

# THE PASCAGOULA DEMOCRAT-STAR.

BY P. K. MAYERS & M. B. RICHMOND.

"PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND."

TERMS—\$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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PASCAGOULA, JACKSON COUNTY, MISS., OCTOBER 25, 1878.

No. 31.

## PROFESSIONAL.

**Dr. A. P. Champlin**  
Has returned to BILOXI and resumed the practice of his profession.  
Office for the present at Shady Grove Hotel, Room No. 3.

**Roderick Seal, H. Bloomfield,**  
**Seal & Bloomfield,**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
Scranton, Miss.

Will practice in all the Courts of Jackson county, Mississippi. Each partner will continue to practice in his individual capacity in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**Dr. W. D. Bragg,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Is permanently located at Moss Point, Miss., and will practice in the town and country.  
Office at C. S. Stewart's Drug Store, Office Hours from 7 to 9 a.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

**Dr. D. C. Case,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Having permanently located at Ocean Springs offers his professional services to the people of the town and surrounding country. Thirty years extensive experience in the valley of the Mississippi and in the city of New Orleans, enables him to offer his professional experience as consulting physician to the members of the fraternity who are practicing at the towns along the coast.

**A. M. Dahlgren,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
OFFICE AT  
Biloxi and Beauvoir, Harrison Co., Miss.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.  
Reference—Gen. Jos. R. Davis, Hattiesburg; Hon. Roderick Seal, Mississippi City; Maj. W. T. Walthall, Beauvoir; John W. A. Champlin, Pass Christian, and others.

**J. J. Harry, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Ocean Springs, Miss.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Ocean Springs and surrounding country.  
Office—Opposite the Methodist Church.

**W. A. Champlin, Elliott Henderson,**  
**Champlin & Henderson,**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
Pass Christian, Miss.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**R. Seal,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Mississippi City, Miss.

Practices in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**C. H. Wood,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Moss Point, Miss.  
Practices in the Courts of Jackson, Harrison, Hancock, Perry and Greene.

**J. P. Carter,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Augusta, Perry County, Miss.  
Will practice in the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**Dr. A. K. Northrop,**  
DENTAL SURGEON.  
Office at Pass Christian, Miss.  
Will visit all points upon the coast, giving notice whenever he moves, at present at Pass Christian.

**S. Moore, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Pascagoula, Miss.  
Office and residence near the Seashore Hotel, residences and post-office.

**F. N. Blount, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Pascagoula, Scranton and Moss Point.  
Office—On Pascagoula street, opposite the railroad crossing, Scranton. Hours—10 a. m. to 2 p. m., and 5 to 7 p. m. Residence at the Seashore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

**JOSEPH KOTZUM,**  
**MACHINIST,**  
OCEAN SPRINGS, MISS.  
He will repair all kinds of Fire-arms, Sewing Machines, and general Blacksmith work done on short notice.  
Also pays the highest cash prices for WOOD, BEEHIVE, HIDES, FURS, IRON, BRASS, COPPER, LEAD, ZINC AND OLD IRON.  
Has on hand Cook Stoves, which he will sell at New Orleans prices.  
April 26, 1878. 5-6m

**THE SEA-BREEZE**  
**Exchange,**  
PASCAGOULA, MISS.  
**R. P. & J. S. Blalock, Prop'rs.**  
The most complete and thoroughly equipped establishment in the city. The very purest and choicest DOMESTIC and Imported Wines, Brandy, Rum, Gin, Whisky, Champagne, Ale, Beer, Porter, Stout, Cordials, Mineral Water, etc., kept constantly on hand.  
No better or purer liquors can be obtained. Visit the Sea Breeze and see for yourself.  
Oct. 23-78.

**C. & N. Butchert,**  
PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.,  
DEALERS IN  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, LIQUORS,  
Fruits, Feed, Lumber, Shingles, Lime, Plaster, Cement, Laths, Nails, &c., &c., always on hand.  
June 30, 1877. 8-4f

**JOHN V. TOULME & SONS,**  
Bay St. Louis, Miss.,  
Tanners and Manufacturers  
OF  
BOOTS, SHOES AND HARNESS.  
Orders solicited and promptly filled. Entire satisfaction guaranteed.  
May 3, 1878. 6-17

## THE COURTS.

REGULAR TERMS.  
CIRCUIT COURT—SEVENTH DISTRICT.  
JAMES S. HAMM, Judge,  
THOMAS S. FORD, District Attorney.

