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

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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.

A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.—We have more than once since we took charge of the Gazette, spoken of the condition of the Bayou Robert road, upon the representation of others, and lately we have had visible and bodily proof that if Jordan is a hard road to travel—this one, soft as it is, is much harder to get over.

Starting from town at 8 o'clock on Saturday, it took us nearly two hours to reach the entrance of Williams' lane, having been stopped three times by teams bogged down in the road, and once by being bogged down ourselves.

We passed numerous debris of vehicles, and relics of teams, including a portion of the skeleton (the vertebrae and horns) of the famous BROAD, who there heard the last crack of the whip he had obeyed so long, unable even under its inspiring sound to struggle out of the slough of despair, which had engulfed him, and when at last we reached a spot of hard ground, the banks of the bayou, below the Bayley place, it was hard to tell what color our horse and buggy had been when we started.

We have noticed in the proceedings of the Police Jury, that some one has been regularly paid, for keeping this road in order, and would respectfully enquire, if not out of order, what the phrase means, for if it means good order, the contract certainly has not been complied with, and in our opinion it could have been no worse if left to itself.

It will be seen by reference to our Advertising columns that the Pacific Fire Company No. 1, intend giving their second Anniversary Ball on the 25th inst. It is needless for us to solicit for them patronage, for our good citizens are proud to know that they have as gallant and able protectors in their midst, and we have every reason to believe that their Ball will be largely attended, as they deserve a liberal patronage.

Does it hurt a joke to crack it?

LET US HAVE PEACE.

From gentleman, a prominent member of the Republican party of this parish, who came up on the last trip of the "Hodge," we understand that there is, or was when he left the city, a fair prospect that the divisions which have for some time back prevailed in the Republican Party of the State, separating it into two divisions, known as the Carter or Coston House, and Warmoth or State House wings, will be discontinued and settled by a compromise based on mutual concessions. We do not know how far these cheering hopes may prove well grounded, or whether even now as we are writing, they may not have already turned out fallacious, all that we can say with certainty is, that we most earnestly and sincerely hope not, for as we have all along contended the squabble is a disgraceful and most unnecessary one, and only calculated to injure Republicanism, and benefit its deadly enemy Democracy, and any alliance by either wing, Warmothites or Carterites, with any faction no matter under what name it may be disguised, is an alliance with Democracy and war, war to the knife upon Republicanism.

The basis of the compromise spoken of, is as we understand an agreement that both sides shall meet in convention, by their delegates appointed as already provided for, with the express additional proviso, that no Federal or State officer shall be eligible for, or admitted to, a seat in the convention, who will then make nominations which will be zealously supported by the entire Republican party of the State. This appears to us a very sensible and fair arrangement, and as we said before we hope it will be agreed upon, and that our opponents will not be allowed, much less invited, to take a part in our family quarrels, and thus be given an opportunity to act the part of the monkey judge in the fable, who appropriated as his own fee, all that the little gants were contending for.

We might say much more upon this important, vitally important subject, the necessity of concord and harmonious action among our ranks, but at present we are groping blindly, seeing darkly as through a glass, and will therefore refrain, until we hear of the decided action of those leading men on each side, who have the power to settle the question, whether we are to have more discord to delight our enemies, or of acts of councils and action which will again lead us to both a National and State victory at the ensuing election.

LIVELY TIMES.—We have had pretty brisk times in Alexandria the past week. Noyes' Mammoth Circus which was to have exhibited here only on one day, (Monday), in consequence of the failure to get here in time for the day performance on Monday, caused by the horrible state of the roads, stayed over and exhibited twice on Tuesday, to the great delight of juveniles and older folks too perhaps, of all colors, casts and conditions. The puffs, programmes and placards of Noyes promised great things, and generally the promise was performed. The pageant of the knights with real armor, and the field of the cloth of gold, was rather a humbug, and the menagerie no great shakes, but the ring and other performances inside the mammoth pavilion, we have never seen surpassed, and do not think they could be.

