The Natchitoches Spectator.

VOLUME 1. NATCHITOCHES, LA., JANUARY 16, 1868. NUMBER 7.

The Natchitoches Spectator.

TERMS:

THE SPECTATOR will be issued every Thursday Morning. Subscription price—$5 per annum, $3 for six months, IN ADVANCE.

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The River Time.

Oh, what a wonderful stream is the River of Time,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broadening sweep, and a surge sublime,
That blends with the Ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snrw
And the summers like buds between,
And the years in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the River's breast, with its ebb and its flow
As it glides through its shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle on the River of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasure there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so;
There are trinkets and treasures of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept and a heart without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments *she* used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy-shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the River is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the long days of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber the while,
May our greenwood of soul be in sight.

A judicial storm is brewing. The Judges of our several Courts will hold a meeting to-day and resolve themselves into a committee of ways and means, with a view of investigating and determining the momentous question—how long they can subsist without meat and bread? In other words, can they continue to administer justice without price? Their salaries have not been paid for six months. When they are paid, it is in warrants which pass at a discount of fifty per cent. The judges have discovered that they cannot live upon air or the honor of their position, and they will meet to-day to determine whether they are bound to hold court, or dole out justice any longer without compensation. It is a momentous question to a great many people.—[*New Orleans Times, 27th.*

Female suffrage, when once inaugurated, will soon admit women to the jury box. Then what a rush there will be among the masculines to get on juries. Who would object to sitting up all night discussing a legal point with a bevy of fair ones?

"What makes your cows so cross?" said an old lady to a milkman. "Cross, madam? they are the gentlest things in the world." "Well, the milk is always sour!" the matron sharply replied.

A Chinese almanac is a most extraordinary publication. The days for plowing, building, travelling and marrying are laid down in it with the greatest minuteness. The whole period of four seasons are divided into twenty-four solar terms, each possessing some characteristic name, and corresponding to the day on which the sun enters the first or fifteenth degrees of one of the twelve signs of the zodiac. As the Chinese is a lunar calendar, the places of these solstices, equinoxes, etc., which regulate the three great festivals of the year, are changed every year. There is also the intercalculation of the arrears of the Chinese year of 354 days, which in a period of every thirty-two or thirty-three months, amount to a great month of thirty days, which is accordingly introduced, every two or three years, in such a way as to preserve the order of these twenty-four periods.

A LABOR OF LOVE.—A California story tells of a man who resolved to quit drinking, and went to a notary to get him to draw up an affidavit to that effect.

The document was drawn, read and proved; the party held up his hand and murmured the usual "s'elp me." It was promptly sealed and delivered.

"What's to pay?" asked the pledger.

"To pay—to pay!" exclaimed the notary, "nothing, of course; that is a labor of love."

"Nothing to pay!" exclaimed the grateful, but very forgetful affiant. You're a brick. Let's take a drink."

SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.—The Columbia Phœnix says: The list of delegates stands 63 negroes to 34 whites. In three or four districts the delegates are all black, and in many others there are three or four of that color to one white. Most of the negroes are ignorant, brutal, field hands, and will go to the extremest lengths of diabolicalism that their beastly passions and the wicked suggestions of the fiends who control them suggest.

The following little extract from a speech of Biasson—a leader of negro insurrectionists on the island of San Domingo—is found in Victor Hugo's Jargal, and sounds a good deal like some of the Radical promises made to the enfranchised negroes of to-day:

"Let us overturn the earth that it may swallow up the whites. We will conquer or die. Conquerors, we shall enjoy, in our turn, all the joys of life; dying, we shall go to Heaven where the saints await us in Paradise, where each brave will receive a double measure of aguardiente (brandy) and a dollar a day."

This was the "mule and forty acres" of 1791, in San Domingo.

