

# THE PEOPLE'S VINDICATOR.

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## MAILS.

### ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

**NEW ORLEANS**, Red River Landing, Chenyville Quarantine, Alexandria, Cote and Cloutierville, Daily, at 7 A. M.  
**SHREVEPORT**, Keatchie, Mansfield, Marthville, and Pleasant Hill—Daily at 10 A. M.  
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**HOMER**, Minden, Buckhorn, Ringgold, Conshatta and Campite—on Tuesday and Friday, at 5 P. M.  
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At 9 A. M. for Shreveport, Keatchie, Mansfield and Pleasant Hill.  
At 6 P. M. for Nacogdoches, Texas, Melrose and San Augustin.  
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SPECIAL attention given to the repairs of saddles.  
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**Cooking Stoves.**  
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A liberal discount to country trade.  
June 20-ly.

## Be True to Yourselves.

Last week we published an interesting communication from Mr. Todd, a planter in St. Mary's parish, to the *Brusher News* in which he says he will not employ next year, any man black or white, on his plantation, who does vote to retain in office men who are either incompetent or dishonest.

We feel that Mr. Todd has solved the great problem that has so long agitated the public mind, viz: "how to redeem the State from the rule of ignorance, duplicity and dishonesty;" and we feel that it only lacks united action upon the part of planters, merchants, boss mechanics and the good people generally to make this plan a successful one, even to the uniting labor and capital hereafter upon the solid basis of co-operation against political ignorance, mediocrity and thievery. There can be no doubt of this if the taxpaying people will but remain true to themselves and the true interests of their State.

This suggestion by Mr. Todd has naturally brought down upon his head the great radical weapon, not unlike, in its substance, a certain Chinese implement of war, but such warfare is suggestive of the true character of the mighty warriors against whom we have long and persistently battled. It is their jugglery we wish to defeat, and so long as we permit them to play their own favorite game so long will they be able to find the axes to defeat us with. Therefore, it is proposed to change from this game of chance to a solid and honest plan whereby he who plays fair and does not pollute the cause he espouses shall be the winning man.

But this is not their forte; so averse are the thieves and demagogues to an honest deal and an honest game, that, like John Chinaman, they bounce up as if stung to the bone, cry out their threats of blood and devastation, brandishing all the while a fire brand and cold steel. Such, we say, let us meet with a firm, a decisive determination. Their strength is wholly made up of an impudent impudence, which, when sounded by a good sound stroke of manly policy, proves to be as thin and as vaporous as the clouds that hover beneath the skies and as easily dissipated as these clouds are by the warm glow of old Sol's solar rays.

The whole secret of our future success and final triumph over wire pulling demagogues, who rule and ruin the people who pay the taxes, lays in a close alliance of this people with a fixed determination to stand firmly and faithfully by each other. And we do not know of any better plan for the achievement of this gladsome result than an immediate organization by the tax payers. Let the tax payers call a public meeting in each ward and resolve to stand by the plan suggested by Mr. Todd and stand by letter and spirit of their resolution.

## Poet's Corner.

### A Cat Fight in the Moonlight.

BY W. H. J.

One starry night, in flecker'd shade  
Of rose bush and of vine,  
The fierce Grimalkin, crouching 'hind'  
With head and tail in line:

Adown his back, dim grizz'd hair,  
His bridle length and trace;  
Whilst eyes of fire, with steady glare,  
Lit up his mortified face.

No thought of love, or chase, or rest,  
Possessed Grimalkin's mind,  
But anger tossed his pided breast,  
And twirl'd his tail behind.

Young Thomas of a neighboring lot,  
Well grown and full of life,  
Was wont to seek this fated spot,  
And challenge him to strife.

Long taunted, now Grimalkin's wrath  
Had kindled into flame;  
Thus crouched he on the very path,  
Where Thomas nightly came.

Betimes, like Thomas did appear,  
All-spry, and dinky white,  
Quick cast he on his foe a leer,  
Then squatted for the fight.

Grimalkin growl'd, but steady kept  
His well-appointed place;  
Whilst foot by foot, young Thomas crept,  
'Til they were face to face.

Then came a burst of startling cries,  
That fairly rent the air;  
Whilst hair and tails alternate rise,  
Beneath each other's stare.

