THE SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES.

L. DUPLEIX, ED. & PROPRIETOR

MRS. MARY E. BRYAN, CO-EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

Rates of Subscription:

Per Year, in Advance, $8.
Six Months, $4,

Agents are allowed Twenty Per Cent on the above rates.

Rates of Advertising.—One Square First Insertion, $1 50. Each Subsequent Insertion, 75 cts.

A Liberal Deduction made to Yearly Advertisers. Cash, or a satisfactory draft in New Orleans, required, by Advertisers doing business out of the State.

NATCHITOCHES LA. FEBY. 6, 1867

Chinese Labors.

We are informed by Mr. Arthur Chaler, that the Coolies working on his plantation, are good laborers and sober men. They are industrious and full of energy, and perfectly satisfied of their new country. And any amount of labor will be performed by them provided the contracts passed carried are out to the letter, and particularly that about the payment of monthly wages and rations.

PLANT CORN.—The time for planting is nearly at hand, It becomes the planter's solemn duty to plant as much corn as practicable or necessary. The high price in cotton has induced many farmers to cultivate only that staple, but such a step on their part, is the future ruin of the Country as it will place them again under the dependence of the West. Not ONE ON FIFTY has made enough corn last season—not even enough to plant this coming crop—besides the means of the Country are more than limited as *credit* and *advances* cannot be mentioned this year, and they will be blind enough to follow their ridiculous theory of "producing cotton and buying their corn?" We admit the corn to be cheaper in New Orleans than it can be sold for here—what is the consequence—if both cotton and corn crops are a failure this year, nothing but ruin will follow such a folly, such a false policy.

Remember our advise—plant corn, plant provisions of all sorts—take a particular care of your gardens and orchards—plant trees—they will re-pay you amply for your troubles and besides the happiness will be again at your door.

The "Shreveport News," so long welcomed under the name of John Dickinson, was lately sold to Rev. A. L. Hay, whose reputation as a good writer and energetic Newspaper Agent is known throughout the States.

In its valedictory, Mr. Dickinson, informs his former patrons that he remaining at the head of the Book and Job printing business.

CHINESE LABOR.—Many inquiries are daily made on this subject. In view of answering to all communications at once, we are preparing one or more articles on the nationality, customs, way of living, of the chinese &c,—which will be published shortly.

☞ We publish to-day the admirable tribute of respect and friendship paid by Hon. S. O. Scruggs, Senator of this Parish, to the lamented memoir of Hon. Abney, of Bossier. These are noble words.

☞ We are particularly indebted to Mess. Murphy & Harkins, Grand Ecore, for a file of papers from the St. Nicholas.

☞ Thanks to Capt. and officers of steamer Navigator for favors.

☞ The demands for white laborers are increasing to such an extent, at our office, that it is our duty to appoint a *special* to attend to such an arduous task. Many hands have already been received and parties employing them are amply satisfied.

NOTICE.

The Commercial firm of Goldberg & Levy is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The undersigned having purchased the Goldberg interest in said firm will continue the business at Dupleix's Old Stand, and is the only person authorized to collect the debts and pay the indebtedness of the firm in this Parish.

H. M. LEVY.

February 6, 1867. W30d

To Planters and Others.

LABORERS! LABORERS!

We would inform our planters and others, that if they desire to procure for their plantations, and other work for this year, to call at this office and they can get Laborers at the shortest notice. Germans Irish, or Blacks can be furnished in any number. Also cooks, nurses, ditchers, wood-choppers, and in fact any kind of laborers. Wages very moderate.

Last Honors to a Great Man.

The States are gathering to themselves the scattered ashes of their illustrious children. A few weeks ago, the remains of Albert Sydney Johnson were removed from the vault in New-Orleans—enclosed in a new coffin—the old one having been broken and shattered by that vile robber of the Dead—the human jackall—Butler—and transported to Texas, as the State which had best right to claim the ashes of a hero, whose memory the great South holds in her keeping.

