# THE COURIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

JOEL K. SANDOZ.

**Opelousas:**

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23rd 1858.


☞ J. W. DORR, is our authorized agent for the city of New Orleans, to collect advertisements, subscriptions and money due us.

☞ All letters and orders, from the country or Opelousas, for New Orleans, deposited in the office of Borne & Déjean, will be punctually forwarded by every trip of the Bayou Belle. [Oct. 23, 1858.

☞ On Wednesday last, Messrs. Milch and Adolphe, artists of the Orleans Theatre, broke the monotony of our little village by favoring us with a Concert, which, as an admirer of music, we attended.

As to Mr. Milch, his reputation amongst us is already known, he having given, at divers times, many concerts in this place. He is an excellent musician, and a good performer on the violin. Mr. Adolphe, his companion, on this occasion, made his *début* as a performer in our town. His favorite instrument is the Hautbois, on which he performs equally as well as Mr. Valière, who enjoyed a very high reputation as performer on this instrument. The Hautbois is an instrument upon which it is very difficult to perform well, but when in the hands of a master and then only it is made to please an auditory. An ordinary player on the violin may afford a company considerable amusement: A common performer on the piano may bring down applause; but the Hautbois differs essentially from both, inasmuch as there can be no mediocrity in its performer. When the plaintive and touching sounds of the instrument is reached and so maintained, that the musician masters his instrument, he guides its notes, modulates its accents, it is then and then alone that his superiority is evident. It is in this light we looked upon Mr. Adolphe in his *solo* on the hautbois.

We learn with pleasure that these gentlemen are determined to visit us again, during the approaching session of our District Court, at which time they purpose giving us a few concerts. We understand that it is their intention to increase the number of their musicians, say from six to eight, without including the amateurs which we have in our midst, and would be ever ready to tender them their services.

We had almost forgotten to mention that after the concert, of Wednesday last, an *impromptu* ball was given by the above mentioned gentlemen, at which the youth present seemed to amuse themselves for the space of a couple of hours with no small degree of satisfaction.

THE ELECTION IN THE 4TH DISTRICT.—The intelligence so far received from the Fourth District, indicate beyond doubt, the election of Judge Land, the Democratic nominee, over Ray, Independent Know-Nothing candidate, for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, in place of Hon. H. M. Spofford, resigned. In many Parishes, the utmost indifference prevailed as to the result.

☞ The yellow fever is now as bad and intense in New-Orleans, as ever it was this year, although the deaths are not so numerous as in the month of September, which circumstance shows that the great majority of those who are in the city are now acclimated. But what feeds the fever and keeps it up is the continual and inexplicable ingress of people from Europe and the Northern and Western States, notwithstanding the existing epidemic and the remonstrances of the faculty, the city authorities and the benevolent societies of New-Orleans.

There really seems to be a fatality in this regard.

☞ We give below a list of the Jurors drawn for the *regular* Term of our District Court, which is to commence in Opelousas on the 2d Monday of November next, being the 8th of said month:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 Joseph Frozard, | 26 Alex. V. Richard, |
| 2 Numa Léger, | 27 Jn. Bte. Rivette, |
| 3 Jean Bte. Istre, | 28 F. L. Pitre, |
| 4 Ulysse Gaberel, | 29 Adolphe Arnaud, |
| 5 John Rider, | 30 Pierre Thibodeau, |
| 6 Joseph King, | 31 Jean Bte. Vidrine, |
| 7 Joachim M. Ortégo, | 32 Hilaire Bordelon, |
| 8 Adolphe N. Landry, | 33 Adolphe Richard, |
| 9 Enoch Hayes, | 34 Lastie Soileau, |
| 10 Lastie Veillon, | 35 Gérard Ardoin, |
| 11 André Vidrine, | 36 E. M. Broussard, |
| 12 Michel O'Connor, | 37 Zéllen Richard, |
| 13 Joseph Trahan, | 38 Louis S. Thibodeau, |
| 14 Appol. B. Fontenot, | 39 Grasset Latour, |
| 15 Pierre A. Bertrand, | 40 J. W. Rutledge, |
| 16 Dosite Léger, | 41 Alphonse Veillon, |
| 17 E. Bte. L. Guillory, | 42 Nicholas Quebédeaux, |
| 18 James Allen, | 43 John P. Oliver, |
| 19 Aaron J. King, | 44 Willery E. Richard, |
| 20 Jn. Bte. Landreneau, | 45 Joseph Ortego, |
| 21 Onez T. Guidry, | 46 Joseph Semar, |
| 22 R. P. Ferguson, | 47 Julien Bordelon, |
| 23 Léandre Deshautels, | 48 John R. Singleton, |
| 24 Hilaire J. Guillory, | 49 François D. Vidrine, |
| 25 Dacoadray Dupré, | 50 Auguste Burleigh. |

