POINTE COUPEE DEMOCRAT.

UNITED WE STAND; DIVIDED WE FALL.

VOL. 1. FALSE RIVER, PARISH OF POINTE COUPEE, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858. NO. 24.

THE BRITISH PERICDIOALS
AND THE
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Jan. 30, 1858.1y President,—Pte Coupee, La

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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April 24, 1858. 15y

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Jan. 15. 106 Canal Street.

State of Louisiana.

Parish of Pointe Coupee—Ninth District Court.

In the matter of the succession of Lise Gremillion, widow Simeon Major, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of the Ninth District Court, to me directed, I, the sheriff undersigned, will offer for sale, on Saturday, the 26th of June, 1858, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, the following pooperty to-wit:

SLAVES.

A negro woman named Rosalie, aged 20 years; her child, Roseline, aged eighteen months;
A negro man named Bob, aged 50 years;
A negro woman named Perine, aged 50 years;

MOVABLES.

Horses, a mule, cattle, 15 sheep, hogs &c.

TERMS OF SALE.

The movables payable, all sums under twenty dollars cash, all sums of twenty dollars and over, in March, 1859.

Slaves payable in three equal instalments, the 1st instalment March, 1858, the 2d installment March, 1860, and the 3d instalment March, 1861. Purchasers to give their notes with good security in solido, payable as above stated, and those given for the immovables to bear mortgage on property sold all notes to bear 8 per cent interest after due, till paid. SEVERIN PORCHE,
Sheriff.
Pointe Coupee, May, 29 1858-tds.

NOTICE!

THE PUBLIC is hereby cautioned against trading for a note, signed by AUGUSTE ST. DISIER, and FORESTIN HEBERT, for the sum of two thousand dollars, payable on the 1st day of March, 1859, in favor of Ursin Sicard, and endorsed to order, as said note is fraudulently in the hands of a third party.
May 8, '58. URSIN SICARD.
April 10, 1858 13y

D. STOCKING, Pointe Coupee, D. L. STOCKING. Bayou Sara.

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D. L. & D. STOCKING are prepared to attend to all calls pertaining to their profession, in any part of the country.

Dr. D. Stocking can be found at the residence of P. M. Moore, Pointe Coupee.
March 6, 1858. 8ly

THE DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
BY
EDWARD J. PULLEN.
Office next door to Simon & Loeb's Store

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Cards of a Personal character can only be published in this paper as advertisements, and must be paid for IN ADVANCE, at double advertising rates.

TAKE BACK THE FOND VOWS.

Take back the fond vows you have spoken,
And give back each promise of mine,
Though our vows are pure and unbroken,
We must part—and 'tis vain to repine.
I will strive each emotion to smother,
Of a passion so tender and true,
Yet ne'er will I taste with another,
Such love as I've tasted with you.

Oh! mournful indeed is our story,
And mournful our passion has proved;
Yet still 'tis my passion and glory,
To think that my spirit has loved.
I will think of you oft as a brother,
As a being exalted and true,
For ne'er will I find in another,
Such charms as are centered in you.

Coulds't thou be my fond and true lover,
I'd heed not the flatterers I meet,
Though still round my pathway they hover,
To pour their fond vows at my feet.
But duty commands me to smother
My passions—and bid you adieu,
Yet ne'er shall I taste with another,
Such love as I've tasted with you.

A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

While stopping in Florence, at the "Casa del Bello," my companion and guide was James L. Grover, an American painter of some note, whom I had known well in the land of his nativity. It was Sunday evening, and on the following day I was to start for Bologna. Grover and myself sat upon one of the balconies of our chamber, engaged in conversation over our cigars, and after we had talked awhile of the various things we had seen during the day; he asked me if he had ever told me of his adventure upon the Appenines. I told him I had never heard it.

"Then I must tell it to you," he said, throwing away his cigar, and taking a sip of wine.

