



"LET US HAVE PEACE."

VOL. 3.

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## The Rapides Gazette.



T. G. COMPTON, Editor.  
C. B. STEWART, Publisher.  
**OFFICIAL JOURNAL**  
OF THE  
**State and Parish.**  
ALSO,  
**OFFICIAL JOURNAL**  
OF THE  
PARISHES OF GRANT AND VERNON  
**OFFICE:**  
ON THE CORNER OF SECOND AND MURRY STREETS.  
**ALEXANDRIA, LA.**

Saturday, December 30, 1871.

TERMS:

THE GAZETTE is published Weekly at  
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**INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.**

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate  
of \$1.50 per square for the first in-  
sertion and 75 cents for each subse-  
quent one.

EIGHT lines or less, constitute a  
square. The following are our rates  
to yearly Advertisers:

One Column.....	\$300 00
Half Column.....	175 00
Third of Column.....	130 00
Fourth of Column.....	100 00
Cards, (occupying space of eight lines or less.).....	20 00

## POETRY.

BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES.

One day when I came home fatigued,  
And felt inclined to grumble,  
Because my life was one of toil,  
Because my lot was humble,  
I said to Kate, my darling wife,  
In whom my whole life's bliss is,  
What have you got for dinner, Kate?  
"Why, bread and cheese and kisses."  
Though warm and tired my heart leaped up  
As those plain words she uttered,  
Why should I envy those whose bread  
Than mine's more thickly buttered?  
I said, "We'll have dessert at once."  
"What's that?" she asked. "Why, this is,"  
I kissed her. Ah, what sweeter meal  
Than bread and cheese and kisses.  
I gazed at her with pure delight;  
She nodded and smiled gaily;  
I said, "My love, on such a meal  
I'd dine with pleasure daily,  
When I but think of you, dear girl,  
I pity those fine misses,  
Who turn their noses up and point  
At bread and cheese and kisses.  
And when I look on your dear form,  
And on your face so homely,  
And when I look on your dear eyes,  
And on your dress so comely;  
And when I hold you in my arms,  
I laugh at Fortune's misses,  
I'm blest in you, content with you,  
On bread and cheese and kisses."

## A PRINTER'S PROVERBS.—Never

send them an article for publication  
without giving the editor thy name,  
for thy name oftentimes secures publi-  
cation to worthless articles.

Thou should'st not rap at the door  
of a printing office, for he that an-  
swereth the rap sueereth in his sleeves  
and loseth time.

Neither do thou loaf about, ask  
questions, or knock down type, or the  
boys will love thee like they do shade  
trees—when thou leaveth.

Thou should'st never read the copy  
on the printer's case, or the sharp and  
hooked conrainer thereof, or he may  
knock thee down.

Never inquire thou of the editor for  
the news, for behold it is his business  
at the appointed time to give it to thee  
without asking.

It is not right that thou should'st  
ask him who is the author of an arti-  
cle, for his duty requirith him to keep  
such things to himself.

When thou dost enter into his office,  
take heed unto thyself that thou dost  
not look at what may be lying open  
and concerneth thee not for that is not  
meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof-  
sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine  
eye, that thou mayest understand.

Prefer thine own town paper to any  
other, and subscribe for it immediat-  
ly.

Pay for it in advance, and it shall  
be well with thee and thine.—[Ex-  
change.

## The New Lieut. Governor.

Under this caption the St. James  
Sentinel, under the editorship of Mr.  
Geo. E. Bovee, treats of the new Lieut-  
enant Governor. He does this in a  
style and manner in such perfect ac-  
cord we presume with his real senti-  
ments that we would hate to garble  
his article, and therefore offer it in its  
entirety to our readers:—[Louisianian.

P. B. S. Pinchback, the new Lieut.  
Governor of the State of Louisiana, is  
so well known to most of our readers,  
that any comments upon him that we  
may make will seem almost entirely  
unnecessary. Of his early history we  
know nothing. He was elected to the  
State Senate on the regular Republi-  
can ticket in 1868, and since that time  
has been a prominent and influential  
member of that body. He is a ready  
debater, an easy and graceful speaker,  
courteous and gentlemanly in his man-  
ners, perhaps a little vain; but always  
pleasing and agreeable, manly and in-  
dependent.

