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## The Natchitoches Spectator.

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Mixed Up. I've wandered through the village, Tom; Along with Anna Lee, To listen to the mocking bird, In the cottage by the sea. Reid's bay mare can be beat While coming through the rye; Let me kiss him for his mother, Says the spider to the fly.

The colored girl and poor old Ned Now swell our national song; I'd offer thee this hand of mine— But take your time, Miss Lucy Long. I'm lonely since my mother died— Susannah, don't you cry; We're all nodding through the world; Then rock hog, or die.

Hark! I hear an angel singing, Ah! daddy, he's struck me— We're coming, Father Abraham, Along with Annie Lyle The song my mother used to sing, The wearing of the green— The girl I left behind me Is just sweet sixteen.

The nice young man and Fairy Belle; Are swinging in the lane— The captain with his whiskers Has marrying on the brain. We will rally round the flag, boys, For Johnny stole the ham— Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia And I don't care a cent.

PUZZLE.—To read these lines so as to make good sense is the mystery: I thee read see that me Love is up will I'll have But that and you have you'll One and down and you if,

Greatness of Love. Go, count the sands that form the earth, Go, count the drops that make the sea; Go, count the stars of heavenly birth, And tell me what the numbers be; Then thou shalt know love's mystery.

No measurement hath yet been found, No lines or numbers that can keep The sum of its eternal round. The plummet of its endless deep, Or heights to which its glories sweep.

Yes, measure Love, when thou canst tell The land where scraps ne'er tread, The heights of herve the depths of hell, And laid their futile measuring rod, On the infinitude of God.

While a great many wise and good people are mourning over the degeneracy of the Press in these latter days, the Pall Mall Gazette, in its article on "The Recreative use of Literature," presents some consoling reflections. The millions are slowly waking from their state of intellectual torpor, and they must be fed with food convenient for them. It requires an immense quantity to minister to their wants, and if in their present state of development they prefer "padding" to philosophy or theology, we must not despair of an improvement of their taste, nor deny ourselves the comfort of remembering that their present condition is a slight improvement upon the intellectual lethargy which was once their lot. Again, though the bulk of current literature is flimsy, because the mass of readers cannot appreciate anything of a better character, it is at the same time true, that there is more able thinking and writing now, than there has been at any previous period. We have but one other remark to offer on this subject. It is a prevalent mistake to believe that what is commonly called "heavy" reading cannot be recreative. We believe experience will prove that more pleasure is derived from reading what taxes the faculties of the mind, than from what only employs them lazily, without waking them from their ordinary indolent attitude. Recreation comes from change of vigorous action, not from repose.—[New Eclectic.

Carlyle says journalists are the "true kings of the earth." They have no crown on their head, and some no crown in their pockets. Beware of him that is slow to anger. Anger, when it is long in coming, is the stronger when it comes, and the longer kept. Abused patience turns to fury. When fancy is the ground of passion, that understanding which composes the fancy qualifies the passion; but when judgment is the ground, the memory is the recorder, and this passion is long retained. When a couple engage to row in the same boat for life, their condition is canoe-boat. The torch of Hymen is used to set "matches" on fire. The "spark" appears in the first instance, and becomes a "flame." Friday is an unlucky day for marriages; people should wed on Wednesday. The "ringing" of bells often proclaims a wedding. The man is no longer a "bean" when the knot is tied. With a brutal husband, what hard lines are the marriage lines.

HOW MEN SHOULD TREAT WOMEN.—A Persian poet gives the following instruction upon this important subject: "When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults and blame her not; nor let her anger thee; nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved.

Balzac says women at forty-five often have new and stronger affections than ever before, and that their love is deeper and more disinterested than when they are young. A plea for old maids and widows. De Bow says in his Review that matrimonial advertising was indulged in by the inhabitants of Pompeii.

THE FASHIONABLE YOUNG MEN OF NEW YORK.—The fashionable young men of New York city would form a small army, since, if marshalled forth in full strength, they would number at least three thousand—that is, including the different localities which assume to be fashionable. Strictly speaking, however, none but the residents of the Fifth avenue and its vicinity are fashionable people; for East Broadway and other out-of-the-way spots, although they may be full of wealth, are not up to ton. Out of the 900,000 inhabitants of New York, we do not think there are over 1200 young men who are *creme de la creme*. A larger number than this may have *entree* to the first families, but we limit our category to those who make fashion their study to the exclusion of everything else. These have rich parents, or are supported by investments; and hence they resemble the lilies of the field in one respect—they toll not, neither do they spin. They have never known what it is to put forth a mental or physical exertion. They dawdle away their time with every means to kill time except with thought or work. The great aim of his class is to be fashionable, and hence the tie of a cravat is invested with such importance that sixteen different ways are on the record. The cut of a coat is a still more important study, and these fellows spend a few hours every day lounging in the parlors of the tailors and discussing style. Some who are less supplied with cash than others often contrive to get a suit by way of recompense for "blowing" for the concern, and most of them are very slippery customers. The fashionable young man breakfasts at 11 o'clock, which is as early as his hours of rising will permit. He then spends a season of chatting at Derby's, or Cronin's, or some other fashionable tailor's, where he meets a few associates. In the afternoon he promenades the Fifth avenue, or lounges over the newspaper at the club. After he makes a few calls on fashionable ladies, and discusses in a dilettanti manner the opera or the last party, while at night he is sure to be found in some crowded saloon assisting in the glories of a splendid reception.

