

Louisiana Democrat.

E. R. BLOSSAT, EDITOR
E. A. BLOSSAT, PUBLISHER

OFFICE—CORNER OF
FRONT AND BEAUREGARD STREETS.

Our Agents.

Thomas McIntyre, New Orleans
Curtis Waldo, New Orleans
S. M. Pettengill & Co., New York
Griffin & Hoffman, Baltimore, Md

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1872

FOR PRESIDENT,
Horace Greeley,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
B. Gratz Brown,
OF MISSOURI.

District Judge.

We are authorized to announce
WM. A. SEAY,
of Rapides, as a candidate for the office of Judge of the Ninth Judicial District, composed of the Parishes of Rapides, Grant, Natchitoches, Sabine and Vernou.

Parish Judge.

We are authorized to announce
H. L. DAIGRE,
of Rapides, as a candidate for the office of Parish Judge of the Parish of Rapides.

TEMPERATURE

AS REPORTED BY LEVIN AND FERGUSON

Table with 4 columns: Date, Morn., Noon, Night. Rows for 30th, 31st, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th.

SUMNER AND BANKS FOR GREELEY AND BROWN.—Hon. Charles Sumner and General N. P. Banks have both written letters in favor of the election of Greeley and Brown.

And so with General Banks. He has long been honored as one of the brightest lights of Radicalism.

The example of these men will be followed every day, until the Grant party will be bereft of both leaders and of the rank and file.

The weather, for the past four or five days, has taken a sudden and unaccountable freak.

Our report of the progress of the caterpillars does not vary much from our last.

The river continues to fall and will soon reach its lowest mark.

We are in receipt of a complimentary ticket to the Chenegville Tournament, tendered through our friend Linn Tanner.

A bale of new cotton, the first of the season, reached Town on Saturday and was shipped by the Flavia.

Our thanks are tendered, for late papers, to the clerks of the C. H. Durfee, Flirt, Wright Way, Little Flea, John T. Moore and D. L. Tally.

Mrs. A. P. Clarke, Principal of the Rapides Female Seminary, gives notice that her school will open on the 2d of September next.

We ask the attention of the public to the notice of the Sisters of Charity.

North Carolina Election—The Radical Backbone Broken.

The election in North Carolina last Thursday resulted in an overwhelming Democratic victory. The Democratic elect their State ticket by more than 10,000 majority.

North Carolina gave Grant 13,000 majority in 1868. It gave a Democratic majority of 4,200 in 1870. But the new Constitution, which was put forward last year as a Democratic measure, was defeated by 9,000 majority.

As it was the first gun of the campaign, the Radicals put forth most extraordinary efforts to gain a victory. They gave out that if the State should go for Grant all the Southern States would follow her example and Grant's election be secured.

We will take the Radicals at their word and admit that this election has decided the contest for the Presidency. Grant is beaten before the campaign fairly opens.

A CURIOSITY.—The Savannah (Ga.) Republican, of the 27th ult., says:

In the dredging operations carried on in our river of late, for the purpose of discovering old landmarks, a chain was recovered from the bottom of the river that had formerly been used to secure a buoy.

COTTON PICKING BY MACHINERY.—The Journal of Commerce says:

A cotton gathering machine was exhibited lately in the Cotton Exchange. It is in the form of a double car, open in the middle, and supported by a large wheel on each side.

We return thanks to the Leonard Scott Publishing Company New York, for the July number of Blackwood with the following table of contents:

The British Tourist in Norway. A Century of Great Poems, from 1750 Downwards, Lord Byron. A True Reformer. Part V., An Imposing Reception—The Election—Professional—A Model M. P. Old Maids. A Precarious Existence. Charles James Lever.

The canvass for local offices in the Parish of Caddo has opened very briskly. They beat Rapides all hollow. In the Shreveport Times we notice that there are six candidates for Recorder; three for District Attorney; four for Clerk of the District Court; two for Coroner; seven for District Judge and six for Sheriff.

An Irish editor says he sees no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

A gentleman having a musical sister, and being asked what branch she excelled in, said that the piano was her forte.

