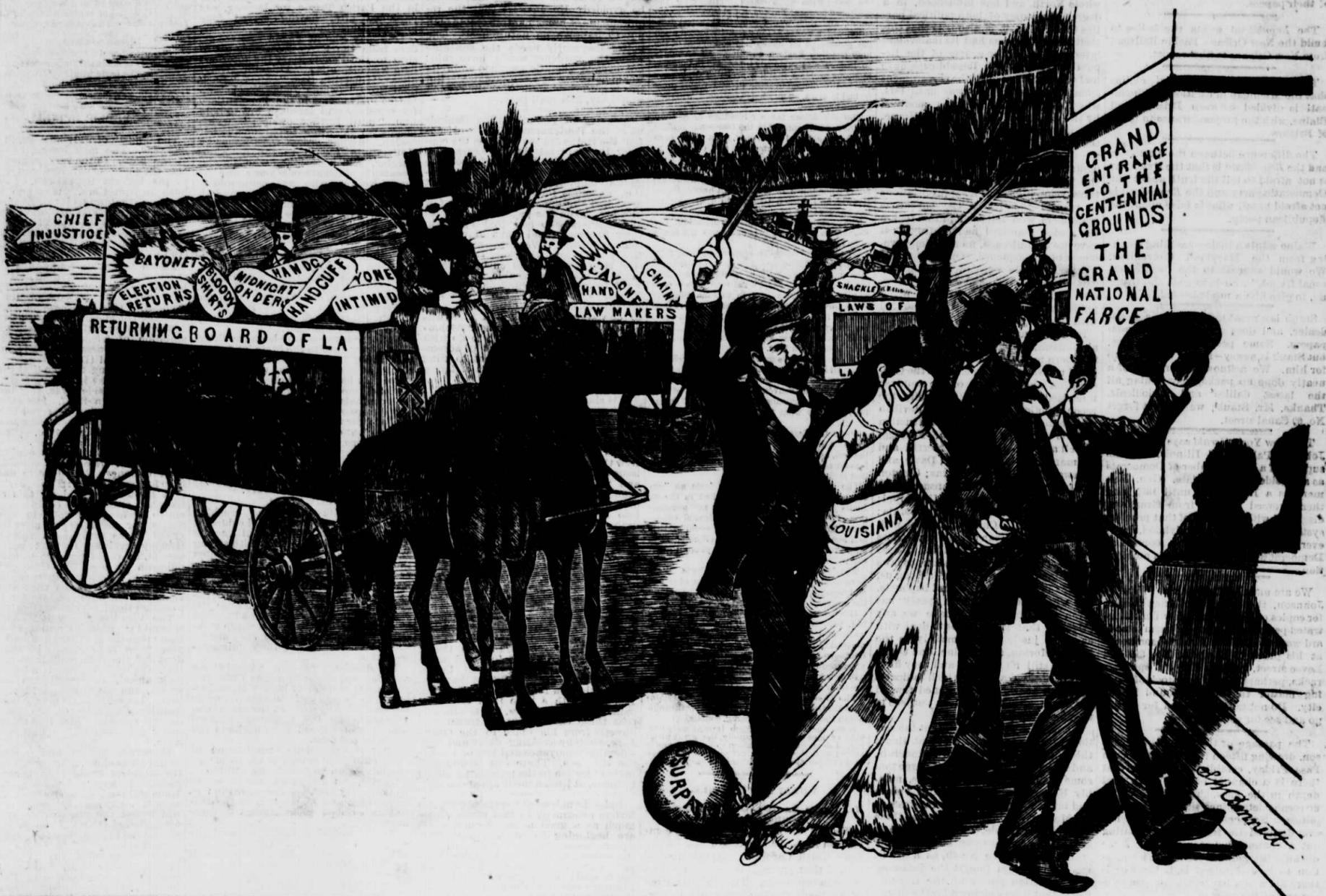


NEW ORLEANS DEMOCRAT.

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LOUISIANA AT THE CENTENNIAL.

Our artist this morning presents the readers of the DEMOCRAT with a striking illustration of the true position of Louisiana at the Centennial, and her products during the era of reconstruction are graphically delineated. A short time since a number of gentlemen of this city sent on to the Centennial as the products of this State, a number of alligators, rattlesnakes, bullfrogs and other reptiles. These, under the reconstruction policy of the Republican party, have, indeed, been some of the principal products of Louisiana, but the chief products of the State under the present regime, have been of a more rancorous nature, and our artist has given a fair sample of them.

