

The Lafayette Advertiser.

VOL. 4.

VERMILIONVILLE, LA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

NO. 48.

Proceedings of the Police Jury.

Regular Meeting, Sept. 6th 1869.
MEMBERS present: Messrs. Cormier, Accouard, Caffery, Broussard and Le Blanc; absent: Messrs. Landry and Hébert.
The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.
The report of the committee to whom was referred the Treasurer's Annual Report, was read and adopted.
The report of the committee appointed to receive the Treasurer's bond, was received and adopted.
A communication from Col. D. Bennett was read and action upon the same deferred, and the Clerk instructed to reply to Col. Bennett and assign the reason of the Jury therefor.
The following resolutions were adopted: Resolved, That Ernest Constantin, Parish Tax Collector for the years 1865, '66 and '67 is hereby allowed thirty days from this day, to complete the collection of said taxes and to make a final settlement with Messrs. J. J. Caffery, M. G. Broussard and R. C. Landry, committee hereby appointed for that purpose.
On motion, a certified copy of the above resolution is ordered to be served on the Collector, by the Constable.
Resolved, That one hundred dollars be appropriated, payable to M. E. Girard Esq., to assist in purchasing an Iron Safe for the use of the Parish.
Resolved, That any person hauling and depositing a dead animal, or causing the same to be done, on a Public Road, shall be fined twenty five dollars, recoverable before any Court of competent jurisdiction.
The following accounts were approved and warrants ordered to be drawn for the same on the Treasurer: Elouard Cemeau \$4 20, R. L. McBride \$42, Ford Hoffpouler \$2 75, Peter Stutes \$4, Juste Bertinot \$63 80, P. E. Broussard \$137 50, A. Monnet \$11 75, R. Leblanc \$14, P. S. Accouard \$81 60, Pierre Cormier \$21, D. A. Cochran \$79 40, L. E. Salles \$116, Gilbert Emer \$8.
On motion, the Police Jury adjourned.
A. J. Moss, P. S. ARGENEAUX, Clerk. President.

DEPUTY COLLECTOR'S OFFICE,

United States Internal Revenue,

ONE DIVISION, SECOND DISTRICT, LOUISIANA.

Opelousas, Sept. 10th 1869.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I shall be in the Town of Vermilionville, Parish of Lafayette from Sept. 21st, until Oct. 2nd, for the purpose of collecting taxes due under Internal Revenue Laws of the United States from all persons residing or doing business in said Parish.

The full penalties of the law will be enforced against all delinquents failing to pay within the time specified above.

L. C. ALLISON, Deputy Collector.

Tax Collector's Sale.

PARISH OF LAFAYETTE, STATE TAX COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, September 8th 1869.

STATE OF LOUISIANA VS. JUSTIN JOLIVETTE.

THE power in me vested by the Acts of the Legislature of this State, approved Sept. 29, 1868 and March 4, 1869, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Court House, in Vermilionville, on Saturday the 9th day of October, at 12 o'clock M., FOR CASH, the following described property, to-wit:

One acre of land, bounded by Simon Sonnier, South by Mrs. J. J. Broussard, East by lands belonging to the succession of François Senegal and West by Dupré Chasson.

One Dwelling house and Two enclosed City parcels of Fencing.

Said property having been seized to satisfy the State of Louisiana, under the Special one per cent Tax, approved Sept. 29, 1868.

F. MARTIN, State Tax Collector.

On Saturday the 4th of August, one Iron Brand, was offered a liberal reward to any person who would find and return the said brand, and reward to be paid at Vermilionville.

ABRAHAM HAAS, Sheriff.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY, HOPE LODGE, No. 145, F. A. M., Vermilionville, August 1869.

A meeting of Hope Lodge No. 145, F. A. M., will be held at the same place on Monday 20th of September next.

P. M. BRANDY, Secretary.

The "Advertiser."

TERMS—

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

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:

FRANÇOIS ARABIE, Carancro.

M. G. BROUSSARD, Queve Tortine.

VALSIN BROUSSARD, Côte Gélée.

