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# LOUISIANA STUDIES.



LITERATURE, CUSTOMS AND DIALECTS,  
HISTORY AND EDUCATION.



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of Louisiana.*



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**1894.**

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## PREFACE.

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For the last ten years the author of this book has been devoting much time to the history of Louisiana, and he has published in different literary and scientific journals a number of papers on the literature, customs, dialects, folk-lore, and history of his native State. Some of these papers have been revised and are now published in this book, together with some new studies. The work done has been mostly one of original research and patient investigation, and the author hopes that his **LOUISIANA STUDIES** may be of use to the future historian of Louisiana, as history can not be written without taking into consideration everything concerning the literature, the speech and the inner life of the people. The author hopes also that his book will be of interest both to Louisianians, who will recognize in it many familiar names, customs and incidents, and to people outside of Louisiana, who will see a true picture, as far as the author can judge, of the inhabitants of the Pelican State.

**ALCÉE FORTIER.**

*New Orleans, January 24, 1894.*





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# PART I.

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## LITERATURE.

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### I—THE FRENCH LANGUAGE IN LOUISIANA.

The history of the literature of Louisiana is interesting and unique, as it is written in two languages. We may even note the curious fact of men writing equally well in English and in French and being thoroughly bi-lingual. It is, therefore, of importance to know something about the history and form of the French language as used in Louisiana. It is a well-known fact that the descendants of the French in the colonies have always retained the language of the mother country. In America, as a general rule, the children of Germans, of Spaniards and of Italians know very little of the speech of their fathers, while we see Americans of French origin retaining the language of their ancestors as a mother tongue down to the fifth and sixth generations. The same thing can be observed in Canada, and we know with what tenacity the Canadians have clung to their original language, and how the French element, contrary to the gen-



## LOUISIANA STUDIES.

eral law of the philosophy of history, seems to be absorbing the English population.

The colony of Louisiana was founded by Iberville in 1699, and New Orleans by Bienville in 1718. The French immigrants, with a few exceptions, belonged to a good class of society, and the language spoken by them was pure and elegant. In 1763 the infamous King Louis XV, after having lost Canada and the Indies, begged his cousin, Charles III of Spain, to take off his hands that Louisiana which had cost so much money and brought none to the government. The Louisianians loved the mother country and were proud of the name of Frenchmen, remembering only the France of the 17th century, of the glorious days of Louis XIV, of Rocroy, of Lens, and even of Denain, and forgetting Rosbach and the infamy of Louis XV. There was a revolution in 1768 in Louisiana, and the colonists, despairing of remaining Frenchmen, thought of proclaiming a republic on the banks of the Mississippi, and expelled the Spanish governor. History tells us how cruelly O'Reilly treated the noble conspirators, and how the Spanish rule, imposed by force, was afterward mild and paternal. From 1763 to 1801, Louisiana was a part of the Spanish empire, but French continued to be the language of the colony, and Spanish was merely the official tongue. Most of the Spanish officials married ladies of French descent, and the language of the mother was really that of the family. A great many Creoles of Spanish ori-



gin do not know a word of Castilian, but speak French as well as native Frenchmen. The Spaniards in Louisiana have left as traces of their domination a high and chivalric spirit, a few geographical names and a remnant of their laws to be seen in our civil code, but have exerted very little influence on the language of the country.

When Napoleon took away Louisiana from Spain and, not being able to keep the colony, sold it to the United States in 1803, French was almost exclusively the language of the inhabitants. They soon came to love with ardor the great republic to which they had been transferred, and on the field of Chalmette the new Americans were just as patriotic as the men from Tennessee and Kentucky, and Andrew Jackson praised the gallantry of the French Creoles.

Nevertheless, however attached to the institutions of the United States, the Louisianians cherished the language of their ancestors, and for a long time did not care about learning English. They were not less Americans in the sense of nationality, for did not the Roman provinces defend the Republic and the Empire as well as Italy herself? Are the Swiss less patriotic because there are four different languages spoken in their country? Are not the Catalans as jealous of the honor of Spain as the Castilians themselves?

For about forty years after the cession to the United States, the Louisianians of French descent studied little English, and, in reality, did not abso-



lutely need that language in their daily pursuits. The Hon. Chas. Gayarré, the venerable historian of Louisiana, has told me that in the Legislature of the State there was a regular interpreter appointed for each house, at a salary of \$2000, whose duty it was to translate, if required, the speeches and motions of the members. It was, it seems, very amusing sometimes to see a Creole representative abusing an American colleague, who remained perfectly unconcerned, until the interpreter, having translated the hostile address, the party attacked would suddenly rise and reply to his adversary in vehement terms, which had also to be translated before the opposing member could reply. In the courts of justice the jury, which was always composed in part of men who did not understand English, had to be addressed in English and in French.

Of course, such a condition of things could not last, for the population coming from the other States soon outnumbered the descendants of the original settlers and English became the official language of the State. The laws, however, are to this day published in English and in French.

The Creoles of Louisiana, and I mean by that expression the white descendants of the French and Spanish colonists, have always occupied a high standing in the community. Several of the best governors of the State were Creoles, and many went to Congress, and a number were distinguished as judges, lawyers, physicians, and



writers, both in verse and in prose. The Creoles are, in short, men of energy, in spite of the calumnious assertions to the contrary, and, as a rule, speak very good French. They generally pronounce French well, and are remarkably free from any provincial accent.

The French spoken in Louisiana is generally better than that of the Canadians. It is easy to account for this. The Canadians were separated from the mother country in the middle of the eighteenth century, and, even long before that time, immigration from France was limited, and the population was increasing rather by the extraordinary fecundity of the inhabitants than by the influx of immigrants. The language of Canada has remained nearly stationary, and is almost the idiom of the seventeenth century; that is to say, it is sometimes quaint and obsolete. In Louisiana, immigration continued for a long time, and in the beginning of this century a great number of exiles came from the French Antilles, and added many persons of high birth and refined manners to the original settlers.

We received, however, in 1765 the immigration of the unfortunate Acadian exiles, who did not contribute toward keeping the French language in a state of purity. Although many rose to high positions in the State, the language of a number of them still constitutes a real dialect.

Another cause of the purity of our language is the fact that during the old regime almost all



young men of rich families were educated in France. They received an excellent classical education, but learned no English. My father told me that on his return home after a seven years' course in a French college, he knew so little English that he had to go to Lexington, Kentucky, for some time to study the language of the country. My grandfather, who was born during the Spanish domination, spoke French only, and did not allow English to be spoken in his family. We are not so exclusive at present, and we are very anxious that our children should know English perfectly well, but we still consider French as the mother tongue, as the language of the family.

Though French is still the mother tongue of many thousands of Louisianians, the fact can not be denied that it is not as generally spoken as before the war. Considering that our Creole authors know that in writing in French they have but little chance of being read outside of their State, their patriotic and disinterested devotion to the language of their ancestors is certainly remarkable and most praiseworthy.

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## II—LITERATURE IN THE COLONY. JULIEN POYDRAS.

HIS POEM, "LA PRISE DU MORNE DU BATON ROUGE PAR MONSEIGNEUR DE GALVEZ."

During the French domination the colony of Louisiana improved very slowly, and although the inhabitants were generally men of culture the

population was so small that there could be no literary enthusiasm. We find, therefore, during that period, no works written in Louisiana except the reports of officers, among which may be mentioned a paper in 1745 by Deverges, an engineer, upon the mouths of the Mississippi river. Another document is also of great importance; it is the celebrated "Mémoire des Négociants et Habitants de la Louisiane sur l'Événement du 29 Octobre, 1768," written by Lafrénière and Caresse, two of the chiefs of the revolution of 1768, which was so heroic and ended so unhappily.

During the Spanish domination the most warlike and popular governor was Galvez. Julien Poydras wrote, in 1779, an epic poem in French on the campaigns of the young governor. The work, "La Prise du Morne du Bâton Rouge par Monseigneur de Galvez," is patriotic, and does full justice to Galvez and his army.

In 1794 appeared "Le Moniteur de la Louisiane," probably the first newspaper published in Louisiana.

Julien Poydras, the author of the earliest work in our literature, deserves a special mention, and I shall reproduce here an article published by me in the New Orleans *Picayune*, March 9, 1890:

The centennial of Washington's inauguration has carried us back to the eighteenth century and placed before our eyes the men and women of another age. We see the gentlemen with their periwigs ending in a queue tied with a ribbon, with



their knee breeches, silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. With the short sword at their side, they enter the parlors and make stately bows to the ladies, who, with jupes à paniers and stupendously high head dresses and red heeled shoes, receive them gracefully.

The manners were courteous and refined in good society, and the Louisianians one hundred years ago took pride in their social accomplishments and elegance. Many of them were wealthy, but they were ignorant of the luxuries which their poorer descendants now enjoy, and their houses were rough-looking and the furniture exceedingly plain. The men who dwelt in these houses, and whom we have just described in all their finery, had, many of them, led adventurous lives before succeeding in conquering fortune. Some, like St. Denys, had gone on distant expeditions and led the lives of heroes of romance; some had fought the Indians and vanquished the Natchez and the Chickasaws, while others had been engaged in industrial and agricultural pursuits, and had had to overcome a thousand obstacles before reaching the goal.

One of the latter was Julien Poydras, a merchant, a planter, a statesman and a philanthropist, whose name can be seen on a marble tablet at the Charity Hospital in New Orleans as one of the greatest benefactors of that noble institution. A grateful people has given Mr. Poydras' name to one of our principal streets, but Mr. Zénon de Moruelle, of Pointe Coupée parish, has not thought this a sufficient tribute to the memory of a worthy man and a good citizen. He has called my attention to Julien Poydras' remarkable career and has furnished me with the data necessary for this short



biographical sketch. It seems to me, now that we are all occupied with the customs and personages of the eighteenth century, that the life of a typical representative of a past civilization may be of some interest to the Americans of our times. Honesty, perseverance and energy constitute the true man, and are admired now as they always were, and Julien Poydras, of the eighteenth century, may serve as an example to the men of the nineteenth.

Julien Poydras de Lallande was born in Nantes, in Brittany, about the year 1740. He served in the navy, but was made a prisoner by the English in 1760, and taken to England. During his captivity he studied the English language, and even German. He managed to escape after three years, and went to San Domingo hidden in a merchant vessel bound for the West Indies. From San Domingo he passed over to Louisiana, where he arrived, it is thought, in 1768. That year will ever be memorable for the heroic revolution by which the French colonists endeavored to throw off the yoke of the Spaniards. They wanted to remain Frenchmen, and they expelled the Spanish governor; then, abandoned by the mother country, they tried to establish a republic in Louisiana. We know what was the fate of those valiant men—Lafrénière, Villeré, Marquis, Caresse, Milhet and Noyan. They fell victims to O'Reilly and are known to history as the martyrs of Louisiana.

It must have been very sad to Julien Poydras to reach Louisiana only to see her become a Spanish province. But to a man of energy and enterprise a wide field was open in a new country admirably situated for commerce and with a soil created by the sediment which the noblest river in the world had been depositing for centuries. The princi-



pal agricultural product in Louisiana during the eighteenth century was indigo. It was extensively cultivated and yielded a large revenue. Corn also was cultivated, and the perique tobacco, so celebrated to-day, was known to our ancestors a hundred years ago. Indigo, at the end of the century, lost almost all its value, and the planters were already threatened with ruin when cotton was introduced in upper Louisiana. Whitney invented the cotton gin in 1793, and Étienne de Boré succeeded in making sugar in 1795. The prosperity of the colony was assured.

Mr. Poydras remained but one year in New Orleans, for he had understood, with a remarkable intelligence, what profit could be derived from a direct trade with the country parishes. He bought some merchandise and started on foot from New Orleans. Look at the young peddler with his bundle on his back. He marches on briskly and gayly. He reaches a plantation house. The little negro children swarm around him and look at him with wonder. A servant notifies the lady of the house of the arrival of the stranger. She has a room prepared for him, and the master returning from the field at midday greets him most cordially and invites him to share the dinner of the family. In the afternoon the merchant spreads before all his stock of goods, and the lady buys something for every member of the household, not forgetting the favorite slaves, giving to the men large knives and shining tin pans, and to the women copper jewels and flaming headkerchiefs. Everywhere the peddler goes he is received with unbounded hospitality and he soon sells all his wares. Thus did Julien Poydras, in a short time, accumulate a large sum of money.



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# HISTORY

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posts with European merchandise and received in exchange indigo, cotton, salt meat, buffalo skins, bears' grease and flour. He soon grew rich and bought lands everywhere. He had agents in different parts of the province to attend to his interests.

There being so little luxury in Louisiana at that time the planters had to practice a forced economy, for money was plentiful in the parishes. Mr. Poydras, being esteemed by every one, did a flourishing banking business, as all had unlimited confidence in his integrity. He even dealt with the colonists at Nacogdoches, in the present State of Texas.

Having succeeded in amassing a large fortune, Mr. Poydras thought of returning to his dear Brittany, where he had brothers and sisters whom he generously helped. It was a natural feeling on the part of a man who had left his country poor to wish to return to his native town an important personage. We all like to show to the friends of our childhood what we have been able to accomplish in a few years of absence; we all like to return again to the places where had dwelt our father and mother. It seems that we see again their sympathetic faces, that we again hear their kind voices. A Frenchman, especially, in whatever part of the world he may be, never abandons the hope of seeing sweet France once more. Mr. Poydras, however, was disappointed, for while he was preparing for his journey the Revolution broke out. He was filled with horror at the excesses of the reign of terror, and he said in one of his letters: "Men gifted with reason, who with sangfroid shed torrents of blood, are not worthy of the name of men." Later, when order was re-established in



France by Bonaparte, Mr. Poydras thought again of returning to Europe, but having lost his brothers and sisters he concluded to remain in Louisiana. With his characteristic generosity he sent for his nephews and nieces, of whom three came over to him: Mme. Bonneaud, to whom he gave a large plantation in Pointe Coupée; Charles Poydras and Benjamin Poydras de Lallande, whom he instituted his universal legatee.

Two or three times a year Mr. Poydras went to New Orleans. It is curious to note how he traveled. The poor young peddler whom we have seen in 1769 going with his pack from house to house, twenty years later had his own boat in which he leisurely descended the Mississippi. His craft, it is true, was a flatboat covered with a tent, but he had with him six oarsmen, a cook and a servant, and lived in regal fashion, stopping on his way at the plantations of his friends, of whom he had a number in every parish, and being received everywhere with that hospitality so characteristic of our Southern country. When he went to the Avoyelles, where he had large herds of cattle, he crossed the impetuous Atchafalaya river on a raft, holding by the bridle his horse, which swam after him. So much accustomed was he to primitive ways of traveling that when, in 1809, at the age of seventy, he was elected a delegate to Congress from the Territory of Orleans, he started from Pointe Coupée on horseback, followed by one servant, to reach the capital. It took him six weeks to accomplish the journey. We are glad to know by his letters that he returned to New Orleans at the end of the session in a ship, as a civilized man.

Julien Poydras was tall and well built, and his



features were regular and pleasing. He was very pious and led a most moral life. He never was married. In spite of his numerous occupations he found time to write poetry, and sang heroic deeds on his lyre. He wrote an epic poem in 1779 on Galvez, the young and warlike governor.

Although very wealthy, Mr. Poydras lived in a simple and unostentatious manner. He was kind to every one, and his house was open to all who knocked at his door. In 1798 Louis-Philippe, Duke of Orleans, on his way down the Mississippi river, stopped at Pointe Coupée and was received at Mr. Poydras' house, who, it is said, furnished the exiled prince with money to continue his journey.

Mr. Poydras lived to a very old age; a man of the eighteenth century, he never wished to change his costume, and in 1824 the contemporary of Louis XV was still dressed as the subject of that monarch more than fifty years before. This good and estimable man was rather inclined to melancholy, in spite of his kindly disposition. Perhaps he had perceived too well the vanity of things human.

Having passed by many years the allotted three score and ten, Julien Poydras was prepared to take his departure from this world. In the beginning of June, 1824, he took to his bed, for his strength had abandoned him. Without any real illness, his life was passing away, as the flame in a lamp flickers and dies out when there is no longer any oil to feed the wick. Although extremely weak, Mr. Poydras was always desirous of standing up, "For," said he, "a man on his feet never dies." His friends would hold him up



for a few minutes each day, and it was while standing and with a smile on his lips that he died. Death must not have had any terrors for a man whose benefactions were to continue beyond the tomb. He bequeathed \$40,000 to the Charity Hospital, in New Orleans, was the founder of the Poydras Asylum, in the same city, and gave \$30,000 to establish a college for indigent orphans in Pointe Coupée. To the parishes of Pointe Coupée and West Baton Rouge he left \$30,000 each for a most noble and poetic purpose. Each year the interest of the money bequeathed was to be given to the young girls without fortune who had married during the year. Of how much happiness has Mr. Poydras been the author for more than half a century! How many loving hearts have blessed the name of the old man who, unmarried and childless, had been anxious to provide the means by which deserving young girls were enabled to enter the true sphere in which lies woman's happiness—that of the wife and mother!

At his death Mr. Poydras left twelve hundred slaves. He had always been opposed to slavery, but had had to accept the institutions of the country in which he lived. He ever hoped that the day would come when the negroes would be emancipated, and he said to his friends that the change from slavery to liberty should be accomplished gradually. He understood that in 1824 it was too soon to bring about emancipation, but he thought that the minds of the people could be prepared for the change, and that it could be brought about without any violent convulsions. He, therefore, ordered, by a special clause in his will, that twenty-five years after his death all his slaves should be set free. Unfortunately, when the year 1849 came those



directions were unheeded and the slaves were not liberated. Whatever may have been the reasons at the time for disobeying Mr. Poydras' instructions we can not but deplore that his wishes were not respected. The liberation of such a large number of slaves might have contributed to a gradual emancipation of the negroes and have spared our country untold miseries.

The bulk of Mr. Poydras' estate went to his nephew, Benjamin Poydras de Lallande, who, in 1840, returned to France, where he married Mlle. de la Roulière of the Château de la Gacherie, near Nantes.

Julien Poydras was on intimate terms with Governor Claiborne and General Wilkinson, and took a great interest in public affairs. He was president of the first legislative council of the territory of Orleans, delegate to Congress from 1809 to 1812, president of the constitutional convention of 1812, president of the senate from 1812 to 1813 and again, in extreme old age, from 1820 to 1821. The pioneer of the eighteenth century, the peddler of 1769, had become a statesman.

He lies buried in the cemetery of St. Francis church in Pointe Coupée parish.\* There is no marble monument to mark the resting place of the philanthropist, but the most enduring of all monuments is the memory of his exemplary life; for it can truly be said of such a man: the good that he has done has lived after him and his name is blessed.

It was thought for a long time that Poydras' poem on Galvez was lost, but at the end of 1891

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\*A monument has lately been erected to Poydras in Pointe Coupée parish.

Mr. H. L. Favrot, of New Orleans, told me that he had a copy of the work in his possession, and he has kindly allowed me to copy the poem and to republish it.

Poydras' work has no great literary merit, but it is interesting as an historical document, and it is as such that I reproduce it here, giving an exact copy of the original, with the spelling and punctuation of the time. While speaking of the poem of Poydras we must remember that in 1779 French poetry was, in general, as cold and pompous as Poydras' verses. The poetic inspiration of the seventeenth century was dying out and was only kept up by a few graceful and elegant writers. The eighteenth century had but too many poems like those of Louis Racine, J. B. Rousseau, Le Franc de Pompignan, Lebrun and Poydras. The style is bombastic, mythological comparisons abound and are often ill suited. Poets like Voltaire, like Gresset, like André Chénier, were rare in France in the eighteenth century. Why should we expect to find them in Louisiana? Let us be satisfied with Poydras' work and let us be thankful to him for having given us a poem in 1779. It is already a great merit to have been the first and to have had enough patriotism to try to immortalize in heroic verses the heroic deeds of our ancestors of the eighteenth century.



**LA PRISE DU MORNE DU BATON ROUGE.**

PAR MONSIEUR DE GALVEZ.

Chevalier pensionné de l'Ordre Royal distingué de Charles  
Trois, Brigadier des Armées de Sa Majesté, Intendant, In-  
specteur et Gouverneur Général de la Province de la Loui-  
siane, etc.

A LA NOUVELLE ORLÉANS,

CHEZ ANTOINE BOUDOUSQUIE, IMPRIMEUR DU ROI, ET DU CABILDO.

M.DCC.LXXIX.

**POÈME.**

Quel fracas et quel bruit vient frapper mon oreille?  
Je dormois, tout à coup la foudre me réveille.  
A ses coups redoublés je vois frémir mes Eaux,  
Et trembler mon Palais, retentir les Echos.  
Quel Mortel, ou quel Dieu vient ici dans sa rage,  
Troubler la douce paix, de mon heureux Rivage,  
Où sous mes sages Loix, mes habitans chéris,  
Couloient les plus beaux jours, sans peine et sans soucis.  
Chers objets de mes soins, ils voyoient l'abondance,  
Prévenir leur besoins, toujours dans l'affluence,  
Des biens vrais et réels, ils goûtoient les douceurs;  
Les faux, les superflus ne touchoient point les cœurs.  
Ils ignoroient les noms de discorde, de guerre,  
Et des autres fléaux, qui ravagent la Terre,  
Dans le sein de mes Eaux, ils trouvoient les Poissons,  
Le Gibier dans les Bois, les Roseaux pour Maisons,  
Pour étancher leur soif, mon Onde la plus pure,  
Et pour se reposer la plus belle verdure.  
Leurs flèches, et leurs arcs, sont des dons dans mes mains.  
A moi seul ils devoient, leur bonheur et leurs biens.  
Ils vivoient satisfaits, sous mon heureux Empire  
Mais un hardi Mortel voyons ce qui l'inspire:  
Charmante Scaearis, pars, voles vers ces lieux,  
D'où j'entends ce grand bruit, et ce fracas affreux.



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Tes eaux dans leur fureur s'appent jusqu'aux collines,  
Leurs tristes habitans périssent sous leurs ruines!  
Mais Dieu, pour cette fols, cesses de t'allarmer,  
Mon récit n'aura rien, qui puisse t'enflammer.  
Je l'ai vu ce Héros, qui cause tes allarmes  
Il ressemblait un Dieu, revêtu de ses armes,  
Son Panache superbe, alloit au gré du vent,  
Et ses cheveux épars lui servoient d'ornement.  
Un maintien noble et fier annonçoit son courage,  
L'héroïque vertu, brilloit sur son visage,  
D'une main il tenoit, son Sabre éblouissant,  
De l'autre il retenoit, son Coursier bondissant.  
Il marchoit le premier, et son brillant Cortége,  
Pleins d'une noble ardeur, et fiers du privilége,  
De courir avec lui, le hazard des combats,  
Désiroient les dangers, pour signaler leurs bras.  
Les braves Fantassins, les suivoient en colonne,  
Tous bouillonnans du feu, de Mars et de Bellonne,  
Ils marchaient en bon ordre, à pas surs, et hardis,  
Méprisant les périls, voloient aux Ennemis.  
Après eux l'on voyoit, marcher sans artifice,  
De nos fiers Habitans, l'intrépide Milice;  
Et leurs adroites mains, qui traçoient des Sillons,  
Avec la même ardeur, élevoient des Bastions;  
Et faisoient des Fossés, Parapets, et Tranchées,  
Machines et affuts, pour se battre inventées,  
Pour l'art de conquérir ils semblent être nés.  
Leurs braves Ennemis, en sont épouvantés,  
Jusque dans leurs Remparts, ils sentent leur courage,  
Rien ne les garantit, des effets de leur rage.  
La marche finissoit, par les Gens de couleur:  
Vifs, ardents à donner, des marques de leur cœur.  
L'intrépide Galvez, partout les encourage,  
Ses discours, son aspect les excite au courage.  
Cependant tout s'apprête, et l'Anglois le premier,  
De ses bouches d'airain, lance le fer meurtrier.  
Leurs coups précipités, à l'instar de la foudre,  
Frappent, et renversent, réduisent tout en poudre.  
En vain ils rallument leurs feux étincellans,  
Rien ne peut ébranler, les braves Assiégeans,



Malgré les traits mortels, qui menacent leur vie.  
Ils disposent bien tout, dressent leur Batterie,  
Les Canons sont pointés, l'impatient Général,  
Met le feu au premier et donne le signal.  
On le suit à l'instant, et leurs foudres de guerre,  
Droit au Fort Ennemi, déchargent leur Tonnerre.  
Il en est traversé, il répond à leurs feux,  
Et le combat s'anime, et devient furieux.  
A se battre l'Anglois, redouble son courage;  
Toujours avec fureur, il revient à la charge.  
Il résiste longtemps, à leur puissans efforts;  
Mais il chancelle enfin, sous leurs coups les plus forts.  
Leur boulets foudroyans, renversent ses terrasses,  
Le ravage, et la mort, marquent partout leurs traces.  
Fatigué de combattre, et toujours sans succès,  
Il ne se flatte plus, d'arrêter leurs progrès.  
Il met Pavillon Blanc, pour marquer sa défaite;  
Le Camp le voit, et dit la conquête est donc faite.  
La Victoire en ce jour arrache des Bretons,  
Les Lauriers toujours verts, dont elle orne nos fronts  
Galvez victorieux, assemble son Armée,  
Charmé des sentimens, dont elle est animée,  
Il lui tient ce discours, touchant, digne de lui,  
Et qui doit dans les cœurs, graver son nom chéri.  
Intrépides Guerriers, compagnons de ma gloire,  
Par vos mains aujourd'hui, j'ai gagné la Victoire,  
En Spartes, l'on vous voit, voler au champ d'honneur,  
Et partout vous montrez, une insigne valeur.  
Pour marcher sur mes pas, vous quittez vos campagnes.  
Et vos tendres Enfans, vos fidèles Compagnes.  
Je sens ce que je dois à vos soins, vos Exploits,  
Je saurai les vanter, au plus grand de nos rois.  
Comptez sur sa justice, et ma reconnoissance.  
Nos vertus recevront, leur juste récompense.  
Oui le rang distingué, qu'il daigne m'accorder,  
N'auroit rien de flatteur s'il devoit arrêter,  
Le cours de ses faveurs, un plus juste partage,  
Entre nous, croyez moi, me plairoit davantage  
Il dit, et tout le monde par ses acclamations,  
L'assure de son cœur, de ses dispositions.



Scaesaris racontoit, et toute l'audience,  
 Dieu, Nymphes et Tritons, l'écoutoient en silence.  
 Une secrète joye, animoit tous les cœurs,  
 Et tous se déclaroient, en faveur des Vainqueurs.  
 Elle voit dans leurs yeux, leur curiosité peinte,  
 Et leur dit, écoutez, je parlerai sans feinte.  
 Enfin nous les voyons, ces tems, ces heureux tems,  
 Qui vont nous procurer, les plus grands changemens.  
 Les Ronces, les Roseaux, et l'Epine sauvage,  
 Ne déguiseront plus notre fécond Rivage.  
 Des Colons diligens, feront par leur travaux,  
 De nos déserts affreux, les séjours les plus beaux.  
 Nos plaines par leurs mains tous les ans cultivées,  
 D'abondantes Moissons, seront toujours ornées:  
 Nous verrons dans nos Prés leur bondissans Troupeaux,  
 Leurs Vergers, leurs Jardins, couvriront nos coteaux.  
 Cérès, Pomone et Flore, et les Graces naïves,  
 Se plairont avec nous, sur nos fertiles rives.  
 Le Zéphire badin, de son souffle léger,  
 Entr'ouvrira les Fleurs, qu'il aime à caresser,  
 L'Abondance, et la Paix, seront dans nos Contrées,  
 A l'amour, au plaisir, à jamais consacrés;  
 Tant que dans nos Climats, ce généreux Vainqueur,  
 D'un Peuple qu'il chérit, fera tout le bonheur;  
 Le Dieu l'interrompant, laisse éclater sa joie,  
 Je le vois, lui dit-il, c'est le Ciel qui l'envoie.  
 Qu'il vive dans le sein, de la prospérité,  
 Qu'il goûte le plaisir, de se voir adoré.  
 Que ses grandes vertus, soient par tous célébrées,  
 Que ses belles actions, obtiennent des Trophées.  
 Je dirai à mes Eaux, de modérer leur cours,  
 Et de fertiliser le lieu de son séjour,  
 Par des sentiers de Fleurs qu'il parvienne à la Gloire.  
 Que son nom soit écrit, au Temple de mémoire.  
 Chantez, Nymphes, Tritons, enflez vos Chalumeaux.  
 Tout respire la joie, en l'empire des Eaux,  
 Je veux à son honneur, instituer une Fête,  
 Qui consacre à jamais, sa nouvelle Conquête

*Fin.*



## CHANSON

**SUR L'AIR, JUSQUE DANS LA MOINDRE CHOSE, ETC.**

Dois-je croire mes oreilles  
Et ce récit enchanteur,  
Quoi! chaque jour des merveilles  
De ce fameux Gouverneur.  
L'Âme grande et généreuse  
De ce Mortel demi Dieu  
Croit la grandeur onéreuse,  
Si Elle ne fait des heureux.

Appollon prête ta lyre,  
Viens seconder mes efforts,  
C'est un rêve, c'est un délire.  
Je succombe à mes transports.  
L'ennemi lui rend les armes,  
Il le comble de bienfaits,  
Il goûte dans ses allarmes,  
Les délices de la paix.

C'est un héros magnanime,  
Chantons tous à qui mieux mieux,  
Et d'une voix unanime,  
Elevons-le jusqu'aux Cieux.  
Au beau Temple de mémoire,  
Erigeons-lui des Autels,  
Galvez mérite la gloire,  
De devenir Immortel.

