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Las Vegas Gazette.

LOUIS HOMMEL,

Editor & Publisher.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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One copy, three months 1 50

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First insertion, each square, \$2 00
Subsequent insertions, each square, 1 50

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Yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal discount.

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Advertisements not stating the number of insertions, will be continued at our option and charged accordingly.

All communications devoid of interest to the public, or intended to promote private interests, will be charged as advertisements, and payment required in advance. If personal in character, we reserve the right to reject any such article or advertisement.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.—The Post office will be open daily, except Sundays, from 7:30 A. M., until 6 P. M. Sundays from 7:30 to 8:30 A. M.

MAIL-CLOSES DAILY.

Eastern at 9 P. M.
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" " 3d " Warren Bristol.
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U. S. Deputy, Receiver
U. S. Land Office, and
Agent for Paying Pensions, E. W. Little.
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" " " 2d " J. C. Hill.
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Auditor, Trinidad Alarid.
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Clerk of Probate Court, Jesus Marquez.
Sheriff, Leon Pinard.
Coroner,
Treasurer, Antonio A. Romero.
Road Commissioners, Eugenio Romero and Jose Santos Esquivel.
School Commissioners, Severo Baca, Benigno Jaramillo, Lorenzo Labadie and Manuel Barcia.

MILITARY.

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Lieut. W. J. Sartin, A. A. General.
Lieut. Col. Fred. Myers, Dep. Q. M. Genl., Chief Quartermaster.
Capt. Wm. H. Nash, Chief Com'r. Sub.
Surg. C. T. Alexander, Chief Med. Officer.
Maj. J. B. M. Potter, Chief Paymaster.
Lt. P. Willard, Comd'g Guards, Escorta, &c.
Lt. C. C. Morrison, Act. Engineer Officer.

GENERAL STAFF.

Capt. A. J. McGonigle, Depot Q. M.
Port Union,
Maj. A. B. Carey, Paymaster.
Maj. E. Bridgman, Paymaster.

WHAT LAKES A MAN?

Not numerous years nor lengthened life,
Not pretty children and a wife,
Not pins and chains and fancy rings,
Nor any such like trumpery things,
Nor pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,
Nor liberty with kings to dine,
Nor coat, nor boots nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest or trimmed cravat,
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;
Nor Mister, Rev'rend, Sir, nor squire,
With titles that the memory fire,
Nor ancestry traced back to Will,
Who went from Normandy to kill,
Nor Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore,
Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er;
Nor Judge's robes nor mayor's mace,
Nor crowns that deck the royal race—
These all united never can
Avail to make a single man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race;
A soul of beauty and of grace;
A spirit firm and true,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain, for small or great;
That truly speaks of God within,
And never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God and him alone,
That troubles at no tyrant's nod—
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse and ban—
That is the soul that makes the man.

AN ADDRESS BY THE UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

To the People of the United States:

The Congress of the United States has enacted that the completion of the One Hundredth Year of American Independence shall be celebrated by an International Exhibition of the Arts, Manufactures, and Product of the Soil and Mine to be held at Philadelphia in 1876, and has appointed a Commission, consisting of representatives from each State and Territory, to conduct the celebration.

Originating under the auspices of the National Legislature, controlled by a National Commission and designed as it is to "Commemorate the first Century of our existence, by an Exhibition of the Natural resources of the Country and their development, and of our progress in those Arts which benefit mankind, in comparison with those of other Nations," it is to the people at large that the Commission look for the aid which is necessary to make the Centennial Celebration the grandest anniversary the world has ever seen.

That the completion of the first century of our existence should be marked by some imposing demonstration is, we believe, the patriotic wish of the people of the whole country. The Congress of the United States has wisely decided that the Birth-day of the Great Republic can be most fittingly celebrated by the universal collection and display of all the trophies of its progress. It is designed to bring together within a building covering fifty acres, not only the varied productions of our mines and of the soil, but types of all the intellectual triumphs of our citizens, specimens of everything that America can furnish, whether from the brains or the hands of her children, and thus make evident to the world the advancement of which a self-governed people is capable.

In this Celebration all nations will be invited to participate; its character being international. Europe will display her arts and manufactures, India her curious fabrics, while newly opened China and Japan will lay bare the treasures which for centuries this ingenious people have been perfecting for the nation of superior excellence.

To this grand gathering every zone will contribute its fruits and cereals. No mineral shall be wanting; for what the East lacks the West will supply. Under one roof will the South display in rich luxuriance her growing cotton, and the north in miniature, the ceaseless machinery of her mills converting that cotton into cloth. Each section of the globe will send its best offerings to this exhibition, and each state of the Union, as a member of one united body politic will show to her sister states and to the world, how much she can add to the greatness of the nation of which she is a harmonious part.

