The People's Vindicator.

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The People's Vindicator.

THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE SUPREME LAW.

Official Organ of the White Citizens of Red River, Sabine, Winn and Natchitoches Parishes.

VOL. IV. } NATCHITOCHES, LA., JUNE 8, 1878. { NO. 38

The People's Vindicator.

A real live Democratic paper. The tool of no clique or ring. Free and outspoken and the friend of the PEOPLE.

J. H. COSGROVE
Editor & Proprietor.

Published Every SATURDAY Morning

Subscription Rates.

One copy, one year.....$2 50
One copy six months.....1 50

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Professional Cards.

M. J. CUNNINGHAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
St. Denis Street, Natchitoches, La.

WILL practice in the Courts of Natchitoches, Sabine, DeSoto and Red River and in the Supreme Court of the State.

Wm. H. Jack,
(Successor to JACK & PIERSON)
Attorney and Counselor 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.
April 28 1877.

Wm M. Levy,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
(Has Resumed the Practice of his Profession.)

WILL practice in the Parish and District Courts of Natchitoches and Red River Supreme Court of Louisiana United States District and Circuit Court of Louisiana and U. S. Court of Claims at Washington.

☞ Office in the Lacoste Building (Up Stairs.) ☙1
NATCHITOCHES, LA.
May 26, 1877

J. H. CUNNINGHAM,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
St. Denis Street,
Natchitoches, : : : : La.

WILL give prompt and personal attention to all business entrusted to his care

Practices in the District and Parish Courts in the Parishes of Natchitoches, Red River, DeSoto and Sabine, and before the Supreme Court at Monroe and New Orleans. Jan 5 '78-1y.

JOHN B. ROBERTSON,
(Late of New Orleans,)
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
COUSHATTA,
RED RIVER PARISH, LOUISIANA.

Will practice in Coushatta, Natchitoches, Mansfield, Many, and in every part of North-west Louisiana Special attention given to Land cases and Successions. June 9th, 1877-tf.

C. CHAPLIN. C. F. DRANGUET. T. P. CHAPLIN
CHAPLIN, DRANGUET & CHAPLIN,
Attorneys at Law.
NATCHITOCHES, LA.

PRACTICE in the District Courts of Natchitoches, Sabine, DeSoto and Red River and in the Supreme Court of the State. March 2-1y.

DAN'L. C. SCARBOROUGH,
ATTORNEY IN FACT.

WILL practice in the District and Parish Courts of Natchitoches, Winn, Sabine and Grant.

All business intrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

Office with W. H. Jack Esq., Second Street, Corner Trudeaux, Natchitoches, La. Dec. 8-1y.

J. M. B. TUCKER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
OFFICE
St. Denis Street, - - Natchitoches, La.

WILL practice in the District and Parish Courts of Natchitoches, Sabine DeSoto and Red River, and the Supreme Court of the State.

All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Apr 13-1y

Business Cards.

J. C. Trichel,
—DEALER IN—
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS and SHOES, HATS, ETC.

Highest cash price paid for Cotton and Country Produce.
WASHINGTON, ST.,
NATCHITOCHES, LA

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. March 25—1y.

C. L. WALMSLEY R. M. WALMSLEY
C. L. WALMSLEY & CO,
COTTON FACTORS
—AND—
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Perdido St., New Orleans, La.
March 8—1y.

Oscar Chopin,
COTTON FACTOR
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 65 CARONDELET ST.,
July 1—1y New Orleans.

R. E. BURKE,
—dealer in—
GROCERIES
FRONT STREET, *Natchitoches, La.*

Miscellaneous.

DR. TUTT'S EXPECTORANT

Is the most genial balsam ever used by sufferers from pulmonary diseases.

It is composed of herbal products, which have a specific effect on the throat and lungs; detaches from the air cells all irritating matter; causes it to be expectorated, and at once checks the inflammation which produces the cough. A single dose relieves the most distressing paroxysm, soothes nervousness, and enables the sufferer to enjoy quiet rest at night. Being a pleasant cordial, it tones the weak stomach, and is specially recommended for children.

What others say about Tutt's Expectorant.

Had Asthma Thirty Years.
BALTIMORE, *February* 3, 1875.
"I have had Asthma thirty years, and never found a medicine that had such a happy effect."
W. F. HOGAN, Charles St.

