PARISH DEMOCRATIC CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

J. G. WHITE,
W. L. Sanford, J. L. Walker,
J. W. Prescott, J. C. Wise.

WARD COMMITTEES.

ALEXANDRIA.

Dr. H. St. John, Mire Rosenthal,
John Began, Joseph Fellows,
Julius Levin, B. C. Duke.

PINEVILLE.

J. W. Johnston, R. A. Hunter,
G. Labat, W. B Harper,
W. L. Morgan, Thos. Dozier.

CHENEYVILLE.

J. O. Pickens, Branch Tanner,
P. F. Keary, Ezra Bennett
David Stafford. G B. Marshall.

LECOMTE.

K. M. Clark, Wm. Randolph,
Joseph Cruse, A. G. Tuck,
A. J. Hanna.

LAMOURIE.

N. C Weems, W. Polk,
C. L. Robinson, J. N. Rhorer.

BAYOU RAPIDES.

J. R. Andrews, J. W. Texada,
Robt. L. Luckett, D. T. Haworth,
W. W. Whittington, Jeff Gordon.

HOLLOWAY'S PRAIRIE.

Michael Deville, C. O. Harris,
L. D. Corley, Asa Bell,
J. A. Newell, Jacob Paul.

COTILE.

Lewis Texada, Henry Boyce,
Thos H. Bowles, Benj. Cooper,
Newton Blanchard, Wm. James.

HINESTON.

M. Paul, J. J. Swann,
Dr. Hobby, S. D. Williams,
C. Rougeat, Wm. Holt.

COMRADE.

James Groves, James Hicks,
Dr. Hamilton, L. C. Sweat,
Allen Lewis, Wm. Goines.

NEAL'S.

T. J. Gill, J. W. Moore,
Lewis Cooper, J. P. Eddleman,
M. H. Stanley, Mark Liles.

DENNIS SMITH'S.

D. A. Smith, H. M. Rogers,
Norman White.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
October 26th, 1870.

The elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska have resulted in a most terrible rebuke to the Radicals who have plundered the people and violated their plainest rights. Indiana leads the column of success.—Ohio has done nobly in defeating the Western protectionist Schenck and has largely reduced the Radical majority. Iowa and Nebraska have done likewise. Pennsylvania has made a gain of four or five Democratic Congressmen and would have done better had it not been for the Radicals manipulating the registry in such a manner as to deprive large numbers of Democrats from voting in Philadelphia, and that in connection with the vote of 5000 negroes, assured to them the election of two Members of Congress and the city ticket. The delegation from that State in Congress will be 11 Democrats to 13 Radicals, with a Radical majority of one in the State Senate and eight in the Assembly. Quite a change in the complexion of the Legislature. The result in Indiana, the election of a Democratic Legislature, will prevent Senator Morton's acceptance of the much hawked about English Mission, for in case he should accept, there would be an election for Senator in his place, and there is no doubt as to who would be elected; Ex-Senator Hendricks, not only being the favorite son of Indiana but also of the West, would, of course, be again sent to the United States Senate to adorn the position which is neither creditably nor gracefully filled by the spiteful and vindictive Morton. But as Morton loves not the Democracy, nor Hendricks either, he will perforce remain where he is, and the sixth or seventh party will be tendered the first foreign mission from this country, and possibly some second or third rate man may be persuaded or induced to forego his own self-respect and accept that which seems, in the minds of those who have refused the position, to be, at this juncture, a post without honor or credit.—It is given out that Secretary Cox, of the Interior, who has attempted some reforms in his Department and has been forced to resign on that account, will be let down easily by being offered the Mission which nobody else would have and which Morton cannot take. General Grant and General Cox are old friends, and Grant has always expressed a high regard for his friend, the Secretary, but the moment that two Senators, both men without reputations, except as scaly politicians. I mean Cameron and Chandler, with a pack of hounds at their back, began barking at the Secretary of the Interior, who is really actuated by the best of motives in his reforms. The President is willing to throw overboard his old friend and place the vacant place in the hands of those who are supposed to be able to control the action of the next Presidential nomination. Such ingratitude and contemptible meanness on the part of Grant is worse than the San Domingo job, the gold swindle, or appointing to office those who had "come down" handsomely for Houses, &c.

