

Rapides



"LET US HA

ALEXANDRIA, LA., SATURDAY, APRIL

VOL. 4.

The Rapides Gazette.



T. G. COMPTON, Editor.
C. E. STEWART, Publisher.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

OF THE
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OF THE
PARISHES OF GRANT AND VERNON

OFFICE:

ON THE CORNER OF SECOND AND MURRY STREETS.

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Saturday, April 20th, 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. HOOE, Proprietor.

THE undersigned have 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
wonderfully 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.

—O—O—

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
wishes his customers, that their stock
will not be neglected.

WANTED!

AN HONEST industrious man
for the balance of the year to
work as much first rate land under
good fence as he will. A portion to
be planted in truck for the Alexandria
market, team, tools and cart furnished
and provisions advanced.

Apply at this Office.

POETRY.

I WOULDN'T! WOULD YOU!

I wouldn't give much for a girl who would
follow
Such fashions as our girls do—
Who dress in the finest of silk, then besides
Wear breechlets that shine as if new;—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would
bend,
As graceful as Grecianers do;
Who struts down the street to exhibit her
feet,
While the boys stand with eyes all askew;—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would
try
To cut herself almost in two,
With the hope that she'll overhear somebody
say
"That's a nice little, I tell you;"
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

And the girl who ought to wear shoes number
four,
Yes torture themselves with a two;
And then with the Boston limp, onward they
go,
With the grace of a kangaroo;—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would
cut
Such extra as most of them do;
Who tries to convince all the gents that their
hump
Is the natural flesh as it grew;—
I wouldn't give much for all such girls—
Would you?

The Broken Promise.

"A toast! a toast!" exclaimed one
of a party of five gentleman, at the
Astor House, among whom was
their friend, Captain Morrill, United
States Navy.

In fact, the gathering was in honor
of the captain, lately returned from
foreign service, but expecting to de-
part again in command of a cutter
bound to London.

The wine had been circulating so
freely that he who spoke could hardly
stand.

"I propose Laura Menton!" said
one of the captain's warmest friends,
bowing to the former.

The proposal was greeted with
hearty applause. Laura Menton—a
bewitching belle, and as good and
pure as she was beautiful, was to be
Morrill's bride.

He acknowledged the compliment
with a graceful bow; but, as he raised
the wine-glass to his lips, a troubled
expression crossed his face.

The truth was this: Laura was
devoted to the temperance cause, and,
knowing her lover's social nature,
and therefore his strong temptation to
drink, she had striven hard to per-
suade him to let wine alone. He had
again and again promised to comply
with her wishes, but had been led to
break his word many times.

Every time he broke it, the con-
sciousness of having done so would
affect him so deeply that he would
drink more to drown his sorrow.

Laura was now in England, about
preparing to return to America, from
a visit to some London relatives. At
his last parting with her in the latter
city, where his vessel had stopped on
its way home, the young lady, while,
as usual, conjuring him to drink no
more, and said, with strange earnest-
ness:

"If you break your word this time,
I know not why, but I feel as if some
terrible evil will result from it!"

The words, which had sunk deep in
his heart, had kept him sober all the
passage home.

This meeting with his friends, how-
ever spoiled his good resolution.

A week later he was bowling out to
sea in his cutter. His officers were all
social set, and as the errand upon
which they were bound was not a very
important one, the captain thought it
no harm to enjoy themselves with the
good stock of Bordeaux, Bourbon,
Burgundy, Port, etc., which they had
not failed to bring with them.

One night, about six days out, the
wind was blowing a gale. The cap-
tain having left the charge of the ves-
sel to a young and rather inexperience-

ed midshipman, was below, in his cab-
in, with his other officers, enjoying
himself over bottles of old wine.

"A dark night, captain," remarked
the first lieutenant, laughing; "just
the kind of one to enjoy ourselves as
we are now doing."

"Aye, aye, Mr. Winton," answered
Morrill, as with unsteady hand he
poured out another glass of wine,
"but, somehow, I don't like the shriek-
ing noise of the wind in our rigging to-
night. It sounds unpleasant."

The captain shuddered, as he spoke,
while his officers looked surprised.

"Of course I'm used enough to it,"
continued the captain, draining the
glass.

Still the wind kept howling. The
noise would seem to go with unearthly
sound right through the creaking
timbers of the craft.

"Ha! what was that?" exclaimed
Morrill, suddenly rising with unsteady
limbs, as a sort of scream seemed to
run quivering along, right under his
feet.

"It is nothing, sir," answered the
first lieutenant, "but the grating of the
malyard in the slings."

"What a nervous fool I'm getting to
be!" laughed the captain, hoarsely,
sinking back in his seat.

More wine—more and more! There
was laughter, there was shouting, jok-
ing and sinking, down in the cabin of
that storm-driven vessel!

And in the midst of it all was sud-
denly heard a long, grinding crash,
that threw the revellers off their feet—
that sent the cutter, half buried in the
sea, upon her beam-ends, with shak-
ing, cracking timbers and reeling
masts!

Above the din rose the shouting of
voices, the shrieks of women and men,
the trampling of many feet.