He is well versed in parliamentary  
tactics, and will as President of the  
Senate, preside over the deliberations  
of that body with dignity and impar-  
tiality adding new laurels to those al-  
ready won: reflecting credit upon the  
Senate and the Republican party, of  
which he is one of the ablest representa-  
tives. We have never been numbered  
among the admirers of Senator,  
Pinchback, nor do we believe that we  
have ever been looked upon as his en-  
emy. We belong to one branch of the  
Republican party, while the Lieut.  
Governor is closely allied with the  
other, and is undoubtedly the ablest  
representative of his race among them.

We welcome for a second time a  
colored man as the second highest  
officer of the State; hoping, trusting  
and believing that the "vacant chair"  
so ably filled by his predecessor will  
never be disgraced by him who has  
been chosen by the voice of the Senate  
as its future occupant. Elected by  
men belonging to his own party  
alone; a thorough going republican  
himself; a fearless and outspoken sup-  
porter of General Grant for the next  
President, we firmly believe that he  
can do more, to unite the discordant  
elements of our party, than it is the  
power of any other man in the Senate  
to accomplish. Much will depend,  
however, upon the course he pursues.  
If conciliatory, and disposed to look  
to the future welfare of the party and  
State, we predict for him, a brilliant  
future. If revengeful and inclined to  
distrust good men who have differed  
from him, as to the best policy to be  
pursued to advance the interest of the  
party and people, his success will be  
doubtful and his usefulness greatly im-  
paired.

One thing we feel assured of, Lieut-  
enant Governor Pinchback will never  
be the willing tool of any politician,  
or set of politicians. Although the choice  
of the Governor for the position he  
now holds, he has too much manhood  
to be used as a pliant instrument, and  
we hope his Excellency will not ex-  
pect from him so great a sacrifice of  
his individuality.

## Writing for Newspapers.

Some people estimate the ability of  
a newspaper and the talent of its edi-  
tor by the quantity of original mat-  
ter which it contains. The Literary  
Journal truthfully says: It is com-  
paratively an easy task for a frothy  
writer to pour out daily columns of  
words—words upon any and all sub-  
jects. His ideas may flow in one weak,  
washy, everlasting flood, and his com-  
mand of language may enable him to  
string them together like bunches of  
onions, and yet his paper may be a  
meagre and poor concern. Indeed,  
the mere writing part of editing a pa-  
per is but a small portion of the work.  
The care, the time employed in select-  
ing, is far more important, and the  
fact of a good editor is better shown  
by his selections than anything else;  
and that we all know is half the bat-  
tle. But, as we have said, an editor  
ought to be estimated and his labors  
understood and appreciated by the  
general conduct of his paper—its tone  
—its temper—its uniform, consistent  
course—its aims—its manliness—its  
dignity—its propriety. To preserve  
these as they should be preserved is  
enough to occupy fully the time and  
attention of any man. If to this be  
added the general supervision of the  
newspaper establishment, which most  
editors have to encounter, the wonder  
is how they can find time to write at  
all.

A schoolboy having been required  
to write a composition on some part  
of the human body, expounded as fol-  
lows: "The Throat—A throat is con-  
venient to have, especially to roosters  
and ministers. The former eats corn  
crows with it; the latter preaches  
through his'n, an then ties it up."

## An Exciting Wedding Tour.

'Twas a lovely, starlight night in  
February. I was the happiest man in  
the world, for I had not that evening  
clasped hands with the sweetest bride  
that ever wore orange blossom, and  
heard the holy man's blessing on our  
plighted faith!

Of course I had.  
Yes 'twas my wedding night; and  
off, while receiving the noisy congrat-  
ulations of relatives and friends, my  
eyes had sought her beloved features  
with pride and affection, and my heart  
had swollen with joy and gladness at  
the realization of my fondest hopes  
and dreams.

