

LET US HAVE PEACE.

VOL. 3.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1872.

9, 1872.

NO. 48.

## The Rapides Gazette.



T. S. COMPTON, Editor.  
C. E. 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, March 9th, 1872.

TERMS:

THE GAZETTE is published Weekly at  
Four Dollars per annum; \$2 50 for  
six months.

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

## EXCHANGE HOTEL.

J. G. P. HOE, Proprietor.

THE undersigned has leased the  
ICEHOUSE HOTEL and have  
opened it for the reception of guests.  
The House and furniture will immedi-  
ately undergo a thorough renovation,  
and no pains will be spared to make  
the premises as comfortable and at-  
tractive as possible.

The table will be bountifully sup-  
plied, and a full corps of servants en-  
gaged to be in constant attendance on  
our boarders. The doors will be open  
at all hours, of both the day and night.  
Both travelers and regular boarders  
will find it to their interest to give us  
a call.

The subscriber has had considera-  
ble experience in the business and  
confidently appeal to the public to aid  
him in his efforts to maintain a first  
class Hotel in this community.

J. G. P. HOE.  
January 11th, 1872.

## The Jewel COFFEE HOUSE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has again  
taken charge of the long estab-  
lished

JEWEL COFFEE HOUSE

—AND—

BILLIARD SALOON,  
and will endeavor to keep it up to its  
former reputation under his manage-  
ment. He has laid in a

FULL SUPPLY OF THE BEST LIQUORS.

An attentive and competent Bar  
Keeper will always be on hand, to at-  
tend to the wants of his customers.

LUNCH EVERY DAY AT 12 M.

JOHN BOGAN.  
January 11 1872.

## LIVERY Stable.

DAN TAYLOR

WISHES TO INFORM HIS  
friends and the public gen-  
erally that he has opened at

GOFFE'S OLD STAND

a first class Livery Stable.

Intending to be always on hand, he  
assures his customers, that their stock  
will not be neglected.

CAUTION.

THE public are hereby cautioned,  
not to negotiate for a certain  
Bill drawn in favor of A. Bartlett,  
for the sum of THREE HUNDRED  
DOLLARS in trade, as we are not re-  
sponsible for the payment of the  
same.

LAZARUS & LENGFIELD.

Feb. 24th 1872.

## Jim Wolf and the Tom Cats.

I knew by the sympathetic glow  
upon his bald head—I knew by the  
thoughtful look upon his face—I knew  
by the emotional flush upon the straw-  
berry upon the end of the old free-  
liver's nose, Simon Wheeler's memory  
was busy with the olden time. And so  
I prepared to leave, because all these  
were symptoms of a reminiscence—  
signs that he was going to be deliv-  
ered of another tiresome personal  
experience; but I too slow; he got the  
start of me. As nearly as I can re-  
collect, the inflection was couched in  
the following language:

"We were all boys, then, and didn't  
care for nothing only how to shirk  
school, and keep up a revivin' state of  
devilment all the time. This yah Jim  
Wolf I was talking about was the  
prentice, and he was the best hearted  
fellow, he was, and the most forgiven  
and onselfish I ever see—well, there  
couldn't be a more bullier boy than he  
was, take him how you would; and  
sorry enough I was went I see him for  
the last time.

"Me and Henry was always pester-  
ing him and plastering hoss-bills on  
his bed, and so on, and sometimes he  
would crowd in and bunk with him,  
notwithstanding his growling, and  
then we'd let on to get mad and fight  
across him, so as to keep him stirred  
up like. He was nineteen, he was,  
and long, and lank, and bashful, and  
we were fifteen and sixteen, and toler-  
ably lazy and worthless.

"So that night you know that my  
sister gave a candy-pullin, they start-  
ed us off to bed early, so that the com-  
pany could have full swing, and we  
rung in on Jim to have some fun.

"Our window looked out onto the  
roof of the ell, and about 10 o'clock a  
couple of tom-cats got to rarin and  
chargin' round on it and carrying on  
like sin.

