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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.
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The following named gentlemen are authorized to act as our agents in this Parish:
FRANCIS ABADIE, Carancro.
M. G. BROUARD, Queen Torture.
VALERIE BROUARD, Cite Galle.
BENJAMIN ROY, Royville.

[From the Constitutionalist.]

FORGOTTEN.

ADDRESSED TO THE SOUTH.

BY PAUL W. HAYNE.

I.

Forgotten! Can it be a few swift rounds
Of Time's great chariot wheels have crashed to
The memory of those fearful sights and sounds,
With speeches his misery fraught—
Wherefore we hoped to gain the heaven-
ward flight,
Where Freedom smiles in light?

II.

Forgotten! Scarce have four dim autumn rolls
With scented mist and golden dews,
Whose coldness, when the high-strung pulses
Of men who strove like gods—
Wrapped in its gory folds of senseless dust,
Dead hearts and perished trust!

III.

Forgotten! While in far-off woodland dell,
By lonely mountain farn and murmuring stream,
Woe, strikes her hair with sorrowful passion
And
Their lives one hideous dream—
Which faded of worn hope and lost desire,
And anguished with fire!

IV.

Forgotten! While our manhood, cursed with
chains,
And pillaged for all the world to view,
Written in its huge intolerable pain,
Dashed with dull wheels of war,
And shedding blood for tears, hands whined
with scars,
Little to the dumb, cold stars!

V.

Forgotten! Can the dancer's joyous feet
Which o'er a thorned wreath and maiden fair
Bend the white lustre of their eyelids sweet,
Love-wreathed, so sigh despair?
Its ice-cold breath must freeze their blinding
tears,
And hush love's half-sighed vows!

VI.

Forgotten! Aye, but all the songs we sing
Hold under-burns, wailing chords of woe;
Our lightest laughter sound with hollow ring,
Our lightest with frost flow,
Quavers to sudden eddies of afflict,
Touched by an untold light!

VII.

Forgotten! No! we cannot all forget,
Or, when we do, farewell to Honor's face,
To Hope's sweet tenders; Valor's unpaid debt,
And every noblest grave,
Which, named in Love, might still benignly
bloom
Above a Nation's tomb!

VIII.

Forgotten! Tho' a thousand years should pass,
Methinks our air will throbb with memory's
thrill,
A countless grief weigh down the faltering gram,
A griefs around the hills;
Whose roll lamenting—Autumn sunsets
seem
For the old time's return!

IX.

Forgotten! Shall still nature shame our speech,
With unnumbered utterance of her dim felt care?
And waves, and woods, and hill-side voices
sing
A song of woe?
That when their hot throbs our startled
ears
Shout with an earthquake strife?

X.

Forgotten! No! through his unnumbered
years,
The dawn of his still remembrance past with fire,
I hold within our silent hearts
The light of his unnumbered
years,
The dawn of his still remembrance past with fire,
I hold within our silent hearts
The light of his unnumbered
years,

XI.

Forgotten! No! from small things yet,
The light of his unnumbered
years,
The dawn of his still remembrance past with fire,
I hold within our silent hearts
The light of his unnumbered
years,

The *Republican* makes the point that if Daniel E. Sickles is the thief, burglar, forger, Jeremy Diddler and murderer which the *New York World* asserts him to be, it is remarkable that the discovery was not made and proclaimed by the Democratic papers when he was a prominent man of that party.

This point is good so far as it relates to those Democrats who, with a knowledge of Sickles' character and crimes, gave him their support and protection. But it is a very bad point in defence of the Radical Administration and its supporters, who cannot justify his appointment to so important an office as that of Minister to Spain, because he was once a defamed by the Democrats. It would only serve to show the utter disregard of private character and personal respectability by both parties.