A Perilous Season.

Glorious and delightful as the Summer season is, its tropical heat is a severe trial to the vital powers. Even the strongest are sometimes prostrated by its effects. The common phrase applied to this condition of the body is "general debility."

There is no civilized nation in the Western Hemisphere in which the utility of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a tonic, corrective and anti-bilious medicine, is not known and appreciated.

Beware of the Bitters made of acrid and dangerous materials, which unscrupulous parties are endeavoring to foist upon the people. Their name is legion, and the public has no guarantee that they are not poisonous.

The His That Flesh is Heir To.

The ills that flesh is heir to are many, but a remedy for them all is furnished by nature. There is no doubt that for every disease, there is an antidote in the vegetable kingdom.

Watch out for Chills and Fever, and prepare the system for resisting its attack by using Dr. Tutts Liver Pills.

DR. TUTT'S HAIR DYE MAKES THE OLD LOOK YOUNG.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR.—We have often read in the newspapers of the grand success of medical compounds put up at the North and elsewhere. Many of these medicines have had their day, and we hear no more of them.

This much we say in justice to its proprietor, who is a gentleman of integrity, and who would not engage in the manufacture and sale of a humbug.—[La Grange Reporter.

AMERICAN BELLES.—America is justly proud of her beautiful ladies, but how many mar their beauty, and lose their health and youth, become prematurely old in appearance, by neglecting to take proper care of their teeth.

The Right Reverend Nicholas Johnson, D. M. J., had the biggest "shout and dip" of the season, on last Sabbath.

To grow rich, earn money fairly, spend less than you earn and hold on to the difference. The first takes muscle; the second, self-control; the third, brains!

Dan Rice has been sold out by the sheriff. He is now considered a broken "tambler."

Be mindful that the present time alone is ours, as the past is dead, and future yet unborn.

Edmund Kean and Edwin Forrest.

During one of Edmund Kean's visits to this country, Edwin Forrest, then a boy of eighteen or nineteen, was leading man at the Albany (New York) Theatre. Forrest had never seen the great tragedian, and when, therefore, it was made known to him that Kean was coming to old Albany for a week, the young actor trembled at the mere thought of playing with him.

At the close he walked towards the hotel in which the great man was shut up. Kean had seen nobody, but had gone direct to his apartment and closed himself with his books, at least so thought the trembling youth, as he gazed from the other side of the street upon the building.

The jury influenced no doubt by the presence of such frisky youngsters as Esquires Brandon, Bishop and Nickle, and Dr. Nelson, began to be decidedly restless, and a suggestion was made that the court suspend until the procession had passed.

"I am Forrest, sir, your Iago of this evening." "Glad to see you, sir: take a seat. What will you drink?" thundered Kean.

"I never drink," replied Forrest timidly. "Never drink. Bah! Well, I do. Please ring that bell." The bell was rung, and at the coming of the servant, Kean ordered a gin punch, which was quickly brought and placed upon the lid of the open piano.

"Did you ever hear me sing, sir?" "No, sir," was the reply. "This is the first time I have seen you." "True, I forgot. Well, you shall hear me sing," and seating himself at the piano, he played an accompaniment to, and sang with power and beauty, the ever-charming stanza of Moore closing with the words:

"You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will, The scent of the roses will cling round it still." "Well, sir, what do you think of that?" he asked, as he ceased. "Very, very good indeed, sir." "Well, what will you drink?" "I can not drink, sir." "I can, though. Please ring that bell."

"Mr. Kean," said Forrest, "you were not at rehearsal to-day." "No, sir, I was not. I am sick and tired of this thing." "But, Mr. Kean, I do not know your business, and I—" "Young man," said Kean, rising, "I am going to do you a great favor, and slipping to a table he took up an old faded book. "There is my stage copy of 'Othello.' You will find everything marked in it. Now, good day; but stay, what will you drink? Nothing? Well, I will. Please ring that bell. Thank you. I will see you to-night." The theatre was more than crowded that night.

