

# The Louisiana Democrat.

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

VOL. 50.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1895.

NO. 8.

The Louisiana Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY  
—AT—  
ALEXANDRIA.

Official Journal of the City of Alexandria  
Official Journal of the School Board.

MOBLEY & RINGGOLD  
PROPRIETORS.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
One Year.....75 cents.  
Six Months.....50 cents.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Length	1 mo.	2 mos.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year
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2 "	2.50	4.50	6.00	10.00	15.00
3 "	3.50	6.00	8.00	15.00	25.00
4 "	4.50	8.00	10.00	20.00	35.00
5 "	5.50	10.00	15.00	25.00	45.00
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8 "	8.50	16.00	30.00	40.00	70.00
9 "	9.50	18.00	35.00	45.00	80.00
10 "	10.50	20.00	40.00	50.00	90.00

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Correspondents must invariably send us 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 wish your paper discontinued, notify us at once, without calling upon the Post Master, to discharge this unpleasant duty for you.

If you desire a sample copy for yourself or a friend, we will take pleasure in sending it to you upon request.

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.
Morgan New Orleans.....	5:00 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 \$6.25.

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

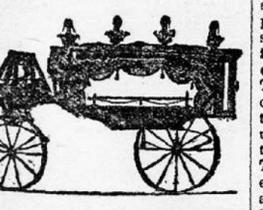
KANSAS CITY, WATKINS AND GULF	
Passenger No. 1—	Arrives at Alexandria.....10:15 a. m.
Freight No. 3—	Arrives at Alexandria..... 5:00 p. m.
Passenger No. 2—	Leaves Alexandria.....11:45 a. m.
Freight No. 4—	Leaves Alexandria..... 6:30 a. m.

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

GEO. O. WATTS  
NOTARY PUBLIC

—and—  
REAL ESTATE BROKER,  
ALEXANDRIA, LA.

JOHN KRAMER



UNDEERTAKER  
Salesrooms

CORNER FOURTH AND SCOTT STS.,  
ALEXANDRIA, LA.

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

## NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

Monograph on the Famous  
"Man of Destiny."

### FAMILY OF THE GREAT CONQUEROR.

His Mother a Woman of Rare Beauty and Heroic Qualities—A Bit of Family History—Significance of a Piece of Tapestry Inwrought With an Enigma.

(Copyright, 1885, by John Clark Rindpath.)  
I.—ORIGIN.

The meridian of Discovery and the parallel of Conquest intersect at the birthplace of Bonaparte. The birthlines of Caesar and Columbus, drawn—the one due west from Rome, and the other due south from Genoa—cross each other within a few miles of Ajaccio. It is odd, Corsica is shaped like a megatherium. The body head is thrust into the strait of Bonifacio; the long back is bent toward Italy; the thick tail projects in the direction of the Upper Riviera. The destined town lies between the fore legs.



LETITIA BONAPARTE, MOTHER OF NAPOLEON, and the space there is a small girl. The island, bent, sketched flat on the sea, shows many black spots on the side; they are mountains. There are veins also, and these are swift streams; small circles in a few places—towns. The area of the broadside is 8,376 square miles. It is more than twice as big as Rhode Island—smaller somewhat than Connecticut. And the population exceeds a quarter of a million.

Of the towns here marked, we are concerned with only two: Corte and Ajaccio. The former is the old home of the Bonapartes; the latter, the place to which the family removed just at the time when, by the birth of a man-child clad with thunder, it was destined to emerge from mediæval obscurities, starlike, Sirius-like, into the open sky of fame.

The genesis of Napoleon touches a remarkable ethnic condition. Nearly all of the West-Aryan races have contributed to the population of the island in which he was born. The people and the architecture alike show traces of all these remote but potent influences in determining the final race-character of the Corsicans who, after the fifteenth century, became essentially Italian. The race is thus composite in its derivation as great a degree as any people in the world. Besides the ethnic origin, the environment—the narrow confines of the island, its mountainous character, its pleasant situation in the pellucid waters of the Mediterranean, its easy distance from the long bending line of one of the most famous coasts of the world—has tended powerfully, by the reactions of nature on the human animal, to establish and confirm the small inbred races whose one man was destined to give it a conspicuous place in human annals.

The Bonapartes were true Corsicans. The family reaches back obscurely into the Middle Ages. The name is Italian, and shows linguistically an origin as remote as the Renaissance. There were Italian as well as Corsican Bonapartes. A family of this name lived in the Tuscan city of Sarzana; another perhaps, in Genoa, and another at Florence. Examples are found in which the spelling is given thus—Buona Parta. They of Sarzana were ennobled in the sixteenth century, and continued to write their name with a di, or do, until the epoch when the Great One was born. The nobles, however, became stannated, both in Tuscan and in the island, where a branch of the family, at some unknown date, removed and established itself at Corte or Ajaccio.

