

There is scarcely a community or neighborhood from Maine to Oregon where this saying is not used almost every day in the year, and altogether too truly. A subject of this kind is to be found in almost every town. The merchant has failed and whiskey, man's worst enemy, has done the work. The lawyer with a brilliant talent and a large business has fallen below the range of respectability and confidence; whiskey was the cause. The politician with bright prospects before him has played out, and the account is charged to whiskey. The judge of talent, age and respectability, is the subject of private and neighborhood talk. His enemies point with derision, and his friends hang their heads in shame, and all is done by whiskey. That kind-hearted neighbor and hard-working man has become a pest to society and trouble to his family. Whiskey has beat him. Whiskey will beat any man living, and that is just what it is manufactured for.—Exchange.

THE HOSPITALITY.—Many a wife might read the following paragraph from Emerson, and be wiser therefore: "Oh excellent wife! encumber not yourself and me to get a curious rich dinner for this man or woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather see, if he will, in your looks, accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, that which he cannot buy at any price in the city, and for which he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparing and sleep little, to behold. Let not emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth and love, and honor and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds."

Many a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had, after all, done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels "safe" when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs every thing at home? Is it nothing when business is over that he has the blessed refuge of a happy home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? Oh, weary and faithful mother, you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written. That book is in the hands of the Almighty; it is there sweet mother, that you will receive your just reward.

When an Arab woman intends marrying again after the death of her husband, she goes the night before the ceremony to pay a visit to his grave. There she kneels and prays him not to be offended—not to be jealous. As, however, she feels he will be offended or jealous, the widow brings a donkey laden with two goats' skins filled with water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour water upon the grave, to keep the husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place, and having well saturated him, she then departs.

On Sunday last a few members of Stonehill Hook & Ladder Company, being at and near their Truck House, on Second, between Marry and DeSoto Streets, concluded to have a practice, for more past time. From one of our citizens who has seen such things before, we learn that it was really a beautiful sight to see with what ease and grace the members placed their ladders against the walls of the Town Hall, and no sooner had the top of the ladder touched the wall than you could see the members rushing to the top. Alexandria has good cause to be proud of her fire department. We are requested to invite Pacific Fire Company No. 1, to turn out with them for a practice on next Friday evening at half past 5 o'clock.

On the night of the 5th inst., about 8 o'clock, the alarm of fire was given in the two story brick building, on the corner of Second and DeSoto street owned by Jacob Irving and occupied by S. Schwerin. The fire was caused from the explosion of a lamp; the flames were extinguished, however, before any damage was done. Our fire department were on hand as usual with promptness.

Captain W. C. Harrison is again in the trade. This time with the fine, fast and elegant steamer, D. L. Talley. She will make weekly trips to Shreveport.

Politics and the Heated Term.

To those of us who find so much difficulty in keeping cool, with the thermometer at 100, it is a subject of congratulation that the heat of a political campaign is not added to the rays of a Summer sun. But our Northern friends seem to have no more fear of a high degree of temperature than a veritable salamander itself. From Maine to California, all along the line, the two opposing political parties have an array of candidates in the field, who insist on instructing the dear people in their rights, and on unfolding, beneath a burning sun, "the great principles which underlie our Republican institutions," as Judge Douglas used to be so fond of saying. The New Departure and the old Departure, are both thoroughly belabored at the hands of hungry office-seekers and ambitious stump orators, whose exertions are redoubled and whose eloquence becomes the more fervid as the mercury rises toward the boiling point. Surely our Northern brethren must be the most patriotic of individuals, or else Northern politicians must be the most greedy and unfortunates of office-seekers. Those liberties must be sacred indeed and that country really the best in the world, which are worth saying at so great a sacrifice of wind and tongue and sweat and bottom.

We said we congratulate ourselves that we have nothing of the kind just now. We can sleep soundly without fear of being troubled with a subscription to a torch-light procession in honor of the "New Departure." We can grumble over the crops and the weather under the shade of our own vine and fig tree without the slightest apprehension of being invited to an auguring experiment under the manipulations of a spread-eagle orator. We can even indulge a slight hope that the whole body of the Fifteenth amendment may be permitted to hoe cotton and corn without molestation for at least a few months.

