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Has removed with his family and household goods, to take charge of the

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☞ Country produce and cattle received in payment.

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Shop on the north-east corner of the plaza.

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Tin Roofing and Spouting a Specialty.

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MRS. S. B. DAVIS, Prop'ess.

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North Side of the Public Square,

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Pays the Highest Market Prices for

W	W	W	OOO	OOO	L
W	W	W	O O O	O	L
W	WW	W	O O O	O	L
W	W	W	O O O	O	L
WW	WW		O O O	O	L
W	W		OOO	OOO	LLLLL

HIDES, PELTS, ROBES, FURS, ETC.

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J. H. SHOUT & CO.,

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

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S

Drugs, drugs and medicines
drugs, drugs and medicines
drugs, and medicines
drugs and medicines
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drug, medicine
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☞ Pure Medicinal Liquor always on hand.

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Theo. Wagner, ... *Preprietor,*

North-East Corner of Plaza,

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This House has been thoroughly refitted and greatly enlarged, to meet the requirements of the large number of travelers and

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who are now visiting this section of country. The very best of accommodations are offered at this Hotel for man and beast.

BOUNTIFULLY PROVIDED ARE ALWAYS THE TABLES WITH THE BEST THAT THE MARKET AFFORDS.

TABLES

ARE ALWAYS BOUNTIFULLY PROVIDED WITH THE BEST THAT THE MARKET AFFORDS.

A Bar and Billiard Hall

Are attached to the Hotel, which are supplied with the choicest qualities of liquors and cigars.

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IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

Las Vegas Gazette.

J. H. KOOGLER, Editor.

Reminiscences of the Late War in New Mexico.

XXVIII.

On the 21st of February, 1862, Col. Ben. Roberts drew on an engagement. The regular troops who participated in New Mexico's great battle of Val Verde, were six companies of the 5th U. S. Infy., with Capt. Selden as regimental commander and Lieut. Anderson, as regimental adjutant; two Companies of the 7th U. S. Infy., the only two not surrendered at St. Augustin, under Capt. Plymton and Lieut. Bascom; a light battery, composed of 2d dragoons and Mounted Rifle men, which Lieut Anderson had organized and drilled; but at that time was in charge of Capt. McRae, of the Rifles Lieut Mishler, of I Co. 5th Infy. and Lieut. Bell, and we believe four companies of the of Mounted Rifles and two companies of the 10th U. S. Infy. with Col. Kit Carson's full regiment of New Mexican Vols. two Companies of Pike's Peakers, in command of Capt. Dodd, and other remnants of Volunteers and Militia regiments; there were, on the day before the battle, issued rations for some 4,200 men rank and file, government employees &c. Only a few companies remained behind to

GARRISON THE POST.

All the rest, who had not already left with Col. Roberts, were marshalled around Col. Canby, as reserve, to sustain the fight. At the commencement, under Col. Roberts, the federal troops were at a disadvantage. The field pieces and musketry rattled their missiles against the cotton wood trees, on the opposite bank of the Rio Grande, where the Texas column was in position, and from where their shots soon commenced to tell in the ranks of the federals. To shield his men from unnecessary exposure, Col. Roberts ordered an "advance"; horse and footmen sprang foward into the water, some of them to find an inglorious death beneath the ripples of the turbid stream, others to fall back into their comrades arms pierced by an enemy's ball, but although the battery came near being swamped, and some breaks occurred in the advancing columns, "our boys" reached the sandy shore with a rousing cheer and went to work in good earnest Most of the men in the regular army had smelled powder against the hostile redskins; but very few, indeed, had ever met a foe "worthy of their steel." Capt. Plymton's battle cry was "Remember San Augustin Springs," and well, indeed, did the little remnant of the inglorious 7th wash out the stain of their regiment. One surrender of their commanding Major was enough; death was preferred now to captivity.