We do not think, however, it is true, as stated by the *Republican*, that Sickles was ever regarded with respect and confidence by any respectable portion of the Democracy. He was elected to Congress by the slums of New York city, but whilst in that body was isolated from all intercourse with the decent members. He had previously been imposed upon Mr. Buchanan as his Secretary of Legation to London, but had been disgraced, and retired from the position. His appointment and election were bitterly denounced by leading Democratic journals of that day, and he was universally regarded as a disgrace and opprobrium to the party. It was the knowledge of this general contempt entertained for him by the Democratic party which led him to embrace the first opportunity of ratting to the Radicals. But even the Democratic party often too indulgent, as all political parties, and even religious sects, so frequently are, to private character of their members, never attempted to elevate so disreputable an individual to the high and responsible office of Minister to one of the oldest, proudest, most cautious Courts of the old world—*N. O. Times.*

THE SUBLIMITY OF MEANNESS.—A correspondent of a leading Radical paper in Chicago states that two daughters of the late Chief Justice Taney have lately been removed from situations in the Patent and Pension Offices at Washington.

These ladies, it is said, are advanced in years and in such straitened circumstances as to be obliged to earn their bread by writing. It is furthermore intimated that their cases were submitted to Secretary Cox by Mr. Caleb Cushing, with such results as authorized Mr. Cushing to assure them that they would not be removed; yet in spite of all this they are dismissed.

Secretary Cox has heretofore borne the character of an honorable gentleman, and we are unwilling to believe him guilty of an act which certainly approaches very nearly the sublimity of meanness. We hope to see the rumor authoritatively denied at an early day.—*St. Louis Republican Oct 5th inst.*

JEFFERSON DAVIS—His Life in England.—One knows that it is not very much known, but Mr. Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the Confederate States of America, is living in London, and is, moreover, an object of great attraction to the fashionable world. One hears that his house is besieged by callers, and invitations pour in on him in such abundance that he is unable to avail himself of a third of them, and besides his attendance on those which he attempts to comply with has been so fatiguing that he is about to take refuge in a quiet retreat in the Isle of Wight. They say that Mr. Davis's circumstances are good, his income being derived from the profits of a partnership in a firm at Liverpool.—*English paper.*

THE QUESTION OF PARIER RECORDS IN COURT.—On Monday last this case was brought before Judge Porter, in chambers, on an exception filed by Messrs. H. L. Garland and John E. King, attorneys of Mr. Yves D'ary, the Recorder elected by the people. The contestant, Mr. J. J. Beauchamp, it will be remembered, was recently appointed by the Governor Judge Porter sustained the exception, and decided that as D'ary had complied with the requirements of the law, there was no vacancy, and the Governor was without authority to appoint. The suit was dismissed, and the present incumbent retained. The case goes to the Supreme Court for decision in September.—*Opelousas Journal.*

—The Emperor Paul of Russia, having ordered that certain retail shops should all be numbered "No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100." The Emperor was literally obeyed, for the Russians are a literal people. One day a mandarin was issued that no man should walk the streets at night without a lantern. A doctor set out on his rounds attended by a servant carrying a lantern. The police stopped the servant to pass, but arrested the doctor.

Some Giants.

In 1718 a French academician, named Henrion, endeavored to show a great decrease in the height of men between the periods of the creation and the Christian Era. Adam, he says, was 123 feet 9 inches high; Eva, 118 feet 9 inches; Noah, 27 feet; Abraham, 20 feet; Moses, 13 feet. The allegation about Adam is moderate compared with that made by early Rabbinical writers, who affirm that his head overtopped the atmosphere, and that he touched the Arctic Pole with one hand and the Ant-arctic with the other. Traditional memorials of the primeval giants still exist in Palestine in the form of graves of enormous dimensions; as the grave of Abel near Damascus, which is 30 feet long; that of Seth about the same size; and that of Noah, in Lebanon, which is 70 yards in length!

Pliny says that by an earthquake in Crete a mountain was opened, and in it was discovered a skeleton standing upright, 46 cubits long, which was supposed to be that of Orion or Otus. The same author relates that in the time of Claudius Caesar there was a man named Gabbaras, brought by that Emperor from Arabia to Rome, who was 9 feet 4 inches high, "the tallest man that has ever been seen in our times." But this giant was not so tall as Posio and Sedundilla, in the reign of Augustus Caesar, whose bodies were preserved as curiosities in a museum in the Lullian Gardens, and each of whom measured in length 40 feet 3 inches.

