

The Lafayette Advertiser.

VOL. 4.

VERMILIONVILLE, LA., SATURDAY, 10 JULY 1869.

NO. 38.

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
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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 ABRAHAM, Carencro.
M. G. BROUSSARD, Quene Torture.
VALERIE BROUSSARD, Cote Gelle.
BIENVILLE ROY, Royville.

The Next Cotton Crop.

We extract the following from a long communication in the Montgomery Mail, signed "Planter," in reference to the cotton crop of the current year:

The cotton crop of 1869 will be one-third less than that of 1868! This may be startling, but it is nevertheless true. Let us look at the reasons for entertaining this belief. 1. The wet spring has retarded the plowing and preparation of the land, and in some instances preventing it altogether until lately. The same cause has prevented the number of acres being planted as in 1868. The heavy plowing caused by continuous rains has greatly fatigued and worried the stock. The imperfect plowing, given much of time, has a tendency to dwarf the cotton plant and make the crop grassy. 2. The labor is much less in numbers and effectiveness than last year. Experience teaches us that every year taken from the number and efficiency of the hands. The women have almost entirely left the fields. Many hands who saved money from last year's crop are this year spending it in the enjoyment of ease. Of the others who saved money some have gone "to farming to themselves." Now these negroes, while valuable as members of society in their sphere, do not produce as much cotton as when they work with the large planter. They produce more corn, more pease, more potatoes, and less cotton than formerly. It is true they make as much and as good a support as those who plant more cotton. We may safely assume that for every hand who "goes to himself," that his production of cotton is lessened one-half. Take the number of those who are "playing gentlemen," and we find quite a deduction from the force of 1868. Again, the natural decrease, made by death, must be considered. The young men and youths, who suddenly became masters of themselves, died away in large numbers from imprudence and want, soon after the surrender. For instance, those at camp, just across the river; and again we all know how fatal the smallpox was to the negro in 1868. Disease and want have taken away the generation which should fill the places of the old and those who die. The increase does not keep pace with the decrease. 3. The seed are very bad this year. Some singular fatality seems to have attended the efforts of all who tried to save seed. Few planters have enough seed, some have only half enough. The delay and trouble in getting seed has put back planting in some instances at least two weeks. The same cause, the rottenness of seed, will cause bad "stands," replanting and late crops. The worms will get a fair showing.

STATISTICS OF JOURNALISM.—There are thirty-five hundred newspapers published in this country, of which five-sevenths are issued in the Northern States. New York has the largest, and Florida the smallest number. There are some 1372 papers at present published in Great Britain, distributed as follows: England—London, 260; provinces, 779; Wales, 51; Scotland, 100; Ireland, 161; British Isles, 15. Of these there are 63 daily papers published in England, 1 in Wales, 11 in Scotland, 19 in Ireland and 1 in the British Isles. This is an increase of 406 since 1859. When 406 journals were published in the United Kingdom, of which 43 were dailies. Six hundred and sixty-five magazines, including the quarterly, are now published in Great Britain, of which number 248 are of a religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyan, Methodist, Baptist, Independents and other Christian denominations. The rage for magazine literature in London still prevails. Almost every mail brings the announcement of a fresh periodical. At the same time the demand of some magazines, which, after leading a feeble, flickering existence, has been compelled to announce its recorded.

The Relative Size of Nations.

An interesting and valuable statistical work has lately made its appearance in Hartford, Conn., under the name of "The American Year Book and National Register for 1869." It is designed to present a general view of the United States, including every department of the National and State Governments, together with a brief account of foreign States, embracing educational, religious and industrial statistics, facts relating to public institutions and societies, miscellaneous essays, prominent events, obituaries of prominent men who died during the past year, etc. In short, it is a complete historical, political, financial, commercial, agricultural, educational and religious Year Book, and is designed as the initial volume of a publication to be continued annually. The work is edited by Mr. David N. Camp, and embraces the results of the combined labor of many eminent writers and statisticians.

