



"LET US HAVE PEACE."

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## The Rapides Gazette.



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## POETRY.

### LITTLE SNOW FLAKE.

In the Insane Asylum at Jackson, Miss., we met a beautiful little girl, only six years of age, who anxiously inquired if we had come to take her home. The physician assured us that she was gentle, obedient and of a lovely disposition. Her beauty and gentleness have given her in the Asylum, the pet name of "Snow Flake."

Faintest dreams of reason floating  
Through the mind of wandering child,  
Little Snow Flake, pure and sinless  
As her namesake on the wild,  
Like her eyes suffused with tear-drops,  
Speaks in voice of melting tone,  
"Have you come to take me home?  
Are you here to take me home?"  
Scarce six summers have passed o'er her,  
But their tides have brought her bane,  
Taken from her heavenly reason,  
Placed her 'mid the more insane,  
Only one clear memory left her,  
"Is of where she used to roam;  
Clouds still show this rift, and heaven  
Comes to her in dreams of home.  
Patient, loving, gentle, timid,  
Pleading blue eyes, gold hair,  
Cheeks with blushings from the wild rose,  
Skin as valley lilies fair;  
Restless little feet that wander  
Day by day from hall to dome,  
Hands that coax you as she questions,  
"Have you come to take me home?"  
Full of childish play and prattle,  
Flowers her pets, she talks to them!  
Tells them of an absent mother,  
Who will "soon be back again."  
Never giving care or trouble  
In her life, but one sad moan,  
And their heart sobs, as she utters,  
"Have you come to take me home?"  
Holy "Snow Flake," child of sorrows—  
Borne unconscious of their rod—  
"Suffer such to come unto me!"  
Spoke the Child, the Infant God.  
From thy mind He'll move the shadows,  
And, when standing by His throne,  
Crowned with love, thy longings ended,  
Thou wilt find thyself at home.

How to SLEEP.—We are often asked for a prescription for preternaturally wakeful persons. The "high pressure" principle on which many of our business men work their brains and abuse their bodies, begets an irritable condition of the nerves, and a morbid state of mind, very antagonistic to quiet and refreshing sleep. Such persons will often go to bed weary and exhausted, but cannot sleep; or sleep dreamily and fitfully; or lie awake for hours, unable to sleep at all. We have tried many expedients to induce sleep with more or less success, and have read many recipes which proved better in theory than in practice. The very best method we have ever yet discovered is counting. Breathe deeply and slowly (without any straining effort) and, with every respiration, count one, two, three, etc., up to a hundred. Some persons will be asleep, before they can count ten, twenty, or thirty and then forget themselves and cease counting. In such cases always commence again at once. Very few persons can count a hundred and find themselves awake; but should this happen repeat the dose until cured.

## A STRANGE BEDFELLOW.

I do not know whether what I am going to tell you is a "grin" or not. I only know that I have been laughed at often by my friends, who years ago, before they died out, got married, or went to Congress, considered it a good joke. I remember well what Shakespeare says about a wit's prosperity lying in the ear are so long that I suppose the poor joke gets confused and lost before reaching the tickle nerve of the brain—it, indeed, any brain exist for it to rest upon.

I was young, quite young in years and younger inexperience, when some business of our firm—Seizem & Holdem, eminent attorneys—sent me into a primitive part of Indiana. I never before had been among people so near the starting point in the race of civilization. I believe Darwin would have made a good thing of it, had he accompanied me on that eventual occasion. I believe he could have found quite a number of men on Rocky Ridge who had just dropped their tails, passing from the animal to the human, and by killing and stuffing a few he could have triumphed over his unbelieving enemies.

I suppose that in the course of transformation the tail was the last thing to leave us, for nature is ever consistent and harmonious; and to this day in civilized communities you may rest assured that when you find a brute's head on a human form, a close inspection will develop the animal at the other end. Hence in the old-fashioned idea of a devil he had the horns on his head and a hoof and tail at the other extremity. You remember the description in those beautiful lines with the author in doubt—but which I maintain were written by the divine Watts—where it is said:

"And how was the devil dressed?  
Oh! he was dressed in his Sunday's best;  
His jacket was red and his breeches were  
blue,  
With a neat little hole where the tail came  
through."

These people made love like animals, with more bites than kisses, and when they fought—which they did on every conceivable occasion—they not only punched and kicked like decent, civilized beings, but they hugged like bears and bit at each other's noses and ears, and gouged the eyes in the most ferocious and horrible manner. In this rural region it was no uncommon sight to see a pastoral with half his nose gone, or with an eye out, and I never saw such a scarcity of ears. The sweet simplicity of this Arcadian life was not favorable to a full growth of features.