I lighted a fresh cigar, and he related to me as follows:—

"Four years ago this summer my brother and two sisters visited me here in Florence. They spent two weeks with me, and then started for Venice, by the way of Bologna, where they had friends whom they were anxious to see. I should have gone with them had I not been engaged upon work which I had promised to have done within a given time; but, as it was, we made the thing work very well, for my brother expected two thousand dollars by the hands of a friend who was shortly expected from Rome, and it was arranged that I should take the money when it came, and bring it with me to Venice when I got ready to meet them there. My brother left the necessary document for the obtaining of the money, and in due time set out.

"On the very next day I was taken ill, and was confined to my bed a week, but I got out and finished my work just as the friend arrived from Rome with the money. He delivered it into my hands upon the production of my brother's written instructions, and I set the next Monday as the day on which I would start. I was really not fit to undertake such a journey, but I could not miss seeing my sisters once more before they returned home. I could have sent the money easy enough, but I promised myself too much pleasure with my dear relatives in Venice to miss it now.

"Monday morning came, and I could not arise from my bed without assistance. A sort of neuralgic affection had seized all my nerves, and I was forced to stay in doors, and to resort to hot baths and medicine. But on the following morning I felt able to start, and I did so.—Upon reaching Pistoja I learned that there was no dilligence to leave before the next day. I could not stand this—I was already behind my time, and, if the thing could be accomplished, I must go on. There was a diligence under the shed, but no one to drive it. "But can't we hire some one?" I asked "If signor will pay," was the laconic reply.—Of course I will pay; and though the sum charged was a pretty round one, yet I did not hesitate. The lumbering vehicle was dragged out; four miserable looking horses were attatched, and then a yoke of stout oxen hitched on ahead of them. Two rough looking follows were provided, one as a *vetturino* (postillion,) and the other to drive the oxen. Thus provided, I took my seat, and the diligence started.

"We were to cross the Appenines by the pass of *La Collina*, and just begun to ascend the rugged mountain path when I heard a loud hallowing behind and in a moment, the diligence stopped.

"What's the matter I asked poking my head out through the opening by my side."

"Two men want to ride returned the vetturino.

"But I have hired the dilligence, and am in a hurry, so drive on. If they wish to ride they must wait until to morrow."

"But the drivers were not to be governed thus."

"It won't make a bit of difference," they said. "We'll go just as fast; and besides they will pay us something."

"By this time the cause of all the trouble made its appearance in the shape of two dark visaged, black-bearded powerful men, who looked ugly enough for the incarnation of murder. I recognized one of them as a fellow whom I had seen hanging about the hotel at Florence, and the other I was confident I had caught a glimpse of just as the diligence left the yard at Pistoja.

"I was upon the point of speaking when the thought occurred to me that I had better keep my knowledge of the Italian language to myself. I might find out the character of the fellows thus.—I knew very well that further remonstrance would be useless for the drivers were stupidly hoggish, and the new applicants were clearly not men to be argued with. The door was opened, and the fellows entered. I occupied the back seat, and they took the seat at the other end, fixing themselves so as to face me. They looked at me out of wicked eyes, and as they threw back their short cloaks I saw that they were well armed.

"Hope we don't trouble you?" said one of them, in coarse Italian, as the diligence started on.

"I gazed inquiringly into his face, but made no reply."

"He repeated the remark.

"No comprehend, signor," I said, shaking my head.

"Ah—English," he suggested, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"No—Irish," I told him.

"Ugh!" he grunted, with another shrug of the broad massive shoulers, and an awful scowl of the face.

"We had now begun to ascend the mountain in good earnest, and our pace was slow and lumbering. The fellow who drove the oxen made noise enough for an army, while the blows apon both oxen and horses fell hard and thick, but without accomplishing anything. Had I been alone I might have enjoyed the magnificient scenery which unfolded itself below us as we crept up the Collina; but as it was I could not think of anything save the two men who had forced themselves upon me. Pretty soon one of them spoke, and though I appeared not to notice them, yet I could see that they were watching me closely.

"Death and destruction!" he uttered in his own tongue, "we shall be over the precipice if that drunken driver is not careful!"