"There was four inches of snow on  
the roof, and it was froze so there was  
a right smart crust on it, and the  
moon was shinin' bright, and we could  
see them cats like daylight. First  
they'd stand off and eye-yow-yow,  
just the same as if they were a cussin  
one another, you know, and bow up  
their backs and push up their tails,  
and swell around and spit, and then  
all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch  
a handful of tar off the yaller cat's  
ham, and spin him around like the  
button on a barn door. But the yaller  
cat was game, and he'd come and  
clinch, and the way they'd gouge and  
bite and howl, and the way they'd  
make the fur fly, was powerful.

"Well, Jim he got disgusted with  
the row, and lowed he'd climb out  
there and shake 'em off the roof. He  
had really no notion of doin' it, but we  
everlastingly dogged him, and lowed  
he'd always bragged how he would not  
take a dare, and so on till bimby he  
listened the window, and lo and behold  
you, he went—went exactly as he was  
—nothing on but a shirt, and that was  
short. You ought to see him. You  
ought to see him creepin' over the ice,  
and diggin' his toe nails and finger  
nails in to keep him from slippin', and  
above all, you ought to have seen that  
a dippin' in the wind, and them long,  
ridiculous shanks of his'n a glistenin'  
in the moonlight.

"Them company folks was down  
there under the eaves, the whole squad  
of 'em under that onery shed of Wash-  
ington Bower vines, all sittin' round  
about two dozen messes of hot candy  
which they'd got into the snow to cool.  
And they was laughin and talkin live-  
ly; but bless you, they didn't know  
anything about the panorama that was  
going on over their heads. Well, Jim  
he went a-acakin and a speakin right  
up to the comb of the roof, till he was  
within a few feet of 'em, and all of a  
sudden he made a grab for the yaller  
cat. But by gosh, he missed his bul,  
and his heels flew up and he flopped  
over on his back, and shot off like a  
gun. A squish, and a squish,  
down through them old rusty vines,  
and landed right in the dead center of  
them company folks. It was down like  
an earthquake in them two dozen sas-  
sers of red hot lasses candy, and let off

## Tossed in the Air—Attempt of the Elephant Romeo, to kill his Keeper.

A circus troupe, consisting of  
elephant, lion, tiger, and other  
wild animals, were performing  
at a certain place in the city  
of Alexandria, Louisiana, on  
Wednesday morning last, by a  
performance of the trick  
elephant "Romeo," which was  
most decidedly not down in the  
bills. But for providential interven-  
tion he would have killed his  
keeper, Mr. George Forepaugh,  
whose death would have been  
the sixth caused by this vicious  
brute.

The stable in which "Romeo" is  
housed is a wooden structure on the  
north side of the menagerie grounds,  
at Twenty-second and Master streets,  
and immediately adjoins the building  
in which the trick-horses belonging to  
the circus are stabled. On last Wed-  
nesday morning Mr. George Forepaugh  
entered the apartment of "Romeo" to  
put him through his customary ring  
lessons. Just for a moment he turned  
to look through a chink in the boards  
at the amphitheatre, where the horses  
were being exercised. This was the  
moment "Romeo" was waiting for.  
Like a fish he extended his huge trunk,  
entwined it around the body of his  
keeper, and threw him up against the  
roof of the stable. Fortunately the  
keeper fell upon a pile of blankets,  
where he lay stunned and helpless.

Now to complete the work of death,  
the long trunk was again distended  
and lapped around a foot of the pre-  
state man. In another moment he  
would have met with the fearful doom  
overshadowing him. Just at this mo-  
ment Charles Forepaugh enters, sees  
his brother's danger and utters a cry  
of horror as he springs for his training  
spear. Deep, deep into the trunk of  
the beast goes the iron barb, and the  
blood spurts out as it is withdrawn.  
Still the hold is not relaxed, and the  
keeper still lies upon the verge of the  
grave. Again and again is the shaft  
applied, and the whole head of Romeo  
is bathed in blood. He can stand the  
pain no longer, and releasing his hold  
backs against the wall. Then in an  
instant Mr. Forepaugh is dragged from  
his perilous position. He is considera-  
bly bruised, but beyond that has suf-  
fered no serious injury.

