The Opelousas Journal.

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THE OPELOUSAS JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
—BY—
J. W. JACKSON & J. M. GALE.

OFFICE ON COURT STREET.

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UNFORGOTTEN.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Once more our pathways touch and blend,
Tho' years have led us far apart,
Dear to my memory and my heart,
My friend—my never less than Friend!
I know not if my image lives
Bright in thy spirit as of old,
Nor if the pure unsordid gold
Of thy sweet nature still survives

The rolling seasons, new and strange,
And keeps its ancient kingly worth;
I only know the things of Earth
Are moulded in the hands of Change,
Nor if the stamp of worldly lore
Hath set his signet on thy heart—
I only love thee as thou wert
In those sweet days that come no more.

The mountains rise, the rivers roll
Their flashing silver in the sun,
But never, since his race begun,
Hath time and power to bind the soul;
To quell the music of her lyre,
To still the sweetness of her lips,
Nor ever, with the sad eclipse
Of sorrow, quench her radiant fire!

Time wreaths the years in sombre gray
About the brows that you have kissed—
And those deep wells of amethyst—
My eyes—grow darker day by day,
In that mysterious shadow drawn
By some invisible, awful Fate.
That shaped the world to love or hate
In the still cyles of the Gone;

And dim the long path lies before,
Beset with cruel cross and thorn,
But the far splendor of the morn
Burns white and steadfast evermore
Along the heavenly hills, that bare
Their glorious foreheads to the skies
That crown the breadth of paradise—
And t'ward their shining lights I fare,

Nor heed the weird and wintry moan
Of winds athwart the dying day,
Nor that the night drops wild and gray
From out God's hand;—I journey on
Nor know the seasons come and go,
Content if, when my toil complete,
My dust shall blossom at His feet,
Amid His violets or his snow!

[New York Ledger.

THE MANIAC'S REVENGE.

[From the New York Ledger.]

'Twas a dismal evening towards the latter part of January, 18—, that, as I sat in my office, pondering o'er some old tomes on the theory of the "Circulation," I was startled from my studies by a rap at the door, and the following note was handed me:

DR. K——: Will you please come over to the Asylum as soon as possible?

Respectfully yours,
R. MADISON, Supt.

M —— Insane Asylum.

I had been appointed, only some two weeks previous, the visiting physician to this Asylum, and this was my first call. I looked at the note two or three times, as we sometimes will do, to see if I could make out anything as to what might be the object of my visit; but finally noticing the last four words, "as soon as possible," I hastily threw on my heavy overcoat, and leaving word as to my destination, hurried off.

A ride of some twenty minutes brought me to my destination, and immediately I was shown to "Room 13, Ward 2." The room was darkened so that at first I saw no one, but after a few moments in one corner of the room I noticed a man, apparently about thirty years of age, stretched on his pallet. He bore unmistakable marks of the gentleman. Massive forehead, partially shaded by brown unkempt locks, piercing gray eyes, thin compressed lips, large nostrils—indeed his appearance was such as to strike even a casual observer. And this was my first visit, and he my first patient. As I entered the room he turned a cold look on me for a few moments, and then turned his head away, seeming anxious to be let alone. I approached him, felt his pulse and found that he was in a feverish state; then, after leaving some necessary directions with the nurse, I left, promising to call again in the morning.

As I sauntered along leisurely to my office, my mind was filled with numerous conjectures as to how such a man could have come to an Insane Asylum, but I could come to no conclusion.

The next morning, according to promise, I was at my patient's side punctually, and I daily continued my visits, some ten days, until the poor fellow died.

I frequently found him perfectly sane, and we often entered into animated discussions, during the course of which I found that I was not at all mistaken in the estimate I had formed of him. The day before he died I found him unusually sad, and after I had been talking to him about a quarter of an hour he drew a roll of paper from under his pillow, and handing it to me, asked me not to open it until he was dead. He said he could not die easy unless he felt that that paper was in safe hands. I promised him, and now for the first time is it made known what were its contents. Although my own curiosity, coupled with my wife's, led me to read it to her, the night he died, and as I know my wife can keep a secret, strange as it may appear, I can safely say this is its first appearance.

He died the day after he gave me this, and was buried by the side of his brother in the old family ground.

The following is a true copy of the manuscript:

"My mother died when I was thirteen years of age. I was left the only comfort to my father, being the only child living out of a family of five. For a long time after my mother's death my father seemed perfectly broken-hearted; his businsss offered no attractions whatever; and had it not been that he had a most excellent partner, his pecuniary losses must have been heavy. The old homestead had its sad mementoes—the vacant chair; the idle piano; the unstrung harp; the light and life of the house gone;—so father determined to sell all, and travel for a year or so. It cost me many a bitter pang to see these old associates torn away from me; spots hallowed by my saintly mother's tread were now to pass into the hands of strangers; one by one they were sold, until there was naught left to us but fond recollection.

