The Louisiana Democrat.

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

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DEMOCRAT.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH.

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. Ten lines or less (brevier type) constitute a square.

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

PERSONAL CARDS—when admissable—charged double the usual advertising rates.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Succession Sale.

SUCCESSION OF FRANCOIS PIERRE.

No. 337.

Probate Docket—Parish Court—Parish of Rapides, State of Louisiana.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF Sale, issued by the Honorable the Parish Judge of Rapides Parish, Louisiana, in the above entitled and numbered Succession, commanding me as Sheriff and ex-officio Auctioneer, to sell for the payment of debts, the hereinafter described property, I shall offer for sale at public auction, at Wellswood plantation, on Bayou Boueff, Rapides Parish, La., between the hours prescribed by law, on

TUESDAY, the 20th day of MAY, A. D., 1879,

the following described property, belonging to said Succession, to-wit:

One (1) Trading Boat.

Stock of General Merchandise, being the contents of said trading boat, consisting of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Hardware, Tinware, Crockeryware, etc., Groceries, Whiskies, Tobacco, Cigars, Canned Fruits, Candy, etc., lot of fixtures, measures, scales,

Hons bold effects,

One Skiff.

Terms:—Twelve months credit, or bond, the purchaser being required to furnish good and approved joint security, bearing interest from the day of adjudication, at the rate of eight per centum per annum from that date until paid.

D. C. PAUL,
Sheriff and ex officio Auctioneer.

May 7-2t.

Sheriff's Sale.

HENRY RENSHAW VS. GEORGE W. STAFFORD, Active Testamentary Executor of L. A. Stafford.

No. 2311.—Ninth Judicial District Court, Parish of Rapides, Louisiana.

BY VIRTUE OF AND TO SATISFY a writ of seizure and sale issued out of the above named Court, in the above entitled and numbered suit and to me directed, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction, in front of the Court House door, in the Town of Alexandria, La., between the hours prescribed by law, on

SATURDAY, the 17th day of MAY, A. D. 1879,

the following described property seized by special order of said writ, to-wit:

A certain tract of land or plantation situated on the Bayou Boeuff in the Parish of Rapides, Louisiana, containing sixteen hundred (1600) acres, more or less, bounded above by lands purchased from Hetherwick and below by lands of said Stafford, purchased from H. M. Keary, by exchange of plantation known as "North Bend;" together with the buildings and improvements thereon, stock cattle, horses and farming utensils and implements of husbandry thereunto belonging.

Also another tract of land, adjoining the one above described, and being the same purchased from H. W. Hetherwick, the said tract containing three hundred and sixty-seven (367) acres, more or less, and being bounded above by lands of Mrs. Providence Tanner, and below by the above described plantation, together with the improvements thereon.

TERMS OF SALE:—CASH, subject to appraisement.

D. C. PAUL,
April 9, 1879. Sheriff.

DR. D. L. SOUTHWICK,

—PROFESSOR OF—

MIDWIFERY

—and—

LADIES PHYSICIAN,

ALSO, ALL DISEASES OF THE GENito Urinary Organs of Men cured speedily and safely. Board and Nursing for patients. Those in trouble can call or write. PRIVATE OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, corner of Robinson & Gasquet streets, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Jan. 29, 1879-1y

State of Louisiana.

Parish Court—Parish of Rapides.

NO. 340.—WHEREAS ZEPHAniah P. Squires has made application to this Court to be appointed Administrator of the Succession of Andrew J. Squires, deceased: Notice is hereby given to all whom it doth or may concern, to show cause within ten (10) days from the date hereof, why the same should not be granted.

By Order of the Court.

Clerk's Office, Alexandria, La., this 5th day of May, 1879.

C. L. RANSDELL,
May 7-2t. Deputy Clerk.

LOST.

A CERTAIN PROMISSORY NOTE made by Joseph Hoy, Tutor, and Julia B. Hoy, in solido, in Rapides Parish, La., July 22d, 1878, for Thirty-Five Hundred Dollars, payable to our order and at our office, January 10, 1879, with eight per cent. interest per annum from maturity. The public are hereby warned against negotiating said note.

CHAFFE, HAMILTON & POWELL.

May 7, 1879-3m.

The above Cut represents the celebrated

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH!

IT IS IN HEAVY SOLID SILVER CASES, AND WARRANTED IN EVERY PARTICULAR. PRICES FROM $15.00 TO $25.00.

OUR NEW STOCK

Will consist in part of SOLID GOLD Ladies Watches from $35 to $85. SOLID GOLD Gents' Watches, Waltham and other movements from $50.00 to $100.00.

