1873 42
April 1.	To Balance	$1415 66

1870.		Cr.
March 31.	By paid warrant 59 P. T. Kerrigan, for lumber	$10 00
	60, Joel Goulden, painting roof Town Hall	40 00
	61, L. J. Bogan, collector	16 28
	62, Wm Prahm, percentage and arrests,	82 00
	63, J. W. Osborn, salary as Mayor	75 00
	65, J. W. Osborn, spikes, shovels, etc.,	24 30
	R. Kelsy, stre't work	50 50
	Sol Carnal, "	36 75
	Luke Mallens, "	32 65
	Chas Shaw, "	22 15
	Emanuel Murray, "	25 50
	" " board and lodging sick man	1 50
	E. Muray, hauling 1 load lumber	50
	J. Goulden & Bro., painting and numbering dray plates	1 50
	H. A. Biossat, 10 per cent on $225	22 50
	2½ per cent commission on $665 25	16 63
	By Balance	1415 66
		$1873 42

Approved: JAS. W. OSBORN, Mayor.
J. M. BARRETT, Comptroller.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD respectfully inform their friends and the sugar planters generally of the Parishes of Rapides and Avoyelles, that they are now prepared to set or repair kettles and boilers in the most approved style and best workmanlike manner.

Having had 26 years experience in this line of business, they feel satisfied that they will render satisfaction, and will guarantee that their work will be better, and by their style of setting boilers, economize more fuel than that of any other Mason in either Parish. Best of references given, if required.

GILES SMITH & SON.
January 12, 1870-tf.

E. HARDTNER,

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,

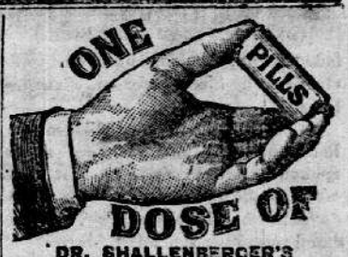
Pineville,

Near Alexandria, La

☞ Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. [Apl 6,'69-3m.

FOR SALE.

SEVERAL HUNDRED BUSHELS of pure Boyd Prolific Cotton Seed, raised from ONE seed planted in 1867. Price, $1 per bushel, at my gin.
March 16-tf. J. H. HYNSON.



DR. SHALLENBERGER'S

Fever and Ague ANTIDOTE

Always Stops the Chills.

This Medicine has been before the Public fifteen years, and is still ahead of all other known remedies. It does not purge, does not sicken the stomach, is perfectly safe in any dose and under all circumstances, and is the only Medicine that will

CURE IMMEDIATELY

and permanently every form of Fever and Ague, because it is a perfect Antidote to Malaria.

Sold by all Druggists.

B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

WHY IS IT THAT SO MANY children die under the age of five years? That a large proportion of children die under that age, has long been a subject of remark, and without a satisfactory cause ascertained, it is certain.

Also, it is known that worms exist in the human system from its earliest infancy; therefore parents, especially mothers, who are more constantly with their children, cannot be too observing of the first *symptoms of worms*; for so surely as they exist, can they be

SAFELY AND CERTAINLY

removed from the most DELICATE INFANT, by the timely use of

B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

It is perfectly harmless, contains no Mercury, being a

PURELY VEGETABLE COMPOSITION,

and may be administered with the UTMOST SAFETY TO CHILDREN OF ALL AGES.

Worm Confections, made more for the purpose of pleasing the palate than of overcoming the disease, have been manufactured all over the country, but their short lease of life is nearly exhausted, and B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge continues to grow in favor daily.

CAUTION

Should occasion require you to purchase B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, be particularly careful to see that the initials are B. A. This is the article that has been so FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1829, and purchasers must insist on having it, if they do not wish to have an imitation forced upon them.

SCHWARTZ AND HASLETT, FORMERLY B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S SON & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS,
Mch 2-1y. PITTSBURGH, PA

SPECIAL NOTICE.

STATE OF LOUISIANA, Auditor's Office, New Orleans, La., March 25, 1870.

To Michael Legras, State Collector of the Parish of Rapides:

Sir—Section 81 (82) of the Act No. 114, entitled "An Act to provide a revenue for the support of the State Government of Louisiana, and the manner of collecting the same," approved March 9th, 1869, is as follows, viz:

"Sec. 81 (82). Be it further enacted, etc., That the Auditor shall, annually, on the first Monday in May, cause to be sold by the State Collector of the Parish or District in which the forfeited lands may be situated, for cash, to the highest bidder, all land forfeited to the State, which shall not have been redeemed within two years. The State Collector shall give thirty days' notice of all such sales by publication in the official paper of the State, or in the official paper of the Parish or District, when there is one; if not, then in some published in the Parish or District, or where there is no newspaper, notice thereof to be posted at the Court House of the Parish. The money so collected shall be paid into the Treasury as other Taxes."

Your special attention is called to the requirements of the above quoted section, and you are hereby directed to carry its provisions into effect.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JAS. GRAHAM,
Auditor.

THEREFORE all persons who are delinquents for the year (1866) eighteen hundred and sixty-six, are hereby notified that unless they make immediate payment to me, at my office, in the Town of Alexandria, of all their tax dues for 1866, I shall expose their property at public sale on the first Monday of the month of May, 1870; the first Monday of said month be the second day in said month of May.

MICHAEL LEGRAS,
Apl 6-3t. State Tax Collector.

GRIST MILL at MRS. CANFIELD'S WAREHOUSE.

MEAL GROUND ALWAYS ON Saturdays.

Meals always on hand to exchange for corn—measure for measure.

Meal for sale always at wholesale—price of corn. CLARKE & BAINES.
Feb. 23d-3m.

STILL ON HAND

AND FOR SALE, AT BIOSSAT'S Warehouse—

PORK, LARD, CORN, OATS, BRAN, HAY, SUGAR, MOLASSES, FLOUR, MACKEREL, NAILS, SALT, LIME, CEMENT, POWDER, SOAP, ETC.

March 23, 1870-3t.

BEEF.

WE are prepared to furnish Red River customers with

Extra Family Mess Beef at	$20 00
Mess Beef	14 00
Railroad Mess	9 00

all warranted sound and to keep.

STONER BROS.
Shreveport, March 5, 1870.
March 16-1m.

For Sale!

THE desirable residence now occupied by the Subscriber. For particulars apply at the store of I. J. Howard, or

MRS. ELLEN L. B. HOWARD.
March 23-4t.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS—FOR sale by H. ST. JOHN.