

The Louisiana Democrat.

A. E. RACHAL

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

(PUBLISHER)

VOL. 34.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1878.

{NO. 12.

DEMOCRAT.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH.

TERMS:
THE DEMOCRAT is published weekly at Four Dollars per annum—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents for six months—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. No subscription taken for a less period than six months.
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Notice to Tax-Payers!!

IN VIEW OF THE PRESENT DISTRESSED condition of the people of this State, Allen Jemel has notified me to defer the publication of the Delinquent Roll of the Parish until the 2nd Monday of December, 1878.
H. P. LUCKETT,
Tax Collector, Parish of Rapides.
Nov. 2, 1878-3 t.

Poetry.

"WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF US NOW?"

A SCENE OF THE GREAT FLAGRA, FOUNDED ON FACT.
BY MISS MAGGIE A. DOWNING.

"Oh, Bennie, wake up for a moment—
Our joy forever has past!
Poor Father is ghastly and rigid
And mother is breathing her last.
We only, we two are remaining
Unseparated by death on the brow—
Alone in the world are we Bennie;
Oh, who will take care of us now?"

"First Willie, so good and so noble,
Came home with the fever you know
That he caught as a Howard in nursing
The sick on the levee below;
Then Mary went next, you remember—
Our lovely grown sister so true
Who always, and smiling and gentle—
Doing something for me and for you."

"But oh, here is father and mother,
Here's azure-eyed Bessie so fair,
And Harry the pet of the household
All dead with no one to care.
I don't hear the carts coming, Bennie,
I wonder who'll bury our dead?
Oh, who will take care of us, Bennie,
Oh, who will, now give us some bread?"

"My temples are aching so badly,
I'm feeling as if I would sink,
I'm starving for something to eat,
Bennie,
But there's nothing to eat or to drink,
So I'll lay me down closely to you,
Bennie,
And trying my hardest to sleep,
I'll try not to think of to-morrow,
Or those graves so lonely and deep."

"I wonder what makes you so still,
Bennie,
And why, pray, do you not speak?
Your hands are like ice in their coldness,
And so is your beautiful cheek.
Speak, Bennie, dear Bennie, 'tis me,
Love,
In agony now am I crying—
Alas, alas, I see now,
Poor Bennie is dead, and I'm dying."

"Yes, the angels are gathering around us,
And the beautiful breaking of day
Will find us in Heaven, so happy,
United in our next array.
There's Willie, and Mary and Bessie,
All gone just a little before,
While the rest of our band have scarcely
Set sail for Eternity's shore."

"So I'll nestle right close to you, Bennie,
That the wavelets may carry me too,
For the first that I meet there in Heaven,
Dear Bennie, I want to be you.
Lie still in this comfortable bed,
Yet my arms must encircle you, Bennie,
Though here you lie rigid and dead."

"Oh, who will not give me some water,
Do mother a drink if you please,
My head is all whirling and dizzy,
I'm hungry and cannot find ease.
Father will come to his pet, then
And give her a morsel of bread,
And Bennie will bring her some water
And tenderly soothe her to bed."

"Out no, they cannot come to me,
For cold death here are they lying,
No hands of a loved one are near me,
No voice do I hear while I'm dying.
I thought you would stay with me,
Bennie,
And thus we together would mourn,
But alas, in this cottage of horrors,
I'm dying here shuddering alone."

The morning dawned slowly and sadly
On scenes of woe and despair,
In the city of wallings and sorrow,
From hearts o'erburdened with care,
But the saddest, most pitiful scene
There,
Amid the weeping bereft,
Was the sight in that cottage of horrors,
Of the twins embracing in death.

The angels had softly descended
And stolen the links all above
To unite them again there in Heaven,
In a chain of sanctified love.
Oh, it is sweet indeed to remember,
Though dying, deserted below,
That angels are watching us ever,
If only we trust as we go.

—The manufacture of glass eyes, as at present carried on, has been greatly simplified, as compared with former methods. The workman is provided with a number of thin glass rods; of the colors required, and heating the end of one of these by means of a blowpipe, he "gathers" from it sufficient for his purpose on the end of a wire—this first gathering being generally of white or colorless glass, to form the white of the eye. He then takes the rod required to form the iris, and "gathers" from into the white; and lastly, a little spot from a black rod is added to form the pupil. During the process, the gathering on the end of the wire is rotated in the flame of the blowpipe, and occasionally pressed against a smooth surface, to obtain the most perfect evenness of outline. —[Exchange.

