

The Democrat.

ALEXANDRIA, LA.:

Wednesday, - - October 21, 1874.

PARISH EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. A. WILLIAMS,
J. L. WALKER, J. W. PR ESCOTT,
J. LEVIN, F. SEIP,
R. L. LUCKETT, D. C. PAUL,
R. P. HUNTER, W. C. MCGIMPSEY.

"Nominees of the People's Party."

For State Treasurer
Hon. J. C. MONCURE, of Caddo.

FOR CONGRESS,

First District,
GEN. R. L. GIBSON, of Orleans.

Second District,
Hon. E. JOHN ELLIS, of Orleans.

Third District,
JOSEPH A. BREAUX, of Iberia.

Fourth District,
WM. M. LEVY, of Natchitoches.

Fifth District,
W. B. SPENCER, of Concordia.

Sixth District,
JOSEPH M. MOORE, of St. Landry.

Parish Ticket

For the Legislature,
GEORGE W. STAFFORD,
JAMES JEFFRIES,
R. L. LUCKETT.

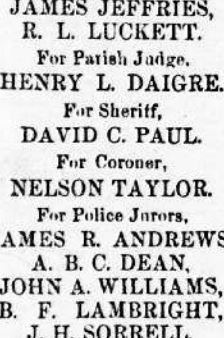
For Parish Judge,
HENRY L. DAIGRE.

For Sheriff,
DAVID C. PAUL.

For Coroner,
NELSON TAYLOR.

For Police Jurors,
JAMES R. ANDREWS,
A. B. C. DEAN,
JOHN A. WILLIAMS,
B. F. LAMBRIGHT,
J. H. NORRELL.

Great! Grand! Glorious!



Crow, Dasher, Crow!!

There has been thunder, democratic thunder, along the whole line, in the grand central States of Ohio and Indiana! Their shouts and echoes of victory, a great, grand and glorious victory, reverberate over the whole Union, and Louisiana is ordered to take up the refrain, pass it around in November, and array herself side and side, with democratic Ohio and Indiana.

The result in those States is worth recording as certain evidence of the tidal wave, which is now sweeping through the land, and engulfing everything in its path. We have gained in Ohio eight members of Congress, elected the whole State ticket by over 20,000 majority, and all on square, flat-footed democratic issues; in Indiana we have gained five members of Congress, carried the Legislature, and buried Radicalism thousands of feet out of sight; thus securing a U. S. Senator, in place of the present Radical.

Courage, men of Louisiana, brighten up men of Rapides, stir yourselves white yeomanry; conservative, white men, good and decent colored men, now is your time, now your chance, to redouble your efforts in our pure and holy cause, and strike the enemy the final blow, while he is now dispirited, demoralized and staggers under the blows from Ohio and Indiana!

THE BART ABLE.—This fine and truly magnificent side-wheel steamer, will soon resume her place in our trade, and again under the charge of our old friend and favorite, Captain Dick Sinnott. During her vacation and repose at Algiers, she has undergone complete and full repairs, has been repainted from jack-staff to rudder post, refurnished and carpeted anew, and appears in such exquisite disguise, that few of her many admirers will recognize her. But the competent management and thorough mechanical skill of her officers, her usual fast time and punctuality, will soon remind everybody that she is, yet, as of yore, the same grand and peerless steamer.

GRANT.—The Parish of Grant has a clean white majority of 200 votes, and is certain to elect the Conservative ticket out and out, the Radicals have made no nominations yet. But as the had negro Ward, Phillips, Huie and Snow with sealed orders have just gone up expressly for and in the interest of Kellogg, we will now hear of some sport. The whole object of the recent trip is for the special and avowed purpose of fixing the election for the Radicals in Grant and in our Parish. The thing is not only infamous, but too shallow to deceive any one.

The Age of Women.

Assuredly no question possesses more interest to all unmarried women than the momentous one of, when they will lose the power to charm? And it is beyond doubt that a dread of the advancing years is much more rooted in the minds of the gentler than of the sterner sex, oppressing them, indeed, often at an absurdly early age. Only the other day we heard a blooming maiden lamenting the approach of her seventeenth birthday, saying with a melancholy shake of her pretty head, "I am growing so horribly old."