A moment more, and tooth and nail  
Were bared in horrid snarl;  
Both gave a final whirl of tail,  
And then they buckled in.

Now clinch'd, a spotted ball, they seem'd  
To roll through mists of hair;  
Whilst each, the louder, shriller, scream'd,  
At each successive tear.

Yea! but for oscillating tails,  
That now in circles spun;  
'Twere hard to tell, but that these males  
Were welded into one.

At length, there came a piteous wail,  
That told the work was done;  
Young Thomas, ripp'd from head to tail,  
Had made it as he run.

'Twas over, but the ground and grass  
Disclosed the fact, full well,  
That fierce Grimalkin did, alas!  
Give poor young Thomas hell.

Every man has a right to employ whom he pleases; no power on earth can take this right from him, and we can't upon the people to stand by this right, and to ignore every species of demagoguery or cajolery but to carry this plan into effect for the purpose of securing better men in public positions of trust and to put down extravagance in office and the use of these positions to control elections and to make the holders thereof fortunes to be used in corrupting those who have the privileges of franchise. Such grievous wrongs as this must be checked or we are a ruined people.—*Baton Rouge Advocate.*

We commend the above to the careful attention of our planters and others interested; and if a preconcerted move be made now, our success for all time will be secured.

"IN THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS."—AN INDIGNANT BARBER.—Our friend, Col. S., residing not a thousand miles from here, informs us that he has a colored youth in his employ who has been with him for some considerable length of time, and for whom, as he has proven himself faithful and trustworthy, he naturally feels some attachment. The young man concluded a short time since that he would like to see a little of the world and take a little recreation, so he applied for permission, which was readily granted, drew the wages due him, amounting to about one hundred and fifty dollars, departed on a trip up the country. After being absent for some weeks and spending all his money he returned and reported for duty. In a few days afterwards he solicited an interview with Col. S., informing him that during his trip he had met with a dusky dandy who had captured his affections, and he wished his employer to write to her for him. The request was complied with, and in due course of mail an answer came, written in a very neat female hand, the boy's sweetheart having evidently secured as amanuensis a young lady of culture and refinement. The correspondence was kept up for some time, our friend, Col. S., enjoying it as well as the parties most intimately interested. At last there came a letter abounding more in expressions of tender regard and affection than any that had preceded it, which was duly read to the smitten youth, the concluding lines of which were, as nearly as can be recollected, as follows:

"I think of you the first thing in the morning, and I think of you the last thing at night, as I fall into the arms of Morpheus."

The reader had progressed thus far when the boy suddenly sprang up, commenced pulling off his coat, and excitedly exclaimed, "In the arms of who? By—, Col. S., I'll whip that d—nigger, if it costs me half my year's wages."—*Wilmington Star.*

A GOOD WESTERN HIT.—We think the following too good to be lost, and if not founded on fact, it ought to be: "The funny man of the House this winter is said to be Mr. Nesmith of Oregon, who tells on himself some very amusing stories. He served one term in the Senate several years ago, and a few days after he was sworn in he was passing one of the cloak rooms, and inside were Pessenden, Morrill, and several others whose names we can't recall. They hailed him, invited him in, and after conversing for a few moments, they asked him very abruptly:

"Mr. Nesmith, you have come from a very wild country, where you say the greater portion of your life has been passed. Will you tell us what first struck you on coming to the Senate?"

"Well, gentlemen, when I took my seat in this august body, I was composed of the brains of our great country. I was overwhelmed with the strangeness of this one idea, how I came to be here."

"Oh! Ah! Ugh! So! And then, Mr. Nesmith, what then—what was your next cause for wonder?"

"The next thing, gentlemen answered Mr. Nesmith, slowly gathering up his great length, "that came to me and puzzled me more than the first thought, was how in the deuce all you other fellows got here?"

"There was a shout, and from that day the solemn old fellows, who had thought to overawe by their pomposity this crude young Senator, were his sworn friends and never neglected an opportunity to tell his story."

"Would my little Ezra," asked a fond mother, "like to be a missionary, and go preach to the poor, suffering little heathen?" Tears—bright, pearly drops of feeling—glistened in little Ezra's eyes as he muttered:

"Naw, I wouldn't; but I'd like to be on the perlice long enough to put a tin roof on the big lumax that stuck shoemaker's wax on my seat, to-day; you here me?"

