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H. B. BINGGOLD, 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 McCleary.

We hereby inform the friends of Col.

A. J. WHITTIER,

and the public generally, that he is a Candidate for Congress from the fourth Congressional District, subject to nomination by the Republican party.

MANY VOTERS.

HON. GEORGE Y. KELSO.—The friends of our Senator, Hon. G. Y. Kelso, (and we do not know of any one who has more) will be glad to hear of his return from the city, in better health than when he left here last winter.

Mr. Kelso, has since he first took his seat in the Senate, showed himself to be one of its most attentive and useful members, and though not as noisy as some, has generally been found in his place to vote as his convictions prompted him, was for the best interest of his constituents and his party.

A number of his admirers complimented him on the night of his return, with a serenade, after which a social reunion occurred marked by the utmost harmony and good feeling.

CAKE AND CREAM.—We have already in our article on the Firemen's celebration, alluded to the timely liberality of Mr. Levin, in the way of refreshments, after their warm and dusty march, and since then we have had occasion to remember it again, on our own account, as yesterday evening a waiter loaded with delicious Ice Cream and Fruit Cake was sent to our office, more than sufficient to surfeit the whole establishment.

This is not the first proof we have had of that gentleman's liberal courtesy, and we make him the only return in our power, by wishing him in all his undertakings all the success which it and his enterprise so richly deserves.

The well known Noyes' Circus is wandering through the State. On the 19th, C. N. was to be at New Iberia, and at Franklin on the 20th.

A Gala Day.

We are at no loss for a subject for a leader this week, as fortunately we have one supplied to us, and our only trouble is not being able to do it full justice. Happily too both for us and our readers, it is not the hackneyed one of politics, but one interesting to all, male and female, old and young.

Thursday last was indeed a gala day in our now-a-days dull town, and will long be remembered by its inhabitants. It was the anniversary of one of the two fire organizations of which Alexandria is so justly proud. The Pacific No. 1, who had made extensive preparations for the occasion, the principal of which was inviting their gallant brothers the Stonewall Hook & Ladder Co. No. 1 to join with them in the celebration.

In the morning the two Companies numbering largely over a hundred of as fine and manly looking fellows as could be found in any town in the nation whose deeds on every occasion of need have not belied their looks, met in front of their headquarters in the town hall, the Pacific's in Red and Black uniforms with their number in silver shining on their breasts, and the Stonewalls in White and Blue. The Engine Hose Carriage, and Ladder Truck, were most beautifully and tastefully decorated with flowers of every hue and variety, showing that fairer and nimbler hands than those that held the ropes had had a part in the affair. The Pacific's headed the procession two and two, holding the ropes before the four fine horses attached to the Engine, on which in a bower of flowers was a nominal driver we suppose sat a beautiful little girl with clustering ringlets. The Stonewalls succeeded holding in the same way the ropes of their ladder truck, but instead of a beautiful little girl, a moustached man that accomplished whip and hearty good fellow Dan Taylor held the ribbons of the splendid team that drew it. Quite a number of Marshalls and aids handsomely mounted and equipped as was also the orator of the day Wm. A. Seay Esq., pranced along the line giving in an appearance entirely en regle.

After considerable marching and counter marching the procession returned to the point of starting the Town Hall marching by our office, and giving us en passant three cheers, for which we were not in to say it then, we now acknowledge ourself most highly flattered. After some appropriate and of course well chosen and delivered remarks from the orator of the day, the ranks were broken, and the hot and thirsty crowd hastened into the cool and refreshing retreat of Levin's Saloon where with the grateful breezes fanning them from all sides, they enjoyed the ice and sparkling beverage and more solid refreshments supplied in the most generous profusion by the liberal and noble spirited proprietor. Thus ended the morning's part of the programme, and lamely as we have described it, we fear we shall do far less justice to the evening, indeed we know we should were we to attempt any picture of the most attractive feature, for

"Wha' hath not provid' how feebly words essay Tox one spark of beauty's heavenly ray? Wha' doth not feel, 'till his falling sight Faints into dimness with its own delight, His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess The might, the majesty of loveliness?"

Of the ball then we have only to say that of perhaps a hundred or more at which we have been present, as spectator or actor in Alexandria it was as pleasant and agreeable in every respect as any we ever attended. The room was large, light, and airy, the three greatest essentials on such occasions. It was most tastefully arranged, no doubt with the assistance of the same fair hands that so deftly worked on the carriages, though we believe that to the worthy and popular Treasurer of the company much of the credit is due. The beautiful banner presented to the Pacific's by the ladies of Alexandria was attached to the wall opposite the music stand, and large photographs relating to the fire department festooned with evergreens, and other handsome decorations were hung around.