The chief figure in the engraving on our first page represents Louisiana. The figure is the creation of genius. It represents a beautiful woman in chains, and ragged robes, her face hidden with shame in her shackled hands. The whole aspect of the figure is fine, conveying the idea of humiliation and shame. Kellogg, the usurper, is represented leading the wretched woman to the national jubilee, and is waving his hat in exultation over his victim. Packard and a negro are whipping up the fallen and helpless creature, and urging her on to the festival at which her happier sisters have assembled. In the rear follows a cage containing the Returning Board, driven by Chief Justice Ludelling; next follows a cage containing a number of our negro law makers driven by Warmoth, and then we notice among the articles embraced in the procession the election law, fraudulent bonds, the midnight order, Louisiana election returns and handcuffs.

Readers of the DEMOCRAT does not this picture truly represent Louisiana and her products at the Centennial? What has the hundredth anniversary of American independence given us but degradation for our State and these bitter and shameful things? If Louisiana is at the Centennial of American Independence, she is there in the person of those who are a disgrace to her and who reflect dishonor upon her; she is there, if there at all, in rags and chains, and because she has been driven there by the whips and kicks of those who rule over and disgrace her. Louisiana at the Centennial is indeed a bitter, burning, infamous lie.

We are indebted to Messrs. Marlborough & Hammett for the latest dailies and periodicals. These courteous gentlemen hold forth at No. 28 Commercial Place, where they are always ready to accommodate news seekers. Give them a call.

TELEGRAPHIC.

WASHINGTON.

E. JOHN ELLISON THE STAND.

Packard, Ludelling, Morey and Darrall Doomed.

Cowardly Attempt to Assassinate a Member of Congress.

(Special to the N. O. Democrat.)

WASHINGTON, May 13.—Mr. Ellison, of Louisiana, testified to-day and his testimony is of the most startling and important character. The whole story of Federal outrages in Louisiana in the elections of 1872 and 1874 will be told. Packard, Ludelling, Morey and Darrall are doomed. Kellogg, Grant and other prominent Radicals are implicated. The charges, among others, are forgery and robbing the mails.

A cowardly attempt to assassinate Col. Alfred Waddell, M. C., from North Carolina, was made at the Ebbitt House to-night by Cassidy, Radical editor of the Wilmington Post. The attempt was foiled, and Cassidy received a severe castigation.

Seelye and Perkins have not been before the committee. Seelye asks immunity from the authorities before testifying.

The beginning of the end of Louisiana's troubles is at hand.

Mr. Ellison is said to be in full possession of the testimony and documents.

Gen. Gibson is in New York; will return to-night.

DEMAS.

Seelye and Ferguson Will be Examined on Monday.

Doorkeeper Fitzhugh Will be Ousted.

Major Geo. Wedderburn is the Most Prominent Candidate.

(Special to the N. O. Democrat.)

WASHINGTON, May 13.—Seelye and Ferguson have arrived, and will be examined by the Committee on Monday.

The opposition to Doorkeeper Fitzhugh has grown so strong, in consequence of a private letter he wrote, which was recently published, that a resolution looking to his removal was to-day referred by the House to the Committee on Rules. It is conceded the report will be adverse to Fitzhugh. There is nothing criminal in the letter, but it is supremely ridiculous, and written in abandon of confidence and friendship. Major George Wedderburn, a native of New Orleans, is the most prominent candidate for Fitzhugh's office.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

THE LIBERALS YEARN FOR TILDEN.

Blaine and his Arkansas Crookedness.

The Blasphemous Belknap—Randall Vindicated.

WASHINGTON, May 9, 1876.

POLITICAL.

The National Executive Committee of the Liberal Republican party has determined to call a National Convention. Philadelphia is the place, and July 26 the time selected for the purpose. We are too close upon the verge of actual conflict to form a new army, and the Liberals will have to join one or the other of those in the field. It is said that of all those yet spoken of for the Presidency by either party, these Liberals and Reformers are best pleased with Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, for President, and John M. Palmer, of Illinois, for Vice President.

MR. BLAINE AGAIN EXPLAINS.

