

Louisiana Democrat.

E. R. BLOSSAT,.....EDITOR

OFFICE—CORNER OF
SECOND AND ELLIOT STS.

Our Agents.

Thomas McIntyre,.....New Orleans
J. Curtis Waldo,....." "
S. M. Pettengill & Co.,.....New York

ALEXANDRIA, LA.,

Wednesday,....January 21, 1874.

The ball and supper which we announced last week, would be given by the Masonic Fraternity of our Town has been definitely settled upon, and Tuesday the 17th of next month (Mardi Gras) is the day fixed for the Feast. From what we know of the men of the Order at the head of this affair, we are certain it can but be a complete success and a pleasant reunion of our good people.

John Lee Carroll, who has just been elected President of the Maryland Senate, is the great grand son of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last survivor of the Declaration of Independence, and Wm. Pinkney Whyte, just elected U. S. Senator from that state, is a grandson of Wm. Pinkney, the greatest lawyer of his day.

Another big fire in Jefferson, Texas; loss over one million of dollars. Among the sufferers is our old friend Dillard, of the Tribune. His complete and fine printing office was entirely destroyed in the fire, which loss falls heavily on the veteran of the Press.

We are in receipt from the "World" office, of our usual and annual remembrance, a copy of the World Almanac for 1874, which we expect to enjoy as a rare intellectual treat, and report on hereafter.

Big fuss, row and h—l to play in Terrebonne Parish; all a la Colfax nigger and all in the interest of that turbulent element.—Kellogg has sent his troops there and all will be well and whitewashed as pure as Snow!

We can find no terms harsh enough for the bad conduct of the clerk of the weather in our locality.—Since our last we have had sleet, snow, rain; cold weather, warm, sultry weather, in fact all four seasons of the year in quick succession.

Hon. E. C. Davidson, our member of Congress, passed up on the Gov. Allen, on Monday. He is plucky to the last, of good cheer and will return to Washington in time to make our fight.

Judge Orsborn is back from independent Grant, Court having adjourned on Saturday. Very little business there, all peace and hunger at Colfax; short horse soon carried.

The latest accounts from Washington, concerning the Texas emette, has Davis, the dead beat Governor, still crying for bayonets, but Attorney General Williams is banking on moral suasion.

Our regular and ever punctual Weekly Packet St Mary, alone in her glory, reached her Alexandria home, early Monday, and goes down this day at 12 M.

The venerable Gail Borden, the inventor of "soup meat biscuit" and of "condensed milk," died on the 11th inst, near Columbus, Colorado County, Texas.

General Withers, Conservative and Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, has been elected to the U. S. Senate, from that good old State.

The Texas Troubles.

A bad example is easily followed. When ambitious candidates for office in Louisiana, in defiance of the will of the people of the State, set up a State government and were sustained in their usurpation by the Republican administration at Washington, it was to be expected that others of their friends would follow their example. It is so easy in localities where the Radicals are in a minority, to elect their ticket by a Presidential proclamation, a decision of a venal court, and a squad of soldiers, that the temptation is a little too strong to be resisted.

The State of Texas is thoroughly Democratic. In a recent contest, whose fairness is not doubted, the Democratic ticket was elected by 43,000 majority. But the Radical ticket wanted to stay in and hit upon a precedent to accomplish their object. The Radical Governor held on to his position over his term. He got the Supreme Court to decide the election unconstitutional. This was in imitation of Louisiana, where Durell's Court decided in favor of Kellogg and Ludeling's Court was "with us," in the language of Packard.—According to Morton, when the State Courts so decide the battle is over.—But Davis knew that the Texans have a way sometimes of unceremoniously cutting the throats of people who stand in the way. Hence he writes to Grant to send him troops to maintain the "legal State government."

If Davis had learned a lesson from the Louisiana question, so bad Grant. He has discovered that the people everywhere rebuke his interference in the Louisiana matter, and is evidently sorry for his action in it.—Hence he telegraphs to Davis that he had better submit. The Texans, therefore, not being met by Federal bayonets, walk over the track and are masters of the situation. Texas will have the officers she elected, and Radicalism in her borders is doomed.

