

# THE PEOPLE'S VINDICATOR.

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NO. 19.

## MAILS.

### ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

**NEW ORLEANS**, Red River Landing, Chenyville, Quarrinto, Alexandria, Cotile and Cloutierville, Daily, at 7 A. M.  
**SHREVEPORT**, Keachie, Mansfield, Marthaville, and Pleasant Hill—Daily at 10 A. M.  
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## The Colored People and the White Radical.

There is a very significant and instructive lesson to be found in the discords and feuds now breaking out among the Republicans everywhere within the State. The recent faction riots in St. James and Plaquemine are only straws. The great wind has blown them to us as evidences of its power and direction.

Plainly the crisis we have all foreseen and anticipated is approaching, if not actually at hand. The ignorance and credulity and prejudice by means of which a mere handful of white adventurers have arrayed the colored people in blind and bitter hostility to us, moderates under the influences of time and experience. Common misfortune, the stern arguments of poverty, lack of employment, gaunt and visible depression, threatening ruin—these have touched the negro as no words or protestations ever did; taught him the folly of the course he is pursuing; warned him of the certain result thereof. Perhaps the process of the awakening was quickened more than we suspect by the 14th of September. It must have been a serious appeal to the colored people's better sense to find, after so many years of fear and suspicion, that the whites, flushed with victory and unrestrained in their power for good or evil, manifested not the slightest enmity towards them; developed none of those murderous and revengeful instincts which they have been taught to believe were latent in an only awaiting an opportunity for display.

One cannot well doubt that the conviction growing out of this testimony did much to vitalize the discontent felt by the colored people with their pretended friends and self-imposed rulers. They had taken up these men because they were persuaded it was necessary in order to preserve themselves and perpetuate the privileges accruing from the war; yet here, by one supreme flash of truth and enlightenment, they found they had been falsely persuaded, and that the danger they were guarding against so painfully had no existence save in the carpet-bagger's unclean fancy.

It seems like magic, the sudden outcropping of independence and rebellion among the negroes in half the parishes of the State; and like poetic justice, the carpet-bagger's growl and menace, which keeps even pace everywhere with that outcropping. Colored John Gair cheated and sold out by carpet bag Weber, in Point Coupee; colored Dave Young, beaten and swindled by carpet-bag George Benham, in Concordia; while here in New Orleans, the colored men James H. Ingraham and F. C. Antoine are kicked out of office ten hours after signing a protest against the neglect and indignity heaped upon their people by the Kellogg administration. The colored man begins to show his manhood and intelligence; the carpet-bagger begins to show his teeth. Cajolery is to be followed by hard blows; flattery and deception give way to force and compulsion. The wolf drops his masquerading fleece and the negro must grapple with or submit to the enemy thus revealed.

And here, to day, the situation crystallizes. A Republican Convention meets to nominate a parish ticket. Nine-tenths of the delegates are colored—a fair arrangement, justly representing the colored strength in the party; and they find a slate already prepared for them by their white colleagues.

Out of ten that cut and dried list of candidates, two are colored. The others are white men, not white men famed for deeds of friendship and benefit to the negro, but white men who suit the ring; some of them office holders by Democratic favor. This ticket has been dictated to these colored delegates, and it is generally believed, would have been endorsed yesterday, had the Convention got to work. It does not accord the colored people as much actual representation (nor half as much of guarantee), as they could at any time secure by an honest and sincere co-operation with the whites.

Yet they are expected to accept it because it pleases the power that be. The fate of Pinchback, Young, Gair, Ingraham, Antoine and a dozen other colored men, who pulled unsteadily in the traces, warn them on one hand; the vague and intangible good of gratifying the State ring, invites them on the other.

The colored people appeal to recognize their manhood and integrity. Wouldn't it assist us very greatly, if the colored people, with such brilliant opportunities at hand, were to demonstrate their right to that recognition?—N. O. Pleasance.

"Sonny, how did you get that hole in your pants?" "You know old Snarly?" "Yes." "And his dog?" "Yes." "Well, thereby hangs a tale, and thereby hangs the dog, and that's the hole story."

"Lord, what a cow!" was the approving remark of a testotal judge of Vermont after swallowing a milk punch, which had been offered to him as a glass of milk.

From the Shreveport Times we extract the following which contains sound sense. Let our people read it to the negroes and ask them the question, if this thing will pay them in the long run. Now that troops are here and wholesale arrests have been made, is there not a rebound in all this which will hurt some one and that seriously?

The stake we are playing for is the redemption of Louisiana. If we lose, we lose everything. The triumph of the radicals in November insures the permanency of the Kellogg usurpation; it means, too, the persecution of the taxpayers of the State with renewed energy, and the ultimate Africanization of Louisiana or the annihilation of the negro power through blood. We paint no fancy picture; the history of Martinique, of San Domingo and Jamaica illustrates the truth of what we say; if we are beaten in this election, the whites will have either to abandon the State or resort to arms, eye to a fierce war upon the negroes to protect themselves and their property. The Northern fools who are urging on this issue by encouraging the organization of the negroes against the whites, know nothing of the native brutality of the negro, nor of the desperate straight to which the whites are driven, nor of the terrible crisis they are urging on—a crisis which troops cannot control—because troop cannot control desperate men who are resolved to venture their lives to redress their wrongs.

