THE SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES.

L. DUPLEIX, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR,

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NATCHITOCHES LA., MAY 5, 1866.

Mr. J. L. BULLARD, is our authorized Agent to collect, renew and receive subscriptions for the Natchitoches Times, for Natchitoches, and adjoining Parishes.

Our Candidates.

For Sheriff.

R. W. McConel,
James G. Hughes,
J. J. Rains,
J. B. Fleming,
John J. Bossier.
George W. Holloway,
J. M. Eliot.
W. L. Brown,

For Recorder.

George W. Kearney,
Louis A. Bossier,
Thos. J. Stimpson.

For Clerk.

B. J. Bouis,
A. W. Hamilton,
John B. Cloutier.

For District Attorney.

A. Lemee,
J. F. Smith,
David Pearson.

For Coroner.

G. W. Goss,
N. B. Whitfield.

For Assessor.

Willie E Eversul,
J. Leonard Bullard.

For Mayor.

F. Metoyer,
S. M. Hyams.

For Justice of the Peace.

C. A. Bullard,
C. Neveu,
F. Hertzog,
P. Myers,

For Ward Constable.

H. W. Geter,

For Town Constable.

S. W. Griswood,
D. V. Murphy.

TO OUR READERS.—We are publishing, in this issue, two *communications*, one in English, the other in French; both of them relative to the next election. Although we have adopted the rules of not inserting articles of a personal nature, still, the office-seekers are so numerous this year, their friends so anxious to see their favorite candidate elected, that having already inserted two previous *Communications*, we cannot refuse to "Vieille Riviere" and "Country Talk" the same favor. *Our terms* for such articles are the same for every one. Let the candidates and their friends take good notice of it.

PRETTY HARD!—Freight for this place is charged by several boats at a high rate—the complaint is general. For instance, we had to pay $1 00 for dry and $1.25 for wet barrels, when at Grand Ecore, the same freight is charged by regular Boats 50. and 75 cents.

It becomes the duty of our citizens to take this matter in due consideration, as it will be useless for us to send orders hereafter, through some Boats, who perhaps, will make but a single trip in our Cane and Little Rivers.

We like to see everybody doing something, but dislike to hear frequently that our friends are the victims of new comers.—*A word to the wise is sufficient.*

TOWN TALK.

A JACK-FISH.—A few mornings past, very early in the morning, we may say—having investigated the merits of a Mint Julep, and received five dollars from a delinquent subscriber, in excellent humor we approached our sanctum. We are by no means superstitious, nor are we easily alarmed, but on the occasion to which we have reference, our nervous system received a considerable shock from a mysterious cause. We put forth the right hand to grasp the knob of the door leading to our office, when to our amazement and horror, we observed the extended jaws of a fierce looking monster of the fish tribe. His teeth were long and sharp, eyes bleared and savage looking, and he seemed to our excited imagination of indefinite length, and huge proportions. After our astonishment had somewhat abated, we began to consider whether this could be a case of *fish-i-cide*, or had the bloody hand of some assassin fixed the monster's struggling form to our door. Finally concluded that the fish did not hang himself, and consequently that some one must have been present on the lamentable occasion, aiding and assisting in the horrible deed. Who the unfortunate individual is, that engaged in this wicked and cruel act, we have not at present the remotest idea, but remorse, that universal detective may in time give up to justice the unfeeling criminal. It becoming a question as to what particular species the defunct belonged to, we submitted the matter to some learned gentlemen of the rod, but they were very much divided in opinion, and arrived at no positive conclusion. Some said it was a Gar-fish while others stoutly maintained that it was a *Jack*-fish; we incline to the latter opinion, and shall present it to some naturalist, as the noblest specimen of the creature now extant.

STEAMER SARATOGA.—Our old experienced Capt. John C. Dowty, is coming regularly to our port with his fast and splendid passenger PACKET SARATOGA. We welcome him, as for punctuality in the business entrusted to his care, and the really magnificent accomodations on board, none can do better. Families are anxious to secure their rooms, and all say that "travelling with the Saratoga reminds them of the old days." Capt. D. is well identified with our Parish, and certainly deserves a good share of the planter's patronage.