In contrast to this was the remark of a gentleman, who, being asked his age, replied, frankly, "I am twenty-seven; not that it matters much, for it has always seemed to me that a man's age was of the least consequence between twenty-five and forty. I should not like to be less than twenty nor more than forty; between these periods I am indifferent to the progress of time."

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a woman equally philosophical in her estimate of the flight of the years, an exaggerated importance being usually attributed to the desirableness of "youthfulness." And yet, despite all that has been said and sung of the loveliness of immaturity, we doubt if any woman of real attractions ever comes into the full glories of her kingdom until she has nearly reached that very age which seems to school girls the ultima thul of youth.

It is difficult, perhaps to realize this, because so many of our theories and fancies are founded rather on the superstitions of the past than on the actualities of life. In former periods a maiden must be wedded as soon as she reaches the age of womanhood; and as marriage implied complete subordination and seclusion, the hey day of life lay in the very brief period between childhood and the early bridal, and as a consequence an exaggerated estimate of the attractions of girlhood pervades all literature.

But, on the other hand, if we turn to the pages of history, we find them full of the stories of the fascinations of women who were no longer young. Helen of Troy had been some years married when she perpetrated the most famous elopement on record; and, as the seiges of Troy lasted a decade, could not have been very juvenile when the fortunes of war restored her husband, who appears to have received her with unquestioning ardor and delight.

Aspasia was considerably past thirty when she wedded Pericles, and she wielded an undiminished influence for twenty years or more. Cleopatra was about thirty when Anthony fell under her spell, which never lessened in power to the day of her death, nearly ten years later. Livia was nearly thirty when she won the hand of Augustus, over whom she maintained her ascendancy to the last.

But turning to more modern history, where it is possible to verify the dates more accurately, we have the extraordinary account of Daine de Poitiers, who was thirty-six when Henry II, then the duke of Orleans, and just half her age, became attached to her, and she was held as the first lady, and most beautiful woman at court, up to the period of the king's death, twenty-four years afterward.

Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when she was described as the handsomest queen in Europe. Ninon de l'Enclos, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the adored of three generations of "her golden youth" of France, and presents the most remarkable story in history of the duration of the powers of fascination. In the instance of this lady, a rare combination of culture, talents and personal attractions endowed her possessor seemingly with the gifts of eternal youth.

Bianca Capello was 35 when the Grand Duke Francesco, of Florence, fell captive to her charms, and made her his wife, though he was five years her junior. Catharine II was thirty-three when she seized the Empire of Russia, and captivated the dashing young Gen. Gregory Orloff. Her advantages of person and mind made her attractive for many years longer, and she is thus described when at the age of 43: "Her eyes are blue, large and fine; her eyebrows and hair brown; her mouth well-proportioned; her chin round; her nose rather long; her forehead regular and open; her hands and arms round and white; her shape rather full; the air of her head full of grace and dignity." Up to the full of her death, at sixty-seven, she seems to have retained the power of inspiring a sincere attachment in the hearts of her favorites, her soldiers and her attendants; as when at length her splendid career closed, the lamentations were heartfelt among all those who had ever known her personally.

Mademoiselle Mars, the celebrated French actress, was plain and uninteresting in her youth, her arms and hands being especially red and rough;

but after she was fully matured her beauty increased with every year, and she was at the zenith of her attractions between thirty and forty-five, at that period the loveliness of her hands and arms being celebrated in Europe.

The famous Madame Recamier was thirty-eight when the allied sovereigns entered Paris, and she was, without dispute, declared to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, a rank which she had already held, however, for fifteen years.

This list might be still further swelled, but enough has been given to prove that a woman need not lose her attractions though youth be gone, and above all, that if her mind be cultivated and her heart kindly, she shall have a power of never-fading fascination.—[Leslie's Lady's Journal.]

Grant and Williams.

President Grant and his Bertrand Attorney-General Williams do not pull weight together. Williams, grateful to the hand which kept him in the Attorney-General's office after he had been invited by the United States Senate to walk out of it as a disreputable person, is hard at work in Washington on disseminating falsehoods about the condition of the South, ordering the United States Army, right and left, all over the Southern States, and doing his best to help Senator Morton keep alive "until after the election," the notion that we are in the midst of a "new rebellion" and of a half-developed civil war. Meanwhile President Grant is junketing about the West with his family, visiting cattle shows and horse-fairs, and keeping upon the prairies, if not what his new organ in New York has indiscreetly described as a "Long Branch intoxication," at least a "Long Branch" in difference to the public duties and responsibilities of his station.

