

# CLAIBORNE GUARDIAN.

VOL. 13

HOMER, LA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1878.

NO. 47.

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Special notices 20 cents per line.

Funeral notices of less than ten lines, and marriage and religious notices inserted gratis.

Job-work executed in the neatest style, and at reasonable prices.

August 22, 1877.

### HOMER MASONIC FEMALE INSTITUTE.

Eighteenth Annual Session begins Sept. 5th, 1877

EFFICIENT TEACHERS will fill every Department. Special attention given to MUSIC.

Board per month of four weeks, including washing, lights, &c., \$15.

Tuition, \$3, \$4 and \$5. No extravagances allowed.

The Institution is strictly non-sectarian. See Catalogue.

T. S. SLIGH, Pres.,  
Homer, Claiborne parish, La.  
Aug. 22, 1877.

### TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

The Grand Council U. F. of T. North La., WILL hold its next annual meeting at HOMER, commencing on Wednesday, July 17th, 1878.

OFFICERS:

G. L. Gaskins, Gr. W. P.; Miss Mattie Mays, Gr. W. A.; Adam H. Davidson, Gr. C.; Miss Theodora McFarland, Gr. A. C.; Max Fearle, Gr. S.; Alter Barksdale, Gr. A. S.; John W. McFarland, Gr. Tr.; Miss Fannie Parker, Gr. A. Tr.; John A. Miller, Gr. Chapp.; Edm. Ives, Gr. Sent.

Post-Office of Grand Scribe, Vienna, La.  
Aug. 22, 1877.

### Homer Council No. 1, U. F. of T.,

Meets at the Court-House every Friday Night.

OFFICERS:

T. S. Sligh, W. P.; Mrs. Adella Sligh, W. A.; A. T. Dorman, R. S.; Miss Edna Scott, A. R. S.; J. B. Otte, Comd.; J. A. Parkers, S. M.; J. A. Parkers, S. M.; E. P. Harwell, Sent.; R. T. Vaughn, F. S.; H. W. Kirkpatrick, Tr.; A. C. Calhoun, C. Dy.

Aug. 22, 1877.

### LUMBER AND CRIST MILL.

THE undersigned will continue to run the MORELAND MILL and GIN, and ask a continuance of the liberal patronage heretofore given. They intend, by strict attention to business, to merit favor and to give satisfaction.

Lumber at mill, rough, per 100 feet, \$1 00  
" " dressed, " " " 1 30  
Delivered in Homer, " " " 25  
When bills are not paid on presentation, 25 cents per hundred will be added.

T. H. MORELAND,  
J. W. McFARLAND,  
Dec. 20, 1877.

### JOHN VAUGHN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Claiborne, Jackson, Bienville, Lincoln and Union, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe.

March 13, 1878—30y

### Judge J. S. Young, Jno. A. Richardson,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HOMER, LA.

PARTNERSHIP limited to the parish of Claiborne. Legal business attended to by either partner in Jackson, Union, Bienville and Lincoln parishes, and before the Supreme Court at Monroe.

Aug. 22, 1877.

### DRAYTON B. HAYES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Claiborne, Bienville, Jackson, Union, and Webster, and the Supreme Court at Monroe.

Aug. 22, 1877.

### DR. S. R. RICHARDSON,

HAVING resumed the practice of Medicine offers his services to the citizens of Claiborne parish, in the various branches of his profession.

Office at the Drug Store of Joe Shelton.  
Aug. 22, 1877.

### B. R. COLEMAN,

PARISH SURVEYOR,  
WILL attend promptly and efficiently to all business in his line. Charges moderate. Residence 8 miles southeast of Homer, on Trouton road. P. O., Homer.  
Aug. 22, 1877.

### SIMMONS HARDWARE CO.,

Importers and Jobbers, in  
Hardware, Cutlery, Guns  
and Pistols,  
Nos. 601, 603 and 605... North Main Street,  
ST. LOUIS, MO.  
Aug. 22, 1877.

