

THE LOUISIANA COTTON-BOLL.

DEVOTED TO THE COTTON PLANTING INTEREST, IMMIGRATION, EDUCATION, AND INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

VOL. I. NO. 10.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Louisiana Cotton-Boll.

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and Special Boards, inserted at
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50 cents for each subsequent week.

News of the Week.

EAST.

The merchants of New York, attributing the recent decline in the price of English iron to a glut of the market, have decided to suspend production in this country until the price of iron reaches a level which will enable them to compete with the foreign market.

The statement is now made that Kate Sutherland's confession, published some time ago, regarding herself being the murderer of the Duke of Sutherland, was a pious fiction to enable her to escape the gallows.

The amount of United States money and securities released and destroyed during the week ending June 30, 1873, was a total of \$1,745,992. The average daily destruction of fractional currency was over \$110,000. The amount of legal tenders destroyed during the week was \$65,019.07.

A number of gentlemen from England who had been in the city of Kansas in company with the late Governor, and who had been purchasing land in that state for the purpose of settling a colony, have decided to abandon their project.

The United States Indian agent for the Red River district, since the late of May, has been charged with the duty of maintaining peace and order in the Indian Territory, and has been successful in his efforts.

The directors of the Northern Pacific railroad company have accepted the new line recommended by Gen. Brosser, from Bismarck, to the coast of the Yellow Sea, and have decided to build the line.

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THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the water below is dark and deep,
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the wind blows from the north and rank,
There lies the old canoe, the old canoe,
There lies the old canoe, the old canoe.

The canoe paddles are all dropped,
Like a sear-bird's wings that the storm has swept,
And the old man sits in the old canoe,
And the old man sits in the old canoe.

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The Family Letter.

The family letter is written on Sun-
day, the 10th of September, 1873.
The reason that day is selected
is because of the leisure
which it affords. The quiet of the day, its re-
freshment from all influences that irritate or
agitate, frees the mind from irrelevant
and antagonistic matter, and makes it
pre-eminently a fit occasion for com-
municating with distant loved ones. In
nine cases out of ten the letter is written
by the head of the family, and of those
sent an equal proportion are addressed
to his wife's folks. We don't know why
it is that a man so rarely writes to his
own folks, but as it is not the province
of this article to treat on that subject,
we will pretend we don't care.

The hour being selected for inditing
the letter, the first thing is to find the
paper. There is always a drawer in
every well-regulated family for keeping
such things. It is either in the table or
stand. Here the writing paper and odd
screws, and little strings, and broken
locks, and fish-lines, and grocery re-
ceipts, are kept. There may be other
things, but if there are he will see
them. The sheet of paper is finally
found; the fly stains neatly scraped off,
and the search commences for the ink
and pen. The former is invariably
found on the mantel next the clock, and
is immediately laid on the table con-
veniently to the pen-holder, who, who
indistinctly inquires if the letter is to
be written to-day or next Sunday. This
inspires the wife with new zeal in the
search. She goes over the drawer again
because she knows he wouldn't see any-
thing if it was right under his nose, but
the pen is not there. Then she looks
over the top of the bureau, and lifts
everything on the front-room table, and
says it seems so singular it can't be
found, when she saw it only the day be-
fore, and thought about the letter. Then
she goes into the pantry, and after ex-
ploring the lower shelf in vain, stands
upon a chair, and carefully goes over
the top shelf where the medicine bot-
tles and unused cans are stationed.
After she has done this, she starts up
stairs, and pretty soon returns with the
pen, and takes it to the sink to wash
the grease from it, but does not succeed
in quite effacing the delicate coat of ber-
gamot. This leads him to observe that
anybody who takes a pen-holder to lift
hair-grease from a bottle, is too pure
and innocent for this world.

