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Liberal advances made on consignments. Capt. L. Perot, late of Natchitoches parish, will be found there, and will be happy to see his old friends.

Pro-Negro States.

The National Intelligencer, of the 12th ultimo, in a long and able leading editorial addressed to Members of Congress gives seven distinct reasons why pro-negro States should not be admitted into the Union. In the Intelligencer's logical and dignified manner it shows the terrible peril impending over the country, and beseeches the radical faction to return to conservatism and to reason. We append the seventh and last argument adduced by this journal, as conclusively showing the danger and absurdity of admitting the Southern States into the Union under the radical scheme.

7. The introduction of a pro-negro State would destroy the Union. Can there be a doubt about it? We do not mean to attempt to do it, but the consummation. Would New York sit in the Senate equal with the negroes of South Carolina? Should the Uncle Ned of a Southern cantrake give the vote of half a State on a measure affecting the hundreds of millions of government and bank stocks in the pockets of New York capitalists, when Senator Morgan can do no more? Shall the poor hotentots of the plantations outweigh the three millions of that State on a question of regulating commerce for her great city? Shall men without a dollar, a home, or a character, give the casting vote for a war for which New York must pour out her millions of money and her legions of men, and expose to an enemy her magnificent temples of art, industry and opulence? And will that great State be told that this is "republicanism"? Again, shall a Senator or Representative speak in Congress for a people who will not tolerate a single vote of a single negro for the lowest constable, but whose representative must put them man for man, on a plane of equality, in his representative character, with negroes, in consulting for their good upon the most momentous public questions? Must a negro, swaggering in the sacred privileges of a national legislator, boast on the floors of the Capitol that he has wrought a dishonor of the blood and a degradation of the race to which all Northern members belong, and that he has rightfully impoverished and punished all political opponents in his district, while his Northern fellow member is bound to exult in the very opposite principle prevailing in his own home? Who can measure the antagonism that must, while the sky is blue, or man has an emotional nature, burn and poison and explode between such elements? And it would matter little whether the representatives were negroes or white men of negro constitencies. A single dispute casually arising between such opponents on the floors of Congress might inflame the country from end to end.

Solemnly, sincerely, and dispassionately, banishing all party or personal proclivity, motive, or bias, let us implore statesmen to press not this unnatural scheme. Let us implore them to abolish it. There is no doubt, that whatever be the invincible reasons, the people are opposed to it. The attempt must be abandoned if peace is to be preserved. Trifle not with the colossal enigma of the public will. It will destroy you if you do.

It is said that during the past fifty years statistics of the dry goods trade have proved that ninety merchants in every hundred have failed; five in every hundred have made a living; and one in every hundred realized a fortune.

The Brandon Republican thinks that one-third of the delegates elected to the Mississippi Convention are negroes, and another third much worse.

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

Zachus Greeley, father of Horace, died at Fort Wayne, Penn., on the 18th ult., aged 86 years.

Philadelphia claims to be the greatest manufacturing city in the world except London. In 1866 the factories there produced over two hundred million dollars worth of staple goods.

"To make butter keep," the books say, "the buttermilk must all be worked out, not washed out." To make the character keep, also, the nonsense must all be worked out, not played out.

The greatest snow-storm recorded in Russia occurred on the steppes of Kirghers, in Siberia, in 1627, destroying 285,000 horses, 30,400 cattle, 1,000,000 sheep and 19 camels. The greatest recorded in England is that of 1814, in which, for forty-eight hours the snow fell so furiously that drifts of sixteen, twenty, and even twenty-four feet were recorded in various places. In the south of Scotland, in 1620, there were thirteen drifty days, which killed nine-tenths of all the sheep. On Eskdale Moor, out of 20,000 only 45 were left alive, and the shepherds everywhere built up huge semi-circular walls of the dead creatures to afford shelter to the living till the gale should end. An inch an hour is thought to be the average rate of deposit, though four inches are said to have fallen during the severe storm in New York, January 3, 1859.