We have seen the first step taken preparatory to overawing the voters and carrying the elections in New York. The Radicals, during the last session of Congress, passed a bill giving the United States Marshal the power to appoint deputies to preserve the peace at elections. During the recent elections held in Philadelphia the deputies appointed by the Marshal interfered with the voters and were arrested by the Mayor's police. There was no violent breach of the peace; the Mayor, Mr. Fox, was on the ground, and the police were fully competent to preserve the peace, the troubles only existing at one precinct, and between the white and black voters; but the object of the bill was to accomplish a purpose, and the arrest of some of the Marshal's deputies was the desired pretext, and Marshal Gregory, formerly one of the Freedmen's Bureau officials, called out a detachment of United States Marines, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel James Forney, son of the delectable John W. Forney, and they took possession of the polls.—This grave outrage was complained of to the Governor, J. W. Geary, of the same tribe and kind, and there the matter rests. There was not the slightest cause for this flagrant violation of law and military usurpation, but it was done to prepare the people for the grand effort to carry New York by bayonets in the coming elections.—This effort at feeling the public pulse, if not resented by an appeal to the courts and rebuked, will be enacted vigorously in every Democratic election poll in New York City, and thus, if possible, carry out the designs of those who framed the bill of July 14th, 1870.

It is generally conceded that Christopher Columbus Delano, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, who, it seems from a tracing of Grant's genealogy, is a relation of the White House folks, is to step into Secretary Cox's shoes. If such is to be the case, and the *quid nunes* say so, it is only another evidence of Grant's total imbecility or debasement, or both. By the time that Simon Cameron and Zack Chandler have done running General Grant he will find himself worse off than a mariner at sea in a yawl without sail, rudder or compass. Poor Grant! stupid, selfish and ignorant as he is, he would have been much better off at the end of his term had he trusted entirely to chance and his lucky star than to have put himself in train for the Presidential race under the charge of such political jockeys as Zack and Simon.—The President has only arrived here from his excursh to Frederick, Md., when he is greeted with another junketing and trip to Georgia, and it is expected that his spreeship will leave here on Tuesday morning next. What a remarkable taste Ulysses has for galivanting, feeding and guzzling, and his friends lose no opportunity for indulging him.

A most remarkable phase of the election in Pennsylvania was the defeat of four ultra protectionists in the Western and middle portion of the State, including the Hon. D. J. Morrell, in a Radical District. Mr. Morrell has thousands of employees and is worth millions of dollars and yet could not be re-elected. When in the iron and coal districts of Pennsylvania, heretofore Radical, such a change comes over the spirit of the citizens, what must be expected from the agricultural districts of the West? The day has broke and the sun of Democracy is beginning to shine brightly. TREBLA.

VEGETABLE FLOWERS.—Boys and gials who live in the country will find the making of vegetable flowers pleasant. To make a bouquet of these flowers, take some white and yellow turnips, beats, carrots, and pumpkins, also some parts of cabbages. Gather from the woods mosss, laurel leaves, and other evergreens. Then, by the exercise of taste, ingenuity and a skillful use of the penknife, really beautiful flowers can be compiled of these. Take a white turnip, neatly peeled, notched, or cut down in leaf shape all around. Fasten it on a stick whittled into the proper shape for a stem. Surround it with green leaves, and behold, according to your design, an exquisite white camelia or a rose. Red roses, camelias or dahlias can be made in the same manner from beets, yellow flowers from carrots and pumpkins, mossrose buds from turnips and beets, by cutting them into the proper shape, and placing real moss around them. White or red flowers can be made from red or white cabbages. A friend of ours, one cold day in winter, had a lovely basket of flowers sent to her for a tea party.—There were two white japonicas; the chill they received turned them brown, and they fell to pieces. She was in despair. A cousin staying with her (unknown to her) cut two white japonicas out of white turnips, and placed them on the real japonica leaves. Her friend did not notice the basket until near tea time; then she was delighted, and exclaimed at their beauty, and wondered how the cousin got them. No one knew until the next day that they were only turnips.—[Optic's Magazine.

☞ Josh Billings, in his incomparable Alminax, suggests the probable reason why October is bound up in the last volume of the year.

October iz one ov the fall months.

