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The Opelousas Journal.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH OF ST. LANDRY.

VOL. 2.

OPELOUSAS, PARISH OF ST. LANDRY, LA., SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1869.

NO. 28.

CHARLES N. EALER, Watchmaker and Jeweler. (Established November, 1845.) Corner of Main and Landry Streets, Opelousas, La.

DENTISTRY. DR. E. P. DOREMUS, DENTIST, WASHINGTON, LA.

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Notice to Tax-Payers. ALL persons who owe the State and Parish Taxes, or either of them, as well as those who owe the State Tax, or either of them, or both, are notified that the last day for the payment of the same is the 1st day of July 1869.

To Bridge Builders. IN accordance with a resolution of the Police Jury, the undersigned commissioners appointed for that purpose, will sell to the lowest bidder, at Washington, on TUESDAY, July 27th, 1869, the contract to build a bridge over the Bayou Courtois, at Morgan's plantation.

The National Intelligencer.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.] The National Intelligencer, which has just been suspended at Washington, originated in the "Independent Gazetteer," which was published at Philadelphia, when that city was the seat of Government of the United States.

The editor of the National Intelligencer was not only a prosperous and popular journalist, but was a power in the State. His editor was the expansion and counsellor of the great statesman who conducted the Government; and his paper was looked to as invariably reflecting the national opinions and indicating the national purposes of the Administration.

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A DEATH STRUGGLE.

BY A DETECTIVE. The wide river that sweeps around New Orleans so grandly has been made the receptacle of many a fruit of crime, and has witnessed the saddest scenes of a tragedy, the saddest I ever witnessed, and despite the long years that have flown, it still rises as vividly before me as if it occurred but yesterday.

The man gave his name as Turpin, a tall, finely proportioned man, and with a face bearing no traces of crime. His wife was one of the most beautiful women I ever met. They had been in New Orleans for weeks, with no apparent occupation or design. They visited all places of amusement, rode out daily, and never seemed happy unless mingling with the crowd.

One could see it in the restless and certain glance of his eyes; in the palping cheek and trembling lips when she taunted him, as she sometimes did in a low tone. When her eyes were of a look of hatred, that fevered in his eye, writhed and malignant as death. I shuddered, and a cold chill went through my frame, when one day I detected that burning glare, which for a single moment rested on the fair young girl with the beautiful but ill-kept face.

Often at night they strayed arm in arm along the avenues, or walked upon the levee, and one evening I saw him persuading her to take a ride upon the river. She refused for a long time, but finally he overcame her scruples, and the miniature boat glided away from the dock, bearing the two out upon the flood.

I could never tell you why, but a feeling that something was wrong came over me. I felt that the man meant evil. Hastily getting into a skiff, Mr. I myself followed them. The night settled down and cloudy, and a low, restless wind moaned along the waters. The moon was hid behind masses of clouds, and the uncertain light from the lamps on the bank did not relieve the darkened atmosphere.

The boat glided silently, and we followed almost breathlessly in its wake, until the creaking of the oars was heard, and the regular splash of the paddles in the water. Presently these ceased, and we knew the boat was at rest. Approaching as silently as we might, soon a low conversation struck upon our ears.

"You intend to betray me?" we heard the man say. "I am not!" "Am not I as deeply implicated as yourself?" the woman asked. "Yes—but you do not feel the degradation as I do—you hate me!"

"No, I have only more courage!" "You taunt and despise me!" "No, I'm foolish enough to love you!" "You have a strange way of evincing affection!"

"Have I indeed?" And even in the distance I could note the scornful intonation with which each word was breathed. "Have I, indeed? I have loved you, and you betrayed me. I have clung to you in disgrace, and you hate me! I managed your escape, eluded your enemies, defeated their schemes and preserved your plunder. You reward my devotion with suspicion. I love you, and you are contented to suspect me!"

"What?" "Out upon the moonless air came a shriek, piercing and fearful, and then a splash of a body falling heavily through the water." "One sweep of the oars and we were side by side. The woman had already perished. Before we had time to lay hold of the criminal he leaped into the river and sunk from sight. Whether or not he ever escaped I never knew. I never saw him again."

The next day the body of the young girl was found and buried. Her history no one could ascertain—a beautiful, nameless wanderer, dead with the roses of life at their bloom—dead before the evil spirit of an erring life had made her beauty fade.

BUILDING CHARACTER.—There is a structure which everybody is building, young and old, each one for himself. It is called character, and in it every act of life is a stone. If day by day we be careful to build our lives with pure, noble, upright deeds, at the end will stand a fair temple, honored by God and man.