On the 27th of last month, took place in New-Orleans the funeral obsequies of that great and good man—Gen. Henry W. Allen. He died in Mexico, far from friends and home—from the country he so passionately loved, whose soil had been dyed with his blood, and whose name doubtless lingered longest in his fading consciousness. But he does not sleep among the cacti and aloe blossoms of the Land of Exile. The airs of his native State,—sweet with rose and oliander over-blow his grave, and reverential Love may there drop its quiet tears and, in a day to come young valor may there unsheathe his avenging sword, and kneeling, as if at the altar of Freedom, swear to achieve that national Independance which was the dead hero's dearest dream. The funeral procession was most solemn and imposing. The coffin, draped in black velvet and covered with garlands and bouquets of beautiful flowers, was borne upon the shoulders of his honored friends and comrades. It was preceeded by the carriages containing the Clergy and followed by a procession of two miles in length, among which were five hundred ladies on foot, (as a distinguished mark of respect) and numbers beside in carriages to the rear of the procession. The tomb was decorated with evergreens, immortelles and and garlands of fresh flowers; and each of the sad concourse took away with them a leaf, or flower as a souvenir.

So, the South honors her great Dead, in the face of the small minded Despots, who would scatter their dust to the winds and wring their memories from our hearts.

And in those beautiful tombs, let us bury forever all those vile calumnies (calumnies from Southern tongues) which sought to sully the fame and *did* wound the noble spirits of these two recently re-interred heroes—Gen. Sydney Johnson and Gov. Henry W. Allen. Let us bury all memory of those slanderous whispers of coward and traitor, which wrung the sensitive heart of Johnson and goaded him to his death—all memory of the base calumnies by which Envy sought to deprive Gov. Allen of the only reward that he coveted, the only reward that was left for his long, unwearied exertions for the people—a place in the hearts and confidence of that people;

These slanders were secretly insinuated among those who knew him *not*, while Gov. Allen, with constitution shattered by the hardships of war and limbs crippled in battle, was wearing out his life in efforts to serve our enfeebled cause,—to supply the domestic necessities of a suffering people, to meet military exigencies, arouse latent energy, infuse his own enthusiasm into a discouraged soldiery, correct civil and military abuses, rectify mistakes, encourage enterprise, and keep in motion the complex civil military and social machinery, at a time of war, of blockade and discouragement.

The greater part of the burden of all this fell upon this one man. He worked with unflagging energy, and with that fresh, bouyant, inspiring enthusiasm which is ever the accompaniament of genius.

The demands on his time, patience and memory were innumerable, but he met them promptly, with always a pleasant word and smile (in addition to practical consolation) for the distressed widow and disabled soldier, whom he made his peculiar care. He sought nothing for himself—his purse, his time and talents were for his country, and when active duties were over, his brain was busy devising schemes to strengthen his State and Country, and to aid them in working out the independance, to which he confidently looked forward.

When the clouds that hung around our political horizon, grew darker, and the people settled into sullen despondency, he only redoubled his energy, and remained hopeful and zealous as before—still meeting every applicant, however humble, with that distinguishing courtesy—or rather that sympathizing kindness, which was so peculiarly his.

When it was all over, and his beloved country was surrendered to her enemies—this heroic spirit, which had remained hopeful to the last, felt the shock with terrible intensity—He could not endure the thought of witnessing the enemy's triumphant occupation of his State, and with an impulse of proud bitterness he resolved to fly to some other country, in which to spend the short residue of a life he felt to be near its end. Giving up all the little fortune he possessed (which consisted of landed property in the State) he turned into his sad exile, leaving with the people of his country that beautiful published benediction—so full of the yearning of unutterable love and sorrow wisely counseling them to quiet resignation to the inevitable, and to industrious efforts to restore the domestic prosperity of their State.

In Mexico, he took up the burden of life with his wonted hopeful energy. He felt that this last chapter of his life would be a short one, but he began it cheerfully by editing, for his support, a paper called the Mexican Times. He made its columns the outlet for all the exuberant vitality of his being—all the fervent enthusiasm of his glowing nature. Eloquently, he defended truth, and Right and moral beauty, wherever they are struggling against the false and strugling against the wrong of earth. His style has been condemned as too rhetorical: perhaps so, but words never seem superfluous in his sentences. The vitality of the thought imbues them They are wings to the rushing, rapid thought.