BLACKBURN AND WARMOTH.—The Natchitoches Times says, that our esteemed friend, and potent political authority, Blackburn, of the Homer Lian, has come out in favor of the re-election of Mr. Warmoth to the gubernatorial chair. If this is so, (and the Times is generally excellent authority), we think it is a strong indication in Warmoth's favor. We have not seen a number of the Lian for more than a month, and we hope our contemporary, who knows how much we value it, will look into the matter, and try and get it to us if he has to send to New Orleans first, for "better late than never."

WECOL.—A Scottish minister being one day engaged in visiting some members of his flock, came to a door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a while he opened the door and walked in, saying, in an authoritative voice: "I should like to know, sir, who is the head of this house?" "Well, sir," said the husband and father, "if ye'll just sit down a wee bit, we may be able to tell ye, for we're just about to settle that point!"

FOUND.—A Safe Key, the owner can get the same by applying at the Post Office.

Col. D. Dennett.

We copy from the Louisiana State Register one of the ablest papers of the State the following just and manly remarks relative to Colonel Dennett late of the Planters Banner who has been so infamously treated, by the managers of the New Picayune proprietors. We believe they belong to the so-called Reform Party and if so, think they have abundant work close at home.

Daniel Dennett has been badly dealt with, and those who treated our enemy thus will never make anything of the transaction. Mark that. We do not like Dennett, and we have not concealed our dislike; but he deserves fair play, and this has not been given to him. He was invited to New Orleans to start an independent newspaper by a few friends, who thought he was the right man to write their views into prominence. He accepted the invitation, worked like a wheel horse to accomplish the purpose, succeeded after much trouble, and at last started the paper. The speculation in his own, he being the chief mover and worker in making it a success. His labor and perseverance secured the subscribers, and his negotiations engineered the purchase of the Picayune establishment. After the trade was made Dennett's management had a good effect on the paper. He was really making a success of the enterprise, for we pretend to be able to tell the signs that indicate vitality in a newspaper. The Picayune was actually crowding the Times to the wall. Weed saw it and he set about lobbying for a new deal. He approached the proprietors of the Picayune, and slandered Dennett's course in private. Mr. Gardiner, a linen draper, who knows as much about decent journalism as he does about the new crostacea that Agassiz has discovered in South America, took advantage of his interest in the concern, to interfere with the editorial department in such a way that no editor would submit to because no editor would commit such a folly. On this Dennett went out, and swears he intends to stay out. His associates, who only became interested because he made the opportunity, have consented to his unjust discharge, and are now enjoying the benefits of his labor. And they are doing it in a way that does not reflect credit upon themselves in the least. The Picayune is a failure. The public no longer abides by it. The sales which it made at first have fallen off—its advertising patronage is going to the devil. Weed, of the Times, has bullied and seduced it because it threatened to take the lead of his paper.

This is a misfortune to New Orleans. We do not like Dennett, as we said before, because he is a man of prejudice. He has spread error on a large scale. But he has done more good than harm. He has not whipped around as the Times had done. He has not sought to be fattened by jobs as Weed has. He made war, as he said he would, against raceality, and he spared no foe. His great defeat was his prejudice against Gov. Warmoth, but this we can forgive for the sake of the doses he administered to others. Perhaps if he had been left alone he might have discovered that Warmoth was better than he thought him to be, and then Dennett would have said so and the people might have had the benefit of the conversion and the confession.

But we have said enough. Dennett has been punished for his prejudices; the Picayune will be punished for its ingratitude and stupidity; and the people will have to look hereafter, as they did heretofore, to the STATE REGISTER to be their great organ.

We extract the following from the Natchitoches Times, which as usual contains editorials exactly coinciding with our own views, as to the course to be taken by all conservative men in the present aspect of politics. A STRAW.—The Picayune, the recognized organ of the Reform party in this State, publishes a communication, with a quasi endorsement by the editor, proposing a coalition between the Reformers and the Customhouse Republicans in the nomination of a State ticket for the next campaign. We have always maintained that a consolidation of forces by these two parties was to be the result of their previous "close coddling," and that the Reform movement was simply the Carter coalition in a new guise. The programme was to lie low and keep dark while the public mind was lashed into a fury against Governor Warmoth; and finally, when everything was ready, the triggers were to be sprung, and a nice lot of Democrats caught in the trap, who would otherwise have sought a more congenial association.