THE OLD PIONEERS

of the 5th, who since the Mexican war had done frontier service in Texas, Florida and Utah, were up to their old tricks. Lieut Brotherton, though hardly able to walk from severe sickness, volunteered to lead his company K, in charge of two 24 pounders, into the dence. Capt Wingate, raised from the ranks during the Mexican War, was at home with "slow, but steady, my men." Several times did the Texas lancers charge in column to take the battery by storm; but "the boys" spoiled their game each time. Capt. Dodd's two companies of Pike's Peakers, wearing gray blouses with a red stripe in front, were mistaken once for undrilled native New Mexicans. The rebel cavalry thought they had a "soft snap" as soon as they saw them take the support of the battery, and from afar could be heard their loud cheer "let us whip these greasers:" but they reckoned without their host. The Colorado boys didn't come to New Mexico by forced marches, to be beaten so easily and Dodd, after telling McRae to "cease firing and ram the guns up to the muzzel with grape and canister," ordered his men to "ready, aim, fire, down on the ground," now blaze away at them with your battery:" Nearly three hundred lances, that a few minutes before had

DEFIANTLY SWUNG TO THE BREEZE,

came rolling to the ground; most of the horses turned about with empty saddles to seek refuge. The Texas batteries had splendid gunners; their shots told well, and several times the Val Verde Battery had to make false moves to keep from being silenced Lieut. Mishler had fallen already a victim of the strife, pierced by a grape shot, slapping his hands to his pocket in his death agony, to signal to the gunner that he had the "spikes" in his possession, in case of need; the columns had advanced several times its line under the direction of Col. Roberts; but in an unguarded moment after Canby took command, by wanting to relieve the thinned out ranks of the reserve around the guns, the Texans charged again and demanded a surrender. "Never" cried McRae, himself a Southern man, from Kentucky, we believe, and fell back a corpse from a ball at powder burning range The artillery men cut their traces to escape on horseback, and the guns were taken in possession by Sibley's lancers.

"BOYS RALLY, CHARGE,

Let us recapture our guns," shouted some cavalry officer, Capt. Lord, we think it was, "charge bayonet, infantry," re-echoed a footofficer in another quarter, and everybody seemed inclined to turn the fate of the day, when on came charging the adjutants and aid-de camps of the commanding officer, bringing orders, "Retreat, to the fort, let every man escape the best he can;" about wheeled the advancing forlorn hope columns, receiving the charge of their own guns in their back. Most of the Volunteer and Militia men, with colonels and generals "escaped" towards their home. Carson's regiment and the regulars formed into platoons after recrossing the river and marched in good order back to Fort Craig. The casualties were, on the federal side: Capt. McRae, Killed, and Capts. Stone and Wingate severely wounded—both of them died from the wounds—Lieuts Mishler and Bascom killed, and among the ranks, as buried on the 22nd of February, 1862, were 68 killed and 243 wounded, and Lieut. Russell and some ten or twelve men of the 10th infantry and volunteers, taken prisoners. Of course few expected to keep peaceful possession of the garrison for many hours; but the Texans, having suffered more severely, did not want to take advantage of the position, and rather sent Col. Steele, as

BEARER OF A FLAG OF TRUCE,

to the Fort to ask for medicinal aid, which was promptly furnished. From the long pits dug as graves, by the confederates, in the vicinty of the battle field and near Stapleton's ranch, they must have lost nearly a whole fourth of their 4,500 men in that days engagement. Fever and other sickness thinned out their ranks more than casualties from wounds thereafter; for their hospitals at Socorro and Albuquerque were literaly filled with sick and dying from the effects of the change of climate, Canby allowed the Texans to advance, undisturbed, up the country; relying on the few regulars and the newly arrived Pike's Peak Volunteers to check them near Fort Union. Of course, the commissary in Fort Craig soon showed signs of depletion; no trains could reach there with the enemy between it and the supply post, at Union, and the troops were forced to live on reduced rations. Seeing that starvation looked them in the face, the several companies sent a deputation to Col Canby, who by that time had received his commission of

BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL

and commander in chief of the department of New Mexico, to lead them up the country. If death was allotted them, they would prefer meeting it in battle than by the slow process of starvation. The commanding officer, through the company commanders, advised them to wait a few days, that he expected to hear first from the commanding officer at Fort Union, and that thereafter, their desire to march up the country should be gratified. Thus time passed on until the 31st of March, 1862, when the greater part of the troops, in charge of Gen Canby himself, with Col. Robert, as commander of Fort Craig left behind, commenced their march up the Rio Grande.

As in this move occurs another noteworthy event in the History of the Late War we reserve the chronicling of the same for next week.

When Field Marshal Von Moltke was a simple colonel he astonished the members of his mess by his regularly taking ten Frederick d'ors out of his pocket at the beginning of dinner, and laying them beside his plate. Always after dinner he repocketed the gold, buttoned up his coat, looked sourly around, and disappeared. It was resolved to ask him the meaning of his strange behavior. "Well," he said, "I have noticed, from the time I entered this regiment, that the conversation at the table has always turned on woman, or cards, or horse racing, and I have determined to make a present of ten pieces of gold to the first man who would start a sensible subject. No one has yet earned them.

