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THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

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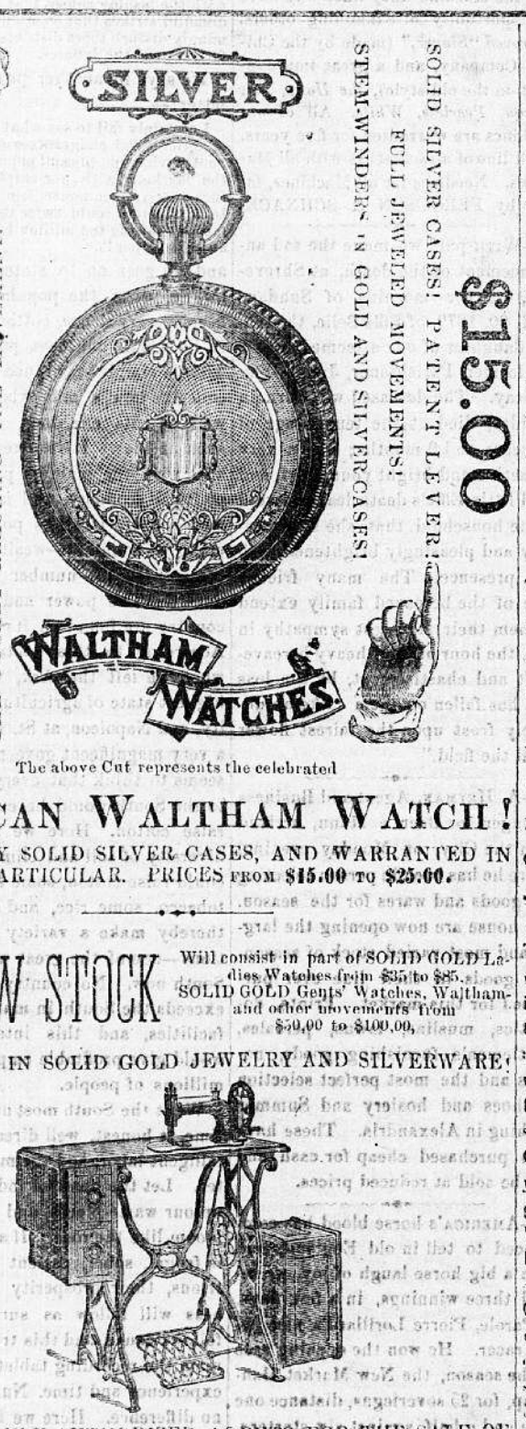

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Jan'y 15-6m.

Poetry.

TWO.

BY MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND, (XARIFFA.)

To one he brought the rarest flowers
That gold could buy;
And gave them with the courteous smile
That masked a sigh.
Upon the other he bestowed,
With scarce a look,
A few wild violets, gathered by
A wayside brook.

When from the skies that golden day
Went out the sun,
Of all the flowers the first received
Remained not one!
Some lured her swans, some gayly graced
The fawn she petted;
Some decked her starling's cage; all died,
Not once regretted.

The other, shyly, from the world
Turned her apart,
And hid her wayside violets
Upon her heart.
And he who gave to each that day
Such different share,
By one was scorned; the other breathed
His name in prayer.

Years afterward, a woman died—
A lonely creature,
Whose sorrows were not written out
On form or feature,
But they who shrouded her, do say
Dead on her breast,
Close, close unto her cold, dumb heart,
Were violets pressed.

ANECDOTE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—The queen was not 20 years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power with a heart fresh, tender and pure, and and with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength of resolution to the utmost. On a bright, beautiful morning the young queen was waited upon at her palace at Windsor by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to render them operative. One of them was a sentence of court martial pronounced against a soldier of the line—the sentence that he be shot dead. The queen looked upon the paper and then looked upon the wonderous beauties that nature had spread to her view. "What has this man done?" she asked. The duke looked at the paper and replied, "Ah, my royal mistress, that man, I fear, is incorrigible. He has deserted three times." "And can you not say anything in his behalf, my lord?" Wellington shook his head. "Oh! think again I pray you!" Seeing that her majesty was so deeply moved and, feeling sure she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave, and gallant, and really a good soldier. "But," he added, "think of the influence." Influence!" the queen cried, her eyes flashing, and her bosom heaving with strong emotion. "Let it be ours to wield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case, and I charge you, your grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said. Oh! I thank you for that! And you may tell him that your good word saved him." Then she took the paper, and wrote, with a bold firm hand, across the dark page, the bright, saving word—"pardoned!" The duke was fond of telling the story, and he was willing also to confess that the giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier gave him far more joy than he could have experience from the taking of a city.—[London Journal.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR ON POLITICIANS.—"I never loved the exercise of power, never cared particularly for public places, but I always like politics, and, what is more, I like politicians. They are a much-abused class. It is the fashion to sneer at them, but I think they are better men, as a rule, than merchants and bankers and other representatives of what is called respectability. They make more sacrifices and do more unselfish work for others than business men ever think of doing. They cultivate a certain chivalric sense of honor. Even some who are naturally corrupt will refuse the most tempting bribes when the integrity of their party is involved. I have seen enough of political life to satisfy me that its influence is elevating and not degrading. I would much rather be tried by a jury of my political opponents, who were acknowledged politicians, than by a jury of respectable business men who said that they took no particular interest in politics, but usually voted the Republican ticket. From them I should expect gross injustice and prejudice ten times as intense as my avowed political opponents would display. The man who serves a cause, if it is not a positively bad cause, is ennobled by the service. He learns to look at men, as well as doctrines, from a higher standpoint than mere personal selfishness. Hence I repeat that I like politicians as well as politics, but I do not like office."

