



"LET US HAVE PEACE."

VOL. 4.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

[NO. 7

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, May 25th, 1872.

TERMS:

THE GAZETTE is published Weekly at Four Dollars per annum; \$2.50 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
Half Column	175.00
Third of Column	130.00
Fourth of Column	100.00
Cards, (occupying space of eight lines or less.)	20.00

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 bountifully 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.

—O—

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 EVERY DAY 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, LEVY'S BRICK BUILDING, Front Street

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Repairs done with neatness and dispatch.

Ladies Shoes made in the latest and newest styles.

POETRY.

MOURN NOT FOR HIM.

Mourn not for him who calmly sleeps
Beneath the soft green sod.
You rather should rejoice than weep;
His spirit is with God.

No more shall grief and bitter tears
Disturb his peaceful breast;
After his toils and sorrows here,
How sweet to be at rest!

A pilgrim, at his journey's end
Across life's desert sands.
Has gone to join the pilgrim friend,
Borne up by angel-hands.

To join that shining, happy throng,
In brighter worlds above,
To sing the never-ceasing song
Of joy and peace and love;

Where pleasures are all pure and true,
Untarnished by sin;
Where, though he cannot come to you,
You yet can go to him.

TO ANNIE.

Your eyes are blue—such sweet blue eyes;
The white lids veil them from my sight;
But now and then a smile will rise,
And fill them suddenly with light.
And when you hear of some distress,
And your bright eyes with tears are wet,
You look with such pained tenderness,
My poor, my darling blue-eyed pet.

Across your brow, in even braids,
Is smoothly laid your golden hair;
You have no need of arful aids,
Or tricks of dress, to make you fair.
Your image in my heart I wear;
My love and faith are all your own,
I keep my life, prepared to share,
When you shall come and take your throne.

Did She Not Regret It?

BY LILLAN FITZROY.

"Well, mother, I doubt not at all you say about the many good qualities of Harry Browning. Perhaps he is one in a hundred, brave, honest and true; but yet he is so plain in appearance, so decidedly wanting in all the graces of person that please, that I am sure I could never make up my mind to marry him, and live a life of quiet, uneventful years in the calm serenity of his lordship's society."

And wild Maud Hamilton made a mock courtesy, and shook her golden head, as she turned again to the piano, to finish the song she had broken off to listen to her mamma's comments on Harry Browning, who had just passed the window, and was one of Mrs. Hamilton's especial favorites.

Maud's voice was sweet and clear as a bell, and won much admiration from her many admirers. After finishing the piece, she struck into a brilliant waltz, and, for ten minutes, was utterly oblivious to the conversation she knew her mamma desired to continue, and which she wished, yet did not wish, to hear. Finally, tired of playing, she went to the table and took up "Hannah," with the intention of following the fortunes of the curate and his wife's sister through their weary days of waiting till the law of "marriage or giving in marriage" was decided for or against them, when the bell rang, and one of their most intimate friends, Mrs. Stanley, was ushered in to the pleasant sitting room.

Of course there was no more quiet for awhile, and gradually Maud found herself listening with interest to the pleasant, entertaining words that fell from the lips of their visitor, who was a woman of mental culture, and much knowledge of the world. She had been much in society, and knew that all was not as fair as it sometimes looked to the eyes of the uninitiated.

"I met Herbert Kingsley as I came here," she said, turning to Maud, "and Mrs. Rupert told me that he and Alice had broken off their engagement. I was surprised to hear it, and yet I am glad, for I do not think him capable of making a wife happy. He is such a man of society, and so vain of his handsome person, besides being extremely selfish."

"I think she has shown herself very wise and sensible," answered Mrs. Hamilton. "My opinion of him coincides with yours exactly. 'Tis true he is brilliant in company, and of fine appearance, and, at party, soires or

ball, can make himself very agreeable; but a wife will be favored with all the unpleasant pages of his character."

Maud said little, but thought them rather unjust in their estimate, and very much prejudiced. After a little more conversation, Mrs. Stanley made her adieu and left them alone again.

"Well, Maud, you see I was right in my judgment, and I wish you would not accept any more attention from Herbert."

"But, dear mamma, I like him; he is so handsome and agreeable, and converses so pleasantly. Then you know, he has money and good position; what more could you desire for me? There are plenty of young ladies who would willingly exchange their name for his any hour."

"So there are plenty of foolish ones, Maud, who do not look beneath the surface until it is late, and so often are mistaken made that render, in after years, their days one long regret. You know there are many examples of this kind, and so I would fain have my daughter look deeper than mere externals, if she desires happiness."

Mrs. Hamilton was a wise woman, and knew when enough had been said, so she dropped the subject, trusting to Maud's good common sense if her words had been said in season.

Maud went up to her pleasant chamber, and, sitting down by the window, thought over what had been discussed below, and, after a long debate in her own mind, concluded that they, her mamma and Mrs. Stanley, must be prejudiced, for she could not see why such little blemishes of character should materially affect one's happiness. She would watch more earnestly, and endeavor to avoid danger.