So would it have been in Louisiana had Grant acted toward her people in the same sensible and magnanimous manner. If Grant had held off last winter the Kellogg government, the pretended choice of the majority of the people, would not have lasted fifteen minutes. May we not hope that, now the Radicals have seen the error of their ways, the administration may yet repair the wrong it has done the State?

We refer the afflicted to the card of Drs. Jordan & Jacques, the distinguished practitioners who have effected so many wonderful cures of disease of which they make a specialty, who have for some months past been established at No. 17 Rampart St. between Canal and Common Sts. New Orleans, where they may be consulted in person or by letter.—They have established a reputation for skill and care in the treatment of even the most difficult cases, which will justify all who are afflicted in seeking relief at their hands. Their medical work the "Medical Essays on Marriage, the causes and cure of Premature Decline in Man" which has been highly advised by both the press and scientific men, is replete with valuable information.

Elsewhere we publish a short, but plain article from the N. Y. Times, a leading Radical Journal, on the nomination of Caleb Cushing for Chief Justice. The candor of the Times we can but admire, as it forcibly writes that none but an avowed and pronounced Radical must be placed on the Supreme Bench.

The Parish Court was not held on last Monday, owing to the severe illness of Judge Ledoux.

Old Red is on another big bender, and has gone to falling again.

Two Foes of Health.

Cold and damp are inimical to health and we generally have an unwholesome combination of the two at this season. They penetrate the skin and integuments and affect the muscular, glandular and nervous organizations, producing rheumatism, neuralgia and chills and fever, and where there is a tendency to dyspepsia or liver complaint, provoking an attack of indigestion or biliousness. The best advice that can be given under such circumstances is to keep the external surface of the body warmly clothed, and to keep the internal organs in vigorous working order with the most wholesome and genial of all tonics, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Gradually but constantly this famous invigorant is superseding the adulterated liquors of commerce, as a medicinal stimulant and corrective, in all parts of the country. It will be a happy day for humanity, and it will surely come, when this pure restorative shall have taken the place of raw spirits as a stimulant in all our public and private hospitals. It is not, however, merely a harmless substitute for the fiery stimulants referred to. Its stimulating properties are not its chief merits, although in this regard it surpasses all the unmedicated products of the still, domestic or imported. The powerful influence it exercises over the torpid and toneless stomach, the disordered liver, the constipated bowels, and the relaxed nerves, render it a positive specific in dyspepsia, liver complaint, intestinal constriction, nervous weakness, hypochondria, rheumatism and sleeplessness. All chronic complaints are aggravated by a cold, moist atmosphere, and it is therefore particularly necessary for those who are afflicted with ailments of this nature, whatever their type may be, to meet this predisposing cause of sickness with a wholesale antidote. Hostetter's Bitters should be taken daily at this season by all persons laboring under chronic ailments that tend to weaken the system.

THE PLANTERS' AND FARMERS' PAPER.—Our Home Journal and Rural Southland has just completed its sixth volume, and has, from the start, continued to improve in usefulness; its articles are from the pens of the most practical agricultural writers of the South, the continued popularity and progress of the paper are the best proofs of its worth; the seventh volume commences January 1, 1874; the paper is a large sixteen page weekly; its great variety of reading matter makes it the favorite of the Southern weeklies. Now is the time to subscribe; every new subscriber will receive a fine pair of chromos worth \$3, upon receipt of \$3, the subscription price of the paper; send for it, it is just the paper for every Southern farmer or planter and their families. Address, Our Home Journal and Rural Southland, New Orleans.

Every time the President makes an appointment, it looks as though he puts his foot in it. This time it is the case of the Cincinnati postmaster. The Gazette (Republican), of that city, says that, in making the appointment, the President has "done no credit to himself, or rendered any service to the Republican party," but that he has "caused general dissatisfaction, and lowered the Administration in the estimation of our citizens." If this thing goes on, the Administration will soon reach that lowest depth below which there is no other deep.

