

The Louisiana Democrat.

EDWARD A. BLOSSAT

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of \$1 50 per square for the first insertion and 75 CENTS for each subsequent one. Eight lines or less, constitute a square. The following are our rates to yearly Advertisers:

One Column..... \$300 00
Half Column..... 175 00
Third of Column..... 100 00
Fourth of Column..... 75 00
Cards, (occupying space of eight lines, or less,)..... 20 00
Obituary Notices, Marriages, Public Meetings, Cards of Thanks, etc., to be paid for as advertisements.

Personal cards, when admissible, charged double the usual advertisements.

NEW ORLEANS CARDS.

ESTABLISHED IN 1835

"And the flag of his country he nailed to the mast."—Old Song.



CASSIDY & MILLER, SAIL MAKERS,
100 Camp street, corner of Poydras, NEW ORLEANS.

MANUFACTURERS and Dealers in all descriptions of Canvas Work: such as Tents, of all sorts and sizes; Camp stools, Beds, Hammocks, Tarpauns, Wagon covers, Canvas tents, Canvas Hose, Mill Bands, &c., &c.

Also keep constantly on hand a large assortment of American, Foreign and Fancy Flags, Barges, Jacks, Pennants, &c. Pay strict attention to getting up, in superior style and finish, every variety of Plain, Silk or Fine Ornamental Banners, for military or other companies.

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SUCCESSORS TO

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MANUFACTURERS OF

COPPER, TIN AND SHEET-IRON WORK

Always on hand and manufacturing, Copper Stills and Worms, Chimneys, Breechings, Fire Beds, etc., built at short notice.

Plantation and Steamboat work promptly attended to.

(Mechanics' Row),
MAGAZINE ST., CORNER OF GIROD,
New Orleans.

oct 27-ly co

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No. 35 OLD LEVEE ST.,
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THE INSPECTION OF THE TRADE and buyers generally is specially invited to my complete and comprehensive stock of everything pertaining to the SHOE MANUFACTURING LINE. I keep constantly on hand the best French and American calfskins, moroccos, bindings, topplings, etc. Hemlock and Oak sole leather, English Serges, Webs, Elastic Gore, Binding Ribbons, etc. My arrangements in Europe and in this country enable me to offer the greatest advantages to the trade.

W. M. J. SHELDON,
36 Old Levee st.,
Between Bienville and Customhouse sts.,
Aug. 16, 1869-ly.

SPYKER & SANDIDGE,

Cotton Factors

Commission Merchants,
No. 39 Perdido st.,
Jan. 10-6m. NEW ORLEANS

H. HEATH,
DEALER IN—

Upholsters' Materials

WALL PAPER & CURTAIN GOODS
No. 99 Camp street,
Oct 6-ly co NEW ORLEANS

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PHENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Assets,..... \$5,000,000

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THIS old and reliable Company issues every desirable form of Policy. All Policies are non-forfeiting. It grants a loan of 50 per cent. of the premium on all tables, and pays 50 per cent. dividend annually on the same. "No deduction of notes from Policies." "It never litigated a claim." Pays its losses promptly. Cash rates, with dividends annually; also children's endowments.

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Manager

JOHN H. CARTER,
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Oct. 13, 1869-ly.

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ZABLE & DALTON,

DEALERS IN

STOVES, GRATES, HOLLOW-WARE

—and—

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

Manufacturers of

ALL KINDS OF TIN AND JAPANED WARE.

Agents for the Great Philadelphia Cooking stove,

"THE TIMES,"

115..... Poydras St.,..... 115

Between Camp and Magazine sts.,
NEW ORLEANS.

Agents for H. W. John's patent

Asbestos Roofing, Roofing Felt, Roof Coating, Preservative Paint, Metallic Paint and Asbestos Cement.

Send for Circulars.

dec 1-6m cr

TO INSURE LARGE CROPS

—USE—

Stern's Raw Bone Super-phosphate

—and—

FINE GROUND BONE,

The GREAT FERTILIZERS

LOUIS STERN & BROS.,

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dec 1-ly md

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E. J. HART & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS, IMPORTERS

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

GROCERIES AND DRUGS.

