



"LET US HAVE PEACE."

VOL. 4.} ALEXANDRIA, LA., SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872. {NO. 13.

The Rapides Gazette.



T. 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, July 6th, 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 insertion and 75 cents for each subsequent one.

EIGHT lines or less, constitute a square. The following are our rates to yearly Advertisers:

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 immediately undergo a thorough renovation, and no pains will be spared to make the premises as comfortable and attractive as possible.

The table will be beautifully supplied, 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 considerable 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 established JEWEL COFFEE HOUSE

—AND—
BILLIARD SALOON,

and will endeavor to keep it up to its former reputation under his management. He has laid in a FULL SUPPLY OF THE BEST LIQUORS.

An attentive and competent Bar Keeper will always be on hand, to attend to the wants of his customers. LUNCH SATURDAY AT 12 M.

JOHN BOGAN.
January 11 1872.

LIVERY Stable.

DAN TAYLOR

WISHES TO INFORM HIS friends and the public generally that he has opened at

GOFF'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 style.

POETRY.

ONLY A FRIEND.

BY JENNIE JOY.

"Ever your friend and brother,"
Ah! wherefore do I weep,
And read the sentence o'er and o'er,
And muse while others sleep?

He does not guess my secret,
He may not see my tears,
Nor does he dream of hopes he raised,
Within my breast for years

The little notes he sends me,
Breathes only kindly words;
And yet to me they're sweeter,
Than songs of early birds.

He writes of "fond hopes withered,"
I bid him hope again;
While my poor heart unnoticed breaks
With its own weight of pain.

He loves, but loves another;
To me he is a friend;
But none my secret ere may know,
'Tis mine until the end.

My "friend and brother" sadly
I muse, while others sleep,
And read thy letters o'er and o'er,
Yet no one sees me weep.

DEFEATED.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

Two persons stood beside the dying bed of Gilbert Rothsay; one a man somewhat past the prime of life, the other a girl in the first bloom of opening womanhood.

The eyes of the dying man roved restlessly from one to the other.

"I am glad to see you, nephew," he said feebly. "Your father wronged me, and through all these years my hate has been as bitter as that wrong. But at such a time as this all such feuds should cease. You will find

Here a paroxysm of coughing seized the speaker.

"Allie, some water, Allie."
The young girl left the room.

For a few moments the old man lay gasping upon the pillow; he then said:

"You will find the will in the second drawer of the desk in the library. The keys hang yonder. You will see that I have not forgotten you, though I know your father left you independent of any help of mine. Had you come a little earlier I should have made you guardian of Allie. She has been as a daughter to me, and though no drop of my blood runs in her veins, I have given her a child's inheritance. She will be all alone now; you must be her friend and protector."

Not a muscle of Robert Rothsay's countenance indicated the rage and disappointment that were busy at his heart.

"You may count on me, my dear uncle."

At this moment Allie returned.

After placing the cool goblet to his lips, she gave him a sedative, and soon after the sick man sank into a heavy slumber.

The declining sun touched the western hills, and still the two kept their silent watch; the heart of one absorbed in the thought that she would soon lose her only friend and protector, the other wrapped in more bitter, if less sorrowful, reflections. Wearied by her nights of sleepless vigils, the head of Allie dropped lower and lower, until it rested upon the bed beside which she sat.

Her companion fixed his eyes intently upon her, but not in admiration of her exceeding beauty; far different thoughts filled his treacherous heart and scheming brain.

As soon as he became convinced that she was sleeping soundly, he arose, and taking the keys from the nail where they hung, slipped noiselessly from the room.

He met Mrs. Ames, the portly house-keeper, in the passage.

"My uncle is quietly sleeping," he said blandly, "and I think I will go into the library until he wakes."

"Certainly, sir; this way, sir." Here the housekeeper opened the library door for her master's nephew to enter; following him, but only for the purpose of lighting the wood that had been laid ready for kindling in the large, old-fashioned fireplace.

