Captain Jack and His Cabinet.

A VISIT TO THE MAN WHO MURDERED GENERAL CANBY.

The correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle writes from the Modoc camp: "The principal portion of the camp is situated in a huge opening or widening of the ravine, of perhaps an acre in area. On all sides of this opening, which seems more like a huge washbowl than anything else, the natural wall rises a hundred feet or more; but it is easily scaled, for the inner side is inclined, and the rocks are sharp and jut out all over it. Once in the basin there is but one open way out, and that is by the trail we entered. There are other ways out, but they are by tunnels leading to the many caves or sink holes in another part of the lava bed, and which will be more fully described further. On the outside of this basin there is a succession of ridges as high as that which incloses it, but these do not extend all around. To the west of the basin is a flat, table-like sur ace of lava, extending from the very summit of its rim clear back for more than a mile. In this level place are the sink-holes or caves formed thousands of years ago, perhaps in the cooling of this immense body of molten earth. The openings of the holes are very small; indeed, one does not see them until he has almost fallen in. But they widen as they go down, and their sides being sloping, one can pick his way to the bottom without difficulty. Most of these caves are connected with each other and with the larger basin by subterraneous passages, so that one can go for half a mile in the bed, without coming to the surface at all. This is of incalculable benefit in defending the stronghold, for one man can keep 100 at bay almost anywhere in it without fear of being smoked out or having retreat cut off.

After supper, which, by the way was shared with a keen relish by about a dozen naked Indian babies, Bogus Charley came back and said he would conduct us to Captain Jack. So the whole party gathered up their blankets and followed. Charley led the way right up one side of the basin, through a little trail not easy of ascent by unpracticed feet across the level place about fifty yards, when we came suddenly to the mouth of a pit-hole, at least forty feet deep. The hole inclined as it led downward, and at the bottom widened and formed a perfect cave, extending under the rock at least fifty feet. At the mouth of the cave proper but yet thirty or forty feet below the surface, a piece of canvas was stretched.

This was Captain Jack's front door, and the cave behind it was his abiding place—the place of the Modoc King. Behind the canvass we could see a bright fire burning, and nearly the whole tribe encircled around it, ready for a talk, which they knew was to come. The decent into the cave was some what perilous, but by a vigorous clinging to the rocks and careful stepping, we managed to reach the canvas. Then, throwing that back, we stood in the presence of Captain Jack. It was easily seen that he was sick. His eyes were dull, cheeks emaciated, and he was so weak he could not stand but remained reclining on a huge pile of bear skins, with his two wives by his side. Mr. Steele went up to him and shook hands warmly, as did the rest of the party. Then passing completely around the circle, all shook hands with the entire tribe. This ceremony lasted several minutes, and, when finished, we were furnished seats in the circle, near Captain Jack. The only wood in the lava bed is sage bush, but this was piled on the fire with an unsparing hand, and the flames shot upward and illuminated the cave brilliantly. Then each member of our party lighted his pipe, and, after taking a whiff or two, passed it around to the right, beginning with Captain Jack, who took a whiff and passed it on to the next, and so on. In such a large circle, of course one pipe full would not go round, and so when it got smoked out they did not hesitate to bring it back to be refilled and then send it on to complete its journey. During this ceremony not a word was spoken, and so the correspondent had abundant time to take a good look at the savages. Captain Jack was the central figure, and attracted most attention. He is a stern, dignified looking man, not over thirty, though he looks older. He has a good head; though, like all Indians, the forehead is low. His complexion is dark, the pure copper color; and his eyes are black, full and piercing. His hair is long, hanging down to his shoulders—and he is, course, destitute of beard. His mouth is large, and its shape indicates firmness, determination, and a great deal of character. He was very glad to see Steele, but he did not show it by his manner. When he shook hands, it was with an indifference that, to one unacquainted with the Indian character, would seem to be absolute rudeness. He was dressed in a hickory shirt and was covered with blankets. Scarfaced Charley, the next noted one in the tribe, has a Jewish cast of countenance, his nose being long and aquiline, and his face thin and narrow. He has a terrible scar on his right cheek, which, but for his natural pleasant expression, would make his countenance rather repulsive. He is about thirty-five years old, and is regarded as the bravest Indian in the tribe. But enough has been written of his exploits. He was very polite to his guests, and did all he could to make them comfortable. He was well dressed, and all he wanted was to get out of the lava-bed. Shack Nasty Jim is a youngster of not over twenty-two. He sat in the circle with a soldier's coat on, and looked wise as a judge. Hocker Jim, the leader of the band who committed the murders on the east side of the lake, was rigged out in a cavalry jacket, army pants and black hat. He has a bad face, and, though quite young, looked as if he could be guilty of anything. He is just now anxious for peace, in the hope of getting amnesty for his share in the massacre, and is doing all he can to make a treaty. The doctor is decidedly the worst looking man in the whole tribe. His face is absolutely devilish, narrow contracted, with a small eye that twinkles its wickedness, and a mouth full and sensual. It is a countenance that would make anybody shudder. He had on a straw hat, with a long black feather in it, and several articles of soldiers' clothing; I need hardly say that all clothing of this description was stripped from the bodies of the soldiers killed in the late battle. Black Jim, another of the murderers, is a tall fine looking fellow, but one that I would rather not meet alone of a dark night. He wore the military cap that Captain Burton lost in the fight. It had a bugle and the figures 21 on it. He also carried a cavalry carbine, lost on the day of the battle. In fact, I saw quite a number of breech loading muskets and whole piles of metallic cartridges, all of which goes to show that our troops in their retreat must have left a good deal of war material behind them.