In the county of Lauderdale on the second Monday of February and August, and continue eighteen days.

In the county of Kemper, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Clarke, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the third Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Harrison, on the third Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the third Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday in March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Perry, on the first Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Wayne, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Pearl, on the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the third Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday in March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Perry, on the first Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Wayne, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Clarke, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Lauderdale, on the second Monday of May and November, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Kemper, on the fourth Monday of May and November, and continue six days.

MISCELLANEOUS.

**RED STORE**  
AT  
**Pass Christian Miss.**

**LARGEST ASSORTMENT**  
AND CHEAPEST PRICES ON THE  
**SEA COAST.**

Having moved into our new and commodious Store with the **Largest** and **Best** selected stock of

**DRY GOODS,**  
**Notions, Clothing,**  
**Saddlery, Shoes, Hats,**  
**WILLOW & WOODENWARE,**  
**Hardware, Tinware, and Cutlery,**  
**COOK STOVES**  
At New Orleans Prices.

**Family Groceries**  
The Red Store will pay the Cash for Cotton, Wool, Hides, Tallow, Beeswax, etc., and if our prices for goods are not lower than they can be had elsewhere, we do not ask any one to buy of us.

Come and see for yourselves.  
**We have no branch store.**

Try  
**JORDY'S RED STORE.**  
May 31, 1878. 10-17

**F. CARRAU, Miss.**  
DEALER IN  
DRY GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, SHOES, ETC.  
Will continue to cut and make clothing to order.  
June 7, 1878. 11-17

## For the Democrat-Star.

### THE SCOURGE.

BY MRS. E. H. ELLIS.

The terrible scourge, with affright in its train!  
Like a tempest it rushes o'er valley and plain,  
And hundreds dismay'd are flying away  
From the poisonous plague which no power can stay.

Proud cities and villages, shrouded in gloom,  
The lov'd and the lost have sunk to the tomb,  
For the reaper has laid his icy hand  
On the fairest flowers of our sunny land.

He has pale'd the cheek of the maid in her bloom,  
And tottering age has sent to the tomb;  
Has snatched the babe from the mother's breast,  
And laid it among his thousands to rest.

In triumph he rides, unheeding the wail  
Of the sorrowful hearts who sadly quail;  
Who weep for the lov'd ones forever gone,  
And sigh for each dear familiar tone.

He has quelled the heart of the fair young bride,  
The light of the household—a mother's pride—  
And stricken to earth the manly form,  
So late in glowing health and vigor warm.

Zephyrs bear on their trembling wings  
The widow's wail, where Death his shadow flings;  
His skeleton foot treads the halls of the great,  
And the rich, as the poor, his summons await.

Oh! sad it is to contemplate the end!  
Father and mother, brother, sister, friend;  
All to the cold and silent tomb are gone,  
And conquering still, the cruel work goes on.

The faithful heralds of the Cross are gone;  
They've fought the fight, the victor's crown is won.  
Firm to their post they stood amid alarms,  
Till summoned to the dear Redeemer's arms.

Father, it is Thy chastening hand  
That holds the rod which desolates our land;  
And humbly now we own Thy Sovereign power  
To blast the hope of mortals in an hour.

Each passing day is heard the mournful dirge,  
As earth receives the victims to the scourge;  
And brave hearts tremble at the sickening scene,  
For youth and beauty fall in all their sheen.

Stay Thy afflicting hand, O Gracious God!  
We mourn the thousands sleeping 'neath the sod.  
Thy righteous arm, and only Thine, can save  
Thy suffering creatures from the cold, dark grave.

Bellefontaine, Miss.

Written for the Democrat-Star.  
**The Life of an Old Mariner.**

From Youth to Old Age—Why He Left Home and Started Out on His Own Hook—What a Medal Did—Maternal Tyranny—A True Story.

BY COUNTRYMAN.

[Concluded.]  
CHAPTER 2.

"Jimmie," said he, "I believe that I can trust you with a secret, my boy, and that you will undergo almost any trial save death itself rather than disclose anything submitted to your trust. Be so always, my boy; never betray that confidence reposed in you; it is sacred trust, whenever honesty and integrity are involved therein. Be true in every sense of the word, by word, deed or act, for on it rests your prosperity and happiness in this life, and in order to prepare for that which is to come, you have only to adhere more closely to it in its various features, and to cultivate those traits and virtues; which, even to the worldly-minded, are admired for their heaven-born radiance; but like the beautiful stars, that illuminate the canopy of heaven with their gentle beams, are too far for them to reach, only through that way which leadeth to life everlasting."