Pat, with three other fellows, meets a man: "How far it is to Pawtucket?" "About four miles" "Well, faith, that's not bad at all—only a mile a piece for us." "Whom do you want to see in Pawtucket?" "Be jabers, I want to see myself there the most of any body!"

"Suppose we pass a law," said a severe father to his daughters, "that no girl 18 years old who can't cook a good meal shall get married till she learns how to do it?" "Why, then, we'd all get married at 17," responded the girls in sweet chorus.

Swimming a mile.

A novel thing in aquatics was that which Libbie Grant did yesterday in swimming across as much of the East River as lies between Randall's Island dock and the swimming-bath at the foot of One Hundred and Fourteenth street. Libbie is only a trifling person, three feet high and 8 years old lacking a fortnight. The distance which she swam yesterday is one mile, and the tide there runs swiftly and makes hard swimming for anybody.

Libbie was ready at 6:45, and came running down to the dock with her father. Both were dressed appropriately for the passage—Libbie, thin as a greyhound, and with a sharp, spunky little face, wearing a gray flannel jacket and pantallettes trimmed at the knees and elbows with red, white, and blue cockades. "Now, Lib," said Mr. Edward Grant, "are you all ready?" "Yes, pa;" and the next instant the cockades flashed brilliantly downward from the deck and disappeared in a bunch of bubbles. But the 8 year old came up instantly, and started away with lusty strokes. Her father swam beside her, and two or three row boats paddled along behind at a safe distance. The little person aimed herself straight across at first; but the tide was sweeping her far down, when she altered her course, and went diagonally up the stream until she got well over on the New York side, when she let herself come down gradually, and calculating admirably, made the shore without the necessity of further maneuvering just at the swimming bath. It was women's day here, and the bath was full and in addition a good number had turned out to see the little swimmer come in, and were waiting on the dock. She came in admirably, taking strokes quite as long as possible, and when she clambered up on the raft and kissed her hand saucily to the audience the applause was tremendous. She was taken inside and wrapped up in a waterproof, and as she took to shivering a good deal was given just a drop of brandy and water, Then she dressed herself, and was quickly all right again. She dived from the dock at precisely 6:51:15 and clambered up at the bath at just 7.6:14 and was therefore just 15 minutes making the passage. During the trip there was a strong ebb tide running.

Libbie is one of a swimming family. Her aunt gives swimming lessons at the bath, and her little five year-old sister swam nobly last year, but for some reason or other refuses this year to so much as enter the water. Libbie, though a young person, is an old swimmer, and has a prize medal which she won some time ago.—*New York Herald.*

A Hackensack man was, last midnight, creeping softly along the bedroom floor, on his hands and knees, and was feeling tenderly under the bureau for a something he had hidden there the evening before, but his wife awoke and said, "Peter, what under heaven are you doing?" "Dear," said he, "I'm walking in my sleep, and dreaming that I am plucking water lilies from the soft blue bosom of the lake." How to get that flask out of there before she got up in the morning was what worried him more then the water lilies did.

"Erzeroum in these here Kars?" inquired a feeble looking old Turk, as he stood, carpet-bag in hand, at the entrance of a Constantinople street car. "Oh! you old opium-pill! go and have your comb colored shouted the driver. The Turk thereupon made a three legged stool of himself and hookah, and only made one remark: "Gotodevilskiwithhamoideaboose!" One said it was a prayer, others, an oath, and one man gave it as his opinion that it was the name of his dog. But no one knew.—*Hawkeye.*

A great affliction has struck the tramp in Tennessee. General Forrest, who owns a large plantation on President's Island, a few miles below Memphis, has made an arrangement with the authorities of that city by which tramps and vagrants who are arrested and sentenced to be punished by confinement in the workhouses are made available as laborers. The General pays the city ten cents a day for all such convicts, maintains rigid discipline, and drives them into all sorts of hard work.—*Inter Ocean.*

Mrs. Stout wants to know the whereabout of her son, El Paso Burnett. Was last heard from in Las Animas two years ago. Address her at No. 88½ Fifteenth street, Denver. Southern Colorado and New Mexico papers please copy.

Old Gentleman (examining what he believes to be a war map)—"Although I can trace the route of the Russians in their last movements, I do wish they would make these war maps a little plainer."

Daughter—"Why, father, that's my *Bazar* pattern paper you have got hold of,"—*Harper's Weekly.*