

The Louisiana Democrat.

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

VOL. 37.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1882.

NO. 36.

DEMOCRAT.

TERMS:
THE DEMOCRAT is published Weekly at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum—ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS for six months—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
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 (breviter type) constitute a square.
OBITUARY NOTICES, Marriages, Public Meetings, Cards of Thanks, etc., to be paid as advertisements.
PERSONAL CARDS—when admissible—charged double the usual advertising rates.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ALEXANDRIA.

BLACKMAN, W. F., Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office on De Soto Street, between First and Second.

JAS. ANDREWS, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public. Office on De Soto Street, between First and Second.

R. A. & ROBT. P. HUNTER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Front Street.

JOHN CASSON, Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence, head of Beauregard Street.

D. DU PRE, Physician and Surgeon. Special attention given to diseases of Women and Children. Office at residence—Johnston Street, between Second and Third Sts., Alexandria, La.

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

HUSTMYRE, W., sign of the "Big Red Plow," corner of Second and Jackson streets, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, etc.—Highest market price paid for cotton.

ROSENTHAL, J., corner of Second and Murray streets, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, and General Plantation Goods.

GROCERIES, LIQUORS, ETC.

VALLERY, E., Front Street, opposite Ferry Landing. Dealer in Choice Wines, Liquors and Imported Cigars. Sign of "Help Me Through the World."

WATCHES, JEWELRY, ETC.

BERGUSON & SCHNACK, Practical Watchmakers and Jewelers and dealers in Fine Watches, solid Gold Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles and Fancy Goods. Notions, Guns, Pistols, etc. Front Street.

T. M. BISSAT, Watchmaker and Jeweler, and dealer in Watches, Clocks, etc. Second Street, opposite Town Hall.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

ST. JOHN, HENRY, Chemist and Druggist. All medicines guaranteed fresh and pure. Fancy and toilet articles. Landreth's Garden seed kept in stock.

STOVES, TINWARE, ETC.

MILLER, I. C., dealer in Cooking and Heating Stoves. House Furnishing Goods of every description on hand. Tinware, wholesale and retail, at city prices. Stoves from \$14 to \$65.

MILLINERY.

GIBBES, MRS. C., Third Street—Milliner and Dressmaker; Bonnets and Hats, a superb assortment. Ribbons, laces, etc. Dress-making a specialty.

STANLEY, MRS. A. C., Fashionable Millinery and Dress making. Cutting and fitting done to order. Also Dry Goods and Notions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CULLEN & ROGERS, Receiving, Forwarding and Commission Merchants. Dealers in Coal, Lime, Cement, Hay, Oats and Bran. The highest market price paid for cotton seed.

KELLY, P., Contractor, Builder and Undertaker, corner Lee and Fifth streets. A fine Hearse and a full assortment of Metallic and Rosewood coffins always on hand.

HARRIS, JOHNNIE, Wheelwright and Blacksmith. Shop corner of Fourth and Murray streets. Work executed with dispatch, on reasonable terms, for cash.

GET YOUR Job Printing done at the Louisiana Democrat office, corner of Second and Jackson Streets. Prices cheap for Cash.

JULIUS LEVIN, dealer in Lumber and Building material. Choice Family Groceries. Second Street, opposite Town Hall.

RALPH WALTER, Second Street, near DeSoto. Manufacturer of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN WERNER, Front Street—Tailor. Suits made to order; a perfect fit guaranteed. The very latest styles. Terms, Cheap for Cash.

KRAMER, John, Carpenter and Undertaker, corner of Fourth and Scott Streets. Keeps on hand Metallic and Rosewood Burial Cases and Plain Coffins, also a Fine Hearse. Orders from the country respectfully solicited and promptly attended to.

PINEVILLE.

TURNER, Ben., Dealer in General Merchandise, such as Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps.

DR. JULIUS A. JOHNSTON is now permanently located in Pineville. Office on corner below Turner's brick building.

TOWN.

EXCELSIOR



LIVERY, FEED

SALE

and

STAGE STABLE

Jackson, Between 2d and 3d Sts., ALEXANDRIA, LA.

MCGINNIS & ARMSTRONG PROPRIETORS

HORSES, HACKS

and BUGGIES for hire at LOW RATES, and at any time, night or day.



