



"LET US HAVE PEACE."

VOL. 3.

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OF THE

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OFFICE:

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ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Saturday, March 23rd, 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

insertion and 75 cents for each subse-

quent one.

WIGHT 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. HOOE, Proprietor.

THE undersigned have leased the

ICE HOUSE 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. HOOE.

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

Keener 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 gener-

ally 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

Due Bill drawn in favor of A. Bartelle,

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.

POETRY.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! and, though my steps depart

From scenes forever dear,

O maiden! I must leave my heart

And all my pleasures here;

And I must cherish in my mind,

Where'er my lot shall be,

A thought of her I leave behind—

A hopeless thought of thee.

O Maiden! I can ne'er forget

The charm thy presence brought:

No hour has passed, since first we met,

But thou hast shared my thought—

At early morn, at silvery noon,

Beneath the spreading tree;

And, wandering by the evening moon,

Still, I think of thee.

Yes, thou hast come to cheer my dream,

And bid me grieve no more;

But, at the morn's returning gleam,

I sorrowed as before.

Yet thou shalt still partake my care,

And when I bend the knee,

And pour to heaven a fervent prayer,

I will remember thee.

Farewell! and when my steps depart,

Though many a grief be mine,

And though I may conceal my own,

I'll weep to hear of thine.

Though from thy memory soon depart

Each little trace of me,

'Tis only in the grave this heart

Can cease to think of thee.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

John Harlow, a young New York lawyer, told his partner that he wanted to go home for a week. He said he wanted to see his father and the boys, and his sister, but that he especially wanted to ride old Bob to the brook once more, and to milk Cherry again, just to see how it felt to be a farmer's boy.

"John," said the old lawyer, "be sure you fix up a match with one of those country girls, no man is fit for anything till he is well married, and you are now able, with economy, to support a wife. Mind you get one of those country girls. The paste and powder people here aren't fit for a young man who wants a young woman."

The next morning John had a letter from his sister. Part of it ran thus: "I've concluded, old fellow, that if you don't marry, you'll dry up and turn to parchment. I'm going to bring home the smartest girl I know. Of course, she don't know what I'm up to, but you must prepare to capitulate."

In the old home they were looking for the son. The family proper consisted of the father, good Deacon Harlow, John's two brothers, ten and twelve years old, and Huldah, the "help." This last was the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who was a poor and helpless rheumatic, and most of the daughter's hard earnings went to help out the scanty subsistence at home. Aunt Judith, the sister of John's mother, "looked after" the household affairs of her brother-in-law by coming over once a week and helping Huldah darn, and mend and make, and by giving Huldah such advice as her inexperience was supposed to require. But now Deacon Harlow's daughter had left her husband to eat his turkey alone in Boston, and had brought her two children home to receive the paternal blessing. Not that Mrs. Amanda Holmes had the paternal blessing chiefly in view in her trip. She had brought with her a very dear friend, Miss Janet Dunton, the accomplished teacher in the Parnassus Female Seminary. Why Miss Janet Dunton came to the country with her friend she could hardly have told. Not a word had Mrs. Holmes spoken to her upon the subject of matrimonial schemes. She would have repelled any insinuation that she had ever dreamed that marriage was desirable under any conceivable circumstances. She often declared, sentimentally, that she was wedded to her books, and loved her leisure, and was determined to be an old maid. And all the time this sincere, Christian girl was dying to confer herself upon some worthy man of congenial tastes, which meant in her case just what it did in John Harlow's—some one who could admire her attainments.

Mrs. Holmes and her friend had arrived twenty-four hours ahead of John, and the daughter of the house had already installed herself as temporary mistress, by thoughtlessly upsetting, reversing and turning inside out all the good Huldah's most cherished arrangements. All the plans for the annual festival that wise and practical Huldah had entertained were vetoed, without a thought that this young girl had been for a year and a half in actual authority in the house, and might have some feeling of wrong in having a guest for a week overturn her plans for the next month. But Mrs. Holmes was not one of the kind to think of that. Huldah was hired and paid, and she never dreamed that hired people could have any interest in their work or their home other than their pay or their food. But Huldah was patient, though she confessed that she had a feeling that she had been rudely "trampled all over." I suspect she had a try at the end of the first day. I can't affirm it, except from a general knowledge of woman.

When John drove up in the buggy that the boys had taken to the depot for him, his first care was to shake hands with the deacon, who was glad to see him, but could not forbear expressing a hope that he would "shake that hair off his upper lip." Then John greeted his sister cordially, and was presented to Miss Dunton. Instead of sitting down, he pushed right into the kitchen, where Huldah, in a calico frock and clean white apron, was baking biscuits for tea. She had been a schoolmate of his, and he took her hand cordially, as she stood there with the bright western sun half glorifying her head and face.

