

The Louisiana Democrat.

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

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The Louisiana Democrat

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W. G. MOBLEY, - EDITOR
J. H. RINGGOLD, - Associate Editor

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Correspondents must invariably send their real as well as assumed names. A failure to comply with this rule will consign all such communications to the waste basket.

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If you change your address, notify us, giving your name, present post office and the post office to which you wish the paper changed.

RAILROAD - TIME - TABLE.

TEXAS AND PACIFIC
For Marshall
Leaves Alexandria.....4:38 p. m.
For New Orleans
Leaves Alexandria.....10:38 a. m.
Arrives in New Orleans.....7:00 p. m.
Leaves New Orleans.....8:00 a. m.

MORGAN'S LOUISIANA AND TEXAS:
Leaves Alexandria.....9:05 a. m.
Arrives at Alexandria.....7:45 p. m.
First-class fare from Alexandria to New Orleans by either of above named roads costs \$5.55.

HOUSTON, CENTRAL ARKANSAS AND NORTHERN:
SOUTH.
No. 221—Arrives.....11:05 p. m.
NORTH.
No. 222—Leaves.....4:15 a. m.

KANSAS CITY, WATKINS AND GULF
Passenger No 1—
Arrives at Alexandria.....10:15 a. m.
Freight No 3—
Arrives at Alexandria.....5:00 p. m.
Passenger No 2—
Leaves Alexandria.....11:45 a. m.
Freight No 4—
Leaves Alexandria.....6:30 a. m.

No. 3 and 4 carry passengers. All trains daily, except Sunday.

DOCTOR
ICHENORS
TRISEPTIC

JOHN KRAMER

UNDER TAKER
Salesrooms
CORNER FOURTH AND SCOTT STS.,
ALEXANDRIA LA.

CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN. I have one of the handsomest hearses in Central Louisiana, and a supply of metal he and other coffins. Prices very reasonable. Telegrams promptly attended to night or day.

WASHINGTON.

O fatherland, so great and free!
The prize that valiant heroes won,
The joyful harp we tune to thee,
Commemorates thy noblest son.
To him we give our thoughts today,
A thankful, childish, patriotic band;
We twine the laurel and the bay,
And crown him father of our land.

Oh, not like proud Ahab's son
That soared to fame in ancient Rome,
Not like the Mars who battles won
And found Helena for a home,
No chains were forged thy name to raise
Above the legal lords of earth,
No glowing captives sang thy praise
Or flattered crimes to deeds of worth.

Sleep on in peace, O hallowed shade!
Sleep on, the father of the free!
The trees that guard the southern glade,
Their tender sons are all for thee!
The oak that covers our northern vale
And loudly leaves the drifting snows
Through summer calm or winter hail
Shall teach defiance to thy foes.
—A. V. GORMLEY.

WHEN WASHINGTON FELT LIKE IT, HE COULD UNBEND LIKE OTHER FOLKS.

Notwithstanding that it is now generally conceded that Washington was thoroughly human and not at all a man who had his emotions and passions under perfect control, as his earlier biographers would have it, he was not often wont to unbend himself in the presence of any one not of his immediate family.

Once, however, when he dined with Chief Justice Ellsworth of Connecticut at the latter's residence in Windsor, he relaxed completely.

During his stay in the house he was taken into the nursery and introduced to the chief justice's twin boys, who were later to be known as Governor Ellsworth himself.



WASHINGTON SINGING "THE DERBY RAM" AND HON. HENRY L. ELLSWORTH. THESE BOYS WERE TAKEN UP BY THE GREAT MAN AND EACH PLACED UPON A KNEE. THEN THE PERSONAGE SANG TO THEM THIS VERSION OF "THE DERBY RAM."

As I was going to Derby
Upon a market day,
I met the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was laid on hay,
Now do you see, now do you see,
How do you do?

He had four feet to walk, sir;
He had four feet to stand,
And every foot he had, sir,
Covered with a acre of land.

The wool upon his back, sir,
It reached unto the sky,
I heard the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was laid on hay,
Now do you see, now do you see,
How do you do?

There seems to be no sort of doubt about the authenticity of this anecdote, as it has been handed down in the Ellsworth family from generation to generation to the present representatives thereof.

WASHINGTON'S SCHOOL DAYS.

He Never Learned to Spell, but He Got a Solid Knowledge of Mathematics.

