

# The Lafayette Advertiser.

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## The "Advertiser."

TERMS.—Subscription—FOUR DOLLARS per annum in advance, or FIVE DOLLARS if not paid within the first three months.

ADVERTISING.—Per Square, (10 lines or less)..... \$1 50  
Every subsequent insertion..... 75  
Announcement of candidates for office..... \$10 00  
No credit will be given for Advertising or Job work, except by special agreement.

Cards, stating merely the names, business and place of residence, with paper included, Twelve Dollars, per annum.

All advertisements not marked, will be published until forbid, and charged for accordingly. All judicial advertisements must be paid for on the last day of publication, or on the day of sale.

The following named gentlemen are authorized to act as our agents in this Parish: FRANCIS ARADIS, Caracaro, M. G. BROUARD, Queve Tortue, VALERIE BROUARD, Côte Gélée, HENRY ROT, Royville.

### A Contented Life.

(At Thirty.)

Five hundred dollars I have saved—  
A rather moderate store.  
No matter; I shall be content  
When I've a little more.

(At Forty.)

Well, I can count ten thousand now—  
That's better than before;  
And I may well be satisfied  
When I've a little more.

(At Fifty.)

Some fifty thousand—pretty well;  
But I have earned it sore.  
However, I shall not complain  
When I've a little more.

(At Sixty.)

One hundred thousand—sick and old;  
Ah! life is half a bore.  
Yet I can be content to live  
When I've a little more.

(At Seventy.)

He dies—and to his greedy heirs  
He leaves a countless store.  
His wealth has purchased him a tomb—  
And very little more!

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Dr. Chalmers beautifully says: "The little that I have seen in the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through—and brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary; and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

A COMPLIMENT TO AN ARCHITECT.—Louis XIV, taking the air in the gardens of Versailles with his courtiers, saw Mansard, the architect, walking through one of the alleys. He soon joined the old man, and Mansard, taking off his hat, as was strict etiquette in the presence of his sovereign, the Grand Monarque, lifting up his hand in friendly remembrance, said, "Pray keep it on. The evening is damp, and you may take cold." The courtiers, who were all standing bearded around the king, as was the custom, stared at each other at this extraordinary show of courtesy. But Louis XIV, observing their surprise, said, "Gentlemen you appear amazed; but learn this, I can make a duke or a marquis with my own breath, but God only can make a Mansard."

DRIPPING THE REAR.—Le Figaro, of Paris, tells an anecdote of Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot, enemies of the subject of election, which is just now one of much consideration in France: "M. Guizot was walking in the park of the Haddo House with Lord Aberdeen. All at once the English statesman stopped him before a cottage of very modest appearance. There, said he, 'is a small house, which recalls to my mind a great shame of my political life.' 'Judge you—I had then a cottage, a fine fellow, but horribly annoying, who, in every session would never let an opportunity of opposing me.' 'Did you have him out?' 'No, but I reduced his rent by one guinea.' Thus dismissed, the great farmer was no longer an object, and could be more annoy the noble lord."

A YAMBOO IN PARIS, who was listening to the discourse of some English and Frenchmen about the wonderful genius of their respective countrymen, at last came out, and said, "O, what a yoo! What! Why, there's Bill Doree, of so many who has paid a piece of cork shoe into the gutter, that the minute you bottom on the water it will sink to the bottom of a stone."

### AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN AMERICA.

"When we first came to this country," she said, "we settled in York State, in a small town, where I had two married sons living. They brought their wives at once, of course, to call on me, and quite a number of the neighbors also called. Well, I had returned their calls, and then my daughter-in-law hinted that it was now my duty, according to their custom, to invite them all to tea. As I was afraid I might make some blunder, I told them to send the invitations and set the day, and I'd try to be ready for them. They did so, and sent me word one Monday, that on Wednesday some half-dozen gentlemen and their wives would come and 'drink tea' with me. I was very glad to have them all come, I am sure, but I didn't know what to have for tea! I, of course, had never been out to tea in this country, and I didn't know whether an English tea, such as I was accustomed to, would do here. I hated to ask anybody about it, for I didn't like to be laughed at for my ignorance, so I resolved to get just such a tea as I would have done in England, and let it go at that.

"On the appointed day my company came, and at tea time I invited them to the dining-room. I'm afraid there were a few smiles when they saw my table, but they were very polite. I had a large mahogany table, polished very bright, but I had no tablecloth on the table, etc., being set on the bare table. I had nice tea—I brought a chest of excellent Young Hyson with me from England. My table was set with some old-fashioned china and silver that had been an heirloom in my husband's family for many generations. I had good bread, sliced very thin, good butter, and some good old English cheese, brought from the old country—and that was all there was on the table.

