

THE COURIER.

Published every Saturday morning by JOEL H. SANDOZ & ANDREW MEYNER.

Opelousas: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, 1856.

OUR AGENTS.

The following gentlemen are authorized to collect and receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Opelousas Courier, in their respective towns: AUGUST MARABAT, St. Martinsville, (La.)

We are authorized to announce Mr. CHARLES BOURQUE as an Anti-Know-Nothing candidate for Assessor, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce that B. A. MARTEL, Esq., is a candidate for Judge of the District Court of the 15th Judicial District, at the next election.

Miners Opelousas Courier.

Please announce in your paper, that from this day, we are no longer members of the Know-Nothing party.

OPLOUSAS, November 15, 1856.

Hon. J. H. Overton.

The undersigned, members of the Bar of the 13th Judicial District, request you to consent to become a candidate for the judgeship of this District, at the coming election, and take this opportunity to renew to you the assurance of their esteem and consideration.

OPLOUSAS, November 15, 1856.

OPLOUSAS, November 15, 1856.

I feel deeply flattered by the consideration in which I am professionally held by yourselves, my brethren of the Bar, as communicated to me in your complimentary letter of the 17th inst., this moment handed me.

To him and to yourselves, I tender the grateful assurance of my high regard and esteem.

J. H. OVERTON.

To Hon. LUCIUS J. DUPRE, C. H. MOUTON, C. E. GIRARD, WM. MOUTON, HENRY L. GARLAND, JOHN E. KING, JOHN F. MORROGH, E. H. MARTIN, T. S. ROBIN.

OPLOUSAS, Nov. 25th, 1856.

Extract from a letter by the Rev. Mr. O'CONNOR of Boston, who is now travelling for his health in the East.

"It gives one an ever present idea of the expansive enterprise of his countrymen, to find their commodities of commerce continually in his path wherever he goes. I have not visited any considerable city of Turkey, where, I did not find the Medicines of my country represented by ATYK'S CURRY PASTORAL.

In Smyrna, Aleppo, Jeddah, Jerusalem and Constantinople, we see in each, on the door post of some base, the peculiar American logo from card, of Dr. Ayer, saying in a language which not one in a thousand of the passers by can read, 'Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs, Colds and Consumption, Sold Here.'

"On a shelf behind the cross-legged mummy, are seen the bottles with their English, Spanish, French and German faces turned towards the crowd, and on enquiring we are told that foreigners are not the only purchasers, but the true believers themselves waive their trust in fate to try this product of American skill, when they find there is no other cure for them."

I was told yesterday that the Cherry Pectoral was used in the Sultan, and is now in constant use in his harem, and in the Hospital of the Empire.

A NEWSPAPER.—It was Bishop Horner's own opinion that there was no better material for the newspaper. He says: "The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many because continually burning to turn others from the road on which they have been shipwrecked. When more powerful discursive from suspicion, jealousy, and anger than the story of our friend murdered by another in a duel? What question more likely to be effective against gambling and profligacy than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lectures on the necessity of economy than the anecdotes of oysters, houses and furniture? Only take a newspaper, and consider it well, pay for it and it will instruct thee."

DEATH OF M. CABET.—M. Cabet, the founder of the French Community at Nauvoo, died at St. Louis on the 28th inst., of an attack of apoplexy. M. Cabet's name has been brought prominently before the public within the past four or five years, in connection with his socialist enterprise, and he has been subjected to much criticism and animadversion. The Community at Nauvoo was founded upon the ruins of the Mormon company of Joe Smith, and the buildings occupied by the latter were devoted to the use of the Learians. The age of M. Cabet was about 69 years. In him, the Community loses its main stay.

LONG WINDS.—A foreign journal states that Rogell, trumpet-major and band-master of the Artillery of the Guard, was to celebrate his fiftieth year of continual service, and this with unimpaired lungs. In honor of the occasion there was to be a monster concert by an orchestra playing upon 490 instruments, most of them brass. This Rogell blew the reed at Jena, and Waterloo. Whatever else may be said of the musical veteran, it is certainly true that he has "blown his own trumpet" longer and with more safety, success and renown than most men who perform a similar operation.

