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VOLUME 10.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, DEC. 25, 1879.

NUMBER 3.

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Clouds.

[Ethel de Fonblanque, in Tinsley's (London) Magazine.]

We had quarrels, lovers' quarrels, In our sunny past; But our trust was deep and tender, So they could not last.

Once—how well I can remember!— All one radiant day, We two stood apart in silence, Turning hearts away.

When the evening came—those evenings That were all so bright, Lighting up the hours of absence With their happy light,

Then you came and sat beside me In your old fond way, Took my hand and strove to reason;— But I turned away.

And you pleaded, pleaded firmly, In your bitter pain, Pouring forth a wealth of love-words On my heart like rain.

Still I would not turn, and coldly Bade you to depart, Though your tender words were stirring Deeply in my heart.

But you would not leave me, urging All your loving past; Then my foolish pride forsok me, And I turned at last—

Turned to find you fondly waiting; Full of love and fears; Gladly in your arms you clasped me, Smiling midst my tears.

That was long ago, I fancy; Things are altered now You and I are cold and parted, Hardly knowing how.

Meeting sometimes, calmly conscious Of our presence here, Proud eyes fixed and unrelenting That were once so dear.

Clasping hands, but clasping coldly, With a distant air, And a knowledge of estrangement, Like a weight of care.

If they told me you were dead, dear, In your cold young grave, I could bear my sorrow nobly, Loving still and brave;

Looking up to heaven, conscious That you loved me there, Sending down a blessing for me Through the starry air.

But this death in life, this breaking Of the old sweet bond, And this severance of friendship Once so strong and fond;

This I cannot bear; the sorrow Weighs upon my heart. Must our lives flow on divided? Must we stand apart?

A Just Tribute to the Negro as a Laborer and Freeman.

THE RACE THE PICAYUNE, DEMOCRAT AND PAPERS OF THAT CLASS WOULD HAVE DRIVEN FROM THE SOUTH BY PERSECUTION.

Never was the contrast between free labour and slave labour as regards industrial results more emphatically exemplified than it has been in the social history of the Southern States of America. Before the outbreak of the Civil War we were very familiar with the economic arguments in favour of slavery.

Gentlemen in the North who were opposed to slavery on principle and who detested it in practice, were yet unwilling to touch what they believed to be the keystone in a vast system of national prosperity. It was pointed out that cotton was the one great basis of the well-being of the South; that it could not be cultivated extensively and with success save by black labour; that the negroes would not work except under compulsion, and, therefore, that unless slavery was

maintained we must be prepared to see the industrial ruin of the South. These arguments were pointed by references to Jamaica and other West Indian islands where emancipation, however guarded, was followed by financial collapse. The prophecies thus uttered were put to a severe test. The slaves were emancipated in what all would consider the most perilous method—that is suddenly and in the middle of a fierce civil contest provoked by the controversy as to their rights. When the war was over the land-owners of the South found themselves stripped of capital, deprived of political power, crushed by the failure of their cause, and surrounded by millions of freedmen, who were yesterday their dependants.

Thus free labour in essaying to emulate the slave labour of the period before the war had everything against it. Yet no more than seven years had elapsed from the close of the contest when the annual yield of cotton equalled that of the highest year preceding it, and the South had through free labour recovered its old position. The more recent statistics just published take a larger sweep and are more striking. For ten years before the war, that is from 1852 to 1861, both inclusive, the slave South raised, in round numbers, thirty-five millions of bales. For the last ten years the free South has raised forty one million and a half.

These figures speak for the social condition of the South with an eloquence no other evidence can command. We sometimes hear of negroes flying to Kansas because they are badly treated, of the Ku-Klux-Klan murdering black men, of parishes "ball-tossed," or of State elections carried by violence. Such isolated stories may or may not be true, but the broad facts remain that during the last ten years the liberated negroes have, on the whole, worked with industry and success. Nor is their conduct alone attested by the statistics. A prosperous cotton industry testifies to the application of capital and intelligence to free labour. We do not know of any fact in the industrial history of nations so interesting as this array of figures. We have here a proof of the educational influence of liberty, and of the self-adjusting power of human industry when left unfettered by laws. The Emancipation Decree, and the statutes based on it, gave the negroes no help, but left them face to face with their last employers to make the best terms they could. Dire were the prophecies of failure. The nigger would not work; he would, as Mr. Carlyle anticipated "eat pumpkins and squat." Whole regions of the earth, once fertile, would relapse into a desert, and millions of starving men, little better than children in intellect, would be thrown on the hands of the United States Government for relief. Freedom would prove to the negroes a great curse, and they would suffer as severely as the planters themselves. The South, ruined by the war, humiliated by "carpet-baggers," could never rise again. As a lesson in the fallibility of human judgment it should be remembered that these were the views and prophecies of "the best authorities" before and immediately after the war. Statesmen of the great Democratic party preached this creed in the North while gentlemen from the South, who had studied the Negro "on the spot," heartily re-echoed their remarks. There can hardly be a doubt as to the sincerity of their fears. In fact, they staked their all in beginning a Civil War rather than run the risks they foresaw from Mr. Lincoln's election. Had anybody, in 1861, indulged in a prophecy of the facts now before

