THE PEOPLE'S VINDICATOR.

PELLI & AREAUX, Publishers. | The Welfare of the People is the Supreme Law. | TERMS, $3 per annum.

VOL. I. | NATCHITOCHES, LOUISIANA, NOVEMBER 28, 1874. | NO. 24

MAILS:

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

NEW ORLEANS, Red River Landing, Chenevyville Quarantico, Alexandria, Cotile and Cloutierville, Daily, at 7 A. M.

SHREVEPORT, Keachie, Mansfield, Marthaville, and Pleasant Hill—Daily at 10 A. M.

NACOGDOCHES, Melrose, Chirino, San Augustine, Milam, Pendleton, Sabinetown, Many and Ft. Jesup—on Tuesday Thursday and Saturday, at 5 P. M.

HOMER, Minden, Buckhorn, Ringgold, Coushatta and Campte—on Tuesday and Friday, at 5 P. M.

WINNFIELD, Atlanta, Sutton and St. Maurice—on Tuesday and Friday, at 9 A. M.

MAILS CLOSE

At 6 A. M. for New Orleans, Alexandria and Cloutierville.

At 9 A. M. for Shreveport, Keachi, Mansfield and Pleasant Hill.

At 6 P. M. for Nacogdoches, Texas, Melrose and San Augustin.

At 5 P. M. for Homer, La., Buckhorn, Coushatta and Campte.

At 10 A. M. for Winnfield, &c.

Office Hours—from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. and from 3 P M to 7 P M.

J. F. DeVARGAS, Post Master.

Professional Cards.

W. H. JACK. D. PIERSON.

Jack & Pierson,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

NATCHITOCHES, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Natchitoches, Sabine, DeSoto, Red River, Winn, Rapides, and Grant, and in the Supreme Court of the State. Claims promptly attended to.
June 20—1y.

Wm. M. Levy,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Office corner Second & Trudeau streets,
June20—1y *Natchitoches, La.*

R. M. KEARNEY. M. J. CUNNINGHAM

Kearney & Cunningham,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law

June 20—1y. *Natchitoches. La.*

Business Cards.

M. H. CARVER. R. W. TAYLOR.

Carver & Taylor

Wholesale and Retail dealers in

Dry Goods, Groceries,

HARDWARE,

BOOTS,

SHOES,

HATS,

CROCKERYWARE, etc., etc.

FRONT STREET,

Natchitoches, La.

A FRESH and select stock of goods always on hand, which having been purchased on a cash basis enables us to offer extra inducements to cash buyers.

Highest cash price paid for cotton and other produce, and liberal advances made in cash or merchandise on consignment.
June 20—1y.

J. A. Ducournau,

—DEALER IN—

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS,

SHOES and HATS.

Corner of Front & Church Streets.

Natchitoches, La.

June 20-1y.

J. C. TRICHEL. J. T. AIREY.

Trichel & Airey,

(Weatherley's Brick Building,)

Washington Street, Natchitoches, La.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Dry Goods, Groceries,

HATS,

CAPS,

BOOTS,

SHOES,

and General MERCHANDISE.

☞ Highest price paid for Cotton and other Country produce, in Cash or Merchandise.
June 20-1y.

P. Veuleman.

Washington Street,

NATCHITOCHES, LA.

RETAIL dealer in Fancy and Staple Groceries,

CHOICE FLOUR,

SUGAR, COFFE,

RICE, HAMS, BACON,

TOBACCO, WINES

AND

LIQUORS.

Also agent for the

BALSAMIQUE DES PYRENEES,

a French tonic for invalids. Superior inducement offered to dealers. June 20— 6m.

C. A. BULLARD. N. H. CAMPBELL

Bullard & Campbell,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

And General Merchandise.

Corner FRONT & LAFAYETTE Street,

Natchitoches, La.

HIGHEST cash price paid for cotton and country produce in cash or merchandise.
June 20—1y.

Willis Holmes,

Intersection Front, Washington & Lafayette Sts

Natchitoches, La.

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS, Groceries,

Hardware,

Crockery,

Hats,

Caps,

Boots,

Shoes and Notions.

Special inducements offered to Cash purchasers. Cotton and country produce, both at highest Cash rates.
June 20-1y.