At the middle of the eighteenth century the head of the Corsican Bonapartes was Joseph, grandfather of Napoleon. The family resided at Corte, in the center of the island. Joseph received a patent of nobility from the grand duke of Tuscany, making him a patrician; and this worthless distinction was carried down to his son, Carlo Bonaparte, whose rights were confirmed by the Archbishop of Pisa and the King of France.

The geographical position of Corsica made it a bone of contention among the Powers. From the sixteenth to the eighteenth century the island was under the suzerainty of Genoa. The people were partisans. Some favored the Genoese; some, the French; and some, other Italian States. At the middle of the eighteenth century, there was turbulence. The patriots rose against Genoa, and a certain General Von Neuhof was about to be made king, when a French army under General Marbois was sent into the island to bring it into subjection. The French had just lost their colonial empire in North America, and were anxious to make a gain in the Mediterranean to counterbalance the growing power of Great Britain.

After the episode of Von Neuhof, the patriot leader Pascal Paoli gained an ascendancy in Corsica, and became dictator. He contended valiantly for the independence of his country, and for a while held his powerful enemies at bay. This, however, could not last. The French party among the Corsicans desired the breaking of all connection between their country and the petty state of Genoa, and a union with the powerful kingdom of France. The cause of

## NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

Study of His Childhood and Strong Characteristics.

### BOYHOOD OF THE FUTURE EMPEROR.

Abrupt and Quarrelsome In Disposition, With No Regard For Neatness of Attire. Lacked the Scholastic Trait—His First Entry Into France.

(Copyright, 1885, by John Clark Rindpath.)  
II.—BOYHOOD.

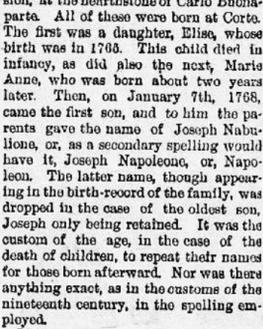
Napoleon may be said to have had a threefold life. He was an Italian by descent, a Corsican by variation, and a Frenchman by nationality. He was the last by a close contingency; for Corsica had only become French a few months before his birth. We may here glance briefly at the aspect of the world at the date of his apparition.

The Bourbon monarchy of France was in its hectic heyday—knowing little, and fearing nothing. Its wisest organ was the minister of Foreign Affairs, the great Choiseul, Louis XV. was in the forty-sixth year of his reign. Italy consisted of distracted principalities, over which the papal power still extended its scepter in spectral majesty. Clement XIV. had reached the third month of his pontificate. The Hapsburg Joseph II. was in the fourth year of that imperial rule which had now become a shadow and illusion on the disk of time. Great Britain, gaining rapidly by conquest on foreign shores, had for ruler George III., then in the thirty-first year of his age.

In America the rebels of New England had been outlawed by Parliament for their "rash and hasty proceeding" against the tax on tea. Only a few miles from the birthplace in the house of Carlo Bonaparte was stationed a Provisional Lieutenant with his regiment of Lorraine, and his name was Mirabeau!

Letitia di Bonaparte was not quite nineteen years of age when her war-god was born. Incidents in the first years of the Napoleonic childhood there are none recorded. We are left to himself and to his schoolmate Bourzoin for our knowledge of the earliest characteristics and events of his life.

The Corsican had a prodigious memory, and it reached back well toward his infancy. When in after years he spoke of himself—as he was much given to doing—he generally used exaggeration; but we may not doubt that there was always a vein of sterling truth under-



CARLO BONAPARTE, FATHER OF NAPOLEON, running his dramatic recitals. We know indeed, out of the nature of the case, that his representations of his own childhood were in the main correct.

The young Bonaparte was from a babe abrupt and quarrelsome. His willfulness was extreme. The likelihood is that he never once in his life willingly obeyed anybody! Near his death, at Longwood, he declared that he was never afraid. His child-passion was frequently excited against Joseph, over whom he exercised a censorious sway from the time when they toddled together in the birth-room or fought in the yard. He appears to have loved his mother, and to have obeyed her in a morose and mathematical way; but in his last talk he indicates that his conduct as a child toward the mother was rather prudential than affectionate. He bears witness that the Ramolino lineage was tender in the treatment of him, as well as severe and just.

To their fourth child, Carlo Bonaparte and his wife gave the name of Napoleon. At the first it was Napoleone. In this form the possessor retained it until, flaring up in Paris in the character of a young Jacobin, he threw away the Italian and aristocratic fictions in his name, to become plain, republican NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

The first teaching of the child Bonaparte was given by his mother. Then he was sent, in his sixth year, to a child's school kept by a woman. He went from the parental threshold in that same arbitrary and belligerent mood which characterized him ever. He fought with his schoolmates, among whom he appeared with no sign of neatness in his clothing, and nothing debonair in his manner.

