



"LET US HAVE PEACE"

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POETRY.

I'VE BEEN THINKING

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their business more,
And mind their neighbors less,
For instance, you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk,
Of matters that concern us not,
And others' follies mock.

I've been thinking, if I'd begin
To mend our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Continue to manage theirs.
We've faults enough at home to mend—
It may be so with others.
It would seem strange, if it were not
Since all mankind were brothers.

Oh! would that we had charity,
For every man and woman,
Forgiveness is the mark of those
Who know "to err is human."
Then let us banish jealousy:
Let's lift our fallen brother,
And as we journey down life's road,
"Do good to one another."

A CHALLENGE.

If you want a kiss take it,
There is a jolly Saxon proverb,
That a man is half in heaven
When he has a woman's kiss,
But there's danger in delaying,
And the sweetness may forsake it
So I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss: Why, take it!

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spolling for a kiss.
There's a rosy way to kissing,
And the jolly ones who take it;
Have a motto that is winning—
If you want a kiss: Why, take it!

Any fool may face a woman,
Anybody wear a crown;
But a man must win a woman,
If he'd have her for his own,
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss: Why, take it!

"ADIEU"

Whisper it not when this hand of mine
For the last fond clasp shall be laid in thine—
When thy warm breath falls on my wasted
cheek—
When the warm words thrill that we may not
speak—
Smother it back to thy heart so true,
For the sting of death is in our "Adieu!"

Whisper it not! From thy blessed side
Let me turn with a look and an air of pride,
For none may know that I bear with me
The bliss of a senseless memory.
Though the brow and the lip be of ashly hue,
Whisper in silence our last "Adieu!"

While sunlight is the most favora-
ble to haymaking, it is a well known
fact that wild oats are best sown by
moonlight.

HOW TOM FELL IN LOVE.

BY A. F. HILL.

Tom Martin was a good looking young man, of a romantic turn of mind.

And yet he had never fallen in love. He had seen a great many girls that he liked—in fact, he "liked 'em all," as he was wont to express it—but he had never yet encountered the one whom, according to his views, Nature had fitted for him.

Well, there was ample time yet. He was only twenty-four.

One beautiful day in May he got an afternoon's leave of absence from the store in which he was a clerk, and took a street car for home, as he had promised to take his sister out in the city to see their aunt.

He occupied a seat in one corner of the car, and directly opposite him, reading a letter, sat—the loveliest creature that he or anybody else had ever seen.

She—but it is no use to attempt to describe her.

Tom's heart gave one extra throb. It happened that, just as he had fairly caught sight of her beautiful face, she finished the page she was reading, and involuntarily looked up—with a pair of such eyes!—and their glances met. It was but for an instant—a mere fraction of a second—but it was long enough to fix those eyes on Tom's face forever. He had always be- lieved in love at first sight. It was no longer belief now—it was certainty.

Yes, already Tom Martin was in love with the beautiful stranger. Al- ready he began to torture himself with the thought that he might never see her again—might never know her name—never have the privilege of speaking to her, and telling her his love—that, in any event, her heart might even now be another's.

But in the midst of these painful reflections the Fates seemed to favor him. While the unconscious object of his admiration intently read a second page of her letter, she, without perceiving it, let the envelope fall in her lap, right side up, and Tom's keen eye at once deciphered the address.

Yes, the full address—name, street and number—*oh, joy!*—it was in a feminine hand. It was no love let- ter, then, from a hated rival, he thought; for so suddenly had the passion taken possession of him that he already felt a jealous pang at the thought of a rival—already felt that, somehow he had a sort of claim on the charming girl. Romantic fellow!

It was with eager, feverish eyes that he read the address on the tell tale envelope. He felt that he was taking a liberty, and he looked about him to see if he was observed, but to his won- der not another passenger in the car was paying the slightest attention either to him or the marvelous beauty in the opposite corner.

Mentally pronouncing them a set of unappreciative churls, for not seeming to be affected by such an unusual de- gree of beauty as should have been palpable to all, he proceeded to stamp her address on his brain. It was: "Miss Jennie Wright, No. 390 Mark Street." Bless the dear, distinct cirograph of her female friend; there could be no mistake about it.

The beauty was still in the car when Tom left it, and he stood at the street corner, by a lamp post, and gazed wistfully after the rumbling vehicle as long as it was in sight.

"I love her," he said to himself, as he walked home.

He walked on slowly, gazing at the curbstone, and presently repeated: "I love her, I love her—not for her surpassing beauty alone, but for the pure soul that shines unmistakably from her eyes. Miss Jennie Wright, No. 390 Mark Street."