*Fin.*

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### **III—THE FRENCH LITERATURE OF LOUISIANA— 1814-1893.**

Jefferson having acquired the colony of Louisiana for the United States in 1803, its population and the material interests of the people increased so rapidly that the territory of Orleans became a State in 1812. Two years later the first book



of our own literature was published, a tragedy, "Poucha Houmma," by Le Blanc de Villeneuve. I shall not speak at present of this work, as I wish to divide my subject into several parts: history and biography, the drama, poetry, novels, and miscellaneous works. I may add that in this review of our Louisiana Literature I do not speak of the journalists, of whom many were quite distinguished.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The history of Louisiana is exceedingly interesting, and it early attracted the attention of a distinguished man, Judge Francois-Xavier Martin, of the Supreme Court, who wrote in 1827 his history in English.

As the majority of Louisianians in the beginning of this century only spoke French, a history in that language was very necessary to them, and Mr. Gayarré evinced his patriotism when he published in 1830 his "Essai Historique sur la Louisiane." \* The author was then but twenty-five years old, but we can see on every page a great enthusiasm for his subject and his devotion to the State. The narrative is clear, and the method is good, and we can already recognize in this essay the author of the "History of Louisiana." Mr. Gayarré has been the Henri Martin, we might add the J. R. Green, of Louisiana. He has spent al-

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\* Charles Gayarré, "Essai Historique sur la Louisiane," 1 Vol. 1830, 441 pp. Imprimé par Benjamin Levy, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1830.



most his whole life in writing and re-writing the history of his native State.

In 1846, he published his "Histoire de la Louisiane" \* in two volumes. It comprises only the French domination, but the work is of great value, as Mr. Gayarré, who had been United States Senator and afterward Secretary of State of Louisiana, had been able to procure many documents of our colonial period, and had given them in full in his history. The author seemed in this work to wish to divest his writings of his own personality, and he adopted the plan which has rendered de Barante's "Ducs de Bourgogne" so interesting, that of giving the documents of the times, and causing the personages to relate, as it were, their own history. This method is very attractive, but it is not the philosophy of history. Mr. Gayarré's own views were of too great importance to be ignored, and his countrymen were highly pleased when he gave his last work on Louisiana written in English a more philosophical cast. Mr. Gayarré was greatly honored by his State in his youth, and although he has now no official position, no one is more venerated and esteemed in Louisiana than our historian.

In 1841, Mr. Victor Debouchel published his "Histoire de la Louisiane, depuis les premières découvertes jusqu'en 1840." † The work is inter-

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\* Charles Gayarré, "Histoire de la Louisiane," 2 Vol. 8vo. Magne and Weisse, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1846 and 1847.

† Victor Debouchel, "Histoire de la Louisiane." 1 Vol. 16mo, 190 pp. J. F. Lelièvre, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1841.



esting and the style is clear and concise. The aim of the author was to write a history for schools, but which might be read with profit even by men of culture. The dates are very carefully given at the beginning of every paragraph treating of a different subject, and the contents of each chapter or "esquisse" are indicated by a well chosen title. Mr. Debouchel gives some amusing details about our old laws: in 1808, the fees of a lawyer were \$16 before the Supreme Court or the Circuit Court, and before a parish court \$5. In 1809, however, the fee was fixed at \$11 for every case. The last part of Mr. Debouchel's book is devoted to the great financial crisis of 1840, when a spirit of speculation seemed to have taken possession of the Louisianians. The history ends with the following very encouraging enumeration of the schools in Louisiana in 1840: three large colleges: Franklin in Opelousas, Jefferson in St. James, Louisiana at Jackson; thirty academies, of which six were for young ladies, and three convents.

Mr. Debouchel's work was followed in 1854 by Mr. Henri Rémy's, who published a well written "Histoire de la Louisiane" in the *St. Michel*, a weekly paper of the parish of St. James. It is very much to be regretted that the publication of this history was discontinued when the author had only gone as far as 1731. The wars against the Natchez and the Chicassas are related with many

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\* Henri Rémy, "Histoire de la Louisiane." cf. *Le Journal St. Michel Paroisse St. Jacques*, 1854.



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# HISTORY

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ber of two State constitutional conventions, and for many years, of the House and Senate of Louisiana, presented in 1854 to the Legislature of the State his "Réflexions sur la Politique des Etats-Unis. Statistique de l'Espagne, de l'Ile de Cube, etc."\* The author was then seventy years old and struggling with adversity, although he had once a fortune of \$4,000,000, and his father had received with princely hospitality the exiled Louis-Philippe d'Orléans. Mr. de Marigny was one of the most typical men of the old régime, generous, elegant, brave and witty. His "calembours" have become as celebrated as his duels, and his eloquence was natural and pleasing. His work begins with the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, explains the causes of the American Revolution, and gives a rapid review of the annexations to the United States, urging on the latter to take possession of Cuba. The author then enumerates the conquests of the European nations, and gives a glowing account of the future of our union. Strange to say, only seven years before the Civil War began, he did not seem to have foreseen the terrible events that were approaching. Mr. de Marigny ends by claiming in a few touching words the indulgence of his fellow-citizens: "en raison des motifs qui raniment mes forces et me font presque oublier mes malheurs et mes vieilles années."

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\* Bernard de Marigny, "Réflexions sur la Politique des Etats-Unis, Statistique de l'Espagne. de l'Ile de Cube," etc. 1 Vol. 8vo, 95 pp. J. L. Sollée, Nouvelle-Orleans, 1854.



“ Histoire des Comités de Vigilance aux Attakapas,”\* by Alexandre Barde, is a true story, but has all the interest of a romance. It relates the efforts of some valiant men to free their parishes from the bandits, who, like the *Chauffeurs*, were committing the greatest atrocities, and whom the law was powerless to punish. The vigilants were men of courage, of wealth and of culture, and among them were Alexandre Mouton, ex-governor and United States Senator; his son Alfred Mouton, the brave general killed only a few years later at Mansfield; Major St. Julien, a real *chevalier*; Alcibiade De Blanc, afterward a judge of our Supreme Court; Alcée Judice, most eloquent and intrepid; the Martins, the Voorhies, the Broussards and many others of the best and most respected families. Mr. Barde not only gives the history of the committees; he describes most accurately the picturesque Tèche country, and relates all the legends and traditions of the Attakapas region. I do not think that any history of Louisiana can give as correct an idea of life in our country parishes before the war as Mr. Barde’s work. No one can begin to read it without finishing it, and the adventures of our Louisianians are as interesting as those of Dumas’ celebrated “mousquetaires.”

“ Esquisses Locales ” † par un Inconnu (Cyprien

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\* ALEXANDRE BARDE, “ Histoire des Comités de Vigilance aux Attakapas.” 1 Vol., 8vo., 428 pp. Imprimerie du Meschcaébé et de l’*Avant Courrier*, St. Jean-Baptiste, 1861.

† UN INCONNU (CYPRIEN DUFOUR), “ Esquisses Locales.” 1 Vol. 8vo., 147 pp. J. L. Sollée.



Dufour) 1847. This work was first published in the *Courrier de la Louisiane*, and excited the greatest interest. The author presented a series of pictures of the most prominent men of the day, and showed the most consummate tact and skill in his criticisms. His style is sprightly and witty, and he displays throughout the utmost finesse. For us who read that book after nearly fifty years, and who are almost posterity for the men mentioned by Mr. Dufour, we must admit that his judgment about his contemporaries was almost always correct, and that his predictions about their future were quite prophetic. For instance, when he speaks of John Slidell, the great Louisiana politician, so widely known afterward through the "Trent" affair, he portrays the wily diplomat in the most graphic manner. "Esquisses Locales" is a very useful work for the student of the history and literature of Louisiana. He can see in looking over the pages of this little book all manner of men of the old régime: lawyers, statesmen, journalists, prose writers and poets. I only regret that Mr. Dufour did not extend his gallery of portraits to the physicians of the time, of whom so many were distinguished, and that he did not give us a glimpse of old plantation life, by presenting to us some of our refined, chivalric and intelligent sugar planters. It is a great loss to our literature that "Un Inconnu," who was an able lawyer, has produced only one work, for such a brilliant pen could have given us some charming comedies of real life.



In the parish of St. James there is at a distance of five miles from the river a settlement in the woods; it is called "la Grande Pointe," and is very prosperous. The inhabitants are all descendants of the Acadian exiles, and have retained the energy of their fathers. The men are great deer and duck hunters, and cultivate the land; the women are very pious and industrious. It is there that old Perique manufactured the famous tobacco *carrots* which bear his name. "Le Destin d'un Brin de Mousse,"\* by Mlle. Désirée Martin, is an autobiography, and reveals to us the daily life of these worthy people. The author speaks with great reverence of her parents, especially of her grandfather, a patriarch surrounded by a progeny of seventy-eight children and grandchildren. From having been a most happy "gardeuse d'oies," Mlle. Martin became an unhappy nun. After many years passed in a convent she retired to "la Grande Pointe," and related her story and that of her ancestors to her little nephews. Although an ex-nun, there is not a word of irreverence against religion in the book; the author seems to have been of a thoroughly truthful and honest disposition. She communicates to us all her feelings and we can but respect her filial piety, her devotion to her God and her love for Louisiana. Here is a pleasing and characteristic passage: "Avant de mettre pied à terre, devinez

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\* Mlle. DESIRÉE MARTIN, "Les Veillées d'une Soeur ou le Destin d'un Brin de Mousse." 1 Vol. 16mo, 230 pp. Imprim. Cosmopolite, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1877.



donc, mes chers enfants, quelle idée enfantine me vint?—De boire de l'eau de votre fleuve tant aimé.

—Tout juste, chère Louisa; je me fis apporter un verre d'eau du Mississippi et je le vidai d'un trait en disant; 'Fontaine, je ne boirai jamais de meilleure eau que la tienne.' "

Before passing to another subject I wish to mention, under the head of history, though not strictly belonging to it, an address by Mr. Gayarré in opposition to Mr. Livingston's report to the Legislature on the abolition of capital punishment.\* The work was published in 1826, and was one of the earliest in our Louisiana literature.

### THE DRAMA.

Before the revival of the drama in France by the rise of the romantic school; before "Henri III et sa cour;" before "Hernani," and while Marie-Joseph Chénier, Lemercier, and Ducis were still masters of the stage, we had in Louisiana a tragedy which may be read with some interest. Le Blanc de Villeneuve, an ex-officer in the French army, wrote at the age of seventy-eight, a drama on an episode of Indian life. While employed by the government among the Tchactas, from 1752 to 1758, he heard the story of the father who had sacrificed himself to save his son's life, and he says that many years afterward he thought of writing a

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\* Charles Gayarré, "Discours adressé à Législature, en réfutation du Rapport de Mr. Livingston sur l'Abolition de la Peine de Mort." 1 Vol. 12mo 35 pp. Benj. Levy, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1826.



play on this subject, in order to defend the Indians from the imputation of having been savages without any human feelings.

This work, "Poucha Houmma,"\* is a regular classical tragedy, and the unities of time, place, and action seem to be well observed. The style is somewhat too grandiloquent and Cornelian for Indian personages } for instance, the play begins thus:

Augustes descendans d'un peuple sans pareil,  
 Très illustres enfans des enfans du Soleil,  
 Enfin voici le jour où la saison prospère  
 Va payer vos travaux d'un précieux salaire:  
 Ce jour, vous le savez, jadis par nos ayeux,  
 Fut toujours mis au rang des jours les plus heureux,  
 Je n'ai jamais manqué d'en célébrer la fête,  
 Depuis soixante hivers écoulés sur ma tête.  
 Que vos cœurs satisfaits s'expriment par vos chants;  
 La terre, sous vos yeux, a placé ses présens:  
 A notre bienfaiteur offrez-en les prémices.  
 Puisse-t-il agrer vos pieux sacrifices!  
 Pour moi, triste jouet du sort le plus cruel,  
 Je ne puis présider à l'acte solennel.  
 L'ancien de nos vieillards pourra prendre ma place, <sup>1</sup>  
 Je dois me retirer, je le demande en grâce.

(*a part*).

Malheureux que je suis, un rêve me confond . . . .

We see then that, as in "Athalie," a dream is pursuing Poucha-Houmma with its sinister omen. He does not wish to preside over "la Fête du Petit Blé," the most important of all the festivals of the Hoummas. Tchilita-Be, Poucha's brother, exhorts him to attend to his duties of chief, and asks him

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\* Le Blanc de Villeneuve, "Poucha-Houmma." 1 Vol. 12mo, 58 pp. Imprimerie du Courrier de la Lne, Nouvelle-Orléans 1814.



to relate his dream. The latter says that he had dreamed that his son Cala-Be, who had escaped after having killed a Tchacta, was to be put to death the next day. In the second act, Cala-Be, accompanied by his wife, Fouchi, whom he had married among the Attac-Aspas, returns to his village. In the third act is related the festival of the "Petit Blé," one feature of which was that the children were to be flogged unmercifully by their mothers on that day. While the "Petit Blé" was being celebrated, arrives Nachouba, a friend of Poucha-Houmma, who says that the Tchactas are coming to claim the murderer. The Houmma chief thereupon orders his son to escape from his enemies, and there is a touching struggle between the father, who wants to save the son, and the latter and his wife, who want to brave the enemies. At last Cala-Be and Fouchi withdraw, and Poucha-Houmma receives the Tchacta envoys. There is an assembly of the tribe, and the Houmma chiefs offer all their treasures for the life of Cala-Be. The Tchactas insist, however, upon the law of retaliation, and Poucha surrenders himself to save his son. The tribe, in consternation, allow their chief to be led away. In the fifth act Cala-Be returns to submit to his fate, but he only arrives after his father has been put to death, in his place, and he listens with horror to Nachouba's recital of the last moments of Poucha-Houmma.

If we consider that the author of this tragedy was seventy-eight years old when he wrote it, and if we



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O mon pays! adieu! nous tombons sans nous plaindre,  
Si par notre trépas, tes maux doivent s'éteindre.

The conspirators are then led to execution, all of them dressed most elegantly, and Lafrénière exclaims:

Nous sommes prêts, monsieur! D'aujourd'hui cette enceinte  
Pour la postérité devient illustre et sainte;  
Et, martyrs du devoir, son burin redouté  
Grave nos noms au seuil de l'immortalité.

This tragedy is of the Romantic school; the unities of time and place are not observed, and the play seems to be of the style of "Hernani" and of "Marion Delorme." All Louisianians, all Americans, will read "Les Martyrs" with enthusiasm, for it is indeed a most patriotic work.

Mr. Lussan's second drama, "Sara, la Juive," in five acts and in prose, hardly deserves to be mentioned.

Among our most popular dramatists was Mr. L. Placide Canonge of L'Abeille de la Nouvelle-Orléans. He wrote the librettos of several operas and many poems which have not been gathered in book form. His two most celebrated works are "Qui perd gagne,"\* a comedy in one act and in prose, and "Le Comte de Carmagnola,"† a drama in five acts and in prose. The comedy appeared in 1849, and was dedicated in a very clever letter to Alfred de Musset. The work is a

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\* "Qui Perd Gagne." 1 Vol. 8vo. *Le Courrier de la Louisiane*, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1849.

† L. Placide Canonge, "Le Comte de Carmagnola." 1 Vol. 8vo. 58 pp. *Le Courrier de la Louisiane*, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1856.



proverb, and Mr. Canonge has succeeded quite well. His comedy is light and witty. A husband wagers with a friend that he will come to a ball with him and leave his young wife at home. The latter has heard their conversation, and induces her husband to play a game of cards with her, on condition that if he loses he will spend the evening at home. She renders herself so agreeable during the game that the husband loses on purpose, and then acknowledges that he has played "A qui perd gagne."

"Le Comte de Carmagnola" (1856) was acted several times in New Orleans, and was always seen with pleasure. The subject was well chosen, as the history of the Milanese shepherd, who rose to be general-in-chief of Milan and then of Venice, is in itself intensely dramatic. The author supposes that the Duchess Beatrice de Tenda, while being led to the scaffold, gives a paper to the young Carmagnola in which she says that Bianca de Visconti is not her daughter, but an illegitimate child of the duke, and that the real heiress to the throne is Michaela, who has been brought up by Carmagnola's father.

Carmagnola is in love with Michaela, and it is in order to recover her crown that he becomes great. A pretty incident in the play is that both daughters of Visconti love Carmagnola, whom the duke fears and hates. The captain, after many thrilling events, falls at Venice in the presence of



Michaela and Bianca, who had vainly tried to save him.

This drama, by its numerous incidents, may be reckoned in the class of the "Trois Mousquetaires" and of the "Bossu."

Among our Louisiana authors Dr. Alfred Mercier is one of the best known. He has tried all subjects except history, and has succeeded well in every one. He is a dramatist, a poet, a novelist, an essayist, a philosopher and a scientist. His views are always original, and his style, both in poetry and in prose, is elegant and correct.

Dr. Mercier published his first works in Paris in 1842. They comprise "La Rose de Smyrne," "L'Ermite de Niagara" and "Erato." I shall mention at present only "L'Ermite de Niagara,"\* as it may be ranked as a drama, the author himself calling it a mystery.

Père Daniel, a hermit dwelling among the Tuscaroras, has received in his *ajoupa* (his hut) a stranger, Ellfrid, whom he loves as his son. Adina, a young Indian girl, comes every day to visit the good father, and soon loves the white man. She relates with a charming and almost biblical simplicity her first interview with Ellfrid:

Un jour, j'allais puiser à la source voisine:  
C'était un jour superbe, et j'allais en chantant,  
Heureuse de l'air frais et d'un ciel éclatant.  
Je l'aperçus à l'ombre, auprès de la fontaine,

---

\*Dr Alfred Mercier, "L'Ermite de Niagara," 12mo., 176 pp. Jules Labitte, Paris, 1842.



**Aussitôt je me tais, et j'hésite, incertaine  
 Si je dois avancer, mais avançant toujours.  
 Il paraissait pensif: ses yeux suivaient le cours  
 De l'eau qui murmurait à voix plaintive et basse.  
 En tremblant j'y plongeai ma videalebasse;  
 Il la prit sans rien dire, et sans rien dire encore,  
 Sur ma tête il la mit pleine jusques au bord.  
 Moi, je lève les bras, pour prendre l'équilibre.  
 Mais lui, voyant alors que je ne suis plus libre,  
 Il dépose un baiser sur ma peau qui brûlait.**

In the second act we are introduced to the council of the chiefs, where Maktagol, jealous of Adina's love for Ellfrid, excites the Indians against the pale face. The warriors attack the young man's hut, but are repulsed, and Ellfrid wanders in the night around the cataract. There, he is met by the genius of the Falls, who, Adamastor-like, addresses him, and exhorts him to go and explore the subterranean palace of the River God, old Niagara. The young man throws himself in the cataract, and sees at the bottom Niagara and his tributaries. The description of the poet is here very fine:

**Je ne sais quels rayons éclairent ce lieu pâle,  
 Pareils à des reflets d'aurore boréale:  
 On dirait qu'une gaze, un crépuscule d'or,  
 Tend de plis transparents le profond corridor.**

On his return from Niagara's palace, Ellfrid meets Adina, whose joy, on seeing him alive, betrays her love. Père Daniel marries them, and the Indian girls conduct the bride to her hut. During the night, however, the Tuscaroras attack Ellfrid, who is mortally wounded with a poisoned



arrow. Adina sucks the blood from the wound, but Ellfrid can not be saved, and his wife does not survive him.

The plot of this mystery is interesting, and the verses are good. As it is the only work of the kind in our literature, I thought necessary to give some details about it.

The last dramatic work published in book form in Louisiana is a comedy in verse by Dr. C. Deléry, "L'École du peuple."\* It is a keen satire of carpet-bag rule in our State, and very entertaining to those who have known the personages who appear on the stage.

Although but few dramas have been published in Louisiana, many good comedies have been written to be played by amateurs. Judge Alfred Roman and Judge Félix Voorhies, of St. Martinsville, have probably been the most successful in these "comédies de salon."

### POETRY.

Louisiana, with its romantic history, its stately river, its magnificent forests, its luxuriant vegetation, its numerous bayous overshadowed by secular oak trees, and its picturesque scenery on the coast of the Gulf, seemed to be a fit abode for poets. They were inspired by the climate, by the nature of the country, by patriotism, by the chiv-

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\*Dr. Chas. Deléry, "L'École du Peuple." 1 Vol. 12mo. Imprimerie du *Propagateur Catholique*, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1877.



alry and bravery of the men, and, above all, by the beauty and grace of the women. Our literature, therefore, is rich in poets, richer perhaps than that of any other State. We have many verses published in Louisiana, and probably more still which their authors have not given to the public. ]

Often has the father or the mother recited touching lines, which have been treasured by the children of the family as most precious legacies, and which were yet to remain unseen by alien eyes. I am familiar with many Creole poets whose works, though unknown to the great world of literature, would be read with emotion and pleasure, their themes being the ~~most sacred feelings~~ of humanity. Indeed, the gift of verse seems a not uncommon endowment among a people characterized by so much sensibility and vivacity as our Creoles. Of the poems published by my countrymen, I regret to say that I have not read all. In spite of their merit, the works of Louisianians are now rare in our State, and many of them I have not been able to procure.

┌ Among our earliest poets is Mr. Tullius St. Céran, who wrote "Rien-ou Moi,"\* in 1837, and "Mil huit cent quatorze et mil huit cent quinze,"† in 1838. In this author we find a lively imagination and the greatest enthusiasm for his subject. ] His poetic talent can not be said to have been of a

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\* Tullius St. Céran, "Rien-ou Moi." 1 Vol. 8vo, 194 pp. G. Bruslé, Nouvelle Orléans, 1837.

† "Mil huit cent quatorze et Mil huit cent quinze." 1 Vol. 8vo, 51 pp. Gaux et Cie, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1838.



high order, but **T**his works may be read with interest, as they show a sincere patriotism, and give an idea of the feelings of the time. ↓

Another work of great local interest is an epic poem in ten cantos by Urbain David, of Cette, a resident of Louisiana. The book, like that of Mr. St. Céran, was inspired by the glorious events of 1815 and is entitled "Les Anglais à la Louisiane en 1814 et 1815."\* The history of Packenham's defeat is related with some force and with many details which must be pleasing to the descendants of the heroes of the battle of New Orleans.

In 1846, there appeared in New Orleans a poetical journal called "Le Taenarion."† Mr. Félix de Courmont took the satirical pen and wrote several satires which were severely criticised. It is amusing to read the defence of the author; his replies are sometimes quite correct, but he generally allows himself to be carried away by his passion, forgetting that it is as natural to be criticised as to be praised. Mr. de Courmont was neither a Juvenal, a Horace, nor a Boileau, and it is with pleasure that we turn from his satires to his minor pieces. "Le Morne Vert," "L'Amour," "Le Dernier des Caraïbes" are really graceful poems.

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\* Urbain David, "Les Anglais à la Louisiane en 1814 et 1815." 1 Vol. 12mo. 60 pp. Nouvelle-Orléans, 1845.

† Félix de Courmont, "Le Taenarion." 1 Vol. 8vo, Gaux and Cie., Nouvelle-Orléans, 1846-47.



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# HISTORY

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that Mr. Lepouzé's translations are so little known, for the author must have been a remarkable Latin scholar.

“Les Lazaréennes,”\* “Fables et Chansons, Poésies Sociales,” by Joseph Déjacque, is the only work of its kind published in Louisiana, where, I may add, it had very little success, although it contains poems of no little literary merit. The author seems to have been a socialist, and in his book attacks the family ties and property, repeating with emphasis Proudhon's celebrated words: “La propriété, c'est le vol.” This is the only work published in Louisiana which speaks unfavorably of our city and its inhabitants; the others evince a most sincere patriotism. Mr. Déjacque had talent, as can be seen from the following lines: “D'Esprit Rebelle à Malin Esprit.”

Il semble qu'une Fée à titre d'apanage,  
A sur vous, blond lutin, semé ses dons d'amour,  
Qu'elle a d'un diamant formé votre visage,  
Et dérobé vos yeux au tendre émail du jour!  
Que des plus belles fleurs exprimant les fluides,  
Elle en fit une argile et modela vos chairs,  
Ou bien,—comme Cypris, de ses langes humides,—  
Qu'elle vous a tirée, autre perle! des mers.

During our civil war, Mars and Bellona, as the poets would say, had chased away Apollo and the Muses, and but one poem inspired by the war

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\* Joseph Déjacque, “Les Lazaréennes,” etc. 1 Vol. 8vo, 199 pp. J. Lamarre, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1857.



was produced. It is "Les Némésiennes Confédérées"\* (1863) by Dr. C. Deléry. The work, as was to be expected, is most bitter against the Federals, and stigmatizes General Butler.

We have one specimen of didactic poetry in Louisiana, "Homo,"† by Mr. Chas. Oscar Dugué, a well written poem in seven cantos, but which is of little interest, and no more read than "La Religion," "La Navigation," or "Les Jardins." Mr. Dugué also published, under the title of "Essais Poétiques," a volume of poetry said to be very good. Unfortunately, I could not procure a copy of the work.

It is with pleasure that, according to the division of my subject, I return to Dr. Alfred Mercier's poetical works: "La Rose de Smyrne"‡ and "Erato." The former is a graceful and touching *orientale*, and relates the love of Hatilda, the Moslem's wife, for a young and beautiful *giaour* and the sad fate of the lovers. The introduction of this work is another proof of the intense love of all Louisianians for their State.

D'où vient donc cette voix qui me traverse l'âme,  
Comme passe le soir la brise sur la lame;  
Vague comme le son que soupire à longs traits,  
La harpe éolienne au milieu des forêts?  
C'est la voix du passé, cette voix caressante  
Qui parle au voyageur de la patrie absente.

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\* Dr. C. Deléry, "Les Némésiennes Confédérées." 1 Vol. 16mo, Mobile, 1863.

† Chas. Oscar Dugué, "Homo." 1 Vol. 12mo, 205 pp. Paul Daffis, Paris, 1872.

‡ Dr. Alfred Mercier, "La Rose de Smyrne." "Erato." 12mo, 103 pp. Jules Labitte, Paris, 1842.



Une ombre, un mot, que sais-je, un rien l'éveille en nous.  
 Ainsi, doux souvenirs, toujours me suivrez-vous?  
 Oh! maintenant, tandis que sous ce ciel de brume  
 Entre mes doigts glacés je sens frémir ma plume,  
 Sous ce ciel, où juillet est plus froid à Paris  
 Que ne le fut jamais décembre en mon pays.

“Erato” is a collection of short poems, of which the best are “Sur Mer,” “Patrie” and “La Lune des fleurs à la Louisiane.” I can not resist the temptation of giving a few lines of “Patrie:”

Après huit ans écoulés dans l'absence,  
 Je viens revoir le ciel de mes aïeux:  
 Doux souvenirs de mon heureuse enfance,  
 Apparaissent un moment à mes yeux!

Voici mon fleuve aux vagues solennelles:  
 En demi-lune il se courbe en passant,  
 Et la cité, comme un aiglon naissant,  
 A son flanc gauche étend ses jeunes ailes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Après huit ans écoulés dans l'absence,  
 Fidèle oiseau je reviens à mon nid;  
 Le souvenir vaut parfois l'espérance:  
 C'est un doux songe où l'âme rajeunit.

Scarron, the first husband of Mme. de Maintenon, whose sole title to a pension was to be “le malade de la reine,” found the time, in spite of his sufferings, to write “L'Énéide Travestie” and to ridicule the heroes of antiquity. His was not a touching note, and the song of his poetic lyre had no pathos. If his body was affected, his mind did not seem to suffer, very different in this from Gilbert and Millevoye, whose beautiful elegies one can not read without being deeply



moved. Louisiana had her Gilbert, her Millevoye; his talent was of the highest order, and his tender and melancholy verses can well be compared to "Le Poète Mourant" and "La Chute des Feuilles." It was in 1841 that Alexandre Latil published his "Ephémères, Essais Poétiques."\* The author was an invalid and a prey to an incurable disease, and his poems are a lamentation and a prayer. Very often did the pen fall from the weak hand, while from the heart were surging his rhythmical complaints. The preface to the work is exceedingly well written; it is a protest against the modern school and, at the same time, an affectionate dedication of his verses to his countrymen. The book was well received in Louisiana, and Alexandre Latil's name will be long remembered as that of our most sympathetic poet. Among the "Ephémères," I have noticed "Amour et Douleur," "Déception et Tristesse," "Désenchantement," "A mon Grand-père and "A mon Père et à ma Mère," the dirge of the poet:

Encore un dernier chant, et ma lyre éphémère  
 S'échappe de mes mains, et s'éteint en ce jour,  
 Mais que ces sons mourants, ô mon père, ma mère!  
 Soient exhalés pour vous, objets de mon amour.  
 De cet hymne d'adieu si la note plaintive  
 S'envole tristement pour ne plus revenir,  
 Vous ne l'oublierez pas; votre oreille attentive  
 L'empreindra pour jamais dans votre souvenir.

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\*Alexandre Latil, "Les Ephémères, Essais Poétiques." 1 Vol. 8vo, 198 pp. Alfred Moret, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1814.



Hélas! si du tombeau perçant l'étroit espace,  
 Mon nom pouvait, un jour, voler à l'avenir,  
 Il irait, parcourant sa lumineuse trace,  
 De vos douces vertus graver le souvenir,  
 Dans son sillon de gloire à travers tous les âges,  
 Il parlerait de vous aux êtres généreux;  
 Il leur dirait combien furent nobles et sages  
 Les sentiments divers de vos coeurs vertueux...  
 Mais non! le faible accord de ma lyre plaintive  
 Expire autour de moi sans produire d'échos.  
 Ainsi soupire et meurt la brise fugitive  
 Qui d'un lac azuré vient caresser les flots.  
 Ah! si l'affreux oublié dans son linceul immense  
 Ensevelit bientôt et mon nom et mes vers,  
 Je conserve, du moins, la touchante espérance  
 Qu'ils seront à vos coeurs toujours présents et chers.

