

# LAS VEGAS GAZETTE.

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## CARDS

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LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO.  
Will practice in all the courts of Law and Equity in the Territory. Especial attention given to the collection of claims and remittances promptly made. 1-ly

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**MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.**—The Post office will be open daily, except Sun days, from 7:30 a. m., until 6 p. m. Sundays from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m.

**MAIL CLOSURE DAILY.**  
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Letters for registration will not be received after 4 p. m.

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meets on the 3d Saturday of each month, at the Masonic Hall, Central St., between West 2d and 3d Streets.  
**CHARLES ILFELD, Secretary.**

### REPUBLICAN TERRITORIAL CONVENTION.

A Territorial convention of the Republican party of New Mexico will be held at Santa Fe on the Third Tuesday of July 1873. (July 15th), in the hall of the House of Representatives at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day to nominate a candidate for Delegate to the 43d Congress.

The several counties of the Territory will be entitled to be represented in said convention by two delegates for each senator and Representatives to which said county is entitled in the Territorial Legislature.

All the counties of the Territory are requested to send full delegations; and in case the selected delegates of any county shall deem it impracticable to attend, or account of the distance or otherwise, such delegates are authorized to appoint substitutes to attend and act in their stead.

By order of the Republican Territorial Committee of New Mexico.  
**W. F. M. ARMY,**  
Chairman.

### UNFORTUNATE SHOOTING AFFRAY.

We are under the painful necessity of recording a shooting affair which took place Thursday night, resulting in the dangerous and probably fatal wounding of John H. Moore of Elizabethtown.

The particulars are as follows: About 11 o'clock Thursday night, Mr. John Cowley, who lives at the ranch belonging to Messrs. Foster & Carpenter, about four miles below Cimarron, was awakened by the firing of rifles outside of the house, and the crashing of bullets through the roof. He seized his rifle and pistol, threw the door open and together with William Parker, who was also in the house, opened fire in the direction of the bushes.

After a number of shots had been exchanged, one of the parties outside called out that he was shot and begged for God's sake not to shoot any more. The besieged then ceased firing, and cautiously made their way in the direction of the wounded man whom they discovered to be Mr. Moore. They were unable to discover any other parties, though they state that during a lull in the firing they heard several voices of men conversing.

They took Moore to the house and in the morning sent for Dr. Longwell, who upon arriving found the patient very weak and suffering from a bullet wound which entered through the left arm and passed just above the arm pit downward into the chest, and probably to the stomach. The wound bled internally, filling the left lung, and at the time of writing, there seems little hope

of the wounded man surviving more than a few hours. He fired from behind a small bunch of willows about fifty yards from the house, and seven empty Winchester shells were found where he lay. From the direction of the wound, it is evident that he was lying down when struck. There are two bullet holes through the door and four or five others in the wall near the door. Moore was conscious at the time the Dr. visited him and stated the facts substantially as above, but did not give any satisfactory statement of his object, or as to who was with him. From tracks of two men and two horses near it seems probable that there was another person along, who deserted his wounded companion and fled with both horses.

The motive of this midnight attack on peaceable citizens doubtless had its origin in threats which had previously been made to eject Cowley from the ranch by force, and also in the liquor which Moore had to freely indulged in during the day. It is an occurrence which we greatly regret, as Mr. Moore is the husband and father of an interesting family, and we hope that it may serve as a check upon all who contemplate or counsel violence and lawlessness.  
—Cimarron News.

### The Augusta, Arkansas, Bulletin.

The following letter is from Thomas Warren, of Union County, Arkansas, to M. Courtney, of Kearney, Clay County, Missouri, and dated but a few days ago:

I will tell you but a horrible murder that took place not far from where I live. It happened about a month ago. There were four negroes concerned in it. A married lady went to a neighbor's house to stay several days. She was not well when she left home, and her husband told her that he would take care of the children until she came back, but when she got to where she was going there was no one at home but the hired men, and she started back. She had not gone far before a negro stopped her horse, hitched it outside of the road, and told her to take the path before him. He drove, pushed and pulled her eight miles into a bottom, tied her to a tree and ravished her. He kept her there three days and nights tied to the tree. On the second day while there, she had a child in the woods by herself.

