THE OPELOUSAS PATRIOT.

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Foreign Influence in America.

Place can be changed, but who can change his mind?
— *Horace.*

BY A CITIZEN OF LOUISIANA:

Dedicated to the Youth of his Native State.

I.

The time has come when this question is engaging the attention of the people. There seems to be a certain tendency to restrict the administration of the government within certain legitimate bounds. We should be glad of it, if the doing away with one evil would not lead to abuse. But it is the duty of every American citizen to seek the public good; to speak his opinions freely when honestlye ntertained; to do so without hatred, without anger, without passion—unless it be that passion which leads to the love of the just and the condemnation of what is unjust.

We are not only to ask ourselves whether an evil shall strike us in our day, but also whether there be in the future any subject of alarm. We must not be like the rash mariner who, as the gale freshened, was still engaged in scenes of mirth and unconcern, and who exclaimed "When the tempest comes, then will it be high time to meet the coming danger." To be truly wise is to be provident of the present and mindful of the future. To view this question in these two lights is the purpose of the author of these remarks; and well can he say at the outest, that he is actuated by no ill-will against any person or class of persons in the community. He has only in view the good of his country—a country which he values above all things—which he loves as his mother—which he cherishes with the best and purest feelings of his heart, and whose good he shall seek beyond all considerations of party interests and personal concernments. He only regrets not to have the power to consider the matter in its minutest details, so as to invite the earnest attention of the people, and at the same time to awaken the sympathies, the fears, and also the hopes of Americans.

The time is fast coming—let it be pondered well—when every one shall have an awful responsibility weighing upon his shoulders. The sacred guarantees of the Constitution are being swept away, to suit the requirements of a servile and murderous party spirit. When the path of duty lies open and broad before the eye, he who falters then, if he escapes physical, is attainted by moral complicity.

II.

What are the elements constituting what is termed ONE'S COUNTRY? They are three:—1st, the love of the paternal home and fireside; 2d, early associations of time and place; 3d, common interests, common ends, uniting the native born child with those who are his brothers by birth and his friends by nature. It is much to be regretted that we have no word by which to render the full meaning of the Latin *patria*, which conveys at once the idea of an object worthy the love, the respect, the warmest sympathies and the best efforts of man.

Now what is PATRIOTISM? It is the attachment of the citizen to his country, as filial piety is the affection of the child for the authors of his life. This sentiment is "*innate*" in man; it follows him through life; it sustains him in his sufferings; it elevates and purifies his aspirations; leads him on to the dignity of sacrifice; makes him forget himself to think alone of his country. It absorbs all other affections and hopes in that one sentiment of supreme devotion, or at least renders them coexistent with it. BRUTUS was actuated by such a sentiment. Finally, it also makes our country's wrongs ours—so much so that an insult to her honor is one to ours, her miseries become ours—and we forget the ties of friendship and of love, all considerations of private interests, to stand by her in the hour of her misfortune. Such is the sentiment that lies at the bottom of HUGO's heart.

Hence we see that patriotism consists in attachment to the place of one's birth. Man always turns back with love and regret to the reminiscences of his childhood. Take from the depths of the most obscure valley a peasant child, bring him up in the midst of a court's splendor, bless him with the choicest gifts, let joy be his companion, his every wish and desire satisfied—then take him away. In after years show him the banquet halls deserted, the courtyard empty, the dust of the courtier's shoes on the waxed floor of the palace—all which is left of the mighty pageant. Then show him the paternal hut in ruins, the mountain clefts barren, the valley untenanted. If his "moral sense" be unadulterated, there he shall regret—here he shall weep!

The bird which the wintry blast carries on its wings, but seeks a distant home, whence, whatever the bliss which attends its stay, it shall return to its nest and the scenes of its first joys. The exile weeps on the dreary sea shore as he thinks of those whom he left behind, the friends he loved, the trees he planted, the flowers he nursed, the mountain side where he strayed at eve, the quiet churchyard where the aged mother sleeps!—and at night, when calmness reigns over nature, in the dreamy vision of his soul those thoughts mix and blend into a single comprehensive and absorbing one. He thinks of his country!—that thing which comprises all things—which cannot be removed from one place to another—which takes possession of the heart and sways its promptings wherever that heart may beat.