A GOOD TEMPER.—Good temper is the sunshine of the domestic circle, and must be prized and cultivated accordingly. Fretfulness, peevishness, sullenness, bitterness and anger must be viewed as so many hissing snakes and driven from every heart that claims the distinction of being happy. When tempted to give way to any ill-feeling, self-restrainst must be exercised and mutual forbearance shown. Much will be accomplished by carrying out the determination that both shall never lose their temper at the same time—one bringing water where the others bring fire. "Let them treat each other's feeling," it has been well said, "with lenity, and learn to be, as occasion serves, blind, deaf and dumb—especially dumb. Not sullenly dumb, but serenely dumb. Not silent for moodishness and passion, but silent from reason and affection, looking out the while like a mariner in a dark night for the first streak of the dawn, and hailing it with a grateful welcome." A gentle contrast, a well arranged diversity, gives a relish to married life. It is the necessary condition, however, of such a diversity that the parties should view things occasionally from a different point of view, and wisdom will be required, therefore, by mutual concessions, gentleness, good humor and forbearance, to prevent such diversities of taste and opinion becoming the source of quarrel. Irritation, or, to use a phrase of modern coinage, "naggle." A clergymen, who had tied the marriage knot for many a couple was careful always to whisper to the bride as his parting counsel: "Be sure never to have the last word"—an advice which is most excellent, but which is surpassed by the recommendation that neither party should take the first one.—[Exchange.

☞ A dispatch from Berlin says the Government of France has officially given Germany such financial guaranties of the payment of the war indemnity that negotiations for the German evacution had commenced.

The Connecticut Election.

When Voltaire, who had been all his life immoderately addicted to coffee, heard some one remarking, in his eighty-third year, that coffee was noxious, he quietly murmured, "It has been a long time killing *me*." The Democratic party of Connecticut might make the same reply to the owlish politicians who have been so long insisting that the party must soon die of its record and its principles. Cards have been out for the last ten or twelve years inviting guests to assist at the Democratic funeral, but we suspect that those who are most experienced in obsequies have seldom seen quite so lively a corpse. It is only the other day that the political owls and goslins took up their prattle anew, and told us that the Democratic party had had its day; that its name, fame and organization, must presently be consigned to forgetfulness and utter oblivion; and now it starts up in Connecticut like a young giant refreshed.

What is the explanation of this enduring tenacity of life, which has falsified so many predictions? It would almost seem as if the party bore a charmed life, or as if it shared the exceptions promised to the first disciples: "they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." But really this victorious survival of the party is no miracle, nor even a marvel. It results from the fact that there is a large body of the people who inherit from their parents a robust, independent character, and who, being neither office-seekers nor parasites, do not concern themselves with politics except to express their convictions. The fact that a general without civil capacity is followed by the shouts of a multitude, does not change their opinion of his character. The oppression of the South does not seem to them any more just because a strong party indorses it. They will not sing the praises o. laying paper money, having seen the advantages of gold and silver. They cannot be convinced that a government which raises four hundred millions a year in taxes is as good and economical as one that used to raise only sixty millions. They refuse to glorify a great national debt and consider it a blessing. They see no advantage in paying double prices for everything they eat, drink and wear. Making slow gains in property by hard labor and economy, they do not believe that the colossal fortunes suddenly gained by upstarts in and out of office are honestly acquired. They have sufficient self-poise and steadiness of character to see things as they are, in the light of common sense; and so they are not tossed about by every wind of political doctrine.