One of our most prolific writers was Dr. Chas. Testut;\* he tried poetry and prose, but had a greater reputation as a poet than as a novelist. His small volume, "Les Echos," contains many pieces written in all kinds of rhythms. One can see that the author is a thorough master of versification, and whether he tries the Alexandrine or the short verse, even the four foot verse, his poetry is always correct and natural, and the rhymes are remarkably rich. Dr. Testut was a striking example of the generally unsuccessful practical life of a poet; although he had written many volumes and been much admired, he was at his death, after fifty years' residence in New Orleans, in a position to which a man of his talent should not have been reduced.

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\*Dr. Chas Testut, "Les Echos." 1 Vol. 12mo. 204 pp. H. Méridier, Nouvelle Orléans, 1849.



His poems are graceful and usually sad, and his subjects are principally meditations or descriptions of touching domestic scenes. His verses to Latil are among his finest, and also "La Dernière Heure du Condamné," "Le Jour des Morts" and "Aux Jeunes Filles," from which I take the following lines:

**Si vous saviez quel rêve, ô jeunes filles,  
 Nous jette au coeur votre regard si doux;  
 Comme souvent, au bruit de vos mantilles,  
 Nous tomberions muets à vos genoux!  
 Si vous saviez, quand votre front balance  
 Les songes d'or cachés dans votre oeil noir,  
 Quels chants d'amour tout remplis d'espérance  
 Nous confions à la brise du soir....  
 Si vous saviez comme, au front des poètes,  
 Vos beaux noms d'ange allument des rayons;  
 Comme nos voix à vous chanter sont prêtes,  
 Comme pour vous, loin des yeux, nous prions!  
 Nos premiers chants, notre premier délire  
 Viennent de vous comme l'air vient des cieux;  
 Et des doux sons qu'exhale notre lyre,  
 Nous vous devons les plus harmonieux.**

┌ In our Creole population many ladies write French admirably, but through a mistaken sense of modesty their works have not been published. It was not possible, however, in the nineteenth century, where women in Europe and in America have shown themselves equal to men in mental ability, that no poetical work written by a woman should be published by a Louisiana lady. It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure that I read "Une couronne Blanche, Roman poétique," by



Mrs. Emilie Evershed.\* } Don Fernand de Herès, after a life of dissipation, marries a very young girl whom he loves, but whom his jealousy renders unhappy. A child is born, and is the consolation of the countess; every day, over the little cradle, a white wreath is placed, emblem of innocence and piety. The infancy of the child is beautifully described, and we look with joy at the little thing, when she tries her first steps, and when she fondly caresses her mother. One day a little girl knocks at the gate of the palace; her name is Rosita, and she is blind. She pronounces the word Dolora and holds a picture in her hand. The countess understands the sad story; on her death bed, Dolora, the victim, sends her child to her father. The injured wife pardons the guilty husband and receives Rosita as her daughter. She and Bianca are brought up together, but when the white wreath is placed on Bianca's forehead for her first communion she dies, and "la couronne blanche" is deposited on her tomb. Is not this plot of a romance simple and poetic, and do we not recognize the delicate touch of a woman in those charming pictures?

Quand je ne pleure plus . . . . je vois ces jours heureux  
 Où je pouvais baiser tes chers petits pieds roses,  
 Et tes petites mains, et tes lèvres mi-closes;  
 J'effeuille en souvenir tous ces biens précieux!  
 Parfois je rêve encor tes premières caresses,  
 Et tes premiers baisers, et puis tes petits bras

---

\* Mme. Emilie Evershed, "Une Couronne Blanche." 1 Vol. 8vo. 263 pp. H. Bossange Paris, 1859.



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have written many poems. Born in Louisiana, they were educated in France, in the old Armorica, the land of druidical legends, where everything recalled poetical souvenirs. On their return to their native State, they lived in solitary Bonfouca, in the magnificent pine forests watered by those romantic rivulets, the Tchefuncte, the Bogue-Falaya and Bayou Lacombe. Around them were the remnants of the Chactas, the faithful allies of the French; and in the wigwams of the Indians the brothers used to sit to smoke the calumet with the chiefs, or to look at the silent squaws skilfully weaving the wicker baskets which they were to sell the next morning at the noisy "Marché Français." It is thus that Adrien and Dominique Rouquette learned how to love nature and solitude, and that they were impregnated with the sentiment of poetry. When they write about the prairies, and the forests and the Indians, their descriptions are most realistic, and it seems to us that we see the graceful Chactas girl in her canoe or swimming in the limpid waters of the bayous, that we hear the cry of the whip-poor-will, and that we are permeated with the perfume of the *mélèze*, of the *boisfort* and of the resinous pine tree.

We may perhaps regret that the brothers Rouquette did not vary their themes a little more, but their poems have "*un goût du terroir*" which can not fail to be appreciated.

Dominique Rouquette's first work was "Les Meschacébéennes," published in 1838. He pub-



lished also in 1857 a large volume, "Fleurs d'Amérique." I shall quote only a few lines of the latter:

**LE SOIR.**

Déjà dans les buissons dort la grive bâtarde:  
 La voix du bûcheron, qui dans les bois s'attarde,  
 A travers les grands pins se fait entendre au loin;  
 Aux bœufs libres du joug ayant donné le foin,  
 Sifflant une chanson, le charretier regagne  
 Sa cabane où l'attend une noire compagne,  
 Et fume taciturne, accroupi sur un banc,  
 Sa pipe, aux longs reflets du mélèze flambant.  
 Loin de l'humide abri des joncs qu'elle abandonne,  
 La moustique partout et voltige et bourdonne,  
 Et nocturne taureau caché dans le limon,  
 La grenouille bovine enfle un rauque poumon. . . .  
 Un silence imposant et formidable plane  
 Sur les eaux, la forêt et la noire savane;  
 La nuit, comme l'upas, sous une ombre de mort,  
 Semble couvrir au loin la terre qui s'endort.

Adrien Rouquette was a priest; his principal work is "Les Savanes,"\* a book of poems on Louisiana subjects. He also wrote "l'Antoniade ou la Solitude avec Dieu,"† a long eremitic poem from which I take the following patriotic lines:

Amérique, ô patrie! Amérique, ô ma mère!  
 S'il est un de tes fils assez lâche et vulgaire,  
 Pour t'entendre offenser et pour te renier,  
 Seul, sans pleurs, sans regrets, qu'il meure tout entier!  
 Que son nom effacé des pages de l'histoire,  
 Effacé de tout coeur et de toute mémoire,  
 Entouré du linceul d'un éternel oubli,  
 Dans la nuit du tombeau descende enseveli!

---

\* Adrien Rouquette, "Les Savanes." 1 Vol. 12mo, 306 pp. Jules Labitte, Paris. Alfred Moret, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1841.

† ———, "L'Antoniade." 1 Vol. 8vo. L. Marchand, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1860.



The following extract from "Les Savanes" is very fine:

**L'ARBRE DES CHACTAS.**

C'était un arbre immense; arbre aux rameaux sans nombre,  
 Qui sur tout un désert projetait sa grande ombre.  
 Ses racines, plongeant dans un sol sablonneux,  
 Rejaillissaient partout, boas aux mille noeuds;  
 Et, se gonflant à l'oeil, comme d'énormes veines,  
 Ou eût dit d'un haut-bord les câbles et les chaînes.  
 Arbre immense et géant, les arbres les plus hauts  
 A son pied s'inclinaient comme des arbrisseaux.  
 Déployant dans les cieux sa vaste et noire cime,  
 Il s'y plaisait aux chocs que l'ouragan imprime.  
 De sa circonférence embrassant l'horizon,  
 Sous son dôme sonore, en l'ardente saison,  
 Il pouvait arbriter, endormis sur les herbes,  
 Tout le peuple chactas et ses troupeaux superbes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Puis, autour de cet arbre, arbre aux rameaux immenses,  
 Voltigeaient colibris, aux changeantes nuances;  
 Papes verts, geais d'azur, flamboyants cardinaux,  
 Nuages d'oiseaux blancs et de noirs étourneaux  
 Et leurs plumes semblaient d'éblouissantes pierres!  
 Et l'aigle, en les voyant, eût baissé les paupières! . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Eh bien! cet arbre-roi, ce géant des forêts,  
 Cette arche, cette échelle aux infinis degrés,  
 Un homme aux muscles forts, un homme à rude tâche,  
 Suant des mois entiers, l'abattit de sa hache!  
 Il l'abattit enfin; et puis, s'assit content;  
 Car, dans l'arbre, il voyait quelques pièces d'argent!

\* \* \* \* \*

Mais si tu fus vainqueur de l'arbre des Chactas,  
 Impie, il en est un que tu n'abattras pas;  
 Un arbre bien plus haut, bien plus fort, et dont l'ombre  
 Couvre l'Eden si frais et l'univers si sombre.  
 Et cet arbre est celui que Dieu même planta,  
 L'arbre saint de la Croix; l'arbre du Golgotha;



**L'arbre que l'homme en vain frappe aussi de sa hache;  
Il le frappe en tous points, et rien ne s'en détache;  
Rien; car l'arbre toujours, gigantesque, éternel,  
S'élance, et va se perdre aux abîmes du ciel!**

We had also in Louisiana, besides the authors whom I have mentioned, some poets whose works I could not procure, among whom are Alexandre Barde, Duperron, Guirot, and Calongne. In the different poems which I have read their names are mentioned quite favorably; Mr. Barde seems to have been the best.

Of the poets whose works have not been published, Anatole Cousin, Valérien Allain and Euphémon La Branche were the most popular.

In speaking of our Louisiana authors, I do not refer to those who have left our State, such as Albert Delpit, Henri Vignaud and Mme. Hélène Allain.

In concluding this review of our poets, I think that it can truly be said that a selection of their works would compare favorably with those of many authors whose reputation is much greater.

### NOVELS.

It is extraordinary that with its romantic history our State did not produce more works of fiction. The romances of Louisiana have not yet been written in prose, although our poetic scenery has inspired many a songster. We have, however, a few novelists whose success should have encouraged others to follow their example.



I have read two novels of Dr. C. Testut: "Le Vieux Salomon" \* and "Les Filles de Monte Cristo." The former is intended to represent scenes of plantation life, and was written in 1858, but published only in 1873. It is to be regretted that the author, in his pity for the institution of slavery, should have introduced in his work a planter worthy of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's Legree, presenting thus as a type what was really an exception—a planter cruel to his slaves.

"Les Filles de Monte Cristo" is a continuation of Dumas' admirable epic, and has a moral purpose. In the original novel, Dantes, the millionaire, appears as inexorable as fate, and punishes sternly and without pity, rewarding sometimes, but those always who had been good to the poor sailor boy. In the sequel, Monte Cristo devotes his immense fortune to aiding all who are unhappy. Having lost Haydée, he returns to France, after an absence of twenty years, with his daughters, Mercedes and Gemma. On meeting his Mercedes, his old passion returns, and the beautiful *Catalane* becomes his wife. Surrounded and assisted by all those whom he had saved formerly, Dantes now forms an association of which the aim will be to look for misery and relieve the unfortunates. Mercedes and Gemma, from fear of being loved for their money, live as *ouvrières* for some time and

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\* Dr. C. Testut. "Le Vieux Salomon." 1 Vol. 4to, 176 pp. Nouvelle-Orléans, 1872.

"Les Filles de Monte Cristo." Pamphlet form. 8vo, 520 pp. Imprimerie Cosmopolite, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1876.



are married to two deserving young men. They and their husbands help Monte Cristo in his great undertaking, and every day some wretch is reconciled to life. At last Mercedes dies, and the count soon follows to the grave his adored one. Their bodies are conveyed to the isle of Monte Cristo, and the filial piety of the daughters transforms into a blooming oasis the barren rock, where had landed, so many years before, the escaped prisoner of the "Château d'If."

One can see in Dr. Testut's book a generous idea and an ardent love for everything good and true, and many incredible events and visionary ideas may be pardoned when one remembers that the author was inspired by a genuine philanthropy.

Mme. S. de la Houssaye,\* of the Attakapas, a member of one of our oldest families, is another of our lady writers. She has published several novels in the newspapers of her parish, and she is said to be preparing for a Paris editor a work on Louisiana, for which she is well qualified on account of her lively imagination and her numerous family traditions. Her most interesting novel is "Le Mari de Marguerite," published in *l'Abeille de la Nouvelle-Orléans* in 1883, as a *feuilleton*. It is the story of a spoilt and vain Virginia girl, proud of her grandfather's plantation and fortune, and dreaming only of heroes of romance. She discards her cousin and intended husband at the

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\* Mme. S. de la Houssaye, "Le Mari de Marguerite." *Abeille de la Nouvelle-Orléans*, 1883.



sight of a handsome man, and abandons her home to follow him to New England. Very soon, however, she regrets the luxury of her Virginia life and treats her husband most unkindly. The great civil war breaks out, and Wm. Gray is reported to have been killed. Then begins the punishment of Marguerite: her grandfather dies in a battle and she loses her fortune. Reduced to poverty, the frail Southern girl, like so many noble women, shows an indomitable energy, finally becoming a governess. Her husband returns under an assumed name and refuses to recognize her; he is at last touched by her love and sorrow, and they both live happily in the old family mansion recovered from the Federals.

The story is quite romantic, and the style is good.

Father Rouquette published in 1879, "La Nouvelle Atala,"\* an Indian legend. The work is admirably written, and one can see the great enthusiasm of the author for his subject. As in "l'Antoniade," Father Rouquette speaks of solitary life, and exalts the sacrifice of a young girl who leaves the world to live in a forest. The descriptions of nature are very poetic, and Chatah-Ima's Atala is no unworthy sister of Chateaubriand's.

Dr. Alfred Mercier's first work of fiction, "Le Fou de Palerme,"† is a novelette, in which is re-

\* Adrien Rouquette, "La Nouvelle Atala." 1 Vol. 16mo, 138 pp. *Propagateur Catholique*, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1879.

† Dr. Alfred Mercier, "Le Fou de Palerme," 1 Vol. 16mo, 140 pp. *Nouvelle-Orléans*, 1873.



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of the hospital and the philosophical thoughts inspired by it have merit, and can be compared to the like scene in "Les Mystères de Paris." Jeanne dies and leaves a daughter, Jeannette, who is adopted by Ludovic.

Many years passed, and France has been vanquished at Sedan, and the Commune has begun its atrocious deeds in Paris. Théotime is a captain in the army of Versailles, when the capital is taken. There is a terrible fight in a cemetery, and Ludovic, Louise and Jeannette are engaged in it. Théotime saves his daughter without knowing her, and after the war, goes to Italy. He finally finds Jeannette, marries her to Ludovic, and is rehabilitated by paternal love.

I give the entire plot of this work, because it created quite a sensation in New Orleans, where there are so many Catholics. Whether Dr. Mercier was right or wrong in his crusade against celibacy does not concern us; but we must admit that he handled his lance fearlessly and well.

"L'Habitation St. Ybars"\* is a Louisiana story, in which life before the war on a large sugar plantation is very well described. Although the work is of great interest as a novel, it is of still greater importance for the study of philology. Dr. Mercier, who is a master of the Creole patois, uses it freely in his book and keeps thus an ad-

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\* "L'Habitation St. Ybars." 1 Vol. 12mo, 231 pp. Eug. Antoine, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1881.



mirable *couleur locale*. The following extract is really charming for its simplicity and truth :

Démon, St. Ybars' little boy, comes into the kitchen with a cage, and Mamrie, the old nurse, tells him: "Asteur assite lá é conté moin coman to fé pou trapé pap laié.

\* \* \* \* \*

Démon termina son 'épopée, en accompagnant sa parole de grands gestes qui épouvantèrent les oiseaux; le mâle renouvela ses efforts pour passer à travers les barreaux de sa prison; sa tête était en sang. Démon le repoussa à l'intérieur, en disant avec impatience:

Resté don tranqui, bête!

To bon toi, lui dit Mamrie; to oté li so la-liberté é to oulé li contan. Mo sré voudré oua ça to sré di, si yé té mété toi dan ain lacage comme ça.

Méte moin dan ain lacage! s'écria Démon sur le ton de la fierté indignée; mo sré cacé tou, mo sré sorti é mo sré vengé moin sur moune laié ki té emprisonnin moin.

Ah! ouëtte, tou ça cé bon pou la parol, répliqua Mamrie; si yé té mété toi dan ain bon lacage avé bon baro en fer, to sré pa cacé arien; to sré mété en san, épi comme to sré oua ça pa servi ain brin, to sré courbé to latéte é to sré resté tranqui comme pap là va fé dan eune ou deu jou.

Non! repartit Démon, mo sré laissé moin mouri de faim.

Ça cé ain bel réponse, dit Mamrie; to fier même! to pa ain St. Ybars pou arien.

Le malheureux pape, brisé de fatigue était affaissé sur ses pattes; sa poitrine se gonflait douloureusement; ses yeux noirs étincelaient de colère. Sa femelle, réfugiée dans un coin, faisait



entendre de petits cris plaintifs. Après un moment de silence, Démon dit :

Mamrie, ga comme fumel là triste.

Cé pa étonnan, reprit la bonne négresse, lapé pensé à so piti! yé faim, yapé péle moman; mé moman va pli vini; cé lachouette ou kèke serpen ka vini é ka mangé yé. Démon devint pensif. Tandis que sa nourrice voyait à une chose ou à une autre, il contemplait ses prisonniers. Il se leva, et sortit sans rien dire. Au bout de quelques minutes, Manrie le vit rentrer; son trébuchet était vide.

Eben! dit-elle d'un air étonné, coté to zozos. Une fausse honte empêcha Démon de dire ce qui en était; il répondit d'une voix mal assurée: Yé chapé.

Yé chapé! reprit Mamrie en secouant la tête, to menti! mo parié to rende yé la liberté.

Eben! cé vrai, avoua Démon, cé vou faute; ça vou di moin su fumel lá é so piti té fé moin la peine.

Les yeux de Mamrie se remplirent de larmes; elle tendit les bras à Démon en lui montrant toutes ses dents et en disant :

Vini icite, célera! vini mo mangé toi tou cru.

It is a pity that "l'Habitation St. Ybars" has not been translated into English, for it is a much more correct picture of Louisiana life than is to be found in many other works better known outside of our State.

#### MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

Under this title we may mention a collection of thoughts and maxims of different writers, pre-



pared by L. N. Fouché.\* It is the only work of its kind published in Louisiana, and contains some maxims of real philosophy.

“Les Yankees Fondateurs de l’Esclavage aux Etats-Unis et Initiateurs du Droit de Sécession,” by Dr. C. Deléry,† was written like “les Némésiennes Confédérées” during the war, and is of course a party work.

Not only did Father Rouquette write “l’Antoniade” and “la Nouvelle Atala,” in which he describes the charms of solitary life, but in 1852 he produced “la Thébaïde en Amérique ou Apologie de la Vie Solitaire et Contemplative.”‡ I must admit that, in spite of the numerous quotations from the fathers of the church and the piety of the author, the book had no attraction for me, and that I found it uninteresting, and better suited to the monks of the middle ages than to the Christians of the nineteenth century.

“Gombo Zhèbes,” by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn,|| is a dictionary of Creole proverbs selected from six Creole dialects. I have read with pleasure the fifty-one proverbs in our Louisiana patois. The translations in English and in French are very accurate.

\* L. N. Fouché, “Nouveau Recueil de Pensées. 1 Vol. 12mo, 144 pp. Capo, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1882.

† Dr. Charles Deléry, “Les Yankees Fondateurs de l’Esclavage aux Etats-Unis et Initiateurs du Droit de Sécession.” 1 Vol. 8vo, 31 pp. Paris, 1864.

‡ Adrien Rouquette, “La Thébaïde en Amérique.” 1 Vol. 8vo, 144 pp. H. Méridier, Nouvelle-Orléans, 1852.

|| Lafcadio Hearn, “Gombo Zhèbes.” 1 Vol. 8vo, 42 pp. W. H. Coleman, New York, 1885.



Major John Augustin has published in the *Times-Democrat*\* some charming Creole songs.

Our contemporary literature is contained almost exclusively in "Les Comptes-Rendus de l'Athénée Louisianais,"† the journal of a society established in order to encourage the study of the French language and literature. It is almost impossible to mention all the papers published in the "Comptes-Rendus." Many of them are works of great value. I notice in the first volume: "Chroniques Indiennes," by Dr. C. Deléry; "Souvenir," a touching Indian story, and "de l'Interjection Ha! Ah!" by Dr. C. Turpin; "Cession de la Louisiane à la France" and "Esquisse biographique de John Rutledge," by Hon. C. Gayarré; "Emploi des Torpilles, Batteries blindées, et Canons rayés à Charleston," by Gen. Beauregard; "de la Poésie dans l'Histoire et de quelques Problèmes sociaux," by Mr. C. Bléton; "de l'H dite aspirée," by Dr. Dupaquier; "La Tarentule," by Dr. Havà; "Etude sur les Eclairs," by Dr. Alfred Mercier, and by same author an interesting paper on "la Langue Créole;" "Elle," a poem by Mr. J. Gentil. Mr. O. Debouchel contributes several pretty fables, and Mr. George Dessommes many poems, of which "Geoffroy le Troubadour" is a charming romance of the times of Chivalry.

In volume II of *l'Athénée* I note Dr. O. Huard's remarkable paper, "De l'Utilité de la Langue

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\* John Augustin, "Creole Songs." *Times-Democrat*.

† "Comptes-Rendus de l'Athénée Louisianais." 1 Vol. 4to, 518 pp. 1876-1881. 1 Vol. 8vo, 718 pp. 1882-1884. 1 Vol. 8vo, 521 pp. 1885-1886.



Française aux Etats-Unis;” “Longfellow,” by Mr. Jas. S. Hosmer; “Un Ancêtre de la Sainte Alliance,” by Mr. P.V. Bernard; “Cent huit Ans,” by Mr. B. Rouen; “Le Matin,” poésie, by Dr. Alfred Mercier; and a lecture by Dr. Mercier, “La Femme dans les Poèmes d’Homère.” In this volume also is a poem on La Salle by my old father, Mr. Florent Fortier. May it be permitted to his son to inscribe in this volume the verses of one who was so dear to him, and who was a true representative of our Creole planters, whom the war had ruined, but who were to the last energetic and noble.

LA SALLE. (1682-1882).

Quel est donc ce héros, ce fils de l’ancien monde,  
 Qui bravant la tempête et la fureur de l’onde,  
 Argonaute nouveau, sur des bords inconnus,  
 A planté son drapeau? Deux cents ans révolus  
 L’ont vu s’agenouillant sur la terre étrangère,  
 Offrir d’abord à Dieu sa fervente prière,  
 Et prenant du Sauveur le symbole adoré  
 L’élever vers le ciel dans un concert sacré.  
 Vous l’avez tous nommé: Ce héros, c’est Lasalle!  
 Lasalle, dont la gloire est pour nous sans rivale.  
 Si le Seigneur créant un miracle nouveau,  
 Te faisait, aujourd’hui, sortir de ton tombeau,  
 Quel sentiment d’orgueil gonflerait ta poitrine,  
 En voyant les bienfaits de sa grâce divine.  
 Ce fleuve, malgré lui, retenu sur ses bords,  
 Faisant pour les briser d’inutiles efforts,  
 Dompté par le génie, et portant sur son onde,  
 Dans des palais flottants, tous les trésors du monde.  
 Ces cités, ces palais, ces églises, ces tours,  
 Remplaçant le wigwam disparu pour toujours,  
 Et ton nom, prononcé dans la langue chérie,



Par les fils descendants de ta noble patrie.  
 Ce nom ne mourra pas, et tu verras demain  
 Tous les peuples unis, se tenant par la main,  
 Le cœur rempli d'amour, relever sur la plage,  
 Cette croix, que jadis tu plaçais au rivage,  
 Et qui pourra redire aux peuples à venir,  
 De fils reconnaissants le pieux souvenir.

Volume III of *l'Athénée* is also quite interesting, but I shall note specially: "La Race Latine en Louisiane," by Hon. C. Gayarré; "Dante Alighieri, conférence," and "La Curée, poésie," by Dr. Alfred Mercier; "Le Bouvreuil," a story by Dr. C. Turpin; "Le Soir, poésie," by Dr. J. J. Castellanos; "Le Talisman de Gérard, nouvelle," by Mr. Gustave Daussin; "A ma Soeur" and "A ma Fille, poésies," by Mr. Max Cousin.

The volume of "*l'Athénée*" for 1887 comprises about two hundred octavo pages; the articles are quite varied and are all written with care. The contributions of Dr. Alfred Mercier are the most valuable; there is always to be found something original in the works of the secretary of *l'Athénée*. His article on the condition of Hamlet, although it comprises but a few pages, is an excellent psychological criticism. Dr. Mercier's poems are graceful and harmonious. "Tawanta" is the story of an Indian girl near the Niagara Falls, who is abandoned by her lover for a pale-face rival. The Indian is sleeping in his canoe tied to a tree not far from the dreadful cataract. Tawanta sees him, she cuts the string, the canoe drifts into the rapid



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ceived by the young girl. He soon falls in love with her and marries her after the death of the father. He then learns from his wife that it was she who was letting into the sick man's room the beam of light that was to brighten her own life.

Dr. G. Devron has devoted much time to the study of the curious points in the history of Louisiana. In one of his communications to *l'Athénée* he gives some interesting details about the last of the Montezumas. His Excellency Señor Don Alfonso de Montezuma committed suicide by cutting his throat. He died at New Orleans, on October 22, 1836. His death was caused by a disappointment in love. Prescott, quoted by Dr. Devron, says in a note of Book V, Chapter ii, of his "History of the Conquest of Mexico," that the Count of Montezuma shot himself with a pistol and died at the age of at least seventy years. Carbajal Espinosa, author of a "History of Mexico," goes further than Prescott, and says that Montezuma killed himself on account of a love trouble, *á pesar de que contaba entonces mas de setenta ú ochenta años de edad*. (Chapter vii, p. 388.) These assertions of Prescott and Espinosa threw a kind of ridicule on the death of the last direct descendant of the Emperor of the Aztecs, and we are grateful to Dr. Devron for having proved that when the Count killed himself through disappointment in love he was not seventy or eighty years of age, but only fifty-two. Dr. Devron obtained from the curate of Santiago, in the town of Lorca in Spain,



an official copy of Montezuma's certificate of baptism, in which it is stated that "Alfonso, Josef, Antonio, Pedro, Nolasco, Nicolas, Diego, Manuel de Sta. Gertrudis, hijo legitimo de D. Jose Marsilla Montezuma Caballerizo de Campo de Su Mgd. y de Da Saltadora Garcia de Alcaraz y Torrecilla," was born February 6, 1784, at 1 o'clock in the morning.

Dr. Devron produced also an official copy from the records of the Board of Health of Louisiana, giving the same date to Montezuma's birth and death as stated. This unfortunate gentleman, who had large estates in Spain and who had been chief civil magistrate in Madrid in 1816, 1817 and 1818, resided eight years in New Orleans. When he died, in 1836, he did not leave enough to pay his debts, as is proved by the following official inventory of his property:

\$2.65 en petite monnaie trouvée dans une de ses poches, et produit de la vente.....	\$324 87
Frais de cour .....	185 18

Laissant une balance de.....	\$139 69
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à partager entre les créanciers privilégiés. le Dr. Puissant et Calixte Labiche garde-malade, f.c.l., dont le compte était pour chacun de \$300, et qui reçurent individuellement \$69.84½.

I reproduce these researches of Dr. Devron as I believe that they have an historical interest; they certainly entitle the author of them to great credit for his industry and critical accuracy.

Mr. Gaston Doussan's paper, "Lafayette en Amérique," is written with enthusiasm for the sub-



ject. The author's partiality to his hero is certainly excusable in an American of French descent, and we read with interest the glowing tribute to the "héros des deux mondes."

Other articles of interest in the *Comptes-Rendus de l'Athénée* for 1887 are Dr. Dell'Orto's translations from the Italian, and Mr. Doussan's "Révolution Française." Mr. M. Cousin has several graceful poems, and Mr. George Des-sommes a singularly touching sonnet, "A deux Morts."

The *Comptes-Rendus de l'Athénée Louisianais* for 1888 form a volume of 234 pages—a very creditable showing, if we consider that every word published in our Louisiana magazine is original matter and written by the members of the society.

Dr. Alfred Mercier contributes several poems, of which one, "Message," is so graceful and pure that I can not refrain from reproducing it:

Où donc vas-tu, gentille amie,  
De ce pas rapide et léger?—  
Dites-moi, Seigneur, je vous prie,  
Où demeure le beau Roger.

Roger? c'est moi, ne t'en déplaise;  
Entre et dis-moi ce que tu veux.—  
Puisque c'est vous, j'en suis bien aise;  
D'un mot je vais combler vos vœux.

Dis bien vite ce mot magique.—  
Mon message vous le dira.—  
Quel est-il?—La fière Angélique  
Qu'en vain maint galant adora,  
Vous envoie un baiser bien tendre,  
Sur mes lèvres elle l'a mis.—



Sur tes lèvres je vais le prendre.—

Prenez, cela vous est permis.—

Ce doux baiser veut qu'on le rende;

Pour un je t'en confierai deux.—

Beau Roger, j'accepte l'offrande;

Pour un baiser deux valent mieux.