"I read the fellow's purpose in a moment, and not a movement betrayed my understanding of what he had said. My eyes were half closed, and to all appearance I was unconscious even of their presence.

"He's right. He don't understand us," said one of them.

"All safe," returned the other.

"After this they conversed together quite freely, and I was not long in having my worst fears realized. But not a change could they detect in my countenance. I kept my knowledge as secret as the very grave, and all my feeling was within me. After awhile they became satisfied that I knew nothing of their language, and they became more bold in their speech, and talked their plan all over; and from one of them I learned the following highly interesting particulars:—

"The one whom I had seen in Florence had by some means learned that I was to carry quite a large sum of money with me across the mountains, and he had come on to Pistoja where his confederate was to await my arrival, intending to rob me there if possible. But when they found that I was to go alone in the diligence, they had a better plan. They would rob me on the mountain.—The two drivers were friends of theirs, and were to be paid liberally for allowing themselves to be overcome. The villians talked about cutting my throat, shooting me through the head, or plunging a knife to my heart, and then throwing me over the precipice, as cooly as though they had been planning the death of a fowl for dinner! The place where they were to murder me was about a mile distant, where the road would round a high crag, with an almost perpendicular wall of rock upon one hand, and a deep chasm on the other.

"This was an interesting position sure enough. I was weak—weak at best—but doubly weak now with an illness—and the only weapon I had was a single pistol. Either of the brigands could have thrown me over his head with ease, and as for fighting with them, that was out of the question. What could I do? Both of the drivers were in league with them. If I leaped from the dilligence, I should die on the spot where I landed. If I shot one of the bandits, the other would annihilate me in a moment. I had the gold in a small travelling bag under my feet, and as the heavy carriage jolted over the stones, the yellow pieces jingled sharply, and I could see the eyes of the villians sparkle like stars.

"At length the high craggy peak was in sight, and I could see where the road wound abruptly around it. Thus far I had been torturing my brains to invent some way of escape, but without effect. I was as thoroughly hedged in as though bound by iron chains. And in a few minutes more all would be over! Still I felt for my pistol, and had it ready.

"Presently the diligence stopped at the foot of an abrupt rise, and the fellow who drove the oxen came and told the bandits they must get out and walk up. They stepped out at once, and in a moment more I heard a slight scuffle. I looked out just in time to see both the drivers lashed together by the arms, back to back. They must have been placed togesher ready for the operation, for the thing had been done with incredible quickness. I drew my pistol and awaited the result. My heart was in my mouth, but the intense excitment rendered me strong for the while.

"In a few seconds one of the villians came and poked the muzzle of a huge pistol into my face.

"*Gold! Gold!*" he said. "Give me gold or die"

It was but the work of a second to knock his weapon down with my left hand, while with my right I brought up my own pistol and fired. The ball entered between his eyes, and he reeled back and fell. Then I leaped after him, for I saw his companion coming up upon the other side. I hoped to gain the dead man's pistol but ere I could do so, the heavy hand of the living bandit was upon my shoulder, and his pistol aimed at my head. With the energy which the presence of death can alone beget, I knocked his weapon down and grappled with him. He hurled me to the ground as thongh I had been a child; but before he could follow up his advantage, the postillon crled out—

"Hold Marco! A vettura is coming!"

"The robber turned, and in a moment more a heavy vettura with four horses attached, came round the corner full upon us. I started to my feet, and saw my brother looking from the open window.

"Help! Robbers!" I shouted, with all my might.

"The bandit had taken aim at the vetturino of the new team, but he was too late. My brother had comprehended the whole truth in a moment, and with a sure aim, and a quick one, too, he shot the villian through the heart.

"We secured my two drivers, and then matters were quickly explained. I told my brother all that had happened, and he then told me that he had heard of my illiness, and was coming back to see me. One of my sisters had been ill at Bologna, so that they had not yet gone to Venice, but were waiting until I should be able to join them. You can imagine how deep our gratitude was, and how fervently we blessed God for this fortunate interposition. My joy seemed to lift me up from the pain I had suffered and I felt better than I had before felt for weeks.

