



"LET US HAVE PEACE."

VOL. 4.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872.

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The Rapides Gazette.



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OF THE

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ALSO,

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OF THE

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ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Saturday, May 18th, 1872.

TERMS:

THE GAZETTE is published Weekly at

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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.

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

LAZARUS

&

LENGSFELD,

General Country Merchants

COLLAX LA.

At Calhoun & Levy's Old Stand Op-

posite mouth Cape 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

barbers, 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 & LENGSFELD.

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

engaged 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.

THE PARTING.

Though silence and coldness may part us for-
ever,
Mid all the dull pain welling deep in my
heart,
I have come to tell you, at least it were well
you
And I, in forgiveness and friendship should
part.
That, though, could I see your fair form here
before me,
Faint signs of the old love my face would
betray,
Once lavished upon you, 'tis fast drifting from
you;
'Tis waning and fading and passing away.
E'en now, while the wound you inflicted is
paining,
A voice in my heart pleads in soft tones for
you,
Who wavered and faltered; were fickle and
altered;
Oh! why were you false when you should
have been true?
I loved you too well, and too well did you
know it,
I drank deep the friendship my vision had
seen—
That friendship you pledged, that friendship
you slighted;
The prize was worth nothing when held in
the hand.
My faith as a stray made its own early grave,
Although you once feared would I be ever
true,
The vows that were spoken by you have been
broken
From first unto last, I was faithful to you.
No guile have I used, not a link have I severed;
If failings I had, they were well known to
you.
The love you accepted—first craved than
neglected—
Whatever to others, was faithful to you,
Your silence is well. Do not proffer a reason;
I spare you the pain of that unpleasant
task,
My love must not fetter, pass on, and be better,
He noble, be true, 'tis all that I ask.
And so let the mystery lie just where you left
it;
If I met you earnestly, your heart can tell
You know in your heart, I was true to my
part.
You changed it; I did not. With forgive-
ness farewell.
The long years will pass, and my name be for-
gotten,
New loves for a day round your heart en-
twine,
New pleasures may greet you, new faces may
meet you;
But none be so tender or faithful as mine.
For what you once were. I shall love you as
ever,
Though what you are now may be nothing
to me,
Your friendship though newer can never be
truer;
Go—be to you then what I wish you to be.
I freely and truly and wholly forgive you—
No chidings within my sad bosom shall
glow;
And, if I long to you, remember 'twas through
you,
If weak I have been it was you made me
so.
I bent to your power when its spell was upon
me,
But you must not blame me; ah! full well
you know
That you should not grieve me; enough that
you leave me,
I am what I am; it was you made me so.

AN ANGRY WORD.

A hasty word in anger spoken
By her, my kind new friend,
Fell harshly on a heart that's broken—
That broke, but could not bend.
An idle thing she may forget;
But I—I never can;
Oh! call it not a weak regret,
Nor deem me less a man.
For what more manly than to feel
A friendship so sincere,
That time can never wholly heal
The wound that rankles here.
That rankles here about my heart,
And dims the summer day
Until I feel how near thou art,
And yet so far away!

An editor relates how a colored bar-
ber made a deadhead of him. He of-
fered him the usual dime for shaving,
when the fellow drew himself up with
considerable pomposity, and said,—
"I understand that you are an editor."
"Well, what of it?" said we.
"We never charge editors nuffin!"
"But, my woolly friend," we contin-
ued, "there are a good many editors
travelling now-a-days, and such libe-
rality on your part will prove a ruin-
ous business."
"Oh! never mind," remarked the
barber; "we make it up off de gem-
men."

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY JOSIE L. THURLOW.

Marion Holton sat at the low par-
lor window, watching the magnificence of
July sunset. A rare picture she made,
in her pure white dress, the sweet,
childish face surrounded by a wealth
of shining curls, and a look of perfect
happiness in the deep, starry eyes. As
the glory of the dying day lighted her
fair face, she seemed like some bright
dream that must, ere long, fade away,
leaving naught but a beautiful memory
of what was now so fair.

There was another occupant in the
room; her mother was sitting by a
small work-table, apparently absorbed
in her sewing; but there was a troubled
look on her usually serene face, as her
eyes wandered from her work to her
daughter's happy face.

"Marion, darling," she said at last,
"I wish to talk with you."
The young girl started, the crimson
deepening in her cheek, then laughed
softly.