Then dropping a courtesy, she left the room. Robert taking the precaution to turn the key upon her.

He then approached the desk, opening by one of the bunch of keys in his hand the drawer to which his uncle had alluded.

There, in a small tin box, lay Gilbert Rothsay's will.

After a moment's irresolute pause, he broke the seal.

He ran his eye impatiently over the long, wordy document, which was written on one side of a roll of thick parchment-like paper.

"The beggarly pittance of five thousand dollars to me!" he muttered between closed his teeth, "and all the rest to the brat he picked out of the street, curse him!"

Robert Rothsay counted his wealth by thousands, but he still coveted more; and it nearly maddened him to see the inheritance, he so confidently believed would be his, pass into the hands of a stranger.

Holding the will in his clinched hand, he turned toward the fire-place, the temptation at his heart plainly depicted on his agitated countenance.

Just then came the sound of hurried foot-steps, followed by low knocking at the door.

"Mr. Rothsay, your uncle is dying!"

"Nay, or never!" he muttered, as he flung the will on the embers.

"Coming," he added, as the knocking continued.

Then hurriedly restoring the box to the drawer, he locked it and went out. Mrs. Ames entered the room a few moments after.

"Goodness, gracious me! what a smudge!" ejaculated the good lady. "It'll be the ruin of the walls and pictures!"

And seizing the offending object, which had not yet begun to blaze, with the tongs, she flung it out of the window into the courtyard almost directly at the feet of old Steven, who was busily engaged in clearing away the snow.

The old man took it up.

"What a waste of white paper!" he muttered. "Only a little scorched, an' only writ on one side. It will be just the thing for Georgie to make his copies on."

"No will, did you say?"

Lawyer Gray fixed his eyes keenly on the face of his companion.

"What need was there of a will?" inquired Robert Rothsay, in a tone of surprise. "My uncle would naturally wish his property to be inherited by the only child of his only brother; to whom it would fall by law."

"By the way, it is my intention to sell the house and real estate, and should be glad of your aid in disposing of it."

"Sell the house?" ejaculated the lawyer, with an air of consternation; for he was an old friend of Gilbert Rothsay, and took a strong interest in his adopted daughter.

"May I inquire," he added, in a calmer voice, "what, in that event, is to become of Miss Allie?"

"Who?"

"Miss Allie Rothsay, your uncle's adopted daughter."

"I really can't take upon myself to say," said Rothsay, with a shrug of the shoulder, "I suppose she will have to do as other girls do, who are thrown on their own resources. Am I to understand that you will aid me in the matter I spoke of?"

The old man turned upon the speaker a look that he never forgot.

"Sir, I never yet aided a man in turning an orphan out of the house, to whose shelter she has so sacred a right, and I don't think I shall begin now!"

Here, fearing that he should say more than was prudent, Squire Gray turned abruptly away.

office, he found a lad waiting for him.

"Well, Georgie, Miss Allie's property is gone, and your schooling with it. I fear. But we must hope for better days."

"I didn't come to see you about that, sir. Please look at this paper, Grandfather found it in the court-yard, the day Mr. Rothsay died. I saw Miss Allie's name on it, and so brought it to you."

Squire Gray unrolled the yellow, discolored paper, only the long preamble of which was destroyed, staring at it in a maze of bewildered delight.

"Is it of any use, sir?"

"Use? why, bless you, boy, it is Gilbert Rothsay's will, which restores to Miss Allie her just rights, and to you the opportunities you have so nobly earned! You will not find her ungrateful. But mind, not a word of this discovery to any one."

The next morning Squire Gray was closeted with Allie two hours before Robert Rothsay found his way down stairs.

The lawyer's first step was to reinstate the servants in their accustomed places, restoring the old order of things in many other respects, to the great joy of the whole household.

As soon as Rothsay learned this, he rushed into the library, where Squire Gray was sitting.