Adam iz sed to have fell this month, but sich assershuns are like standing off half a mile in a cloudy day, guessing at the number of fleas on a dorg, more sincere than sartain.

The strongest attraksum for me in this month iz her natral cider; the man who don't admire good natral cider must be a condem phool.

Prepare for a hard winter during this month bi repenting ov yure sins and getting up a good big wood pile.

TO PRESERVE A BOUQUET.—A writer in the Western Rural says: Sprinkle it lightly with fresh water, and put it in a vase containing soap suds.—Each morning take the bouquet out of the suds, and lay it sideways in clean water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water.—Replace it in the suds, and it will bloom as freshly as when first gathered. The suds must be changed every three or four days. This method will keep a bouquet bright and beautiful for at least a month. Try it.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. PALMER.

DELIVERED IN NEW ORLEANS, AT THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE, ON THE DEATH OF R. E. LEE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I should have been better pleased had I been permitted to sit a simple listener to the tribute paid to the immortal chieftain, who now reposes in death, by the speaker who has just taken his seat. The nature of my calling so for separates me from public life that I am scarcely competent for the office of alluding to the elements which naturally gather around his career. When informed that other artists would draw the picture of the warrior and the hero I yielded a cheerful compliance, in the belief that nothing was left but to describe the Christain and the man. You are entirely familiar with the early life of him over whose grave you this night shed tears. His academic career at West Point, brilliant with such names as General Joseph E. Johnston; his seizure of the highest honors, long apprenticeship in that institution, and abrupt ascension in the Mexican war from obscurity to fame—all are too firmly stamped in the minds of his admirers to require even an allusion.

You are too familiar to need a repetition from my lips of that great mental and spiritual struggle passed not one night, but many, when abandonding the service in which he had gathered so much of honor and reputation, to lay his heart upon the altar of his native State, and swear to live in her defence.

It would be a somewhat singular subject of speculation to discover how it is that national character so often remarkably expresses itself in the single individuals who are born as representatives of a class. It is wonderful, for it has been the remark of ages, how the great are born in clusters—sometimes, indeed, one star shining with solitary splendor in the firmament above, but generally gathered in grand constellations, filling the sky with glory. What is that combination of influences, partly intellectual but somewhat more moral, which should make a particular country productive of men great over all others on earth and to all ages of time?

Ancient Greece, with her indented coast, inviting maritime adventurers, from her earlist period, was the mother of heroes in war, of poets in song, of sculptors and artists, and stands up after the lapse of centuries, the educator of mankind, living in the grandeur of her works, and in the immortal productions of minds which modern civilization with all its cultivation and refinement and science never surpassed and scarcely equalled.

And why in the three hundred years of American history it should be given to the Old Dominion to be the grand mother, not only of States, but of the men by whom States and empires are formed, it might be curious were it possible for us to inquire. Unquestionably, Mr. President, there is in this problem the element of race, for he is blind to all the truths of history, to all the revelations of the past, who does not recognize a select race as we recognize a select individual of a race, to make all history; but pretermitting all speculations of that sort, when Virginia unfolds the scroll of her immortal sons—not because illustrious men did not precede him gathering in constellations and clusters, but because the name shines out through those constellations and clusters in all its peerless grandeur we read the name of George Washington. [Applause.]

And then, Mr. President, after the interval of three-quarters of a century, when your jealous eye has ranged down the record and traced the names that history will never let die, you come to the name—the only name in all the annals of American history that can be named in the perilous connection—of Robert E. Lee. [Applause.] The second Washington. [Applause.] Well may old Virginia be proud of her twin sons. [Applause.] Born almost a century apart, but shining like those binary stars which open their glory and shed their splendor on the darkness of the world. Sir, it is not an artifice of rhetoric which suggests this parallel between two great names in American history; for the suggestion springs spontaneously to every mind, and men scarcely speak of him without thinking of a mysterious connection that binds two together.