"Why, mamma," she said, merrily,
"one would think I did not allow you
to talk to me only on stated occasions,
by the solemn way you spoke."
She went to her mother, and, seating
herself on an ottoman at her feet,
looked up, smiling, into the tender
face bending over her; then, seeing
the sadness there, she said, gently—
"It must be something serious,
mamma, to make you look so sadly."
"It is serious, Marion, and fraught
with a grief I would fain spare you,
were it possible. It is of Allan Chester
I wish to speak."
"Why, mamma, what has Allan
done?" asked Marion, surprised.
"Allan is not worthy of you, my
child. You would never be happy as
the wife of one who can so far forget
his manhood as to appear on the street
intoxicated."
"He never did," cried Marion, "You
have been misinformed. He is above
that degrading vice."
"My dear child, it is too true. Last
night, as I was returning from Mrs. El-
liott's, I met three young men, evidently
intoxicated. As they came under the
full glare of the street lamp, I could
distinctly see their faces. Two of them
wore masks, but the other one was so
overcome that he had probably lost
his, and, to my horror, I recognized
Allan Chester."
"Are you sure, mamma?"
Marion's face was white as marble.
"I should not have told you, had
there been a shadow of a doubt. My
poor child, what can I do to comfort
you?" she asked, tenderly, seeing
Marion's white face.

"Nothing, mamma; I shall be bet-
ter alone." And she went swiftly up
to her room.

Mr. Holton was a clergyman and
Marion was his only child. Beautiful
and accomplished, she had not been
spoiled by indulgence, and her mind
was as lovely as her face. Only a
year before, she had first met Allan
Chester. At first she had admired his
laughing eyes and splendid form; but,
as she came to know him better, his
nobler qualities of heart and mind had
won the deepest love of her young
heart. And when, only a few months
ago, out under the sighing elms, he
had told his love in deep, thrilling
tones, and asked her to be his wife,
she had thanked God, in the fullness
of her heart, for so much happiness.
Only two months more, and she would
have been a bride.

When she reached her room, she
threw herself on a low ottoman, rested
her head on the window-sill, and burst
into a storm of tears. It was her first
sorrow, and it seemed as if it was more
than she could bear. By and by she
grew calmer.

"He will be here soon," she thought.
"I cannot see him. I cannot meet him
calmly yet, and he must not see me
thus."
She glanced into the mirror, at her
pale, suffering face and swollen eyes.
Then she seated herself at an elegant
writing-desk, and hurriedly wrote a
few lines, quietly sealed them, and
awaited his coming. There were no

tears now, the storm had passed. She
wondered at her own calmness.

Presently she heard him coming up
the walk. How well she knew that
quick, firm step! She heard him enter
the parlor, and then her mother came
up stairs.

"Marion, darling," she said, tender-
ly, "Allan is here; what shall I tell
him?"
"This will explain," handing her the
letter she had written.

Mrs. Holton kissed her tenderly as
she took the letter, and went down to
the parlor. She was deceived by
Marion's calmness.

Allan Chester began to wonder at
Marion's delay. As Mrs. Holton opened
the door, he arose eagerly, with a
bright smile on his lips, that quickly
faded when he saw Mrs. Holton in-
stead of his betrothed.

"Where is Marion?" he asked, anx-
iously. "Is she ill, Mrs. Holton?"
"Marion is indisposed, and will not
see you this evening," she said, coldly.
"I think this letter will explain."
He took the letter, bowed silently,
and left the house. What could it
mean! Surely there must be some
mistake. There was no way to account
for it.

A short distance from the house he
met a young man named Edward
Dunreath. Dunreath had been Allan's
rival for Marion's hand, and persistently
urged his suit after she had repeat-
edly told him it was hopeless; but
since her engagement to Allan, he had
apparently resigned all hope. As he
passed Allan to-night, he smiled
triumphantly.

"Has he the key to this mystery, I
wonder?" muttered Allan. "He looked
very much pleased; perhaps he is
at the bottom of it. If he has made
trouble for me, let him beware. I am
not to be trifled with, as he will soon
find out."

By this time he had reached his
room, and, hastily lighting the gas, he
read the following:—

"ALLAN CHESTER:—We have met for the
last time; henceforth you and I are strangers.
Your own conscience must tell you the reason
of this; if not, remember last night, and you
will not be at a loss to account for it. En-
closed find your ring.

