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Las Vegas Gazette.

LOUIS HOMMEL,

Editor & Publisher.

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OF THE

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—:O:—

The GAZETTE *will henceforth be published every Saturday, at Las Vegas N. M., as a twenty four column weekly newspaper. It will be*

INDEPENDENT

In Everything, but

Neutral in Nothing.

It will have in view the greater good of the greater number; the progress and best interest of the city of

LAS VEGAS

and San Miguel County, in particular, and of the Territory of

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LOUIS HOMMEL,
Editor and Publisher,
Las Vegas, N. M.

[From the Rocky Mountain Herald.]

COYOTES.

He has been called an "outcast" by a notorious poet. He is universally conceded to be a sneak, a thief and an arrant coward. He is a worthless vagabond; a wanderer of nights and a lierby by day; a dissipated wretch in whose whole history there is not one redeeming fact. He has a very extensive connection but no family. He is disowned by the dogs, and not recognized at all by respectable foxes. The gaunt gray wolf who sends his hoarse voice across the ravine, in a howl the most dismal and harrowing that ever disturbed midnight and silence, will have no fellowship with the little thief who seems to have stolen his gray coat, and would fain be counted among his poor relations.

And yet the coyote is the representative animal of the border. It is his triangular and elongated visage; his sharp muzzle, fitted for the easy investigation of the smallest aperture into other peoples' affair; his oblique, expressionless eyes, which should have a place in the adornment as escutcheons, and the embellishment of little pages. The buffalo, who is his successful rival in such matters, occupies the place because his shaggy stupid head is big. The buffalo is not the representative of any thing but stupidity and ponderosity. He has roamed in countless thousands here, for hundreds of years, and during all that time he has never even bellowed. There is no amount of pleasure, excitement, anger or love, with him to make a sound. That great armament of lungs and throat and nostrils is good for nothing in acoustics, and while he might make the valleys to tremble, and his voice might almost shake the hills, he just spends his life in galloping, butting sand-banks and eating. Especially does he affect the latter, his life is one long process of deglutition and rumination. He never stole anything. He never made the moon-lit hours hideous from love of own voice. He is so dull as to be incapable of self defense. None but a great booby would deliberately run alongside of a slow going railroad train, to be shot by kid glove sportsmen; and even ly women, three of four score times in the back with silver mounted pocket pistols. The stupidity of his whole family is illustrated every day in the countless bleaching skulls, and brown tufts of faded hair, which mark his death at the hands of people to whom the riding of a mustang would be an impossible thing, and the death of a timorous hare, a prodigy of skill and cunning. He has been killed in countless thousands thus, within pistol shot of a track over which with shriek and roar, four trains a day pass, freighted with puny enemies who would never see, much less kill, if he would only betake himself to the fastness of the wildrness which has been his from time immemorial.

Not so his companion and actual master the coyote. He will lengthen out the days of his life, until his voice sounds hollow and thin and aged, in the watches of the night. Nothing less than infinite pains and insidious strychnine will end his vagabond life. As his gray hack moves slowly along at a leisurely trot, above the reeds and coarse grass, and he turns his sly face over his shoulder to regard you, he knows immediately whether or not you have with you a gun. The coyote is a reflective brute, and has an inquiring mind. Only convince him of the fact that you are unarmed, and he proceeds to interview you in a way which for politeness and unobtrusiveness is recommended as a model to more intelligent and also more obtrusive animals. As he sits himself complacently down upon his tail at the summit of the nearest knoll, and lolls his red tongue, and seems to wink in your direction, he is so much like his cousin, the dog, that you can hardly refrain from whistling to him. Make any hostile demonstration, and he moves a few paces further and sits down again. Lie down in the grass, and remain quiet for an hour, and by slyly watching him from the corner of your eye, you will discover that he has been joined by a half dozen of his brethren and friends. Slowly they come nearer and nearer. They are cautiously creeping upon all sides of you. Our curious friend has an object in this, outside of mere foolish curiosity. He is cognizant of the frailty of life, and knows that all flesh is grass, and now wants to find out first, if you are dead, and second, supposing you are not, if there is anything else in your neighborhood that is eatable. You rise up in sudden indignation and scare the committee away. In that case you have offended the coyote family deeply, and they retire to a safe distance and bark ceaselessly until they have hooted you out of the neighborhood. That night he and his companions will probably come and steal the straps from you saddle, the meat from the frying pan, and politely clean the pan, and the boots from your bedside. Nothing that was originally derived from animal organization, or has the faintest flavor of grease comes amiss to him. Through a thousand variations in this family history, the disposition to gnaw something remains unchanged. There is no more formidable array of ivory than his, and his greatest desire in life is ever to have something rancid between his teeth.