"He uttered these words, as if addressing some one older than himself."

"I am," he continued, "going to deposit all my money in this box, Jimmie, and should anything happen to me, there will be some one left to impart the news of its whereabouts to my wife."

"As I said before, the cargo was sold and the money deposited in the 'receiver.' Soon thereafter the captain died; but no sooner had he been lowered down to his last resting place than the first mate, the succeeding officer, made a rush on me for the suspected treasure. I told him I knew not where it was, but I did. I was determined though to keep it a secret from any one until I could see Mrs. Forrest. He bent and punished me most cruelly, but to no effect. When he thought that my life was about gone he took me to the Marine hospital in

Constantinople. There he left me for dead, but by kind treatment, in two or three days I was able to set up in bed. I now began to realize my real situation—my utter helplessness. The chilling frost of adversity was beginning to stamp its impress on the young and tender sprout. I thought of home as it once was, of my father and what he said to me seven months before as he placed the medal on my neck: 'Should you ever get into trouble, my son, this medal may prove of great benefit to you.' Those words rang through my ears with a sweet and hallowed melody, and caused me to consider, as I said for the first time, my real condition, and for the first time did I bury my head in my little pillow and cry, thinking of home as it used to be, of my own dear mother when she used to take me in her lap and pet me and call me 'mother's darling boy.' One day just after I had finished one of these crying spells, and while the scalding tears could yet be traced down my burning cheeks, the tending physician of the hospital came around to pay me his daily visit. From his countenance and the tearful expression of his eyes, I felt that in this far away land I had, at least, one sympathizing friend.

"Say, my little boy, what is that you have on your neck?"

"As he spoke these words he wheeled at the door and came back to my bedside.

"Ah! yes, I see," said he. My little boy wouldn't you like to go home?"

"I have no home, said I, but I would like to go back to England."

"Well," responded this good man, "you shall go back; that mate treated you badly, didn't he?"

"He said nothing more to me in regard to my bad treatment, but I could discern in his countenance, as young as I was, a fixed purpose—a determination to have that mate suffer the just penalty of the law. In two or three days after this conversation transpired I was able to get up and walk around in my room, after which the doctor would come and take me out riding in his buggy in the evening. I soon recovered my strength under such kind treatment, and three weeks from the time of my entering the hospital I was able to leave for England. The doctor gave me two letters—one from Lloyd's agent in Constantinople to his agent at Gibraltar; the other contained my free passage on board the steamship—bound for that place. After Capt. Forrest, took charge of the ship—receiving a ready return cargo to England sailed in a few days—nearly three weeks before I did—but with adverse winds he was unable to cope with the speed of the steamer I was on. I landed safely at Gibraltar with my letters; delivered the one directed to the agent there, was transferred to another steamer (with the second pass and accompanying letter) bound to England. I landed home, or rather at M., where I first shipped nine months before; reported at office of my consignee. The agent read the letter I gave him in a breathless silence—a feeling of rage and indignation flushed his cheek.

"Ah! my little boy, you've had a tough time of it, but we'll fix that man for his rascality!"

"Home again, or near there thought I to myself as I wended my way down the streets toward my sister's. I had not gone far before my father and I met very unexpectedly. Folding me to his arms and planting tender, passionate kisses on my forehead while the tears of joy streamed from his eyes.

"You have come home to stay with your papa. Now, my son, haven't you?"

"I purposely gave him an evasive answer, because it would have been a negative one had I replied directly to his question. I gave him a full account of my travels, and their attendant details, and especially in regard to the punishment inflicted on me by the mate.

"Ere this soul shall wait itself through eternal space, shall I see this outrage avenged?"

A few days had passed away, and while I was walking down the street with my father two policemen stepped up to us and patting me on the shoulder saying:

"Come with us, we want you!"

"All I could do was to follow. My father I discovered was not at all excited over the matter. Marching me down the street apiece they came to a dead halt at the steps of a huge building where a large crowd of people had assembled, it seemed, over something of high importance. With trembling limbs and downcast eyes they marched me through the crowded audience to the front of the presiding judge. I beheld the mate, my persecutor, in irons. A fiendish and brutal look was depicted on his countenance.