At this time, beside his parents, he had two important relatives. One of these was Lucien Bonaparte, brother of his grandfather Joseph; and the other was Joseph Fesch, afterwards the Cardinal Fesch, half-brother of his mother. The latter was a straggling lad of twelve, who took an interest in his sister's son; and the former had wealth and influence in the island, both of which he was willing to bestow on the Bonaparte schoolboy. Young Fesch aided him with his lessons, and exercised a conservative influence on his temper. How little might it be foreseen that the younger of these twins, with his surly look and long hair and stockings down over his shoes in the dust of the playground, should one day, from an imperial palace in the most splendid city in the world, despatch his elder playmate as ambassador to the Pope of Rome!

What were the civil and social influences around the schoolhouse of Bonaparte? The sentiments of that place are among the most potent and enduring forces of life. The child nature imbibes unconsciously the prevailing principles of the hour; and the character is forming while the first hesitant words are coaxed from the primer. The boy Napoleon had around his schoolroom—as around his cradle—an agitated atmosphere. It was banked with the reeding clouds of revolution. There was lightning on the rim, and blood on the fringes.

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## SWEET PATIENCE.

Oh, trifling tasks so often done,  
Yet ever to be done anew!  
Oh, cares which come with every sun,  
More after noon, the long years through!  
We shrink beneath their paltry sway—  
The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power,  
The stress round of little things,  
Are hard to bear as hour by hour.  
Its tedious iteration brings  
Who shall evade or who delay?  
The small demands of every day?

The bowler in the torrent's course,  
By tide and tempest lashed in vain,  
Obeys the wave whirled public's force  
And yields its substance grain by grain.  
So crumble strongest lives away  
Beneath the wear of every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow—  
Our souls a sudden bravery fill—  
But we endure not always so  
The drop of pain or drop of ill.  
We still deplore and still obey  
The hard benefits of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death  
Upon the battlefield, and dares  
Canon and bayonet, falls beneath  
The needful points of fret and care.  
The stoutest spirits they dismay—  
The tiny things of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,  
Whose souls by faith have overcome,  
Who wore amid the cruel flame  
The molten crown of martyrdom,  
Bore not without complaint away  
The petty pains of every day.

Ah, more than martyr's aureole,  
And more than hero's heart of fire,  
We need the humble strength of soul  
Which daily tells its tale and sure,  
Sweet patience, grant us, if you may,  
An added grace for every day.

—Elizabeth A. Allen in Philadelphia Ledger.

## Locking Up House.

"There is one thing I don't have to do in a flat," said a woman who has just moved in from the suburbs. "I don't have to 'lock up.' Locking up is one of the things that you have to attend to in an out of town house every night before you go to bed, and after awhile it gets tiresome, to say nothing of other considerations.

"The suburban house being detached must be guarded on all sides. You go over it from top to bottom and look out for the fastenings of all the windows that are kept closed and for all the doors. Sometimes the woman attends to this, sometimes the man. Sometimes they go over the house together. My husband is away a great deal, and so locking up usually fell to me. The place to begin is the cellar. You take a lamp or a candle and go around the cellar examining all the window fastenings and boxes in the corner and into the coal bins, and so on. I don't know how many times I have wondered whether I would see a burglar when I looked behind the furnace or into the dark corners. When you have got through with the cellar, you climb the cellar stairs and look the cellar door with a sense of relief. Then come the parlor floor, the kitchen, dining room, and so on, and the last thing on that floor is to carefully look the front door and put the umbrella rack against it. Then you go on up stairs with a greater sense of relief, and though you have just been all over it you feel that you would hardly like to go into the dark again that night."

—New York Sun.

## How to Eat Cereals.

Even when served with fruits the cereals, to be altogether healthful, must be eaten properly. Having been made soft by cooking, and on this account not requiring mastication, the first process of digestion or insalivation is forgotten. But it must be remembered that grains are largely composed of starch, and that unless starch be mixed with saliva it will remain undigested in the stomach, because the gastric juice only digests nitrogenous elements. Therefore it is desirable to eat the grains in connection with some hard food. Whole wheat waffles, nicely toasted to make them crisp and tender, and unfermented zwieback are excellent for this purpose.—Philadelphia Times.

## Steps.

A Swiss statistician who evidently has not a great deal to do has taken the trouble to count the number of steps he took in walking during a whole year and informs the world that the number is 9,760,900, an average of nearly 27,000 each day. Now, if some one will count the steps the average housewife takes in a year, the world will begin to understand something of what it means to rear and care for a family.—Woman-kind.