There is a distant collateral branch of this extensive family, which has for ages been noted for its cunning and rascality. The first beast with which the child becomes intimately acquainted is the fox. He has illustrated more pretty fables than all other beasts; he has beautified more picture books, and brought out more artistic skill. In reality he possesses but one advantage over the coyote, and that consists in his proverbial swiftness of foot. His brush is no larger and busier, and his coat no thicker. Probably neither of these rivals in the science of stealing can lay any great claim to personal beauty, and considering his want of speed the coyote is the better beast of the two, in the particular line for which they are all distinguished.

On the great plains of Colorado and the southwest, and in the mountains of New Mexico, one is puzzled to know where a beast so wanting in ferocity and so slow of foot, can possibly obtain his daily meat. The truth is that he has to live by his wits. No one ever saw a starved coyote. He does not confine himself to any particular diet, and wherever he may wander or rest, he is evidently always thinking of his next meal. He would distinguish himself by stealing domestic fowls, only there are none in his dominion to steal. But he does not abandon his occupation on that account. He has the Chinaman's fancy for bird's nests, and he follows the mountain qual to her bundle of twigs, and daintily laps the inner sweets of a dozen eggs, and retires like a man from a free lunch, slily licking his chops. In the dead hours of the night he creeps upon the covey resting in the coarse grass, their tails together and their heads beneath their wings; even the wary old whistler who leads and guards his interesting family daily over the intricate miles of their *habitat* himself sound asleep; and throwing his sprawling fore paws suddenly over as many as he can leaves the rest to whirr screaming away in the darkness, and learn from him a useful lesson of family vigilance in the future.

The Jackass rabbit, doomed to fame, partly on account of swiftness, but mainly because of his grotesque auricular development, frequently falls a victim to the strategy of this marauder, at whom, under ordinary circumstances, he might be supposed to sit upon his hinder legs and derisively smile. Jack is sometimes so incautious as to be tempted by a damp and shady nook, to lie upon his back like a squirrel, and with his ears conveniently doubled under him, and his gaunt legs in the air, to too soundly sleep. Then the coyote creeps cautiously upon him, licking his lips, and as quiet as to voice as though he had never waked the lugubrious echoes. He may spend an hour in the task, and finally he makes a spring not the less rapid because it is awkward, and the poor rabbit takes his last lesson in gnawing subjectively.

The virtue of perseverance shines brightly in the coyote. All these things require an inexhaustible fund of patience. Of course he fails in many of his murderous attempts, but none the less does he try again. There is a notably instance in which this quality alone brings him victory, and that is in his contest with the buffalo. In this, since the supply of meat will necessarily be large, he makes common cause with all his hungry neighbors. The old bull, after many years of leadership, after becoming the father of a horde of ungrateful descendants, is finally driven forth from the herd by the strong necks and ambition of his younger associates, and ruminates with two or three superannuated mates, while the herd wanders afar off forgetful. Then the coyotes take him in charge. Wherever he goes they hungrily follow. He dare not lie down, and weariness helps to overcome him. Finally they begin to harass him openly and with increasing boldness. A gray assassin is upon every hand. The buffalo is too imperturbable a brute to ever succumb to mere barking, and his enemies begin to actually bite. The contest may last for many days, and be fought over a territory several miles in extent. The old monster is crippled and finally brought down, and a snarling feast is commenced, which continues until the last bone is picked bare.