Mr. Buchanan's plurality in Pennsylvania, and the fact that he will be elected President, are facts which will be generally admitted.

Opelousas, La., Nov. 26, 1856.

J. S. CHARLES, Esq., Sheriff.

The undersigned, committee of the citizens of Opelousas who have duly appreciated your exertions to establish the drama in its purity at the Varieties, regret two powerful causes, the reported insurrection, and the inclemency of the weather, which has prevented you from receiving that remuneration which your truly artistic performances richly deserve.

We therefore tender you a complimentary benefit evening you please to appoint, and would respectfully suggest that you play your humble character of O'Callahan in "His Last Legs," or any piece you may select.

Your early answer will oblige your patrons and admirers.

U. Prud'homme, Omer Poiret, Pliny D. Hardy, P. Leonce Hébrard, Albert Déjean, Théodore S. Robin, Joseph M. Moore, V. Roy, Henry L. Garland, Louis Mastrapas, Thos. M. Anderson, A. Meyner, Thos. C. Anderson, Alfred Livingston, Adolphe Garrigue, Charles N. Laler, John F. Morrogh, John Cachan, Ouzimeau A. Guiry, J. M. Perrault, J. P. Satterwhite, M. Perrault, M. Kenison, Jan. D. Israel.

OPLOUSAS, Nov. 27th, 1856.

To Messrs U. A. Prud'homme, Pliny D. Hardy, P. Leonce Hébrard, Omer Poiret, etc. etc.

OPLOUSAS, Nov. 27th, 1856.

Your polite favor of the 26th ult., is received, tending me a Complimentary Benefit.

Allow me to thank you for this flattering testimonial, and to assure you I am sufficiently repaired for all my labors and exertions, by knowing that they meet your approval, and by the enthusiastic reception I have always met from so intellectual and appreciating audiences as nightly greeted me and my company.

I was truly remarking by a very able writer, "that it is a sure sign of the intelligence, and property of a city where you see the drama properly jostled and encouraged."

I accept your kind offer, and suggest Saturday night which will be the last night of the season, my company appear in Washington on the Monday following.

With every wish for your welfare, Believe me yours obliged, J. S. CHARLES, Manager of the Opelousas Varieties.

OFFICIAL.

VOTE OF LOUISIANA.

Parishes. Buchanan. Fillmore.

Plaquemine, 248 205 St. Bernard, 122 123 Orleans—Right Bank— 151 194

Orleans—Left Bank— 747 1867 District No. 2. 3018 3119

District No. 3. 1101 2183 District No. 4. 190 755

District No. 5. 1322 424 East Baton Rouge, 102 484

Jefferson, 104 67 St. Charles, 217 106

St. John Baptist, 217 106 St. James, 479 389

Assumption, 857 195 Laourche, 753 300

Terrebonne, 382 440 St. Mary, 374 450

St. Martin, 423 541 Ayovalles, 594 323

East Baton Rouge, 147 540 Carroll, 441 298

Madison, 210 230 Tensas, 205 157

Concordia, 135 155 St. Tammany, 627 927

St. Helena, 272 309 Livingston, 391 242

Winnifred, 391 242 East Feliciana, 464 346

West Feliciana, 290 196 Pointe Coupée, 521 266

East Baton Rouge, 147 540 West Baton Rouge, 147 540

Iberville, 517 285 Vermillion, 334 116

Lafayette, 453 128 Calcasieu, 298 275

St. Landry, 1103 807 Rapides, 703 884

Ratchischoer, 355 452 Winnifred, 391 242

Debato, 510 127 Caddo, 458 493

Bossier, 475 202 Claiborne, 856 678

Bienville, 706 678 Jackson, 538 387

Union, 623 543 Concordia, 135 155

Orleans, 332 321 Ouachita, 390 292

Caldwell, 308 102 Franklin, 264 183

Total, 22,164 20,769 Buchanan's vote, 22,164

Fillmore's vote, 20,769 Buchanan's majority, 1,456

NEW-ORLEANS IN RUINS!