Be not ashamed to be helped, for it is thy business to do thy duty like a soldier in the assault on a town. How, then, if, being lame, thou canst not mount to the battlements alone, but with the help of another it is possible?

At the beginning of this century there were so many church festivals and holidays in Rome that it was said not two days in the week were left for labor.

A Countess of Anjou in the twelfth century gave 200 sheep for a copy of a favorite set of sermons.

A pair of iron tons has been found in Athens. Several pairs were discovered at Herculaneum.

Millet is sowed by the Chinese emperor in a solemn ceremonial every year.

Carson City, Nev., was named for Kit Carson.

Her Mother.—Don't you find Jack rather rough?  
Priscilla—Yes, mamma. And yet he says he shaves every day.—Old Lyme (Conn.) Breeze.

## HIS NERVES GAVE WAY.

And the Blustering Cowboy Went Away as Gentle as a Lamb.

It may be a matter of surprise to the reader that cowboys ever have the toothache. But it is a fact that they do, and I am determined to set the poor, maligned, gentle, kind hearted child of the cattle ranch right before the world. His acting motives in life have not been understood. When he comes rushing down the street of a mining town on his broncho with a wild yell, discharging his pistol at every head he sees and popping over a few miserable heathen Chinese, he is no cruel, hard hearted, murderous desperado. He has only got the toothache, and the poor fellow, in all his generous nature, wants to share his aches and pains with his fellow man. Even the dentist, that useful individual in the east, doesn't understand him, because he shoots the very moment the forceps start the roots of the tooth, and so the dear boy is left to his fate.

There is one honorable, bold, fearless exception. One dentist has dared to pull a cowboy's tooth and, in slang phrase, yanked it out before a crowd of admiring friends. It was a little disappointment that they couldn't attend the dentist's funeral, but altogether it was an enjoyable affair, especially as it was something new.

The facts are as follows: One morning in Silver Ranch a wild yell was heard at the far end of the street, and the anxious inhabitants who momentarily poked out their heads saw Terrantier Tom on his pony dashing up the street, discharging a revolver from each hand. The heads disappeared, and it was a deserted street, with but one inhabitant. That temporary, solid citizen was the aforesaid T. Tom, Esq. A sign staid his wild flight. Upon that sign was the inscription, "Dr. Hopkins, Surgeon Dentist."

When the reliable old citizens cautiously looked out and saw the pony in front of the dentist's, they know Tom had the toothache and realized that there was fun ahead. Of course they knew he'd only shoot the dentist and wind up with a friendly drink all round, so they gathered around the doors and windows of the tooth pulling shop to see if Tom's hand was just as steady as ever. Tom opened the conversation as follows: "You long legged grasshopper, pull this tooth, and be quick as lightning and as gentle as a zephyr."

"All right. Sit down in that chair, and I'll yank it out for you." Tom leaned back in the chair with a cocked revolver in each hand and replied: "You jest git the drop on that tooth now, or I'll yank you."

Dr. Hopkins had a chair fixed for just such customers. He had a heavy galvanic battery under the seat which could throw a circuit heavy enough to paralyze Jumbo, and he just quietly turned the knob on Terrantier Tom and walked around and took the pistols out of his hands. Tom writhed as though he were fastened to the chair of the inquisition; his eyes stood out like door-knobs; he tried to yell, but no sound escaped his lips. It was something new to Tom. He didn't understand it. He had never heard of a galvanic battery, and he thought he was going to die. Quickly the dentist pulled the tooth, took the remaining cartridges out of Tom's revolver, and then gradually letting up on the battery he said cheerfully: "Tooth is out, sir. Five dollars, please."

"What in all the tarnation grizzlies and wildcats was the matter with me while you was pulling that tooth?"

"Oh, your nerves just gave way a little. That's the way with most everybody when they get in a dentist's chair."

Tom was so ashamed to think his nerves had given way that he paid the dentist, invited all hands to drink and rode off as gentle as a lamb, thinking for the first time in his life that he had mistaken his vocation and ought to enter the ministry.—Exchange.

A Faithful Friend.  
It is good for a man to have a friend who can say the right thing. When Tommers got so hard up that he had to take a job at laying gas pipe, he was astonished to find his friend Brown looking down at him in the trench one day.

"This is not the first time I have seen you here," said Brown. "And, by the way, I saw Miss Willis the other day, and she asked about you."

"You didn't give me away, did you?"

"Well, you know, I cannot tell a lie?"

"You contemptible!"

"Hold on! When she asked what had become of you, I told her the last time I saw you you were at the corner turning up the street."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Rough.  
Her Mother.—Don't you find Jack rather rough?  
Priscilla—Yes, mamma. And yet he says he shaves every day.—Old Lyme (Conn.) Breeze.