

The Louisiana Democrat.

E. A. BLOSSAT

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

PUBLISHER

VOLUME 27.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1871.

NUMBER 3.

The Democrat.

TERMS:
THE "DEMOCRAT" published Weekly, at FIVE DOLLARS per annum, THREE for six months, payable in advance. No subscription taken for a less period than Six Months.

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Jan. 20th, 1869-71.

G. R. BOYD,
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February 3, 1871-72.

R. J. BOWMAN,
Attorney at Law,
ALEXANDRIA, LA.
OFFICE in the rear of Jacob Walker's store.
Sept. 9th, 1869-71.

W. W. WHITTINGTON, JR.,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
and
Notary Public
ALEXANDRIA, LA.
Sept. 1, 1869-71.

ROBT. P. HUNTER,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
ALEXANDRIA, LA.
Sept. 1, 1869-71.

W. N. L. BRINGHURST,
Notary Public,
ALEXANDRIA, LA.
Feb. 8, 1871-72.

G. R. BOYD,
AGENT FOR THE BUYING AND SELLING of Lands. Address
DEMOCRAT OFFICE.
February 22d, 1871-72.

WM. A. SHAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, ALEXANDRIA, La., Will practice in the Courts of Rapides and adjoining Parishes.

THOS. C. MANNING,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, ALEXANDRIA, LA.
H. S. LOSEE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE FRONT Rooms, up stairs, in Jas. W. Osborn's Brick store, Front Street, Alexandria, La.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY Public, Alexandria, La.
R. A. HUNTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, ALEXANDRIA, La.

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THE UNDERSIGNED HAS OPENED, his ICE CREAM SALOON, at the TOWN HALL. He will keep on hand SODA WATER, MEAD and ICE CREAM. ICE also for sale.
JULIUS LEVIN.
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SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS.—WE ARE having engraved, by the celebrated Jackson, a magnificent steel plate likeness of Dr. VAN DYKE, Editor of the Day-Book, and author of "White Supremacy." The Normal Condition of the Negro, &c., &c., a splendid work of art, a Picture drawn by sixteen inches, which we shall present to Day-Book Clubs of Five to Twenty members, who send us \$2 each. No single name can obtain the likeness under \$2 50.

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Our York's Corner—Selected

TOUCH THOSE THRILLING CORDS AGAIN.

Oh! touch those thrilling cords again,
And sing that song once more,
The one I loved in other days,
And used to sing of yore.
When this heart was smitten and bloom,
And free as wild bird's wing—
Twas then I loved to hear the song
That now I bid thee sing.

Thou say'st it is a simple thing,
And has no charms for thee,
Oh! thou canst never, never know,
How dear it is to me.
Thou canst not know the memories
That wake in every strain—
Thou smilest not at my earnestness,
But sing it o'er again.

It was the first, the first sweet song
Of one who cared for me;
I learned it from the lips of love
When stars were on the sea.
But the minstrel hand is cold and mute,
And silent is that lute,
And the hallowed lips whence flowed that song,
Are now forever mute.

Oh! many fond remembrances,
Are blended in that lay,
And each soft tone wafts my full heart
To scenes in life's young day.
Then touch the silver corded lute,
And sing that song once more,
Twas sung to me by my beloved,
In happy days of yore.

THE HAVEN OF REST.

BY L. C. T.

"Oh! no more shall the wife watch and weep,
Oh! no more to the mother and child,
Shall the night black and desolate come!"

As Jane Cleary stood over her dying boy on that wild, wintry night, her thoughts were almost as wild, and bitter, and stormy as was the night without.

To have seen her hard, stony looking face, almost rigid in its expression; her cold, gray eyes, undimmed by a single tear; her pallid lips, closely compressed, as she bent low over the pallet of straw whereon the fair young child lay, one would have called her a pitiless, iron-hearted woman—a woman devoid of motherly tenderness and love. But it was not thus. However cold and stern the exterior, could the inward breast have been probed, and the heart truthfully read, that stern calmness would have been found to have consisted of a deep settled despair, generated by long blighting sorrows—sorrows that had a tendency to chill the very fount of life, and which was slowly by degrees wearing it out.