To make the Centennial celebration such a success as the patriotism and the pride of every American demands, will require the co-operation of the people of the whole country. The United States Centennial Commission has received no government aid, such as England extended to her World's Fair, and France to her Universal Exposition, yet the labor and the responsibility imposed upon the Commission is a great as in either of those undertakings. It is estimated that ten millions of dollars will be required, and this sum Congress has provided shall be raised by stock subscription and that the people shall have the opportunity of subscribing in proportion to the population of their respective states and Territories.

Commission looks to the unflinching patriotism and of the people of every section, to see that each contributes its share to the expenses and receive its share of the benefits of an enterprise in which all are so deeply interested. It would further earnestly urge the formation in each State and Territory of a centennial organization, which shall in time see that county associations are formed so that when the nations are gathered together in 1876 each Commonwealth can view with pride the contributions she has made to the national glory.

Confidently relying on the zeal and patriotism ever displayed by our people, in every national undertaking, we pledge and prophesy that the Centennial Celebration will gloriously show how greatness and intelligence can be fostered by such institutions as those which have for one hundred years blessed the people of the United States.

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY,
LEWIS WALK SMITH, President,
Temporary Secretary.

[From the Las Cruces Borderer.]

On Wednesday last Daniel Fritz, County Clerk received a letter directed to Hon. Pablo Melendres Probate Judge, from Don Perfecto Arriaga of Tularosa, giving the unfortunate news that the body of Cadette and his interpreter had been found at Canada De La Luz—that some three hundred Indians were ready to spring upon the settlement of Tularosa, and begging for arms and ammunition to defend themselves. Mr. Fritz went with the Probate Judge to Selden, and Maj. Clendennin has gone with a party of men to Tularosa. The letter is found in full in our Spanish columns and we have only time to give a report of the facts as now understood. The Indians claim that Mexicans or Americans are guilty of the murder which is still a mystery, but suspicion points strongly to the son-in-law of Cadette, Santana. Cadette killed one son-in-law, and with Santana there has been trouble—he has never been on the reservation we understand nor has he drawn rations, and not long since Cadette took from him a lot of stolen stock and turned it over to the agent. It may be supposed that Cadette was killed on his return from this country where he had been as a witness before the Grand Jury—but we are informed that a train camped at White water where Cadette met one hundred of his men on his return to Lincoln—and as a matter of course returned with them to Stanton. It is probable that he had been to Stanton and had gone from there to La Luz and has been murdered by some of Santana's party. Whoever is the guilty party they should be ferreted out and punished to the fullest extent of the law. The killing is the most unfortunate and is likely to prove the most deplorable in its result of anything that has happened for years in this section. The Indians in that section are so numerous that the whites are at their mercy. We learned by the letter referred to that Mr. Curtis the agent and Capt. McElbreen with his company were promptly at Tularosa doing what they could to ascertain the facts in the case. If Maj. Curtis assisted by the known influence of Fritz & Murphy and backed by the troops can prevent an outbreak they will have well proved their power over the Indians, and will receive the gratitude of the people of Southern New Mexico. Our information is limited, but every one feels that a terrible outbreak is most imminent. The effect will not be limited to this section, for Cadette, always suspicious, will look upon it as an evidence of bad faith. If Santana is the guilty party he will no doubt form an alliance with the Canada Apaches who have refused to go to the reservation, and together they will give great trouble. The killing of Cadette is the common topic of conversation, and all deplore the fact as this chief was generally looked upon as the main link in the chain of peace. Everybody is anxious to learn further particulars of this unfortunate affair.

BURNING OF A BALLOON.