A Child's Idea of Merit.
NEW ORLEANS, *November* 11, 1876.
"Tutt's Expectorant is a familiar name in my house. My wife thinks it the best medicine in the world, and the children say it is 'nicer than molasses candy.'" NOAH WOODWARD, 101 N. Poydras St.

"Six, and all Croupy."
"I am the mother of six children; all of them have been croupy. Without Tutt's Expectorant, I don't think they could have survived some of the attacks. It is a mother's blessing."
MARY STEVENS, Frankfort, Ky.

A Doctor's Advice.
"In my practice, I advise all families to keep Tutt's Expectorant, in sudden emergencies, for coughs, croup, diphtheria, etc."
T. P. ELLIS, M.D., Newark, N. J.

Sold by all druggists. Price $1.00. Office 35 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S PILLS

"THE TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUIT."

"Tutt's Pills are worth their weight in gold."
REV. I. R. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

"Tutt's Pills are a special blessing of the nineteenth century."—REV. F. R. OSGOOD, New York.

"I have used Tutt's Pills for torpor of the liver. They are superior to any medicine for biliary disorders ever made."
I. P. CARR, Attorney at Law, Augusta, Ga.

"I have used Tutt's Pills five years in my family. They are unequaled for costiveness and biliousness."
F. R. WILSON, Georgetown, Texas.

"I have used Tutt's Medicine with great benefit."
W. W. MANN, Editor Mobile Register.

"We sell fifty boxes Tutt's Pills to five of all others."—SAYRE & CO., Cartersville, Ga.

"Tutt's Pills have only to be tried to establish their merits. They work like magic."
W. H. BARRON, 96 Summer St., Boston.

"There is no medicine so well adapted to the cure of bilious disorders as Tutt's Pills."
JOS. BRUMMEL, Richmond, Virginia.

AND A THOUSAND MORE.

Sold by druggists. 25 cents a box. Office 35 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE
INDORSED.
HIGH TESTIMONY.
FROM THE PACIFIC JOURNAL.
"A GREAT INVENTION
has been made by Dr. TUTT, of New York, which restores youthful beauty to the hair. That eminent chemist has succeeded in producing a Hair Dye which imitates nature to perfection. Old bachelors may now rejoice."
Price $1.00. Office 35 Murray St., New York. Sold by all druggists.

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR
VEGETABLE — PLEASANT — PURGATIVE — CATHARTIC & TONIC — NEVER DEBILITATES — GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE — FOR DISEASES OF LIVER STOMACH & BOWELS — SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHŒA, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA
IT MAY BE TRULY SAID THAT THE LIVER MUST BE KEPT IN ORDER TO SECURE GENERAL HEALTH.
FOR TAMPERING WITH THE LIVER NONE BUT QUACKS AND PILL MEN ARE EVER TROUBLED WITH ITS DERANGEMENT.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. DR. SANFORD, NEW YORK.

A Mystery Solved.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of Modern Times! The Mysterious Channel of Disease Discovered, and a Certain Cure Provided. The Stomach, Liver and Bowels the Centre of Disease.

PARSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS.

The Great Anti-Billious Remedy and Miasmatic Dissolver.

PARSON'S
PURGATIVE PILLS

Are the result of long-continued Scientific investigation, and are Warranted to cure all diseases originating in the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. No griping pains follow the use of these Pills, unless the Bowels are inflamed; but Relief, Immediate Relief, may be relied upon. As a Common Family Physic

PARSON'S
PURGATIVE PILLS

Stand unequaled before the world to-day. By varying the dose according to directions, Parsons' Purgative Pills effectually Purify the Blood and greatly alleviate, if not entirely cure Dyspepsia, Scrofula or King's Evil, Rose, Erysipelas or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions, and Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Sores, Boils, Tumors, Morbid Swellings, Ulcerations, Pimples and Blotches.

EVERY BOX WARRANTED.
Most Complete Satisfaction Guaranteed or No Pay.

Full directions around each box. Physicians supplied by mail, post-paid, for $2 50 per thousand, in bulk, cash in advance. We will send these Pills to any reliable druggist or merchant to sell on commission. Agents wanted everywhere.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO.,
BANGOR, MAINE, Proprietors.
June 23-1y

Poetry:

The Bald-Headed Tyrant.

Oh! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the days fled by,
And Peace had folded her pinions there.
But one day there joined in our household band
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's land.