All that afternoon, during the pleas- ant trip to the country in company with his own sweet sister—but he thought her very plain—Tom was mo- rose and gloomy.

"What's the matter, Tom?" asked the sister. "Do you not feel well?"

"Why, certainly I feel well," he re- plied, half petulantly. "Do I look sick?"

"No—but you are rather quiet."

"No more so than usual. You can't expect me to be like a noisy, giddy girl. I've a good deal to think about. Yes, I had Miss Wright, No. 390, to think about. Tom was in love. His sister well knew that there was something on his mind, for notwithstanding his implied assertion of habit- ual sedateness, he was generally just as gay and lively as any "giddy young girl."

So his sister ceased questioning him, and he indulged in his abstractions undisturbed. And the more he thought of Miss Wright, the more he was convinced that he loved her—that she was destined to be his.

"But," he said to himself, that even- ing, "how am I to make her acquain- tance? I know her name and address, it is true, but I, a perfect stranger, cannot boldly ring the door bell, and ask to see Miss Wright. Nor do I like the idea of writing. Would she, not knowing me, but knowing how deeply I love her, venture to answer my letter? And yet, I verily believe that Providence has thrown this clue in my way, and that it is part of the great plan for me to write. Yes, I'll do it."

He did write that very evening, and mailed the letter next morning. Here is what he wrote:

"MISS JENNIE WRIGHT: You will be surprised when you receive this, I know; but I beg you not to act hastily in the matter, and, above all, not to treat my letter as an impertinent in- trusion. Where I have seen you, and how I have learned your name and ad- dress, I need not tell you now. I will explain all in the future. Suffice it to say that I have seen you—gazed upon your beautiful face with a charmed ad- miration—and that you have awak- ened in my heart a sentiment that no young lady has ever awakened there, although I have been in this world nearly a quarter of a century. In a word, I love you! Oh, believe me, Miss Wright, though I have but lately gazed for the first time upon your fair face, I love you truly—sincerely—with a love that can never grow cold. Pardon my boldness in thus address- ing you; and I beg that you will not despise me—that you will not repel me without giving me an opportunity to meet you face to face, and tell you, with all the candor of my soul, what I have here but poorly written—when I hope, so earnestly, that you may not find me unworthy of your affection. At least do me the great kindness to answer this letter, and tell me if I may ever hope to find favor in your sight. You see, I do not conceal from you my name and address, and I trust in your generous heart that my confidence will be shared with you."

A day and night passed; then a day of feverish anxiety and a night of unrest; then another day of torture and suspense, and another night of restless longing. A whole week went by, and no letter from the beautiful being who seemed destined to make him happy or miserable during the rest of his life.

Then his heart sunk, and the whole world looked dark and cheerless. He thought of his revolver—of laudanum—of the ethics line—of the calm river—and finally, in a melancholy mood, wondered what kind of a life a her- mit's life was. He thought he should rather like it.

No; he would be brave! A whole week had passed, and his love was un- changed; therefore it was no idle fancy. Now, he would not give it up. He would write again and again—aye, call, if necessary—but he would know his fate.

So he wrote again. He told her she was cruel, then, told her she was just, as he knew he was not worthy of her, and a great many things like that. He also told her that he commended her discretion in paying no attention to a stranger's letter—still he entreat- ed her, now that he had written a second letter, to consider him a stran- ger no longer, but to grant him an op- portunity to prove his love.

He mailed that letter, and, the same day, made eight mistakes in the counting-room.

Two days later he received a city letter, addressed to him in a feminine hand. With a throbbing heart, he

opened it and looked at the signature. It was signed "Jennie Wright."

A film came over his eyes, and he was quite dizzy for as much as a quar- ter of a minute. He rubbed his eyes, clasped his forehead with his hand, took a glass of water, then read the letter, which was as follows:

"MR. MARTIN—Sir: Both your let- ters reached me. When I read your first one I was almost tempted to answer it, because I was so curious to know where you had seen me, and how you had obtained my address; but the propriety of so readily con- senting to open a correspondence with an entire stranger was not quite clear to me. Your second letter reach- ed me yesterday, and, confident of your sincerity, I have concluded to re- ply. In the first place, I cannot imagine what you see in me to admire. My friends have not generally pro- nounced me beautiful. I fear it is an intimation on your part from which you may awake suddenly by-and-by. I am willing you should see me; but, not to act with undue haste, I must stipulate that you do not call for two months—if at the end of that time you are still convinced that you enter- tain for me a true, manly regard, I am willing that we should meet. Re- member, however, that I have not seen you—do not know how you will impress me—and therefore cannot give you the slightest encouragement to hope for my regard. It is only at your earnest request that I concede so much."

