

# THE CAUCASIAN.

C. B. STEWART,

"TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH SHALL RISE AGAIN."

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G. W. Stafford, R. P. Hunter, W. F. Blackman  
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EDITORS.

ROBT. P. HUNTER, Proprietor

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Agents.

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ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.

M. RYAN, Esq.,  
Attorney at Law,  
ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.

ROBERT J. BOWMAN,  
Attorney at Law,  
ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.

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Attorney at Law,  
ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.

W. F. BLACKMAN,  
Attorney at Law,  
ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.

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Attorney at Law,  
ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.

L. VICTOR MARYE,  
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ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.

WARNING.—Single men, if you don't want to fall in love, keep away from calico. You can no more play with girls without losing your heart, than you can at roulette without losing your money. As Dobbs very justly observes, the heartstrings of a woman—like the tendrils of a vine—are always reaching after more to cling to. The consequence is, that before you are going, you are gone, like a one-legged store at auction.

### THE WHITE LEAGUE.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING AT BREAUX'S BRIDGE.

Editors N. O. Bulletin:

Though not personally acquainted with you, I offer no apology in forwarding these few hurried lines, because we are on the same ship and threatened by a furious storm.

In this, our imminent danger, every one aboard, even the most awkward passenger, must offer some little help.

Yesterday was the day fixed for a demonstration at Breaux's Bridge of the "White League," to be organized in the parish of St. Martin, at 12 o'clock in the morning. We proceeded to the beautiful Magnolia Grove of Omer Martin, Esq., a mile lower than the village. Already two brass bands were on the spot, calling in stirring notes the people together.

Gueriniere Bienvenue, Esq., of St. Martinsville, was chosen as President of the meeting and half a dozen of the best men of the parish elected as Vice Presidents. O. L. Delelis, editor of the *Attakapas Sentinel*, acted as Secretary.

Upon the unanimous call of the assembly, which was immense and full of enthusiasm, General A. de Clouet in mild, unassuming but serious and candid manner delivered an address, every syllable of which was listened to with profound attention, because all believe in his unswerving integrity and in his devotion to the best interests of the State. The absence of our gallant leader, the patriotic and eloquent Col. A. de Blanc, was greatly deplored, but as he was in Opelousas attending to an important case before the Supreme Court it was impossible for him to attend.

At this juncture occurred a pleasing episode. The charming and beautiful ladies of the village and country presented to the President of the assembly a snowy banner, upon whose pure folds was tastefully embroidered this significant inscription: "White League of Breaux's Bridge. Justice to All."

When this beautiful ensign was unfurled to the breeze, Mrs. Thibodeaux, the worthy and estimable relict of a gallant soldier, who gave his life for the South, read an admirable address, which expressed in the most felicitous manner the deep sympathy of the noble women of Louisiana in the objects and purposes of the white league.

The next speaker was that indefatigable gentleman and effective stump speaker of the parish of Lafayette, C. H. Mouton, who addressed the assemblage in both French and English, holding his audience spell-bound for nearly two hours, by the magic of his oratory. I have not time to speak in fitting term of the eloquent addresses subsequently made by Messrs. Jules Gary, Gabriel Tournet and James Mouton. The speech of the latter gentleman was, however, esteemed the gem of the occasion by the ladies present.

In compliment to the Spartan band of St. Landry who first dared to raise the banner of the White League, our whole assembly, without a dissenting voice, adopted the whole programme of the resolutions of the fearless champions of our Caucasian birthrights, and recommended those admirable resolutions to all our sister parishes.

Cordially and respectfully yours,  
A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Tailor, measuring fat customer—  
"Would you hold the end sir, while I go round?"

### THE COTTON SURPLUS.

We have been advocating the policy of less cotton and more corn, and of farmers and planters raising everything that they need upon their places to sustain life, even though they cannot produce the same amount in actual cash value; and by recent examples shown that a planter actually loses money by the one-crop system, and the country is getting poorer every year; and we are fully sustained in these assertions by that best of authority, Prof. J. R. Dodge, of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, in his address before the National Agricultural Congress, held at Atlanta, Ga., last month. In reference to the Southern States, he says:

"The cotton States have been especially persistent in disregarding the teachings of statistics and defying the laws of political economy. Every intelligent publicist knows that a certain amount of money, say a present average of \$300,000,000, may be derived from cotton. If the average quantity is increased the price diminishes, and vice versa.

"If fluctuations are frequent the speculator or manufacturer, and not the producer, derives an advantage. If you choose to produce 5,000,000 bales, you obtain 10 cents per pound and lose money; if you grow but three, you get 25 cents and obtain a profit. Now, it is better for the world, and in a series of years, better for the grower, to produce regularly enough to supply the current wants of the trade at a medium and remunerative price, or as near a regular supply as possible, for the vicissitudes of the season will inevitably cause injurious fluctuations despite the highest effort of human wisdom and foresight. As the uses of cotton increase, and markets are extended throughout the world, its manufacture will be enlarged, and its culture should obtain corresponding enlargement. To overstep the boundary of current demand and glut the market, may be pleasing to the speculator, and to the manufacturer, so far as he combines speculation with weaving, but it is death to the grower."—[*Our Home Journal and Rural Southland*.]