It was literally packed. Seats had brought enormous prices at auction, and the house overflowed with humanity. Nor was it a quiet audience. They yelled, howled, fought and even shot at each other, but when Kean appeared the tumult was immediately quelled. He carried every thing before him. Forrest never played better, and was frequently encouraged during the evening by Kean, who in a stage whisper, would say to him, "Capital! Excellent! Well done, sir!" At the close of the third act Kean approached Forrest and said: "Where were you born, sir?" "In Philadelphia."

"In Philadelphia! I'm going there. I will act there, sir. I will make your fortune, sir; your fortune, for you are an actor—a real actor." Kean did go to Philadelphia, and while there was given a dinner. It appears that Philadelphia was partial to giving people dinners, even so far back as that time. Kean was, of course, toasted, and replying in the usual terms, said: "I met a very extraordinary young man in Albany the other day. His name is Edwin Forrest. He was born in Philadelphia. He did Iago to my Othello, and made the best Iago I have played with for years. I tell you, cherish that young man. Watch him, for he will yet be the greatest actor on the American continent."

Forrest shortly afterwards went to Philadelphia and played. This time the seats for his Othello were sold at auction. Kean's prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter.

A TENNESSEE COURT ADJOURNS TO SEE A CIRCUS PASS.—Yesterday morning, says the Knoxville Chronicle, the Circuit Court was in session, engaged in trying an interesting case involving a question of commercial law. Colonel C—, had just taken his seat, after an impassioned harangue on behalf of the defense, and the tall form of Judge B—, was about being raised to conclude the argument. Just then the noise of brazen music, coming down Main street from Gay, announced that the circus band wagon was approaching. An instant sensation was perceptible. Several gentlemen inside the bar took their hats and started for the door.

The jury influenced no doubt by the presence of such frisky youngsters as Esquires Brandon, Bishop and Nickle, and Dr. Nelson, began to be decidedly restless, and a suggestion was made that the court suspend until the procession had passed. Such a breach of judicial etiquette seemed to find no favor with the bench; but just then our genial; legal friend H— suggested that some of the jury might wish to be excused, and Col. C— remarked that he needed a little rest, and wanted to be present when the argument was proceeded with. The jury caught at the suggestion, and in a twinkling the jury box and the bar were empty.

A good story is told of the recent excellent performance of a hand of the Messiah at the Broadway Baptist church. A farmer took his wife to hear the grand music, so splendidly rendered on that occasion, and, after listening with apparent enjoyment, the pair became suddenly interested in one of the grand choruses: "We all, like sheep, have gone astray." First, a sharp soprano voice exclaimed: "We all, like sheep—"

Next, a deep bass voice uttered, in the most earnest tones: "We all, like sheep—"

Then all the singers at once asserted: "We all, like sheep—"

The Fat Contributor is about to start a newspaper in Cincinnati. He says: "It is not unusual for people about to start newspapers, to inform the public in a semi-apologetic way, that they have discovered a 'void' in newspaperdom which they propose to fill. They leave it to be inferred that they would not thus madly prance into the uncertain field of journalism did they not distinctly see this void, and had they not unbounded confidence in their ability to fill the yawning chasm. And they fill it, too, not unfrequently, and we hear no more of them or the void either. We do not profess to have discovered one of those voids. In fact, we don't care whether there is a void or not. Instead of hunting one up we intend to go to work and make a place for a new paper, and strive to establish it there on the basis of public confidence and appreciation."

Canoe Traveling Extraordinary.

SUCCESS OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI—LAKE ITASCA NOT ITS HEADQUARTERS—GEOGRAPHIES MUST BE CORRECTED.

[Correspondence New York Herald.] CANOE DOLLY VARDEN, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, NEAR ITASCA LAKE, June 10th, 1872.