They were alike in the pressage of their early history—the history of their boyhood. Both earnest, grave, studious—both alike in that peculiar purity which belongs only to a noble boy, and which makes him a brave and noble man, filling the page of a history spotless until closed in death—alike in that commanding presence which seems to be the signature of Heaven sometimes placed on a great soul when to that soul is given a fit dwelling place, alike in that noble carriage and commanding dignity—exercising a mesmeric influence, and a hidden power which could not be repressed upon all who came within its charm; alike in the remarkable combination and symmetry of their intellectual attributes, all brought up to the same equal level, no facility of the mind over lapping any other—all so equal, so well developed, the judgment, the reason, the memory, the fancy, that you are almost disposed to deny them greatness, because no single attribute of the mind was projected upon itself—just as objects appear sometimes smaller to the eye from the exact symmetry and beauty of their proportions—alike, above all in that soul greatness, that Christian virtue, to which so beautiful a tribute has been rendered by my friend whose high privilege it was to be a compeer and comrade with the immortal dead, although in another department and sphere—and yet, alike, Mr. President, in their external fortune so strangely dissimilar—the one the representatiue and the agent of a stupendous revolution, which it pleased Heaven to bless, and give birth to one of the mightiest nations on the globe; the other the representative and agent of a similar revolution, upon which it pleased high Heaven to throw the darkness of his frown; so that bearing upon his generous heart the weight of this crushed cause, he was at length overwhelmed; and the nation whom he led in battle gathers with spontaneity of grief over all this land, which is plowed with graves and reddened with blood, to render the tears of the widow over his cold grave. [Applause.]

But, sir, these crude suggestions, which fall almost impromtu from my lips, suggest that which I desire to offer before this audience to-night. I accept Robert E. Lee as the true type of the American man, and the Southern gentleman [Applause.] A brilliant English writer has well remarked with a touch of sound philosophy, that when a nation has rushed upon its fate, the whole force of the national life will sometime shoot up in one grand character, like the aloe which blooms at the end of a hundred years, shooting up in one single spike of glory, and then expires. [Applause.] And wherever philosophy, refinement and culture have gone upon the globe, it is possible to place the finger upon individual men who are the exemplars of a nation's character, those typical forms under which other less noble, less expanded, have manifested themselves.

Why, sir, that gentle, that perfect moderation, that self-command which enabled him to be so self possessed amidst the most trying difficulties of his public career, a refinement almost such as that which marks the character of the purest woman, were blended in him with that massive strength, that mighty endurance, that consistency and power which gave him and the people whom he led such momentum under the disadvantages of the struggle through which he passed.

Born above the general level of American society, blood of a noble ancestry flowed in his veins, and he was a type of the race from which he sprang. Such was the grandeur and urbaneness of his manner, the dignity and majesty of his carriage, that his only peer in social life could be found in courts and among those educated amidst the refinements of courts and thrones. In that regard there was something beautiful and appropriate that he should become in the later part of his life the educator of the young. Sir, it is a cause for mourning before Heaven to-night, that he was not spared thirty years to educate a generation for the time that is to come; for as in the days when the red banner streamed over the land, the South sent their sons to fight under his banner and beneath the wave of his sword, these sons have been sent again to sit at his feet when he was the discipline of the Muses and the teacher of philosophy. [Applause.] Oh, that he might have brought his more than regal character, his majestic fame, all his intellectual and moral endowments, to the task of fitting those that should come in the crisis of the future, to take the mantle that had fallen from his shoulders and bear it to the generations that were unborn.

General Lee I accept as the representative of his people, and of the temper with which this whole Southland entered into that gigantic, that prolonged, and that disastrous struggle which has closed, but closed as to us, in grief. Sir, they wrong us who say that the South was ever impatient to rupture the bonds of the American Union. The war of 1776, which, sir, has no more yet written history than has the war of 1861 to 1865, [Applause] tells us that it was this Southland that wrought the revolution of 1776. [Applause.] We were the hiers of all the glory of that immortal struggle. It was purchased with our blood, with the blood of our fathers, which yet flows in these veins, and which we desire to transmit, pure and consecrated, to the sons that are born to our loins. [Applause.] The traditions past of the sixty years were a portion of our heritage, and it never was easy for any great heart and reflective mind even to seem to part with that heritage to enter upon the perilous effort of establishing a new nationality.