From a chapter on "Comparative Statistics of the World, relating to Area and Population," we gather the following interesting facts: Asia contains an area of 17,318,000 square miles, and a population of 805,419,908; America an area of 15,480,000 square miles, and a population of 81,400,000; Africa an area of 11,556,643 square miles, and a population of 190,950,600; Europe an area of 3,781,000 square miles, and a population of 293,088,000, and Australasia and Polynesia an area of 3,425,000 square miles, and a population of 4,000,000.

In examining the tables of artificial or political divisions, we find that the Russian Empire stands first in point of territorial extent, it having an area of 7,862,568 square miles and a population of 77,008,448, or 9.9 to a square mile. The Chinese Empire contains 4,695,334 square miles, with a population of 477,500,000, or 101.6 to a square mile. China (proper), however, with an area of 1,300,000 square miles, contains 459,000,000 inhabitants, or 346.1 to a square mile, being the most densely populated of all the large countries of the world. The British Empire, exclusive of the Hudson Bay Territory, contains an area 4,419,559 square miles and a population of 174,156,892, which gives a density of 39.4 inhabitants to the square mile. This, however, is very unequally divided, for white British North America, with an area of 3,533,083 square miles, contains a population of 3,765,000, or about 1 to the square mile. Great Britain proper, with an area of 121,113 square miles, contains 29,521,283 inhabitants, or 242.1 to a square mile. The Netherlands exceed this degree of density, having a population of 280.2 to the square mile; and Belgium goes far beyond, having 438.2 to the square mile. Some of the small German States, which are in fact only cities, like Hamburg and Bremen, have a population four or five times as dense.

The United States have an area of 3,578,392 square miles, and a population of 34,560,000, giving a density of 9.7 to a square mile. Of these States, the largest is Texas, with an area of 247,356, a population of 604,215, and a density of 2.4 inhabitants to the square mile. The State having the largest number of inhabitants is New York, with an area of 47,000 square miles, a population of 3,880,735, and a density 82.6. The most densely populated State is Massachusetts, which, with an area of 7800 square miles, has 1,300,000 inhabitants, or 162.4 to the square mile. The District of Columbia, however, has 2908.9 inhabitants to a square mile having a population of 129,990.

There is probably no reason why the United States may not be capable of supporting as large a population, in proportion to its territorial size, as any nation of the world. We may by a few hasty computations, obtain a rough estimate of our future possibilities. When our entire country shall be as densely populated as Massachusetts is to day, we shall number a population of nearly 600,000,000, and when it reaches Great Britain in point of density, our population will number more than 860,000,000.—N. Y. Bulletin.

COMMERCIAL PROGRESS.—The Philadelphia Age well says that there are now more important movements projected or in progress intended to benefit the trade relations of the world than in any other period in its history. The Pacific Railroad is finished; the Suez canal is rapidly approaching that point; the tunnel under the Alps is progressing in a favorable manner; a new line of ocean telegraph is about to be stretched from France to the United States; an American company has started to connect all the leading cities in China, by means of the word-speaking wire; and a ship canal is in contemplation across the isthmus of Darien, by means of which vessels can pass backward and forward from the Atlantic.

A MONSTER.

In the following scathing editorial the New York World applies a blister in the right place. Every honest American owes thanks to that journal for executing justice on the devil in human form who bears the title of Judge Advocate-General.

HOLT.
It is stated in Washington that the contemptible order just issued by the War Department discharging "Hospital Stewards" from the service of the United States for marrying the daughter of the murdered Mrs. Surratt, emanated from the noble soul of Mr. Judge Advocate General Holt. Nothing can be more probable. Holt was one of the chief agents in the murder of Mrs. Surratt, and the whole career of the man proves him to be capable of avenging his own crimes upon the victims of those crimes, even to the third and fourth generation. But we warn General Rawlins that he cannot hope to escape a share of the ineffable scorn and indignation excited by so petty a piece of malignity, if he suffers it to stand as perpetrated in his name and with his consent. It is a disgrace to the nation that such a person as Holt should be retained in its service; it is a disgrace to the army that he should be suffered to wear its uniform; it is a disgrace to honorable men that they should permit themselves even official intercourse with him.

