

# The Natchitoches Spectator.

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## The Natchitoches Spectator.

**TERMS:**  
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## The Value of Skilled Labor.

It is unpleasant to read in our daily journals of the destitution among our laboring classes because of the lack of work. Yet it is a fact that thousands are actually suffering for want of employment, and still it is no less the fact that skilled labor is in as great demand now as ever. The thorough master of his business, unless that business is entirely prostrated, will never find himself, for any longer time, unemployed if he desires employment. If a workman at any business—mechanical or intellectual—is not a competent worker the place he desires will be sure to be filled by his superior, the master of his business. Men, like the particles of fluid, must find their level, and neither can rise above it without outside aid. The man in any business, whose sole use and value is to fill a hole accidentally left open, does not amount to much. He only is valuable whose services are eagerly sought, and, being secured, are retained. When the employer seeks the worker, it may be considered that the latter is worth the seeking; but there are thousands who might be sought, but who never would take the trouble to make themselves worth seeking. These "slumps" of mechanics, making pretense to a name to which they have no right, are stumbling blocks in the way of really worthy men. We speak not of the apprentice and learner who have never had a sufficient opportunity to acquire a full knowledge of their business, but of those who, being either fitted by taste or talent for their chosen business, look upon it solely as a means of earning their bread and butter and never imagined such a thing as interest or enthusiasm in their work. Such men, even in the best of times, are suffered and borne with, rather than valued in the shop. They may do the work set before them, but never care enough about its character when finished or their own reputation as workmen to take care and pains, use thought and brains, as well as muscle, in its prosecution. Being only automatons—breathing machines—their places are filled by workmen as soon as business becomes slack.

Yet it is not difficult for the worker to arrive at the head of his profession, if first he has any aptitude and taste for it. All that is needed is application and an interest in his work. It may take years to accomplish the result, but the time will have been profitably spent. Once a workman, in the highest sense of the term, his future is secure. His efforts will be appreciated and his proper position assured on a very brief trial, even by a stranger.

These remarks apply equally as well to those who live by their brains rather than their muscle; many a so-called editor is such simply by the circumstance that no proper man has found and occupied the position assumed by him who cannot properly fill it. And possibly there is no more bare-faced assumption of responsibilities and duties for which the pretender is totally unfitted than that of some would-be literary people; yet the mechanical branches of industry are thronged with such apologies for workmen; men who have no love for their work, no respect for themselves, and no regard for the interests of their employers. Such men should turn their attention to work requiring scarcely more brains than that of an ox.

The skillful workman is to be envied. He knows his own value and feels thereby a pride in his business and a respect for himself. He is, in a measure, independent, for his services are needed and will always receive their full market value. It is better to be a thorough workman in the lowest branch of mechanical business than a mere hanger-on in a popular or genteel occupation. Will our young men or mechanic consider this matter?—*Scientific American.*

## FRAUDS IN ARKANSAS ELECTION.

We clip the following from the New Orleans Times of the 14th:  
The recent constitutional election in Arkansas is only remarkable for its infamous frauds. Every conceivable device was resorted to in order to secure success. Negroes were openly marched by the brigade from county to county, voting in each. Wenchies were dressed up in men's clothes, and provided with certificates of dead freedmen, were also permitted to vote; while instances of false swearing and double voting were as plenty as blackberries in June. One remarkable hygienic fact was developed by the Arkansas election that concerns all States blessed with negro suffrage, and that is, the immortality of the negro. After receiving their registration certificate they never die. Not one of the colored population of Arkansas has died since he received his registration certificate. It is pleasant, in a statistical point of view, to record this remarkable fact—to reflect upon the great blessing vouchsafed to a race in the entire exemption from death. We little thought that the waters of life old Ponce de Leon hunted through Florida for were to be discovered only at this day in a registration office by freedmen. Yet so it is. If once registered, they live forever; for them the "grave has no victory" and "death no sting," that is, if the "titiccate is preserved carefully.