"My father then started off on a business trip through the Western States, as he was a large grain dealer, taking me with him. We stopped at most of the principal cities, but not long enough to form more than business acquaintances. After about twelve month spent in travelling, we returned to M——, and took rooms at the principal hotel in the city. I was sent off to boarding-school, preparatory to my entrance into college. I soon became a favorite in the school, and made rapid progress, far out-stripping all my competitors. Days, months and years passed by, when at the end of the third year, as I was ready to enter the Sophomore class, I received a letter from my father, calling me home to attend his marriage. I could scarcely believe the words: 'I am to be married on the first of July to the woman I first loved. She is a widow, with a son some three years your senior, but one in whom you will find an equable companion and a kind brother.'

"From that day my troubles began. It did not take me long to pack up my books and the little baggage that a school-boy has, and the next day I started for home—no longer home for me. The marriage came off, and it was one of the grandest affairs that ever happened in M——, both parties being very wealthy. Of course I was present, and I heard my father call her his wife, and I saw my own saintly mother imploring me not to call her mother, and I swore I would not. Everything seemed to pass off pleasantly. Two or three weeks were spent in the pleasures that generally attend a wealthy honeymoon; parties and receptions; but I could enjoy none of them. I had not forgotten my own mother. My 'kind brother' was not long in showing his acts of kindness. He was a purse-proud, ignorant fop, and no kind of a companion for me. I cared nothing for his pleasures; and he was not competent enough to appreciate mine. On account of my retiring disposition he used to always call me 'Stupid Bill,' and finally began to look upon me as a kind of servant, insulting me by his sneering taunts, and on one occasion going so far as to strike me for not obeying some imperious command given in the presence of some of his profligate associates. I had brooked his insults long enough, and now I determined to stand them no longer. I swore I would be avenged sooner or later. My father's wife was about as kind to me as my 'kind brother.' She first used persuasive means to get me to call her *mother*, but finding these would not do, she began to use harsh measures, called me ungrateful, proud, impudent, and finally would have nothing at all to do with me. Her son continued to taunt and insult me, until at last my cup was filled to overflowing; I could stand it no longer. I had brooked my last, and I had my revenge.

Shortly after my father married, he bought a large residence as a present for his wife. It was one of those old fashioned, roomy, square mansions, with four rooms on the first floor, and a spacious hall, running through from the front porch, to a verandah, which extended the whole width of the back of the house, and which rendered an entrance into our (my brother's and mine) bed room, which was the back room over the parlor, an easy thing do. Father had given us a room together, thereby hoping to make us learn to love each other; but in this he failed. The bed in which we slept, was paralled with the rear wall of the room, and about five feet distant from it, allowing room for a bureau to be placed between the bed and wall on which my brother used to place his diamonds [illegible] There were two windows in the back of the room, each of which opened on the top of the verandah.

"It was in this room and this bed that I had my vengeance.

"It was a pleasant evening in the latter part of June, that my brother undertook to correct me for not obeying his command. He had ordered me to bring him a glass of water, and on my refusing, he dashed in my face some that was in the glass. I resented the insult by telling him that I would have my revenge yet, and left the room to meditate upon my position.

"That night I went to my room about 10 o'clock; but could not sleep. I lay there tossing about on the bed, with my brain on fire. Demons were hissing *revenge* in my ears. I was wild; burning for revenge. About 1 o'clock, my brother came reeling into the room from one of his usual nightly revellings. He was not long in getting in bed, and soon his heavy breathing, told that he was enjoying a drunkard's sleep.

"Towards morning, after the moon had gone down. I was so much fatigued by my mental trouble, that I was about to doze; when I was certain I saw an object on top of the verandah, cautiously approaching the window of our room. I lay in breathless anxiety, waiting for the next move, when soon a head, then an arm, and by degrees the whole body of a man was in the room cautiously advancing to the bureau, evidently bent on plunder. I was too much alarmed to do, or even to think of anything for a few moments. Not until after I saw him place something on the bureau, and begin to pick up the diamonds, which were sparkling, as though they might be fragments of a moon beam lingering unwilling to leave this world. As soon as I could collect my thoughts, I jumped out of bed for the purpose of arresting the burglar, but before I could succeed in getting around the bed, he had escaped out of the open window. I cried, 'stop thief!' and soon was satisfied from the hurrying footsteps I heard, that he was being pursued. I then turned to the bureau, and found his knife, a dangerous looking weapon, lying thrown cautiously down. I picked it up, and instantaneously the thought flashed across my brain: Now is the time for my revenge. I felt my brother's heart beating very irregularly and quite hard; the sound of each pulsation was quite perceptible, he was still under the influence of the liquor he had taken the evening before; all of these thoughts flashed through my brain in an instant. I was crazy; I was mad. I *plunged the knife into his heart.* A gurgling sound; a heaving of the heart; a stifled moan; and all was over. I had my vengance. He was dead, and I killed him. No more taunts for me. I had told him that I would have my revenge, but it came sooner than I had anticipated.