But we are writing a little too fast. The seething cauldron of Northern politics seems to have excited the envy of Louisiana Radicals, who dream that their party is going to the dogs unless they are always in council concocting some new kind of devilment. A convention has been called for the middle of the dog-days, regardless of the possibility that the faithful might be scattered by a visitation of yellow fever in the metropolis. The call lays down with great minuteness the number of delegates and the basis of representation in each parish, showing that the Convention question has been carefully considered and that it is not the offspring of sudden impulse or heat of political passion. What's in the wind? Has the Dunn and Warmoth quarrel got to such a pitch that it is necessary to try to settle it, or else to commence open warfare at once? We might ask half a dozen other conundrums without the hope of a satisfactory solution. At any rate we humbly beg of them that they will do nothing to call out the Democracy in these hot days. If they would only swallow each other alive, perhaps we could bear to witness the spectacle, and it may be, be refreshed at beholding it.

In our journey through this bustling world, and amid the strife of daily life and railroad wars, it is a relief to look at the ladies occasionally. How very pretty and wealthy they all appear these days! The prevailing fashions are very peculiar. They make every young lady look to be very rich. Indeed we always regarded the dear creatures as each intrinsically worth a million; but now these fashions represent them extrinsically worth at least half that sum. If this be so, we know they are in their inward virtues and mental resources nothing diminished. Therefore we get down each pretty girl as worth a million and a half.—Exchange.

A woman in Detroit was tramping up and down Michigan avenue the other day, seeking to have some one give her a vacant room, rent free, in which she could hold daily prayer-meetings. She declared herself a preacher, and spoke for half an hour from a dry goods box, but was not successful in getting a room at her terms.

In reading our advertisements, the public should not fail to give particular attention to that of M. Maris. This gentleman will for the present, be represented by that truly polite and affable old gentleman, S. Schwerin.

The Shreveport papers announce the death of Colonel W. R. Shivers, an old and highly respected citizen of Cad. Parish. He was Colonel of the 1st Louisiana Confederate Regiment, during the late war.

Duty of the Hour.

The South is very poor. Its poverty alone is enough to excite commiseration. It is constantly increased by unwise Legislation and heavy taxation. To correct this is not now in the power of the Southern people. To these laws, unwise and unjust as they are, they are forced to submit. A great military leader has made some utterance that inspires some hope. The letter of a distinguished divine, published in the New York Observer, affords a little comfort, and threw a little light on our darkness. But while we are powerless and well nigh hopeless to correct these evils which we speak, there are duties which we can discharge, which at least may partially relieve us in our humiliation. We can be enterprising. We can work. We can do more to save the country, to restore liberty, and to bring our long lost honor and glory by earnest diligence and faithful industry than by all other means combined. It will do more than all the Ku-Klux combinations of which so much has been said. With the richest soil, the mildest climate, the most balm and invigorating atmosphere, we can develop untold wealth.

Let us ply our energies. Let us install cotton as king; and such an effort in all of our industrial pursuits, as shall give a new impulse to commerce, and shall start the South upon the high road to wealth. Our mines of coal and iron are inexhaustible. They are not surpassed by any in the world. Let us develop them. Our marble quarries are not equaled this side of Italy, and gold and silver are in abundance. We can grow the finest corn wheat and tobacco, and in almost all vegetables and fruit we can dofy competition. Much of our soil is inexhaustible, and all of it can be made productive for centuries. We have water power enough to turn all the machinery in the world, and have enough unemployed, to turn as much more. Our pasture lands can feed more cattle and sheep, more flocks and herds, than now graze in the fields of Europe. Let us turn away from these political troubles, which are enough to make the heart ache, and let us plow the soil and reap; let us dig and harrow, and plant and cut and saw until our machinery clatters on every water-course, and our fields wave with such variety, and our pastures are alive with such herds, as shall force the world to bow to our imperial wealth. We have young men who can go forth and subdue this whole land. Set them to work. We must have the energy of our pioneer forefathers. Our sons and daughters must forget pleasure and vain amusements, and show to the world there is real dignity in labor. Labor is no curse. It never was a curse. It is a very great blessing and we must now employ it on our hills and in our valleys, along the sides of our mountains and in their cavernous depth, along our vast plains and by the side of every water fall. Work is the source of happiness, the fountain of health, and the producer of order, law and wealth. It brings countless blessings in its train. It is superior to genius, and has no rival in any natural endowment. Let no man feel himself above work. Let every real man acknowledge it as his destiny. Let work be the order of the day. Let there be no laggards, no idlers in that vineyard which now calls us as with the trumpet of God, to ply our energies with zeal which shall never abate until we develop every resource of this vast country.—Louisville Ledger.

