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W. G. MOBLEY, Editor. H. H. MOBLEY, Local Editor.

Democratic Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:

WILLIAM J. BRYAN OF NEBRASKA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

ARTHUR SEWALL OF MAINE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Congress.

We are authorized to announce HON. H. W. OGDEN, the present incumbent, as a candidate for re-election to Congress from the Fourth District, subject to nomination by the Democratic party.

"Stump" Ashby, who will be remembered by our people as having assisted the "old swamper" in his disastrous gubernatorial campaign, has been nominated for Lieutenant Governor by the Populists of Texas.

Another periodic, spasmodic and sporadic feat is being made to enforce the Sunday law in New Orleans, which will probably terminate about as successfully as the various disastrous Waterloos which have preceded it.

The "Pops" shout lustily for free silver, but if they are sincere in its advocacy, they must repudiate Watson and support Bryan and Sewall, as that is the only possible method by which to attain the desired object.

Who would have thought twenty years ago, that Warmoth would to day be holding the reins and driving to his political chariot such chevaliers, sans peur et sans reproche, of Southern aristocracy and chivalry as Pharr, Pugh and the McCalls.

Bryan's journey from Lincoln, Nebraska, to New York City, whither he went to be officially notified of his nomination, was a triumphal procession and royal ovation from start to finish. It can best be described in the language of Caesar, veni, vidi, vici.

Chairman G. L. P. Wren has issued a call for the Democratic Congressional Executive Committee of this District to meet at Shreveport next Wednesday, for the purpose of fixing the time and selecting the place for the nomination of a congressional standard bearer.

The colored brother is good enough to vote the Republican ticket, but the exclusive and aristocratic set over whom Warmoth now holds the cheek reins, can't afford to affiliate with or recognize Sambo to the extent of giving him a place upon their exceedingly respectable committees and electoral ticket.

Explorer Nansen has been heard from at Vardoe, in Norway. He is bold enough to declare that he would have experienced no difficulty in penetrating to the North pole, had he been furnished with sufficient dogs and canoes. It is our opinion that if he had had all the dogs and canoes in the world, he would still be as far from his objective point, as he was when compelled to retrace his steps.

It seems that there is an impassable gulf between the "Lily Whites" and "Black and Tan" Republicans in this State, which can neither be bridged or navigated. The lordly sugarer rejects all overtures from the regulars and any adjustment of the now apparently irreconcilable differences between them looking to a fusion or compromise upon the basis of a single electoral ticket, is as impossible of accomplishment as the admixture of oil and water. But Mark Hanna, the power behind the McKinley throne, will perform that job for the dissident Republicans later on.

State Central Committee.

The State Central Committee of the Democratic party met in New Orleans last week, pursuant to call of the Chairman, with 59 members present.

Chairman Kruttschnitt and Parker, of the Executive Committee tendered their resignations, because they were not in accord with the financial plank of the platform, although expressing their determination to support the ticket. After some discussion, it was resolved that the Committee had full confidence in their loyalty to the party and refused to accept their resignations.

After authorizing the Chairman to appoint a campaign committee of fifteen, to inaugurate and conduct a vigorous canvass, the Committee adjourned.

Governor Foster was present and made a spirited address, in which he urged unity of action and concentration of all Democratic forces, as necessary to rout the common enemy of our section of country.

Bounty Grabbers.

The "lily whites" got a whack at the dollars of Uncle Sam this week, the long expected bounty warrants having arrived. We give the names and amount, in round figures, that some of these nabobs received: W. E. Howell, \$13,000; J. N. Pharr, \$7,000; J. B. Levert, \$60,000; Leon Godchaux, \$170,000; David S. Ferris, \$11,000; E. N. Pugh, \$7,000; J. W. Barnett, \$34,000; H. C. Minor, \$40,000; Walter A. O'Neil, \$18,000; Lewis S. Clark, \$28,000; W. J. Behan, \$12,000; McCall Bros., \$55,000; the Bartons, \$60,000; the Wagnerspecks, \$25,000. The list is quite lengthy, but we publish enough to show why these men should be Republicans. It has put large pelf in their pockets.—[N. O. Republican.]

Well, they can make the most of this bounty. It is the last they will ever obtain, either through the Republican or Democratic parties. There is no just or equitable reason why the people of the United States should be taxed to pay the sugar producers a bounty upon their product, any more than upon that of cotton. The principle is radically wrong ab initio and it is well that it has been abandoned. The Democratic party is to be commended, rather than censured, for the abrogation of such un-republican and vicious legislation.

