

# The Louisiana Democrat.

A. B. RACHAL

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

(PUBLISHER)

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## The Democrat.

**TERMS:**  
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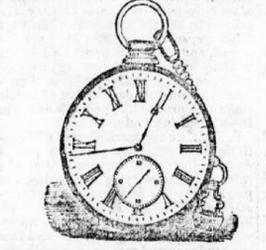
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cured the agency for the sale of the  
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Jan. 7-6m. A. BROUSSEAU.

SUBSCRIBE FOR  
THE DEMOCRAT

## Poetical.

### MURPHY'S LAMENT.

BY M. M.

O! my curse on crusaders,  
Those lawless invaders,  
And their morbidly leaders,  
Wherever they go,  
For they've lost me a treasure,  
I prized beyond measure,  
And turned all my pleasure  
To sadness and woe.

Yes persevere I was sparkin'  
Miss Nora O'Larkin,  
And I thought of embarkin'  
On wedded life's sea;  
Whin these female desavers,  
Wid prayers and pilavers,  
Despite all my enlayvers,  
Led Nora astray.

Shure they told me that whisky  
Made man far too frisky,  
An' that it was risky,  
To wed with a see.  
For he'd surely ill-treat her,  
Whin full of the craythur,  
And likely would bate her  
O'er head with a pot.

Now its true that each mornin'  
My lips take a horn in,  
An' I wud be soorin'  
To be better that same,  
But these backbitin' wimen,  
Made me out a laynon,  
And there bin an seramin',  
Tur'd poor Nora's brain.

She declared that "Ould Harry"  
She sooner wud marry  
Than one who would tarry  
From home drinkin' gin,  
And though I brought her  
My hopes not to shatter—  
And I'd mix mine with wather,  
She wudn't give in.

Now, Oehone! I'm forsaken,  
An' my heart it is brakin',  
Both sleepin' or wakin'  
That crew has my curse.  
May the chaps with white chokers,  
And the strong-minded croakers,  
Serve out Nick-las as stokers,  
Where wather is scarce.

### The Cant of Impostors.

It is so obvious that physical and  
constitutional vigor is the best defense  
against disease, that even the vendors  
of drastic purgatives advertise them as  
tonics, stomachics and invigorants, in  
the hope of enticing the confidence of  
the public in the devaluing and perni-  
cious potions. It is amusing to note  
how these impostors imitate and copy  
the language in which the medicinal  
properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bit-  
ters are described. Although the ef-  
fect of their rasping exponents is to de-  
stroy the tone of the digestive organs  
and the bowels, and to rob the system  
of its vital strength, they are unscrup-  
ulously recommended to the weak and  
prostrate victims of disease as stimu-  
lants! It is time this horning (not a  
very successful one it is true, thanks to  
the mature common sense of the Amer-  
ican people) was stigmatized as it de-  
serves. Such mischievous falsehoods  
should be exposed pro bono publico,  
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, be it dis-  
tinctly understood, is a stimulant. It  
has a spirituous basis, and that basis is  
the vehicle which diffuses its wonder-  
ful sanitary principles through every  
part of the system. The tonic, altera-  
tive and regulating ingredients of the  
Bitters would be comparatively inert  
if they were not, so to speak, carried to  
the localities where they are required  
by the stimulating agent. The cant  
which protests against the use of a  
pure alcoholic fluid, when employed as  
a means of giving full effect to medi-  
cal extracts of the highest utility, is  
the cant of charlatanism. Every intelli-  
gent physician so characterizes it, and  
the sick who are gripped, convulsed and  
debilitated by the nauseous and dis-  
gusting nostrums of the parties who  
put it forth, soon find to their sorrow  
that it is a delusion and a snare. Hos-  
tetter's Bitters, the great sanitary  
stimulant of the age, is in the truest  
sense of the word, a wholesome, vital-  
izing, renovating preparation.

THE SKY.—The colors of the sky,  
at particular times, afford wonderful  
good evidence. A rosy sunset pre-  
sages fair weather and ruddy sur-  
shine. A bright yellowish sky in  
the evening indicates wet; a pale  
yellow, wet; a neutral gray color con-  
stitutes a favorable sign in the eve-  
ning and an unfavorable one in the  
morning. The clouds are full of  
meaning in themselves. If their  
forms are soft, undefined and feath-  
ery, the weather will be foul. Gen-  
erally speaking, and deep, unusual  
lines between wind and rain, while  
the more quiet and delicate tints be-  
speak fair weather.