As a matter of fact little is known about George Washington's school days. His first teacher was named Hobby, and he was sexton as well as pedagogue of the Virginia parish in which the Washington family settled. Hobby was not a man of wide information or of deep culture. It is to be inferred that he knew how to write legibly and to teach the art skillfully, for the one pupil of his school who was destined to be illustrious wrote a clear plain hand. But, judging from the letters and other writings of the immortal George that are now extant, the teacher knew very little about orthography. At least he taught young George very little, for his spelling would drive a modern schoolmaster to drink. Possibly it was his pupil's inability

Geo Washington

WASHINGTON'S SIGNATURE AT THIRTEEN. It is a lack of desire to learn to spell that brought about the lack of cordiality that is said to have existed between them, though it is stated on excellent authority that in a very short time after entering Hobby's school the pupil knew as much if not more than the master.

Washington, pere, died in 1743, when Washington, fils, was but 11 years old. He then went to live with his half brother Augustine and attended a school kept by a man named Williams. There he studied no language but the English, and, the story goes, devoted little attention to that, confining himself principally to mathematics. This stood him in good stead when he became a surveyor.

The future general and first president of this republic, at the time he went to school to Mr. Williams, was tall, active and muscular and was so generally considered quite capable of thrashing any one of his companions that no one ever had the temerity to pick a quarrel with him.

Crushed A. D. n.
We celebrate today with glee
Great George's birth.
Although he could not tell a lie,
Yet most men can do that.
Ere set of sun we'll surely see
Truth crushed to earth.

HE HAD HIS FAULTS.

ONE OF THE GREATEST OF MEN,
WASHINGTON WAS QUITE HUMAN.

The Tendency of Modern Historical Investigation is Not to Lift Men Upon Cold and Snowy Plinths—His Strong Will, His Energy and His Perseverance.

The tendency which promoted great leaders to the honors of the godhead did not altogether cease with the myth-making period. Carlyle emphasizes hero worship as the salt which saves poor human nature from dry rot. In other words, it upholds concrete ideals as object lessons to fire the imagination, singling the chaff:

On one clear harp of many tones
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

It is more than an open question whether this instinct is not easily carried to excess vitiating its own purpose. The idealization of the hero, if it petrifies its object and lifts him above the blood warth of the human atmosphere, makes the pattern man less virile and vital. Such until a recent period was the tone of historic discussion dealing with George Washington. Chief Justice Marshall, then Jared Sparks, then Washington Irving, who wrote the standard lives of our pater patriae, followed this method of conception and planted a marble colossus high up on a pedestal in the freezing cold. It was an impossible deity, before which humanity should bow and burn perpetual incense, half stifling itself in the fumes.

The more recent tendencies of historic study, what we may term the realistic school, take Washington down from his arctic perch, and without lessening his genuine greatness make him vastly more lovable. He is presented to us in flesh and blood and not in stone. We find that he was a man of very human faults as well as of virtues; that he could give way to fits of fiery wrath and could swear terribly in such moods; that he was very sensitive alike to applause and criticism; that he was often harsh, even harsh in his judgments, and that he loved dearly to have his own way and could enforce it with an imperious will.

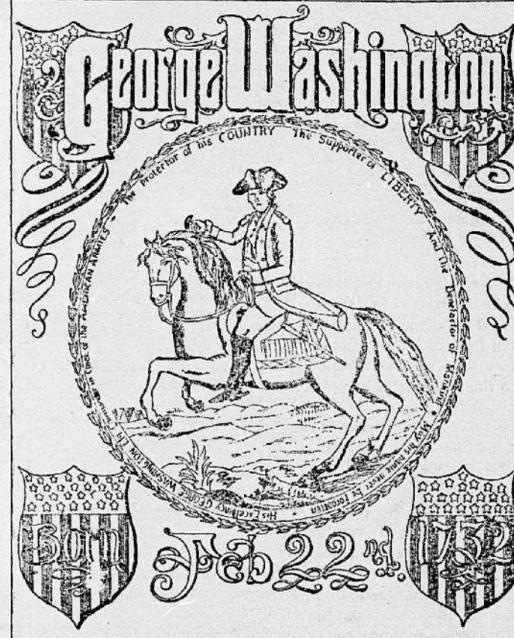
Washington's lack of schooling was quite as complete as that of Abraham Lincoln. He never knew much about that magic wand, the pedagogic birch. His learning was the fruit of attrition, contact with men and affairs, and he was plunged into a very whirlpool of it when scarcely more than a lad. He was only 23 when he saved the beaten remnant of Braddock's forces, and this was by no means his first feat of importance. With the blood of imperativeness as well as the nobler sense of the word, he was obliged to live up to the finest there was in him, was a law of life as natural as breathing. Probably none but an ascetic, one forced by social position from mere boyhood into a great number of public responsibilities, would have had the chance to have so proved his sterling value. This stamp on the coin made him by general choice the picked man of men to lead the Americans in the field when the thunderclap of the Revolution burst. All the traditions of his family and training molded him into a conservative. By instinct and preference he was a royalist. But when he reluctantly felt himself lifted on the tide of public sentiment, swelling through all the colonies, he gave himself heart and soul to the work. It may be too nice a point of speculation, but one is tempted to believe that had Washington been one whit more of the demagogue, one whit less of the aristocrat, he would have failed to have wielded that permanent adherence of men of blood, family and social prestige to the Revolutionary cause on which success so much depended.