This elephant is the most vicious  
animal of the kind in the country. He  
was brought here in 1865 by Mr.  
Maibe, and purchased, after his death  
by Mr. Adam Forepaugh. He is,  
beyond all odds, the best performing  
elephant in the country, and is for that  
reason extremely valuable, or he would  
have been killed long ago by reason  
of his malicious fits that come upon  
him by spells. He has already killed  
five keepers, the latest being the case  
in Hartford in 1867, which created  
such an intense excitement that all the  
farmers around carried rifles with them  
whenever they ventured from home,  
so great was the terror created by the  
antics of Romeo.

The five keepers killed by Romeo  
are as follows: Shortly after his ar-  
rival in this country, and before he was  
brought thoroughly under submission,  
he killed an East Indian named Weeks,  
who came over with him. This was  
his first deed of blood. The next was  
the killing of the keeper Moran while  
the show was exhibiting in Canada.  
The next victim was Nicholas Mick,  
who met his fearful doom in Missouri.  
After him came "Long John" Evans,  
killed during a summer tour of the  
circus in Florida. The last, and that  
which lives latest in the memory of  
the public, is the sad death of Bill  
Williams, alias "Canada Bill," which  
occurred at Hartford in this State in  
1867.

A gentleman, walking with a friend,  
who was extremely precise in pronun-  
ciation, the latter, hearing a person  
near by him say curiosity for curiosity,  
exclaimed, "How that fellow murders  
the English language!" "Not so bad,"  
said the other, "he has only knocked  
the I out."

What is the difference between a to-  
tomotive and a toad? One cracks  
on the run, and the other runs on the  
track.

## Opinions of the Press.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle, com-  
menting on the financial showings  
made by the congressional Ku Klux  
reports as to the "reconstructed" gov-  
ernments of the Southern States, says:

"They exhibit a degree and condi-  
tion of public robbery that make one  
wonder the Ku Klux Klan is not of the  
proportions wrongly contended for by  
the majority. No other people in the  
world would submit to such a state of  
things without revolution. Were the  
States not the part of a Union which  
can and will redress the wrongs they  
are almost powerless to remedy, revo-  
lution would be inevitable. The ex-  
tract we have given weekly epitomizes  
a condition of affairs Northern readers  
now pretty well understand. That  
condition receives daily confirmation in  
the haste with which the Southern  
Governors are being sent to the peni-  
tentiary or United States Senate. The  
North has been called phlegmatic. But  
hail the wrong endured here that is en-  
dured South would plant a gallows at  
every cross-roads."

On the subject of the majority report  
even the republican New York Tribune  
says:

"Although there may be some dif-  
ference of opinion as to the verdict  
which should come from the Congress  
committee on Ku Klux, there can be  
none as to the extravagance and caprici-  
ousness of the carpet-bag governments.  
The comprehensive report of the Hon.  
Job E. Stevenson, is proof conclusive  
on the points heretofore urged against  
these loathsome officials. Misrule and  
corruption have combined with ruffian-  
ism and brutal mob-law to make the  
South unhabitable. Day after day  
and week after week the crumbling  
fabrics of these fraudulent political  
structures have attested the truth of  
all that the Tribune long ago said of  
the barbet-baggers. If the end of the  
Ku Klux shall come with that of the  
thieves, it will be well for the whole  
country."

It will be seen that the House of  
Representatives on Monday refused to  
print the minority report unless all im-  
parliamentary expressions were strick-  
en out. The facts of the report are  
strong enough, it is true, of them-  
selves, and the investigation, if under-  
taken by the majority with a view of  
making political capital, will not avail  
party interests much, or be a sufficient  
excuse for the peculiar legislation of  
Congress which has been enforced in  
the South.

THE GREAT VIRGINIA PIGEON  
ROOST.—Sportsmen are now having  
an exciting time in Buckingham coun-  
ty, Va. A correspondent, writing un-  
der date of the 16th instant, describes  
the great "pigeon roost" on the old  
furnace lands near Canton. He says:

"The area of the roost is four square  
miles, and to one who never saw a  
sight of the kind it is truly amazing.  
From one hour of sun until night the  
air is darkened with countless thou-  
sands of the birds flying from all direc-  
tions (south of the river) toward the  
roost. There is a grandeur indescrib-  
able in the mournful sound of rushing  
wings as the trackless armies, marshaled  
by the "axisless wind," come  
sweeping to their bivouac. But the  
evening sight is not to be compared to  
that of the morning when the pigeons  
are leaving the roost. Rising upward  
from the bushes like columns of blue  
smoke, the rays of the morning sun  
paint them with rainbow tints, and a  
canopy overshadows the woods like  
the suppurating boils above a battle-  
field. Wheeling in great division in  
the air, they divide each army into its  
leader, and the heavens grow lighter  
as they disappear to refill their craws  
with acorns.