Their one minister of the gospel was terribly mutilated, and was wont to say if he could get enough of himself into heaven for recognition he would be satisfied. It was almost impossible for him to get through an evening service without a fight either of his own with some sinner wild with bad whisky, or a general scrimmage among his gentle flock. It was in the evening, generally, these hand-to-hand conflicts for salvation came off. But sometimes they occurred in the daytime. I remember one sunny afternoon we were listening to the eloquent remarks of the veteran so wounded and scarred in the cause of the Lord, when he was interrupted by a huge beast of a man, half drunk, noisily stamping in and dropping into a seat near the centre of the church. He had seated himself among the women, and the Rev. Timothy Pound-devil brought his one eye to bear on the transgressor and paused in the words of his discourse.

There was a profound silence. One could have heard the legendary pin drop—or, as Mark Twain says—a paper of pins. The fellow was known to be the most terrible bully on the country side. He had whipped every man, woman and child on Rocky Ridge.

"Twelve-tree," said the minister, "git out from among them women."  
"What'll I do that for?" was the insolent response.  
"What for?" roared the parson; "what for, you God-forsaken whiskey

tub! Because you're drunk and stink."

This was awful and struck me with terror, but nearly the whole congregation broke into a roar of laughter.

Swivel-tree rose from his seat and stretching out his long arm shouted back "Parson, be a sarafim an' go on with 'er brimstone."

"Shut up you hog."  
"Parson, you'd better be a sarafim, I tell you you'd better be a sarafim."

Ecclesiastical patience gave out at this point. The church grew militant, and this inestimable minister of the gospel nurl'd the brown stone pitcher with such accuracy that it flew into many pieces on the head of this sinful man. Strange to say, it did not kill him—it failed even to knock him down. He staggered for a moment and then made a rush toward the pulpit. From this descended the good fighter of the Lord. When about encountering each other, Swivel-tree stooped for a run into the ecclesiastical corporation, when an elder of the church—and quite an elderly elder he was—quick as thought tripped Swivel-tree and he fell at the parson's feet. The eloquent man lost no time in taking advantage of this. In an instant he was upon the wicked creature and raining blows upon his intellectual countenance.

There was some confusion in the house, for every member of the little congregation and every looker-on wished to get the best view. The elders, class-leaders, and stewards, however, formed a ring and gave their beloved pastor encouragement by cries such as "Gouge out his wicked eye, brother Pound-devil!" "Keep him under, brother!" "Give him the gospel," etc. After a few desperate struggles the ruffian cried "Enough!" The reverend gentleman immediately desisted, and helping his adversary to a seat on the anxious bench, went on with his discourse as if nothing unusual had happened.

I could fill a volume with historical illustrations of this barbarous life, but has en on to my little adventure.

I had a terror of the people who fought like animals. I believe I am not deficient in that common thing called courage, but I shrank from coming in contact with these roughs as one would from ferocious beasts. I found I could do this very well by treating a crowd whenever occasion offered and abstaining from any tender approaches toward the fair sex. By pursuing this course during my stay of four months I became, although the wearer of "store clothes" and therefore object of envy, very popular. But I came to grief at last.

The girls of the ridge were not attractive. Their ill fitting clothes did not grace their beautiful figures, nor did their infernal bonnets frame in lovely faces. Indeed it was quite the contrary. We may say what we please of the rare natural beauty of country life, but when it runs on rough breeding it is apt to be coarse and unattractive. The cultivation of the mind is reflected not only in the countenances of the cultivated, but—and more especially so—in their children. This is what we mean by the nobility of nature. I will reserve these original and elevated thoughts for a book, if I am ever so fortunate as to find an infatuated publisher who will prefer risking his money on my thoughts rather than republish that which has been a success abroad.

I found an exception in the way of beauty in the person of little Polly Pitcher, who, from contrast, I suppose, appeared to me a cross between a German angel and a Venus. She was plump as a partridge and as little as a fairy. Her little nose, slightly elevated at the end, with a dimple thereon, gave a saucy, piquant look to her white and-red face. Peaches and cream! what a complexion the little Pitcher had! She was jolly as a guinea pig and graceful as a fawn. I met her at a wedding. It was a rip-roaring frolic. We began dancing and fighting early in the afternoon, and danced and fought through the night until breakfast next morning. Then we had a race for the bottle from the

former home of the bride to the house of the groom's father, and a procession on horseback where each "feller" rode by the side of his "girl;" and as skirts were unknown, pedal extremities were exposed, and I trotted along gazing at "Pop," as she was familiarly called, with her sweet little foot and rounded ankle exposed to the atmosphere. I was young, tender and susceptible, and before we reached the end of our brief pilgrimage I was desperately in love.