For the offences by which Holt has earned the infamy which in history will attach to his name have been offences not only against the laws of the land, such as partisan passion might have provoked and partisan acts of Congress may condone, but against the laws of God, of humanity and of honor. They draw their origin, not from a perverted intellect, but from a corrupt heart, and they put their perpetrator into one category, not with the Vargases and the John Knowses, but with the Vargases and the J-fifths of the past. In its small way this wretched piece of spite, levelled at the daughter of the woman whom he procured to be murdered by a military commission, exactly reproduces the temper in which he dealt with graver matters of life and death during the war. Let a single example suffice. We violate no confidence in relating it, for the times are fast coming in which the real nature and not the fictitious reputations of men conspicuous on either side in our late struggle will decide, as it ought to decide, the feeling of the people towards them; and the true records should begin, therefore, to "leap to light." At the height of the war a well known journalist of this city, who had for some time published in his paper "personal notices" of the whereabouts and the well-being of Southern prisoners in Northern prisons, was notified from the War Department that the practice gave offence and must be discontinued.

Going to Washington, the journalist explained to Secretary Stanton that he was only recognizing publications as to Northern prisoners in the South which were suffered to be made in the Southern papers, and begged that no obstacle be interposed to prevent as humane a thing as Stanton, to his credit be it mentioned, declared that the order had been issued during his absence, and referred the journalist to Holt. The same explanations and representations were made to Holt in his turn. He listened impatiently, and when the journalist had concluded his statement, made this reply, which should link his name forever in a fitting union with that of the judicial assassin of the gentle and noble Lady Alice Lisle: "These persons, sir, are aid and comfort to the enemy. If by them you should communicate to a Southern mother the news that her rebel son was dying of consumption, but cared for you would be guilty of treason, and I should be for punishing you as a traitor."

It is satisfactory to know that this atrocious speech was responded to in words quite too strong for our columns, though not by any means too strong (what words could be so?) to brand the speaker's nature. The man who uttered them, and who on every possible occasion matched them with deeds as black, is restricted now, by the altered circumstances of the times, to the comparatively harmless amusement of discharging a hospital steward for honestly marrying a poor girl, whom he no doubt would have promoted the hospital steward for dishonestly seducing and ruining. But is it fitting that even such a license of muzzling malignity as this should be left to such one under a commission signed by the Chief Magistrate of a Christian people?

FORTRESS MONROE, July 2.—The French corvette Curieux has arrived from Martinique, having had eighteen cases of cholera and five deaths on board. The captain, first officer and Surgeon are dead, and the Assistant Surgeon dying.

A Healthy Country.

No country in the United States can boast of more healthy people than those of Alaska, for everywhere we go we find very old people, who are generally robust and the very pictures of health—in fact, their long lives seem to have been blessed with uninterrupted good health, and when death claims them, it will not be in a struggle with disease, but they will drop off as ripe fruit, or a noble tree, having lived their allotted time.

Among those who have lived long and useful lives in this country we may mention Mr. JOHN HAYS, now ninety-seven years of age, who was in the enjoyment of perfect health, until recently, when a fall did him great injury, and he now lies a feeble invalid. Had it not been for this unfortunate accident, he might have remained among us for years to come, in the best of health.

The old gentleman lived on Petit Anse Island for more than eighty years, and has told many interesting stories about its history—among them, one giving an account of LaRoche's visit to that beautiful spot.

Recently riding over the prairie in sight of the island, we saw a great many elderly gentlemen, whose vigorous and healthy appearance was sufficient proof of a good climate. There is Mr. ALAN HEBERT, in his seventieth year, and could pass for fifty. M. D. ROUSSEAU, equally blessed, and a number of others.

We are fully convinced that this is a remarkably healthy country one has but to travel among its people; and when emigrants know this they will come here instead of going to cold climates.

New Iberia Times.

Jubal Early—He Tells How and Why he Swallows a Bitter Pill.