NEW DESIGNS IN SOLID GOLD JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE!

SEWING MACHINE DEPOT!

All of the leading Machines for sale at from $25 upward. The Improved Singer, the Howe, the New Wilson, the White and the Peerless.

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED FIVE YEARS.

NEEDLES, OILS, ETC., FOR ALL MACHINES.

FERGUSON & SCHNACK,

WATCH-MAKERS & JEWELERS.

Mrs. N. E. Crandal's

PRIVATE

BOARDING HOUSE,

Front Street, below Court House.

BOARD & LODGING

By the Day or Month on Reasonable Terms.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY

Families from the Country, desiring to remain a few days in Town, will find Comfortable Rooms and Meals at all Hours of the Day.

HUGH W. MONTGOMERY,

GENERAL AGENT,

160 Common Street,

P. O. BOX 2316. New Orleans, La.

SOLE AGENT

PINE ISLAND GUANO

FOR SUGAR CANE AND ALL QUICK GROWING CROPS.

PINE ISLAND AMMONIATED PHOSPHATE

FOR COTTON AND ALL SUMMER AND FALL CROPS.

BOTH KINDS ARE WELL ADAPTED FOR GRAINS. SOLD BY THE BARREL OR TON. ACKNOWLEDGED BY ALL WHO HAVE TRIED THEM TO BE THE BEST FERTILIZERS IN USE.

Jan'y 15-6m.

Poetry.

DOMESTIC GREETING.

As homeward comes the married man,
He's met by wife at door,
With fond embrace and loving kiss,
And—"Baby's throat is sore!

And did you think to stop at Brown's
And get that mat about
I ordered yesterday?—and, Dear,
Fred's boots are all worn out!

I'm glad you are so early, John,
So much I miss you, dear—
I've had a letter from mama;
She's coming to live here.

How very glad you look, dear John;
I knew that you would be—
The flour's out, the butter, and
You must send home some tea.

That plumber has been here again—
If you don't pay he'll sue;
And Mr. Prendergast called in
To sey your rent was due.

Fred's trousers are half cotton, John;
You thought they were all wool—
Oh! that reminds me that your son
Was whipped to-day at school.

The roof has leaked and spoiled the rugs
Upon the upper hall;
And Jane must go, the careless thing!
Slie let the mirror fall

To-day, as she was moving it,
(The largest one, dear John),
Of course, it broke; it also broke
The lamp it fell upon.

What makes you look so grave, my love?
Take off your things and wipe
Your feet—and only think, to-day
Jane broke your meerschaum pipe.

O, John! that horrid, horrid word!
You do not love me, dear;
I wish that I—boo-hoo—were dead—
You're cross as any bear!"

—[Boston Transcript.

ADDRESS

OF

J. R. THORNTON:

DELIVERED BEFORE THE PUPILS OF THE "PEABODY" PUBLIC SCHOOL, OF ALEXANDRIA, LA., ON MAY 1ST, 1879.

Young Ladies and Gentlemen of the "Peabody" Public School, of Alexandria, La., and you, Ladies and Gentlemen, who have honored us to day by your presence:—

The very short notice I received of your wish that I should address you on this occasion, and the fact that since that time my mind has been greatly absorbed by other and painful cares, coupled with my knowledge of my lack of ability to properly fulfill the requirements of the task which your partiality has imposed on me, will, I fear, render my remarks of a less interesting nature than the merits of my audience deserve, and the wishes of my heart so earnestly prompt. For these reasons I could greatly have preferred that my position in the programme of to-day's pleasant entertainment had been filled by another.—And for these reasons and these only, my first impulse when your flattering communication was received, was to decline, and request that some other should fill the place assigned to me. But a moment's reflection convinced me that if in your opinion my presence and voice in your midst could add to either your pleasure or instruction, feeling for you the true and genuine sympathy I do, it was my duty to stifle all selfish considerations in the matter and accept the task; a task which, under other circumstances, could not fail to be to me other than a pleasant one; for I can say with truth and sincerity, that in all this great collection of kindred, friends and well wishers assembled in your honor today, there is not one whose heart throbs towards you collectively with a kindler feeling than my own; for though long past the days of happy childhood and boyhood; though I have long since exchanged the duties of school life for the far more grave, arduous and trying duties of manhood, yet the memory of other and less careful days are as fresh in my heart as if it was only yesterday I was a happy and careless boy. No sorrow or hardship can come to your young hearts, growing out of your condition of youth, and this season has its trials none the less real because overestimated, that has not come to my own. No experience can come to you in the present time that has not in the past come equally to me—and so I can and do feel a sympathy in all your joys and all your sorrows.

