

The Louisiana Democrat.

A. B. RACHAL)

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

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TERMS:
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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per square for the first insertion and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent one. Ten lines or less (brief type) constitute a square. **OBITUARY NOTICES, Marriages, Public Meetings, Cards of Thanks, etc.,** to be paid as advertisements.
PERSONAL CARDS—when admissible—charged double the usual advertising rates.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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ABSOLUTELY AND CHEMICALLY PURE
SODA
Impure Bi-Carb Soda is of a slightly dirty white color. It may appear white, examined by itself, but a COMPARISON WITH CHURCH & CO'S "ARM AND HAMMER" BRAND will show the difference.
See that your Baking Soda is white and PURE, as should be ALL SIMILAR SUBSTANCES used for food.
A simple but severe test of the comparative value of different brands of Soda is to dissolve a dessert spoonful of each kind with about a pint of water (not preferred) in clear glasses, stirring until all is thoroughly dissolved. The difference in the matter in the inferior Soda will be shown after settling some twenty minutes or longer, by the milky appearance of the solution and the quantity of floating lumpy matter according to quality.
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Wines, Liquors,
CIGARS!
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GIVE ME A CALL
HELP ME THROUGH THE WORLD
PRIVATE ROOMS for Card Parties.
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THE PLACE TO BUY
YOUR
BOOTS
SHOES

HATS.
NOTICE.
DR. A. COCKERILLE HAS ASSOCIATED Dr. Ratcliffe with him in the practice of their profession in its various branches. He takes this opportunity to thank the citizens of Alexandria and vicinity for their past liberal patronage, and hopes to have a continuance of the same to the new firm of
COCKERILLE & RATCLIFFE.
Feb. 11-6m.

BUY YOUR CLOTHING
NEW ORLEANS
WHEELER & PIERSON,
13 and 15 CAMP STREET.
See prices for self-measurement sent on application. Best Goods, well made and guaranteed. LOW PRICES. ALL OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE.

MRS. N. E. GRANDALL'S
PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE,
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NOTICE.
STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Parish of Avoyelles,
WE GIVE NOTICE THAT AFTER due publication, we will introduce a bill in the General Assembly of the State of Louisiana, for the purpose of building a Dike across Bayou La mourie.
J. C. WISE,
J. F. HATHAWAY,
M. D. KAYNAUGH,
MARTIN CARROLL,
Z. T. YOUNG,
S. S. PEARCE,
E. J. JOFFRION.
March 10-5t.

Poetry.

THE BACKBITER.

There's some one living in this town,
(Maybe you know her name,
And maybe, should I write it down,
Your name might prove the same.)
Who, when you say, "He's good,"
will cry,
"Indeed! You think that true,
But,"—very confidentially,
"You wouldn't—if you knew!"

One says, "What pretty girl goes by?"
"Oh, horrors! you don't think—
Oh! since we're you and I,
I'll say, her parents drink
And she—well, I won't tell it out,
Though I've no doubt 'tis true,
You think she's nice and pretty, but
You wouldn't—if you knew!"

If one sings sweetly, "How she flirts!"
If dressed in taste, "What style!"
Supremely "vulgar" all her hats,
Her dresses simply "vile!"
And when good Deacon Busby failed,
(A noble man and true),
She said, when his list bewailed,
"You wouldn't—if you knew!"

Let those love and admire who can
This malice-breathing dame,
Who seems to think a prosperous man
Must surely be to blame;
That beauty is a mark of sin—
That goodness is a crime;
She sees but thieves and rascals in
The heroes of the time.

Sometimes she doesn't hesitate
To tell us what she knows,
And in eight cases out of nine
A falsehood is all she shows;
For virtue's sake I hope to find
One good old doctrine true;
Some heat for such I should not mind,
You wouldn't—if you knew.

AN OLD BIBLE.

THE OLDEST COPY OF THE SCRIPTURES
PROBABLY IN EXISTENCE.

It was in 1850 that I met in Mobile, Alabama, the owner of this book—Dr. J. R. Witherspoon, grand son of President Witherspoon, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The doctor was an educated gentleman and urged if I ever came in the region of Greensboro, Alabama, to be sure to call on him and he would show me his wonderful Bible. I was not slow to accept his invitation, and rode on horseback some dozen miles out of my way to see the greatest wonder of the age of this kind of book.

I found the venerable doctor living elegantly on broad acres and with the slaves about him, for he did not seem to think there was anything in his Bible against slavery, though his grandfather signed the declaration that "all men are created equal." The book was soon brought out from a careful keeping, and sure enough, though I had seen for years the great Van Ess library, with Bibles having a chain attached that once held them to a pulpit, and the Bible of Philip McAnathon with his autograph, I had never seen any such Bible as this.