Tom was delighted. He could not have hoped for a more favorable re- sponse. He saw in this letter an evidence of modesty, good sense, and a generous heart that was willing to deal fairly with a man of sincerity and uprightness. He wrote, and told her as much.

A number of communications passed between them, and Tom came to fancy, from the increased friendliness and confidence visible in her letters, that she was beginning to like him. It so, he might hope for great results when she should see him—for Tom was an uncommonly handsome fellow, if he did know it himself.

Two months rolled by, and it was like a kind of happy dream to Tom. The anticipation of the joy that was to come lightened every hour, and his heart was unchanged; so it was mutually agreed that, on a certain Wednesday evening, his fair corre- spondent would receive him at No. 390 Mark Street.

His heart was beating with unusual violence when he rang the door-bell.

A servant came to the door, and, on saying that he wished to see Miss Wright, ushered him into a well-light- ed parlor.

Telling him to be seated, the ser- vant withdrew, saying she would call Miss Wright immediately.

Then Tom found himself alone, and he sat three listening to the beating of his heart, which, it seemed, could not stay in there any longer.

At last he heard light footsteps on the hall stairs; then the rustling of female garments in the hall; then the door opened, and a person entered. Tom could not look up at first, and thought he must be fainting.

But he summoned the last atom of courage in his nature; then arose, and confronted the young lady.

"Miss Wright, I—"

But he started as though he had stepped on some carpet tacks, and uttered an exclamation—almost a scream—because the being before him was not the same he had seen and adored at first sight in that happy street car; nor was she so beautiful.

On the contrary, the person before him was strikingly plain, and her very age commanded respect. She was a mus- cular person, with an angular face, and had she been attired in male habiliments, she would have passed for a small man of thirty-five.

"Mr. Martin, I believe," she said with a smile.

Tom was fairly stunned, but he could not delay speaking any longer.

"Yes; but—Miss Wright—"

"Exactly. That is my name. Be seated, Mr. Martin. I have been quite pleased with your letters."

"But," said the amazed young man, "you are not Miss Wright, are you?"

"But, are you Miss—Jennie Wright?"

"The same. It is I you have been corresponding with for some time. Where did you see me, Mr. Martin?"

And she gracefully seated herself within three or four feet of poor Tom. "I saw you in a street car; but it wasn't you," responded Tom scarcely knowing what he said. "It was—a lovely young lady; she didn't look a bit like you."

"But how came you to write to me? You got my address perfectly from some source."

"I saw your address on an envelope, while the young lady sat reading a letter."

Miss Wright thought a moment; then laughed outright.

Tom stared and wondered.

"Oh, just excuse me a moment!" she said, rising. "I begin to see where the mistake occurred."

And she flitted out of the parlor.

"What in the world does all this mean?" Tom muttered as he wiped great drops of perspiration from his calmly brow.

Footsteps were again heard in the hall, and plain Miss Wright re- appeared, followed by another lady.

It was the address.

"Mr. Martin," said Miss Wright, "allow me to introduce you to my sister"—Tom fairly sprang to his feet with joy—"my sister, Mrs. Cooke. Sister this is Mr. Martin of whom I have told you."

Mrs. Cooke! Tom came near sink- ing to the floor. His face was pale as death.

"Oh, Heavens!" he muttered, un- der his breath. "Tis she—and she's married!"

Mrs. Cooke spoke pleasantly to Tom, who to this day day, does not know what he said in reply. Then all three sat down. At last Tom spoke rati- onally.

"Mrs. Cooke," he said, "it was you whom I saw in the street car two months ago—you whom I admired and loved at the first glance—it was you whom I saw reading a letter, addressed to Miss Jennie Wright, and it is you that I have fancied myself corresponding with all this time. Oh, unhappy man that I am!"

"I understand it all now," said Miss Jennie Wright. "I remember giving my sister a letter I had re- ceived from a cousin, and as she was just going out, she said she would read it in the car—that was the way of it. You saw my address on the envelope, and naturally supposed it was the address of the person read- ing the letter."

"Alas, it is so!" said Tom, who now felt that the world indeed had few charms for him.

"It was in a—Street car, was it, Mr. Martin?" said Mrs. Cooke archly.