But as one leak will sink a ship, and one false break a chain, so one mean, untruthful act or word will forever leave its impress upon our character. Then, let the several deeds unite to form a day, and one by one the days grow into noble years, and the years, as they slowly pass, will raise at last a beautiful edifice, enduring forever to our praise. —Agriculturist.

Way do we say in the Lord's Prayer, "Who art in heaven, since God is everywhere?" asked a clergyman of some friends, who of him said that he had seen a white-robed man, who looked as if he could give an answer, the clergyman said: "Well, little soldier, what say you?" "Because it's headquarters," replied the drummer.

A FORTUNATE KISS.

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a noble youth, with great love for studies, without means for pursuing them. He was poor, lived on constant exertions. Still he studied, lived in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying to look at the future, which looked so grim at him. His good humor and excellent qualities made him beloved by his comrades. One day he was standing on the square with some of them prattling away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young man became arrested by a young and elegant lady who, by the side of an older one, was slowly walking over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala, living in the city, and the lady was his governess. She was generally known for gentleness and peacefulness of character, and looked at with admiration by all the students. As the young man stood gazing at her as she passed on like a glorious vision, one of them suddenly exclaimed: "Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth."

The poor student, the hero of our story, who looked on that pure, angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I would kiss her!" "What! in this place, and before all our eyes?" "Yes." "Freely?" "Yes, freely."

"Well, if she would give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" exclaimed one of the party. "And I," exclaimed three or four others, for it happened that several rich men were in the group, and the bet ran high on so improbable an event. The challenge was made and received in less time than we take to tell it.

Our hero (my authority tells me) whether he was plain or handsome; I have my peculiar reasons for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good looking at the same time) immediately walked up to the young lady and said: "Meine fraulien, my fortune is now in your hands."

She looked at him with astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply what had just now passed between him and his comrades.

The young lady listened attentively, and, on his ceasing to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness: "If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish for me to refuse such a request," and publicly in the open square kissed him.

The next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she consented to kiss.

He received him with a scrutinizing bow; but, after an hour's conversation, he so pleased with him that he ordered him to dine with him at the table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend pursued his studies in such a manner that it soon made him regarded as the most prominent student in the University.

Three years were now passed since the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second kiss to the daughter of the Governor as his wife.

He became later one of the most noted scholars in Sweden, and was much respected for his character. His works will endure while time lasts among the works of science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden and high position in society are regarded as trifles in comparison with its goodness and love.

THE EFFECT OF DIET ON THE BRAIN. —Monsieur Cabasson has presented to the French Academy a curious essay on the effect of diet on the moral and intellectual faculties of man. Its influence is, in his opinion, so great that it would scarcely be an exaggeration to parody a well-known proverb and say, "Dis moi ce que tu manges, et je te dirai ce que tu es."

In a passage of the "Miserables" Victor Hugo links French vivacity to the light French wines, and English ponderosity to "port-wine;" and many Frenchmen are convinced that the distinguishing traits of the two nations may in a great measure be ascribed to the use of these beverages. But M. Cabasson has dived far more deeply into the subject, and experimentalized on his own person with various articles of food—coffee taken on an empty stomach seems to have produced the most startling effects. He informs us that immediately after imbibing it his style in writing was cold but correct, while, on the other hand, he became more nervous, excited, and generally disagreeable. A moderate breakfast restored him to his normal state, and the disappearance of intellectual profundity was compensated for by an influx of genial and generous ideas.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD DEN.—This familiar word is derived by some from the French verb *dennier*, meaning *give*; by others from the old Saxon word *dannan*, to claim, but both of these derivations are wrong. It took its rise from a famous English ballad named *Joe Dunn*, in the times of King Henry the Eighth, who debased his hard trade of collecting doubtful debts with remarkable success. As a last resort creditors would threaten to put Dunn on their debtors, and hence the phrase of "*dunning*," which has continued to our day.

PAGHIANI, an Italian chemist, has invented a kind of paper with which carbonic acid is so thoroughly saturated, that the paper, when used to pack animal substances, preserves them in a perfectly fresh state, without salt or any curing whatever.

HONESTY AND CREDIT.