It was a stupid business on my part, for Pop had her "feller." He was a tall, broad-shouldered, double-busted brute, answered to the name of Jackson Fossetts, and it was understood that he and my little love were soon to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

I was ash enough to "cut the fellow out," to use a country phrase. Little Pop took to my store clothes. She liked the novelty of the thing and gave her Fossetts the cold shoulder. I heard his muttered thunder but took no heed.

That night the fun was fast and furious at the paternal residence of the groom. The progenitor of the happy man was a client of our office and extremely friendly towards me. He exhibited this—he took me one side and gave warning that Fossetts was going to thrash me the first time he caught me out, and as I was not used to that sort of thing the way for me to do was to get my pistol, retreat to a wall or corner so as to keep the law on my side, and then, "My boy," he said earnestly, "just you perforate him like a water-millon. Them big lawyers of yours can see you through like a cheese-knife."

Then again he called me out, and said when I got tired frolicking he would show me a bed, where I could turn in and get a nap. He led me to a room at the end of a porch, and made exhibit of said couch. I had no idea of sleeping, and returned to the side of my Polly. About midnight, however, she disappeared, and the gay and festive scene lost all attraction. What was the rural rural dance of "hug and snug" when Polly was neither "hug" nor "snug?" And then, feeling weary and sad, I stole quietly to the little bedroom to turn in.

The room was dark as the correspondence on the "consequential damages." I closed the door after me, undressed, and, feeling for the bed, got in. Then for the first time I discovered another occupant. Supposing that the old gentleman had granted the same favor to some other guest, I took my place and soon fell asleep with an ugly suspicion that entered my brain, that the strange bed-fellow might be that rascal Fossetts, my rival.

I slept the sleep of innocence and peace. I was awakened by a row. When I opened my eyes day was in the room, and with the day a crowd of people laughing boisterously. In the center of the room stood the old gentleman who had so kindly given me a bed, and at my side, sitting up in bed and crying, was to my horror the little Pitcher. She strove in vain to cover her snowy shoulders with a very brief under garment, that, although worn during the day, served its other use of night-gown.

I had only a second for reflection. Among the people crowded in at the door was the terrible Fossetts, who swore with earnestness and shook his big fists as if he intended to punch some one. The old gentleman drove out the crowd, and telling me to come to breakfast, left the room. How I dressed and retreated I do not know. I tried to explain to Pop as I did so, but she had disappeared under the clothes and laughed and cried hysterically until I withdrew.

I got to breakfast with what appetite I might. The old gentleman had to explain, swearing that "he didn't know that fool Pop Pitcher was going to hunk herself in that bed?" and I tried, but no one would believe us—while Fossetts was on the porch bringing his two fists together with great violence and swearing that he would

remove my cuticle, take out my eyes, chew up my features; and otherwise dispose of my unhappy person. I knew that the time had come for a show of courage. Lord knows I wished myself well out of the scrape. But with a calm exterior, at least, whatever the inner commotion was, I swallowed my food, and then, going to the window, addressed the irate lover:

"See here, Fossetts, you want to fight me. Very well, I am willing. We can't fight here, but I'll meet you at the big spring in the round prairie this afternoon at three o'clock. You come with your friends and I'll be there with mine."

"That's fair—bally for the boy," was the cry, and Fossetts was forced to consent.

"Bot mind you," I added, "I'll fight you in my own way: I'll shoot and out, so you can come prepared, for there's going to be a death in somebody's family and a funeral on the Ridge."

The fellow gave me a volley of oaths in return, and we separated. I had an admirable double-barreled duck gun. This gun I charged heavily with small shot, and three o'clock found me at the big spring, where I met the old man who had got me in the scrape, accompanied by his two sons and several sympathizing neighbors.

"Hello, boy," cried the old fellow, "you goin' to use that iron on him?"  
"Well, I am."  
"Be sure, then that you're quick about it, for he's got Sam Ogle's old musket, and it kills at both ends."