Oh! the despot came in the dead of night,
And no one ventured to ask him why;
Like slaves we trembled before his might,
Our hearts stood still when we heard him cry;
For never a soul could his power withstand
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's land.

He ordered us here and he sent us there—
Though never a word could his small lips speak—
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare,
And his helpless limbs, so frail and weak;
Yet he rules them all with relentless hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's land.

BALL'S BLUFF.

How the Federal Forces Were Defeated There and Driven Over the Bluff.

R. A. Shotwell, a Confederate officer, in the Philadelphia Times, gives the following account of the defeat of the Union troops at Ball's Bluff, and the death of their gallant commander, Col. Baker, of California:

Col. Eppa Hunton, of the Eighth Virginia, having deployed his men along a little ridge, advanced and engaged the Federals a few minutes after 1 p. m. Sharp musketry firing ensued and continued during the next two hours. Here was the fatal mistake of the day on the Federal side. In the long range duello the Confederates had all the advantage. So thin was their line that nearly every man could have the shelter of a tree or stump; whereas, their own shots could hardly miss the dense line of blue coats. The Virginians and Mississippians being accustomed to the rifle, most of them old hunters, rarely missed their man. Climbing into the tops of trees, creeping through the tall grass, or concealed in the gullies, they plied their weapons with murderous havoc, especially among the Federal officers. It was very poor management to allow this to go on. Had Baker ordered a couple of regiments to sweep the woods he would have cleared his path of all these death-stinging hornets, and marched into Leesburg. The Federal position at this time was upon the plateau of the bluff, some 600 yards in front of the river, where there was a cleared field of ten or twelve acres, with a shallow ravine, or hollow, running through the middle of it. The artillery was planted to sweep this clearing in front, while the flanks were measurably protected by a series of steep hills and rocky ravines, all overgrown with scrubby, stunted pines.

By 4 p. m. the last of the Federal troops had crossed and were drawn up into horse-shoe shape, with the point of the shoe fronting the ten acre cleared lot, six hundred yards from the river bluff. But the loss in officers had greatly crippled the effectiveness of the force. Lieut. Col. Wistar, of the First California, had been killed, and his regiment much shattered. Furthermore, the Confederates had been reinforced by the remainder of the Seventeenth Mississippi, perhaps six hundred muskets, and the Eighteenth Mississippi was within one mile, advancing rapidly. Per contra, the Virginia regiment had exhausted its ammunition, and no one knew where the wagon trains could be found; war was a new business at that date. Men could be seen crawling about, searching the boxes of the dead or borrowing cartridges of their comrades—to get one more shot. Col. Hunton dispatched his adjutant to say to General Evans: "My powder is out; what shall I do?" "Fix bayonets and run 'em into the river!" quoth "Old Shanks" (his regular army sobriquet), who had just taken a liquid reinforcement, equivalent to 10,000 men. It was time for some decisive measure, for Col. Baker had ordered his right wing to advance and flank the little ridge whence came the rebel bullets.

Fortunately for the Confederates, at the moment this movement began, there was heard the pattering footsteps and jingling canteens of the Eighteenth Mississippi, double-quicking through the brush; then a wild, terror-striking yell; then the simultaneous crash of 1100 muskets, each hurling its leaden contents along the Federal left and center. The effect was electric. The roar of this sudden, blinding, raking volley was like the crack of doom to the already demoralized Federals, most of whom were under fire for the first time. A strange report ran along the lines that Gen. Joe Johnston, with 10,000 fresh men, had just arrived. Col. Baker himself, remarked to an aid that he had seen Johnston, mounted on a white horse, riding in advance of his troops, beckoning with his hand for them to advance. Baker, Col. Cogswell, Major Harvey and others were at the time working the battery, which had been deserted by all save one or two officers—it being plainly exposed to the deadly fire of the concealed sharp-shooters. The rifled 6-pounder could not be used. Seeing that the crisis was come—the Confederates assuming the offensive and closing upon him from three sides, with the river at his back—Gen. Baker, whose only fault was inexperience, turned to the bayonet as the last feeble hope. Calling to the nearest battalions, appealing to their State pride, he begged, ordered, entreated them to advance, to charge! His voice, ringing above the murderous crack of the rifle, could be heard even in the Confederate ranks, urging imploring his men to charge and save the day and themselves. Thus incited they began to move, but with that weak, wavering irresolution—a sure precursor of failure. Baker galloped to lead them, but was instantly dismounted, the volley which slew his superb steed wounding him also. But without pausing he gallantly rushed forward and was at the head of his men—the place for a brave General to die, if fall he must—when a beardless youth emptied five barrels of his revolver into him at twenty paces. Four of the balls took effect, the first passing through his brain!