A gentleman had occasion to call on the Rev. Thomas Campbell when he was at Glasgow. "Is the dominie in?" he inquired of a portly dame who opened the door. "He is in the yard, superintending Sauners, the carpenter. Ye can see him the noo if your business is vera precise." The gentleman walked into the yard, where he beheld a carpenter briskly plaining away to the air of Maggie Lauder, and the dominie standing by. Unwilling to intrude on their conversation, he stepped aside, and heard, "Sauners I say! Can ye no hear me?" "Yes, minister, I hear ye. What's your will?" "Can ye no whistle some mair solemn and godly tune while ye're at your work?" "A-weel, minister, if it be your will, I'll e'en do it." Upon which he changed the air to the Dead March in Saul, greatly to the hinderance of the planning. The dominie looked on for some minutes in silence, and then said, "Sauners, I hae another word to say till ye. Did the gude wife hire ye by the day's darg or by the job?" "The day's darg was our agreeing, master." "Then, on the whole, Sauners, I think ye may just as well gie back to whistling Bonnie Maggie Lauder."

A family of original cremationists—Burn'em.

### A Man Who Wants to Meet Bowles.

From the Toledo Blade.

At Springfield there is a delay of half an hour, and one is glad to stretch his legs by a walk up and down the streets. Springfield is more like a Western city than any place I have been in East of Buffalo. The streets are not built up solidly, but are fast being so. The United States arsenal and the railroad shops have built up the city. It is quite a railroad center, and will grow more in the next ten years than in the last. Many manufactories are starting, and the people are enterprising. Insurance is quite a leading business, but the Republican has done more to make Springfield field known throughout the country than aught else. It is the best paper in New England, and one of the best edited papers in the country.

I supposed every one in these parts liked the Springfield Republican, but found one man that did not. He got on at Thompsonville, and I offered him a Republican I had finished reading, but he handed it back when he read the name, saying:

"I don't want any news from that paper."

"I supposed that everybody read it in these parts," I answered.

"Has it been pitching into you?"

"Pitching into me? Great Caesar! I should say it had. It it had only pitched into me, I wouldn't care. But just let me meet Bowles."

"You never make anything by striking an editor," I said; "better grin and bear it."

"Yes; that's all right for you to say; but just let me meet Bowles! I'll show him how to run a paper."

"What did he do?"

"Do! He did a good deal. Here's how it is, I often went up to Springfield on the last train at night, did my business in the evening, and came home on the first morning train. Well, one night I met an old crowsy, and we went to Music Hall to the theatre. When we came out we met two girls that Jim said were his cousins; but they weren't; it was all a fraud. I did not know it, and when Jim offered his arm to one girl I did the same to the other. They took us to their rooms, and I saw how it was. Of course I couldn't get right out, so I treated; then Jim treated; then the girls treated. In fact, we were having a pretty good time, when some fellows came in and began to raise a row. If less than no time the police were in and had us. The next morning I was hauled before the court and fined \$7 40. I didn't care much, because I gave a false name, and I knew my wife couldn't find it out; but, the next morning, I'll be eternally flunked if that Republican didn't have it all in and my own name too."

"Did your wife see it?"

"I should say she did."

"Did she make a fuss?"

"Fuss! Godfrey, Elshua! Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Then you know how it is. I have to go to Springfield in daytime now. Just let me see Bowles."

"But," said I, feeling I ought to take a newspaper's part, "you can hardly blame him, you know. It was only the proper enterprise."

"Enterprise! enterprise be d—n! There's such a thing as having too much enterprise."

A Georgia paper has the following among its marriage notices:

"On the 18th inst., Mr. T. Winkle to Miss Rachel Starr. T. Winkle, T. Winkle, little Starr."

### The True Doctrine.

From the New Orleans Bulletin.

Mr. James Todd, a planter in the parish of St. Mary, who, according to the New Orleans Republican, is a Northern man, has written a very sensible letter to the *Brashear News* on the subject of employing men hereafter who will not vote in opposition to his interests. The views he expresses are so sensible, and the reasons he adduces so forcible, that we rescue the letter from the unmerited oblivion to which it had been consigned by the Republican, for the benefit of the public. If all our planters will follow the example of Mr. Todd, Louisiana will soon be redeemed:

I have many colored men on my plantation who assure me that they will not vote at the election. Such men I will always employ. I have no desire to force any one to vote as I do, but I claim the right to employ on my plantation those who will protect my interests at all times and in every manner. I do not propose to break my contract with my laborers on account of their votes, but I do propose to make no contract in the future with those who will destroy my interests and rights if they are afforded the opportunity.