I took it in my hand with awe, for it was written in the days of King Alfred, and by a monk of Cornwall, England, who worked at it forty years—almost a lifetime—and was evidently on the very finest of parchment, little inferior to satin. How such a finish could be put upon the skin of any beast in the days so long ago, when the binding of the book was in oak boards, tied with buckskin thongs, was a mystery and almost a contradiction.

But more wonderful yet was the writing within. The pages were all ruled as uniformly in the lines as print, which was not then invented, for some 500 years lay between that old monk and Faust and Gutenberg. The style was German text-hand, and was an abbreviation from the vulgate of Jerome, made in the fourth century.

The first chapter of every book was written with a large capital, of inimitable beauty and splendidly illuminated with red, blue and black ink, still in vivid letters, with no two of the capitals precisely alike. Here was indeed a Dore before him of our age. Each chapter is divided into verses by a dot of red ink, though I do not remember when "the venerable Bede" made his division of Scripture into chapters and verses. This dot of the Bible I speak of may have been the work of a subsequent age.

As to the size of the book, it was about that of an old Ainsworth dictionary—the kind that was mistaken for a Bible once by a family in Alabama, and brought out at the request of a colporteur who wished to see their Bible! This manuscript Bible of Witherspoon's contained all the books of the Old Testament except

HUMANITY ON WHEELS.

History does not tell us who it was that discovered that anything round would roll over, but he must have smiled to see it roll.

Though there might have been no spokes in the primitive wheel, yet as it turned on its axle, it grated the first notes of doom for "leg bail."

But that must have been a long while ago. How humanity "goes it" on wheels now a-days is more interesting.

Carefully wadded up with a corn colored "afghan," embroidered with a big red "Baby," with his head hanging over the back edge of the seat in break neck fashion, that prince of humanity, the infant, is jolted over uneven pavements by its nurse, and she is generally good looking.

Astride a rolling tripod, the small boy "scoots" up and down the walks in the park and through, under and over the lagging legs of pedestrians in a manner that is terrible to behold. He is a knight—no, he is a nuisance.

His impetuous playmate disdains such flummery and boldly clinging to the tail-board of the butcher's cart, has a jolly ride, interrupted only by a cringing duck of the head when some one shouts "whip be hind!"

The bicyclist noiselessly rolls by giving you and your horse a sudden start. If this fellow wasn't bow-legged and didn't toe in we should have more respect for him.

The drayman standing up on his springless truck rattles and jolts over the cobble-stones till you expect to see him disintegrate; but he merely makes his digestion better and shakes down his muscles till they are solid.

There is the market boy. Heavens! how recklessly he turns corners and how like Jehu he drives; but the careless fool never meets with an accident—to himself. It is the pedestrians who suffer.

The coachman. He will sit stately in his box in a hot summer day with forty-two pounds of livery overcoat on him, holding his whip at an angle of forty-five degrees, and never move an eyelid. He is the sphynx on wheels.

Lolling on easy cushions, sustained by springs as delicate as those of a watch the aristocratic young lady rolls through the streets. She knows nothing of the harsh realities of life and cares enough to see less.

The sporting man with the ribbons held tight on his favorite sorrel, speeds like the wind down the avenue. The horse was made for him, and the spokes of his buggy wheels whizz as rapidly as his life goes by.

The horse car. Every body's "turn out," only there are too many "turn outs" and long waits on most lines; but then you have the interesting company of the conductor and the "chinning" female in the corner.

The scene of wheel travel is the palace drawing room car, in short, a Pull man car that pulls man pleasantly along over miles of country and through town and city at a rate that would make Phobos himself jealous. The man who doesn't travel in a palace car is—so outrageously poor that he can't afford it.

We have purposely omitted the circus chariot from this list. It is too "golden crusted" for these days of silver and greenbacks.

MR. BEECHER'S EARLY FOLLY.

Mr. Beecher spoke at Plymouth prayer-meeting last night in reference to the duty of Christian men and women to talk to other people on religious subjects. He said that when one did this simply from a sense of duty he might as well blow a fish-horn. "I think deeply on this subject," said he, "because when I began the Christian life I made such a fool of myself. I set myself apart for a foreign missionary, and held that idea for several months. I suppose there are thousands of persons who wish I had gone as such.—[Laughter.] My father said it was perfect foolishness. And so it would have been. I was not quick to learn foreign languages, and I would have been like a man in a race with shackles on.

Then I undertook to live what is called a consecrated life. I heard that some good men prayed seven times a day and so I would pray seven times a day. Now I pray seventy times a day—every ascending thought is a prayer. I rejoice to God, laugh to God, think to God all the time. My innermost wishes are open to him, and I try to do nothing that would displease Him. But to undertake to pray at such an hour in the morning, and then two hours after, and two hours after that until I got the seven times in—I tried it until Nature, (which was grace) knocked it all to finders. Then four or five times I got with some of the brethren, and we determined to pray until we felt a "burden of souls." I have persons say that they were so consumed by a desire to save others that they lost their appetite. But for me to get up such a feeling—I, who won't carry care, who kick care out like the devil who live by hope and courage and confidence, and trust God as I do nothing else—it was preposterous. Then as to praying all night—why I was a good, healthy boy, and am yet [laughter], and when I get tired the Lord puts me to sleep. I see what a prodigious reaction these things had on my life, and what I am and what I have done depends largely upon the peculiar experiences of my early Christian life.—[N. Y. Tribune.