"Why, Huldah, how you have grown!" was his first word of greeting. He meant more than he said, for, though she was not handsome, she had grown exceedingly comely as she developed into a woman.

"Undignified as ever," said Amanda, as she returned to the sitting-room.

The next day the ladies could get no good out of John Harlow. He got up early and milked the cow. He cut wood and carried it for Huldah. He rode old Bob to the brook for water. He did everything he had accustomed to do when a boy, finding as much pleasure in forgetting that he was a man as he had once found in hoping to be a man. The two boys enjoyed his society greatly, and his father was delighted to see that he retained his interest in farm life. John was not in sensible to Janet Dunton's charms. She could talk fitly about all the authors most in vogue, and the effect of her sneezy was really dazzling to a man. John was infatuated with the idea of marrying a wife of such attainments. How she would dazzle his friends! How the Governor would like to talk to her! How she would shine in his parlors! How she would delight people as she gave them tea and talked at the same time! John was in love with her as he would have been in love with a tea-urn or a rare book.

During the week he walked and rode in the sleigh with Miss Dunton, and made up his mind that he would carry this brilliant prize to New York. But, with lawyer-like caution, he thought he would put off the commitment as long as possible. If his heart had been in his attentions the caution would not have been worth much. Caution is a good breaker against vanity, but it isn't worth much against the spring tide of love, as John Harlow soon found.

For toward the end of the week he began to feel a warmer feeling for Miss Janet. I do not think that John was seriously in love with Miss Dunton. If he had been he would have found some means of communicating with her. A thousand spies, with sleepless eyes all around their heads, cannot keep a man from telling his love somehow, if he really has any love to tell.

He observed often during the week that Huldah was depressed. He could not exactly account for it, until he noticed something in his sister's behavior

toward her that awakened his suspicion. As soon as an opportunity offered he inquired of Huldah, affecting at the same time to know something about it.

"I don't want to complain of your sister to you, Mr. Harlow."

"Phew! call me John, and as for my sister, I know her faults better than you do."

"Well, it is only that she told me that Miss Dunton wasn't used to eating at the same table with servants, and, when one of the boys told your father he was mad, and came to me and said, 'Huldah, you must eat when the rest do. If you stay away from the table on account of these city snobs, I'll make a fuss on the spot.' So, to avoid a fuss, I've kept going to the table."

John was greatly vexed at this. He was a chivalrous fellow, and he knew much such a remark must wound a person who had never learned that domestic service had anything degrading in it. And the result was just the opposite of what his sister hoped. John paid more attention to Huldah Manners because she was the victim of oppression.

But, sitting in the old "best room," in the dark, while the ladies were getting ready, and trying to devise a way by which he might get an opportunity to speak with Miss Dunton alone; it occurred to him that she was at that time in the sitting-room, waiting for his sister. To step out to where she was and present the case would not be difficult, and it might be all settled before the sister came down stairs. The fates were against him, however, for, just as he was about to act upon his thoughts, he heard Amanda Holmes' abundant dress sweeping down the stairway. He could not help hearing the conversation that followed:

"You see, Janet, I got up this trip to-night to keep John from spending the evening in the kitchen. He hasn't a bit of dignity, and would spend the evening romping with the children and talking with Huldah, if he took it into his head."

"Well," said Janet, "one can overlook everything in a man of your brother's culture. But what a queer way your country servants have of pushing themselves. Wouldn't I make them know their place!"

And all this was said with the kitchen door open, with the intention of wounding Huldah.

John's castle tumbled. The erudite wife alongside the silver tea urn faded out of sight rapidly. If knowledge could not give a touch of human regard for the feelings of a poor girl; toiling dutifully and self-denyingly to support her family of what account was it?

Two minutes before he was about to give his life to Janet Dunton. Now there was a gulf wider than the world between them. He slipped out of the best room by the outside door, and came in through the kitchen. The neighbor's sleigh that was to call for them was at the door; and John begged them to excuse him. He had set his heart on helping Huldah, make mince pies, as he used to help his mother, when a boy. His sister was in despair, but she did not say much. She told John it was true he was getting over his queer freaks. And the sleigh drove off.

For an hour afterward John romped with his sister's children, and told stories to the boys, and talked with his father. When a war has barely escaped going over a precipice he does not like to think too much about it. John did not.

At last the little children went to bed. The old gentleman grew sleepy and retired. The boys went into the sitting-room and went to sleep, one on the lounge and one on the floor. Huldah was just ready to begin her pies. She was deeply hurt, but John succeeded in making her more cheerful. He rolled up his sleeves and went to rolling out the pastry. He thought he had never seen a sweeter picture than the young girl in clean dress and apron, with sleeves rolled up above her elbows. There was a

statuesque perfection in her well-rounded arms. The heat of the fire had flushed her face a little, and she was laughing merrily at John's awkward blunders in pie-making. John was delighted—he hardly knew why. In fixing a pie-crust his fingers touched hers; and he started as though he had touched a galvanic battery. He looked at Huldah, and saw a half-painful expression on her flushed face.

