

A man in a pensive mood could just about now find as quiet and secluded a spot in Alexandria, for sacred meditations, as Harvey of old found among the tombs. We are chagrined to go in the grave yard business in hopes of picking up local items for the home reader, but so it is and so it must be this week any how. We will skip over the old hacke-

The crops have been well worked and are in fine condition and perfectly clean, but need rain just now, especially the corn. The weather has at last come down to its legitimate strides, and is in every respect, the beautiful, genial and balmy Sunny South weather of old. The river, which has thought better of its evil behavior elsewhere, has commenced its earnest decline, and has receded full three feet up to the present time.

The District Court, our old familiar jade, has been pegging away the whole of the past week, to dull and non-interested audiences, and has hardly been able to drive dull care away with all its assumed and usurped prerogatives. The criminal docket has been put through, and only three of the nation's wards sent to Baton Rouge to receive Kellogg's executive clemency, and yet the Court is still in session, knowing herself, and the law is plain and reads for itself.

Mails, boats, fights and rumors not as plentiful as the gnats, which now worry us and give our old bald cranium red bumps, but still we of poor Alexandria still live, still fight it out on the same old line, waiting for rations of future hopes, glory and prosperity to be handed over to us and our children. Wait for the wagon!

On Saturday evening as we were enjoying the cool shade of our old locust, surrounded by our immense family, recounting our experience as one of the umpires in the Regatta, a familiar one, loaded down with something entered our front gate and with the salute of a beau Hickman, presented us the regards of J. Levin and placed down that something before us. Returning thanks to Robert and through him to Levin, we proceeded to inspect that something and simply found it to be the best of Ice Cream and cake, which Levin had sent us; and reader would you believe it, the Democrat's better half, five sons, three daughters, two grand children, two nephews, one old friend, and though last, not least, two as good and true darlings as ever smoked cob pipes, were beautifully helped and enjoy this royal treat. And you may be certain that the generous donor was more than well remembered.

Old Natchitoches, our neighbor above us, has had a rousing and exciting election for Mayor and Councilmen. Two tickets were in the field, both headed and claiming to be the "National Republican" one. Where the old Democracy came in, we fail to perceive. A heavy vote was polled, and the ticket claimed as the true one by the News, was successful by a bare majority for their Mayor and four out of six of the Councilmen. The Republican, the other organ of Radicalism, in reviewing the battle field, claims the election of our old confere, Louis Duplex, as Councilman, and puts him down as a "Republican." However this may be, the people have been lucky in getting some good men for their City Fathers. M. B. Carver, S. W. Kile, Louis Duplex and G. W. Duncan are all good men and upright citizens and will do for our old neighbor these times, and we congratulate the Town on faring so well.

Among the many names, drawn for the Petty Jury, who will try the Colfax prisoners, we perceive that of John M. Sandidge, which calls to our mind an oasis in the desert. We would like to trust the fate of our persecuted fellow-citizens to twelve such men.

Now that all the rivers are falling, we hope at once to have our daily mails again in full plight. Dr. Peterson, the contractor, is here looking to their management and we feel assured that in a few days all will be well again.

NEGROPHILISM.

"Nor can we forbear the suggestion that if this appeal were on behalf of 300,000 negroes instead of that number of white Southerners of our own race and blood, such are the sympathies of the majority as heretofore exhibited that they would find by right or by wrong some means of relief. The petitioners would not have been so coldly and flippantly turned away."

Truer words were never written than these by the minority of the committee in Congress to whom was referred the petition of the South Carolina tax payers. To the respectful appeal of these 300,000 white men for some relief against spoliation and plunder of the most atrocious and brazen kind, the majority of that Committee turn a deaf ear. And the Republican party with its immaculate President, advised by his spotless Attorney General, dismisses the appeal with undisguised contempt.

It is a truth that nothing which the white men of the South may suffer is deemed worthy of consideration by the dominant party in this country—no representation they may make of hideous wrongs perpetrated upon them receives attention, while a negro or a negro ring can claim and command precedence for their complaints over and before the most important business of the country. Even Carpenter, when in New Orleans early last year, flippantly replied to the fervid appeals for his sympathy and active assistance—"quit politics and look after your business."