Beverly Tucker,

Corner Front and St. Denis street,

NATCHITOCHES, La.

RETAIL dealer in choice Family Groceries,

SUGAR,

COFFEE,

WINES,

LIQUORS,

Cigars and Tobacco, &c.

☞ Cheaper than the Cheapest.
June 20-6m.

Theo. Schuman,

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, and

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Cor. FRONT and ST. DENIS Streets,

Natchitoches, La.

June 20-1y.

Alex. Garzia,

(The People's Favorite Grocery.)

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

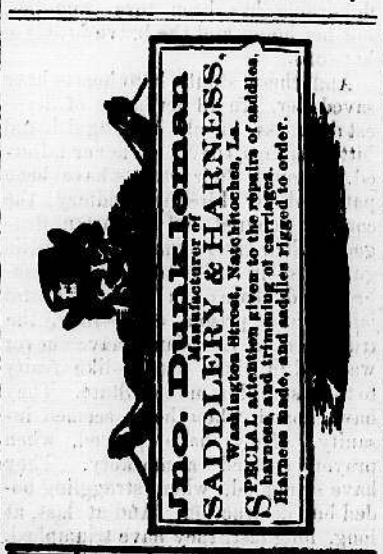
CHOICE FLOUR,

BACON,

LARD,

HAMS,

And in fact a full line of fancy family supplies. Give him a call. Satisfaction guaranteed. June —1y.



DR. R. S. CALVES,

Surgeon Dentist,

(Corner Amulet and Second Streets,)

NATCHITOCHES, LA.

ALL dental operations warranted, and performed with the greatest care, and after the latest and most approved method.
March 28—9m.

O. Shaffrath,

Boot and Shoe Maker.

CHALLENGES the world for neatness and durability of work. Satisfaction in fit and material guaranteed

Shop on St. Denis St.

June 20-1y.

Theo. Haller,

Copper, Tin and Sheet-iron worker.

—DEALER IN—

Stoves, Tinware and House Furnishing

GOODS,

Washington St.,.....*Natchitoches, La*

Sole agent for the Unrivalled

BUCK'S BRILLIANT

Cooking Stoves.

Gutters, Pipes, Metalic roofing and all kinds of repairing, done with dispatch.

A liberal discount to country trade.
June 20-1y.

[From the Boston Pilot.

Massachusetts to Louisiana.

JNO. BOYLE O'RIELLY.

Sister! we have longed to speak it!
We have waited long to save;
We have yearned to speak the welcome—
"Enter—be no more a slave!"
Every tear that fell, we saw it,
As we braced to meet the shock;
Now! Come in—the door is open,
Sit thou here by Plymouth Rock!

We have seen thee all disheveled,
Seen thee bend with trembling lip,
When the men who should have loved thee
Raised again the brutal whip.
But we knew their day was coming;
As we know their day has come;
Ring their doom, Louisiana!
Massachusetts drives them home!

Queen thou wert in all thy sorrow;
Queen thou shalt be yet in pride,
Many-throned Columbia calls thee
When her queens sit side by side.
And thy regal robes are ready,
And thy crown is on the throne,
For we knew our Cinderella
Would come back to claim her own.

Nevermore shall one be driven
To the desert: nevermore
Shall the children of the Union,
On their brethren bar the door.
God be thanked for love grown stronger;
Heart and hope go hand in hand,
We are North and South no longer
But a great United Land!

Origin of the Marseillaise.