"By what authority have you done this?" he demanded.

"By virtue of the authority vested in me as executor of your late uncle's will," was the calmly uttered reply.

Rothsay turned deadly pale, as his eyes rested on the document in the speaker's hands.

"Scorched, but not destroyed, as you see!"

The guilty wretch made a convulsive effort to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

The old lawyer resumed:

"Robert Rothsay, because of her intercession, whom you would have so foully wronged, and because you bear the honored name of the dead, I leave you to the punishment of your own conscience. But I warn you not to cross this threshold again!"

Rothsay slunk through the door, to which the lawyer pointed, like the beaten cur that he was, feeling and yet knowing not by what means he had been so signally defeated.

The Honeymoon.

BY HATTIE HATEFUL.

They say the first experiences of married life are the sweetest, but I don't believe it.

The first year of married life is the most trying, and the hardest of all the years between the cradle and the grave.

To begin with, the days of courtship prepare the way for disappointments after marriage, from the simple fact that both the bride and the bridegroom elect have endeavored to hide from each other any and all little imperfections of character of which they know themselves possessed, and after marriage they throw off their former restraint, and where each has thought the other perfect, they have to discover many defects, of which, before marriage, they were entirely ignorant.

The young wife, having been repeatedly told by her lover that her every wish shall be gratified if she will consent to become his happy wife, believes his vows and protestations will hold good after marriage, as well as during the honeymoon.

Well is it for her that she is unaware of the mental reservation accompanying all such promises, for she is supremely happy while she believes the man she loves means to make her a domestic queen, and himself her most loyal and devoted subject.

They are totally ignorant of the fact that the very earliest assumption of such queenly rights and privileges will be met with what the young husband considers a proper display of manly strength of will and legitimate authority.

He means to begin as he can hold out, and she thinks it possible to live

the fairy life of love's happiness which he has promised shall be hers if she will but wed him.

Then there is the dissimilarity of disposition and habits to harmonize, and it is difficult to bring all this about without some clashing of temper, if not of words.

Then the lesson of mutual forbearance must be learned, for however perfect one may seem for a season, upon intimate relation with the best of mortals they will be found to be subject to like peculiarities, and the faults of human nature average about the same the world over.

And with new cares, duties, and responsibilities, nearly all of which are new and strange, the young couple do very well indeed if they manage to get along comfortably together during the first year of married life, while they are learning to assimilate their two lives to flow on together into one channel.

Therefore, young husbands and wives who have found that honeymoon year to be one of trial and vexations, be not discouraged, but look upon each coming day as one nearer the perfection of your dream of wedded happiness, meanwhile endeavoring constantly to exercise mutual forbearance one toward the other, learning to be unselfish toward each other, in all kindness forgetting self, and striving to make each other's lives all that the fondest dreams love pictured wedded life to be.

It is also folly for either husband or wife to expect perfection in the other, since none are perfect.

And if the bride should find her husband to be a perfect individual, without fault or sin in him, what has she to offer in exchange for such perfection and faultlessness?

Has she, therefore, any right to expect her husband to be better than herself; or to be dissatisfied, because he is not "all her fancy painted him?"

Or, does it follow that because a man has believed his sweetheart to be an angel, she is one?

He should remember that angels don't inhabit this earth, and unless his moral character is very complete, he should not expect an angel to be sent down from heaven expressly for him.

A Georgia Elopement.

DESPERATE RACE—PURSUIT BY THE ENRAGED PARENTS—A RAILROAD TRAIN RESCUES THE LOVERS.

