

The Louisiana Democrat.

A. B. RACHAL,

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

(PUBLISHER)

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The Democrat.

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ALEXANDRIA.

FERGUSON & SCHNACK,
(FORMERLY LEVIN & FERGUSON.)



Watchmakers and Jewelers.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

The Howe Sewing Machines.

MAY 24, 1874.

JONES ROSENTHAL,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS

FAMILY GROCERIES!!

Hardware

Crockery

BOOTS! SHOES! HATS!

Corner of Second and Murray Sts.

ALEXANDRIA.

ALEXANDRIA, CHENEYVILLE

RED RIVER

NEW ORLEANS LINE

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, Proprietor. March 4th.

Moses Rosenthal

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

HOSIERY,

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, ETC.,

FRONT ST.,

AT S. PINCUS' OLD STAND,

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

J. LEVIN

CONFECTIONER

(UNDER TOWN HALL.)

ALEXANDRIA

Dr. A. COCKERILLE

PRACTICES HIS PROFESSION

—IN—

ALEXANDRIA and VICINITY

OFFICE:

Second St., Between Fish and Elliot

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

HORSES, Carriages, Hack, Buggies, Harness for sale at the ECLIPSE STABLES. Feb. 1, 1874.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW ORLEANS

Grand Ecole Weekly Packet

FOR GRAND ECOLE, MONTGOMERY, ALEXANDRIA, PINEVILLE, NOLMANNS, BARBINS, and

ALL WAY LANDINGS!

The All Magnificent and Fast Running Passenger Steamer



BART. ABLE:

DICK SINNOTT, MASTER

LEAVES NEW ORLEANS EVERY Saturday at 5 P. M., Returning leaves Grand Ecole every TUESDAY evening, and Alexandria every WEDNESDAY at 12 M. For Freight or Passage APPLY ON BOARD.

R. HARDTNER,

BOOT

SHOE MAKER,

LEVIN'S ROW.

MURRAY ST., ALEXANDRIA.

A LARGE

stock of Fine

Calf Skin and

Morocco and

ways on hand. REPAIRING DONE

WITH NEATNESS and DISPATCH

CHEAP FOR CASH.

The Crescent Spectacles.

EMPROVE YOUR SIGHT.

THE CRESCENT SPECTACLES

are now offered to the public at a

price that is unequalled in the history of the world.

They are made of the finest materials and are perfectly adapted to the eyes of all ages.

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Poeticals

COUNTRY CHILDREN.

BY M. H. B.

Little fresh violets,
Born in the wild wood;
Sweetly illustrating
"Innocent childhood!"
Shy as the antelope,
Brown as a berry,
Free as the mountain air—
Rouping and merry!

Blue eyes and hazel eyes
Peep from the ledges,
Shaded by sun-bonnets
Frayed at the edges.
Up in the apple trees,
Headless of danger,
Maddened in embryo
Stares at the stranger!

Out in the hilly patch,
Seeking for berries—
Under the orchard tree,
Feasting on cherries—
Trampling the clover-blossoms
Down among the grasses,
No voice to hinder them—
Dear lads and lasses!

No grim propriety—
No immodesty—
Free as the birdlings on the hill,
From city restrictions,
Catching the sunbeams
Strength along each muscle,
Doing health amuse.

Dear little innocents,
Born in the wildwood!
O that all the world were
Had such a childhood!
God's blue spread over them—
God's green beneath them—
No sweeter heritage
Could we bequeath them!

Receipts.

PREPARE LOTION.—Mix two ounces

of rectified spirits of wine, add two

teaspoonfuls of muriatic acid, with

one pound and a half of distilled

water.

TAKE PASTE.—Rub half a pound of

fresh butter into a pound of flour;

add the yolk of an egg, a little lump

sugar, and enough milk to mix it

properly.

MILK LEMONADE.—Dissolve three

quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar in

one pint of boiling water, put into

with three or four of lemon-juice,

and one ounce of sugar, stir the

gills of gold milk. Stir the whole

well together, and strain it.

MILK OF ROSES.—Bitter almonds,

four ounces; distilled water, three

ounces; elder flower water, two

ounces. Make an emulsion, and add

oil of tartary one and a half ounce;

THE VATICAN FOR PEACE.

The Supreme Pontiff's Reply to the French Pilgrims.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE THE MOST HORRIBLE PLAGUE THAT AFFLICTS SOCIETY—THE ONLY ALLIANCE THAT HIS HOLINESS SEEKS.

On May 5, the French pilgrims now in Rome delivered an address to the Pope which was read in their name, and in their presence by the Viscount Damas, President of the General Council of Pilgrimages. Many of the chief notabilities in the religious, political, and social world who were in Rome were present.