The story of the origin of the Marseillaise hymn has frequently been told, and is probably generally known, but the romance with which it is invested is so well rendered by Lamartine that it will bear repetition particularly at a time when the world is interested in everything belonging to the nationality of the country of which it is the national hymn. Lamartine tells us that "there was at this time—1792—a young officer of artillery in the garrison at Strasburg. His name was Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Lons-le-Saulnier in the Jura, a country of reveries and energy, as mountainous regions always are. This young man loved war as a soldier, love and the muse as an inhabitant, relieved the tediousness of the garrison. Generally sought on account of his double talent as a musician and a poet, he became a familiar visitor to the house of an Alsatian patriot, Dietrich, mayor of Strasburg. The wife and daughters of Dietrich shared his enthusiasm for patriotism and revolution. They loved the young officer. They inspired his heart, his poetry, and his music; and trusting to the early lispings of his genius, they were the first to execute his scarcely expressed thoughts. It was in the winter of 1792; famine reigned in Strasburg, the Dietrich family were poor, and their table was frugal, but it was always hospitable to Rouget. One day, when there was nothing on the board but some ammunition-bread and a few slices of ham, Dietrich looking at De Lisle with melancholy calmness, said to him: 'Abundance is wanting at our banquet, but what matters that when neither enthusiasm is wanted at our civic feasts, no courage in the hearts of our soldiers? I have still a bottle of wine left in my cellar; let it be brought up, and let us drink to liberty and our country. There will soon be a patriotic celebration at Strasburg; may these last drops inspire De Lisle with one of those hymns which convey to the soul of the people the intoxication from whence they proceed.' The young girls applauded, brought in the wine, and filled the glasses of their aged father and the young officer until the liquor was exhausted. It was midnight. The night was cold. De Lisle was in a dreamy state; his heart was touched; his head was heated. The cold overpowered him, and he tottered into his lonely room slowly, seeking inspiration now in his patriotic soul, now in his harpsichord; sometimes composing the air before the words, and sometimes the words before the air, and so combining them in his thoughts that he himself did not know whether the notes of the verses came first, and that it was impossible to separate the poetry from the music, or the sentiment from the expression. He sang all, and set down nothing. Overpowered with the sublime inspiration De Lisle went to sleep on the harpsichord, and did not wake until day. He recollected the song of the previous night with a difficulty like that with which we recall the impression of a dream. He now set down the words and music, and ran with them to Dietrich, whom he found at work in the garden. The wife and daughters of the old patriot had not yet risen. Dietrich awakened them, and invited some friends who were as passionately fond of music as himself, and were capable of executing De Lisle's composition. His eldest daughter played the accompaniment while Rouget sung. At the first stanzas all faces turned pale; at the second tears ran down every cheek; and at the last all the madness of enthusiasm broke forth. Dietrich, his wife, his daughter and the young officer fell weeping into each other's arms—the hymn of the country was found. It was destined, alas! to be also the hymn of terror. A few months afterward the unfortunate Dietrich went to the scaffold to the sound of the very notes which had had their origin on his own hearth, of his friend, and in the voices of his children.

A Disgrace to American Manhood.

We had hoped that after the rebuke to Brevet-General Merrill for his outrageous conduct at Shreveport, and for which he should have been summarily dismissed the service and the honorable profession he sought to bring into discredit, that we should have no more of these shoulder-strapped instruments of tyranny strutting about, as in war times, like turkey-cocks, playing their petty roles and cutting their fantastic tricks, but we were mistaken. The cup of our degradation, though filled, was not yet heaped up. They had not gone to the uttermost reach of their insolence, and it remained for a simple lieutenant of the army, whose name is not stated—and it would be well for him if it could forever remain a blank—to give the *coup de grace* to this sort of insolence.

Among the honored names of the ancient French or Creole population of Louisiana, none stands higher, and there is none purer, than that of DeClouet. It is a historic family that had been associated with the fortunes of the colony through all its checkered fortunes from the earliest days, and in later times with the history of the State from the date of its purchase. The name shines bright on our Congressional rolls—is not unknown, we believe, to either army—and the present representative of it, and head of the large family, years ago was the honored Governor of Louisiana. An old man grown gray in the service of his country, Alexander DeClouet has been ruthlessly dragged from his home, by rude soldiers, for no cause known to the laws of his State, and carelessly subjected to the most brutal treatment and vilest indignities by a commissioned officer of the United States army—a man whom the country has stamped a gentleman and a soldier, but whose a blackguard and a coward. The story given should ring throughout the land, and sound the death knell of that power which allows such acts to be committed in its name and under cover of its authority.—Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.

FORGOTTEN.—Generation after generation have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while nature word the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so, likewise, shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world will have the same funeral winding on its way, and the attraction for offspring that she once had for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. A little while, and all this will have hapened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our prayers will be thrown in, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind to darkness and to the worms. And it may be for some short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter will be heard in the very chamber in which we died; and the eyes will glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name.