III.

What is voluntary banishment? It is the act of the unfortunate seeking an amelioration in his material position—the selection of a new home, where a certain determinate and personal end is to be achieved. The man who leaves his native land in quest of a new one, is actuated by the sole motive of meliorating his condition, not by a preconceived love for the home he seeks. Now it might be asked, are not the predilections of the mature man for the home of his choice greater than the affection which he nourishes for his early home? Certainly not. The sentiment of patriotism excludes every other. If it existed once, it still exists—it outtops gratitude. One cannot love two things at once, when the duty which he owes to one precludes the performance of a similar duty toward the other. These two sentiments becoming motives of action, might war against each other. If both be virtuous, one should not condemn the other. "One virtue does not exist to the exclusion of another," saith Lamartine. The duties and the position of the foreigner being anomalous, judging by ourselves, it is but natural for us to continue in the belief that first impressions are always the strongest.

IV.

I proceed. What are the duties of an American citizen? The good of his country, not that of another country or government. In the discharge of his duties as a citizen, he is to consider whether such or such a measure is consonant with the public good—not whether it suits the purposes of any leaders or meets the ends of any party. In a popular government, the voice of the people—the general will—is but the aggregate sum of individual wills, the people constituting the sovereign. In a state composed of two millions of voters, each citizen is the 2,000,000th part of the sovereign. Now why is the general will always right, and why does every one seek constantly the good of each, if it be not, says Jean Jacques Rousseau, "because there is no one who does not think of *himself* while voting for all."

Hence it is that each one seeks the general interest. But as he himself forms a part of the whole, whose good is sought after, he must strive to attain the good of the part he represents. The same motive actuating each one, the voice of the majority then makes itself heard; and it only is the sum total of "individual wills" concording on one point, and of private interests involved in the furtherance of a certain system of policy.

That identification of the citizen with the country which is perfect, healthy, permanent and indefeasible, causes the general interest to issue from the private interests of citizens, and shortens and renders more potent the bonds which unite man with his country.

Hence it is that all must be actuated by one common purpose; for the general will, to be truly such, "must be so in its object as well as in its essence." For were it otherwise, "the thing would become contentious." Says Jean Jacques Rousseau in his Social Contract: "It would then become a question in which the individuals interested would be one of the parties and the public the other, but wherein I see neither the law which is to be followed, nor the judge who is to decide."

In a well constituted State no one should be actuated by motives which, being peculiar to himself, spring from the power of extraneous influences. He must, as I have already said, seek the weal of the Body Politic of which he forms a part; but he must not say to himself, "My interest as a citizen is to do this, my *duty* is to do that." And it is precisely what might take place when foreigners are called upon to vote on certain questions.

V.

Let us consider. In the question of Non-Intervention, for instance, Americans might think that the good of the country consists in the rigid observance of the old Washingtonian doctrine of non-interference. A majority of the American people might think so. But there might be a powerful minority. In such a case, what would be the position of the foreign population? Reason might tell them that it is fit we should adhere to the old and healthy system of policy. But what of that voice which would come issuing from the lowest depths of their hearts and tell them, "There, far away beyond the broad ocean, where live the friends you love, tyranny is desolating the paternal hearth! Those you left behind are oppressed and suffering: can you refuse them help?"... On which side should their votes be polled? Let the question ever be mooted, the result shall soon be found. On one side material interest—on the other the native land.... Who could hesitate? I ask it to you all, men—to whatever political creed you may honor yourselves in belonging? When personal interest wars against "affection and duty," he who could falter then would be unworthy the name of man.

