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The Destiny of Josephine.

Josephine's history interests everybody, and we gladly give our readers the following from a correspondent of the Knickerbocker Magazine:
The history of Napoleon is yet to be written, and by an American. The world has been amused with fables of this Man of Destiny, which have been transmitted as heirlooms until they have reached him who now sits on the throne of France, and is pleased with the title, "the man of destiny."
This, though a favorite idea with every class of Frenchmen, undoubtedly arose from the story of Josephine and through her attachment to Napoleon. Though her simple story is smoothed in the more brilliant one of her husband, yet it was well known long before Napoleon's admirers claimed for him the great destiny he finally accomplished; it was a common story in Paris, what we are about to tell.

It was while almost a child that Josephine, in some of her wanderings with her school-mates, came across a vagrant gipsy fortune-teller. The woman, attracted in some way toward the beautiful child insisted upon telling her fortune, even against her will and without reward. She told her that she would very soon be a wife, a widow, and afterwards Queen of France. The prediction in itself is common enough, but simple as it was, it had its effect upon Josephine, who immediately embraced it as a fact, and could for a long time think of nothing else.

When the fulfillment came to the first part of the prediction, of course it strengthened her in the belief of the rest, and even when in prison under sentence of death, and her bed was taken from her at night because she was to die in the morning, she bade her friends have courage that it would not be so, and that she would sit upon that throne beneath the bloody feet of Robespierre, and when the jailors in derision called upon her to name her maids of honor, that they might be ready when she was queen, she did so, and her nomination was finally fulfilled to the letter. On that very night Robespierre fell. Had his downfall occurred one week earlier, Josephine's husband would not have been one of his victims; had he lived one day longer she would have been another of them.

There was but little lapse of time between her liberation from prison and her marriage to Napoleon, and it was by the influence she exerted that he was appointed to the command of the army in Italy, after which the path that led them upward was clear and open, until the destiny she insisted upon was accomplished, and the crown was placed upon her head.

But there was one thing more that Josephine had foretold for herself, which was the utter loss of, and rank to, which she had been so wonderfully elevated, and still while she brooded over this, Napoleon, who was her lord, gathered new power and yielded to new ambitions; she tried to crush it, and to point out what should be his true aims; but he was an Emperor, and desired to be the founder of a new Empire.

How well her instincts told her that the time was rapidly approaching when that ambition would put her away. Then came the close of the campaign of 1809, and she saw that the hour was approaching still nearer that was to seal both their fates. There was no longer the confidence of the past between them—no longer the seeking of sympathy and advice.

It was on the 20th of November 1809, and the court was especially gay in honor of the King of Saxony. Josephine sat at the window of her boudoir, looking out upon the river, when she heard a step at the door, and rose to meet Napoleon, who caught her in his arms with more of the olden time embraces than she had known for months. She led him to the sofa on which she had been sitting, and seated herself by his side. For a few moments there was silence, and he spoke:

"Josephine, you have been weeping. Are you unhappy?"
"No, sire, not with you."
"Nonsense! Josephine, who do you call sire? Of late you are making these forms overshadow all our happiness."
"Then why should they not be forgotten by both? You have now reached that point of ambition that should content you. Will you turn the unquiet god from your bosom or our own happiness?"
"You misunderstand me, lady," he said, quickly rising from his seat, and leaning against the window, said, "I'm seeking nothing for myself, but everything for France."
"It is for France, Napoleon," she said drawing close to his side and taking his hand in hers, "that you would put away from you, not only a true wife, but a true friend! Think not that I have been blind, sire, to this. My alarmed heart has told me all, and believe me that I am offering no protest to your will; but oh, sire, examine well your heart before you act!"
He stood silent while she was speaking, and then, with a face turned full upon the streaming moonlight, he drew away his hands. She continued:

"And, oh, sire, believe me that though I am to leave your throne and your side, I shall never cease to love you too deeply for any peace. Therefore it is that I plead that you will look well into your heart before you yield your future to bad counsels."
He drew quickly from the window and walked forward to the centre of the room.