Mr. President, it was my privilege once to be thrilled in a short speech, uttered by one of the noblest names clustering upon the roll of South Carolina; for sir, South Carolina was Virginia's sister, and South Carolina stood by Virginia in the old struggle as Virginia stood by South Carolina in the new [applause] and the little State, small as Greece, barren in resources but great only in the grandeur of the men, in their gigantic proportions, whom she, like Virginia, was permitted to produce—I heard, sir, one of South Carolina's noblest sons speak once thus: "I walked through the Tower of London, that grand repository where are gathered the memorials of England's martial prowess, and when the guide, in the pride of his English heart pointed to the spoils of war, collected through centuries of the past, said, this speaker, lifting himself upon tip-toe that he might reach to his greatest height, I said, "you cannot point to one single trophy from my people, or my country, though England engaged in two disastrous wars with her." [Applause.] Sir, this was the sentiment. We loved every inch of American soil, and loved every part of that canvas (pointing to the Stars and Stripes above him) which, as a symbol of power and authority, floated from the spires and from the masthead of our vessels; and it was after the anguish of a woman in birth that this land that now lies in her sorrow and ruin took upon herself that great peril, but it is all emblamatized in the regret experienced by him whose praises are upon our lips, and who, like the English Nelson, recognized duty engraved in letters of light as the only ensign he could follow, and who, tearing away from all the associations of his early life, and abandoning the reputation gained in the old service, made up his mind to embark in the new, and with that modesty and that firmness, belonging only to the truly great, expressed his willingness to live and die in the position assigned to him.

And, sir, I accept this noble chieftain equally as the representative of this Southland in the spirit of his retirement from the struggle. It could not escape any speaker upon this platform to allude to the dignity of that retirement—how from the moment he surrendered, he withdrew from observation, holding aloof from all political complications and devoting his entire energies to the great work he had undertaken to discharge. In this he represents the true attitude of the South since the close of the war—an attitude of quiet submission to the conquering power, and of obedience to all exactions—but without recoiling from those great principles which were embarked in the struggle, and which, as the convictions of a lifetime, no honest mind could release. [Applause.]

Sir, all over this land of ours there are men like Lee—not as great, not as symmetrical in the developement of character, not as grand in the proportions which they have reached, but who, like him, are sleeping upon memories that are holy as death—[applause] and who, amidst all reproach, appeal to the future, and, to the tribunal of history, when she shall render her final verdict in reference to the struggle closed, for the vindication embalmed in that struggle. [Applause.] We are silent, resigned, obedient, and thoughtful, sleeping upon solemn memories, Mr. President; but as said by the poet preacher in the Good Book, "I sleep, but my heart waketh," looking upon the future that is to come, and powerless in everything except to pray to Almighty God who rules the destinies of nations, that those who have the power may at last have the grace given them to preserve the constitutional principles which we have endeavored to maintain. [Applause.] And, sir, were it my privilege to speak in the hearing of the entire nation, I would utter with the profoundest emphasis this pregnant truth that no people ever traversed those moral ideas which underlie its character, its constitution, its institutions and its laws, that did not in the end perish in disaster, in shame and in dishonor. [Applause.] Whatever be the glory, the material civilization of which such a nation may boast, it still holds true that the truth is immortal, and that ideas rule the world. [Applause.]

And now, sir, I have but a single word to say, and that is that the grave of this noble hero is bedewed with the most tender and sacred tears ever shed upon a human tomb.

I was thinking in my study this afternoon, striving to strike out something I might utter on this platform, and this parallel between the first Washington and the second occurred to me. I asked my own heart the question, would you not accept the fame, and the glory, and the career of Robert E. Lee just as soon as accept the glory and career of the immortal man who was his predecessor.]Applause.] Sir, there is a pathos in allen fortunes which stirs the sensibilities and touches the very fountain of human feeling. I am not sure that at this moment Napoleon, the enforced guest of the Prussian King, is not grander than when he ascended the throne of France. There is a grandeur in misfortune, when that misfortune is borne by a noble heart, with the strength of will to endure, and endure without complaining or breaking. Perhaps I slip easily into this train of remarks, for it is my peculiar office to speak of that chastening with which a gracious Providence visits men on this earth, and by which he prepares them for heaven hereafter; and what is true of individuals in a state of adversity is true of nations when clothed in sorrow. Sir, the men in these galleries that once wore the gray are here to-night that they may bend the knee in reverence at the grave of him whose voice and hand they obeyed amidst the storms of battle—the young widow, who, but as yesterday, leant upon the arm of her soldier husband, but now clasps wildly to her breast the young child that never beheld its father's face comes here to shed her tears over this grave to-night—and the aged matron, with the tears streaming from her eyes as she recalls her unforgotten dead, lying on the plains of Gettysburg, or the heights of Fredericksburg [applause], now, to-night, joins in our dirge over him, who was that son's chieftain and guide, and counselor and friend.