"In England I should have thought it all quite nice, but I knew by the faces of my guests—though as I said before, they were very polite—that I had failed in something. What that 'something' was I soon discovered, for not long after that I was invited out to tea at the house of one of my guests on that former occasion. I went—and I assure you I was surprised, to say the least, when I sat down to the tea-table. The table was covered with a snow-white linen cloth; the tea was no better than mine—in my opinion—but the food! There were cold bread and hot biscuit, four or five kinds of preserves, and peaches and cream; cold tongue sliced and cold sliced ham; lemon pie and custard, apple pie and floating islands; tarts, cookies and no less than six kinds of cake, plain and frosted and fruit cake; cup cake, gold and silver cake.

"Well, there I sat, completely puzzled. What to eat, I didn't know. In England we never have pie at tea, and we very seldom eat preserves at any time. We put them in puddings sometimes, or have them on the table after dinner with the dessert, but they are not considered healthy by the mass of the people there. It's a fact, I actually did not know what to eat, but finally made my meal of bread and butter and a very small piece of the plain cake. However, I soon got as bad as the rest, and learned, when I had company to tea, to crowd the table with plenty of rich, indigestible food rather than be thought stingy by my neighbors; but my conscience used to trouble me all the more, and to this day I like the English way the best, and think it by far the most sensible and healthy."—Household.

JOHN BILLING ON MOSQUITOES.—We are told that there was any thing made in vain; this is sum so, but how they were put together I never could tell; and there is one commercial peculiarity about the musketeer trade, and that is, the supply always exceeds the demand, and yet the production is not diminished; I kept on detestant this to how. They are born of poor but industrious parents, and are brought up with great care under the auspices of some of our first families. They have some impudence, and don't hesitate to stick their best friends with a bad bill. They have also consumptive habits. I have known a single musketeer to fit a ship and his wife all into long and draw first blood. It is very easy to kill musketeers when you can. But in striking them you are very apt to hit the place where they recently was. They are cheerful little critters, singing as they toil.

Spurgeon, when do you think I would go if I should die now? "To hell, and be damned." "Well, that's frank. I've asked several preachers that question, and they answered it."

A young girl of Bordeaux was courted by two lovers, and unable to choose between them she poisoned them both.

### A SAVAGE PROCLAMATION.

For the benefit of those who have expressed such holy horror of the all-god savage manner in which the Spaniards wage war against the Cubans, we would state that the following is the translation of a proclamation issued by Cespedes, on the 18th of February last, five weeks previous to the issuance of a similar one by Valmaseda:

Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, President of the Republic of Cuba, etc., decree:

Article I. Every patriot who has taken up arms in his free will against the Republic will be executed after the proclamation of this decree, irrespective of his nationality or responsibility.

2. The soldiers of the regular army who may be taken prisoners, in any respect such indulgence as they are entitled to under the circumstances.

3. The property of the enemies of our independence will be turned over to the treasury of the nation, and will be cared for immediately to the best advantage of the Republic.

4. All soldiers who may join the forces of the Republic will be entitled to the same rights and privileges as those forming the armies of the Republic, and will retain the rank they held in the Spanish army.

5. As the present war of independence does not recognize any neutrals among the inhabitants of the island, as all those who are not with us will be considered enemies, any person who may allege neutrality will be judged and punished, taking into account the antecedents of the persons, and excepting foreigners, who have behaved as such since the beginning of the revolution.

6. Any person who may voluntarily render any service to the Spanish Government, or to any of its officials, of what ever kind the service may be, will be executed immediately after his capture.

Take heed and circulate this decree among the military authorities.

Patricio Libertad! Headquarters at La Larga, 18th February, 1869, the second year of the independence.

C. M. CESPEDES.  
The Chief of the Foreign Department, Fornaris y Cespedes.

For all forms of diarrhoea, use R. D. E. R. D. E. cools and quiets the stomach. R. D. E. excellent for crying babies. For children while teething, use R. D. E.