Senator Barber and the official journal disagree on the Terrebonne controversy. The former declares that white men are murdering negroes by scores; the latter avows that thus far nobody has been hurt, and that the difficulty is altogether among the blacks themselves.

Of course, neither comes within a mile of the facts, but why this discord between brothers? Why not agree on some statement?—[N. O. Picayune.

We have, the past week, been furnished with New Orleans papers, by the Lotus No. 3, Gov. Allen, La Belle and St. Mary.

The Legislature of Ohio have re-elected the Hon. A. G. Thurman to the U. S. Senate.

Governor McEnery has gone to Washington.

Sambo's Tax Receipt.

A negro living in a neighboring county, having been fortunate enough to accumulate considerable of this world's goods, desired, as all loyal subjects should, to pay tax on the same. It being a new business to him, he did not know there was a proper officer for receiving the tax, and concluded all that was necessary was to find a man with a white skin.

Consequently he hailed the first man he met with, "Say, boss, I want to pay my tax; mus' I gib it to you?" On being told it would be received by the comprehending white gentleman, the negro gave him \$25, and asked him if that was enough. "I suppose it is," said the white man. "Boss, gim me showin' for dat," said the negro. Again the wits of the white man were at work, and he soon handed the negro a slip of paper with the inscription: "As Moses lifted the serpent out of the wilderness, likewise have I lifted \$25 out of this d—n negro's pocket."

Not long after this the negro met the tax collector proper. "Done paid it, boss, and here's de receipt," at the same time handing the piece of paper to the officer. He read: "As Moses lifted the serpent out of the wilderness, likewise have I lifted \$25 out of this d—n negro's pocket." "Hold on, boss, you read um wrong," ejaculated the astonished darkey, as he snatched the paper and carried it to another man, who began to read, "As Moses lifted—" Here he was interrupted by the negro, who exclaimed: "Look-a-yar! jest gim me dat paper. I'm gwine to lift dat white man out'n his boots, 'fore God I is." With this he left, and, not having been heard from since, it is supposed he is still looking for the man to whom he paid his tax.—[Dawson (Ga.) Journal.

FASHION VS. FOOD.—An observer, writing about the English factory girls, gives an amusing description of the manner in which one of them passed her dinner hour. Crowds of these girls had assembled outside of a cheap cook-shop during the half hour allotted to dinner. Among them was a ragged, scantily-clothed child about fourteen years old. She stood for a long time in front of the cook-shop window looking longingly within. All the others had gone, and the poor forlorn child still remained there rattling a few half pence in her hand. At last, with a longing look at the tempting viands, she paused for a moment at the open door and then dashed off down the street. The observer followed her, thinking that she was in search of a cheaper cook-shop, and paying her hard fare. But she soon reached a store where second-hand finery was for sale, entered, and returned in a few minutes with a faded but gorgeous bundle of artificial flowers, containing a full-blown rose, a poppy or two, and a fair sprinkling of wheat.—With a glow of triumph on her face, old before its time, she looked eagerly around to see if any one observed her. Then spying, close at hand the secluded gateway of a lumber-yard, she darted across the road, and crouching in a corner was quickly observed in retrimming the battered old hat which rested on her knees.

A REPUBLICAN ASSAULT ON THE ADMINISTRATION.—A Washington dispatch of the 8th, says: Mr. Kasson today led off on the part of the anti-monopoly party in the House, in a speech of great power and boldness, against the education bill, taking the ground that it was a step towards centralization and another assault of the Federal power against the rights of a State. He also opposed it on the ground that it was part and parcel of the public land policy of the Republican party for the last twelve years, which he denounced, and to put an end to which, he said, was one of the main objects of the great reform movement now sweeping over the West. His position seemed to be accepted by the Eastern monopolists, Republicans and Southern carpetbaggers as a sage or defiance to the Administration, and the representative of the latter element, Roderick R. Butler, took strenuous issue with Kasson. The speech of the Iowa reformer, however, was the sensation of the day, and opened the eyes of a good many, hitherto, skeptical, to the fact that there is a big break in the Republican party.—[St. Louis Republican.