But this bright, active soul soon outwore its frail casket The pen fell from the fingers that once felt not the weight of the sword. The brave, tender, hopeful heart—so strong in love and faith—throbbed its last throb for country and kind, and now the battle worn body is at rest in its native soil. B.

John R. Thompson in the Capitol.

John R. Thompson—the elegant writer and lecturer—the accomplished Editor and the *best* Critic the South has produced—has returned from Europe, and is contributing some racy papers to that excellent magazine—The "Old Guard." His manner is as fresh and vivacious, his style as sparkling and his wit as keen as in the *ante bellum* days, since which we lost sight of him almost utterly, in our blockaded, Trans-Mississippi condition. We doubt not however, that his physical has changed as little as his mental aspect,—that he is as youthful in appearance as smooth of brow, as clear of eye and with a smile as child-like in its unconsciousness and spontaniety,—as when we saw him (first and last) in the little parlor of the dear old Atlanta Trout House—which, by the way, we had entered in considerable trepidation, expecting to see an august personage, with green spectacles surmounting a nose intellectually bilious, and so Eagle-bill-like in contour, as to be suggestive of those merciless tearing to pieces of the small fry songbirds, to which rumor whispered he was eminently addicted. What a delightful contrast to the critic ogre of our young imagination was the simple mannered, youthful looking gentleman, who rose upon our entrance and bent upon us a kindly, penetrative glance from eyes clear and pleasant as if they had never looked upon any but good and beautiful things.

Years full of changes have passed since then, and premature wrinkles are stamped upon many brows, but in John R. Thompson's soul, was the Fountain of perpetual youth which is called Genius—keeping forever green the sweet, youthful sympathy with Nature, with hope and trust, and all those purer feelings, that possess and impart

"The fragrancy
And freshness of young flowers."

In the February number of the "Old Guard" is a very pleasant, and amusing paper "The Capitol at Washington" contributed by John R. Thompson—with occasional flashes of his bright, polished wit—a wit, rather English like and anti-American in its character, and not perhaps highly appreciable by an audience that grins broadest approval of the coarse caricatures of Brick Pomeroy, Brownlow, Josh Billings, and their compeers and imitators.

Mr. Thompson enumerates some eight or ten buildings, as being all upon the glorious worthy to be named with the Capitol for magnitude and magnificence, and adds that all of these (with one exception) are mausoleum's.

Then he humorously continues:

And the Capitol at Washington is also a whitened sepulchre, for they have buried under it Constitutional Liberty, and erected upon the apex of the dome her august image, though the dark tinge of the bronze in contrast with the glittering white marble of the structure, makes her look so much like a young woman out of the "Freedman's Bureau," that it would seem as if they had designedly set up the negroes above the memories, the traditions, and the types of a great nationality.

Of the New Dome, which "cags the city like a bubble" Mr Thompson says:

The impression made upon the traveller by the Capitol, in the front view, is unquestionably that of a dome. It seems all dome. The main building looks as if it were sinking into the earth beneath the superincumbent weight of dome. Or it looks like calling upon the unfortunate structure "to come out of that dome." Upon a base commensurate with its soaring altitude and vast proportions, the dome would be a wonderous object, indeed; but it wants the old Capitol of thirty years ago, by its hugeness, and the idea of dome is predominant until the stranger enters the portico and stands within the great Rotunda, for which everything else has been sacrificed.

In the great Rotunda Mr Thompson finds one characteristic habit the "great American Nation" expressed with an impressement bordering strongly on ridiculous caricature—This is the tobacco chewing and quid squirting habit, so National and so Democratic in its tendency "In walking across the Rotunda" says Mr. Thompson, "the visitor sees spittoons to the right of him, spittoons to the left of him, spittoon in front of him, as the Light Brigade saw the cannon at Balaklava. I am not Optemist enough to hope for the abolition of tobacco chewing at any period short of that "good time coming" when all is to be made right in the morning, and every body is to live in a down stone house on Fifth Avenue, and therefore I cannot conscientiously complain that such ample precaution has been taken to preserve our Temple of Freedom from defilement, but one may reasonably object to the mandatory style of the placards stuck up in the public buildings in Washington—Use the Spittoons." Observe, the imperative mood. It is not do not spit on the floor," but "*Use the Spittoons*," addressed to all the world, and commanding every one, whether he wishes or not, without regard to his personal habits in the use of tobacco to *spit—nolens volens*—as it were by a law of Congress."