The Saratoga will leave again to morrow, Sunday, for New Orleans.

A SPLENDID LINE OF RED RIVER PACKETS.—Capt's, Sinnott, Adams and Wayne, have established, some time since, one of the best line of Packets for the Red River trade. The *Alabama, Louis d'Or* and *National*, are connected in this useful enterprise and the shippers, merchants or planters will give a marked preference to a Company offering all the advantages of a long practice in our rivers, and having besides on board of their boats, Captains of energy, and well recommended for their integrity and punctuality in business. The accommodations on board of this popular line are unsurpassed. The table is sumptuous and attended to by polite waiters.

In another column will be found the advertisement of this Company. Shippers, Planters or Travellers can depend upon the days of departure, as the Captains are very punctual.

FRANCIS JOSEPH—Alexander Dumas thus describes Francis Joseph, mperor of Austria:

"He is a man some thirty-six or seven years old. He is tall, thin, but evidently possesses great bodily vigor; his fixed eye, well arched eyebrow, straight nose and well marked chin, give him the appearance of a man of a determined will, to which his thick whiskers and long moustache contribute additional evidence. His complexion is brown, but this dark coating must have been spread on his face by the cold and wind.—He is fond of field sports, and to pursue them he disregards the worse weather. He is, with all this, handsome, but with that masculine beauty in which strength is more prominent than grace. Women may discuss his beauty; men cannot. He rises at five o'clock A. M; reads all the letters, demands and petitions addressed to him, and makes notes on them. His wonted residence is Schoenbrun, where he occupies the apartment occupied by the Emperor Napoleon in 1805 and 1809. This double legend of Napoleon's visit and the death of the Duc de Reichstadt fills the whole of this palace, which has nothing remarkable about it. The young Emperor of Austria lives amid this double souvenir, having it is said, real admiration for Napoleon and a pious pity for the Duc de Reichstadt.

Acquire honesty; seek humility; practise economy.
A young man idle is an old man needy.
Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

For the "Natchitoches Times."

Meditation on the Beauties of Spring.

Spring! what a beautiful season? how cheering, and charming, and at the same time it reminds us that life has but one short Spring, which is a sad warning. Here we are only the 8th of April, and as I sit on my gallery, what a charming view meets my eyes. Our yard is really, a perfect garden of Eden, in beauty. No other country in the temperate zone can surpass this in beauty, early Spring; or can say in this early month, that their Virgin Queen, has already come forth, clothed in her bridal wreath and throwing her bright flowers over every plant great and small. Here where I sit, I can see the little violet peeping out from under its green bonnet, showing its smiling blue eyes, to the king like cedar, Holly, Laurier, Amandier, or wild Peach, as it is more comonly called; whose glossy green branches are stretched out to and fro, as if to protect their more humble companions. The Spyric, with its white bride like festoons, falling in graceful folds to the ground; showing a bower of retreat to the little feathered songster. The snow white clusters of the Muget or Lilly of the valley, are covered with bee and butterfly, the white bell lilly glittering in its dewy bath, offering to the humming bird, a fragrant sip from her alabaster like cup; here too, is the Peach, the Apple, Pear, Plum, and a variety of other trees and flowers to numerous to mention; embalming the air with their fragrant breath. As I sat gazing on this charmed seen inhaling the soft breath of the early morning, I felt for a moment, as if I had been transported to some fairy land. But alas! this illusion was soon broken by an unruly little breeze, which came rushing through those lovely flowers, and unfortunately, brought with its mischievous breath, some of the already decaying leaves of those brightest flowers. I picked up these little yellow withered leaves with a sigh, and here the scene changed; these leaves brought this sad thought; how emblematic they were of the bright heroes of this earth; who bloom to-day, to-morrow, die. Poor little yellow leaves, your bright reign was short,—I exclaimed, and how much better is that, of the almost mighty man's? A voice came whispering on the winds and answered on earth, his fate, is worse, his spring of life, when gone, never returns; Why then such anxious bustle through life to rise on the altar of fame? It is not, yours, you, only wear what others have worn. I see now the ruined piles of fallen fame, the ghosts of disgraced and retreating heroes with menacing fingers pointing to their usurped thrones, they must fall as their predecesssors have done, and other brighter stars take their places. Cling not to closely to your earthly crowns, and smile not with contempt on a disgraced brother. You think that your struggles will surprise the world. Not so! you are only trying to prevent the world from surprising you. And you are not happy, for you feel that the time is coming when you must give up fame, fortune, friends, and all that makes life sweet; to another, and what can you take with you, your honors, were only flowers of an hour, a day, and then where, or what is it, he has gone, where? an echo. answers where? What is man? he passes like the flower that blooms to-day and tomorrow withers, generation after generation, has passed, like the waves of a rapid river, and others come and go as they die. Nothing can stop time, which gathers as it flows, the strong as well as the weak; Earth's brightest blooms, are often carried in its mighty current, and you too, gay youth, will fade as others have done, hour by hour, smiling grace will steal imperceptibly by; health, strength, life's joy's will all vanish like a bright dream, and what will you have left of life, but that sad token, called old age; that languishing enemy of pleasure, which will come and dim the brightes eye, and deform the most graceful appearence It weakens the limbs and dries up the heart's stream of love and pleasure, which will disgust you with the present and excite fears for the future, and render you insensible to all, except, pain and misfortune. Beware, of that old thief Time; he may seem along way off; be not thus deluded, he is now on his way, and he who, comes on such swift wings, soon arrives. Try and be ready to meet him, with your crown of surety. This is the one too, which will carry you safely through life, and gain a throne in that land of bliss, where reigns an eternal spring.