But the hour of our departure drew  
nigh, and all else was forgotten in my  
impatience to take my darling to our  
home; and, amid the cries of cheer  
and God-speed, I placed my bride and  
her mother in the sleigh, and, gather-  
ing the reins over the backs of my ro-  
bust span of horses, who, seemingly  
feeling the joy and impatience of the  
moment, sprang like lightning to the  
highway.

We had a ride of twenty miles be-  
fore us; but the air was keen and bracing,  
the snow hard and well beaten,  
and a few hours would bring us home.

Away we sped, and trees, rocks, and  
snow-drifts fled rapidly to our rear,  
while the tinkling of the bells chimed  
a merry accompaniment to our happy  
thoughts. We were too full to speak  
—At least I was. What words could  
paint the ecstasies of a lover-husband?

Fully one-half of our journey was ac-  
complished when we reached the forest  
of Teherken, through which nearly the  
balance of it lay. As we dashed into  
it, and became infolded in its gloomy  
shades, an involuntary shiver passed  
over me; but though the darkness  
grew each moment more dense, a kiss,  
snatched from the lips of my bride, re-  
assured me.

We had traversed a considerable por-  
tion of the forest, when a low moaning  
murmur came wailing through the  
trees that sent a chill to my heart that  
well-nigh stopped its beating.

I had heard that sound twice before,  
while in the north, and knew too well  
its fearful import. Tightening the  
reins, I struck my gallant steeds with  
all my strength, and accompanied the  
blow with a cry that sent them on the  
road with redoubled speed.

"Why, Ivan! you are cruel," met  
my ear, while at the same time came  
the horrible sound—louder, nearer.

Great God! She little dreamed of  
the cruel necessity which prompted  
again the lash applied to the now ex-  
cited steeds: for they, too, had heard  
and recognized the warning.

On, on we flew—yes, flew, when  
again behind us, louder, nearer yet,  
came the dreadful sound.

I was on my feet now, straining  
every nerve to keep my horses to their  
work.

"What is it, darling?"  
"Nothing, pet."

Appalling near came the deep bay-  
ing of the monsters, to give me the  
lie.

"Ivan, are they wolves?"  
She had named the dreadful danger.

Yes, the wolves had scented their  
prey, and were even now close upon  
us, with a low cry of terror, by bride  
sunk to the bottom of the sleigh, and  
covered her eyes to shut out the sight.

My pistols—a shot—a short pause,  
and on they sweep. Another—a mo-  
ment only gained. With a curse, I  
fired the empty tubes at the nearest  
brute, to be answered by a hellish  
growl.

"My God! and must we die?"  
A shrill note of terror from the hor-  
ses told me it would soon be over.

Terrible despair! A thousand  
thoughts across my bewildered brain:

My bride, my hope, parents' happi-  
ness, life—my mother-in-law!

Hah! my mother-in-law! Like  
lightning flashed through my mind the  
question, of what earthly use is a  
mother-in-law to a young couple? and  
like inspiration flashed the answer,  
"Clearly none at all." In a twinkling  
of an eye she was struggling with the an-  
gry pack, and nobly was contested

with the hungry brutes. We are near  
our home. A moment is a life. But,  
alas! too soon our sainted mother-in-  
law following us—in piecemeal! Al-  
most there! Five minutes, and then  
we are safe. But oh, like avenging  
demons, come they. The horses stag-  
ger and reel. Again around us leap  
the brutes, maddened by the taste of  
blood.

I fling myself to the bottom of the  
sleigh, and a pair of arms are around  
my neck, and warm kisses fall on my  
cheek.

"We will die together, darling."

"Ah, ah! What for! No, no!" In-  
spiration again!

And over the back of the sleigh I  
budded my darling bride, and kissing  
my hand to her, fell back unconscious.

I awoke in the arms of my anxious  
mother, and, to agonized inquiries af-  
ter my bride, could only respond with  
a convulsive shudder:

"Chawed by the wolves, mamma,  
dear."