Judged by all the laws of military probability the American Revolution should have been a failure. It was a house divided against itself. There were almost as many Tories as patriots. The enemy was the greatest power then existing by land and sea. Among the chief causes which finally assured the triumph of the colonies, the personal factor, the leadership of George Washington, was not the least important. As a military genius he does not rank among the first 10, scarcely perhaps among the world's second 20 great soldiers. Yet few of the art of war, if they find critical moments, can scarcely point to a mistake in his military plans. In the talents of the statesman he was not great—scarcely even commonplace as orator and writer. He was essentially the man of affairs, not the man of words. It was his profound and imperturbable sagacity, a lighthouse shining serenely above the bent and roar of the waves, that made him a master of men. It was common sense raised to its superlative and become genius. Temperament and character entered into it equally with mind. The final product was one of those personalities so symmetrical and balanced as to stand isolated among the world's leaders. Perhaps nowhere else in history do we find a great man with whom the absolute touchstone of right and wrong was the golden test, one in whom the perception of right and wrong was so luminous and direct. All classes, plebeian and gentle, poor and rich, felt that here was a tower of safety, rock bottomed in integrity and strength.

Four square to every wind that blew.

So Washington has continued to the world's eye a type of the public servant whose patriotic devotion never bends from the straight line of what is essentially and eternally true. He was not a typical American, for Americanism has crystallized since his day. He was far more nearly an Englishman in taste and habit. But he is in no sense national or racial as a historic figure. He belongs to the whole world as much as Homer or Shakespeare.

C. T. FERRELL.



THE FIRST ENGRAVING OF WASHINGTON.

Here is a reproduction, without color, of the first engraving ever made of George Washington. The only print known to be in existence at this time is in possession of Charles F. Guntler of Chicago, whose collection of relics of the Father of His Country ranks very high indeed. The original print is all in black, except for the blanket on the horse, which is colored red and yellow, and the rider's coat, which is blue, with yellow epaulets, and a red sash across the breast.

IF HE HAD DREAMED

THE PROPHECIC VISION THAT MIGHT HAVE VISITED WASHINGTON.

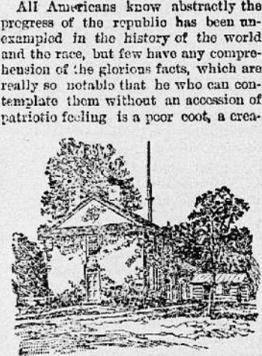
The Federation Was to Grow From an Insignificant Power in the Wilderness to One of the Most Powerful and Extensive Nations of the Earth.

Suppose George Washington had dreamed of the future greatness of the popular empire he was so instrumental in founding.

Suppose that when his heart was most cast down, when he and his little army of ragged Continentals were freezing and starving through the short days and long nights of the winter at Valley Forge, he had lain down to sleep and been privileged to behold a prophetic vision. It would have been one of the most wonderful dreams that have ever visited mortal man. It would have given him new life, new heart, new strength.

Not many of those who will peruse these lines have the slightest idea of the marvels that would have been unfolded to the Father of His Country in that vision even though they daily behold them.

All Americans know abstractly the progress of the republic has been unexampled in the history of the world and the race, but few have any comprehension of the glorious facts, which are really so notable that he who can contemplate them without an accession of patriotic feeling is a poor cook, a creature



HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE.

ture in whose veins there circulates a fluid more like rainwater than the strong and virile blood of healthy manhood.

When Washington was at Valley Forge, the people for whom he was fighting the battles that should weld the colonies into one of the chief nations of the earth occupied, and but sparsely, only a narrow strip of territory along the Atlantic coast. It was but partially subdued. There were no roads worth speaking of, nearly all manufactured products had to be brought from abroad, the institutions of learning were feeble and widely scattered, of culture there was great lack, and the beginnings of art and literature on this side of the Atlantic were yet to be made.