The following is a list of the Jurors drawn for the *special* term of the District Court, which term will commence on the 3d Monday of November next, it being the 15th of said month, the Hon. Albert Voorhies of the 14th District presiding for the recused cases:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 Maximilien Cormier, | 26 Justin Wills, |
| 2 John W. Hardy, | 27 Lucien Soileau, |
| 3 Alex. D. Deville, | 28 Isaac Hayes, |
| 4 James T. Bryant, | 29 Jesse Hayes, |
| 5 Hyp. A. Guidry, | 30 Eloi Vidrine, |
| 6 Valery Fuselier fils, | 31 Calvin H. Ferguson, |
| 7 John Tebre, | 32 F. Dupré père, |
| 8 Benjamin Simms, | 33 John A. Taylor, |
| 9 Augustin Broussard, | 34 Jean A. Guillory, |
| 10 Prosper Manin, | 35 Mark W. Harwell, |
| 11 Gus. Delahoussaye, | 36 Joachim Landreneau, |
| 12 Robert McCrory, | 37 Louis Lalande, |
| 13 Victorin Roger, | 38 Joseph Lastelaie, |
| 14 Onez. M. Manuel, | 39 Rodolphe Lafleur, |
| 15 Jn. Ba. S. Fontenot, | 40 Jean Vasseur, |
| 16 Valentin Stevens, | 41 Hugh Donelly, |
| 17 Neville Bte. Soileau, | 42 Arville Davis, |
| 18 Westley Stesa, | 43 Etienne Duplechain, |
| 19 Sylvain Saunier, | 44 Louis A. Guillory, |
| 20 James Welsh, | 45 Joseph Bérard, |
| 21 François Poiret, | 46 Warren R. Megivley, |
| 22 Melon Doucet, | 47 Jn. Ls. P. Fontenot, |
| 23 Michel Deville, | 48 Théodule V. Richard, |
| 24 Alfred T. Read, | 49 Elisha Lyons, |
| 25 Génécin Miller, | 50 Antoine Déjean. |

☞ We clip from the *Iberian*, of St. Martin, of the 16th inst., the following extract of the census of the Parish of St. Martin, lately taken:

| | |
|---|---|
| Qualified voters, | 1,259 |
| White population, | 6,339 |
| Slaves, | 6,221 |
| Free negroes, | 316 |
| Males from 18 to 45, | 1,947 |
| Total population, | 13,435 |

ASSESSMENT IN NEW ORLEANS.—The *Picayune* has been furnished with the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| The assessed value of real estate is, | $74,252,000 |
| Total num. slaves, 10,271—assessed val., | 6,104,885 |
| Assessed income, | 4,326,610 |
| Furniture assessed, | 1,710,775 |
| Horses and carriages, | 1,068,205 |
| Stocks in vessels, | 648,000 |
| Capital assessed, | 18,976,885 |
| Total assessments, | $197,567,365 |

Why does a lady wearing crinoline appear comical as well as conical? Because she is very drastically dressed.

COWARDLY OUTRAGE.—The West Baton Rouge *Sugar Planter* of the 16th inst., in an article under this head, says:

"One of those cowardly and dastardly attempts at murder which will occur sometimes in civilized communities, took place a short distance below Bruly Landry, on Sunday night last. As Mr. W. M. Boswell, the overseer of Frame A. Woods Esq., was entering his house to supper, some miscreant hidden in the cane field discharged a load of buckshot in his back. Mr. B. fell immediately desperately wounded, and although the inmates of the house made all exertions to discover and apprehend the assassin, he escaped. It is not even known, nor can it be surmised who the villain is that could be so cowardly as to shoot a man in the back, after night. Every care has been bestowed upon Mr. Bosswell, and at the present time seems to be in a fair way of recovery. Mr. B., is well known in this and East Baton Rouge parishes, as a hard working and industrious man, and whatever motive could have prompted the would-be assassin must have been that he dared not openly assert. Mr. B., for some time was proprietor of a livery stable in Baton Rouge, and made many friends by his upright and honest behavior. We sincerely hope the villain may be apprehended and brought to justice, as an outrage of this character is a reproach upon the well-known reputation of our parish, for quietness and orderly conduct.

INHUMAN FRATRICIDE.—A most terrible murder was committed at the Rail Road crossing at Alligator, in this Parish, on Tuesday morning last, 5th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., by which Pierre Brez, one of our most quiet and inoffensive citizens lost his life by the hand of his half brother, Auguste Landry Jr. The parties met at the crossing and Landry demanded of Mr. Brez the payment of a small balance, a very insignificant sum which he said was owing him, and which Mr. Brez denied. High words ensued, when Landry struck the deceased with the butt of a heavily loaded whip, fracturing his skull. Mr. B. lingered until 10 o'clock P. M., without speaking. Landry made his escape and has not yet been arrested. Both were men of family.—*Atlatapas Register, 9th inst.*

☞ A reward of $500 is offered for the apprehension of Landry.