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Patent Medicines,

Nos. 73, 75, 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas st.,
NEW ORLEANS.

oct 27-ly cl

LANDRETH'S GARDEN SEED

—GROWN BY—

DAVID LANDRETH & SON.

THE attention of Merchants, Planters and Gardeners is requested to one of the largest and most complete assortment of fresh and reliable seeds ever offered in the South, and for sale in quantities to suit purchasers. Garden Almanac and Catalogue mailed free on application.

E. F. VIRGIN,
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98 Gravier Street,
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NEWTON RICHARDS,

No. 162 CUSTOMHOUSE ST.,
Between Dauphine and Burgundy streets,
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Stone and Marble

FOR all building purposes, including—

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Carb and Flag Stones, etc. Hydraulic Cement. Depot for sale of Richards' Cape Light—a superior quality for all the purposes of sugar planters. Masons, etc., manufactured at his MARBLE QUARIES, Mo. nov. 10, '69-ly cl 1/2

TO PLANTERS, MERCHANTS & GARDENERS!

MAUPHY'S SEED STORE,

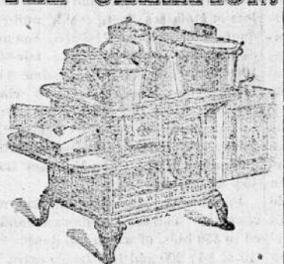
No. 76 GRAVIER STREET,
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PURE and Fresh Seeds of every description, suitable for planting the present season, at lowest prices, by the dozen, hundred or thousand papers, or bulk. Warranted Philadelphia grown seeds; Send for Almanac.

W. A. MAUPAY,
76 Gravier st. between Tchoupitoulas and Magazine sts. [Jan 26-6m E

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THE CHAMPION.



BUCK'S BRILLIANT

MOST DURABLE!

MOST ECONOMICAL!

LEAST COMPLICATED!

MOST EASILY MANAGED!

THE BRILLIANT was awarded the FIRST PREMIUM after actual trial in the field, at every St. Louis Fair since 1845.

After two days actual trial at the Louisiana State Fair, the Brilliant was awarded the Gold Medal for making the best bread with the least fuel in the shortest time.

Use no other! Buy no other!!

H. HALLER,

Sole Agent,
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NEW ORLEANS

—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

COOKING and Heating Stoves, Plain and Japaned Tinware, Stamped Ware and House Furnishing Goods of every description.

Sept. 22, 1869-ly.

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James, Buckner & Co.,

Cotton Factors

—and—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

COTTON AND WOOLEN GOODS,

COTTON YARNS,

Boots, Shoes, Barrels, Hogheads and Bricks,

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NEW ORLEANS

Sept. 15-ly.

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JOSEPH HOY & CO.,

Successors to

CARROLL, HOY & CO.,

Cotton Factors

—and—

General Commission Merchants,

No. 36 Perdido Street,
NEW ORLEANS.

Sept. 1, 1869-ly.

FIRST CLASS JOURNALS ONLY

J. Curtis Waldo,

ADVERTISING SOLICITOR,

office with

J. Wm. Davis, Real Estate Broker,
85 St. Charles st.,
(Masonic Hall)
New Orleans

REFER TO—Messrs. Townsend & Lyman, Saml. Smith & Co., B. T. Walsh, R. L. McKnight & Co., LEE HOWELL

R. L. McKnight & Co.,

Wholesale Dealers in Foreign and Domestic

Fruits, Nuts, Etc.

—and—

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

41 Front and 42 Fulton sts.,
New Orleans, La.

Consignments of Produce solicited and orders promptly attended to:
dec 15-6m cu 1/2

CARPET WAREHOUSE.

A BROUSSEAU & CO., IMPORTERS

19 CHARTRES ST.,
New Orleans, La.

OFFER for sale at low prices—Carpeting, English and American, of all kinds. Floor Furniture and Esquelled Oil Cloths. Matting, 500 rolls China, 100 pieces Green Window Shades, Table and Piano Covers, Crumb Cloths, Druggist Linen and Felt. Curtains, Lace, Reps, Worsted, Damask, etc. Furniture Covering, Linen and Cotton Stripes. Corncuts, Bands, Pins, etc.

H. P. BUCKLEY,

8 Camp St., New Orleans,
WATCHMAKER,

AND DEALER IN—

Fine Watches, Jewelry, Sil. o. ware & Spectacles.