A Sensational Poisoning Case.

A NICE YOUNG GIRL TO HAVE IN THE HOUSE.

BOSTON, Oct. 23.—Boston is agitated by a horrible crime, reported to day from the Charlestown district, where a girl, 16 years old, named Mabel Whitman, is suspected of having poisoned her mother, a widow of 40, who died a week ago. The case is as follows: Mabel is a prepossessing young lady, and has been courted by the family physician, Dr. G. W. Spear. Their intimacy, though not of a criminal nature, had been so marked as to excite the remarks of neighbors, who noticed the dissimilarity of their ages. The daughter attends school here, and after school on Monday night of last week came home with the girls as usual. Several of them, among whom was Mabel, stopped on the way at a friend's house and indulged in dancing. Mabel was heard to remark, after a short stay, that she had got to go home, and build a fire for supper, or words to that effect. One or two of her friends watched her after she had departed, and noticed that she entered a drug store opposite, and afterward went toward home. A day or two after Mrs. Whitman died, and Dr. Thayer, who was called in at the last, pronounced it a case of poison. Mabel advanced the theory that the poison was Paris Green, which had been purchased to kill cockroaches, and so plausible was the story that no inquest was held, and Dr. Spear and Mabel took the body to Maine, where it was buried; but a private autopsy was made of the body by two physicians, whose services were called in requisition by suspicious neighbors, and no Paris Green was found in the stomach, but on the contrary a large quantity of arsenic. This discovery was reported to the medical examiner, who immediately began an examination for himself, and is now holding a secret inquest. The citizens whose suspicions had led them to procure an autopsy had also been at work on the case, and have elicited, by skillful questioning of the druggist above referred to, the fact that, on the night when Mabel was seen by her companion to enter his store, she bought a quantity of arsenic, morphine, and another poison. Mrs. Whitney was very healthy and only about 40 years of age. She realized before she died that she had been poisoned, but by whom or how she knew not. The daughter and Dr. Spear attended the funeral in Maine, and the former has not yet returned to Boston, but is daily expected, as she has been quietly sent for so that suspicion may not be aroused as to what she is wanted for. Since the fact of the poisoning has been developed, Dr. Spear has been shadowed by a detective in order that he should not leave town and communicate with the girl and at midnight last night he was arrested, and is now in custody. He protests his innocence, and denies any connection with the poisoning. He says he cannot see how the girl could have done it. He was arrested as accessory to the poisoning committed by the girl, and the theory is that the two arranged the matter in order to secure the property of Mrs. Whitman and then marry. The doctor says that if he had been going to poison the woman he could have killed her with a substance which would have left no indication of the cause. He would not have used arsenic, which could so easily be detected. He feels very badly about the case, and, while denying any connection with the poisoning, says he cannot see how the girl could have done it. The Whitman family has always been highly respected in the district and moved in good society, and the sad affair has created consternation in the neighborhood. —[Chicago Times.

—The Congressional delegation of Indiana stands: Democrats, six; Republicans, six; Nationals, one: Official returns for the Legislature: Senate, Democrats, twenty-five; Republicans, twenty-four; Nationals, one. House, Democrats, fifty-four; Republicans, forty-one; Nationals, five; Democratic majority on joint ballot, eight. *
—ADVERTISING reminds people of things they had been wanting all along, but had forgotten all about.

HORRIBLE BUTCHERY.

An Entire Family Murdered near Vincennes, Indiana.

THE SUSPECTED PERPETRATOR OF THE CRIME IN CUSTODY—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE ONLY.

VINCENNES, IND., Oct. 24, 1878.