The Bossier Banner, a Democratic journal of "the straight sect," demands the abdication of the present Democratic State Central Executive Committee when the convention of April 18th meets. A good move, neighbor; and if the Reformers will also throw up the sponge, and both give way to other leaders, they will see the Democracy lifted up out of the slough of despond at once, and the good State of Louisiana redeemed next November. You started on the wrong tack, and have got among the fogs—let other hands take the helm and carry the ship safely into port.

Live temperately—go to church—attend to your affairs—love all the pretty girls—marry one of them—live like a man and die like a Christian.

Lieutenant Governor Finchback.

The Galveston Representative, of March 23, makes the following remarks on the subject of the above caption:

Lieut. Governor Finchback is more than an ordinary representative of his party. Though not equal in political acumen to his more subtle coadjutor, H. C. Warmoth, yet in all that constitutes a well-wisher of his race and party he is a worthy compeer of many of his more experienced and older politicians. Brains, brains are wanting in this hour of evil turmoil, and Mr. Finchback does not lack in this essential of manhood. No one who has read his last speech in the Legislative halls of Louisiana but must be thoroughly convinced that he fully understands the leading questions of the day. Should the Southern born people extend to his race the same political freedom they themselves enjoy; should they concede all that the civil rights bill accords to all citizens of the Union; should they politically recognize the absolute freedom in speech and action of people of his own color, and cast aside many of the old prejudices engendered by the slave laws of his country, he is willing to pledge himself for his race that they will walk in fellowship with their Southern brethren, and vote down those aspirants for office who have lived, lied, and promised, to the injury of both races, and when asked for justice and patronage, have turned their backs upon Southern born men, be they white or colored. It is evident that this man of understanding spoke by authority, and in dead earnest. He would cheerfully and gratefully turn to those who had been born on the soil of his native South, if they would only meet him half way, and feel toward his race as Christian men should feel toward each other, whose strength formed and matured by the same elements of life, warmed by the same genial climate, and lighted by the smiling beams of the lustrous rays of the Southern sun. The instincts of this man are truly Southern, but he wants a resting place for his race upon a secure basis, and he finds it not on the mountain of false promise, brought from foreign States, unenviable as they are transient.

WHAT GRANT IS WORTH.—The special Washington correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, in his letter of the 22d, says:

Your correspondent begs to refer to the President as a mere typical head of his party, and not the individual representative of any fraud, or job, or corruption. He has always entertained the belief of the President's personal integrity, and states furthermore that an investigation into this pecuniary affairs corroborates that belief. He does this specifically to justify his opinion, to do justice to a political adversary, and also to correct an erroneous impression. The President has been and is possessed of this property viz: \$100,000 donated to him by the merchants of New York; a house in Philadelphia, \$400,000 rented now at \$2400 per year; 640 acres of land near St. Louis, purchased, with all the improvements, at less than \$50,000; one-fourth of 120 acres of land situated near Chicago, \$5000; \$5000 stock in a Michigan Iron company; his Long Branch residence, \$30,000, and a small amount in Adams Express and railroad shares. The bulk of the property was obtained through the gifts made to him by the New York merchants before he was elected President, the real estate presented to him in Philadelphia and in Washington, and his purchase of the St. Louis estate from his brother-in-law. It is not improper to state more specifically that the President's income, outside of his salary as President, is about \$6000 per year. I make these statements because it has been charged by Mr. Wendell Phillips that Gen. Grant was worth \$700,000 or \$800,000, and because I am satisfied that statement is untrue. Perhaps it should be added to this that Gen. Grant is anything but an extravagant man personally, and the story is told.

DO YOU PRAYING PRIVATELY.—A story is told of two travelers who were assigned to the same bedroom in a hotel. Before retiring one of them knelt down to pray, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. On rising from his knees he saw his fellow traveler, valise in hand, going out of the door, and exclaimed:

"What's the matter? What's up?" "Oh nothing," was the reply, "but I'm not going to risk myself with such a scamp as you confess yourself to be."

A young gentleman by the name of Mr. John Day married a Miss Mollie Week. A poet, commenting upon their marriage, says:

"A Week is lost, a Day is made, But time shall not complain, There'll soon be little Days enough To make the Week again."

