

St. Landry Whig.

OPELOUSAS, PARISH OF ST. LANDRY, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 5, 1844. [No. 1.]

VOI
OL. I.]
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PROSPECTUS OF THE ST. LANDRY WHIG.

About the first of the ensuing month, the subscriber will issue the first number of a weekly paper, under the above caption, in the town of Opelousas, Parish of St. Landry, Louisiana, to be devoted to politics particularly. It will be published at the office of the Proprietor, No. 110 N. Main Street, New Orleans. The Whig is published at the office of the Proprietor, No. 110 N. Main Street, New Orleans. The Whig is published at the office of the Proprietor, No. 110 N. Main Street, New Orleans.

HOUSE RATES OF GOLD.

In the Custom-House for Gold Coins, as of Congress of 1834, fixing the value thereof.

English Guineas, (old emission)	\$10 00
do. (new emission)	9 00
Seven Shilling pieces	4 50
French Double Louis, (before 1786)	9 50
do. (since 1786)	4 50
Double Louis, (since 1786)	4 50
do. Louis, do	4 50
Double Napoleons, or 40 fr.	7 00
do. Napoleon, or 20 francs,	3 50
Same as the new Louis Guineas,	3 00
Frankfort on the Main Ducats,	2 25
Hamburg Ducats,	2 25
Malta Double Louis,	9 25
do. Louis, do	4 50
do. Demi Louis, do	4 50
do. Double Napoleons, do	7 00
do. Napoleon, do	3 50
do. Same as the new Louis Guineas,	3 00
Portuguese Doubron, do	32 00
do. Doubron, do	17 00
do. Johannes, do	17 00
Spanish Double Louis, (before 1772)	16 00
do. do. (since 1750)	15 50
do. Pistols, do	15 50
Columbian Doubloons, do	15 50

RICE & HATHAWAY,

Commission and Forwarding Merchants,
No. 72 Magazine Street, New Orleans.

NATIONAL HOUSE,

G. N. GLIDEWELL, Proprietor,
Thompson's Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

CATALOGUE OF LAW BOOKS,

for sale by ALEXANDER LEVY & CO. (Successors to Benjamin Levy) Law Bookellers and Stationers, corner of Camp and Gravier streets, New Orleans.

FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRENCH GRAMMARS,

By SEAMAN.

THE SPANISH GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE ITALIAN GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE PORTUGUESE GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE GREEK GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE LATIN GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE HEBREW GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE ARABIC GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE SYRIAC GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE PERSIAN GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE TURKISH GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE CHINESE GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE JAPANESE GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE HINDI GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE URDU GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE BENGALI GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE MALAY GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE TAMIL GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE SANSKRIT GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE PRAKRIIT GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE APABHANSI GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE MAGADHI GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE MAHARASHTRI GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE GUJARATI GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE KANNADA GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE TELUGU GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE MALAYALAM GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE SINDHI GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

THE PUNJABI GRAMMAR,

By SEAMAN.

POETICAL LINES

On seeing an Eagle pass near me in Autumn twilight.
BY GRANTVILLE BELLEW.
Sail on, thou lone, imperial bird,
Of quenchless eye and tireless wing,
How is thy distant coming heard,
As the night's breeze round thee ring?
Thy course was 'gainst the burning sun
In his extremest glory; how!
Is thy unequalled darning done,
Thou stoop'st to earth so lowly now!

So comes the eagle hearted dove,
So come the proud and high to earth,
When life's night-gathering tempests frown
Over their glory and their mirth!
So quails the mind's undying eye,
That from the world's flame a noisome sun—
So man seeks refuge in the dust,
His high place left—his triumph done!

MISCELLANEOUS

SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES OF NATIONAL ADVERSITY.

The mind, as it surveys the field of human action, whether it turns its eye to the present or the past, is filled with images of calamity. In the ruins of forts; in the remains of the Indian arrow and knife; in the battle mound. In the other, it finds the castle, the vallum, and the foss. And if it would persuade itself that the scenes of which it is reminded, are past, and will not again be repeated, it is torn from its repose, and undecieved, by the gleamings of the Turkish sabre, and the shriek of the Grecian captive.

Whence comes it that the world is never suffered to enjoy the sweets of repose? Why is the golden age, always the age of misery? The stoic, happy only in misery, would have us believe that the calamities we speak of, are not calamities; that it is from them only, we are to expect enjoyment. We would not, however, pretend that there are no evils in adversity, no suffering in distress, no grief in tears. But does not the increasing recurrence of affliction require, necessarily, that a just and benevolent director of events, should conceal under peculiar misfortune some peculiar blessing?