It is not every man whose credit at the bank is good, who is thoroughly and unflinchingly honest and upright. The constant experience of the business world proves this. Honesty itself is a prime quality. Some say it is a congenital inheritance that descends with the blood; but this is not always correct. There has been many a dishonest son of an upright sire, and there are upright sons of dishonest sires. To say, as some do, that there is no real honesty among mankind is both immoral and untrue. There were no honesty how could there be the public credit of a nation? Stelling-pride is all the having that thousands possess, and that they may not be accompanied with it, they will be in a wretched condition, and a pride. It supplies its possessor with the luxury of a *convivial* table, which amount of mere wealth can bring, and first or last, it commands a respect from his fellows which has the merit of being genuine and unostentatious. Commercial credit is a facilities and conventional thing, possessing a strictly computable value. It is a great convenience in business, and it is extremely difficult for a business man to get along without it. Credit is loosely considered as synonymous with personal honesty; but there is an immense difference between the two. The revelations of mercantile life prove that men of A No. 1 credit will sometimes do dishonest acts to maintain it. Every day and then, we hear of the arrest of a man who has committed fraud, theft, or embezzlement, to prevent his name going to protest. Prompt habits, prosperous business and unencumbered property will give a man credit, and misfortune and losses will destroy it; but honesty is a possession that survives disasters and calamities; it is a part of the man, and can not be taken away from him. —St. Louis Home Journal.

If we are to credit Western papers, fully fifty thousand Chinese laborers are now en route for Southern cotton fields. There is no doubt but California and the territories on the Pacific slope will do all they can to stimulate this emigration, as it relieves them of a troublesome incubus and gives to the South its greatest want. When first we alluded to this labor tide, which was to sweep down the Valley of the Mississippi we did not underrate either its vastness or its importance, but we own that the speed with which it has been precipitated has exceeded our most ardent hopes and expectations. In the countless beneficial results to accrue to the South and to the Union, when the Chinaman fills the hiatus left by Negro labor, we can see the solution of all our present difficulties, the only sufferer being the negro himself. The dearest laborer in the world, he must go to the wall when brought into contact with him sooner than we expected. N. O. Times.

The gigantic nature of the labors of the Congressional Investigation Committee will be at once understood when it is stated that 7000 pages of folio paper (a proper kind to use) have been employed in taking down the evidence. In printed form the volume containing this evidence, and which is destined never to be read except by the proof-reader, will contain two thousand Congressional pages. The evidence amounts to a steady affirmance of certain facts upon one side, and a steady denial upon the other, and has been a perpetual see-sawing of contradictory and cumulative testimony from the commencement of the trial to its present stage. It is now thought that the committee will end their labors in a few days. —N. O. Times.

IMMIGRATION.—The subject of immigration is one which is at present greatly exciting the Southern mind, and is worthy of the most serious consideration. The old system of labor is forever exploded. There may be individual and isolated exceptions; but the general rule will hold good that free Negro labor is not sufficiently practicable and reliable for the full development of Southern resources and industry. We must have white labor. We must have intelligence. We must have reliability. We must have population. To obtain these requisites, we must offer inducements to capitalists and laborers. We must construct railroads. We must dig canals. We must build factories. We must develop our resources of soil and climate, and apply them to practical uses. If we do this in the right way and at the right time, we shall soon build up our section to as grand a prosperity as its most devoted sons and daughters could desire, and regain that political power in the Union which we have lost by the fortunes of war, and the tyranny of political tricksters and political rulers. —Banner of the South.

A TOWN OF THREE MONTHS' GROWTH. The town of Corvino, the last of the unshrouded cities that spring up and flourish as the Union Pacific Railroad progresses, seems likely to become a permanent city. Though not more than three months old it has upwards of ten thousand inhabitants, a municipal organization, several hotels, dry goods, auction, and commission stores, a banking house and a daily paper. The streets have been numbered as high as "thirteen," and municipal ordinances looking to the health and cleanliness of the city are enforced by efficient police. The daily paper is crowded with advertising, and indicates exceeding activity in business. Corvino must be set down as one of the wonders of the interior.

TO CURE CONSUMPTION.—I do not give the following as an effectual remedy for a deep seated consumption, but that it will cure many most obstinate cases I know. I have witnessed its good effects in numerous instances. Live temperately—avoid spirituous liquors—wear flannel next to the skin—and take every morning, half a pint of new milk mixed with a wine glass-full of expressed juice of green bear-hound—and if you are not too far gone, a cure is certain.

A Good Story.