ALSO

GUNS

—AND—

PISTOLS.

C. SAMPSON..... F. G. SAMPSON

Sampson Bros.

(Late C. C. Sampson)

Furniture and Chairs.

33 and 35 Royal st.,
NEW ORLEANS

Sept. 29-ly. (20)

PRIVATE BOARDING—Pleasant and well ventilated Rooms, with or without Board, can be had at No. 224 Canal Street, Corner of Franklin, New Orleans, La. Best of references given. Terms moderate.

Our Post's Corner—Selected

WHO WILL CARE?

When we lay beneath the daisies,
Underneath the churchyard mould,
And the long grass o'er our faces
Lays its fingers damp and cold;
When we sleep from care and sorrow,
And the hills of early life—
Sleep to know no more tomorrow,
With its bitterness of strife—
Who will care?

Who will come to weep above us,
On a still and silent breast,
Underneath the skies of summer,
When all nature's pulses thrill,
To a new life, glad and tender,
Full of beauty, rich and sweet,
All the world is clad in splendor,
That the years shall e'er repeat.
Who will care?

Who will think of white hands lying
On a still and silent breast,
Never more to know of sighing,
Ever more to know of rest?
Who will care? No one can tell us,
But if rest and peace befall,
Will it matter if they miss us,
Or if they miss us not at all?
Not at all!

SAVED.

A WIFE'S STORY.

Can a woman hinder fate? And could I hinder or stop the tide of love which came into my heart for Allan Starr? Did I not know the man as well, better than those who warned me against him? If he was in the wrong, then so much the more need of a love strong as death to set him right. How could I throw down that which had been sent to crown my life and, above all, how could I turn from him, since every step but increased the distance which might lie between us for "all eternity?"

Once, just once, he doubted me. He had heard that friends were trying to influence me against him, and in the heat of his mad passion he came up to see me. Anger, intense anger, and desperation were in his blazing eyes and the fiercest reproach upon his haughty lips, as he faced me, the first time he ever frowned upon me in all my life.

"So you have given me over, like the rest of them? I thank you," he said, in freezing tones.
"What do you mean, Allan," I asked.
"I mean that the one who dares to speak words which shall take you away from me, must be brave enough to face death itself; for I will—"
I sprang up and covered his quivering lips with both my hands.

"Don't say it, Allan," I cried. "I am yours always. Oh, do keep back the wicked words!"
He caught me in his arms and burst into tears.
I believe I never saw a man break down wholly before, and I never want to again. It was frightful to see my handsome, brave lover so shaken with stormy sobs. But I knew then how well he loved me; ah! I knew then.

When he was quiet, he made me get down upon my knees, and, with my hand lifted towards heaven, swear that I would be his forever, in spite of all that the whole world might say. I was glad enough to do it; afterwards, he added, with his hand clasping mine and both raised, "As I do by thee, so may Divine Justice do by me henceforth," though his terrible earnestness made me shiver a little. I was thankful to feel that we trusted each other at last and were past all doubting for ever.

We were married soon after, and our life began together. I knew well enough what mine would be. I had not come to a path full of soft, fragrant flowers. It was to be a fearful, if not a long struggle—likely both; for, either I must turn the current of my darling's life, or we should go down together. No earthly power could separate us now. But I was strong in the great love I bore him and my heart never once faltered.

For a month after our marriage he came home regular—his apparent occupation was head clerk in a well known firm; but I knew, oh pity! that his real employment was far enough removed from anything as honorable as that; but then he began to return later, until one, two, three and sometimes four o'clock would strike without bringing him.

I had resolved at first that I would always remain until he came, thinking that I might thus have more hold upon him. My business was to save him. Nothing was too hard to be done if I might but reach that goal at last. As I said, he began to return later now, and there grew to be a haggard look upon his face which was dreadful to see, since I knew, only too well, what brought it there. But I tried to be patient; and whenever he came, was careful not to make the slightest allusion to the lateness of the hour. It would not do with him. We sat down to supper, for I persisted in having it invariably at his return; and though I have seen his eyes fill many and many a time when he looked at me steadily as he had a way of doing, he did not

tell me his thoughts, and I pretended not to notice while I attended to his wants.