BENJAMIN ROY, Royville.

[From the Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist.]

The Monument at Washington.

A crownless column, planned by pride,

And finished by the fates!

A world of pathos bows beside

This "Tomb Stone" of the States!

Not His, whose cloudless glories rise

Above the eagle's flight;

Not theirs, whose kindred crimson cries

From every mountain height.

Silent as Memnon, since the hour

That closed in dawnless hate;

Silent for these as Shinar's tower,

Or Tadmor, desolate!

A wreck of sovran swords and spears,

Hung from the blush of day;

A pyramid of princely shields,

Most vilely thrown away!

Not thither climbs the incense, stirred

From earth at morning's hour;

Not there the nest of brooding bird,

Nor breath of any flower.

No warler walks upon the wall,

No wailing bugle sings

The treachery that slaughtered all

These thrice anointed kings!

Whose mummied marbles gleam like

ghosts

Athwart their donjon's gloom,

Sublime memorials! bann'd hosts

Their own tremendous tomb!

Bald Tyranny alone shall tread

This consecrated spot,

Whence fame hath fled, where hope lies

dead,

And Liberty is not!

The crownless shaft! The shattered trust!

Ruin, to rival these,

The sad earth shrouds not in the dust

Of sixty centuries!

F. O. TICKNOR.

THE FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Rt on your battle fields, ye brave,

Let the pines murmur o'er your grave;

Your dirge be in the moaning wave—

We call you back no more.

O, there was mourning when ye fell,

In your own vales a deep toned knell—

An agony, a wild farewell,

But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame

The hills keep record of your name,

And never can a touch of shame

Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeful days are cast,

When bright names from their place fall

And ye that with your glory passed, [fast,

We cannot mourn you now.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.—A little error of

the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip

of the foot, a startling of a horse, a sudden

mist, or a great shower, or a word un-

designedly cast forth in an army has turned

the tide of victory from one side to another,

and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No prince ever returns safe out of a battle, but may well remember how many blows and bullets have gone by that might easily have gone through him; and what little, odd, unforeseen chances of death he has turned aside, which seemed in full, ready and direct career to have been posting to him. All which passages, if we do not acknowledge to have been guided by their respective ends and effects by the conduct of a superior Divine hand, we do, by the same assertion, cashier all Providence, strip the Almighty of His noblest prerogative, and make God, not the governor, but the mere spectator of the world.—Dr. South.

Cure your chills with King of Chills King of Chills cures effectually and permanently. Better than quinine. King of Chills The great malarial antidote. King of Chills.

Wants the Country Divided.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer has seen and held conversation with the Father of His Son, Jesse Grant by name. The reflectively distinguished gentleman was quite voluble and somewhat original in his opinions of men, things and politics. One portion of the reported conversation arrested our attention, and we copy it below. It will be observed that the venerable progenitor of the President entertains a treasonable desire to divide the country, and is an enemy to annexation. We quote as follows:

Reporter—The President must have a busy time of it, and a great deal of care, with all the perplexing questions of reconstruction, Alabama claims, Cuban annexation, etc. What does the President think of Cuban annexation?

President's Father—I don't know what he thinks, but I'm opposed to it. I'm opposed to all annexations. I was opposed to the annexation of Texas, Oregon, Alaska, California and all others. We have too much territory now. There are too many differences of opinion and interests in large territories.

If I had my way, and it could be peaceably done, I'd divide the country into two separate nations. It would be better for both. I'd draw a line from the eastern border of Texas to Alaska, and put all west of that under a separate Government. I'd have treaties of amity and commerce between the two nations like those between the States, and free trade, or pretty near so. The people would live more peaceably and be more happy.

The Western nation could take Mexico and all South of that, and the Eastern take Canada. Canada is bound to be ours any way, some day, but we don't want Cuba or Mexico.

A Millionaire Moving.