Now, one of two things is perfectly clear. Either President Grant deserves impeachment for neglecting his duties, or Attorney-General Williams deserves indictment as a public nuisance. Williams is the man who was ignominiously rejected by the Senate as unfit for the seat of Chief Justice Chase, yet who shamelessly clung and clings to the office of Attorney-General after receiving that public slap in the face. If Attorney-General Williams has the slightest warrant of truth for the stories he is daily promulgating about the "awful condition of the South," then President Grant is worthy of impeachment for the brazen disregard of his duties and his responsibilities which he shows by "loitering" and "loafing" (there is no other word which so exactly describes his performances) all over the West while these things are doing in the South. The English people and the English press make it a charge, not infrequently, against Queen Victoria, that at times when there is nothing extraordinary going on either in the domestic or in the foreign politics of Great Britain, Her Majesty insists upon removing herself to her home in the Highlands, and so retarding the despatch of public business. But what would be the feeling of the English people, and in what language would the English press give utterance to that feeling, if Queen Victoria were to remove to Balmoral in the midst of an outbreak in Ireland.

The measures which President Grant's discredited and discredited Attorney-General is daily taking in the South are such measures as no English Government has ever dared to venture upon in Ireland except with the direct and express sanction of Parliament, and in the face of armed insurrection too flagrant to be questioned or doubted about. Martial law is practically proclaimed over a large part of the American Republic to-day by the simple fiat of a low political adventurer whom nothing but the personal favor and the personal obsequy of President Grant keep in a position which makes it necessary for men of character to tolerate occasional association with him. Domiciliary visits are made by this man's authority, conventions are broken up by armed men under his orders. The Lieutenant-General of the army is invited by him to strip the frontiers of the troops needed for their protection that he may be able to extend his incendiary operations over a wide area of territory. And while all this is doing, President Grant is whisking about from town to town of the West, looking at fat cattle, eating good dinners, and generally amusing himself like a shoddy speculator on a railway picnic!

One is tempted to ask whether the people of this country have absolutely abdicated the first duties of free men and of good citizens when he sees the public opinion of this country thus insolently trifled with by the Executive of the nation and by the vulgar and unprincipled tools to whom the Executive tosses over the discharge of the functions he has solemnly sworn to perform, as unconcerned as if he were a village bar-keeper calling in a stable drudge to "wend" for a season his bar.—[N. Y. World.]

Senator Morton.

At the great Democratic Ratification at St. Louis, on the 7th inst., the Hon. Bayles W. Hanna, Ex-Attorney General of Indiana, paid his respects to Senator Morton in this striking manner:

Morton made a speech the other day at Indianapolis. It was so cruel and unchristian that the Republican papers of Indiana have refused to publish it. Louisiana had been overthrown by usurpation, aided by a corrupt and debauched judiciary. Her people rose in their might and broke the yoke. [Cheers.] Indiana would under like circumstances do the same thing to-morrow. Such thralldom and distress as has been put upon the people of Louisiana, if imposed upon the people of Oliver P. Morton represents in the Senate of the United States, would fire the State with revolution in a single day. [Cheers.] But Morton thought there would be another war, and he might get a new lease of power.—The abuse and misrepresentation of the South is his trade. A confessed, condemned and shunned political leper himself, he loses no opportunity, he goes far and near, when it rains and when it shines, and even then, being unable to stand upright on his feet-like a true man, created in the image of his God, with his insane vortaries about him, he perches himself upon a stool, [laughter] and, like some weird creation of sepulchral specter summoned up from the hell of lies and slander, he hoots and howls about the sins of the Democratic party, and the crimes of the bruised, broken and crushed communities of the South. [Great cheering.] Oliver P. Morton lectures the country on morals, religion and good government! A constitutional shirk himself, he breathes forth threatenings of war, rapine and death for everybody else.