She was gone from home three days before her husband went after her. He went over to the house where she had started to go, and when he found that she was not there he started home. He found the horse tied to where the negro had left it three days before. He took the horse home, collected some men to help, and commenced hunting for her. The next day they saw two little negroes who told them that they had seen a negro the day before driving a white woman before him down the path. They scattered off to hunt for them, and got so close that the negro went to where the woman was tied, killed her with a stick and then left her. They went on after him, but got off his track. The negro stopped at a house and asked a negro man and boy if there was anybody hunting for a missing woman. They told him yes, and he got up to start, when he was caught. His captors started back with him and met one of the men in pursuit. They made him tell where the woman was. He said he had killed her. They then made him take them to where she was. He said they were in sight of her day before, when the woman fainted, and said she had fainted three or four times while tied and begged him to turn her loose. They took her to her husband and asked him what they must do with him. He told them to burn him. The men who had him were all negroes. They built two log heaps and put him in the middle. They were twenty four hours burning him. They cut his toes off and made him swallow them, and then cut strips of his skin off by body and made him broil them on coals and eat them. They would roll him in coals and take him out and talk to him and put him back. At last they built a large fire, put him on the top of it, and let him burn to ashes. There was not a white man that had anything to do with it, all being negroes. The other three negroes that were killed were shot on the spot. They knew where the woman was, but would not tell.

### FEMALE BOOK PEDDLERS.

We had a visit from a bookpeddler female last week. She wished to dispose of a book. She was alone in this world and had no one to whom she could turn for sympathy, hence we should buy her book. She was unmarried and had no money to buy with, therefore we could not purchase it. She had received a liberal education and could talk French like a native; we could not in consequence refuse to pay her two dollars for a book; she wanted to take lessons in music from a learned professor; consequently we must not decline buying a book; we had 1 at hand, and here we broke in with, "What do you say?" "We are deaf." She started in a loud voice and went through her rigmarole, when she had finished we went and got a roll of paper and made it into a speaking trumpet, placed one end into our ear and told her proceed. She commenced, "I'm all alone in this world." "It does not make the slightest difference to us. We are not alone, in fact, we are a husband and a father, and bigamy is not allowed in this State. We are not eligible to proposals." "Oh! what a fool this man is," she said in a low voice. "I don't want to marry you. I want to sell a—b—o—k." This last sentence was bowled. "We don't want a book," we blandly remarked; "our wife does the cooking, and she wouldn't allow as good-looking a woman as you to stay in the house. She's very jealous." She looked at us in despair. Gathering her robes about her, giving us a glance of contempt,

hundred pounder were let off alongside that blamed old deaf fool's head he'd think somebody was knocking at the door," she flung herself out and slammed the door with a vehemence that awakened our office boy, who can sleep sound enough for a whole family. When she was gone we indulged in a demoniac laugh. "She isn't likely to try and sell us a book any more."

The Texas Signal, of Weatherford has an article announcing the recent discovery of gold near the head-waters of the Brazos river. An old man by the name of Gilbert, over 95 years old, who has lived in that region for many years, has often stated that the Indians had informed him of the existence of rich gold mines in early times, and that a brother of his had been with the Indians and had seen the mines. His account was not, however, believed. Last summer the old man Gilbert went in search of the mines a hundred miles beyond any civilized being, but was unsuccessful. This spring he renewed his visit and was more fortunate. The Signal says "he brought back very fine specimens of rich quartz, that has created the greatest excitement around Montague town. Since the old man's return from the mines, one company well equipped, has started for the gold fields which will be followed soon by another. If the gold fields prove as rich as old and experienced miners believe they will, there will be a greater rush to the gold fields of the upper Brazos than there ever was in California."

"From the best information we can get, we have no hesitancy in saying that we believe gold will be gathered in large quantities in these new gold fields. However, we shall keep our readers posted as to the results of the investigations now being made."

"We have reasons for believing that there are precious metals hidden in the earth much nearer home than these gold fields, and that the key, is being forged that will unlock the door and expose them to view."  
—Galveston News.