There is talk of making ex-President Harrison a United States Senator from Indiana. The fact that a man has been a President of the United States will make him no less useful in the United States Senate. In fact, the Senate at present is in need of statesmen of experience. An ex-President, of course, never can attain a higher distinction, but there is no good reason why his abilities and experience should be lost to the nation.—[Boston Globe, Dem.]

Quality first, then fit and looks. The BUCKSKIN BREECHES are all that good pants can be. We have made them to please men who appreciate fit as well as wear. They cost no more than common goods and they require no mending or sewing on of buttons. We do this work right at the start and it stands. Ask your dealer to show you a pair.

The existing political situation is without precedent, and all predictions of the result based on previous conditions are utterly without value. The only thing clearly visible is that the battle will be fought on the money question, and that no matter how many parties may be in the field they will be ranged under the banner of plain gold or that of gold and silver combined.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer, Dem.]

The Republican wave that engulfed the country two years ago has subsided. The wave that we see is Democratic. It seems larger and more resistless than the other, and it bids fair to sweep McKinleyism and Republicanism to depths from which they can never be recovered.—[Florida Times-Union, Dem.]

A law has just been promulgated in Norway and Sweden by which a marriage cannot be legally effected without the production of a certificate attesting that both the bride and bridegroom bear the mark of a real vaccination.—[Times Democrat.]

If Bryan is pitted against McKinley there can be no doubt as to which is to be pitted.—[Chicago Dispatch.]

A RED RIVER PLANTER.

He is Supposed to be the Original of Legree.

MRS. STOWE'S CHARACTER

Princely Estates in a Great and Fertile Valley—A Man About Whom Stories Are Told.

Gen. Wm. Hugh Roberts is one of the best-known of Washington's citizens not in office, and as cultivated and courtly a gentleman as one can meet in the politest circles of the national capital.—He was a gallant confederate officer, who earned his rank by conspicuous ability and courage, throwing himself into the Southern cause when a mere youth with the natural ardor of one of the old families of New Orleans, in whose veins ran the blood of one of the most ancient and noble families of France. If Gen. Roberts were not an American citizen he would be of legal and hereditary right the Comte de St. Dennis.

Few men have met and associated with so many extraordinary people as Gen. Roberts has in his eventful life in America and abroad, and he is wonderfully rich in his memories of them, having treasured the best they had to give. Among his innumerable absorbing reminiscences is one of a peculiar meeting with Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and nothing that has been printed in connection with the death of that notable woman is so deeply interesting as a revelation which she made to Gen. Roberts during that chance and brief acquaintance.

The story is given here as came to the writer from the lips of Gen. Roberts, and the fact the General tells it is sufficient assurance of its absolute truth.

"Of all the leading characters in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" said Gen. Roberts, "but one remained unidentified at the time of the death of Mrs. Stowe. That one was Legree, the Red River planter, Uncle Tom's last owner. It happened to me to hear from Mrs. Stowe herself the identification of the original of her Legree. When it is remembered that of all the characters in Mrs. Stowe's greatest novel, the one that fired the northern heart most fiercely was that of the Red river slave owner, the identity of the character, something of the resemblance of the man in the story, the individual from whom the character was adapted, must be of the highest interest.

"In October, 1878, I enjoyed a charming visit of a few days in Boston as the guest of Hon. A. H. Rice, then governor of Massachusetts. He lived at the Brattlewick. One morning as we sat at breakfast I noted an elderly lady seated at a neighboring table, who was observing the governor with some interest. Finally she caught his eye and bowed to him. He immediately excused himself for a moment and went to greet his acquaintance. Upon his return he said:

"Do you know Mrs. Stowe?" "No," I replied, "and no offense to you, I don't care to become acquainted with her."

"That is unfortunate," he observed, "for she wants me to present you."

"Why, when did you see Mrs. Stowe?" I inquired. "I have just been speaking with her," he answered. "I told her I had a Louisiana staying with me, one who belonged to the last generation that saw the institution of slavery in its prime. She urged me to bring him into the morning room after breakfast, but as you seem not to wish it, I will make some excuse."

"No," I answered, "for a moment's reflection, pray present me. I spoke without thought just now, not knowing she was in the vicinity."

"So after a small cigar in the governor's study, the latter sent his card to the lady and a moment later I was making my bow to the author of the most famous anti-slavery novel ever written.

"Pleased as I was against Mrs. Stowe because of political tenets, I yet found her most interesting. 'You wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" without any real, practical knowledge of slavery, did you not?" I ventured.

"Yes," she said, "I had to write it that way or not at all. I was living in the west and had no opportunity to see anything of slavery as it existed then in the South. Yet I think my Legree is one of the best drawn characters in the work."

"May I ask," I interrupted, "if you had any particular Louisiana planter in your mind when you depicted Legree?"