The Emperor Maximus (very much of a man) was 9 feet high, and was in the habit of using his wife's bracelet for a thumb ring. His shoes was a foot longer than that of any other man, and strength was so great that he could draw a carriage which two oxen could not move. He generally ate forty pounds' weight of fish and drank six gallons of wine every day. Not at all a desirable or profitable guest for the St. Nicholas, even at the current price of board; though not so tall as one of whom Josephus tells, viz: El-eazar, a Jew, who was one of the hostages whom the King of Persia sent to Rome after a peace. This giant was over 10 feet high, but these are pignies compared with him of whom Kircher writes (though this is what a Yankee philosopher would denominate a whopper.) The skeleton of this giant was dug out of a stone sepulchre near Rome in the reign of the Emperor Henry II, and which by an inscription attached to it, was known to be that of Pallas, who was slain by Turnus, and was higher than the walls of the city! The same author tells us that another skeleton was found near Palermo that must have belonged to a man 400 feet high.

In times more modern (1813), some masons digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphine, in a field which by tradition had long been called "The Giant's Field," at the depth of 18 feet discovered a brick tomb 30 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 8 feet high, on which was a gray stone with the words "Theobachus Rex" cut thereon. When the tomb was opened they found a human skeleton entire 25 feet long 10 feet wide across the shoulders, and 5 feet deep from the breast to the back. His teeth were about the size of an ox's foot, and his shin-bone measured 4 feet in length.

Plot, in his "Oxfordshire," 1678, says that a skeleton 17 feet high was then to be seen in the town hall in Lucerne. It had been found under an oak in William near the village of R-yden. He instances numerous gigantic bones which had been dug up in England, and adds: "It remains that (notwithstanding their extravagant magnitude) they must have been the bones of men or women; nor does any thing hinder that they may have been so, provided it be clearly made out that there have been men and women of proportionable stature in all ages of the world, down even to our own days."

Old Cotton Mather held the belief that there had been in the antediluvian world men of very prodigious stature, in consequence of the finding of bones and teeth of great size, which he judged to be human. In Albany, he describes one particular grinder weighing 44 pounds, and a broad flat, four-tooth four fingers in breadth; also a bone, supposed to be a thigh-bone, 17 feet long, which, with the other crumbled to pieces as soon as it was exposed to the air.—*Harper's Magazine.*

While a miser was on his death bed a tallow candle was burning upon the stand, and a flickering flame in the fireplace. He watched the candle and then the fire. Suddenly he called his son, "Come here." The son approached his bedside, when the old man whispered, "Blow out that candle; tallow's most as dear as butter."

On Monday afternoon last, standing at the head of the coffin which enclosed all that was mortal of the late Henry J. Raymond, and facing an immense audience, assembled to pay the last sad honors to the dead, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher very eloquently said:

His was the career of the journalist, and he spoke from a pulpit whence his words were echoed and re-echoed throughout the world. The lawyer speaks within the narrow sphere of the court-room, the senator and representative within the legislative walls, the minister preaches from the pulpit, and his words are confined within the walls of his church, and he rarely speaks beyond it. But he spoke from a pulpit that has no limit—the Press. Thence comes forth a louder voice than that of all the others—the voice of one who speaks, who cries in the wilderness. For all across this populous land, a cross the territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, the daily press speaks to all the people. This is the great, the all important civilization. There is no power for good that compare with the daily press, no pulp like it for disseminating knowledge among men. And among those who have been the builders of this great moral agency, this great agency of civilization, not the founders but the finishers of the institution, stood Mr. Raymond pre-eminent. Aside from the general ability with which he conducted the press, it is gratifying to remark here how singularly free his whole public career has been from bitterness; how nobly and persistently he refused to lend his paper to passionate discussions, how he never lent himself to invective, and never permitted his paper to be the medium in this respect for other; how sagacious reasoning and a high moral strength breathed in his words; and now that he has departed from among us, it is gratifying to look back on his career and to say that the work he was engaged in—of giving a higher, a nobler and a purer moral sentiment to the press—covers a multitude of imperfections.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

Cardinal Bonaparte is universally regarded in Europe as the coming man at the Vatican in the event of the death of Pius Nono. This would do more to invest the French dynasty with the "divine right," than the succession of half-a-dozen generations, and, no doubt, enters largely into Napoleon's policy.