This morning, as the average citizen was preparing himself for the usual avocation of the day, and feeling grateful that he had passed through another night safe from robbers, murderers and tramps, our usually staid and quiet city was thunder-struck with the report that a whole family of people in our vicinity had been ruthlessly murdered in cold blood without a moment's warning of the dread fate which overtook them. The rumor flew from one to another, and it was discovered to be no false alarm, as a messenger had reached the Sheriff's residence at 7 o'clock, notifying him that the family of John D. Vacolet, consisting of himself, wife and two children, had been murdered during the night. The Sheriff's deputies and Justice Heidenreich, acting Coroner, immediately proceeded to the scene of the murder, which was a farm four miles east of the city, belonging to W. J. Wise, and occupied by Vacolet as a tenant. The farm is situated on the Evansville Railroad, the track only two hundred yards from the house, which is an ancient, ramshackle concern, consisting of three rooms, and is about three-quarters of a mile from the main road which leads from the city in that direction. The approach to the house is through a dense forest of scrub oaks by a wag on road not much used. The house is surrounded on the north and east by this forest, and on the south and west are the fields cultivated by Vacolet before his untimely taking off. It is a gloomy, lonely place, and the nearest neighbors are half a mile distant. Your correspondent reached the scene at 10 o'clock, and found five or six hundred persons collected from the city and neighborhood, all busy discussing the horrible tragedy which had been enacted at our doors.

Jno. D. Vacolet, the murdered man, is 55 years of age, has lived in this vicinity for thirty years, having for many years previous to his going on the farm filled the position of sexton at the Catholic cemetery and janitor of the cathedral. His character was good, he had no enemies and harmed nobody. He was a simple, unambitious man, retaining much of the primitive simplicity of the ancient French settler, and pursued the even tenor of his way in the limited sphere he moved, at peace with his neighbors and contented with his lot. His wife was 50 years of age. The two sons, Frank and John, aged respectively 16 and 14 years, were stout, heavy-looking fellows.

Pierre Provost, the suspected murderer, is 45 years of age, weighs perhaps 150 pounds, has nothing especially murderous in his expression, and has a quiet, stolid look. He came here as a stranger in February last and was hired by Vacolet to assist him in his farm work. He represented himself as only a short time from France, and speaks no English. He says that he was awakened about half past 3 o'clock by a noise in the house and saw four or five men struggling with the inmates. He immediately jumped out of a window and ran to Eugene Brucette's house, half a mile distant, and informed them what was going on. Brucette, his wife, son and a neighbor, accompanied by Provost, returned to Vacolet's after preparing and eating breakfast, reaching there at 5 o'clock, nearly an hour after Provost reached Brucette's, and seeing the condition of affairs, immediately dispatched a messenger to the Sheriff.

The house consists of three rooms. Provost and the two boys occupied one room, the boys sleeping on a high bed and Provost on a trundle-bed, the old man and lady occupying another room, which was used as a kitchen. The other room, a small one, was used as a lumber room. Three axes and a pruning fork were found in the rooms. All of them had blood on them, but only one ax bore evidence of having been used in the bloody massacre. It had blood and hair on it. The others only had blood on the sides, not on the edge or helve. The two boys were dis-

covered on the bed, their heads horribly crushed and gashed. There seemed to have been no struggle up on their part. Vacolet was lying in the door between the two rooms, evidently having heard the assassin as he dispatched his two first victims, and had come in to discover what the matter was. There he was met by the murderer. His body presented a fearful and sickening appearance, having nine gashes on his head and face and three on his arm, shoulders and breast. There had evidently been a severe struggle. The old lady was on the bed with five ghastly cuts on her face and one across the throat, severing the jugular vein as though done by a knife. She had evidently not moved while the struggle was going on between her husband and the murderer. Perhaps she lost her senses and died without suffering. The whole scene was enough to make the heart of the stoutest man quake with terror, and cause the most hardened to shed a tear. The floor ran with blood, the bed-clothes were soaked with it, and the walls and ceiling splattered with blood and brains. It looked like a slaughter-house.

The prisoner appeared cool and calm, and although frequent threats were made, both in French and English, to hang him, he did not lose his composure. He ran to Brucette's house with nothing on but his shirt, and the clothes which he usually wore have not been discovered. Blood was found on his shirt and arm, and the bloody tracks of a bare-footed person were discovered by the bedside of the old lady. The neighbors give Provost a good character, and many of them believe in his innocence. Circumstances thus far point to him as the guilty man. The only incentive was to obtain possession of a small amount of money Vacolet had. He had brought home with him one hundred dollars on Wednesday, which he had derived from the sale of some cattle, and had perhaps that much more in the house, like most people in his station in life, preferring to keep his money rather than trust the banks.