These charming verses, written by a man over seventy years of age, are a good proof that the atmosphere of Louisiana is not so stifling as it is sometimes said to be. Two other poems by Dr. Mercier, "Dans la Rue" and "Où sont-ils?" are serious and slightly misanthropical, betraying a feeling not common to our venerated poet, whose philanthropy the writer of these lines has tried to depict in an article entitled "Un Poète Louisianais." Dr. Mercier occupies so high a place among our Louisiana authors that I may be permitted to quote the following extract from my article: "Dr. Mercier, in his long career, has seen all the miseries to which man is subject, but he has also met with noble sentiments, and he is one of those who believe that humanity is not entirely bad, and that vices can be corrected by good advice and kind words. It is this benevolent and enlightened philosophy which draws to him all who know the perpetual secretary of 'l'Athénée,' and which is the principal charm of his writings. Simple, modest and unselfish, he is not continually occupied with himself, and he can see the world such as it is, and revive in his works the personages whom he has met in life. He seems to have considered poetry as a relaxation from his more



serious duties, and he calls the Muse to him, not to confide his sorrows to her, as the author of the 'Nuits,' but to take his flight with her toward those regions where are to be found charming children, beautiful young girls and variegated flowers. Although a physician, he has always contrived to devote a few hours to literary labors, and his love for the French language, his efforts to preserve among us the tongue of our fathers, have entitled him to the gratitude of his fellow citizens."

Dr. Devron continued in 1888 his interesting studies on Louisiana history. In a letter of an Ursuline nun, dated October 27, 1727, she says:

....nos matelots pour *faire nos berres* fichoient des Canes en terre en forme de berceau autour d'un Matelas, et nous enfermoient deux à deux dans nos *berres* où nous couchions tout habilez, puis couvroient le berceau d'une grande toile, de facon que les Maringouins et les Frapes d'abord, ne pussent trouver aucun petit passage pour nous venir visiter.

To this day, in our country parishes, the expression *faire son ber* means to *draw the mosquito bar*.

"La Soirée du Colonel" is a clever novelette by Mr. G. Daussin, but Captain Fernand Bercier is really too good-natured or very bold; he marries Miss Maréchal, who had begun her acquaintance with him by slapping him in the face for not having accompanied her well on the piano. In spite of the *invraisemblance* of the plot the story is well told and pleasing.



The May number of the *Comptes-Rendus* is filled almost entirely with contributions from ladies. Mrs. Corinne Castellanos Mellen presents "Feuilles Mortes," an admirable translation from the Spanish of Becquer. The poetic melancholy of the original is faithfully expressed in the translation.—"Les Poésies de Lamartine," by Mrs. E. Aleix, is a conscientious and able study, written with real feminine delicacy. The following extract will show how well our Creole ladies write French:

La noblesse et l'élévation des pensées, la délicatesse des sentiments, la beauté harmonieuse de la forme, l'élégante pureté du style, rappellent les plus beaux vers de Racine. Il parle à toute intelligence éprise du beau, à toute âme éprise du vrai, et fait vibrer en nous, par une sympathie irrésistible, tous les sentiments qu'il éprouve. Avec des accents d'une tristesse infinie, il nous fait sentir le néant des joies d'ici-bas; mais, en même temps, il nous donne l'espoir d'une destinée immortelle dans une autre patrie. Aux prises avec ce douloureux mystère qu'on nomme la vie, ce problème insoluble et terrible lui arrache des plaintes sublimes. A côté d'extases infinies, d'élans d'amour et de foi, il y a des gémissements ineffables. Hélas! il a tout éprouvé, tout souffert. Ah! pourquoi faut-il que dans toute existence humaine, même les meilleures, les plus pures,

" On sente toujours trembler des larmes,  
Ou retentir une douleur? " "

" Causerie," by the Hon. Paul E. Théard, is an eloquent and witty address on the French lan-



guage in Louisiana; and "Voyage en Océanie," by Mr. P. Lamal, and "Promenade au Canada," by Guy de Morant, are interesting descriptions of travels.

In the July number of *l'Athénée*, Mr. J. L. Peytavin devotes a few pages to the refutation of the ridiculous pictures in Mr. Cable's "Creoles of Louisiana."

Sir Humphry Davy, the great English chemist, is so little known as a philosopher, and his last work, "The Last Days of a Philosopher," contains such sublime thoughts, that we feel grateful to Mr. Gaston Doussan for having given us an abstract of Camille Flammarion's translation of Sir Humphry's book. Mr. Doussan expresses in graceful language the elevated ideas of the English scientist and of the French astronomer.

The last work published in 1888 in the *Comptes-Rendus de l'Athénée* is "Fortunia," a drama in five acts, by Dr. Mercier. The play, like Hugo's "Cromwell," was not written for the stage; it may be called a dramatic novel. It is highly interesting and at times very pathetic. The story is that of a beautiful Brazilian lady who becomes insane on hearing of her husband's infidelity, and who dies miserably in a forest. The drama is quite lengthy, and is certainly an important work. The only characters in the play which I would criticise are those of Ringsbie, the platonic lover of Fortunia, and Donha Alves, her mother. The first has remained too good a friend, after having subdued



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verse. His works are well known in the State, and he enjoys a well-deserved popularity.

“*Sommeil, Rêves, Somnambulisme*” is an interesting article by Dr. Mercier. He calls attention to the strange phenomena accompanying sleep and mentions how Captain Rossel, who was shot during the Commune, required so much sleep that he had to be awakened by the jailor on the morning of the execution; while Emperor Justinian, on the contrary, needed only one hour's sleep in the twenty-four. Dreams, in particular, are carefully considered by the author, and we take an interest in the subject on account of its importance in the ancient drama and in the classic French tragedies.

In 1843, on completing his studies in Paris, Dr. Mercier took a trip to the Pyrenees. He describes his journey in a charming manner, from notes taken at the time. Before leaving Paris he went to pay a visit to his old friend, Lakanal, the celebrated *Conventionnel*, whose name is associated with the history of education in Louisiana as president of the College of Orleans. Lakanal introduced the young Louisianian to the great sculptor David (of Angers).

The author gives an excellent idea of the Pyrenees country, and the customs of the inhabitants both in France and in Spain. Although half a century has passed since the doctor visited the mountains which nature has placed as a barrier between the two great nations, and although the



world has made wonderful progress since then, it is doubtful whether in these mountainous regions there has been any considerable change in the manners and customs of the people. The Spanish priests must still be drinking from the *porro*, the young men must still be hunting the fleet mountain deer, the bear and the wolves, and the hostess of the inn on the roadside must still be selling to the travelers, with a coquettish smile, red, green, blue or yellow garters embroidered with gold or silver on which love-mottoes are inscribed. The same costumes must still be seen as fifty years ago; everything on the high mountains seems to be immutable as the hard rocks which form them. On leaving the Pyrenees the doctor exclaims:

Solitudes grandioses et douces, paix profonde, ciel étoilé, nuit poétique et propice aux méditations où l'âme sonde l'infini qui est en dehors d'elle et celui qui est en elle, est-ce la dernière fois que je jouis de vous? Je l'ignore; en tout cas, adieu et merci!

In "Rôle des Médailles dans l'histoire des Pays-Bas" Dr. Mercier makes an analysis of one of Edgar Quinet's noblest books, "Fondation de la République des Provinces-Unies." The author pays a magnificent tribute to William the Silent and Marnix de Sainte Aldegonde, and shows the liberators of the Netherlands, in their incessant warfare against Philip, used medals as a means of rousing the anger and the patriotism of the people. "The Revolution," says Quinet,



“spoke incessantly to the people through thousands of brass mouths.”

Mrs. Eulalie L. T. Aleix contributes two charming articles to the *Comptes-Rendus* for 1889: “Le Livre d’or de la comtesse Diane,” and “Maximes de la vie par la comtesse Diane.” Both studies express a philosophy delicate and entirely modern:

Quelle question redoutez-vous le plus? Celle pour laquelle une réponse serait un aveu.

Aimez-vous mieux un coup de pied ou un coup de patte?—Un coup de patte, parce que je peux le rendre en restant bien élevée.

Quelle est la personne la plus aimable?—Celle qui me persuade que c’est moi.

Il est rare que la tête des rois soit faite à la mesure de leur couronne.

C’est le bruit que font nos illusions en s’envolant qui nous les révèle.

“Utilité des Langues Vivantes,” by Mr. François Tujague, is a strong plea in favor of the teaching of the modern languages, and especially of French. He mentions the fact of the closer relations of men in different countries by means of constant travel, and states how emigrants feel at home in a foreign country, if they are able to speak the language of the people among whom they live. He speaks of the admirable literature of the modern nations and of the great thoughts embodied in their masterpieces, and concludes by urging the Louisianians to study French most



diligently. He has faith in the perpetuity of the French language in Louisiana, and says :

Croire que dans un avenir plus ou moins rapproché, le français ne sera plus, en Louisiane, qu'un souvenir d'antan, c'est avoir du bon sens des Louisianais, de leur esprit de prévoyance et de leur amour du progrès une opinion erronée.

Dr. G. Devron makes some very interesting contributions to the early history of Louisiana, and publishes a letter giving curious details of the life in New Orleans four years after the foundation of the city. The letter was written by Father Raphael, *Capucin supérieur de la Mission*. Dr. Devron restores with critical accuracy a number of words which had been torn from both edges of the paper. The same letter was translated later by Mr. John Gilmary Shea, and published in volume ii of the *Historico-Catholic Society of the United States*.

Mr. J. L. Peytavin gives an ingenious explanation of a problem in physics; l'abbé Langlois contributes a scientific paper on botany; Mr. H. Dubos, a well written article on the "Avantages de la culture des Arts ;" and Dr. Mercier and Mr. E. Grima publish some graceful poems.

Mr. Grima's "Pour un Nickel" is light and witty, and Boileau would have called it "un élégant badinage." A young lady enters a city car and on going to pay her fare perceives that she has forgotten her purse. She stands confused and is on the point of leaving the car, when a young



man, like a true knight, rises to relieve her of her embarrassment and steps hurriedly to the box to deposit the needed nickel. But, oh horror! he seeks in vain in his pockets, not a cent is to be found. He already thinks of rushing out and of going into exile in some distant land, when on touching his watch chain he finds a nickel in a ring.

Marthe, ma vieille bonne, au moment de mourir  
 Voulant me laisser d'elle un dernier souvenir,  
 L'avait mis en mes mains: "Tiens, prends-le, me dit-elle,  
 Pour te porter bonheur." Et Marthe disait vrai,  
 Mon bonheur est parfait. La jeune demoiselle  
 Qui n'avait pas de bourse et pour qui je payai,  
 L'inconnue aux yeux noirs, est maintenant ma femme.  
 Entre ses frêles mains j'ai pu risquer mon âme.  
 Oui, nous sommes heureux, et, fortuné mortel,  
 Mon bonheur si parfait n'a coûté qu' nickel.

No analysis could give an idea of the harmonious verses of Dr. Mercier. Let us quote the dialogue between the Suns and the Night:

#### LES SOLEILS.

Nous sommes les Soleils, les vainqueurs de la Nuit;  
 Devant nous elle fuit et meurt. A nous l'espace!  
 A nous l'éternité, nous dont la flamme enlace  
 L'immensité profonde et partout resplendit!

Gloire à nous, rois puissants dont le regard féconde  
 Les sphères décrivant leur orbe autour de nous!  
 Notre chaude clarté réjouit chaque monde;  
 La vie est un bienfait de nos feux purs et doux.

A nous seuls appartient l'étendue infinie;  
 Immortels nous flottons et toujours avançons.  
 Nés de nos mouvements, des fleuves d'harmonie  
 Circulent dans l'éther partout où nous passons.



## LA NUIT.

Vous mentez, ô Soleils! à moi seule appartiennent  
L'espace sans limites et l'immortalité.  
Au-delà des lointains où vos rayons parviennent,  
Mon noir abîme étend sa morne immensité.

Semés de loin en loin sur mon manteau d'ébène,  
Vous ornez pour un temps ma sévère beauté;  
Il n'est permis qu'à moi, moi votre souveraine,  
De dire à haute voix:—J'ai toujours existé.

D'innombrables soleils, avant votre naissance,  
Etincelaient déjà sur l'abîme sans fond;  
Où sont-ils aujourd'hui? qui pleure leur absence?  
Qui cherche leur éclat disparu de mon front?

Cessez donc, orgueilleux, de chanter vos louanges!  
Eclairez, échauffez les mondes habités.  
Je vous absorberai, passagères phalanges,  
Quand par le temps qui fuit vos jours seront comptés.

Our literature published in 1889 is certainly very creditable.

The articles which appeared in the *Comptes-Rendus de l'Athénée* in 1890 are of a character more varied than in 1889. The first paper which attracts our attention is an "Etude sur Robert-Edouard Lee," by Mr. G. Doussan. The author evidently studied his subject carefully, and has rendered full justice to the great Confederate chieftain. Let us be thankful to Mr. Doussan for presenting to us a very interesting picture of a man whose memory is honored by every American, and who, in the opinion of many, is the most perfect character in our history since Washington.

"Le Pugilat chez les Anciens et les Modernes,"



by Dr. Alfred Mercier, gives us an account of prize-fighting among the ancients, and describes the terrible duel between Epeos and Euryalos, in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, and the combat of Dares and Entellus, in the fifth book of the *Æneid*. However horrible and brutal those fights of the ancients appear to us, in spite of the beautiful verses of the greatest masters of antiquity, we must remember that they were the outcome of a civilization in which physical force and skill were of the greatest use in battle. Now, however, as the Doctor remarks, men are killed in wars at great distances, and physical strength, as exemplified by the combats described by Homer and Virgil, is no longer necessary. Let boxing, therefore, be considered an hygienic exercise, and let us not adore, as did the Greeks, athletes whose brutal exhibitions are demoralizing and revolting to our sense of delicacy.

Dr. Mercier, who has made a special study of the Creole patois and who uses it with great charm in his novels, has translated several of *Æsop's* fables into our Louisiana patois. He gives the fables imitated by La Fontaine, and shows that those of *Æsop* translated into the naive and sweet Creole patois are not unworthy to be compared with those of the great fabulist of the seventeenth century.

The following fables are really charming and quaint in their new garb:



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fled from the society of man and believes that he is alone in his eagle's nest, when he hears a voice near him in the darkness. He then perceives in the light of the moon an old and gigantic owl. It is Ascalaphos, whom the wrath of Ceres and Persephone has metamorphosed, and who has been condemned by the goddesses to live forever. He has a long conversation with Réditus, in which he expounds to the latter the history and destiny of mankind. The bird of night then takes his flight toward Africa, into the interior of which the white man is at last penetrating, and Réditus exclaims in verses really grand :

Il a pris son essor. Quels vigoureux coups d'aile!  
 Il va plus promptement que la prompte hirondelle.  
 Il est déjà bien loin. Ce n'est plus qu'un point noir;  
 A peine si mes yeux peuvent encore le voir.  
 Dans une vapeur d'or il plonge, et la lumière  
 L'absorbe. Je le cherche en vain dans l'atmosphère:  
 Plus rien. Oh! si j'avais des ailes comme lui;  
 J'irais revoir le ciel où mes beaux jours ont lui,  
 Les jours d'enchantement, d'espérance et d'ivresse,  
 Les jours si fugitifs de l'heureuse jeunesse.  
 Mais ne regrettons rien. Laissons s'évanouir  
 L'image d'un passé qui ne peut revenir.

Dr. Dell' Orto contributes to the *Comptes-Rendus* some interesting translations from the Italian. We feel pained at the sad death of Toto, the *ouistiti* who dies of sorrow because he has broken to pieces his lady-love, the porcelain *monachella*.

Mr. Peytavin presents the result of important researches made by him upon the vicissitudes



of the theatre in Richmond during the war, and renders justice to the energy and love for his art of Orsy Ogden, who, in spite of numberless obstacles, managed to keep his theatre open until the fall of the capital of the Confederacy.

Mr. George Dessommes' "La Légende d'Or-este" is a scholarly piece of work. The author makes a comparative study of the Oresteia in Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, and gives a clear idea of the differences in the genius of the great Greek dramatists.

"Autriche-Hongrie," by Franz Kupetz, is an interesting account of the present condition of the empire of Francis Joseph, and "Citrus trifoliata," by Dr. Devron, is a scientific botanical study.

Mr. E. Grima wrote, in 1890, several light and graceful poems: "Pourquoi Jean est resté garçon" is witty and amusing, and "Elégie" is very touching.

Dominique Rouquette, perhaps the best and most original poet that Louisiana has produced, died in May, 1890. I devoted a few pages in the *Comptes-Rendus de l'Athénée* to the memory of the old bard of the Tchefuncte. I wish to reproduce here one of his delicate and tender poems.

A MME. ADÈLE C \* \* \*

Dites, avez-vous vu, comme souvent je vois,  
 Sur les pieux vermoulus, au rebord des vieux toits  
 Une plante flétrie et réduite en poussière?  
 Dites, avez-vous vu la sauvage fougère,  
 Desséchée aux rayons de nos soleils d'été,



Sur un hangar croulant, tombant de vétusté?—  
 La plante qu'à regret quelque pieu tremblant porte,  
 Fanée, étiolée, à nos yeux semble morte;  
 Balancée au rebord du vieux hangar mouvant,  
 Ce n'est qu'un peu de poudre abandonnée au vent;  
 Mais qu'une fraîche ondée inattendue arrive,  
 Laissant couler sur elle une goutte d'eau vive;  
 La plante, bénissant le torrent bienfaiteur,  
 Recouvre sa verdure et toute sa fraîcheur;  
 Ainsi, dans notre cœur qu'un tourbillon emporte,  
 Dans nos cœurs oublieux, l'amitié semble morte,  
 Mais le doux souvenir, la ranimant parfois,  
 Lui donne la beauté, la fraîcheur d'autrefois.

I shall mention only briefly the works published from 1891 to 1893. In 1891 Dr. Alfred Mercier published a novel, "Johnnelle." It is a work of high philosophy, in which the author attacks infanticide, that monstrous crime, but yet too frequent. Mr. Edward Dessommes published in Paris "Femme et Statue," a clever archæological study. Miss Marie Augustin published in 1892 a strong and dramatic novel, "Le Macandal," based on an interesting episode of the revolt of the blacks against the whites in San Domingo.

The writers in the *Comptes-Rendus de l'Athénée* from 1891 to 1893 are nearly the same as those in 1889 and 1890. We may add to that list the names of Mr. A. Schreiber, Mr. Félix Voorhies, and Mr. H. L. Ducroq.

I take the liberty to mention here my historical lectures, "le Château de Chambord" (1884), "les Conquêtes des Normands" (1889), my literary lectures, "le Vieux Français et la Littéra-



ture du Moyen Age" (1885), "Sept Grands Auteurs du XIXe Siecle" (1889), "Gabriel d'Ennerich," an historical novelette (1886), and "Histoire de la Littérature Française" (1893).

The French literature of Louisiana is no unworthy daughter of that of France, and will long continue to live; it is modest and simple, but above all sincere in its love for Louisiana, the United States and France.

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#### IV.—ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The English literature of the State of Louisiana is very extensive and we have so large a number of authors in every branch that in such a short sketch I can only mention the most important ones, or, at least, the works which have marked the development of our literature.

For a number of years after the cession to the United States the conditions were not favorable to English literature. The settlers from the United States were not very numerous and they were too much absorbed by their material interests to attend to literary pursuits. As the prosperity of the State increased more attention was paid to education, but the culture of the people, as in other Southern States, was directed principally to statesmanship, and we had great orators, distinguished journalists, but comparatively few authors of note. It is proper to state, however, that the celebrated



*De Bow's Review* exerted a great influence, for many years, upon literature. Its pages contain papers of value on all kinds of subjects and it is a complete encyclopedia of the Old South. The institution of slavery is claimed by many as having been detrimental to literary activity. It was not, perhaps, so much slavery itself as the material prosperity accompanying it which was a drawback to literature. The Southern people were content with attending to their mercantile and agricultural interests and with governing the nation, to a great extent, and although many were highly educated few wrote in branches generally included in the term literature. Too many, however, spent their energy and their talents in defending with their pens the cause of slavery, a cause which was naturally considered by them legal and just. Slavery, in that way, injured literature. Let us not, however, scorn the Old South, for the New South did not spring into existence in full womanhood as Minerva of old; it is but the continuation of the Old South; the New is possible only because the Old has existed. The changes accomplished since the war were the result of circumstances existing before the war, and the expression the *New South* should be taken rather as indicating a condition of things transformed but not new.

After the convulsion caused by the war literature revived slowly in the State; the excellent newspapers in New Orleans, both in French and English, contributed largely to that revival by devoting



as they are still doing, a large space in their columns to literary subjects. The greatest factor, however, in the development of our literature in the last few years has been the establishment in New Orleans of the Tulane University. It has raised considerably the level of education, and by its public lectures and the influence of its faculty and students has given a wonderful impetus to the literary spirit. The State University at Baton Rouge has also done good work in that direction. It is but fair to state the influence exerted from its foundation, many years ago, of the New Orleans Academy of Sciences, and of the "Geographic" and "Quarante" Clubs. These societies are doing for English literature in Louisiana what the "Athénée Louisianais" is doing for French literature, and their share in the intellectual development of our people is considerable. The "Geographic" and "Quarante" Clubs were organized by the ladies of New Orleans. Col. Johnston, in his excellent lectures on Shakspeare delivered at Tulane University in 1890, says on this subject: "The feeling has come home to our best and strongest women, those who mould and sway the opinions of the mass, that they must not delay to enter into that higher realm of thought which lifts humanity, even so much as one step, nearer to the Divine Archetype. And they have adjudged aright when they decided that this was to be found in the best literature. For the best literature embodies the best thought of the highest thinkers, addressed to the hearts of all



mankind." The course of study pursued by these clubs includes many important subjects, among which we may mention: Study of Greek Drama, of Ancient Religions, of Victorian Poets of England, and of France in eighteenth century.

It is very much to be regretted that *Art and Letters*, a beautiful illustrated magazine published in New Orleans in 1887, did not last more than a year. Its influence on our literature was, however, beneficial, and some of the best local writers were contributors to it.

*Current Topics* is a sprightly little monthly magazine edited by Mrs. P. W. Mount (Ruth Ramay). It is to be hoped that its success is assured.

The Southern Art Union, an institution organized also by ladies, did a great deal of good in the few years of its existence, and we will conclude the list of factors in our intellectual and literary development by mentioning the *Louisiana Journal of Education* and the Louisiana Educational Society. The *Journal of Education* was founded in 1879 by Professors R. M. Lusher and W. O. Rogers, and continued until 1888, owing to the energy and devotion of Prof. Rogers. Its pages, like those of *DeBow's Review*, contain a great number of very important papers and form a large part of our literature. The Louisiana Educational Society has stirred up public sentiment throughout the whole State in favor of education and has established at Ruston one of those noble institutions, a Chautauqua.



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With the name of Judge Martin that of Judge Gayarré is intimately associated, as both have written histories of Louisiana which are the best which we have. After having published his two histories in French Mr. Gayarré rewrote his History of Louisiana, and published it in English in four volumes. This work has placed Mr. Gayarré with the greatest historians of America, and is recognized by all as a standard work. It begins with the Romance of the History of Louisiana, in which the legends of the State are related in a florid style suitable to the subject. The history proper is based on original documents, and is narrated with such impartiality that the author has been accused of not condemning with sufficient severity the cruel acts of O'Reilly.

Gayarré's History of Louisiana is so well known that I shall pass to his Philip II. This work is not in reality a history of the gloomy and cruel tyrant of the Escorial, but a series of striking and forcible tableaux which remind us of Carlyle's "French Revolution." The author gives first a graphic description of the horrible death of Philip, and shows the sanguinary despot resigned, calm and composed at the moment of appearing before his judge, and calls attention to the curious psychical problem involved in that death with its apparent unconsciousness of guilt. The different scenes of Philip's reign are presented to us: the probable murder of his son, his efforts to suppress heresy throughout Europe, his persecution of the princess



Eboli and of Antonio Perez, the extraordinary resistance of the latter, his defence by the people of Saragossa and the ultimate loss of the *fueros* of Aragon, and the complete enslavement of the Spanish people. The reign of Philip, in spite of his power, marks the beginning of the downfall of Spain under the rule of the house of Austria, and Mr. Gayarré has indicated clearly the causes which led to the ruin of the great kingdom of Charles and Philip. It is to be regretted that the historian did not present to us some scenes of the conflict between Philip and his subjects of the Netherlands; he might have given us striking pictures of Alva and of the heroes of the house of Orange.

Besides the above works Mr. Gayarré published in different magazines a number of important historical and literary papers. We may mention: "A Historical Sketch of the Two Lafittes," "A Louisiana Sugar Plantation of the Old Regime," "The New Orleans Bench and Bar in 1823," "Mary Stuart," "Don Carlos and Isabelle de Valois," "Literature in Louisiana," and "The Creoles of History and the Creoles of Romance," in which he refutes completely Mr. Cable's misrepresentations of the Louisianians of French and Spanish descent. We shall again refer to Mr. Gayarré as a dramatist and a novelist; we must now consider Judge Alexander Walker's "Life of Andrew Jackson and Battle of New Orleans 1860." The author gives a brief account of Jackson's career before he went to New Orleans in



1814 to defend that city from the invasion of the English. He then describes minutely the memorable events of December, 1814, and January, 1815, and his narrative is very interesting. Mr. Walker was a patriot and he gloried in the achievements of the Americans. He defends the brothers Lafitte from the accusation of piracy and robbery, and what is pleasing to a Louisianian who reads this book, the author proves how patriotic were the Louisianians in the war against the English, how noble were the women of New Orleans, how intrepid and devoted were the Louisiana soldiers, of whatever origin. The defeat and complete rout of the British army by Jackson is an extraordinary event in history, and Mr. Walker can be said to have accomplished well the task he had undertaken of narrating the heroic deeds of our fathers in 1814 and 1815. Judge Walker's son, Mr. Norman McF. Walker, is also a well known writer. His paper, "The Geographical Nomenclature of Louisiana," published in the *Magazine of American History* for September, 1883, gives proof of much research and explains very ingeniously the curious and interesting geographical names in Louisiana. The town of Gretna, named from the fact of an old justice of the peace "getting out of bed at any hour of the night to marry a couple of young lovers from the city;" Paincourtville, "Short-bread Town," so-called because a traveler passing through the village many years ago was unable to ob-



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lish prose. Gen. Johnston's character is one of the noblest in our history, and his military career was conspicuous for his devotion to duty. His services in Texas, in the Far West, and in the Southern Confederacy are related with many details and with true filial love. Col. Johnston is also the author of lectures on Shakspeare, comprising studies on Macbeth and Hamlet. His theory that James VI, of Scotland, was the prototype of Hamlet is ingenious and well argued. Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, has spoken of Col. Johnston's book as being among the best Shakspearian studies published in this country.

The "Military Operations of Gen. Beauregard," by Col. Alfred Roman, is another important work concerning the Civil War. The life and campaigns of the celebrated Louisiana soldier are described minutely by Col. Roman, who wrote English as well as French, and we take the greatest pleasure in reading of the achievements of one of the most distinguished generals and military engineers in the Confederacy. Judge Gayarré has reviewed favorably in the Southern Historical Society Papers the "Military Operations of Gen. Beauregard" and says: "Henceforth, of our Civil War it will be impossible to write the history without taking this valuable contribution to it into the most serious consideration."

The opinion of Gen. Beauregard on military matters is always important, and the soldier world



must have been well pleased when they read Gen. Beauregard's "Commentary on the Campaign and Battle of Manassas" and his "Summary of the Art of War," published in 1891. The style is clear and simple, I may say mathematically precise, and documentary evidence is given for the statements advanced.

"Military Record of Louisiana" and "A Soldier's Story of the War," by Napier Bartlett, are useful and patriotic works. One reads with emotion the long list of our Louisiana soldiers, where are to be met so often the words "killed," "died of sickness," "wounded," a sad but glorious record.

Louisiana must be thankful to Mr. Bartlett for his work, and also to Col. Wm. Miller Owen for his excellent history of that famous organization, the "Washington Artillery." "In Camp and Battle" relates with wit and pathos the camp life and the battles of the celebrated battalion. There is humor for some incidents and deep earnestness for others. The author guides us in an interesting manner throughout the whole war over numerous battlefields, and concludes with those words which every Southern man, old or young, will heartily approve: "Sons of veterans, brave young hearts, greet it (the United States flag) and rally under it, and should our country ever become engaged in foreign war and call to its aid the men of Louisiana, be assured the Washington Artillery will take the field at the first bugle blast, and again show the



world of what stuff it was made in the days that are gone, when the brazen throats of its guns blazed forth on so many ensanguined battle fields under the eyes of its beloved commanders, Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and Longstreet.”

The “History of the Third Regiment Louisiana Infantry,” by W. H. Tunnard, is another work which relates the brave deeds of our soldiers, and which we read with pride.

One of our most heroic governors was H. W. Allen. A monument has been erected to him on the hill at Baton Rouge, where stands our capitol, and our people will always remember the name of the true patriot who was maimed for his State and governed it so well in the most trying period of its history. Before the war Henry W. Allen was a planter in West Baton Rouge, and in 1859 took a trip to Europe. He relates his voyage in “The Travels of a Sugar Planter,” and we read the book with a feeling of awe at the unexpected fate of the man who in 1860 was a peaceful traveler in Europe and so soon afterward was to be a leader in one of the fiercest struggles ever recorded. Governor Allen’s literary work must be cherished with veneration by the State for which he suffered so much, and all should read the tribute paid to his memory by Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey. Her “Recollections of Henry Watkins Allen,” written, it is said, at Gov. Allen’s dying request, was published in 1867. Mr. J. W. Davidson, in “Living Writers of the South,” quotes



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on original documents and has great merit. Miss King wrote also in collaboration with Prof. J. R. Ficklen an excellent school History of Louisiana. The work has been adopted for use in the public schools in the State.