Jane Cleary had experienced enough of this world's dark, trying cares to congeal any nature, however warm it may have been. And Jane, though cold and rigid now in looks, though broken inwardly by heavy griefs, had one time in life been a sunny faced, tender hearted being. But this had been of long ago, away back yonder, ere she had taken another than her maiden name, ere yet she had gone out from the paternal home with the man she loved, to faithfully, fondly struggle with him in the great battle of life.

Forsooth were those days all sunshine, as bright as her own sweet, fair self. And when Thomas Cleary led the beautiful, blushing girl to the altar, she gazed silently upon the noble, handsome man at her side, and in her soul she said that her joy was completed; that naught was lacking to crown her bliss.

Alas! poor girl. Little didst thou suspect that it was misery instead of happiness that thou was taking to thy breast. That it was rude toils and privations, instead of ease and luxury!—That it was shame instead of honor and virtue. For it was thus.

A few bright months of wedded bliss and then came a change. As swiftly, noiselessly as the gliding serpent, the curse came on—so swiftly, noiselessly, that she knew not, nay, suspected naught of its existence till the monster had coiled itself upon her very health, and had struck deep into her quivering heart its poisonous fangs.

He, whom she so fondly loved, he who she had promised at the altar to faithfully love, honor and obey; he who had been the early hope and pride of his friends, had, in an evil moment, yielded to the intoxicating bowl—had fallen.

Oh! it was a terrible, terrible blow to that fond, trusting heart, and it made her weep, and bend beneath its powerful weight.

From the first moment that he yielded, everything had a downward tendency. From the almost palatial mansion by degrees they sank, till at length their home; and what was worse still, the once noble, gifted man continued to sink lower, too, in infamy and crime.

Only one child had ever been born to them—their son Louis. A young thing he was, too fair and fragile for this world; and it was over his dying bed that the poor mother stood on that winter night.

Thomas Cleary was there, too. He

sat shivering over a few coals of fire, with was fast dying out through lack of fuel; and then he would cast a look toward the bed. He was pale and haggard, with wild, blood-shot eyes, and a tottering form. The clothes he wore, like the room he occupied, were scant and ragged, and a mangy cap covered his matted and unkempt hair.

The woman at length, with a deep sigh, turned from the bed and came up close to him, and stood leaning against the wall. Her face in the full glare of the flickering candle that burned upon the rude table looked colder and ghastlier than when in the shade.

"Thomas," she said in a low voice, bending down to him and extending something toward him which she held in her hand, "Thomas, take this. It is the last keep-sake of my dead mother—dispose of it the best you can, and buy something—medicine and food—for little Louis. I can not leave him myself. Will you do it?"

"Yes, yes," eagerly gasped the man, in turn extending his hand.

"And you promise me that you will not touch the poisonous fluid to-night; that you will spend the money you get for this for nothing but something for Louis?"

"Damn it, woman, of course," said he, half eagerly, "give it to me."

She gazed hard at him for a moment, as though to study whether or not he was speaking the truth, and then she slowly yielded into his greedy palm a small gold locket.

"Be sure and do so, Thomas," she again enjoined, as he moved from the miserable room. "'Tis the only thing in the house that can be disposed of for anything," and she turned to her little charge.

In truth was he a sweet, young child; too young to die, one would say, yet one glance sufficed to tell that dissolution was swiftly coming on. Not that he was gasping and struggling and contending with the icy monster; but, like some beautiful flower that is drawing to the close of its existence, he was softly fading out, without a moan, without a murmur, for death was coming on, like a soft, lulling sleep.

The mother bent over him and with her soothing hand smoothed back the golden locks from the pallid brow.

"Oh, mother," he said, in sweet, childish tones, "I feel so strongly happy and peaceful to-night, and all pain has left me, too—all!"

"All, sweet one," the mother replied. "Then sleep; it will do you good."

"Sleep? No, no, mother, I can not sleep now—not for a while. I would rather talk—talk of the bright stars and the beautiful angels, and of—of heaven."