GUZOT'S COURTESY.—Guzot's courtship and marriage were singularly romantic. At the house of the editor of a periodical for which Guizot wrote, he often met a young lady named Pauline de Meulan, who, like him, supported herself by her pen. Mademoiselle de Meulan fell ill; she was the main stay of her mother and sisters, and during her forced abstinence from literary labor, the whole family were in danger of falling into distress. One morning she received a long paper, in a disguised hand, but in precise imitation of her own literary style, with a note stating that while her illness continued articles especially suited to the magazine on which she was engaged would be forwarded to her. When Mlle. de Meulan recovered her health, she made every effort to discover her unknown benefactor, but in vain. At length he presented himself; it was the shy, austere man of letters whom she had met so often at the editor's house; and shortly afterward Mlle. Pauline de Meulan became Madame Guizot.

Mrs. Gomersal, the well-known lyric actress, died at Sheffield, England, on the 9th of June. The date of Mrs. Gomersal's birth was August 30, 1844. She was the daughter of Mr. William Ribbin, an English composer. Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal have often been seen on the New Orleans stage. She was the first English representative of the Grand Duchess. Her death was the result of congestion of the lungs, occasioned by injudicious sea bathing at Margate. She left this country in 1863.—[N. O. Times.]

We learn from the New Orleans Times of the 8th, that Governor Warmoth is improving rapidly, and will soon be able to return to his official duties.

General Phil. Sheridan's cards read in this way now: "P. H. Sheridan, Lieutenant General de l'Armée des Etats-Unis d'Amerique."

Marriage vs Single Life.

Happiness is the end and aim of life. 'Tis a natural feeling pervading each mortal breast. All mankind are engaged in the pursuit of it, and by divers ways endeavor to seek and find it. There are different fields in which happiness may be attained; but all point to domestic life as the goal of earthly bliss and joy. This condition of felicity is only to be found in the married state. To establish and maintain that the marriage life is happier than the single, it is only necessary to open the pages of sacred history, and therein we will find that marriage is an ordinance of God, decreed for the benefit, the comfort and the happiness of the human race. All the glories, beauties and joys of Paradise were not complete until man was given a companion, counselor and helpmate in the person of one made of a rib taken from his own body. It is not good for man to live alone; are the words of Omnipotence, and they find an echo in the breast of every man that is not blinded by ignorance and prejudice. "It is not good that man shall live alone" in this vast world without some gentler, lovelier, purer being to soften the asperities of life, to participate in his joys and to sympathize in his sorrows. How beautifully is this expressed by the poet Campbell, in his matchless "Pleasures of Hope"— "The world was sad, the garden was a wild, And man, the hermit, sighed till woman came."

If there were no women in the world, let imagination attempt to pity the sad and deplorable state of masculinity. Life would not be worth living for, happiness but a vision, and all that make earth beautiful and lovely would be wanting. That the marriage state is far happier than the single is attested and proven by the universality of matrimony. We venture to assert that few men or women have of their own free will chosen single life. Some dis-appointment, some untoward event, has compelled them to select a single existence.

Mankind would not be so universally led into this state, as they are, if they did not think and know that a greater degree of contentment and happiness was to be found therein than in a single state. Why is it that the young man so willingly gives up his gay associates, his youthful pleasures, dissipating follies and delightful enjoyments, and with joyous feelings and buoyant hopes enters the married state?

Simply and solely because he is convinced that a greater degree of happiness is to be found therein than in imaginary "single bliss." It is not so much the desire of gaining wealth or ascending the ladder of fame that animates the breast of youth as it is the desire of winning some fair one upon whom his heart's affection centres and thus crown his future happiness in life. This bright hope enters into and inspires his every action; is present with him "amid the turmoils and struggles for success, and is mingled in all his plans and designs.

In order to substantiate clearly that the marriage state is happier than the single, let us contrast the two. Cowper in his Task has truthfully said that— "Domestic happiness (is) the only bliss Of Paradise that has survived the fall."

Anxieties and cares pervade the human breast. It is the nature of man since sin entered the world; but we contend that in the marriage state there is to be found a solace for all man's woes—incomparable with a single state. The married man, after the toils and cares of the day, returns to a cheerful home and is gladdened by all the comforts and delights of domestic life. He is met by joyous children who, with gleeful voices, welcome home, their sire, chasing away all harassing thoughts, and is soothed by an affectionate wife, and amid the felicity of such a scene all his trials are sweetened and made smooth, and he goes forth again to the battle of life with an energy and a will to perform the duties that lie before him.

