



"LET US HAVE PEACE."

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Saturday, April 27th, 1872.

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EIGHT lines or less, constitute a
square. The following are our rates to
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One Column.....	\$300 00
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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
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.

HENRY FOREMAN,

Boot & Shoe Maker,

LEVIN'S BRICK BUILDING,

Front Street

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Repairs done with neatness and
dispatch.

Ladies Shoes made in the latest and
neatest styles.

From Death to Life.

A STORY AS HE TOLD IT OF HIMSELF.

He was a tall, one-eyed man, wear-
ing a broad-brimmed hat and a red
dannel shirt. He sat on the railing of
the bridge, whittling and talking to
three or four others, standing near by.

Yes sir (said he), I was dealt once.
It was the strangest thing you ever
saw in your life.

You don't believe it, ha!

We were at work about a mile from
the shanty—Jim Robinson and me—
and had slashed into the pine like all
possessed. The boys were hauling
pretty lively, for it was early in Janu-
ary, and sleighing was good. Jim
was at work on a big tree about twenty
rods from where I was.

Pretty soon after he yelled to me,
his tree toppled over and fell. Crash it
went, right into the branches of an
old grub oak, and hung fast there. I
never saw a fellow madder than Jim
was. He tried every possible way to
loosen the pine, but couldn't get it off.

Finally we made up our minds to go
for the oak tree, and in about ten
minutes we had cut through so it
tumbled like a leaf with every stroke
of the ax, he cutting on one side and I
on the other. When it was almost
through, as I was the biggest and
best chopper, says I to Jim:

"Let me finish her, Jim. Get out
of the way, and I will have her
through in half a minute."

I had been chopping a minute or
two, when Jim let loose a scream that
would have made a Injun's blood run
cold. I just had time to look up and
see that pine tree tumbling down,
down, when I dropped my ax and ran.
I couldn't have got far when some-
thing seemed to hit my eyes, and then
everything was dark.

I suppose I was dead.

Maybe you don't believe me, boys
but that's all I can make out of it.
All at once the light, the looks of the
snow on the ground, everything was
shut out from sight. There was a
kind of an on certain, dreamy kind
of feeling, just as a fellow has when
he's asleep. I knew something awful
had happened, but I couldn't stir my-
self hand or foot. It seemed as
though it was night, and that I was
covered up something that pressed
heavy upon me. Still there wasn't
any particular pain, and for a long
time I couldn't think where I was. I
suppose it wasn't long, when I felt
somebody pull my arm, and I heard
Jim Robinson say: "O Lord! Poor
fellow!"

I knew he was there and I could
feel him touch me, and yet I couldn't
speak or open my eyes. He thought
I was dead. Then I wondered if all
dead folks could know and think
things as I did. I tried to breathe I
tried to scream. But I couldn't do
anything, Jim left me; and the next
thing I remember of, I was pulled
out from under the tree and hauled to
the shanty on one of the sleds. You
may bet there was considerable ex-
citement among the boys when I was
taken into camp. I could feel that I
was dead. My heart didn't beat I couldn't
move. But I could hear, and had a
kind of a misty notion about every-
thing that was going on about me.

Some of the boys, after feeling of
my forred, wanted to send for a doc-
tor.

"It's no use boys," said the boss,
"the poor fellow's gone. His neck
was broke. The most we can do for
him is to take him home to his folks."

Well, they laid me out on one of
the sleighs, and after fixing me up in
as decent a way as a corpse could be
in a lumber camp, one of the team-
sters started with me for Oshkosh.

At first I didn't realize just how
bad the situation was. When it be-
gan to leak into my head that I was
really dead, and was going to be
buried in the ground, and shut out
forever from the light of the sun, it
frightened me. The long ride to
Oshkosh passed like those things that
happen in a dream. We got here and
I was taken to my brother's house.

He felt terrible bad when I was
brought home. I hadn't any idea that
he thought as much of me as he did,
poor fellow. I could hear him cry and
talk, and still I hadn't the power to
move a muscle. I was put in a coffin
and finally it came out that I was
to be taken to Watertown to be buried.

My old mother lived there, you know.
O, boys, I hope none of you may ever
feel the horrors that I felt, when I
knew that I was boxed up in a coffin
and would soon be buried. Seven
years have gone by since then, but I
never think of it without a chill.

I could feel them putting on the lid
of the coffin, and then I knew I was
fastened up.

From that time until the cover of
the coffin was raised again, I haven't
any recollection of what happened,
only that I was in motion. Though I
sorter felt that some one was turning
the screws of the coffin lid, and after

a while the cover was taken off.

My poor mother screamed as though
her heart was broke. I couldn't stir,
and yet I could feel the warm drops
from her eyes upon my face.