At this moment the hostile lines were within a stone's throw, and both advancing. The Federals, seeing the fall of their leader, halted. Some soldiers seized Baker's body and ran with it rearward. This started the rest, and a general retreat took place, though several brave fellows moved so slowly that hand-to-hand fights raged along the whole line during the next ten minutes. Many of the Southerners also stopped at the cannon, which they wheeled around and endeavored to fire upon their late owners, but could not succeed. Afterward one of the guns was found to have the ball put in before the powder—a very good reason for its refusal to explode when solicited. The temporary failure to pursue enabled Col. Cogswell—now in command—to rally a portion of the survivors on the brow of the bluff, but he was himself bleeding from a wound; Col Devens was in like condition; all regimental order was lost, and the huddling of the men on the hill rendered the Confederate fire, which was rapidly closing in on all sides, so much more fatal. Suddenly the Seventeenth Mississippi came in the flank with a terrific volley and ended the battle. Then ensued an awful spectacle! A kind of shiver ran through the huddled mass upon the brow of the cliff; it gave way; rushed a few steps; then, in one wild panic-stricken herd, rolled, leaped, tumbled over the precipice! The descent is nearly perpendicular, with tagged, jutting crags, and a water-laved base. Screams of pain and terror filled the air. Men seemed suddenly bereft of reason; they leaped over the bluff with muskets still in their clutch, threw themselves into the river without divesting themselves of their heavy accoutrements—hence went to the bottom like lead. Others sprang down upon the heads and bayonets of those below. A gray-haired private of the First California was found with his head smashed between two rocks by the heavy boots of a ponderous "Tammany" man, who had broken his own neck by the fall! The side of the bluff was worn smooth by the number sliding down.

All the afternoon a steady stream of wounded men had been painfully working down the zig-zag path which led to the narrow beach, where the boats touched to convey them across to Harrison's Island. The large bateaux had already secured a full load when the rout began. The rowers shoved off, but a great wave of fugitives rolled in upon them, and hardly had the boat reached mid-current than all went down, and scores of human beings, previously crippled, were swept away to unknown graves! The surface of the river seemed full of heads. Man clutched at man, and the strong, who might have escaped, were dragged down by the weaker. Voices that strove to shout for help were stifled by the turbid, sullen waters of the swollen river and died away in gurgles. It is strange how persons about to drown turn to their fellows for strength; they may be in mid-ocean, with no chance for any, yet will they grasp one another and sink in pains. Capt. Otter, of the First California (an appropriate name for a swimmer), was found after the battle with two men of his company clutching his neckband. Had he attempted to save them, or had they seized and dragged him down? One officer was found with $120 in gold in his pocket; it had cost his life. Col. Devens escaped by swimming his horse across to the island, though both were slightly wounded.

A Brave Young Lady.

[Richland Beacon.]

Week before last the Franklin *Sun* merely mentioned the fact that a young lady of that parish (we forget her name) had killed a negro who was attempting to outrage her. From citizens of that parish we learn that the family of the young lady were removing from one house to another in the neighborhood; that some of the household effects were still in the house they were moving from at night; that the young lady was left alone to guard them; that she loaded a gun, and placing it near the head of her bed, she laid down and fell asleep. She was awakened from her sleep by the grasp of a hand upon her throat. She attempted to free herself from his grasp, and at the same time get possession of the gun. In the struggle she was thrown upon the floor, but fortunately within reach of the gun, which she seized with one hand, and as the brute was trying to accomplish his fiendish purpose, placed the muzzle of it to his head, and pulled the trigger and killed him dead, and thus saved herself from outrage and rid the world of a brutish monster. This is a brief account of the affair as we learn it from parties who professed to know the facts.

No Time Like the Present Time.—Commercial: "Well Donald, what shall we say? Business first, and a dram afterwards—will that do?" Donald (licking his lips): "Woe your pleasure, I wud say a dram enoo, and business previously.—[Judy.

A Story that Reads Like a Chapter from Les Miserables.