But her fancy for Herbert Kingsley was deeper than she had realized, and when, in the pleasant gatherings, they were often thrown together, and, more and more, his devotion became evident and marked, Maud forgot the caution, or thought it absurd, and believed that the few faults she perceived could be easily remedied. So she drifted into the bewildering dream that colors all things with the purple haze of beauty, and, day by day, Herbert Kingsley's influence grew greater, and Maud would not hear one word against him now. It was useless to reason; she must learn that delusions are the fairy scenes of one's life, but how often, and, sometimes, how soon, the dream became a painful reality as the years ran on.

Maud knew Harry Browning was a fine fellow, and a favorite with the few that he chose to make his friends. Very plain, and sometimes almost awkward, and wanting in many of those little graceful acts and ways that charm before marriage, but speedily vanished in the practical world of every day. He would make his way in the world, while the other would never rise above the position his father's money had left him in.

But you cannot reason girls into wisdom, if they won't be reasoned with. So it was with my heroine. Among her gentlemen acquaintances these two seemed to be more serious than others in their attentions, and, as the days passed on, Herbert Kingsley became more and more a visitor, and gave Maud to understand that he had never really been engaged to Alice Rupert, and had cared to much for to keep up the affair longer. There had been some arrangement between the older ones, when he and Alice were young that if they grew up, and cared for each other, they should marry.

Herbert Kingsley soon asked Maud to become his wife, and she consented. She had ceased to think of her mamma's prejudices, and knew she would not refuse what her heart was set upon. Harry Browning's calls had become less frequent, as he noticed how much more gracious she was to Kingsley than himself. So kind Mrs. Hamilton ceased to speak of the matter when she saw it was of no use, and, putting her wishes aside, entered into Maud's arrangements with all the animation possible.

They were married in church, and

had a brilliant reception afterward, and then were gone two or three months on a wedding tour, before they settled down to a winter of soirees, and gay evenings out. It was exceedingly pleasant for awhile, and Maud thought her mamma's fears entirely unjustifiable. She was very happy, and Herbert had been extremely considerate and kind. To be sure, they hadn't spent half a dozen evenings alone as yet, for callers had dropped in, when they had not been at any gathering, and for quiet, social chat, at least, they had not found much time. It was exceedingly pleasant to go into society, and be admired so much; but by and by it began to grow wearisome to Maud; the constant dissipation was tiring her, and she cared less and less for it, and proposed to Herbert to have, now and then, a quiet evening at home. But he was averse to the monotony of home enjoyments, and Maud soon learned that he remained very unwillingly, and as anything but the agreeable companion he was found in society. So she ceased to request him, and when tired, or indifferent about going remained alone, while he was making himself merry at some bachelor entertainment, or public gathering.

Maud perceived that he had faults not so easily broken, and that this butterfly existence was not always going to satisfy her. There was no happy hours together, with music, social chat the reading of a new book or recent poem; and so she stifled the better needs of her nature, and soon ceased to care for the things that would have made her a better and truer woman.

Ten years passed by. Alice Rupert was married, and to Harry Browning, who had an "Hon" before his name. He was talented, and polished by travels, and contact with intelligent minds, in the world where Mr. Kingsley still reigned, as one of the queens of fashionable society. They often met; she looking as fair as ever, save a slight look of weariness that often crept into her eyes when she sat thinking of the rich possibilities her life once unfolded. Herbert was as much a "society man" as ever, but rumor said he had run through much of his fortune. He was delicately attentive to young ladies, and, having no talent to put in use for the benefit of himself or the world, the future would probably see him in the same niche he now occupied to the satisfaction of himself, if no one else. And Maud! Well, don't envy her, for we query, she did not regret it!

Saved By A Word.

BY MAX WILBER.

"Hallo! Here, my friend, what's the matter?" The speaker was Mr. Sparton, and his words seemed to possess a magic power over the poor wretch who lay in the gutter at his very feet.

"Friend!" repeated the man, staggering to his feet, and gazing curiously into Mr. Sparton's face, "this is the first time any one has called me friend for many months. I once had friends, but I had no money then."

"Have you none now?"

"No," said the man. "I paid my last dime for a drink, just in there," pointing to a saloon across the street, "and they put me out because I had no more."

"Where do you live?" asked Mr. Sparton.

"Live! I don't live anywhere."

"Well, where do you stay?"

"In any place I can. I have not known a home for many year."

Mr. Sparton, seeing that the man was unable to help himself, and had no means of support, offered to take him home with him. The poor wretch was only too glad to accept the offer, and, with the support of his new friend, managed to walk to that gentleman's residence. He was led into the dining-room, greatly to the surprise of Mrs. Sparton; but matters were soon explained, and she immediately procured the poor fellow something to eat, also making him a cup of strong coffee. By the time the half-famished man had eaten his supper, he was both warm

and drowsy, and, Mr. Sparton's advice, soon retired to rest.

The strange guest did not awake until it was time for breakfast the next morning. He was invited to sit down and eat with the family, and took the proffered seat with thanks, and in a manner which showed very plainly he had seen better days. After they were all seated at the table, the conversation was opened by Mr. Sparton, who asked the stranger if he rested well.