Having settled the \$64,000 Union Pacific bond purchase to his own satisfaction, Mr. Blaine has again found it necessary to rise to a personal explanation. In the schedule of Kansas Pacific bonds which had been placed, as Oakes Ames said, "where they would do the most good," the name of "Blaine, 15," appears. This schedule was not intended for the public eye, but saw the light of day through the clairvoyance of a newspaper correspondent in 1873. The gentleman who first disclosed the facts to the world was Mr. J. W. Knowlton, now deceased, the correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Blaine's explanation reflected upon the veracity of the correspondent; and ex-Congressman Riddle, father-in-law of the latter, addressed a letter to Mr. Blaine, in which he said:

"You assaulted the reputation of James Walcott Knowlton, then two years and a half in his grave. Had he survived till to-day, you would have remained silent; and your Joe Stewarts and MacFarlands would have told no tales. It devolves on me to vindicate, as I best may, his memory from your day."

The parties here referred to were both involved in the Pacific Mail distribution; MacFarland having received \$25,000, which he said he delivered to Col. Forney. Stewart is the "recusant witness" who refused to testify; and it is due to a gentleman of a similar name to say that it is Joseph B. Stewart, not Joseph J. Stewart, of Baltimore, who is engaged here in law business, that is meant. Mr. Riddle, doubtless, has the data upon which Knowlton disclosed the facts in 1873; and as he is a good lawyer as well as a close writer, he not only knows what evidence is, but how to put it together. So we may expect an interesting essay on railroad lobbying before long, in which the ex-Speaker will figure, and perhaps his brother, who is said to be the real party in this case. Mistaken identity is the plea here; but we shall await more light and another "personal explanation" before rendering a verdict.

BELKNAP INDIGNANT.

I had a brief chat with General Belknap, the Great Impeached, on the 8th inst., in the lobby of the Senate. He still bears up remarkably well under the ordeal through which he is passing, and continues to assert his innocence of the crime charged against him.

"And what do you think of your chances, General?" queried the writer.

"O, I am confident the Senate will decide that it has no jurisdiction in the case. How in h— can it do otherwise!" was the reply.

"But suppose the Senate should decide to try the case; what then?"

"If it does that even, I shall come out all right. Why d—n it, they can find no evidence to show that I knew the money received from Marsh was in consideration of privileges granted him by me." was the reply. "I am prepared to prove that I honestly believed, at the time that the money was paid me for Mrs. Belknap by Marsh as a trustee of certain property bequeathed to my wife."

"Some of the managers, notably Mr. Hoar, were rather severe on you, General," said the writer.

"Yes," was the indignant reply. "I did expect they would do their duty as prosecutors, and confine themselves to the discussion of the question of jurisdiction; but, instead of this, they have gone out of the way to assail me personally, G—d—n them. They have tried to intensify public opinion against me, and to make the conviction that I was a thief so strong that it could not be modified by evidence of my innocence of the most conclusive character."

"You have been indicted, I believe, by the Grand Jury of the District?"

"Yes, I believe so," replied the General, laughing; "h—! let them indict. I'll come out all right, mark what I tell you." Here the Senators returned to the chamber, after a recess of twenty minutes, and Belknap returned to his usual seat, by the side of his eminent counsel.

JUDGE THURMAN AND THE PRESIDENCY.

A friend of mine had a conversation with Senator Thurman, of Ohio, a day or two ago, during which allusion was made to the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. The Judge seemed averse to talking much on this subject, but in answer to the expressed hope that he might receive the nomination, he said, first taking a huge pinch of snuff (he is an inveterate snuff user, whose nose is always hungry), "Well, I want to see one of our best men get it. Fifteen years of Republican rule has well nigh ruined us as a nation; and to-day we stand much lower in the estimation of other Governments than ever before. As for myself, I don't disguise the fact that I would consider my nomination by the Democratic party as an exalted honor—something to be very proud of—and, if elected, I should use my best endeavors to purify all branches of the Government service. There are so many other men, however, better entitled to the nomination, my friend and colleague Bayard, Tilden, Hancock, Hendricks, and others, that I really haven't much hope, and shan't be a bit disappointed if I don't get the nomination."

"And did it ever strike you," continued the Judge, "that while the Re-

publican candidates are using every effort to annihilate one another, the Democratic aspirants preserve a dignified calmness, respecting each other's laudable ambition, and refraining from all kinds of mud-throwing?" And here the Judge might have added, but his ever present sense of courteous decorum prevented him, that Blaine is trying to kill off Conkling, and vice versa; that Bristow is doing his best to slaughter Blaine; in fact, that the Republican aspirants, and their friends, are having a regular Donnybrook fight, and are dragged off the field, one after another, their reputations damaged by compound fractures so comminuted as to be beyond the possibility of restoration to integrity.