These fashionable young men dwell in a world of their own; their language and habits are different from those of the rest of mankind. They have their own affected drawl and the peculiar daintiness of the accomplished fop. All this may seem pleasant for a time, but it comes soon to an end. The fashionable young man may be seen, after the lapse of a few years, gray and wizened, worn out in doing nothing, and an old man at thirty. His energies have died out for want of use; just as, in legal parlance, a character becomes extinct from non use, and before he has reached thirty-five his career is generally wound up by a fashionable funeral.—[Troy Times.

"You are writing my bill on a very rough piece of paper," said a client to his solicitor. "Oh, never mind, sir; it has to be filed before it goes into court."

DEPTHS OF THE SEA.—The soundings effected with reference to the new transatlantic cable have enabled comparisons to be made of the different depths of the sea. Generally speaking, they are not of any great depth in the neighborhood of continents; thus the Baltic between Germany and Sweden is only 120 feet deep, and the Adriatic between Venice and Trieste 130. The greatest depth of the channel between France and England does not exceed 300 feet, whilst to the south-west of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than 2,000 feet. The seas to the south of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the Straits of Gibraltar the depth is only 1,000 feet, while a little more to the east it is 3,000. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6,000 feet. At 250 miles south of the Nantucket (south of Cape Cod), no bottom was found at 7,800 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern Ocean. To the west of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000 feet have been measured, and to the west of St. Helena 27,000 feet. It is estimated that the average depth of the Atlantic is 26,000 feet, and that of the Pacific 29,000.

"Daughter," said a fond mother, whom oil speculations had made aristocratic, "has Mr. Brown proposed to you?" "Yes, ma," replied the daughter, "he proposes that we go out this evening and get some oysters."

PARLIAMENTARY.—A minister having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers said to him after service, "Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning has had three several readings; I move that it now be passed."

"Mack," the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, says Ben Wade is still hale and hearty; rises every morning at 6, takes long walks when he can, and when he can't do that does a little swearing before breakfast to give him a good appetite.

An Irishman who had left his native country, and sought an asylum in America, because it was a land of liberty, was attacked on his arrival, in December, by a furious dog. He stooped to pick up a stone to defend himself, but the stone was frozen fast. "By my soul," says Pat, "what a swate country, where the dogs are all let loose and the stones tied fast!"

The truest wealth is that of understanding.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE EXHUMED.—The London Times publishes an interesting letter in regard to the discoveries of Jerusalem, from which we select the following: The colossal foundations of the temple wall, which are stones of ten cubits and stones of eight cubits, laid by Solomon or his successors on the throne, are now being laid bare at the enormous depth of 90 feet and more beneath the present surface. The bridge that once spanned the ravine between the place of Zion and the temple on Moriah is now proved to have been upward of 150 feet high. If this be, as it seems, the ascent to the House of the Lord which Solomon showed to the Queen Sheba, we cannot wonder that on seeing it there was no spirit in her. The pinnacle of the temple on which the tempter placed the Saviour has just been uncovered to the base, and is found still to have an elevation of 136 feet. The statement of Josephus is, therefore, no exaggeration. If any one looked from the battlements into the valley he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth. Sections of the ancient wall of Ophel have been exhumed, showing that, as Josephus says, it was joined to the southeast angle of the temple. Aqueducts, cisterns, rock hewn channels and passages have also been discovered within and around the harem, throwing new light on the buildings, the arrangements and the services of the temple. The great work of a complete exploration of ancient Jerusalem is thus fairly and auspiciously commenced. The opportune visit of the Sultan and Grant Visor to England; and the representations made to the latter by the Archbishop of York, followed up as they have been by the energy, the wisdom, and tact of Lieutenant Warren and his admirable staff, have smoothed down Moslem prejudice, removed local opposition, and thus brought about opportunities for excavation and exploration, such as never occurred before; and besides, large numbers of Arab laborers are trained to the work, and are eager to be employed, and the exact points for the successful exploration are now well known.