"Then we will talk, my boy,"

And then she sat beside him and they talked—talked of the things of which little Louis loved so well to hear. Talked of the bright stars, and of the beautiful angels; talked of him who made the stars, and who loves little children so much; talked of the bright and radiant shores of heaven, where sickness, nor sorrows, nor sufferings, never come—where all is one glorious age of unfeigned joy—where, through the long silvery space of an eternal age, the music of the blessed will never cease to flow.

For a long time they talked of these things.

"I will sleep now, mother," he said at length; a smile dawning upon his wan features. "I am tired, and will sleep. Kiss me, mother. Tell papa 'Good night!' and the little child sank into a long, long sleep.

The mother sat still and watched him, and when the heart had stilled its beating, and the little body relaxed and became rigid, she calmly said:

"It is all over. It is well."

And there she sat without moving, without changing her position, holding the cold hand in her own, which was almost as cold, gazing upon the marble face of the little sleeper in death, as though she sat beside her child in its moonday's nap sometimes singing soft snatches of a lullaby song that she had sung to him in other days. Once she opened her mute lips and said:

"It were better had he been here to have seen our child die, and to watch with me; but I must watch alone and await his coming."

And she watched and waited while the slow hours of the cold dreary night rolled by. Cold it was, cold unto death, yet she felt it not. There was an inward fire that drove the life current through their proper channels, and staved off the icy monster.

She did not weep, she did not moan. Nay, instead, she seemed to smile—Lower and lower the flickering candle burned; nearer and nearer came the dawn; fiercer and fiercer howled the tempest without, and yet he did not come. But she was faithful in her waiting and watching.

Colder grew the night, and colder grew the hand that held the icy fingers of the dead child. Colder and whiter grew the face, too, that pressed against the dead boy's; and the heaving breast

ceased to rise and fall. She had joined her child.

As swift as a gleam of light had the freed spirit—freed from the dark cares and sufferings and privations of this mundane life—winged its flight to heaven. And there, within its bright borders, which eye hath not seen, the angel spirit of her child stood forth to welcome her.

Her waiting and watchings were over, for she had found a haven of eternal rest.

With the grey dawn of coming day came Thomas Cleary, tottering, reeling as he came. In the center of the cold, bare room he paused for a moment and scanned the scene. The dripping candle had not entirely burned out, and it mingled with the faint light of day, threw a sepulchral glare over the room.

Then turning toward the bed, he slowly dragged himself up to it, and bent low down over the two rigid forms.

With a sharp cry of pain, a cry that came from the inmost depths of that man's heart, he sprang up and clasped his forehead with his trembling hands.

A long time he stood thus, never moving, scarcely breathing, while over his pale, haggard face a strange determination visibly crept.

At length, casting one look of mingled sorrow and remorse at the dead mother and child, he slowly, gently quitted the room. Out into the bleak, tempest-swept street he went; and then hurriedly sped down toward where the cold, sullen waters of the sluggish river met his view.

It was early yet, and there was no one to be seen upon the streets but himself. As he glided along thither with his slinking body, his pale distorted face, his blood-shot eyes, he had more the appearance of some ravenous creature seeking in the morning light for its prey than like a stern man bent upon some fell determined purpose.

He soon reached the high slippery bank, and then passed for a moment. But only for a moment. His brain was fired by terrible thoughts that were burning fearfully in there, that were driving him mad, and he dared pause no longer. With one look backward to see that he was not followed, that there was no hand to restrain him from his rash purpose, and with one mute, appealing look upward to the dreary, stormy heavens, he closed his eyes, and clasped his hands, and plunged madly, blindly into the sullen foaming waters!

He, too, had sought a haven of rest.