We copy as follows from the New Orleans correspondence of the Louisville Courier Journal:

Senator Sprague is negotiating for the purchase of two thousand acres of land on Red River, near Shreveport, La. He will plant it entirely in cotton if he succeeds in getting his fat little fist upon it, which I have not the slightest doubt he will, seeing that he is prepared to pay cash. An agent of the belligerent little Rhode Islander is now in this city, and from the manner in which he speaks of the intentions and enterprise of Mr. Chase's son-in-law, we are led to expect something startling before long. If the million dollars ever triumph at home, which they are very likely to do, why may not Mr. Sprague remove to this State, and one day in the near future go back to the Senate to cope with his ancient enemies?

The fact is, Mr. Sprague has been stockinged out so promiscuously of late that New England is not large enough nor liberal enough to either hold or understand him, and he has just discernment enough to recognize his danger, and is already, like acute strategist, preparing for the change that must come pretty soon. There is nothing to prevent him becoming a very popular as well as a very rich man if he casts his capital and person among us at this time.

A year hence the chances for small capitalists will not be as good as at present. There will be more money among the planters when they receive a return from their present abundant crops, and there will also be a greater disposition as well as ability to hold on to every acre of the larger plantations, while a slice off almost any of them can now be easily obtained, as I said before, for the cash.

The Cincinnati Commercial admits that the body of the Republican party is rotten, but consoles itself that the heart is sound.—Exchange.

This is an error. The rot commenced with the heart, and extended to the balance of the system. The heart of the extreme Radicals, though, would be as hard to discover as a sound spot in their body. However, the animal will be dissected in Texas next November, and we will then furnish the diagnosis of the disease that killed it.—Galveston Dispatch.

Nothing else equals King of Chills King of Chills cures old and young The planter's best friend. King of Chills A cheap chill remedy. King of Chills.

"I should be ashamed," said an old lady to a girl dressed for a party, "to make such a show of myself." "It's not what I show, Aunt," returned the young lady, "that makes me ashamed, but what I lack;" and she pointed to her thin chest and slender arms.

Keep Red Diarrhoea Remedy on hand R. D. R. is not a hot astringent R. D. R. cools and quiets the inner man R. D. R. has no equal for children

TRAHAN & ROSE, Agents, Vermilionville.

A Sad Speech.

One of the saddest and most touching speeches that we ever read is that of the venerable poet, William Cullen Bryant, at the late Commencement of William College. Being called upon to speak, at the annual dinner, he said:

It has occurred to me, since I, in the decline of life, came to visit once more this seat of learning, in which our youth are trained to succeed us on the stage of the world, that I am in the situation of one who standing on a spot desolate with winter and dim with twilight, should be permitted by a sort of miracle to look upon a neighboring region glorious with the bloom of spring, and bright with the beams of morning. On the side where I stand are herbless fields and leafless woods, pools sheeted with ice, a frozen soil and the meadows of approaching night. On the side to which I look are emerald meadows, fields of spring wheat, orchards in bloom, transparent streams, and a genial sunshine. With me, it is too late for any hopeful tillage, and if the plow were put into the grounds, its coulters would be obstructed by the ice-bound sods. On the side to which I look I see tokens of judicious cultivation and careful tendents, recompensed by a free and promising harvest. I rejoice at the kindly care bestowed, and my hope and prayer is, that under such auspices all the promise which meets my eyes may be amply fulfilled, and that from these luxuriant fields a harvest may be gathered, richer and more abundant than has ever yet been stored in the granaries of the land.

The Bible.

The person who wanders as leisurely as a philosopher of tides, along the seashore, may occasionally pick up a beautiful shell which the waves have landed upon the beach; but he would be very foolish to conclude that there were no rich pearls in the depths of the great water, to reward the divers, whose business requires them to go underneath the billows and down into the deep ocean caves after them. Who would not pronounce him foolish if because he sees no pearls in the liquid expanse, assuming that there are none such there? Just so, the careless reader of the Bible, whose carelessness is ever most inexcusable, fails to grasp many of the very choicest gems, and, at best, only gathers a few surface nuggets, while the attentive students of the Bible, who are ever justifiable for being so, dig deeply into the mine and strike veins of inexhaustible richness—and yet,—believe it or not, such is human nature!—the man who gives the great Book but a hasty perusal, is disposed to look down with eyes of contempt, upon those who read its solemn and impressive pages with attention, doubtless astonished that his studious neighbors (who other things appear to understand as well, or even better than he himself does,) can see anything so attractive in that Volume which seems to be so insipid in many of its parts, and so well fitted to make people hum and law themselves to sleep. Poor man! Attentive Bible reading is one of the most profitable employments and recreations of which man can form any conception; but he shows it not.