Mr Thompson pokes a little sly fun at the grandiose fresco in the upper gallery of the dome over whose perfection the Spread Eagle flaps its wings and screams so lustfily.

It was "explained" to him by an elderly attendant who was doing the honors of the Capitol and who had given utterance to a little malice about "Andy"—(It is the deadliest of the Seven sins for one of the "Dominant Party" to say "the President.") Mr. Thompson was not caught in the trap, for the expression of his political opinions. He says:

Waving a discussion of the Presidential policy which this remark seemed clearly to invite, I ventured to ask some explanation of the wonderous allegory above me, which seemed in its background to be a sort of compromise between the palace of Kuba Khan in Xanadu and the Black Crook, while in the foreground General Washington, Dr. Franklin and Robert Morris, and perhaps some others of the Fathers of the Republic, were represented in company with several partially dressed young ladies and two or three of the infernal gods.

The old gentleman became at once communicative. "Wal, you know, its considered about the best thing of the sort on airth. The man that had the contract was nigh three years a doing on it but he stood up thair and painted a kinder the easiest you ever see. Probably you notis some black daubs onto the suffis of the painting. From the Rotundy they look like holes into the ceiling. From this point they resembles chaws of tobacky that some unprincipled cuss of a secesh have taken from his mouth and flung at the majestic figger of the Father of his Country. But they isn't. The wasps does it. They seems parshill to the Fine Arts. The pesky things builds their nests right agin the painting, and the effeck is injurious. You will recognise General Washington in the blue coat. The young 'oman onto his right a holding of the tommyhawk (the artist had here worked in a goddess bearing the Roman fasces like a feminine Lictor) is Liberty, which she is the same individyule the statue of whom stands on the top of the eddifis (the old gentleman appeared evidently to consider her one of the 'Statutes at Large'); the other female, a blowing of her horn, is Fame."

The South has reason to be proud of Mr. Thompson, as one of the most graceful and able writers in America. In his capacity as critic, he has no superior, since the death of Edgar Poe. He could not do the South, he loves so well, a better service than by publishing a series of critical papers upon its young and imperfect literature. B.

The Loyal Thirty Ninth.

The Loyal Thirty-Ninth are busy with their absurd bills and noisy discussions—consuming quantities of atmospheric oxygen and whiskey per diem, to say nothing of public money—though that can always be supplied by the miserable Rebels, who are fit for nothing but to be taxed.

Impeachment of the President, absorption of power by the "imperialistic" Congress, exaltation of the negro, punishment of the "murderous barbarians" as they flatteringly denominate us poor denizens of Dixie, schemes for a gradual gobbling up of the South by good loyalists—especially of Texas, which Mr. Bundy has already divided, like a pie, into four slices, with grandiloquent appellations in place of the old name, which he tells us has become the Synonym of "penal colony" all the world over——these are a few of the schemes that engage the wits of these wiseacres, congregated, for the good of the nation—in the "City of magnificent"——morality.

They seem to be enjoying their little game of pulling things to pieces, for they threaten not to adjourn at all again, for any length of time, but to keep on setting as persistently as an old goose of our acquaintance, who set upon a lime rock and a piece of broken crockery until she was literary a bag of bones and feathers, nor would she have given over her laudable efforts to hatch a lime kiln, had she not been captured and her bones crunched by some of Bank's starvelings in the celebrated "Cotton Raid."

This Congress is bound to hatch something before it stops. All this fuss is surely not for nothing. But then to be sure the mountain of the fable, roared and travailed in prodigious throes—and brought forth—only a mouse—a little "*ridiculous mus*." B.

DRUNKEN LADIES.

In New York City, on New Year's Day—the day when the fashionable world pays visits and trite compliments, and imbibes Egg Nog and Champagne—the Ladies of the *haut ton* were many of them *drunk* upon the streets—some, say the papers, staggering and caught by policemen, while groups of young ladies—laughing loudly, calling and screaming—hilariously tight—could be met on every street.