Among the numerous moss-grown old tomb-stones in the graveyard of Williamsburg, Va., is one which bears the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory of
SARAH SEMPHILL,
Who died at the age of twenty-five, slain with her two infant daughters by her own husband; she was fair to look upon, pure as snow and beloved by all who knew her. Divine Providence alone knows why she had to perish so miserably.

This epitaph, some of the words of which are hardly legible any longer, is the only record left of one of the most terrible tragedies that ever took place in the old Dominion.

It was in 1798 that John Semphill, a young man, who said he was from Santa Cruz in the West Indies, arrived at Williamsburg and settled there as a tobacco planter. He had plenty of money and was able to purchase about one thousand acres of the finest soil within a short distance of the old town.

Being apparently a gentleman in every sense of the word, Mr. Semphill was admitted to the society in his new home, and a year later he was married to Sarah Jones, a beautiful heiress, the wedding festivites being celebrated with extraordinary promp and splendor. In course of time two daughters were born to the young couple, and everybody predicted a long career of cloudless happiness for them. Alas! How terrible those bright anticipations were to be disappointed. It was on Christmas eve, in 1801, that a strange looking man, in a sort of military uniform, appeared at the house of Mr. Semphill who was in Richmond at the time. Mrs. Semphill received the stranger in the parlor.

"Do you speak French, madam," he said to her in very broken English.

She replied in the afirmative.

"Then, madam, please send your two nurse girls with the children out of the room."

She did so, and looked interrogatively at her visitor. The latter hesitated a moment. Then he said in a tone of deep emotion.

"Poor lady, I have terrible tidings for you."

"Heavens!" she cried, turning very pale, "my husband—"

"Your husband is an infamous villain."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, indignantly.

"He has basely deceived you. He is an escaped galley slave, a thief and a murderer!"

She uttered a heartrending scream.

"Do you tell me the truth?" she grasped.

"He is a Spanish thief, and was sent to the galleys of Barcelona for life. He made his escape from thence, end fled to Cuba, where he robbed and murdered a rich planter. I am here to take him to Cuba, where the scaffold surely awaits him."

The afflicted lady had become strangely calm.

"Sir," she said to the stranger, "before you arrest him, will you permit me to hold a private interview with—with—"

"His true name is Juan Cefirio. If you will let me remain in an adjoining room until he returns from Richmond, where he has gone, I understand, you may see him privately."

"I expect him back every moment."

Half an hour later, Cefirio, alias Semphill! made his appearance. His wife briefly told him everything. He flew into a terrible rage. He shot her through the heart, and rushed out of the room to the nursery, where he stabbed his two little daughters. Next moment the Cuban officer, who had rushed after him, grappled with him, and succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in shackling him. The news of the horrible tragedy spread like wildfire through the old town, and in less then twenty minutes a large concourse of people had gathered in front of Semphill alias Cefiro's house. Vociferous threats to lynch the murderer were made, and the deputy sheriffs, who were promptly on hand to arrest him, had the utmost difficulty in taking him to jail, whese he was chained to the floor, having threatened to comit suicide.

The villain was hung on the 17th of May, 1803.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Revival of Advertising.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

The great panic cut down the volume of advertising fully one-third at one fell blow, and as the times became harder advertisements in first class papers were correspondingly decreased. At the begining of this year the aggregate amount did not exceed thirty per cent of that of the prosperous days before the panic. But the tide has turned—not in the Atlanta alone, but in every other city of the country. The Memphis and Nashville papers are, for an example, crowded to excess. So are many others. The *Constitution* feels the change, although not to the extent of some of its contemporaries. It is a change for the better. We believe it indicates the coming of prosperity. It certainly shows that business men have substituted hope for despair—that instead of shortening sail for a financial storm they are spreading sail for favoring breezes—that they see in the immediate future magnificent crops and through them a healthful return to commercial ease and material plenty. Hence they advertise. What is more natural? They do not seek in this turning time cheap and ridiculous methods, but they hopefully employ the best means of reaching the public.

MORE TESTIMONY AGAINST CIGARETTES.—A venerable drayman complained the other night of not feeling very well. He reckoned it was "them surrogates the boys gave him," as he had smoked a whole package of them.

OUR COUNTRY PRESS

Gleanings.

Crops and Candidates.

(Sabine Southron.)