April, 8th 1866.

IVA.

"WHITE MAN MONSUS UNSABTIN."—The time the stars fell and the day fixed by Miller for Gabriel to blow his horn, no people have been so completely bewildered or felt such great need of some light to guide their erring feet, as did our Republican brethren of Toledo, on the reception of the President's veto message.

That was true of the Republicans every-where. But a light has appeared held aloft by "brudder Cox." He has had a talk with the President, and it is that talk that has strengthened the weak knees, and lifted the desponding spirit of the faithful out of its sore condition. That talk will keep them going until the next veto, when down they will "drop" again, and so remain until another Stearns or Cox can report to them another talk. We advise them not to lose confidence so readily in Providence, but continue to believe that Andy Johnson was called to the Presidency for some great purpose of the Judge of all the Earth.—*Cincinnati Enq.*

For the Natchitoches "Times."

THE "SUNNY SOUTH."

BY STANNIE LEE.

There is no spot more beautiful than our own loved "Sunny South." You may wander in vain beneath the blue skies of Italy, on the sunny shores of France, or amid the delightful scenery of Switzerland in search of a fairer or more lovely clime than this, our own dear native land. Our skies are as blue, our breezes as perfumed and as heavily laden with the odors of orange and citron groves and our majestic lakes and noble rivers flow onward to the sea as grandly as those of foreign climes. Here the sweet nights of summer are flooded with silvery moonlight and made melodious with the soft notes of the nightingale. On every side are beheld birds of bright and beautiful plumage glancing through the branches of our magnificent forest trees and sending forth untaught strains of witching melody. There, at the the root of that grand old oak, bubbles a spring of delicious coolness; here dances the brightly-following brook, and there sweeps gloriously by the broad Mississippi, gemmed here and there with many a fluttering, snow-white sail and proudly rushing ocean steamer, bearing their rich and precious freight to many a distant port.

What glorious sunsets, too, we have in this sunny clime where the day god loves to linger! How like some Eastern monarch does he sinks to rest amid his gorgeous curtains of crimson, purple and gold! And long after he has disappeared behind the hills of the far off west, does the sky glow with bright and beautiful tints that mock the rainbow's most resplendent arch.