Everything now in readiness, good
humor is restored, the wife takes a seat
opposite, with her elbows on the table
and her chin in her hands, and assumes
an expression of countenance that is
mysteriously calculated to both en-
courage and depress the writer; and he
grasps the pen tightly between his fin-
gers, and stares at the paper with an
intensity that is entirely unnecessary.
The date line starts off glibly, and then
suddenly ceases as it reaches the date
itself. He puts the holder in his mouth,
and immediately spits it out again,
making up a face that is no wise sug-
gestive of bergamot, and pettishly asks
her if she knows the day of the month.
Of course she does. It is the 13th—or
is it the 14th—but no—it must be. She hesi-
tates, stares at him, wavers, and is 13th
or 14th, but the almanac will tell, and she
at once starts to hunt it up. This
occasions a delay of some 15 minutes,
during which he makes 95 passes at one
fly.

The date having been satisfactorily
settled upon, and the things which
rolled over the floor, as the stand-drawer
unexpectedly fell out, having been re-
stored to their place, the date line is
completed, and "Dear Mother" started.
The pen is a home pen, of beautiful
quality, and whenever it starts a line it
requires half a dozen passes to make it
give down. All home pens do this. And
all home sheets of paper have weak
spots which the ink refuses to cross.
Thus creating some remarkable divisions
of words, and considerable confusion
among sentences. Some of these spots
are two inches in diameter, and any-
body in the next room can tell the mo-
ment the writer comes to them, just as
well as if he was looking over his
shoulder. When the letter is completed,
which generally occurs at the end of the
fifth hour from the commencement, it is
carefully read over and supplied with
absent words, and then gone over again
and artistically touched up with the
pen at the bare places. Then it is
folded up ready for the envelope, and
the discovery is made that there is no
envelope in the house, and the letter is
tucked in behind the clock until the
mail is supplied.—Danbury News.

SCIENCE is the element in which great
things fashion themselves together;
that length they may emerge, full-
formed and majestic, into the daylight
of life, which they are thenceforth to
rule. Not William the silent only, but
all the considerable men I have known,
and the most undiplomatic and unstrat-
egic of these forebore to babble of
what they were creating and pro-
jecting. Nay, in their own mean per-
plexities, do they themselves hold their
tongue for one day, on the morrow
how much dearer are thy purposes and
duties; what wreck and rubbish have
those mute workmen within thee swept
out! Speech is too often, not the
Feynman defined it, the art of conceal-
ing thought, but of quite stifling
and suspending it, so that there is none
to conceal. Speech, too, is great, but
not the greatest. Speech is silver, sil-
ence is golden; or, as I might rather
express it, speech is of time, silence of
eternity.—Carlyle.

QUEEN VICTORIA is said to have been
much annoyed at the Shah's kiss. She
had only to have held up her hands and
John Brown would have bonned him.

The bustle and panier have gone out
together.

Two Niggers in the Well!

"Nigger in the well, mister!"
"Nigger in the well, mister!"
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Womanly Dignity.