But all the coyote's other modes of obtaining a livelihood are mere byplay to the great business of his life, which is stealing. For a long time it has been supposed that a cat approaches cream-jar, and a weasel intent upon coveted eggs, were the ideals of sly cunning and predatory silence. But in the exhibition of a preternatural talent for silent appropriation, the coyote excels all the sharp smelling and light foot night wanderers besides. He has a remarkable *penchant* for harness, raw-hide and boots. He gnaws the twisted lariet from the pony's neck, and bodily drags away the saddle and chews it beyond recognition by the owner. He enters the open barrack window and steals the accoutrements from the soldiers's bed-post, and the shoes from beneath his pillow. He will walk backward and draw a dry raw-hide, hard and joiceless as a board, a mile from where he found it. It would seem that he did not steal these things for food alone. In the majority of cases they are beyond the mastication even of a coyote's restless jaws. He steals as some men do, because he is a born criminal. He is largely gifted with the sense of smell, and the savory order of the camp fire frying-pan reaches his appreciative olfactories a long way off. With drooping tail and lowered head he comes stealthily near like a thievish dog, and his appearance in the barkness is the very picture of treachery. He is patient, and will not be driven far, but crouches down a hundred yards away, and longingly licks his lips and waits. Then his brethren silently come, and encircling the little bright fire and the tired, lounging figures around it are surrounded by a cordon of patient, harmless, hungry thieves who lick their jaws and faintly whine in expectation.

These are the times, and only these, when the coyote is silent. Upon all other occasions his voice is his pride and glory, and he throws back his head in the extacy of discord, and gives it to the wind and the night in a rapid succession of discordant yelps, which seem ceaseless for hours together. Indeed, the coyote's bark is the prominent feature of night in the wilderness. To one unaccustomed to it, sleep is impossible. In spite of the knowledge of the brute's cowardice, it is impossible to banish restlessness and some feeling of fear. After the fire dies out, as the sleepless and discordant hours pass, you long for morning and peace.

Coyotes and Indians are supposed to be on good terms always. They are somewhat alike in characteristics, and possess a mutuality of interests. They both object to the invasion of the white man, and both are cotemporary of a country which cannot long remain the home of either. But the coyote's dislike to the invader is unreasonable, for he is furnished more feasts upon the carcasses of causelessly slaughtered buffalo in one year than the Indian would have given him in ten.

But our gray-coated friend makes a near approach to respectability in one item: he is a creature of family, for which he daily provides. Any morning in early spring, upon some dry knoll may be seen three or four little brown colored, stupid looking cubs, lazily enjoying the early warmth. At the slightest alarm they tumble with more alacrity than gracefulness into the mount of the den, from which they never wander far and many an hour's patient digging will not unearth them. Not far off may be seen the mother, uneasily watching the course of the intruder's footsteps. But provision for a family is not carried so far among the coyotes as it is in the fox family. There are no delicate morsels carried to the den, and the adolescent thief must subsist upon his mother's scanty udders until he has attained his teeth and his voice, when he is launched upon the wilderness world fully prepared by nature and instinct and theft, and to follow in the devious ways of his ancestors.

Here is a brute which in entitled to respect from his very persistence and patience in knavery. Contemptible in person and countless in numbers, he forages fatness from things despised of all others. He is patient in his cunning, persevering in crime and independent of all resources except his own. He is utterly careless of the contempt which all other beasts seem to have for him, waiting for his revenge for the time of their feebleness and decay. Like all cowards, he can fight desperately when he must and the borderer's dogs wear many ugly scars of his making. Winter and summer, in heat and cold, he wags his along the prairie path with the same drooping, quick-turning, watchful head; the same lolling red tongue, the same bushy tail trailing behind; ever mindful of a coyote's affairs, ever looking for supper, the figure-head the feature, the representative of the broad and silent country of which he comes more nearly being master than any other.—*J. W. Steele.*

The new born English aristocrat receives as soon as born a little bed with a hard mattress. From its earliest age it is taken, wramly wrapped, into the open air. After the first year its meals are reduced to three, and this rule is so unchangeable that no child thinks of requiring anything more; and from this time its food is of rich milk and bread and butter and good meat. After breakfast it remains several hours in the open air and then sleeps. The whole afternoon is passed outside. From earliest childhood the children of the aristocracy wear short sleeves, and often the knee is left bare, though the extremities are clothed in the warmest manner. At five years of age they begin to dance. Never are English children intrusted to the care of a young nursery maid, but to an elderly, experienced person, under whose direction they constantly are. As soon as the young girl goes to school, the carriage of the head and shoulder becomes an object of attention, and under no circumstances is she permitted to sit otherwise than upright. "My child grows but once," says an English mother, "and therefore nothing is so important as her physical development. Everything else can be acquired later." An English child rises at seven, breakfasts at eight, dines at one, sups at seven, and at nine o'clock goes to bed. Until twelve years of age they pass the greater part of the day in the open air, with only about four hours mental work.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"Sam, who am I?"