A pretty picture for that city of sanctification, where the Divines talk to the Almighty as if he was a first cousin of theirs and suggest to him what he had better do and whom he had better punish. They are contemplating the sending of Missionaries down here to civilize the white Southern heathens in benighted Rebeldom. We advise them to keep at home, if they can do any good there. We dont know any dark corner in this region where the "civilizing" process is more needed than among themselves. B.

The Eastern Question.

The eastern question has assumed a most threatening attitude. The world will not be surprised to learn at any moment that the Cretes are sustained by Greece and the whole power of Russia combined, in which event the power of the sultan will shake to its center, if it be not utterly overthrown. This danger may awaken western Europe to the necessity of averting it even at the expense of a general war. The aurora of liberty again flashes a fitful light upon the minarets of Constantinople. Again Athens gleams with burnished sabres.

European Political Rumors.

We have to mention, without comment on the probability of its truth or falsehood, a current report in Europe that the coolness between France and Prussia is on the increase. It is particularly said that the king of Hanover, the elector of Hesse, and the duke of Nassau—sovereigns whose dominions have lately been annexed by Prussia—are trying to form at Vienna, Stuttgardt, and Darmstadt, a formal declaration of alliance with France when the Emperor Napoleon is ready to cross the Rhine, and that the bankers of Vienna and Frankfort have offered two hundred mill on of francs in support of the intervention. Perhaps this rumor may have been suggested by the belief that Count Bismarck, notwithstanding all that he has done for Prussia, is not popular with the court, and that the king, a tolerable soldier but by no means a statesman, believes that his late successes were due very largely to his army and very slightly to his able minister. The state of Count Bismarck's health is anxiously watched in Germany. His disease (a swelling of the veins of the head and neck), attacks him when he works at his official duty, leaves him when he relaxes his labors, and may drive him into temporary and even permanent retirement. *Then* his royal master would probably be made to feel his value.

MAXIMILIAN'S COINS.

The New York Numismatic society are making themselves merry about a silver dollar issued by Maximilian, emperor of Mexico, which is on exhibition in that city. The emperor, whose effigy is on the coin, has a beard, which is so drawn as to bear, when the coin is turned upside down, a striking resemblance to the head of a donkey. The New York Numismatists have had a grave discussion to decide whether this resulted from design or was an intentional piece of satire on the part of the artist. The Mexicans are lucky, however, to have even donkey-marked silver in circulation, for our coins have been so long out of sight that the public generally have forgotten whether eagles or donkeys have most to do in ornamenting them.

Dr. Scruggs Address.

Mr. Egan offered a resolution in reference to the death of Mr. Abney, late senator from the district comprising the parishes of Bossier, Bienville, Claiborne and Winn. The resolution was as follows:

WHEREAS, We have learned with profound regret the death of the Hon. A. A. Abney, late a member of this body, from the district composed of the parishes of Bossier, Claiborne, Bienville and Winn; therefore,

Resolved. That the members of the Senate wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved. That the secretary be instructed to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Resolved. That, as a mark of respect to the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

Dr Scruggs seconded the resolution and in a fervid address, paid a merited eulogy to the memory of the late senator, who had been his friend through life from its earliest days. He said:

Mr. President—In rising to second the resolutions of the gentleman from Claiborne (Mr. Egan) I assure you, sir, that I do so with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure. Mr. Abney was the friend of my childhood, of my boyhood, and of my manhood's riper years, and I am proud to pay the just tribute to his memory by declaring that in all the relations of life I never knew a purer or better man, firmer or more steadfast friend. Yes, sir, a friend who was ever ready to rejoice with me when I rejoiced, and to weep with me when sympathy demanded a tear. Deprived of the advantages of an early education by the sad reverses of fortune, he was thrown upon his own resources and became the architect of his own fortune. He was born for the grandest duties which the discipline of adversity exacts, for the sternest self-sacrifices which misfortune imposes upon her children. His character may be likened to a plain column hewn out of some granite hill, which by its uprightness, its devotion and solidity, might act as a guide and landmark of primitive beauty and glory in its neighborhood. Clear, practical ability, massive common sense, the noblest physical proportions, and a stern grandeur of spirit, entered into, and were beautifully blended in his mental and physical constitution. His pure, unsullied christian heart was never touched by that moth of the soul, as St. Chrysostom beautifully calls envy. Proud, noble, generous, magnanimous almost to fastidiousness he has the soul of manliness and the living, breathing impersonation of honor and integrity. But this moral mail could not protect him from the Archers unerring aim. He is gone; and whilst the heart of friendship yields slowly and sadly to the melancholy conviction, it broods with a sense of almost utter desolation over the thoughts "that come up like ceptres to haunt its lonely musings."