I have already said that the love of country is in our nature, and is a duty; while the *interest* of a man in the prosperity of his adopted country is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a selfish, material interest. The stranger, in his adopted country, we are told, is actuated by gratitude! Gratitude *for what?* that is the question. Gratitude for the succors he receives, the comforts he reaps, the protection he enjoys. His heart expands to gratitude according to the increase of blessings. But let the succors be empty, the comforts valueless, the protection impotent—his gratitude (!) lessens in an exact ratio to the decrease of the extent of its causes. The love of the native Born child for his country is never greater than in the hour of her misfortune; the allegiance of the foreigner never more vapid and ephemeral than in the hour of need and sacrifice.

Take a German and tell him we are about to war against the German Powers: he shall tell you that you are unable to cope with the bravery of his countrymen. Take a Frenchman and speak to him of France: ask him, in the event of a rupture, where his hopes and sympathies would be—certainly with the flag of his native land. This is self-evident. So strong is this sentiment in the human heart, that a man who has resided ten, twenty—ay, fifty years in the Union, when asked what he is, will immediately answer, "I am a German, Frenchman, Irishman, or Englishman," as the case might be. A simple but eloquent answer, which resolves at once all doubts upon the subject, and which tells you that the position which is made to the foreigners is anomalous, that it wars against nature. The love which he owes to one, forbids the existence of the supreme and unqualified allegiance which is claimed by the other. In a given time, it is an element of discord, dissension and faction, existing in the very heart of the body politic.

In a question of life and death with the nation, and one in which conflicting opinions might divide the people into two camps—on the one side the larger number of natives forming the majority over the other portion of the original population representing the minority—the foreign representative elements would then hold the "balance of power." Now let these men be told and persuaded that it is to the interest of their fatherland that such or such a measure should prevail; what was majority becomes minority. The general will is eluded. Men are actuated no longer by a commonness of purpose, as they are influenced by extraneous considerations, and as they are called upon to pronounce upon a particular fact foreign to the exercise of their sovereignity as Americans, the nation might be drawn into a war of terrible and fatal consequences. Why? In what manner? Let the questions be answered....

VI.

The foreign influence, almost imperceptible until our days, has assumed latterly the most alarming and gigantic proportions. Day after day hundreds of immigrants are landed on our shores; a large number of them without any idea of our institutions—brought up in servitude, as mean as serfs, or reckless as men whose hearts have been hardened and ulcerated by oppression and wrong. Their number is now little short of three millions. Consider that most of them are men, and as such eventual voters. Consider the different modes invented by political jobbers and office-mongers for the purpose of evading the laws of naturalization. Look at the vote cast by foreigners. Let us turn back to history, question it and shudder. A man, a political leader, on a certain occasion issued his proclamation to the foreign population residing in the Union, urging it upon every one to pursue a certain course. It need not be remarked that to a man they were true to their calling. So convinced was Mr. Kossuth of the powerful influence wielded by his countrymen over the administration of this government, so much did other men share that opinion, that latterly we have seen the three leaders of the European Democracy—Kossuth, Mazzini and Ledru Rollin—under cover of a letter of condolence to George S. Sanders, presuming to lecture the American Senate, and calling upon the foreign population to remonstrate energetically. Nay, they even went so far as to predict that the American Senate would cower before these demonstrations of popular feeling. So it must be readily perceived that in the eyes of Messrs. Kossuth, Mazzini and Ledru Rollin, our naturalized fellow-citizens are foreigners *first*, and Americans *next*. Now who is to blame? Certainly not Mr. Kossuth.

When the nation rose on this Western continent to protest against the tyranny of despots, it was a sublime and magnificent spectacle.—The vanquished chieftain of an oppressed but heroic people was being welcomed with joy. When he entered the Halls of the National Congress and sat himself down in the midst of the people's delegates, there was then an immense clapping of hands over the whole face of this broad continent. Human conscience protested against Russian interference and Austrian gibbets. The descendants of the Revolutionary heroes cheered the noble efforts of the European democracy. Thus far, all was right.