## A New York letter in the St. Louis

Republican contains the following:  
"Josephine Mansfield is a very beau-  
tiful woman. The little excitement of  
this Fisk war has reduced her in size  
a couple of numbers, and it is an im-  
provement. I saw her yesterday in the  
street in her square-cut chariot,  
lined with white servants in white liv-  
ery. She has beauty enough for a  
dozen women. Her features are regu-  
lar, her eyes dark and very brilliant,  
her hair black and glossy, and her  
mouth her prettiest feature, as she has  
teeth like pearls. Josie is represent-  
ed in the affidavits as using such lan-  
guage as "Bully for you," and "Hun-  
ky boy." Now, I hardly believe that.  
On several occasions, when I heard  
this famous female discourse, she has  
used no slang, and expressed herself  
sensibly and intelligently, betraying no  
evidence of the corrupt influence that  
has been about her these many years.  
She is an exceedingly generous wo-  
man, as many have reason to know.  
A few years ago she took a Mrs. Brady  
who, with several children, was  
struggling for a precarious living.  
She gave this woman and her chil-  
dren a home with her. She dressed  
the woman up splendidly, and finally,  
as Mrs. Brady had a good voice, per-  
suaded Fisk to bring her out as a sin-  
ger. Under the name of "Nully Pe-  
ris," she sung at the opera house and  
got a good salary."

One of the exhibitors at the recent  
Texas State Fair, at Houston, gives an  
amusing account of his experience at  
the hotel, which illustrates the crowd-  
ed condition of the taverns at that  
time: "When I got there I just said,  
'Captain, I wrote you about six weeks  
ago to save me a room; I hope you  
have done so.' 'Certainly I have;  
waiter, show the gentleman to No. 91.'  
I'm blessed if there wasn't forty others  
besides myself in that same apart-  
ment, and when they went to undress  
at night the room looked like an arsenal,  
for every man had a knife and a six  
shooter or two. My partner had an  
immense pistol, which he coolly took  
off and placed in bed between us.  
'Say, stranger,' said I, 'if I had to  
carry a thing like that, blamed if I  
wouldn't put it on wheels.' 'Guess if  
I choose to wear it it's nobody's busi-  
ness,' he replied. 'Well,' says I, 'is  
all of this artillery company in this  
room?' About half the occupants were  
changed every day, and I could tell  
every new arrival the number of his  
room as soon as I set eyes on him.  
'Hello, Colonel, just got in? I would  
say. 'Yes, just in, and lucky enough  
to get a room.' 'What's your number?'  
I would ask. 'Ninety-one,' was sure  
to be the reply."

HAND-SHAKING.—How did people  
get in the habit of shaking hands? The  
answer is not far to seek. In early and  
barbarous times, when every savage  
and semi-savage was his own law-giver,  
judge, soldier, and policeman, and had  
to watch over his own safety, in de-  
fault of all other protection, two friends  
and acquaintances, or two strangers  
desiring to be friends or acquaintances,  
when they chanced to meet, offered  
each other the right hand—the hand  
alike offence and defence, the  
hand that wields the sword, the dag-  
ger, the club, the tomahawk, or other  
weapon of war. Each did this to show  
that the hand was empty, and neither  
war nor treachery was intended. A  
man cannot well stab another when he  
is in the act of shaking hands with  
him, unless he be a double-dyed traitor  
and villain, and strives to aim a cow-  
ardly blow with the left hand while  
giving the right, and pretending to be  
on good terms with his victim.

Railways are aristocratic. They  
teach every man to know his own sta-  
tion, and to stop there.

## The Local Editor.

Mr. J. G. Holland having in the  
columns of Scribner's Monthly, some-  
what sharply criticised that generally  
most over-worked, and least appreci-  
ated of all the toilers in the field of  
journalism, the local editor, the editor  
of the Hillsboro, (Ill.) News-Letter  
comes to the defence and vindication  
of the abused local, and makes out a  
strong case his favor. Admitting that  
there are "scallawags" in the class, it  
proceeds to say:

"The Local Editor, as a rule, is a  
much better man than he gets credit of  
being. His work is little known, and  
is still less appreciated by the com-  
munity. He often throws the mantle  
of charity over misfortunes, that would  
only call out the unfeeling criticisms  
of the populace.