HOME.—Home is the realm of  
which the wife is sovereign, and her  
sovereignty will bring her honor, ac-  
cording as her rule over the matters  
committed to her trust is wisely and  
beneficially exercised.

FAKE.—A counterfeit bill on the  
top of a greased pole, which few ob-  
tain, and obtained is found to be not  
worth the trouble.

## THE RED RIVER PARISH AFFAIR.

We have not thought proper to  
comment upon the recent troubles in  
Red River Parish at an earlier day,  
because we desired, before express-  
ing an opinion in the matter, to be  
in possession of all the facts, and to  
await the subsidence of all excite-  
ment that we might speak dispassion-  
ately on a subject of the very  
greatest importance to a people whose  
all is at stake. In our issue of yes-  
terday morning, a full and clear  
statement of the affair was given  
from the first manifestation of hos-  
tility on the part of the negroes to  
the final scene of the tragedy, in  
which the carpet-baggers and scalla-  
wags were killed, and on that state-  
ment of facts we have forged our  
opinion, and the country will base  
its judgment.

The action of our people in this  
startling affair, including the exter-  
mination of the white organizers of the  
negro insurrection, to be justly  
estimated, must be considered in con-  
nection with the general history of  
the State during the past six years,  
and the contemporaneous events now  
transpiring within our borders.—  
There is a point of endurance beyond  
which human nature cannot by any  
power be driven; at which the mildest  
men grow desperate and challenge  
all the consequences of resolute and  
desperate measures to protect them-  
selves. The white people of Louisi-  
ana have been crowded to that point  
and they must be expected to act out  
now the nature that is in them.  
Whether this be policy or not, we do  
not pretend to determine, but we do  
believe, that in desperate emergen-  
cies, when wrong and oppression  
have aroused in the bosoms of a peo-  
ple, all the daring and determined  
passions which God has planted  
there, the human heart, acting under  
their sway, is wiser than the human  
head, and will more surely lead a  
people out of a damnable bondage,  
than the subtlest schemes of policy.  
If the civil commotions of the last  
few days in Red River Parish had no  
counterpart in other portions of the  
State, it might be surmised that law-  
less men there had outraged the law  
and outraged humanity; but the sim-  
ple fact that similar occurrences are  
transpiring in other and distant sec-  
tions of the State, and that the white  
people in every section of it sympa-  
thize in those occurrences, is evi-  
dence that a general and powerful  
cause has provoked them, and that  
they are something nobler and might-  
ier than rebellions, causeless and  
brutal infractions of law. "The pure,  
impartial and vigorous administra-  
tion of justice; is without doubt the  
surest bond to secure a cheerful sub-  
mission of the people, and to engage  
their affections to government," and  
when an enlightened and Christian  
people, as with one impulse, take  
the law in their own hands, expel of-  
ficials from the seats, and strike down  
in blood, men of a certain well-de-  
fined class such acts are in them-  
selves irrefutable evidence that there  
is upon that people some deep and  
terrible wrong; that men have lost  
faith in the administration of the  
laws, and that the government under  
which they live is not a free govern-  
ment, but a despotism, terrible in its  
imbecility, or fierce and unbearable  
in its relentless tyranny. It is an  
evidence that there is a cause at  
work among that people, dark and  
strong enough to destroy the con-  
servatism of organized society, and  
turn the thoughts and aims of men  
from the daily avocations of peace-  
ful life, to the vindication, through  
battle and blood, of their rights and  
their manhood.