"You sympathize with me, madam; I act only with reason. The good of the individual must yield to the good of France. Farewell!"

"Stop!" said she, and Josephine stepped quickly across the room and caught his arm, drawing him as she did so again to the window. "Do you see that star?" she pointed at one that shone with marked brightness. This is my destiny. By it you have risen. To me it has promised a throne. Through me you have accomplished it; part from me and you fall. Yes, fall, to die in sorrow, neglect and exile! Remember this, Napoleon, and remember these words when it is not too late to recall the act that no words of mine can prevent."

Napoleon gazed almost in terror at her who stood like a prophetess gazing out with eyes like fire upon the heavens, and then with a heart almost of sickness, he turned away and left the room without a word.

Ten days passed before he had the nerve to strike the blow which broke the golden chain that bound them, and from that moment, as he afterwards confessed at St. Helena, the fall of Napoleon began, till he died a broken-hearted exile upon an island in mid ocean.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.—James H. Harney, for twenty-four years editor in chief of the Louisville Democrat, died recently, at Louisville, Ky. Prof. Harney, prior to the starting of the Democrat in 1844, was principal of one of the leading colleges in Louisville, and during his presidency that institution gave to the world a work on algebra, which, though it met with little success as a standard work, gave the author much reputation as a mathematician. Mr. Harney was a Democrat of the old school, and his writings, terse and pointed, showed him opposed to what is termed progressiveness in politics. He died full of years and full of honors. Peace to his dust.

A GREAT UNDERTAKING.—The Mormons have projected a temple so vast in its dimensions that it is estimated a century or two will be required for its completion. It is to be built of granite. The blocks are so large that ten or twelve oxen can only draw one of them. The distance from the quarry to the temple is eighteen miles and it takes three days for one trip by an ox team.—Brigham says the completion of this temple will be the signal for the end of his power and the commencement of the second advent. Brigham will be turned to dust long before that time. But after all, he has only, in this enterprise, afforded an expulsive example of the vanity of mankind, exhibited every day and everywhere. Brigham, if not more wise, has at least prouder, than he has conceived a project that eclipses the generality of worldly follies, and renders them, by contrast, of such insignificance as to make their projectors ashamed of them.—[Richmond Dispatch.]

WHO WAS SANTA CLAUS.—Santa Claus was one of the oldest ideas of the Celtic West in Pagan times, as he was of the Pagan East before. In Christian times he was still regarded with religious reverence, sitting, as he had sat for ages in Egypt and elsewhere, in the arms of his mother. Santa Claus was, in fact, the child Jesus in the middle ages; and throughout that period the festive creed of Germany and all Celtic Europe was that he visited all family dwellings of good Christians on the eve of his anniversary, and brought with him gifts and blessings for the children. This beautiful tradition is still to be found lingering in Germany, though Santa Claus does not seem to be specially connected with it by name. The truth of this original belief is plainly enough indicated by the word "Claus," which, in the Gothic or Ancient German, means "Child" and "Son." "Santa Claus" formerly meant the "Holy Child."

A petition to Congress has been gotten up by some Radical Germans of Boston, asking for an amendment to the Constitution to provide for the abrogation of the office of President, and for the appointment by Congress from among its own members of an executive committee, or other capable citizens. The idea is that the Presidency is a sort of remnant of royalty that should not be countenanced in a republic.

The Radical mind at Washington is in good condition to receive the suggestion of this petition favorable. The Executive is considered an obstruction to the proper development of the popular will, and therefore, as unnecessary as it is mischievous, and should therefore be abolished. The scheme contemplates that the people shall have the power to remove their representatives in Congress at any time during the term for which they were elected. As we are in the midst of a revolution, we shall not be surprised if this scheme should be one of its successful fruits.

STRIKING IN THE DARK.—Bob Flynn, a negro blacksmith of Franklin, Ky., lately sent in his bill to Washington for \$497 50, for Government work in the war. The Quartermaster General not knowing he was a negro, sent it back, endorsed "Disallowed, on account of disloyalty."