But when, not satisfied with this pacific and healthful interference, men folded their arms in silent submission, as Mr. Kossuth, acting the part of a revolutionary propagandist, in the very teeth of the Constitution and the Laws, issued bonds bearing his signature, and by which he was to raise means to levy war against a power entertaining amicable relations with the United States—Oh! then the question assumed a new aspect. And when Mr. Alexander Smith left New York on one of the American steamers, with hundreds of thousands of dollars raised, for the purpose of furthering the cause of his "bleeding Fatherland," it was an ignominious spectacle, and a shameful and degrading precedent.

Who was to blame? Again I ask it. Mr. Kossuth certainly was actuated by feelings of gratitude towards this government, this country, this glorious land of freedom, as he called it. But his gratitude, like that of most foreigners, existed only in an exact ratio to the material aid and benefit he could derive from us—and I believe that he has said somewhere that we, Americans, had wronged him, and that he had been deceived.

Take this man's sentiments as a standard by which to judge of the sentiments of others. Who is the foreigner that ever was under greater obligations to this people? He was rescued from an Asiatic dungeon, conveyed on one of the national ships, entertained as no man had been since the days of Lafayette!—and what did he do? Precisely what we would have done had we been in his place. He loved Hungary above all. He sought help for her; and when he saw that no assistance could be obtained in strict conformity with our laws, how much did those laws weigh in the balance? He thought of the benefit Hungary should derive, not of the injury we should suffer. In similar circumstances every man would act as he did. There is not a single foreigner within the republic, not an honest hearted man in the whole world, who will not avow that love for his native land is the supreme "mother" of his actions—that her weal is the main object of his efforts—her happiness the fond and fervid vision of all his dreams and of all his hopes, and that all other considerations are vain and impotent. The man who invented the saying "*Ubi libertas, ibi patria!*" most impudently lied to his moral sense. Great heavens! Irishmen forget old Erin! Though she be now but a by-word amongst the nations of the earth, can you forget that *Ireland* was the war-cry of Brien Boromhe and the watchword of Emmet? Frenchmen forget France! the old war-songs! the proud tri-color! A man's country is where first he saw the light, where his fathers lived, where his parents died. That green spot in the church yard, the old hut, the chairs, the fireside—all command his love and veneration far above all the governments that could protect him in after life.

VII.

In our days what has been done? The foreign influence had become so potent that men began to think its conciliation a sure means of arriving at political preferments. They did what? Assembled together, and with the tools which are to be found only in the offices of political jobbers, these men, who style themselves "Legislators," manufactured a law which they call a Homestead Bill. A law under the specious provisions of which every foreigner, before being naturalized, can exert the right of preemption. That is to say, that the public domain is to be parceled out among foreign paupers invited to our shores to denationalize our people. (In fact some fear the spirit of the American people, and would like to feel the pulse of the foreign population.) And where are you, followers of the veteran of old, who believed that even the States had no right to take the surplus money proceeding from the sale of the public lands, because you thought it belonged exclusively to the American people, to the whole people. Now you are told that every Hottentot, every serf, Chinese or Hindoo has a presumptive right to the domain which you have acquired at the price of your blood and at the expense of your treasury.

And what of the rejection of the Clayton amendment? Not satisfied with the parceling out of the public lands, they thought that strangers should have other and higher privileges. And what privileges did they grant them? Great heavens! Why, every foreigner can, a half-hour after his squatting in the Territory, avail himself of his "residence" (so saith the law) and exert the right of suffrage, while certain Americans can *not!* And why? Know you the reason?—that 's the rub!—because those Americans are engaged in their country's service! The influence of an armed force must be kept off, to give place to the healthful and meliorating influences of foreign ideas and foreign enlightenment, directed by foreign gratitude. They are less patriotic, less susceptible of self-government, less interested, than the new-comer. "*Debemus etiam nulla ratione reddita credere.*"

General Scott, the gray-headed veteran, might be there to protect the country against Indian depredations. A stranger shall take him aside and tell him, "You have been in your country's service nigh fifty years; your blood has reddened her battle-fields, from Canada to Mexico. I do n't know any thing about American institutions, American laws or American interests, and I care still less about them; but yet I am made of that stuff of which can be made better citizens than you are—at least, so think your Congressmen! You can not vote: I can! Your epaulettes, your wounds, the sword given you by a grateful country, prevent you!—my *brogue* is my authorization!"