(*Extract from the N. O. Mirror, of the 9th inst.*)

CRIMINAL STATISTICS.—Despite the prevalence of the epidemic the statistics of crime for the month of September, as shown by the report of the Chief of Police, exhibit no serious falling off in the number or variety of the causes of arrests. The total number of arrests during the month of September was 1,874, of which 1,445 were males and 429 females. Of this number nearly one-third was for drunkenness, as will be seen by the following brief abstract:

| | Males. | Females. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Intoxication, | 447 | 111 | 558 |
| Intox. and Disturbance, | 123 | 54 | 177 |
| Assault and Battery, | 139 | 28 | 167 |
| Breach of the Peace, | 114 | 67 | 181 |
| Fighting and Dis. Peace, | 117 | 31 | 148 |
| Vagrants, | 63 | 23 | 86 |
| Disturbing the Peace, | 49 | 31 | 80 |
| Larceny, | 34 | 17 | 51 |
| Assault with weapons, | 19 | 1 | 20 |

MORTUARY.—The total number of deaths throughout the city during the week, ended at 6 o'clock Sunday morning, 3d instant, according to the returns of the Board of Health, was 450. Of these, 380 were caused by yellow fever; this is 64 less than during the preceedeing week.

Of the total deaths, 105 were of children under 5 years of age; 180 were natives of the United States, 127 of Ireland, 117 of Germany, 31 not stated, 30 of France, 29 of England, etc.; 22 were colored, of whom 18 were slaves.

The following table shows the weekly mortality since the date that the "epidemic" is supposed to have had its origin:

| | Yel Fev. | Other dis. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Week ending June 27, | 2 | 128 | 130 |
| Week ending July 4, | 8 | 134 | 142 |
| Week ending July 11, | 9 | 139 | 148 |
| Week ending July 18, | 20 | 117 | 137 |
| Week ending July 25, | 25 | 162 | 187 |
| Week ending Aug. 1, | 70 | 120 | 190 |
| Week ending Aug. 8, | 140 | 166 | 306 |
| Week ending Aug. 15, | 286 | 171 | 457 |
| Week ending Aug. 22, | 318 | 165 | 483 |
| Week ending Aug. 29, | 402 | 184 | 586 |
| Week ending Sept. 5, | 449 | 197 | 646 |
| Week ending Sept. 12, | 472 | 144 | 616 |
| Week ending Sept. 19, | 474 | 168 | 642 |
| Week ending Sept. 26, | 444 | 175 | 619 |
| Week ending Oct. 3, | 380 | 160 | 540 |
| Total, | 3199 | 2850 | 5049 |

RICE STATISTICS.—We are under obligations to a friend, says the *Rice Planter* of the Parish of Plaquemines, for the following [correct] statistics of the rice crop, in our parish, for this year, and we, as well as all others are astonished at the result. Considering the excesses and other difficulties our rice planters have had to contend with the effect of their exertions are truly astonishing.

When we consider the small capital necessary to establish a rice plantation and the immense profits accruing from such expenditure it is really astonishing that our rice lands do not command a higher value in the market. We can make rice of as good or better quality than the South Carolina or Georgia rice for at least one-half the expense that the latter are compelled to go to, and our rice this day commands a higher figure in the market than the rice from either of those States. This improvement in the value of the rice arises from the introduction of machinery by Mr. W. E. Thompson, who is one of the most energetic and indefatigable planters we have.—We can quote the sale of Mr. Urquhart's rice at $5 50 per cwt. and doubt whether any rice from any quarter has been sold for the same.

The quality and quantity of the crop as will be observed by the following figures exceeds in value any crop that has been or can be produced in any country with the same expenses and when it is considered that rice is not subject to worms, flies or any insects whatever, it may be considered a safe crop, and the short time that is necessary to plant and prepare it for market is not equalled by any crop that could be planted.

The following will confirm the foregoing remark:

| Planters. | Barrels. |
|---|---|
| J. Urquhart, | 1500 |
| Pierre Collette, | 450 |
| Edmond Martin, | 600 |
| Maximilien Martin, | 1500 |
| Capt. Jourdain Martin, | 600 |
| Nicholas & Norbert Martin, | 1200 |
| Pierre Cossé, | 1000 |
| Barthelemy Fontenelle, | 600 |
| Pierre Ursin Hingle, | 800 |
| Isidore Cossé, | 500 |
| Domingais Ragas jr., | 600 |
| Hippolite Ragas, | 300 |
| Pierre Vinet, | 800 |
| Paul Lafrance, | 1200 |
| Charles Dragon, | 600 |
| Martial Lafrance, | 1450 |
| Azenor Lafrance, | 700 |
| Pierre Dragon, | 500 |
| Jacomine Dolese, | 600 |
| Casimir Duplessis, | 1200 |
| Charles Duplessis, | 400 |
| Martin Duplessis, sr. | 400 |
| Jacques Mollière, | 300 |
| Paul Dragon, | 700 |
| Jean Baptiste Lee, | 600 |
| Pierre Ambroise, | 700 |
| Armand Duplessis, | 200 |
| Jean Baptiste, | 600 |
| Total in barrels, | 21050 |