Recent events have more strongly than usual brought back to me the memories of my boyhood. Only this week, in company with a dear friend and schoolmate, in obedience to a prompting of my heart which had been felt for years with ever increasing force, until it could no longer be denied, I visited the old place which had been my home during the first five years of my school life. It had been seventeen years since my eyes rested on the well-remembered and well-loved spot. Since then I had grown from fifteen to thirty-two years of age. For years I had been fighting a hard fight in the battle of life. I had seen some of joy and much of sorrow. Many scenes I had visited and many schools I had attended since, but the recollections of the old home was still "a green oasis in memory's waste." Absence and time had not dimmed the lustre of my early love, and I felt that once again I must visit the scenes of my young boyhood. And I went, and I saw. Many and sad were the changes which the hand of time and the hand of man as well, had wrought. Gone were the good old friends under whose fostering care these early years of my life were spent. The last of them I had helped to reverently commit to earth one short week previous. Strangers filled the house whose roof had sheltered my young head. Gone were many of the old trees, under whose grateful shade I had so often rested my wearied limbs. Choked was the old spring, whose cool and sparkling waters had so often quenched my thirst. The fences were gone, and the forest growth was rapidly encroaching on the yard, asserting the supremacy of Nature over art, when once the hand of man ceases its labors. The spaces which had once seemed to me so large, now seemed narrow and contracted. But still I found much remaining of what I had left in the long ago. I visited each well remembered nook associated with so many of my boyish deeds.—Once more I traced the old path my feet had helped to hollow out in my daily morning and evening walk to and from the school. Once more I sought and found and followed the now dim old path to the stream where I learned to fish and to swim. And as I wandered through the grounds or sat under the trees, and wave after wave of swift crowding recollections came rolling across the sea of my memory, for a short while I was a boy again, and "auld lang syne" was to me a thing of the present. I left that scene, at once a happier and a sadder, and I hope a better and wiser man. Happier for having seen, as it were, the face of an old and dear friend, from whom I had been separated by the lapse of long years. Happier for having seen one place in which none of my actions there committed, could call forth sorrow or remorse at the present time.—Sadder for the sight of the ruin and desolation that time and decay had made on the old home. Sadder for the consciousness that of all whom I had known and loved there, only one was by my side. Some were swallowed up by the grave, and others by distant lands. And sadder, for the reflection that probably my eyes had seen the spot for the last time. Better, I think, because I left that place with a softer and kindlier feeling in my heart for all mankind. And wiser, I hope, because I tried to read and apply a lesson from the ravages of time. The decay of all things there seemed to me a type of my own life; warning me that like all else, I, too, was speeding to my end, and that it behooved me to be improving the present precious hours as they flew, and so to live as to be preparing for eternity.

And as my experience has been in this particular, my young friends, so, no doubt, will be that of many of you. The time will come when the old home will be left, the old family ties sundered, the old friends scattered. Then, like myself, you will long to see again the old scenes and the old faces. And often in the iron days of life, you will look back to the golden days of your youth and confess, with a sigh, that the wish I so often breathed, and which many of you doubtless breathe at times, the wish that you were grown, was all too quickly fulfilled. Ah! do not be in a hurry to grow old. Do not be eager to exchange your present life of freedom from so many responsibilities, for the cares of manhood and womanhood. These cares will come soon enough, and too soon,

"For sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too quickly flies."

Let the bloom of youth stay on the peach while it will, soon enough will the season of life take it off. Let the sweet perfume of youth and innocence linger with you while it may, soon enough will its fragrance be shed.—And yet, my young friends, I would not have you to think that the advanced life to which you may so eagerly look, is but a scene of trouble, and that all your joys will end with your childhood or youth. Very far from it. We are created for responsibility.—Each has his or her allotted task to perform in this world, and according to the gifts and opportunities that are granted us, will much or little be required. Each is called upon to live, not for himself alone, but for others as well, and so to live that the world may be better for his having lived in it.—In the order of Nature, through the design of nature's God, the Summer of manhood must succeed the Spring of youth. And if we are called on by the Creator to perform certain duties in the more advanced stage of life, it would be a reflection on His goodness to suppose that no reward would come to us for discharging those duties properly. It will and it does come. I can say, with truth, that in my manhood I have experienced deeper and more abiding joys than I ever did in my childhood. The cares of maturer life need not daunt the virtuous soul or intrepid spirit. We can then better comprehend the design for which we are created, and work with more intelligent faculties to accomplish that end. But at your age there are more frequent pleasures; and there is the absence of greater cares. Your sorrows do not strike such deep root into the soil of your souls, and are therefore more easily shaken off. And this quality is the beneficent gift of God to your present condition. Neither would I have you to understand me as saying that no duties or responsibilities attach to your time of life. There is no period after that time when our faculties have sufficiently developed to allow us to reason intelligently, to know right from wrong, good from evil, that we can hope to escape responsibility for our actions. Your duties may not be so varied now as my own, but they are none the less real, none the less actual. It is your duty in the schoolhouse to strive diligently to improve your present opportunities, for you will not always possess them. It is your duty in the house circle to show your parents, by your love and obedience, that you appreciate their devotion and care, for you know not when you may be deprived of these, your best friends, and your opportunity will be gone forever, and you will vainly regret so many of your past actions committed towards them. But however we may regret the past, it can never be lived over again. Lost time is never regained, lost opportunities never present themselves more.