"HOW CAN I COOM?"

The following story is good because it is true. We had it from the lips of a good woman who was told it by the principal actor herself:—"Ven I first come to Philadelphia to serve, I was very unwell," said Katrina, now a tidy servant in a respectable family; "I laugh much, and I feel ashamed to remember how I behave ven I know so little. Shon, tat was my bean—Shon, he took me to that teater one night, ven I been in Philadelphia but two weeks. We sits in te gallery, and we not see good, and Shon said he would get a better seat. So he puts his leg around der post, and slides down mid der pit, and lanks up and calls out, 'Katrine! Katrine! coom down I tish a good place here!' and I lank over, and said I: 'How can I coom, Shon?' And he said, 'Shust shlide down.' So I put my legs round der pillar, and I shlide down. Dunder I der people laugh! Day laugh so dey play no more dat night upon te stage. Every body laugh and yell and whistle all over der house. I was much ashamed, though I know not any harm. But now I plashes red every time I tink mid it."

TAKING THE POOL.—Good conduct at Sunday school seems to be differently rewarded in different localities. In a certain Episcopal church in San Francisco, for instance, each scholar in his place before opening school receives a ticket for Punctuality. Our correspondent having, as was his habit, come early to school one Sunday, observed a class of six or seven boys, aged from seven to twelve years, all of respectable parentage, throwing dice for who should win the whole lot of Punctuality tickets. He stood aghast at such depravity, in such a place, on such a day—especially when one urchin roared out: "Sizes I've won; give us the pool!"

An artesian well lately sunk in Algeria threw up with the water an innumerable quantity of small fish, about half an inch in length, resembling white bait, both in appearance and taste. As the sand extracted from this well is identical with that which forms the bed of the Nile, it is concluded that an underground communication must exist between it and that river.

FACETIE.

—Velocipedistrianistialianianologist' is the latest addition to the language.

—One bumper at parting," as the drunkard said when he ran against the post.

—"Eq." at the end of a man's name, is like a curl in a pig's tail—more for ornament than use.

—"I say, boy, are you a poet?" "Not exactly, sir, but I sometimes do the Rule of Three in verse."

—"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be." "No; she's left off and turned tartaric expensive."

—Douglas Jerrold, on being asked what was meant by dogmatism answered, "Puppyism come to maturity."

—"Why are children whose parents are dead like worn out shoes? Because they are left orphans, (left-off' uns.)"

—"Here, boys, I have four apples to divide between three of us, so there are two for you, and two for me too."

—"I've just looked in to see if you are doing well," as the cook said to the lobster, when she lifted up the sauce-pan lid.

—"Well, Robert, how much did your pig weigh?" "It didn't weigh as much as I expected, and I always thought it wouldn't."

—"My first is what lies at the door; my second is a kind of corn; my third is what nobody can do without, and my whole is one of the United States. Matrimony."

—A member of a temperance society excused his frequent drinks by saying that the doctor told him to take liquor as a medicine and he never told him to stop.

—A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country and asked, "Who is the master of this house?" "I am sir," replied the landlord; "my wife has been dead about three weeks."

—A friend having visited Curran one morning, and perceived that he coughed with difficulty, told him so; on which Curran said, "It is strange that I should, for I have been practicing all night."

—"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar, who asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the reply of the little mendicant.

—"I say, Baz, where do dat comet risst?" "It rises in the 46th meridian ob de frigid zolize, as laid down in de comet almanac." "Well where do it set, Baz?" "Set, you black nunny—it don't set nowhere; when it gets tired of shining it goes into its hole."

—The following dialogue took place between a farmer and an Irish reaper, after considerably under the common stature:—Irishman: Do you want anybody for the harvest? Farmer: Yes, Irishman: Will you take me? Farmer: No, yer too little. Irishman: Arrah, now, and do you cut your corn at the top?