### DANIEL T. HEAD,

TRENTON, LA.,  
RECEIVING, FORWARDING AND  
COMMISSION MERCHANT.

DEALER IN  
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS,  
SHOES, HATS, HARDWARE, IRON,  
CASTINGS, BAGGING, TIES,  
WAGONS, CARTS, BUGGIES,  
ROCKAWAYS, COOKING  
STOVES, FURNI-  
TURE AND  
Plantation Supplies of all kinds.

Liberal advances made on Cotton, in cash and supplies.  
Aug. 22, 1877.

### ISAACSON & SIMS,

Wholesale Dealers in  
Family and  
Plantation Supplies,  
AND  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
48 Canal and 67 Common sts.,  
New Orleans, La.  
March 6, 1878. 20:3m

H. KERN, S. O. S. STERNE, S. Y.  
H. KERN & CO.,  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
Fancy & Staple Dry Goods,  
104, 106 and 108 Baronne Street,  
Between Poydras and Perdido Sts.,  
NEW ORLEANS.  
New York Office, 41 Hudson Street.  
Feb. 27, 1878. 25:y

S. W. RAWLINS,  
(Successor to Rawlins & Murrell.)  
Gottan Factor and  
Commission Merchant,  
No. 38 Union Street,  
NEW ORLEANS.  
Nov. 28, 1877. 15:ly

E. J. HART & CO.,  
Importers and Wholesale  
DRUGGISTS,  
Grocers and Commission  
Merchants.  
Stores 73, 75, 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas st.  
Warehouses 93, 95, 97 and 99 Tchoupitoulas  
street, New Orleans.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

L. C. Jurey, M. Gillis.  
JUREY & GILLIS,  
COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
Office.....191 Gravier Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

John Chaffe, Wm. H. Chaffe,  
Christopher Chaffe, Jr.  
JOHN CHAFFE & SONS,  
COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
Office.....No. 52 Union Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

E. Page, P. Moran.  
PAGE & MORAN,  
Wholesale Dealers  
—18—  
BOOTS, SHOES and BROGANS,  
Hats, Caps and Trunks,  
No. 10.....Magazine Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

JOHN HENRY & CO.,  
Wholesale Dealers in  
Boots, Shoes, Brogans and  
HATS,  
Nos. 121, 123 and 125..... Common Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

STAUFFER, McREADY & CO.,  
Importers and Dealers in  
Hardware and Agricultural  
Implements,  
No. 71..... Canal Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

A. BALDWIN & CO.,  
(Successors to Slocumb, Baldwin & Co.)  
Dealers in  
Hardware, Steel, Iron and Railroad  
Supplies.  
CUTLERY, GUNS,  
AGRICULTURAL  
IMPLEMENTS.  
No. 74 Canal, and 91, 93 and 95 Common Sts.  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

McSTEAD & VALUE,  
Wholesale Dealers in  
FOREIGN and DOMESTIC  
DRY GOODS,  
98 Canal Street, and 125 Common Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

GET YOUR JOB WORK  
DONE  
AT THIS OFFICE

### THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY REV. J. H. McCARTY, D. D.

I see the long line forming  
Where the meadow grass is green;  
I see the dark host marshaled  
Mid the harvest of the plain;

Not to gather up the fruitage  
Of the richest of all lands,  
But to waste both life and fruitage  
Come these armed heroic bands.

On the rich and beautiful landscape,  
Answering each the bugle call,  
Come these men of iron, willing  
In their sacred cause to fall;

Blue and Gray confront each other,  
Brothers on each other gaze,  
Gray and Blue go down together  
In the battle's deadly blaze.

And I hear the trumpet sounding,  
And I hear the roll of drums,  
And I see the columns charging  
Mid the thunder of the guns;

Battalions fierce and bloody,  
With their armor gleaming, bright,  
Rushing to the thickest battle,  
Crying "God defend the right!"

All is still as in the morning  
When the twilight shadows fled,  
On that plain where raged the battle  
Lie in heaps the gory dead.

Blue and Gray lie there together,  
All forgotten of the past;  
Gray and Blue have formed a union  
Which eternally shall last.