It is a truth, old as civilized soci-  
ety, that capital is cautious; and we  
know how reluctant the business  
classes of any community are to en-  
gage in civil commotion; we know  
they are naturally conservative; and  
prefer to bear many wrongs' father  
than rush into turmoil and excite-  
ment; we know that commerce, cap-  
ital, industry, and property, are all to  
be injured or ruined by the disorders  
of an unsettled condition of govern-  
ment, and by civil strife; we know,  
further, that the real and personal  
property of this State is worth up-  
ward of three hundred and fifty mil-  
lions of dollars; that the cotton, sug-  
ar, rice and corn products of the  
State are worth annually millions  
more, and we know that nine-tenths  
of all this property belongs to the  
white people of the State, and that

nine-tenths of these products are  
made on the lands, and with the cap-  
ital, and under the supervision of the  
white people. And yet, with all this  
property and capital at stake, and  
possessing the usual caution and en-  
cidity of enlightened people, we find  
the white people of this whole State  
in antagonism to the prevailing gov-  
ernment, hostile to its official emis-  
saries, and prepared to endure any  
act that will emancipate them from  
its authority. The condition of the  
State bears internal evidence that  
there is a great wrong here which  
must be redressed, and which, if the  
people are not permitted to redress  
through the ballot-box, they will re-  
dress through revolution.

And now, looking at the killing of  
the creatures who were caught in  
Red River parish, engaged there in  
organizing a war of the blacks against  
the whites, from this standpoint, we  
believe that justice has been done;  
not that justice which is dispensed in  
the court rooms of the usurpation, by  
carpet-bag and scallawag judges and  
negro juries; not that justice which  
these six years has defiled the bench  
and polluted the sanctuaries of the  
law; not that justice which estimates  
the legality of a cause by the bribes  
that are offered or decides the consti-  
tutionality of an act at the dictation  
of partisan chiefs; but that supreme  
and terrible justice, whose seat is in  
the human heart, and which, in emer-  
gencies like this, inspires all human  
action. Courts have before become  
corrupt, governments have before  
been transformed into despotisms,  
but this justice has preserved its pu-  
rity in all time and ultimately  
wrought the downfall of tyranny and  
corruption. It is justice that has  
naught of "policy" in its composi-  
tion, and when reddened into wrath,  
strikes with the directness, the terri-  
bleness and the effectiveness of the  
lightning pointed by the finger of  
God. It may have been, in the lan-  
guage of some of our friends, "bad  
policy" to kill the men who were en-  
gaged in organizing ruin and death  
in Red River parish, but we differ  
with them. Strict justice, like truth,  
is, in times like these, the best policy.  
If the world condemns the deed, let  
those who fear the judgment of the  
world tell us what the world has  
done to right our wrongs; let them  
tell us what humane and gentle pro-  
gramme the world has proposed  
which will give us relief from the  
damnable despotism that is crushing  
us in the dust? The sooner the  
world finds out that the white people  
of this State have been driven to  
desperation, and are determined to  
protect themselves to the last exte-  
remity and by the most desperate  
means, the better. The ring-leaders  
of the war in Red River are dead.  
As for our part, while we do not ex-  
ult over their death, we have no tears  
with which to bedew their graves,  
and no censures to bestow upon the  
men whose homes, whose lives, whose  
wives and children were threatened,  
and who struck a fierce blow upon  
the aggressors. The eagles have  
struck down their foe and swept  
away. Now let the buzzards of radi-  
calism squat upon the carcasses, and  
scream and chatter and flutter; their  
noise strikes terror to not a single  
heart in Louisiana.—[Shreveport  
Times.

**\$500 IN GREENBACKS CAN  
BE WON, IN THE FAIR  
LOTTERY BY RISKING JUST SEV-  
ENTY-FIVE CENTS.**

We never knew how wicked  
the Administration is until the Al-  
bany Argus rose up to the occasion,  
clapped its broad pinions and thus  
soared through the thunder clouds  
of denunciation. As Charles II. rioted  
with the barlequins and harlots while  
England was groaning; as Napoleon  
III. revelled in gaiety when his em-  
pire was tottering; as an ancient  
monarch grew boisterous even while  
the strange hand was about to write  
his fate on the walls of his banquet  
hall; as Roman Emperors danced  
while Rome was plunging over the  
precipice—so does the Federal Ad-  
ministration riot with its courtiers,  
squander the people's estates with  
its imperial retainers, grow strongly  
hilarious, while the people write its  
doom, and dance amid the ruins of  
the business community and over  
the impoverished homes of the unem-  
ployed but industrious poor. So are  
one more for the comet's tail.