Yes, the South is a land of beauty; a land where all that is fair and beautiful unite to form a region of surpassing loveliness. And those who have once breathed the sweet airs of the "Sunny South," wish not to leave that delightful clime even Cuba's own sweet breezes where spring ever lingers on the winds that sweep around that spot of island beauty.

How soul-refreshing it is to wander forth on a sweet summer's eve and list to the wild music of the waves as they dash upon the pebbly shore of Mexico's broad beautiful Gulf! Glittering here and there on its glossy bosom may be seen the snowy sails of many a vessel bound for some far off, foreign port. And gleaming over the waters wide expance like some beauteous guiding star, shines the beacon light that warnes the mariner from off some rocky coast, How grand, how glorious, it is too, to wander by the side of the dark, blue, heaving sea! The soul sweels within its narrow bounds at the contemplation of such awful grandeur and longs to soar beyond the starry orbs that are reflected in the deep bosom of the vast ocean.

And now let us turn and take a vein of our Sunny States. How proudly does—girt Florida sit with the ocean surges roaring around her! Girdled on every side with crested billows, decked with a thousand flowers of different hues and perfumes and lulled to rest with the gushing music of feathered songsters, where could a sweeter or more envided spot be found beneath the sun? And around no place on the wide, wide world cluster more hollowed or more cherished associations than linger around the Old Dominion. There sleep the ashes of our beloved Washington, and other patriots of the Revolution. And the past four years of war have endeared that State still more to every feeling heart, for there on that time-honored region many a gallant soldier laid down his life for his home in the "Sunny South." That soil has been dyed, deeply dyed, with the life-blood of thousands—and though the grass will grow green above the spot and flowers bloom there as brightly as ever, still will those precious drops remain beneath the sod where they fell and cause those flowers to bloom with fairer and brighter hues There, too, in Virginia soil, are hallowed their narrow graves with not a stone to mark where they lie. But sweetly do they sleep, for they rest beneath the soil they died to defend. They have marched their last march, they have fought their last fight, and now gently around them are blowing the breezes of their own Southern clime. Nightly shall the stars gleam over them with their heavenly light, and the wild birds free shall warble their sweetest lays above the spot where the martyred soldier sleeps.

Sleep on, sleep on, ye unforgotten dead. Noon shall come with its bright sunshine, eve with its witching power and night with its starry sentinels to guard your rest, and in a thousand hearts your memories shall be enshrined and your names be forever more the the watch word of the good and brave.

Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee, too have each received into their bosoms the life drops of their sons who girded on their armor and lifted high their swords to defend the land of their birth. Yet moura not, sweet mother land of those who died for thee. Safely are they sleeping within your bosom now. No more shall the iron hail of battle harm them, or the weary march of life that ever ends in death disturb them more.

Shed over them your choicest flowers, breath around them your sweetest breezes and gently let the dews of night fall on the spot where they are sleeping their last long sleep.

COMMUNIQUE.

MR. L'EDITEUR:—

Vos dernières colonnes offrent à vos nombreux abonnés, deux communications d'un caractère si pratial et si egoïste que nous ne pouvons nous dispenser d'en dire quelques mots.

Les auteurs de ces deux communications n'ont peut-être pas réfléchi qu'en voulant ainsi forcer la voix du peuple pour quatre candidats si distinctement et si egoïstement nommés qu'il leur fout plus de mal que de bien; peu de gens se laisseront prendre dans de "tels filets."

Selon notre opinion, qui est l'opinion générale les quelques prétendus mérites des candidats nommés d'une manière si particulière ne leur donnent pas plus de droit que les autres au vote du peuple.

Messieurs Hamilton, Brown, Kearney et Holoway n'ont rien fait de plus pour le peuple du sud que tant d'autres; en se chargeant du mousquet, comme nous l'avons tous fait, ils ont rempli leur devoir en répondant à l'appel de leur patrie; mais, cela ne leur donne aucun droit, plus que les autres, au vote public. Nous sympathisons du fond de notre cœur, pour le malheur qu'ils ont éprouvé en perdant l'usage d'un de leurs membres; mais nous ne pouvons pas pour cela leur donner aucune préférence et mettre de côté des amis de cœur et des hommes qui ont d'autre mérite que celui d'avoir perdu un bras.