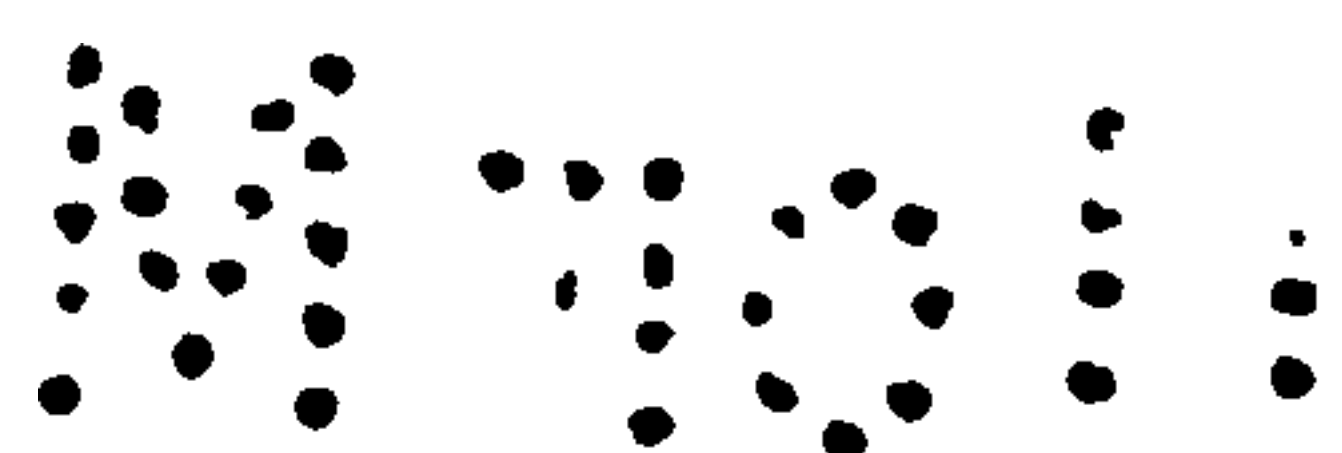
Gen Richard Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction" is one of the most valuable works we have on the history of the Civil War. Gen. Taylor relates his campaigns in Virginia and in the Trans-Mississippi Department and his work is interesting and well written.

In writing the biography of the Hon. Chas. Gayarré Mr. E. C. Wharton rendered a service to his native State. It is a just tribute to a devoted son of Louisiana.

"The Life of James Henley Thornwell," by Dr. B. M. Palmer, is written in that admirable style and with that wonderful eloquence which have made Dr. Palmer's name so well known throughout the country as a pulpit orator. It is always interesting to read the life of a good man written by a good man, and Dr. Palmer's biography of Dr. Thornwell, as well as his "Formation of Character," are works which elevate both the heart and the mind.

Mother Austin Carroll has written the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy and many papers published in the Catholic journals.

We must not omit the important Historical Collections of B. F. French.





## THE DRAMA.

Our literature comprises few dramatic works, but those which we have are of some interest. One of the most tragic and noble events in our history is the revolution of October, 1768, by which our ancestors drove out the Spanish governor imposed upon them, and, not being able to remain Frenchmen, resolved upon proclaiming their independence. It is well known that O'Reilly put to death the chiefs of the patriots of 1768 and 1769. Their names, however, have come down to us as those of the *Martyr Patriots*, and it is this theme which Judge T. Wharton Collens chose for a tragedy in five acts and in verse. The work was written in 1833, and published in 1836; in the same year it was performed at the St. Charles Theatre and favorably received. The principal personages are Lafrénière, Villeré and Aubry. The first two are most patriotic, and represented in their historical character, but it is to be regretted that the author should have made of Aubry a vile and mercenary wretch, who plots with Gabriel, a half-breed Indian brought up by Villeré, the death of the magnanimous planter and the ruin of his family. Aubry's conduct in those sad events is far from being blameless, but he was not a murderer. The play is too horrible, in spite of the love of Lafrénière and Adélaïde, Villeré's daughter, and we must admire the lofty sentiments of the author more than the plot of the work. The verses are good, and Judge



Collens can be counted among our poets. He wrote also two works on psychology and political economy, "Humanics" and "The Eden of Labor."

Judge Gayarré, whose name is to be seen on every page of a history of literature in Louisiana, published in 1854 "The School of Politics," a dramatic novel, one of the most interesting works that I have ever read. It is a sharp and amusing criticism of American politics, and it is with the utmost *finesse* that the author takes us behind the scenes on the political stage and points to us the wires as they are pulled by the rival candidates for senatorial honors. A love story entwined in the plot introduces an element of poetry in the play, while Beckendorf, an honorable representative and beer dealer, who wishes to become an ambassador to Europe, is a burlesque and amusing character. Randolph, the honest man, wins the race for which he was apparently not striving, but in his deep laid plans he is not as scrupulous as we might expect from the most honest man in that world of politicians. A few years ago Judge Gayarré published another amusing comedy, "Dr. Bluff, or the American Doctor in Russia."

"The Late Lamented" (1878), by Judge W. W. Howe, is a very good comedy. Mrs. Billington erects a mausoleum in her garden to her first husband, Major Bagatelle, and her maid servant, Mary, sings continually the praises of her late lover, James Barber, in presence of her present lover, John Poole. The deceased major and



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Mr. Wharton wrote also "The Toodles," a comedietta in one act, and several farces which were very successful. "The Baggs-es," "The J. J's," "Ten Thousand Filibusters," also "House to Rent," a dramatic sketch published in the *Manhattan Magazine*. Mr. Wharton was a man of merit, but he was so modest that he did not have the reputation which he deserved. Attention should be called to the name of an eminent Louisiana playwright.

#### POETRY AND LITERARY SKETCHES.

Our literature, both in English and in French, is exceedingly rich in poets. We have many authors who have left well known names, but whose works are not easy to be found. I shall be satisfied with naming those and shall give more details about our best living poets.

J. W. Overall and M. F. Bigney were liberal and enlightened patrons of literature in New Orleans. Both were poets, and Mr. Bigney published in 1867 a volume called "The Forest Pilgrims and Other Poems," among which the "Wreck of the Nautilus" has often been quoted.

Want of space forbids anything else but mention of a number of our female poets. For a detailed account of their writings I beg to refer to "Living Female Writers of the South" (1872), by the author of "Southland Writers," and to "The Living Writers of the South" (1869), by J. W. Davidson. In these two books we find the names



of M. Sophie Homes (Millie Mayfield), author of "Carrie Harrington, or Scenes in New Orleans," a prose work, and of two volumes of poems, "Progression, or the South Defended," and "A Wreath of Rhymes;" Mrs. Anna Peyre Dinnies (Moïna), "The Floral Year," one hundred poems illustrating a bouquet of flowers; Mrs. Marie Bushnell Williams, a distinguished pupil of Alexander Dimitry, whose translations from different languages are admirable and whose poems are held in high esteem; Mrs. Julia Pleasants Creswell; Mrs. Eliza Elliott Harper; Mrs. M. W. Crear; Mrs. Suzan Blanchard Elder, daughter of Gen. A. G. Blanchard, whom it was my good fortune to meet at the New Orleans Academy of Sciences, a brave soldier and a scholar. Mrs. Elder has largely contributed to the press under the *nom de plume* "Hermine," and has written vigorous war songs and harmonious poems; Mrs. Mary S. Whitaker, the well known author of the novel "Albert Hastings" and of many poems, whose daughter Lily is also a poet; Mrs. M. B. Hay; Mrs. E. A. Moriarty; Mrs. Louise (Clack) Richardson; Mrs. Florence J. Willard, novelist and poet; Mrs. E. M. Keplinger; Mrs. Virginia French, who can be considered a Louisiana author, a talented poet and novelist; Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, one of our best Southern poets; Mrs. Alice Dalsheimer; Mrs. M. G. Goodale. Many other names could be added to the list, but in this brief sketch it is impossible to give a complete account of our female writers.



“Translations from Lamartine and Other Poems,” by James T. Smith, is a book which deserves to be better known. It is interesting to a student of French to see how well Mr. Smith translates the works of the author of the “Meditations.”

“War Flowers” (1865), by John Augustin, contains some pretty poems written during the war, “many of them,” says the author, “having been scribbled on the limber chest of a 12-pound Napoleon, many in the trenches—others, more fortunate, had the honor of taking a position in a lady’s album.” Major Augustin wrote also French poetry, and was a distinguished journalist.

Mrs. Mollie E. Moore Davis, Mrs. Gideon Townsend and Mrs. Nicholson are without doubt our three best known poets.

Miss Moore (Mrs. Davis) began writing poetry before she was nine years old, says the author of “Living Female Writers of the South,” and she was called “The Texas Mocking-bird.” We are indeed fortunate that she has become one of Louisiana’s sweetest songsters. Col. C. G. Forshey said of her: “Taking Miss Moore’s poems all in all, they indicate a wide range of excellence, a lofty sweep of thought, a subtle gift in allegory and personification, and richness in exquisite fancies.” I have before me a volume of Mrs. Davis’ early poems, and I can but approve every word of Col. Forshey’s eulogy, “Minding the Gap” is touching and rich in local coloring, and “Heart’s Ease,” “Going Out and Coming In,” “Forgot-



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Mrs. Davis' later poems have not been gathered in book form. Let us hope that we may soon have another volume from our "Louisiana Mockingbird." In that book would be found "Père Dago-bert," and "Wanga," that powerful poem published in *Harper's Weekly* July 20, 1889. The withered old woman at her incantations would remind us of the witches in "Macbeth," if there was not in her a tender chord—love for husband and children.

Her voice is hushed, she crouches low  
 Above the embers' flickering glow.  
 The swamp wind wakes, and many a thing  
 Unnamed flits by on furry wing.  
 They brush her cheeks unfelt; she hears  
 The far-off songs of other years.  
 Her eyes grow tender as she sways  
 And croons above the dying blaze.

Oh, de cabin at de quarter in de old plantation days,  
 Wid de garden patch behin' it an' de godevine by the do',  
 An' de do'-yard sot wid roses, whar de chillun runs and plays,  
 An' de streak o' sunshine, yaller lak er slantin' on de flo'!

Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend was first known by her "Crossbone Papers," "Quillotypes," "My Penny Dip," called by J. W. Davidson "the best and wittiest plea for babies that has ever circulated through Southern ephemeral literature." She published also in 1859 "The Brother Clerks, a Tale of New Orleans," but although her prose is much admired it is through her poems that she has acquired a national reputation. I have just read her two volumes of verse, and my



opinion is that Xariffa is one of the greatest poets of America. "Her blank verse," says a critic, "is remarkable for its ease, vigor and spirit;" her sonnets are elegant, and her rhymed verse is harmonious. In "Xariffa's Poems" we see "Creed," that poetic hymn which really began Mrs. Townsend's great reputation. Here are the last two stanzas:

I believe who hath not loved,  
 Hath half the sweetness of his life unproved;  
 Like one who, with the grape within his grasp,  
 Drops it with all its crimson juice unpressed,  
 And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,  
 Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,  
 Is to the soul a sweet immortal dew  
 That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk—  
 The waiting angels see and recognize  
 The rich crown jewel, love, of Paradise,  
 When life falls from us like a withered husk.

"Down the Bayou and Other Poems," contains that thrilling narrative "The Captain's Story," and many other poetic gems. Mrs. Townsend's tribute to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston was worthy of the subject, and her pen is always ready for a patriotic work.

Another sweet singer is "Pearl Rivers," Mrs. Nicholson. A critic has said of her: "She is one of Nature's sweetest poets, and as pure-hearted as the blue river from which she takes her name—a wild-wood warbler, knowing how to sing of birds and flowers and flowing brooks, and all things



beautiful." Pearl Rivers' "Lyrics" seem to have flown naturally from her lips, and hers is indeed a "Singing Heart:"

The world has bruised the singing heart,  
 It has wept tears like dew;  
 And Slander, with a poisoned dart,  
 Has pierced it through and through.  
 But singing hearts are hard to kill,  
 And God made mine with wings,  
 To fly above all earthly ill;  
 And so it lives and sings.

Mrs. Nicholson is proprietor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, and writes often in that paper in prose and verse.

Julie K. Wetherill (Mrs. Marion A. Baker) is one of the most gifted among the many ladies who write for the newspapers and magazines. Her poems are graceful and harmonious, as "Echo" and "A Fountain Sealed," and also concise and epigrammatic, as

#### A METEOR AT DUSK.

Behold! one turns, with wind-blown, golden head,  
 A backward glance to where the feasters stand,  
 Where songs arise, where bloom of wine is shed;  
 And so the lamp from out her slackened hand  
 Falls; and the darkness falls; and day is dead.

Mrs. Baker is a literary critic of great merit; she is witty, accurate and forcible. Her articles "The Seamy Side of Literature" in *Lippincott's Magazine* and "The Minutes by the Clock" in the *New York Critic* are models of good-natured irony.



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magazines many sketches and stories, Mrs. Mattie H. Williams, of the Shreveport *Caucasian*, and Mrs. L. Jastremski (Olive Otis).

Judge A. A. Gunby, of Monroe, has published a number of well written papers on literary and educational subjects.

Mrs. Sallie Rhett Roman's articles in the *Sunday Times-Democrat* and in the magazines have been much admired. They are always written with force and evince thought and excellent judgment.

James R. Randall, the author of "My Maryland," may be counted among our poets, as for some time Louisiana was his home.

Mrs. John R. Ficklen's paper on "Dream Poetry," in *Scribner's Magazine*, evinces originality and thought, and was favorably commented upon.

Mrs. Robert Sharp published in *Art and Letters* a charming description of a "Vacation in Norway."

Mr. Andrew Wilkinson's sketches of plantation life are accurate and curious.

Mrs. Matilda A. Bailey's literary sketches have been very popular.

I shall close this account of our poetry with the following verses published by Col. Johnston in the *Century Magazine* for 1884, and which teach a lesson of Christian humility and self-forgetfulness:

**THE MASTER.**

**AN IMITATION.**

Q. Tell me, O Sage! What is the true ideal?

A. A man I knew—a living soul and real.

Q. Tell me, my friend! Who was this mighty master?

A. The child of wrong, the pupil of disaster.



Q. Under what training grew his lofty mind?

A. In cold neglect and poverty combined.

Q. What honors crowned his works with wealth and praise?

A. Patience and faith and love filled all his days.

Q. And when he died what victories had he won?

A. Humbly to live and hope—his work was done.

Q. What mourning nations grieved round his bier?

A. A loving eye dropped there a sorrowing tear.

Q. But history, then, will consecrate his sleep?

A. His name is lost; angels his record keep.

### NOVELS.

As with our poets the number of our novelists is large, and I shall speak of the best known and of the most recent. The first name to attract our attention is that of Charles Gayarré, who, besides writing several novelettes, published two novels, "Fernando de Lemos" and "Aubert Dubayet." Mr. Gayarré may not properly be called a novelist, because in neither of his works does he give a complete plot or tries to delineate a character by the events in which the personages are involved. "Fernando de Lemos" has more of fiction than "Aubert Dubayet," but in both works we see the historian of Louisiana, who strives to instruct as well as to please. Many interesting incidents are related in "Fernando de Lemos," and the author displays poetic feeling and great imagination in the cemetery scenes with the mad sexton. The episode of Backbone and Sadfish is amusing, and the anecdote about Judge Papillon is humorous; he decided his cases with the help of two peas which he drew from



his pocket—black for defendant, white for plaintiff.

In "Aubert Dubayet," which is rather a history than a novel, we have accurate pictures of the men of the two great revolutions, the American and the French. We should be grateful to Mr. Gayarré for honoring the memory of Dubayet, the Louisianian, who shared with Kléber the glory of defending Mayence, who was a general of division in the army of the Republic and who died at thirty-eight minister plenipotentiary of France at Constantinople.

Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey, already mentioned as an historian, was also one of our best novelists. She was, as Mrs. Williams, an accomplished linguist and read six languages. She wrote "Lucia Dare," "Agnes Graham," "A Southern Villegiatura" and "Panola." Of these works I read only the last, which gave me a great opinion of the author's talent. The plot is well drawn, the characters well sustained and the style is good. "Panola" has a great quality, one not so common as people might imagine, it is interesting. When Mrs. Dorsey died in 1879 she left to Jefferson Davis his last home, Beauvoir.

Mr. Charles Dimitry has written poetry and several novels, of which "The House on Balfour Street" (1868) is a work of great force. It reminds one of Dickens, Hawthorne and Thackeray. It has the sombre and somewhat repulsive gloom of "Dombey and Son," in the flight of Mrs. Dom-



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beauty and refinement of its women, and the highly polished manners of both sexes.” Again he says: “The Creoles he met in private and at the clubs spoke English so perfectly and fluently that only the most attentive and cultivated ear could detect any deviation from the standard. The differences of accentuation and intonation were so delicate, mere *nuances*, that they never could be transferred to paper, or represented by any possible species of bad spelling.” It is to be regretted that Dr. Holcombe should have given to some of his heroes the names of several of the oldest Creole families in Louisiana, a fact which is displeasing to those who bear those names at present, and which is contrary to usage. The doctor’s novel appeared to me a well planned and vigorous book, and his great knowledge of hypnotism and other spiritual sciences gives an air of reality to the most incredible events. His treatment of the negro question is fair and rational and will be approved by all impartial Southern men.

Miss Grace King is one of our best novelists. She has written a number of short stories in the different magazines and has won for herself quite an enviable reputation. “Madrilène” reminds us of Théophile Gautier’s fantastic and powerful poem, “La Comédie de la Mort,” and the surroundings of the poor girl and her sad fate are vividly described. This very vividness, however, produces on us a somewhat painful impression, as we are carried along breathless through the plot,



The style is forcible, but the sentences are sometimes a little too short. I may apply the same remarks to "Bayou l'Ombre," "The Christmas Story of a Little Church," and the last two chapters of "Monsieur Motte," "The Drama of an Evening," and "Marriage of Marie Modeste." I have nothing but praises for "Monsieur Motte" and "On the Plantation." Life in the boarding school is beautifully described, as well as the sweet love of the old couple, Madame Lareveillère and Monsieur Goupilleau. The descriptive style of Miss King is poetic and true to nature. The first pages of "On the Plantation" are really charming, and give a longing for country life. Besides the above works Miss King has written "Earthlings," "Bonne Maman," and several other stories. We may predict a bright future to our young Louisiana novelist.

Mr. George W. Cable's works of fiction are well known, and, as a rule, have been much admired. While residing in Louisiana he wrote his "Old Creole Days," "Madame Delphine," and "The Grandissimes." He is a novelist of some talent, especially in his short stories, and presents tableaux with force, but his descriptions of Creole life and his types of the Creole gentleman and lady are utterly incorrect. They are misrepresentations of an honorable and chivalric race, and have excited the just indignation of every Louisianian of the Latin race and of many of the Anglo-Saxon.

After reading Mrs. R. T. Buckner's "Toward



the Gulf" one feels a sensation of inexpressible sadness at the fate of the sweet Bamma and her pretty boy, but in spite of our pity for their misfortune we must thank Mrs. Buckner for her courage in telling us in such a touching and eloquent manner that miscegenation would indeed lead the South *toward the Gulf*, toward a fathomless abyss. Let the two races live separate, it is better for both. The book is very well written and the description of the Mississippi and of the crevasse on the plantation is quite graphic. "Toward the Gulf" is certainly one of the best works in our literature.

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn began his literary career in Louisiana and wrote his chief works in New Orleans. "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature" and "Some Chinese Ghosts" are weird and poetic, and "Chita" is a remarkable work. The style is brilliant and the author seems to paint rather than to write, so vivid are his descriptions. It seems as if we were present at the time of the dreadful catastrophe which annihilated Last Island; we hear the sound of music at the hotel, we see the graceful couples gliding before us, while the roar of the tempest keeps time with the dance, and all at once there is a crash like thunder, the ball room is rent by the fierce hands of the powerful wind, the waves sweep over the despairing men, women and children, and soon numberless bodies are carried along by the mad waters toward the mighty gulf. On a table is a dead woman and



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and tell her that it was the sword of a brave and honorable man who died a gallant death on the battle field." I wish I could give longer quotations from Mrs. Davis' book in order that all may see what a charming work it is. Mrs. Davis has written many stories and sketches, among which we must mention Keren-happuch, a series of clever papers on New Orleans life and scenes.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart is one of the most gifted of Louisiana's daughters. I have read with great pleasure her stories published in the different magazines. "The Golden Wedding" represents exactly the childlike and naïve character of the negro who has not been spoilt by the politician, and "Christmas Gifts" is an interesting story of slave times. "Camelia Ricardo" and "Carlotta's Intended" give us an idea of *dago* life, and although we catch a glimpse of the dreaded mafia, the plot of both stories is graceful and touching. Mrs. Stuart has now attained success and will continue producing her life-like novelettes.

Mr. E. C. Wharton's "War of the Bachelors" is a long and carefully written novel in which many incidents lead a well constructed plot to the conclusion.

Mr. George Augustin has published a volume of stories, "Legends of New Orleans," which give promise for the future, and Miss Marie L. Points has written in the Sunday *Picayune* many interesting stories of local life.



“The Story of an Enthusiast” (1888), by Mrs. C. V. Jamison, is a work in which the author displays great imagination and poetic feeling. The story is somewhat weird and fantastic, but we take a great interest in the fate of the unfortunate artist, Markland, and the sweet Dorethea. The “head with the black beretta,” the sublime creation of Raphael, seems to be a living personage and plays the principal part in the plot. The secondary personages are also powerfully drawn, and one may well say that Mrs. Jamison’s book is a well written story, sad, touching and mysterious.

I have never read a more charming story than “Lady Jane” (1891), by Mrs. C. V. Jamison. It is so simple, graceful and touching, and the personages, including the heron, are so real. A little boy meets on a train going to New Orleans a lady and her little daughter and gives to the latter a blue heron. The lady and her child fall into the clutches of Madame Jozain and her worthy son, Raste, at Gretna, and after the death of her mother, poor little Lady Jane remains in the power of Madame Jozain (Tante Pauline). We see them a little later in Goodchildren street, where we meet Pepsie, Tite Souris, M. Gex, Mlle. d’Hautreve, and the Paichoux family. They are all good friends of Lady Jane, but Madame Jozain runs away with the poor child, who soon falls into great poverty. She is taken in Margaret’s asylum, and a friend of her mother’s, Mrs. Lanier, discovers who she is, with the help of Arthur Maynard, the



boy who gave the blue heron. Lady Jane becomes an heiress, rewards all her kind friends, and the story leaves her a beautiful girl of seventeen, in the company of Arthur Maynard.

Among the young authors in Louisiana there are none more promising than Mr. Thos. McCaleb. A grandson of Judge T. Wharton Colless he seems to have inherited the literary talent of that gentleman, and while yet at school he gave proof of his taste for literature by his well written essays. Mr. McCaleb published in 1892 a novel, "Anthony Melgrave," which met with very flattering success. The story is pathetic and well told and the author gives a correct description of American society. The personages in the book meet and talk and act in a natural manner, and the plot, although romantic, is simple and interesting. We read the work with great pleasure and keep in our minds the names of the unhappy señora Cardenas and her jealous son Enrique, of the beautiful Marion Lemore and the distinguished Anthony Melgrave, and we are delighted at the happiness of the two latter personages, the most sympathetic in the book.

Mr. McCaleb will soon publish a work on Louisiana literature, and we believe that "Anthony Melgrave" should occupy a high rank among the novels written by our Louisianians.

"Southern Silhouettes," by Jeannette H. Walworth, gives a good idea of Southern life and is a book written with a noble purpose.



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# PART II.

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## CUSTOMS AND DIALECTS.

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### I—CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS IN LOUISIANA.

In order to understand fully the customs of a past age and of plantation life before the war, we must bear in mind that the planters lived in the greatest opulence and possessed many slaves. These were, as a rule, well treated by their masters, and, in spite of their slavery, they were contented and happy. Not having any of the responsibilities of life, they were less serious than the present freedmen, and more inclined to take advantage of all opportunities to amuse themselves.

New Year's Day on the plantations was an occasion of great merriment and pleasure for the slaves. Its observance gave rise to scenes so characteristic of old times that I shall endeavor to describe them.

At daylight, on the 1st of January, the rejoicing began on the plantation; everything was in an uproar, and all the negroes, old and young, were running about, shaking hands and exchanging wishes for the new year. The servants employed



at the house came to awaken the master and mistress and the children. The nurses came to our beds to present their *souhairs*. To the boys it was always, "Mo souhaité ké vou bon garçon, fé plein l'argent é ké vou bienhéreux;" to the girls, "Mo souhaité ké vou bon fie, ké vou gagnin ein mari riche é plein piti."

Even the very old and infirm, who had not left the hospital for months, came to the house with the rest of *l'atelier* for their gifts. These they were sure to get, each person receiving a piece of an ox killed expressly for them, several pounds of flour, and a new tin pan and spoon. The men received, besides, a new jean or cottonade suit of clothes, and the women a dress and a most gaudy headkerchief or *tignon*, the redder the better. Each woman that had had a child during the year received two dresses instead of one. After the *souhairs* were presented to the masters, and the gifts were made, the dancing and singing began. The scene was indeed striking, interesting and weird. Two or three hundred men and women were there in front of the house, wild with joy and most boisterous, although always respectful.

Their musical instruments were, first, a barrel with one end covered with an ox-hide—this was the drum; then two sticks and the jawbone of a mule, with the teeth still on it—this was the violin. The principal musician bestrode the barrel and began to beat on the hide, singing as loud as he could. He beat with his hands, with his feet, and



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*danseur* and also from the faces of the musicians who played the barrel and the jawbone, an act which must have been gratefully received by those sweltering individuals.

The ball, for such it was, lasted for several hours, and was a great amusement to us children. It must have been less entertaining to our parents, but they never interfered, as they considered that, by a well-established custom, New Year's Day was one of mirth and pleasure for the childlike slaves. Very different is this scene from those described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for the slaves were certainly not unhappy on the plantations. The proof of this is, that, although our equals politically and citizens of the United States, they often refer to the time of slavery, and speak willingly of those bygone days.

Another custom which was quite interesting was the cutting of the last cane for grinding. When the hands had reached the last rows left standing, the foreman (*commandeur*) chose the tallest cane, and the best laborer (*le meilleur couteau*) came to the cane chosen, which was the only one in the field left uncut. Then the whole gang congregated around the spot, with the overseer and foreman, and the latter, taking a blue ribbon, tied it to the cane, and, brandishing the knife in the air, sang to the cane as if it were a person, and danced around it several times before cutting it. When this was done, all the laborers, men, women and children, mounted in the empty carts, carrying the last cane



in triumph, waving colored handkerchiefs in the air, and singing as loud as they could. The procession went to the house of the master, who gave a drink to every negro, and the day ended with a ball, amid general rejoicing.

Shooting at the *papegai* was another great popular amusement. A rude bird representing a rooster was made of wood, and was placed on a high pole to be shot at. A calf or an ox was killed, and every part of the wooden bird represented a similar portion of the animal. All who wanted to shoot had to pay a certain amount for each chance. This sport is still a favorite one in the country, both with the whites and the blacks, but not so much so as before the war.

The negroes, as all ignorant people, are very superstitious. The celebrated sect of the Voudoux, of which so much has been said, was the best proof of the credulity and superstition of the blacks, as well as of the barbarity of their nature.

The idea of incantation and of charms for good or evil is as old as the world. In Virgil's eighth eclogue we all remember the words of Alphesibœus:

“ Terna tibi hæc primum triplici diversa colore  
Licia circumdo, terque hæc altaria circum  
Effigiem duco; numero deus impare gaudet.”

In the Middle Ages astrology was considered a science, and sorcery was admitted. It is well known that when John the Fearless of Burgundy killed Louis of Orleans, the celebrated theologian



Jean Petit proved to the poor Charles VI that John had rendered him a great service in killing his brother, as the latter had conjured the two devils, Hermas and Astramon, to harm the king, and they would have caused his death had not the Duke of Burgundy, like a devoted subject, saved his liege lord.

The religion of the Voudoux was based on sorcery, and, being practised by very ignorant people, was, of course, most immoral and hideous. It is, fortunately, fast disappearing, the negroes becoming more civilized. The dances of the Voudoux have often been described, and were, according to the accounts, perfect bacchanalia. They usually took place at some retired spot on the banks of Lake Pontchartrain or of Bayou St. John.

Although this sect is nearly extinct, the negroes are still very much afraid of their witchcraft. The Voudoux, however, do not always succeed in their enchantments, as is evidenced by the following amusing incident. One of my friends, returning home from his work quite late one evening, saw on a doorstep two little candles lit, and between them four nickels, placed as a cross. Feeling quite anxious as to the dreadful fate which was to befall the inhabitants of the house, the gentleman blew out the candles, threw them in the gutter, put the nickels in his pocket, and walked off with the proud satisfaction of having saved a whole family from great calamities. This is how the Creoles fear the Voudoux!



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10. When one eats a sweet potato one must eat first a piece of the peel in order that the potato should not be too heavy on the stomach.
11. If in walking your right ankle turns, you will have a pleasant surprise; if it is the left ankle, a disappointment.
12. If your right ear is hot, some one is speaking well of you; if it is the left ear, some one is speaking badly of you.
13. To pass a child through a window makes a thief of him.
14. To pass over a child lying down will prevent him from growing.
15. You must always burn and not throw away your hair, because the birds will pick it up to make their nest, and that will make you crazy.
16. If you make a child who stammers eat in the same dish as a little dog, that will cure the child.
17. If your nose itches an old bachelor is going to kiss you, and a young man is crazy to do so.
18. If you strike your "crazy bone," you will be disappointed
19. If a child teething looks at himself in a mirror, his teething will be painful.
20. To pass in front of a carriage at a funeral is a bad omen.
21. When a fly bothers you it is a sign that you are going to receive a letter.
22. When a snake is cut to pieces, its friends come to get it to put the pieces together.
23. When in taking leave four persons cross hands it is a sign of marriage.
24. To dream of death is a sign of marriage; to dream of a marriage is a sign of death.
25. It is a sign of misfortune to pass the loaf of bread turned down.
26. When you cut a banana you cut the cross of Christ.
27. If you have a sore on the tip of the tongue, it is a sign that you have lied.
28. If you forget what you were going to say, it is a sign that you were going to lie.
29. If you sweep the feet of a child with a broom, it will make him walk early.
30. To turn a chair on one leg is a bad omen.