He could look complacently upon the smoke ascending from a great reservoir of human blood, if it was the assurance of a continuation of his own power. [Cheers.] It does seem to me that if there is any one political sinner, more than all others, who ought to sit patiently upon the porch of the pool of Bethesda, awaiting the moving of the waters that his leprosy might be cleansed, that man is Oliver P. Morton. [Great cheers.] My fellow-citizens, I have long had much vexation and doubt in my own mind about the savage old Scotch dogma of total depravity. [Laughter.] My father's coming down from the old caverns had tried to indoctrinate me with the dogma. But I could not take it in. [Laughter.] My reading and reflection had left me in doubt about it. Cain, Ananias and Judas had left me in sore doubt, but Oliver P. Morton has dissipated them all. [Great laughter and cheers.]

LONGSTREET AND KELLOGG!

These two men are now bosom cronies, smoke the same pipe and, hand in hand, work for our degradation and ruin! We have just come across the following document, which will serve to prove that poor old Longstreet was not always what he is now:

HEADQUARTERS RIGHT WING,
ARMY BEFORE RICHMOND,
June 17, 1872.

SOLDIERS.—You have marched out to fight the battles of your country, and by those battles you must be rescued from the shame of slavery. Your foes have declared their purpose of bringing you to beggary, starvation, and national characteristic, incited them to rebellious efforts for the conquest of the South, in order that they may seize her sunny fields and happy homes. Already has the hatred of one of their great leaders attempted to make the dishonor and violation of those Southern women who have so untriflingly labored to clothe our soldiers in the field, and nurse our sick and wounded. If ever men were called upon to defend the beloved daughters of their country, that now is our duty. Let such thoughts nerve you to the most dreadful shock of battle. Were it certain, death would be better than the fate that defeat would entail upon us all. But, remember though the noise of battle is indeed most terrifying, it is not so destructive as it seems, and few soldiers after all are slain. This the Commanding General desires particularly to impress upon the fresh and inexperienced troops who constitute a part of this command. Let officers and men, even under the most formidable fire, preserve quiet demeanor and self-possession. Keep cool, obey orders, aim low. Remember while you are doing this, and driving the enemy before you, your comrades may be relied on to support you on either side, and are in turn relying upon you. Stand well to your duty, and when these clouds break away, as they surely will, the bright sunlight of peace, falling upon a free, virtuous and happy land, will be a sufficient reward for the sacrifices which we are now called upon to make.

JAMES LONGSTREET,
Major General Commanding.

MORTON.—Some very intelligent people are saying that Senator Morton, in his recent speech, gave signs of approaching or already arrived old age. His memory is fastly failing him. He forgets the things that did happen, and remembers those that didn't.

The Dates of a Senator's Doings.

On the 19th of May, 1873, Senator Carpenter, being in New Orleans as a member of the Louisiana Investigating Committee, addressed a public meeting of citizens. In the course of his remarks he took occasion to say that there was no doubt in his mind that McEnery had been legally elected, but he advised the citizens to be patient and wait till Congress ordered a new election. On the 18th of May, 1873, Kellogg's check book shows a record of \$500 paid Matt. H. Carpenter, and two days later another for the same amount. On the 24th of July of that year, Mr. Carpenter was very conspicuous on the Long Branch boat and at Long Branch, and was turned away from the West End Hotel for well known reasons. On the 1st of August following, he wrote to "Dear Kellogg," who was holding the office of Governor to which he was not elected, saying: "I am desperately short. Can't you send \$1000? If so it would be a godsend." On the 15th of December the Committee on Privileges and Elections reported a disagreement in the Pinchback case, there being a tie vote in the committee, and Mr. Carpenter voted against Pinchback, and consequently against recognizing the Kellogg Legislature. The consideration of the case was postponed. On the 20th of December, five days later, the stubs in Kellogg's check book show the payment to Mr. Carpenter of \$1000. The case was never acted upon; the question is still open. Kellogg is in office, the validity or legality of the Legislature which was counted in with him has never been pronounced upon, and the side which Mr. Carpenter has received \$4500 on is in power, while the persons whom he declared legally elected and whom he favored in the Senate are waiting outside. Mr. Carpenter is much more fortunate as an advocate than as a statesman.

Dates are sometimes very suggestive. Of course it will not occur to any well-disposed person to connect the transactions above cited in any way derogatory to the character of the good man to whom they relate. And yet how singular a coincidence it is that one week after the Long Branch excursion he should be so "desperately short" that \$1000 "would be a godsend." And this statesman, if we rightly recall his celebrated defence of the back pay grab, is one of your rollicking fellows who sheds his money "as the dew falls, on the just and on the unjust." Good, easy, brilliant man—he doesn't care how he gets it or where it goes.—[New York Tribune.]