### The New York correspondent of the St. Louis Globe writes:

Speaking of the bankers, "I am reminded, as the great and good Abraham Lincoln was so fond of saying, of a little history. August Belmont, reputed to be somewhat irascible at times, had not long ago a private secretary to whom he sometimes showed his usual amiability. One morning in his Wall street office, the eminent banker picked up a letter his secretary had written and, not finding it satisfactory, exclaimed with much temper: "This is wrong again. Do it, I have often told you exactly how these letters should be written."

"Mr. Belmont," remarked the scribe, rising from his seat, "I do not wish you to swear at me. I do my duty faithfully, and my salary is not large enough to enable me to afford to do my work and be sworn at besides."

"How much do you get?" quoth Belmont.

"Fifteen hundred dollars" was the answer.

"Draw three thousand dollars, do it, and do the work as I want it."

Since then the salary has been regularly paid, and Belmont swears at his secretary as much as he likes. The report that the banker wished to withhold \$750 for not including in the luxury of profanity during six months absence in Europe, is an authorized to say, wholly without foundation.

### PRIMITIVE JUSTICE.

A very fine specimen of summary justice, and one which is quite the contrast of the complex, cumbersome and slow way of doing business in our courts (I say generally, is presented by a primitive tribunal in Yerka Cal. The justice who decided the cause was denominated the Alcalde. No law book was ever used in his court; he decided each case on its own merits, writing out the full history, and his docket is described as a curiosity. In the case which has come to our notice, a boy had worked for a man all winter, and could not get his pay, and entered a complaint to the justice, who, with two constables, stopped defendant upon the place, as he was about leaving the place. Defendant declared his inability to pay, but the justice said, "Constables, stand this man on his head, shake him well, and see if you can't hear something drop." The inversion of defendant was immediately accomplished, and a vigorous shaking revealed a wallet containing \$2,000 in gold dust. The boy received the amount of his claim, \$300, the justice and the constable took an ounce each for their trouble, and the defendant was allowed to depart, a lighter if not a better man.

### WHAT NEWSPAPERS DO FOR NOTHING.

An exchange, speaking of newspapers and what is expected of them, very forcibly remarks "that there is no business in all the wide world so subject to spozing as the art or trade of printing a newspaper. Public corporations, societies, and associations in general have peculiar ideas about papers. They think they ought to print, put or publish all for nothing; that is 'free gratis.' In other words, they seem astonished if asked half price only for cards of thanks, tribute of respect, personal communications or anything else that only interest a few persons, and not the general reader. They think it costs no money to advertise, puff, etc. And thus one and another will sponge. They forget that it takes money to pay compositors, to buy ink, type, and paper, and, lastly, they forget even to thank you for gratuitously puffing their business or serving

The other evening, at a meeting of the Grand Army, several good stories were told around the camp-fire. Capt. Jesse Taylor told the following of the times when our forces were stationed at Beaufort, South Carolina: "There was an old dandy by the name of Lige Jackson, who, deserted by his master, was left to take care of himself as best he might. Lige was exceedingly sick in his attempts to play the servant. He smothered and destroyed nearly everything he laid his hands upon, and, having waited on nearly every officer at the post, each in turn, after giving him the benefit of some hard swearing for his stupidity, turned him adrift. It happened that Lige was a witness in a case that came before a court-martial, and, being called to give testimony was objected to on the part of the defendant who stated that he didn't believe the nigger was of sound mind. 'Stand up, Lige,' said the court. 'Do you understand the nature of an oath?' Lige scratched his wool for a moment, and then, turning up the white of his eyes, replied: 'Look a year, marse, dis nigger brs' waited on 'bout half the officers since they cum to dis place, and if he don't understand the nature ob an oathy dis time den dar's no virtue in cursing.'"

### RAILROADS.

There are more miles of railroad in the United States than in all the nations of Europe combined. Our completed line would reach 70,178 miles, with an additional 43,000 in process of building. In all Europe there are less than 65,000 miles of railroad. When we consider that in 1848 we had only between five and six thousands miles of completed road, we can form an idea of the progress we have made in the building of railroads during the past twenty-five years. The amount of money or its equivalent, expended on the railroads of the United States amounts to the enormous sum of \$3,436,638,749. It is estimated that \$400,000,000 of capital is annually absorbed by railroad investments. Is it any wonder that an interest so powerful as this is beginning to be felt as one of the controlling influences of the land?