A YANKEE TRICK.—Yesterday evening we saw an old negro greatly incensed against some of the leaders of the republican party in this city. He lives in Baldwin county, it seems, and was induced to come over here and bring a number of voters by promises of provisions. He kept his word, and after voting with his crowd, he went to headquarters for his rations. He was told that they had nothing except a barrel of sugar and a ham left, but as he had worked so energetically for the cause he was welcome to them. The faithful old "people" was thankful to get that much, and soon had them in a boat pulling rapidly and earnestly for Blakeley.

When he reached his cabin with the barrel and the ham, the "old 'oman" was delighted, and "knowed dat the 'Publican party was the friend of all the culled pussons." While he was opening the barrel, laughing and grinning, his wife was cutting the canvas from the ham, smiling as pretty as was Washington Higgins in the recent show ween his man was "nomilated by accramation." "Why, look a here, Amos, dis here ham is nuffin but wood," exclaimed the old woman, as her features doubled themselves in length. Sure enough, the ham was a regular old time Yankee ham, and worse than all, the barrel of sugar was a barrel of sawdust, covered at each end with a peck or so of clear white sand. Amos says he is done "wid 'em all," and knows "dat udder niggers was done de same way.—*Mobile Register.*

Liverpool Cotton Report.

Extract from W. C. Watts & Co.'s Weekly Cotton Report, Liverpool, 30th October:

The crop accounts from India are still very good, and at the moment there seems to be every prospect of a fair average crop; at this time last year, be it kept in mind, however, the accounts were of quite a glowing character, and the result certainly proved that the season had been exceptionally favorable.

Taking a general view of the position and prospects of cotton, we are strongly of the opinion that it is now safe property. In our recent circulars we indicated the possibility of a decline such as has now taken place; but notwithstanding the depression now surrounding the market, the situation is not without its cheerful aspect. Stocks here are moderate, supplies in prospect the coming season are not excessive, the trade are bare of stocks, fresh imports of cotton are coming in at low prices, the money market is easy, breadstuffs cheap, and indeed all the elements of a healthy reaction are present. It only wants some occasion to show itself, and this was we think will not be long wanting.

The stock of cotton held by English spinners we now estimate at 126,000 bales, against 180,000 last year, and 124,000 the year before at same date.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—Mr. Smithson (an improvement on the celebrated name of Smith) wished to take Miss Brownly (another improvement) to the opera. He had been on terms of intimacy with the family for about five years, but "never spoke of love"; on the contrary, he had frequently declared his intention of leading a bachelor's life. Once he put his hand to the bell-handle, and was admitted

"Oh, James," exclaimed Miss Jane, "where have you kept yourself so "long?"

This took Smithson a little aback, for he had spent the preceding evening with the family. Before he could answer, however, Jane's brothers and sisters (eight or ten in number) had gathered about him. Sum-

"I have come to ask you——"

"Not here, James; not—now—oh!"

"That is," stammered Smithson, "if you're not engaged——"

"O! O! water—quick!"

"What's that?" inquired her father; who says engaged?

"I didn't mean," said Smithson, in conclusion.

"Of course not," continued Mr. Brownly; "you've always been our favorite!"

Then advancing and taking poor Smithson's hand, he said:

"Take her—she's a good girl, and loves you to distraction. May you ever be happy as the day is long."

Thereupon, father and mother and children crowded about Smithson and wished him joy, and company coming in at the moment, the affair was told to them as a profound secret. So Smithson got a wife without poping the question, and almost before he knew it himself. But we cannot help thinking he was hurried into matrimony.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Professor Wilder gives short rules for action in case of accident: For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, dash water into them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If an artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below. If choked, get upon all fours and cough. For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover the part with varnish. Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil and increase the danger.

Before passing through smoke take a full breath and stoop low, but if carbon is suspected walk erect. Suck poison wounds, unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound, or, better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal or end of a cigar. In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by hot water or mustard. For acid poisons, give acids; in case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee and keep moving. If in water, float on the back, with mouth and nose projecting. For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

A western watering-place reporter sends this to his paper: "The Hoosier lady who ate a half bushel of warm doughnuts for her supper has returned home.