We yield with becoming humanity to the fiat of the great I Am That I Am. Oftentimes in the dewy morn or at twilight's sacred, silent hour, will his friends repair to that spot so beautifully called by an ancient Scottish poet "God's Acre" and bedew it with warm tears of friendship and love. Mr. President the ancient Phoenicians planted the thorny, but perennial Acacia around the tombs of their sainted dead—the ancient Romans strewed flowers over the graves of their dead legislators; but let us adopt the lines of the poet, as equally, if not more expressive of our feelings:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of our better days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

"Tears were shed when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep;
And long where thou art lying
Shall tears the cold turf steep."

The resolution was then unanimously adopted, and the Senate adjourned to meet to morrow, Wednesday, January 30th, 1867, at 12 M.

Radical Reports from Washington.

Under date of the 19th and 20th, the Cincinnati Gazette has the following special telegraphic communications from Washington:

The Next Movement.—It is probable that an effort will be made next to get at the correspondence which took place between the President and Gov. Swann, just previous to the last election in Maryland, relative to sending troops to Baltimore to interfere in the Police Commissioners' difficulty. The Maryland Legislature refused yesterday to ask Gov. Swan for a copy of this correspondence.

Alleged Southern Offers of Compromise.—The Governor of South Carolina is here. It is said that Alexander H. Stephens will soon arrive, and that they are seeking to defeat all disfranchising clauses in the reconstruction measures, by proposing on the part of the South that Congress shall have power to establish a universal rule of suffrage for the country, and that the South on agreeing to this, shall at once be restored to representation.

Mr. Seward's Foreign Policy.—The resolution moved in the Senate by Mr. Sumner, calling for the correspondence between Mr. Seward and Minister Motley, will, if answered in full, bring to light some curious documents of the existence of which the country has little idea. There is authority for saying in the most positive terms that Mr Motley has not resigned his post as Minister to Austria.

Bills Awaiting Signature.—The bill providing for the assembling of the Fortieth Congress on the 4th of March, as well as that establishing negro suffrage in the Territories, was sent to the White House on the 12th inst., and the President can keep both till Thursday before declaring his purpose regarding them. The Colorado and Nebraska bills he can keep till next week Tuesday.

In a certain Sabbath school the superintendent made a powerful appeal to the scholars to be active and useful, and among other things he told them they should all be locomotives, each taking along his train to heaven. The next Sabbath, just as the school opened, in came one of the best and most zealous boys with thirteen new scholars behind him and went up the aisle uttering a noise, choo, choo, imitative of the engine, to the amazement of the superintendent and scholars.

"What does this mean?" asked the astonished superintendent.

"Why," answered the boy, "you said we must be locomotives; and here I am with thirteen cars behind me."

North Carolina.

Mr. Wm. McCord has discovered on his farm, about four miles from Charlotte, a rich vein of gold. At a depth of thirteen feet, he found a nugget weighing 30 pennyweights. The ore is said to be worth about one hundred dollars per bushel.

The National Bank at Charlotte has declared a dividend of 10 per cent. for six months, and carried 5 per cent to the revenue fund.

The Newbern Commercial, of the 12th, records the following fearful lynching affair:

A white man three negroes, a few days ago, violated the person of Mrs. F. X. Miller of Green county, during the absence of her husband. They were arrested, as already announced in this paper, and committed to jail for trial, The feelings of the people of Green county were so much enraged, that they were unable to await the slow process of the law, and on Tuesday night last, a large number of them took the prisoners out of jail and subjected them to a horrible, but well-merited death.

The Charlotte Democrat thinks that the North Carolina Supreme Court will decide stay laws to be unconstitutional.

The Raleigh Progress says that the demands on the merchants of Wilmington for guano and other imported fertilizers is so great, that the agents in Wadesboro' find it difficult to supply the orders for that section.