A whole nation has risen up in the spontaneity of its grief to render the tribute of its love. Sir, there is a unity in the grapes when they grow together in the clusters upon the vine, and holding the bunch in your hand you speak of it as one; but there is another unity when you throw these grapes into the wine press, and the feet of those that bruise these grapes, trample them almost profanely beneath their tread, and the rich, warm, ripe, red blood flows together in the communion of pure wine: and such is the union and communion of hearts that have been fused by tribulation and sorrow, and that meet together in the true feeling of an honest grief to express the homage of their affection, as well as to render a tribute of praise to him upon whose face we shall never look until on that immortal day we shall behold it transfigured before the Throne of God. [Applause.]

The Secret of Pocket-Picking.

A short time ago, says one of our Exchanges, while our reporter was visiting a Town in the interior, he made the acquaintance of a well-to-do farmer, who, after making some inquiries in regard to the growth and prosperity of Detroit inquired if there were any pick-pockets in the city. The reply was of course in the affirmative. The farmer laughed quietly a moment, and then said:

"I don't often tell my first experience in seeing the lions of your city, but I am not as sensitive over it now as I used to be and I'll tell you all about it. Some years before my father died he went to New York city on business, and while there he purchased himself a gold watch. He wore it as long as he lived, and when he died, a few years ago, it came to me. Of course I was strongly attached to the watch, and not a little proud of it, especially when I put it in my pocket upon the occasion of my first visit to Detroit. I haven't any doubt that I looked at it a hundred times a day, and you will not be at all surprised when I tell you that I had not been in the city two hours before it was missing, chain and all.

"I informed the clerk of the hotel where I was stopping of my loss, and as I did not remember of being jostled by any one and could give no clue to the thief he said there was no use in calling in an officer. He advised me to offer a large reward for the return of the watch and add that no questions would be asked. I then put such an advertisment in the papers, and during the afternoon received a note informing me that if I would be at the corner of B——— and L——— street that evening at seven o'clock with the reward, ($100) my watch would be returned to me. The note also stated that I must come alone, and if during the day I made any attempt to inform an officer the writer would not meet me. That I would be watched all the time and the only way that I could recover my watch was by doing precisely as I advertised.

At seven o'clock I was at the spot indicated, and after waiting a few moments a well-dressed man in passing asked me the time of day. I replied that it was seven o'clock. At that he asked me to walk along with him a short a distance, and as we walked he inquired if I had brought the $100. I replied in the affirmative, when he handed me my watch, received the money, and was about to leave me, when I stopped him, and told him I would give him $10 more to tell me how he managed to pick my pocket.

Oh! said he, placing his finger on his lips, "you promised to ask no questions, but I would show you if it wasn't for that man standing over there on the corner. He is a detective officer and knows me," and the man pointed across the street.

"I looked in the direction he had indicated, but could see no one that looked like an officer, though there were plenty of people standing in that locality. That tall fellow with the stove-pipe hat is the one I mean; but I must be off. Good bye.

The man hurried off and I saw him disappear round the corner; then I again tried to see the tall fellow with the stove-pipe hat, but if he had been there he had disappeared, and I started for the hotel happy in again possessing my father's last present to me. At this thought I put my hand upon my vest pocket, where I had placed the watch a moment before, and the next instant you could have knocked me down with a straw, for the pocket was empty. The thief had indeed complied with my request, and shown me how it was done. I didn't advertise for it again and I came home without telling the hotel clerk about that evening's experience.