The music was good and the dancing excellent under the guidance of the accomplished amateur who directed the cotillions and round dances whilst it may readily be believed from the nationality of the majority of the performers, the waltzing was simply perfect. We have already expressed our inability to give even a faint idea of that which constituted the charm of the evening and the essence of the enjoyment, the attractions of the ladies, and of their adornments we can only say they appeared to our inexperienced eyes to be in perfect taste, many of them being in the colors of the two

companies whilst several very enthusiastic admirers of the Pacific's actually wore their uniform as far as the waist.

We have already far exceeded our intended limits and must hasten reluctantly to close our sketch, by saying that in the procession and in the ball, the Reds and Blacks and Whites and Blues, looked and acted the part of gallant gentlemen and efficient fire men, and expressing the wish that

With us, they may long abide To be our protection, and our pride.

ILLIBERAL ANTICIPATIONS.—The Bee already glooms in anticipation of the time when the Democrats will be able to drive Republicans from this State:

The success of the Democracy means a hegira from Louisiana of the whole carpet-bag element to healthier climates. They know they can not remain here.

In the eyes of the Bee and the narrow-minded, proscriptive faction of the Democracy to which it belongs, every man who has a political opinion, not obtained from a convention platform, is either a carpet-bagger, a sealawag or a traitor to the South. It is the old game of intimidation revived, that illiberal and wickedly short-sighted policy which prevailed ten or fifteen years ago, and which cost Louisiana half its property and the lives of thousands of our best men. We do not intend to permit a return of such a rule. We have seen it demonstrated that it did not pay to run American citizens out of an American city. They do not stay out, but come back strong enough to become rulers. Besides, the true policy of our people is to invite the citizens of other States to come here, and induce them to stay. We have no use for a Chinese wall down here, and no right to regard the other States as penal colonies for the deportation of enterprising men who work while we sleep, and offend us by their success.—[N. O. Republican.]

Mr. Harralson, who made the best speech by all odds at the meeting on Lafayette square, Monday night, said that he had but one thing to say against Governor Warmoth, and that was "he disliked to support a man who allowed the Democrats to pat him on the back." Has Mr. Harralson read the Democratic papers and heard the Democratic orators? Has he been told who led the mob that attempted to revolutionize the Legislature last fall, and called upon the President to "overthrow the State government? Has he had his eyes about him since he has been in the city? Does he know who the supporters of the Customhouse faction are? If he has read, and been told, and seen the things to which his attention is herein directed, his judgment is greatly at fault if it has not informed him that the supporters of President Grant are the ones to be assigned as a reason for want of confidence. All the men who denounce Governor Warmoth at present were cheek by jowl with the Democrats last winter, and they would be in the same position to-day if it was not that they are playing possum to catch such men as Mr. Harralson in their trap.—[N. O. Republican.]

The last Democrat has an article, under the heading of The Democracy, and the old politicians, which is not only at direct variance with former articles upon the same subject, but will we think meet with an emphatic condemnation, and disapproval from young democratic America, in this part of the world. According to the implied doctrine of the article alluded to, no man is fit for office unless he is between thirty and forty years of age, the nearer forty the better we suppose. The writer in his allusion to Caesar, Napoleon and Lee, and the leadership of armies, does not, we think, make an at all apt comparison, as, as we understand the article, and as others we have heard speak of it understand it, it has reference entirely to parish nominations, and as Caesar, Napoleon and Lee must have had a beginning, these would be first preparatory lessons in politics, for young beginners, provided, they could only get them.

Again our polite and obliging young friend, T. B. Ringgold, Esq., of the Post Office News Depot, has deserved our acknowledgments, for a liberal supply of late pictorial papers, which and other papers and magazines. He always keeps a good supply, notwithstanding his large sales, Harper's and Frank Leslie's Illustrated papers, are now especially sought after, as they contain political caricatures of the leading actors, in the two opposing wings of the Republican Party, (Harper for Grant, and Leslie for the Liberal Reformers), which though rather overdone, an still highly amusing and attractive to the majority of buyers.