Some ungenerous liped has patented a "medicine to make a 'fellow' rise early in the morning. The Boston Post says a six months old baby can beat it to death.

"Nothing comes of nothing" is not true, since an empty-headed fool often causes uncounted trouble.

How beautifully does Hope elevate the student's mind to golden fields of literature!

VEGETATION IN THE MOON.—It was for a long time the common conclusion among astronomers that the moon was without any atmosphere, and destitute of water; and that, consequently, neither animal nor vegetable life, eminent modern astronomers have maintained the moon has an atmosphere, though of a very limited extent. And quite recently Mr. Schawbe, a German astronomical professor, thinks he has discovered signs of vegetation on the surface of our satellite. It is well known that there are certain dark lines or scratches, as they appear, extending across the slopes of the highest mountains in the moon. These have been variously explained, some regarding them as the beds of dried-up streams, others as the channels left by torrents of lava; others as having some other origin. Prof. Schawbe claimed to have discovered in these lines a greenish color, which appears at certain seasons, lasts a few months, and then disappears. He therefore regards those lines as belts of vegetation. If his observations should be decisively confirmed by those of other astronomers, it will settle the question that the moon has both air and water, and will therefore remove any presumption against the existence of animal life on its surface.—English Paper.

A vendor of hoop-skirts was extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the shopman. "Well, of course not," said the husband, "she should be within it."

An editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. Like all editor's wives she was of an exceedingly poetic nature—"Notice that moon; how bright and calm and beautiful!" "Couldn't think of noticing it," returned the editor, "for less than twenty-five cents a line."

In Great Britain, there are now published 1324 newspapers, distributed as follows: London, 253; elsewhere in England, 751—a total of 1004. Wales, 49. Scotland, 132. Ireland, 124. British Isles, 15. Of these there are 88 daily papers published in England, 1 in Wales, 12 in Scotland, 13 in Ireland, and 1 in the British Isles.

The Cincinnati Enquirer of a recent date says: One of our city Republicans remarked, yesterday, that the Senate would not dare acquit Mr. Johnson, for, added he, not one of those who voted for acquittal would be permitted by the society called the Grand Army of the Republic to leave Washington alive. To that point has the American republic been brought under Radical rule.

There are 70,000 of the Jewish faith in New York city—about one-fifteenth of the population.

It is said half a cranberry, bound on a corn, will kill it.

THEY WON'T TROUBLE YOU LONG!—Children grow up—nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now! There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made, it is like a raveling stocking; stich by stich gives way till all are gone. The house has not a child in it—there is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing in pell-mell; it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, balls or strings left scattered about. Things are neat enough now. There is no delay for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task before you lie down, of looking after anybody, and tucking up the bedclothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaint, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend; no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged. There never was such peace in the house. It would sound like music to have some feet to clatter down the front stairs. Oh for some children's noise! What used to all us, that we were bustling their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slapping and banging the doors! We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A home without children! It's like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no grapes; a brook and no water gurgling and gushing in its channel. We want to be tired, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear children at work with all its varieties. During the secular days, this is enough made. But it is the Sabbath that puts our homes to the proof. That is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hands upon their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and lesser love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful but not still. There is a low and melodious trill of children in it. But the Sabbath comes too still now. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a work too orderly. There is too much leisure, and too little care. Alas! what means these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs tokens? Is life waning?—Henry Ward Beecher.

Of the 2218 graduates of West Point since 1802, 955 have died and 1263 are living. There have been appointed from New York 355 cadets; from Pennsylvania, 218; from Virginia, 159; from Massachusetts, 139. Of the total number the New England States have had 408.

Mr. Jellaby rejoices that his wife, who was born on the 29th of February, does not have a birthday but once in four years. He thus escapes annually those little remembrances which call for certain inroads upon the purse, which inroads Mr. Jellaby isn't at all partial to, except when he is selfishly to be the gainer.

The Emperor Napoleon III makes a note of everything he wishes to remember in his memorandum book. As soon as he has filled up a page of it he tears it out, reads it over, and then tears it to pieces. He says he never forgets anything noted down and read over in this manner.

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.—Not long ago was found at Toledo, in Spain, in a monastery, a paper containing the following prophecy: "In the far west, beyond the ocean, will rise a nation which will be great in power and wealth, and Satan, in one of his walks to and fro in the earth, will observe this nation, and determined to destroy their happiness, will there send two monsters, one to the North and the other to the South; and he will give them strawberries, and they will eat them; and after they have eaten they will feel a great thirst, not to be quenched with anything but blood. They will, therefore, cause the brother to slay the brother, the father to slay the son, and the son the father, and they will drink the blood of the slain, and it will bring lamentation and wailing throughout the land. And, when the time is fulfilled, there will arise a strong man in the North who will take the monsters and bind them, and draw them into the sea, where it is the deepest, and peace and happiness will again prevail throughout, and the people will again praise the Lord."