SAM. J. RANDALL.

Our friends in the South here do not properly understand the Hon. Sam. J. Randall. This gentleman has been the able and active friend of all measures touching Southern, and particularly Louisiana, interests. Mean and malignant enemies here have sought to throw mud upon the motives and fame of this distinguished Pennsylvania Democrat, but all the slanders against him have been traced to that virulent sheet, the Philadelphia Times, whose object has been to injure one of the purest Democrats in the nation, and one of the ablest friends of the South.

How Congressmen save their Money.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

But for the timely interposition of Tom Scott the country would have been afforded the extraordinary spectacle of the entire body of members of Congress paying their way like any common individual. Mr. Hinkley, of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, a corporation which has no subsidy schemes before Congress and no favors to ask, refused to deadhead the Centennial excursionists, or to permit Tom Scott to transport them over that road. There was danger that the attendance at Philadelphia of patriotic statesmen would be extremely meagre, and there was also an opportunity to put in a telling stroke for the Texas Pacific job, and Col. Scott came promptly to the rescue with two free trains over a round-about route. The Congressmen will save their railroad fare to the Centennial opening, and the great Pennsylvania lobbyist will have placed the whole party under a personal obligation.

It is no disgrace to be poor, we know, but it is terribly inconvenient. We have often felt, after a hard day's work, as if we should like to read a few chapters in a Scandinavian bible, and now here is the work, printed in 1550, offered for sale in New York, and we haven't a thousand dollars to spare to purchase it.—(Norristown Herald.)

A man stuck a sorrowful-looking face, ornamented with a large nose, through a store door, the other day, and mournfully said, "You hain't seen nothin' of no man round here nowhere named Jim Crane, hain't yer?" "Yes, I guess we hain't," replied a loafer, and the man drew back the sorrowful-looking face and large nose and ambled away.—(Rockland Courier.)

(For the N. O. Democrat.)

TO DOLORES.

O pure in soul as fair of fame
Thou dost not dream who breathes thy name;
Who, gazing on thee as his star,
Bonds, worships, loves, reveres afar,
As seraphs worship round the throne,
And wastes with love he dares not own.

Afar at midnight's lonely hour
I've watched the lamp that lit thy bower,
Cold as the pale and quivering ray
Shone forth amid the moonbeam's play,
Have thought how blessed that light must be
Whose little life was spent for thee.

A student I, yet vainly pore
On toms and task of ancient lore,
From every leaf, from every line,
Thy clear, dark eyes look up in mine;
By day, by night, thy image haunts
On waking thoughts, on slumber's dreams.

Free was soul—not lightly stirred
By woman's glance, or woman's word—
Cold as the pure and feathery snow
Unstained, unthawed by passion's glow,
Till upon my spirit fell
The magic of thy beauty's spell.

Alas! too late the bird would wake
When round it coils the gazing snake!
With shrivelled wing, and writhing frame,
Too late the moth would fly the flame!
So he who dwells on beauty's glance,
Too late will wake from passion's trance!

I feel like those unblest, who wait,
Gazing afar on Eden's gate,
From fires that round them surge and swell,
Eternal, fierce, unquenchable—
Oh! agony, with love to cope,
Yet know the hopelessness of hope.

Old Fellows Marrying Washington Girls.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

The example set by Senator Christianity has been followed and is to be followed. A few afternoons since there was a gay gathering at the picturesque old Rock Creek Church, just north of the city, to witness the marriage of Mr. Beach of Connecticut, a gentleman of mature years, to Miss Emily Wood, a Washington belle, who is said to have refused several excellent offers, among them Mr. Corcoran. Next on the hymenial docket will come the marriage of Mr. Chandler Robbins, a Bostonian, now domiciled in New York, who is getting well along toward three score, to Miss Kitty Frelinghuysen, a daughter of Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey. And they say that a Republican Senator, who is well advanced in years, is actually engaged to an ornament of society just out of her teens.

"Landlord, did you ever have a gentleman stop with you before?" "Are you a gentleman?" "Yes, I am."

"Then I never had one stop with me before."

A man who bought one thousand Havana cigars this week, on being asked who he had, replied that they were tickets to a course of lectures to be given by his wife.

Why don't Secretary Robeson have hush introduced into the navy as a means of deadly warfare? It's the very best thing in the world to repel boarders.