Mr. Dennison, aeronaut, who advertised that Mr. L. Durban would make an ascension at this place this afternoon, was inflating his monster balloon "City of New York," and had nearly completed the inflating process, when people on the north side of the grounds discovered smoke escaping from the top of balloon. It was scarcely visible at first, but faster and faster emitted the smoke; but hardly had the deflation in the airship become apparent before flames were issuing from the very top of the balloon. Quickly the shout went up, "the balloon is on fire!" and as those near by began to retreat, the horses were also driven here and there to escape all danger. The dry cambric and its covering began burning, first slowly, then the flames spread, and upward, onward went the fire, a promontory by this time overtaking the spectators, every one present feeling that some fearful if not fatal calamity would result. Scarcely had the flames burst out, however, before an aperture of two or three feet was made where the guy-rope holding the unwieldy thing crossed it, and now the rope burns off, and away to the southward shoots the balloon, carrying with it in its course Mr. Michael McMann, a laborer assisting in the inflation. Being near the basket as it started off, he became entangled, and hanging with one foot inside the basket, his hands holding to the ropes, he thus ascended for perhaps 100 feet, and regaining a position in the basket, which again hung sideways, and in another minute he was hanging to the ropes alone at a height of probably not less than 300 feet! Now his strength gives way, his presence of mind deserts him and in another minute the poor man is seen falling to the earth—an awful, a painful sight filling with horror and consternation the four or five hundred spectators on the grounds. But the suspense was only for a moment, as it were; he who but a little time before was in the enjoyment of his faculties, had descended to the earth, nearly in a standing position, from three hundred feet in mid-air, until, when near terra firma, he fell backward, striking the ground with his back with such force as to produce a concussion heard some distance away, and Mr. McMann, familiarly known as "Big Mike," was dead—utterly crushed the blood streaming from his mouth and nostrils—leaving a wife and several children who depended upon the father's labor for a living. The balloon floated but a few rods outside of the fair grounds and was soon consumed, a loss of several dollars to Mr. Dennison.—Ex.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE'S WATCH.

It is doubtless within the recollection of many in this city that in the year 1823 General Lafayette made a tour of this country, after having refused to go to the reservation, and together they will give great trouble. The killing of Cadette is the common topic of conversation, and all deplore the fact as this chief was generally looked upon as the main link in the chain of peace. Everybody is anxious to learn further particulars of this unfortunate affair.

The years passed on, and with their lapse men's recollection of the circumstances faded away. Lafayette died in 1834, and for a space of forty-eight years the stolen watch bore an unknown history. At the end of that time, but a few days ago, a gentleman residing in this city, while visiting Louisville, attended an auction sale at a junk shop, where, strange to relate, he found among the articles offered a watch which, upon examination, he discovered to be the long lost watch of Lafayette.

Suffice it to say that he eagerly purchased it and as quickly formed the resolution to transmit it to the family of General Lafayette, now residing in Paris; pending which transmission, however, the gentleman has brought it to his home, and has consented to its exhibition for a few days at E. A. Tyler's store, on Canal street.

The watch is open faced, of gold, with a double case, and may be remarked as of a peculiar appearance, being of only ordinary size, but nearly as thick as it is wide. The outer case bears upon its entire surface carved figures, in bas relief, representing the picture of Mars offering a crown to the emblems, while over all appear the stern implements of war, hung high out of reach. On the inner case appear the yet clearly legible inscription:

"G. Washington
To
Gilbert Maitiers de Lafayette,
Lord Cornwallis's Captivity.
Yorktown.
Dec'r 19, 1781."

On the cover of the works is seen the maker's name—E. Halifax, London, 1769. One can believe that the sight of this relic, with its host of historical recollections clustering about it, is well fitted to awaken a host of reflections, and carry one's imagination over the bridge of nearly a century, to the time when the two dead and gone heroes stood side by side, carving out their glories at name and fame; which to-day shine through the long vista of years with a lustre that can never fade.

A Hard Hearted Sinner.—A despondent husband, of this city, says the *Selman Times*, was telling his woes, and the dark prospects before him, to his better half the other day, when she to encourage him, advised him to take heart and persevere and never despair. "For," said she, "I'll never desert you if we are compelled to live on bread and water." "I'll tell you what I'll do then, my dear," replied the hard hearted sinner, "if you'll find the bread I'll furnish the water."

An absent-minded man propounds the following conundrums:

Did you ever write a letter to a dead relation, and only find your mistake out when you wanted the address?

Did you ever stand for three-quarters of an hour before the glass wondering where on earth you had seen that face before?

Did you ever go on singing the verse of a hymn after the congregation had finished some time.

Did you ever light your cigar with a ten dollar bill, and then stick the lighted end in your mouth?

Did you ever run about until the perspiration trickled from your brows looking for your pen and spectacles, one of which was behind your ear and the other on your forehead?

Did you ever hang yourself over the back of a chair in the place of your overcoat?

Did you ever sprinkle your strawberries with salt, pocket the silver forks, or scratch somebody else's back for your own?

CLIPPINGS.

A man of Terre Haute, aged thirty years, has had five wives.

Oats in Centralia, Kansas, are worth 12 cents a bushel.

The one dollar gold piece is to be withdrawn from circulation.

Nasby is worth \$250,000, and generally takes it without sugar.

Since the "epitosis," New York horse doctors wear diamond studs.

The purser of the ill-fated steamer Missouri was engaged to Ida Greeley.

Mr. Tootle spent \$175,000 in building an opera house for St. Joseph.

Jeff. Davis got one vote for president in Dauphin county, Pennsylvania.