THE BAPTIST AND PRESBYTERIAN.—In one of the villages of Kentucky, recently, a Baptist minister and a young Presbyterian clergyman preached in the same house "night about," both preachers being present at each meeting. One evening the Presbyterian, after a discourse on infant baptism, proceeded to baptize several babes. The little candidates made a great outcry, which of course, was noted by the Baptist man. Next day a number of converts of the latter were to be immersed in the river near by. At the appointed hour a large concourse gathered on the banks, the Presbyterian being of the number, and standing close to the water's edge. After the candidates had been immersed the Baptist took hold of his Presbyterian colleague and said:

"Now, sir, I will immerse you."

The latter amazed demurred.

"Come along; I am in a hurry!" replied the damp divine, and dragged his brother into the water. Alarmed and indignant, the young Calvinist declared at the top of his voice that he did "not believe in immersion, was opposed to it, and would not submit to it."

The audience were much excited by the scene. The Baptist released his hold and said: "Young man, I will not immerse you to-day; but, if ever again I see you baptizing little ones against their own will and spite of their cries and kicks, as I saw you do last night, I will dip you into the water as sure's there's a God in Israel! Let us pray!"—Harper's Magazine.

The reliable, Dromgole & Co.'s Buchu Dromgole & Co.'s Buchu is the favorite Gravel cured with Dromgole & Co.'s Buchu Trahan & Rose, Agts. in Vermilionville.

Extraordinary Self-Immolation.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED RUSSIANS BURN THEMSELVES TO DEATH.

The following statement appears in the Pall Mall Gazette:

All the extraordinary proceedings of the many fanatical sects, whose rapid increase has excited so much anxiety in Russia, are fairly thrown into the shade by a terrible act of self-immolation which is reported from the Government of Saratow. A few months ago the prophets of a new religion made their appearance in that part of the Empire, preaching self-destruction by fire as the only sure road to salvation, and so readily was their dreadful doctrine received by the ignorant and superstitious peasantry, that in one large village no less than seventeen hundred persons assembled in some wooden houses, and having barricaded the doors and windows, set the buildings on fire and perished in the flames. The authorities are doing all they can to stay the progress of this new madness; but their task is obviously a difficult one. The punishments which the law can inflict must have little terror for enthusiasts who deliberately choose a death so horrible as the "true road to Heaven."

Mis-spent Evenings.

The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on a street corner, wastes, in the course of a year, three hundred and sixty-five precious hours, which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments of almost any of the familiar sciences. If in addition to wasting an hour each evening, he spends ten cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted, would pay for ten of the leading periodicals of the country. Boys, think of these things. Think how much precious time and good money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner, or by the cigar, is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in these practices without seriously injuring yourselves. You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you through life, and grow upon you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you till your dying day. Be warned then in time, and resolve that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourselves for usefulness and happiness.

SCENES IN COURT.—The mixed element of parti-colored criminals who crowd the benches and fill the corridors of the Recorder's court was enlivened Thursday morning by a scene which was well calculated to disturb the seriousness of police justice. An old darkey was arrested for preaching on the Levee. It was evident the court could not appreciate the sacredness of the minister's mission, unless they were carried on in church. He therefore inquired of the culprit what he was doing on the Levee.

"Preachin' de gospel, sar!"

"That's no place to preach it!"

"Boun' to preach him everywhar, sar!"

"No where but in church! If I let you go on in this way, you'll be coming up here after awhile preachin' in my court."

"Oh! no, sar. Nebber come here, sar—nebbber come here."

The Judge, amused at the old darkey's earnestness, and thinking to extract a little more fun out of him, inquired why?