MARION HOLTON."

"Last night," he mused, "I fell
asleep on the lounge, and did not
awake till late this morning. Nothing
very criminal in that; I should think
it was curious, though, something I
never did before. I suppose Dunreath
was at Mr. Holton's, distilling poison
into their minds, and this is the result.
Where is Marion's faith, I wonder? If
it is so wavering, it is best as she
says; we will be strangers.

Meanwhile, Edward Dunreath had
entered the pleasant parlor of the pur-
tongue. Mrs. Holton received him
cordially, for she and Mrs. Dunreath
had been schoolmates together, and
she was always glad to see her friend's
son. Without appearing to do so, he
noticed she was unusually sad, and he
thought he could guess the cause; but
he meant to know it, before he took
his departure.

"Is Miss Marion at home?" he asked,
presently.

"She is at home," replied Mrs. Hol-
ton, "but she is not very well this
evening. You must excuse her this
time."
"Certainly. But I hope she is not
seriously ill. I met Allan Chester as
I came up the street, so I suppose she
was too ill to see him, and, of course,
I could not expect to see her."
"That does not necessarily follow,"
said she. "Marion has broken her en-
gagement with Allan."
"Indeed! I am glad to hear it. I
never deemed him worthy of her," he
said; "he is too fond of wine."
"I would not have believed it, but
for the evidence of my own eyes," she
said. "I don't see how we could all
have been so deceived."
"Oh, he's sly enough; lawyers at
ways are. What astonishes me is,
that you ever found him out at all."
"I probably should not, but for an
accident."
"Do you think Marion would listen
to my suit now?" he asked eagerly.
"I dare not say," she replied. But
you know many a heart is caught in

the rebound."
"They say so, and at least I can try
to win her love."
"You have my best wishes," said
she, smiling.

Soon after, he bade Mrs. Holton
good-night. As he wended his way
homeward through the deserted streets,
an exultant smile wreathed his lips,
and lurked in the depths of his dark
eyes.

"At last it is my turn, Allan Ches-
ter," he muttered, sneeringly. "I won-
der if you ever thought I was fool
enough to yield my claim to Marion's
hand, because forsooth, you stood in
my path! I have loved her too long
for that. It was a perfect success; I
couldn't have planned better; and if
ten thousand obstacles stood in my
way now, I would sweep them away
like chaff. Sometime, after I am mar-
ried to Marion, I will tell Allan Ches-
ter how I have tricked him, cunning
lawyer though he is. How I shall glo-
ry in his misery! He will then know
how I hate him!" And a wicked look
shone in his cruel eyes.

Allan made no attempt to see Mar-
ion. He was too proud to sue for her
love, and, until he fathomed the mys-
tery, he would not disturb her with
explanations that he thought would be
disregarded. He kept away from so-
ciety; he would not even risk the
chance of seeing her.

Dunreath, however, tried to compen-
sate for Allan's deficiency. He was
ever by Marion's side anticipating her
wishes, and, by his delicate attentions,
tried to make himself necessary to her
happiness. But he had misjudged the
depth of her love for Allan. She was
grateful to him for his kindness, but
he awoke no answering chord of ten-
derness in her heart.

"Marion, do you know how well I
love you?" he asked her, one evening,
as they sat on a rustic bench in the
garden.

She did not answer, but a sad, ab-
sent look came into her eyes as she
thought of that other time, when Al-
lan Chester had told her the same old,
old story. How long ago it seemed!
She had lived ages in the last few
weeks. She was so happy then, and
now—would she ever know rest and
happiness again!

Dunreath saw the look, and rightly
interpreted it. In his heart he cursed
Allan, but his voice lost none of its
music as he continued calmly,—
"Will you be my wife, Marion?
Your life shall be one of peace and
plenty. You will never know a want
that love or wealth can procure. You
were made for luxury, Marion; a poor
man could not make you happy."
Neither could a man I do not love
make me happy. I do not love you,
Edward," she said, sadly. "It would
be a sin to wed you."
"I think you would learn to love
me, Marion. Such tender, devoted
love as mine, would certainly win a
response in time. Will you take time
to consider?"
"Do not urge me now," she said
wearily. "Leave me, and to-morrow
you can come again."

