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POETRY.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND. You took me, William, when a girl, Unto your home and heart, To bear in all your after fate The fond and faithful part; And tell me, have I ever tried That duty to forego, Or pined there was no joy for me, When you were sunk in woe? No! I would rather share your tears, Than any other's glee; For though you're nothing to the world, You're all the world to me. You make a palace of my shed, This rough hewn bench a throne; There's sunlight for me in your smiles, And music in your tone. I look upon you when you sleep— My eyes with tears grew dim; I cry, 'O Parent of the poor, Behold him toil from day to day, Exhausting strength and soul; Oh, look with mercy on him Lord, For thou canst make him whole.' And when at last, relieving sleep Has on my eyelids smil'd, How oft are they forbid to close In slumber by our child? I take the little murriner That spoils my span of rest, And feel as if a part of thee I lull upon my breast. There's only one return I crave— I may not need it long; And it may soothe when I'm where The wretched feel no wrong. I ask not for a kinder tone, For thou wast ever kind; I ask not for less frugal fare— My fare I do not mind; I ask not for attire more gay— If such as I have got Suffice to make me fair to thee, For more I murmur not, But I would ask some shroud of hours That you on clubs bestow, Of knowledge which you prize so much, Might I not something know? Substret from meetings amongst men Each eve an hour for me, Make me companion of your soul As I may safely be— If you will read I'll sit and work, Then think when you're away— Less tedious I shall find the time, Dear William, of your stay. A meet companion soon I'll be For e'en your studious hours— And teachers of these little ones— You call your cottage flowers— And if we be not rich and great, We may be wise and kind, And as my heart can warm your heart, So my mind your mind.

Hon. Judah P. Benjamin.

An interesting article in the Louisville Ledger says: "As the Senator in the old U. S. Senate, afterwards as Confederate Secretary of State, his romantic escape from Florida in the Spring of 1865, upon the downfall of the Southern Confederacy, all these things conspired to enlist the kindest feelings of our people for Mr. Benjamin, and to bring out their sympathy, and to wish him every success when he landed in Europe an exile, at the age of fifty-four. His spirit was not the least crushed, nor his energies abated; and by industry and talent he to-day occupies a proud position in England. Though he stood in the first rank of the Louisiana bar, and was confessedly the most brilliant advocate before the U. S. Supreme Court, still he had to go through a formal probation in England before allowed to plead in his profession. It was about one year before he appeared at the bar, eking a support by writing for the British press Magazines. At last he had a case, one growing out of the late civil war. The result was a forensic triumph, which elicited the rare distinction of a very warm eulogium upon his argument from the bench. While struggling for a footing, Mr. Benjamin devoted himself to preparing a special treatise on slaves. The bar of both countries united in praise of the book. This publication assured Mr. Benjamin's standing in his profession. At last he was made Queen's Counsel. This placed him fairly on the road to distinction and a fair professional reward. His income has risen to 4,000 pounds per annum, and in another it will doubtless be double the amount. Mr. Benjamin has been offered an opportunity to go into Parliament but he continues to decline to turn aside from the brilliant professional career which awaits him. He now stands second at the bar only to Sir Roundell Palmer, and on any special occasion offering a scope for his great powers of eloquence would undoubtedly eclipse even that distinguished jurist.

The "Little Widow."