The following is an extract from an address made by the Rev. Egbert H. Osborne, of Madison county, Tenn., on the "Mission of the Young Men of the South." We heartily commend it to our readers as we consider it very apropos to the times:

The bitter prejudices of to-day will consume themselves in the avenging flames of their own hate—become their own funeral pile. Out of the smouldering embers of sectional strife and political madness we hope to see arising the angel of brotherhood—the spirit of holy and beautiful peace. The country is yet young, and we look to see a manly stride over the dark and bloody memories of the past, and an unwearied march to the goal of prosperity. Our fields are resounding to the hum of honest toil—the song of the reapers and the shout of the harvest hymn thrills the soul with its hopeful music. The click of the citizen's hammer, and the ring of the anvil, tells us that honest labor has resumed her stand by the post of duty and toil. The plow share, the ax, and the hoe are doing their grand work of regeneration throughout our sorrowful land. Commerce lifts her drooping head and tosses her golden locks like the angel of the sun. Religion and learning will give a grander impetus to the chariot wheels of civilization; and, under the beautiful inspiration of peace and brotherly love, our wrecked covered land will plume her pinions and arch her proud neck for a wider, grander flight to the bright empyrean of immortality. Cleaned for action in the wide and shining fields of industry and enterprise, the glorious South will resume her old proud position, and wealth and prosperity pour their golden treasures in her lap. Though now tossed on the waves of troublous times—passing through the martyr's flames—we trust soon to see the dove coming over the waste of gloomy waters, bearing the olive branch of love from every quarter of our distracted country, and to hear the lips that curse, breathe only words of charity and tones of forgiveness. May the ark of the Constitution—the last hope of American liberty—bear the freighted hopes and prayers of the people safely to the mount of rest, the broad and shining bosom of some heaven-crowned Ararat, where the whole nation may bury the fiend of discord, and over its grave breathe the vows of friendship.

PRACTICAL RECEIPTS.—To kill roaches—put your roaches in a barrel, put on a pair of heavy boots, and get in and dance.

To render mosquitoes harmless—Pull out their bills with a pair of tongs.

For fleas—Tie them to the bedpost with log-chains and let the dogs finish them.

To kill mice—Flatten their heads with a lemon-squeezer.

To kill rats—This receipt is cheap and never fails. When you retire for the night, place a small bit of cheese in your mouth. Care should be taken to keep the mouth well open and when the rat's whiskers tickle your throat, bite.

A dilapidated old darkey in Montgomery, while watching the monkeys in a menagerie in that city, on Friday, spoke thusly:—"Dem chillen got toc much sense to come outen dat cage—white folks cut dar tails off and set ,em to votin' and makin' constitutions."

What is the difference between a man who has risen from his bed with his stockings on, and a negro hoeing corn? One rose in hose, the other hoes in rows.

A lawyer engaged in a case tormented a witness so much with questions that the poor fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the Judge," I thought you'd pump him dry."

THE GAME OF EUCHRE.—A friend who has been spending a year in England, informs us that the John Bulls have become much addicted to the American game of "Euchre," of late, and who have made some improvements upon the American game, a description of which, no doubt, will be interesting to Euchre players.

For example, with every pack of playing cards sold there is one blank card at the top of the deck, used in this country frequently as a "marker." But the English make a better use of this white faced card. They include it in the suits, making 53 to the deck, instead of 52; and to the euchre deck 29 instead of 28 cards. This blank card at first was called "Louis Napoleon," but has been subsequently corrupted into the less euphonious title of "yerker." The yerker then is the highest ranking card in the euchre deck, having capacity to capture either of the "bowers" or the ace, so that a man may be euchered with the ace and two "bowers." Whenever the "yerker" is turned up by the dealer, that person has the privilege of "making the trump," and can "make it to the most advantageous suit in his "hand." The game is a novel one, and, we understand, affords much diversion to the players.—[*Nashville Banner.*

A Southern lady, who is the wife of an extreme radical, residing in one of the Northern States, while engaged in plucking the gray hairs from her husband's moustache, was asked by him, "What are you doing, my dear?" "Only carrying out your policy, my dear—exterminating the whites for the benefit of the blacks," was the reply.

The ladies in Brazil, expect when they are introduced to a stranger, to be embraced. We may look for emigration thither-ward.