Grant and Cameron are already in a row about the Philadelphia post-office.

A lesson in geography: Kansas City is in Missouri, and Arkansas City is in Kansas.

Three-card monte is devouring everything green on the railroads entering Kansas City.

A bale of human hair weighing 141 pounds, was recently stolen from a Dutch railroad depot.

Harvard College was founded in 1638 by John Harvard, who bequeathed about \$4,000 for the purpose.

Gen. Forrest, of Tennessee, is spoiling for a fight, and dares Gen. Hammond to knock the chip off his shoulder.

Quite a number of islands in the Pacific have become partially Anglicised, and speak a corrupt of English.

The horse disease vocabulary has been increased with hippolyaryngial-morbificality and hyposponicalrunosis.

John Ross, of Eaton, Missouri aged twenty-three, was recently married to Mrs. Jane Legore, a widow of sixty-three.

Gen. Crook is again after the Apaches. His last interview reduced the Apache population by nine. It will bear a still further reduction.

According to history, both profane and sacred, the Jews were at first governed by Judges, then by Kings, and afterwards by High Priests.

An attempt was made to "burgle" Andy Johnson's residence one night last week. The ex-President hurled a copy of the Constitution at the rascals, and they fled.

Advices from Washington announce the discovery of a ledge of gold-bearing quartz near Kelly's Ford, Virginia, which pays from \$60 to \$100 per ton.

Fred. Douglass denies that he is using his influence to get Langston, colored lawyer, into the Cabinet or to get any appointment whatever for himself or anybody else.

Simon Cameron commenced his political life as a Democrat, and continued a member of that party as long as there was anything to be made out of his connection with it.

Mr. Waggoner sat down to his breakfast in Fulton, Tennessee, and made some disparaging remarks about the quality of the hash, whereupon the landlord promptly shot him.

It is reported that Miss Alexander, an actress, who was for ten years a member of Brigham Young's family, will be the next to tell on the lecturing platform what she knows about Mormonism.

Some of Beecher's admirers, who fear that the good man is starving on his pittance of \$20,000 a year, with house-rent, clothes and silver service thrown in, propose to get him up a \$100,000 memorial.

Col. McDaniels, the owner of Harry Bassett, offers to match his stable of three racers against any horse or horses in the world, three and four mile heats, for \$10,000 to \$20,000, the winner being required to win two out of three of the races.

shall be one hundred pounds. Except in handicaps and in races where the weights are fixed absolutely in the articles, three pounds shall be allowed to mares and gelding."

The amended rule reads as follows: "In all races exclusively for two-year olds the weight shall be one hundred pounds. In all races exclusively for three-year olds, except heat races, the weight shall be one hundred and ten pounds."

A second change in the old rule reads as follows: "Vicious or unruly horses may be assigned any position at the start which the judges may deem necessary for the safety of the other horses and riders."

Another important change is in regard to heats. The new rule is as follows: "In a race of heats, the best two in three, a horse that wins two heats, or distances the field, wins the race. If two heats have been run and the race is not decided, then every horse that has net run a heat or run a dead heat shall be ruled out of the race. When two horses have each won a heat, they alone shall start for another heat, and heat there shall be no distance. In a race of heats, best three in five, a horse that wins three heats, or distances the field, wins the race. If three heats have been run and the race is not decided, then every horse that has not won a heat or run a dead heat shall be ruled out of the race. When two horses have each won two heats they alone shall start for another heat, and in such heat there shall be no distance."

A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature the twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in good shape by continual pruning. If you say any thing silly she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing she will find some means of preventing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to woman. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning knife. If Dr. Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no boarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he would never have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed or talking absurdly, or exhibiting an absurdity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man; for the corners are rounded off, the little shoots pared away in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands, especially when their husbands are ordinary men. The wife's advices are as the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

There is some talk in "high" quarters of Congress affording relief to Boston. Congress has no right to afford any such relief, or to go into the fire insurance business. Most of the losses were insured more or less, and if the people of Massachusetts will not aid a small portion of their own unfortunate citizens which they can well do, then the Bostonians had better migrate down among the Dutch of Pennsylvania, or still further down among the ruined hearthstones of the South that have been laid waste by the therapeutics of Massachusetts and Boston regiments. The people of Boston have had advantages superior to any other American city, and they ought not to complain. They have been very anxious to wipe out every trace of "slavery," and as Boston was built and prospered by the profits they formerly made out of the buying and selling of slaves, and latterly out of the anti-slavery crusade and the infernal war upon the South, they may and ought to console themselves that their granite blocks erected by the profits they once made in the sale of negro blood, are now wiped out and gone forever.—*Seligroove Times*.

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