Louisiana Democrat.

A. B. RACHAL) THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH. (PUBLISHER

VOL. 29. } ALEXANDRIA, LA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1874. { NO. 34.

The Democrat.

TERMS:

THE DEMOCRAT is published Weekly, at FOUR DOLLARS per annum—Two DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS for six months, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE! No subscription taken for a less period than six months.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per square for the first insertion and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent one.

EIGHT lines or less, (BREVIER) constitute a square.

OBITUARY Notices, Marriages, Public Meetings, Cards of Thanks, etc., to be paid for as advertisements.

☞ PERSONAL CARDS, when admissible, charged double the usual advertising rates.

JOB PRINTING.

JOB PRINTING

—OF—

EVERY DESCRIPTION

—SUCH AS—

LAWYERS' BRIEFS,

FUNERAL CARDS,

CIRCULARS,

BILL HEADS,

CARDS, &c.

EXECUTED WITH—

Neatness and Dispatch!

—AND ON

MOST REASONABLE TERMS!

ABSOLUTE DIVORCES OBTAINed from Courts of different State for desertion, &c. No publicity required. No charge until divorce granted. Address,

M. HOUSE, Attorney.
194 Broadway, N. Y

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXCELSIOR STABLE!

Jackson, between 2d and 3d Sts.

LIVERY, SALE & STAGE STABLE!

I AM AGAIN IN CHARGE OF THE above Stable, and would be pleased to have my old friends and patrons to give me a call. I am prepared to accommodate the public in the LIVERY LINE.—The Stable is WELL STOCKED with

HORSES, HACKS and BUGGIES!

and will hire them, and feed horses at prices to SUIT THE TIMES—BUT FOR CASH ONLY. I guarantee entire satisfaction. N. L. McGINNIS.
March 4th. Superintendent.

ALEXANDRIA, CHENEYVILLE
RED RIVER
—and—
NEW ORLEANS LINE
—OF—
United States Mail Coaches

A CONCORD COACH WILL LEAVE Alexandria on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 10 o'clock A. M., making close connections at Red River Landing with the magnificent steamers

Katie, Frank Pargoud and Natchez

for New Orleans. Returning—will leave Red River Landing on SUNDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS, on the arrival of the above Packets from New Orleans, arriving at Alexandria 7 o'clock the next morning. B. H. PETERSON,
March 4th, Proprietor.

BEN. WEISS,
(AGENT,)

IS AGAIN RE-ESTABLISHED IN BUSINESS, and has opened his new establishment at

Rav's Old Stand

corner of Second and Jackson Streets, and keeps on hand

CLOTHING,
BOOTS
SHOES,
DRY GOODS
AND A FINE STOCK OF GROCERIES:

and every thing usually found in a well regulated Store. By strict attention to business he hopes to receive the favors of his former patrons. COME and SEE US! CHEAP FOR CASH!
Aug. 6, 1873.

NEW ORLEANS
—and—
Grand Ecore Packet Comp'y.

THIS COMPANY HAVE RETURNED THE VERY FINE AND SUPERB STEAMER

St. Mary:

J. C. MITCHELL.....MASTER
G. C. Hamilton, T. J. Dowty and J. O. Joffrion, Clerks.

PERMANENTLY IN THE TRADE.—Leaves New Orleans every Saturday at 5 P. M. Alexandria, going down, every Wednesday at 12 M.

For Freight or Passage, having the best of accommodations.
APPLY ON BOARD.

Notice!

THE PUBLIC ARE HEREBY NOtified that a duplicate book of subscription to the Capital Stock of the "PEOPLE'S NEW ORLEANS AND GRAND ECORE PACKET COMPANY," has been left with Robt. P. Hunter, Attorney at Law, and that subscriptions will be received on application, either by letter or in person to him at his office in the Town of Alexandria. JOHN HEINN.
March 18, 1874.

Poetry.

SHADOWS.

BY F. J. W.

Shadows in the moonlight,
Shadows in the stream,
Shadows all around me,
E'en shadows in my dream.
Shadows crowd about me,
I never am alone,
Shadows by the cottage hearth,
They flit around the throne.

Who are those airy creatures,
Whose stature grows so tall
As twilight dim advances
Along the garden wall?
They dance before in sunlight,
And visit with me—true—
And when I hand a card in
They send their own in too.