During the first five months of the present calendar year there were exported from New York alone, to foreign ports, 77,000 barrels of pork, (more than double the quantity exported during the corresponding period last year), 88,000 barrels and tierces of beef—an increase of 50,000 over last year—and thirty-eight million pounds of bacon which shows an increase in this article of more than a hundred per cent. To this must be added forty-two million pounds of lard, which is nearly three times more than was exported during the same five months (January to May) of 1870. This is a gratifying exhibit, and when to that comes the large exports from other ports, and the increased shipment of cotton, breadstuffs, cured meat and tobacco—these great staples of our country and commerce—the probability is that the total exported quantities of these products had their values, whether in detail or in the aggregate, will, for the current fiscal year, ending July 1, very considerably exceed those of any former year in the history of our commerce.

A Yankee wagged a Dutchman that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon a board, and the Yankee bit his toe severely. The victim screamed with pain, and told him to stop. "Why, ye rascal fool," said Jonathan, "ye don't think I'm going to swallow ye hull, do ye?" The same fellow wagged another Dutchman that he could throw him across the Chicago river. He pitched him some ten or fifteen feet into the water, and he swam to the shore, and claimed the stakes. "No, ye don't," said the Yankee, resolutely. "Do ye think I'm going to give ye up so? I'll do it, if I try all day!"

Why Do You Cough—when it is in your power to relieve yourself? A few doses of Dr. TUTT'S EXPECTORANT will cure you and allay the apprehensions of your friends; more over, it is pleasant to take, it produces no nausea, and strengthens the Lungs and throat to resist attacks in the future. Mothers need not dread the Croup when they have a bottle of this valuable compound of their Mantel-pieces.

A Boston lady's pins, when she is fully dressed, numbered three hundred.

Educational.

"A MATTER OF INTEREST TO TEACHERS AND CITIZENS"—A DISTINGUISHED GEORGIAN ENTERS THE ARKANA.

By their zeal and enlightened efforts in behalf of a sound and well-digested series of school-books for our youth, the house of Morton & Co., has justly entitled itself to the commendation and thanks of the Southern public. It has deserved well of our own people.

That house, established in a city pre-eminently Southern in its municipal policy, as well as its social and political affinities, has made an honorable reputation by the fairness of its dealings with the public, and given our people every guarantee which could emanate from strong local and patriotic attachments. You will excuse me for making these purely personal allusions as prefatory to what I shall have to say of General J. B. Gordon's letter appearing in the Courier-Journal of the 20th, inst. In some of its aspects, that letter occasions with me no little amount of surprise and regret.

General Gordon, as a soldier, did his duty in a most exemplary manner, and it is nothing to his disparagement to say that all, or nearly all, which he enjoys of influence and celebrity was won on the field. A reputation thus achieved is a most sacred thing indeed, and one who bears its honors should also feel its grave responsibilities. There should be no rash or even inconsiderate drafts on such a fame, for it, like the State's great seal, needs no sponsor. My candid opinion of the General's letter is, that it betrays a lack of sensibility to the demands which a fair and not severe censure might reasonably make of a man standing before a Southern community as he does.

There is a view to take of the subject which, to our minds, is entitled to more weight than General Gordon gives it. "I am charged," says General Gordon "with attempting to impose a Northern enterprise upon our people as one peculiarly their own, and this in face of the fact that nineteen-twentieths of the stock-holders of the company are among our leading Southern citizens and the authors of the books are among the best educators of the South."