Tea, Then and Now.—In 1661, the importation of tea into England was two pounds two ounces, for the use of the king. Two hundred years later (1862) the imports into that country were 105,000,000 pounds.

Curtain Lectures—Mrs. Slick.

REPORTED BY HER HUSBAND.
Mr. Slick attends a Club-meeting:—"Well, Mr. Slick if you are so drunk that you can't tell the difference between a ten penny nail and a cigar, you had better go to bed. Yes, there it is again. Perhaps you know better than I do, that matches won't light iron. Taint a nail! Well, keep on wasting matches, and then complain of being poor. Grind your poor wife and three innocent little ones down to degrading poverty. 'What is a match?' Yes, what's a drink? Nothing, only 25 cents, and four of them make a dollar.

"I, for my part, can't see what amusement there can be in the club-room, that men will leave their homes, wives and blessed little ones, until 11 o'clock, to amuse themselves as best they may. Weighty questions to discuss? Yes, no doubt they are weighty, for they seem to weigh very heavy upon you; so much so that they stagger you, and I suppose what makes you stagger, so thick is you have talked until it is swollen. You wish mine would swell? Yes, there is no doubt of that. You dislike to have your faults spoken of, but if there is any company in the house, you delight to barter my conduct, and throw out the impression that you are the most abused man in the world. Everything is so different now from what it was when we were first married. Then you were all attention—constantly by my side. It's all my fault? Yes, that's what you always say. 'Always jawing! Yes, if any one speaks of your faults, and wants to advise for your own good, they are always jawing. You think such scenes are disgraceful? Yes, I think so, too. Suppose Toodles' folks had seen you when you staggered up the steps and fell against the door; what would they have said? You don't care—it was an accident? No, you haven't any shame for yourself nor for me; but I should think you would dislike to have it thrown in your children's faces, that their father was drunk every week. Mistake, indeed; yes, rather say it was a drunken miscalculation. Plead something in extenuation of your faults. Going to bed in disgust. Indeed! I should think it was time any honest person was there, for, if you can see that air, it is 1 o'clock; and as for being disgusted; it's enough to disgust a saint of a woman."

Mr. Slick retires, and unfortunately upsets two chairs, and runs against the cradle, which awakens the last edition of the Slick family. Mr. Slick recovers his equilibrium, and commences singing:

"Come, landlord fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over;
For this night we'll merry, merry be,
To-morrow we'll get sober."

"Murder! what a bedlam! A lunatic asylum would be a Heaven to this place. Now that you have woke up the baby and made night hideous, I hope you will go to bed and sleep off your drunken fit. Ah! (hic) drunk. Oh, no you are perfectly sober. Got a bad turn of biceps, that's all. There, there, hush, papa is a brute. A brute! Yes, you are a gentleman! A delightful husband you are! You try to make home pleasant, and your company is very agreeable."

Mr. Slick still sings, and attempts a jig, a la negro minstrel, and then turns into bed.

Here Mr. Slick fell asleep and dreamed that his wife was turned into a thunderbolt, of which he could hear the distant rumbling of its pent-up fire.

THE MAN WITHOUT AN ENEMY.—Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody. If such an individual ever succeeded we should be glad of it, not that we believe in a man going through the world trying to find beams to knock his head against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing, and crowding all who differ with him. That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinions, so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing that they will respect you less for maintaining it, or respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the colors of theirs. Wear your own colors in spite of wind and weather, storms or sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and twist than it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

MECHANISM.—A very ingenious piece of mechanism for the detection and extraction of bullets in wounds has been devised. The probe, consisting of two steel wires insulated from each other, is connected with an electric horse shoe magnet and a bell, and when introduced into the wound it touches the bullet, the circle is completed, and the bell rings. The forceps act on the same principle, and are intended, first, to detect, then to seize the bullet. They have curved points, and not pallets or spoons. The points of the probe are kept sheathed on introduction to a wound, and not uncovered until the supposed bullet is felt. This is effected by means of a sliding tube. The probe is a sensitive artificial finger, which enters deeply into the tissues, and gives the signal at once, when it detects the hidden source of mischief below.