Naturalists tell us that such a thing as a mouse is to be found on the Catskill mountains.

In Montana, when an editor is crowded for room, he announces, "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

Why is a wainscoted room like a reprieve?—It saves hanging.

Farm and Household Column.

THE STAPLE OF THE NEW AMERICAN CROP.—We copy as follows from Watts & Co.'s Liverpool Circular of the 23d ult. It will be seen that they don't think much of our staple this year in England.

We have this week examined a sample of cotton from Northern Texas, which is but little, if any, better in point of staple than Bengals, the lowest quality of East India cotton. This sample was bright and clean, and from appearance would have classed nearly good middling but the staple was so very short and woolly that its nominal market value was 7d to 7½d. We fear that much of the crop grown in all those sections where the drought was so very severe in August last will prove to be somewhat similar. We would advise our friends to exercise great caution in handling such cotton. Last season we heard a good deal about "the excellent quality of the American crop, its reduced waste and better expending value," that is, the large per centage of yarn which it would yield in proportion to the weight of raw material. The crop of 1873—4 certainly was a good stapled one, but if the crop of this season is as poor as we now have reason to believe it is, this should be taken into account in future calculations.—Shreveport Times.

Pillows long used acquire a disagreeable odor. The tick should be emptied and washed, the feathers put into a bag and exposed to the heat of the sun for several hours. If in the country where the old-fashioned brick oven is still in existence, it is a good plan to place the bag in the oven after the bread has been withdrawn.

REMEDY FOR WHITE HAIRS.—The white hairs that appear on horses from the use or wear of the saddle or harness are often unsightly. The remedy is a very simple one. Take a piece of fresh butter or lard, large enough to give the spot a thorough greasing; rub the same with the hand until it becomes quite hot, repeating the operation at least three or four times, and the white hairs ral color take their place. The best time to do it is in the winter, before the new coat starts.

HAIR WASHES.—Dissolve half an ounce of transparent soap in a quart of rain water. Add a small wineglassful of alcohol, and a few drops of some aromatic oil. Let it stand a few days before using, shaking it occasionally. Or this: Borax in powder, a teaspoonful; soft water, a quart; oil of lavender, sufficient to scent. Or this: Aromatic spirits of amonia, best olive oil, of each a table-spoonful. Mix them well together, then add, slowly, a pint of rain water, and scent with rondeletia, or otto of roses, or whatever aroma is preferred.

TO RESTORE FADED BLACK LACE.—In many a housekeeper's bureau-drawers lie old black lace veils, edgings and head dress, faded and rusty, yet not worn out. By a simple process they can be quickly restored to their pristine beauty. Strain off some black tea from its leaves (having made it too strong to drink), let it cool until milk warm, pour over the lace, and let it stand several hours, then squeeze it very gently, dipping it frequently into the tea, until it shows that the dirt has been extracted. While the lace lies in the tea, boil a little more with a piece of gum arabic, the size of a small "marble;" when cool to the hand, dip the lace in it for a moment; then clap it in the hands until nearly dry, carefully pulling out the edges. Pin it over a pillow on which you have spread a newspaper. Let it dry for several hours or even days. Take the pins out, leaving the lace on the paper, remove from the pillow, cover with another paper, and iron with a cool-ish flatiron. The lace, if not worn-out previously, will look as good as new.

TO MAKE PAPER STICK TO WHITEWASHED WALLS.—Make a sizing of common glue and water, of the consistency of linseed oil, and apply with the white-wash or other brush to the walls, taking care to go over every part, and especially top and bottom. Apply the paper in the ordinary way as soon as you please, and if the paste is properly made, it will remain firm for years.

A Good blacking and polishing material to soften old leather shoes and bags, which can be made at a minute's notice in any house is this: Mix white of egg with black ink, and apply it with a brush or swab. It will grow polished by use, and lasts a good while. We have tried it.

CARBONATE OF AMMONIA.—We always keep in the house a bottle of ammonia—a solution of an ounce to half a pint of water, for taking out grease spots from black clothes. If whitewash drops upon a carpet, an application of the ammonia will, it is said, restore the color.