AN EDITOR'S ANATHEMA.—Somebody has killed the cat of the editor of the Cleveland *Herald*. The following is the manner in which he vents his spleen on the murderer:

"May your bitterest curses upon the marauder. May his face be constantly scratched by angry felines; may the cats of the neighborhood celebrate their nocturnal orgies under his window forever and ever; should he ever "keep house," may "that cat again" smash every bit of crockery, and glass in the household, and when he eats sausages may he always find a cat's claw or a bunch of suspicious fur in the last piece of the last sausage. May he be scratched by cats, cat cats, dream of cats and be disturbed by cats in *secula seculorum*. Amen.

CENTRAL AMERICA—ITS PROGRESSIVE DECADENCE.

Surprise is not unfrequently expressed at the worse than Punic faith of the Central American and Mexican States. These bastard governments frame treaties only to be violated, and make pledges only to be broken. There must be some deep-seated, radical and generic cause for this systematic perfidy and bad faith, and we shall find that even a cursory investigation of the elements which compose the populations of these countries will materially assist the student in solving a problem of ethnological difficulty.

It is in the first place to be remarked that the inhabitants of Central America, of Mexico, and indeed of almost all of South America, are of similar origin. They all descend from the primitive stock of Spanish blood grafted upon the aboriginal race—the latter largely predominating. In Cuba, Porto Rico and other West India islands generally this peculiarity is scarcely perceptible. The Spaniards who settled those portions of America treated the Indians with a cruelty so merciless and execrable, that in the course of a century or two the aborigines became extinct; and though amalgamation had to some extent engendered a mixed breed, this in its turn died out for want of pabulum, or became gradually so diluted by constant intermixture from the white race as finally to lose all distinctive marks whatever. The case is entirely different with Mexico, and especially with the Central American republics. For many years there has been little or no infusion of white blood to raise the standard of intelligence, or to approximate it to the purity of the Caucassian type. Emigration from Spain, which is so active in Cuba and other dependencies of the Spanish crown, has altogether ceased in Mexico and Central America, because the freedom of these powers from the sway of Spain has wrested from the latter the advantages formerly enjoyed by her. In central America the aboriginal population was numerous at the time these countries were brought under the Spanish yoke. The proportion of white inhabitants was too small to effect their extirpation. In many places, indeed, they retained their independence, and are to this day but half civilized, and nearly idolatrous. Let us now see what statistics teach us respecting the relative numbers of white and Indians in Central America and Mexico. The latter, it is well known, in a population of over eight millions, scarcely possesses one million of white men, and the process of amalgamation adds every year to the strength of the Indians, and to the same extent vitiates the purity of the Caucassian element. But in Central America this process of depravation goes on at a fearfully accelerated ratio. The following table probably exhibits very nearly the proportions in Central America, so far as they may be deduced from existing data and from the personal observations of SQUIER and other travelers:

| | |
|---|---|
| Whites, | 100,000 |
| Mixed, | 600,000 |
| Negroes, | 19,000 |
| Indians | 1,189,000 |
| Total, | 2,108,000 |

It follows, therefore, that in a population of, say 2,000,000, scarcely one-twentieth consists of white men. But even this inconsiderable proportion is yearly becoming more feeble, since, to use Mr. SQUIER's language, "while the population is increasing in a constant and rapid ratio, the exotic or European element is not only decreasing relatively, but in fact, and the direct tendency of things is to its absorption in the indigenous and aboriginal races."

No law of anthropological science is more satisfactorily settled than that amalgamation between superior and inferior races creates a degenerate breed; thus the mixed races of Central America are not only inferior in intellect, moral perceptions and physical constitution to the white man, but are even below the standard of the aborigines. The absorption of the superior stocks into the lower progressively impairs their capacity for a high form of civilization. The inevitable result of this process of degeneration must be that within a certain period of time Central America, if left to herself, will relapse into barbarism. Already this confirmation of an irresistible law is manifested in the peninsula of Yucatan, where the whites, reduced to a mere handful, are utterly unable to maintain even the semblance of law and order against the encroachments of the great bulk of the inhabitants, who have gradually returned to the almost savage state in which they existed previously to the discovery of our continent.