According to law, there was to have been an election in New-Orleans on Tuesday last. At the appointed time, the polls were opened, but alas, to the disgrace of the city authorities, the whole affair proved the most sublime burlesque of the times—400 exchanges tell us it was the farce of the season. A few foolish Democrats had the impudence to vote for "Buchanan," which was the occasion of the most profane and abusive language in our history.

They returned upon depositing their tickets at the risk of being knocked down, stabbed and murdered! The scene was enough to suffocate unblushing impudence, and the time has come when "Know Nothingism" can command a majority in the streets in the Crescent City. Still they have the audacity to charge the Democracy with fraud and duplicity of the deepest kind.

"Physician heal thyself," is a maxim which should not be forgotten by those who are steeped in the blackest political and moral degradation.—Since Know-Nothingism has assumed the reins of power—their majesties in New Orleans depend wholly on the moderation of the "Inspectors" of election! Bowdoin—was made in the order of the day in a city, once the abode of peace, quiet, happiness and prosperity. Nothing more disgusting, revolting and sickening can be imagined than the rampant unshackled conduct of those who profess to be the leaders of the free nation now in power. Truly, the glory of New Orleans has departed, and she is for the present a by-word among her sister cities.

What a scene of recent revolting history with supreme disgust and contempt! When the streets are driven from the Ballot Box by the agency of pistols, knives, stung-lob and brass knuckles, we can language inadequate to express the indignation of a large body of respectable citizens. The only speaking, New Orleans is damned, being entirely at the mercy of those who would trample her streets in her blood, for the accomplishment of vile and wicked ends. It is fortunate that the vote of North Louisiana is sufficiently strong to hold the city at bay, and save the State from disgrace, bankruptcy and ruin. If affairs continue as they now are, the day is not far distant when New Orleans will divide into comparative insignificance and become the residence of pirates and the polluted of earth. So much for a party which has risen upon the ashes of Whiskey and Democracy! From such false doctrine, heresy and delusion, God send us.

[Louisiana Democrat.]

HERONS OF THE ELECTION.

Pending the late Presidential election, a playful bird took place, in the person of Major Ben. Purley Poore, of West Newbury, and Col. Bertram of the Massachusetts Militia, residing in Boston, as to what the comparative vote of Fillmore and Fremont would be, in that State. The Major agreed that if the former did not have more votes there, than the latter, he would carry a barrel of apples from his place, the "Indie Hill Farm," in West Newbury, (something over thirty miles,) to the Colonel's house in Boston, in a wheelbarrow; the Colonel to perform the same feat from the city to the farm in case Fremont should be the most voted. On the day after the election, the Colonel wrote to the Major, releasing him from the penalty he had incurred, but the Major is a man of his word, and what he says, generally stands to it; and so, when Col. B's letter arrived at the farm, "Poore" was well on his way to Boston, with his barrel of apples in a wheelbarrow; and when last heard of, (says a despatch in the Boston Journal of the 6th,) he had made seven and a half miles. The Journal says, "he may be expected in this city in the course of a week."

When he arrived at the Colonel's door with his load, he found that some of "the boys" were around, that night, and he would be greatly mistaken if he found that barrel of apples did not cost the same amount as the money that he had given for it.

Death of the "Wandering Jew."—Under

the title heading the Charleston Standard, of Saturday last, has the following:

We learned yesterday the death of the Roper Hospital of the "Wandering Jew," a character whose singular appearance and habits has been the subject of much curiosity and comment. He has been known about Charleston for the last six or seven years, but the period of his advent is not recorded. He seemed to be very poor; he never worked and never begged, but yet in some way or the other he managed to subsist. The most singular fact connected with him was that he never took the shelter of a roof; his sleeping place was a hole in the ground on what is known as Payne's farm, and he was not only contented with it but would accept of no more comfortable accommodations when they were tendered to him. It is said that some gentleman, probably the proprietor, proposed to erect a cabin for him at the place which he seemed to favor, but he would not accept it, and threatened to burn it if it should be done. He might have been seen at any time within the last six or seven years about the street with all his earthly goods upon his back, and strolling about with a look of more placid satisfaction than is usually upon the countenance of men whose position in life would seem better. He was a foreigner—some say a Prussian, but we have never been able to learn certainly, nor have we ever been able to learn his name.