"Cleanliness is next to godliness." If that is so, a cake of good soap must be better than a poor sermon.

A Detective's Story.

About five years ago I received information that a large quantity of gold had been concealed in the residence of Mrs. Hillbeigh, on Bolgat street. My first inquiry was, "What was the robbery committed?" and next, "What was stolen?"

The last was answered by Mrs. Hillbeigh, who furnished a list of the missing articles, among which was a miniature breastpin of peculiar make. It was in the shape of a hand holding a small gold fan open, and when a concealed spring was touched the fan closed and revealed a miniature of a gentleman. This and a large number of valuable diamonds were among the articles taken.

From one of the servants I learned that about seven o'clock in the morning a middle-aged woman, with a masculine cast of features, had called with a letter for Hillbeigh, saying it was of the greatest importance, and must be delivered by herself to the lady, and that in private. This woman was shown the way to, and was permitted to enter the room where Mrs. Hillbeigh was sleeping. In a little while she came down stairs, and without asking a word to either of the two servants, who were busy in the main hall, passed hurriedly out of the front door into the street.

Mrs. Hillbeigh did not come from her room at the usual hour that morning, and one of the servants, fearing that she was sick, went to her bedside, found her in a profound slumber, and at the same time discovered a small vial which had contained ether on the bed. A physician was sent for, who, by the use of proper remedies, brought the lady to, and after that it was discovered that the jewelry had been stolen.

When I heard this the truth of the matter flashed through my mind in an instant. A man disguised as a woman had entered the house under the pretext of handing Mrs. Hillbeigh a letter, had placed her under the influence of ether, and then robbed the jewel casket, which was found with the lid forced off.

That that had been done by some one well acquainted with the lady and her mode of living I had no doubt in my own mind, and when I suggested to the lady that it might be some friend of her family, she laughed at the idea, for, according to her statement, her friends were all wealthy, and necessity would not prompt them to commit such an act.

Again I questioned the servant who had admitted the visitor, but the only description I could obtain from her was that the woman, who was rather tall, was dressed in a maroon-colored dress, with overskirt of the same color and material, and further that she wore short curly hair, and that there was a small scratch, apparently a fresh one, on the right cheek.

It was not long before I chanced to get "on a track of the jewelry," as we call obtaining a clue, and in a small jewelry store kept by a Polish Jew, who was known to be a "fence" for receiving stolen goods, we found some of the stolen jewelry in a highly demoralized state, for the valuable diamonds had been removed from the settings.

Said Saag, the jeweler, to me, in answer to a question. "So help me, mein Gott, I didn't know dot dings was steel goods; if I know dot I never buys dem, but I fells you dot was a man mit curly hair, and ein scratch on dot right side von de face, vot sells dese dings."

This corresponded in a measure with the description of the woman by the servant girl, and now I was satisfied beyond a doubt that my conjecture about the thief being a man in disguise was correct.

I left my Polish friend and reached Emovus street just as I saw a man with a curly head of hair and a slight scratch on his right cheek.

He looked at me for a moment, and suddenly threw up his right hand to his face in such a manner as to hide the scratch from view, I then advanced toward him, when he suddenly turned and crossed to the other side of the street. "That's my man," I said to myself, and in a few moments overtook him and had him in the detective's office.

The man was about thirty-seven years of age, spoke several languages fluently, and was evidently well educated. When I charged him with the crime the color forsook his face, and when he recovered the color returned to his cheeks. He indignantly yet in a quiet and gentlemanly manner, denied the accusation. He claimed to be almost a stranger in the city, having only arrived the day before by steamer, and offered to exhibit letters as recommendation, but I declined to see them at that time.

"That is the old respectability dodge," I remarked to a brother officer who was present, and then, turning to my friend, said: "You run a fine chance of being put where the dogs won't bite you for some time," for I felt sure that I had the right man. Placing him in one of the cells below, I started for Mrs. Hillbeigh's residence to get the servant to come to the prison to see if she could recognize in the prisoner the person who had visited the house in female attire; but I had been gone a short time when my attention was attracted to a notorious woman of the town seated at the window of a house, and noticed that a lace collar which she wore around her neck was held together by a breastpin which corresponded with the description furnished of the one stolen.