The people of Louisiana would not "quit." They saw that the politics they were asked to quit was their salvation, political, pecuniary and material. And Carpenter, impressed by the persistence of a people who were so much in earnest, looked more gravely into the situation, probed its secrets, extracted from every source all available information, and finally stepped forth, in paucity of complete armor, the champion of our cause par excellence before the Senate.

The only reason why Grant has been advised by his Attorney General to throw his official influence in favor of Baxter in Arkansas, is that he was the candidate of the negroes. The only reason why that infamous telegram was sent by Williams to Pinchback—"let it be understood that you are recognized as the acting Governor of Louisiana"—was that the latter is a mulatto. With a President not wholly lost to all sense of his own honor, and not oblivious of the deencies of public life, further service in his Cabinet by so despicable a creature as Williams has shown himself to be would be impossible. A man who has been proved to have purchased a landaulet for his wife out of the contingent fund of his office, and to have used in the four last years over eight thousand dollars of that fund to feed the horses that drag the landaulet, is the man whom the present President retains as his official adviser and tried to put him in the seat once occupied by a Marshall and a Taney.

Grant knows that he owes his second term to the votes of the negroes. By the white vote he was beaten several hundred thousand majority. If by pandering to the passions of the negroes and to the cupidity and love of power of their white leaders, he can retain the present negro governments in the Southern States as they now exist, he will not hesitate to do it. No State is indebted to his help or countenance for relief. He sent to Virginia his understrappers and large funds from the Treasury, but thanks to that high spirited people, without avail. He ordered his armed soldiers to install the negro Government in Louisiana, and to establish in blood officers whose claims commenced in fraud and were thus cemented by force. To South Carolina's appeals he responds with a petty and silly malignity that would be incredible were it not so well authenticated. His chief objection to granting relief to the 300,000 tax-payers of that State is that a member of the Convention that deputed them, abused him. But if the smallest fraction of the negroes had gone to Washington to give a recital of real or fancied wrongs, they would have been received with impressement—the Attorney-General would have driven the Chairman of the delegation to the White House in his landaulet, and the Republican members of the Congressional Committee would have addressed themselves to ascertaining some mode of relief. And they would have found it with small care whether it was right or wrong.

Levin's Ice Cream Saloon was opened to the public for the first time this season, on Saturday last. The public and all lovers of cool beverages can now be accommodated, with ice, cake, soda water, lemonades, syrups of all flavors, ice cream and sherbets, and should favor his establishment with a business call.

We are requested by Dr. G. W. Laney, our resident Surgeon Dentist, to state that he leaves for New Orleans this day, and on his return, which will be within ten days, will be at home about two weeks, and then will be absent on business three months.

THAT RAPE CASE.

Under this bold caption, the Official Journal has a well matured and advised leader, pretending to be a slashing rebuke to the Caucasian for dereliction of duty and a few side-wipes thrown in for la rioppe, when on close inspection the article is calculated to arouse the only slumbering bad feelings of the blacks against the whites. We use a milk-tern against the Official, not thinking he intended his leader as it is surely calculated to be understood and construed by his ignorant constituency, and regret that the infamy of Hamp Henderson should be here revived, and a bad enough home outrage brought in comparison with it, and all simply under the pretext of pitching into our young and ardent ally. On close and fair inspection there is a wide difference in the true status of the two cases. That of Hampton was a bold, ferocious, malignant and semi-radical one, urged on and fanned by the demons of negro radicalism, in a Parish where no law exists, or is permitted to exist, by the cohorts of his party, and where the teachings of hell itself are the cardinal virtues of the negro, and what was done in his case to mete justice to him, was calmly and justly done simply and purely because there was no other remedy, and there was no law or officers of the law which could be appealed to by the relatives and friends of the injured one. Hence the proper action which followed, and followed fairly and justly and to which we again accord our entire approbation.