HOW RICHES TOOK TO THEMSELVES WIVES.—We copy as follows from the Paris correspondence of the New York World:

I once used to smile as I passed Baron de Rothschild's door and observed that the gas-lamps were on all night bright when the moon was full. I then thought such economy unworthy the master of so great an estate. I now know that there is no way by which noble fortunes are kept unimpaired except by economy. I now know how men's engagements keep pace with the accumulation of wealth; how embarrassed for money very rich men frequently are; and how serious is the struggle to maintain an equilibrium between revenue and expenses. The walls of Paris are at this moment covered with bills announcing the sale of the picture-gallery of Count Konechloff Beborodko. It is said to be the last remnant left—and it belongs to creditors—of the magnificent estate of which he entered into possession just nine years ago. It was then valued at \$11,250,000 in gold. He traveled through the East, Southern and Western Europe in great state. There was no whim he refused to gratify. He chartered a steamship to convey him from one port to another. He had special railway trains for his party. He gave princely entertainments. He was lavish of presents. He had a numerous retinue. It was his sister who married Mr. Douglas Home, the medium. It was he who carried M. Alex. Dumas to Russia. Nine years ago he was master of \$600,000 annual income. It was not enough for him. He could not live on less than \$1,200,000 a year—his expenses several years ago said to exceed this amount of money—and now nothing remains of all that wealth but debt.

R. D. E. is the Memphis favorite. One dose R. D. E. cures sick stomach. R. D. E. is the result of bedside experience. A remedy in time of need. R. D. E. During the fruit season keep R. D. E. For cramps and vomiting, use R. D. E.

The Boston Advertiser says: A correspondent in Florida, evidently affected by surrounding circumstances, sends us the following:

How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every golden scale.

How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in  
With gently smiling jaws.

### A. H. Stephens on the Cause of the War.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, has just published a letter in the National Intelligencer, in reply to a communication from Judge S. S. Nicholas, of Kentucky, in relation to the prime cause of the late war. In a long discussion of that point, Mr. Stephens says:

The real cause of the war, condensed in a few words, was the denial of the fact that ours was a Federal Government; and a violation of this fundamental principle of our complicated political organization on the part of those controlling the General Government at the time, by assuming that the United States constituted a nation of individuals, with a consolidated sovereignty in the Central Government, to which the ultimate as well as primary allegiance of the several States was due, and that any attempt by the several States, or any of them, to resume the sovereign powers which had been previously delegated in trust only by them to the Federal agency, was rebellion on their part. This violation of organic principles is stated to have been the immediate and real cause of the war—the *causa causans* of it. This statement, sustained by indisputable facts as it is, must remain the truth of history for all time to come. As to the origin of the war, or the first outbreak of hostilities, I did not say that it was "inaugurated on the one side to vindicate the right of secession, and on the other, in denial of the right and to resist its exercise." It was not inaugurated by the seceding States at all. It was inaugurated and waged by those then controlling the Federal Government to prevent secession. On the part of the seceding States, it was carried out purely in defence of their right to withdraw from the Federal Union of the States, which they claimed as a sovereign right. This is the substance of the statement on that point; and so the fact will go down to posterity.

A BRAVE BOY.—One little scene at Arlington struck all beholders. A very puny little orphan—one who was, as I afterwards learned, the child of a sergeant who had been shot dead on picket—came to the grave of a Confederate private. The boy before him stopped, and on making a motion to plant a bouquet on this grave hesitated and refused. The little fellow broke ranks, walked to the head of the grave of the Confederate, and emptied all his freight of roses there. His manner in doing this was that of nervous courage, like one who felt a bold thought and acted promptly on it, countless of danger or opinion, and it seemed to be the moral sublime act of the day.

(Cor. New York Tribune.)

English Female Bitters cures old and young. R. F. B. cures all chronic female irregularities. Chlorosis or green sickness cured with R. F. B. R. F. B. delights all sickly females. R. F. B. cures by restoring. R. F. B. cures pain in the side and back.

A lady whose family was very much in the habit of making conundrums, was one evening asked by her husband, in an excited tone, "Why are these doors always left open?" "I give it up" instantly replied the wife.

### BUTLER'S MARTYRS.—A Georgia correspondent of the New York Times furnishes the following report, bearing testimony upon the character of the "Union martyrs" in Georgia, for whose sake Butler is importuning the military to put Georgia under martial law:

Politics have no more to do with the murders which have taken place in Georgia than the religion, dress, height or personal appearance of the victims. Ashburn was killed by the company which usually frequents negro houses of ill-fame, of one of which he was an inmate. Ayer was killed by a negro who had refused to allow him to become a boarder in a negro lodging-house. Both Ashburn and Ayer were men of abandoned character and most profligate habits; and, however, for greater political emphasis, their names may be paraded as the "Honorable" Mr. Ashburn and the "Honorable" Mr. Ayer, those who know their history, if they tell the truth, must admit, that long before either had any political aspirations, no decent negro would have permitted them to associate with him. Adkins, who is represented by the writers of sensation romances for political effect, as a venerable and exemplary preacher of the gospel, was also a notorious debaucher. His negro amours are more numerous than the number of his years. \* \* It is true that all these were Radicals politicians. It is true that they were brutally murdered. But they were murdered for their vices by some of their vicious associates; or, as in the case of Adkins, they were murdered by those whose honor and the sanctity of whose family they had attempted to outrage.