31. If scissors fall down with one point in the floor you will receive a visit, and it will come in the direction in which the other point lies.
32. If you plant lettuce on Good Friday it will not grow.
33. If you plough on Good Friday the ground will bleed.
34. If you carry an Irish potato in your pocket it will cure your rheumatism.
35. To cure a wart take a green pea, cut it, rub it on the wart, then take the pea and wrap it in a piece of paper and throw it away. The person who will pick it up will get the wart.
36. To open an umbrella in the house chases away the lovers.
37. To put an umbrella on the bed causes disputes.
38. To throw black pepper on a table is a sign of marriage.
39. It chases chicken lice from a chicken house to put in it the head of a crocodile.
40. It cures rheumatism to tie an eel's skin on the leg or the arm.
41. You must watch for a full moon if you want to make soap.
42. It makes the hair healthier to cut the ends of it at the time of the new moon.
43. If you cut your nails on Monday you will secure a present during the week.
44. If you wear green garters you will often receive presents.
45. If you walk on the tail of a cat you will not marry during the year.
46. It is a sign of misfortune to stumble in a graveyard.
47. It is a sign of misfortune to light a candle in a room when there is already another light.
48. It is a sign of good luck to meet a person who squints.
49. It is a sign that you will hear good news if you see a white butterfly.
50. If a girl wears on her left leg a yellow garter which has been worn by a bride she will marry during the year.



## II—THE CREOLE DIALECT.

While speaking of the French language in Louisiana, it is necessary to say a few words about that very peculiar dialect, if it may be called so, spoken by the negroes in lower Louisiana. It is quite interesting to note how the ignorant and simple Africans have formed an idiom entirely by the sound, and we can understand, by studying the transformation of the French into the Creole dialect, the process by which Latin, spoken by the uncivilized Gauls, became our own French. However ridiculous the Creole dialect may appear, it is of importance to the student of philology; for its structure serves to strengthen the great laws of language, and its history tends to prove how dialects have sprung from one original language and spread all over the world.

To the negroes of Louisiana may be attributed the same characteristics that Prof. James A. Harrison recognizes in the American blacks of the South, that is to say, humor and a naïveté bordering on childishness, together with a great facility for imitating the sounds of nature and a wonderful aptitude for music. Their language partakes necessarily of their character, and is sometimes quaint, and always simple. Their plantation songs are quite poetical, and I may say, charming in their oddity.

Of course there is no established orthography for the Creole patois, and this obscure dialect of a Romance tongue is written, like the



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My friend, Dr. Alfred Mercier, even says that there is a dative in the patois, imported by the blacks from San Domingo, such as *zié à moin*, my eyes, *tchor à li*, his heart. I believe, however, that this mode of expression is very rare, and that the possessive adjectives are much more used: *mo zié, so tchor*.

### PHONETICS.

With regard to the phonetics of the Creole dialect, we may say that the letters have not changed as much as in Negro-English.

#### VOWELS.

##### a

is pronounced:

1. a in French: *asteur, anon* (allons).
2. o " *moman, popa*.

##### e

1. e mute in French: *nomme, fame*.
2. é " " *'pélé, kéke* (quelque), *téte*.
3. i " " *piti, chimin, li* (le).
4. in " " *donnin* (donné).

##### i

as i in French: *'rivé* (arrivé).

##### o

1. o in French, *côté*.
2. o in French word *cotte*: *rose*.
3. i in French: *michié* (monsieur).

##### u

1. i in French: *lari, pini, vini, jige*.
2. ou " *la nouitte, tou soulte*.
3. oua " *mo oua ça* (jai vu cela).

##### y

1. z in French: *zié* (yeux). as consonant.
2. y " *bayou*. as vowel.



DIPHTHONGS.

oi

1. é in French: frét (froid) drét (droit).
2. oi " dézoi (des oies).
3. oin " moin (moi).
4. o " zozo (oiseau).

ai

1. ai in French: lair (l'air).
2. in " connin (connais).

eu

1. ai in French: bonair (bonheur), lonair (l'honneur).
2. é " vié (vieux).

ou

o in French: 'jordi (aujourd'hui).

au

au in French: au bor dolo (au bord de l'eau).

œ

- é in French: ser (sœur).  
 o " tchor (cœur).

Of the nasal sounds, *an* and *in* are as in French; *on* is pronounced:

1. on in French: bonjou (bonjour), moune (monde).
2. o " mo, to, so (mon, ton son).

un is *in* in French, pronounced *inne*, when it represents the numeral adjective *un*.

CONSONANTS.

b

is as in French.

v

1. tch: tchor (cœur).
2. k in French: connin (connu).
3. s " cila (celui-là).

d

1. d in French: donnin (donné).
2. dj Djé (Dieu)



is as in French.

g and j

often like z: manzé, (mangé), zonglé (jonglé).

h

is always mute, and consequently disappears in writing: so lonair (son honneur).

k, m, n, p

are as in French.

!

1. y: yé (les).

2. n: anon (allons) cf. Old French aner, whence aler and aller.

r

generally disappears, as pou for pour, nég' for nègre, vende for vendre, or comes before the vowel, as dromi for dormi.

s

1. s. in French: so.

2. ch " chongé (songé).

t

1. t in French: tombé.

2. k " to kenne (le tien).

3. tch " tchombo (tenu),

and is always pronounced at the end of words.

q and x

are not necessary, as k takes the place of q, and the Creole patois being written phonetically does not need x, which represents cs or gs.

1. v in French: vini.

2. w in English: li oua (il a vu).

y

z in French (zié) (see vowels above).

z

is pronounced as in French, but is used to mark the plural, the sound of the plural s being represented by z: dé dézo (deux os).

ez disappears, as that sound is represented by é.



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## THE NOUN.

There is no distinction of gender in the patois. The article *la* serves for masculine and feminine singular, and *yé* for the plural, and the adjectives are therefore always invariable. The grammar of the noun is consequently very elementary. The only difficulty is to know how to form the noun, and that difficulty can be overcome by applying attentively the rules of phonetics given above, and by observing the invariable agglutination of the article to the noun.

A peculiar expression is that used for *grande personne* and *enfant*: *gran moune* and *piti moune*, *personne* not being considered.

## THE ADJECTIVE.

The qualifying adjectives are all kept in the masculine, and we have such expressions as *bon michié la*, *bon michié layé*; *bon madame la*, *bon madame layé*.

## POSSESSIVE ADJECTIVES.

masculine and feminine singular.

mo, to, so.

masculine and feminine plural.

mo, to, so, with *yé* placed after the noun: (mo piti *yé*).

## DEMONSTRATIVE ADJECTIVES.

*cila* for masculine and feminine singular: *nomme cila*  
*fame cila*

*cila yé* for “ plural: *nomme cila yé*  
*fame cila yé*.

## NUMERAL ADJECTIVES.

*in*, *dé*, *trol*, *cate*, etc., *primié*, *déxième*, etc.



INDEFINITE ADJECTIVES.

The indefinite adjectives are the same as in French, but pronounced differently: kéke (quelque), ki (quel), pligière (plusieurs), etc.

The comparison of adjectives is by pli (plus) and aussite (aussi), and of course there is no irregularity, and meilleur is always pli bon.

THE PRONOUN.

PERSONAL PRONOUNS.

First person.	Second person.
mo( <sup>le</sup> <sub>mo</sub> ), moin (moi), nou.	to (tu and toi) toi, vou.

Third person.

li (le, lui and la), yé (les).

yé also represents ils, elles, eux, leur, se, en, y and soi.

INTERROGATIVE PRONOUNS.

Qui mouné, qué, qui ça.

RELATIVE PRONOUNS

are not often used as “la chose que je t’ai dite,” kichoge la mo té di toi. (Observe kichoge formed from quelque chose, and used as one word.)

DEMONSTRATIVE PRONOUNS.

masculine and feminine singular: cila, cila la.

“ “ plural: cila yé, cila layé.

“ “ singular: ça.

POSSESSIVE PRONOUNS.

In the possessive pronouns the t is changed into k. Cf. M. Müller’s remark on the subject—“Science of Language,” pages 181 and 182. Vol. II.

mo kenne	nou kenne
to kenne	vou kenne
so kenne	so kenne



## INDEFINITE PRONOUNS.

The only point of interest about the indefinite pronouns is that our very convenient word *on* is changed into *yé*: *yé di ça* (*on dit cela*), and that *rien* becomes *arien*.

## THE VERB.

In all the Romance languages the verbs are complicated and difficult. However, in that very remote Romance dialect, the Creole dialect, the verbs are very simple and easy. There is no distinction for the conjugations and hardly any for the tenses. The forms *apé* from *après*, *té* from *été*, *sra* and *srai* from *serai*, *malé* from *allé* being sufficient to indicate the present, the past, and the future.

## COUPÉ (COUPER).

## PRESENT INDICATIVE.

mo	apé	coupé	} contracted into {	mapé	coupé
to	"			tapé	"
li	"			lapé	"
nou	"			noupé	"
vou	"			voupé	"
yé	"			yépé	"

## IMPERFECT.

mo	té	apé	coupé	} contracted into {	motapé	coupé
to	"	"			totapé	"
li	"	"			litapé	"
nou	"	"			noutapé	"
vou	"	"			voutapé	"
yé	"	"			yétapé	"



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coupé," the infinitive being used instead of the subjunctive.

All the verbs are conjugated on the model given above of couper. The auxiliaries change entirely, and *avoir* disappears, and is replaced by *gaingnin* from *gagner*. So the conjugation of *avoir* is:

mo apé gaingnin or mapé gaingnin  
to " " " tapé "

etc., the same as for couper, substituting *gaingnin* to *coupé*.

The verb *être* only exists in the forms *té*, *sra*, *sré* used in compound tenses and in the expression *yé* of the present, from *est*, viz.: "Où êtes-vous?"  
*Où vou yé*. "Où sont-ils?" *Où yé yé?*

The passive is always replaced by the active form, and the present indicative of *être aimé* is:

	IMPERFECT INDICATIVE.			
(on) yé laimin moin	yé	té	laimin	moin
yé " toi	yé	"	toi	
yé " li	yé	"	li	
yé " nou	yé	"	nou	
yé " vou	yé	"	vou	
yé " yé	yé	"	yé.	

Future—yé sra laimin moin, etc.

Conditional—yé sré laimin moin, etc.

#### IMPERSONAL VERBS.

They are also expressed by *yé*.

Present Ind.—yé négé.

Imperf. Ind.—yé té négé.

Future —yé sra négé.

Cond. —yé sré négé.

#### IRREGULAR VERBS.

Aller—is generally replaced by *couri* as "il est allé" *li couri*, except in *anon*.



<b>envoyer</b> —becomes <b>voyé</b>	<b>sortir</b> — becomes <b>sorti</b>
<b>dormir</b> “ <b>dromi</b>	<b>ouvrir</b> “ <b>ouvri</b>
<b>mentir</b> “ <b>menti</b>	<b>courir</b> “ <b>couri</b>
<b>venir</b> “ <b>vini</b>	<b>mourir</b> “ <b>mouri</b>
<b>boire</b> “ <b>boi</b>	<b>coudre</b> “ <b>coude</b>
<b>naître</b> “ <b>nette</b>	<b>connaître</b> “ <b>connin</b>
<b>prendre</b> “ <b>prenne</b>	<b>vivre</b> “ <b>vive</b>
<b>rire</b> “ <b>ri</b>	<b>s’asseoir</b> “ <b>assite</b>
<b>valoir</b> “ <b>vau</b>	<b>voir</b> “ <b>oua.</b>
<b>vouloir</b> “ <b>oulé</b>	

ADVERBS.

Contrary to all Romance languages, the Creole dialect does not form its adverbs of manner by the suffix *ment*, Latin *mente*. Instead of saying: “ Il est mort bravement,” the negro says: *li mouriben brave* or *trè brave*; *ben* or *trè* indicating manner.

Adverbs of place—*icite, là, ala (voilà), enhau, enba, dihor, divan.*

Adverbs of time—*dipi can, dimin, asteur, touzou, zamain, jordi.*

Adverbs of quantity—*in pé, boucou, etc.*

Adverbs of interrogation—*cofer, combien, etc*

Adverb of doubt—*pététe.*

Adverbs of affirmation and of negation, as in French.

PREPOSITIONS.

The prepositions are almost the same as in French. The negro, however, never says *sur* or *sous*, but *enhau* and *enba*, viz.: “ *en hau la table, en ba la table.*” *Pour* becomes *pou*.

The principal conjunctions are: *é, ou, ni, main (mais), pasqué (parce que), pisqué (puisque).*



## INTERJECTIONS.

As in all languages, any word may be used as an interjection in the dialect, to express a sudden emotion of the mind, but with the exception of the universal oh! and ah! Bon Djé (Bon Dieu!) is most used.

## FORMS OF ADDRESS.

Michié, madame, mamzelle, maite, timaite, viémaite. Remark that *manzelle* is used very often by the negroes, even while speaking of a married lady, in the same way that the French did, down to the seventeenth century, when not addressing a lady of noble birth, as “Mademoiselle Molière,” the great Molière’s wife.

Mr. Littré, in his “Histoire de la langue française,” says that the Iliad can be translated more easily into Old French than into our modern language, and he gives the first book of Homer’s poem written in the language of the thirteenth century. I believe that Old French, in its turn, can be translated very well into the Creole dialect, and I give below a few lines of “la Chanson de Roland” in our Louisiana patois.

## OLD FRENCH.

Li quens Rollanz se jut desuz un pin,  
envers Espagne en ad turnet sun vis,  
de plusurs choses a remembrer li prist:  
de tantes terres cume li bers cunquist,  
de dulce France, des humes de sun lign,  
de Charlemagne sun seigneur kil nurrit,  
ne poet muër nen plurt e ne suspirt.  
mais lui meisme ne volt metre en ubli,  
claimet sa culpe, si priet deu mercit:



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### III—THE ACADIANS OF LOUISIANA AND THEIR DIALECT.\*

Everything concerning French Louisiana seems at this time to possess an interest for the public; and it has been my purpose, in some measure, to give an account of its language, its literature, its dialects, its folklore and its inhabitants. My papers published in the *Transactions of the Modern Language Association* have been so kindly received that I feel encouraged to continue my labors in a field vast and fertile but difficult to explore. The work to be done is, to a great extent, one of original research and of patient investigation, and it will require several years to present a tolerably complete tableau of picturesque French Louisiana. I now desire to present another feature of the picture by giving a sketch of the Acadians and their dialect. It may not be amiss to begin this study by taking a bird's-eye view of the history of Acadia, from the settlement of the colony to the dispersion of the inhabitants. We shall then accompany Evangeline to the beautiful banks of the Tèche and follow her canoe and that of Gabriel as they glide along its placid waters, leaving scarcely a ripple on the gentle stream which the names of the unhappy lovers have rendered immortal.

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\*For this sketch of the history of Acadia I have taken as my chief guide Parkman's admirable "Narratives," although I do not always share his opinions and arrive at the same conclusions. For a complete bibliography of the subject see "Critical and Narrative History of America," edited by Justin Winsor.



## I.

Even before the time of John Cabot the Normans, the Bretons and the Basques are said to have known Newfoundland, and the first description of the shores of our United States was made in 1524 to a French King, Francis the First, by the Florentine Verrazano. Ten years later we see the bold son of St. Malo sailing on the broad St. Lawrence, which was to be the scene of so many conflicts for the possession of its rugged shores. In 1535 Jacques Cartier saw the future site of Quebec and Montreal and became acquainted with the Indian tribes, the future allies of the French in their contest with the English. New France was discovered, but who was to establish the first settlement in the name of the most Christian King? In vain did Jean François de la Roque, Sieur de Roberval, in 1542, brave the terrors of the Isle of Demons and attempt to plant a colony in New France. Of his ill-fated expedition nothing remained but the name of Ile de la Demoiselle, where the stern Roberval abandoned to the demons his niece Marguerite to punish her for an unhallowed love. The Marquis de la Roche with his ship load of convicts was not more successful in 1598 than Roberval half a century before. Champlain and de Monts were to be the fathers of Canada and Acadia. The former had been sent on an expedition to the new world by the Commander de Chastes, and on his return to France associated his fortunes with those of de



Monts, who had just been made Lieutenant-General of Acadia.

“The word Acadia,” says Parkman, “is said to be derived from the Indian *Aquoddianke*, or *Aquoddie*, meaning the fish called a pollock. The Bay of Passamaquoddy, ‘great pollock water,’ derives its name from the same origin.”

The region designated by this name comprised a large territory, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Maine, but was later considered to embrace the peninsula of Nova Scotia only. The climate was much milder than that of Canada, and all travelers describe the country as beautiful. The tide in the Bay of Fundy is grand, and there are excellent ports along the coast. We need not then be astonished that Poutrincourt, one of de Monts' companions, was so pleased with the Port Royal that he obtained a grant from de Monts, and, in 1605, established a colony which, after many vicissitudes, was destined to be celebrated in history and in romance. De Monts himself, with Poutrincourt, Champlain and Pontgravé, had, in 1604, founded a settlement at St. Croix, but the place was badly chosen, and after a winter of misery the colony was transferred to Port Royal. De Monts was a Calvinist, and he had taken with him to the New World both Catholic priests and Protestant ministers, who, it can well be imagined, were not on very good terms. Such were their quarrels that the sailors buried in the same grave a priest and a minister “to see if they would



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and discord was supreme in the colony, when, in 1613, a heavy blow fell on the rising settlement. Samuel Argall, already noted for having abducted Pocahontas, heard of French Port Royal, captured a part of the inhabitants and dispersed the others. Father Biard and Madame de Guercheville's commander, Saussaye, finally reached France, and the good lady's plans for saving the souls of the Indians were frustrated.

Biencourt had escaped during the destruction of Port Royal and was roaming in the woods with a few followers, when Poutrincourt arrived with supplies. At the sight of his son's misery, the Baron lost all hope for his colony and returned to France, where, in 1615, he died a soldier's death. Biencourt, however, rebuilt Port Royal and kept the colony alive. Little progress was made, as in 1686 the whole population of Acadia was only 915. There had been troublous times in the colony from 1613 to 1686, and several masters had ruled the country. In 1621, Sir William Alexander obtained from James I a grant of New Scotland and tried to establish baronetcies in Acadia. His plans were but short-lived, as the English surrendered the province to the French in 1632 by the treaty of St. Germain. Louis XIII appointed M. de Razilly Governor of Acadia, and the latter named as his lieutenants, Charles de la Tour and the Sieur d'Aulnay. Here comes a romantic episode: the two lieutenants, as in duty bound, quarrelled and made war upon each other. La Tour went to



Boston to obtain aid against his rival, and in his absence d'Aulnay attacked his fort. The place was most bravely defended by Madame de la Tour, but she was defeated and died of mortification. Her husband struggled for some time with little success against d'Aulnay, but the latter died, and la Tour settled all difficulties by marrying his rival's widow, a queer but not unwise proceeding.

Acadia had become once more peaceful in 1653 by la Tour's marriage, when one year later the English took possession of the colony. Cromwell was ruling England at that time, and he understood how important it was for the English settlements on the Atlantic that Acadia should not belong to the French. By his orders Major Robert Sedgwick, of Charlestown, and Captain John Leverett, of Boston, subjugated Acadia, which was kept by the English until 1668, when, by the treaty of Breda, it was restored to the French.

For twenty-two years the colony enjoyed peace under French rule, and the inhabitants led comparatively quiet lives, enlivened by some adventures with the Indians and the English. A very romantic character is the Baron de St. Castin, the son-in-law of Matakando, the most powerful Indian chief of that region. In the company of his Indian relatives the bold Baron waged incessant war against the English.

In 1690 Frontenac was for a second time governor of New France, and by his energy and courage he saved the colony from ruin. He repulsed



the attacks of Phips against Quebec and of Schuyler against Montreal, carried war into the English possessions and nearly broke the power of the Iroquois. He was not, however, able to save Acadia from the enemy. This settlement was too remote from Quebec to be effectually protected and fell again into the hands of the English. In 1690 William Phips sailed from Boston with a small fleet and reduced the principal Acadian settlements. He obtained great booty and was well received on his return to Massachusetts, although his expedition seems to us more like a piratical raid than legitimate warfare.

Acadia was again restored to the French in 1697 by the treaty of Ryswick, and when Frontenac died in 1698 Louis XIV was still master of all New France. Frontenac is a most interesting and heroic character; he was proud and stern, but at the same time most brave, skilful and shrewd. His name and that of Montcalm are the greatest in the history of New France.

Nearly one hundred years had passed since de Monts had landed in Acadia, and the unfortunate colony had been thrown about like a shuttlecock from the French to the English and from the English to the French. In the beginning of the eighteenth century three expeditions sailed from Boston to conquer Acadia. The first two were not successful, but the third, commanded by Governor Nicholson and composed of thirty-six vessels, took Port Royal and subdued the country.



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but their present state of contentment does not make us forget the misery of the past. The field that was once the scene of a bloody battle may now be covered with green turf and variegated flowers, but still there will rise before us the faces of the dying and we shall hear the thunder of the cannon. La Grand-Prée and Beaubassin may present an attractive sight, but the names recall to our minds the scene of a dreadful tragedy.

By the treaty of Utrecht it had been stipulated that the Acadians might withdraw to the French possessions if they chose. There is no doubt that the English governors did all in their power to prevent the emigration to Cape Breton or to Canada, and, as they were not harsh, as a rule, to the inhabitants, the latter preferred to remain in the country of their ancestors. They refused, however, for a long time to take the oath of allegiance to the English sovereign, and when a part of the men took the oath, it was with tacit if not expressed understanding that they would never be compelled to bear arms against the French. That the priests in Acadia and even the Governor of Canada tried to keep the inhabitants faithful to the French king, in spite of their being English subjects, there is no reasonable doubt. We can hardly blame this feeling, if we consider what great rivalry there was at the time between the English and the French in America, and also the spirit of intolerance then everywhere prevalent. The priests must have considered it a duty on their part to try



to harm the English heretics, and although we may not approve the act of some of them nor the duplicity of some of the French agents, we do not find in their conduct any excuse for the cruelty of the English.

Seeing how disaffected the Acadians were with their new masters, the Marquis of Cornwallis, in 1749, laid the foundations of Halifax as a protection against Louisbourg. A number of the inhabitants had escaped from the colony at the instigation of l'abbé LeLoutre, says Parkman, and had gone to the adjoining French settlements. Their lot was a sad one, as the French were not able to provide for them and the English would only receive them as English subjects. It is not astonishing that they should make a kind of guerilla war with their Indian allies against the English and that they should attempt to excite their countrymen against the conquerors. It must be admitted that the English were in great peril in the midst of men openly or secretly hostile to them; but no necessity of war can justify the measures taken to rid English Nova Scotia of her French Acadians. Let us now relate briefly the terrible event which has made the word Acadia sadly celebrated.

In 1755 the Governor of Acadia was Charles Lawrence, a man destined to obtain an unenviable notoriety. He resolved to expel the French from the posts which they still held in the colony. A force of eighteen hundred men commanded by



Colonel Monckton started from New England and captured Fort Beauséjour, which the cowardly and vile commandant, Vergor, surrendered at the first attack. On the plains of Abraham he was also to be the first to yield to Wolfe and to cause the defeat and death of the brave Montcalm, the fall of Quebec, and the loss of Canada.

After the capture of Beauséjour, Fort Gaspe-reau surrendered also, and there was no longer any obstacle to prevent Lawrence from accomplishing a design which he must have been cherishing for some time. The Governor determined to remove from the province all the French Acadians. He required from the inhabitants an oath of unqualified allegiance, and on their refusal he resolved to proceed to extreme measures. Parkman says that

“The Acadians, though calling themselves neutrals, were an enemy encamped in the heart of the province,” and adds: “These are the reasons which explain and palliate a measure too harsh and indiscriminate to be wholly justified.”

It is impossible to justify the measure in any way; fear of an enemy does not justify his murder, and the expulsion of the Acadians was the cause of untold misery both physical and moral and of the death of a number of men, women and children. If the harsh removal of the Acadians is justifiable, so is Bonaparte's massacre of the prisoners of Jaffa. He could not provide for



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be torn from their homes with their families. No resistance was possible, as the men were unarmed. They were put for safe keeping on board four ships, and on the 8th of October the men, women and children were embarked. This was *le grand dérangement* of which their descendants, says l'abbé Casgrain, speak to this day. Winslow completed his work in December and shipped 2510 persons. Murray, Monckton and Handfield were equally successful, and more than 6000 persons were violently expelled from the colony. A few managed to escape, although they were tracked like wild beasts. In order to compel them to surrender, the dwellings and even the churches were burnt and the crops were destroyed. The fugitives suffered frightfully, and many women and children died of misery. In this scene of persecution we are glad to see the brave officer Boishébert defeat a party of English who were burning a church at Peticodiac. Unhappily, as already stated, no resistance could be made, and the unfortunates were huddled together like sheep on board the transports, to be scattered about all along the Atlantic coast among a hostile people speaking a language unknown to them and having a creed different from their own.

Who can imagine the feelings of these men and women when the ships started on the fatal journey and they threw a last glance at their once beautiful country, now made "desolate and bare!" How many ties of kindred and of love were rudely



torn asunder! The families were not always on the same ship, and the father and mother were separated from their children, and many Evangelines never met their Gabriels. The order of expulsion was harsh and cruel, and it was executed with little regard for the most sacred feelings of the human heart.

We shall not follow the Acadians in their wanderings. Let us only state that their lot in the English colonies was generally a hard one. Very few remained where they had been transported. Many returned to their country after incredible sufferings, to be again expelled in 1762; some went to France, where they formed a settlement at Belle Isle; some went to the Antilles, and some at last found a true home in hospitable Louisiana. At the peace of 1763 a number of Acadians returned to Nova Scotia, and their descendants, together with those of the inhabitants who had escaped from the persecution, number now, according to l'abbé Casgrain, more than 130,000 souls. This fecundity is wonderful, and if we consider the tenacity of those people, their attachment to their families, to their country, to their religion, we may indeed say, with the warm-hearted Canadian abbé: "The Acadians are as astonishing for their virtues as for their misfortunes." We now close this brief sketch of the ancestors, and proceed to a study of their descendants living in Louisiana.



## II.

Mr. Gayarré in his "History of Louisiana," says:

Between the 1st of January and the 13th of May, 1765, about 650 Acadians had arrived at New Orleans, and from that town had been sent to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas under the command of Andry.

Many others of the unfortunate exiles came to Louisiana, some from the Antilles, but the greater part, in rude boats built by themselves, floated down the streams flowing into the Mississippi and reached New Orleans, where they expected to find the white banner of France. Two years before, however, the infamous treaty of Paris had been signed, and Louisiana now belonged to Spain. The Spaniards had not yet taken possession of the colony, and the French officials received most kindly the unhappy strangers. There they were on the levee of New Orleans with their wives and children, helpless, destitute, possessing only a few articles of wearing apparel, they who a few years before were prosperous farmers with comfortable homes and fertile fields. But at last their journey was ended and they were again to find a home and lands much more fertile than those which they had left. About fifty miles above New Orleans the Acadians gave their name to one of the parishes of Louisiana, and the Acadian coast, now called St. James, was one of the first settlements made by the exiles. Later they spread all along the



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by the famous John Law. In the middle of the bayou is an island covered with trees and briers, on which is a hut which serves as a hunting lodge for the sportsmen, whose canoes for duck-shooting are to be seen everywhere. Trees grow to the edge of the water of all our bayous and render the smallest stream picturesque.

After passing another beautiful stream, Bayou Bœuf, we see a few of the Indian mounds which are so interesting to the archæologist and the ethnologist, and at Morgan City we cross the wide and turbid Atchafalaya, the rival of the Mississippi, and which threatens, if not curbed by artificial means, to divert the waters of the great river from its present channel.

A few miles after passing Morgan City I leave the train and am soon on a plantation situated on both sides of the Tèche. After dinner I take my little nephews with me and we go to the bayou. There is in front of the house a drawbridge which is opened every time a boat or raft passes. We sit on the bridge and I look on the waters flowing beneath and I can hardly see the direction of the current. A few months before the bayou had been a torrent overflowing its left bank. St. Mary Parish is one of the most prosperous in Louisiana, and everywhere there are central sugar factories with the most modern appliances, the powerful mills, or the diffusion process, and through this busy scene of progress flow the tranquil waters of the Tèche, its banks covered with moss-grown live-oaks.



Here is the same spectacle which the poet has so admirably described. It is civilization now, but side by side with the primeval forest. Under the stately oaks the children run and play while I lie upon the grass and meditate. My thoughts return to the past and I imagine what must have been the feelings of the Acadians when they saw for the first time in 1765 the beautiful Attakapas country.

Not far from the plantation where I visited is a village called Charenton. It is but a hamlet, but it possesses a church and a convent of nuns. The good sisters of St. Joseph have established a school for girls which does great good to the neighborhood. The mother superior, a very agreeable and intelligent lady, is a descendant of the Acadians. Very near the village is a settlement of Indians. I observed them with curiosity, as they are the sole remnant of the Attakapas tribe, the fierce man-eaters. Some of the squaws are handsome, and the men have the real Indian type, although I am told that the tribe is rapidly disappearing and mingling with the negroes. The women make very pretty reed cane baskets, quite different in design from those which the Choctaws sell at the French market in New Orleans; the men cultivate a little patch of ground and sell fish and game. One hundred years ago the Indians were numerous on the Tèche; they seem to have melted away without being molested. The mere contact of civilization was sufficient to cause them to vanish.



It seems to have been an inevitable destiny, and we may say in the words of Victor Hugo:

“ La chose simplement d'elle-même arriva  
Comme la nuit se fait lorsque le jour s'en va.