From all parts of Sabine we hear flattering accounts of the crops, both cotton and corn; and with anything like half seasons during the next four weeks, the best of crops will be the result. Our farmers are killing grass in a hurry, the best proof of which we see none of them loafing round.

DeSoto parish has five candidates announced in the Democrat for the office of Sheriff. All of them announce themselves subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

Railroad Joy.

(DeSoto Democrat.)

Our people are highly elated over the rail-road prospects and very little preference is expressed in regard to either of the three routes mentioned above, and the people generally believe that the company will do the best they can for the town.

After they are through at this place, we understand one line will be run direct to Shreveport and one direct to Marshall, both of which will be completed at the earliest possible time.

Printer's Ink Tells.

(Richland Beacon.)

The El Dorado Eagle has over thirty-five announcements for office, all the way down from Congressman to justice of the peace. The only difference between Arkansas and Louisiana aspirants seems to be the superior intelligence of the former manifested by their using the press to make their wishes known. In Louisiana, or in Claiborne parish at least, still hunting is the popular method of securing the place.—Claiborne Guardian.

That's the way it is over here too, Mr. Guardian. They all wait to be nominated and then expect their names to be announced free of charge, as a political duty.

Nothing Like Trying.

Colfax Chronicle.

Friend Cosgrove is trying hard to get the good, old-fashioned people of Natchitoches to shake the shells off their backs and build a minature railroad of some nine or ten miles in length, in order to connect "ye olden times citie" with the outside world. That's right, neighbor, wake 'em up.

Weather and Candidates.

Alexandria Democrat.

May's awfully bad spell of weather checked up on Thursday last, and up to this present writing, we can write in complimentary and fair terms of its clerk's behavior. Professor Tice's "probable weather" for to-day to the end of the month puts it down thus in his Almanac; falling barometer, rising temperature, with cloudy, threatening weather, accompanied by local rains and storms.

Candidates are already darkly to the front, and are throwing out their skirmishers at a lively pace. In the spring days of our political life, we used to be stirred up at these local and patriotic manifestations, but now, in the autumn of our days we look on with some nonchalance at the *videttes* who stand watch for some friend on the *qui vive* for a paying office. Uneasy is the thistle wreath that encircles the brow of ye office-seeker!

Correct.

Rural Times.

There is a growing demand in this country for *Professional* school teachers. And not mere substitutes who make the school a catch for ready public money. The necessity is urged for teachers who desire, and work for a reputation. Who make it a profession competing for the highest places by way of competency. And we are persuaded that this demand is well founded.

Takes a Whack at Myers.

Bossier Banner.

"Judge" Henry C. Myers, formerly one of the Republican lights of Natchitoches, has not fared quite as well as Packard, Geo. L. Smith, and others. While they are enjoying good, fat offices, Mr. Myers is being taught that the way of the transgressor is rough. "Judge" Myers was Treasurer of the School Board of Natchitoches parish, in the days when the Radicals ruled and ruined things generally. All at once Mr. Myers disappeared, and simultaneously about $20,000 of the School Fund also disappeared. Whether the disappearance of the one had anything to do with the disappearance of the other, is a question. But the good people of Natchitoches, who know Mr. Myers best, think they can trace the connection, and Myers now wrestles with his conscience from a Natchitoches jail standpoint. Good bye, Judge!

No Danger.

[Wilson N. C. Advance.]

The only objection that has been urged with any degree of plausibility against investigating Mr. Hayes title to the Presidency comes from those who apprehend that such action will disturb the quiet and repose of the country, and bring confusion to all the branches of industry. We see no reason in such objection. As well might a man whose house was invaded by a burglar at night refuse to eject him, when he had sufficient force at hand, upon the ground that in doing so he would disturb the repose of his family and cause a scene of confusion.

Can it be possible that the business of this country will be confused and the peace of the land destroyed if Congress simply takes legal steps to investigate fraud which may lead to the ejectment of an unlawful offiter?

In Line.

Morehouse Clarion.

We hope the people of Morehouse parish will be true to themselves and not allow a few growlers and chronic office-seekers to deceive them into ignoring party lines in the coming campaign. "Harmony" is what we want to insure success. It will not do for us to depend upon the assertions of the enemy that they will put no ticket in the field in this. They are watching and waiting to take advantage of any dissensions that may occur in our ranks. So we say, be on your guard, people of Morehouse. Remember that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

OUR SENATORSHIP

Is Sabine Entitled?