Satisfied, after a cursory examination, that all former explorers who have given publicity to their discoveries, from Schoolcraft to the present day, had stopped short of the true source of the greatest river of the world, the crew, knowing that the Herald would not be satisfied with any incomplete exploration, determined to make a thorough examination of the vicinity of Itasca. When Schoolcraft visited this region in 1831, at the head of an expedition sent out by the Government, he became satisfied after his long journey through the brush to O-muss-koze Saw-gaw-e-gum, or Elk Lake—as the Chippewas termed this body of water—that the "very source" had been reached. He then coined out of two Latin words, Ver-itas, caput—by eliminating the first syllable of the first word, and the second of the second word—the new name Itasca—Such, then, having its origin in a want of proper research, is the ground for the commonly received story that Lake Itasca is the source of the Mississippi River.

The Dolly Varden was rid of every ounce of extra luggage, all being left with the guide an Indian at the camp near the outlet of Itasca, for the crew was about to start on a voyage in which he might have to carry on his head. Everything in readiness, a small bag of hard bread and cold bacon and roast duck on board.

THE CREW PUSHED OUT ALONE on the lake for a thorough circumnavigation of the shore. Under paddle the canoe coasted down the eastern side to reach the southeast end of the lake. The soundings to the first landing place at an average of 300 feet from shore, were 19, 15, 8 and 14 feet. Near the southern point a small stream enters the lake, but does not extend further than 1500 feet back along the ridge between the edge of a meadow and a hill of pines. Here it is a tiny rivulet which trickles down from the rocks. The crew is satisfied that it does not flow throughout the year, and that it owes even its present site to the recent storms. This is the position of a small stream marked on the map, and two lakes are represented, but the bed of the creek was followed until it was clearly seen that such lakes did not exist.

The crew then returned to the canoe and crossed to Schoolcraft Island, finding twelve feet of water about midway. It was not thought best to make a landing at this point, but the shore was followed on the side toward the mainland. The channel which separates the island is not more than 800 feet in width at the broadest point. The island bears the same general direction as the lake, its extremities being located northwest and southeast.

LANDING WAS EFFECTED, and, opening the "Dolly's" water-tight locker, the delicate set of ship's instruments and the chronometers, imported for this very occasion, were carried to a clear spot near the centre of the island. The exact geographical position of Schoolcraft Island was then found to be latitude 47 deg. 12 min. 58 sec., longitude 95 deg. 2 min. 1 second west of Greenwich. This calculation, carefully verified, the crew is satisfied to be correct.

The crew then returned to the canoe, and the search for an inlet was continued. The true canoeist is NOT A RELIC HUNTER, he is far too practical to carry one ounce of worthless baggage. That which the crew now most desired to see next to the true source of the river was a human being. Except the Indian and guide he had not seen a man, living or dead, for more than four days. Everything was as primitive and deserted as in the heart of Africa. Crossing to the Tamarac forest, which bounds the lake on the southern side, it was found to be quite swampy in places. The long tramp of two days ago through just such a swamp was still unforgetten. Although frequent landings were made the cruise continued until, at the southwestern angle of the lake,

A SMALL INLET was seen, from which issued a stream of clear water. It had cut for itself a channel, about four feet in depth and scarcely more in width, through the thick turf, and defied discoloration by its shiny banks. The heart of the crew beat in wild and hopeful expectancy. The Dolly was pushed up through this channel, and after about one-third of a mile of pushing, paddling and hauling, the stream brought the craft to

A SMALL, ROUND LAKE. The inlet had not been easy of navigation by any means, and growing much shallower, after the first 150 feet, several portages had been made by dragging the boat across the sticks and logs in the Tamarac swamp. The lake was not more than from one thousand to twelve hundred feet in diameter, and about circular in shape. It was quite shallow, with considerable grass in places. The crew crossed to the opposite side, and found it a floating lake—a large lake, in fact, with a sod floating at one side, thus narrowing it down to the circular lakelot which had at first appeared. Beyond this bog, after a long tramp THROUGH WATER TO THE KEELS, no other streams or open lakes could

be found. The same was found to be true after the lake was completely circumnavigated; there are no other streams of water flowing into this lake. From this bog it is, doubtless, that the Indian found the stream flowing which connects the Red River with the Mississippi. Here then is

THE SOURCE of the longest river in the world; here in Cass county, Minnesota, in a small lake, scarcely one-quarter of a mile in diameter, in the midst of a floating bog, are the fountains which give birth to the Mississippi. The greatest depth of the lake was found to be only twelve feet. After bathing in the lake, for a small sandy beach exists near the outlet, the crew christened the little sheet of water Dolly Varden Lake, and he is resolved to maintain that name against all competitors. The little daughter of the blacksmith of "Barnaby Rudge" should be known even by the Chippewa Indians.