I'm tired of intrusion.
Their meagre limbs I hate,
As darkly stretching o'er me
They're 'fore me at the gate.
And sidling round they listen,
And mock me when I kiss.
Some darling dear Lothario
Whose "jag" I fill of bliss.

Oh, Shadows, Shadows, Shadows,
You're with me everywhere,
"Sub rosa," let me tell you,
Of whispering have a care,
You know it's very easy
Small troubles to combine;
You know if flirting's carried on
You'll have it line on line.

Yes, Shadows, phantom Shadows,
Always running by
When I think you're just behind
You're just before my eye,
In my childhood's hour I ran,
Forever on before,
Yet I always found you there,
Just 'fore me and at the door.

Oh, idle, idle Shadows,
Have you naught else to do
But minding other's business
Like gossip old or shrew,
Climbing up the old wall
Or peeping o'er a fence,
You always put your nose in
On any slight pretense.

And "Shadow for the substance,"
Goes just a little way
To those who, like yourself,
Are vicious in their play,
And they sport with character,
And cast their shadows, too,
And the world the shadow takes
For substance good and true.

Oh! ghostly, ghostly Shadows!
Your dance is measured now,
As you slowly in procession
Low before me bow.
Your forms—they have grown older,
And dignities combine
To lend a certain majesty
Not round thee in thy prime.

Oh, Shadows—darling Shadows!
Forgive ungentle tone,
Ye were with me all my life,
I love you every one:
Ye have witnessed sorrows
That have wrung my heart,
Seen loving friends struck down too
By Death's unerring dart.

Oh! faithful, faithful Shadows!
Ye are all that's left to me
Of home, of country or of friends—
Sole, sad reality!
When coldness or deceit
Their truant arts did try
With me you stood the friend
Who coldly passed them by.

Oh! Shadows, Shadows, Shadows,
Remain for aye with me;
Darkly, grandly beautiful,
A Rembrandt picture be;
Colors deep—unchanging—
Seen best where light doth shine;
Like Truth, your worth is shown
By effulgent rays of Time.

Good bye! beloved Shadows,
From thee I'll never part;
Aside from jest, you're resting
Ever, ever on my heart;
And to-night within my chamber,
Just where the moonlight beams,
Your forms are silent watching
Where jessamine idly streams.

One more farewell, pale Shadows!
I close my eyes at will,
Feel that no harm o'ertakes me,
As thou'lt be watching still.
The shadows press around me,
The darkness gathers fast.
They clasp me in their arms,
I'm quite—asleep—at last.

An Invincible Hand.

HOW FIVE JACKS BEAT FOUR ACES.

During the session of the United States District Grand Jury, a witness was called before them named Scipio Choteau, a half-breed Creek Indian and negro, bright, sharp, and intelligent. He was the last witness to be called before adjournment that day. After examination; some one of the Grand Jury who knew *him* asked *him* if he was the man who had four aces beaten.

He answered, "Yes, sah; I's de man."

"Will you have any objection to telling it?"

I'se afeard it will get me into trouble: but if de Judge is willin'," appealing to the foreman. "I will tell it."

The Judge consented, then Scipio said:

"You see I lives on the cattle trail from Texas through the Creek country to Kansas, and I was out on de road one day, and I meets a gentleman ahead of a big drove of cattle.

"He says, 'Old man; do you live in dis country?'

"I say, 'Yes, sah.'

"He says, 'It's a mighty poor country. How do you make a livin'?'

"I says, 'Sah, 'tis putty good country; we has plenty meat and bread, and I makes a good livin' a——

"He say, 'Old man, do you ever play kerds?'

"I says, 'Yes, sah, I does, sometimes.'

"He says, 'Would you have any objection to play a little draw?'

"I says, 'No, sah.'

"So we gets off our horses along side de road, and sat down, and I pulls out the kerds. Well, in a short time I beat de gentleman out of sixty-two dollars and a half, and I tought I had him; so I puts up a hand on him—for I is, do I say it myself, a mighty smart hand at kerds—and I know'd he would have tree jacks and I would hab tree aces, and in de draw I know'd he would git de oder jack and I would git de oder ace. So he raises a bit, and I raises on back, till at last I put up all the money I had winned from de gemmen and all de change I had, and I know'd I had him. Well in de draw de gent got de oder jack and I got de oder ace. De gent wanted to bet, but I claimed a sight for de money, and I him told I had an inwincible hand dat couldn't be beat.

