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THE DAILY BEE.

Wednesday Morning, June 13, 1855.

The Northern Mail came through yesterday with the latest dates.

WHO WILL BE THE CANDIDATES?

While the Democrats are preparing actively for the fall campaign, and will doubtless, in the course of a few days, nominate their candidates for State officers, the opposition con-sisting of the American party from what rumor gives out, are by no means supine or apathetic. This organization will unquestionably present a full ticket, and we have good reason to believe that its nominees will be composed of able and strong men—men of the people, as contradistinguished from those political hacks who, under the rule of the nearly effete parties, were wont to pay into each other's hands, and monopolize most of the honors and all of the profits of office. We suspect that this class of the community, together with the competent gentry, the waiters on Providence, will be laid up in ordinary, and permitted to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of private life.

The choice of the American party for Governor, is yet uncertain. There is quite a number of gentlemen, any one of whom would fill the office with honor to himself and advantage to the community. Among those whose names have been most prominently mentioned, is the Hon. Charles Derbigny, son of a former Governor of Louisiana—a gentleman of the highest and purest reputation of sound judgment and matured common sense, who was formerly in public life, but for many years has lived in the quiet and comparative obscurity of rural pursuits. That there is the veteran, Col. Wm. Christy, well known for his firmness of character, his patriotism and public spirit, and his zeal in behalf of the order. Then we have Col. Gilmer, or Bosser, who was formerly a per fect whole-hoss-ee of Democracy, but is now one of the most supporters of the American party in Western Louisiana. Col. Gilmer is a man of great practical sense and shrewdness, and wields probably more influence where he is known, than any other man in the State. He is an extensive planter, wealthy, liberal, energetic, and devoted to the interests of Louisiana. Besides these, there are John Ray, the able and popular lawyer of Ouachita; Gurley Brooks and Charles M. Wiltenman of New Orleans; both commanding hosts of friends. We might extend the list, but we have cited names enough to prove that the new order is in no need of good and true men.

For Lieutenant Governor, the name of Lewis Texada, of Rapides, seems to meet with much favor. Mr. Texada is at present a Senator from that Parish, and is a thorough-going Democrat, but does not consider Democracy and Americanism incompatible. He is a gentleman of ability, quick in apprehension, ready and efficient as a speaker, and of remarkable affable and winning manners. We hear likewise of C. Latrobe of New Orleans, spoken of as a suitable candidate for both Lieutenant Governor and Governor. He is an energetic, clear-headed business man, whose interests for many years have been identified with the prosperity of the State. Col. Sligo of Madison is also placed upon the list of aspirants, and has many friends.

We have no idea whatever upon which of the competitors for the first and second offices of the State, the choice of the party will devolve. What we have set down as is derived chiefly from street rumors, and by the way, besides the nominations for some time in July or August. One feels inclined to say that let them select whom they please, the intelligent American heads are to be seen in the best crowd ever witnessed in Louisiana. The Democrats will make a desperate fight, and they will surrender their supremacy in a State which they have controlled, with few exceptions, for twenty years, while the American party, under Locofoism and its forms, is rescued to expel the Goths and Vandals from the capitol—even to the last man. So a fair fight and no quarter is to be expected, and God help the right.

YOUNG AMERICA IN THE FIELD.

Private P. Ryan is somebody, a man of infinite resource. Notice the large Express mail car Jotax Hoth sent to Wm. Hoadley for Tom Thumb. Jenny Lind has relinquished her musical engagements. Boz never is so humbug exposed, after coining money as a showman, as in Barnum's Museum. A number shining down in the subject translates, than he finds another gas-bag novel, attractive and irresistible. His last experiment was a great Humbug, where mediocrity as specific stimulant to America were partook in now and elegant bins and turkeys, for the wondering and delighted inspection of thousands. A magnificent specimen of Barnum's taste in the exhibition was coarse peculiarly successful. No less than one hundred and forty-two dozen of the dark ruin of various sizes, dimensions and beauty, were arranged in proper order at the Museum, surrounded by dwarfs, giantesses, bearded women and such as a proper selection of curiosities of birds, beasts and reptiles, whose dimensions and gifted nonsense, by dint of perseverating coolness, an unlimited amount of sauce, and a desperate cause, the application direct of the fount of juvenile refreshment, succeeded in subduing the intensity of their skin of a universal appeal to the sense and stomach of a plaintive public. The days were divided into six in succession, as many as the quarters from One and but arrived on the day appointed.

Among the curiosities of Babylon, some are worthy of mention. One delicate prince lady, under five months, as she had the misfortune weight of twenty five pounds. He knew but nothing per cephic about it, and as a consequence was of Barnum