This man votes!!! Eternal shame on the law which reprobates and fears the motives and devotion of the soldier, and renders the refuse of the world nobler than the men whose blood has reddened the sods of their country's battle-fields!

VIII.

Large sections of country have been and are now being settled exclusively by foreigners. A word of English shall not be spoken there for the next twenty years. They shall have their towns—Hamburgh, Berlin, Brussels—their burgomasters—speak of Bunderstaats or Staatenbunds—think of every thing, except that they are no longer Germans, Norwegians or Irishmen.

And where shall be the unity of the nation? Where shall be the commonness of ideas, of thoughts, of aims, of language, which made of us all but one people? How shall we continue that healthful and civilizing interchange of thoughts, of impressions and sentiments, when we shall be obliged to travel in our own country with dictionaries in our pockets? Shall the native American, standing in the valleys of the far-off West, in the midst of a foreign population, any longer think that he is in America? No! no! The integrity of the Republic, the unity of the Nation, are being destroyed!

Enlighten Europe—give to its oppressed millions an American system of free public schools—place in each hand a copy of the "Declaration," that glorious epitome of biblical teachings, that splendid compilation of human rights, which, with the eyes fixed on the pages of the Gospel, we see as through a resplendent microcosm—clear away the rubbish from these minds—take away from these hearts a little hatred, that you might instil therein a little love—do that—teach them how to read—and then, Welcome all Europe to this broad, illimitable Continent!

IX.

Under the pressure of the most murderous influences, the law has gradually lost its power. The body politic has become crippled by the weight of the foul incubus which festers near its heart. Disorders and crime dishonor every day the Republic. In large cities there is not an election without a riot—not one attempt at the suppression of mobs which does not meet with opposition. Men are growing accustomed to this ignominious spectacle. Says Hugo: "When public morality is eclipsed, there arises in the social order an overawing gloom." All guarantees of order are fast leaving us. We are tending to the times "when a curse lights upon the limbs of men;" when Government springs from supreme disorder, and leans back for support on fraud and violence. The popular will is eluded—its expression falsified. Every where we see the hand of fraud and corruption—venality and subornation replacing virtue and integrity. In our own State, after a most fearful epidemic, that had swept away over twelve thousand persons, the vote of the city of New Orleans exceeded by thousands the number of voters as shown by the census returns! Whence did this proceed? Let those who have seen hired cabs and wagons surrounding the polls answer the question. I dare not proceed further; and yet, I have never heard of an American who voted more than once at the same election.

And you, whom the prison-houses and suburbs of the large European cities retch upon our shores—you, who reel like drunken savages on the public liberties—political infection, gangrening the body politic; infamous leprosy, disfiguring the Republic, which you transform into an Ochlocracy—that is, the government of the rabble: men whose consciences are lies; infamous flock! cudgeled to the polls by your ruffian leaders—what seek you in this country? The air is too pure for you. Go back to the mire whence you came! Seek the sewers through which flow the filth of a corrupt and decayed society! The vapors of such abodes alone can suit your instincts!