"Well," said the good old doctor, with a sigh of satisfaction, "we have disposed of the roasted chicken without a single interruption. Now for the baked custard." But as he spoke the office bell rang, and he rose instantly, the yet untasted custard in his hand. "Now, father," exclaimed the young girl opposite him, his only companion at the little dinner table, "why need you go? Eat your custard. Whoever it is can wait a few minutes." "No dear," he said, "pain finds it hard to wait. Whoever it is may be suffering. The custard can wait, I'll just take it with me, and eat it the first spare moment." So he passed from the dining-room to the office, and looked then around for his visitor. He had time to set the custard cup on the mantle shelf and lay the spoon across it, before he discovered any one in the room, so completely did the great, leather-covered, stuffed easy chair hide the little form behind it. It was a small boy, very poorly clothed, but with neat patches on his knees and elbows, which spoke of motherly care. His face was pale with pain, but there was a resolute look in his brave eyes, which showed a soul stronger than the pain. "Ah, there he is!" cried the doctor. "Well, my little man, what can I do for you?" And he seated himself in the large chair, to bring himself more upon a level with the little pale face. "Please sir, my hand," he replied, coming in front of the doctor, and holding out his right hand, crushed and bleeding. "Why, why! that's bad! How did you do that, my boy?" "I was trying to help at the express office, sir, and a box slipped and hurt me." The doctor went to work at once with utmost gentleness to bind up the poor little hand, but muttering, "Pshaw! what does the express office want with such a child! You ought to be at school." "But I must be earning so nothing, sir; I'm poor—" "Pshaw!" muttered the doctor again, "what should such a child care? You ought to be at school, I say. Who brought you here?" "Nobody, sir. I saw your sign out, and I came over here myself. But sir," he continued in a piteous tone, "I cannot pay you. I have no money, I'm a poor—" "Ah, well, no matter; we'll see to that," interrupted the doctor in a cheery voice. But the child continued: "I haven't any money. I'm a poor widow, sir—" but here the doctor who had just put on the last slip of plaster, leaned back in his great chair, and burst into a hearty laugh, to the surprise of the little boy, who raised his large sad eyes to the doctor's face wondering. Just then a young girl's face peeped in at the open door, attracted by the unusual sound of mirth in the office, "See here, daughter! My boy, tell the lady what you are." "I'm a poor widow, ma'am," repeated the child innocently, and the doctor laughed again right merrily. "Poor child," said the girl, "I suppose he has heard his mother say that, and he thought he shared her lot in all things. A good, maby little fellow," she added, pushing the hair back from his forehead with kindly touch, and she helped to bind up his poor hand with soft, clean linen. Then the "little widow" was set in the large arm-chair, and treated to the doctor's nice custard. When it was finished, the doctor said, "Now, my boy, the buggy is at the door. I am going your way, and I will take you home to your mother." His mother was indeed a "poor widow," and this was her only child. Under the doctor's care the boy soon recovered the use of his hand. Further prescriptions followed as to schooling; for the doctor had a way of ministering to the people's misfortunes as well as to their bodily ailments, and as time went on the "little widow," as the good old man used to call the child between himself and his daughter, became the doctor's office boy with good prospects of becoming his assistant at last.

Milliary Etiquette.