Two miles from Charenton is the Grand Lac, which I desired very much to see, so one morning at daybreak I started in a light buggy with the oldest of my nephews, a Sophomore of Tulane University. There is in reality no route leading to the lake; we had to pass for several miles through a forest on the bank of the Tèche and it gave me great pleasure to see the bayou where it appeared most wild. After a ride of two hours we left the shore of the Tèche and turning toward the interior we soon arrived at the lake. I felt delighted at the sight: before us stretched the blue waters, which a light breeze caused to undulate gently, and in the distance could be seen the sails of two schooners which seemed to be the wings of marine birds skimming the surface of the waves. All around the lake is a forest, and on the trees we could see the cardinal bird with his scarlet robe, the jay bird with his silver and blue jacket, the black bird with his golden epaulets, and what pleased me most, numberless mocking birds, those admirable songsters, which the impudent English sparrow is rapidly driving away from our Southern land.

Being so near the Atchafalaya, the Grand Lac is liable to overflows and, last spring, its water inundated a large extent of country. A levee made



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with the younger children on the return journey. We embarked in two large skiffs, with two Indians in each one as oarsmen, and we went down the Tèche. The trip was most pleasant to me, as we passed through numberless bayous, stopping at night at the houses of friends, and taking our meals during the day under the shade of some large tree. I have no recollection of the route, which ended only at the mouth of Bayou Plaquemines, in Iberville parish, where there were carriages to take us home; but although only six years old at the time, I shall never forget the anxiety of my father, when, on entering the Grand Lac, the booming of a cannon was heard. It was thought to be a Federal gun-boat and our Indians were ordered to row most diligently. Twenty-eight years had passed since I had crossed the Grand Lac as a fugitive, but yet on that September morning of 1890 I thought I heard still the voice of our devoted father encouraging his little children with his tender words of love.

While in St. Mary I had occasion to visit a number of planters, who received me very kindly and who did all in their power to help me in my work. They introduced me to some Acadians and communicated to me a few characteristic expressions of the Acadian language. I was, however, anxious to see St. Martinsville, and, after promising to return to St. Mary, I took the train and went to the oldest town on the Tèche. It was with real pleasure that I started on my journey; I had never



gone to that part of Louisiana before and everything was new to me. I passed on my way Jeanerette and New Iberia in Iberia parish. They are both thriving towns, the latter especially, on account of its proximity to the celebrated salt mines on Avery Island. It has a handsome Catholic church, an elegant public high school and some beautiful private residences. The following extract from Judge Martin's "History of Louisiana" gives a very good idea of the geography of the Tèche country:

The Tèche has its source in the prairies, in the upper part of the settlements of Opelousas, and during the season of high water, flows partially, into the Courtableau. As it enters the settlements of Attakapas, it receives from the right side Bayou Fuselier, which Bayou Bourbeux connects with Vermilion river. A little more than twenty miles farther, it passes before the town of St. Martinsville, and reaches, fifteen miles after, the spot on which the Spaniards, soon after the cession, made a vain attempt to establish a city, to which the name of New Iberia was destined; twenty miles from the mouth of the Tèche is the town of Franklin.

I may add here that the Tèche becomes a noble river shortly before mingling its waters with those of the rapid Atchafalaya. From Jeanerette to New Iberia the fields presented the same beautiful crops of cane, rice and corn which I had seen along the route from New Orleans; but after passing New Iberia, cotton begins to be seen, and I



noticed in one patch of ground the curious fact of our four great staples growing side by side—cane, cotton, rice and corn. Such is the wonderful fertility of our soil.

St. Martinsville does not lie on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and it is only lately that it has been connected with the main line by a branch leading to the Tèche. This may account for the stagnation of business in the town, which, before the war, was very prosperous. I had letters of introduction to several distinguished gentlemen, but I saw on arriving in that Creole town that a Creole needed no credentials to be well received. I found myself among friends, I may say, among relations, as all the persons I met knew my family and I knew theirs. French is essentially the language of the inhabitants and it is well spoken by the educated class. The latter speak English also, but the lower class speak the Acadian French mixed with the Creole patois and a little English. In the interior settlements (*au large*) little or no English at all is spoken, and at Breaux Bridge, in St. Martin parish, and in the adjoining parish of Lafayette, French is taught together with English in the public schools. Although we desire to see every child in Louisiana speak English we wish every one to speak French also, and I was very glad to see how the people of St. Martin are attached to their French. Among those who have done the most to encourage the study of French in his parish is Mr.



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cette affaire.” Although I was very hungry, I was sorry to see the jurors leave the table to go to the court house to be *lockés*.

After dinner I took a walk over the town, and never have I seen a more quiet and orderly place and one where there are so few bar-rooms. The life in that old Creole town reminded me of *autrefois*, as depicted to me many times by my aged friends. There was not much animation in business, but order and decency prevailed everywhere and the people were uniformly affable and polite. I spent the evening very pleasantly with my host, his wife and his grandmother, conversing with the old lady about the past.

I awoke very early the next morning, and on opening the window of my room I saw a pretty sight: the bayou was just beneath, its waters green with water plants and rushes, and in the distance a prairie, above which was rising resplendent a September sun. A knock was heard at the door, and answering it I found a little negro girl bringing me a cup of real Creole coffee.

At a short distance from the hotel is the church, on the green before which stands the statue of the last curate, Father Jan, who died an octogenarian, beloved by his parishioners. The present priest, Father Langlois, is a botanist of great merit who has made important discoveries in the flora of Louisiana. He is a corresponding member of l’Athénée Louisianais, and I determined to pay him a visit. He received me very kindly and



showed me his admirable botanical collections. I asked his permission to look over the church register, and on turning to the year 1765 I saw the record of the first child born of Acadian parents in St. Martin, probably the first born in Louisiana. I give here the exact copy, with the original spelling and punctuation, as per certified copy kindly made for me by l'abbé Langlois:

obiit  
16 ejusdem  
mensis  
f. jean  
françois

---

Lan mille Sept cent soixante cinq le onze  
may je p<sup>re</sup> capucin Missionaire apostolique curé  
de la n<sup>elle</sup> accadie soussigné, ay Baptisé avec les  
ceremonies ordinaires de léglise marguerite anne  
née la veille de legitime Mariage d'olivier thibau-  
daut et de magdelaine Broussard ses pere et mere  
le parrain a esté René trahan, et la Marraine  
Marie thibaudaut qui ont déclaré ne savoir signer  
de ce requis selon l'ordonnance aux attakapas les  
jours et an que dessus

(signé) f. jean francois c. curé  
Masse  
Anoyu

Olivier Thibaudaut, the father of the little girl born in 1765, was a descendant of the celebrated meunier Thibaudaux, seigneur de Chipody in Acadia in Poutrincourt's time. The family is exceedingly numerous in Louisiana, and they have given their name to one of our towns on Bayou Lafourche. One of the Thibodaux was president of the Senate in 1824, and was acting Governor for a few weeks, after the resignation of Governor Robertson. The Broussards, the family of Olivier Thibaudaut's wife, are also very numerous in the State. Thibodaux, Broussard, Landry, Leblanc and Bourgeois are the largest families in Louisiana of Acadian descent.



In the register of St. Martin church I saw also the name of a distinguished Louisianian, a professor in the Oratorian order in France and curate of St. Martin for many years. Etienne Viel translated in beautiful Latin verse the twenty-four books of Fénelon's "Télémaque." Louisiana may well be proud of a writer of whom Barthélemy, the author of the "Némésis," has said:

"Viel, qui de Fénelon virgilisa la prose."

There being such vast prairies in the Attakapas the Acadian settlers compared them with the wide expanse of the ocean and applied to them many nautical terms. They say *aller au large*, or *mettre à la voile* when they start to cross the prairie, and an island is, in their language, a piece of wooded ground in the prairie. I was shown *l'île des Cypres* while in St. Martin. It is in a prairie which is not far from the Grand Bois, an immense forest which begins in the Attakapas country and extends as far as the Arkansas line. In the Grand Bois, near St. Martinsville, are a number of lakes, of which one, Lake Catahoulou, is two and a half miles long and three-fourths of a mile wide. It is one hundred and ten feet deep and is said to be beautiful. It is a great place for hunting and fishing, but is full of alligators and gar-fish. I was shown an Acadian who, being in a canoe on a fishing excursion, was followed by a gar-fish twelve feet long. He seized an opportunity and jumped on the back of the fish, which



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them, and being an intelligent race they will produce many men like Alexandre Mouton. Education will, of course, destroy their dialect, so that the work of studying their peculiar customs and language must not be long delayed.

On Sunday, September 21, I went to church, where I saw the whole population of the town, and after bidding adieu to my newly made friends I left St. Martinsville, where I had met kind gentlemen and fair ladies, taking with me a good stock of Acadian expressions. A few hours later I was again in St. Mary parish. I wished this time to live in the prairie, where I thought there would be a better chance of observing the Acadians. The prairie is now entirely cultivated around Jeanerette and is dotted everywhere with the cottages of the small farmers and with the comfortable houses of the large planters. For a week I roamed all over the country with some friends who were kind enough to take me to the places of interest and to the persons who might help me in my work.

Having heard that every Saturday evening there was a ball in the prairie, I requested one of my friends to take me to see one. We arrived at 8 o'clock, but already the ball had begun. In the yard were vehicles of all sorts, but three-mule carts were most numerous. The ball room was a large hall with galleries all around it. When we entered it was crowded with persons dancing to the music of three fiddles. I was astonished to



see that nothing was asked for entrance, but I was told that any white person decently dressed could come in. The man giving the entertainment derived his profits from the sale of refreshments. My friend, a wealthy young planter, born in the neighborhood, introduced me to many persons and I had a good chance to hear the Acadian dialect, as everybody there belonged to the Acadian race. I asked a pleasant looking man: "Votre fille est-elle ici!" He corrected me by replying: "Oui, ma *demoiselle* est là." However, he did not say *mes messieurs* for his sons, but spoke of them as *mes garçons*, although he showed me his *dame*. We went together to the refreshment room, where were beer and lemonade, but I observed that the favorite drink was black coffee, which indeed was excellent. At midnight supper was served; it was chicken gombo with rice, the national Creole dish.

Most of the men appeared uncouth and awkward, but the young girls were really charming. They were elegant, well-dressed and exceedingly handsome. They had large and soft black eyes and beautiful black hair. Seeing how well they looked I was astonished and grieved to hear that probably very few of them could read or write. On listening to the conversation I could easily see that they had no education. French was spoken by all, but occasionally English was heard.

After supper my friend asked me if I wanted to see *le parc aux petits*. I followed him without



knowing what he meant and he took me to a room adjoining the dancing hall, where I saw a number of little children thrown on a bed and sleeping. The mothers who accompanied their daughters had left the little ones in the *parc aux petits* before passing to the dancing room, where I saw them the whole evening assembled together in one corner of the hall and watching over their daughters. *Le parc aux petits* interested me very much, but I found the gambling room stranger still. There were about a dozen men at a table playing cards. One lamp suspended from the ceiling threw a dim light upon the players, who appeared at first very wild, with their broad-brimmed felt hats on their heads and their long untrimmed sun-burnt faces. There was, however, a kindly expression on every face, and everything was so quiet that I saw that the men were not professional gamblers. I saw the latter a little later, in a barn near by where they had taken refuge. About half a dozen men, playing on a rough board by the light of two candles. I understood that these were the black sheep of the crowd and we merely cast a glance at them.

I was desirous to see the end of the ball, but having been told that the break-up would only take place at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, we went away at 1 o'clock. I was well pleased with my evening and I admired the perfect order that reigned, considering that it was a public affair and open to all who wished to come, without any entrance fee. My friend told me that when the



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ready stated, have been distinguished, but as yet too many are without education. Let all Louisianians take to heart the cause of education and make a crusade against ignorance in our country parishes!

Before leaving the prairie I took advantage of my proximity to the gulf to pay a visit to Côte Blanche. The coast of Louisiana is flat, but in the Attakapas country five islands or elevations break the monotony. These are rugged and abrupt and present some beautiful scenes. A few miles from the prairie is a forest called Cypremort; it is being cleared, and the land is admirably adapted to sugar cane. The road leading to Côte Blanche passes for three miles through the forest and along Cypremort Bayou, which is so shallow that large trees grow in it and the water merely trickles around them. On leaving the wood we enter on a trembling prairie over which a road has been built, and we soon reach Côte Blanche. It is called an island, because on one side is the gulf and on the others is the trembling prairie. We ascended a bluff about one hundred feet high and beheld an enchanting scene. In the rear was the wood which we had just left, stretching like a curtain around the prairie; to the right and to the left were a number of hills, one of which was one hundred and fifty-seven feet high, covered with tall cane waving its green lances in the air, while in front of us stood the sugar house with large brick chimneys, the white house of the owner of the place, the small cottages of the negroes on



both sides of a wide road, and a little farther, the blue waters of the gulf. I approached the edge of the bluff, and as I looked at the waves dashing against the shore and at the sun slowly setting in a cloudless sky, I exclaimed: "Lawrence, destroyer of the Acadian homes, your cruelty has failed. This beautiful country was awaiting your victims. We have here no Bay of Fundy with its immense tides, no rocks, no snow, but we have a land picturesque and wonderfully fertile, a land where men are free—*our* Louisiana is better than *your* Acadia!"

### III.

I am indebted in part for the list of proverbs and curious sayings I shall offer to the Hon. Félix Voorhies, of St. Martinsville, who made the following interesting remarks to me about the Acadian dialect:

Each locality has its peculiar patois; thus at the upper limit of our parish, one uses expressions which are never heard at the lower limit. The dialect in Lafourche differs essentially from that which is in use in St. Martin, at Avoyelles or on the Vermilion Bayou.

The remarks of Mr. Voorhies are correct, as I have myself observed, and they may apply with equal truth to the patois in France, where differences are found in the speech of the peasants living within the same dialect boundaries. Local influences have always modified the language of uneducated people, even when they belonged to



the same race; political influences have also been very powerful; for instance, the more or less complete subjugation of the conquered by the conquerors. The difference of races, however, is the greatest cause of the different dialects.

Just as the Latin gave rise to the eight Romance tongues, the *langue d'oïl* was divided into different dialects, due in great part to the difference of races in the provinces of the north of France. In the same way we may account for some of the variations in the Acadian dialect of Louisiana. Canada and Acadia were settled mainly by emigrants from Normandy, Poitou, Aunis, Brittany and Picardy, with a few from Paris. The dialectical peculiarities of the ancestors may still be found, to a certain extent, among the descendants, although they must have been very much weakened by long residence in America. The constant intermarriage of people whose fathers were from different provinces tended certainly to erase the peculiarities of speech, and at the time of the dispersion of the Acadians in 1755, their language must have been nearly uniform. I should, therefore, arrive at the conclusion that the differences in the Acadian dialect in Louisiana are due more to local influences than to the provincial peculiarities of speech of the Norman or West France ancestors. The English language has naturally exerted a great influence on the Louisiana Acadian patois, and so have the Spanish and Creole patois, producing thus a very interesting



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*Poser la chique et faire le mort*, demeurer coi. A man must be quite disconcerted to stop chewing and lay down his tobacco without saying a word.

*Charrer*, to converse. Very much used. See "Mireio," vi.

"Et tout en fasent la charrado."

*Fendre son garganna*, to beat some one. *Garganna* from Spanish *garganta*.

*Un bengale*, a man to be feared. From *tigre du Bengale*.

The Acadians use the following expressions borrowed from the Creole patois:

*Mon gardemanger*, the stomach.

*Mon tendé*, the ear.

*Mon senti*, the nose.

*Mon oi clair*, the eye.

*Faire chiquer poteau*, to prevent a young man from dancing with a young girl.

*Y a pas passé tantôt*, there must be no delay, let the matter be settled immediately.

*Un candi*, a man without energy, as soft as candy.

*Un guime*, a young cock; from the Eng. *game*.

*Garion*, a stallion. (See Eng. and Scotch *garran* and *garron*, a gelding, a work horse.)

*Badjeuler*, to speak loud, *gueule*, pronounced *djeule*.

*Mariocher*, to live in concubinage.

*Cheval des chemins*, a horse which ambles.

*Virer de l'œil*, to die. The word *virer*, to turn, is very common.

It is used in many compounds: *vire-mouches*, the tail, *vire-chiens*, the horns of a cow.

*Un beau tchoc*, a fine fellow (ironically). *Tchoc* probably from *coq*.

*Four pour clair*, *Zherbe*, to flee. Used as an order.

*Une romaine*, a fine dress.

*Flanquer un veu-tu couri*, to give a good beating, to make him run.

*Dans les poux de bois*, same as *dans les Fordoches*, to be in distress.

*Tailler dans le gingas*, to lie.

*Couper la peau chatoui*, to exaggerate. *Chatoui*, the raccoon.



*Des racatchas*, long spurs. (Fr. *raca*, Provençal *racca*, a worthless horse. Diez, "Etymologisches Wörterbuch.")

*Déchirer la couverture en deux*, to fall out with some one, corresponding to *rompre la paille*.

*Un gros dos*, a rich man.

*Faire la djeule douce*, to play the hypocrite.

*Un grand tinguélingue*, a tall, awkward fellow.

*Une catin*, a doll; as in the Creole patois.

*Mettre au parc* or *parquer des animaux*, to take them from the prairie and place them within enclosures. *Mettre au cor-rail*, is also frequent, from Spanish *corral*.

*Une châtime*, a woman with light hair (cheveux châtain).

*Une germine*, a first cousin.

*Tonner les moutons*, corruption of *tondre*.

*Crier pour la pirogue*, to call for help. Often used while playing cards. From the language of hunters.

*Fendre son biscuit*, *graisser sa caloquinte*, to beat.

*Claion*, a gate, probably from French *claire*, "old French *cloie*, Provençal *clada*, Middle Lat. *clida* and *clia*, diminutive *cletella*. Of Celtic origin." (Diez, "Etymologisches Wörterbuch.")

*Hucher*, to call in a loud voice, from "*hucar*, Provençal *ucar* and *uchar*, Picard *huquer*, Piem. *uchè*. From *hucher* comes *huchet*, hunter's horn. Norman *houter*, English hoot." Diez, "Etymologisches Wörterbuch. *Monte sur le claion et huche-les* is often heard.

*Une galline*, a game cock, from Spanish *gallina*.

*Une bocotte*, a small woman, fat and not elegant.

*Etre sans réserve*, to be ready for the fight.

*Le passer au carlet*, to beat him.

With regard to the fondness of the Acadians for nautical terms referred to above, the following lines sent me by Mr. Voorhies on the subject are very interesting:

Ils vous diront: En *gagnant le large*, vous aurez à votre gauche une *île* que vous *côtierez*. Vous verrez un grand bois dans le lointain—quand vous aurez *navigué* une bonne partie de la journée.



vous arriverez à ce bois dans *l'anse* x, y, ou z. Il y a là une maison; vous n'aurez qu'à *héler*, et un tel viendra vous recevoir. Si vous pouvez continuer, il vous *pilotera* dans ce bois, autrement vous n'aurez qu'à *virer* de bord et revenir ici.

## II. FROM THE PARISH OF ST. MARY.

*L'anse* is the prairie advancing in the wood like a small bay.

*Il a plongé*, he gave way (he "dived") through fear. /

*Haler*, to pull. Much more common than *tirer*.

*Chapoter*, to whittle a piece of wood; corruption of Eng. chip.

*Fabloroc*, a lantern.

*Claion*, not only in meaning of gate, as in St. Martin, but synonymous with *parc* explained above.

*Mialer*, to weep, from *miauler*. *L'enfant miale*.

*Mon cachembau*, my pipe. Provençal *cachimbau*. See "Mirèio," xii.)

*Avoir le respire court et le discours égaré*, to be dying.

*Portoyer*, to swim.

*Comportement d'un cheval*, the gait of a horse.

*Faire chaudière ensemble*, to marry.

*Patcharac ici, patcharac là*, to strike right and left, probably from *patatras*.

*Tchicadence*, mèche de fouet.

*Se pimper*, to dress oneself well; from adj. *pimpant*.

*Ah! la guinche*, Ah! the disagreeable woman; from *grincheux*.

*Du fard*, for *la farce*.

*Les agrès*, the harness. Another nautical term.

*Un fouyon*, a finger sore; probably from *fouiller*, the sore being deep enough to be dug into.

*Gréminer la terre*, to pulverize the ground.

*Terliboucher*, to laugh.

*Les éclèzes*, lightning.

*Cailler*, to back out in a fight, to shrink, as the milk on becoming clabber.

*Une lionèse*, a lioness; from the English.

*Garoché*, to whip; probably another nautical word from *garochoir*, cordage.



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- o—the O hardly exists, *chose* and *côte* being both pronounced chose and cote.
- u—pronounced ə: une becomes əne.
- y—has the sound of L in *pays*, *maïs*.
- ai—has the long sound in *vrai* (vre).
- oi—has kept in many words the Norman WE in *moi*, *Illinois* *toi*, etc., pronounced also e: *froid* becomes *fred*; *refroidir* becomes *fredir*; becomes sometimes UAN: *moi* often pronounced mUAN.
- au—pronounced ɔ, pɔvre.
- eu—becomes u: *Eugène*, *Europe* becomes uigène urope.
- ou—becomes sometimes o: *où est-ce?* pronounced o est-ce?
- un—the n of the nasal is heard and the un often becomes æN.
- c—pronounced very often tch: *curé* (tchuré).
- d—becomes dj: *Dieu* (Djeu). At the end of words sounds like t as in *quand* followed by a consonant: *quand* (quante le ferez-vous?).
- f—always pronounced at end of word *nerfs*, *œufs*, etc.
- k—The k aspirate hardly exists: *des zharicots*, *des zhéros*, etc.
- j—sometimes z, *Zozé* for *Joseph*.
- l—often dropped: *il va* for *il va*; the L always pronounced like y.
- n—sometimes ñ: *mafière*.
- q—always pronounced in *cing*.
- r—very often dropped: *pou* for *pour*, *jou* for *jour*, etc.; by a curious transformation *recette* becomes *arcette*, *prenez* becomes *pernez*.
- s—pronounced at end of word: *alors* becomes *alorse*; changed into r: *tant pis* becomes *tant pire*.
- t—often not pronounced: *piasse* for *piastre*.
- x—pronounced like s at end of word: *eusse*, *ceuse*, *deusse*, *sisse*, *disse* for *eux*, *ceux*, *deux*, *six*, *dix*.
- z—is sometimes replaced by j: *Jénon* for *Zénon*.

With regard to the parts of speech there is little to observe in the Acadian dialect; there is, of course, a great deal of contraction, of abbreviation, as in the language of all uneducated people: *j'va*, *j't'vois*, *c'te femme*, etc. The *liaison* with



the *s* and *t* is generally incorrect; the *t* being pronounced like *z*, and the *s*, though more rarely, like *t*: *un gros-t-homme*. On account of the *liaison*, which is much more frequent in the dialect than in the French, the hiatus is almost unknown in the former.

The peculiar part of the syntax of the Acadian is the use of the pronoun of the first person singular with a plural verb: *j'étions*, *j'avions*, and often that same form of the verb used with the pronouns of the third person: *il étions*, *ils étions*. Instead of *j'avons* the contracted form *j'ons* is frequent. The neuter verbs such as *aller*, *partir*, *sortir*, etc., are usually conjugated with *avoir*. The reflexive verbs have generally dropped the auxiliary *être*.

The formation of nouns from verbs is common as in French. Mr. Voorhies calls my attention to two interesting words: *Une pèse* from *peser*, *une trompe* (*une erreur*), from *se tromper*. I refer briefly here to the peculiarities of the dialect, as in the longer specimens given below the points of interest will be fully explained.

The two following letters are interesting, not only as specimens of the dialect, but also with regard to folklore, as the customs and manners of the Acadians are described. I am indebted principally for the subject matter to Mr. Zénon de Moruelle, formerly of Pointe Coupée parish, whose valuable suggestions with regard to writing the dialect I also desire to acknowledge.



## PREMIERE LETTRE.

*Bayou Choupique, le 5 Novembre, 1890.*

MON CHER MUSSIEU PHILOGUE :

D'abord l'public s'a intéressé à connaitre notre histoire, mouan<sup>1</sup> j'va dire tout ça j'connais et pi<sup>2</sup> les autres vont conter ça ils savions.<sup>3</sup> Pou ça je connais, j'ai toujours attendu<sup>4</sup> dire que les premiers Cadiens qu'a venu icite étions arrivés du Nord par le Mississippi. Ils venions des Illinoués et s'étions éparpillés tout le long du fieuve et ceuzes<sup>5</sup> qua quitté la grand bande avions arrêté côté nous autres. Ils étions tous des chasseurs et des coureurs des bois. La beauté des chauvages les avions tentés; ça fait y en a plein dans eux autres qui s'avions marié avec ces filles des bois. Mouan j'en connais plein des familles icite qu'a du sang chauvage et même qu'ils étions bien fiers de descendre des premiers habitants; i<sup>6</sup> s'disions les seuls vrais Américains. Pour lors donc eune fois établis icite tous ces gaillards-là s'avions mis à travailler dur; et pi i s'étions bâti des cabanes et avions défréchi<sup>7</sup> et netteyé d'la terre et chacun dans eux autres a eu eune désert<sup>8</sup> pou cultiver du mais, du tabac, de l'indigo, et boucoup plus tard du coton et pi ensuite a venu la canne et ensuite le riz.

Nos grands-popas avions eu boucoup des pitits. Ça me fait jongler dans mon jeune temps, quand ma pauvre définte moman me faisait carder du coton pou faire la cotonnade; les fils étions tindus<sup>9</sup> bleus ou rouges. Alors on avait des bien jolies tchulottes et des véreuses<sup>10</sup> pou aller vous promener l'dimanche. On avait été d'auparavant à la messe pour apprendre le catéchime avec le tchuré et pi quand on était paré<sup>11</sup> on faisait sa première communion. Oh! mais c'était eune beau jour, on sentait qu'on était légère comme une plume. A rien m'aurait pas tenté pou faire eune péché, a rien aurait pu me faire virer<sup>12</sup> de bord et prendre eune mauvais chemin comme les mauvais garniments.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Moi.*<sup>2</sup> *Puis.*<sup>3</sup> The first person plural of the verb used with pronouns of first person singular and third person plural.<sup>4</sup> *Entendu.*<sup>5</sup> *Ceux.*<sup>6</sup> *Ils.*<sup>7</sup> *Défriché.*<sup>8</sup> *Champ*, a curious expression. The word *désert* must have designated the prairies.<sup>9</sup> *Tints.*<sup>10</sup> *Vareuses.*<sup>11</sup> *Prêt.*<sup>12</sup> *Virer de bord*, one of the nautical expressions so common among the Acadians.



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Bon Djeu merci, au jour d'aujourd'hui tous me pitits sont grands. Je leurs y ai donné tout ça j'avais, et comme i me reste plus arien, ça c'est juste que ça j'ai fait pou eux autres ils le faisons pou mouan. J'ai pas fait avec eux le partage à Montgomery. C'était dans le temps à d'Artaguettes<sup>25</sup> que ce fameux lapin là vivait. C'était un gailard qu'était plus coquin que bête; quand il allait à la chasse avec ses camarades, comme il était fort comme eune cheval il commençait toujours par grogner faire semblant t'être en colère. I leur faisait eune bonne cache et quand il fallait partager le gibier il prenait tout et laissait la restant pou les autres. Ça fait depi ce temps-là nous autres ons dit toujours le partage à Montgomery.

Ma plume connaît galoper quéquefois dans l'passé, alle prend l'estampic,<sup>26</sup> mais je connais l'arrêter quand même j dois li mettre eune bridon. Comme je me sentions lasse j'vas finir icite ma première lettre, et je vous promets, Mussieu, de vous écrire encore anvant le jour de Noal On doit faire eune grand réveillon si vous voulez venir. On va se revoir plus tard.

Je vous salue de loin,

BATIS GROSBŒUF.

#### DEUXIEME LETTRE.

*Bayou Choupique, le 12 Novembre, 1890.*

MUSSIEU PHILOGUE—Vous me disez comme ça dans vot' réponse que ma lettre vous avions fait bien du plaisir et pou je continue à vous conter les affaires des premiers Cadiens qu' étions venus icite. C'est jus au fur et à mesure j'écris que ça m'revient. Pour lors donc je vas tout vous dire tout ça je connais. P'ti brin<sup>27</sup> par p'ti brin ça va finir par faire eune gros tas. Bien sûr y en a des choses qui allions vous interboliser,<sup>28</sup> parce que c'est pas un p'ti morceau j'avions pou conter.

Les Acadiens avions été chassés par les Anglais. C'est des fameux coquins qu' étions pou ainsi dire des pirates, ils avions profité de leur butin après que ces malheureux avions parti de leur pays, et les coquins savions emparé de leur maisons pou

<sup>25</sup> Very long ago; D'Artaguettes and Vincennes were burned by the Indians.

<sup>26</sup> *Le mort aux dents*: Stampede

<sup>27</sup> A curious rendering of "petit à petit l'oiseau fait son nid."

<sup>28</sup> Surprendre.



eusse rester et pi ils avions eu des déserts<sup>29</sup> tou bien cultivés. Les Acadiens leurs y avions toujours gardé un p'tit chien<sup>30</sup> de leur chienne et à chaquefois qu'ils entendions dire *God-dam*, c'est comme si on leur jetait de la cendre chaude dans e dos.