And you, too, men heartless and without faith—worthy followers of those whom Mazzini styled as "the lost disciples of a school which, sprung from the atheistic doctrine of art for art, has concluded with the formula power for power"—you, who first belied the holy traditions of the love of order and respect for the law, which had made of American virtue a byword among the nations of the earth, so much that a man said, "I am an American citizen," as the Roman of old said, "*Civis Romanus sum*"—you, who chartered boats to take down cargoes of political infection and moral leprosy whereby to falsify the expression of the popular will, that you might foist your pitiful influence in the administration of government—you were the first to give the brutal lie to the holy presentiment of the progress of liberal institutions. You have mutilated the work of the Revolution—you have trained and fed the hand of crime, and placed a dagger within its reach to murder the Constitution!

"Oh, heaven! that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the East to the West."

I am unaware of a remedy to these evils—I know not from whence shall come the sign of redemption; but I feel the full weight of this monstrous state of things. The law falls into desuetude. The audacity of the wicked augments in an exact ratio to the decrease of the repressive power. Let those who are interested seek to ferret out the causes of this fearful and increasing decay. I accuse directly no one. I speak of the abuses which exist. I allude to the evils which gnaw at the heart of the Republic, and which commit into the hands of supreme disorder the future of my country.

X.

It is absurd to shun the admission that these evils spring in their largest measure from undue influence of certain men in the administration of the Government. Far more irrational is it to deny that the influence of foreign ideas and foreign interests, contradistinguished from American ideas and American interests, are to be computed as being among the original causes. We have seen how vain and illusive was the supposition that men could abandon all allegiance to their mother country, to devote themselves supremely to another Government, especially when the cause of that Government militates against the interest of their native land. The laws of all nations of Europe have provided accordingly. In France, naturalization is scarcely ever thought of: the rights it confers are hardly worth the trouble of an application. In Great Britain, Americans, far from enjoying the rights of suffrage, can hold real estate only when so authorized by special act of Parliament. And the law—that by which we must all abide—what shall become of it in our days? How can it be adapted to the habits of the people, when we can scarcely tell who the people is? How can the legislator study and appreciate the wants, the habits and the customs of the masses that came yesterday, and of those that are to come to-morrow? And yet, all experience hath shown that the attention of the legislator could not be directed too closely to the tendencies of the times, the spirit and force of the habits and customs of the people, which, when harmonizing with the law, and the law with them, secure to legislative enactments a firm foundation, and render their application easy and sure; for what renders the institutions of a land truly firm and lasting is not so much their entire harmony and coincidence between themselves as their normal accord with the active spirit of civilization; which fact enables them always to concord on the same points, so that one but sanctions and sustains the other; and from that perfect and healthful harmony of the moral with the physical influences there results to the benefit of society the potent union of the collective strength of the State with that major power springing from the hearts of men, and which is called "public opinion." Where the state of civilization is healthy, the main end of legislation should be to strengthen habit, so that obedience to the law might become a natural and habitual inclination. Those habits and customs of the people, says Rousseau, "form the key of the social edifice."

And yet, how can this harmony be secured? Hundreds of thousands of strangers are pouring in yearly upon us; yet some men think of inviting further foreign immigration, to settle up our vacant lands! Be satisfied with the normal and natural development of the country, and seek not to have your nationality swallowed up by this onward sweeping wave!

The evil is there—broad, glaring, manifest! Destroy the means, let the cause be what it may. You are afraid to violate acquired and vested constitutional rights. Be it so: but prevent the augmentation of the means wherewith so much injury has been worked to your prosperity, your happiness, and the very liberty in which you so justly pride!

XI.

And you, whom I have always learned to look upon as brothers—sons of a State whose nobility is stamped upon the sods still wet with the blood of our fathers!—you who, like me, have been brought up to believe that there is something worth cherishing in the institutions under which we have grown up, and whose proud and gorgeous emblem we still hope to hail with our last expiring gaze—in view of this terrible and monstrous state of things, it is meet we should turn back to the past, that our hearts be purified and strengthened by its hallowed and sacred teachings. It is well that we should remember the struggles, the tears, and the glories of the Revolution, to be sustained and cheered at this hour. It is well to pause before this sublime transformation of the past into the young and radiant form of the future. For him who thinks, who weighs calmly in his mind the nature of things, that spectacle has something touching in its nature, at the same time that it is grand and imposing. It is touching, because a new and purer law is seen emerging from the miseries and atrocities of the past, like the gentle beam of a seraph's wing from the mantle of night. It is grand, because it is the majesty of RIGHT triumphing over injustice and oppression. It is awful and imposing, because it is also the spectacle of contending hosts, the clash of arms, the neighing of steeds, the wail of widows calling aloud upon God from ruined homes and deserted hearths—because the midnight wings of war covered the radiant form of the Republic ere it emerged from the impending gloom.