A German tailor living near Dangor, Me., having in a most improper way married No. 2 in a very short time after the death of No 1, was visited by the outraged young men of the town and treated to several tin horn overtures. Coming out, he addressed to his unwelcome visitors the following expostulation: "I say, boys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves to be makin' all this noise over there was a funeral here so soon."

Did not Wear Socks.

Quite a good story is going the rounds of Sacramento on the subject of socks. There are quite a number of eccentric statesmen in Sacramento, and among other eccentricities it was firmly believed that one of these scorned the idea of wearing clean socks. To elucidate this momentous question was the desire of several fellow-statesmen. So two grave and reverend seignors came together and discussed the question. The first, whom for brevity sake we will call Smith, affirmed that Jones (the statesman) did not wear socks, while Brown declared that having slept with Jones, he knew that he wore socks. The upshot was that a \$20 piece was put up by Brown and Smith respectively and deposited in the hands of one of the sergeant-at-arms. Now Brown was in doubt on the proposition, so he went to Jones and stated the issue. "By George," replied Jones, "you're a fool. I don't wear socks." This caused the confident Brown to go down in his boots; but quickly rallying, he said: "Well, now, I can't afford to lose that \$20. Tell you what I'll do—I'll go in with you, and we'll divide the con." Jones agreed, and the pair went up on the dome, where Brown drew off one boot and pulled off one sock. Jones pulled off a boot and encased his horny foot in the sock, and both descended to the lower regions. Jones quietly went to his desk, and in an instant was immersed in the interests of his constituents. Brown went to Smith and suggested that, after adjournment, Jones be interviewed on the sock question. Smith agreed, and the sergeant-at-arms was chosen as referee. After adjournment, the party hid themselves off to a committee-room, and innocent like, Brown informed Jones of the terms of the wager, and Jones was requested to show a foot. Suddenly he cast an anxious look toward the smiling Brown and turned pale. He had forgotten upon which foot he had placed the sock! With a well-feigned groan of anguish he trusted to luck and presented the right boot, which the Sergeant-at-Arms quickly pulled off, and lo, and behold, there was nary sock upon it. "The wrong foot, by George!" exclaimed the owner of the boot. Brown retained discomfited, and the quartette were shortly afterward seen at Swimley's taking it straight. Jones retains the sock as a memento, and to jog his memory on future occasions.

The Colored National Convention.

The convention adjourned sine die on Monday night last. Its session was a prolonged one, extending into portions of five days and nights, and we are disposed to think it will accomplish some good. The convention has certainly done no harm to our colored fellow-citizens. On the contrary, it has proved to every unprejudiced mind that the colored or negro element of this country is not without mental ability. We are not disposed, like our neighbor, the Times, to view them with a critic's eye, or depreciate their worth by making odious comparisons. We are disposed to be just and charitable to that portion of the population of our country that springs from African lineage. The fact that the negro has not improved intellectually in Africa does not incapacitate him for improvement in this country under the stimulating influences of Republican institutions and the bright examples of the Caucasian race. If we were not convinced that this was the case before the assembling of the National Colored Convention in this city, the amount of intelligence embraced in the body was sufficient to prove that the negro is capable of intellectual improvement. A large number of the members of that convention will compare favorably with the material of which conventions are generally composed in this country, and not a few were remarkable for their graceful oratory and powers of reasoning. Among these, Mr. Douglass must be classed, in this respect, as the brightest star of his race. He has evidently made oratory a study, and has achieved a proficiency in it that has extended his fame not only all over this broad land, but to nations of the old world. From a poor, oppressed, uneducated slave, Frederick Douglass has risen to eminence by the force of his own will and intellectual capacity. He may not be as profound as a Blackstone, or a Bacon, or a Locke, but he has certainly made himself an accomplished orator and debater, and has been listened to with pleasure by the intellectual magnates of the land.

Mr. Clarke, of Ohio, is another of the delegates recently assembled here who does honor to his race in the display of a rare intellectual capacity. He is a fluent, easy speaker, and a close reasoner. His conservative tendencies and judicious conduct in the national convention just closed mark him as a most useful man to his race—one who is capable of giving good advice, and is not inclined to treat the opinions of others with disrespect, although they may conflict with his own.

Mr. Ruffin, of Massachusetts, is another of the members of the convention just held who is an honor to his race. He is a gentleman of much intellectual capacity, and evidently of large experience in public life. He has served in the Legislature of Massachusetts, and we should judge, from the conduct here as a delegate, with distinction. Mr. Ruffin is an able speaker, and, from what we saw of him in the chair of the convention, is an accomplished presiding officer over a deliberative body.