Nous trouvons que Mr. Hamilton a profité assez longtemps des revenus de l'office de Greffier; il est temps qu'il cède sa place à un autre qui quoique ayant ses deux bras est autant dans le besoin que lui et qui est aussi capable de remplir les devoirs d'un bon Greffier.

L'on nous dit que Mr Brown est tres-brillant; nous ne disputons pas son éclat, cela est un avantage qu'il peut mettre à profit pour monter plus haut que l'office de sherif.

Soyez sûr que nous saurons choisir pour cet office un homme qui sans pretendre, être aussi brilliant, a une renommée qui convient bien mieux pour être bon sherif.

Quand à Mr. Kearney qu'il fasse comme tant d'autres, qui sont aussi revenus de la guerre avec un bras paralysé par le cannon.

Nous conseillons à Mr. Holoway de se tenir à l'écart avec tous ses petits mérites accroches; il a eu la chance de revenir avec ses membres sains; qu'il les conserve tels, car dans sa course pour sherif il y a grand risque qu'il se casse une jambe si non les deux; nous pouvons lui assurer que de braves et gallants soldats lui disputent le terrain cette fois-ci; puis qu'il s'est distiegué d'une manière si gallante et si meritoire sur le "Queen of the West" et le "Maple Leaf" qu'il s'enrole dans l'armée régulière et qu'il cutive ses talents militaires en attendant l'élection de 1868.

Nous avons nos hommes choisis, notre parti est pris, nous voterons pour celui qui nous plaira.

En attendant le résultat de nos cabales pour nos amis, nous vous quittons jusqu'à l'élection qui suivra celle de Mai 1866, peut-être qu'alors nous aurons encore l'avantage de vous dire plus au long notre façon de penser.

VIEILLE RIVIERE.

COMMUNICATED.

"The Voice we Honor, is the People's Choice."

Mr. Editor—In perusing the contents of the Semi-Weekly Times of the 25th April, I came across a communication favoring the election of A. W. Hamilton, for Clerk District Court, W. W. L. Brown for Sheriff and George W. Kearney for Recorder. All three of them are good clever gentlemen, competent to fulfil the duties of the office for which they are running.

The author of the communication says they lost their limbs on the battle field's of Virginia in trying to achieve for us equality in the Union, and other rights—which by the by, we bore not. The author seems to think that the three above named candidates are more entitled to the suffrages of the people of this Parish, because their misfortune and "services" entitle them to the places they seek in preference to their competitors."

"Mr. Hamilton asks to be re-elected to the Clerkship." He is a Lawyer by profession, ank every body knows that he can make as much, if not more, by practicing his profession; besides he ought to leave that office for a man who is not a Lawyer, so he is competent to do justice to the people in exercising the duties of the office. His opponents are both able, and for the life of me I cant see why he has more right to that office than either of them.

Mr. Brown, candidate for Sheriff, is said to be "well educated," has good sense, and was "admitted to the bar, by the Supreme Court of Louisiana, in the year 1860 or 1861." The office of Sheriff is not a position for a bright Lawyer to fill, let *him* also pitch into the practice of his profession, and leave that chance of making a living to some of the other candidates, who are not Lawyers, but *bright* enough to discharge the duties of the office.

Friend George, is a *nice* young gentleman, has received an honorable wound in battle, and lost the use of his left arm, partly. He is a "Notary Public" which office gives him a nice profit. He has as much right to demand the suffrages of the people as either of his competitors, but no more.