If we examine the true source of our happiness, we shall find that it consists more in the pursuit, than in the attainment of any object. I would not deny that there is some real enjoyment in the attainment of a proposed end; but was this all, wretched indeed would be a life spent here, where comparatively speaking, so few efforts are crowned with success. We are not apt to consider the labors and tasks we perform, and the hardships we endure, among the blessings of life; but still we should be unhappy without them. Give to the huntsman or the mariner the object of his pursuit. The first, with a contented smile for your officiousness, will lose his stag to engage in the fatigues of the chase; and the other will leave his fire-side, where he might enjoy the provisions of every climate, and will again expose himself to the dangers of the stormy deep. Now a single glance is sufficient to convince us, that the pleasures of anticipation are inseparable from adversity. In such a situation, we are impelled to action—and persevering exertion always carries with it the hope of better times.

It has often been remarked that great calamities are invariably productive of great men.—The Athenian Orator would have spent his lamp in vain, unless Philip had called him to the rostrum. And the heroes of our revolution, will lose their grandeur, if there had been no revolution. The luxury and effeminacy which follow in the train of prosperity, are ill-suited to the action and energy essential to greatness. They equally debilitate the body and enervate the mind.—Private interest too, is almost the only principle of action; and all the arts of dissimulation are practiced to secure those false pleasures which soon cease to please their votaries. But was a nation's welfare at stake, private interest and deception are laid aside, and give place to the exercise of patriotism and philanthropy. Before, we knew not whether we were addressing the tabernacle of beauty or ugliness, of pleasure or misery, of honesty or hypocrisy; but now the mask is taken away, and appearances longer deceive us. In the extravagance of excess, an Arnold might have outshone a Washington; but it is only in adversity that we may look for days which will emphatically try men's souls. 'Tis the hottest furnace that yields the finest metal; and the blackest cloud send forth the brightest thunderbolts. There are doubtless hours of sadness, of distress, when our country is afflicted. But this very distress creates a universal sympathy; unlocks the coffers which are never laid closed; and calls into exercise the noblest sentiments of our nature—those sentiments of humanity that brighten up even the face of sorrow, and operate like the sun, which, shining into the dusky cloud, paints there the most glorious colors that are found in nature.—Tolls and dangers may be experienced, but this and dangers, and death itself, have their charms, when we brave them for the public good. And that man is justly honored and deemed happy, who pays as a generous gift to virtue, the debt of adversity.

It is yet another pleasure, that may be derived from national adversity—it is the pleasure of sympathy. When oppressed with the weight of poverty, or the listlessness and languor of adversity brings upon us, it is a pleasure to transport ourselves to some mountain-top, and read and reflect on the sufferings of our fellow-men. A thoughtful gloom

comes over our mind—but our own petty troubles and imaginary pains shrink to nothing—and when we return to our common concerns, we find ourselves free from weariness of life, and contented with our lot.

It is undoubtedly true, that prosperity, confined within the bounds of moderation, is productive of happiness; but beyond those bounds its evils predominate. Slth, with its palying touch enfeebles the national body; luxury and extravagance waste its strength. The mind, unexercised, finds every pleasure insipid and loathsome. In vain does it seek for slumber from bed of roses; in vain it looks for rest in indolence—for indolence itself becomes a fatigue. From the excess of such evils, it is sometimes necessary to put in practice the medical maxim,—"contraria contrarium esse remedia"; and though like ancient Remus, it would be unble to bear the disease or its remedy, we should be cautious in charging these unavoidable evils solely to the letter, which is rather the effect than the cause of them.

SAILOR'S TOUGH YARN.

"Thit story puts me in mind," said Venus Raynor, "about what I've heard tell of Ebenezer Smith, at the time he went down to the North pole on a whale voyage." "Well, there's no doubt about it," said the captain, "but sometimes the wind drags 'em out, and then again, it drags 'em out southwesterly; so it went until they were out about three weeks. So, 'last one afternoon—"

"But, Venus, stop; tell us, in the name of wonder, how did the captain come to support life all this time?" "Why, sir, to be sure, it was a hard kind o' life to support, but a hardy man will get used to almost—"

"No, no; what did he eat? what did he feed on?" "O—O—I'd like to've skipped that ere. Why, sir, I've heard different accounts as to that. One Uncle Obb Verity told me he reckoned the captain cut off one of the bear's paws, when he lay stretched out asleep, and with his jack-knife, and sucked that for food; and they say there's a smart deal o' nourishment in a white bear's foot. But if I may be allowed to spend my opinion, I should say my own o' the account is the rightest, and that's—"