A writer in Putnam's Magazine for January says that during the past four years, "more important legislation has been modeled by a silent sister from Thaddeus Stevens than Webster's most brilliant oration ever discussed."

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

The Last Days of Byron.

An American thus writes: I passed the winter of Byron's death in Greece, and the latter part of February went to Missolonghi to see him. He was then suffering from the effect of a fit of epilepsy, which occurred in the middle of February. The first time that I called at his residence I was not permitted to see him; but in a few days I received a polite note from him at the hand of a negro servant, who was a native of America, and whom Byron was kind to, and proud of, to the last.

I found the poet in a weak and rather irritable state, but he treated me with the utmost kindness. He said that at the time I first called on him, all strangers and most of his friends were excluded from his room.

"But," said he, "had I known an American was at the door, you should not have been denied. I love your country, sir; it is the only spot of God's green earth not desecrated by tyrants."

In our conversation, I alluded to the sympathy at the time felt in America, for struggling Greece. All he said at the time in reply was:

"Poor Greece! poor Greece! once the richest on earth. God knows I have tried to help her! My friends and I have referred in rapturous terms to Bozaris then just fallen, and showed me a letter from the chief."

In a few days after I left him I received another note from him, requesting me to call and bring with me Irving's Sketch Book. I took it in my hand and went once more to the illustrious author's residence. He rose from his couch when I entered, and pressing my hand warmly, said:

"Have you brought the Sketch Book?"

I handed it to him, when seizing it with enthusiasm, he turned to "The Broken Heart."

"That," said he, "is one of the finest things ever written on earth, and I want to hear an American read it. But stay, do you know Irving?"

I replied that I had never seen him.

"God bless him!" exclaimed Byron, "he is a genius; and he has something better than genius—in his heart, I wish I could see him, but I fear I never shall. Well, read him 'The Broken Heart'—yes, 'The Broken Heart.' What a world!"

In closing the first paragraph, I said: "Shall I confess that I believe in broken hearts?"

"Yes," exclaimed Byron, "and so do I, and so does every one but philosophers and fools."

So I waited whenever he interrupted me, until he requested me to go on; yet I cared more for the commentary, as it came fresh from Byron's heart. While I was reading one of the most touching portions of the mournful piece, I observed that Byron wept. He turned his eyes upon me and said:

"You see me weep, sir; Irving himself never wrote that story without weeping, nor can I hear it without tears. I have not wept much in this world, for trouble never brings tears to my eyes; but I always have tears for 'The Broken Heart.'"

When I read the last line of Moore's verses, at the close of the piece, Byron said:

"What a being that Tom is, and Irving, and Emmet, and his beautiful love! What beings all! Sir, how many such men as Washington, Irving are there in America? God don't send many such spirits into this world. I want to go to America for five reasons. I want to see Irving; I want to see your stupendous scenery; I want to see Washington's grave; I want to see the classic form of living freedom; I want to see your government recognize Greece as an independent nation. Poor Greece!"

These were the last words of Byron.

As a canal-boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning, "Look out!" when a little Frenchman, popping his head out of the window, received a severe thump. He drew it back in a great pet, and exclaimed, "Dese Americans are queer people; dey say, 'Look out,' when dey mean, 'Look in!'"

It was in Dublin city that a good-humored maid-of-all-work, Molly, once related to her young mistress a most marvelous dream she had had the night before. "Pooh, pooh!" cries the latter, at its conclusion, "you must have been asleep, Molly, when you dreamed such nonsense. 'Indeed I was not, then,' replied the indignant Molly; 'I was just as wide awake as I am this minute.'"

The Land Office at Monroe was opened for the transaction of business on the 23d ult.