Albert Pike has performed one great achievement. In a recent editorial he produced a single sentence of two hundred and ten words without any other stop than a few commas. It is said that Henry A. Wise fainted away on reading the sentence.

## The New Cardinal.—The Ceremony OF INVESTITURE.

We copy as follows from a letter dated Rome, March 14th:  
This city was yesterday in full fete. An extraordinary movement of gilded carriages filled with Cardinals and Prelates, was observable in the streets; liveries trimmed with gold and silver glittered in the sun; a crowd of spectators on foot and in vehicles, moved past the Piazza San Pietro, attracted by a double object, namely, that there was a secret consistory at the Vatican, where the Pope was to pronounce an allocution before making new Cardinals, and he was afterwards to go to the Cathedral and perform his devotions. In the evening there was a public reception at the houses of the new princes of the Church; the palaces of the Roman aristocracy were illuminated; the streets were thronged with numerous equipages, carrying persons eager to pay their respects to the newly nominated dignitaries; and finally, the people flocked around the privileged dwellings where bands of music were playing. The receptions were most brilliant, but the most numerous assembly was remarked at the French embassy to congratulate Cardinal Bonaparte.

The following is the ceremony of the investiture. Before their introduction to the public Consistory the new Cardinals take an oath in the Sixtine Chapel, in the presence of the dignitaries of the Sacred College. The oath is a very long one, and commences as follows:  
"I, (Lucien Bonaparte,) Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, promise and swear that henceforth, as long as I live, I shall be faithful and obedient to St. Peter, to the Holy Apostolic Church of Rome, to our most blessed Lord Pius IX, and to his successors canonically and legitimately elected, never to advise, consent to, or support anything against the majesty of the Pontificate, or the persons of the pontiffs; never to reveal, knowingly or designedly, to their injury or dishonor, the secrets which they may have confided to me themselves, or by their nuncios, or by letter; and to aid, them in preserving, defending, and recovering against all, and as far as my position allows, the Roman papacy and sovereign rights of St. Peter, etc."

After taking the oath, the new Cardinals are conducted to the Pope, who is seated on his throne dressed in full pontificals. He places the red hat on the head of each Cardinal with these words: "Receive this red hat, the sign of the eminent dignity of the cardinalate, which obliges you to devote yourself to the good of the Church of the Faithful, even to death, and the shedding of your blood." All present, with the exception of the Pope, then proceeded to the Sixtine Chapel to chant the *Te Deum*. They return to the consistory, when the Pope closes the mouth of each Cardinal, using these words: "We close your mouth that you may not be able to give your opinion in consistories, congregations and other cardinalial ceremonies." After pronouncing this formula, the Pope opens a secret consistory, and when this is over he unlocks the mouth of each of the new Cardinals with these words: "We open your mouth in the assemblies, in councils, in the election of Sovereign Pontiffs, and in all the consistorial or extraconsistorial acts peculiar to Cardinals, and which it belongs to them to perform." This symbolical ceremony, which confers on the Cardinal the active and passive voice, is followed by the bestowal of the ring and title. The ring is gold with a sapphire stone—the emblem of the high priesthood and sovereignty—the Cardinals being the heirs presumptive of the Sovereign Pontiff. The title is that of a church in Rome, to which every Cardinal, not of the Episcopal order, is assigned.

## A SINGULAR AND IMPORTANT LAWSUIT.—The Nashville Banner, of the 5th inst., reports:

There is now pending in the circuit court of the United States for the middle district of Tennessee—transferred from the chancery court at Columbia—a singular and highly important lawsuit, involving some new questions of general interest.  
Mrs. Rebecca Polk has sued Messrs. Hilliard, Summers & Co. for nearly \$100,000, and funds her claims on the following state of facts:  
For many years before the war she was the owner of a plantation and slaves in Mississippi, which were managed by her husband.  
Messrs. Hilliard, Summers & Co. were his commission merchants, and sold the cotton raised on this plantation, paying the proceeds to her husband, the late Andrew J. Polk, who is now dead. She has now brought suit for the money thus paid over to him, on the ground that her husband had no right to receive it. The suit is one of more than ordinary importance, because, before the war, large interests of married women were managed in the same way in many parts of the South; and if it shall turn out that commission merchants are liable under such circumstances, suits of like character may become quite common.  
Mrs. Polk claims that the merchants paid over the proceeds of this cotton to her husband, knowing the money belonged to her. This, however, they deny.  
The tax of one cent on each box of matches produced last year throughout the United States about \$1,500,000, or enough to arm, transport, and keep in the field 1500 men, and make us a match for any other nation.