A Raleigh correspondent of the Baltimore Sun thus refers to the crops and resources of North Carolina:

The cotton crop of this State is a very fair one, estimated at between eighty to ninety thousand bales. Corn and tobacco crops fair; wheat, not enough for home consumption; mineral resources beleieved to be considerable—gold and copper mines are being worked to some profit in Nash county; plumbago and lead exist in Wake county, anthracite and bituminous coal in Forsyth, Stokes and Rockingham.

The soil is adapted to the growth of all sorts of grain and fruits, except tropical fruits. The water power in this State is immense, commencing at Weldon, on the Roanoke River, and running through Nash county to Tennessee, and many inducements are offered to capitalists from the North to erect mills, factories, etc. Among intelligent classes a commendable effort is manifested to allay sectional prejudice, and encourage emigration from the North; but of course, there are others who unwisely manifest a different spirit.

Brick Pomeroy has found it necessary to put a stop to the heavy stories about fast compositors, and he does it in the following style:

We have a compositor in this office the friction of whose movements over the type in his stick fuses them solid like stereotype plate. The only way to prevent this is to have his case submerged in water, and the rapidity of his motions keeps the water boiling and bubling so that eggs have frequently been boiled in the space box. Pipes lead from the bottom of his case to a boiler in the press room, and the steam generated by our fast compositor's motions runs the power press. In one day he "set" so much type that it took all hands, from editor to devil, two weeks to read the proof, and it wasn't his good day for setting type, either.

COMMUNICATION.

Below we publish the communication of "Close Observer," on the subject of Judicial Advertisements. Being interested in the matter, we shall not enter into a discussion, and simply invite others who hold views opposed to those of "Close Observer" to express them. The communication is published verbatim et literatim.

In the Times of the 30th, No. 33, in an Allusion, to a petition to the Legislature, to abolish the Judicial Advertisements in the French language in this Parish, the Times *anticipate an animated debate. How to deprive our friends of their just rights, is a question propounded to the Parties.*

This question can easily be dissolved, without sharpening the brains of a Statesman, nor does it require any profound oratorical power in the Legislature.

The proprietor of the Times, by examining his Ledger, can see at a glance, that their is no depriving of Rights by abolishing the present act. But to the contrary, for the last fifteen years, the great majority of our citizens, were deprived of their rights, by being compelled to pay for a thing which is a useless expense, and accomplishes no good. Laws are made or ought to be made for the benefit of the people, to suit the times, locations, and circumstances. This Parish contains about 1200 citizens, all can speak the English language, except about 10; in fact every citizen in this Parish if he can read at all; he reads the English, and therefore the advertisement in the French is unnecessary.

As for the Justice of it? A man has a judgement for $105,00, and executes the same, all parties being Americans, he has to pay from $25, to $45, to the printer for two languages, and in most cases, property don't bring the appraisment, then the same enormous expenses are duplicated.

A poor widow and orphans, oppen a succession for five or six hundred dollars more or less! she has to pay $50, or $75, to the printer.

The Tax Collector seizes property for the sum of five or ten dollars, the printers bill amounts to about $30 more or less.

John Sims is appointed overseer of the Road, and Jacob A. Wolson, Commissioner of Election, neither of them understands a word of French, but they must be notified in the newspaper in the French language, and consequently the Parish keeps always a large balance in debt. In a word the compulsion of the Judicial Advertisement, in the French Language, I have reason to say, is an annoyance to the bar, a nuisance to the officers of the court and an unnecessary expence to the citizens of our Parish, which accomplishes no good, and the evil ought to be remeded from our Parish, as stated, in the petition allready signed by a Respectable and Intelligent class of our citizens.

CLOSE OBSERVER.

POET'S CORNER.

For the Natchitoches "Times."

The night before the Execution.

BY MARY E BRYAN.

She lies upon the dungeon floor.—
Swathed in her night black hair,
She does not pray, she does not weep;
Dispair is still, when it is deep
And knows not moan or prayer.

She dare not move her fettered feet
To stamp in frenzy's might;
She fears the clanking chain to hear,
It rouses phantoms full of fear
In the dead, silent night.