There are two other classes who do not seem to comprehend these things—a small class of white men who refuse to register and aid their people in carrying the election and avoiding the crisis, and the negroes who are again rallying to the support of the thieves they have put in power and thus invoking upon their heads a terrible and bloody retribution.

**AN IRISHMAN'S LETTER.**—Here is an Irish gentleman's letter to his son in college:

My Dear Son—I write to send you two pair of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them. Also some new socks, which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge; and for fear you may not use it wisely, I have kept back half and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had it before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if not, you are an ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents.

**KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.**—You have trouble—your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smoldering fire can be found and extinguished; but, when the coals are scattered who can pick them up? Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is under the ground. A cut finger is not benefited by pulling off the plaster, and exposing it under somebody's eyes; sooner than you can cure it. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are often cured without a scar, but, once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient, and when a sorrow is healed and past, what a comfort it is to say, "No one ever knew it until it was all over!"

A gentleman of our acquaintance found the other night, much to his surprise, that his wife knew something about draw-poker. The way it was this: The couple have two fine boy babies. Seeing them asleep in the same bed, the admiring father wondered if anybody had a better "pair" than that. The wife thought not. The husband then said, speaking in parables, as he thought, "If we could only draw three queens we would have a 'full' that would be hard to beat." And the lady promptly replied, "excuse me, if you please, we'll stand pat on the pair we have."

"Will you take a kiss?" asked a young beau of his sweetheart as he passed the plate of confectionery at table. "Why Augustus?" exclaimed the blushing fair one, "not before all these people?"

A lady recommending to a gentleman a medicine for the gout. "I know many who praise it to the skies," she said. "No doubt, madam," said he; "for it has sent many to the skies to praise it."

A lady who has a pretty hand, is anxious to learn whether people are more liable than common to "burn their fingers if they happen to be taper ones. We can not say, but we have advised her not to let a spark get at them.

## BIBLICAL COMPARISONS.

The man for biblical comparisons, says the Cincinnati Commercial, seems to have broken out to an unusual extent since the recent publication of the Republican Congressional address, which was full of them. On Wednesday last the Tribune said that Beecher "preached in the most famous pulpit the world has ever seen since Paul preached on the Hill of Mars." On Friday it said chloroform was the "greatest boon to suffering humanity since the stars shown over Bethlehem." Now, why not carry out this sort of thing all through? Lydia Thompson is the most remarkable dancer since the daughter of Herodias danced before Herod, and was rewarded with the head of the Baptist. The horse Dexter surpasses any specimen of its kind since the Apocalyptic horse. The wine at last night's feast was the best that has been served since the marriage in Cana of Galilee. The falsehoods expressed by Parson are the most appalling known since the days of Ananias and Sapphira. The recent hurricane reminds us of the tempestuous wind called Euroclydon, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. The mourning over the lost child in Philadelphia resembles the lamentation heard in Ramah over the lost children. The removal of Collector Casey would be a more wonderful thing than has taken place in that line since the removal of Levi, the son of Alphaeus, sitting at the receipt of customs. But those who are so fond of Scriptural comparisons should see that there is some sort of sense in such as they make.

**AN INFAMOUS CHARGE.**—A special dispatch to the Chicago Times, dated Kankakee, Ill., Oct. 8th, contains the following:  
Kankakee, Ill., Oct. 8.—The Independent Reform Mass-meeting to-day was largely attended by the farmers from all over the country.

After dinner, W. A. McKeighan, of Pontiac, made one of his characteristic speeches, forcible, truthful, and convincing. In the course of his remarks he referred to the carpet-bag administration in Louisiana, and spoke of William Pitt Kellogg, not only as a usurper of that power, but as a black-leg and a thief, stating that he went to school to Kellogg, who at one time borrowed McKeighan's father's watch and forgot to return it.  
This is simply awful, and demands an immediate answer from Kellogg. We have believed a great deal about the usurper, and after his tremendous crime overthrowing the legitimate State Government, we ought, perhaps, not to be surprised at anything that he may have done, or may do; but stealing a watch is a trifle lower than we thought the man had ever fallen. Mr. Kellogg should hold Mr. Keighan to a strict accountability for the infamous charge.—N. O. Bulletin.

A new muddle in Louisiana has arisen out of the address of the Conservative State Committee, which has provoked Gov. Kellogg to make the reply telegraphed from New Orleans and printed this morning. He accuses the Conservative Committee of ripping open old sores, and misrepresenting his own action. We do not see that his reply has any tendency to produce the harmony which he professes to desire. The arrangement agreed on in the conference was not intended to silence political discussion, but only to secure a fair election and an honest counting of the votes.