It is an awful thing for a woman to see the husband of her love going down steadily, but surely, before her frightened eyes, and she powerless to save. I had wondered once how miserable, ill-treated wives, whose husbands were scarcely fit to live, could cling to them; but though Allan was tender and kind when with me, I could understand now, by my own heart, how it was that they bore everything rather than separation.

A year went by, and no visible change came; but the constant anxiety told upon my face. I wanted to keep the signs back, but I could not.—Friends noticed it, and among them the aunt who had taken my dead mother's place. She had never liked my husband; and the anniversary of our marriage she came, in solemn state, to "inquire into matters," as she termed it.

"You are looking poorly, my child," she said, opening the subject at once. "Your marriage is, perhaps, unhappy?"
"There could not be a kinder husband than Allan," my face flushing in a moment. "He has never spoken a harsh word to me."

"But something has worn you to a shadow," she went on, ignoring my indignation; "and we all know that Mr. Starr is not what he ought to be."
"That was more than any wife should bear tamely. I rose at once."

"Such words must neither be addressed to his wife, nor spoken under his roof," I said, angrily.
"My home is open to you, nevertheless," she urged, with her keen eyes, which I hated, because I feared them, upon my face.

"My home is here, where my heart is," I retorted. "I desire no other,"—and with that our interview closed. Allan had heard in some way that my aunt had called; and he would not be satisfied until I had told him her exact words.

"She is right," he said, bitterly. "You would be far better off under her roof than under mine."
I knew he did it only to try me, for he had not the ghost of a fear that I should choose my home away from him.

"I did not think it fit to tell her so," I replied.
"But you believed it? You believed it, then?"
His breath seemed to stop with the intensity of his desire to read what was really in my heart, and he would have wormed the truth from me whatever it had been.

"No, I did not believe it, Allan," I responded, quietly, meeting and answering the questioning doubt which for the moment had leaped into his eyes. Wherever you are taking me to, your own soul tells you I am powerless, and must from choice follow."

"You are a good, true angel," he said, with a strange tenderness upon his lips; but though I was certain he loved me with a strong man's strength, he did not, alas! love me well enough to leave the gambler's den which was fast drawing him on to ruin.

Another year went by, another year of anxious dread and sorrow, and still another year was added to it, and all that love could suggest or ingenuity invent had failed in accomplishing my purpose. I was forced to acknowledge this, and the admission made me tremble. Was I indeed, then, to go down with this man to whom I was bound by all the ties which can bind a human heart to that of another, down to an endless perdition? Or could I break the cord and let him drift on alone? Drift on, out into the lonesome, boundless sea which swallows up its victims so pitilessly and leaves no sign?

"No, no," I cried, with my hands clasped over my horror-stricken eyes; to shut out the picture which my imagination so widely portrayed.

The fourth year after our marriage—four years seems like an eternity to travel such a road as I had been traveling—Allan came home at dusk; and while I wondered what had come over him to bring up the new and astonishing exultation which I saw upon his face, he led me into the library and stepped before a painting of myself, which had been one of my wedding presents from him.

"Four years ago that was an exact likeness of my wife," he said. "She has changed since then."
"But little, I trust," I answered.
"She became my wife freely," he went on; "knowing well that I was what the world calls, truly enough, a wicked man."

"Always good to me," I said, through my tears, laying my hand trustingly in his.
"Always cruel to you, my love, since he thought more of his own chosen sins than of your peace and pleasure. But the wife who loved me, thank heaven, and who has stood bravely by me, has conquered at last. For a year I have been a free man, free

and honest; and this is my New Year's present to you, best and truest of women."

I was sobbing in his arms, so thankful and happy, I thought heaven itself must have fallen to my feet. Our little child, who is fast getting towards his teens, would never believe his father had ever been other than the best of men, as indeed I hardly would myself.

I am thankful, every day of my life, that I listened to my own heart's promptings, instead of the counsel of those who meant, I know, to help me, but who would have ruined us both had their wishes been fulfilled.

NO ONE LIVES UNTO HIMSELF.—God has written upon every flower that sweetens the air, on every breeze that rocks the violet, on every rain drop that moistens the sprig of moss, upon the ocean that washes the white sand of the shore, upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, ay, upon the mighty sun itself, "None of you shall live into