An idle young man was complaining to a prosperous friend that, although he had tried his luck in all sorts of fairs and lotteries, he had never been able to draw anything. "Indeed," said his friend. "Well, suppose you try a hand-cart? You can draw that."

## Police Court Sketches.

"Marier Jane?" called Bijou, as he handed out a lone woman and led her around to the chalk-mark.

"And Marier was drunk," added his Honor, in a sad voice; "forty three years old, going rapidly to the grave, and yet so drunk that you had to be hauled down here on a wheelbarrow."

"On a hand-cart, sir," she corrected, showing considerable interest.

"Well, there is a difference between a hand-cart and a wheelbarrow," he went on, "but it doesn't make any difference in this case. In fact the hand-cart was the easiest thing to draw you on, and more small boys could gather around it. I will alter the complaint to make it read 'hand-cart,' and now I want to know what you have to say about it?"

Tears came to her eyes, her corset gave a heave or two, and she whispered:

"I wanted to go to the circus?"

"Ah! that touches a tender chord," sighed the Court, as he leaned back and listened to the music of the brass band floating on the early morning air, and saw in imagination the trick mule, the elephant, and the rhinoceros ambling around the saw-dust ring—admission fifty cents.

"Marier," he said at last in a changing voice, "you'll die in three or four years, anyhow, and perhaps it's just as well to let you go to the circus as to send you to the Work-house. Mayhap the growl of the sea lion, the snarl of the tiger, the warble of the ostrich, and the gymnastic exercises of the monkeys, together with the stirring air of 'Old Dan Tucker,' as rendered by the band, may put thoughts of reformation into your head. Go, aged female, and remember its fifty cents saved every time one crawls under the canvass."

"GUMBS' DOG."—Gumbs, who lives next door to us, has bought a new dog. He needed a new one. His last dog used to bark all night in the yard, until in frantic desperation we would slash boots, and Cologne bottles, and furniture at him. But he always went on worse; and in the morning Gumbs would come calmly out and gather up these missiles, and carry them into the house. He has more than twenty-five pairs of our boots and shoes in his possession, besides chair legs, and cakes of soap, and hair brushes, and match safes, and towel racks. And he never had the manliness to offer to give them back. On the contrary he trained that dog to sit by the front gate, and to seize us by the leg when we came out three or four times a week, apparently for the purpose of securing some more boots. But we poisoned him one night, and the next morning Gumbs threw the carcass over into our yard. We threw it back. Gumbs returned it. We both stayed at home that day and spent the time handing that dog to one another over the fence. Then we hired an Irishman to stand there night and day to return the deceased to Gumbs' yard. Then he hired an Irishman. It was exhilarating work. The corpse probably traversed that fence six or seven thousand times in every twenty-four hours. He became familiar with the route, even if he was dead. At last he wore away with so much handling, and on the last day the Irishman whiled away the hours by fingering only the tail at each other. One Irishman at last buried the tail and resigned. And now Gumbs has got a new dog. It will be excessively singular if we do not fish for that dog some evening with a codfish line and a piece of beef, and run him up all of a sudden to our window and launch him into the sewer. No dog, owned by a man named Gumbs, shall exist over us.—*Max Adler.*

A QUIET COMPARISON.—An old Virginia parson recently was preaching very earnestly about the certainty and the terrible nature and degree of the miseries of the damned, and when he had succeeded in working up himself and his auditory into a high state of excitement, and the latter into terrified admiration of his harrowing detail of horrors, he capped the climax after this fashion: "My friends, you all know Major Clarke's furnace, you have seen it often, how the white-hot coals just melt up iron thrown into it like as twas snow. Well, if you took a sinner out of hell and threw him into Major Clarke's furnace he'd have a argue in two minutes."

An editorial writer in the Cincinnati Times says that "the Buckeye girl flirts desperately down to the proposal. Then she accepts, or she refuses and the young man is turned out like to an empty ass, to shado his ears and graze in commons."

The colored gen'l'm'n of Kansas City have "resolved that negro minstrel shows tends to degrade our race." Now look out for a panic in the burnt cork market.