us, he would have been treated as an insane optimist, who believed in the imminence of the Millennium. It should further be remembered that free labour has not only had to compete with the slave labour before the war, but it has had the extra duty imposed on it of repairing the ravages of the conflict, of planting in the minds of employers and employes the confidence and kindness which are necessary for prolonged industrial prosperity. The free South has also been exposed to competition which the slave States encountered only to a slight extent. During the four years of the civil strife Egypt and India made advances in the growth of cotton that have been followed up ever since with vigour and progressive success; still under the auspices of freedom, the South not only holds its own, but is advancing every year.

The industrial condition of the South has had its effect on American politics. The negroes having proved themselves worthy of freedom, the efforts of ex-Confederate leaders to embezzle their political rights has only provoked anew that reaction in the North against Southern arrogance which always tells in favour of the Republican party, and mainly accounts for the results of late elections. The chances, therefore, are that under General Grant, or some other new President elected by the "solid North," the South will be kept free for negroes as well as white men. No possible interference by Federal authorities can prevent the superiority of the "whites" in political courage and electoral cunning, so that the "negro vote" is always likely to be in some measure nullified by Southern skill. But the more the negroes are cheated out of their rights the more resolutely will the North come forward to vindicate the defrauded race. Had the Democrats of the South honestly accepted the situation as created by emancipation and the issue of the war the whole Democratic party would have long since risen to power on the ruins of a Republican organization which had committed almost every possible political mistake. The old lesson of race insolence, however, which had been the curse of the party down to the presidency of Mr. Buchanan, is still at work, and alienates the sympathy of impartial politicians in the North. Thus the Republicans renew again and again their lease of power, trading on the popularity of the war, just as the English Tories held office for fifteen years after Waterloo because it was they who had crushed Bonaparte.

In all human affairs prophecy is uncertain, but in politics it is more perilous than in any other department, and a big book might be made from the unfulfilled anticipations of the very wisest men. It would therefore be tempting failure to argue from the past to the future, or to anticipate, as some sanguine people do, that in another generation America will have no debt, no negro question, and no protection or no new national calamities. As Goethe says in the second part of "Faust," "those only can keep freedom who are ever engaged in the struggle to preserve it," and an America without difficulties would leave the people without the best discipline of free men.—London Telegraph.

—Congress will not meet again until the 6th of January, 1880.

—The number of Negroes leaving Texas averages 1,200 a week. They are bound for the West. And yet our white friends claim it is migration on paper.

A Dream of Fair Women.

Probably one of the dreams of fair women is to remain fair—seeing the power of beauty in the world, they would be foolish were it not so—and a fact of their knowledge, not a part of their dream, is that the first requisite of beauty in a fine skin. This is something that has been recognized by all women since they first learned that beauty was something desirable, and those who have been so fortunate as to possess a fine skin have done their best with one artifice and another to procure it or to counterfeit it. Painting has been a device among savages from time immemorial, and probably long before the time when Jezebel "painted her face and tired her head," or, as the old Hebrew has it, "put her eyes in painting," women used what barbaric help they could as a customary part of their toilette—customary as the robe itself. But far from giving a fine skin, the practice only simulated one, and gave them, when the mask of color was off, but a yellow and tarnished surface, as it has given all their daughters who follow their habit to-day, some being so silly and reckless, some notably among the demi-monde, as to use a little mustard plaster on the cheek, although they must be well aware of the stain it leaves almost ineffaceably.