Many years ago, Lord John Russell invited John Bright to dinner. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Bright was at the Minister's house, in Chesham Place, in good time. While waiting in the drawing-room, Lord Amberly, who was then a boy, came in, and, looking curiously at the visitor, asked, "Are you the Quaker gentleman that was to come to dinner?" "Yes, my dear," was the answer; "but why do you ask?" "Because papa and mama," said the young hopeful, "were wondering how you would behave." Mr. Bright's feelings have not been recorded.

The Confederate monument at Cynthiana, Kentucky, is said to be quite a work of art. It is twenty-two feet in height, and rests on a granite pedestal. On the north side, in brass-relief, are the emblematic palmetto branch and laurel sprig, above a group of guns, swords, drums and standards. The monument is surmounted with a Confederate flag, beneath the folds of which are disclosed the stars and bars. The monument was made in Italy and cost \$2250.

The Prince of Wales is to be partially helped from the slough of pecuniary want by his mother. She will give him an addition to his feeble income of millions, of \$250,000 a year. This is intended as a mere item of relief, not as a sufficiency by any means. These poor princes have a hard struggle to make both ends meet.

### During a cross-examination, a witness was asked where his father was. To which question, with a melancholy air, he responded: "Dead, sir—dropped off very suddenly." "How came he to drop off suddenly?" "Foul play, sir—the sheriff imposed on his unsuspecting nature, and getting him to go on a platform to look at a select audience, suddenly he knocked a small trap door out from under him, and in falling he got entangled in a rope, from the effects of which he expired."

If a young lady wishes to have herself published in the daily papers as "beautiful, fascinating and accomplished," all that she needs to do is to wrap up her clothes in a dirty towel, take a hundred or so of the "old man's" greenbacks, crawl out of the kitchen window about midnight, and elope with her father's hostler. It is as certain as fate, and will bring the desired notoriety as sure as stagnant frog ponds will bring mosquitoes. Besides, if she has a particle of romance in her composition, she will enjoy it.

When it blows in Illinois it blows hard. A man sitting in his house at Shipman, eating a pie, heard the storm coming and ran to the door. The gale first blew the house down and then seized the man, carried him through the air a hundred yards or so, and landed him in a peach tree. Soon afterwards a friendly board from his own house came floating by. This he seized and placed over his head to protect himself from the raging blast. Under this shelter he finished his pie. The above is related as a veritable occurrence.

Red Diarrhoea Remedy is pleasant and effective in acute and chronic diarrhoea. For cholera morbus and cramps, use R. D. E. R. D. E. is so hot and acrid preparation.

A good story is told of a German shoemaker, who, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman, of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the article: "Der poost ish not quite done, but der best ish made out."

"Will you give up the pennies stolen, Jimmy?" "No." "Then I'll give you a pounding." "Pound away; Frank-in-sure take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Success rides on every hour. Grapple it and you may win; but without a grapple, it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

Drumgoole & Co.'s Buchu is ahead. Urinary deposits, use Drumgoole & Co.'s Buchu. For infant's kidneys—Drumgoole & Co.'s Buchu. For early abuses, use Drumgoole & Co.'s Buchu.

If you are a wise man you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at a time, and let what you show be calm cool and polished. But look at every side of the world.

An itinerant quack doctor in Texas was applied to by one of Col. Hays's rangers to extract the iron point of an Indian arrow head from his head, where it had been lodged for some time. "I cannot extract this, stranger," said the doctor, "because to do so would go nigh 'killin' you; but I tell you what I can do—I can give you a pill that will melt it in your head."

Best time to get a mouthful of fresh air.—When the wind is in one's teeth.

HEAVY ON SURGEONS.—A surgeon, who was on his way to perform an operation on a patient, had his carriage robbed, and lost his surgical instruments, while making a temporary stop, "whereby," adds the reporter, "the operation was prevented and the patient's life saved."