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EIGHT lines or less, constitute a square. The following are our rates to yearly Advertisers:

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Price. Includes One Column (\$300.00), Half Column (175.00), Third of Column (130.00), Fourth of Column (100.00), Cards (20.00).

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Alexandria to New Orleans. Depart Tuesday Thursday and Saturday at 5 P. M. arrive from N. O. Tuesday Thursday and Saturday by 5 P. M.

Alexandria to Baton Rouge. Depart Tuesday and Saturday at 5 P. M. arrive Monday and Friday at 8 A. M.

Alexandria to Harrisonburg. Depart Tuesday at 1 P. M. arrive by 12 M.

Alexandria to Homer depart Monday at 2 P. M. arrive by 12 M.

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H. B. RINGGOLD, P. M.

U. S. GRANT.

OUR CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT

We are authorized to announce the name of

HON. J. MADISON WELLS,

of the Parish of Rapides, as a Candidate for Representative in Congress, from this District, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Hon. James McCleery.

CALIFORNIA WINES.—When you drink wine or liquor of any kind it is a satisfaction to you to have a well grounded belief in its purity, even though it may not tickle your palate quite as highly, as one made for that especial purpose.

ENTERPRIZE EXTRAORDINARY.—We learn with great pleasure, that the Blue Noses, Green Mountain and Granite State Boys, are no longer to be left in undisturbed possession of the monopoly in fish and ale, which has enriched them, but on the contrary, that way up here on the banks of a river far in the interior of an extreme Southern State, a powerful opposition has sprung up, in the formation of a company of unlimited means, and indomitable energy.

We give up a considerable space this week to the communication of Lemuel Lookaround which we think will prove passably amusing, despite of his ludicrous lamentation of the scarcity of water, where better fluid is so plentiful, and his great oversight in the description of the Exchange, in not mentioning that the editor of the Gazette also had his headquarters there.

Our friend Quiz says he has two vehicles—one in the barn, and his wife a little sulky.

J. MADISON WELLS.

We noticed some time since in a paper published in this district, an ill disguised sneer at what said paper termed the pertinacity of the Gazette in keeping at the head of its columns the name of Hon. J. Madison Wells as a suitable person to be nominated by his party to represent them in Congress from the fifth district of Louisiana, whenever an election is ordered, and at the same time suggesting other names from which a selection might be made more advantageously and advisably.

And here let us digress for a moment from the subject we commenced, for fear of being further misunderstood and misrepresented about these words and as the most important of the two, commence with the question of caste or color. This is not as a political community according to our experience in editing a newspaper, a very observant or recollective one, or we might recur to an article we wrote in 1858 on the subject which even then shadowed forth our sentiment and one of our best friends told us then as at least fifty years in advance of the times but which only proved about six or eight, and in the same way only much sooner we hope and believe some of our ideas will be realized which another highly esteemed friend told us, a day or two since were also several years in advance of the present epoch.

As far as regards every right which citizenship and the constitution gives our people we wish to see them enjoy all of them as fully and unrestrictedly as the whites, and shall always contribute our humble efforts to that end, and of course included in that recognition of all other rights, is the right to run for and hold office whenever nominated and elected to it—but we do hope, for their own sakes as well as ours, that they will have the prudence and foresight as they have the power not to place men in office incapable of performing the duties belonging to it.

We hope this may be satisfactory to those whom it concerns, particularly when coupled with avowal, that we shall always support the Republican nomination even though we regard a part of it injudicious. So much for color and caste and now for carpet-baggers—so called. We regard no man as a carpet-bagger who comes to the South from the North or any where else, to stay any length of time, longer or shorter, with the laudable and honest intention of bettering his condition and acting fairly towards the people. But we do not think he would be acting fairly, if unless he identified himself with the South and her people for a considerable time at least, he did take office, and therefore now at this juncture we are opposed to any six months man, being elected or appointed to office. We are particular again, so as not to be misunderstood, there are men among us who were strangers once, but are now so now, men who though office-holders, are good citizens, and who to all appearances, have cast their future lot among us for weal or for woe.

That the distinguished subject of this article, ever left us, was most certainly not his misfortune, as he has acquired a name and reputation, which if not entirely unassailed is still a thing to be proud of, and a precious heritage to his children. It would be a work of folly for us to attempt here, a history of, or panegyric on Governor Wells, or Mat. Wells, as he is familiarly known all over the country, to attempt to wash him spotless white, or paint him inky black, nor is it at all necessary to go into a detail of the various qualifications and recommendations, which as we think he possesses not only for the position for which he has been named, but for a much higher one in his native State. Whether he will attain it or not is a problem for the future, but if he does not, in our opinion it will not only be the fault of the people, but likewise also their very serious misfortune.