The following aphorisms on love are communicated to the Galaxy:

Women like men who flatter them; but love those who despise them. Every man, by the general law, loves all women; all women loves one man. Men are by nature polygamists; women, monogamists. Magnificent lovers make wretched husbands, and excellent husbands the worst of lovers. Women become attached to men not for what men do for them, but what they do for men. Gratitude paves the way to their esteem, but selfishness opens the way to their love. The smallest tenderness outweighs with a woman the greatest sacrifice. She will forget the hero who would die in her behalf, for the mere gallant who would give her caresses, and nothing more. When women's hearts are touched they are all kindred. The merest dowdy then becomes the sister of the proudest duchess. Women desire to love, primarily, and men to be loved; hence, women idealize and men analize, the objects of their affection.—If a woman will not love you, make her hate you, and she is half yours; for hate is too unnatural to her to last, and its first rebound is tenderness, and the second passion. Men never love women whom they do not, and women never love men whom they do, undertsand. "Forever," in the rhetoric of a woman's affection, is a sentimental hyperbole meaning a period of exactly two months.

HOW SOON FORGOTTEN.—So lately dead! So soon forgotten! 'Tis the way of the world. Men take us by the hand and are anxious about the health of our bodies, and laugh at our jokes, and we really think, like the fly on the wheel, that we have something to do with the turning of the earth. Some day we die and are buried. The sun does not stop for our funeral; everything goes on as usual; we are not missed in the streets; one or two hearts feel the wound of affliction; one or two memories still hold our names and forms; but the crowd moves in its daily circle, and, in three days, the great wave of time sweeps over our steps, and washes out the last vestige of our lives.

USEFUL HINTS.—Save your soap-suds for garden plants, or for garden yards when sandy.

Wash your tea trays with cold suds, polish with a little flour and rub with a dry cloth.

Frozen potatoes make more starch than fresh ones; they also make nice cake.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.

A bit of glue dissolved in skimmed milk and water will restore crape.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soap-suds and not rinsed.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

Oat-straw is the best for filling beds. It should be changed once a year.

Wood-ashes and common salt will soak the cracks of a stove and prevent the smoke from escaping.

Sal Soda will bleach very white; one spoonful is enough for a kettle of clothes.

The human heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, 35,772,000 times per year, 2,565,440,000 times in three score years and ten, and at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, and a hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute, 656 pounds per hour, seven and three-fourths tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes. This little organ, by its ceaseless industry,

In the allotted span
The Psalmist gave to man,

lifts the enormous weight of 370,700,200 tons.

A wag on the Wilmington, (N. C.,) Star says: "The members of the Louisiana Convention have voted themselves $10 per day. This is an enormous price for field hands."

An ex-lieutenant in the Federal service, who is now a conductor on the city railroad in Memphis, has been arrested and held for trial, under the civil rights bill, for excluding negroes from his car.

A HORRIBLE CHEAT.—There is no telling the ways that men, greedy for gain, will not avail themselves of to advance their fortunes, especially during and since the war, as men have been found willing and anxious to sell soul and conscience for a little filthy lucre. A few days since an incident occurred which very forcibly illustrates this. An Irishman was employed to dig up and remove some of the bodies of Union soldiers in the Wesleyan cemetery of this city. In lifting the coffins he thought they seemed unusually hollow in their sound, and opening some of them discovered that no bodies had ever been placed in them at all, nothing but planks or square blocks of wood. The mystery to the honest Hibernian was great, but when it was told him that the Union soldiers were buried by contract, the undertakers receiving so much per coffin, and then that the bodies could be sold at a handsome profit to some medical college, the doubt was at once removed, and the avenue to a wealthy fortune immediately disclosed. This was only one of the ways that the war made men rich.—[*Exchange.*

The ultra fashionable women in Paris are wearing garters with diamond buckles.