N. L. MCGINNIS

Keeps on hand for sale, BUGGIES, HARNESS, BUGGY and WAGON MATERIAL, and is prepared to

Repair Buggies, Wagons

and do a GENERAL BLACKSMITH and WOODWORK BUSINESS.

SHOP ON BEAUREGARD STREET.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES!

PRICES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD ANYWHERE

ECLIPSE STABLE,



NELS TAYLOR,

PROPRIETOR.

Third St. BETWEEN DESOTO & MURRAY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES and HORSES TO LET.

HORSES KEPT BY DAY, WEEK OR MONTH.

THE STABLE

IS THE LARGEST and MOST COMFORTABLE IN THE STATE.

WILL RENT STALLS BY DAY or WEEK FOR HORSES.

Horses, Carriages, Buggies

AND HARNESS ALWAYS ON HAND FOR SALE.

DR. A. RACHAL,



Third St., Between Jackson and Beauregard, ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Teeth extracted without pain. Fillings inserted with care. Artificial teeth made to order, and a fit guaranteed.

Work done at New Orleans prices for CASH ONLY.

ST. JOHN'S

IMPROVED CARBOLIC SALVE!

WILL CURE Eruptions and Sores, Mosquito Bites, Cuts, Burns, Cuts, Etc.

I will warrant this preparation to contain pure Carbolic Acid.

PRICE... 25 CENTS A BOX. Apply to HENRY ST. JOHN.

NEW TO-DAY.

TO THE LADIES!

MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT

—AND—

VARIETY STORE!

Mrs. M. L. SMITH, - Proprietress -

—CORNER OF—

Third and Johnston Streets,

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Dress-making a Specialty!

ALSO STAMPING! Dry Goods, Ready Clothing, for Ladies and Children, Fancy Articles, Notions, Zephyr Worsted Hosiery, Ribbons, Flowers and every Variety of Fancy Articles.

LADIES' HATS TRIMMED.

Agent for the Perfect Fitting Domestic Patterns. The Ladies are invited to call.

Open for the Season of 1882

THE EXCHANGE HOTEL.

RE-FURNISHED AND REPAIRED.

Board and Lodging, by the Day, Week, or month, on the most reasonable terms, etc.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY.

Commercial travellers will find this the most convenient place in town, as it is centrally located.—The table always supplied.

WITH THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS. FRENCH & HYNSON, Prop's.

HENRY ST. JOHN,

ALEXANDRIA, LA. KEEPS DRUGS OF THE BEST QUALITY ONLY; BUYS REGARDLESS OF COST TO HAVE

THE BEST! IN STOCK FOR SALE, SCHOOL BOOKS, PAPERS and OFFICE MATERIAL.

Patent or Proprietary Medicines, Table and Pocket Cutlery.

PERFUMES AND A LARGE VARIETY OF FANCY AND USEFUL ARTICLES.

CRESCENT CITY ICE CO.

IMPORTERS

—AND— Dealers in Natural Ice.

Country Orders for Ice packed in Sacks. Tierces and Hogsheads, promptly filled. Packing and Drayage FREE.

OFFICE—71, 73 SOUTH FRONT STREET

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL LEGISLATION

IN ACCORDANCE WITH ARTICLE 48 of the Constitution of the State of Louisiana, notice is hereby given that we will apply to the State Legislature, which convenes in May, 1882, for the extension of the charter of the Bayou Rapides Navigation Company, which Charter was granted by Act No. 27 of the Legislature of the State of Louisiana, approved February 17th, 1860, see pages 20 and 21, Acts of 1860, and which Charter was transferred to Joseph Bonillotte and his associates by Act No. 86 of the Legislature of the State of Louisiana, approved March 6th, 1869, see pages 86 and 87, Acts of 1869.

JOSEPH BOUILLLOTTE, L. V. MARVE, S. CULLEN, R. W. BRINGHURST.

READY MIXED PAINTS

IN ONE POUND CANS AND UPWARDS FOR SALE. APPLY TO H. ST. JOHN.

GIVEN AWAY. Zimmerman Fruit Dryer

WILL CURE MORPHINE HABIT

Poetry.

KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP.

Young man, as you travel this mundane sphere, You will find many things exceedingly queer, That often will cause you to open your eyes

In a manner expressive of the greatest surprise. When you arouse from a golden dream, And discover that things are not what they seem;

If fickle Miss Fortune should give you the slip, Look her square in the face with a stiff upper lip.