"He says, 'Ole man, dem is right good britches you is got on; how much did day cost?'

"I says, 'Yes, sah; day cost me ten dollars.'

"He says, 'I puts up ten dollars agin dem.'

"I says, 'Berry well, sah; but I tells you I got an inwincible hand.'

"He puts up de money, and I holds up my legs and he pulls off de britches and lays dem down.

"Now sir,' I says, 'I told you I had an inwincible hand. I'se got fo' aces.'

"De gent says, 'Ole man did you ever hear of five jacks beating fo' aces?'

"I says, 'I'se heard it, sah, but I'se never seed it; and if you convince me ob it, de money's yourn.'

"Berry well,' he says, laying down one kerd; 'ain't dat de jack ob clubs?'

"Yes, sah,' I says, 'dat am de jack ob clubs.'

"He lays down anoder kerd; 'ain't dat de jack ob spades?'

"Yes, sah, dat is de jack ob spapes.'

"He lays down anoder; 'Ain't dat de jack ob diamonds?'

"Yes, sah, dat is de jack ob diamonds.'

"He puts down anoder and says, 'Ain't dat de jack ob hearts?'

"I says. 'Yes, sah, dat am de jack ob hearts.'

"Den he runs his hand in his bosom and pulls out a great long pistol and points it at me and says, 'Ain't dat jack haul?'

"I says, 'Yes, sah.'

"And he says, 'Ain't dat five jacks? and don't dat win de money?'

"I says, 'Yes, sah, dat *is* jack Haul, and dat is five jacks, and five jacks beats an inwincible hand.'

"So he puts de money in his pocket and ties my britches on 'hind ob his saddle, and tells me to scatter—and I did.

"You see, it served me right, for I tought de man was a green Missourian when I put up de hand on him; but he was a Arkansas chap, and I finds dem mighty sharp, Judge."

The above is vouched for by the foreman and several members of the Grand Jury as fact—every word of it. —[Fort Smith Herald.

☞ March 10th, according to Washington correspondents, was a day of mortification to the brazen-faced Butler. Even his superb impudence and coolness under assault were routed, and he betook himself to passionate threats and hysterical epithets. The men who had heretofore meekly followed his lead suddenly confronted him in general revolt, and he found himself unexpectedly displaced from the proud position of leader and arraigned as a culprit. The Jayne and Sanborn revelations caused the extraordinary demonstration. Butler rashly attempted a defense of the law by the operation of which such revelations were made possible, and immediately the whole Republican line was precipitated upon him. Brethren of his own household pummeled him with accusations and riddled his rhinoceros hide with taunts. He was made to comprehend that the House knew and believed that he had not only acted as Sanborn's attorney, but had indecently advised the extortion of a quarter of a million of dollars from Phelps, Dodge & Co. This was too much even for Butler's flesh and blood, phenomenal as they are. He lost his head, became embarrassed and fell to beating the air in his rage.

Shall we take hope from this outbreak that Butler's day is over? As the philosophic Mesty, in "Midshipman Easy," says, "Wait a little." —[N. O. Picayune.

☞ An extraordinary circumstance in the history of the country occurs on the death of Mr. Fillmore. Never before since the administration of Jefferson has it happened that only one person was alive, except the incumbent, who had filled the Presidential office. Andrew Johnson is now the only ex-president living; and even he was not elected to that office, but came to it as Vice-President on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. While the younger Adams was President, the elder Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe were living. When Buchanan was elected, Van Buren, Tyler, Pierce and Fillmore were alive. When Lincoln was inaugurated Van Buren, Tyler, Pierce, Fillmore, and Buchanan were living.

Within the past thirty-seven years seven Presidents have been elected besides Grant. It is an extraordinary fact that not one of the seven is now alive.

☞ "Got anything for a sick man to read?" inquired a pug-nosed boy at a news stand the other day. "Yes, anything you want—Bibles, poems, religious books, Christian Herald, etc.," replied the clerk. "Bibles!" echoed the boy; "do you think dad's a hangel! Gim-me a lively dime novel—one with an Injun scalping a soldier."

☞ A country editor has just become the father of twins, and yet he wants the Constitution changed.