The burden of the address of the pilgrims was a prayer for peace. His Holiness responded as follows:

No sweeter word could strike upon my ear and heart than that which you have just pronounced—"Peace. All together, you and I, and I with you, desire peace, but in order to obtain this blessing that comes directly from God, it is necessary to employ the means that give peace."

In every age, at the approach of war or internal dissension, the powers have sought alliances; and even in our days, in the midst of the universal disorder of society, the powers, in the secret of their cabinets, seek alliances. The conquerors, whether just or unjust, seek them in order to preserve that which they have won or usurped; while those who have lost all or a portion of their territory, seek them also, that they may regain their autonomy—as the word goes to-day—a word originally Greek, which has been used also, like a hundred others: "Parlons-nous."

World to God that with Greek words so many men had not adopted at the same time "Grecia latine!"

In fine, we also sought to seek alliances that may sustain us in the midst of a multitude of disturbances. But where shall we find them? Among the powers? These are our enemies, those doubtful friends, and others well meaning enough, but powerless. Let us then leave the secret cabinets to do that which they believe their best. Let us leave the dead to bury their dead, and the world to deliver itself up as prey to the disputes of the worldly.

Let us seek stronger alliances than these; let us seek them at the feet of Him who has yoked to his triumphal car the world, hell, and death. It is that great Conqueror, the Emperor of emperors, the King of kings, who has cried out, and who does so still at this hour: "Confidite: Ego vici mundum: Have confidence in me, I have overcome the world." I have overcome it by my faith; I have overcome it by my apostles; I have overcome it to-day, and I will overcome it without ceasing, both by the ministers of God and by millions and millions of men faithful to their sacred duties. Fear not. Ego vici mundum.

Many impious men, many an unjust conqueror, many an unbeliever, many an apostate, have repeated at the hour of their death the saying of that Emperor—Vicisti: "Thou hast conquered."

And all the lost souls repeat it, and will continue to repeat it to the end of ages. Yes; previous to yielding up their life they will cry out in humiliation: "Vicisti—thou hast conquered."

Meanwhile he enters triumphantly into heaven. After having wiped out from our forehead the sign of eternal damnation in allowing himself to be nailed to the cross, he enters gloriously into heaven, escorted by millions of souls ransomed by his passion, at the price of which he has closed hell and opened the gates of paradise. He enters in, and the angelic choirs shout to him: "Lift up your gates, ye princes; and ye, O eternal gates, be ye lifted up: Attolite portas, principes, vestras; et elevavit portas aeternales." At the voice of these angelic choirs the conqueror of the world will enter in triumphantly, and with him innumerable legions of ransomed souls. And he will go to seat himself at the right hand of the Father, to reign from his throne from ages and ages.

Unhappy are those who blaspheme what they know not and who boast of their unbelief. This unbelief cannot prevent Christ from reigning, from judging, from condemning to

the last words of the apostate Judas: "Galilee, thou hast conquered."

As for us, we should approach full of confidence to the throne of this all-powerful sovereign, the severe judge of the impious, but the loving father of him who fears him and invokes his aid. Let us make our alliance with him, and we shall be sure to fight and overcome our enemies.

But if, on the other hand, this great ally vouchsafes to us his powerful protection, he demands in return that we fulfil the conditions which he imposes. He requires that we be mindful of him, that we walk in his presence, that we speak of him.

Listen. When the tragic drama of Calvary was ended, two disciples going out from Jerusalem, were journeying toward Emmaus. While on the road they talked together of the sufferings and of the death of Jesus, and in the midst of their conversation Jesus himself appeared, expounded to them the event of his passion, and penetrated their souls with so ardent a love that they were constrained to cry out together: "Nonne cor nostrum ardens erat in nobis? Was not our heart burning within us?" The apostles, assembled together, were speaking of Jesus, and Jesus presented himself in their midst with this celestial salutation, "Pax vobis: Peace be to you!" The Marys, going to the sepulchre, were speaking also of Jesus, and Jesus, coming to meet them, addressed to them this word, full of grace—"Ave: Hail to you. I salute you, holy souls! Go to the apostles and tell them that I have risen again."

Such, therefore, are the certain means to obtain so powerful an alliance, which assures us the protection and, I will say further, the friendship of the King of kings—to be with him, to speak of him, to love him, and to do his holy will.

But am I deceived? Or is not this precisely what is happening at this very moment in France? They speak of Jesus Christ, do those pious and numerous pilgrimages to the different sanctuaries. They speak of him, those tribunals of penitence around which press a multitude of souls, desirous of clothing themselves again with the old and pure garment of grace. They speak of him, those eucharistic banquets, which reunite so many souls hungering after the bread of the strong, and which are arranged, "quasi novella olivarum in circuitu mense: like young olive plants are they round about the table." They speak of him, do those missionaries, who have the world, sustained by the charity of the faithful, in order to spread abroad his reign. They speak of him, do all those who show so much affection for his Vicar, all unworthy as he is, and who display it by their devotion, by their prayers, by their writings, and by their generous gifts.