**888 PRIZES IN THE FAIR LOT-  
TERY TO BE WON BY ONLY  
RISKING SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.**

## "OUR LOST OPPORTUNITIES."

The following is from the Louisi-  
ville Courier-Journal of the 31st ult.  
We publish it that our people may  
read and ponder for themselves the  
opinions of the Press elsewhere than  
down South, concerning the fresh  
and recent troubles, which have un-  
fortunately occurred. It will be per-  
ceived that the editor had not heard  
of the Coushatta affair:

We give it up. There was a  
chance that the next House of Re-  
presentatives would not be Radical.  
That chance has gone. The split  
breaks in Kentucky and the massa-  
cre in Tennessee settle that much.—  
No people, no party, could stand un-  
der such a load as the people of the  
South and the Democratic party of  
the North are forced to carry. Call  
it what you will—the fruit of recon-  
struction, the fault of the party in  
power, the inevitable conflict of  
races, precipitated by a bad theory of  
government, executed in a vicious  
practice—the one effect of the whole-  
ness of violence is a continuance and  
re-enforcement of the old pretext by  
which the country has been carried  
along the same baleful, partisan rut  
ever since the war.

There is no use writing, talking,  
speaking, arguing, contradicting,  
proving, as long as the bloody sum-  
total, recorded within the last forty-  
night, goes out to the world unchal-  
lenged by adequate redress. The  
Gibson county butchery surpasses  
belief; and though the Governor of  
Tennessee has done his full duty, the  
gallows can alone render atonement  
commensurate with the public ex-  
pectation. It is hardly likely that  
anybody is going to be hung. The  
result will be renewed legislation,  
additional Radical enactments; and  
perhaps, ultimately, martial law.

The fools are not all dead yet.—  
This third term discussion has led  
many of them to fancy that Grant is  
about to tumble into the arms of the  
South. He is the more likely to be  
an ultra, martial law candidate for  
re-election, backed by fancied mili-  
tary necessities, supported by the ma-  
chine work of power, and carried  
upon the passions of Radicalism.—  
There was a show for the defeat of  
the civil rights bill, or its veto.—  
That is gone, like the control of the  
next House, and the prospect is  
black with the ruin of Conservative  
hopes.

It is well to be plain. As surely  
as the South begins to get on its  
feet do its madmen proceed to kick  
the fat in the fire. The Radicals  
only want pretexts. The South sup-  
plies them. A war, or the appear-  
ance of war, of races seems inevita-  
ble; and that is itself a third term  
under proscriptive auspices. That  
is the road to the overthrow of re-  
publican government, but chiefly at  
the South's expense.

How SHE DIPPED HIM.—By tight  
squeezing our fat lady got into a  
bathing robe that was ready to burst  
at every step. Little husband gird-  
ed about his body a woolen garment  
that fitted like a shirt on a kildeer.  
Down they go, bold as a couple of  
whales, to the water, but just at the  
ocean's edge, Punny suddenly halted,  
looked with awe on the furious bil-  
lows, and then into the face of his  
determined wife. On her counte-  
nance were the words, "Come on."  
On his trembling lips shivered the  
sounds, "Oh, no!" The small speci-  
men of diminutive husband feared  
to risk his limited portion of flesh  
and bones in the dashing foam.—  
"You shall go in," said the fat wo-  
man. "I won't," said skinny, at the  
same time making frantic efforts to  
tear away; down he goes in the sand,  
scratching worse than a Killgenny  
cat. Down drops the big woman of  
terrified bones. The sand flew, legs  
kicked, man screamed, yet, in spite  
of all, the mammoth wife gathered  
her hundred pounds of furious sweet-  
ness in her arms, walked complacently  
into the biggest breaker, and, ker-  
souse, she landed him headfore-  
most into the sea, and as he popped  
up to the surface, half strangled, she  
pressed him to her bosom, saying,  
"Now, honey, that's what you came  
all the way from Wilmington to enjoy."  
—[Cape May Wave.

The Atlanta, Ga., Constitution-  
alist says very truthfully that  
"If men of both colors would drink  
less whisky and carry no firearms,  
the happiness and peace of all com-  
munities would be increased about  
1000 per cent."

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