He had scarcely finished his sentence before he with my other friends suddenly retreated, for the fearful Jackson appeared from behind a clump of trees on the opposite side and immediately brought his revolutionary relic to bear, but was so long getting it off that I had time to get out of range by falling on my face. The gun exploded with a fearful roar, while a perfect hail storm of shot and slugs rattled through the willows about the spring. I intended returning the fire, but my enemy was out of sight. I supposed that he had retreated to reload, but looking closer I saw his protrude upon the ground with his two legs up in the most extraordinary position—the revolutionary relic had kicked him over. Then getting upon all fours he began crawling away. I accelerated this with a shot that was answered by a yell, and then getting to his legs he began running when I gave him the second barrel, that was responded to by a yet shriller cry and an increased speed that my party cheered vociferously. Long as Jackson remained in sight he was covering the ground at a tremendous gait, and my friends fairly danced with delight; for as he ran, from time to time he felt behind his hands, as it worried by something exceeding unpleasant in that part of his person.

That night I left Rocky Ridge never to return. I learned that a hundred and forty small shot had been picked out of his back by a horse doctor armed with a pegging awl and pruning knife, and before the year was out I received the pleasing intelligence that he and my divine Polly were made man and wife. I gave him a good indorsement and Polly my love.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Dr. Chalmers beautifully says: "The little that I have seen in the world an know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

A girl in Wisconsin swallowed forty percussion caps. Her mother retrained from punishing her, or even talking snappishly to her.

## Domestic Recipes.

### PRESERVING FRUITS.

As the season for preserving fruits is at hand, we print the following which we find in one of our exchanges, for the benefit of our lady friends:

Our native fruits, both wild and cultivated, furnish an inexhaustible supply of the proper ingredients for the making of all kinds of preserves. We give a few tried recipes for their manufacture, and trust that they may be used extensively to the exclusion of the unhealthy compounds that we are so prone to patronize:

GRAPE JELLY.—Bruise and boil the fruit, then strain; add half a pound of sugar to each pint of juice, then boil from ten to twenty minutes.

FIG JELLY.—Wash, and add water sufficient to cover the fruit, boil twenty minutes; strain, then add sugar and boil as above.

WILD CRAB APPLE.—Cover the fruit with water and boil until soft, then strain; add one pound of sugar to each pint of juice; boil from fifteen to twenty minutes.

SHERRAN CRAB APPLE.—Proceed as for preceding, but add only one-half pound of sugar to each pint.

HAW.—Cover with water, boil until soft, mash, strain and add half a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; boil twenty minutes.

SLOE JELLY.—Mash, boil, strain; half pound of sugar to pint of juice.

PLUM.—Mash, boil, strain, as above.

PEACH JELLY.—Wash, without removing skins or pits cover with water; boil until soft, strain, add half a pound of sugar to pint of juice; boil twenty minutes.

BRANDY PEACHES.—One pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; boil fruit until soft, make the syrup with as little water as possible. Take the peaches and lay separately on a dish, boil the syrup again until the right consistency; put the peaches in the jar, then add one part brandy to two parts syrup, stir and fill up the jar.

SWEET PICKLES.—Twelve pounds of fruit, six pounds of sugar, and quart of cider vinegar, cloves and cinnamon. Let the fruit boil in above until soft; take out put carefully on a dish, let the syrup boil over, then put on fruit again and boil a few minutes; fill jars and seal with tissue paper dipped in white of egg.

PLUM PRESERVE.—Plums are equally good done in molasses or sugar. If sugar is used, take an equal quantity of fruit and sugar. Make a clear syrup and boil the plums gently forty minutes. They will require heating over once if to be kept. Beech plums are very excellent prepared in this way, as well as for pies.

KNOCKED ABOUT IN THE WORLD.—It is a good thing for young men to be "knocked about in the world," though his soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or if not all, certainly nineteen-twentieths of the sum total, enter life with a surplusage of self-conceit. If in measuring themselves with wiser and older men than they are they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully of their own accord, well and good; if not it is desirable for their own sakes that it be knocked out of them.

The boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level. His will may have been paramount at home; but school-boys are democratic in their ideas, and it arrogant, are sure to be thrashed into a recognition of the golden rule. The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed in the position of a leader; if not, whatever his own opinion of his own abilities may be, he will be compelled to fall in with the rank and file. If not destined to greatness, the next best thing to which he can aspire is respectability. But no man can either be truly great or respectability who is vain, pompous and overbearing.

By the time the novice has found his legitimate social position, he is the same high or low, the probability is that the disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down or washed away. Most likely the process of abrasion will be rough, perhaps very rough; but when it is all over and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not reflected in the mirror of self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gauntlet, and arrived, though by a rough road, at self knowledge. Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for youths to be knocked about in the world—it makes men of them.—[Selected.]