EVERY ANIMAL WANTS WATER.—Many of our dumb animals suffer extremely for want of nature's cooling and refreshing beverage. Horses and milch cows relish a supply of cool, fresh water, far more than we are wont to suppose. A pond of standing water is utterly unfit for a watering place for domestic animals of any kind. When horned cattle have access to a small pond having no outlet, the water will soon become so foul with the accumulations of fecal matter, that every animal will suffer from extreme thirst before it will drink at such a place—Watering troughs should be kept as clean and sweet as a milk pail. Offensive slime will accumulate every day in a watering trough, in hot weather—There should be a hole in the bottom of every trough, for the purpose of allowing the impure water to escape. Let a large cloth or swob be kept near the trough, with which the inside may be scrubbed out frequently. Milch cows cannot be expressed to yield a full supply of milk, unless they have constant access to pure water. A good milker will often drink a barrel of water every day during the hot weather of August. Soon after cows have filled themselves on grass, they will be thirsty; and if they cannot have access to water, the flow of milk will diminish. Work horses often suffer greatly for want of pure water, through the ignorance, heedlessness and laziness of employes. Teams are frequently required to drink with the harness on. If the surface of water is as high as their knees, horses may find no difficulty in drinking. But when the water is nearly as low as their feet, the collar will prevent a horse from drinking more than one or two swallows at a time. Sheep will live without water. But they will thrive much better when they are supplied with an abundance. Domestic fowls and even the birds should not be neglected in hot weather.

GRAND ECORE WEEKLY PACKET.

Leaves New Orleans every Tuesday at 5 P. M—Alexandria every Saturday at 12 M.

THE NEW AND FAST RUNNING STEAMER,

BERTHA

B. W. KAY.....Master
TOM. CLEMENTS.....Clerk

HAS been placed permanently in the trade, as above, and will leave punctually as advertised. For freight or passage apply on board or to

E. R. BIOSSAT, Agent.

Nov. 2-tf.

TO THE PEOPLE OF RAPIDES.

TAKE NOTICE THAT THE ROLLS for the years 1867 and 1868 are open at my office in the Town of Alexandria for collection, and all parties, person or persons indebted for State Taxes for those years (1867 and 1868) are hereby notified to come forward immediately and make prompt settlement of the same, in default of which, at the expiration of thirty days, the said taxes will be collected according as the law directs. All those wishing to save cost can do so by coming at once to the office and settling the same and obtain a receipt for their taxes. All persons having paid taxes for the year 1866, to James R. Andrews, are hereby notified to forward their receipts to me and get a duplicate for the same, so that I can make a final settlement of the said taxes of 1866, within forty days from this date.

M. LEGRAS,
Oct 19, 1870-4t. State Tax Collector

Ladies' Fair—St. James Church!

THE LADIES' FAIR FOR THE BENEfit of St. James Church will be held at Levin's Saloon on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, the 9th and 10th of NOVEMBER. Contributions are solicited from all quarters. Fancy articles should be sent in on Tuesday and eatables on Wednesday punctually. The following young gentlemen are requested to act as a committee to assist in decorating the saloon on Tuesday and Wednesday: Messrs. J. C. French, W. W. Whittington, Jr., W. Hynson, R. Maddox, Edward Hunter, Jacob Ringgold, A. McLauraine and W. S. Bringhurst. By order of

Nov. 2-2t. THE COMMITTEE.

$1000 REWARD.

I WILL pay one thousand dollars upon the conviction of the theif who stole from the Clerks Office, Alexandria, the testimony of Dr. Thomas H. Maddox and Mr. C. V. Ledoux in the case of J. Madison Wells Ex. vs. Montfort Wells et als. It can be of no use to other parties.

MONTFORT WELLS.

P. S.—There was a suit between the same parties, the papers were all on file in the Court at Natchitoches and they were stolen also. M. W.

Nov. 2, 1870-tf.

FIREMEN'S NOTICE.

MEMBERS of Pacific Fire Company No. 1 are hereby notified to appear at their Hall, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 2d—regular meeting. By order of

W. S. RIDGE, Foreman.
W. J. ROGERS, Secretary.

Cooper Wanted.

A COOPER wanted to make hogsheads for sugar. $1.50 per hogshead, board, will be paid. Also labor with take off a cane crop. $20 per month will to help be paid for good hands. For further information apply to

E. R. BIOSSAT.
Oct. 26-tf.

FOR SALE.

JUST RECEIVED, from St. Louis, at Biossat's Warehouse—200 Bbls. FLOUR and 25 Bbls. POTATOES.