Do not those virgins speak of him—those spouses who keep ever filled the lamp of the oil of charity—at one time approaching the bed of the sick to soften their pain, at another drawing around them swarms of young children; to shape their souls to the faith, to piety, to virtue; again, entering the prisons tenderly to dress the wounds of men whose hearts are hardened, and to lighten the weight of their chains?

Suffer then, the Vicar of the Bishop of your souls to address himself to you all, my dear French children, and to say to you, Ave: I salute you. I salute you, and by this salutation I would confirm you in your good will. I salute you, and I would have this salutation communicate itself to all charitable souls, to the end that all together you might pray that your piety may diffuse itself abroad, and lead the most rebellions to imitate your example. I salute you and in saluting I bless you.

I bless you—yourselves, your families, your friends, your fellow-pilgrims. I bless those who shape the destinies of your illustrious nation, and may my benediction call down upon them the spirit of strength, that they may repress the license of the press and enable Christian instruction to spread itself still more throughout the extent of France.

I bless them, that united and as one with the Holy See they may combine to protect the interests of this same See, which are no other than the interests of our most holy religion.

May it please God that the fire with which the Saviour filled the hearts of the two disciples of Emmaus

may enter into the hearts of rulers—may penetrate them and make of them not only the trumpets of the resurrection of Jesus Christ as the disciples were, but also co-operators in the resurrection of France in Jesus Christ.

I bless them again, in order—allow me to say it—that I may behold them employed in the difficult work of dissipating or at least of diminishing a horrible plague that afflicts human society, and is called universal suffrage. Yes, there lies a plague destructive of social order, and which would, if it had its right title, be called universal illusion.

And now I lift up my hands and bless you. I bless you for the journey which you have undertaken. I bless you for coming here, full of faith, to the presence of this poor Vicar of Jesus Christ. Going back to your homes, carry with you my blessing for your families.

May the little children, the adults, and those also who, having good parents, have nevertheless their minds clouded by certain thoughts drawn from evil sources, be blessed. May the benediction of God shed that light upon them which may lead them out from the darkness wherein they find themselves, and point out to them the luminous path whereon they ought to enter.

May God bless you through the years you have to live; may he bless you at the hour of death; may he come to your aid in that last hour and receive your souls, and make them enter triumphantly with him into heaven, there to enjoy him through eternal ages.

Benedictio Dei, etc.

The Republican Party and the South.

Mr. Eaton, the newly-decided Senator of Connecticut, recently delivered an address to his fellow-citizens in which he referred in a general way to his political opinions. These opinions are already tolerably well known to everybody who has followed the course of politics with any attention, and it does not seem very probable that Mr. Eaton will make any change in them. He declared that he is now, "and always has been, and always would be, a State rights Democrat of the old Jeffersonian school." He said also: "First, first, first the State of Connecticut, and then the Federal Union," which, of course, is essentially the position formerly taken by men like General Lee. "I shall try," added Mr. Eaton, "to take away the Federal bayonets from our brothers in the South, so that every State in this land shall have the same right of local government and the same exercise of it as our own State." The "regulation" way of answering all this is to stick a label on Mr. Eaton's back certifying that he is a Bourbon, and a copperhead, and to call attention to the fact that he was by no means "sound" on national issues during the war. But even after all this had been done there would still remain a question in the background which will have to be met fairly in the face some day or other. The extreme length to which State rights theories were pushed in 1860 and 1861 brought about a reaction, and that reaction has led many people to think that State rights belong to the dead and gone class of questions, and that any man who talks about State rights is sufficiently answered when he is called a "Bourbon." It is unnecessary to say to any intelligent reader that this view is a miserably shallow one, and that in reality the rights of States to govern themselves is as dear to the people as ever it was. And it ought to be dear to them, for when they abandon it they will have utterly forsaken the system of government established under the Federal Constitution. They may set up something else in its place which may be called by any name that may please the persons then living; but it will not be the government designed by the founders of the Constitution. It may be a civil polity based upon parliamentary rule, or it may be a monarchy or a despotism; but it will no longer be a constitutional republic such as we have seen here for nearly one hundred years. We say, then, that when Mr. Eaton talks of the necessity of maintaining the rights, and of giving the citizens of South Carolina the same freedom which the citizens of Connecticut enjoy, it is not enough to allege that he is a "Bourbon," and to call him a "copperhead," and to think that his

is a "copperhead," and to think that his