Lieutenant Governor Ransier and Mr. Cardozo, Secretary of State, both of South Carolina, were also, from their mental capacity and training, men of prominence in the convention. There were also other colored gentlemen of marked ability there, and not least among them stood the delegates from Louisiana. But our object is not so much to single out individuals and give them prominence as to establish the fact that the material of the convention was generally good—far better than, from the advantages colored men formerly enjoyed in this country, the public were led to expect.

If the convention fails to obtain the immediate recognition of the same civil rights for the colored people of this country that are enjoyed by other people it will not fail to accomplish some good. If it will demonstrate the fact that colored men are capable of intellectual improvement, and this will, in the future, have much to do with removing the prejudice that withholds from the colored people their full need of civil rights.

A resolution passed the convention the last night of its session authorizing the president, Mr. Douglass, to appoint delegates to a national convention, which is to meet at the call of the president, when he shall deem it necessary. Mr. Douglass appointed, in accordance with that resolution, the following named gentlemen delegates: Pinckback, of Louisiana; Downing, of Rhode Island; Ruffin, of Massachusetts; Gibbs, of Arkansas; Rappier, of Alabama; Turner, of Georgia; Ransier, of South Carolina; Spellman, of Mississippi; Barbadoes, District of Columbia; L. H. Douglass, of New York; Seals, of California; Langston, of Kansas; Stevenson, of Kentucky; W. Y. Stevens, of Virginia; George T. Ruby, of Texas.—[N. O. Republican.]

Mr. Pinchback in the Colored Convention.

We give below a speech delivered by Lieutenant Governor Pinchback in the Colored Convention lately held in New Orleans on a resolution denouncing the Cincinnati Convention:

Mr. President and Gentleman of the Convention—I regret exceedingly that the remark made in reference to Mr. Sumner has caused so much debate. It was not my intention that it should. My former remarks on this resolution had a tendency to define my position, and I intended that the whole subject matter should be discussed calmly, but this, it seems, is not the case, for the gentleman from Alabama has made personal and extremely pointed allusions to me individually, which I deem necessary, as a representative of the colored people, to answer.

The gentleman who has just sat down remarked that General, now President, Grant was the only man that could save the colored man. I beg leave to differ with the gentleman. Mr. Grant has no more power to "save" the colored people than Charles Sumner. Who is Mr. Grant? Where was he when Mr. Sumner was fighting and struggling for the colored people? General Grant was not then known but to a small circle of acquaintances, and, sir, I consider the assault upon Mr. Sumner in the Senate chamber an outrage. Like the beautiful and expressive quotation from Shakespeare, "It was the unkindest cut of all," for lo! when they struck Charles Sumner, they struck through the body of every true colored man in the United States. [Applause.]

General Grant, it must be remembered, is simply a servant of the people. If he is elected President, I do not doubt but that he will serve to the best of his ability. I was once a warm supporter of Grant. I was one that attended the convention in 1868 and helped to nominate him. I gave him my unwavering support, but since he has occupied his proud position I do not like his administration. I did not and do not think that he gave the attention or done his duty as a Republican to the colored race.

Now some of the gentlemen here smile scornfully when Charles Sumner's name is mentioned as a rival to General Grant's Presidential aspirations, but let them remember that "time works wonders." We little thought that "such thing could be" a few years ago, as now do actually appear. It is but a question of time. The meeting of the Cincinnati convention will determine the question, and there are thousands and thousands who are waiting for the choice of the Cincinnati Republican Convention, and I say here, gentlemen, and to the lobby, that it does not seem at all wonderful to me that Charles Sumner should be nominated for President by this Cincinnati convention, and I would support him even if there were forty thousand Grants.

I do not intend to be the suppliant tool of any party or clique, and to tell you of the knavery and intrigues of this Grant party. The acting chairman of this convention has been telegraphed to see that the convention "runs right." He is made the tool in his official capacity. He must see "that the convention runs right." Now, what does that sentence mean?