## REMARKABLE POWERS OF MEMORY.

—Writers upon mental science have carefully preserved many instances of the most amazing powers of memory. Cyrus, it is said, knew the name of every officer, Pliny that of every soldier that served under him. The mistocles could call by name each one of the twenty thousand citizens of Athens. Hortensius could sit all day at an auction, and at night give an account of everything sold, the purchaser and the price. Murretus saw at Padua a young Corsican, who could repeat, without hesitation, thirty-six thousand names in the order in which he heard them, and then reverse the order, and proceed backward to the first.  
Dr. Wallis, of Oxford, on one occasion, at night, in bed, proposed to himself a number of fifty-three places, and found its square root of twenty-seven places, and, without writing down numbers at all, dictated the result from memory twenty days afterwards. It was not unusual with him to perform arithmetical operations in the dark, as the extraction of roots, e. g., to fortify decimal places. The distinguished Euler, blind from early life, had always in his memory a table of the first six powers of all numbers, from one to one hundred. On one occasion two of his pupils, calculating a converging series, on reaching the seventeenth term, found their results differing by one unit at the fifteenth figure, and in order to decide which was correct, Euler went over the whole in his head, and his decision was afterwards found to be correct. Pascal forgot nothing of what he had read, or heard, or seen.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of great memory in modern times is the case of the celebrated Magliabechi, librarian of the Duke of Tuscany. He would inform any one who consulted him, not only who had directly treated on any particular subject, but who had indirectly touched upon it in treating of other subjects; to the number of, perhaps, one hundred different authors, giving the name of the book, the words, often the page where they were to be found, and with the greatest exactness.

To test his memory, one day, a gentleman of Florence lent him at one time a manuscript he had prepared for the press, and some time afterward came to him with a sorrowful face, and pretended to have lost his manuscript by accident. The poor author seemed inconsolable, and begged Magliabechi to recollect what he could and write it down. He assured the unfortunate man that he would, and setting about it, wrote out the entire manuscript without missing a word. He had a local memory, also, and knew where every book stood. One day the Grand Duke sent for him to inquire if he could secure a book which was very scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, "it is impossible; there is but one in the world; that is in the Grand Seigneur's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the seventh shelf, on the right hand as you go in."

The question has been discussed by writers upon the human faculties, "how far the power of memory may be regarded as a test of intellectual ability." Some have contended that an extraordinary memory is incompatible with a sound judgment, and even that an unusual development of the faculty is attended with a corresponding deficiency of some other mental power. Others, and it is believed the majority of sound writers on the subject, entirely controvert this idea, contending that the men of the most active and commanding intellect have been men also of tenacious and accurate memory. Napoleon being produced as a remarkable instance in point.

## A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following paragraph is from the Wisconsin Farmer:

"To a majority of men we are satisfied that the soil is nothing but dirt; but to the chemist who knows its origin, its nature and capabilities, it is a wonderful mixture of those beautiful elements which, in their varying forms, becomes the ambient air, the liquid ocean, the precious opal, the amethyst, and the still more precious diamond, or delicate blue-bell and the violet, the amaranth, the lily and the rosebud, the spear of blue grass and the cedar of Lebanon; or again, the ruby lip, the loveliest eye, noble, palpitating heart, and yet more wonderful brain! These are jewels of which the soil is composed, and out of which the husbandman so unheedingly strives to force the food hunger craves. Henceforth as he turns the furrow of the field, let the sleep of his thoughts be broken by the reflection, this earth he stirred up by the ploughshare, is doubtless composed in part of the ashes of ancestral heroes whose deeds are the history of the past, and whose mortal remains are the plastic material out of which we are building the bodies of men to-day."