"Hello, Bill, lend me five dollars!" "You're mistaken in the man, sir, I'm not a five dollar Bill."

A lady has recently died at Bristol, England, who, during a life of 84 years, had never tasted animal food, and enjoyed good health all the time.

Gen. Grant and the Presidency.

"There is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip"—especially in politics. Two weeks ago, it seemed to be regarded as a conceded and settled thing that General Grant would be the Republican candidate for President. We do not undertake to say that this blossom is already blasted, for the action by which Gen. Grant has impaired his chances is yet too recent to show its full effects. The sun must shine for a while on buds nipped by spring frosts before the extent of the blight is manifest. But we opine that Gen. Grant is not in as fair a way to get the Republican nomination as he was before he committed himself to the Radicals by the part he has acted in the reinstatement of Stanton.

It may look, at first blush, like a fanciful paradox to say that a candidate diminishes his chances of a nomination by giving in to the policy of the party from which he expects it. But in Gen. Grant's case there are good reasons for regarding this apparent orthodox with the simple truth. Grant's strength with the Republicans has grown out of their fears that he would be run by the Democrats. Had it not been for these fears, he probably would never have been thought of as the Republican candidate. It was known that he had been bred a Democrat; that he gave liberal terms of surrender to Lee and his army; that he was an original supporter of President Johnson's reconstruction policy; that he had protested against the prosecution for treason of rebel soldiers if they kept their paroles; that he had endorsed many applications for pardon by prominent rebels; that he had stood at President Johnson's right hand when he received the committee of the Philadelphia Convention; that he accompanied the President on his Western tour; that he made what Senator Sumner denounced as a "white-washing" report on the loyalty of the South; and his fitness for immediate restoration; and that he had uttered strong opinions against negro suffrage. These antecedents were consistent enough with a Democratic nomination, and it is not strange that, previous to the great reaction in the fall elections, his popularity as a soldier caused some discouraged Democrats to look wistfully toward him. As soon as this half-formed design was discovered, astute Republicans undertook to head it off by holding out to Grant the lure of the Republican nomination. Grant was at first shy; he then wavered; then enveloped himself in thick mystery; and at last he has changed his politics. But in this step his ambition has got the better of his discretion as well as of his principles. By rendering it impossible for the Democrats to run him, he has restored to the Republican party its full freedom of choice. They are no longer under the necessity of trying to put his prestige into their scale, lest the Democrats should have the advantage of it.

In times so turbulent and changeable as those on which we are entering, it is not safe for anybody to turn prophetic; but as we cast Grant's horoscope at this present moment, his prospects are verging toward an eclipse.—[N. Y. World.]

MR. JOHNSON'S POSITION.—Contrary to the opinion of a great many prophets, Mr. Johnson has not done anything against Congress, or against Secretary Stanton. Nor will he do anything.

His present role is that of a martyr, and he will doubtless play it to the end. He wants the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and he thinks that by standing as the persecuted and patient representative of that party for a while he may get it. Hence no violent demonstrations, nor even any loud speeches, are to be looked for from him for some time to come.

It looks, too, somewhat as though his game might win. Mr. Pendleton must look out, or his chances will dwindle to nothing.—[New York Sun.]

OLDEST REPUBLIC IN EXISTENCE.—The oldest republic in existence is that of San Marino, in Italy, between the Apennines, the Po, and the Adriatic. The territory of this State is only forty miles in circumference, and its population about 7,000. The republic was founded more than 1,400 years ago, on moral principles, industry and equity, and has preserved its liberty and independence amid all the wars and discords which have raged around it. Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express sentiments of friendship and fraternity. It is governed by a captain-regent; chosen every six months by the representatives of the people. The taxes are light, the farm houses are neat, the fields well cultivated, and on all sides are seen comfort and plenty, the happy effect of morality, simplicity and frugality.