It is men of this sturdy make and stable purpose that form the bulk of the Democratic party. They have been just as true, loyal and steady in adverse as they ever were in prosperous fortune, held from drifting on the waves by the strong anchor of opinions which can be changed only by evidence. Whether they chance to be in a minority or a majority, you always know where to find them. When a moderate portion of the Republicans get disgusted with their party and come to this inflexible Democratic phalanx, they make it a majority If they happen to be seduced back again, the Democratic Old Guard still stands immovable as a rock, voting steadily on in obedience to its convictions. Even its enemies must confess that there is something morally respectable in this unyielding firmness of purpose, which stands always by its colors without any sign of flinching.

This strength of purpose which is characteristic of the Democratic party would perhaps have been more productive of immediate political results if the party had been smaller. Throughout these long years of adverse fortune we have always been formidable enough to put our enemies in fear, and keep them united; whereas if we had been but a resolute handful instead of an inflexible host, the Republicans would long ago have split, and we, holding the balance, could have extorted concessions from one side as the price of making it victorious over the other. But the Democratic party is too large, and made of two unyielding stuff, to conquer in this way. At the very time its enemies were talking about its funeral, they stood in such mortal fear that they made voters of all the negroes to protect themselves against the reascendancy of the Democratic party. We shall overcome even that obstacle. But our path to victory will never lie in any other direction than a straight Democratic course, leaving honest Republicans to join us when they can no longer stand their own party. We shall never sink into a mere balance of power party. Our success will come every where; as it has come in Connecticut, by recruits, not by an alliance. The Christian church might as well make an alliance with one sect of the Mahometans, instead of baptizing them as converts.—[New York World.

☞ Hard work is the price asked for success, and it can be purchased with no other kind of currency.

☞ What is the difference between fixed stars and shooting ones? The one are suns; the others darters.

Justice in the South.

The Cincinnati Enquirer's special Washington dispatch of the 31, says:

The question of filling the United States juries in the Southern States is beginning to attract much attention. The United States law on the subject provides that the juries shall be drawn as far as practicable in accordance with the State laws regulating the s lection of juries; but the practice has prevailed since 1868 in North and South Carolina for the United States Marshal to pack the Federal juries for the trial of crimes with negroes and envenomed Radical partisans, and excluding all decent white citizens. In other quarters some respect has been paid to the State laws, and as the State law of Maryland excluded negroes from juries the United States Attorney General told a delegation of colored people not long since that while the State law stood thus they could not serve as jurors. In Georgia the State law is the same as in Marylany, but the Federal Judge has recently ruled that he is not bound by it, and has admitted negroes to the jury-box. In Bibb county the Federal jurors are headed by a negro who led an onslaught upon the white voters at the election of last fall. This ruffian is now to pass on the guilt or innocence of these parties, who were so culpable as to be in his way on that occasion. Very naturally there is much indignation and excitement among the Georgians over this subject, but some persons anticipate an attempt to repeat in Georgia the judicial outrages which were perpetrated by the infamous Judge bond in South Carolina and North Carolina.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TEMPERATURE

AS REPORTED BY LEVIN AND FERGUSON

Date.	Morn.	Noon.	Night.
15.	56°	60°	60°
16.	62°	68°	65°
17.	58°	60°	61°
18.	53°	74°	72°
19.	62°	69°	62° Rain.
20.	68°	73°	72°
21.	64°	73°	70°

EXCELSIOR STABLE!

Jackson, between 2d & 3d Streets.

LIVERY, SALE & STAGE STABLE!

WE HAVE PURCHASED AND ENlarged the

LIVERY STABLE

formerly kept by GOFFE, and more recently by N. L. McGINNIS, and are prepared to accommodate the public in the LIVERY LINE. We have our Stable well stocked with

HORSES, HACKS and BUGGIES!

and will hire them, and feed horses at very reasonable rates. We have secured the services of

WILLIAM CHAMPLIN!

of NEW ORLEANS, and with competent and experienced assistants, will pledge ourselves to give entire satisfaction. We are the contractors to carry the

United States Mail

on Routes 8031 and 8067 from Red River Landing to Shreveport,

WM. M. SURLS & CO.