[From the Liebhurg (Va.) News.]
FRANKLIN C. H., June 17.—I observe in your paper of the 14th a paragraph stating that I "have taken the stamp for Walker and against the Constitution." This does not correctly represent my position, and though my individual views are of little consequence to the public, yet as I do not wish to be misunderstood by any, I take occasion to place myself right. At the last term of the Franklin county court, after Colonel Martin, of Henry, had made a speech, a portion of my old friends called upon me, and in response I made some remarks expressive of my views of the duty of Virginians in the approaching election. Regarding the instrument so anomalously propounded to the people of Virginia as a State constitution by the recent proclamation of the President of the United States, as in its origin, its principles, its details, and its mode of submission, degrading to the State, destructive of its honor, and in its aims and objects, of an semblance of State rights, I advised the people of my native county to cast their votes against it, either as a whole or in broken doses. I told them, however, that it was not improbable that, by reason of what I regarded as the unwise counsel of some of our public men, the instrument would be passed upon us either with or without the disfranchising clause, and as by the action of a convention recently held in Richmond the Conservative candidates had been withdrawn, thus narrowing the contest for Governor to a choice between two Northern men who had been nominated by their respective wings of the Republican party, and as the infamy of W. B.'s character, public and private, had been fully developed and established, I advised them to cast their votes for Walker, as a choice of evils, upon the chance of his proving better than his opponent, if for no other reason. I do not think this can be said to be "taking the stamp for Walker." The whole ticket from its head to its tail is objectionable and offensive to me, and the tail is not by any means the least offensive part. Dire necessity alone could induce me to urge any one to give support to such a ticket, or any part of it.

Very respectfully yours,
J. A. EARLY.

BIG FISHING.—Fishermen are given to telling big tales, but the following from one of a party of Enfalians, who went fishing near Bainbridge, Ga., is about the steepest thing of the kind we have seen this summer. He writes to the Enfalians News:

"The evening was delightful and considering the quantity of 'groceries' supplied by our friend of Bainbridge, our success was wonderful for up-country men. One party captured four hundred and seven-ty-two various sized—some weighing as much as three pounds. When Dr. Baker, Johnson and Bray returned at dusk with the boat, it was nearly filled with the finest trout we ever saw. Baker caught sixty-nine, one of them weighing twenty-three pounds by the scales!"

"The 'groceries' must have had a powerful effect.

DECEIT OF SONG-WRITERS.

The man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," never had a home.—Exchange.
No, of course not. All his folks at home say that he didn't. Nobody who writes about anything ever has it. If a man is out of anything, he immediately goes and writes about it. No one writes so many "headings" as the man who is out of his head.

Certainly he didn't ever have any home. The man who wrote "Old Arm Chair," never had an arm chair in all his life. The best he had was an old split bottom chair, without any back to it.

The author of "Take Me Back to Switzerland," never was in Switzerland. The nearest he ever came to it was sitting in the William Tell saloon eating Swiss—kaze why, that was the best he could do.

"Mother, I've Come Home to Die," hasn't spoken to the old woman for years, and wouldn't go near the house. Besides, he is one of that class of spiritualists who don't believe they ever will die. His health was never better. His mother is nothing but a mother-in-law, and she is dead anyhow.

There is the author of "Old Oak Bucket," too; there wasn't a bucket on the whole farm, water being drawn with a tin pail and a cistern pole.

"If I had but a Thousand a Year," stated privately to his friends that he would be perfectly contented with just half that sum, as he was doing chores just for his board and three months schooling in the winter.

The author of "Champagne Charley," never drank anything but ten-cent whiskey.

"Shells of the Ocean," is a humberg. The plaintive poet who represents himself as wandering, one summer's eve, with sea-beat thought, on a positive shore was raised in the interior of Pennsylvania, and was never ten miles away from home in all his life. "Gathered shells," did he? All the shells he ever gathered were some egg shells back of his mother's kitchen.

"Hark, I Hear the Angels Singing," spent all his evenings in a concert beer saloon. Angels indeed.

The man who wrote the "Song of the Shirt," hadn't a shirt to his back—wearing a wamus for the most part.

"Of in the Stilly Night" used to get on a spree and make the stilly night howl till daybreak.

The author of "We Met by Chance," knew very well it was all arranged beforehand. He had been weeks in contriving it—and she admired its contrivance.