So mute and motionless she lies,
But through her fevered brain
The thronging memories go and come—
Unshadowed by the pall of doom—
Untainted by the dungeon gloom—
——A bright and glittering train.

Within the gorgeous pleasure halls
She sweeps—a festal queen;
White curves her proud neck-jewel bound
Dark wreathes her tresses plume encrowned—
——Stately, yet soft her mien.

Gems burn the arms, unsullied snow
——Now rusty fetters bide,
And *he* had clasped them kneeling low
With the proud grace she learned to know
And watch for with a guilty glow;
She—she, another's bride!

His soft, dark eyes shine on her now—
——Eyes made but to beguile—
She feels her own proud spirit kneel
To the strange power those eyes reveal—
The scorn and tenderness, whose seal
Is the rare, changeful smile.

She gave him all that woman can—
Surrendered him her soul—
She would have walked with him through hell
Nor heard the tortured spirits yell—
Led by his presence mastering spell
And Passion's wild control.

She *had* done for him—what—Oh God!
The haunting horror comes—
She sees the Dead—the murdered Dead!
With livid poison spots o'er spread—
His kind, true lips, his hoary head!
How plain the spectre looms!

God! what a horror in its look!
Calm, sad but full of doom—
She feels that it foretells the fate,
That—past the rope and scaffold—wait
Upon the soul that shrieks "too late"
Before the yawning tomb.

She can not bear it; she must scream
Though all the fiends awake—
No; it is gone—it leaves her now
With the cold sweat upon her brow
And limbs that cramp and quake

Deep silence fills the freezing cell.
Not even her pulses stir;
Hark! what faint sound falls on her ear?
The note of the far chanticleer,
Crying "the morning lingheth near"
But what is day to her!

The awful Day—that comes—her last
Horror congeals her blood
Wild shouts and curses fill her ears
A sea of faces turns to hers
And, what is this, that clasps, that sears?
The rope! the rope! Oh God.

It tightens, chokes!—No, it is but
A coil of clammy hair;
She flings it like a serpent off,
But still she hears the crowd's deep scoff;
Still those dark ranks appear.

A thousand cold, unpitying eyes
Turn to her standing there,
Intent to see the horrid rope
Throttling the fluttering life and hope,
Swing the scared soul beyond the scope
Of Earth and Time—Oh where?

She starts—amid that sea like throng
One face a frenzy fainings,
He comes to gloat on her despair!
His look, his scorn she will not bear;
Forward she springs to curse him there—
Her foot fails—black grows the air!
Just God! She swings! she swings.

She falls upon the dungeon floor
In deep, and deadly swoon
The night's wild dreams and fears are o'er,
Would she might lie there ever more!
Nor wake for sun or moon.

* * * * * *

But she will wake from that deep rest
To hear the hammer's sound
Upon her scaffold's lofty hight,
And she will go, all cold and white
And act the vision of to-night
Before the gazing crowd.

For the Natchitoches Times.

BABY.

To Allie Burdett A....

BY W. H. T.

Sweet dimpled chin,
And laughing eyes,
Whose azure depths,
Mock Summer skies.
Thy joyous smile,
Like sunny beam,
Or rippling wave,
O'er placid stream.

The rosy hue,
On velvet cheeks,
Like crimson morn
Thy health bespeaks,
In every limb,
Soft beauty mould's,
Like spring time bud,
Its form unfolds.

Ah! beauteous babe,
Around thee clings,
Pure fancy, bright
As seraph's wings.
Prayers, deep love,
Around thee fold,
From mother's heart,
With strength untold.

No gloomy clouds,
Above thee gather;
No darkness tells,
Life's stormy weather,
All snow white may,
From youth to age,
Thy record be,
A stainless page.

A mother's love,
Shields thee with care,
From every breath
Of chilling air.
T'will gently guide,
Thy footsteps light,
Amid life's dark
And starless night.

Oh! happy babe!
Oh! mother young!
We bless you now;
With simple song,
Above thy barks,
May brilliant shine,
Life's joyous hopes
Down stream of time.

Feb. 1, 1867.

☞ An old hotel keeper in Washington once posted on his dining-room door the following notice: "Members of Congress will go to the table first, and then the gentlemen Rowdies and blackguards must not mix with the Congressmen, as it is hard to tell one from the other."