[Sabine Southron.]

The approaching election is one of more than ordinaay magnitude to the people of the State of Louisiana. The ruin which has been suffeted in all the materal interests of the country by dishonest and incompetent officers should bestire every friend to his country to an active interest in the selection of compitent men in this election. Reforms of the most importanct character are needed and desirable, which can only be effected by the choice in the ensuing election by honest and capable men to make and administer the laws of the country. We are satisfind that a sufficient interest is already being felt by the real and substantial men of the country, and the most important consideration to ensure success is harmony and unity of action by the democratic party in the nomination and support of good and true men.

We feel assured that the people of Sabine will now, as heretofore, be found in the front ranks, contending with the whole vote for the cause of democracy and liberal government. We claim the privilage in this election of presenting the candidate from Sabine Parish to fill the vacancy in this Senatorial District in the next election, which right we have every reason to believe will be accorded.

In the numerous selections of candidates to fill that position in this district, Sabine has never had that honor of presenting a single candidate. As the claim of this parish have never been urged, we do not by any means make it a subject of complaint, but claim that the right of rotation and an equal distribution of office should be shared fairly and impartialy with each other.

This claim is not set up in the interests of and particular man or set of men, but in behalf of the whole people of the parish, and under the full assurance that our claims will be respected, and that we will be able to present them with an honest and efficient representative.

[DeSoto Democrat.]

The Sabine Southron claims the privilege, for that parish, of presenting the Democratic candidate for the Senatorship from this District. Now we are willing for Sabine to have it, provided she has the most suitable person for the position. We want the best man in the District to fill the office regardless of what parish he lives in. The Southron clims it by right of rotation in office, and asserts that Sabine never had the honor of presenting a single candidate. Now we beg leave to differ with the Southron, and ask him to say where Hon. R. L. Armstrong was from when he was in the Senate, he certainly was from the "Free State of Sabine." Now upon that ground DeSoto would be intitled to the office, for although Hon. J. B. Elam was once elected to the office, he was counted out by the Returning Board. However, we would scorn to claim it by rotation, and if there is any DeSoto aspirants, who have no better claim than that, we advise them to haul in their horns, and quit the race. Put the best man farward you have, and if no more suitable candidate, in point of fidelity to the party, and honesty of purpose, as well ability, can be presented, you will doubtless get him nominated; but should a better man be presented by any other parish, we are in favor of not considering the simple idea of rotation.

MARPLOT STEPHENS.

He is Busily Engaged in Preparing a Reply to Potter.

In Which he Takes Up the Radical Catchwords of Revolution and Mexicanization.

N. O. Democrat.

Washington, May 18.—Hon. A. H. Stephens is busily engaged to-night preparing a speech in reply to Mr. Potter, which he proposes to deliver in the House to-morrow in lieu of a personal answer to many letters received from friends in the South, disclaiming sympathy with any effort to unseat President Hayes.

The House, he says, has no more right to question his title than Postmaster General Key has to question the title of any victorious contestant to his seat in this body.

The Forty-sixth Congress will have no more right to ignore him and to recognize the defeated contestant, Mr. Tilden, than Mr. Hayes would have to send a file of soldiers to the House of Representatives to unseat a Democrat whom he might, consider to have been wrongfully seated or fraudulently elected.

The leaders in this desperate attempt to Mexicanize our institutions rely confidently upon a solid South to furnish the bulk of the Democratic majority in the next House of Representatives, the Senate being already secured.

Remembering the encouragement which the Northern Democrats in 1860 and 1861 extended to the Southern States to secede, and the manner in which their promises of aid and comfort were fulfilled, can the Southern people afford to join this revolutionary movement with the certainty that when the inevitable hour of peril comes, they will again be left unassisted and alone to meet the storm from a North once more united by this attempt to receive an issue whose settlement was forced by public opinion upon an unwilling Congress in the dark days of February, 1877?

When civil war over the disputed election was imminent and patriots trembled for the safety of Republican institutions, the Southern members of Congress avoided the danger, by compelling the completion of the electoral count under the law which both parties in Congress had enacted. But now the representatives from the Southern States, with a very few exceptions, have joined a movement to subvert the results of their former patriotic action, and to remand the country to that anarchy from which, less than two years ago, it was saved by their efforts.