I would rather die a thousands
times over than go through the hor-
rible suffering of that affair again.
There I was, dead, and going to be
buried, and yet so near alive that I
knew what was going on. Boys
you may talk, but there is no-
body in this world that thinks as
much of you as your mother. You
can't imagine my feelings—no, you
can't have the least notion of how I
felt when she was taking on so over
me.

After a while I could feel that my
mother had stopped crying. Then I
thought she must have fainted. I
never was much in the praying line,
but it ever any one made a strong cry
to call on God for assistance, I did
then. I could feel my mother's soft
hand on my head.

"George," said she to my brother,
"his forred don't feel very cold. How
strange it is!"

Then George's hand was put on my
forehead, and I could feel him place his
hand on my breast.

They seemed to think I might not
be dead.

Pretty soon a neighbor came in, and
there was a good deal of talking that
I couldn't understand. Then I was
lifted out of the coffin and placed in a
bed. I was rubbed all over with a
course towel.

Still I couldn't stir or open my
eyes.

They gave up all hopes and left
me.

Then my mother came to give me
one last look, I could feel her near
me just as she used to be when I was
a boy, and her hand smoothed my
hair in the old way, that seemed to
take me back to the time when I
wasn't so bad as I am now.

I tried with all the force I could
to speak. I made one strong effort
to rouse myself, and finally broke the
spell and looked up.

My mother faints, but help soon
came, after taking some medicine and
doctors stuff. I was able to think
freely and breathe again.

In a little while I was well again,
except an ugly scar on the back of
my neck.

The doctors said I had a narrow
escape. My spinal cord, they said,
had been struck by a branch of the tree,
and I was as good as dead. It was
more than a miracle that I was ever
brought to. They had a good deal to
say about paralyzing my nervous sys-
tem, and my circulation, and all that,
but at any rate I got well.

I didn't chop any more that win-
ter.

Who Wanteth a Mule?

Cheap for cash!

Good for dyspepsia!

If any man wants a mule, we've got
one lad. A nice mule. That is, two
hair-covered flat stove pipes, with hair
on endwise, and a lot skin, bones and
kicks as running gears.

When in California, a friend said
mule was good for health. That if we
would ride a mule two hours every
morning it would be good for the
health part of us. A friend never
would lie to a man. Of course not.

Our mule came from Kentucky. He
is a dun colored whelp, with a tail big-
ger at the little end like a lager-beer
nose. He has little feet. You'd think
more than five hundred of 'em, when
they are up to exercising his final
hindmost. His feet are no dead-
heads!

He hath ears to hear. He is an ear-
tiest cuss. His head is like the nation-
al debt, somewhat big, and the first
thing he cares for. One day we went
forth to amble. On top of that mule
we went out for exercise. Rode in a
saddle. The motion was regular if not
gentle. At Union square we wanted
to turn and ride down Fourteenth
street, so our wife could see her hus-
band's horsemanship. Mule wanted to
go the other way.

Under the shadow of Lincoln's mon-
ument he halted. Gently we urged
him. His tail flew up. His ears
wrinkled to each other. His hind end
sort of tried to kiss the clouds, and we
slid down to rest, not in his chest, but
against his ears. Again he decended
skyward, in part, and we got off in
front. Whoa, mule! Good mule.

In haste got we on again. With ears
waving like the flap of a wide-brim
palm-leaf hat, he moved on. Just then
several bad boys laughed a loud laugh,
partly in unison, but more in derision.
We touched his tickle section with a

spur, then got off. Got off about twenty
feet, and in reversed position.

Who wants to buy a nice mule for
exercise! Never minding two suspen-
der buttons and a quizzed hat, we
got on top of mule. An internal police-
man came along and said he'd take us
in it we didn't refrain from drawing a
crowd. The mule started joyfully.

Walked two rods. Then stopped to go
his own way. Then he twisted his all-
four feet into a bunch like asparagus.
Humped his spinal column till our sad-
dle seemed balanced on a hitching
post. How's that for high! Then he
pointed at something like thunder with
the healthiest pair of hind legs a pet
of the devil ever had, and we went up,
turned a somersault, and landed on a
cart laden with ashes. Even as Goliath
shot a stone into David, so shot mule
into the air. Nothing like mule to
help a man up in the world.

Concluded not to ride. Concluded
to wallop mule. Policeman said none
of that. Mule pointed his tail over
toward Bergh's office, where cruelty to
animals is prevented. But there is no
offense to prevent mule being cruelty to
man.

We tied his ears together with a
wire, and with the aid of two good
Samaritans mounted mule. He paused.
We asked him mildly to get up. He
got up, but a little too far behind for
comfort. That is, to us. Then we flip-
flapped over his head, going between
his ears, like a fellow on a bender
would run a toll-gate. Were a man
only beef-steak, what a help mule
would be!