He took the white hands and pressed
them to his lips, and bade her good-
night. He was not discouraged, as
another man might have been, for he
was sure he should win at last.

After he had left her, Marion sat
awhile with her face buried in her
hands; she wondered how she could
endure so much misery. By and by
she arose, and walked slowly towards
a summer house at the foot of the gar-
den, where Allan had first told her his
love. She had to go nearly round the
summer house before reaching the en-
trance, and her light footsteps made no
sound on the yielding turf.

Neither had a moment's warning,
and she was standing face to face with
Allan Chester. He stood leaning
against the trellis, looking out on the
clear, moonlight scene. His features
were in the shadow, but the moon
shone full in hers, and every motion
was plainly visible to Allan. Her
pale, suffering lips and sad eyes, so
different from the bright, happy face
he had last seen her wear, touched his
heart as no words could have done.

He came forward, and took her in his
arms.

"Marion, my darling, how can I
give you up?" He cried. "How can I
leave you? Marion, must I go away!
Must I leave you again? Lift your
sweet face to mine, and tell me what
has come between us! Have you
ceased to love me, darling? Tell me
if you have, and I will never trouble
you again."

"No, no, Allan! Not that!" she
said quickly. "In all these wretched,
miserable days, never for one mo-
ment has my love wavered. Do not
leave me again Allan. I know I de-
serve it for doubting you; but what-
ever I have believed in the past weeks,
whatever distrust and doubts have
been mine, they are all gone now.
Looking into your eyes as I do now,
I know you would never deceive me.
I am ashamed to think I ever believed
you could."

"What is it, darling?" he asked.
"What led you to think I was deceiv-
ing you?"

Then Marion told of her mother's
meeting him, escorted by two men
with masks; of all she had suffered
since, and of her perfect faith in his
honor now. When she finished, Allan
said, thoughtfully,—
"Was your mother sure it was me?"
"She said she was, but she must
have been mistaken."
"Perhaps not," answered Allan. "I
think I see through the plot now: She
saw my face under the full glare of
the street lamp, and there is hardly
another man in this village she would
mistake for me. I will tell you what
I know about it. That night as I
was going home from my office, I met
Frank Graden, who stopped and spoke
to me, (a thing by the way, very un-
usual, as we were not remarkably fond
of each other,) and finally turned and
accompanied me home. He staid with
me about half an hour. While he was
there, I went out of the room a mo-
ment, and when I returned, he was
just leaving the side-table on which
stood a pitcher of iced water. He
looked a little frightened and confused,
I noticed, and wondered a little about
it. After he was gone, I drank a
glass of water, and it tasted bitter; I
thought it had stood too long in the
pitcher, and through it out the wind-
ow. Then I felt terrible sleepy, and
laid down on the lounge, and never
awoke till morning. The next night
I came here, and, as I was going home,
I met Edward Dunreath, who laughed
mockingly in my face. Two more times,
and my case is complete. Frank Gra-
den is Dunreath's most intimate friend,
and he never visited me in my own
rooms before."
"I see how it was," exclaimed Mar-
ion. "O Allan! how I have wronged
you! Can you ever forgive me?"
"I do not blame you, dearest," he
said. "We have both suffered enough.
Let us forget it, and thank God that
our cloud had a silver lining."
"Not a silver lining, but a golden
one; the purest gold, that will not
tarnish or grow less bright in all the
coming years."

A MAN WITH THREE ARMS.—The
Williamsport, Pennsylvania, "Gazette
and Bulletin," is responsible for the
following:—
Among the passengers on the train
bound South last evening, was a man
born and raised in the county of Ot-
sego, New York. His name is William
Jacobs. He prides himself on three
well-developed arms and hands, the
member extraordinary having grown
above the right shoulder blade. It
hangs suspended down the back, and
can be raised and lowered at will. In
length it is shorter than the arms pro-
per, but possesses extraordinary mus-
cle, which he displays whenever occa-
sion demands it. No person passing
through a railroad car or meeting him
upon the street would observe any de-
formity, but after becoming cognizant
of this singular case would perceive a
peculiar fit of his coat. He states
that he has often been questioned as
to why he does not place himself on
exhibition or become one of Barnum's
permanent attractions. His invari-
able reply is that he is averse to public
exhibitions. His father being a wealthy
farmer, he had always preferred to
remain at home, and was the most ac-
tive and profitable of the farmer's