The following advice is given in Binns' Anatomy of Sleep, or the art of procuring sound and refreshing slumber at will, published in London in 1842. The principal feature in Binns' system is for the patient to fix his attention on his own breathing. "He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from the other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination slumbers; fancy becomes dormant; thought subdued, the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility; the vital or gonglienic system assumes the sovereignty, and he no longer wakes, but sleeps.

## LINKS IN A CHAIN.—The blast that drove the storm clouds across the heaven shook the oak, and the acorn cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway.

The clouds burst, and the raindrop filled the acorn cup. A robin wearied by the sultry heat of an autumn day, hopped along the path when the storm was over, and drank the raindrop. Refreshed and gladdened he flew to his favorite perch in the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he trilled the sweetest, happiest song.  
The poet heard, and rising from his day-dream, wrote a chant of grateful rejoicing.

The chant went forth into the great world and entered the house of sorrow, and uttered its heart-stirring accents beside the cot of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted, the sick were cheered.  
Many voices praised the poet. He said, "the chant was inspired by the robin's song."

"My throat would have been too dry to sing," said the robin, "if I had not found that sweet drop of water that was in the acorn cup."  
"I should have sunk in the earth had not the acorn cup been there to receive me," said the raindrop.  
"I would not have been there to receive you but for the angry blast," said the acorn cup.  
And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the blast replied: "Praise Him at whose word the stormy wind ariseth and who from darkness can bring light, making his mercies oftentimes to pass through unseen and unknown channels, and bringing in due time, by his own way, the grateful chant from the angry storm-cloud."

**CAN A MOTHER FORGET?**—Can a mother forget? Not a morning, noon or night but she looks into the corner of the kitchen where you read Robinson Crusoe, and thinks of you as yet a boy. Mothers rarely become conscious that their children are grown out of childhood. They think of them, advise them, write to them, as if not full fourteen years of age. They cannot forget the child. Three times a day they think who is absent from the table, and hopes that next year, at farthest, she may have "just her own family there," and if you are there look out for that fat limb of fried chicken, and that coffee which none but everybody's own mother can make.

A mother mourning at her first-born's grave, or closing the dying eyes of child after child, displays a grief whose very sacredness is sublime. But bitter, heavier than the death-stroke, is the desperation of a son who rushes over a crushed heart into vices which he would hide even from the abandoned and the vile.

Napoleon once asked a lady what France needed for the education of her youth, and the short, profound reply was, "mothers."

**A LEG LOST FOR LOVE.**—A French paper gives the following account of a branch of the "leg business," which seems to have escaped Miss Olive Logan's attention:  
"An English lord fell madly in love with a young lady who had lost a leg by amputation. He fell on his knees and laid at her feet—or rather at her foot—his fortune. She declined. 'Why, oh why?' asked the enamored peer. 'Because such a marriage would be unequal, and unequal marriages are always unhappy. The peer protested that there was no inequality. His wealth and station were as naught compared to her love. 'Still, we are unequal,' calmly said the maiden. 'How, dearest, how?' frantically asked the peer. 'Our standing is not the same.' To which the enamored peer said 'Nonsense.' The maiden persisted, and proved her correctness by the fact that he had two legs while she had but one. He madly rushed away—not to suicide, but to amputation. He returned hobbling, but a happy man; for the maiden accepted him, and they will limp through life, crippled but companions."

**FOOLSCAP PAPER.**—Every kind of paper is known by the stationer, by its name: quarto post, octavo post, Svo post, foolscap, etc. The term foolscap to designate a certain kind of paper no doubt has puzzled many young inquirers. The origin is not only amusing but historical. Charles I of England granted numerous monopolies for the support of the Government. Among others was the manufacture of paper. The water mark of the finest sort was the Royal Arms of England. The consumption of this article was very great at this time, and large fortunes were made by those who had purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the parliament that brought Charles I to the scaffold; and by way of showing their contempt for the king, they ordered the royal arms taken from the paper, and a fool with his cap and bells to be substituted. It is now over two hundred years since the foolscap bells were taken from the paper, but still the paper of the size, which the rump parliament ordered for their journals, bears the name of the water-marks then offered as an indignity to Charles.