The late Duke of Brunswick used to relate the following anecdote with great glee: On a certain occasion, one of the heaviest of German soldiers had the duty of mounting guard at one of the ducal hunting seats, and, not to perplex the poor fellow with more ideas than he could conveniently carry, one single "motion" was, with difficulty, rammed into his noddle—viz: that he must present arms to the duke, should his highness pass that way. He was left to his cogitations, which, we need hardly say, were of that class described by the renowned author of "Knickerbocker's History of New York," as appertaining to the pilot of the Good Vrow, who we were informed, sat at the helm, thinking of nothing either past, present, or to come. Tired at last of this transcendental monotony, our sentinel had recourse to the universal German solace his sausage and schtiappi. While thus agreeably employed, he saw an unpretending looking person approach the place where he was seated, dressed in the common German hunting-dress—a sort of queer smock-frock, leather breeches, and continuations. "Good appetite to you," said the new comer. "What is that you are eating?" "Guess," gruffly answered the peasant soldier. "O, perhaps rothwurst?" said the duke, for it was no less a personage. "No; something better than that." "Then I suppose it is lebbewurst?" "No; something better than that." "Probably, then, it is metterwurst?" "Yes." (The three terms, rothwurst, lebbewurst, and metterwurst, and the positive, comparative and superlative degrees of the German sausage.) "And now, that you know all about my sausage, pray who are you?" "Guess," said the duke. "O, perhaps you're one of the duke's aides-de-camp?" "No; something better than that." "Perhaps you're the duke himself?" "Der teufel! Hold that sausage, for my orders are to present arms to you!" A Girl Who Deserves a Medal. Miss Amelia R. Purvis, of Mount Vernon, was awakened at 12 o'clock on Saturday night by a noise at her bed room window. Looking in that direction she observed one man crawling into her room, closely followed by another. Instead of giving the traditional scream, Miss Purvis remained perfectly quiet and awaited developments. The first man crawled noiselessly under her bed. The second man tip-toed to her room door and began to examine it. Miss Purvis slipped out of bed, seized a bay-rum bottle and smashed it over the intruder's head. He dropped. She gathered him up by the hair of the head and dragged him to the window. Not a word was spoken. The fellow under this mode of treatment recovered his senses and leaped out. The scoundrel under the bed did not stir. He no doubt believed that his presence there was not known. Having disposed of the first fellow, Miss Purvis took a small tin trumpet from her bureau-drawer, and stooped down, at the same time turning the gas slightly on, she presented the small end of the trumpet at the crouching form of the thoroughly terrified man under the bed and said: "See here, young man, you have been here long enough. Just scabble out instantly, or I will blow you into the middle of next week." He did not wait for a second invitation. Miss Purvis kept him covered with the trumpet, and fearing that his time had come, he made a lively shake for the window and went out like an arrow. In his hurry he lost a pair of false whiskers before he reached the window. Having met with this misfortune his disguise failed further to deceive the young lady. In the intruder she recognized Abraham T. Wilson, a discarded lover.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Every bird, please us with its lay— especially the hen. The editor's prayer—That short prayer would not be so long. For views on the Rhine—look into a pork barrel. To keep water out, use pitch; to keep it in use a pitcher. The only fish near the coast of Ireland is the sole fish. There is a man in Virginia who is so aristocratic that he has cut his own acquaintance. A wife's farewell to her husband every morning—"Buy and buy." The way we marry—ring the bride's finger, and then wring her heart. "What is the use," asked an idle fellow, of a man working himself to death to get a living. The man who was so hemmed in by a crowd, has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since. Those ladies, who have a passion for tea-parties should remember that tattle begins with T. Cork-screws have sunk more people than cork jackets will ever keep up. Labor lost—An organ-grinder playing at the door of a deaf and dumb asylum. Army contractors are sometimes ambushed enemies who lie in wait. Aye, and in measure, too. You're a queer chicken! as the hen said when she hatched out a duck. The way to make a tall man short is to ask him to lend you a few dollars. A concert singer having murdered a tune, subsequently tried his voice and acquitted himself. The herb-doctors hold that, to be healthy, a man, like a tree, must take root. The man who was lost in alumber, found his way out on a night mare. "Pa, what is meant by raw recruits?" "It means soldiers who have not stood fire, child." The man who attempted to look into the future had the door slammed in his face. If you want to be suited, go to a tailor; if you want to be non-suited, go to law. Young ladies at needle work, are not always what they appear. They are sometimes sewing. Copy of a sign upon an academy out West: "Freeman & Huggs; Freeman teaches the boys and Huggs the girls." "I do say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that Jones is a thief; but I do say that if his farm joined mine, I would not try to keep sheep." "I know every rock on the coast," said an Irish pilot. At that moment the ship struck, when he exclaimed, "and that's one of them." "Master at home?" "No, sir, he's out." "Missus at home?" "No, sir, she's out." "Then I'll step in and sit by the fire." "That's out too." "Any thing bite you dere?" inquired one Dutchman of another, while engaged in angling. "No, nodings at all." "Well," returned the other, "nodding bites me too." "You haven't got such a thing as an old pair of trousers, have you?" "No, my man," said the merchant, "I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house." "Where do you live?" rejoined Pat, "and I'll call in the morning for the old pair you've got on." A Hartford editor, having twitted an editor of a neighboring city with being bald, subsequently apologized and explained that "so long as the man can fold his ears over the top of his head, he doesn't need his hair, anyhow." A few days since the Marshal at Milwaukee received a telegram directing him to arrest "a girl with a green dress on." He followed his too general instructions by arresting twenty-two of them, and then did not get the right one. "What he knows about dairy farming," is thus announced by a modern milkman: "Take off as much cream and put in as much water as you dare, and the bolder your operations the more money you will make. This is watering stock with a quick return." A young woman, whose father's paternal residence is situated on one of the principal streets of Missouri's capital, recently in the space of a single twenty-four hours, managed without discovery, to get herself engaged to eight different men, and told them all to come at the same time the next day to obtain her father's blessing on their union. They all did so; and the scene that ensued can be better imagined than described. The lady in the meantime had left the State.

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J. G. P. HOOE, Proprietor.

The undersigned have leased the ICE HOUSE HOTEL and have opened it for the reception of guests. The House and furniture will immediately undergo a thorough renovation, and no pains will be spared to make the premises as comfortable and attractive as possible. The table will be beautifully supplied, and a full corps of servants engaged 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 considerable 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. HOOE, January 11th, 1872.

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WISHES TO INFORM HIS friends and the public generally 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 Dow Bill drawn in favor of A. Bartelle, for the sum of THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS in trade, as we are not responsible for the payment of the same. LAZARUS & LENGFIELD, Feb. 24th 1872.