



"LET US HAVE PEACE."

VOL. 4.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1872.

[NO. 4.]

The Rapides Gazette.



F. G. COMPTON, Editor.
C. B. 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, May 4th, 1872.

TERMS:

THE GAZETTE is published Weekly at

Four Dollars per annum; \$250 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.

Short 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. HOOR, Proprietor.

THE undersigned has leased the

IOE 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

engaged to be in constant attendance

on our boarders. The doors will be open

at all hours, of both the day and night.

Both transient and regular boarders

will find it to their interest to give us

recall.

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. HOOR.

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,

LEYL'S BRICK BUILDING,

Front Street

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Repairs done with Neatness and

Despatch.

Ladies Shoes made in the latest and

most stylish.

A LUCKY PRESENTIMENT.

About six years ago a remarkable

case was tried, at the criminal side, in

the county of Cork. The writer wishes

to pledge himself at the outset to the

literal authenticity of the narrative,

which he heard from the lips of the

late eminent Queen's counsel, George

Bennet, at the time a junior in the

Monster Court, and himself an eye-

witness and attentive listener at the

trial. On a fine summer even-

ing, when the rustic hour of supper

was approaching, there arrived at the

door of a comfortable thatched cabin,

of large dimensions, such as the per-

sons known in Ireland as "strong farm-

ers" usually inhabit, a stranger dress-

ed in the then peasant costume, bor-

duroy shorts, frieze coat, cabbeen, and

brogues, and with a blackthorn stick

in his hand. The way-farer entered

with the usual salutation, "God save

all here," and asked if this was not

Dennis MacCarthy's house. The woman

who were in the cabin told him it

was, and invited him civilly to sit

down, "and take an air of the fire,"

and with this invitation he complied,

entertaining his new acquaintances "he

while with such news as he had collect-

ed while on his journey. The man

was dark featured, of middle stature,

and of a square and powerful build.

In a little while Dennis MacCarthy,

returning from his fields, entered the

cabin door, and the stranger introduc-

ed himself as cousin, Phil. Ryan, from

Cappaghmore, in the county of Limer-

ick, and told him what had brought

him to that distant part of the world.

His business was to say certain pray-

ers, according to Irish usage, over the

grave of a common kinsman of both,

who died two or three weeks before,

and was buried in the neighboring

graveyard. MacCarthy received his

cousin, although he had never seen

his face before, with the customary

cordiality of clanship, and told him he

must sup and sleep in his house that

night, and eat his breakfast there be-

fore setting out on his homeward jour-

ney. To all this the stranger consented,

and then as he was unacquainted with

the situation of the graveyard, he ask-

ed MacCarthy, if it was not far to show

him the way to it, and point out the

grave of their cousin. MacCarthy read-

ily consented, and, as the potatoes

were not quite boiled, it was agreed

that they should set out at once and

return in time for supper.

In the south of Ireland burial plac-

es, probably of immense antiquity,

containing no vestige of a sacred build-

ing, rudely fenced with a loose stone

wall, lichen stained and often partly

overgrown with ivy, with perha

two or three hawthorns, and an an-

cient ash tree growing within them,

are frequently to be met with. Possi-

bly these small and solitary inclosures

were dedicated to the same funeral

uses long before the dawn of Christian-

ity broke upon the island. A wild and

narrow track, perhaps as ancient as the

place of sepulture itself, crossing at a

short distance from MacCarthy's cabin

the comparatively modern main road,

leads over a little rising ground to the

burial place, which lies in the lap of a

lonely hollow, seldom disturbed by the

sound of human tread or voice, or rat-

tle of a car wheel. MacCarthy and the

stranger walked up the ancient and

silent by-road, until they reached the

hollow I have mentioned. There un-

der the shadow of an old twistee thorn

tree, a stile crosses the loose wall of

the burial ground. At this stile they

came to a pause.

"Go on," said MacCarthy.

"Go you first," replied the stranger.

"Go first yourself," said the farmer,

a little peremptorily, making a stand.

He did not know why, upon the point

of precedence.

"Arra, man; go on can't ye, and

don't be botherin' what are ye afraid

of?" insisted Ryan.

"Now, I tell you what it is; I don't

understand you, nor what you're at;

but a devil a foot I'll go over the wall

till you go over it first," said MacCarthy

doggedly.

The man laughed and looked angry.

"To be sure I'll go over it first, if

that'll please ye, and what does it mat-

ter who's first or who's last?" he an-

swered, surlily. But you're the big-

gest omdaboun I ever set eyes on."

And speaking, to this effect, he

crossed the stile, followed by MacCarthy,

who pointed out the grave, and forth-

with the stranger knelt beside

it, according to Irish custom, and be-

gan to tell his beads and say his pray-

ers—in observance which usually lasts

about a quarter of an hour. When the

The Earthquake in California.

The earthquake that occurred in

California on the 26th of March, and

which has heretofore been briefly men-

tioned in the Ledger, appears to have

been most destructive at the mining

village of Lone Pine, in Inyo county,

in that State. The first shock occur-

ed at about half-past two o'clock in

the night, when all or nearly all of the

inhabitants were in bed. This shock

is described by Col. Whipple, who was

in bed at the time, as if it were an ex-

plosion in the bowels of the earth,

lifting the earth up, producing a terri-

ble vibration. Following this was a

series of other shocks, which were

quick oscillations of the earth without

any noise, and there was a third series

of shocks which were preceded by

long, distant, rumbling sounds. The

first shock is also described as having

been accompanied by a noise similar

to the discharge of a battery of guns,

and this latter sound died away as it

ascended the sides of the mountains.

Fifty-two houses were thrown down

in the village of Lone Pine, and fifty-

four persons, comprising fully one-

sixth of the population, were buried

beneath the ruins. Of these, twenty-

three persons were taken out dead,

and thirty others were more or less

seriously injured. Every perishable

article in the village was destroyed.

The village of Lone Pine is situated in

the eastern part of the State, in Owen's

River Valley, and among the incidents

of the earthquake it is reported by

eye-witnesses, that a crack in the

WIT AND HUMOR.

A trying effort—Boying a hat.

Country seat—A milking stool.

How to be wise—Drink sage tea.

Perpetual motion—Rent and taxes.

A good wide show—A pretty cheek.

More matter of fact—Fitting a

dress.

The woman question—Is he mar-

ried?

Marine measurement—The yard of

a ship.

Counter attractions—Handsome

clerks.

Cash advances—Attentions to a rich

widow.

Courtship is bliss, but matrimony is

blister.

The joy of the dumb is always un-

speakable.

Song of the oyster—Keep me in my

little bed.

"Bogie paint" is the concentrated

allegory for frontier whisky.

A good hotel-keeper is a man that

one can always put up with.

Bankers ought to prosper. They al-

ways take so much interest in their

business.

Where ought we always find the

milk of human kindness? In the pale

of the church.

When Adam and Eve partook of the

tree of knowledge, did they study

the higher branches?

How to obtain the gift to give us

the power to see ourselves as others

see us?—Run for office.

Repentance without amendment is

like continual pumping in a ship with-

out stopping the leaks.