"Why, you are yourself, Bob Harrison, an't you?"

"No; far from it?"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, sir, I'm so mixed up, I don't know who I am?"

"Don't take it so hard to heart."

"I an't; I'm taking it in my handkerchief."

"Well, sir, what's the matter?"

"Why, I'm married."

"Married! ha! ha! ha! Why, sir you should be happy."

"Yes, but I ain't."

Why, all married men are supposed to be happy."

"Yes, but how many are so?"

"Well, sir, as I said before, don't take it so hard—tell us all about it."

"Well, Sam, I'll tell you how it is. You see I married a widder, and this widder had a daughter."

"O yes! I see how it is. You have been making love to this daughter."

"No! worse than that. You see my father was a widower, and he married this daughter, so that makes my father my son-in-law, don't it? Well, don't you see how I'm mixed up?"

"Well, sir, is that all?"

"No, I only wish it was. Don't you see, my step-daughter is my step-mother, an,t she? Well, then, her mother is my grandmother, an't she? Well, I'm married to her, an't I? So that makes me my own grandfather, doesn't it?"

Subscribe for the GAZETTE.

The Fort Scott (Ks.) Monitor relates the following sad story of an accident on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad last week; "A train bound for Texas had on board a large number of travelers and emigrants, among them a lady with a little boy aged seven years, who had the ague. When about sixty miles below the State line the little boy who had been walking about the car during the evening, fell off. This was not known by the mother until the train had gone two miles and the lady sought the conductor, and asked him to back train, which he refused to do. The lady then asked him to stop the train, and let her off, which he also refused to do, and, in spite of her tears and entreaties, carried her down to the next station, where she was compelled to stay over night, and wait for the up train the next morning. On returning the boy was found. He had crawled up the embankment among the grass, and resting his head among the wild flowers, and drenched with the terrific thunder-storm of Friday night, he was dead.—*Rockport Republican.*

The greatest man, "take him for all" of the last hundred years, was George Washington an American.

The greatest metaphysician was Jonathan Edwards, an American,

The greatest natural philosopher was Benjamin Franklin an American.

The greatest of living sculptors is Hiram Powers, an American.

The greatest writer of law, in the English language, for the present century, was Judge Story, an American.

The greatest orators that ever lived were Clay, Calhoun and Webster all Americans.

The greatest of living historians are George Bancroft and William H. Prescott, both Americans.

There has been no English writer in the present age whose works have been marked with more humor, more refinement, or more grace than those of Washington Irving, an American.

The greatest lexicographer and philologist since the time of Johnson was Noah Webster an American.

The inventors whose works have been productive of the greatest amount of happiness to mankind in the last century, were Godfrey Fitch, Fulton, and Whitney, all Americans. —*Clay County Independent.*

A Scrub-headed boy, having been brought before the court as a witness, the following very amusing colloquy ensued:

"Where do you live?" the Judge inquired.

"Live with my mother."

"Where does your mother live?"

"She lives with father."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do they live?" says the Judge getting very red, as an audible titter goes round the room.

"They live at home."

"Where in the thunder is your home?"

"That's where I'm from," said the boy, sticking his tongue in the corner of his cheek and slowly closing one eye on the Judge.

"Hehe, Mr. Constable, take this witness out and tell him to travel; he evidintly does not know the nature of an oath."

A German poet has recently written a touching poem, in which the hero is represented as devoured by an aligator, under a palm tree on the shore of Lake Erie, in America. The heroine hears of the terrible fate of her lover down in the everglades of Florida, near the banks of Lake Superior, where she is living, and rushes down South to Lake Erie and lies in wait for that crocodile; captures him, extracts the bones of her dead lover, purchases a rock coffin, and has him interred in Greenwood Cemetery, in New York, in the State of St. Louis. The poem is truly affecting.—*Vincennes Sun.*

A St. Joe man is so tall that he has to get on his knees to scratch his head.—St. Louis Globe.

Two twin boys in Warren county, Ind., aged 72 years, are tenderly cared for by a mother of 96.