Upon the arrival one day last week of a Northern train on the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad at the pretty Georgia station of Brandon its passengers had their interest excited by the appearance of an unwonted commotion amongst the people gathered on the platform and around the depot. Loungers, villagers, and trainmen, were all chattering together over some topic of common intelligence in a style indicating the liveliest feelings in regard to some unusual matter, and the travelers inquired the meaning of it all. Then were they told that just before the arrival of their train a young man and a young woman, mounted upon foaming thoroughbreds, had come galloping up to the station at top-speed to catch the cars there, followed by the fair one's father in full cry; and upon finding the train had not yet arrived, had swept wildly by on the road to the next station with their pursuer still hotly on track. It was plain that the young people were eloping, and unless they could reach the next station by the time the cars did, and be aboard and off before the elder rider could come up with them, they would surely be captured and taken back to punishment. This was enough. With one voice the now warmly sympathetic passengers called upon their conductor to spur the iron horse to the rescue, and that official gave his engineer the signal to "pull her wide open and make extra time," amid the uproarious cheers of the station. Away thundered the train after runaways and wrathful sire, and when about a mile out of Brandon came in sight of the full

chase on a turnpike road running side by side with the track. Instantly every window in the cars was crowded with heads, the platform swarmed with wavers of hats and handkerchiefs, and the whole traveling company entered intensely into the spirit of the exciting scene, like any ancient audience at knights and ladies at a tournament. As they came up with the pursuer and passed him, says the Meridian Gazette, it was noticed that he rode a large, very fine horse, much more powerful and less jaded than were the animals bearing the fugitives, and its every leap under whip and spur made the distance between them less. Youth and maiden plied whips also without stint, and kept a good lead, but upon overtaking them in turn the train passengers could see by the straightened necks and panting sides that the good steeds could not bear the pace much longer. The girl's disheveled tresses streamed back in the breeze like a banner of golden threads; the hatless youth encouraged her and the horses with cheering shouts, and the passengers cheered both in the heartiest possible way. The locomotive was gauged to keep alongside at first; but presently the overtaxed animals of the lovers plainly slackened their speed, and the figure of the pursuing sire grew ominously nearer. Then the excitement of the travelers reached fever heat; men shouted and swung hats, women screamed, and the engine whistled—and all to no avail, for the horses could do no more. A moment it seemed that parental vengeance must win the day; and then, by a happy inspiration, the passengers roared for the train to stop and take the fainting lovers aboard. Down with the brake it was in an instant; the cars were brought to the quickest possible halt; and youth, maiden, saddle-bags and carpet-bags were dragged on board by friendly hands just as the stern old man, on the great flying-horse came near enough to be heard ordering surrender. Then screamed the whistle again, and away flew the train like mad, leaving the enraged father to shake fist and pistol impotently at its cheering human freight. Of the adventurous train thus enabled to win the race at last the lover is only fifteen years old and the sweetheart thirteen. Disembarking at the next station, with the heart congratulations of their numerous rescuers, they were married at the first parsonage, and went back to their home as one on the next southern bound train. As for the distanced sire, if he had never got married himself he would never have lost such a race.

GOING OUT FOREVER.—Like drooping dying stars, our dearly loved ones go away from our sight. The stars of our hopes, our ambitions, our prayers, whose light ever shines before us, suddenly pale in the firmament of our hearts, and their place is left empty, cold and dark. A mother's steady, soft and earnest light, that beamed through wants and sorrows; a father's strong, quick light, that kept our feet from stumbling in the dark and treacherous ways; a sister's light, so mild, so pure, so constant and so firm, shining upon us, from gentle, loving eyes, and persuading us to grace and goodness; a brother's light, forever sleeping in our soul, and illuminating our goings and comings; a friend's light, true and trusty—gone out forever! No! the light has not gone out. It is shining beyond the stars, where there is no night and no darkness forever and forever.

People talk of originality. What do they mean? As soon as we are born, the surrounding world begins to operate upon us, and so on to the end; and after all, what can we truly call our own but energy, power and will? Could I point out all I owe to my great forefathers and contemporaries, truly there would remain but little over.

Beauties often die old maids. They set such a value on themselves, that they don't find a purchaser before the market is closed.