FROM OUR COUNTRY EXCHANGES.

—Mrs. Newton DeBose, in DeSoto Parish, was recently burned to death, by her clothes catching fire.

—This is only the third day since work has commenced here on the Louisiana Western Railroad, yet our streets are lively with vehicles, and the sidewalks with pedestrians, and business of all kinds is reviving.—[Lake Charles Echo.

—The steamer Bastrop burned and sank last Friday night, near the Spyker plantation, on Bayou Bartholomew. She left the Point on Friday evening with a small load of cotton and very few passengers. No lives lost.—[Bastrop Clarion.

—We learn that a serious cutting affray happened last Saturday in Shiloh, sixteen miles north of here. Mr. John Duty, an old and respected citizen of that town, was cut by Mr. Tom Covington. Mr. Duty was cut twice in the back and once in the breast, and is pronounced to be in a dangerous condition by his physician.—[Vienna Sentinel.

—We have seen and conversed with planters from several sections of the Parish, all of whom give glowing reports of the crops. The corn is looking well and growing fast. Most of the cotton is up, though some planters are found who could not sow their seed on account of the drouth which lasted three weeks. The late general rains have permitted them to do so, and now all looks well and a hopeful future is upon us.—[Marksville Bulletin.

—A certain young limb of the law in Baton Rouge, and a promising one at that, concluded he would save money by doing his own printing. Therefore he contributed four dollars for an amateur printing establishment in the way of a "rubber stamp." He has since learned that we would furnish the paper and print him enough letter-heads to last him two years for that sum of money, and says he won't do so any more, especially as he will have to pay nearly as much more for the paper alone, and will then have to do his own printing. The best thing Southern boys can do is to let yankee tricks alone.—[Capitolian.

—So far as we can learn, the crop prospects in this Parish are good. Corn and cotton suffered to some extent from drought, but the recent copious rains relieves all apprehension on that score.

The price of cotton has not tended to increase its acreage. Planters are beginning to see that corn is of more importance to them than cotton.

As to labor, it is not greatly changed, and but few have any reason to complain of its scarcity. A good understanding seems to have been reached between employer and employee, and things are moving without jar or scratch so far as we know. The Kansas fever does not seem to take with the colored people, and we hope for their own good that it never will.—[Ouachita Telegraph.

—The hailstorm, which passed over this city and vicinity Tuesday, doing great damage, seems to have been universal—extending from Illinois to Texas, and thence to this place. In Illinois, the tornado carried death and destruction in its path, and the Town of Collinsville, the population of which is estimated at from 2,700 to 3,000, ten buildings were torn to prices by the wind's fury In all, some seventy-five or eighty dwellings and business houses were ruined and damaged, and a large number of persons severely injured.

At Terrell, Texas, the hail stones were as large as goose eggs. A Dallas special of the 15th says hail stones fell as large as a man's fist. Greenish wind clouds formed in the northwest and southeast of Lisbon, on Five-Mile creek, seven miles south of Dallas. When first observed, they were not much larger in appearance than a barrel-head. The lightning became blinding. When the two bodies met with a thunder crash, and in three minutes the finest section of the county was desolated. Mrs. Sidney Vaughn was killed, and her husband and a number of other persons were dangerously wounded. The track of the cyclone on Five Mile creek is seven miles in length by two in width. The hail at Arlington was of unusual size—some stones weighing five ounces.—[Standard.

LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY.

BATON ROUGE, LA., March 25, 1879.

Editor Ouachita Telegraph:

According to promise, I write you a few lines in reference to the present operations and future prospects of our State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College.

In reference to number of students, the University has been continually on the increase since its recent reorganization, there being now nearly two hundred young men in attendance. Almost every Parish is represented, and the sons of many of the most prominent men in the State are among our pupils. Who can estimate the beneficial and powerful influences that these young men, thus reared and educated together, will have upon the future destiny of their common country! One of the most favorable features of the present outlook, is a disposition on the part of parents to withdraw their sons from the schools in other States and place them at their own State Institute. We have now quite a number of young men who were last year at the universities of other States, all of whom assure us that the discipline here is superior the expenses smaller, and the instruction more practical.