On that plain where met those legions  
In the fiery blaze of war,  
Waves the earth her golden harvest  
As she did in days of yore,

Reaching out her hand of plenty,  
Lifting up her trampled hero,  
Bidding men who once were foemen,  
Cease to act the foe-men's part.

Now the battle strife is ended,  
And the cloud of war is past,  
And the land is bright with beauty  
Where the shadows were o'ercast;

God's dear gifts lie all around us,  
While His angels from above  
Bid us cover up the past  
Neath the mantle of our love.

O Columbia! land of freemen,  
Land of plenty, land of toil,  
Like a jewel on a maiden's breast  
Sits empire on thy soil;

Never shall war again divide us,  
South from north or east from west,  
But a peace akin to heaven  
Fill the nation's throbbing breast.

By the ashes of our heroes  
With unmoved heads we stand,  
With our eyes upturned to heaven,  
And out on this fair land—

Land we prize above all others,  
Land so broad and rich and great;  
Heart with heart in closest union,  
Let us build a grander state.

Hail! the coming of the era!  
Hail! the dawning of the day,  
When the Blue that won the battle  
Shall clasp hands with gallant Gray.

And together mourn their sorrows,  
And together blend their tears  
Till the past shall be forgotten  
In the joy of coming years.

Come we then to-day, O brothers!  
Treading softly on the sod,  
In the presence of the fallen,  
In the sunshine of our God;

Come with tributes of affection  
For the heroes sleeping here,  
Sweetly lay the fragrant flower,  
Kindly drop a brother's tear.

[For the GUARDIAN.]  
Fair Play is a Jewel.

MR. EDITOR: Will you grant me a place in your GUARDIAN? I ask it in behalf of a matter not understood by many in this community—a matter, too, that is in great disfavor, and its adherents unkindly traduced. Then be assured the favor asked is not to bring your paper into a false position, but solely to try to pave the way to correct an injustice.

We profess to be a free people, claiming to believe and to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences. But is this claim freely awarded? Does not a new belief, or one differing from the popular standard, at once provoke attack and contumely? Believe as I do or be damned, rather seems to be the rule.

But to the matter in question. I overheard a conversation the other day, by several of our best citizens, in which the belief of the Spiritualists of our parish was most pitilessly referred to, and the rebuke and exposure of such foolishness by an able preacher from a neighboring town highly applauded—the confusion and dismay of the one was exulted at, the triumph of the other most heartily gratulated. Now, to this of course we can put in no serious objection, for such is nature, but certainly nature void of all christian charity; but we do protest against the contemptuous tone in which the belief of the poor Spiritualist was scouted. Why, said one gentleman, a man of years, too, and therefore ought to be a man of thought if not of charity to his neighbors' belief, they (the Spiritualists) can just believe anything. There, to me, appear to be a good many in this same credulous class, and to prove it I

want to ask the gentleman a few questions. And right here let me state that I do not appear as a champion of our Spiritualists, but simply as one who professes to entertain a little charity and forbearance towards the beliefs of men, ever remembering in other days it was said, "if this work be of God it will prevail, but if of man it will come to nought," or something to that effect.

But it is as to the matter of men's beliefs that I specially wish to ask a question or two; and in doing so I pray I may not offend, for I surely have no such aim.

Brother Abiff, stand up and answer. Do you truly believe the angels visited, ate and lodged with Abraham! that they talked with Lot and comforted Jacob? Do you really believe the story of the handwriting on the wall? of the Hebrew children and the fiery furnace? of Daniel in the lion's den? of Elisha and the ravens and Elijah and the bears? that Moses turned back the waters of the Red Sea? that he talked face to face with God? that the sun stood still at the command of Joshua? Do you from your heart believe the story of Mary and Joseph and Christ and the angels? of the guiding star? that the light suddenly so shone around Paul as to tear the scales from his eyes, and at the bidding of the unseen Christ he became his valiant Apostle? that Christ entered the closed room wherein were assembled the disciples? and opened the prison doors for Peter? Do you believe what John says of the angel while on the Isle of Patmos? Of course you do, and you do well.