April 16th, 1873–1m.

WILLIAM HUSTMYRE

FRONT ST.,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM his friends and the public generally that he has purchased the stock in trade of Jacob Walker, Jr., and that he will continue the general

GROCERY,
DRY GOODS
and HARDWARE

business at the old stand, where he will be happy to see and accommodate them at any and all times.

HE WILL SELL CHEAP FOR CASH

His store will be always found open from 6 A M. to 9 P. M. Porticular attention given to the retail trade and also to steamboat orders.

April 9th, 1873–3m.

JOHN M. SAMUELS. G. W. STONER

SAMUELS & STONER
LOUISIANA NURSERIES
SHREVEPORT — LA.

FRUIT TREES, ORNAMENTAL Plants and Flower Seed grown in the South, only for the South. Largest stock and most complete assortment. Send for illustrated descriptivo Catalogues.

Oct. 16–1y.

JOB PRINTING
NEATLY DONE
AT THIS OFFICE
ON THE MOST REASONABLE
TERMS.

NEW THIS DAY.

THIRD ANNIVERSARY

—OF—

Pacific Fire Engine Co.

No. 1.

Friday, April 25th, 1873.

ORDER OF FORMING:

THE PACIFIC FIRE ENGINE Company No. 1, of Alexandria, with those invited to assist in the celebration of their Third Anniversary, will assemble at the Town Hall, at 9 o'clock A. M., on FRIDAY, APRIL 25th, 1873, when Judge Wm. A. Seay will deliver an address to the Fire Department The procession will form in line precisely at 10 o'clock A. M., in the following order:

Stonewall H. & L. Co. No. 1.
Pacific Fire Engine Co. No. 1:

ROUTE:

THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION will rest on Murray street, and move down Second to Fulton, out Fulton to Front, down Front to Corporation line, up Front to Beauregard, in Beauregard to Second, up Second to Madison, in Madison to Third, down Third to Lee, in Lee to Fifth, up Fifth to DeSoto, out DeSoto to Town Hall, where the procession will be dismissed.

PROGRAMME:

JAS. W. ORSBORN, Grand Marshall

AIDS:

THOS. CRAWLY,.....Stonewall
DR. H. ST. JOHN,..... "
COL. J. C. WISE,..... "
A. HEYMAN,.....Pacific
JULIUS LEVIN,..... "
MIRES ROSENTHAL,..... "

ALEXANDRIA, CHENEYVILLE,

RED RIVER

—and—

NEW ORLEANS LINE

—OF—

U. S. MAIL COACHES!

A CONCORD COACH WILL LEAVE Alexandria on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 10 o'clock A. M. making close connections at Red River Landing with the magnificent Packets

Katie, Frank Pargoud and Natchez

for New Orleans. Returning—will leave Red River Landing on SUNDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS, on the arrival of the above Packets from New Orleans, arriving at Alexandria 7 o'clock the next morning. ☞ Office at the EXCHANGE HOTEL. W. M SURLS,

April 23–3m. Superintendent

THIRD ANNIVERSARY

—OF—

Pacific Fire Co. No. 1.

Grand Parade and Ball

Friday, April 25th, 1873.

Tax Sale.

U. S. Internal Revenue—United States vs. Estate of Isaac Levy.

BY VIRTUE OF THE AUTHORITY vested in me by Section 28, Act of Congress, dated July 13th, 1866, I have seized and will sell in front of my office in the Town of Alexandria, on

SATURDAY, the 3d day of MAY, A. D., 1873,

at 12 o'clock M., the following described property, to-wit:

Lots No. 1 and 3 in square No. 7, and part of Lots No. 1 and 4 in square No. 3, situated in the Town of Alexandria.

Seized and sold for failure to pay tax on Cotton, Sugar and Income for the years 1867 and 1868

TERMS—CASH in United States Treasury Notes. A. J. WHITTIER,

April 9, 1873–4t. Dep. Collector

Printer's Fees $7 50.

NOTICE.

HALL STONEWALL H. & L. Co. No. 1,
April 23, 1873.

THE MEMBERS OF STONEWALL Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, (Honorary and Active) are ordered to meet in FULL UNIFORM, at their Truck House, on FRIDAY, APRIL 25TH, at 9 o'clock A. M. By order of

P. W. LINSKI,
Foreman.

A. B. RACHAL,
Secretary.