

Our Agents.

Thomas McIntyre, New Orleans
J. Curtis Waldo, "
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ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Wednesday, March 25, 1874.

Trade and traffic in Town at a low ebb—money scarce and hard to finger—price of wood, eggs and such like come down to christian prices—choice beef still holds its high price—Parish Court been in session and adjourned with light docket—District Court home again after three weeks' absence and rest—Masonic Fraternity of Alexandria installed officers for a new Lodge in Pineville; fine and pleasing affair from all reports—our Town Fathers nearly through with complete repairs of the streets—only one son of the green Emerald Isle celebrated St. Patrick's day—mad dogs reported in several localities in the Parish, which should be seriously looked to—no Post Master as yet—our devil cries for copy and we hand him this minute's doings and are glad our week's scribbling is over, and sorry that Parish script is still much below par.

Our beloved ones of the Radical persuasion of our neighboring Parish, old Natchitoches, have fallen out and gone to war in the newspaper line. A new organ, under the auspices of their Senator, a colored Baptist Minister, of no mean pretensions, has been ushered into existence, as the "Republican," and has fallen heir to the State, Parish and Town chicken pie. The "News," their former organ and a good paper at that, has been snubbed and turned out to grass. Already each Journal has a few spicy articles on the subject matter, and for a while we may expect a continuation of the paper warfare. Let us hope the right will prevail and the best man live the longest.

Since our article about the Colfax trial has been in the hands of the printer, we are more than mortified and humiliated to learn the fate of the habeas corpus taken out before Judge Woods in their behalf. We had hopefully indulged the fact, which we expressed in the close of our article, but all has been dashed to pieces, and the tribunal of last resort to which they appealed has refused them all bail, save and except A. C. Lewis. They must now lie in the Parish Prison, of New Orleans, till next May. Hard indeed is it, to use a mild term, for a people to receive nothing but rebuke and persecution from their own government, where alone they have to look for protection, safety and justice!

Our planters and farmers are having too much forced rest at this season of the year, in anticipation of a fair start for the coming crops—never before in long years have they been faced by so many drawbacks and inconveniences, and hard indeed is their fate in their present pressed and crippled condition. However they are moulded of good patient material and can make the trip.

We are pained to announce the death of Charlie Corwin, a well known and competent Red River steambot clerk. He was generally in our Grand Ecore trade, and was highly beloved and esteemed. Peace to thee Charlie!

The Democrat has been courteously remembered, the past week, by the clever officers of the Lotus No. 3, La Belle, Maria Louise and St. Mary.

THE END OF THE COLFAX TRIAL.

On Monday night, at 8 o'clock, the 16th inst., after having been shut up and confined for eighty hours, the Jury in the case of the Colfax prisoners, returned a verdict of acquittal in the case of A. C. Lewis, one of the prisoners, and declared they could not agree as regards the other eight prisoners. From reliable and trustworthy sources, we learn that three of the other prisoners, Cruikshank, Hickman and Hadnot, would also have been acquitted but for the persistent opposition of one jurymen.—For the other five accused, Penn, Irwin, Gibbons and the two Lemoines, the Jury were thus divided: nine for acquittal and three for conviction.

This is the sequel and result, after twenty-two days of trial, of this political snit, directed against men, who were accused of having committed an offence, which was one of purely legitimate self-defence. If there be wanting proof to demonstrate the absurdity and iniquity of the rule of unanimity, this snit furnishes the ready proof. Suppose from the infancy of the Jury system, the majority rule had been adopted, or even that of the three-fourths were law, all the accused would have been at once acquitted. However this may be, the declared result is already a moral acquittal for them, which confirms the verdict of our people, time and again asserted and rendered.—The Jury have, in fact, refused to condemn the accused; and if they have not been acquitted, it is because it required a unanimous voice to acquit as well as to condemn. The benefit of doubt, therefore, attaches to the position of these persecuted men, who have been torn from their homes and families, under circumstances which prove plainly that their arrest, confinement and trial spring from political motives. It is very plain to our mind, therefore, that nowhere in Louisiana can an impartially empanelled Jury be found to convict these men. In this condition of affairs there is but one thing left to be done and that is to admit the accused to bail and let the whole matter be buried in oblivion.

In a late number of the Shreveport Times we find the law card of Judge Wm. A. Seay, announcing his permanent removal to Shreveport to practice his profession. Regretting sincerely the loss of so esteemed, cultivated and polished a gentleman as the Judge from our Town and Parish; we cannot but feel somewhat envious and chagrined that our sister City should profit and gain by our loss. We can bear honorable testimony to all the high attributes, both personal and professional, which our confrere of the Times has modestly lavished on our friend, and gladly recommend him to the Bar of Shreveport and good people of Caddo as every way worthy of the well merited encomiums passed on him.

The oldest inhabitant, whom we have patiently interviewed, comes to our rescue and asserts that he never knew so much rain, incessant rain in the month of March, as has been our portion in the present one. Again we record all of last week as a pluvius one, with very little sign of abatement as we pen these lines. The river is within two feet of its banks and continues to rise as the awful rains fall. But we are certain the heavy rise we now have on us is occasioned by these local floods; one week of respite and old Red will be falling.