We led mule around a corner to a
tin-shop. Wired his tail fast to both
hind legs. Agonized ourself into the
saddle. Spoke kindly to mule, but in
vain. He dropped one ear, then to
left shoulder shifted the other. Then
he looked to see why he could not a
tail unfold. The wire—the wire! Ha,
ha! mule! He tried to kick, but
couldn't get the hang or the hoist of
it. Then he looked to right as if to
reach his disgusted gaze clear to his
latter end. We smiled. We suggested
that he move on, and not stand on the
corners! Then he shoved about three
feet of ears to the front, oblique, and
gazed crookedly to the rear by the left
flank to see why his tail was a wire-
puller. Then he lifted up his voice
and wept. But such a weep—"Father,
dear father, come home!"

Then he braced his ears in the shade
of each other and hoisted vigorously
upon his too much confined tail. The
thing was at both ends. He hoisted,
but in vain. Then for the first time
in his life, he seemed to regret he had
not had it made smaller at the small
end so it would slip out! We smiled
at his embarrassment. We asked him
to lie gently on. But not a lie. He
had highed highed us enough before!
That's what we told us. Said we with
the deep plowing philosophy of one
who knows all about farming—

"O mule! take your time. We are
in no hurry to hasten."

Then he winked with both ears both
ways, and drew his little feet ad wry
tail under him, like a sutler taking his
rest, and laid down! In a second, with
ungodly vehemence for one so young,
he laid himself with vigor down, and
rolled over. Of course we got off! He
got up. We got on. He got down and
got over! We got off again. Then he
got up! We got on, and he got down
and rolled over again. Then he got
up. Then we looked at his tail. It
was anchored! Then we looked in his
eye. His mild eye, so full of dark in-
nocence. It seemed like one asleep,
and the other eye was shooed the same.

We put the end of finger one gently
into, but no response. He seemed sub-
dued. Then we got on again, and he
got down, and rolled over just as we
got off.

Then we asked a boy to hold the
mule, and not stir with him till we re-
turned, and we would compensate him
with two ty dollars, if he'd wait right
there with the mule. He said he would.
He looked like an honest boy. That
was three days ago. Yesterday he
was there. A little brother brought
him a few meals. He'll wait for the
twenty dollars. Perhaps mule may
like that idea! Perhaps mule will
move on next time! But if any man
wants him, he is for sale cheap. He
is a good mule.—"BRICK" POMEROY.

Life's Brightest Hour.

Not long ago I met a gentleman who
was assessed for more than a million
Silver was in his hair, care beneath
his brow, and he stooped beneath his
burden of wealth. We were speaking
of that period of life when he had re-
alized the most perfect enjoyment, or,
rather, when we had, found the happi-
ness nearest to be unalloyed. "I'll tell
you," said the millionaire, "when 'was
the happiest hour of my life. At the
age of one-and-twenty I had saved up
\$800. I was earning \$500 a year, and
my father did not take it from me, on-
ly requiring that I should pay for my
board. At the age of twenty-two I
had secured a pretty cottage, just out-
side of the city. I was able to pay
two thirds of the money down and fur-
nish it respectably. I was married on
Sunday—a Sunday in June—at my fa-
ther's house. My wife had come to me
poor in purse but rich in the wealth of
her womanhood. The Sabbath and
the Sabbath night we passed beneath
my father's roof, and on Monday morn-
ing I went to my work, leaving my
mother and sister to help in preparing
my home. On Monday evening when
the labors of the day were done, I
went not to the paternal shelter, as in
the past, but to my own house—my
own home. The holy atmosphere of
that hour seems to surround me even
now in the memory. I opened the
door of my cottage and entered. I
laid my hat upon the little stand in
the hall and passed on to the kitchen
—our kitchen and dining room were
one then. I pushed open the kitchen
door and was—in heaven. The table
was set against the wall—the evening
meal was ready—prepared by the
hands of her who had come to be my
helpmeet, in deed as well as in name
—and by the table, with a throbbing,
expectant look upon her face, stood
my wife, I tried to speak, but could
not. I could only clasp the waiting
angel to my bosom, thus showing to
her the ecstatic burden of my heart.
The years have passed—long, long
years— and worldly wealth has flowed
in upon me, and I am honored and
envied—but, as true as heaven, I would
give all, every dollar, for the joy of the
hour on that June evening in the long,
long ago."

AN ACTOR'S DISCOMFORTURE.—One
very sultry evening in the dog-
days Garrick performed the part of
"Lear." In the first four acts he re-
ceived the accustomed tribute of ap-
plause; at the conclusion of the fifth,
when he wept over the body of Cordelia,
every eye caught the soft infection.
At this interesting moment to the
astonishment of all present, his face
assumed a new character, and his
frame appeared agitated by a new
passion. It was not tragic; it was
evidently an endeavor to suppress a
laugh. In a few seconds the old at-
tendant nobles appeared to be affected
in the same manner, and the beau-
tiful Cordelia, who was lying extended
on a crimson couch, opening her
eyes to see what occasioned the in-
terruption, leaped from her sofa, and
with the majesty of England, the gal-
lant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran
laughing off the stage.