The Assistant Commissioner for Louisiana reports to the Freedmen's Bureau that the number of laborers of all classes, male and female, in this State, is 394,000, and of the aged and helpless, of both sexes 195,000.

THE ONLY HOPE.—The National Intelligence says:
"The only salvation for the South and for the whole country is to be found in the possible chance that the Southern people will reject constitutions fixing upon them and upon the whole Union the despotic rule of the Radical party, through the establishment of negro supremacy."

The North British Review lectures the youth of England for not marrying. Let them marry and the lectures will be numerous.

There has been considerable talk in regard to the circular No. 1 recently issued from the Freedmen's Bureau, relating to advances of corn meal and meat to planters. It is rather too complex, too restrictive in its provisions to be of any great benefit. It will not tend to produce fifty thousand bales cotton. It is as stringent in its requirements as similar orders heretofore issued.

By article third it will be seen the planter must bind himself to refund the costs of supplies (merley cornmeal and meat) before the expiration of the year. That is, if during this spring, or at this time, a planter avails himself of the supplies, he has to bind himself to refund the cost before the expiration of the year, say the 31st December next. This is rather too stringent. Hundreds of planters cannot forward their crops to market before the months of January and February, and many in remote sections not till March, as the situation and low stage of the rivers and bayous in our State confirm at this time.

Another most palpable proposal of injustice is that the Bureau is to select and designate the merchants or factors in our city, who shall receive and have the selling of the crops. The question is asked, does the Government, through the Bureau and agents intend to open a general factorage and commission business? Another important view is to be considered. How are the prices and value of the supplies to be furnished? Who is to furnish them? By contractors, or the regular commissary department of the Government?

It will be observed that those desirous of availing themselves of the provisions of this order, must make affidavit that they are actually in a state of starvation; must give bond and security for every twenty freedmen for whom supplies are wanted. The next important question is who is to determine the prices for the supplies. Government contractors are generally disposed to take advantage if possible. We do not find any provision made for bagging, rope or iron-ties, nor for implements for working the land—carts, mules or horses.

A planter may be in a situation to furnish bagging and rope. Is the freedman to have a first lien, or rather Government, on the cotton, irrespective of the bagging and ties? The cotton cannot be sent to market without being baled, nor can sugar and molasses be shipped without hhd's. and barrels. There will also be other necessities required. The circular is confined to merely corn meal, hard bread and meat. If there should be a large number avail themselves of the tender of the Government, we shall expect next autumn to have a large increase of new cotton houses.

There does not appear to be any provision made whereby the freedmen can be compelled to perform their contracts. Circular No. 2 is about as complex regarding transfer or moving from one parish to another. The fact is simply, the planting and raising is beyond the ability of the Government. There will of course be some planters who will avail themselves of the proposals. We hope they may succeed. We, however, believe there will not be fifty thousand bales of cotton, at this port, added to the crop through the action of the Government Bureau and agents. The authorities at Washington possess very little intelligence in regard to cotton and sugar culture.—[New Orleans Times.]

A Washington lawyer has notified Mr. Charles L. Neals, a stone mason in Alexandria, that he is the rightful heir to property in Washington worth a hundred millions of dollars. He says the Treasury buildings, the White House and other public buildings are on this property.

It is hardly worth while for the radicals to talk any more about the confiscation of Southern lands. Those lands are as good or as bad as confiscated already. They sell for a mere song. A nimble nigger in a favorable location can steal enough property over night to buy forty acres of ground early the next morning.

A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortunes and mere crimes sets no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

The New York Herald says: But let the Southern whites who are under the heel of radicalism be firm, let them keep up their courage, let them be patient and await the hour of their complete redemption, which every sign portends will occur within a twelvemonth.