MULE A LA MODE.—"The Society for the Promotion of the Consumption of Horsedflesh" still flourishes in Paris. It is gratifying to know that choice cuts an elevated continue to advance in public esteem, and that the numbers of quadrupedal scarcerous gathered from omnibuses and other equine ceteries on wheels, and slaughtered for the restaurants of the Boulevards, in August, exceeded by over five hundred those killed in the same month of last year. The science of living to eat is, however, not confined solely to horsedflesh with these gourmands of the new school. The flesh of the jackass is growing in popular applause, as may be seen from the fact that 108 of these Jerusalem ponies were sacrificed on the griddons of society in July, but it almost provokes the flow of the emotional tear to learn that the mule did not reach a higher culinary demand than five for the same time.

When we think of the chronic tenderness, not to say juiciness of that noble animal, viewed as a government mule and presided over by a government teamster, we blush for the boasted taste of the Parisians who could stoop from mule to jackass as an article of daily nutritious diet. Five mules to one hundred and eight jackasses is a moral indignity and a gross injustice to the great American hauler, which not even the reputation of the biblical talking jackass can reconcile with common justice. However, there is no disputing about taste. Jackasses seem to "carry the day any day, and while we may bow to the superiority of the horse for a good square meal of hash we shall cease from this moment to number among the great reformers of the nineteenth century, the society for the promotion of the consumption of jackasses.—[St. Louis Republican.]

ALCAREFUL GIRL.—A blooming country damsel, dressed in the height of fashion, came tripping along in company with her bean, and, while crossing a street, turned suddenly around to look at a passing object, just as the tip of her dainty shoe rested on the curbstone of the gutter. As she threw the weight of her body on the insufficient foothold, her toe slipped, and plumb into the dirt went her little foot, and plashing over her stockings and garments went the mud. Her gallant speedily helped her on to the sidewalk, where she presented a pitiable appearance, and then endeavored to free her from her sudden acquisition of soil with his handkerchief.

"It's no use, Charley," sobbed the rural beauty, "it won't come clean; and—and—my at-to-stockings are ruined."

"Never mind the stockings," consolingly responded her avain; "I can buy you a new pair."

"Buy me a new pair; where would I put them on?" said she.

"Why, we can go to the hotel for that matter," replied Charley.

"Never!" almost screamed the frightened girl; "I'd sooner jump in the river than go to a hotel with a man that I'm not married to!"

Charley seemed conscience-stricken as the enormity of his proposition flashed upon his mind, and when last we saw the pair they were in quest of a clean pair of hose and a proper place to put them on.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The Letter That Caused a Deser-tion.

At a recent political gathering in Tusculum, Alabama, General Cullen A. Battle related the following very touching story in the course of his speech: During the winter of 1863-64 it was my fortune to be president of one of the courts-martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the winds howled around our camp, I left my bivouac fire to attend the session of the court. Winding for miles along uncertain paths, I at length arrived at the court ground at Round Oak Church. Day after day it had been our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army, charged with violations of military law; but never had I on any previous occasion been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court. Cases after the case was disposed of, and at length the case of "the Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper" was called—the charge desertion. A low murmur rose spontaneously from the battle-scarred spectators, as a young artilleryman rose from the prisoners' bench, and, in response to the question, "Guilty or not guilty?" answered, "Not guilty."

The judge advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution, when the court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed and inquired of the accused, "Who is your counsel?" He replied, "I have no counsel." Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the judge advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, I said to him, "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without any reason?" He replied, "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court." I said: "Perhaps you are mistaken; you are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions." For the first time his manly form trembled, and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court he presented a letter, saying as he did so, "There, General, is what did it." I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court until all had seen it, and those stern warriors who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles wept like little children. Soon as I sufficiently recovered my self-possession, I read the letter as the defence of the prisoner. It was in these words:

MY DEAR EDWARD—I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world, but before God, Edward, unless you come home, we must die! Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying. I called and said, "What's the matter, Eddie?" and he said, "Oh, ma'am, I'm so hungry!" And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner every day. And before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die.

YOUR MARY.