"Thank you, I did, indeed. I slept very soundly. It was the first time I had rested on a bed for over two months."

An exclamation of pity broke from the lips of the entire group. He then continued—

"I presume it is my duty, after your kindness to me, to give you my name, and also the history of my past life."

"We hold you under no obligations," said Mr. Sparton, "still we would be glad to learn your history."

"My name is Frank Edwards," said the stranger. "I am the son of Mr. Charles Edwards, merchant, who died some six years ago in the city of C—. Perhaps you have heard of him."

Being answered in the affirmative, the man hurriedly related his sad story. His love for liquor had first commenced in his college days, when he was one of a set of merry thoughtless students. After his graduation, the appetite increased, and, as time passed on, he became a confirmed drunkard. His father, broken-hearted, died, leaving all his wealth to his wayward boy. While it lasted, the young man had plenty of friends to join with him in reckless debauchery; but, when his fortune was all squandered, friends deserted him, and he became the poor, deserted vagrant whom Mr. Sparton found in the gutter.

"If I could only gain one true friend," concluded the man, "who would trust me with work to do, that I might gain a decent livelihood, I would earnestly try to please. But every one turns away from the poor drunkard, and refuses to trust him. How I have lived for the few months I cannot tell you, I only wonder that cold and want have not killed me."

Mr. Sparton was struck with the apparent truthfulness of the man, and also his gentlemanly manners, which went to prove the truth of his story. So he took him down to his store, and gave him some light task. He seemed willing to work, and, as Mr. Sparton was just then in need of help, he concluded to retain him for a while, at least.

Weeks passed, and he still kept him. He proved a most efficient clerk.

A few years passed, and the former vagrant had managed to save enough money an interest in his benefactor's business. He is to-day among the most respected citizens of a city not many miles from here.

Such is the result of kindness, and a word kindly dropped from the lips of a passer by upon some degraded wretch, may be the means of saving him. Years have passed since the facts related in this story transpired, and Mr. Sparton has never had occasion to regret the night he called a poor drunken wretch "friend."

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.—Money can buy many things, good and evil. All the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend, nor pay you for the loss of one. "I have wanted only one thing to make me happy," Hazlitt writes, "but, wanting that, have wanted everything." And, again, "My heart, shut up in the prison house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to." We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? A friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face, and have it out. Quick, before love grows cold. "Life is too short to quarrel in."

A rich man is never ugly in the eyes of a poor girl.

"Are you colored?" "Colored, no, dis yer chile born so."

A Novel Pair of Stockings.

"I believe women will do a good deal for a dance," said an old M. D.; "they are immensely fond of sport. I remember once in my life I used to flirt with one, who was a great favorite in a provincial town where I lived, and she confided to me that she had no stockings to appear in, and that without them her presence at the ball was out of the question."

"That was a hint for you to buy the stockings," said a friend.

"No; you're out," said the doctor. "She knew that I was as poor as herself; but, though she could not rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and judgment, and consulted me on a plan she had formed for going to the ball in proper trim. Now, what do you think it was?"

"To go in cotton, I suppose," returned the friend.

"Out again, sir. You'd never guess it, and only a woman could have hit upon the expedient. It was the fashion in those days for ladies in full dress to wear pink stockings, and she proposed painting her legs."

"Painting her legs!" exclaimed his friend.

"Fact, sir," said the Doctor; "and relied upon me for telling her if the cheat was successful."

"And was it?" asked his friend.

"Don't be in a hurry, friend. I compiled on one condition, namely: that I should be the painter."

"Oh! you old rascal," said his friend.

"Don't interrupt me, gentlemen,"

said the Doctor. "I got some pink accordingly; and I defy all the hostlers in Nottingham to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jennie. A prettier pair of stocking I never saw."

"And she went to the ball?"

"She did."

"And the trick succeeded?"

"So completely," said the doctor, "that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them. So you see what a woman will do to go to a dance. Poor Jennie! she was a merry mix. By-the-by, she boxed my ears that night for a joke I made about the stockings. 'Jennie,' said I, 'for fear your stocking should fall down while you are dancing, hadn't you better let me paint a pair of garters on them.'"

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—Life is like a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perishes if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that parts asunder if one be broken. Thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers which makes it so much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day sufficient to crush the decaying tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted by nature. The earth and the atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death; health is made to operate to its own destruction. The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying, first tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the paths. Notwithstanding the truth is so probably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart. We see our friends and neighbors die; but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell may next give the warning to the world.

Work is a great panacea for trouble. If you have plenty to do, you have less time for the "blues," and your thoughts are prevented from dwelling unduly upon real sorrows. To earn one's bread by steady labor need not be a curse but a blessing. In bereavement, in troubles of home and heart, even when the bitterest of all griefs come, the consciousness that trusted friends have failed you, there is a sort of safety and consolation in genuine hard work, be it mental or physical.

A wag was driving, when somebody who thought he knew him accosted him with, "I believe your name's Smith." "Then you'd believe anything,"

Nothing beats a good wife—except a bad husband.