How different with the forlorn single man. He after a day of business perplexities and anxieties wends his weary way to an abode of gloom and cheerlessness; so welcome greetings; no tread of fairy like feet, are heard pattering in his deserted and silent rooms; no sounds of musical voices. He sips his tea in silence and sits by a fireside that has never been gladdened by the joys of domestic life, pondering over the gains or losses of the day until his brain becomes racked; with none to comfort him, and under the influence of disappointment his energies become paralyzed; perseverance for a while he drowns his cares in the intoxicating bowl, rushes to the gambling saloon, and often ends his miserable career a drunkard and a suicide. Look on this picture, and then on that, and tell us which is the happy-

Flag Presentation to the Durfee.

The Steamer C. H. Durfee, says the Jefferson (Texas) Times and Republican and a pleasant social gathering on Wednesday night, the 5th inst., which drew together a large and fashionable concourse of citizens. The ladies' cabin was brilliant in its array of beauty and intellectual loveliness, and the cabin and bow filled with gentlemen. The flag, a very beautiful one, was delivered in behalf of the Catholic ladies of this city, by Miss Ida Rogers, with modest and exquisite grace, in a speech which was marked by the most charming eloquence. Charley Drown, the Chief Clerk, selected to receive it, noted for his Chesterfieldian politeness, and who could ordinarily storm a battery, almost "melted" under the array of bright eyes leveled upon him, and in the presence of the beautiful girl who talked to him with such tender earnestness. He said to his credit, he did not run away, but launched his resolution like a life boat, and brought his cargo of fine words, safely to port. Champagne and ice-cream followed in profuse liberality. Then the dance, under the inspiring music of a choice string band, gave enjoyment to the young. Everything passed off delightfully. Below we publish the speeches.

MISS IDA ROGERS' ADDRESS.

CAPTAIN AIKEN—As the representative of the ladies of the Catholic Church of this city, and those generous spirits whose nobleness of heart have united with us in this demonstration of our regard for you, and for the graceful steamer on whose deck you stand, I present you this Banner. The words of its motto are not unmeaning. The arrival of the C. H. Durfee during the seasons past, in which she has so beautifully touched our wharves at her appointed time, has ever been hailed as the arrival of "Our Own," and it is no new emotion which now incites us to inscribe those words upon this Flag. The inscription is a manifestation of a long cherished sentiment, and we yield you the banner with the most earnest assurance that the words thereon inscribed are a faithful exposition of the true feeling of the community whom we this day represent. In the past you have been "Our Own," rendered so by the daily exhibition on your part of uniform courtesy, gallantry and liberal dealing. You are "Our Own" to-day, as the occasion which has called us together has so signally made known, and in the future you will continue to be "Our Own," so long as yourself and the gallant officers under your command shall preside over the destinies of your boat, and the beautiful flag which fair women have presented to brave men, shall float unscathed at her prow. Nor are the devices on that flag less unmeaning than are the golden words thereon, by which we hail you as "Our Own." It is the insignia of a new union between the Lone Star and the Crescent; between the pelican of the delta and the bird of paradise of the prairies; and the boundless region by which we are surrounded and which have annually, through these waters, poured their tributes to the sea. In the new era of prosperity upon which our great young State is about to enter, by the great works of internal improvement to connect the interior with the world without, the beautiful steamers daily traversing the waters which bind the States of Louisiana and Texas, will be multiplied, and the blessings of an enlarged civilization will be showered throughout the land. But in the future, as new steamer after steamer shall daily reach our wharves, we shall always look with joy to the coming of the favorite, and our hearts will continue to swell with pride as we shall observe the approach of the silken banner of the Durfee, with "Our Own" inscription thereon, and with the bright insignia of the new union of our two cherished States, the Crescent and Lone Star, gracefully floating upon its folds.

CHARLES DROWN'S REPLY.

To this beautiful and pointed address, Charles Drown, in behalf of Captain Aiken and the Durfee, made the following reply: Miss ROGERS—Ladies and Gentlemen: In receiving this beautiful Banner, I am requested by Capt. Aiken to return his thanks, not only to you who honor us by your presence, but to all those kind friends who, whilst contributing to build up a charitable institution, have made it the occasion of conveying to the officers of the Durfee such a pleasing compliment. We accept it with pride and gratification, and will prize it as the gift of friendship and good will. And as we who follow the water have our little superstitions, we will at once set it up as our talisman of fortune, and will fly it as an emblem of good luck, feeling confident that no harm could possibly come to an object wrought by so much beauty in so good a cause. I am sure you will all join me in the hope that we may never have occasion to use it as a flag of distress. Once more I thank you.

A Few Words to the Ladies.