A very amusing anecdote is told of an Irishman who happened to be in Paris a short time ago, while three crowned heads of Europe were there on a visit to his Imperial majesty Napoleon. These distinguished persons were the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia. One day, having through misadventure all state ceremonial, they determined to see the sights of the beautiful city on the Seine, for their own delectation, and for that purpose they resolved to go *à la mode*, so as not to be recognized by the people. However, in their stroll through Paris they were not unobserved, and a gentleman looking person, who happened to be an Irishman, who politely asked him if he would kindly direct them to the Palais Royal.

"Faith, and that I will, my boys," says Pat, at the same time taking a mental photograph of the three "boys." "This way, my hearties," and so they were conducted to the gates of the Royal Palace, and the Irishman was about bidding them farewell, when the Emperor of Russia, interested and pleased as much by the genuine politeness of Pat (and what was of Erin was ever yet deficient in courtesy and politeness), as by his *naïveté* and witty remarks, asked him who he was.

"Well," rejoined their guide, "I did not ask who you were, and before I answer you, perhaps you would tell me who you may be." "After some further parrying, one said, 'I am Alexander, and they call me the Great or Emperor of all the Russias.'" "Indeed," said Pat, with a roguish twinkle in the corner of his eye, and an incredulous nod of the head (as much as to say, "This boy is up to coddling me a bit"), "And might I make bold to ask who you be, my fower?" "They call me Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria."

"Most happy to make your acquaintance, Frank, my boy," says the Irishman, who thinking he was hoaxed, and in his despairing efforts to get the truth, as he conceived, out of any of them turned to the third one and said, "Who are you?" "They call me Erderick William, and I am King of Prussia."

They then reminded him that he promised to tell them who he was, and, after some hesitation, and with a mysterious air of confidence, Pat, putting his hand to his mouth, whispered— "I am the Emperor of China; but don't tell anybody!"

MASONIC ANECDOTE.—The other day, a young gentleman from the country stepped into a store and informed the proprietor that his occupation was that of a carpenter, and he desired to get a bosom pin emblematic of that profession. The obliging jeweler looked over his stock, and finding nothing else, showed him a very fine Masonic pin. The young man looked at it carefully.

"Yes," said he, "there's the compass and square." "I use both of them—but why didn't they put a saw in it? It's first rate as far as it goes. Hellow! there's G there—what does that stand for?" "The jeweler didn't know." "The man studied it carefully for a moment, and a bright idea struck him. His face flushed as if he had made a discovery. "I have it," he said; "it's all right. G stands for gimlet. Compass, square and gimlet. That will do—I will take it."

There was a little touch of sadness in his voice as he pinned the emblem on his coat, and went away muttering: "Compass, square and gimlet, I do wish there was a saw, though."

A MARRIAGE MAKER.—When Professor Aytoun was making proposals for marriage to his first wife—a daughter of the celebrated Professor Wilson—the lady reminded him that it would be necessary to ask the approval of her sire. "Certainly," said Aytoun; "but as I am a little diffident in speaking to him on this subject, you must just go and tell him my proposals yourself."

The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her to become his wife. She added: "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He says he is too diffident to name the subject to you himself."

"Then," said old Christopher, "I had better write my reply and pin it to your back." He did so, and the lady returned to the drawing-room. There the anxious suitor read the answer to his message, which was in these words, "With the author's compliments."

SNUFFERS.—A countryman, seeing for the first time a pair of snuffers, asked: "What's them for?" "To snuff the candle." "To snuff the candle." The candle just then needed attention, and with his thumb and finger he pinched off the snuff, and carefully put it into the snuffers, saying: "Well now, them's handy!"

A bachelor editor, who had a pretty unmarried sister, lately wrote to another editor similarly circumstanced, "Please exchange."

The difference between an American and an African wilderness is, that one is full of black bears, and the other of bare backs.

No woman likes to be called a coquette; and yet how frequently can abstain from coquetry when an opportunity presents itself! No woman will admit that she is a flirt, and yet how very few can resist a chance to flirt with an agreeable gentleman when such a flirtation becomes an eligible indulgence! There is an excitement in the attempt to capture a man's affections which is too inspiring, perhaps, to be neglected; but there is an odium attached to the excitement which no woman relishes. They love the pursuit, but fear the character it occasions. And the same remark may apply to men, in this context, as well as women; for male flirts are quite as abundant as female ones; and the man who loves to flirt, merely for amusement, the affections of women, is no more to be respected than the woman who is addicted to captivatng, for the momentary pleasure it affords, the hearts of men. (St. Louis Home Journal)

I hate to hear people talk behind one's back," as the robber said when the constable was chasing him and crying "stop thief!"