But on what authority do you believe all this? Were you there? Have you ever seen anybody that was present, or heard any of it? Do you know of yourself that these things are true?

My dear sir, do you not take all these marvels on trust? on hearsay? the say-so of the Bible? Now don't say I am bringing in question the Bible, for I expect I have as much if not more faith in it than you have, (not blind faith though,) but say, do you know of the truth of these things, as you believe them to be? Do you know your Bible gives the true version? Can you go back to the original language of the Bible and read these things just as you now read them? Can you produce an original copy of the books of the Bible? Can you tell how often that Bible has been copied, translated and re-translated to suit the times? You can't do it, no more can I do it. Then it seems you are about in the same predicament with the Spiritualist. You can believe anything, particularly if you have been so taught from your cradle.

Be patient and hear me. Do you know what Spiritualism really teaches? It teaches that God is the Author of all things, and from Him everything moves and has its being. It teaches the brotherhood of man and the immortality of the soul. It teaches that you shall work out your own salvation, that you and you only are responsible for the deeds done in the body, that you cannot make a scapegoat of Christ. It teaches that every jot and tittle of the law will be fulfilled; that you make your own heaven or your own hell; that as you leave this life the other receives you. It teaches that in that higher life you stand face to face with truth, that you cannot hide any deceit or fraud or hypocrisy there as you can here, but that you will be estimated at your "intrinsic" value, and will take your place accordingly. It teaches that every dirty act or thought here is a shame and a wound to you and your friends there, as they are to you and your friends here when exposed. Can you see anything to laugh at or ridicule in this? There is no poetry in it you see, but real, earn-

est truth, with a reward, sooner or later, as it is earned.

The Spiritualist can prove his facts and faith by testimony that cannot be questioned; by living men and women throughout the world whose veracity and intelligence is admitted in the highest and most sacred tribunals—the hem of whose garments you nor I can touch. But you will not believe these men or women—you would not believe though one should rise from the dead and confront you. How strange! You will believe without question strange things that took place thousands of years ago, and on the credit of evidence you cannot positively know to be what it claims to be. You take it all on trust. Was men more truthful than now? Was he wiser then than now? Or does antiquity make truth and unquestionable authority?

James teaches "true religion and undefiled is to keep ones self unspotted from the world." Another, after enumerating all the virtues, proclaims "charity the greatest of all."

Did it ever strike you that if you destroy modern Spiritualism you possibly sweep away the very foundation of the Bible? its pith and marrow. (I don't refer to the peddled Spiritualism of the day). And again when you say, in speaking of these things, that you know this belief is true and that one false, that you arrogate to yourself one of the high prerogatives of Deity? HE KNOWS! but it may be he has full delegates on this earth.

The United States makes the great head centre of cosmopolitanism—constitutes the mighty reservoir for the mentality and spirituality of all the ends of the earth, and as a legitimate consequence of that universal law of nature, that effects follow cause, you must look for something new and strange and mighty under the sun from this new matrix. You need not kick, the law is inexorable, effects follow cause.

Be not offended. What I have said is from the kindest motives, barely hoping it may induce you to stop and think a moment, and grant the poor deluded Spiritualist the benefit at least of

EQUAL RIGHTS.

One of the persons affected by the Potter investigating committee and Anderson's testimony was C. Nash, would-be Congressman from the Sixth District of this State.

Congress, for a number of years past, has pursued the unwise course of paying back all contestants for admission to that body the expenses of the contest. This practice has had the effect, of course, of persuading scores of defeated Congressional candidates to make up a case of contest in order to secure these spoils. The practice was followed this year, and a liberal amount voted for the payment of the expenses of contest to defeated Congressmen, among them Nash. After the money had been set aside for this purpose Anderson came forward with his terrible testimony and the Nash-Anderson agreement. This killed Nash's case effectually. The committee reconsidered its action, reported unfavorable on Nash's prayer, and the colored ex-Congressman is out \$2070 election expenses.—N. O. Democrat.