## The Book-Agent's Fate.

They found two "nail-kegs" full of  
minced woman down at the depot the  
other day. They thought it was chop-  
ped meat for mince-pie at first, but  
when they found some hair-pins and a  
garter mixed up in it, the truth sort of  
dawned on them. And when they  
fished out a tongue that would not  
keep stiff, you understand, they caught  
the idea with great facility.

I can tell you about the thing, be-  
cause, you see, I did the mincing up of  
the lady myself. I got her into a  
mincing sort of way that shall never  
get out of us 'long as she lives. You  
can bet the maximum of height with  
the minimum of safety on the point.  
This is the way the thing happened:

I was picking my teeth on the Fifth  
Avenue Hotel steps, after eating a  
twenty-cent dinner over in Third Ave-  
nue, as is my custom of an afternoon.  
There came by a rakish craft. She  
scudded along under a closely reefed  
bustle and tolerably bare poles. The  
wind was a nor'-nor'-wester, and it  
struck her aft, making fearful havoc  
with her canvas. She wore the new  
style of metal garters, with gilt clasps;  
I will take my oath, you observe, of  
that. She signalled me with her off  
eye, and I bore down upon her. I had  
thrown overboard about seven words,  
when she interrupted me by yanking  
a big book out of her bustle, or some-  
where. "Here is something," she  
warbled, "which I'd like to show you."  
It is called the "History of Christiani-  
ty in the Pelee Islands," by the Rev.  
Peter Portidge. It is illustrated by  
ten thousand pictures, just engraved  
by the old masters, and bound with  
calfskin. It is the greatest work ever  
written. You can't afford to be with-  
out it. Children cry for it. The price  
is only seven dollars. I will put your  
name down and—

"False woman!" I shrieked, "away!  
You have deceived a poor, weak, trust-  
ing man. You are a book agent. Be-  
ware, woman! Although unarmed,  
I will defend myself to the death."  
Then I fled.

But the creature, you comprehend,  
was like the itch, or a bad conscience,  
or a washwoman's bill—not to be so  
easily got rid of. She dogged my  
footsteps like a divorcee detected. She  
hovered over me like an avenging  
spirit. She laid her when I went  
to my meals, interviewed me at my  
office, and bored me at every point.  
Life seemed a burden, and I would  
hydrate-of-chlorated myself, only I  
knew that mis-guiced woman would  
have followed me into eternity, and  
have commenced to canvass the land  
of eternal warmth for her blasted book.  
I know some good fellows in the sum-  
mer land, and I wouldn't like, you un-  
derstand, to precipitate a horrible fate  
upon them.

I disguised myself as a hackman, as  
an organ grinder, as a minister—but  
myself in the most humiliating posi-  
tions, you observe—but it wasn't any  
use. Be sure that female wickedness  
found me out. At last I meandered  
down by the sad sea waves, and was  
happy for a time. Days sped by—at  
fifteen or twenty dollars each—and I  
was beginning to forget the book agent.

One evening I wandered on the  
sanded beach in the mellow moonlight.  
I suppose that is the correct Long  
Branch thing to do. I met a lovely  
creature in white tulle, or cotton sheet-  
ing, or something. I took her for a  
moonbeam first, you comprehend, and  
my heart bumped with admiration. I  
flirted with the ethereal heifer, and we  
sat on a damp rock very close together.  
My arm got around her waist, and we  
were having a nice comfortable time.  
You possibly know how it is yourself.  
"Fair stranger," I murmured, "dost  
love thou to squat on the princival  
rock, and commune with nature?"

She said she did.  
"Couldst thou leave the allurements  
of art, and live always amid the flow-  
ers and trees of the moonbeams?"  
She said she could.  
"Why so silent?" I asked, softly  
pressing her hand. "Dost ought dis-  
turb the harmony of thy soul—is any-  
thing but admiration for this scene  
in thy heart?"