The Circus is coming oh, ho! ho! ho! The Circus is coming oh, ho! ho! ho! So girls and boys and folk too, get your shin plasters and nickles ready, and our word for it this time, you will not regret having spent them.

All about an Inn.

"Shall I not take my ease, in my inn?" Mr. Editor.—Noticing in your last paper a wish expressed by you, that others would come to your aid in assisting you to fill out your paper, and hoping that the wish may be still so strong with you, that you will not be too fastidious, I venture to offer you my contribution. I have been loafing about town here, Mr. Editor, for some days, waiting like Macawber, for something to turn up, though in some trepidation that it may end in somebody being turned out, and having become somewhat domiciliated about the centre of attraction in Alexandria, the Exchange Hotel, it occurred to me that the house was in reality what I think you yourself in one of your editorials, once called it as much the epitome of a thriving village, as the St. Charles or St. Louis, of New Orleans, was of a populous and great commercial city, and that I might demonstrate it to the satisfaction and amusement of your readers, that a person might live for sometime under its roof, and without going from under it, have almost every physical or social want supplied, which would usually require considerable locomotion personally or by deputy to supply. First then as to the strictly necessary animal ones of eating and sleeping; a bountiful table is spread three times a day, at regular hours, and at night clean comfortable beds, invite the weary to repose, and if either of these creature comforts are needed in daylight, or irregular hours it is only necessary to call on 'Alto or Sally, the heads of their respective departments, to have them promptly furnished. If the traveller guest, or even dropper in, should require any information respecting the town or adjacent country, the Captain proprietor, or Captain clerk will always be found ready and able, to give every information, and though the former is somewhat hard to catch, owing to his active habits and multifarious duties, the latter is always on hand, and always urbane and intelligent.

There is only one thing that I have found any ways deficient about the establishment, and I can only account for the fact, by supposing it an article entirely unused in the pure state by the habitues of the lower regions of the Hotel, and that is water; in sight at least. No doubt there is plenty of it somewhere, water in front of it, water in the rear of it, and water at each side of it, but to the uninitiated it is still.

"Water! Water! everywhere, but not a drop to drink." If however you want it mixed with almost any other liquid, you could name, you have only to pass through, or across a passage, into a handsome saloon, and accosting the accomplished attendant, name as he would say, your favorite pizen.

A step or two the other way, takes you to the entrance of a handsomely arranged and well filled fancy and family grocery store, where not only every substantial, but also almost every fancy and luxurious edible can be obtained, and next door to that again, is a fancy variety and drug store, which for completeness of stock in its different branches, and the care, neatness, taste and consummate knowledge of the business displayed in all its details, cannot be surpassed in the State, not even in New Orleans, except as to quantity. One of the most skillful and popular physicians of the town, has his office and residence in the Hotel, the Court House and all the public offices are in it, and lawyers are passing in and out all day, so to wind up my perhaps already tiresome yarn, I may say, that one may live in the Hotel, as long as he pleases, buy almost everything he wants, consult a doctor daily if his health or his hypochondriacism prompts him to do so, have his prescriptions put up in the most unexceptional gilt edge style, go to law, see his lawyers, win or lose his suit, pay his fees and costs, and yet never go out of his hotel, and if that is not taking ease in it, he must be hard to please.

Yours hesitatingly, LEMUEL LOOKAROUND.

THE JULY LIST.—We publish the July list this week, and in looking over it and we find that we only certainly recognize one name on it. We regret more than ever that the special Jury Act for this Parish drawn up we believe by Judge Osborn was not acted upon by the recent legislature.

See notice of laborer wanted. We can assure any one really wanting employment, and willing to work well and honestly, that, this is a rare chance.

Get your dimes ready for the Circus for without them you know boy it is yourself.

THE MASQUERADE BALL.—As we

prophesied it would be, was most decided success. The costumes were elegant, tasty, and correct the characters assumed most admirably sustained. The refreshment tables were luxuriously and abundantly filled and attentively and gracefully presided over. We had intended attempting the Jenkins role and giving a short sketch of the characters personified and costumes worn, but requiring some assistance which we could not get, we are forced to abandon the idea. Conspicuous ever among the maskers by the quiet elegance of their evening dress, and their attention to the company, we noticed several of the managers from this place, and one from Cheneyville, and will conclude with Byrons lines as quite appropos.

"And there were dresses, splendid but fantastical. Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews. And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical. Greeks, Romans, Yankee Doodles, and Hindus. All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical."