As an instance of the vilest ingratitude on record we refer to a Newburgh billy goat, who, after having his head extricated from a picket fence through which he had thrust it to reach some tempting mouthfuls of grass, turned and butted his benefactor into the gutter.

## Farm Column.

SWEET POTATOES.—A correspondent of the Rural Sun made the following interesting trial with sweet potatoes:

"In 1871 I cut the vines from the potatoes of all but one row, before sun up, the morning of the first frost, dug and hosed the potatoes the same day, spreading thinly on planks. The reserved row was dug after the moisture had apparently dried from the vine (not yet cut from the potato); potatoes housed alongside of first lot. I neither weighed nor measured, but examined daily, and concluded that one-eighth of the first lot rotted before freezing weather, and not one per cent. of the last dug. The crop of 1872 was similarly treated, and very similar results were being obtained, when open doors allowed the whole to freeze and rot.

"My experiment of 1873 was as follows: 24 pounds dug before frost; 24 pounds dug after a partially killing frost; 12 pounds dug after the vines had dried up; 12 pounds dug after the ground had been twice frozen. On December 16, first lot weighed 18 pounds; second lot, 16 pounds 12 ounces; third lot, 12 pounds 10 ounces; fourth lot, 10 pounds 4 ounces.

"The above deficit includes the drying of the sound potatoes, also No. 3 shows a gain in weight, probably by one potato falling from lot No. 2. Of course that detracts from the minute completeness of the experiment (as no one can claim that a potato can increase in weight, no matter when dug), but before weighing I had, from daily examination and removal of rotten potatoes, concluded that No. 1 was probably keeping the best, No. 4 second best, if not equally well with No. 1, No. 2 third best, and No. 3 rotting most, while the general crop rotted but little. I am still strengthened in my opinion that frost-killed vines do not injure the potatoes, if left attached until they dry. In my experiment I have not properly tested potatoes dug before any frost.

"I will add that the vines of those potatoes dug after freezing, when joining the potato, were filled with natural milky sap, apparently sweet."

POULTRY-RAISING FOR LADIES.—One young country girl, Miss Annie Kirk, of Bethel, Pa., is entitled to the praise of being the best lady poultryist on record. In 1872 she cleared \$330, after paying for all the feed, freight, etc. She commenced with eighty fowls—Cochin, Chinas, Brahmas and other varieties—and found the Cochin and Brahmas the most profitable, being healthier and of speedier growth for the market. She fed from seven to ten bushels of corn per week, and the young ones with cracked corn. She is also keeping an account of stock this year—an account which shows every item of expense and profit—and expects to realize as much, if not more, than last year. When attacked by the prevailing poultry disease, last year, Miss Kirk speedily checked its spread by the free use of lime, scattering it all about and giving lime-water to drink. An example was given last year of a lady at Concord, Mass., who raised a gross value of \$350 worth from Dominiques and common breeds; but this was exceeded by Miss Kirk, whose profits alone are \$330. Such efforts as these on the part of our ladies are creditable in the highest degree, and are worthy of general emulation.—*Exchange.*

RAISING CLOVER SEED.—A very intelligent farmer, born and raised in a district where clover seed is a leading crop, writes to the Country Gentleman:

A point here is worthy of special remark: Where the land was rich, plaster used, and the season a growing one, so that the clover grew rank and lodged badly, the seed did not seem to suffer, but yielded a good crop. The only objection was the mowing. This trouble, however, only happened when plaster was used. It seemed to add vitality and give hardness to the plant. There was more "substance," it was thought—certainly more seed. The yield was generally from two to five bushels per acre and upward, depending much upon the thickness of the stand and the nature of the season. Those who did not spare their seed (in sowing) were the fortunate ones. Those who had a thin stand, and neglected sowing their plaster in time, or omitted it altogether, were among the unfortunate ones.

The medium clover has almost superseded the large. Instead of pasturing the land, it often, with the medium, has a crop taken for hay; this is done in time to have the field clear at the proper period—about the 20th of June. Pasturing, however, seems to be best; but it wants to be close, which is never an advantage to stock. Hence the scythe is now mostly used. Plaster, an avoidance of the hot sun and the frost at the blossoming period, and a thick stand, are the three requisites that are indispensable to success in the raising of clover seed.

A country exchange says: "Our paper is like a girl we used to hug; little, but, oh, so good."