To regenerate the MORAL WORLD, the Son of God expired on the black Golgotha. He triumphed over death and iniquity, rising uplifted and supported on the wings of eternal truth. To regenerate the social and political world, the American Republic bled under the poniards of ministerial minions, as the Saviour's side under the lance-stroke of the Roman soldier. Crime and superstition crucified the one—the party tormented the other. These two sufferings redeemed the moral and social man. Christ is the redemption of the moral man—the Republic is the redemption of the nations, preparing their radiant and rapturous ascension to the elevated and stable heights of happiness.

The Republic is the government of reason, because it equalizes all positions; it solicits vocations; it invites progress; it safeguards all susceptibilities; it springs from the people and recuperates its energies ever and anon from that inexhaustible fount of youth and strength, Popular Sovereignty; it insures the predominance of Genius and Capacity over Birth and Privilege; it is fraternity between men, as it is justice for all, and for each against all.

Shall we give the struggle up?—be as blind as the inhabitants of the two cities of old, who heeded not the words of admonition until they had felt all the pressure of the impending destruction?—abandon, give away the rich heritage of the Revolution?—prove unworthy of the hallowed and sacred trust confided to our keeping, instead of using our best endeavors to stem the tide which is sweeping away from us the holiest relics of the past?

"Who could refrain, that hath a heart to love,
And that hart courage to make his love known?"

XII.

Alas! in turning back to history, to the timid and superficial observer there seems to speak a voice telling that the people shall never be susceptible of self-government. Yes—there are many, very many instances where the attempts made by the people to substitute their power to that of kings, have been attended with anarchy and bloodshed. But we should not be disheartened. Civilization is finishing the work which a few centuries back was only begun.... The lump of leaven in the loaf softs the hand that prepares it; and yet, one day it will give you strength—it will give you food... Take the rose stem and place it in the ground; you will have to harbor it from the storm, shelter it carefully from the blast of winter, protect it from the burning rays of the sun: you will feel the sting of its thorns—be discouraged and disheartened; but on a lovely morning, when Nature smiles to the opening day and the perfume of the night rose embalms the still air—when the birds in the thick foliage sing their meek praise to the Creator, the beauteous flower shall open its leaves and oscillate gently on its stem, while the breath of the zephyr floats around it, and the dew-drops, as if "cut from heart of morning cloud and dipped in the iris of heaven," shall sparkle on its petals! You will look upon that lovely flower with love and tenderness;—you will feel repaid—you will forget your past cares—you will bless the labor that has produced its fruit!

So it is with the establishment and maintenance of the institutions which we denominate Republicain. Suffer not yourselves to be disheartened—continue to hope on for the future—act with earnestness and truth; and in doing this, be your hearts elate with confidence, and listen to that voice whose repercussive notes are echoed by each succeeding generation and by each century: "Truth and Justice are destined to supersede Error!"

May the future belie the gloomy foreshowings of the present, and may the Tree of American Liberty, under the genial and vivifying warmth of our institutions, bloom forth anew from the nation's heart.

Prospectus of "The Opelousas Patriot."

THE UNDERSIGNED will commence the publication, in the town of Opelousas, on SATURDAY, March 3, of a Weekly Newspaper, in the French and English Languages, to be entitled "THE OPELOUSAS PATRIOT," devoted to the periodical dissemination of all intelligence of a Local, Political, Statistical and Miscellaneous character, calculated to please and inform the various classes of readers who may consult its columns.

