



"LET US HAVE PEACE."

VOL. 4.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1872.

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## The Rapides Gazette.



T. G. COMPTON, Editor.  
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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 11th, 1872.

TERMS:

THE GAZETTE is published Weekly at

Four Dollars per annum; \$2.50 for

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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.

RIGHT 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

LAZARUS

&

LENGSFIELD,

General Country Merchants

COLFAX LA.,

At Colborn & Levy's Old Stand Op-

posite mouth Cane River.

PUBLIC attention is desired in

reference to our stock of Dry

Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes,

Hats and Caps, and Plantation Sup-

plies.

Which we offer at New Orleans prices,

thus competing with any house of

our line in Alexandria, through large

barter, we are enabled to offer our

goods at the lowest possible terms, to

CASH buyers.

Our motto being quick sales and

small profits. Call and examine our

stock, and be convinced before pur-

chasing elsewhere.

Respectfully,

LAZARUS & LENGSFIELD.

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 as

attractive 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.

## POETRY.

### TRUST.

By that strange shadow on your brow  
And in your darkened eyes,  
I know that you are angry now—  
Nay, show not such surprise—  
Do you suppose that, waiting there,  
I saw not how you frowned?  
I watched your discontented air  
Each time the dance came round.  
I would not break your gloomy mood,  
But let you frown your fill—  
For watchfulness in love is good,  
But trust is better still.

Have I confessed my love to you,  
And hearkened all you said,  
For you to doubt me (as you do,  
Although you shake your head),  
Because of each slight foppish thing  
That gives me tender looks,  
And turns the pages when I sing,  
Or finds my music books?  
In your too great solicitude,  
I say you treat me ill—  
For watchfulness in love is good,  
But trust is better still.

Nay, sir: your brows must not be bent;  
Don't try to frown me down—  
Ah! now I see that you relent;  
I will not let you frown.  
Have you forgotten that spring day  
When in the lanes we strolled,  
And how the twilight passed away  
Before your tale was told?  
Then trust me, as you said you would—  
Ah, yes, I know you will—  
For watchfulness in love is good,  
But trust is better still.

### A Colorado Romance.

### HUNTING A RUNAWAY HUSBAND—A WIFE'S DISGUISE.

The Denver News tells of a gay but effeminate looking young fellow who had been a frequenter of the concert saloons there for some weeks, and at length proved to be not much of a fellow after all:

On Saturday evening last the young man spent an hour in the Varieties hall when his restless nature carried him into the green room. There he sat down and ordered several bottles of wine, and was enjoying himself, apparently, in the society of the insecure young women who so lavishly display their charms to please the morbid mind of the gaping audience.

About that time a party of young men entered the green room, and made themselves familiar with its adornments and inmates. One of the looking young fellow approached the table where our strange friend was sitting, when their eyes flashed glances into each other, and the half raised glass of wine with a splash and a crash to the floor. There was a scream and a sudden rushing, a flying of the arms about each other; some said the lips met—most unusual for men—

when the effeminate form suddenly fell with a thud to the floor in a deep and awful swoon. Those who did not anticipate the sequel tore away the coverings of the breast to give the sufferer air, when there stood the alabaster bosom of a woman, now almost stilled by the deathlike trance.

Of course, the matter thus far divulged was soon a topic of comment among the few cognizant of the facts, and the story was told us by the veritable young man after the following fashion: Miss Belle Hollis, who has for some time impersonated the sex of a man, lived for years in the delightful city of Auburn, New York, where she was educated. About two years ago she loved and married a young man of that city, named James S. Leonard, and lived with him at least a year in the most complete marital harmony and bliss. He finally grew somewhat dissolute, became inconstant and infatuated of a lady there, and finally allowed his duty to his wife to dissolve before the charms and attractions of the contestant for his caresses. It almost broke his young wife's heart, but she bore it bravely, and hoped for better days when he should see the folly of his wayward passions. But he finally left his wife one night and with his paramour fled to the West, to there enjoy the unholy pleasures of adultery. Misfortunes came upon him; and, his money gone, he joined his fortunes to a travelling troupe of minstrels; engaged in gambling, and was on the high road to ruin by the express train.