"Oh, yes," she replied promptly, "and a very prominent one in his neighborhood, too. I got the story out of which I evolved Legree from a Cincinnati steamboat man who was a pilot and captain in the Red river trade."

"Yes," I said, "the description of the country in which he lived fits a certain section of the Red river valley to the very life."

"Do you know," Mrs. Stowe went on, "the man who, before the war, owned and operated the only profitable sugar estate on the

north bank of Red river?" "Yes," I answered, "he was Mr. Meredith Calhoun."

"Well, he was my Legree," concluded Mrs. Stowe, "and never before have I so clearly indicated the identity of the character in real life from whom my Red river planter was drawn."

"All this was very curious and most interesting to me. Mrs. Stowe requested that nothing be said or written by me relative to the identity of the cotton planter as long as she lived. I gave the promise, and have never mentioned the conversation until now. I gave the promise, and have never mentioned the conversation until now. I think there can be no harm done to the living nor injustice worked to the dead in my telling at this time what I know of the original of Legree.

"In 1831-32 there was a great rush of emigration from the older slave states to the lands on the Red river in Louisiana and Arkansas. Among the buyers was a gentleman who had been the chief confidential clerk of Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, when that eccentric millionaire died in 1831. His name was Meredith Calhoun. Just above the rapids of the Red river (from which the parish of Rapides takes its name) was a tract of exceptionally well located planting land. There were in all something over 30,000 acres and through the agency of James Bowie (the gentleman who adapted the celebrated knife christened for him to the requirements of modern civilization) this property fell into the hands of Meredith Calhoun, Esq., late of Philadelphia. He paid down in cash \$300,000, and the property was cheap at that price. Instead of burning up the heavy forest that covered 20,000 acres of this estate, the owner erected great sawmills and cut and sawed timber that other planters would have burned, into the most desirable lumber. Thus he almost paid for the work of clearing, for there was an active demand for lumber all along the Red river, where so many new plantations were being established. Slaves were another commodity in which the movement could have been quoted as 'active, supply hardly equal to the demand, holders firm, prices generally advancing.' On each estate there were always a few old family servants retained by the emigrants from the older states, but most of the slaves were imported from Africa who assisted these Red river planters to make fortunes on those fertile bottoms, where one crop of cotton or sugar was worth ten of cereals or five of tobacco.

"Men of Anglo-saxon blood in those days had but little time, and often smaller inclination, for the cultivation of what this generation would call the 'aesthetic side' of life, and were disposed to feel at the candy, or as we of to-day call him, the 'dude,' but though Calhoun was a howling swell in the fashion of his period, those of rougher mould were usually very civil in his presence. And besides his 'petit maitre' tendencies, he had a rather remarkable personality. Almost five feet eight in stature, his figure combined grace and activity in an unusual degree. In repose his eyes were of a dark gray color, but in moments of excitement or anger they seemed to be of a deep, cat-like green. All ways smoothly shaven, and immaculate in linen, he was something of a curiosity to a community where his peculiarities were held to indicate femininity to a degree that must be incomprehensible with 'real grit' as understood among the fighting men of the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee."

"You'd better not try him," said Col. James Bowie grimly at the suggestion. "It chanced one day shortly after Col. Bowie had expressed this opinion that Mr. Calhoun happened to offend a man named Williams. The latter, a physical giant, was tipsy enough to be without reason, and quarrelsome besides. There was a shot, and then Williams staggered forward, his head half severed from his body by an awful slash from a nine-inch Bowie knife in the hands of Calhoun. 'I never beheld a human being who looked so much like Satan incarnate as did Calhoun when he killed Jack Williams,' said the late Gen. Montfort Wells, of Rapides parish, as he told the story. 'Williams had killed three men and he fired at Calhoun with a derringer when they were not five feet apart. How he ever missed him I don't know, but Calhoun leaped upon him like a panther, and at two strokes did the work. What was done about it? Why, nothing. Williams was a dangerous man, and it was with a feeling of relief that the community learned of his death. But the bad men of that time let the panther-like dandy severely alone after that, I can tell you."

"In Louisiana during the fierce days of the reconstruction period, young Calhoun developed his father's quality of courage on at least two occasions when his chances were indeed desperate. I do not know what became of him after he lost possession of the great parental estates. The Calhoun estates were made the center of a new parish out of parts of Rapides and Natchitoches, and it was called the parish of Grant. The sugar house of Firenze was rehabilitated into a court house. In this parish was gathered some of the most trouble some of the pestilential persons who came into the State solely to hold office. A pitched battle occurred at the Firenze sugar-house, in which the carpet-bag power was completely broken in that section of the State for good and all. It is my impression that the direct line of the Calhouns is extinct.