Entering the house I made myself known, and asked permission to examine the pin, which the woman said had been given her as a present by a

friend. The jewel was passed into my hand, and I was looking for the secret spring when the door of the room in which we were was unceremoniously opened by a woman, the moment he saw me, she started to retreat, but I stopped her, and she caught sight of my features, she also had curled hair, and I scratched on his right cheek. Upon talking to him and examining the spring which I had been looking for, and the little gold fan closing exposed to view a portrait of the husband of Mrs. Hillbeigh.

A brief inquiry followed, when I learned enough to satisfy me this time beyond the question of a doubt that I had the right party, and therefore took him into custody, and also the woman. He made a full confession of the robbery, and implicated the woman, saying that she, as he termed it, "took up the job" and he executed it.

My next step was to take this prisoner, who gave the name of Charles Wellward, and connect him with Mrs. Hillbeigh and the robbery. The moment the lady saw me she extended her hand in a cordial manner, saying: "Why, my dear nephew, how do you do? When did you get home? You made no reply, but hung his head, as all guilty ones do when detected, and I informed the lady that he was the thief. She was loath to believe it at first, but his own admission convinced her of the truth of what I had said. The matter was hushed up, and Mrs. Hillbeigh was not anxious for newspaper notoriety, and with means which she furnished her nephew he left the State.

Shortly after making the arrest I returned to the prison and caused the release of the unfortunate man who had fallen under my suspicion, and everything was fully settled after which I ascertained that he was the person he represented himself to be, and among his letters of recommendation was one from a particular friend of mine. He said he had come here in the hope of finding employment, but had not offered his services. I apologized for the indignity I had heaped upon him in placing him under arrest, and told him I would do what I could to make reparation. Through my influence I obtained for him a situation as book-keeper in Bishop's bank, which place he fills to the present day.

A Talk With Brigham Young.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes from Salt Lake City, under date of the 24th inst.:

We waited over an hour for the "President," as he is called, but, as there was plenty of people to talk to, the hours passed pleasantly. A door leading to his inner sanctum opened and the king of the Mormons, the ruler of Utah, the veritable Brigham Young stood before us.

He is a stout looking old man of 71 years, his body showing large bones and slightly bent with the weight of time, his face smooth down to chin whiskers, his hair frayed by many winters, his forehead broad and high, his lips firm, his eye bright, his nose kind and his voice low and gentle. Such is Brigham Young. His troubles of the last year are telling fearfully upon him, and unless his enemies relent and give him and his church some peace, it is evident that he will be moved hence ere long.

Being a prisoner, and thus being critical times, he is very cautious what he says, even to his trusted friends.

He spoke with deep feeling of unjust prejudices which were harbored against the church, accusing the Methodist of being particularly vindictive. He affirmed that the Mormon was a liberal church, interfering with no one, and only asking to be let alone, and worship God in their own way. He said that Methodists, Episcopalians, Catholics, and all denominations were allowed to preach in the Tabernacle, and gave numerous instances where the privilege had been granted to Eastern ministers, who repaid the kindness by pitching into the Mormon religion.

In appearance and address he impressed me as a kind hearted old man, and as for the stories about his disgusting habits and abhorrent, I simply don't believe them. No man can be a fiend without his face showing it, and I defy any man to see wickedness in a lineament of Brigham Young's face.

After a half hour's conversation on the subject of churches in general, a number of prominent Mormons sitting in its hold, a consultation," we withdrew.

The meeting is going around, "Will the Democrats nominate a candidate for the Presidency? If any man can tell which way the wind will blow next Fourth of July he is the individual to solve the above riddle. The Democrats do not know what they expect to do themselves. They occupy the position of the man who had the Billy goat by the horns, and to hold on and still more afraid to let go.

If they see a chance of success they will nominate without fail; if the prospect does not improve upon present indications they will be perfectly willing to ride and die with any man or set of men, always with a reservation in favor of their privilege of cheating their confederates at the first favorable opportunity. [La. State Register.]

CARRIED LATELY.—A lawyer being sick made his will, and gave all his estate to Innatic, frantic and mad people. Being asked why he did so, he replied, because from such he had it, and to such would give it again.