Here, then, is the guide to the loose morality, the dishonesty, the fierce civil feuds, the unstable governments, the declining industry, and the increasing pauperism of those countries. Boasting of their independence, they dwell in the midst of anarchy and licence; claiming to be freemen, they are mere lawless bandits and untaught savages. The influence by which the few capable white men are yet enabled in some measure to curb their vicious propensities is fast disappearing. Unless the numerical decline of the white population can be averted, and its increase secured, we can perceive no glimmer of hope for Central America. It is absolutely certain that she will become the domain of the brutalized and ferocious Indian, unless rescued from impending ruin by the timely immigration of large bodies of whites. This may save her, or perhaps the same end may be accomplished by more sudden and violent means. The colonization or the conquest of the entire region is the only alternative left. Otherwise its nationality will be lost, and it will be placed by future geographers in the catalogue of barbarous countries, alike destitute of a history and a name.—*N. O. Bee.*

BLACK TONGUE.—There is a strong probability that this scourge of cattle is among us. At all events, a disease very similar, though in a comparatively mild form, has made its appearance in the neighborhood. Numerous cases have been reported to us, but very few deaths. In some of the neighboring parishes it is said to be very fatal.

The principal symptoms, as described to us are, foaming at the mouth, very sore tongue, gums and palate, jaws and throat swollen, inability to chew or swallow, weakness of the limbs and stiffness of the joints, with indications of high fever and great suffering. The bloody urin which characterizes the disease in other localities seems not to accompany it, or at least to be noticed here.

The treatment is local—washing the mouth, jaws and limbs with strong brine—the pickle of pork, beef or fish—and sprinkling powdered alum in the mouth. Another prescription, which seems equally successful is, to wash with a strong solution of salt and copperas. If taken in the first stage, this treatment rarely fails to relieve.—*Ouachita Register.*

MORMON WOMEN LEAVING UTAH.—A man named Hebert Brandon, recently from Utah, informs the Jefferson City (Missouri) Examiner, that several Mormon trains had left Fort Scott on their way to the States. Two of the Trains numbering three hundred were chiefly women, English and Scotch, and the principal topic of their conversation throughout was the absurdity of Mormonism and its principles. They were all unanimous in their denunciation of Brigham Young and his apostles and talked of his assassination by the Mormons as a sure event. They have all (without exception) become disgusted with Mormonism, and renounced it, and expressed their determination from henceforth to use all their efforts for the total annihilation of Mormonism. They express their desire to return to their native countries, and would, if they had the means to do so, in order that they might be instrumental in saving others from the baneful influence of Mormonism. Mr. Brandon predicts a speedy dissolution of the Utah community.

A TAX ON HOOPS.—One of the drollest stories in the late foreign papers is one to the effect that the managers of Belgian balls and the lessees of Belgian ball rooms having found to their grief, that the vast circumferences of crinolines have diminished the number of dancers, have commenced charging an extra admission fee for ladies whose skirts went beyond a certain mark, and this mark is determined by a *crinolinometre*. At a ball given on Sunday, 22d, at Montigny, one female was measured and charged an extra 75 centimes; another person, of an economic disposition, preferred reducing her crinoline by taking out two hoops.

We have heard of an economical man who takes his meals in front of a mirror; he does this to double the dishes. If that is not philosophy, we should like to know what is.

(*Written for the N. O. Weekly Mirror.*)

THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

BY JOHN AUGUSTIN.

The sun appearing, with its light
Illumined earth with ardor bright;
The scene was passing fair;
For golden rays of fiery hue
Reflected from the heavenly blue
On helm and sword and bayonet threw
A glittering lustre rare.

Columbia's sons in battle drawn,
Had risen with the early dawn—
Five thousand men they stood:
Each one resolved for land and fame
To fight till death, and guard a name
Their fathers wrote in blood.

Sant' Anna's troops extended wide,
In massive armed bands abide—
A dashing brilliant throng;
There Taylor saw the lancers gay,
The bayonets flashing in the fray,
Full twice ten thousand strong.

The hostile chief, Sant' Anna proud,
Of coming triumph boasted loud,
And sent a herald gay
To ask surrender of our band,
In haughty terms of high command;
But Taylor made him say,
That he would never, never yield,
But rather lie upon the field
A lifeless, bloody corse!
The herald turned to ride away—
He saw th' impending warlike day,
And quickly spurred his horse.

Scarce had he reached Sant' Anna's tent,
The air with cannons' roar was rent—
Each man to fight was eager bent,
Each musket leveled low;
Then there was heard a dreadful crash,
The cannon fired with lightning flash,
And scattered many a foe!

Sant' Anna's fiery legions vast
Advance with pointed bayonets fast
Against our dauntless band;
They near!—now, fire!—the sulph'rous smoke
And iron balls their columns broke,
Yet close they 'neath the awful cloak,
And firm the shock they stand.

They met in overwhelming throng
And bore our weakened ranks along,
When Bragg his battery proud
Directed on their crowded right,
And closed Santa' Anna's boasted might
In dismal, smoky shroud.
The grape flies fast, the aim is true,
The smoke vails high the heavens blue,
The foemen waver—they retreat—
They rush back all with flying feet—
Bragg thunders in the rear!