THE MASK LAID ASIDE.—In a late editorial, the New Orleans Bee, the acknowledged leader of Democracy in that city, thus throws aside the flimsy covering with which it has hitherto tried to hide its real features, and comes out fair and square as a reformer in name, though none the less in reality a democrat, of the most bitter and unrelenting stripe. We have been expecting this move for some time, and have frequently so expressed ourselves. How any one having the slightest pretensions to the name of Republican, could ally himself to such a hybrid party, as is here sketched out we can not imagine. It is by no means clear to us that the Democrats should insist upon establishing strict party lines. If they are not certain of success, why should they not compromise with their opponents upon some some fair terms beneficial to the whole people? Is the present a time to regard only the success of the party? Suppose the Democrats can secure honest men for office outside of their own party, would it not be for the best and highest interests of Louisiana that they should be satisfied with a partial improvement in the government rather than risk a total failure, which would place the State for the next four years entirely in the hands of the same class of Republicans now in office, chiefly of the carpet-bag order? We have reason to believe that a spirit of reconciliation and compromise exists among our adversaries, and that they would be willing to aid in placing good men and old citizens of Louisiana in the Legislature. To have control of that body is certainly of the first importance to the people. Not having made up our own minds, we merely throw these thoughts out for the consideration of our friends in the interior, and would be pleased if the country press would favor us with their views upon the subject.

ANECDOTE OF COLONEL COLE.—The following story is told of Colonel Samuel Cole, who in his lifetime was sometimes inclined to be a trifle pompous. When he was building dwelling houses for the workmen employed in his great pistol factory, he one day encountered a boy picking up chips on his grounds.

"What are you doing here?" he asked gruffly.

"Picking up chips, sir," replied the youngster, evidently unawed by the great presence.

"Perhaps," exclaimed the Colonel, drawing himself up with dignity, "you don't know who I am. I'm Colonel Samuel Cole, and I live in that big house yonder."

The boy straightened up swelled out, and answered:

"Perhaps you don't know who I am. I'm Patrick Murphy, and I live in that little shanty down yonder," pointing in the direction.

"Sunny," said the Colonel blantly, patting the boy on the head, "go and pick up all the chips you want, and when you get out, come back for more."

It appears that some ingenious gentleman, or at least one wise enough to take a hint from the surgeons who transfer flesh to parts where it is needed, has invented a process by which people who have lost their hair may soon and effectually be furnished with gorgeous locks. His plan is simply to cut from somebody's scalp little pieces of skin and transplant them to the scalp where they are needed. Should his system be found to work well it may soon become fashionable thus to transplant hair of various hues and shades from one head to another, thereby producing the most singular and beautiful effects of color, or the hair might, just for fun, be made to appear white, green blue or red, at the owner's option and by various ways of disposing it. Take in due proportion hair of all the prismatic tints, rumple it, and immediately you have white hair; comb it in another way and there is your purple; your tamarine, your yellow, or any possible hue. The day of wigs has evidently come to an end.

We are pleased to note the return from the city with fresh and tasty additions to their beautiful stock of Mr. Julius Levin of the enterprising firm of Levin & Ferguson.

Country Taverns.

I like country taverns! That is, some of them! Some of them are good taverns for man and beast. But not good for a beast unless it had a man to care for it.

These country taverns where a big fat man plays checkers and sleeps in the bar room in a chair beside a dog, while his pale, back-aching, sickly overworked wife picks chickens, washes dishes, makes dumplings, mends children's clothes, makes beds, sweeps out rooms, empties slops, patches her husband's breeches and scratches his back for her board and two calico dresses a year!

There is fun in stopping at some country taverns.

Where they have but one towel for two persons, and that towel a cotton one.

Where the windows rattle like a bag-full of shin-bones struck by lightning.

Where there is a four-quart water picher full of settling, and only a two-quart slop vessel, and no place to empty it except in the stove.

Where the curtains to the windows were only made by spiders, and all the world can look in to see you pull off your boots and things.

Where the pillow is soft and dimpled like a fat baby's fist, and, if your ear be not covered with a postage stamp, the darned slimy thing works into your head before morning, making you feel like a billy goat with the catarrh.

Where the feather bed is filled with hens' heads, pigs' toes, necks of paregoric vials, butternut-shells, broken-up pitcher-handles, boot-heels, spelling book covers, broken goose quills, roosters' tails and bits of carpet-rags.

Where the bedstead waves to and fro, like a timothy with a bumblebee on the top of it, and the entire contrivance squeaks and groans when you get in, turn over or get out, like a jackass with the mumps.