Now Mr. Editor, I made up my mind before commencing this communication, to give a *plain "country talk."* We country people don't have much to say, but we "think much," and we like to see justice weighed in *even* scales. I respect the above named *gallant soldiers* of the 2d La., Infantry, but there are other *noble* Confederates before the people, who are entitled to favors—and to make such an issue against them at this time, simply because they were fortunate enough to return from the conflict of arms with sound limbs, is in bad taste and calculated to injure them. Sir, there are other noble *Romans* before the people, who have made equal sacrifices. They too did leave home and kindred and went forth to battle with the foe. They too stood the britch of the musket and faced the cannon to defend the flag of the Sunny South. Like a Leonidas in bravery and a Cincinnatus in patriotism, they disputed every inch of ground and bore the vicisisitudes of war like men, and when the issue was decided against them, they returned home to their families, and are good citizens.

Although the Confederacy now lives only in "song and story," they are still entitled to a share of the glory connected with the cause, and Sir, they are also entitled to the suffrages of the people, although they have no "bruised arms" to "hang up for monuments" Many of them are poor, intelligent men Their families are in wants, they cannot be passed over in silence. Besides Sir, suppose Messrs. Brown, Hamilton and Kearney had not lost their arms in battle, would they chop "cord wood" or split rails for a living? I guess not; they would do as they did before the war.

The people are intelligent and able to judge for themselves, who to vote for; we have had *too many* dictators, we dont want any more; we are able to form an opinion, entitled to one and by the immortal Gods we intend, hereafter to excercise it, and to give our support to whoever we think most entitled to public favor.

Look over your list of Candidates for the different Parish offices, and you will find men who, in my opinion, merit a share of the public confidence, as well as the "gallant soldiers of the 2d La., Inft." and you will see that their friends will not desert them. I need not point them out; they are well known to the people; they have been true to their country, their cause and their friends; their "souls" have also been "tried" and not found wanting. The private soldiers will remember who were their friends in the hour of trial, men who have suffered equal privations with them will never be forgotten; fortunate in coming out of the contest with sound limbs, they are still entitled to the consideration, and support of their friends.

I see in your issue of the 28th, where some patriotic fellow, enlarging his views by styling himself "Citizens," is urging Col. G. W. Holloway's election for Sheriff. He enumerates all the little incidents connected with the military life of the Col. which most every man in the Parish knows. We all know Col Holloway—he is a good business man—he made a good soldier, he "stood firm through all the storms of our contest for independence." Sir, there are other candidates for Sheriff besides friend George, who "stood firm" in our efforts for the Southern Independence, I think they are entitled to as much "reward" as he is. His conduct on board "Queen of the West" was nothing more than any ordinary man would do, trying to save his life and help his fellow soldiers. There was precious little fighting done on board the 'Queen' for friend George to display any symptoms of bravery, for she fired only one or two shots, and was soon among things that were." The "Maple Leaf" affair, is very edifying, any man who has no taste for a dungeon in the cold climate of the north would do the same thing.

Now sir it is out of fashion these days to humbug the people with any such stuff.

I admit that Col. Holloway did his duty, but there are other Confederates running for Sheriff who did their duty also, and they are equally entitled to a share of the public confidence, with Col. Holloway.

The election takes place next Monday, let every man go and vote for his friends and work hard for the man he thinks most worthy of his support; as for myself Mr. Editor, I intend to do so; this is all I have to say in regard to this subject. You may hear from me again shortly.

COUNTRY TALK.

The work of disinterring the Confederate dead, buried upon private property in the Shenandoah Valley, to be reinterred at Winchester, is now being prosecuted.

POET'S CORNER.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

Chalk and Ivory heels and shins!
Sambo's glory now begins!
Go'way white man. You don't know
How to vote right—dat is so,
Yaw, yaw yaw!—Yaw, yaw, yaw!

Whar's de tickets?—Fotch'em straight!
I vote early—I vote late—
I vote often—I vote right—
I's no ignoramus white.
Man and brudder—equal born—
De Maker's image (in a horn)
De glory of de risin' day—
De cullid cuss from Africa!
Oh, kinky, minky, stinky, oh!
If this aint glory, tell me so!

Butler's Farewell.