A few modified and good changes have taken place in Dr. Peterson's mail contract. Robert and Henry Luckett have contracted to convey the mails, six times a week from this Town to Monette's Ferry, on Cane River; A. M. Osgood has been constituted Agent and business manager from Monette's Ferry to Shreveport, with headquarters in the saddle, and our fellow townsman, Col. N. L. McGinnis, is the fully authorized agent for the same from Alexandria to the Mouth of Red River, with headquarters and office at the Excelsior Stables, on De Soto Street.

A New Departure.

Kellogg, Field, Clinton, the New Orleans Republican and the leading white political magnates of the Radical party of Louisiana, have already struck off their big posters and made the announcement and published their programme for the next performance of the Menagerie at the fast approaching November election, which comes off *volens volens*, or may be a special one, through the instrumentality of Carpenter's new election bill. The head of their State Committee, Boss Packard, has expunged and annulled all the Parochial Committees and issued his ukase for a clean new deal.—Field, the Attorney General so-called, has hurled the thunders of his Vatican against most of the Appropriation Bill, in the shape of an injunction before the immortal Hawkins, of the Superior Court, which has been granted; Auditor Clinton, that terror of "rebel skunks" has fired his hot shot into the pap-fed Radical Press of the State, and though last not least, Kellogg and the Republican are heart and soul in the good work, now slated out for the small bills and farther particulars.

The negro Legislature, just adjourned and which the State Journal now calls "Stupid Solons," though they voted that Journal \$50,000, and Field leaves it out of his injunction, is now pronounced upon and as bad things said of it as ever were penned by the Democrat or any other "rebel concern." During their whole illegal and infamous sittings these "stupid" negroes were all right and not a word of reproach fell through the columns of the State Journal, but now that the infamy is too plain and glaring, the shrewd Radical leaders proceed to tear down the house their polluted hands helped to build, and go back with a vengeance on the man and brother. We certainly desire no plainer hand writing on the wall and can but look on with complacency and delight at this coming carnival for the renewal and grasping the reins and depleted purse of a poor, unfortunate and plundered people, and right willingly are we prepared to renew our blows against the combined elements of the bastard crew, who has fattened on our woes and troubles. Now, more than ever, will we girdle on our Democratic armor, and pitch into our common enemy. The true Press of Louisiana must at once, with renewed energy and zeal, dot out the course to be pursued to meet our enemies at the very threshold of the new canvass, and with right good will commence the good fight. The Democrat has put on its war paint and is in for the fight to the bitter end.

The Caucasian.

This is the name and title of a new Weekly Journal, which will make its maiden bow to the public of Rapides, on next Saturday, under the editorial control of Robt. P. Hunter, and published by Charles B. Stewart. Elsewhere will be found its "Prospectus," and we are sure no fault can be found of the plain and expressive manner the Editor announces his mounting of the tripod and the noble course he has adopted for his guidance. The Democrat, old in such a good cause, and matured in the autumn of its days, will gladly and energetically lend its voice and a strong helping hand to its youthful and gallant confrere and bid him God-speed in so glorious and halloved a line of duty. Doubtless we should charge *ensemble* against the fast tottering works of Louisiana's greatest enemy, negro radicalism, and side by side found shouting when victory perches on our peerless banners. There cannot be too many batteries hurled against the breast works and entrenchments of a bad party, hence we must thrice welcome this youthful and giant-like Journal to our aid and assistance in the people's good cause. Politically, personally and financially, therefore, we wish "The Caucasian" fall and merited success, and gracefully, without a totter or a stoop, tip to the whole concern our new Democratic beaver.

The Louisiana Central Railroad has organized, with E. B. Ward, of Detroit, president, C. B. Fisk, of New York, vice-president and F. B. Steadman, Secretary.

"Old Hickory."

A correspondent of the Jackson (Miss.) News tells how Gen. Jackson got his title of "Old Hickory." He says he got the story from Capt. Wm. Allen, a near neighbor of the General, and who messed with him during the Creek war. During the campaign the soldiers were moving rapidly to surprise the Indians, and were without tents. A cold March rain came on, mingled with sleet, which lasted for several days. Gen. Jackson got a severe cold, but did not complain, as he tried to sleep in a muddy bottom among the half-frozen soldiers. Capt. Allen and his brother John cut down a stout hickory tree, peeled off the bark and made a covering for the General, who was difficultly persuaded to crawl into it. The next morning a drunken citizen entered the camp, and seeing the tent kicked it over. As Jackson crawled from the ruins, the toper, cried: "Hello, Old Hickory! come out of your bark, and jine us in a drink."