I am justified in this course by the example of General Grant, W. P. Kellogg and all Radicals in power, who will not appoint men of opposite political opinions to office, and, further, will remove persons from office if they dare to vote contrary to the interests of the Radical party, even though they are among the large tax-payers of the country. With such examples before me, why should I not refuse to employ those who support by their votes the thieving scoundrels who live only to rob me? I have been carrying on my plantation for the last seven years at great expense for the benefit of whom, myself? No; for the benefit of the negro, the carpet-bagger and the scallawag, and I propose to do so no longer. I prefer that it should grow up in weeds; that it should become a wilderness, rather than that it should be the source by which these vultures of society are fed and fattened.

But I can obtain a sufficient number of good white and honest colored men to work my plantation without employing my enemies, and I intend to do so.

A THRILLING SPEECH.—During the recent canvass in this county for nominations by the "primary election," Dick Lucas, of the city, was a candidate for the jailership. He is an orator of his own peculiar sort, and deals in a kind of eloquence which has scarcely a parallel. At Bristow Station he delivered himself in a singularly feeling and impressive manner, addressing the crowd of eager listeners as follows:

FELLOWS-CITIZENS—Where are my opponents? Why, gentlemen, they are nowhere. I feel myself as much above my opponents as a possum in a persimmon tree does above the ground he crawls on. I call on you in the name of the shaggy-headed lion, which whipped the American eagle; I call on you in the name peacock of liberty, which flew over the Rocky Mountains to come to my rescue. Come on Monday next and promote Dick to the office to which he perspires. When you shall have been dead, and the green briars shall have entwined themselves around your graves, then will your sons come to me and say, Dick, some years ago our father voted for you for the office of jailership of Warren county; then will I say, Roll on thou silver moon, I will be with thee till the last day in the evening.—[Bowling Green (Ky.) Democrat.]

### What Was It?

From the New Orleans Bulletin.

A few evenings since a car-filled with ladies and gentlemen—was en route down town from the upper districts, a very elegantly dressed and beautiful lady rang the bell. When the car stopped at the crossing the young lady rose from her seat gracefully glided out of the door. Instantly, however, there was observed the most remarkable effect upon the countenance of every individual in the car, the ladies were blushing rosy red and almost forcing their pearly teeth through their coral lips to keep from laughing, while the gentlemen turned red and white by turns, as they glanced furtively at something on the floor of the car just where the lady had been sitting. It was a very curious article to be sure and lay there as coiled up and contented as possible. It was of a bright crimson color, about twelve inches in length, and had the most ingenious golden clasp at each end. Everybody stared at it and though there seemed nothing especially funny about it, it was the source of intense merriment in others.

Finally one gentleman, more daring than the rest, made a dash at it, grasped it firmly in his dexter hand and rushed after the lady—who, hearing his excited exclamations, stopped, turned, advanced with inimitable grace toward the gentleman, extended her hand to receive the article, with thanks written in every feature of her smiling face, when, suddenly discovering what it was, she started as if shot, an expression of horror overspread her features, and exclaiming with marked hauteur and indignation, "That is not mine, sir," turned and walked off like an offended queen. The feelings of the gentleman may be fancied, but can never be described. He returned to the car a sadder but wiser man, and throwing the crimson devil on the floor, rested his seat amid an explosion of laughter.

If a lady should accidentally drop her head, bonnet or chignon or any other appendage hereafter in the presence of that gentleman, it is safe to assume he would not pick it up for the fabled wealth of Ceresus. He says it he were an Englishman he would never submit to being made a Knight of the Garter.

SELLING SHORT ON BOURBON.—A familiar scene in 200 or 300 new drinking saloons that would be opened in case No. License should carry, would be something like this—the boys have it all put up:

Thirsty Customer—Mr. Barkeeper, what will five gallons and a gill of your best whisky cost?

Mr. B.—\$30 25.

T. C.—Cheap enough. I'll take it.

Demijohn is handed down; T. C. takes a nip, smacks his lips, and informs Mr. B. that on the whole he thinks he will not keep the balance, and suggests that Mr. B. shall buy it back. Mr. B., always ready for a bargain, offers \$30 10 for it, which offer T. C. accepts, paying the 15 cents difference. You see, he "sells short" on Bourbon, "seller 15." Jolly, isn't it? A ten-gallon transaction, and only 15 cents changed hands.

A school teacher in De Witt County, Ill. has introduced a new method of punishment into his school. When one of the girls misses a word, the lad who spells it has permission to kiss her. The Clinton Public says: The result is that the girls are forgetting all they ever knew about spelling, while the boys are improving with wonderful rapidity.