Turning to the prisoner, I asked: "What did you do when you received this letter?" He replied: "I made application for furlough; and it was rejected; again I made application and it was rejected; a third time I made application, and it was rejected, and that night, as I wandered backward and forward in the camp, thinking of my home, with the mild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me. I went to my home. Mary ran out to meet me, her angel arms embraced me, and she whispered, 'O! Edward, I am so happy! I am so glad you got your furlough!' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death, and catching her breath at every word, she said, 'Have you come home without your furlough? O! Edward, Edward, go back, go back! Let me and my children go down together to the grave, but O, for heaven's sake, save the honor of your name!' And here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of that court martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood, in beatific vision, the eloquent pleader for a husband's and a father's wrongs; but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty, though the lightning's flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict—guilty. Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record was written:

"HEADQUARTERS, A. N. V.
"The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned and will report to his company."
R. E. LEE, General."

During the second battle of Cold Harbor, when shot and shell were falling "like torrents from the mountain cloud," my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries

was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the enemy. When I reached the battery every gun but one had been dismantled, and by it stood a solitary Confederate soldier, with the blood streaming from his side. As he recognized me he elevated his voice above the roar of battle and said, "General, I have one shell left. Tell me, have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?" I raised my hat. Once more a Confederate shell went crashing through the ranks of the enemy, and the hero sank by his gun to rise no more.

A PITIABLE SPECTACLE.—A woman was arrested in the vicinity of Belair Market in a drunken condition. On arresting her she screamed violently, using the most fearful language, and attracting hundreds of persons to her as she passed along in charge of the officer. She was taken to the Middle District Station, when it required four or five policemen to convey her to the cells. At the time of her arrest she had with her a bright-looking child, about four years of age, which was kindly picked up by a lady and carried to the Middle District Station, where, shocking to relate, it was discovered that the child was also drunk. The sight of the drunken infant was acknowledged at the station-house to have been the most pitiable spectacle ever seen within its walls. The frenzied mother kept up her screams for a long time, and yelled in the wildest manner for her child, but the infant was placed in charge of a lady in the neighborhood, and was taken care of for the night.—[Baltimore Gazette.]

NEW THIS DAY.

TEMPERATURE

AS REPORTED BY FERGUSON & SCHNACK

Date.	Morn.	Noon.	Night.
13.	48°	70°	64° Clear
14.	40°	68°	64° Clear
15.	52°	68°	64° Clear
16.	64°	73°	68° Clear
17.	62°	73°	70° Clear
18.	62°	76°	68° Clear
19.	50°	68°	62° Clear

NEW ORLEANS

Grand Ecure Weekly Packet

FOR GRAND ECURE, MONTGOMERY, ALEXANDRIA, FINEVILLE, NORMAN, BARBINS

ALL WAY LANDINGS!

The A1 Magnificent and Fast Running Passenger Steamer



SABINE:

GEO. C. HAMILTON, Master
F. C. FINDREN, Clerk

LEAVES NEW ORLEANS EVERY Saturday at 5 P. M. Returning, leaves Grand Ecure every TUESDAY evening, and Alexandria every WEDNESDAY at 12 M. For Freight or Passage APPLY ON BOARD.

PEOPLE'S NEW ORLEANS

Grand Ecure Packet Comp'y.

THE FINE AND FAST PASSENGER STEAMER



Garry Owen:

JOHN HIENN, Master
WM. CULBERSON, Clerk

WILL MAKE REGULAR TRIPS—taking freight for Fort DeRussy, Barbin's, Norman's, Pineville, Alexandria, Grand Ecure and all intermediate landings. For freight or passage, having superior accommodations, APPLY ON BOARD.

OSCAR CHOPIN

Cotton Factor

Commission Merchant,

65 - Carondelet Street, - 65

NEW ORLEANS.

Cartridges!

—FOR—

ALL ARMS!

—FOR SALE BY—

Ferguson and Schnack!

Notice.

THE TAX ROLLS FOR THE CORPORATION OF Alexandria having been completed in accordance with instructions from the Town Council, are now on file for inspection at the Mayor's office, and all parties indebted for Corporation Tax are hereby notified to come forward and pay the same within thirty days, or they will be dealt with according to law.

R. L. FOX,
Mayor.

W. F. BLACKMAN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
ALEXANDRIA.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS of the Parishes of Rapides, Natchitoches, Winn, Sabine and Grant, and in the Supreme Court at New Orleans, La.