"The conscientious Local Editor  
learns to know the derving in the com-  
munity, and to give them the aid that  
no one else can render.

"The Local Editor learns to be the  
friend and prompter of everything that  
is good in the community, and the  
enemy of all that is wrong. He is al-  
most universally the friend of educa-  
tion, of mental and moral culture, and  
of substantial financial progress.

"He throws his columns open to no-  
tices of church festivals, he pays men  
from ten to twenty dollars per week to  
set the type for the articles, (written  
while others sleep) that make public  
the business advantages of the city in  
which he lives, or push forward some  
improvement in the growth and pros-  
perity of the community.

"Is an old and valued citizen called  
to the better world, the local editor  
with no sham sympathy speaks of his  
life and services in such a manner as  
to make other men seek to live so that  
when departing, they, too, shall leave  
footprints in the sand of time." If a  
citizen gets into trouble and is wrong-  
ed, the first man he runs to is the  
Local Editor.

"Are the friends of any public im-  
provement, anxious to push the work  
along, they immediately harness up  
the Local Editor and request him to  
'pull!'

"Are there any poor in the com-  
munity whose wants need looking af-  
ter, the Local calls the attention of the  
public to the matter, and not unfre-  
quently takes something from his lean  
pocket-book to give to the needy.

"Has any one done a commendable  
or generous act, he or she is thanked  
without expense to any one except the  
Local Editor.

"Is there any lawlessness in the  
community, the Local Editor, at the  
risk of losing the top of his head, de-  
nounces it and causes its discontinu-  
ance.

"And, as to the personal mention  
which the Local Editor frequently  
makes, we have this to say: No news-  
paper publisher who has brains or de-  
cency will make personal mention of a  
citizen wilfully that will give offense,  
unless it be in the shape of censure,  
which the editor feels it his duty to ad-  
minister. There is an occasional ass  
that gets mad if he is personally no-  
ticed, and gets a little madder if he  
isn't noticed at all. But, for the peace  
of mind of the Local Editor, these fools  
are few and harmless. If a man makes  
himself a public enemy, he must expect  
public censure; otherwise he can re-  
main untroubled by disagreeable men-  
tion in the local paper.

"Occasionally a Local Editor is un-  
able to keep his own private hates and  
grievances out of his columns, and is  
constantly making little thrusts at  
some member of the community whom  
he does not like, or his quarreled with.  
Such an editor should leave his edi-  
torial chair and go to hoeing corn, or  
to some other equally appropriate  
work.

"In conclusion we wish to reiterate  
our statement, heretofore made, in  
different language, that few more con-  
siderate and magnanimous men than  
the Local Editor live, and that he de-  
serves the warmest encouragement of  
the community in which he is located."

It is becoming customary for the  
Democracy to prate upon the corrup-  
tion of Southern carpet bag govern-  
ments. Governor Alcorn, of Mississipi  
astonished the natives, by produc-  
ing from the records of that State, un-  
deniable evidence that under Demo-  
cratic rule, exclusive of the war debt  
from 1861 to 1865, forty million, four  
hundred and eighty-seven thousand,  
four hundred and twenty dollars and  
eighteen cents had been stolen from  
the treasury. His opponent, General  
Lowry, was silenced by facts.

A painter was employed in painting  
a West India ship in the river, sus-  
pended on a stage under the stern.  
The captain who was going ashore in a  
boat ordered the boy to let go the  
painter. The boy instantly went aft  
and let go the rope by which the paint-  
er's stage was held. The captain, sur-  
prised at the delay, cried out: "Ho,  
you lazy lubber, why don't you let go  
the painter?" The boy replied: "He's  
gone, sir, pot and all."

## The Humorist's Column.

The slave of the "Ring."—A bride.  
What game is the most suitable for sol-  
diers?—Fiquet.

What is the grandest verse in ex-  
istence?—The uni-verse.