If folks pass you by with a cynical sneer, Because in fine clothes you cannot appear, Never be cast down by trifles like that, Though ragged your jacket and naps your hat.

If your heart is all right, and level your head, Supposing that you can show "nary a red," They have dollars, you sense, and that's the best grip;

Meet them square in the face with a stiff upper lip. If your girl should forsake you for some other fellow, For girls handle their cards with a gambler's art,

Of playing the deuce with a fellow's poor heart; Let them play a lone hand awhile at the game— If it's diamonds they seek, let them work for the same.

There are as good fish in the sea as ever did nup, Your luck may yet turn—keep a stiff upper lip.

So, my boy, when you buffet the wind and the waves, Remember life's voyage should ever be brave, Tho' tempests may gather and breakers may roll, Keep your boat in deep water, look out for the shoal;

When the waves are dark look aloft to the stars; If the vessel is wrecked, why cling to the spar; Heed the old maxim, "Don't give up the ship" Whose anchor is hope—keep a stiff upper lip.

THE PRAYER BOOK.

To the Editor of the New Orleans Times-Democrat:—

From an Essay on the Prayer Book, which I find in a volume entitled "Among My Books," written by Mr. Reed, of Philadelphia, and published by Messrs. E. J. Hale & Son, of New York, in 1871, I make the following extracts:—

Here, then, is a little book of scarcely 200 pages, of perfect English, which created as English in sound, though black letter in form, more than 800 years ago, before Shakespeare's first play was printed and performed, is as fresh as if written yesterday. It is not even old-fashioned; and when, as here in America, an attempt was made to modernize it, it has been damaged.—Open it at random, take any prayer or exhortation, the familiar "Dear Beloved," or the "Declaration of Absolution," feebly whittled away in our American imprint, and read it aloud, and observe how fresh it is.—Change a word and it is hurt. There are clergymen (I knew a bishop once) who imagine they know the service by rote, and try to recite it *memorita*, and a sorry time their hearers have of it. The jar caused by the substitution of a new word for any one that is familiar is misery.

The Prayer Book of England encircles the globe and binds its Christian humanity together. There is no English or American man-of-war or merchantman on whose deck, if prayer there be, it is not used, and its simple, plain, inoffensive words, breathing no intolerance, have conquered the scruples and prejudices of the most captious dissent. Looking at it aesthetically, the advantage I will not say of any form, but of this form of prayer, will hardly be disputed. Those who are accustomed to what is called extemporaneous prayer, which nine times out of ten, is committed to memory, and is always—with rare exceptions it has never been my good fortune to meet—more or less rambling and incoherent, a sort of hortatory address to the Almighty, will not question the artistic superiority of such a liturgy. This is shown by its universal adoption on emergencies. Take for example the "Burial Service," the grandest collection of words in the language. When the mourners come to the churchyard and reach the grave, the familiar "I am the Resurrection and the Life" or those grander words, "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery," rise up solemnly as if the grave were speaking, or come

down gloriously, as uttered from on high.

Go into a country or village church—for there is too much diffusion in large city edifices—where every one is known to every one, and all are neighbors, and listen when the clergyman, without previous notice, at the solemn words: "O Father of all mercies and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need, look down, pity, and relieve thy sick servant for whom our prayers are desired;" and every thought turns at once to the vacant seat, and the individual sufferer is known, and the silence, as it were, speaks in earnest hope that the priestly prayer may be listened to; and when, at last, the dread alternative is spoken, "or else give her (I choose to fancy it a dying wife or mother,) grace so to take thy visitation that, after this painful life ended, she may dwell with thee in life everlasting;" and every heart throbs in sympathy for a desolated home, and the work of prayer is done. Words, though formal, often unlock the heart. It was once the writer's lot, at the end of the cruel war, which desolated so many homes and frustrated so many hopes and crushed so many hearts in this our land, to attend church according to the Episcopal form, in Richmond, then in ruins. The Federal authority was restored, the "rebellion" at an end, the graves at Hollywood covered with fresh flowers, the tears for Stewart and the gallant Ygrams (Richmond's children) not dry, the Confederate President a prisoner, and charged with virulent crime. The Chief Magistrate of the United States was prayed for, decorously, according to the Ritual; but when, in the Litany, the supplication was uttered: "That it may please Thee to preserve all sick persons and young children, and to show Thy mercy upon all prisoners and captives," common as the words seem, there was a thrill in every heart, a thought of the manacled captive at Fortress Monroe, their old friend and neighbor, whose courage in the darkest hour had never failed—which showed how a familiar "form" of prayer can stir the heart.