An apprentice sailor-boy fell from the "round-top" to the deck, stunned, but little hurt. The captain exclaimed, in surprise, "Why, where did you come from?" "From the north of Ireland, yer honor!" was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

The love that has naught but beauty to keep it in good condition is short-lived, and subject to shivering fits.

We have little trouble to forget our sins if they are not known to others.

Petroleum V. Nasby, who lately visited the Alabama convention, alludes to that body as composed of "niggers in which the white blood predominated, and white men in which nigger blood predominated."

The best thing out—an aching tooth.

MARRIAGE.—The following are the opinions of three prominent ladies on the subject of marriage.

"Marriage is to women a state of slavery—it takes from her her own property, and makes her submissive in all things to her husband."—Lucy Stone.

"Marriage is a state of slavery!—Aye, but the bonds are silken and easily worn. Marriage is the sanctifier of love—an institution which acknowledges the right of woman to be protected, and the duty of man to protect her. The offices of wife and mother are not those of slaves. What higher destinies beneath the skies than to instruct the infant mind in thoughts of purity! What holier mission than to soothe the turbid torrent of man's passions by a word—a look—a smile! It is to woman that this work is given. Woman in her vocation, may cheer the tired spirit, may lend hope to the desponding, may whisper love to the lonely—while man may toil and traffic, and fias, and fret, and grow savage. Who would exchange with her?"—[Ella Wentworth.]

"I would by no means persuade you, or any other woman to prefer a single life. It is not the 'promised path.'—Nothing less than a spirit of meekness or self-renunciation, and of benevolence, can make a woman who has once been first, happy in a subordinate and second-best position. And this, under ordinary circumstances, is the highest place of a single woman. Depend upon it, my dear young friends, it is safer for the most of us to secure all the helps to our virtue that attend a favorable position; besides, married life is the destiny that Heaven has allotted us, and therefore best fitted to awaken all our powers, to exercise all our virtues, and call forth all our sympathies. I would persuade you that you may be the cause of happiness to others, and, of course, happy yourself—for when was the fountain dry when the stream continued to flow! If a single life according to the worst view of it, is a moral desert, the faithful in their passage through it are refreshed with bread from heaven and water from the rock."—[Miss Sedgwick.]

OUR LATEST TERRITORIAL ACQUISITIONS.—The fleet we sent to look up Alaska, found it after drifting about some days in a fog. This same fog seems to be a fixture over that hyborean region, it only lifting, as it is said, about thirty days in the year, so that any astronomical observation can be taken. Our purchase in the West Indies is subject to earthquakes and hurricanes. A late visitation of both seems to have either swallowed up and destroyed in some way one part of the population, while the rest are flying away from further calamity by leaving these islands. What will really fall into our hands is the wreck of some islets without much value of any sort. The harbor so much coveted, and which was made the apology for this purchase, is one where the waves rise sixty feet instantly, urged forward by an earthquake, and overwhelm any city that is so unfortunate as to be near it. For both these acquisitions our people are to pay the equivalent in greenbacks of twenty odd millions of dollars. But our excessive wealth and freedom from taxation condone all such hard bargains.—[St. Louis Republican.]

HOW AUSTRALIAN MINERS SPENT THEIR MONEY.—A correspondent of the London Spectator, writing from Ballarat, has the following in reference to the use which the gold diggers once made of their nuggets:

I believe it is a fact, and no fiction, that a successful digger had a gold collar made for his dog, that he, like his master, might put aside his working dress and be magnificent for the rest of his days. It is a fact that another rode through the streets of Ballarat with his horse shod with gold. To keep a carriage and pair was the great ambition of a digger's wife. There was a woman near Cobac, who lived in a common log hut, with nothing but mud for floor, and a couple of stools and a bench or two for furniture. Outside the hat was the carriage, under a tarpaulin, and a pair of horses grazed near. For a year or more she was constantly to be seen on the road to Geelong. Her son drove, and she sat inside in silks and satins gorgeously arrayed, a short pipe in her mouth, and the gin bottle reposing on the cushion by her side.