"My father, hearing my cry of 'Stop thief,' had gotten up and entered the room, to find me bent over the lifeless body of my brother in apparent great grief. His wife, startled by the noise, rushed into the room, and immediately swooned at the sight of her murdered boy. A doctor was sent for, but he pronounced the victim to be dead beyond a doubt. In the midst of our excitement, an officer entered to see if we could recognize some very valuable diamonds found in the possession of the burglar, whom they succeeded in arresting. They were my brother's. A knife-sheath was also found on his person, corresponding with the knife found in my brother's heart. The body remained as it was until after the inquest was held that afternoon, at four o'clock. I was the first person examined, and narrated substantially what is above, except that I also said that 'I saw him strike my brother with something which, to the best of my belief and knowledge, was the knife now lying on the table.'

"The doctor was next examined, and he [illegible] the deceased came to his death [illegible] cut, inflicted by a knife, which p[illegible]ted the left lobe of the heart.'

"My father could tell nothing about the occurrence.

"The officer testified, that, 'hearing the cry, "Stop thief!" coming from Mr. M.'s house, I pursued a man running from that direction, and as I was nearing him, he threw something into the street. I fired at him, and he gave himself up. Then, returning to where I saw him throw the thing he had away, I found that diamond pin. I searched his person, and these articles: the diamond studs, a knife-sheath, brass-knuckle, etc. I returned to Mr. M.'s house, and found that the diamond belonged to his step-son.'

"The jury were not long in returning a verdict that, 'The deceased came to his death on account of a wound inflicted by a knife in the hand of G—— S——n, now in confinement.'

"The wildest excitement prevailed in the city. Threats were made that the prisoner would be taken from the jail. Some were for immediate hanging. My ears were continually assailed with threats and oaths pronounced against the murderer, and I thought my brain would burst. Things went on this way until the final trial came off.

"Of course, I was called to the witness-stand, and gave my evidence the same as at the inquest. I was severely cross-q[illegible] with reference to the feeling I had previously borne towards the deceased; and the counsel for the defence endeavored to make that a serious point. Ah! little did he know [illegible] was right! But when the evidence for the Commonwealth was brought forward, 'twas too strong a chain—there was not a link wanting; his entrance into the room; hasty retreat; my oath as to his striking the deceased; the knife found in deceased's heart; sheath for the same found on person of prisoner; diamonds of deceased found on person of prisoner; attempt of prisoner to effect his escape—everything was conclusive. It was a clear case. Circumstantial evidence convicted him.

"The trial occupied some three days; and, when it was finally given to the jury, they retired, and returned in ten minutes with, 'We find the prisoner to be guilty of Murder in the first degree.'

"A murmur of approval was distinctly audible through the whole court-room. The crier called 'Silence;' and the judge immediately pronounced sentence, that, 'You be hanged by the neck until you are dead, on Friday, November 13th; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

"After the sentence was pronounced, the prisoner asked to be allowed to say a few words.

An opportunity had been given him before, and his silence completed the evidence of his guilt. He then stood up erect and, looking around the courtroom until his eye fell on me, he howled out, in demoniacal tones:

"'Base perjurer, I will have my revenge!'

"'Twas all he said; but 'twas enough for me. From that time I had no rest.

"His words were continually ringing in my ears "Base perjurer!" and I knew how true they were! I had sworn his life away. The 13th of November came around, and no respite having been granted, the gallows was erected within the prison yard, and I obtained a ticket of admittance. I was impelled by some unaccountable feeling to do this. As the old town-clock tolled eleven strokes, the prisoner was marched out of the prison, attended by two spiritual advisers; he mounted the steps fearlessly. They were going to pinion his arms, when, catching sight of me, he again howled out. 'Base perjurer! My blood be upon your hands!' His arms were pinioned; the black cap pulled over his head; the trap sprung; and I saw him hanging between heaven and earth, an innocent victim. My brain reeled; my head was on fire. I cried, 'Save him! save him! he is innocent!' But they pushed me away. I went home; but it was no home for me. I could not sleep. My hands were covered with blood. I was afraid to go to bed. I was afraid to be alone. Friends thought it was grief; and when I told them the truth they said I was mad. They brought me here at last, afraid of me; and now when I try to tell the truth they say I am raving. I know too well. Every night I hear my brother's dying moan, and demons dance around me, singing 'Base perjurer!' and, waiting to grasp my soul as soon as it leaves this body. I am not mad. Last night the body of the man whom I hung by my false oaths, came and stood by my bed, and it looked very white and brilliant, and he smiled and told me he forgave me; but my brother—oh, my brother."