AN OBFUSCATED MAN.—In a quiet little village on the Western Reserve, in Ohio, says the Prescott Transcript, there lives a man who, physiologically considered, is certainly one of the wonders of the world. His joints are completely ossified, turned to bone, and he is not capable of making the slightest movement, except alternately opening and shutting two fingers of his right hand. His body is as rigid as iron, and it couldn't be bent without breaking some of his bones. This singular process of ossification has been going on in his system for more than twenty years. He is now about 40 years old, and has not had the use of his limbs since the day he was nine years of age.

He has been blind since he was nine years of age, and he has never seen the light of day. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording. He is a very interesting case, and his story is well worth recording.

SCENE IN A YOUNG LADY'S BED-CHAMBER.

Last Tuesday night, which will be remembered as one of the warmest of the season, a young lady at the "East End" was excessively frightened by a little circumstance which transpired about the hour of midnight.

This young lady, whose beauty is only equalled by her modesty, and whose "eye's dark charm" has caused more than one wistful gaze to be cast upon her, was sitting up in bed, reading a book, when she perceived a shadowy figure in the doorway of her chamber, who, without uttering a word, entered the room, and, with a look of intense horror, fixed his eyes upon her. She started, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

She immediately carried out her wailing cry, and, in the confusion of the moment, she saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed, and she perceived that she was not alone in the room.

A GOOD MORRO.—The maker of a new clock for

Temple Hall, London, was desired to write a motto to be placed upon it. After several ineffectual applications, he came just as they set down to dinner, and on asking for the motto, one of them testily replied, "Go about your business." Taking this as an answer to his question, he placed it on the clock.

How I POPPED THE QUESTION.—A Treatise on Popping the Question, illustrated with familiar examples, would doubtless prove a popular book. The following is furnished by the person most interested with the assurance that it "operated to a charm."

I was sitting by the side of Imogene, meditating upon the best manner of coming to the point, when she took up an orange that lay upon the table.

"Will you have part of this?" she asked. I assented, thinking all the while more of orange flowers than of the fruit. What she was thinking of I cannot say. She divided the orange into two parts, and gave me one. A sudden inspiration came upon me.

"Oh Imogene!" said I, "I wish you would serve me as you have done this orange."

"What do you mean?" she asked innocently. "Why, you have halved the orange; now won't you have me?"

I am a little obnoxious as to what followed for the next few moments; only I remember that somehow I found my mouth open in contact with her lips. We are to be married next month.

"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Squiggles?" "Why, the doctor says as how as, if he lives till the mornin' he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't he must give him up."

Opelousas Varieties.

COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT OF MR. J. S. CHARLES AND LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 29th, 1856.

THE performance will begin with Knowlley's play of the

HUNCHBACK

Master Walter, Mr. Anderson. Clifford, " J. S. Charles. Modus, " Birch. Fathom, " Wilson. Wilford, " Menkin. Julia, Mrs. Menkin. Helen, Miss Greenwood.

Patriotic Song— Miss Greenwood. Comic Song— Mr. Wilson. Brian Borohome— " Charles.

To conclude with the laughable farce of HUNTING A TURTLE.

Mr. Levison, Mr. J. S. Charles. " Turtle, " Birch. Timothy Danuelon, " Anderson. Smatter, " Wilson.

Notice.—Tickets, on this occasion, by the request of a committee of gentlemen, one dollar, children and servants, twenty-five cents.

POLITICAL POETRY.

The Washington Star goes facetious and gets off the following:

BURIAL OF SAM.

(A slight variation on Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore.")

BY ONE OF 'EM.

Not a State had he got, nor Electoral vote, And he looked confoundedly flurried; Then wiled, dried up, and kinder give out, As we Hindus around him hurried.