In the case of the recent accused, matters stand differently and differ widely, and the result, though one to be regretted, cannot be justly placed at the door of the white and conservative people of Pineville or Alexandria, but fall as usual and as ever on radicalism, negro radicalism of Rapides! Although the attention of the Official one has been called to this subject, "not by a colored, but a white man of high standing in this community, as a sample of the prevailing feeling here in regard to the two races," the Democrat must be permitted to differ with this high authority and mildly put it down as another slander against our people. The accused was properly arrested, and our people knew we had law here and civil officers, whom they believed would enforce those laws and hence no other steps were taken as in Henderson's case, and the case allowed to take its fair and legitimate course. And how was this done? and what was the result? and where does the blame, the whole blame, attach, but again to the same old source, the same libel of all our woes, to Radicalism and to its alone. As before stated in our columns, the sole and whole blame lies on the shoulders of the District Judge, who permitted bail in the case, when he knew perfectly well he was erring and committing a legal wrong against society in favor of crime, the crime which the Official seeks, innocently we trust, to foster on the unoffending heads of our community. This matter is in a pecan shell, the two cases differ widely, each should stand on its own infamy, and above all, the Old Official, if he finds it a pleasure to pitch into the young ones, should take a fair foundation and look before he pitches in, and not lean too much and with much faith on the prejudices of others, who seek to advise and guide him. He is old enough and should have plenty of matured journalistic experience to steer his own craft free of the pretended breakers of the true conservatism of the Parish, and it is to be hoped he will, on reflection, see this matter in its legitimate light and take off his radical specs the next time he may allude to it.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR OLD GOLD AND SILVERWARE. FERGUSON & SCHNACK.

The Bart Able, our Packet, (and how long can we continue to merit such a Packet?) reached our wharf early Monday morning on sharp time, and departs at noon this day, on the same sharp time. Our friends Dick Sinnott, and G. C. Hamilton, handed us a full bushel of papers, from the four quarters of Uncle Sam's dominions, political, neutral, literary, comical and pictorial. And again before we close these thanks, let us once more beseech our merchants and planters to ponder well on this Packet system, and picture to themselves their awful and sad fix, if by their neglect or fault this Packet system is done away with run out of the trade. They can prove by all the train of bad consequences and commercial inconveniences which will follow their present criminal folly, and we would rather form and express our opinion before hand, that we may not serve that that jury. Stick to the right, which is your interest, and never allow the evil to come on you.

SATURDAY'S REGATTA.

Our nautical boys of Pineville and Alexandria, treated us to another pleasing and exciting boat race, on last Saturday evening, which proved far more interesting and better contested than any of the previous ones. For several days before the race it was whispered that Pineville would make a gallant and desperate row for the purse, the horns and the championship, and in furtherance of these noble efforts, the old tar of the Unknown, who fights with commendable energy and pluck, and has a dashing set of sailor boys to aid him, had thoroughly overhauled and rigged anew his fine craft—and also that a new one from Smith's Dock would be launched for the occasion. Counter to all this, the old Frenchman, though having full confidence in his Aetna, determined to be prepared and doubly armed for the coming fray and at once, with the aid, advice and assistance of four or five good ones, turned out a new one, the Lillian Lee, from his ship yard, and thus Alexandria and Pineville renewed the contest with two entries each. The day, the occasion and the attendance were all admirably calculated to please and nerve the contestants, and at the appointed hour they started for the race. We give the names of the boats as they were reached the winning flag, and must add that our favorite, the Aetna won again, and retains the horns, which hard and honest efforts strove to grasp from her, and that she came out a fair winner in the time of five minutes and four seconds: 1st, Aetna; 2nd, Unknown; 3d, Caucasian; 4th, Lillian Lee. All were well together and came home without a halt.

We demand the attention of the public to the law card of Daigne and Cazabat, published in the proper column in this issue of the Democrat. These two young gentlemen have seen much practice in the line of their profession, both have been on the Bench, and neither have tar-nished their well worn ermine, and both were honestly elected as Parish Judges in 1872 in the two Parishes they now propose to practice in, and singularly enough both were swindled out of their rights and usurpers now fill their places. Aside from all this they are fully qualified to meet the wants and necessities of all disposed and forced to appeal to law for some settlement of their rights, and without a waver or a doubt, we cheerfully recommend them to the good favors of their fellow-citizens of Rapides and Grant.