### A special term was commenced this morning in the old court room.

When the jurors were asking to be excused, one of the panel presented a novel excuse. He was a distressed looking creature, his pantaloons being minus suspenders, but held in place by a rope knotted around the waist. His apology for a shirt scarcely covered his nakedness. Advancing to the front of the bar he exclaimed: "Judge, I want to be excused from this 'ere jury."

Judge Paxson—"Why?"

Juror—"Because I've conscientious scruples agin sending a man to prison."

Judge Paxson—"You have?"

Juror—"Yes, for there is too much false swearing—I know—for I've been there and know how it is myself."

Judge Paxson—"Why, have you ever been in prison?"

Juror—"Yes, I have."

Judge Paxson—"What for?"

Juror—"Well, for highway robbery, as a tilt and battery, and larceny!"

Judge Paxson—"You can go!"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

One of the sanitary police, in going through an alley yesterday, came along to a barn, and as he halted he heard a voice say, "Take off that coat, young man." There was a pause, and about the time the coat was off the father continued: "You've earned a tanning this long while, and I'm ready to give it to you; you've been (whack) going out (whack) nights, and (whack) and (howl) you've sassed your (whack) mother, and you've sassed (whack) me, and you've been trying (whack) jump and howl) to run the house; but (whack) and a yell) you can't do it." There was more whacking and howling, but the officer didn't stop, being convinced that Detroit had at least one old pioneer left.—*Free Press.*

A legislator rose to speak on the bill to abolish capital punishment, and commenced by saying, "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general." "You had better stop," said a member who was sitting near enough to pull him by the coat tail; "you had better stop, you are coming out of the same hole you went in at."

A clerk in the postoffice heard a tap at the window of the ladies' department, when he should he find there but a man named Drake, to whom he said: "Mr. Drake, you will please go to the other side; this window is for ducks."

An Ohio editor was rendered insane while going home one night by hearing the following words come from a dark porch on a shady street: "Oh, John! I wonder if that monstache feels as good on your lips as it did on mine?"

An Iowa man now languishes in prison because his wife, to whom he had deeded all his real estate, refused to become surety for \$1,000 bail in a criminal suit.

The prodical robs his hair, the wife

## BRIEFS.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm.

Not to "improve the occasion" merely, but to know the occasion to improve, this is the truest wisdom.

A Rochester woman, married to her second husband, recently said to him: "Oh, how happy poor Charles would be if he were still alive to see himself replaced by a man as agreeable as you are!"

Habits influence the character pretty much as under currents influence a vessel, and whether they speed up on the way of our wishes or retard our progress, their power is not the less important because important because imperceptible.

There are cases in which a man would be ashamed not to have been imposed upon. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are often more injured by their own suspicion than they could be by the perfidy of others.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition.

A painter, being asked to estimate the cost of painting a certain house, drew forth pens and paper and made the following calculation: "A naught is a naught; three into five twice you can't; I'll paint your house for \$50."

Mr. James Smith, an Australian journalist, has received a spiritual communication that the world is to be "burned as black as a forgotten toad by a wave of fire" within a year.

There's hope yet.—Recorder Hackett, of New York, has sentenced a horsecar robber in that city to twenty years imprisonment.

He met Miss Kitty at a ball. After talking about the balloon ascension, the weather and other things, he asked rather abruptly, "Where is your mother?" "Oh," said the sweet damsel, "I have left her at home. I generally do when I come to a ball. What is home without a mother?"

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion. It is easy in solitude to live after your own, but the man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

At a meeting of a parish, a straightfaced and most exemplary deacon submitted a report, in writing, of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish. "Are you s.c.r.e. deacon, that you embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had.

A San Antonio letter states that seven regiments are now on the Rio Grande. Sheridan, Belknap and other military officers are there, in constant consultation, leading to the belief that some important military movement is afoot.

The Apache raids into Mexico are unavated, and robberies and murders are frequent. The Mexican Government has authorized the construction of a telegraph line through Sinaloa and Sonora.

Grief.—Michael Mahoney yesterday learned of the death of his mother at Port Huron, and he got drunk, smashed \$12 worth of windows, and then fell down and smashed his nose on the curbstone. This wasn't all—he was locked up, and may not attend the funeral today.—*Free*