When is a card-player a shabby  
individual?—When he shuffles.

What kind of rice is easily cultivated  
in any country on earth?—Awa-rice.

Why is the road of transgressors  
so hard?—Because it is so much  
traveled.

A bankrupt merchant says that  
his business has been so bad that he  
could not pay his debts, even if he had  
the money.

A manufacturer of parasols says,  
that the height of impudence is taking  
shelter in an umbrella store during a  
thunder-storm.

An experienced boy says he regards  
hunger and the chastening rod as  
about the same thing. They both  
make him holler.

"Well, Robert, how much did your  
pig weight?" "It didn't weigh so  
much as I expected; and I always  
thought it wouldn't."

To converse with the spirits.—Lay a  
sixpence on the table at a grog shop,  
and they'll show themselves quicker  
than you can say beans.

A sick man was told that his wife  
would probably marry again. "All  
right," said he, "for there will be one  
man to lament my death."

John asked Julia if she would have  
him. "No," said she, "I will not  
have you; but before John could re-  
cover from the shock, she archly put  
in, "you may have me."

"Jenny," said a Scotch minister  
stooping from his pulpit, "have ye got  
a peen about ye?"

"Yes, minister."

"Then stick it into that sleeping  
brute o' a man o' yours by your side."

The Point.—"I sympathize sincerely  
with your grief," said a French lady  
to a recently widowed friend, "to lose  
such a husband as yours." "Ah, yes,  
he was very good; and then, you see,  
such a misfortune is always great, for  
one knows what kind of a husband one  
has lost, but cannot tell what kind of a  
man one will find to succeed him."

A green son of Hibernia, digging on  
the canal, espied a land tortoise. The  
sight being entirely new to him, he  
dropped his spade, scratched his head  
and exclaimed:

"Run here, Jimmy; what the devil  
can be the name of the wonderful creep-  
ing thing, that swallows its head, and  
carries its home on its back?"

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to  
now-a-days?"

"O, I is a carpenter and joiner."

"He! I guess yer is. What depart-  
ment do you perform?"

"What department? Why I does  
the circular work?"

"What's dat?"

"Why, I turns do grindstone."

"G'way."

A negro passing along Gloucester  
street was astonished to hear a voice  
call out. "How d'ye do, Massa Mungo,  
how d'ye do, Snowball?"—and on  
looking, observed it proceeded from a  
parrot, in a splendid gilt cage.

"Ah massa, parrot," said Blackbee,  
"you great man here you live in a  
gold house how, but me know your  
fader very well; he lib in do bush."

A witness in court, who had been  
cautioned to give a precise answer to  
every question, and not talk about  
what he might think the question  
meant, was interrogated as follows:  
"You drive a wagon?" "No, sir, I do  
not." "Why, sir, did you not tell my  
learned friend so this moment?" "No,  
sir, I did not." "Now, sir, I put it to  
you on your own oath: Do you drive  
a wagon?" "No, sir." "What is  
your occupation then?" "I drive a  
horse."

Mark Twain produces one of the  
most striking cases of meanness on  
record. He says he knows of an incor-  
porated society which hired a man to  
blast rock; and he was punching pow-  
der in it with a crowbar, when a pre-  
mature explosion followed, sending  
the man and crowbar out of sight.  
Both came down all right and the man  
went to work promptly; but though  
he was gone only fifteen minutes, the  
company "doeked him for lost time."

A Yankee having told an English-  
man that he shot, on one particular  
occasion, 999 snipe, his interlocutor  
asked him why he didn't make it one  
thousand at once. "No," said he;  
"It's not likely I'm going to tell a lie  
for one snipe." Whereupon the Eng-  
lishman, determined not to be outdone,  
began to tell a story of a man having  
swum from Liverpool to Boston. "Did  
you see him yourself?" asked the Yan-  
kee, suddenly. "Why, yes, of course  
I did; I was coming across, and our  
vessels passed him a mile out of Bos-  
ton Harbor." "Well, I'm glad ye saw  
him, stranger, cos yer a witness that I  
did it. That was me?"