Down into the cabin, holding to a
rope, fell a mangled form headlong;
the midshipman, Mr. Ward, who had
been knocked over and badly injured
by a falling spar.

"We've ran into——" began the
poor fellow; but that was all he could
say. His eyes were turned with an ex-
pression of half reproach upon the in-
toxicated Morrill.

The latter, somewhat sobered, stag-
gered up, with his officers, to the deck.
Through the gloom he could just
make out a vessel—a brig—apparently
sinking. Only the stumps of her masts
remained, white, by the lurid light of
her lantern, hung up in the mizen rig-
ging, her hull was seen, half buried.

"Down helm! Back the malyard!"
howled Morrill, now completely sobered.

As his own vessel has suffered no
damage except the loss of her booms
forward, and the splitting up of her
starboard bowrail, the men were en-
abled to obey orders.

Morrill was about lowering his boats,
when he saw those of the other vessel
approaching.

"All saved!" he thundered through
his speaking trumpet.

"All but one!" was the hoarse
response.

Two of the boats were soon along-
side, and their occupants aboard the
cutter. The brig had, by this time,
gone down.

"You said you lost one life!" said
Morrill, in an agony of self-reproach.

"Yes; she took passage in our ves-
sel at London a Miss Menton—Miss
Laura Menton!"

"What?" screamed Morrill, starting
back as if shot. "My God, it is then
the vessel in which Laura was bound
to New York that I have run into!"

"She must have gone down in the
brig," said his informant, "as we saw
nothing of her after the collision, al-
though some of the passengers say
they heard her scream."

Just then the third boat, containing
besides its sailor crew, something white-
came alongside.

The men mounted the gangway,
bearing that white object between
them. A horrible fear possessed Mor-
rill. Snatching a lantern, he rushed
to the side of the object, to perceive
that it was a woman. The light of the
lantern revealed the pallid, beautiful
features, the long, slipping hair, the
closed eyes, and magnificent, but life-
less form of Laura Menton!

"Dead!" was echoed from lip to lip.
"Dead!" repeated Morrill; "and all
my fault! Had I not been below,
drinking, this could not have happen-
ed! I am Laura's murderer!"

Overcome by his terrible feelings, he
fell unconscious to the deck.

When he recovered, he was in a
delirium. There he lay, day after
day, raving about his having killed
Laura.

Gradually he recovered, but he was
a changed man. The cutter had put
back to New York, where it arrived
just as he was able to leave his couch.

His misery was more than he felt
willing to bear. He snatched a pistol,
one morning, to put an end to his life,
when he heard behind him a voice
that thrilled him through and through.

He turned, to behold Laura Menton,
as radiant, as beautiful as ever!

He opened his arms.

"Promise me!" exclaimed Laura,
sobbing, "that you will never touch a
drop of liquor again! Otherwise——"
and she motioned him back.

"Never, so help me, God!" cried he,
fervently.

She felt sure he would keep his word
this time, and flew to his bosom.

Explanations were, that she had
been restored to her senses, after being
brought aboard, but that the doctor
had forbidden the good news being
carried to Morrill, as, in his state,
the excitement might have proved too
much for him.

Such experience kept him sober
ever after. He made a solemn vow
never again to taste of the vile stuff
which had nearly cost his Laura her
life.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.—Many a
man is rich without money. Thou-
sands of men with nothing in their
pockets and thousands without even
a pocket are rich. A man born with a
sound constitution, a good stomach, a
good heart, good limbs, and a pretty
good head-piece, is rich. Good bones
are better than gold, tough muscles
than silver, and nerves that flash fire
and carry energy to every function are
better than houses and land. It is bet-
ter than a landed estate to have the
right kink of a father and mother.
Good breeds and bad breeds exist
among men as really as among herds
and horses. Education may do much
to check evil tendencies or to develop
good ones; but it is a great thing to
inherit the right portion of faculties
to start with. The man is rich who
has a good disposition—who is natu-
rally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful,
and who has a flavor of wit and fun in
his composition. The hardest thing to
get along with in this life is a man's
own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a de-
spending and complaining fellow, a
timid and care burdened mad—these
are all born deformed on the inside.
Their feet may not limp, but their
thoughts do.

TAKE COURAGE.—Young man, take
courage. Are you poor? So have
been many of our most useful and ce-
lebrated men. They did not yield to
discouragement; if they had, they
would not now have been lights and
blessings to society. Be this your
motto: "I will try, with God's help,
to do my best." By the practice of
this resolve, if you never become dis-
tinguished, you will at least gain the
esteem of the wise and good; the
peace of mind only found in the path
of rectitude, which is more valuable
than wealth or fame, and the approv-
ing smile of God. Reader, take cour-
age. Trials you have, no doubt, for
these are the lot of all; but let them
not cause you to repine or despond,
but use them as stimulants to hopeful
earnest exertion. Many can truly say
"It has been good for me that I have
been afflicted. It has inspired me with
renewed zeal, with higher aims, and
additional strength to suffer, dare
and do."

A certain bachelor, well known
Pottsville circles, was heard to say
one night, when trying vainly
make his own bed, that by the "great
horned spoon" he'd accept the fra-
girl that made him an offer. All this
during leap-year. Girls, go for him.