The author of "I Know a Bank," etc., did not know one where he could get his note discounted. The only check he ever held was a white "check" on a faro bank. He never had a red check in all his life.

"What are the Wild Waves Saying?" knew very well they were reproaching him for running away from Long Branch without paying his hotel bill.

"Who Will Care for Mother Now?" Who indeed! You took the old woman to the poor house just before writing the song, and there is nobody but the poor master to care for her now.

"Hear Me, Norms," was deaf and dumb. He couldn't make his pa hear, nor ma.

The author of "Rain on the Roof" always slept in the basement, except when he slept out of doors.

Let Mr. Kiss Him for his Mother" got mad because the mother wouldn't have him, and whipped her little boy within an inch of his life.

"I Dreamt I Dwell in Marble Hall" used to cheat at marbles when a boy, and his dream was a horrid nightmare, brought on by remorse at the recollection of fraudulent marble hauls.

"I'm Saddest when I Sing" was tickled almost to death when invited to.

"Happy be thy Dreams" sold benzine whiskey. You can fancy what kind of dreams were produced.

"No One to Love," having just killed off his fifth wife, naturally felt like the duncie about it.

GEN. GRANT'S MODESTY.—Gen. Grant has lately made a speech of seven lines length in Boston. In the course of it he used the word me twice, I twice, and my once. Everything is about me, the wonderful Grant! The only thing which he can find to admire in Massachusetts is the fact that it is a State which has done so much for his support—that has given him whatever position he has attained, and where he has received such a hearty welcome in other days. He did not see the Banker Hill Monument, or Lexington, or Concord; he only saw the reflection of himself!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Prattie thinks that the Radicals have no cause to complain of Grant's appointing incompetent men to office, since they set the example last November.

FEARFUL DEATH OF A YOUNG WIFE.—The wife of Hezekiah Greenlee, of Mason county, West Virginia, was instantly killed, one day last week, under the following circumstances: In company with her husband, she was returning home by a near path through the woods from a neighbor's, where her husband had been at work during the day. They were walking hand in hand, not dreaming of any danger, when a dead tree they had just passed suddenly fell, brushing the shoulder of Greenlee and striking his wife on the top of the head crushing her to the earth in one solid mass, breaking every bone in her body, so that her remains could not be recognized as those of a human being. Strange to say, Mr. Greenlee was not injured in the least, further than being stunned for a few seconds. The evening was a calm one, and it is supposed that the tree, which was rotten at the roots, gave way from its weight. Mrs. G. had been married a little less than six weeks.

BUILDING CHARACTER.—There is a structure which everybody is building, young and old, each one for himself. It is called character, and in every act of life is a stone. If day by day we be careful to build our lives with pure, noble, upright deeds, at the end will stand a fair temple, honored by God and man. But, as one leak will sink a ship, and one flaw break a chain, so one mean, untruthful act or word will forever leave its impress and work its influence on our characters. Then, let the several deeds unite to form a day, and one by one the days grow into noble years, and the years, as they slowly pass, will raise at last a beautiful edifice, enduring forever to our praise. (Agriculturist.)

Let the church proclaim anew that cardinal truth that no good cause can be lifted by a wrong method. We may think to build churches by trick, bribery or selfish appeal, but we grossly deceive ourselves. We may put up gothic piles thereby, but we shall pull down the living stones of the true temple. Robertson.

AN EXPENSIVE GOVERNMENT.—Every school-boy in the Union knows that Chicago is a very great city, but few are aware that it is also the most costly governed city in the world. Her expenses for the current year foot up the modest little sum of \$4,069,812. This is about \$100,000 less than the expenses of the city government proper of New York, exclusive of the Metropolitan police expenses, which are controlled by the State. Deducting this item from the aggregate of the Chicago budget and there remains the sum of \$3,664,760, against \$4,153,000 demanded by the city government of New York.

A curious incident is related of a theatre in Saxony. During a performance of "Hamlet," when the melancholy prince soliloquized:

"But that the dread of something after death, The undiscover'd country from whose bourns No traveller returns,"

a country fellow in the gallery exclaimed, "Stupid! didn't you see your father's spirit last night? Where do you suppose he came from?"