Now—now the United States is one of the dominant powers of the whole earth, and if there is power in whatever it is only because since the first blow for American independence was struck. In all considerations of the growth and evolution of this land and nation it should be remembered that the nation is not yet quite 118 years old and that at its birth more than nine-tenths of its territory was a wilderness absolutely untraced by the white man.

George Washington's dream at Valley Forge would have been of a nation of 70,000,000 souls, or more than 20 times as great as the population then, for in 1790 there were, according to the first federal census, but 3,970,000 inhabitants here. He would have been vastly amazed no doubt by the fact that in less than 120 years the residents of the United States were to bear the numerical proportion of 7 to 4 when compared with the population of the British Isles. He would have marveled at the wonderful urban growth of the nation he was founding, and the fact that beside a round half dozen of the cities that were to be in the United States the

WASHINGTON CHRONOLOGY.

Born in Westmoreland county, Va., Feb. 22 (old style Feb. 11), 1732.

Made commander of the northern military district of Virginia by Lieutenant Governor Dinwiddie when but 10 years of age, in 1751.

Sent to warn the French away from their new forts in western Pennsylvania at the outbreak of the French and Indian war in 1753.

Made commander in chief of all the Virginia forces in 1755.

Commanded the advance guard of the expedition that captured Fort Duquesne in 1758, shortly after which he married Mrs. Custis.

Wrote concerning the "nonimportation resolution," which had just reached him, advising opposition to the policy of the ministry April 5, 1769.

Appointed as one of seven delegates by the Virginia convention to the continental congress in 1774. His national career may be said to have begun with this appointment. He had previously served as a member of the state legislature for several terms.

Commissioned commander in chief of the continental troops June 15, 1775, after the flight at Lexington and Concord. Reached Cambridge July 2, after the battle of Bunker Hill, which occurred June 17.

Jan. 2, 1776, Washington hoisted the Union flag, consisting of seven stripes, like in the flag of today, but with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the field of blue in the corner.

After nearly a year of the most trying sort drove the British out of Boston, March 17, 1776. After this Washington went to New York, signed the Declaration of Independence, which was adopted July 4, and had the document read to his soldiers July 9, 1776.

Battle of Long Island Aug. 28. Evacuation of New York by Washington.

Crossed to New Jersey, was pursued across the state into Pennsylvania, recrossed the Delaware Christmas night, captured Trenton and 1,000 Hessian soldiers. Battle of Princeton, Washington victorious, Jan. 3, after which his headquarters were established at Morristown, N. J.

After various maneuvers, lasting through the spring and summer, and accepting the proffered aid of DeKalb,



HOUSE IN WHICH THE FAREWELLS WERE WRITTEN.

Kosciusko, Pulaski, Stenben and Lafayette, Washington engaged Howe at Brandywine Creek, Sept. 11, 1777. Attacked British troops in Germantown Oct. 4, but was driven back, after which headquarters were established in Valley Forge.

Suffered great hardships with his men all that winter, was plotted against, but not abandoned, by his rivals for the place of commander in chief, fought the battle of Monmouth early June 28, 1778, and after a summer and autumn devoid of any great battles in which Washington took part went into winter quarters near Middlebrook, N. J.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-nine was marked by no special battles in which Washington was commander, and the same was true of 1780, but it was his firmness and everlasting watchfulness that forced inaction on the part of the British. The capture and execution of Andre and the flight of Arnold, the traitor, occurred in 1780, and both years there were notable successes on the part of the continental troops in the south and elsewhere.

Surrender of Yorktown and Gloucester, Va., by General Cornwallis to Washington, Oct. 19, 1781.

British evacuated New York Nov. 25, 1783. Washington as commander in chief bade farewell to his officers Dec. 4, and resigned his commission as commander in chief of congress Dec. 23, after which he returned to his home at Mount Vernon.

Sent by Virginia to the constitutional convention held in Philadelphia in May, 1787.

Elected first president of the United States by the unanimous vote of the electors in 1789. He was formally inaugurated in New York April 30, 1789. He was re-elected in 1793 and retired from the presidency in 1797.

Made commander in chief of the provincial army, raised in expectation of a war with France, in 1798.

Died, after a brief illness, Dec. 14, 1799.

Washington Sometimes Despondent.