In reference to efficiency, our school is improving, though not yet what we would have it. Organizing a large school is like organizing any other extended business enterprise, it takes time. The farmer who has a well trained team, finds but little difficulty in breaking in a "raw" mule, but when the whole team is raw, and he has only a piece of a wagon, he needs time and must go slow. We have had a raw team and a piece of a wagon. That is, our boys are nearly all new, and the deaf and dumb occupy half of our building. However, an edifice in another portion of the city has been purchased for them, and they will soon give us possession of the entire magnificent university buildings. Notwithstanding these inconveniences, the Professors, of whom there are seven, led on by our indefatigable President, all working together as harmoniously as brothers, each apparently anxious to do his whole duty, have succeeded in organizing their classes and pushing them forward as rapidly as could have been expected. One of the distinguishing features of our school is this: the Professors, in imitation of their worthy President's example, mix and mingle freely with the students, are always accessible to them, and ready and willing at any time to assist and advise them.

Every student is required to attend church on Sabbath, each attending the church designated by his parents. Many of them attend Sunday school, where some of the Professors meet them and hear their lessons. Young men of the Catholic persuasion have an able biblical teacher in our affable and accomplished friend and colleague, Professor McAuley. Notwithstanding we are Catholics, Jews and Protestants, we all work together pleasantly, and positively there is no disposition to apostatize among teachers or pupils. The utmost respect is paid to the religious convictions of every one, and this is due to nothing more than the wise and prudent hints of our President. Colonel Boyd, however, occupies a singular position—prohibited by the organic law of the institution from teaching religion in any particular way, yet required by public sentiment to teach it in some way.

General Sherman was a visitor at the University a short time since. He is a great friend of our school, partly on account of his having been its first President and partly on account of his personal attachment to Colonel Boyd. The General seems to think that this will ere long be one of the leading universities of the country. He also stated that by a little exertion on the part of our congressmen, the splendid property of the United States Garrison at this place could be secured for our University. Colonel Boyd has prepared a bill to this end, and General Sherman will exert his powerful influence in its behalf. It is to be hoped, however, that in the event of this magnificent gift from the United States Government, the State of Louisiana will not be so ungrateful, so false to the educational interest of her own children, as to treat as she treated the very gift upon which this University is founded; and that is, to sell it out and fund the sacred trust at sixty cents on the dollar. It is a source of consolation, however, to every true Louisianian to know that this was not done by our own people, but by usurpers and adventurers, and it remains to be seen whether or not the Convention about to assemble will wipe out this stain, this injustice from the escutcheon of Louisiana's history, and restore the bonds of the University to their original par value. The delegate who pushes forward this work will do a lasting service to his country, will reap the thanks of hundreds living, and will himself live in the grateful memories of hundreds of young men who go forth from this institution to carry life and light into every locality of our State and build up the fortunes of our great country.

J. W. NICHOLSON.

THE PORTER TRAGEDY.

THE SHOOTING OF B. C. PORTER AS SEEN BY A WOMAN WHO NARROWLY ESCAPED.

The following letter has just been received in this city from Miss Nellie Cummins, in resenting an insult to whom the late B. C. Porter was shot down by Jim Currie, the desperado, and Mr. Maurice Barrymore was seriously wounded:

MARSHALL, TEXAS.

This is the first moment I have had to myself since that frightful night. I don't know if I can sufficiently collect myself to write you a rational letter. You will remember in my last letter how I rejoiced at the thought of leaving Texas, and what a day's work I had before me. Of course, you have read how it ended. I sent cuttings from the papers here, but no pen can do justice to the cruelty of the affair. I dare not think it over to write a full account of it, but perhaps you can imagine somewhat what my feelings must be to have seen two men shot down—one killed, the other badly wounded (and only within the last forty-eight hours pronounced out of danger), and two pistols pointed at me. I don't know what saved me, only that I did not scream. The fact of my being a woman did not, as he has killed women before. There was no provocation whatever, and the indignation did not run high. The people have all been very kind in every way. They have done everything they could, and all I hope for now is that Texas will do herself justice, and I think she will. I took entire care of Mr. Barrymore until his wife came, on Saturday, but she is delicate, and can't do much. I have not slept nor eaten anything to speak of, and shall not while I am here—such a state of terror!

I begged them to let me go home yesterday, but Mr. Barrymore, poor fellow! thinks he will be able to play a small part in a few weeks, and wants the company to keep together until we join Ward. They have received telegrams from Memphis, and all those places where I am known, expressing the greatest sympathy; so I presume I shall have to go.

Billy Emerson has been here, and the company have been so kind. I must say I have never seen so much kindness in my life—telegrams from every one. We have to come here in June for the trial. A great many lawyers have sent letters offering their services. I am only sorry that they did not lynch him; it was feared they would.—[New York Sun.

—THE functions which we exercise are committed to us as a sacred trust. The Government which we control as public officers is not our own, it belongs to those who placed us here. The laws we enact do not express our will, they are the voices of the people. The money which we handle belongs to them and not to us. We can only take it from them for the legitimate expenses of Government. More than this is robbery. Official generosity is official crime. Every needless tax cuts some comfort from a thousand homes. It means less food, less fuel, and less cheer in many families.—[Gov. Lucius Robinson, of New York.

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