The communication stopped here. It was evidently written the day before he died, for his nurse told me that he was busy writing all the day up to the time that I came in the evening; and as I told him his hours were numbered, he gave me the manuscript. He died the next day, a raving maniac. His body was buried in the family ground, by the side of his murdered brother; and two handsome marble shafts, broken off at the top, mark their last resting place.

Curiosity prompted me to consult the court records of M——, for that year, and I found them to corroborate all of the above statements. He had sworn to be revenged, and he was. Strange stories are afloat even to this day about the old homestead, which still stands, and is in possession of the descendants. No one occupies that back bed-room over the parlor; and very often the occupants of the neighboring rooms are awakened from their sound slumbers by hearing a stifled groan in that room. It is said, too, that ghosts have been seen in the grave yard near the two broken shafts; but I can say nothing about these rumors. I slept one night in the haunted chamber, and I thought that I was punished possibly for leaving my wife for a night. At any rate, when I got home the next morning, before day, I promised my wife, if she would forgive me that time, I would never do it again (of course, she excuses our medical suppers, when, "We won't go home till morning"), and I have kept my word as far as regards the haunted house.

TIGHT LACING.— It is a trite but correct remark, that, as the human form has been moulded by nature, the best shape is that which she has given it. To endeavor to render it more elegant by artificial means, is to change it; to make it much smaller below, and much lager above, is to destroy its beauty; to keep it cased up in a kind of domestic cuirass, is not only to deform it, but to expose the internal parts to serious injury. Under such compression as is comonly practiced by ladies, the development of the bones, which are still tender, does not take place conformably to [illegible] of na[illegible] tion is necessarily stopped, and they consequently become twisted and deformed. Those who wear these appliances of tight lacing, often complain that they cannot sit upright without them—are sometimes, indeed, compelled to wear them during all the twenty-four hours; a fact which proves to what an extent such articles weaken muscles of the trunk. The injury does not fall merely on the internal structure of the body, but also on its beauty, and on the the temper and feelings with which that beauty is associated. Beauty is in reality but another name for expression of countenance which is the index of sound health, intelligence, good feelings, and peace of mind. All are aware that uneasy feelings, existing habitually in the breast, speedily exhibit their signature on the contenance, and that bitter thoughts, or a bad temper spoil the human expression of its comeliness and grace.—*New York Ledger.*

A BAD DEBT.—The owing of a grudge.

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Have formed a partnership, and will practice their profession in the Parishes of St. Landry, Calcasieu, Lafayette, Avoyelles and Pointe Coupee. [Nov23'67.

B. A. MARTEL. GEO. W. HUDSPETH.
B. A. MARTEL & HUDSPETH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Opelousas, La.

Having formed a partnership for the practice of law, will attend to professional business in St. Landry and adjoining parishes.
Opelousas, Nov. 23, 1867.

JOHN E. KING. EDMOND D. ESTILETTE.
JOHN E. KING & ESTILETTE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Opelousas, La.

Having formed a partnership for the practice of law, will attend to professional business in St. Landry and adjoining parishes.
Opelousas, Nov. 23, 1867.

JAMES M. PORTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in Opelousas, near the Court-House,

Will practice in the Courts of the 8th Judicial District, comprising the Parishes of St Landry, Calcasieu, Lafayette and Vermilion.
Opelousas, Nov. 23, 1867.

THOMAS H. LEWIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Will practice his profession in the Parishes of St. Landry and Calcasieu.
Office with Col. Jas. M. Porter, in Opelousas. Nov23'67.

GEORGE H. WELLS,
Attorney at Law,
Lake Charles, Calcasieu Parish, La.

PRACTICES in Calcasieu, St. Landry and Lafayette parishes. Dec7'67.

Notice.

THE partnership between George R. King and Edmund H. Martin, for the practice of law, was by mutual consent dissolved on the 25th day of August last. The professional business confided to the firm will continue to receive the attention of George R. King, until parties otherwise direct.

GEO. R KING,
E. H. MARTIN.
Opelousas, La., December 7th, 1867.

GEO. R KING,
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