Where the under sheet was changed in June, and the upper one in January, all in the names of neatness.

Where the covers are few and too short everywhere, except in the middle, and the wind blowing through a broken glass fall and furious into your threadbare head.

Where the little stove in the corner is full of ashes, the sap not yet out of the wood, the kindling in the bar, and the boy to build a fire not yet hired.

Where the landlord comes into your room without knocking, just as you have your head hid in the folds of a night shirt, and says: "Never mind, it's only me;" or asks if you know of anybody who wants to buy a good hotel!

Where the matches are not to be found, and the only way to call a servant is to throw a water-pitcher down stairs, break a door down, cry fire, and then take your pick from the astonished folks who comes to see what is up.

Where the little slice of soap smells of fish-oil, so your hands washed with it make you think your grandfather was a number two mackerel.

Where there is not a nail in the room on which to hang clothes, or a chair in which to sit while your wife is letting down her best back hair.

Where the only glass or tumbler in the room is an empty soap dish, and the water for cleansing teeth is thick and rosy, like the last will and testament of a drunken politician.

Where they have rump-steak, for tenderloin, melted lard for gravy, soggy potatoes and fried pork in chunks, sailing in a dish of grease, as raw as when it first came into the world.

Where the pepper-box lid drops off into your eggs, the salt is at the other end of the table, the vinegar bottle carpeted inside with dead flies in soak, and the crackers covered with periods, so called.

Where the pie-crust is a cross between tripe and juja-paste.

Where the pancakes are white as a soap-suds soaped thumb, or half filled with butter, like a boy's mouth with worms when he goeth forth to fish for ballheads.

Where the tablecloth is soiled and spotted like a map of the Indian Archipelago, or a Chinese sailor just over the small-pox.

Where the molasses jug has not been cleaned since the death of John Brown.

Where the piece of meat brought on your plate is covered with grease, like a cross-cut saw on a winter morning.

Where the plates are colder than the gable end of an ice-house.

Where the landlady pours tea with a pipe in her mouth, and the dining-room help blow their noses on the napkins.

Where a fire is never made when you order it.

Where you are not called till the train has started, because that darned boy forgot it.

Where loafers sit up in the barroom under your bed-room, telling snappy stories till midnight—where dogs and young ones race up and down an uncarpeted hall in the morning while you are trying to sleep.

Where the one who calls an early riser next room hammers on the door, and yells till you would think Vulcan and Gabriel had arrived on a drunk!

Where sappy-nosed children come into your room, spill your hair-oil, try your tooth-brush, wipe their noses on your coat tail or breakfast shawl, then bawl like a young bull stung by hornets when you ask them to run out like sweet little dears.

Yes—I like country taverns—that is, some of them.

Queer, but the best way to make an army fly is to break both of its wings.



Great Crescent City CIRCUS!

Hippodrome and Egyptian Caravan! See the Grand Street Parade. GRAND BALLOON ASCENSION! The Grand Tournament, don't fail to see it. MISS MILLIE TOURNOUR, The Queen of the Air.

THE LARGEST EXHIBITION that ever visited this State, will exhibit at

Alexandria,

on MONDAY April the 8th,



With the following Artistes: Dr. James S. Thayer, Fred. Barclay, Willie Batchelder, Wooda Cooke, Leslie Brothers, Jimmy Reynolds, Albert A., Tom B., Mrs. C. W. Noye's and Leah Noye's

G. F. HEMMING, General Agent, Newspaper Decision.

The following legal decision in relation to newspapers is from the highest authorities:

A postmaster is required to give notice by letter, (returning the paper does not answer the law), when a subscriber does not take his paper from the office, and state the reason for its not being taken, and a neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office—whether directed to his name or another or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not.

If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. The law proceeds on the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intention to defraud the publisher.

A Facetious individual not many miles from Danbury, sought to "draw his wife out" by pretending to be bound dead with an empty laudanum phial by his side. And that lady was good deal shocked at first, but having read a needle introduced into the human flesh would indicate on its surface whether that flesh was dead, and being a woman of eminent practicality, she at once armed herself with a polished instrument of nearly two inches growth, and with throbbing heart and bated breath introduced a good share of its length into the deceased. What the surface of the needle really indicated was not learned as he took it with him as he passed through the saah.

WEATHER AND THE RIVER.—The river is again rising rapidly but not so come up with it. Mails are now obsolete and not looked for. As to the weather the seasons like every thing else have got mixed up and demoralized, and there is no telling from the weather which is which as far as six months of the year goes.

A Virginia town laughs in its sleeve at a venerable turkey gobbler who has grown gray in the effort to hatch four apples.