This stock no man pretends was not "open to the world," and General Gordon will not say, we think, that Northern subscriptions would have been unwelcome. Indeed, we have heard that some of the General's attempts at compliment of Northern men and Northern soldiers have gone to the extreme verge of good taste when he was making his addresses as an employed solicitor in behalf of his company. If then this company represented by General Gordon is not Northern, it is not the fault of the men at interest. It is because the Northerner distrusts the enterprise. He certainly has had the chance to be as much its patron and director as even Mr. Jefferson Davis himself. We must then suppose the exclusive Southern complexion of the subscription is no fault of General Gordon or his co-partners in the University Publishing House. Who then is really to blame for the very decided business of some parts of this great Southern venture? With a choice between New York, Baltimore, New Orleans and St. Louis, why was New York selected as the point of publication? Why give to Northern capitalists and labor a monopoly of the profits (if any) arising from the publication of the "University Series?" Was it consistent and in fair keeping with a great social reformatory movement, one of the very greatest conceivable, which Southern honor and safety demanded, to go away from home and home interests for the achievement of the work which our own means and effort could have carried through? To us it looks like insincerity of a most blameworthy sort to begin with, to signalize a great "Southern" movement by such chaffering and subsidy as this. We even hear that that great Moloch, the Harper press itself, has been aided and comforted in its savage crusade against us by certain sycophant sops it has received at the hands of the General and his friends. Then tell us, we pray you sir, how does it comport with a great "Southern enterprise," one Southern *par excellence*, to be presided over by a Northern man just passed through bankruptcy, as we hear and believe Mr. C. B. Richardson has, and he having as conditor an ex-Colonel of the Federal army! Such we hear and believe is the true character of the intensely "Southern" secretary of the General's company. Some men sneer at sentiment in business. But we feel sure that sentiment, springing as often from God's truth in matters of business as in matters of play, can no more be disregarded in business than in anything else, without hardening and debasing the soul. At least, in this great defensive enterprise, engaged in by General Gordon, if sentiment is left out, the rest is a mere dead carcass, and one that should not be in the path of

decent people, we think. It is mere sophistry, when discussing this aspect of the case, for General Gordon to speak as vauntingly as he does of the "350 Southern stockholders" of his company. Each one of these may be as inconsistent, self-contradicting and interested as the General himself. They may each one and every one make what purported to be a grand patriotic inspiration, a mere huckstering speculation. Speculators may per se be good things, but not when venerated over by "patriotic fervor," we think.

When you talk to a confiding and noble spirit of that, you take him at a disadvantage if you mean business and nothing but business. It is not fair, sentiment or no sentiment, will ever contend, to suffuse one's eyes and stir the depths of his emotional nature, that under the commotion, you may thrust your hands into the pocket of the unsophisticated and bleed him while the "patriotic fervor" is on, till he can hardly stand. No, sir, this paltering with a great practical question, deep as the very foundations of Southern society, is not fair, and we think the greatest injustice to other patriots and reformers long ago in the field. When General Gordon's friends point to him as the model patriot, who, now the battle is over and lost, still is all devotion—still giving gratuitously his days and nights to the "great work" that he represents—we feel that this is a weight that other men, similarly engaged, cannot bear up under. Well he may boast with such aids of "sentiment" as this, of the "unparalleled success" of his company. This accounts, no doubt, for the fact that since the tenth day of March last, when a paltry loan of \$5,000, at two per cent, a month would have been more than welcome, his success has been great enough to pluck the drowning fortunes of his company from the flood, and make them strong enough to venture on such defiant airs as we see in General Gordon's letter. But, we repeat, let their be an open field and a fair fight for all Southern publishers. We do protest against the unfairness of a "patriotic fervor" fed and kept glowing by twenty per cent. on cash subscriptions, giving to the publishers of the "University Series of Southern" school books an overwhelming preponderance over all others who are willing to work in the same great cause, and to daily labor in it with just as much "patriotic fervor" and on less than one-tenth the ration.

—[Courier-Journal.]

A Few Words to the Ladies.

Many ladies, particularly mothers 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, these depressing symptoms will never be complained of, and not only would lassitude not be experienced, but 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.

A SINGULAR "TALK."—Recently a love sick swain was paying court to his dulcinea. She had smuggled him into the parlor; and the darkness only served to conceal her blushes, while John told the story of his love. The muttered words reached the parental ear, and coming suddenly into the room he demanded to know of Mary who it was she had with her. "It's the cat, sir," was the mumbling reply. "Drive it out of here," thundered pater familias. "Scat!" screamed Mary, and then *so to voce*: ("John meow a little!") John set up a woful howl. "That cat's got a gold," remarked the parent. John yowled louder than ever. "Confound it, bring a light and scare the thing out." This was too much, and John made a leap for the window, carrying glass and frame with him. "Oh! Thunder! what a cat!" said the parent, contemplating the ruin after the light was brought, "I never saw anything like it, and confound it, its tail is made out of broadcloth," as he viewed a fluttering remnant hanging from the window.