"Yes," he replied, sadly. "How I wish I had not got into that car; but it can't be helped now. Miss Wright, I know you will pardon me, when you see how unwittingly I have made this mistake and addressed you. I may have led you in my letters to think—"

"Oh, there isn't the slightest harm done," replied Miss Jennie, good- naturedly. "I am not so young as I once was, and do not lightly give away my affections. In fact, I am more amused than anything else at this mistake. Are you sure you fell earnestly in love with my sister?"

"Yes; but it is not right for me to say so now," replied Tom, gravely.

"She is married, and I must bear my disappointment like a man; but it is the hardest blow of my life."

"But what do you say to my sister's being a widow?" asked Miss Wright, dily.

"Hush," said the beautiful Mrs. Cooke, blushing.

"Is she?" Tom fairly screamed, jumping to his feet. "Oh, don't lead me to hope, and—"

"Yes, Mr. Martin," continued Miss Jennie Wright—oh, how he did like her for that—"my sister was mar- ried young, and her husband, having met with an accident, has been dead a year and a half. With that explana- tion, as this call was intended for her, I will leave you. Good evening, Mr.

Martin. I hope you and my sister may like each other. I have nothing further to say." And she withdrew.

It was nearly three months before Tom Martin—happy fellow!—led the blooming Mrs. Cooke to the altar. She looked prettier and sweeter than ever, and everybody present declared that no one living could ever have taken her for a widow.

The "Nation's" Objections to Greeley.

Now what bearing has this on Greeley? Do we mean to compare "Hon- est Horace" to "Bill Tweed" and "Tom Fields"? By no means. We have already done full justice to the good there is in Greeley's character and career. In the position which he has occupied for thirty years, it is not possible for any man to belittle or degrade him. He has played a lead- ing part in one of the greatest phil- anthropic movements of the age; he has founded a great newspaper, possess- ing enormous influence, and has in- duced a large body of his country- men to admire and love him. But his election to the Presidency would none the less, in our opinion, be the triumph of the combined forces of corruption and folly. Our firm belief is that there is not a political knave in the Union who has failed to get what he wants from Grant who is not at this moment "working" for Greeley's heart and soul, and for obvious reasons. There are probably not ten per cent. of his supporters who expect good government from him on his own motion. What they look for at his hands are facilities for attaining their own ends through some one or other of his many weaknesses. That with- less men would surround him, influ- ence, deceive and use him, is a legiti- mate deduction from his whole career, which worthless men have not been slow in drawing. That he would take into his councils men of mark, and weight and character, is a presumption which that same career goes far to rebut. His ready and love of flattery, his confidence in his own opinions, and his child-like brutality in assert- ing them, would disqualify him to draw about him those who would consider themselves, and whom he would suspect of considering them- selves, his superiors; or, if he did, would make it well nigh impossible for them to act harmoniously with him. With his habits of mind and opinion of the value of his own ideas, it is difficult to conceive of his allow- ing his judgment to be affected by what any man in the nation could say to him on any public question. What confusion and uncertainty this would forebadow one can hardly con- jure up without recalling the multi- tude of wild, startling and utterly absurd opinions which he has, during the past thirty years, upheld with greatest reverence. But the strongest objections in him is that he is, as a Presidential candidate, the final attempt of that large class of quacks, charlatans, ignoramuses and sentimentalists who are engaged in every civilized country to-day in try- ing to substitute "the heart" for the head—or, in other words, to make singing, weeping and wailing do in politics the work of memory and judgment—to get possession of the Government of the United States. They have succeeded in ruining one great and noble nation; their fondest desire and proudest hope is now to ruin this. They attain their ends by steady war on nearly all the methods, practices, principles and ideas which have raised man from the condition of a naked savage to that of a civilized citizen of a free State. They have no faith in any training; they despise all education beyond what fits a man to read their own speeches and articles; they treat the experience of the hu- man race as a mere collection of fables; they delight in the abasement and overthrow and destruction of every- thing that most stimulates human en- deavor in the way of honor or reward. Their ideal of human society is one in which there reigns the equality of the herd on the prairie, in which a life of instinct is passed under the partial guardianship of a few noisy old bulls, whose sole duty to the State is to bel- low. We should be sorry to see them installed in Washington, playing tricks with the great fabric which has thus far defied them, which, "defended by reverence, defended by law, a fortress at once and a temple," and a resting on the solid rock of popular common sense, it is not in their power to bring to naught, but which they might sadly deface, and might even for a brief period bring into contempt.—[New York Nation.

When a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief for a rich barber she means to sew in order that she may reap