"Oh! you thought you had killed me, did you? said I to him impetuously.

"Yes," said he and I am sorry I didn't!"

"Ah! indeed," retorted the judge.

"Hang him! hang him!" was cried out, and great excitement prevailed.

"The purpose of my arrest was accomplished. The culprit confessed his guilt and was quickly transported to Australia to serve at hard labor for twenty years.

"Days and weeks rolled on. A childless widow—a Christian lady, mourning for one whom she loved dearer than life—mourning for one—a Christian husband sleeping beneath the sod Mohamed trod. The old ship was hauled and knocked to pieces, her race was run, and as people passed to and fro they would remark that is the old ship the little sailor boy was beaten almost to death on by the mate, to make him tell where Capt. Forrest had hidden his money. Vague were the speculations and theories as to its whereabouts. Prospectors and adventurers believed as much in the existence of such Bonanza as do some of the people in this country about the buried treasures of the pirate Laddite.

One day as I was sitting near the old ship looking at her with a feeling of pity, her torn up condition, and thinking of the many happy romps I had on her when Capt. Forrest was alive, and musing as to the probable finding out and disposition of the hidden treasure, some one brushed by me—lady in deep mourning—she inadvertently turned her head around. I recognized in her my friend Mrs. Forrest, who had just returned to M. to settle up her husband's business affairs. I greeted her; she did not know me, for she was yet ignorant of the fact that I was alive, but pointing to the old ship I asked her if she knew the little boy that used to play on that old ship so much. She drew me close to her and cried as though her heart would break. After tears of joy and sorrow had commingled with each other, and rolled on to stamp their impress on the tablets of memory, we turned to talking about the circumstances attending the captain's death and burial and of my own misfortune.

"Mrs. Forrest," said I, "did you get your money?"

"What money, Jimmie?"

"Why the money Capt. Forrest made off his cargo in Constantinople."

"No, Jimmie, I did not! I have heard nothing as to what went with the proceeds of the sale of his cargo. I set it down that what he did receive was gobbled up or else secured in such a way that I will never see anything of it."

"You mistake, Mrs. Forrest, I told you about the mate's beating me nearly to death, to make me tell him where the captain had hidden his money. I never told you of the place that I was ignorant of the time that I was concealed, for I am not; I once knew where it was, and it strikes me that it still rests where the captain placed it. I see no signs of the cabin being disturbed by the workmen in that particular place.

"Went to the old ship where she lay on the beach. The sun had now hurried himself beneath a sea of crimson and twilight had come to place the seal of eternity on another departing day. All was silence and repose as we ascended the every day trodden way of play children and prospectors to the cabin of the old ship. We went in. 'Oh! my dear husband!' exclaimed Mrs. Forrest, and she sank down in a swoon."

"I ran and got cold water and applied to her head; she recovered. I slipped a little plank aside. I knew exactly where the 'receiver' was, and sure enough there were the doubloons, resting where Capt. Forrest had placed them. Mrs. Forrest was from that day considered well off. She awarded me highly for my faithfulness to her interests.

CHAPTER 4.

"Ten years passed away, during that time I applied mine heart to know and to search, and to seek out wisdom and the reason of things, and to know the wickedness of folly, even of foolishness and madness. I had traversed the seas and oceans of the globe, with no especial object in view. That spirit which declared its independence at the outset of my career, still maintained its sovereignty; it was the lever power of my pilgrimage; it carried me through scenes and trials calculated to deface the moral faculties of the soul. I still wore the medal placed on my neck by father ten years before, and his parting words together with the paternal counsel and precepts bequeathed to me by Capt. Forrest were still enshrined in my heart. Virtuous precepts and examples inculcated into our composition in early life seldom, if ever, disappear entirely, even though we tread the path nigh unto the brink of desolation. They are like diamonds hidden and obscured by the turbid stream running over them, but are made bright and lucid by crystal waters. Thus, in early youth, when we are told from the lips of those we love that there are certain rules to be observed, certain lines to follow in all our conduct and actions, such teachings will ever hold a