The audience could not account for
this strange termination of a tragedy
in any other way than by supposing
that the *dramatis persona* were seized
with a sudden frenzy; but their reli-
ability had a different source.

A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated
in the centre of the front bench of the
pit, was accompanied by his mastiff,
who, being accustomed to sit on the
same seat with his master at home,
naturally supposed that he might
here enjoy the same privilege. The
butcher sat very far back, and the
dog fixing his fore paws on the rail of
the orchestra, peered at the performers
with as upright a head and as grave
an air as the most sagacious critic of
the day.

One corpulent slaughterman was
made of melting stuff, and not being
accustomed to the heat of a play-house,
found himself oppressed by a large
and well powered Sunday periwig,
which, for the gratification of cooling
and wiping his head, he pulled off and
placed on the head of the mastiff.

The dog, being in so conspicuous a
situation, caught the eye of Mr. Gar-
rick and the other performers. A
mastiff in a church-warden's wig was
too much; it would have provoked
laughter in Lear himself, at the mo-
ment of his deepest distress. No
wonder, then, that it had such an
effect on his representative.

WOMAN'S POWER.

Those disasters
which break down the spirit of a man,
and prostrate him in the dust, seem to
call forth all the energies of the softer
sex, and give such intrepidity and ele-
vation to their character, that at times
it approaches to sublimity. Nothing
can be more touching than to behold
a soft and tender female, who had been
all weakness and dependence, and alive
to every trivial roughness while tread-
ing the prosperous paths of life, sud-
denly rising in mental force to be the
comforter and supporter of her hus-
band under misfortune, and abiding,
with unshrinking firmness, the bitter-
est blasts of adversity. As the vine
which has long twined its graceful
foliage about the oak, and been lifted
by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy
plant is ritted by the thunderbolt,
cling round it with its caressing ten-
drils, and bind up its shattered boughs;
so is it beautifully ordered by Provi-
dence that woman, who is the more
dependent and ornament of man in his
happier hours, should be his stay and
solace when smitten with sudden
calamity; winding herself into the
rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly
supporting his drooping head, and
binding up the broken heart.

COURTESHIP IN CHURCH.—A young
gentleman happening to sit at church
in a pew adjoining one in which sat a
young lady for whom he conceived a
sudden and violent passion, was de-
sirous of entering into a courtship on
the spot; but the place not suiting a
formal declaration, the exigency of
the case suggested the following plan.
He politely handed his fair neighbor a
Bible open, with a pin stuck in the
following text—Second Epistle of
John, verse fifth: "And now I beseech
thee, lady, not as though I wrote a
new commandment unto thee, but that
which we had from the beginning,
that we love one another." She re-
turned it, pointing to the second chap-
ter of Ruth, verse tenth; "Then she
fell on her face, and bowed herself to
the ground, and said unto him, Why
have I found grace in thine eyes, that
thou shouldst take knowledge of me,
seeing that I am a stranger?" He re-
turned the book, pointing to the
twelfth verse of the Third Epistle of
John: "Having many things to write
unto you, I would not write with paper
and ink, but I trust to come onto you,
and speak face to face, that our joy
may be full." From the the above in-
terview a marriage took place the
ensuing week.

TRACING A GENEALOGY.—It is of
the elder Dumas, whose death has just
occurred, that the following story is
told. A stranger, having heard with
surprise that Dumas was a quadroon,
called upon him to verify the fact.

"I am told," began the visitor,
"that you are a quadroon, Monsieur
Dumas?"

"Yes," answered Dumas.

"And your father?"

"Was a mulatto! the distinguished
Gen. Dumas, of the army of Italy—
and a mulatto," roared the author in
tones that left no doubt of the quality
of his lungs.

"And his mother?" continued the
intruder interrogatively.

"Was a negro," shouted Dumas,
rising to his feet.

"And who, may I ask, was her
mother?" continued the enterprising
and indefatigable bore.

"An ape, sir, an ape!" thundered
the indignant author. "My family
begins exactly where yours ends—
waiter, show that monkey the door."

Some time ago the wife of an Aber-
deen farmer died, leaving a young and
numerous family. The minister of
the parish naturally called to adminis-
ter some words of comfort to him in
his bereavement. "This has been a
sad blow to you, my friend," he said,
"a sudden blow and a sore visitation."
"It had been all that," was the reply;
"I have had nothing like it since the
death of the old horse."

A young lady at Council Bluffs be-
ing informed by her "teller" that he
intended to cease his attentions, cov-
bided him round the room, and as he
sprang through the open window,
told him, with a parting flick, that that
would teach him to be more careful
for the future not to trifle with a gen-
tle and loving heart!