The McEnery party and the Kellogg party remain free to expose and denounce each other as if no such announcement has been made. It is ridiculous and childish for Kellogg to complain that he continues to be criticized by the Conservatives. It is an election that is to take place, not a compromise. One party or the other will be out voted, and each is entitled to use all the customary weapons of political warfare. Neither has bound itself to relinquish any other advantage than the dishonest one of cheating at the polls. Kellogg is very foolish in claiming exemption from the ordinary attacks made on public officers by their political opponents.—N. Y. Herald, of Oct. 8th

Vulgarity means the exhibition of those peculiarities of speech and manner which offend refinement. It makes a naked display of coarse and uneducated human impulses. It mostly lies in the absence of consideration for the feelings of others, in narrow minded self-assertion, and in a selfish want of control over anti-social propensities.

A newly converted reporter thus notices a minstrel troupe: "For those who do not consider it a sin to witness minstrel shows, this entertainment will furnish a pleasant relaxation from revival meetings."

A vender of hoops was recently extolling his wares in the presence of the lady's husband. "No lady should be without one of these beautiful skirts," said the vender. "Well, of course not," dryly responded the husband, who was something of a wag, "she should be within them."

## Farm and Household Column.

**CHEAP VINEGAR.**—Take a quantity of common Irish potatoes, wash them until they are thoroughly clean, place them in a large vessel, and boil them until done. Drain off carefully the water that they were cooked in, straining it, if necessary, in order to remove every particle of the potato. Then put this potato water in a jug or keg, which set near the stove, or in some place where it will be kept warm, and add one pound of sugar to about two and one-half gallons of the water, some hop yeast, or a small portion of whiskey. Let it stand three or four weeks, and you will have excellent vinegar at a cost of six or seven cents per gallon.—Journal of Chemistry.

**TAKE TIME FOR MEALS.**—A very bad, and probably the most injurious habit the American people have—especially mechanics—is that of rapid eating. We should eat slowly, and give our victuals more time to digest, and we would find it much better for our health. Germans do not rise so hastily from the table as we; for time with them is not so precious; life is not so crowded; time can be found for after-dinner talk. The cigars and coffee, which appear before the cloth is removed, keep the company together; and in that state of suffused comfort which quiet digestion creates, they hear without anger the opinions of an antagonist.

**TO DRY PLUMS.**—Gather the plums when not too ripe. Prick each one with a darning-needle in several places. Take half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Melt the sugar with a little water; skim it thoroughly; then add the plums, and boil for half an hour. Lift out the plums, and boil the sugar for twenty minutes longer, or until it nearly candies, which you can tell by taking up a small quantity in a spoon and letting it drop down until it threads out in strings. Turn it over the plums, and put them to dry in a cool oven, stirring them up every few minutes. When candied, put them into boxes.

**ENGLISH JUNKET.**—Take one wine-glass of brandy and two tablespoonfuls of moist sugar. Mix well these ingredients, then pour upon this mixture one quart of milk warm from the cow. Stir all together, then add three or four tablespoonfuls of essence of rumet. If that need is home-made from salted veal, one tablespoonful will be required. Let it stand an hour or an hour and a half, keeping it covered at first, not to cool too suddenly, or it will not turn so firmly, nor will it be so tender. Then grate nutmeg over it, and cover it with cream. The junket should, for obvious reasons, be mixed from the first in the dish in which it is to be served on the table, for it would otherwise appear in broken fragments, instead of the white, tender, delicious whole.—London Agricultural Gazette.

A few sheep should be kept on every grain farm; a great many should be fed during some portions of the year. But a small flock is a clear gain, for there is always room for them in some of the fields and something for them to eat in the winter. Suppose a farmer cultivating a hundred acres and not in the habit of keeping sheep buys, say twenty. In the spring they will do well on the plowing ground before it is plowed; they will clean out a lane or any rough corner on a farm, and are one of the best helps the farmer can have on his summer fallow. After harvest they will glean the stubbles and clear out the fence corners; and later, in the autumn, they will tread down the new seeding and prepare it to stand the winter. In an old pasture where cattle and horses are kept, a few sheep will improve the feed. They will crop the bushes and weeds, bite the coarse grass, sleep on the knolls and manure them which the cattle eat bare. And the income from a small flock of sheep may be from five to ten dollars each, yearly.—Roch. Dem.

**SIMPLE CURE FOR BOILS.**—Dr. Simon, a physician of Lorraine, gives us a new cure for boils, namely—by treating them with camphorated alcohol. As soon as the culmination point of a boil makes its appearance he puts a little of the liquid in a saucer, and dipping the ends of his little fingers in it, rubs the inflamed surface, especially the central part, repeating the operation eight or ten times for about half a minute. He then allows the surface to dry, placing over it a slight coating of camphorated olive oil. He says that four such applications will, in almost all cases, cause boils to dry up and disappear; the operation to be performed morning, noon and evening. The announcement of so simple a cure for such a painful malady will bear repetition.

**BLACKBERRY JAM.**—Take one pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. Bruise them and simmer gently over a fire for an hour. When cool put them into glass jars and lay over them a piece of paper saturated with brandy. Tie up so as to exclude the air.—Cultivator.