Pope Pins IX is described as a very good-looking man with wonderfully graceful manners, stont and corpulent, though of a very agreeable exterior, and clothed as he is in white, from the shoes to his capote, with gilded crosses embroidered on the fore part of his shoes, and his rich white hair falling upon his shoulders, he impresses those who see him first as having an uncommonly venerable appearance. His white, transparent cheeks become slightly colored by the effect of the air; his face is of a beautiful regularity, and in spite of his aquiline nose and his rather piercing eyes, meekness and benevolence are the very characteristics of his features.

The Baptists' complaint—dip-theory.

CAUSE OF ILL-HEALTH.—It is quite certain that man is the most daring violator of natural law to be found in the animal kingdom. He is not only absolutely reckless, but persistent and obstinate in his course of transgressing; indeed, he is original and ingenious in his methods of attack upon himself. God has made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions to make himself crooked, so that an army of men find constant and lucrative employment in patching and mending the bodies of their fellow creatures. Here is a regiment of men with forceps to pull out teeth that should last a lifetime—for they were not made to ache, but were given to man to eat with. There a host of men are using pills, powders, plasters, and every variety of panacea to cure the ills of the unfortunate. Do we have reason to believe that the brute creation, when allowed to control itself and follow instinct, suffers as we do? Do they bleed and bellow with the tooth-ache? Do they suffer from cold? Are they afflicted with chronic diseases? Can powders and plasters be of service to them? Why do we yield so easily to fatigue, and fall a prey to disease so rapidly? Can it be true that weakness of body indicates strength of soul—that a narrow chest insures a broad heart—that a sickly constitution is favorable to a saintly life—that physical infirmity is proof of spiritual power? It is ridiculous nonsense to suppose such things. We are to love God with all our heart, soul and strength; and the more heart, soul and strength we have, the more we can love God. The fact is we have allowed the animal to get the better of the angel of our natures. We eat too much, and too fast. We drink too much of that which is not *aqua pura*. We chew, and smoke and snuff tobacco. We go to bed late, and get up late. We do not get sufficient sleep, and we allow the anxieties of life to drive us to disease.—[Phrenological Journal.]

FROSTY WEATHER.—Few have failed to observe what a vigor and elasticity are imparted to both mind and body by a frosty atmosphere, and what a loss of all these there is in a hot summer day; this is probably owing to the fact, that at noon of any clear frosty day in winter there is ten times as much elasticity in the air there is at any noon of summer; hence to all invalids the days most valuable for exercises are those least beneficial are where it is warm or thundery; hence every hour of daylight spent in the open air in frosty weather, in some kind of outdoor activities, is that much gain to the vitality of the system, imparting vigor to the mind, elasticity to the body, and elevation to the moral feelings and powers of the man.

HONESTY.—There is no man but, for his own interest, hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all cards east up, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to hold the horns of this altar, which, in all essays, can in himself protect him. And though in the march of human life, over the stage of this world, a man shall find presented sometimes examples of thriving vice, and several opportunities to invite him on a seeming advantage to close with unhand-some practices, yet every one ought so to improve his progress in what is just and right as to be able to discern the fraud and feigned pleasurable-ness of the bad, and to choose and follow what is good and warrantable.—[Queen Beth-han.]

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?—A gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms and etiquettes of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak and act, and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something beyond all this; that which lies at the root of all his ease, and refinement, and tact, is the power of pleasing—how can he show respect for others—how may he avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society he scrupulously ascertains the position and relations with every one with whom he comes in contact, that he may give to each his due honor; his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings, how he may abstain from any allusion which call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never appears conscious of any personal defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, rank, or reputation, in the persons in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority for himself—he never ridicules, never boasts, never makes a display of his own power, or advantages, such as is implied in ridicule, sarcasm, or abuse, as he never indulges in habits, tricks or inclinations which may be offensive to others.

Laziness will cover your garden with weeds. Hard drinking, if you keep it up, will cover your wife with rags.

The National says that "the ballot is a great thing, but the natural man craves also beefsteak and potatoes."

Newspaper editors and ladies never have any leisure, and if they did they wouldn't probably know what to do with it.

The New York Sunday Times says that children are flung away in that city, by their mothers, like cigar stumps.