"Aud now what should we do next? Should we let the two rascally drivers go, and turn about for Bologna?

No said my brother. Our sisters won't expect us for three days, so we'll carry these villians back and give them up, and to-morrow we'll go over in my vettura.

"We tumbled the two dead bodies into the diligence, and then bound the two drivers hand and foot, and tumbled them in after. The oxen were cast adrift, and my brother's vetturino mounted and started the heavy team back, while we assumed the control of the vettura ourselves.

"The drive down the mountain was quickly performed, and the city of Pistoja was reached without mishap. The two dead men were recognized as old offenders at once, and my testimony very quickly settled the business for the drivers. On the next night we were in Bologna, where my sisters received me with open arms, and two days afterwards we were all in Venice.

"So much for my trip across the Appenines. And let me say to you—If you have ever an occasion to hire a special diligence, with strange drivers, to ride over the mountains of Itily, be sure that you are well armed, and have a trusty friend with you if possible."

AN IRISH LETTER.

DEAR NEFFA:—I hadn't sent you a lethar, since the last time I wrote ye, because we have moved from the former place of livin and didn't know where a letter would find ye, but I now with pleasure take up my pen to inform you of the death of your own livin' uncle, Kilpatrick, who died very suddenly last week afther a lingering illness of about six weeks. The poor man was in convulshuns the whole time of his illness, lying perfectly quiet all the while and spachless intirely, talkin' incoherently, and crying for wather. I had no opportunity of informing ye of his death sooner except I wrote you by the last post, which went two days before his death, an' thin ye'd had the postage to pay.—I'm at a great loss to tell ye what his death was occashuned by, but I fear it was by his last sickness. He niver was well in ten days together in the whole time of his confinement, but be that as it will as he breathed his last the docther give up all hopes of his recovery. I needn't tell you any thing about his age, for ye know that in May next that he would have been twenty-five years ould barrin' ten months, and had he lived till that time he would have been six months ded. His property is very considerable; it devolves upon his kin, who is ded some time since, so that I expect that it will be equally divided between us, and then my dear Larry yu'll git two-thirds of the whole, and ye know that he had a fine esthate which was sold to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost on a horse race. But it was the opinion of all parties that he would have won the race if the horse he ran against hadn't been too fast,—bad luck to the baste. But poor soul, he will never ate or drink more.

And now Larry, my dear boy, ye aint a relashun in the world but meself and your cousin that were kilt in the last war. But I cant dwell upon this mournful subject, but will sale this leather with black salin' wax, and put on your uncle's coat of arms. So I beg ye not to break the sale when ye open the lether untill three or four days afther ye resave it be that time ye will be prepared to hear the mournful tidings.

Yer ould swateheart, Mary, sinds her love to ye, unbeknown to me. Whin the bearer of this arrives in Hamilton, ax him for this lether, and if he don't know which one it is, tell him it is the one that speaks of your uncle's death, and is saled in black.

Yer affectionate aunt
JUDY O'HALLIGAN,
To LARRY O'HALLIGAN.

POST OFFICE RULES.—The law requires the postage on all letters, except those to foreigh countries, to the officers of the government having the franking privilege, and on official business to be paid by stamps or stamped envelops. Pre-payment by money is prohibited.

Daguerrotypes are charged as letter postage at the rate of six cents per ounce.

All packages closely sealed so that their contents cannot be known will be charged with letter postage.

Stamps and stamped envelops are sold for cash only, never on a credit.—In making sale of them in small quantities if the postmaster cannot readily make the change the purchaser is required to tender the exact amount for the number he wants.

The common three cent letter stamps are sold at three cents each, but stamped envelops of this denomination are sold at the rate of 80 cents for 25.

Persons registering letters must pay a registration fee of five cents.

Any persons using or attempting to use a stamp or envelop which has been before used for the conveyance of a letter is liable to a fine of fifty dollars.