In Politics, the "Patriot" will be Independent, but not Neutral. The Editors will freely expose to the public inspection the tendency of Public Measures and the conduct of Public Men. Renouncing such names as "Whig" or "Democrat," whether implying censure or praise, they will watch closely the current of events, with the view of commending what is good and condemning what is bad. Measures promotive of the general welfare will be advocated, irrespective of the sources whence they emanate; while the official conduct of public servants will be fearlessly but respectfully exposed to the general scrutiny, in such terms as circumstances may justify.

In the Miscellaneous department, the "Patriot" will embrace such articles as may be deemed best suited to the tastes of its readers; and these articles, whether original or selected, will be concise, brief and practical. Under this department will be included such items as have a tendency to direct public inquiry to the best means of promoting the Agricultural interests and the general business pursuits of our own Parish.

The Editors of the "Patriot" will use every exertion to impart peculiar interest to the Local department. But little is known abroad of the vast but undeveloped country embraced within the limits of the old County of Opelousas. The statistics, population, topography and general resources of this region will, from time to time, receive attention commensurate with their importance. The health, beauty and fertility of the country offer many inducements to immigration; and no pains will be spared to portray adequately these attractive features—to invite population and enterprise to our soil, in order to develop its resources and enhance its wealth.

Much care will be bestowed upon the Editorial department, and writers of acknowledged ability will occasionally contribute to its columns. In its Typographical execution, the "Patriot" will challenge comparison with its most attractive cotemporaries.

All articles of general interest, when briefly written and accompanied by the names of the writers, will be inserted; while communications of a personal character will invariably be rejected. In advancing their opinions, the Editors will do so courteously, avoiding every expression calculated to wound the most delicate sensibility.

The Editors have embarked in their enterprise with zeal and confidence, at the instance of many public-spirited friends. With a full determination to succeed, they will spare neither industry nor capital to win the public confidence, and to deserve general patronage.

The "Patriot" will be published at the moderate rate of Two DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS a year, payable in advance—thus placing it within the reach of a numerous circle of readers.

ALBERT DEJEAN,
CYRUS THOMPSON,
ALF. LIVINGSTON.

Opelousas, February, 1855.

OPELOUSAS FEMALE ACADEMY.

Mr. and Mrs. HOY, with the assistance of Miss Hoy and Mme. de St. Ange, will open on the 12th of March, in the Town of Opelousas, a first class School, where the Practical as well as Ornamental branches of a Female Education will be taught.

They are prepared to give thorough instruction in the English, French, Italian and German Languages, also Music Lessons on the Piano and Guitar, Drawing, Painting, Transferring, French Embroidery in Silk, Chenille and Worsted, Plain Needle-work, Calisthenics, Deportment, Dancing and Equitation.

The Principal hopes, with the assistance of able teachers, and the advantages pupils will derive from constant personal care, to secure the patronage of the inhabitants of Opelousas and vicinity.

Terms, per session of twenty-one weeks, payable one-half in advance, the balance in the middle of the session:

Tuition in Primary Department	$20 00
" " Advanced "	25 00
French, Italian and German	each 15 00
Instruction on the Piano	30 00
" " Guitar	30 00
Drawing	15 00
Painting	20 00
French Embroidery in Silk, Chenille, Worsted,	10 00
Calisthenics, Deportment, Dancing	12 00
Riding Lessons	each 1 00
Boarding, Washing, Fuel, etc	60 00

Mme. de St. Ange, having entered into a prior engagement at Mrs. Henry's School, in Natchez, will not be able to join the School until next session.

NOTICE.—The firm of T. LASTRAPES & CO. is now liquidating. E. Dejean has the charge of the collection of accounts due to said firm, and the settlement of all business concerning it. Those who are owing said firm, either by note or account, are requested to settle as soon as possible. The goods now on hand will be sold at cost, for cash only.