Thus stood the war when Taylor spied
Another troop, Sant' Anna's pride,
Come hurrying forth to battle's tide;
He saw, and quick to May he cried,
"Advance in swift career—
Advance, and we have won the day!
Remember Palo Alto, May,
And charge upon the right!"
The Captain soon his troop arrayed,
Flashed in the sun each ready blade
The impatient coursers pawed and neighed,
All eager for the fight.

Then shrill was heard the trumpet loud
"To death or fame!" the horsemen proud
Cry, rushing to the fray!
Oh, then there was so mad a ride
On Buena Vista's steepy side!
It seemed that hell was open wide,
And demons fought that day!
Still onward yet the horsemen rushed
To battle, whilst each eye was flushed
With hopes of victory.
The cannon fires, the shot flies fast;
Yet, heedless of the murderous blast,
The centaur-squadron, stern and vast,
Joins headlong with the foe aghast
In hateful rivalry!

They meet with sabres raised on high,
With direful rage and battle-cry,
With giant strength their swords they ply
And many are laid low;
Yet doubtful stood the battle-game,
For warred each one for country's fame
Against a valiant foe!

They fought with swiftly flashing brand,
In deadly conflict hand to hand;
Not for their fame they now contend
But each the other's heart to rend,
Aimed high the bloody sword;
And as the warriors fought amain,
Their blows were poured as fast as rain,
And parried fast as poured.

Oh, how much blood was spilt that day!
How many souls have flown away!
Full many fell in bloody fray
Who rose at dawn with spirits gay
And hoped another morn!
But now the contest fainter grew,
The iron hail more scattered flew,
The warlike blast less vaunting blew
From Montezuma's horn.

Columbia's sons with doubled rage
Their maddening thirst in blood assuage;
The foemen fly—the day is won,
And Montezoma's pow'r gone.
The foe is swept before our band,
As flies the dreary desert sand
Before the simoon blast!
Now Buena Vista's field is still;
The rippling stream, the mountain rill,
Alone disturb the silent path
Where once contended human wrath!
But though the field is silent now,
Immortal glows the hero's brow
Who fought the Buena Vista fight,
For proud Columbia's fame and right;
And deathless he, the warrior brave,
Who 'neath the field has found a grave,
Who cried defiance onto death,
And uttered with his dying breath—
"Columbia to the last!"

REASONABLE CURIOSITY IN A DYING MAN.—It was a bright thought that of Smithson, when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Smithson had had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover what his disease was. At length they told the patient he must die. Calling them all around him he said:

"My friends, after I die, make a *post mortem* examination, and find out what ails me; for really I have heard such loud and learned discussions on the subject, that I am dying to know what the disease is myself."

A noted miser, having relented so much as to give a beggar a sixpence, suddenly dying soon after, the attendant physician gave it as his opinion it was from *enlargement of the heart.*

THE YOUNG WIFE.

Young wife, I talked to your husband in my last letter, and now I address you. I told him that you have a claim on his time and society. There are qualifications of this claim which concern you particularly, and so I speak to you about them. Your husband labors all day—every day—and during the waking hours, between the conclusion of his labor at night and its commencement in the morning, he must have recreation of some kind, and here comes in your duty.

If you do not make his home pleasant, so that the fullfillment of his duty to you shall be a sweet pleasure to him, you cannot hope for much of his company. What his nature craves it will have—must have. He cannot be a slave all the time—a slave to his work by day and a slave to you by night. He must have hours of freedom; and happy are you if of his own choice he takes the enjoyment you offer in the place of anything which the outside world has to give. I suppose there are few men, who, when their work is over and their supper eaten, do not have desire to go down town "to meet a man" or visit "the postoffice." There is a natural desire in every heart to have every day, an hour of social freedom—a few minutes, at least, of walk in the open air, and contact with the minds of other men. This is entirely a natural and necessary thing; and you encourage rather than seek to prevent it, unless your husband is inclined to visit bad places, associate with bad companions.

Precisely here is a dangerous point for both husband and wife. The wife has been alone during the day, and thinks that her husband ought to spend the whole evening with her. The husband has been confined to his labor, and longs for an hour of freedom in whatever direction his feet may choose to wander at all, and that his custom is to wander at too long. She complains and becomes exacting. She cannot bear to have her husband out of her sight for a moment, after he quits his work. Now, if ther be anything in all this world that will make a husband hate his wife, it is a constant attempt on her part to monopolize all his leisure time and all society, to curtail his freedom, and a tendency to be forever fretting his ears with the statement that "she is nothing of course," that he "does not care anything about her," and that he dislikes his home. Treatment like this will just as certainly rouse all the perverseness of a man's nature as a spark will ignite gunpowder. Injustice and inconsiderateness will not go down, especially when administered by a man's companion. He knows that he leaves his home, and that he needs and has a right to a certain amount of his time away from home; and if he be treated as if he possessed no such necessity and right, he will soon learn to be all that his wife represents him to be. I tell you that a man wants very careful handling. You must remember that he can owe no duty to you which does not involve a duty from you. You have the charge of the home, and if you expect him to spend a portion, or all of his evening in it, you must make it attractive. If you expect a man, as a matter of duty, to give any considerable amount of time to your society, daily, through a long series of years, you are to see that that society is worth something to him. Where are your accomplishments? Where are your books? Where are your subjects of conversation?