Gen. Barber, Morris Chester, and other colored orators and statesmen cannot make a speech without charging the white people of the Red River Parishes with the responsibility for the Colfax massacre. Now comes ex-Governor Michael Hahn, who represents an almost unanimous negro constituency, and imputes the chief blame of this dismal tragedy to no less an individual than his "Excellency W. P. Kellogg."

Cannot these chiefs of the Radical party settle so simple a fact as this between themselves?—[N. O. Picayune.

The Dean of Canterbury, when speaking in defence of his action in the joint communion matter, rather startled his English audience by giving it as his opinion that "an established church is not altogether a gain."

Tom Benton's Daughters.

"Aaron Boileau, who was sentenced to imprisonment by a French court for his connection with the Memphis and El Paso railroad affair, is confined in the conciergerie. Madame Boileau is at Boulogne. She and her six children live through the generosity of their friends." To many people of Missouri (says the St. Louis Dispatch) this brief paragraph will convey more than a passing interest. Nine or ten years ago Baron Boileau was the French consul at New York city, trusted and respected by his government, and popular and accomplished in his intercourse with the people of America. He married, while consul at New York, Susan daughter of Colonel Thomas H. Benton. The marriage was a most happy one. Baron Boileau was afterward appointed Minister to Ecuador, and it was while performing the functions of his office in that locality that he was recalled and discharged by the French authorities. During his stay in New York he had become involved in railroad schemes, and had been induced in an evil hour, to recommend, in his capacity as an official agent of the government, the negotiations of the Memphis and El Paso railroad bonds. In this he violated the plain law of his country. Rigid in such matters, the French government carried out the law to its utmost, and imprisoned him. Fremont is a brother-in-law of the baron, and the same court which tried and found his connection guilty, also sentenced the General to serve a term of years. He made good his escape from France, however, and in the absence of anything like an extradition treaty will probably keep it good. There was once a period in the affairs of Missouri when Colonel Benton was its political autocrat. Troubles not a few have come to those whom he nurtured and loved. Mrs. Fremont, the wife of a man who has been declared a felon, because of a speculation which has ruined his brother-in-law, bankrupted his family and consigned his wife and children to charity. Another daughter, Mrs. William Cary Jones, now a widow, residing in San Francisco, California, has felt almost terribly the misfortunes of life, and though not enduring all the privations of extreme poverty, is supporting herself and children on the small wages paid to her as a teacher in the public schools.

I STAND IT LIKE A LAMB.—When I was a little baby, gals would never "let me be," for every one would snatch me up and place me on her knee; then so kiss and squeeze, and hug me, I'm sure "dad" and "mam" must have wonder'd I survived it—but I stood it like a lamb! And again, while in boyhood, they'd tempt me from my home, through gardens and through pleasure grounds, o'er fairy spots to roam; then with luscious fruits and sweetmeats my small tummy they would cram, and half stifle me with kisses—but I stood it like a lamb! When older still, they'd lure me through dingle, dale, or dell, to gather nuts, or flowers, ferns—and they seemed no sham, they'd fling their arms around me—but I stood it like a lamb! At last one charming creature, (who could my soul entrance,) by wondrous winning archness, and tender, melting glance, seemed to say, "You know you love me, why not take me as I am?" and I felt obliged to do it—but I stood it like a lamb! Thus through childhood, youth, and manhood, at each moment of my life, my heart has felt the witching power of girl, or maid, or wife; and the spell will leave me never, for, like a potent charm, woman's charms subdue me ever—but "I stood it like a lamb!"

OLD LETTERS.—Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection to one's youth. The elderly epistoler finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected twenty years ago a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her tastes than the one that confronts her in her dressing room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one who has journeyed before her to the far-off land, from which there comes no message, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photographs can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven as the epistolary outpourings of their love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than an image of her features—it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters; burn only the harsh ones, and in burning them forgive and forget them.

New York is trying hard to rival London in the matter of impenetrable fogs, and is succeeding beautifully.—At least that is the verdict of all the people who have to cross the ferries twice daily.