Farewell to the cotton, spoons and silver plate,
Farewell the opportunity to steal and rob,
That make the wealth of Butler! O, farewell!
Farewell Dutch Gap Canal, Fort Fisher powder ship,
The chance to insult women, reign supreme in New Orleans—
Big Bethel, Drewery's Bluff, and big wars,
My General's stars, my royal state, my glory and my power—
My braggart deeds, my heaps of spoil, my cow and hate,
No more to chaplains badger, or annoy the weak—
Farewell! The "Beast" is only "Bottled Butler!"

[Syracuse Courier.]

God Save the President!

This true patriot, and really able statesman, has added another laurel to his crown of glory, by vetoing the bill falsely called a "Civil Rights Bill." Our readers have, we hope ere this, read his Veto Message, in which the designs of the conspirators are exposed, and the true nature of our Government proclaimed in terms which, coming from a "tailor," are really astonishing. Mr. Johnson's thoughts swell beyond his words and give them a great weight and dignity. Above all his great heart overflowing with love for his country with sympathy for the oppressed citizens of his native section, with pity for the poor, helpless, deluded negroes, gives a tone to his speeches and messages which never fails to wake corresponding emotions in the hearts of those of his hearers who are not steeped in the bitterness and gall party hatred.

The man who closes a revolution deserves far more credit than he who begins it or successfully conducts it. Abraham Lincoln, in carrying on the war, had a comparatively easy task. The war itself furnished him with excuses for acts which, in a state of peace, would have been justly regarded as insufferably despotic. But this despotism, this dictatorship, and the impunity attached to it, were impossible to his successor. We consider that Mr. Lincoln gained even by the tragical and awful death which removed him from the Presidency, His reputation, such as it was, brilliant and enviable as his warmest admirers may consider it, could not have stood the test of the past year's troubles

The members of Lincoln's Cabinet whom Mr. Johnson has retained out of respect for his memory shaw us what Lincoln himself might have become if he had been spared to take charge of the helm of affairs during the storm which Radical intolerance and fanaticism has raised. The best man in America was not too strong for the post: and we must regard it as clearly Providential that a man like Andrew Johnson was called to the direction of our Government in its most trying hour.

For a whole year he has struggled to accomplish the desire of all good men—peace and perfect reconstruction—without breaking with the party that elected him, and without yielding to the intemperate zeal and excited triumph of that party. He has in word and in deed shown his anxiety to save the Union in the party which claims for itself the name of Union. Accused of throwing himself into the hands of the "rebels," of the copper-heads, of the Democrats, not a single nomination of his for any office can be pointed out in which the person nominated belonged to either of the proscribed classes. Assailed in the halls of Congress by demagogues and traitors in language which, save in Congress, is heard nowhere among decent men, he has in all his messages treated his opponents like what they ought to be, but are not, gentlemen. On the 22d of February, in obedience to a call from the only sovereign whom he acknowledges, the people, he named three of the conscious, intelligent traitors who are laboring to overthrow the Government and D. D'd (doubled damned) a filthy, contemptible official, whose name his audience forced upon him. His language on this occasion was no slanders because it was true; it was no detraction, because the interests of society required, and therefore Christian charity authorized him to proclaim, the truth. The Radicals roared in their agony, and attempted to heal those wounds by characterizing the President's speech as undignified and ungentlemanly. Have our readers noticed how very few (we don't remember one) of the Radical papers have dared to characterize that speech as *false*? We could not, however, expect his enemies to praise that speech, nor do we care to claim for it all the encomimiums pronounced upon it by his friends; but we consider the opinion of foreigners as entitled to much weight. The English press speaks of it as *"a speech entirely free from tawdry ornament or ambitious metaphor, but conveying the firmest determination and the most enlightened principles in the plainest and simplest language."*

In that speech Andrew Johnson defined his position, proclaimed himself a Union man for the sake of the Union; a foe to treason and traitors South and North, and President of the whole Republic, even if his life were demanded as an earnest of his sincerity. It was hardly a declaration of war against the Radicals, but rather a last warning, a final appeal to them to rally for the support of the Union and the Constitution for which they had fought and bled, and which traitors and conspirators, whom he named, were laboring to subvert. As a warning, an appeal, it was in vain The Radicals redoubled their efforts to defeat his policy, and we believe that they have forced war upon him in their late most atrocious act of treason, vainly disguised as a Civil Rights Bill.