"Eclipses of Life" is the title of a book announced for publication in the Western portion of our State. The following rich list of contents ought to make it sell among the people for whose use it is evidently intended: "Nocturnal guide, sovereign panacea, invaluable specific remedy for all the diseases and mental spells inflicted on the black or colored inhabitants of the United States, under the names and characters of spiritual visions, incubuses, guttural songs, nasal twangs, war-horse laughing, incantations, fictitious stories concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, witches, warlocks, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, insects, loads, lizards, scorpions, rattlesnakes, ground puppies, etc.; doggerel whining, love enchantments, wooing traps, heel greasing, sorcery, pin-finding, road-crossing, new-moon signs, voodooism, etc.

Tom Ochiltree.—A few days since we were earnestly asked if we had heard recently of our old chum, Tom Ochiltree, and with chagrin we had to answer, no, not for a long while! Well now, for the benefit of our friend's curiosity, we will state we have just heard from Thomas and that his head is level and he is again himself. On the 8th, in Washington, Tom gave a delightful dinner to Mr. Sartoris, the young man who is to marry Nellie Grant, the President's daughter. Among the guests were the President and Governor Hebert. Bully for Thomas!

Tom, Bowling, the great Kentucky race horse has been astonishing the natives lately, running a dash of a mile and a half in the unprecedented time of 2:34.34.

The correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, in his report of the race, gives the following as the time for each fraction of the dash: Quarter mile 25 3/4 Half 49 3/4 Three Quarters 1:15 3/4 Mile 2:34 3/4

We have been shown a young turkey, which was hatched, a few days since in this Town, which is as much a curiosity and freak of nature as the late Siamese Twins. It has one body, four legs, two heads and two wings, in all other respects well shaped.

The census of 1870 shows the following returns of some of the denominational preferences of our people: Regular Baptists, 3,997,116; Methodists, 6,528,209; Roman Catholics, 1,990,514; and Episcopalians, 991,051.

DASHES HERE AND THERE.

Richard, of York, when frantically dashing all over Bosworth's sanguined battle field for a horse, and wishing to give his kingdom for a horse, one single horse, never was in worse predicament than we, of the Democrat, are just now for dash subjects, and though we never found out whether the old hump-backed tyrant ever got that horse, still we will take it for granted, and dash away despite the chances of meeting a hundred Richmonds in our dash-path.

With our usual salute to Caucasia fair, whose unpretentious and able sheet we perused with pleasure Saturday morn, long before the powerful king of day came rejoicing in the East, the old Rooster crows aloud his clarion tones favorably and in perfect accord of the article on kidnapping, and would have considered it perfect if only the true cause of the whole damnable act had been mentioned—we correct the omission and cause our type to pick from his case seven letters, which spell and dash down the sole cause—KELLOGG.

Again Caucasia, with the gallantry of Bayard, pays a fitting tribute to the District Attorney, which the Democrat with the same ruling passion strong in the Fourth Estate, endorses as far as Caucasia goes and with this reservation dashed in to keep history on its track; with all these *bons traits* our gallant Caucasia came to a full stop when a dash would have been proper and this little scrap of history repeating itself: he is, however, we sincerely regret to state, an usurper and holds his office by pretended virtue of a commission from the arch-usurper, Kellogg, who commissioned him in place of the shoe-maker lawyer, who some time since handed in his checks, and had been counted in by Hawkins and Co., though defeated by over two thousand votes. Such is truth, such is history, Caucasia, and with the Democrat's postscript, be assured all is lovely and the goose still hangs high.

And our old man eloquent, on this important occasion, after also an attentive perusal of your half-home printed sheet, what shall we dash in your favor and how thank you for the time-honored and emblematic cognomen by which you address and greet us? Hearken to the flappings of the old Rooster's roseate wings and the clarion Chapman-crows of his yet clear voice, as they now reverberate in our humble sanctum, as tokens of joy to the game and veteran Gobbler of the Gazette, and with sure promise of our firm determination and good will never to be run off our walk by "any young cockerill of them all," young gobblers, hawks nor buzzards. The old Rooster is trimmed for the good fight, is already gaffed and only awaits the bugle blast of the political cock-pit to pitch in and give all radicalism the best fight in him. Here's the old Rooster's earnest and honest crow to the old Gobbler's veteran strut, hoping the crow of Chapman may be the ringing cry of victory, and the gobble of the old one may be lost in the clarion shouts of that victory!