"Well, they was down into Baffin's bay, or some other o' them cold Norwegian bays to the North, where the rain freezes as it comes down, and stands up in the air, or winter mornings, like great mountains o' ice, all in streaks. Well, the schooner was layen at anchor, and all the hands was out into the small boats, looken for walrus; all 'cept the captain, who said he wa'n't very well that day. Well, he was walken up and down, or deck, or broken and thicken, I expect, mostly, when all o' the old men he reckoned he see one o' them big white bears—polar bears, you know—big as thunder—with long teeth. He reckoned he see one 'em scummen along on a great cake o' ice, that lay on the leeward side of the bay, up agin the bank. The old chap wanted to kill one o' them varmints most wonderful, but he never lucked to get a chance. Now then he thought, the time had come for him to walk into one 'em at last, and fix his mittion for him right. So he run forward, and lay hold onto a small shelf, that was layen near the foremast, and run her out and launched her. Then he tuk a drink, and—here's luck—and put in a stiff load of powder, a couple of balls, and jumped in, and pulled away for the ice.

"It wa'n't long 'fore he got 'cross the bay, for it was a narrow piece o' water—not more than half a mile wide—and then he got out on the ice. It was a smart and large cake, and the bear was 'way down to the other end on it, by the edge o' the water. So, he walked stiff and straight, and then he got potty close; he walked round and catenered-like, 'like if he was driven for a plain plow—so that the bear wouldn't think he was comin' arter him, and he dragged himself 'long on his hands and knees, low down, mostly. Well, the bear didn't seem to mind him none, and he got up within about fifty yards on him, and then he looked so savage and big—the bear did—that the captain stopped, and rested on his knee, and put up his gun, and he was a goin' to shoot. But just then the bear turned round and snuffed up the captain,—just as one o' the old men says up an old luck, Mr. Cypress—"

"Cypress—"

"Cypress—"

comen at him. He kept getting weaker, tho' and comen slower and slower all the time, so that, at last, he didn't seem to move none; and directly, when he'd got so near that the captain could just give him a dig in the ribs, the bear burst forth and ran, and the captain see that the bear was fast too, nor he couldn't move a step further toward it. Then the captain burst out a laugh, and clasped his hands down on to his thighs, and roared. The bear seemed to be most omnigly mad at the old man's fun, and set up such a growl—what should come to pass, but the ice cracks and breaks all around the captain and the bear, down to the water's edge, and the wind just then a shiffen, and comen off shore, away they floated on a cake of ice about ten by six, off to sea, without the darned a biscuit, or a quart o' liquor to stand on 'em the cruise! There they sot, the bear and the captain, just so near that when they both reached forward, they could just about touch noses, with their one not able to move any part of him, except his upper part and fore-paw—"

"By jolly!" that was rather a big o' it, "I men, Venus," cried Ned, "how was it, you see, and hands would have been frozen too."

"What's the name o' the upper parts, by the way, when he kept him, and breathe hard and hot behind the man whenever he growled at him.— These polar bears is wonderful hardy animals, and has a monstrous deal o' heart into 'em, by means of their being able to stand such cold climates, I expect. And so the captain knowed this, and whenever he felt chilly, he jest tuk his ramrod, and stirred up the old rascal, and made him roar and squeal, and then the hot breath would come pouten out all over the 'cabin, and made the air quite moderate and pleasant. Well, there wa'n't much more on't. Off they got to sea, and sometimes the wind drags 'em out, and then again, it drags 'em out southwesterly; so it went until they were out about three weeks. So, 'last one afternoon—"

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"Cypress—"

"Cypress—"

SONGS FOR THE GATHERING

THE GATHERING.

From hill and from valley,
They eagerly rally,
Like billows of ocean,
The mass is in motion;
The lines are extended
O'er mountain and plain;
Like torrents descending,
They hurry amain;
The gathering! the gathering!
We'll be there, wherever it thine!

Each man beats blithely,
The banners are glancing,
And merrily dancing;
The air is all a-ringing,
The music is swelling
Inspiring notes!
The Victory! the Victory!
That we'll gain! that we'll gain!
Gain! gain! gain!

Again we assemble,
The traitor shall tremble,
For strong as the ocean,
A people in motion!
Tux tops or November,
The day of his doom,
He long shall remember
In silence and gloom.
The traitor! the traitor!
He shall fall! he shall fall!

SONNETS.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God.

We may all search far before we find more wisdom in less space than is contained in the following aphorisms:

He is a fool that cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not.

It is to pick a lock and steal a horse, but it is wiser to let them alone.

Love thy neighbor, yet pull not down thy hedge.

Think—speak all you think! This is the code of Nature's law; violate not, but did the indolence will of every sensitive being.