**MRS. GAINES' LAWSUIT.**—Mrs. Gaines will not derive as much benefit from her successful lawsuit as might be expected. A large portion of the property recovered will have to be appropriated toward defraying the expenses of the thirty years' litigation. So says an exchange

## Queen Victoria has over thirty tons of silver and gold plate.

Poor is the man who can boast of nothing but gold.

Marriages are decreasing in Tennessee, owing to the hard times.

Mrs. Oakes Smith says none but handsome men and women should marry.

A Connecticut couple fought, on the first night of their marriage because the groom kissed the prettiest bridesmaid.

An Australian lady gives public notice by advertisement, that if her husband does not turn up in three months she intends to marry again.

A newspaper has already made its appearance in Alaska. It is styled 'The Alaska Herald' and is printed in Russian and English.

An exchange says it is a little singular that in making up bouquets for danseuse no florist has ever suggested fig leaves.

SYNONYMS.—In Hebrew, Sunshine and Happiness are words of the same meaning.

Connecticut railroads must be rough. A citizen of Bridgeport says he was cured of dyspepsy by riding on them last winter.

There are thirty-two thousand lawyers in the United States, whose earnings are sixty-four millions.

The public lands in Alaska are said to extend to 365,000,000 of acres. Many of these acres are preserved in ice.

A Wisconsin paper describing a large farm which the advertiser wants to sell, adds the following: "The surrounding country is most beautiful; also two wagons and a yoke of steers."

A Massachusetts inventor has improved the sewing needle, which promises to make its valuable mark among modern inventions. The improvement is in the needle's eye, making the threading of it as easy to the blind as to those of the sharpest vision.

Wieland, the German novelist, must have been a sublime lover. He was perfectly convinced that love is born with the first sigh, and expires in a certain degree with the first kiss.

Louisville covers an area of 27 square miles, having nine miles of river front, and extending inland 3 miles. It has a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants and has seventy churches.

Too BAD.—The New Orleans Crescent says it is reluctantly admitted that Stantberry, as a conductor of the President's case, is a failure.

The Republicans in Trenton, New Jersey, are running an undertaker for mayor. The issues involved in the election are very grave.

A traveler breakfasting at an Arkansas hotel, requested the waiter to take his cup of coffee out into the yard and pump some of the water out of it.

There is a river in Illinois known as the Cache, which pursues a meandering course of one hundred miles, while the distance from its source to its mouth is only thirty-six miles.

A Western paper strikes the names of two subscribers from its list because they were hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

The New York car companies propose the Berlin system of issuing numbered tickets to passengers to prevent conductors "knocking down fare," if possible.

Why not adopt the old practice of trying witches; tie the hands behind the back and throw the President overboard; if he sinks, declare him innocent; if he swims, hang him as guilty.—*Newburyport Herald.*

**VOLTAIRE UPON MEDICINE.**—When Voltaire was told that a friend of his was studying to become a physician, he exclaimed: "Why will he be so mad? He will have to thrust drugs, of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows less."

"An old bachelor in New York offered a young lady a pony for a kiss; she gave him the kiss; he refused her the pony; she sued him; he pleaded 'inconsideration'; the court decided that a kiss was a legal consideration, and made him 'pony over.'"

"Sir," said a sturdy beggar to a benevolent old man, "please give me a quarter, I am hungry and unable to procure food." The quarter was given, when the beggar said: "You have done a noble deed, you have saved me from doing something which I feared I would have to come to." "What is that?" said the benefactor. "Work," was the mournful reply.

The following is an easy method of detecting whether the red color of wine is artificial or otherwise. A small piece of bread or sponge which has been well washed is dipped into the wine and then placed in water. If the color is artificial the water will be at once colored; otherwise the color will not be apparent for half an hour.