Than the human skin, physiologists tell us, there is nothing in the world more complex, more perfect, and more beautiful. With the touch of velvet, the most delicate sensitiveness, the loveliest tints, it is yet elastic and strong enough to protect all the wonderful mechanism of music and nerve and bone beneath it. Penetrated in every direction with sudorific glands, arteries, veins, and pores, it as constantly renews itself as time and injury waste it, and by its means a large portion of the bodily impurities is thrown out of the system with the perpetual desquamation of the outer cuticle. Any thing so minutely developed and so perfect was not made for nothing; and the student soon finds that the skin is not merely necessary for pleasant appearance, but absolutely essential to existence—how necessary is evident from the fact that if the whole body should be coated with a varnish, and no other injury inflicted, death would ensue before many hours. When the cheeks are coated with a substance as impermeable as varnish, can they endure it, then, without some injury?

Cleanliness, after all, is the sovereign specific for a clear and charming skin, together with sufficient exposure to the action of the sunlight; for the cheek which knows only the light of cellar or dungeon loses all its carmine, and becomes as blanched and etiolated as the plant grown there; and even the people who habitually frequent north rooms acquire a pallor which is lost upon choosing those of a southern exposure. The secret of the worth of cleanliness lies in its removal of decaying particles that exude from the body, and that may have lodged on the skin from the atmosphere or from contact with any unclean substance; and as cleanliness can not be had without rubbing, both wet and dry, the friction which is a portion of the process stimulates every gland and vessel and duct to do its utmost. Water, indeed, is useful in great measure merely as a medium of this friction, except in cases of extreme soiling, as, for instance, a coal-heaver's face at the end of the day, which would probably need friction enough to destroy the skin before it shed its shining coat of

bl-ckness. But when a good lather of soapuds, with plenty of water and rubbing, has once removed dirt, dry friction will probably keep the body clean and the skin fair for a long and healthy period; and when it is hard to obtain water, or when the chill of it can not be borne, rubbing with a sated napkin or a crash towel, or with a knitted mitten of coarse pack-thread, will be found to set the blood spinning, and give as rosy a cheek as a daily dip in the ocean will; although, in order to be on the safe side, one will always keep up a respectful acquaintance with the great mother of all things—water.—Ex.

Leap Year.

We shall soon leap into a new year. The hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of the present will soon be buried in the insatiable maw of the dead and outgoing year. The coming year is fraught with special interest to the fair and unmarried portion of our readers. Wit and beauty and all other adornments of female loveliness, which have remained unappreciated since the last Leap will in a few days be at liberty to assert their place in the social consideration of borish man according to custom by making the advances which the sterner and selfish sex are wont to arrogate to themselves. Not only the charming and hitherto unnoticed maiden who has sighed in public, and grieved in secret, because her graces have been left to bloom and spend their sweetness unknown and unsung, but her sister less favored by nature, the creature who in lack of beauty, has been "fairfully and wonderfully made" will find in the approaching year the happy road to "pop" the question to some callous hearted youth. Blessed girls! Fortunate girls! The new year will wash away the slights and neglects of society and bring them an effectual remedy. Long impudenced modesty and unobserved affectionate hearts will for one year at least, wreak vengeance dire and direful on the "lady killers" who go about seeking what girls to devour with boueyed compliments, but never marrying. Yes, the leap from romantic maidenhood may not always be the most sensible move, but lives there the girl who would rather live and die a wall and faded flower than leap into the arms of some man whom she could call husband? All experience cry down the thought, custom cries against the villainous idea, while society rails out against the outrageous assumption. We will wish then, one and all, our young and pensive maiden readers, husbands true and loving in the Leap of 1880.

The Carroll Conservative (Dem.) has this to say about the state of affairs in Madison and Tensas parishes:

It is perhaps premature to write about the political revolution which took place in the adjoining parish below us, (if the movement may be dignified with such an appellation) or to tell of its effects upon the only available labor for cotton making in the bottom lands of our parishes, but its lesson at the first glance, with the meagre information before us, is of vast importance to the people of East Carroll. This is now about the only parish left in North Louisiana that has not been subjected to a visit from armed strangers on the eve of an important election, and these ruthless visitors have almost invariably left behind them a trail of human blood that is shocking to imagine, much less to believe as a fact actually existing.

It is we say premature to write fully and intelligently until the true inwardness (and the facts) of the whole matter are elicited, but in the mean time it behooves the good men of the country, property holders, merchants, mechanics, and laborers to come to the front and protect the rights of one another against such wrong doings that stamp an indelible disgrace upon the people wherever it occurs.