—Two country attorneys, overtaking a wagoner on the road, and thinking to break a joke upon him, asked him why his fore horse was so fat and the rest so lean. The wagoner, knowing them to be friends of the law, answered that his fore horse was a lawyer and the rest his clients.

—In a back township of Upper Canada, a magistrate, who kept a tavern, sold liquor to people till they got drunk and fought in his house. He then issued a warrant, apprehended them, and tried them on the spot; and besides fining them made them treat each other to make up the quarrel.

—Francis I., being desirous to raise one of the most learned men of the age to the highest dignities of the church, asked him if he was of noble descent. "Your majesty," answered the abbot, "there were three brothers of Noah's ark, and I cannot tell positively from which I am descended."

—A court buffoon having offended his sovereign, the monarch sentenced him to death. The culprit, in great terror, fell upon his knees, and cried for mercy. "I will extend no other mercy to you," said the prince, "except permitting you to choose what kind of death you will die. Decide immediately, for I will be obeyed." "I fore your clemency," said the crafty jester; "I choose to die of OLD AGE."

—A man, who had unfortunately married a scolding wife, happened one day to meet the parson of the parish in which he resided, complained much of the bargain he had made, and asked advice how to relieve his situation. The clergyman talked to him seriously on the business, and told him the necessity of accommodating tempers on both sides, as a man and his wife were one. "One, doctor!" exclaimed the other; "one! if you were to hear us, in the height of our altercations, you would certainly swear we were twenty!"

Negro Equality.

Do the Mongrels imagine they can say to the tempest tossed waves of agitation on the negro question, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?" If so, they are mistaken. Give the negroes unlimited political privileges, put the ballot into their hands, seat them in the jury box and upon the bench, send them abroad to represent the nation, and then halt at that point if you can. Already the current of fanaticism is beginning to undermine the social system, and the inky stream wash in upon the platform hitherto appropriated exclusively to the whites. In Washington the City Council have passed an ordinance imposing a fine upon the proprietor of any place of amusement, who will refuse a negro admittance to those parts of his house set apart for white people, and a movement is on foot to revoke the license of any hotel, the proprietor of which makes any distinction on account of race or color, in providing for the accommodation of his guests. This is the legitimate outcropping of the negro equality mania. Those who started the ball are now compelled to keep it in motion by all the means in their power. They cannot pause, or it will overrun and crush them. The negro must not only vote, but he must eat at the same table at the hotel, sleep in the same room, and crowd out white ladies and gentlemen at the theatre and the opera. This is the present demand of the negro agitators. What will follow? Still greater equality; admission to the parlors of white men, and full and entire equality in all the social arrangement of society. If men object they will be deprived of their political rights, or fined and imprisoned. This may be thought a fancy sketch. Not so. The Mongrel party has acted with as great disregard of right, justice and morality in the past, and in the future they will use any and all means to hold fast to the reins of authority. There is danger in negro equality doctrines, and white men should defeat the party which promulgates them.

(Philadelphia (Pa.) Age.

Robeson hauled up Borie by the waistband at the naval ball at Annapolis, where the latter fell and broke his crown. And when Grant came tumbling after through the lancers, "swinging corners" worse than he ever dodged around them in earlier life, it was Robeson who took him through, telling him that the "grand chain" was not the one worn by Mrs. Admiral Porter on that occasion, who was also in the set. And now Robeson is made Secretary of the Navy. He is fair, fat, and forty; has hay-colored whiskers and straw-colored hair; is five feet eight, weighs 178½ pounds, wears spectacles, drinks, smokes, has a colored housekeeper in Camden, (so did Thad. Stevens at Lancaster,) has never found any necessity to marry, and, beyond being the butt of Jim Scovel and Attorney General after the own heart of Marcus L. Ward, was never anything worth speaking of. His standing at the Jersey bar is not even first-rate second-rate, and the greatness thrust upon him amazes all in the State who knew him.—*New York Herald.*