Auditor Clinton, in his crusade against the "country Republican press," has stolen Democratic thunder for his arguments, and right gladly do we welcome him at this late hour as a co-laborer in our vineyard. He thus closes his epistle to Blackburn, of the Homer Iliad:

I oppose these unnecessary expenses for printing on the ground that it is bad faith to our creditors, as well as the people. While we are asking our creditors to discount \$10,000,000 of their obligations, every dollar that is corruptly, or carelessly given away for purposes not necessary to maintain the State government, is a morally criminal misappropriation of funds. It is just possible to go through with the year before us and pay with the revenue received the necessary expenses of the State government. The printing contracts now out will, unless cancelled, require more than \$100,000. I could see no way to provide for such a debt, and felt obliged to request the Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Speaker of the House, who constitute the printing commission to relieve us from it. I do not agree with you that this involves the destruction of the country Republican press. Those papers have the other State printing and all parochial, municipal, and judicial printing and advertising, and they must be seriously lacking in ability and enterprise if they can not sustain themselves with such help. But the truth is a large number of them are not newspapers in any just or proper sense of the word. They are mere machines through which to draw appropriations from the State, and if a considerable number of them should expire, the loss to the State and the party would not, in my judgment, be irreparable. CHAS. CLINTON, Auditor.

Already there is an awful tearing of hair, clenching of teeth and deep damnable curses heaped on the cranium of Auditor Clinton for his unceremonious withdrawing of State grub from the Radical Press of the State, and premature death spasms are already perceptible on more than one once happy organ grinder's carcass. Verily our soon defunct and lamented brethren should resolve with what good grace they can muster: we have all had a good time of it and must now shuffle off our pap-coil and die like men and patriots. The Colored troops fought bravely!

Mr. Charles Gayarre has issued a pamphlet showing that the debts of Louisiana—including the State debt, that of New Orleans, and the debts of the rural Parishes—amount to about \$60,000,000. The State owes \$30,000,000, the city \$25,000,000, and the rural Parishes \$5,000,000. Mr. Gayarre assumes \$40,000,000 to be the yearly result of production in Louisiana, all of which is required to support the inhabitants, and that \$150,000,000 represents the market value of all the property in the State.

Berry Jackson, colored, who was convicted of the killing of Van-Buren, colored, last term of our Spring District Court, and sentenced to seven years hard labor at Baton Rouge, has been released on pardon, and is at home again.

School Superintendent Brown gives notice that no apportionment for March can be had, and that until September and December can money be had or paid out.

Help Yourself.

Fight your own battles. your own row. Ask no favor of any one, and you'll succeed five thousand times better than he is always beseeching some one's patronage. No one will ever help you help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be a long one, perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain, you will each one lead to another, and firm in that while you chop still other out. Men who have made tunes are not those who had \$ given them to start with, but who with a well earned dollar or two Men who have by their own exert acquired fame, have not been the into popularity by puffs begged paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their hand and touched the public heart. who win love do their own wood and I never knew a man to fail so nally as one who had induced his fectionate grandmother to speak a word for him. Whether you work fame, for love, for money, or for a thing else, work with your heart and brain. Say "I will!" some day you will conquer. Never any man have it to say, "I've dragged you up." Too many friends hurt man more than none at all.—[Greenwood.

Mrs. Eliza J. Alexander, a daughter of the distinguished orator and Methodist preacher, John Newland Maffit, died recently in Richmond, Fort Bend county, Texas, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Henrietta Maffit, the widow of General M. B. Maffit, ex President of the Republic of Texas. Mrs. Alexander was a lady admired for her brilliant intellect and personal beauty. She possessed great conversational powers, and like her gifted father, could by her eloquent move an audience to tears. She was highly educated and accomplished musician and singer. Her brother, Captain Maffit, who commanded the Confederate steamer Florida during our late war.

A document reading as follows has lately been filed in the Clerk's office in Peoria, Ill.,

Know all men by these presents that I, Henry S. Cole, have this day sold, transferred and set over unto Lydia A. Benjamin the following property to wit: Fifteen hundred bushels of corn in the crib, on the place where now live on farm, in the county of Peoria, Ill., two dark bay mares, one about fifteen years old, and one about eight years old; one bay horse about ten years old, and one bald-face late spring sorrel horse colt; one old lumber wagon, and one double harness for and in consideration that the said Lydia A. Benjamin becomes my lawful wife. HENRY S. COLE.

The Press speaks pitifully of Parson Brownlow of Tennessee. He is taken to his seat in the Senate at twelve and carried back to his solitary house at five. There is no color in the tall, pale, dark-haired man except in his eyes which grow restless when anything in the debate excites him. He never speaks nor moves, nor smiles nor calls a page, nor talks to a neighbor. He is afflicted with a terrible palsy which makes him quiver and tremble continually, but the old man means to die with his harness on, and sit there by the door on the left of the President's seat, biding his time.

The cruelty of some parents exhibited even at weddings, is terrible to behold. An Illinois bride has not yet recovered from the shock with which she received the presents of her father—a washtub, axe, three flat irons, and a collection of baking dishes and sauce-pans.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that under the law of the common-wealth a woman can fill any local office of an administrative character, the duties of which can be performed by a woman.

A country editor, waxing eloquent in the description of a new organ, says: "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed-clothes."