supremacy in our moral constitution; whatever storms may beset us, whatever may be the magnitude of sin and vice, their banner floats high above such battles—fanned by that breeze of reverence and sanctity, which fadeeth not away. Ten years! ah! how many changes can take place within that time. I returned home to England from the United States with a little fortune. I went to see my father, his head was bending low, time and the cares of life had sprinkled his head with silver threads. My little sister, for whom I had ventured so much, was now grown and married with two children—Jimmie and Rebecca. In seeing them I realized the fact that nature is immutable—that the roses of to-day must fade, that those of to-morrow may bloom in beauty. My stepmother had undergone a complete change of character. She had embraced the Christian religion, and that terrible demon-like visage which once held high carnival in her every look and feature had departed, and in its stead could be discerned the emotions and outpourings of a pure and noble heart. Yes, the purifying elements of some great power were written on her brow—a power I could not comprehend. 'How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out.' Thus ended the tale of Jimmie M.

Political Points.

Sardis Star: The greenback party of this county is a shrub of slow and tender growth.

Louisville Courier-Journal: The Massachusetts democracy has not been bottled up. It has only gone off half corked.

New York Express: Little Eugene Hale does not want to lower the republican standard. It could not be much lower than it is now.

New York Tribune: If Massachusetts does her duty there will be only enough of Butler left after election for a choice specimen of political bric-a-brac.

New York Sun: The republican party of Michigan is kicking in the traces, but since the Maine election Zach Chandler has been too sick to sweat.

Boston Herald: It is pretty evident that anything that helps build up the national party helps tear down the democratic party. But the national party will have only a butterfly existence. A year of successful resumption would put it in the cold, cold ground.

Washington Post: The radicals are having a good deal to say about the democracy being swallowed up by the greenbackers; but they would be willing to provide the dressing if they could be swallowed up in the same way.

Washington Post: It's not our matter, but we venture to suggest to radical newspapers the impolicy of charging that 'Ben Butler represents all that is bad in American politics.' If the radical party could be made to believe that, it will vote almost solid for Butler.

Last Week's Elections.  
Jackson Clarion.

On the 8th inst., elections were held in four States, which will determine the political complexion of the next house of representatives. The result will assure democratic ascendancy after the 4th of March next, in both branches of congress, for the first time in twenty years. These elections were held in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa and West Virginia. These four States have forty-five representatives in the present house. In the present congress Ohio has twelve republicans and eight democrats, Indiana has nine republicans and four democrats, Iowa has nine republicans, and West Virginia three democrats. Making 30 republicans and 15 democrats. In the election on the 6th, in Ohio, the republicans carried the State by 6,000 majority. The congressional delegation will stand 18 democrats, 9 republicans. Saylor and Goss, from the Cincinnati district, are reported defeated. Indiana has gone democratic by an increased majority in the popular vote. The legislature is democratic, this securing Mr. Vorhees election to the U. S. senate. The congressional delegation will stand: 6 democrats, 6 republicans, 1 national. Iowa gives her usual republican majority, and returns a solid republican delegation (9) to congress. West Virginia returns a solid (3) democratic delegation. To sum up the result, it stands about as follows: republicans 24, (loss of six,) democrats 30, (gain of five,) nationals 1, (gain of one.)

A Boston Girl.  
Whitehall Times.

She was a Boston girl. She was visiting her Whitehall country cousin. While walking out, several butterflies passed her. "Oh dear me, what charming little birds. They are perfectly exquisite." "They are not birds, my dear," replied her country cousin, "they are butterflies." "Oh, you don't say so. Then these are the dear little creatures that fly from flower to flower and gather the sweet yellow butter that we use? They are too lovely for anything."

It is said that General Sherman has shown so much feeling on account of his son joining the Jesuits, and has reproached his wife and her Roman Catholic friends so bitterly for robbing him of his favorite son, that Mrs. Sherman has changed her plans and determined to live with her husband hereafter and give up her religious labors. She has rented her house in St. Louis, and upon the General's return will resume her residence in Washington. Mrs. Sherman, who has been very ill, is convalescent.

High Authority.  
The late eminent chemist, Prof. Jas. V. Z. Blaney, says, in his letter of December 4, 1874: "Since I became satisfied, by my analysis, with the purity of Dr. Price's Baking Powder, of its freedom from adulteration, the care taken in its preparation, I have had it used in my own house."

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday any more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to let her father's house be used as a court house.

All flesh is grass—but grass withers and is not all flesh.

A Western lawyer included in his bill against his client: "To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, \$5."