It is an old story, the sailor's burial at sea, but one that never is without its pathos, and as "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," has its echo, never heard without a shudder, from the earth the sexton's spade scatters on the coffin, so, from the solemn cry of the master-at-arms—"All hands to bury the dead," to the words, "We commend his body to the deep," and the shotted hammock slips with a splash into

"The vast and wandering grave," no one hears it unmoved, or fails to think the eloquence of the liturgy unequalled.

The "Burial Service," for its prayers are few and short, was read over poor Moore's uncoffined remains on that dark January night, sixty years ago, at Corunna. It was uttered over the proto-martyr of the middle colonies in the Revolution—the Jacobite, Hugh Mercer—in the classic ground of old Christ Church; and on the lawn at Mount Vernon, when, on the 16th of December, 1799, a little schooner anchored in the Potomac, firing its simple salute the while Washington sank to rest. But never was it more picturesque than at an enemy's grave during that same revolution. When, in the autumn of 1777, Bargoigne's army entangled itself in the fastnesses of the upper Hudson, and disaster lowered heavily around him and his gallant army—for such, bating his Heepians and kindred Indians it was—Gen. Fraser fell mortally wounded by an American rifle shot. He lingered, as we all know, in Madame de Riedesel's tent, where she and her children had taken refuge, and died, and was buried on a hill near by. The collection of officers at the funeral attracted the attention of the hostile artillerymen, and a sharp fire was concentrated on the spot. Then was it that the exhortation of the Liturgy, "Be ye steady, unmovable," had a new significance.

One other historical illustration of my text occurs to me—the familiar anecdote of Lord (then Mr.) Denman, when acting as counsel for Queen Caroline. Her name being excluded from the Ritual in the regular supplication for the royal fami-

ly, as if she were past praying for, Mr. Denman, with bitter pathos, said they dared not suppress the Litany for "the desolate and oppressed."

And it was, as all know, a native-born Englishman and a thorough churchman—not a semi-Puritan, like Ridley or Latimer (for the hand of the Puritan never beautified anything) who, at the end, created the Prayer Book. Of him the not over reverent historian of our times says, and I cannot refrain from quoting it: "No plunder of church or crown had touched the hands of Cranmer; no fibre of political intrigue, or crime, or conspiracy could be traced to the Palace of Lambeth. As the translation of the Bible bears upon it the imprint of the mind of Tyndale, so, while the Church of England stands, the image of Cranmer will be seen reflected on the calm surface of the Liturgy." Such is the Prayer Book.

Its value cannot be over-estimated. It is the safe guard of ecclesiastical discipline. It is the "cheap defense" of the Church. It is the buoy for which the pilot steers, and it shows where the anchor lies. There is scarcely a home among the educated where it is not found. Its words are familiar in every ear. Its forms halo our daily life. It tells, in its ceremonies, of birth, and baptism, and marriage, and death. The blushing bride and the happy lover hear it. The mother prays from it over the cradle of her babe, and with it the child follows the parent to the grave.

Two young and aspiring railroad men, who were placed on the retired list owing to the consolidation of Gould's Southwestern roads, expressed themselves rather emphatically, and in language that shocked the feelings of a missionary who was sitting close by listening to their remarks. He stood it as long as he could, but finally he lost his patience and walked up to the two railroad men and reprimanded him for using such profane language.—"You ought to know," he said in conclusion, "that there are but two roads, one leading to Hell and Damnation and the other to Joy and Salvation; now which one would you rather take?"

"Well," replied one of the railroad men, after getting over his surprise in being thus addressed, "I don't I'll take either, for it is ten to one that the two roads will fall into the hands of Gould and be consolidated before I get there."

The missionary made no efforts to convert the heathen, and left disgusted.

Read the following orders for English Female Bitters from one Texas house:

Galveston, Texas, Feb. 5th, 1881. Messrs. J. P. Dromgoole & Co., Louisville, Ky.: "Ship us one thousand dollars worth English Female Bitters. Thomson, George & Co."