THE SIX DEGREES OF DRUNKENNESS.—The most foolish predicament a man can get into is to get drunk. In drunkenness every man shows his strongest and most ardent passion. There are six kinds of drunkards, and if you will go into a city drinking place, where there are a dozen men under the influence of liquor, you will be sure to find these six different characters, representing different animals:

The first is ape-drunk. He leaps, and sings, and yells, and dances, making all sorts of grimaces, and cutting up all sorts of "monkey shines" the excite the laughter of his companions. Terribly silly is the drunken clown.

The second is the tiger-drunk. He breaks the bottles, breaks the chairs, breaks the heads of his fellow-carousers, and is full of blood and thunder. His eyes are fired with vengeance, and his soul raves with murderous fury. Of this sort are those who abuse their families.

The third is hog-drunk. He rolls in the dirt on the floor, grunts and slobbers, and, going into the street, makes his bed in the first ditch or filthy corner he may happen to fall into. He is heavy, lumpish, and sleepy, and cries in a grunting way for a little more to drink.

The fourth is puppy drunk. He will weep for kindness, and whine his love, and hug you in his arms, and kiss you with his slobbery lips, and proclaim how much he loves you. You are the best man he ever saw, and he will lay down his money or his life for you.

The fifth is owl drunk. He is wise in his own conceit. No man must differ with him, for his word is law. He is true in politics, and all matter must be taken as authority. His arm is the strongest, his voice is the sweetest, his horse is the fastest, his turnips the largest, his room the finest in all the town or land.

The sixth and last animal, is the fox-drunkman. He is crafty, ready to trade horses and cheat if he can. Keen to strike a bargain, leering with low cunning, peeping through cracks, listening under the eaves, watching for some suspicious thing, sly as a fox, sneaking as a wolf. He is the meanest drunkard of them all.

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS.—Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem to have been when we look back to them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them. If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good habits, fleeing from all those pleasures which lay up bitterness and sorrow for the time to come! Take good care of the first twenty years of your life and you may hope that the last twenty years will take good care of you.

But little over five per cent of the area of the Southern States is cultivated.

The Empire gold mines, eight miles west of Charlotte, N. C., produce $1000 per week.

On February 15th, the Freedmen's Bureau will cease in Tennessee. Except the Superintendent of Education, all the Officers will be discharged.

In Wabashaw county, Minnesota, with 2,000 voters, 8,249 votes were recently cast on a question of locating the court house.

The official vote of Georgia has been declared. The registered voters numbered 188,617. The vote cast is 106,410. For convention, 102,282; against, 4,127. Majority for Convention, 96,156. The number of whites voting for the convention is about 36,500.

SHOEMAKER'S MEASURE.—No. 1 of small size, is 4¼ inches in length; No. 1, of large size, is 8 11-24th inches in length; and each succeeding number of either size is one-third of an inch additonal length.

There is said to be a dog in New Albany, Ind., who is specially fond of playing on the piano. He gets on the stool, strikes the keys with his paws, throws his head back, and seems to enjoy himself thoroughly.

WORTH KNOWING.—It is stated that a hungry man who sits down before a pound of beef-steak, tender, juicy and an inch thick, and eats it, will find upon analysis, that sixty-five per cent. of his steak was water; that eighteen per cent. will go to give him an aldermanic fleshness, and that 14 per cent. is assigned to warm him, and make him feel comfortable on a cold day. Of the flesh forming ingredients, according to Dr. Playfair, every one, on an average, requires 92 pounds annually to keep up a proper bodily condition. If it is not obtained from steaks, then it must be secured from something else. Cheese is a flesh former, (30 per cent.) and taken with beer speedily conceals all traces of unsightly bones. Two ounces of flesh-formers per diem will keep a man alive if he is not forced to labor, but hard labor requires six, or the body will run short of starch and sugar, and go behind in health and strength. In 100 parts of wheat there are 10 pounds of flesh, but there is nearly double the amount in the same quantity of oatmeal.

The old town of Edinburgh was built, says the chronologists, in the time of Moses, by a son of Pharaoh's daughter. Other dates vary from the Siluvian period to the fifth century, A. D.