THE SMALLEST BOOK IN THE WORLD
The smallest book ever printed since type was first invented is a microscopic edition of Dante's "Divine Commedia," which was on view last year at the Paris exhibition. The whole volume of 500 pages is only five centimetres long by three and one-half centimetres wide. Two sheets of paper sufficed to contain all the 14,323 verses of the poem, 30 verses occupying a space of somewhat less than eight square centimetres. The type with which this curiosity was printed was cast as long ago as 1834, but no complete book had hitherto been turned out in it, the difficulties for compositor and revisor being so enormous that the attempts were given up after time, no one being able to continue the work. In 1873 a fresh attempt was made to "set up" the "Commedia" and some notion of the difficulty experienced may be gathered from the fact that the work occupied no less than five years in its completion. The text is that of Faticelli, the reader was a certain Signor Luigi Basato, and the compositor Giuseppe Geche. The eyesight of the latter is irretrievably ruined. The writer in the Allgemeine Zeitung, from whose article this notice is extracted, states that he is unable to form a judgment as to how the corrections were carried out, for even with the best magnifying glass he was unable to follow the text continuously. The edition has been christened "Lo Dante," the "Little Dante." A thousand copies of it are to be struck off, and will shortly be out upon the market, after which the type will be broken up.—[Exchange.

—"John, what odor is that?"
"Cloves, love." "But that other?"
"Bell spice, my beloved." "But isn't there another?" "Yes, apples, belovedest." "Just one more?" "Raisins, my most belovedest." "Well, John, if you'd only drink just a little brandy, now, I think you would make a good mince-pie.

—GET your Job Printing done at the DEMOCRAT office.

—WIZ what almost absolute certainty could we foretell the future conduct, in a home of her own, of the little girl who can truthfully say: "My mother never scolds."—[Sabine Index.

—EIGHT THOUSAND A YEAR.
Despotism declared that Brown should not marry his charming Emily—hers to eight thousand a year—unless he was wealthy.

"What is your fortune, sir?" he asked, majestically.
"Well, I don't exactly know," said Brown, who was as poor as a church mouse, "but let your daughter become my wife, and I promise that she shall have endless gold."

"Endless gold is rather an exaggeration, eh?" remarked papa, rather surprisingly.
"Scarcely in my case," said Brown, "as my wife and I, be as extravagant as we might, should never be able to get through it."

"Are you telling me the truth?"
"The truth, I vow it!"
"Then take her, my boy," said papa, grasping Brown's hand; "and happy am I that my child has been saved from the clutches of fortune hunters."

Well, they were married, and Brown made the money fly at such a rate that when his wife's millener's bill came in he was obliged to confess himself stumped.

Mrs. Brown immediately sent for her papa.
"What's this?" said papa. "What do you mean, sir? Where's the endless gold you promised, eh?"

"I've kept my promise," answered Brown. "I gave your daughter endless gold when I married her—a wedding-ring. And, my dear," added Brown, turning to his wife, "do you think that both of us could ever get through anything which only just fits one of these taper fingers?"

Papa looked as if he was going to have a fit, but a remark of his daughter's averted the catastrophe.
"Well, papa," she said, "there's still one thing in our favor. No one can say that I've got an idiot."

So the storm blew over; and now Brown and his wife, though they do have to manage on eight thousand a year, are the happiest couple in the two hemispheres. Still, the bridegroom admits that his was rather a risky experiment.—[Exchange.

—LONDON WAITER'S TRICK.—A friend of mine who has been going the rounds of the London restaurants, and writing on that detestable class—waiters—says he met in the city a "calculating waiter." My friend had partaken of a modest luncheon, and, on demanding what was to pay, the waiter reckoned thus: "Pay, sir—yes, sir. Meat, 10d., sir; bread, 2d.; potatoes, 2d.; cauliflower, 3d.—1s. 10d.; glass of sherry, 1s. 6d.; celery, 1d.; coffee, 4d.—3s. 2d.; attendance, 2d., sir—three and four, sir." "Remember," said my friend, "this was said in a gallop which scarcely enabled me to hear more than a few syllables of the words he was pronouncing, and had I not engaged my mental faculties in an arithmetical computation prior to his arrival at the table, I should have most assuredly given him the money he asked, and retired the possessor of 8d. less than belonged to me. He was by no means abashed when, without a word, I handed him precisely the sum he should have charged, but took it without moving a muscle of his countenance, merely ejaculating, as I put on my hat, 'You will please remember the waiter, sir.'—[London correspondence American Register.