Ah! how often I have wished that I could live over my life—but it cannot be. All that remains is to strive to do better in the future; to strive to draw lessons from the past, and to warn others, in the hope that they may perchance profit by my experience:—a hope nearly always found fallacious, since we are prone to underrate the experience of others, and to profit only by their own.

Let me exhort you to be diligent in your studies, for as this is your first so is it your best chance. Be conscientious and learn thoroughly. Do not be content to master your tasks just sufficiently to get through without reproof. Knowledge thus acquired fades quickly from the mind. The habit of learning superficially grows upon us, and is destructive to the acquisition of true and solid learning. It is far better to know a little well than to know much slightly. But go on diligently, adding little by little to your store of knowledge, and in the end the aggregate will amount to a vast and solid pile. It is only in this way that the stateliest edifices are built. First, piece by piece we lay the foundation. Then brick upon brick, or timber upon timber, we raise the superstructure, until the building stands complete. Remember, as in the words of your nursery rhymes, that it is

"The little drops of water,
And the little grains of sand,
That makes the boundless ocean,
And the pleasant land."

And you will find that each step now properly taken in the prosecution of your studies will render successive steps more easy. The possession of learning creates the desire for more of its fruits, for "the love of knowledge grows by what it feeds upon," and the love of it once acquired, will accompany you through life, and be a never failing fount of pleasure in after years. Education will open to you the road to success in all the higher walks of life, and even in other than these, it will lend to life an added charm.—May you obtain knowledge and the wisdom to use it—for "wisdom holds in her right hand riches, and in her left long life and happiness." But remember also the other words of the author of the sentence I have just quoted, he who was the wisest of all the men of earth, the man of the deepest, broadest, broadest, most varied experience, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Let me then exhort you again to strive to gather the pearls of learning, which now lie strewn so thickly along your path. Never afterwards will you have such ample opportunity; never again will you have so much leisure in which to delve into the mind of knowledge, and bring her hidden gems to light. Do not be discouraged because you have not the talent to acquire so easily perhaps as some of your fellows. It is the persevering man who succeeds in life, and he of only moderate intellect, who is possessed of the qualities of application and endurance, will often soar to heights from which the most brilliant genius unaccompanied by these qualities, will drop back with baffled and broken wings.

You of this generation in our section, possess advantages in the way of obtaining education which were denied to the generation which preceded you, and of which I am a representative. I allude to the common school system, now in successful operation all over the land. Under its benificent operation, the blessings of learning are within the reach of all. They can be obtained by the children of the poor, as well as the children of the rich.

And, while on this subject I would not think my duty properly discharged if, in these remarks, I failed to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the honored dead whose name is borne by your school, and to whose genuine philanthropy is due the fact that the children of the Alexandria common schools are enabled to contine their studies to-day, when, owing to the embarassed state of our public finances, every other school in the Parish of Rapides has been forced to temporarily suspend. Great riches were committed to his care, but he wisely recognized the fact that he was but a steward into whose hands they had been committed. He recognized the fact that it was his duty to so distribute his surplus wealth as to ameliorate the condition of his race. And he did so distribute it, and that with no illiberal or stinted hand. Neither did he wait, like so many others, until death had deprived him of the personal enjoyment of his treasures, before he benefitted others by them. But he used it to this end during his life, and thus had the supreme happiness of being a witness to the blessings diffused by his wide and far reaching charity. Two continents own his benevolence, that of his adoption and that of his birth. And the aged and indigent citizens of the city of London in the East, revere and bless his memory at the same time with the young school children of our own Southern country of the West. The names of the great conquerers and warriors of the earth will live forever, because history can never die. But their triumphs were those of war, and they created widows and orphans, sorrow ann want. But the triumphs of our hero were those of peace. They were attended by joys alone, with no dreary back-ground of sorrow.—Judged at least by the true standard of merit, the good done to the world, the name of George Peabody deserves to live long after the names of Cæsar and Napoleon are forgotten.