Read Again:—Galveston, Tex., April, 20, '81.—Messrs. J. P. Dromgoole & Co., Louisville, Ky.: "Ship one thousand dollars worth of English Female Bitters and Bailey's Saline Aperient. Thomson, George & Co."

And Again:—Galveston, Tex., May 30, '81. Messrs. J. P. Dromgoole & Co., Louisville, Ky.: "Ship us one hundred and fifty doz. English Female Bitters. Thomson, George & Co."

While these orders are being received, others are rolling in from the wholesale drug trade of the south and west, showing conclusively the great and increasing popularity of English Female Bitters in the cure of chronic female diseases.

Many persons will take no medicine until they are prostrated on a bed of sickness. This is folly. Nature always calls for assistance when needed to throw off impurities.—With our habits of life, it is necessary to render this help. Prickly Ash Bitters will not force nature, but acts mildly and renders the assistance required. Do not fail to try them.

"Bio" Heyman will sell you Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Trimmings, Notions, etc., cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere. Give him a trial at once.

NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY IN MAY.

It is a popular belief that great stillness pervades the country at night. Like most popular beliefs, this one is ill founded. In reality, the country is full of noises at night—queer, out of the way noises, many of them, that do not readily admit of an explanation. In the autumn when all manner of old little insects talk to each other the night long, sleep sometimes is difficult, and even in these comparatively still nights in May people who lie awake find that they have a great deal to listen.

Mrs. Radcliffe and dealers in ghosts generally have been accustomed to make a cock crow the signal for their ghosts to pack up and leave thus implying that cock crow and day light come about the same time in the morning. Now it is true that the cocks do crow lustily just a little before sunrise, but they also crow at intervals all through the night. Country people believe firmly that they crow at the stroke of each hour between sunset and dawn. They seem to be signaling each other. The monarch of one roost lifts up his voice, not clearly as in the daytime, but, in a drowsy fashion, showing how sleepy he is, and announces that all is well; from somewhere, not very far off, comes a reassuring response, and to this likewise comes an answer—and the answers continue to come in, growing fainter and fainter as they proceed from more and more distant roosts, until the last that is heard is a mere whispered sound that floats along on the gentle night wind from some far outlying farm. Very likely the crowing of the cocks disturbs the cows, and then they also take a part in breaking the stillness of the night. Close proximity to a cow whose calf has been taken from her is not desirable at night. Her poor heart is nearly broken and she moans continuously. It is impossible to avoid being depressed by her grief, and the noise she makes is vexatious. But the lowing at intervals of a cow who has nothing on her mind and just lows because she happens to feel it is not displeasing. Cows have very sweet voices, full of a pathetic melancholy. When softened by distance their lowing is a gentle sound that seems a part of the night itself and harmonizes with silence. It is probable that horses have had dreams, otherwise their carryings on at night are not easy to account for.

Among all domesticated animals they are the most tenderly cared for. Their beds are regularly made for them, and they always are sure of a dry roof over their heads. Generally speaking they sleep soundly, but every now and then through the night there will come from the barn a broadside of hollow sounds suggesting thunder—the horses are stamping upon the floor or kicking against the sides of their stalls. City bred people hearing this sort of noise for the first time start up alarmed, under the impression that burglars are using a battering ram against the back door. The noise seldom lasts long. Perhaps horses have something on their consciences that they are trying to shake off by stamping and kicking—much of a piece with Jonah's fleeing into Tarsish. Dogs, of course, bark at a great rate at night. Like the cocks they answer each other—holding animated conversations with friends half a mile or more away. There is nothing especially interesting to human beings in these dog talks, though the dogs evidently find in them a world of entertainment; they are devoid of all romance, and are not melodious. Cats are very quiet in the country at night. Only at rare intervals, two or three times during a summer perhaps, does the noise of a cat-fight obtrude itself upon the silence of the night. When there is a moon the cats frolic delightfully in the moonlight; skylarking after leaves blowing about the gravel paths, jumping over each other and themselves generally. It would be a sweet boon to humanity could town cats be taught to abandon sinful howlings and take to these pastoral ways of innocence.

Look HERE, LADIES.—Mr. "Bio" Heyman has just received all the new styles of slippers and low-quarter shoes for ladies. He has marked them down at bottom figures, and defies any house in town to sell the same class of goods at lower prices than he will. Call and see for yourself!

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