"A good advertisement in a newspaper pays no fare on railroads; costs nothing for hotel bills; gives away no boxes of cigars to customers, or merino dresses to customers' wives; drinks no whisky under the head of traveling expenses, but goes all at once and all the time about its business free of charge."

All of which is true, albeit it is a little rough on the commercial traveler.

A country paper exclaims: "Lives there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, 'I'll pay before I go to bed the debt I owe the printer?'" Yes, there are some we know well, who never such a lie could tell, but they, we fear, will go to—well, the place where there's no winter!

### An Extinct Race.

"The Private Soldier in the War of the Rebellion."

[Barlington Hawkeye.]

At the decoration of the graves of the Union soldiers in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Gen. B. F. Butler delivered an address on "The private soldier in the war of the rebellion." It was a touching theme. There is always a wonderful pathos in a speech or play or story founded on a life that has ceased to exist. This is the charm of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" this is the power in Joaquin Miller's "Danites;" this must have lent tenderness and pathos to Gen. Butler's address.

The "private soldier in the war of the rebellion." He is dead. Or lost. Strayed or stolen, possibly. We do not know where he is, but he is not here. He has gone away to some place. Perhaps he has ceased to be necessary. Perhaps if he were here he would be in the way. At any rate he is not around. He does not go to the Legislature. We do not find him in Congress. He is not eagerly sought as a candidate for anything. Nobody seems to know anything about him. Occasionally he appears at the pension list, with one leg, a wife and seven children, and \$8 a month. If flour takes much of a rise, he will not last much longer at this rate, and we will soon be deprived even of the occasional glimpse we have of him.

It is asserted, and quite generally believed, that at one time he was quite numerous, and was even considered rather convenient, if not indeed quite indispensable. It was found that upwards of 100 of him were necessary in order to secure more line commissions for three eminent and deserving men. When field commissions were wanted for three even more eminent and great men upwards of 1000 private soldiers were necessary. One thousand! It seems an enormous number now, when by consulting the congressional directory we find there are none in all this proud republic. But twelve or fifteen years ago even that, incredible as it may appear to us today, was considered a small number.

There were private soldiers and private soldiers. There were even hundreds of thousands of them.

And they were useful. They dug trenches; they constructed long lines of breastworks, and then, when an enemy came within sight, they climbed over them and went outside of them to fight. They worked and watched and fought. Co-operating with great and eminent men who have since passed to their rewards in one office and another, these private soldiers sometimes rendered very useful service in winning great battles. Oh, they were useful. Some historians have even gone so far as to maintain that without them the war could hardly have been carried to a successful termination. They were really quite useful.

And now they are all gone. It seems sad, looking back at the war, that none but the generals and colonels and majors and line officers should have survived its dreadful ravages. Providence, ever mindful of the wants of a great and growing nation, undoubtedly took special care of these great men, and in its great anxiety that the country should not suffer from a lack of eminent men, kind of forgot the private soldiers and let them wander away. And so they fare all gone. Some of them got married and moved out of the world, to settle upon tracts of government land, where the Indians could get at them more easily. Some of them are teaching school. Some of them are driving drays. Some of them went away and didn't leave their present address. But all the same, they are all gone and it seems dreadfully lonesome without them. There used to be so many of them.

My success is owing to liberality in advertising.—Bonner.

The road to fortune is through printer's ink.—P. T. Barnum.

Success depends upon a liberal patronage of printing offices.—J. J. Astor.

Frequent and constant advertising brought me all I own.—A. T. Stewart.

My son, deal with men who advertise. You will never lose by it.—Ben Franklin.

How can the world know a man has a good thing unless he advertises the possession of it?—Vanderbilt.

It has been said of Mr. Bryant that he was a parsimonious man. A remark he made to a young writer, nine years ago, deserves to be remembered: "One of the first objects of a literary man should be to acquire an independence; his genius never does its best so long as it is the mere drudge of his necessities."