For the first time it occurred to him that Huldah Manners had excited in him a feeling a thousand times deeper than anything he had felt toward Janet, who seemed to be now in another world. For the first time he realized that he had been more in love with Huldah than with Janet all the time. Why not marry her? And then he remembered what the governor had said about marrying a woman's heart and not her head.

He put on his hat and walked out—out, into the darkness, the drizzling rain, and the slush of melting snow, fighting a fierce battle. All his pride and all his worldly vanity were on one side, and the irresistible torrents of his love on the other. He walked away into the dark wood-pasture, trying to cool his brow, trying to think, and (would you believe it!) trying to pray, for it was a great struggle, and in any great struggle a true soul finds something very like prayer in his heart.

The feeling of love may exist without attracting the attention of its possessor. It had never occurred to John that he could love or marry Huldah. Thus it had grown all the more powerful for not being observed, and the unseen fire had, at a flash, appeared as an all-consuming one.

Turning back, he stood without the window, in the shadow, and looked through the glass at the trim young girl at work with her pies. In the modest, restful face he read the story of a heart that had carried a great burden patiently and nobly. What a glorious picture was she of warmth and light, framed in darkness. To his heart, at that moment, all the light and warmth of the world centered in Huldah. All the world beside was loneliness, and darkness, and drizzle, and slush. His fear of his sister and his friends seemed base and cowardly. And the more he looked at this vision of the night, this revelation of peace, and love, and light, the more he was determined to possess it. You call him precipitate. But when all a man's nobility is on one side, and all his meanness on the other; why hesitate? Besides, John Harlow had thought more than in that half hour that most men do in a month.

The vision vanished from the window, and he went in and sat down. She had by this time put in the last pie; and was sitting with her head on her hand. The candle flickered and went out, and there was only the weird and ruddy firelight. I cannot tell you what words passed between John and the surprised Huldah; who had thought him already betrothed to Miss Dunton. I could not tell what was said in the light of the fire; I don't suppose that Huldah could tell the story herself.

Huldah asked that he should not say anything about it till his sister was gone. Of course John saw that she asked it for his sake. But his own cowardice was glad of the shelter.

Next day a brother of John's—whom I forgot to mention before—came home from college. Mrs. Holmes' husband arrived unexpectedly. Aunt Judith, with her family, came over at dinner-time, so that there was a large and merry party. Two hearts, at least, joined the deacon's thanksgiving before dinner with much fervor. At the table the dinner was very much admired.

"Huldah," said Janet Dunton, "I like your pies. I wish I could hire you to go to Boston. Our cook never does well."

John saw the well aimed shaft hidden under this compliment, and all his manhood rallied. As soon as he could be sure of himself he said:

"You cannot have Huldah; she is already engaged."

"How is that?" said Aunt Judith;

"Oh, I've secured her services,"

said John.

"What," said Mrs. Holmes, "en-

gaged your help before you engaged a wife?"

"Not at all," said John; "engaged

my help and wife in one. I hope that

Huldah Manners will be Huldah Har-

low by Christmas."

The deacon hid down his knife and

dropped his lower jaw and started.

"What! How! What did you say,

John?"

"I say, father, that this good girl,

Huldah, is to be my wife."

John gasped the old man, getting

to his feet and reaching his hand

across the table, "you've got a plenty

sense if you do wear a moustache!

God bless you, my boy; there ain't no

better woman here nor in New York;

nor anywhere, than Huldah. God bless

you both. I was afraid that you'd

take a different road, though."

"Hurrah for Huldah and our John,"

said George Harlow, the college boy,

and his brothers joined him. Even

the little Holmes children hurrahed!

Scolding.

Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody in reach.

Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it.

It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there were nothing else, they would fall a scolding at the mere absence of something to scold at.

It is an extremely disagreeable habit. The constant rumbling of distant thunder, caterwaulings, or band-organ under one's window, would be less unpleasant.

The habit is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain, in a short time, to affect all the members. If one of them begins always finding fault about something, or nothing; the others are apt very soon to take it up, and a very unnecessary bedlam is created.

The people in the country more readily fall into the habit of scolding than people in the city. We suppose it is because they have less to occupy and divert their attention.

Women contract the bad habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more in the house; in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general; and it may be partly that their natures are more susceptible, and their sensitiveness more easily wounded. Women are sometimes called divine; but a scolding woman never seems divine. But we will say no more on the subject, or some pretty creature may feel inclined to scold us for what we say about scolding.—[Exchange.]

Of all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a love pure; and in every respect noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection; I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover to his mother in her old age, is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the wretched autumn as he did in the daisied spring time.—"An Old Boy," in *Heart and Home*.