It is said that the monks in the above monastery maintain that this prophecy was written before the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus; that Ferdinand and Isabella were, in the main, induced to fit out the ship for Columbus, and that the first part of it is fulfilled in America, and that the other part will soon come to pass.

"I know I'm a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart. "No," indeed, John; said the maiden, "you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."

Love is not preserved by gifts and sacrifices, whose influence soon disappears, but by words and acts of love.

If a lady is asked how many rings she has, she can say with truth, there's no end to them.

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look in.

It is now boldly charged at Washington that the impeachment of the President was contrived to divert public attention from the frauds now being exposed in the Treasury Department. The developments so far are said to be positively astounding. For greater facility in printing bonds and currency, the original plates were duplicated, triplicated, and, in many instances, multiplied *ad libitum*. They were then used regardless of proper care, or system, and in many instances have since passed into the hands of persons in no wise connected with the Government, who are doubtless, for anything known to the contrary, yet at work with them. The extra coupons of the bonds are being daily paid at the Treasury office, simply because it is impossible to detect the difference between the originals and the duplicates—the genuine and the bogus. No one seems to have the least idea of the extent of the fraud, although Thad. Stevens hazards a guess at one and a half billions, thus making the public debt four billions, instead of two and a half as represented. One item alone points out from sixty to one thousand five hundred millions not yet accounted for. The most shameful laxity and carelessness seems to have existed in every department. No record has been kept of spoiled impressions. Thirty thousand strips of bank note paper, capable of printing three hundred millions, have disappeared. A deficit of sixty million is shown in the fractional currency, besides an over-issue of twenty-five millions; to say nothing of the vast sums squandered by defaulting officials. The disclosure of such a gigantic swindle involves, of course, all degrees of crime. Not only theft, but perjury is boldly charged upon grave Senators. The utmost alarm, it is evident, pervades financial circles, and Senator Sherman's warning would seem to indicate that where bad begins there is "worse remains behind."—[N. O. Times.

THAT'S IT.—Stop grumbling. Get up two hours earlier in the morning, and begin to do something out of your regular profession. Mind your own business, and with all your might let other people's alone. Live within your means. Sell your horses. Give away or sell your dog. Eat with moderation, and go to bed early. Talk less of your own peculiar gift and virtues, and more of those of your friends and neighbors. Be cheerful. Fulfill your promises. Pay your debts. Be yourself all you would see others. Be a good man, and stop grumbling.

Mary—"Don't you think, Angelina, that the close of the sermon was very fine?"

Angelina—"O, I was so taken with the clothes of Miss Goldwaite that I did not notice the close of the sermon."

You are a queer chicken, as the hen said when she hatched out a duck.

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.—From a work recently published in England, the annexed extract on the buoyancy of the waters and the appearance of the Dead Sea is taken:

Though in breadth not exceeding ten miles, the Dead Sea seems boundless to the eye looking from North to South, and the murmur of the waves as they break on the flint-strewn shores, together with the lines of drift-wood and fragments of bitumen on the beach, give to its waters a resemblance of the ocean. Curious to experience the sensation of swimming in so curious a sea, I put to test the various accounts of the extreme buoyancy felt in it, and I was quickly convinced that there was no exaggeration in what I had heard. I found the water almost to rise, and so strong that the chief difficulty was to keep sufficiently submerged, the feet starting up in the air at every vigorous stroke. When floating, half the body rose above the surface, and with a pillow, one might have slept upon the water. After a time the strangeness of the sensation in some measure disappeared, and on approaching the shore I carelessly dropped my feet to walk out—when lo! as if a bladder had been attached to each heel, they flew upward! The struggle to recover myself sent my head down; the bitter and briny stuff, from which I had hitherto guarded my head, now rushed into my mouth, eyes, ears, and nose and for one horrible moment the only doubt I had was whether I was to be drowned or poisoned. Coming to the surface, I swam to land, making no further attempt to walk in dead water, which, I am inclined to believe, is almost impossible.

First young lady of eight summers—"Say George, when you are a great big lady and get married, what will you do?" George—"Oh, I expect I'll get a sewing circle, and go to the water cure, and have lots of jewelry. What will you do, sis?" "Oh, ma! I'll have a nice young man with beautiful whiskers come to see me; and my husband, you know, he'll get mad, and I'll cry and go to Chicago, and sue for a divorce, and it will be in all the papers, and the reporters will say that I'm a pale and spiritual looking lady; and my husband is a brute; that will be so nice."

Just like a cinnamon tree is the fop, for the bark is invariably worth more than the body.

Motto for the Married—Never Dispair.

To start a balky horse, fill his mouth with dirt.