Provost says he jumped out of a window, and as he did so, one of the men struck him with an ax. There is evidence of the blow from an ax inside on the window-sill and a slight cut from the same source on the bottom rail of the sash. The window, however, this morning was discovered to be fastened down with a stick, and the outside of the sash was covered with cobwebs, showing no evidence of having been raised. This part of his story seems to have no foundation. The inquest adjourned at the farm at 1 o'clock until 4 this afternoon in the city, and the prisoner was sent to jail. After a brief session in the city it adjourned to 9 A. M.—[St. Louis Republican.

How a MEERSCHAUM SHOULD BE COLORED.—Admitting the very probable supposition that every one who has purchased a good meerschaum desires to have it nicely colored, it may be well to know that, if the pipe is a good one and proper precautions are taken, nothing is easier than to obtain a good color. The first difficulty among Americans is that in smoking, as in most else they do, they put on too much steam—that is to say, they smoke too fast. The effect is the too sudden application of heat, the wax is driven off and then the oil evaporates, and the pipe falls to color. The remedy is simple. Smoke slowly. Like fine wine, which is sipped, not drunk, a fine meerschaum should be smoked reflectively, instead of as if you were inhaling smoke through a brick chimney. Again, when once smoked, let it become entirely cool before refilling, and in doing this, avoid laying it on any cold surface, as a marble table or mantel. Never cover a pipe with chamois or anything else, nor smoke in a case or any other covering, because the wax, instead of remaining upon the pipe, will be absorbed by the material with which it is covered, and the pipe be covered with blotches. Caution should be taken not to smoke a good pipe outdoors in very cold weather, the difference in temperature being very apt to cause the material to crack, as the writer has more than once experienced. Bearing these suggestions in mind, you can hardly fail of a satisfactory result in coloring your meerschaum.—[Exchange.

"BREAD UPON THE WATERS." THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

STORY OF A BOY ORPHANED BY THE YELLOW FEVER.

AN ACT OF HUMANITY BY HIS MOTHER SAVES THE BOY FROM BEING A HOMELESS WANDERER—THE TESTIMONY OF A WATCH.

Brief mention has been made in the newspapers of San Francisco and Chicago of the case of a little boy who had been orphaned by the yellow fever in New Orleans, and through the instrumentality of the Masonic fraternity, sent to his friends in Oakland. A representative of the Tribune this morning called upon Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cary; grand-parents of the boy, and from them learned the history of the case, which presents a curious and interesting combination of circumstances, with an inclination to the romantic. It appears that last year Mrs. Wilcox, the widowed mother of the boy, whose name is Walter Cary Wilcox was at a hotel in one of the Florida watering places, having her son with her. While there, there arrived an invalid gentleman from Chicago named Pratt, who was in a very feeble condition. Mrs. Wilcox noticed that he was not properly cared for by the negro servants of the house, her womanly sympathies were aroused, and she voluntarily undertook the care of the then dying man. She observed indications that her charge was a Mason of high standing, and being somewhat familiar with their methods, her husband having been a member of the fraternity, she at once notified Judge Dorking, a leading Mason of the Town, and he responded in person and with a physician. It was too late, however, and although everything that the circumstances permitted was done for the unfortunate stranger, he continued to sink, and in a few days died. Mrs. Wilcox, the judge and the physician keeping watch by his bedside until the death angel released them from further duty. During his illness Mr. Pratt had been attracted to Walter, and on the night of his death asked that he be brought to his bedside that he might see him once more and bid him good-bye. The Masons of Chicago were notified of Mr. Pratt's decease, and they removed the remains to the Lake City. As a recognition of the kindness and services of Mrs. Wilcox, they presented her with a gold watch, with a brief mention of the circumstances engraved upon the case. This watch was destined to play an important part in the family history. Mrs. Wilcox removed to New Orleans, and in April last was again married. Her husband left soon after on a business trip to Havana, where he took the yellow fever. Soon after the pestilence appeared in New Orleans, and little Walter was among the earliest to fall before its blighting breath. He passed the crisis successfully, however, and slowly wore away the disease, although he is not yet fully recovered. The constant watching by his bedside and the anxiety of having her husband sick at Havana, was too much for the wife and mother, and when the scourge seized her she could not resist, and died in three days.