Many ladies, particularly those nursing, complain of a tired, listless feeling, or complete exhaustion, arising in the morning. On the wife and mother devolves the responsibility of regulating the duties of the household. Her cares are numerous, and the mental as well as the physical powers are frequently called into requisition. She often finds her slightest occupation a weary task and existence a burden, while at the same time she has no regular disease. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, if resorted to at this period, will prove an unfailing remedy for this annoying lassitude. The effects of this potent agent are soon seen in the rosy cheek and elastic step of the head of the family, as with restored health and renewed spirits she takes her accustomed place in the family circle.— If this friend in need be regularly used, those depressing symptoms will never be complained of, and not only would many diseases following its advent be avoided. As a medical agent it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing and efficient. All who have used the Bitters attest its virtues and commend it to use.

THE LATEST.

PARIS, July 5.—A permanent camp will be soon established at Satory, replacing the camp of Châlons. Count Palikao publishes a denial of Gen. Trochu's charges relative to the course pursued by the Count on the 4th of September. He therein recites the details of the events of that time, and claims that he acted properly in all respects. The Press resumes publication tomorrow under arrangements with M. De La Guernonniere. Gen. Faidherbe has written a letter proposing a system of compulsory service for a term of two years in the army. The elections have increased Thiers' supporters fully 100. The Courts Martial meet here on the 10th. PARIS, July 6.—A proposition is mooted of entrusting to Marshal MacMahon the command of the entire army, in order to give greater unity to the army, which will soon aggregate 300,000 men. The Republican press are annoyed at the continual state of siege in Paris, which, they declare, is needless and oppressive. It is said that the first act of the Assembly, as soon as the newly elected Deputies take their seats, will be to prolong the power of M. Thiers, as Chief Executive, for two years. A loan will be raised by Paris to rebuild the destroyed monuments. Jules Ducatel, for treason to the Communists, has been awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Marshal MacMahon has been reinstated in command at Versailles. Duke Nemours and Schneider, formerly President of the Corps Legislatif, are in Paris. The supplemental elections occur next Sunday. Prince de Joinville having declared for the Republic, will undoubtedly succeed in the department of La Manche. Gen. Manteuffel dined with President Thiers to-day. Count von Moltke has ordered the German commanders to forbear inflicting punishment for offences which the French law can reach. Count Walderise complains of the bitter language of the journals towards Germany. The Official Journal, publishing this statement, advises the other journals to exercise the utmost forbearance. The Cloche Provencale has a bitter article against Germany, saying, "We shall not forget our disasters until the grass grows high over the graves of the slain, and that bird of ill-omen, the Prussian eagle, ceases to hover over the east of France. "We have discovered the secret of victory—vengeance! Let Germans cease to tender the hand of friendship.— When we stretch our arms to ward Germany, let her tremble, because it will be to strike those who thought us au fait." La Gazette de France pronounces the Republican triumph a real misfortune for the country. Encouraged by their success, the Left will become more daring and more dangerous. La Liberté rejoices over the victory, and urges the new deputies to leave behind them all partisan feeling when they enter the Chamber. L'Avenir Liberal, a Bonapartist journal, awaits the achievements of the daring innovators, who, hitherto were critics, are now masters of the field, and believes they will not be held excusable by their supporters if they do not outdo their predecessors, against whom they are pitiless. Colonel Bisson, commandant of the troops at Bordeaux, suggested to the soldiers before the election that as the Republic only could save the country, they had better vote for the Republican candidates. The people of Bordeaux have sent a petition to Gen. DeCissey, asking him to disavow the course taken by Col. Bisson. The latest returns from the Department of the Seine elect Mereau to the Assembly in place of Von Velet, which has increased the Republican delegation from the capital to seven. An obscure man, named DeLallande, murdered Mr. Vanne, the Mayor of the town of Satche, department of Indre-et-Loire. The Curate of the parish, while bringing oils to anoint the body of the murdered man, was also assassinated. The most intense excitement against the murderer prevails in the town. A later dispatch announces that De Lallande committed suicide to escape punishment. PARIS, July 7.—Count de Chambord refuses to see the Orleans princes until he consults France. Chambord has left France, but says in a proclamation though absent we shall not be separated from our countrymen. When Frenchmen are willing, we shall establish a government with decent realization of liberty, and universal suffrage as our motto. He praises the army and declares unflinching adherence to the white flag of Henry the Fourth and Joan of Arc, which conferred Alsace and Lorraine. MOBILE, July 8.—Braxton Bragg, Jr., nephew of Gen. Bragg, was attacked by Madison Wilson of L. M. Wilson, Vice President of the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad, this morning, in front of the Customhouse. Each fired one shot. Wilson was instantly killed. Particulars after the trial. "I don't think, husband, you are very smart." "No, indeed, wife, but everybody knows I am awfully shrewd."