The war has come at last. That man must be blind, indeed, who cannot see that the President and the Rump are irreconcileable. It is time now to take sides; time for every man to determine whether he is for the President or for Congress. The contest is between one branch of the Goverment (the Executive), fighting to maintain the whole Goverment, and each and all of its branches, in their Constitutional status: and another branch (the Legislative) fighting to obliterate all distinctions between the several branches, and consolidate them into one. Let every man decide for himself, decide promptly, and act on his decision. As for us, we are for the President, and we believe he will win. But the fight will be a stubborn one, for the opposition is powerful and unscrupulous. The President will need support, and therefore we begin now, and here, to beat up recruits.

Are you in favor of using "the triumph of the Union arms" for the defeat of the very object for which they were said to have been assumed.

Are you in favor of using the emancipation of the negroes enslaving the whites? Are you in favor of using the defeat of secession on the part of eleven States for the destruction of all lines of demarkation, political and geographical, between States? Are you in favor of so amending the Constitution of the United States as to make of them a New Nation? Are you in favor of destroying the Republicans founding in its place Despotism? If you are join the Radical party. Learn to regard an oath as idle words: a thing to be observed or disregarded as party interest or party prejudice may seem to require. Learn to consider the destrudtion of all rights of others as essential to the preservation of your own: and to this end learn to regard all means as justifiable.—*Metropolitan Record.*

LATEST NEWS.

The citizens of Alabama will erect a monument in memory of the soldiers of that State who died during the late war.

Gen. D. H. Hill is about to start a monthly Magazine entitled "The land we Love." The first number is to be issued at Montgomery Ala., on the 1st of May.

Hon. George G. Fogg, of Concord, has been appointed Agent and special Attorney for the U. S. Treasury at New Orleans.

The Legislature of California, has passed resolutions almost unanimousy, calling on the U. S. Government to interfere, and overthrow the Empire of Maximilian, in Mexico.

The Steamship England, put into Halifax, with a large number of her passengers sick of the Cholera. After a steaming of ten days, the Cholera had done its work to the extent of fifty deaths.

Congress has, since the organization of the Government, passed five bills over the Presidential veto, one during the administration of Mr. Tyler, and four during that Mr. Pierce. The latter were all bills for the improvement of Western rivers.

The passage of the Civil Rights Bill by the revolutionary assemblies at Washington, is pretended by the Radicals to be a sixth instance of the enactment of a law by Congress, "notwithstanding the President's objections." It is to be seen whether this infamous pretention is to be recognized by the President; or, if no, shall lack the firmness and and the courage to resist it, whether the people will themselves submit to it.

Brigadier General E. W. Rucker, late of the Confederate States Army, was arraigned on the sixth instant on the charge of treason before Judge Connelly F. Trigg, of the United States Circuit and District Courts, at Memphis. Plea entered; Parole. The Court ruled that there are no longer any paroled prisoners since the late proclamation of President Johnson, and that cases of treason went to the civil authorities. General Bucker was held in a bond of ten thousand dollars to appear at the next term of the Court.

Elias J. Bogalle, residing near Natchez, was taken from his house one night last week, by negro soldiers, carried into the woods, and horribly murdered. His body was not found for several days. Nine negroes ars under arrest.

The Honorable A M. Clayton of Marshall, Mississippi, succeeds to the Bench made vacant by the death of Judge Trotter.

General Stoneman has received official information that all the negro troops in the State of Tennessee are to be mustered out by the fifteenth instant.

The Federal dead of Fort Pillow are being re interred in a neat cemetry, over which a monument is to be raised. The Confederate dead remain neglected by both friends and foes.

PARDONS.—Warrants for pardons were issued from the Attorney General's office to-day, by direction of the President, for four individuals, the majority of whom are residents of Georgia, Louisiana and Texas. A few were pardoned under the first exception, but the majority of them under the ttwenty thousand dollars clause.