After her death an examination of her effects revealed the watch. The inscription upon the case was called to the attention of the Masonic fraternity, and led to the prompt assumption of the care of the orphaned boy, and his removal to Chicago, where he now is recruiting his health and strength for the journey to Oakland, in which he will be accompanied by a Masonic representative, and where his grand-parents will relieve the fraternity from further care or responsibility. He is expected to arrive here in about two weeks. He will be five years old in January next. The watch is on its way by express to Mrs. Cary, and it will be preserved for the future years of little Walter, whom it rescued from among the homeless waifs of a great city and restored to generous and warm-hearted friends.—[Oakland Evening Tribune.

The building of the Mont Cenis Tunnel through the Savoy Alps to France, and the Brenner road to Austria, have made it absolutely necessary for Germany and Switzerland to choose between losing the commerce and travel of the South and building a mountain railroad and a series of tunnels that shall eclipse any thing of the kind in the world. The world knows how they have chosen. The enterprise was too enormous for private undertaking or for private capital. In 1871, Italy, Germany and Switzerland voted large subventions for building of a road, to be commenced at once, running from the Lake of Lucerne, in Switzerland, to Lake Maggiore, in Italy, a distance of 108 miles. Twenty-one per cent, or nearly 120,000 feet, of all this distance was to be tunneled through mountains of granite. The total length of the main tunnel which enters the Alps at Goeschenen, in Switzerland, and emerges at Airolo, in Italy, is 43,936 feet. A number of the smaller tunnels, bringing the road up to the proper level in the Alps, exceed 7000 feet. On the Lake of Lucerne, too, there will be important tunnels and galleries cut alongside of or under the celebrated Axenstrasse, high above the waters of the lake. At the time the international treaty for this great undertaking was signed, it was believed that the work could be done for the sum of 187,000,000 francs. A company was organized, with 34,000,000 francs of stock, in £20 shares, and 68,000,000 francs of mortgage bonds. Italy presented the undertaking with 45,000,000 francs. Germany and Switzerland each gave 20,000,000 francs. The work, however, was not more than fairly under way when it was discovered, to the astonishment of everybody, that an awful mistake had been made in estimating the costs, and that, instead of 187,000,000 francs, 289,000,000 would be required to complete the work as at first proposed—a blunder in estimates of 102,000,000 francs. This blundering calculation threatened all sorts of bad results. The stock of the Company ran down to a minimum, and hundreds of families were nearly ruined by the collapse. The bonds shared in the crash, and even the most ardent friends of the enterprise feared that the money which had been so lavishly given was buried under the mountains forever.—It became a serious question whether the works would not have to be completely abandoned. There certainly was no choice, except to lose all that had been done, or to add many millions more to the subventions. The times were hard, financial crisis were imminent every where, and war was raging on the continent. Everybody was discouraged. Some of the little cantons of Switzerland, which would receive the most benefit from the completion of the tunnel, refused to lift a hand or to spend another dollar. In the face of all opposition, however, the money has at this writing, been almost raised. The three countries parties to the treaty have added largely to their subsidies, and the leading Swiss railways and cities have each voted large sums proportioned to the advantages they hope to reap. The work goes on—in fact has never stopped. The contract for this enormous work is most interesting. It was granted to Mr. Louis Favre, of Geneva. By its terms Mr. Favre promises to deliver the works of the tunnel, completed by the 1st of October, 1880. For each day the work may be done before that time the Company agrees to pay him \$1,000. On the other hand however, the contractor is bound to pay handsomely for all delays. For every single day in arrear of contract he forfeits \$1,000. If delay continues six months the forfeit is \$2,000 per day; and should he be one year in arrear with his work, he surrenders the contract and forfeits \$1,000,000, which he, and his friends for him, have deposited with the Company as security. On January 1, 1877, the headings, or a sort of advanced gallery eight feet square pushed forward at the top of the tunnel, were half way in. Whether the gigantic work can really be completed within the time specified is a grave question for Mr. Favre. Opinions differ, and even engineers can do little more than guess.—[Harpers Magazine.

—So many murderers about to be hanged "hope to meet up in heaven" that we have about concluded to start for the other place.—[New Haven Register.