It is the fashion to speak of all who have succeeded in writing their names high on history's page as though they never gave way to the temptation to be despondent. Yet if the facts could only be known it is the very men who have within themselves the ability to finally win the victory that are apt at times to become most deeply involved in the sloughs of despond. Washington himself was subject to periods of the most intense depression, as witness this passage from a letter to a friend, written at Valley Forge:

"The history of the war is a history of false hopes and temporary expedients. Would to God they were to end here."

In another letter he said after a most gloomy recital of the reasons he had for being low spirited:

"To me it will appear miraculous if our affairs can maintain themselves much longer in their present train."

But Washington possessed the power of recovering from these fits of the blues and of putting forth every effort, after they were over, as if they had never fallen to his lot, and therein lay the true secret of his final triumph and his imperishable glory.

WHEN WASHINGTON WANTED MONEY

During His Retirement at Mount Vernon the Sheriff Was Constantly Threatening.

Down to the date of his leaving the command of the continental troops and "retiring" to Mount Vernon the life of Washington had been one continual series of anxieties and conflicts, but these had been borne on behalf of the public and not himself or any of his friends or family. He was to find, however, that centers and struggle come to the private individual as well as to the man of affairs, and these smaller matters were to greatly try his soul, whereas perhaps many of the rest of us, who are sometimes unduly worried by such matters, may take courage to begin anew.

It may have been anticipated by Washington that after a military career with a triumphant termination he might find plebeian life a little irksome, but he never complained of that. He did complain, and bitterly, however, of his lack of money. His complainings were not unattractive, seeing that not before since his fifteenth birthday had he been hard up, and that both he and his wife had begun life in the possession of what were in those days "ample fortunes." Washington's straitened circumstances at this time were not in any sense due to extravagance or to lack of attention to business. On the contrary, he appears to have been one of the most industrious, most methodical and most frugal planters going. Every morning he was up at 4 o'clock, and clad in the coarsest homespun he rode daily 18 or 20 miles over his plantation, inspecting the crops and the work that was being done on them. Mrs. Washington was as industrious as her husband, as indeed she had to be, looking after the household on a plantation of thousands of acres like Mount Vernon. There were, however, times that might have been spent in recreation or possibly rest, but we are told that neither repose nor pleasure was indulged in at these times.

Instead she devoted herself to "knitting the woolen hosiery" for herself, her family and its friends. One would at first imagine that the Father of His Country and his spouse lived the lives of a pair of money grubbers but for the further recorded fact that at least once a week "the horns rang out through the merry glades, ladies and gentlemen in scarlet coats and dresses followed the haying bands, the gray fox doubled through the mazy woods, and Washington, with show's and cheers, mounted on his fleetest horse, was always in at the death."

The administration of the estate and household at this time is reported to have been almost perfect. Visitors were charmed with universal order and simplicity, but the cruel fact remained that the man who had won the American Revolution could not pay his bills and was constantly being ambushed by the sheriff, who threatened with a "distress" whatever that may have been. Washington tried hard to sell a part of his land in order that he might meet some of his more pressing obligations, but in vain. He had plenty of money, such as it was, awarded to him by congress, but it was nearly worthless through depreciation.

He wrote to his mother, then an old woman, and described his situation there, saying that he knew not "where to find a shilling." Finally in 1788 he had to borrow a few hundred pounds of a neighbor, to whom he wrote in apology for soliciting aid: "I have put off the sheriff of the county three times. If he comes again, I must suffer him to make distress."

Just when his personal affairs were at the lowest ebb he was again called by his services, but not to war. This time his country were needed at the constitutional convention, and the results of that gathering are well known. The constitution was adopted, Washington was made president, and the life of the federal government was begun.

Didn't Admire Washington's Taste.



Billy (who has been taken by his mother to see a woman 104 years old)—Ma says George Washington kissed old Mrs. Centuria when she was a baby. Bobby—I always did think he was a fool ever since I heard about the hatbox, and the cherry tree, and now I know it!

Washington's Dress and Manners.

Washington was neat and careful in his dress, but not the least inclined to foppishness. Whatever he made use of or wore he wished to be in good taste and the best of its kind. He was fond of children, considerate of the feelings of others, kind and liberal to servants, punctual to engagements, circumspect in his intercourse with people in general, painstaking and explicit in his business transactions. A memorandum in his journal of 1743 gives minute directions to his tailor, which begins as follows: "Have my coat made by the following directions, to be made a Frooke with Lapel Breast," etc. The memorandum is long and very specific in its directions.

Fast.
Red's a fast color—yes, fast to run.
Vide: the fight at Lexington.—Floating.