PURE AIR.—Whatever renders the blood impure, tends to originate consumption. Whatever makes the air impure, makes the blood impurer. It is the air we breathe which purifies the blood. And as, if the water we use to wash our clothing is dirty, it is impossible for it to abstract the impurities from the blood. What, then, are some of the more prominent things which render the air impure? It is the nature of still air to become impure. Running water purifies itself. Air in motion, drafts of air, are self-purifiers. Thus it is that the air of a close room becomes impure invariably.

Thus it is that close rooms bring consumption to countless thousands. Hence all rooms should be so constructed as to have a constant draft of air passing through them. The neglect of it murders myriads. A man of ordinary size renders a hogshead of air unfit for breathing, consumes its blood-purifying qualities every hour, so perfectly that if a man could re-breathe a full-breath of his own the next instant after its expiration, without any intermixture with the other, he would be instantly suffocated. Hence sleeping in close rooms even though alone, or sitting for a very short time in a crowded vehicle, or among a large assembly, is perfectly corrupting to the blood. Close bedrooms make the graves of thousands.

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—The following image was used by that strong-minded patriot, Hon. Daniel W. Voorhies, of Indiana, in one of his political speeches:

God made the eagle and the owl. He gave to both plumage and wings. In the same class of large birds of the air ranged He them! The same atmosphere and the various seasons were common to both. God created the Caucassian and the African. With brain, muscle, and nerve, endowed He them. With blood and soul and the erect posture they are distinguishable as members of a general family. There was for both the same earth to yield its tillage; the same sunshine and rains; the same seas upon which to spread commerce; the same elements for science to extract benefits for man. As the eagle to the owl, so the white man to the black, stand in the same relative positions as they were round in the twilight of history. Let the eagle but attempt to take the owl to its eyries and its habits, and both fall to the earth together. Let the white man assume to make the negro his equal, and the vain effort to erase the lines drawn by the finger of God assures the certain downfall of the invaders of the majesty of His work of creation; the eagle is ruined with the owl—and a fitting symbol of this is the vain effort the American people are now making.

Men refine liquor but liquor never returns the compliment.

English railways are not making money.

The New York Tribune says that half a million of dollars was lost and won on the late election in the city of New York.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.—Four States have recently voted on this question, three directly, and one indirectly. Ohio rejected it by 40,000 direct majority. Ten thousand votes not cast were counted in the negative. Kansas gave 9,000 majority against it; Minnesota, 2,000; and New Jersey, where the issue was indirectly presented in the election of members of the Legislature, voted against it by 17,000 majority.

In Ohio there are 1,171,720 white and only 18,442 black males; in Kansas the propoation is 58,852 white to 286 black; in Minnesota, 91,804 white to 126 black; in New Jersey, 322,183 white to 12,312 black. This is from the census of 1860, it is probable that the relative proportion of white males in those States is still greater at the present time.

It may be well asked whether, if those States with a white male population of fully two millions, are unwilling to let some thirty thousand negroes vote, they should require negro suffrage in the South where the blacks are so much more nearly equal in numbers to the whites? If every Northern State should adopt negro suffrage for itself, it should still oppose that measure in the South, because it would give the blacks too much power here, and thus give them frequent opportunities of controlling the legislation and administration of the Federal Government. The Northern States are wise enough to see this, and will oppose negro suffrage in the South even more strongly, if possible, than they will reject it for themselves.—[*Galveston News.*

It is announced that pencil directions will hereafter cause letters to be sent to the dead-letter office.

What is the difference between a barber and a mother?—One have razors to shave, and the other has shavers to raise.

Louis Blanc, the manager and principal stockholder of the Hamburg "hell," was penniless in 1840, and, what is a great deal worse, his name was in the black book of the Paris police, where he figured as an unprincipled swindler. He is now worth between twenty-five and thirty millions of francs, and when he makes his appearance in Paris, the magnates of the Bourse prostrate themselves before him.

"If a man is without enemies I wouldn't give ten cents for all his friends," says Beau Hackett.