The acting chairman, Mr. Ingraham, here stated that he had received no communication from President Grant. Mr. Pinchback—I know it was, not from President Grant individually; he would be a fool to trust his signature under a telegraph dispatch to you. The President did not send it, but his brother-in-law, Casey, did. Now what is the difference? I tell you colored men, that the time has come when you must be men, not the tools of General Grant, or his party,

or any other man's dependance. We are sent here to represent the people of our race. Sent here to state our grievances, and if possible suggest and carry out a remedy, not to think of ourselves individually. We must wipe out of the obnoxious and objectionable instruments to the welfare of the colored race. That we may project a basis of equal representation in the Congress of the United States, and more especially a full representation of the Southern States. [Applause.] I do not intend to speak upon this question now, as it is entirely out of place. I want to keep down all superfluous debate, and speak to the resolution, but my distinguished friend from Alabama was pertinent enough to drag into his discussion the executive of the State of Louisiana, Governor Warmoth. What has Governor Warmoth got to do with this question? He also says I am one of the "needles" of Louisiana; I am "sharp." Why, gentlemen, in our early struggles, when it was almost death to any one were a Republican in this Southern country, I was in his State speaking, and urging Republican sentiments. I would like to know why he should call me a needle. He knows that before the blacks had a vote I was fighting the wrongs of his race.

The gentleman referred to here arose, and said that the first Republican speech he ever heard was delivered by Mr. Pinchback, and that it had roused him to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and that he literally owed his seat in the convention to his exertion.

Mr. Pinchback—I thank you, sir, for the compliment. I did not understand whether or not your remarks were meant in a sarcastic manner. Now, in reference to this resolution, which has caused so much discussion, the convention will pass this resolution, or a similar one, and I want every member to vote intelligently. I can do so now. I may vote for it, or may not. I asked that no gibe be put upon this convention; that every member would conscientiously vote and do what they thought best for the interest of the Republican party. And I say here, gentlemen, that I think that if the majority of the delegates favor the resolution, the minority should vote; but I am positive that when the question comes to a direct vote it will be voted upon with unanimity, and I say that with the majority vote in this house, so will go the majority of the colored people.

While in Washington, I had a pleasant interview with Mr. Sumner, and I asked him a direct question, "Whether he would support the Philadelphia nominee for President, or not?" and he answered me by saying, "I am not prepared to answer that question." I state this upon authority. I then said to him, "In case President Johnson nominated, will you support him?" His answer was: "I can not tell."

Mr. Ransier, of South Carolina, Oh! he's standing on the fence. Mr. Pinchback—No, he is not standing upon the fence. He has not given any opinion. In fact, he has not made up his mind.

My honorable friend from Alabama has said that President Grant was the only man that could protect them; I dislike very much to hear any such remarks. We are an American people, and we should look to ourselves for protection. Of course, the President has the advantage of the law, and he can say there is a law that protects you. But the question naturally arises: Does he and will he protect you?

Then, we have heard a great deal of talk about civil rights. Why, sir, our Legislature has enacted and made laws which would secure civil rights, but they are now almost useless upon our statute books to-day.

After alluding to his supporting a good Republican candidate, Mr. Pinchback related and the hearty applause of the conventionists.

On motion of Mr. Young, of Louisiana, (Governor Warmoth was invited to a seat on the platform of the convention, and Mr. Young said Mr. Cuney, of Texas, was appointed a committee to escort his excellency to seat.

WANTED A SKILLET AND DIDN'T DRINK.—The Lebanon (Ky.) Reporter tells the following: "Judge Green relates that as he was walking down West Main, on Monday afternoon, he met a venerable man, red of eye, unkempt of look, and out at elbow, who had modestly asked him for a quartet. 'Stranger,' said this impecunious patriarch, 'I'm a movin' to Arkansas, me and the ole woman, and the children, and John (John's my oldest son) and his wife and his children, and, stranger, my posers has away with the waggin just afore we got to town back here, and broke every bit of crockery we had. Didn't even leave us a skillet to bake a hoe-cake in for the children when we camp to-night. And, stranger, a gentleman back here gimme a quartet, and I thought if I could get you to gimme another quartet, maybe I could get back to town and get a skillet.' 'You want it to buy a skillet,' do you? asked the Judge. 'Oh, yes, stranger; I want to buy a skillet,' he replied, and then, as if it had suddenly occurred to him that his temperance principles might be impugned, he added: 'As for whiskey and brandy, I hasn't touched a drop in forty year.' 'Well,' said the Judge, who is always ready to listen to an appeal for charity, 'who was a little suspicious of the intended destination of the quartet, he said, 'go with me back to the wagon, and I will get you a skillet.' 'Stranger,' returned this impecunious patriarch, 'I feared the waggin'd get too far ahead of me if I go back—good-bye, stranger.' And he was tramped, skillets and quartets."