Oct. 26th-3t.

Old Type

FOR SALE, SUITABLE FOR GIN METAL. Apply at the office of

THE DEMOCRAT.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,

LOWELL, MASS.

PRICE $1.00.

LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY,

(Name changed from La. State Seminary,)
BATON ROUGE, LA.*
Founded and Supported by the State of Louisiana.

NINTH SESSION,

Now in progress, will close last Wednesday in June, 1870. The next session will begin first Monday in September next, and will continue ten months.

ACADEMIC BOARD

Consists of a full corps of able Instructors in all branches of Literature and Science, usually taught in the best Colleges and and Universities.

COURSE OF STUDY

Embraces a Preparatory and an Academic Department, including a Literary, Scientific and Optional Course, a Special School of Civil Engineering and a Commercial School.

LIBRARY, APPARATUS AND CABINETS,

Well selected and valuable. The Geological and Mineralogical Cabinets, etc., the largest and most complete in the South, embracing the extensive collections of the late Colonel Wailes, of Mississippi, and the Cabinets of the Topographical, Geological and Botanical Survey of Louisiana.

ADMISSION

Granted to Cadets not under fifteen years of age, who know Arithmetic, English Grammar and Geography.

EXPENSES

Of every kind, except clothing, for ten months, $350; $200 payable in advance, balance February 1st; or by accepted Draft, at 8 per cent., for ninety days.—Payments may be made through the Canal or Citizens' Bank.

Cadets received at any time during the session and charged from date of entrance

DISCIPLINE,

Military, with daily drill. A battery of four guns will afford facilities for instruction in Artillery. Uniform of Cadet—Grey Cloth, to be had at the Institution at a cost of $25 00 per suit.

For further information, address,
D. F. BOYD, Superintendent,
May 1st, 1870. Baton Rouge, La.

☞ Office of the University, in New Orleans, at Swarbrick & Co.'s, No. 59 Camp Street.

* Until the rebuilding of the College edifice lately destroyed by fire, near Alexandria, the Institution is temporarily located at Baton Rouge, in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Location very healthy, and accommodations ample for a large number of Cadets. Number this session, 170.

May 25-1y.

ALEXANDRIA INSTITUTE.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION OF the Alexandria Institute for young ladies, will commence on the First Monday of September next. The large increase of public patronage will enable the Principal, Mrs. G. A. Canfield, to secure the services of an able corps of teachers; and to offer to parents the assurance that their children can receive at home every advantage of education which the most expensive schools of other States or Parishes could afford them; and also avoid the dangers and temptations too often attendant on a prolonged absence from the protecting and sanctifying influences of home. Mrs. Canfield hopes that the public spirit of the people of Rapides will continue to support an Institution so essential to the well-being and prosperity of the Parish, and which has been so long needed in our community.

TERMS PER MONTH.

English—First Class	$5 00
" Intermediate Class	4 00
" Lower Classes	3 00
French	4 00
Music—Piano and Vocal	6 00
" Guitar and Vocal	4 00
Plain and Ornamental needle work	2 00
Board (in advance)	15 00
Washing (if done at the Institute)	3 00

Classical and Mathematical School

AT ALEXANDRIA.

I WILL open a school on Monday, September 5, 1870, in the house recently occupied by Judge Barlow, on Second St., in the town of Alexandria. There will be taught the usual branches of a liberal education, and boys can be prepared either for college or for the active duties of life. The undersigned is a graduate of the Louisiana State University, to the Faculty of which he would refer for testimonials of character of scholarship

TERMS OF TUITION:

English branches, per month	$4 00
Languages or higher mathematics	5 00

Good board may be had on reasonable terms with respectable families in the town. JOHN RANSDELL.

August 10, 1870-tf.

FISHING TACKLE!

—at—

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND FISH hooks—assorted. One hundred Gross Fishing lines—assorted. Bait Boxes, Sinkers, Fishing Baskets, Cork Floats, Furnished Lines, Snoods, Bamboo Poles and a general assortment for sale by

HENRY ST. JOHN.

I CAN SUPPLY DEALERS IN FISHing Tackle, at wholesale, on liberal terms. H. ST. JOHN.

April 20, 1870.