While in the vim of good humor with the old one, let us sign the name of the Democrat as endorser on most of his article, "Come to Stay," and add our humble tribute to all that he writes concerning good old John Hienn—but we must be allowed to soliloquize on some portions of the same, and in a gentle whisper ask the old one if he was not half angry and chagrined when he penned it, and had not just read in the Democrat the card of the Bart. Able inserted therein and felt funny that it was not sent to the Official Journal? Keep cool this hot weather, old one, and frankly confess that the old Rooster has spurred in the vulnerable, and make the proper amends in your next—Bear in mind we are proscribed, and you favored by law, radical law, and you must not envy us, nor blame our people if they send us what few favors they are permitted to retain.—Oh! what a slashing leader you could write against the Printing Law if the saddle was on the other horse. Go to Levin's and take a glass of his Ice Cream and we know you will acknowledge the old Rooster has crowded right one more time.

In our next we trust to give full particulars of the progress of the trial of the Grant Parish prisoners, and we have faint hopes to hear of an acquittal, though we should not cry out before we are out of the radical morass. We learn that the Jury drawn, specially to try them, is any thing but a fair or good one: seventy-five negroes, twenty-five whites, twelve of whom are Custom House beef eaters.

We publish the New Orleans letter of our special correspondent, which should have been received on the 11th and published in our last; we only received it a week exactly behind time, and if any body can guess for us where it has been rusticated all this time, the Democrat will stand treat.

NEW ORLEANS CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW ORLEANS, May 9, 1874. FERRIS DEMOCRAT.—The contributions for the relief of the sufferers by the overflow have come in very liberally, Boston leading in promptness and generosity.

ANOTHER EVIL, threatens to come from this great calamity. The negroes hearing that free rations are to be had, in hundreds of cases have left plantations not overflowed and gone to look for free rations. There can be no doubt but that crowds of them have come to our city, swelling the number of poor and destitute people here, and endeavoring to live by their wits.—Leaving their homes in the country they come here to live free—a rather precarious way to be sure, but they are not fond of their work, and are now idle in our streets, contributing their full share to the number of BOLD ROBBERIES, the frequency and daring of which are truly wonderful. The last two or three burglaries have been accompanied by attempts at arson, making the crime more appalling. It has been suggested that our citizens would do well to take steps to protect themselves, since the Police are either entirely incompetent or criminally indifferent. To be sure a few arrests have been made, and Judge McArthur seems determined to do what he can to cage those who are brought before him, but at the same time these crimes increase. Something must be done at once, or we shall have highwaymen bolder than Turpin, for they will stop people in broad daylight in the most crowded part of the city, with the old cry of "Your money or your life."

A DELICATE QUESTION has been submitted to the Relief Committee. Some parties in the overflowed district are anxious to "git up and git"—in other words they want to leave the State, and they apply to the Committee for the means to do so. Now the question is whether money contributed to relieve our citizens can be applied to sending them out of the State? And if it can will it be wise to use it in that way? There are strong arguments on both sides of the question. The entertainment for the relief of the GRANT PARISH PRISONERS turned out very well. The house was well crowded and the Orleans Dramatic Association acquitted themselves in fine style. On Thursday evening last, Mr. Canonge, of the Opera House, generously gave an entertainment for their benefit. A gentleman who ought to know says that these prisoners are held for political effect, and when the Rads are satisfied that no more capital can be made out of the matter they will let them go. We are having beautiful weather now, but business is almost at a stand still. EUGENE GOSSIP.

A SAD BUT TRUE PICTURE.—The New York Herald, in its issue of the 29th ult., concludes an article on "The Controversy in Arkansas" in the following remarkable manner:—Nothing more true, nothing more profoundly sad, no severer reflection on the Government could be penned: The painful fact remains that the condition of affairs in Arkansas is a sad misfortune to that State, a sad evidence of misgovernment, of folly, corruption and shame; but it is only another in the series of scandals that have marked reconstruction in the South since the close of the war.