Then strive for his sake also, to improve your opportunities. Strive for your own sake, for your parents' sake, for the sake of your professors, who day by day are toiling so patiently, and I fear too often thanklessly, to plant in your young minds those seeds of knowledge which may some day ripen to a glorious harvest. Do you think all the labor, all the trouble is on your side? If so, never was a greater mistake. You know not how hard is the task of those true friends when their toil seems to meet with no reward in the mental improvement of their pupils, and their best endeavors not even received with the gratitude they so richly merit. You know not how their labors are lightened and cheered by the consciousness that they are appreciated. It matters little that you are not so bright as some, only show that you are willing and anxious to profit by their exertions, and the task becomes at once a pleasure.—You will better recognize their worth in after life. Only this week I met in this town one of my old professors whom I had not seen since I was a boy. He had abandoned the noble calling of training minds, for the nobler one of training souls. He had abandoned the teaching of many books for the teaching of all in one, the book of books. I had no love for him when I was his scholar, not because of his faults as I now well know, but because of my own. But when we met, my heart went out to him as it was plain his own did to me. Then my mind had only room for the memory of the benefits I received from him years ago—and such, no doubt, will be the experience of some of you in the future.

I cannot urge you too strongly to guard your moral nature against bad influences; avoid bad associates and bad associations. It is still true as the Scriptures say, that "evil communications corrupt good manners." The fatal influence of such in our tender youth too often drags us down in our maturer years, even when we would wish to strive against it. "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." This is time when your minds are most open to impressions, whether they be good or evil. A well spent youth is the precursor of a similar manhood, and the converse of this proposition is equally true.

But let your associates be those whose line of conduct your own conscience can recommend, and who are approved by your parents. For these last are your best guides in this respect. You may form ties of friendship now which time will never break, and which may be to you a source of pleasure and profit hereafter. And in this repect, my young friends, I can wish you no better fortune than that which has attended me. For I am surrounded by old schoolmates who are near and dear to my heart. I meet them in my daily walks. Their friendship is grateful to my soul. I love to see their kindly smiles and hear their welcome greeting, and feel the warm clasp of their hands. Their friendship has materially assisted me in the past, and is continually doing so in the present. They are the links in the chain which binds me to a vanished time, and they sweeten the present with the pleasant memories of the past. And in this connection I might take occasion to tell you that among the foremost in that band of old friends, stands your own honored professor, Mr. Waters, around whom cluster the associations of four different schools, which we attended together in our boyhood.

I wish you all success and happiness in every stage of your career. For this season with you cannot last. This lovely day, with the trees budding and leafing around you, with the grass springing green under your feet, and the blue skies bending so softly over your heads, is an emblem of the bright and beautiful Spring of your life. Bye and bye will come the Summer of your young manhood. To this will succeed the more mellow and sedate glow of your Autumn of life, and the Winter of old age will close the shifting scene. May you enjoy the freshness of your Spring, and the strength of your Summer, and the repose of your Autumn, and in your Winter may you be able to look back with content on a life well spent in the past, and look forward with hope to the beginning of a new and never ending life in the future.

And now, in conclusion, my young friends, may this day, consecrated to your innocent sports and pleasures, be happily enjoyed by each and every one of you. May you go from it with redoubled zest to your daily tasks. May you look back to it with pleasure, and look forward with pleasant anticipations to repetitions of it in the future. The sight of your fresh young faces has helped me. I feel that it does me good to steal a day from my routine of study and witness your recreation, and commune with you from a heart in full sympathy with you. I do not know that my words will help you. I fear that my remarks have been pitched in a graver key than might seem suitable to the occasion. But, for many days past, the chords of my heart have been attuned rather to melancholy than to mirth I have struggled against the feeling to-day, for I would grieve if any words of mine should cast a shade of sadness over your happy spirits. What I have said has been said from my heart. In speaking to you I have drawn largely upon my own experience. I have read to you some leaves from the book of my own life. If I should be accused of egotism in this respect, my excuse is that to me, at least, a real, personal experience appeals more nearly than any fancied and imaginary one. I have wished to please and to benefit you. I do not know that I have done either. But if any words I have spoken to-day should sink into the heart of even a single one of you, and be productive of that good I so earnestly desire, then I will not have spoken in vain.

☞ *Call on T. M. Biossat, Watchmaker and Jeweler, and examine the Celebrated Crescent City Crystalized Spectacles. Also the Wheeler and Wilson New No. 8 Sewing Machine.*