THE IDA GREELEY GRAYS.—Mr. Theodore Tilton has received a letter from a young man in Baltimore, stating that a number of young Democrats from the Southern border States, who had served in Lee's army, propose to form a campaign club for Greeley and Brown, with a uniform of gray, to travel through the Northern States.

They propose to call themselves the "Ida Greeley Grays," after the heroine of the campaign, and he asks of Mr. Tilton, as a special friend of Mr. Greeley, if the idea will meet with the approval of Mr. Greeley and his daughter.

Tilton asked Mr. Greeley what he thought of it, on Saturday, at Chappaqua, and the old gentleman seemed rather pleased, but he said:

"Suppose you ask Ida?" Tilton accordingly asked Ida. She was frightened at first and demurred, but, on thinking the matter over a moment, modestly acknowledged the great honor the chivalric Southerners proposed to do her as the daughter of their standard bearer, and gave her willing consent. It is supposed that the "Ida Greeley Grays" will be a sort of flying club, to give zest to the campaign in the North by an infusion of the young Southern element. It will certainly be a lively feature, and, as Miss Ida Greeley promises to be a real heroine in the fight, it is probable that more of such clubs will be formed in her honor all over the country. "It is a good thing," said Tilton. "What we need is to shuffle the North and South together again like a pack of cards."—[New York Herald.]

A MUTE BOY RECOVERS HIS SPEECH WHILE IN THE AGONIES OF DEATH.—One of the most heartrending accidents that has happened in or about the coal works for years was that which proved fatal to a mute boy, about fourteen years of age, named Brennan near Carbondale, on Monday of last week. He was engaged in pushing coarse coal into the teeth of the breaker, and by some misstep one foot went with the coal, and was caught by the teeth and suddenly drawn in and crushed with the coal until his body filled the mouth of opening above the revolving iron breaker, and thus stopped the revolutions of the machinery. His cries brought many to his relief in a few moments, but there was no way to get him out but to send to the machine shop for men and tools to take the machinery apart and allow the coal and the teeth to fall away from the mangled leg. The poor boy suffered the torments of death for nearly two hours before he was relieved, and then it was ascertained that most of his foot had been entirely torn away. He only survived about half an hour after he was taken out and carried home. The most remarkable thing connected with this sad affair was the fact that the boy, although a mute, and speechless for life, actually begged of those around him to get him out quick, and prayed to God to spare his life as fluently and distinctly as could any boy. Will some scientific party explain the cause which gave the power of speech to this dying boy?—[Mauch Chunk Democrat.

THE STORY OF A BROKEN FAN.—At one of the Parisian concert saloons is a Chinese waiter, who dresses in the European fashion, wearing his pigtail coiled round his head. He speaks French tolerably well, and excites much curiosity on account of his strange history. He was formerly in the employ of the Empress of China, who had confided to him the charge of a certain fan, representing the imperial dragon, worked in green upon a yellow field. This fan was a sacred affair, and descended from the late Emperor, and the Empress intended to deliver it to her son upon the day of his marriage. Unfortunately, Tsang one day broke the fan, and was condemned, in consequence, to decapitation. Being a person of ingenuity, however, Tsang managed to extricate himself from his dilemma by seizing the throat of his intended executioner before that functionary had drawn his sword, and thus strangled him. As there was no witness to this affair, he dressed himself in the extinct executioner's attire, escaped without suspicion, and embarked on a French steamer which was about leaving port.

There is a man somewhere whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knee, therefore he never pays for his boots.

The average depth of the Atlantic Ocean is three miles; that of the Pacific four miles.

There is a man somewhere whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knee, therefore he never pays for his boots.