"Cause de debil's in dis place sure, sar; and ebby time I sees you, Judge, I tink of de old sarpin' hisself, [with great big fiery eyes and a long forked tail, like de sea sarpin'."

It is useless to say that the investigation was not proceeded with.—Picayune.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Partington, looking up at the column of the Place Vendome during her late visit to Paris. "The pillar of Napoleon," she was answered. "Well, I never did!" she exclaimed; "and that's his pillow—he was a great man to use that! But it's more like a bolster."

KING OF CHILLS. Cures all forms of chills and fever Cures chills after all else fails Cures chills of swamps and bayous Cures every other and every third day chills.

"Tommy, my son, fetch in a stick of wood."

"Ah, my dear mother," responded the youth, "the grammatical portion of your education has been sadly neglected. You should have said, Thomas, my son, transport from that recumbent collection of combustible material upon the threshold of this edifice one of the curtailed excrescences of a defunct log."

The Great Lesson.

The first great lesson a young man should learn is that he knows nothing. The earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learned the better. A home-bred youth growing up in the light of parental admiration, with everything to foster his vanity and self-esteem, is surprised to find, and often unwilling to acknowledge, the superiority of other people. But he is compelled to learn his own insignificance; his airs are ridiculed, his blunders exposed, his wishes disregarded, and he is made to cut a sorry figure, until his self-conceit is abashed, and he feels that he knows nothing.

When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that he knows nothing, and that intrinsically he is but of little value, the next lesson is that the world cares nothing about him. He is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration; neither petted by the one sex nor envied by the other. He has to take care of himself. He will not be noticed until he becomes noticeable; he will not become noticeable until he does something to prove that he is of some use to society. No recommendations or introductions will give him this, he must do something to be recognized as somebody.

The next lesson is that of patience. A man must learn to wait as well as to work, and to be content with those means of advancement in life which he may use with integrity and honor. Patience is one of the most difficult lessons to learn. It is natural for the mind to look for immediate results.

Let this, then, be understood at starting that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise, is not only essential in securing success which a young man seeks in life, but essential also to that preparation of the mind requisite for the enjoyment of success, and for retaining it when gained. It is a general rule in all the world, and in all time, that unearned success is a curse.—Old Oaken Bucket.

When the Conference assembled in Hillsborough some years since, on the last day of the session, a lad, whose father had entertained the conference, entered the room where the ministers were seated, in a terrible state of excitement. "What's the matter, Isaac?" asked one; "you seem excited." "Excited! I ain't excited; I'm mad all over." "What are you mad about, Isaac? Don't you know it is wrong to suffer yourself to become angered?" "Wrong or not wrong, it's enough to make any one mad but a preacher. Here's every chicken on the place eat up except the old rooster, and just now he happened to get a glimpse of you fellows, and sung out: 'And must this feeble body die' and dropped stone dead."

A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said one of his companions, "for, if your father should find out that you have taken them, he is so kind, he would not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true my father would not touch me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else."

A Western paper, intending to announce that a prisoner escaped, says: "The constable and prisoner disagreed as to which was the best route; and, as the prisoner has not been heard from since, it is supposed that he took the wrong road."

A SENSIBLE PREACHER.—An English clergyman lately thanked, from the pulpit, two courageous members of his congregation who had waited on him to protest—one against the "rapid utterances" of the reverend gentleman, and the other against his dreary, long sermons. So far from being offended at these friendly remonstrances, the preacher expressed his desire to endeavor to profit by them.

English Female Bitters strengthens females. Husbands should buy E. F. B. for sick wives. E. F. B. brings health and induces happiness. Complaints peculiar to females cured with E. F. B. Trahan & Rose, Agts. in Vermilionville.

"John! John!" shouted an old gentleman to his son, "get up; the sun is up before you." "Very well," said John; "he has further to go than we have."

A sensitive young lady remarked the other day that she did not like French, because whenever she wished to say "lady" she had to say dame (damna).

Nor.—The woman who neglects the buttons of her husband's shirt-front is not the wife of his bosom.