We have closed the war, but we have not made a peace. Chaos remains, but chaos is not reconstruction. The major general has been withdrawn, but the adventurer has taken his place. Military severity has been succeeded by untrammelled license. The natural leaders of the South are disenfranchised, banished, silent, dead. The new rulers have gone, like the English to India or the Spanish to Cuba, to wring wealth out of the people, and leave when enriched. Splendid States like Arkansas, Louisiana and the Carolinas, rich in the natural resources, climate and all the blessings that nature can bestow, are plundered. They have no enterprise, no prosperity, no growth, no encouragement to industry or enterprise, no security at home, no credit abroad. It is, indeed, a sorry sight, a disgrace to our Republic more marked even than Poland or Ireland. Poland has a government which keeps the peace and protects property, and Ireland is ruled by men who may despise her history, her traditions and her hopes, but who do not plunder the treasury and oppress the people for their personal gain.

The Arkansas hell is still rushing, and for want of more reliable news concerning the matter, we publish a special Message from Grant on the subject, believing he ought to know all about it.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR OLD GOLD AND SILVERWARE. FERGUSON & SCHNACK.

Said a Congressional preacher To a hen: "You're a beautiful creature!" The hen just for that Laid two eggs in his hat— And thus did the Hen-reward Beecher.—Boston Advertiser.

We find the veto message of Governor Coke, of Texas, such an admirable and able State paper, that on reflection we have concluded to give it in full in our present issue. We commend its attentive perusal to our many readers.

The Natchitoches Republican, the Radical Official Journal of that Parish, has an original piece of poetry "addressed to Mrs. Mary Barlow on her birthday."

SOME ITEMS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Ladies will be interested to know that colored prints may be washed without losing the color by putting salt in the water and adding about two teaspoonfuls of spirits of turpentine. This not only preserves but restores the colors.

The prettiest aprons for house wear are made of puffs of muslin, alternating with bands of Hamburg or Italian insertion, and edged with fluted frill of muslin, trimmed with Italian lace. Hair pins are now manufactured in colors to correspond with different shades of hair. There are four varieties—light and dark brown, auburn and black. Black bonnets are more numerous than ever before, and are most stylish when trimmed with pale pink or creamy-white roses. Knife plaitings and shirred ruffles remain the most stylish trimmings for lower skirts. The Spanish flounce, plaited in the front breadth and gathered behind, is used for skirts of simple suits. The demand for jetted trimmings is on the increase. Ladies who are economically disposed are buying beads, and ornamenting their own faces, silk and cashmere sacques, bonnets and parasols. Bead fringe sells at from seventy-five cents to \$6 per yard, according to width and quality. Plaited blouse waists will be worn again as parts of most dresses, and also white waists will be worn with dark skirts. New blouses of white bishop's lawn have generally a puff between the plait, or an insertion of lace or embroidery. Many of the chevrot patterns, such as twilled stripes and cross-bars of color on white or tinted ground, are selected for morning wear.

Among the ornaments for the season are swords, daggers, shafts and arrows in steel, pearl and gold, turquoise and gold, and other materials. Then there are all the flowers of the field and some found on the mountain top, elaborately done up in metal. Among the most fanciful are the clusters of pansies, five or six in a set, nicely arranged for the puffs and chataine. The forget-me-nots and marguerites are especially pretty.

Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may, or need not be, anything better than calico; but, with a ribbon, or some bit of ornament, you have an air of self-respect and satisfaction, that always comes with being well dressed. Percale, for morning dresses, is becoming once more fashionable. Evening dresses are cut exceedingly low in the bosom and back, and pointed in the waist before and behind.

While hoops are discarded the fashion of increasing the size in the back with bouffants and puffs has created a very great demand for "skirt extenders."

We demand special and earnest attention to the advertisement of the performance of the Thespian Association, to be given at the Exchange Hotel. And further we desire to state it is given for the benefit of the Sisters of Mercy, of our Town, than whom nobler, purer or more charitable christian ladies do not live; and live to do good and impart consolation and all good virtues to erring human nature.

Chubby, a three year old boy, was much puzzled to know what made it rain, when God made it rain. A few days after, Chubby was discovered missing himself by throwing water from a two-story window on the heads of the passers-by, and on being re-monstrated with by his mother, said: "Why, mamma, I am only playing God."

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A New Hampshire lady died recently after having read the Bible through thirty four times.