THE EVILS OF INTERMARRIAGE.—A melancholy case of the evils of intermarriage has lately occurred. We give the story in the sufferer's own words: "I married a widow who had a grown up daughter. My father visited my house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter became my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time after my wife had a son; he was brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, i. e. my step-daughter, also had a son; he was, of course, my brother, and also my grandson; for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was grand-mother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grand-child at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is the grandfather, I was my own grandfather." After fully convincing himself of the immutability of the above facts, the victim, in a fit of despondency, cut his own throat with a boiled turnip.

TO PREVENT EFANNEL SHRINKING.—Put it into cold water, place over the fire, and boil half an hour.

When we are ready to do a thing, let us do it. Let us never wait for time or tide; they never wait for us.

A WARNING.—The New York Herald says:

Remember that in France, when the great revolution was made, the men who made it knew where it should stop, and desired to stop it there. All the patriots would have preserved order when they had secured guarantees of public liberty, but this did not satisfy the fictions. The Sumners and Wendell Phillipses of that time urged on ignorance, brutality and barbarism, and the revolution became a war of classes and a slaughter. This is the course marked out for us. The American people are satisfied with the results of the war, and wish to see order established on the basis laid down in the constitutional amendment. But this wise limit is not enough for the fanatics who have given power to the nigger, and hence these latter are urged forward and raise the cry of proscription. Will the people permit this, or will they "save the revolution" by the imperative demand that this carnival shall come to an end? Congress, radical as it was, dared only go a certain distance in its pursuit of vengeance for fear of the people. But it delegated its power to the niggers, and they are relied upon to go further. This is the plan that has put the law-making power of the South into the hands of a race that, in its native land, never met in convention for any other purpose, but to roast and eat its enemies. There is but one remedy against the evil inherent in this plan, and that is the immediate repeal of the infamous laws under which these Southern Conventions are to meet and upon which the one in Alabama is now acting.

EMERSON ON "THE BABY."—One of the sweetest and prettiest of Emerson's latest writings, is the following:

What knows not the beautiful group of babe and mother, sacred in nature, sacred also in the religious associations of half the globe? Welcome to the parents is the puny little struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion, which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. The small despot asks so little that all nature and reason are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than all virtue. All day between his three or four sleeps he coos like a pigeon house, sputters and puts on faces of importance; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. Out of blocks, cards and thread-spools, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Pallada. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no seniority of age, no gravity of character, nudes, aunts, cousins, grandfathers, grandmas, all fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laureled heads.

A Boston paper tells us that the sewing machine is likely to have a rival in an invention recently perfected, "by which wearing apparel of all kinds—shirts, pantaloons, vests, skirts, Ladies' mantles, jackets, coats, etc., etc., are both woven and sewed at the same time. The sewing of the seams is stronger even than hand sewing, and perfectly smooth and even."

Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not set well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen-turkey."

A Hancock was the first signer of the Declaration of Independence. Another Hancock is just now the first soldier of the United States army who has signed a Declaration of independence for the Southern States.

The widow of Gen. Samuel Houston, formerly president of Texas, died of yellow fever, at Independence, in that State, on the 5th.

The Indian on the border has buried the hatchet. It was in the brain of an Omaha peddler bound West.

The North American Review, is trying to convince all young men who are ambitious of literary fame, that marriage is unfavorable, while celibacy is favorable to success in letters.

The Selma (Ala.) Messenger says that although there is no Black Crook in that town, there is a black crew who make night hideous with their howls and lamentations.

It is said that the "census embraces seventeen million women." Who wouldn't be a census?

Two women in Kansas had a duel about a man and one shot the other through the head.

"Trix" is a new perfume for the breath, but a healthy stomach and clean teeth are tricks worth two of it.

Three feather beds have been stolen in Torre Haute, Ind., recently. Those thieves are sound on the goose.

When we are ready to do a thing, let us do it. Let us never wait for time or tide; they never wait for us.