Through some means his wife heard of his condition and of his whereabouts. Fortified with Amazonian courage she determined to search him out, if possible, and so, completely disguising herself, and assuming the ways manners of masculine humanity, she started west. She heard of him at St. Louis, then at Kansas city, again at Lawrence, at Cheyenne, and finally at Denver. To Denver she came, and has lived here five weeks in her male attire, frequenting the streets but seldom, and at night abiding constantly in the Varieties, saloons, at the theater occasionally, and most of the time in the lower strata of society where he would be most likely to live, if at all. She heard he was engaged at the theater, but that was not true; She looked for him constantly at the Cricket, but he did not appear there; she searched the dance-house, but Leonard was not to be seen, and only after weeks of waiting she was accidentally rewarded by the discovery of her truant and wayward husband as above described, when she little expected to meet him. He, it seems, had engaged in mercantile business in a city not far from here and being in Denver on the night in question, and meeting several old associates, had determined to visit the place of amusement in question, little dreaming of the surprise that there awaited him.

### A Night of Horror.

Shortly after being comfortable settled in my new house, along with Mrs. Spivins, business summoned me to the rural districts.

I dispatched the affair in hand with what speed I might, and, knowing that Mrs. S. would be on the tenter hooks of suspense until she saw me, jumped aboard a convenient train, and hurried home to relieve her.

It was night when I again reached *dulce domum*. There was something so provocative in the darkness and utter quiet in which I found the premises wrapped that I determined to give lovey a surprise; but Nature, appealing to me on a vital point, I dropped into the dining room with the view of refreshing myself with a bit of cold joint by way of preliminary.

Striking a light, I found that my wants had been anticipated, for there on the table lay the remains of a repast—breast of chicken, cakes, cheese, and what not. Being sharp set, I pitched in, a glass of old port materially assisting the process of digestion.

All at once, my eye caught sight of a meerschaum, upon the mantel. Now there is nothing very alarming in a meerschaum *per se*, but when the meerschaum is the property of a stranger, and is found upon one's own premises during his absence, it becomes invested with an importance which it could derive from no other circumstance. There was also a paper of Turkish tobacco. "The fellow has taste, at all events," said I, and I filled and smoked, drank a bumper, and cogitated.

I fortified myself with another glass, took off my stockings, and started up stairs. On the way, I stumbled over a strange cat in the kitchen.

In my ascent I suppose I must have made some noise, for a strange dog set up a furious yell in the back area. It may be as well to go prepared for contingencies, I reflected, as I re-entered the parlor with a view to possessing myself of the poker. Dark as it was, I secured the desired object, and was retreating when I fancied somebody came in on tip-toe. Holding my breath, I dodged past him, and crept up the stairs like a thief, not that I was at all jealous, but only to see what was going on. After a pause, during which I could count the beating of my heart, I tried the bed-room door. It was not locked, and all was dark within. A gentle snore—not a rough, exasperating, reckless thing, but more of a musical moan, came from the bed.

"She is asleep," mused I; "the sleep of the virtuous; and what I thought the step of a stranger's toes was the tread of that cat. Poor, dear Maria! how could I so wrong you?" I disrobed and slipped into bed.

"Charlie, how long you have been!" said a feminine voice.

Gracious goodness! it was that of a stranger. A cold perspiration broke out all over me as I reflected upon the horrors of my situation. The house I had purchased was one of a pair which had been built exactly alike, and, coming fatigued and sleepy direct from the cars, I must have entered my neighbor's mansion instead of my own!

I bounced out upon the floor. "Excuse me, dear," I whispered; "I think I hear burglars."

"What! again! I think you must be mistaken."

"I'll go and see," said I; and, huddling on something, I groped my way to the stairs, descending them, with a cold feeling at the way down my back, and crept into the basement. There I made another appalling discovery. The clothes I had put on were somebody else's, and not my own!

Safe on the sidewalk, I glanced up at the house from which I had just escaped, thinking how I should manage to return the borrowed toggery.

And it was my house, after all!

Resolved on an explanation, I rang the bell boldly. I heard the tip, tippy, tip of a pair of well-known feet, and was at once in the arms of Mrs. Spivins.

"Why, don't you remember, Sammy," she said in reply to my interrogatories. "I told you brother Charles was coming from the country with his new wife, to pass a few days with us. I have given up our own bedroom to them, and it's lucky you rang."