But let us take up this question separately. How shall a wife make her home pleasant and her society attractive? This is a short question, but, a full answer would make a book. I can only take a few points. In the first place, she should never indulge in fault-finding. If a man has learned to expect that he will invariably be found fault with by his wife on his return home, he has absolutely no pleasure to anticipate and none to enjoy. There is but one alternative for a husband in such a case—either—to steel himself against complaints, or be harrowed up by them and made snappish and waspish. They never produce a good effect under any circumstances whatever. There should always be a pleasent word and look ready for him who returns from the toils of the day, wearied with earning the necessaries of the family. If a pretty pair of slippers lie before the fire ready for his feet, so much the better.

Then, again the desire to be pleasing in person should never leave a wife for a day. The husband who comes home at night and finds his wife dressed to receive him—dressed neatly and tastefully, because she wishes to be pleasant to his eye—cannot, unless he be a brute, neglect her, or slight her graceful pains-taking. It is a compliment to him. It displays a desire to maintain the charms which first attracted him and to keep intact the silken bonds which her tasteful girlhood had fastened to his fancy.

I have seen the thing managed very differently from this. I have known an undressed head of "horrid hair" worn all day long because no body but the husband would see it. I have seen breakfast dresses with sugar plantations on them of very respectable size, and most disagreeable stickiness. In short, I have seen slatterns, whose kiss would not tempt the hungriest hermit that ever forswore women and was sorry for it. I have seen them with neither collar nor zone, with a person which did not posses a single charm to a husband with his eyes open, and in his right mind. This is all wrong, young wife, for there is no being in this world for whom it is so much your interest to dress as for your husband. Your happiness depends much on your retaining not only the esteem of your husband, but his admiration. He should see no greater neatness, and no more taste in material and fitness, in any woman's dress than in yours; and there is no individual in the world before whom you should always appear with more thorough tidiness of person than your husband. If you are careless in this particular you absolutely throw away some of the strongest and most charming influences which you possess. What is true of your person is also true of your house. If your house be disorderly; if dust cover the table, and invite the critical finger to write your proper title; if the furniture looks as if it were tossed into the room from a cart; if your table cloth have a more intimate acquaintance with gravy than with soap, and from cellar to garret there be no order, do you blame a husband for not wanting to sit and spend his evening with you? I should blame him, of course, on general principles, but, as all men are not so sensible as I am, I should charitably entertain all proper excuses.

Still again, have you anything to talk about—anything better than scandal—with which to interest and refresh his weary mind? I believe in the interchange of caresses, as I have told you before, but kisses are only the spice of life. You cannot always sit on your husband's knee, for in the first place it would tire him, and in the second place he would get sick of it. You should be one with your husband, but never in the shape of a parasite. He should be able to see growth in your soul, independent of him; and whenever he truly feels that he has received from you a stimulus to progress and to goodness, you have refreshed him, and made a great advance into his heart.

He should see that you really have a strong desire to make him happy, and to retain forever the warmest place in his respect, his admiration, and his affection. Enter into all his plans with interest. Sweeten all his troubles with your sympathy. Make him feel that there is one ear always open to the revelation of his experiences, that there is one heart that never misconstrues him, that there is one refuge for him in all circumstances; and that in all weariness of body and soul there is one warm pillow for his head, beneath which a heart is beating with the same unvarying truth and affection, through all gladness and sadness, as the faithful chronometer suffers no perturbation of its rhythm by shine or shower. A husband who has such a wife as this has little temptation to spend much time away from home. He *cannot* stay away long at a time. He may "meet a man," but the man will not detain him long from his wife. He may go to "the post-office," but he will not call upon the friend's wife on the way. He can do better. The great danger is that he will love his home too well—that he will neither be willing to have you visit your aunts and cousins, nor, without a groan, accept an invitation to tea at your neighbor's.—*Titcomb's Letters to Young People.*

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed old Mrs. Partington, as she dropped her knitting, "you Ike, unite that gourd from the kitten's tail and read this. Here it is officiously denounced that the great submarine Gigantic Paragraph Table has been excessively repleted. And, just to think, it has already been destituted to base purpose, for the delegators on the machine have discovered letters exporting to have been written by an old man named Buchanan to another man's wife—Vic tory somebody; who they say has a houseful of children; poor man, I don't know what he wants with her. It is an outrage upon plurality; yet every body hails it with distressive denominations of delight, simply because a poor delegate female woman has been silly enough to write on it. The two nations united indeed! And here we can't even have the Danville connection, which is of more importance than the dissection of the two condiments by eccentricity, because somebody promised somebody else (without authority) that they wouldn't ax it! Oh my! Go to play Ike! And the old 'oman began to nod.