Nature, which has given weapons of
assault or means of defence to almost
all animals, has made man and
woman alike, and has given woman with
dignity. And dignity has the best of it.
In fact, womanly dignity may be ac-
cepted as one among many explanations
of that legendary power which turned
the bravest man to stone, and made the
night of the strongest like water in
their bones. What can any one do
against it? As well try to penetrate
the armadillo's coat of mail by a needle,
or make a hole in a pachyderm by a
pogon, as force a woman to passion or
melt her to pity when she has once en-
trenched herself in the stronghold of her
dignity. No argument can shake her, no
reasoning convince her; despair dies
away in querulousness, and the plead-
ings of love itself fall dull and blunted
from her stately self-possession like so
many toy shafts hurled against a poli-
shed and impenetrable barrier. Indeed,
how can you rage in anger, or abuse
yourself in entreaty, to a creature who
is so coolly unmoved, and so to be
goaded into the smallest demonstra-
tion which would put her in the wrong
and give you a vantage-point against
her, and whose calm eyes look at you
with a kind of superior scorn which,
while it maddens you, offers no point of
attack? What can you do? Struggle
nothing. The means of defence which
nature has given are unassailable, and
a dignified woman is mistress of the
situation by the very power of negation,
if by none other. But there are various
kinds of dignity, and if some are more
exasperating than others, some are more
lovely, and among the greatest charms
of womanhood. There is in particular
that soft dignity which belongs to wo-
men who are affectionate by nature and
timid by temperament, but who have a
reserve of self-respect that defends
them against themselves as well as
against others. These have a quiet dig-
nity, tempered by much sweetness of
speech and manner, that is the loveliest
kind of all, the most subtle as well as the
most beautiful. They are like the lady
in Comus, and seem to cast the spell of
respect on all with whom they are as-
sociated. No man, save of the coarsest
fibre, and such as only physical strength
can control, could be rude to them in
word or brutal in deed; for there is
something about them, very indefinite
but very strong withal, which seems to
give them special protection from insol-
ence; and a loving woman of soft
manners, whose mind is pure and who
respects herself, is armed with a power
which none but the vilest can despise.
This is the woman who gets a precise
obedience from her servants without ex-
acting it, and whose children do not
dream of disputing her wishes; who,
though so gentle and affable, stops short
of that kind of familiarity which breeds
contempt, and with whom no one takes
a liberty. For this, one can scarcely
give a reason. She would not ramp or
rave if she was displeased, she would
not scold, she could not strike; but
there is a certain quality in her which
we may not be able to formulate, yet
which would make us ashamed to pass
beyond the boundaries of the strictest
respect, and which restrains others less
consciously critical than ourselves as
certainly as fear. It is the respect we
pay to those who respect themselves;
the consideration and honor which all
real purity of nature demands and ob-
tains. This is womanly dignity in its
loveliest aspect, and the kind we all de-
sire to see in women, whom it would not
harden, nor render less than loving.

The influence of character on
children.—The chief influence by
which any one can move the world
is no dependence of situation, fortune
or condition, it is character; the prin-
ciple controlling us, the affection animating,
the spirit prevailing over lives. In the
little circle where we are best known
this influence remains even after we
have passed away; and upon all those
whom culture has brought into perfect
sympathy with us; and through these,
whose hands spiritually clasped ours as
by an electric chain, into other hearts
and other homes. First of all, children
feel that they do not have the disagreeable
creeping effect produced by more viry-
fabric gloves. With double buttons at
the wrist, they cost seventy cents.

The Grievous of Childhood.—These
bitter sorrows of childhood when sor-
row is all new and strange, when hope
has not yet got wings to fly beyond the
days and weeks, and the space from
summer to summer seems measureless.
"Ah, my child, you will have real trou-
bles to fret about by and by." Is the
consolation we have almost all of us
had administered to us in our child-
hood, and have repeated to other chil-
dren, since we have been grown up.
We have all of us sobbed so piteously,
standing with tiny bare legs, above our
little socks, when we lost sight of our
mother or nurse in some strange place
but we can no longer recall the pign-
nancy of that moment and weep over it,
as we do over the remembered sufferings
of five or ten years ago. Every one of
those keen moments has left its trace,
and lives in us still, but such traces have
blent themselves irrevocably with the
firmer texture of our youth and man-
hood; and so it comes that we can look
on at the troubles of our children with
a smiling disbelief in the reality of
their pain. Is there any one who can
recover the experience of his childhood,
not merely of what he did and what
happened to him, of what he liked and
disliked when he was in frock and trou-
ser, but with an intimate penetration,
a revived consciousness of what he felt
then, when it was so long from one
midsummer to another? what he felt
when his school-fellows put him out of
the game because he would pitch the
ball wrong out of mere willfulness; or

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

Unpublished story.
A baby's feet, and a mother's face,
And the mother's face, and the baby's feet,
And the mother's face, and the baby's feet,
And the mother's face, and the baby's feet.

Unpublished story.
A baby's feet, and a mother's face,
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Unpublished story.
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A baby's feet, and a mother's face,
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