"It was from the stories told of this strange man, one of the most accomplished gentlemen I have ever known, that Mrs. Stowe constructed what she thought was her greatest slave-owning character, Legree."

The original of Legree has been a mooted question ever since the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and now that the famous authoress is dead, it will remain a profound secret, unless the above throws some light upon the subject. It is conceded however,

manners that were perfect, albeit they would be deemed a trifle florid now, somehow Mr. Calhoun was not popular. He was a bachelor, and a most eligible one, too, but the ladies did not like him, or rather, they all avowed they were afraid of him.

"By and by curious stories were whispered about. Men and women mentioned them in undertones, and children were not allowed to hear them at all. They were to the effect that Mr. Calhoun was in the habit of indulging in fits of periodic but extreme intoxication, and that on such occasions he would call in two enormous negro drivers (a sort of sub-overseer), and the three would drink and carouse together in the most riotous manner imaginable.

These stories were heard all over the parish. No responsible authority backed them. At any time in the south it has been a dangerous thing to circulate stories detrimental to one's neighbor, for somebody will be apt to be hurt if any lying has been indulged in. Here was the very first man in the community, a model of courtesy to his neighbors and of fair dealing to all. It could not be true.

"In the autumn of 185—, a fearful story infiltrated itself throughout the community. It was asserted on a certain day that two nights before a negro on Smithfield, the finest of the great Calhoun estates, had been chained to a tree, his torch piled high about him, the torch applied to the inflammable stuff and the poor creature burned to death while his shrieks of agony echoed for miles throughout the lovely valley. What his offense had been, if any, could not be told. The late Hon. T. C. Manning, United States Minister to Mexico in Mr. Cleveland's first administration was then district attorney for Rapides, Natchitoches and other Red river parishes. It was his official duty to investigate the matter. A number of gentlemen, planters, who held their calling in respect, waited upon Mr. Calhoun, acquainted him with the charge, and inquired if he had anything to say. He looked at the Hon. Henry Boyce, then United States District Judge, the head of the committee, a moment in silence.

"Who is responsible for this story?" said the planter as his face became livid with fury. "Does any gentleman (emphasizing the word) make such a charge against me? Name him and I will know how to deal with him."

"No gentleman charges you with such a horror," answered the dignified judge, himself a planter, "but we learn that 800 negroes saw the crime committed."

"A cheerful and dignified business for you to be engaged in, listening to negroes' tales. When you can bring some responsible authority for this story, I will answer it. Good morning." And he nodded to his gatekeeper to open the way out for his visitors.

"The story made a great sensation at the time, but it could never be proved, even if the entire force of the Calhoun estates had witnessed the burning as charged, for slaves could not testify. Judge Manning would never say what his investigation disclosed. Certainly had it been possible to make a case against him, Mr. Calhoun would have been prosecuted, his great wealth notwithstanding."

"Very shortly after this it was announced that the master of Smithfield would soon be married, and the rumor proved to be true. The lady chosen was from New Orleans, very much her husband's junior in years, and a great beauty. In due time a son was born, and a finer child never delighted parental hearts. But when the infant was about 18 months old a cruel nurse let him fall, and the injuries developed a serious spinal disorder that resulted in a permanent distortion. This son grew to manhood, and, crippled as he was, became his father's idol. He was taken to Italy to be educated, and there he had the title of count bestowed on him.

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Ice Cream Made by a New Process. I have an Ice Cream Freezer that will freeze cream instantly. The cream is put into the freezer and comes out instantly, smooth and perfectly frozen. This astonishes people and a crowd will gather to see the freezer in operation and they will all want to try the cream. You can sell cream as fast as it can be made and sell freezers to many of them who would not buy an old style freezer. It is really a curiosity and you can sell from \$5 to \$8 worth of cream and six to twelve freezers every day. This makes a good profit these hard times and is a pleasant employment. J. F. Casey & Co., 1143 St. Charles St., St. Louis, Mo., will send full particulars and information in regard to this new invention on application and will employ good salesmen on salary. ROBT. B.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.—The following transfers of real estate have been registered in the Recorder's office during the past week: Emile Levy to Mrs. Rosalie L. Miller, a certain lot of ground on Fourth street near DeSoto. Price \$2500. H. L. Penninger to Pete W. Penninger, a certain tract of land in Spring Hill ward, this parish. Price \$750. Peter W. Penninger to James M. Sevilley, a tract of land in Spring Hill ward. Price \$225. Julius Levin to Jonas Rosenthal, a lot of ground in Clapp Addition, fronting Jackson street, this city. Price \$140.

It May Do as Much for You. Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to the cure of all kidney and liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. At the Eagle Drug Store.