A kiss says an ingenious authority, is like the Creation, because it is made of nothing, and is very good.

There is a married lady in Salem, in good health, whose weight when in full dress is only seventy-three pounds.

A widow exclaimed the other day: "I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardships and withstand the shocks of fickle fortune; but oh! to live and droop like a single pink, I cant endure it, and what's more I won't!"

A rural poet, in describing his lady love, says, "she is graceful as a water lily, while her breath is like an armful of clover."

## Public Sale.

*By the undersigned Auctioneer, in and for the Parish of St. Landry.*

THE public are hereby informed that there will be sold, at public sale, to the last and highest bidder, by the undersigned Auctioneer, on the plantation hereinafter described, in the Parish of St. Landry, on

Wednesday, the 24th of November

next, 1858, the following described property, belonging to the Estate in community between Valcourt Lafleur and Laura Céleste Buller, his deceased wife, late of the Parish of St. Landry, as also the property belonging to the succession of said Laura Céleste Buller, to wit:

## A PLANTATION,

situated in the Parish of St. Landry, on the East side of the Bayou Nez-Piqué, measuring forty acres and 40 hundredths of land, being the South-East Quarter of South-West Quarter of Section 38, in Township 6 South, Range 3, of the South-Western District of Louisiana, bounded on one side by said Bayou Nez-Piqué, together with all the

BUILDINGS AND *Improvements*

thereon; as also with a privilege of keeping a Ferry on said Bayou, which privilege was granted by the Police Juries of the Parishes of St. Landry and Calcasieu.

13 head of horned cattle, about 50 head of sheep, 9 head of hogs, several horses, a caleche, 3 head of horned cattle, Plantation implements, household furniture, kitchen utensils, and many other articles, the enumeration of which would be too tedious.

*Terms and Conditions:*—All sums of ten dollars and under, payable cash on the day of sale, and all sums over ten dollars, payable in two equal annual instalments, that is to say, one half payable on the first day of April 1860, and the other half payable on the 1st of April following, 1861.—Purchasers furnishing approved personal security to the satisfaction of the Administrator. Payments to be made at the residence of Homère Lafleur, in the Parish of St. Landry, and the land remaining specially mortgaged unto said Estate, until full and entire payment of capital and interest, which may accrue thereon from time due until paid.

DORSIN LAFLEUR,
*Auctioneer.*

Opelousas, October 23d, 1858.

## NOTICE.

HAVING purchased Dr. R. H. Littell's interest in this store, I take this method of informing my friends, and the public generally, that I will hereafter devote my entire attention to the Drug business, and will be found at all hours of the day at my post; and at night at my residence, formerly known as Provent's Hotel.

P. LEONCE HEBRARD.

Opelousas, October 23d, 1858.

JUST RECEIVED!—An assortment of Blank Books, Pass Books, Memorandum and Pocket Ledgers.

Also, a fine assortment of Fancy Note paper and envelopes, for sale by, P. L. HEBRARD.

KNIVES! KNIVES!!—A new assortment of Genuine Rodgers and Wostenholm's Pen and Pocket Knives, for sale by P. L. HEBRARD.

PERFUMERY!!—"Kiss-me-Sweetly Pomade;" "Kiss-me-quickly," and "Kiss-me-if-you-Dare," Essences distilled from the Forget-me-not, and Touch-me-not, for sale by P. L. HEBRARD.

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS,—Just received and for sale by P. L. HEBRARD.

VICTOR LASTRAPES, Blacksmith,
Shop opposite that of Mr. Jobin's, Opelousas.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

*Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Influenza, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.*

We need not speak to the public of its virtues. Throughout every town, and almost every hamlet of the American States, its wonderful cures of pulmonary complaints have made it already known. Nay, few are the families in any civilized country on this continent without some personal experience of its effects; and fewer yet the communities any where which have not among them some living trophy of its victory over the insidious and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. While it is the most powerful antidote yet known to man for the formidable and dangerous diseases of the pulmonary organs, it is also the pleasantest and safest remedy that can be employed for infants and young persons. Parents should have it in store against the insidious enemy that steals upon them, unprepared. We have abundant grounds to believe the *Cherry Pectoral* saves more lives by the consumptions it prevents than those it cures. Keep it by you, and cure your colds while they are curable, or neglect them until no human skill can master the consumptive canker that, fastened on the vitals, eats your life away. All know the dreadful fatality of lung disorders, and as they know too the virtues of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them it is still made the best it can be. We spare no cost, no care, no toil to produce it the most perfect possible, and thus afford those who rely on it the best agent which our skill can furnish for their cure.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

The sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been taxed their utmost to produce this best, most perfect purgative which is known to man. Innumerable proofs are shown that these *Pills* have virt