I have only to add that the dog and the cat were presents, and also the pipe, which I might have ascertained if I had glanced at the inscription.

DONT DEPEND ON FATHER—Stand up here, young man, and let us talk to you. You have trusted alone to the contents of your father's purse, or its fair fame for your influence or success in business. Think you that "father" has attained eminence in his profession but by unwearied industry? or that he has amassed a fortune honestly without energy and activity. You should know that the faculty requisite for the acquiring of fame or fortune is essential to, and inseparable from, the attaining of either of these. Suppose "father" has the "rocks" in abundance, if you never earned anything for him, you have no more business with these rocks than the goshin has with a tortoise!

And if he allows you to while away your time, you'd better leave him, yes, run away, sooner than be an imbecile, or something worse, through so corrupt an influence! Sooner or later you must learn to rely on your own sources, or you will not be any body.

A WHIZ AND A WHIE.—On Monday afternoon, while a party of ladies and gentlemen were dining at the Lake House, they were startled by the whiz and crash of a bullet in close proximity with their nasal appendages. Jumping to their feet, they were astounded to see a handsomely dressed young man struggling with a dashing and beautiful girl. Upon inquiry it seems that the parties were respectively an inmate of a fashionable house on Basin street, and the son of a wealthy merchant in New York. The cause of the difficulty was jealousy, the girl being, as it seems, the aggrieved party, and determined that no one but herself should possess the affections of this youthful Adonis, attempted to manipulate him in such a manner as to render his visage utterly obnoxious to every one but herself. The bullet grazed his ear, and lodged in the wall, much to his satisfaction. This is only one of the many occurrences of this kind, and plainly exhibits what a woman will do for or to the man she loves. The affair was amicably settled afterward, and they retired where the woodbine twineth, and "still dey don't vas habby."

Get out of my way—what are you good for? said a cross old man to a little bright-eyed archer who happened to stand in the way. The little fellow, as he stepped one side, replied very gently: "They make men out of such things as we are."

### How a Seller of Beer was Sold.

There are a few men in Cincinnati who make a living by selling cheap signs of various kinds, to hang outside corner groceries, saloons, etc. Since it was recommended by the Board of Health that a sign inscribed "Smallpox" should be suspended in front of houses where that disease prevailed, one of the most enterprising of the cheap-sign dealers prepared a quantity of them to be ready for an expected demand. Yesterday morning he called with his assortment at a lager beer saloon over the canal.

"Want any signs?" he inquired of the portly proprietor.

"Yaw," said Hans, "I wants a sign 'Sawdust Vanted.'"

"Here it is," said the dealer, who was a bit of a wag, handing him one of his smallpox signs and receiving his pay, d-p-arted.

The unsuspecting Teuton, supposing it was all right, and not being able to read English, hung it outside of his door. People passing on the walk, saw the sign, turned pale, and hurried to the other side of the street. Regular customers came, caught sight of the ominous inscription, with a hand on the door knob, and stole away, remarking that they guessed they weren't very dry that morning, anyhow. An unfortunate creditor, whom nothing could daunt before, blanched at the sight of the sign, and going home, he went straight to bed.

In the meantime the saloon keeper was wondering at the absence of his customers.

The regular forenoon lunch was spread—soup, boiled tripe, Bologna sausage, stewed liver and onions, sauerkraut and brown bread—but no one to partake of it. Being of a social disposition this solitude was oppressive to him, aside from being unprofitable.

At length one man did come in and call for a glass of beer. His face was deeply pitted. He had had it.

"I see by your sign out there," said the man with a motion of his head toward the front door, "that you have got it here."

"Nein!" replied Hans, supposing that he alluded to the sawdust wanted; "I don't flave got 'em now aready. 'em you put out mine sign so I getsh 'em ven dey comes dis way all the vize."

"You want to ketch it?" said the customer with amazement.

"Yaw, that's what's the madder. I wants whole lods of 'em. Goot ting to have mit der hounsh. I pauks 'em up mit der celler nut sprinkles the floor mit my saloon over 'em. It gleans out a house, bully, mind I tell you."

"Your's right!" said the stranger. "If smallpox won't clean out a house, I don't know what will."

"Schmall box," said the astonished Dutchman; "vat you mean by schmall box, hey?"