She said there was.  
"Here is something," she broke  
out, pulling out a ten pound volume  
from somewhere, "that I'd like to  
show you." It is called the History of  
Christianity in the—

I recognized her. She was that in-  
fernal book agent. I drew my trusty  
jack-knife and smote her thus: Then  
I elaborately carved her, packed her  
as described, and now there is an eter-  
nal peace within my soul.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

A tight fit—The delirium tremens.  
A dangerous vegetable—An arti-  
cle.

A pledge of real love—Popping the  
question. A delirium of attention.  
The press that printers like—A press  
of business.

If a horse says neigh to oats, don't  
believe him.  
Query—Does a dumb man always  
keep his word?—No, he doesn't.

To keep potatoes from freezing—  
Bake them for breakfast.  
There is a fellow in Waukegan so  
weak that he can not leave a sigh.

Why is a young lady like a man's  
book? Because she is full of airs.  
Why is milk like the treadmill?  
Because it strengthens the calves.

The sailor who wanted to know  
what time it was has since gone to  
sea.  
An old miser, going down his cellar  
steps the other day, fell against his  
will.

Why is the figure nine like a peac-  
ock? Because it's nothing without  
its tail.  
Why is a ship called "she"? Why,  
because the rigging costs more than  
the hull.

They used to call a lady's man a  
beau. They call him now a bo-er,  
sometimes.  
What rock is most unsuitable for a  
foundation?—The shampoo. Arrah,  
had luck to ye!

What has the largest circulation in  
the world? The Bazar. No. What  
then? The blood.  
A man may have enough of the  
world to sink him, but can never have  
enough to satisfy him.

Why is the letter G like a gentle-  
man who has left an evening party?  
Because it makes one gone.  
Some consolation—The plainest wo-  
man alive, if she reaches the age of  
eighty, will be a pretty old one.

A chinese thief, having stolen a mis-  
sionary's watch, brought it back to  
him the next day to learn how to wind  
it up.  
An artist painted a cannon so natu-  
rally that, when he was finishing the  
touch hole it went off at a very good  
price.

What is the difference between a  
Christian and a cannibal? The one  
enjoys himself, and the other enjoys  
other people.  
The young widow who was buried  
in grief is now alive and doing well.  
It was only another instance of prema-  
ture interment.

It is of no advantage to have a liv-  
ely mind if we are not just. The per-  
fection of the pendulum is not to go  
fast, but to be regular.  
Narrow-minded people are like nar-  
row necked bottles, for the less they  
have in them the more noise they  
make in pouring it out.

Why is dressing a fatiguing process?  
Because it's a tiring (attiring) your-  
self. Strange that this thought so  
seldom occurs to the ladies.  
Jones asks, "If small girls are waifs  
are larger ones waifs?" "Certainly,"  
says sweet sixteen. "At least the  
boys have a habit of applying them to  
their lips in sealing their vows."

A minister not long ago preached  
from the text, "Be ye therefore stead-  
fast;" but the printer made him ex-  
pound "Be ye there for breakfast."

A MANLY ANSWER—A BOY WHO  
WILL MAKE HIS MARK IN THE  
WORLD.—All honor to the boy who  
cannot be laughed out of doing right.  
Five boys, pupils in the boarding  
school, were in the room. Four of  
them, contrary to the rules, engaged  
in a game of cards. The fifth was  
not standing and looking on, to see  
how the game would go, but engaged  
in work of his own. It so happened  
that one of the players was called out.  
"Come," said the others to their  
companion, "it is too bad to have the  
game stop here in the middle. Come  
and take his place."  
"I do not know one card from an-  
other."  
"That makes no difference; we will  
teach you. Come now, do not let our  
sport be spoiled."  
The boy perceived that this was the  
decisive moment. Ah, just such are  
the critical points, which are sometimes  
the turning points in life.  
His resolution was immediately tak-  
en. He made no more excuses, but  
at once planted himself square upon  
principle.  
"My father does not wish me to play  
cards, and I shall not act contrary to  
his wishes."  
This ended the matter. It estab-  
lished his position among his compan-  
ions. It compelled their respect, and  
preserved him from temptation in the  
future.