Explication, of course, ensued, and the wrath of that beer jerker and lanch-seller was fearful to behold. Could he have fastened his embrace on that painter at that time, he would have "died and made no sign" more.

Waltzing is, no doubt to those participating, a delicious excitement, but to the looker-on, who sees the arm of a rival embracing the girl he adores, the sensation is not very comfortable. Henry Englefield has thus expressed the latter's feelings:

"What! the girl I ad're by another embraced!  
What! the helm of her breath shall another man taste!  
What! pressed in the whirl by another's hold knee!  
What! panting reined on another than me!  
Sir! she's yours. You have brushed from the grape its soft blue;  
From the rosebud you've shaken the treacherous dew;  
What you've touched you may take. Pretty waltzer, adieu!"

How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience! There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no just act, and left no obligation unfulfilled, fills the heart with satisfaction, and the soul with strength. Conscience, it is said, makes cowards of us all—but only cowards when it reproaches us with some unmanliness, some shrinking from truth and right, and the commission of some wrong.

### How to Get the Best Place

I saw a young man in the office of a Western railway superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in that city would have wished to get. It was honorable and it "paid well," besides being in the line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer. The secret was, his beautiful accuracy. He began as an errand boy and did his work accurately. His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. After a while he learned to telegraph. At each step his employer commended his accuracy, and relied on what he did because he was sure it was just right. And it is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favored one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the constant look out, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journey's elbow to be sure his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his book-keeper's columns, he might as well do the work himself as employ another to do it in that way; and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as possible.

I knew such a young man. He had a good chance to do well, but he was so inaccurate and unreliable that people were afraid to trust him. If he wrote a deed, or a mortgage, or a contract, he was sure either to leave out something or put in something to make it an imperfect paper. He was a lawyer without business, because he lacked the noble quality of accuracy. Just across the street from him was another young lawyer, who was proverbial for accuracy. He was famous for searching titles, and when he wrote out the history of a title to a piece of property, it was granted as just so. His aim was absolute accuracy in everything. If he copied a conveyance, or cited a legal authority, or made a statement, he aimed to do it exactly. The consequence is, he is having a valuable practice at the bar, and is universally esteemed.

"But," says some boy, "when I become a man, that is the way I shall do. I mean to be very accurate."

Perhaps so. I could tell better if I knew just how you do your work now. There are several ways to get a lesson. One is to get it "tolerably well," which does not cost much labor; the other way is, to get it faultlessly well, which costs a great deal of labor. A boy can get a general idea of his lesson "in a jiffy," but to get it with accuracy is very hard, and requires both time and industry. If you, my boy, to-day are getting your lesson in the slipshod way, you will grow up a slipshod man; but if to-day your habit is to get every lesson with perfect accuracy, I will warrant you will do that way when you become a man. How is that?

REMARKABLE AGREEMENT.—The ideal way in which many people converse, reminds us of two Dutchmen living opposite each other, who had for years been in the habit of smoking by their doorsides in silence:

Said one: "What sort of wedder you tink it will be to-day, neighbor?"

The other, after two or three hasty puffs, replied: "Well, I don't know; what sort of wedder you tink it will be?"

The first, somewhat nettled: "I tink it will be such wedder as you tink it will be?"

The other, acquiescingly: "Well I tink so too."

We have not given credence to the report, as Casey is not likely to voluntarily give up a good thing, and Grant's liking for brothers-in-law is beyond dispute, but frequent repetition justifies a mention. Casey is accused of a design to resign the collectorship of the port.

The move is said to be part of the scheme to throw Packard, and make Mr. Billings the Customhouse faction candidate for Governor. And peace and good will has flown from the granite building where United States officials most do congregate! Alack-a-day.—(N. O. Republican.)

It is said that Commodore Farragut, who was listening while his officers read a letter from the Navy Department, thanking him for the grand service he had rendered his country by the capture of Mobile, and telling him that his name would go down to future generations. "Stop, sir; skip all that!" roared the commodore. "Go on, and find out what they want us to do next!"

Two good natured Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same bed. In the morning one said to the other: "Dennis, did you hear thunder last night?" "No, Pat—did it really thunder?" "Yes, it thundered as if heaven and earth would come together." "Why in the devil, thin, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't sleep when it thunders!"