Nos aïeux aimions la chasse Le grand-popa de mon popa étions grand chasseur. Bon matin il étions debout et après s'avoir rincé<sup>31</sup> la dalle, il fallait quéque chose pou bousiller<sup>32</sup> l'estomac. Ii partait, mais bien sûr, aussi bien que le Bon Djeu a fait les pommes, il revenait chargé de gibier; des canards, des chevreuils et des ours. Alors il évitait<sup>33</sup> des amis pou dîner avec lui; c'était des vrais ramequins,<sup>34</sup> des vraies bamboches. Là on décidions donner un bal pou amuser la junesse. Un p'tit garçon à cheval allions porte en porte éviter tout le monde. On était pas fier, on était tout égal nous autres. D'abord on était honnête, on demandait pas la restant. Le monde venions à pied, d'autres à cheval, beaucoup en charrettes. On avait pas calèche ou barouche; on attelait Ti Gris et Ti Noir et ça vous trottions sur le chemin comme les grands chevaux qui venions du Kentucky. V'là la chanchon on chantait dans c'temps: là, écoutez-bien:

PREMIER COUPLET.<sup>35</sup>

Depi que j'ons fait connaissance  
 D'un certain tendron,  
 J'ons courons à l'accointance,  
 J'ons perds la raison.  
 Je ne connais dans la nature  
 Rien de plus flatteur  
 Que l'aimable créature  
 Qui me tchient au tchoeur.        *bis.*

SECOND COUPLET.

L'autre jour en cachette,  
 Alle me fit présent d'un bécot.<sup>36</sup>  
 Ah! ma bouche en devint muette  
 Et j'en restai tout sot.

<sup>29</sup> A pretty expression: "des déserts bien cultivés."

<sup>30</sup> *Garder un p'tit chien de leur chienne*; avoir une dent contre quelqu'un.

<sup>31</sup> *Après avoir bu.*    <sup>32</sup> *Remplir.*    <sup>33</sup> *Invitait.*    <sup>34</sup> *Grands dîners.*

<sup>35</sup> The song is naive and graceful, although the metre is not always correct.

<sup>36</sup> *Un baiser.*



Ce bécot-là au fond de mon âme  
 Imprima le bonheur;  
 Il redoubla la flamme  
 Qui me tchient au tchoeur. *bis.*

TROISIEME COUPLET.

Il n'y a rien de remarquable;  
 Partout un soleil.  
 Dans le monde habitable  
 On trouve tout pareil.  
 Mais alle a ma douce amie.  
 Un pitit air flatteur  
 Une fidgire de fantaisie  
 Qui me tchient au tchoeur. *bis.*

QUATRIEME COUPLET.

La beauté la plus tentante  
 Peut me faire les yeux doux.  
 Ah! je lui dirions: vous êtes charmante  
 Mais il n'y a rien pou vous.  
 Ce n'est pas que sa fidgire jeune et belle  
 Ne soit pleine de fraîcheur,  
 Mais ce n'est pas vous qu'êtes la demoiselle  
 Qui me tchient au tchoeur. *bis.*

On ne s'embêtait pas à faire de la politique comme vous autres avec vos élections à tous les six mois. Nous, les autres fois, le Gouverneur nommait un commandant<sup>37</sup> dans notre paroisse. Il était capitaine des armées du roi, et grand jige, et comme on avait pas de procès, il avait pas grand chose à faire; jus fumer sa pipe, et pi se promener le matin et se reposer l'après midi. Quéquefois le commandant réglait une succession et il gardait une bonne part pou lui aussite; il disait il était héritier nonmmé par le Gouvernement.

Quand y avait un mariage tous nous autres on accompagnait les mariés à l'Eglise et après la çarémonie on revenait en chantant, et à la noce on tirait des coups de fisil. C'était eine habitude, ça prouve que nos aïeux aimions la poudre et qu'ils n'en

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<sup>37</sup> During the Spanish domination.



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monde étions venu de tous côtés, mais on a fait tant du train<sup>46</sup> et du tapage, c'était un tumulte qu'avait bouleversé tout le voisinage. Alors le commandant avions donné l'ordre de finir tout ça, aussite ça l'a arrêté net. Mais les chicanes et les chammailles avions continué dans le jour; ça fait y en a eu plusieurs batailles et duels et plusieurs jeunes hommes s'avions massacré à coups de fisils; y en a deux qu'avions été tués. Mouan je m'a trouvé compromis comme témoin. J'ai-t-été obligé de décamper.

Je m'ai embarqué dans eune pirogue et j'avions dérivé jusqu'à la ville côté mon parrain. Quand j'étions las flâner et naviguer<sup>47</sup> à la Nouvelle-Orléans j'ai parti à pied pou tourner chez mouan coûte qui coûte. J'avions trouvé du monde je connaissions tout partout, ça fait j'étions pas obligé tchemander<sup>48</sup> à manger ni pou coucher. Ça c'est le plus joli voyage j'avions jamais fait. J'ai pris deux ans pou m'en revinir. Il faut je vous dis, je suis violonier de mon état, pas un bal s'a jamais donné sans c'est mouan qui joue. J'avions arrivé un samedi à St. Jacques, y avait un bal, mais le musicien s'a trouvé malade. J'ai offri<sup>49</sup> mes services, ah! comme tout le monde étions content. Lendemain j'étions évité dans tous les maisons. J'avions reluqué la veille au soir une belle Acadienne; Maginton m'avait tapé dans l'œil. Alors, je l'y ai dit tout suite: "la belle, vous me plaît, si vous disez oui on va se marier." Alle m'a répondu: "Tape, ça me va." Je m'ai marié avec alle et on<sup>50</sup> a resté côté son père jusqu'à plus de deux ans. Par après j'avions appris la mort à ma pauvre moman. J'ai revenu au Bayou Choupique pou régler la succession. Ma foi, quand j'ai eu ma part j'ai dit comme ça, tant pire pou les amis j'ai quitté derrière, mouan, je vas rester icite dans mon pays. Vous voyez, Mussieu Philologue, où l'ombri<sup>51</sup> est enterré on veut toujours rester; y a quéque chose comme qui dirait qui vous amarre<sup>52</sup> là.

On dit le Cadien connaît pas à rien parce qu'il a pas d'inducation, mais il faut li donner eine chose, il aime son pays, sa famille et ses amis, et si y en a qui rougissent quand on les ap-

46 *Du bruit.*

47 *Se promener.*

48 *Demander.*

49 This incident is true, as well as the marriage that followed.

50 *On* for *nous*, or *je*, is very common.

51 *Où l'on est né.*

52 Another nautical term for *attaché*.



pelle Acadiens, mouan je vas vous dire, Mussieu Philologue, j'en suis bien fier. Pensez-vous pas que j'avons raison?

Je vous salue de loin,

BATIS GROSBŒUF.

I hope that this brief sketch of the Acadians of Louisiana and of their dialect will be an introduction to a more complete study of the subject hereafter.

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#### IV.—THE ISLEÑOS OF LOUISIANA AND THEIR DIALECT.

My attention having been called to the Isleños of Louisiana as being a fit subject for study, I determined to visit those people and to give an account of their mode of life and language. I have hardly as yet been able to collect enough material for a paper, but knowing the interest which is taken in this subject by several American scholars, and in Europe by such men as Professor Schuchardt, of the University of Gratz, and others, I thought it best to present the few notes which I was able to take on the occasion of two visits to the country of the Isleños.

In Judge Martin's History of Louisiana (Edition 1882, page 224), he says:

The province now received (1778) a considerable accession of population by the arrival of a number of families, brought over at the king's expense, from the Canary Islands. A part of them formed a new settlement at the Terre-aux-Bœufs, below New Orleans, under the order of



Marigny de Mandeville; a part was located on the banks of the river Amite, behind Baton Rouge, under the order of St. Maxent, and formed the settlement of Galveztown; the rest formed that of Valenzuela, on Bayou Lafourche.

A house was built for each family, and a church in each settlement. They were supplied with cattle, fowls and farming utensils; rations were furnished them for a period of four years out of the king's stores, and considerable pecuniary assistance was also afforded to them.

Judge Gayarré, in his History of Louisiana, repeats Martin's statements about the Isleños, and in *DeBow's Review*, Vol. III, page 23, we see, in an address delivered by Henry A. Bullard, the following words:

Little colonies from Spain, or the Spanish islands on the coast of Africa, were scattered in different parts of the country. Such were New Iberia in Attakapas, Valenzuela in Lafourche, Terre-aux-Bœufs and Galveztown. They still retain (January, 1847), to a certain extent, their language, manners and pursuits.

A few lines further Judge Bullard adds:

The little colonies of Spaniards at New Iberia and Terre-aux-Bœufs never had any written concessions, they were put in possession by the public surveyor, and it was not long since the change of government that their descendants obtained an authentic recognition of their title from the United States.

In *DeBow's Review*, Vol. XII, page 23, mention is made of Madame Arroyas, one of the emi-



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plantation, which had belonged to the poet, statesman and philanthropist, the friend of the sick, of the orphans and of indigent girls. After a journey of two hours we left the train at St. Bernard station, where Dr. Dell' Orto had some friends.

The descendants of the Canary Islanders are known in Louisiana as *les Islingues*. The principal families are the Estopinal, Nuñez, Serpas, Ojeda, Guerra, Gonzalez, Gutierrez and Guajiro. There is also the Puig (Puch) family, which is Catalan, but descended from the Ojedas. A number of these people are men of education and of some wealth; the senator from St. Bernard parish is an Estopinal and the sheriff is a Nuñez. The great majority, however, as with the descendants of the Acadians, are poor and ignorant. They cultivate their little patch of ground and raise vegetables, chiefly potatoes and onions. They are also great hunters. They all speak Spanish, but a few speak the Creole patois and the younger ones speak English. Their language is not as corrupt as might be expected. You may judge by the following conversation which we had with an old woman who could neither read nor write:

—Buenos dias, señora; ¿esta es lo que llaman Uds. la Terre-aux-Bœufs?

—Si, *seño* (señor); *la Terre-aux-Bœufs?* que sirve mas para los bueyes, que para los cristianos.

—¿ Ud. nació aqui?

—Si, *seño* (señor); mi padre y madre eran Españoles.

—¿ De que parte de España?

—Isleños.



- ¿ Como Isleños? ¿ De que isla?
- Yo no se. Isleños—es to do lo que se.
- ¿ Eran todos Isleños los primeros habitantes de aqui?
- Casi, pero el *seño* (señor) Puig era Catalan.
- ¿ Que lengua se habla mas aqui?
- Antes en este punto no se hablaba mas que el español—ahora de pocos años se habla mas la lengua *fransesa* (francesa). Hoy en dia (with regret) la lengua española se va *paa tras* (para atras); tienen *vergüensa* (vergüenza), les da *cordedad* (cortedad) de hablar el español—los niños ya la van dejando, estan cogiendo la lengua inglesa.
- ¿ Como aprendió Ud. español?
- De mis padres.
- ¿ No lo estudió Ud?
- No, *seño* (señor).
- ¿ Habla Ud. frances?
- Si, *seño* (señor), he aprendido muchas palabras que *mesclo* (mezclo) con el español.
- ¿ Sabe Ud. el nombre de los viejos Españoles, primeros habitantes de la parroquia?
- Oh! son muchos; pero yo no tengo memoria; por eso, no puedo darle *rason* (razon). Yo *padesco* (padezco) mucho de mal de *cabesa* (cabeza) que me corta la memoria; pero nuestro *vesino* (vecino) Felipe Gutierrez podrá darle mas *rason* (razon) que yo.
- ¿ Su marido de Ud. vive?
- No, *seño* (señor); murió hará *sinco* (cinco) oseis años, de la edad de ochenta años.
- ¿ Hay muchos de esta edad que viven todavia en la parroquia?
- ¿ Oh! si, los *vesinos* (vecinos) podran darle *rason* (razon) mejor que yo.
- ¿ Sus hijos hablan español?
- Si, *seño* (señor), todos.
- ¿ Que tal la salud de Ud?
- Asi, asi; ademas de la *cabesa* (cabeza) sufro tambien del *estogamo* (estomago).
- Adios, señora; no quiero molestarla mas; muchas gracias de su bondad.
- Nada, *seño* (señor); al contrario, me alegro mucho de su visita; me ha alegrado el *corason* (corazon).



## TRANSLATION.

- Good morning, Madam; is this what is called *la Terre-aux-Bœufs*?
- Yes, sir; *la Terre-aux-Bœufs*, which is of more use to oxen than to Christians.
- Were you born here?
- Yes, sir; my father and my mother were Spaniards.
- From what part of Spain?
- Islanders.
- How, Islanders? From what islands?
- I do not know. Islanders, that is all that I know.
- Were all the first inhabitants Islanders?
- Almost all, but Mr. Pulg was Catalan.
- What language is spoken most here?
- Formerly in this place nothing was spoken but Spanish—now for the last few years the French language is spoken most. To-day the Spanish language is going backward; they are ashamed, they are afraid to speak Spanish—the children are already abandoning it; they are taking hold of the English language.
- How did you learn Spanish?
- From my parents.
- You did not study it?
- No, sir.
- Do you speak French?
- Yes, sir; I have learned many words which I mix with the Spanish language.
- Do you know the number of the old Spaniards, the first inhabitants of the parish?
- Oh! there are many; but I have no memory; for that reason I can not answer your question. I suffer very much from headaches, which deprive me of my memory, but our neighbor, Philip Gutierrez, may answer better than I.
- Is your husband living?
- No, sir; he died five or six years ago at the age of 80.
- Are there many of that age who are now living in the parish?
- Oh, yes; the neighbors will answer better than I.
- Do your children speak Spanish?
- Yes, sir; all.
- How is your health?



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daughters and told us that they earned their living by cultivating the ground.

My second visit to the Isleños was on November 29, 1891. Mr. Ben Olivier had kindly invited me to spend the day with him at his father's plantation in St. Bernard parish. The Olivier family is one of the oldest and most distinguished in Louisiana. Their name originally was Olivier de Vezin, and now some members of the family are known by the name of Olivier and others of De Vezin. There being a number of families in the State descended from the French nobility, names of landed estates have often become family names, the Le Bretons are Des Chapelles, St. Mesme, D'Orgenois; the Soniats are also Du Fossat, and the Beauregards are also Toutants, the Confederate general being called Beauregard and his brother Toutant.

Mr. Olivier lives in the same house where he was born eighty-seven years ago. He is a most affable gentleman, and I received from him and his family a very cordial welcome. We were furnished with horses and on we started, Mr. Ben Olivier and I for *l'Île*, where live those descendants of the Spaniards, who are yet the children of nature. Shortly after leaving the Olivier plantation we passed the former place of the Chevalier de Reggio, of princely blood, General Beauregard's maternal grandfather. The house where lived the old nobleman exists no longer, but fortunately the dwelling where was born General



Beauregard is still in existence, and we had seen it from the train a few minutes before.

*La Terre-aux-Bœufs* is a narrow strip of fertile land about ten miles from the Mississippi river. On the right is Lake Léry and on the left Lake Borgne. As we advanced toward the gulf the strip of land grew narrower, and after a ride of a few miles we could see on both sides of us the trembling prairie. As we rode along we passed a number of small farms where nothing was cultivated but the onion, and every person we met spoke Spanish. To Mr. Olivier's greeting, *¿i como esta, paisano?* a courteous reply in Spanish was given by men and boys. A small boy with a gun larger than himself was on the roadside, and when we asked him about his game he answered, *na*. The hunt had been *nada* to him.

After riding five or six miles we reached a dense wood where could be seen immense oak trees with gigantic trunks, but shorn of their largest limbs by the powerful wind which blows from the gulf. The forest is called "Bois du Lac," or by the Isleños, "Bois del Lacre." It took us about an hour to cross it, after which we reached the Spanish settlement. The scene was wild and strange: Bayou Bœuf, which was a mere ditch at the Olivier plantation, had become a deep and rapid stream of salt water. It has two branches, one flowing into Lake Léry and the other into the gulf, which is at a distance of five or six miles. The land comprised between the two



branches of the bayou was *l'Île*, which we had come to see. The dwellings are on both sides of the bayou and are mostly palmetto huts. As it was a cold day nearly all the men had gone hunting and fishing, and the women were indoors; a few children, however, dark-haired and brown, were running about in the cold wind, bareheaded and barefooted, and a young man in a canoe was crossing the bayou in the direction of a hut, before which was standing a young girl, probably Innocente, said Mr. Olivier, the belle of the village with Agrippina.

The Spaniards on *l'Île* live entirely by hunting and fishing. The women fish in the bayou in front of their huts, but the men go to the gulf for fishing and to the lakes for hunting. They bring back immense quantities of fish and ducks, which are sent to the Olivier railroad station, ten or twelve miles distant, in small carts drawn by oxen, yoked Spanish fashion, by the horns. The land does not belong to the Isleños; they build their huts and pay one dollar a month for the rent of the land. The palmetto huts struck me with amazement—how could human beings in a civilized country live in such dwellings! There is no chimney, and the fire is made in the hut on a few bricks, the smoke escaping through an opening in the roof.

In order to see the Isleños at home we called on old Pepe Martin, whom Mr. Olivier knew. The old man received us very well and gave us a cup



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The Isleños are a pure race; they have a perfect horror of the negro and marry among themselves. Both boys and girls marry from the age of fifteen, said old Pepe, and there are many children in each family. The women are rather handsome and are very dark, owing as much to the hard life which they lead as to their natural complexion.

We asked Pepe to give us a song, and he sang the following *decima de amor*, as he said, which I wrote under his dictation:

UNA DECIMA DE AMOR.

Si tu amor quieres vender  
 Será una fiera batalla;  
 Yo seré un rayo con ala  
*Hata* (hasta) ganarte, mi *vien* (bien).  
 Se alguno con falsa *hasaña* (hazaña)  
 Hablara de tu hermosura,  
 Veras, en defensa tuya,  
 Seré un fiel leon en batalla.  
 Amor, luchando, se halla  
*Hata* (hasta) que gane la palma;  
 Asi, dile que se vaya.  
 Yo sigo tu entendimiento,  
 Porque le cortaré el viento;  
 Será una fiera batalla.  
 Lo siño de *Dio* (Dios) *ven ano* (vengativo)  
 M'enseñara á querer.  
*Disen* (dicen) que me ande ver  
 En tu *braso* (brazo) colocado.  
 Aqui me tienes potrado (postrado),  
 Dime tu fiel verdadero.  
 En defensa de tu *sielo* (cielo)  
 Yo seré un rayo con ala.



## A LOVE SONG.

If you wish to sell your love  
 There will be a fierce battle;  
 I shall be a thunderbolt with wings  
 Until I can win you, my love.  
 If any one with false exploits  
 Will speak of your beauty,  
 In truth, in your defence,  
 I shall be a faithful lion in battle.  
 It is by struggling that love is found  
 And the crown is gained;  
 Therefore, tell him to depart.  
 I shall do what you desire  
 Because I shall put him to death;  
 It will be a fierce battle.  
 The avenging saints of God  
 Will teach me how to love.  
 They say that I shall see myself  
 Resting in your arms.  
 Here you hold me at your feet;  
 Tell me indeed that I am your faithful lover.  
 In defence of your heaven  
 I shall be a thunderbolt with wings.

Old Pepe's *decima* is far from being a correct poem; it is, however, queer and expressive. We may pardon mistakes in prosody to a man who is a "thunderbolt with wings," "a faithful lion in battle," and "a tender lover at the feet of his lady-love,"

We notice the omission of the *s*, *hata* for *hasta*, *potrado* for *postrado*; the softening of *b* into *v*, *mi vien* for *mi bien*; the *z* and the *c* before *e* and *i* pronounced like *s*, *hraso* for *brazo*, *hasaña* for *hazaña*, *disen* for *dicen*, *siel* for *ciel*; *vengano* for *vengativo* is curious.



As we had a long ride awaiting us we were soon obliged to bid farewell to Pepe and his interesting family. We returned to Mr. Olivier's plantation, paid a visit to the sugar house, where was boiling the fragrant syrup, and late in the evening took the train for New Orleans. While on our way back to the great city of the South, where civilization is so highly developed, where are to be found all luxuries, I was haunted by the vision of the palmetto hut, and of the old man who said: "*No quiero na ma que habitual (beans) cafe y pan.*" What is it that satisfies us, civilized men?



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the State. The inhabitants had learned to respect and esteem him during the nine years of his administration of the territory, and they showed great confidence in him during the trying moments of the English invasion.

All Louisianians in December, 1814, and January, 1815, showed themselves devoted Americans, and they were warmly commended by Jackson. The rout of Pakenham's army is one of the most glorious events in American history and was a happy omen for the future of the new-born State. Indeed, from the battle of New Orleans in 1815 to the civil war in 1861, Louisiana enjoyed wonderful prosperity. Agriculture and commerce were developed, schools were carefully fostered, and the wealth of the people was continually increasing. The governors of the State had been able and conscientious, the laws were liberal, and only one thing seemed to be a cause of anxiety for the future—it was slavery. This great question brought about for a time the disruption of the Union, although the South did not fight only to maintain slavery. The Southern men were in favor of States' rights, and when they believed those rights to be attacked they seceded from the Northern and Western States. There is no doubt, in my mind, that if the South had been victorious, slavery would have been abolished. Emancipation would have been gradual, but it would surely have come, and without the evils that accompanied a sudden emancipation, which disorganized labor



and caused such wide-spread ruin. Let us not, however, consider what might have happened. The war took place, the slaves were freed and became citizens, and the South passed through the terrible ordeal of Reconstruction. She is now free once more, and free within the Union, and surely not one of her sons wishes now that it had been otherwise. But the men of the South fought valiantly for their cause and should be proud of these four years of our history, 1861 to 1865. Let us cast a glance at the events which took place in Louisiana in war times and we shall honor and revere the men who defended so heroically the soil of their State against such tremendous odds.

Never had Louisiana been more prosperous than in 1860, but at the end of that year the election of Lincoln foreshadowed great and serious events in the country. South Carolina seceded from the Union in 1860, and Governor Thomas Overton Moore, of Louisiana, called the Legislature together in extra session in December, 1860. An election for delegates to a State convention took place on January 7, 1861, and preparations for war were begun. The convention met on January 23, and elected ex-Governor Mouton as president. On January 26 an ordinance of secession was adopted and signed by one hundred and twenty-one delegates, seven refusing. Delegates were sent to the convention held at Montgomery to organize the Southern Confederacy, and Louisiana severed the ties which bound her to the American



Union and cast her lot with the other Southern States. For four years she was one of the Confederate States of America and on many a bloody battle field her sons fought gloriously and well.

#### THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.

To retain control of the Mississippi was of the utmost importance to the Confederacy, and the Federals exerted their utmost efforts to open the river and its most important tributaries. Forts Henry and Donelson fell after a gallant resistance; Island No. 10 was also taken, and at the end of 1861 there only remained above New Orleans two points—Vicksburg and Port Hudson—which might prevent the Federal fleet, called the Western Flotilla, from sailing down the river to New Orleans. The latter city, in April, 1862, was almost without an army to protect her, as Louisiana's sons were nearly all at that time on distant battle fields. Gen. Mansfield Lovell, commanding the department, had only 6000 men under him, and he seems to have done all in his power to protect the city. The Confederate government provided some vessels for the defence of the city, but did not act with sufficient celerity in completing the iron-clads which were then building. The fleet of rams and improvised gun-boats were to support Forts St. Philip and Jackson, but did not do all that might have been expected of them. The commanders of the vessels, with few exceptions, were



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the river "was not formidable or ingenious." The Confederate fleet consisted of twelve vessels, and a number of fire rafts had been prepared. Unfortunately, the machinery of the iron-clad "Louisiana" was not completed and she had to be secured to the river bank during the engagement with Farragut. The machinery and boilers of the gun-boats were protected with cotton bales.

The Federal fleet crossed the bar with some difficulty, and when about three miles from the forts Farragut ordered Commander Porter to begin the bombardment with the mortar vessels. The mast heads of the latter were covered with brush and it seemed to be from the trees that the firing proceeded. This was on April 18. The forts returned the firing, but they suffered exceedingly from Porter's mortars. On the 20th the cable in the river broke in two, and on the 24th Farragut attempted to pass the forts with his fleet. General Duncan had requested Commander Mitchell to send the "Louisiana" below the forts to stop the advance of the Federals, but the Confederate officer in nominal command of the fleet did not heed General Duncan's request. The Federal fleet advanced in three divisions—the first, of eight vessels, commanded by Captain Bailey; the second, of three vessels, by Farragut, and the third, of six vessels, by Captain Bell. The mortar vessels engaged the water batteries of Fort Jackson, and Captain Bailey, at 2:30 A. M., pushed on boldly up the river. The two forts cannonaded furiously,



but did no real damage to Bailey's ships, which passed the forts and attacked the Confederate vessels. Let us call attention here to the admirable conduct of Capt. Beverly Kennon in the ram "Governor Moore." The latter attacked the gunboat "Varuna," rammed her, and having only two guns (32-pounders), and being placed in such a position that she could not lower her guns so as to strike the "Varuna," Captain Kennon ordered the gun to be fired through the bow of his own vessel. The ball passed through the "Governor Moore" and struck the "Varuna," and through the hole in his ship Kennon fired again at his adversary. The ram "Stonewall Jackson" came now to the Moore's assistance and rammed the "Varuna," which sank shortly afterward near the river bank. Captan Kennon's ship was afterward attacked by several vessels and was abandoned and burned, and such was also the fate of the "Stonewall Jackson."

Farragut's flag-ship, the "Hartford," was severely treated by the forts and came near being destroyed by a fire raft pushed boldly against her by the tugboat "Mosher." The Confederate ram "Manassas" did good service, but Farragut's division succeeded in passing the forts and joined Capt. Bailey. The third division, under Capt. Bell, passed without much resistance and the fleet proceeded to New Orleans. Gen. Lovell, who had come down the river to have news of the fight at the forts, returned hurriedly to the city, and, sur-



rendering it to the civil authorities, withdrew his army from New Orleans. There seems to be no doubt that there was nothing for him to do after the enemy's fleet had reached the city. He would have uselessly exposed old men, women and children to a cruel bombardment.

Commander Porter, after Farragut's departure for New Orleans, remained with his mortar fleet to capture the forts, and to him Gen. Duncan surrendered on April 29. The iron-clad "Louisiana" was burned by Commander Mitchell, who was taken prisoner. The Confederate soldiers had done all that brave men could do in defending their flag, and even their enemies admired their conduct.

Farragut easily silenced the Confederate batteries at Chalmette, and at 10 o'clock, April 25, 1862, reached New Orleans. The scene was weird and grand: the river boats were burning and floating down, a mass of flames, the cotton and sugar on the levee were also set on fire, the rain was falling in torrents and large crowds were on the river front looking with despair at the huge Federal gun-boats. Farragut sent immediately Capt. Bailey to demand the surrender of the city, but Mayor Monroe said that Gen. Lovell was the proper person to see. The latter replied that his army had already left the city and he was going to join them. Capt. Bailey also asked that the mayor lower the State flag which had been hoisted on the City Hall. The matter of the surrender of



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As soon as the two officers left the room, Mr. Monroe also went out. Descending the front steps he walked out into the street and placed himself immediately in front of the howitzer pointing down St. Charles street. There, folding his arms, he fixed his eyes upon the gunner, who stood, lanyard in hand, ready for action. Here he remained, without once looking up or moving until the flag had been hauled down by Lieutenant Kautz and he and Captain Bell reappeared. At an order from the officers the sailors drew their howitzers back into the square, the marines fell into marching order behind them, and retired as they had come. As they passed out through the Camp street gate Mr. Monroe turned toward the hall, and the people, who had hitherto preserved the silence he had asked from them, broke into cheers for their mayor.

I shall not relate Butler's tyrannical, cruel and corrupt administration in New Orleans. The execution, or rather the murder of Mumford; his wholesale spoliations, and especially that of the office of the Consul of Holland; his insults to the patriotic women of the city, have branded his name with infamy, not only in America, but in the whole civilized world, and his conduct was disavowed by the Federal government, which recalled him after a few months and superseded him by Banks. I do not believe that there will now be found any man of honor and of true courage that will excuse in any way Butler's infamous Order No. 28:



HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }  
NEW ORLEANS, May 15, 1862. }

[*General Order No. 28.*]

As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subjected to repeated insults from the women (calling themselves ladies) of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered that hereafter, when any female shall, by word, gesture or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded, and held liable to be treated, as a woman of the town plying her avocation.

By command of

MAJOR GENERAL BUTLER.

G. C. STRONG, *A. A. G., Chief of Staff.*

After the fall of New Orleans the Federal gun-boats ascended the river, and being attacked by Confederate batteries on the banks, bombarded the plantations as they passed. This was natural where there were batteries, but, too often, houses were bombarded, in front of which stood no batteries. How well do I remember the flight of our whole family to the river front to seek the protection of the levee, whenever a gun-boat was coming. There we stood behind the levee, my sisters and myself, our school-mistress and our nurses, while our father stood on the levee to look at the Federal gun-boats and at the shells, which generally passed over our heads, but which, occa-



sionally, were buried in the levee and covered us with dust. Our house was never touched by the shells, but those of a number of our relatives and friends were considerably damaged, and I remember seeing cart loads of balls strewn in the yards. How dramatic all this was: the huge iron-clad "Essex" passing in triumph the river batteries, her shells whizzing like huge meteors over our heads, and we helpless against the invaders! I remember also the holes dug in the ground and covered with thick beams and several feet of earth, the inside arranged like a comfortable room and filled with provisions of all kinds. Then came the Federal soldiers in garrison on the plantation, and well behaved; then the insolence of some of the liberated slaves, the temporary arrest of my father and grandfather, the serio-comic scenes at the provost marshal's court, where, too often, favors, or rather rights, had to be bought; then the flight of the family to the Tèche and the pillaging by the conquering army; the return home and then complete ruin. From this ruin we, sons of rich planters, have now partially recovered, and the men of 1894, who were boys in 1862, do not keep any unkind remembrance of War Times. They shall, however, never forget the exciting scenes, in which several years of their boyhood were passed and which changed so completely the career of so many Louisianians.



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and beautiful girl of eighteen, he fell in love with her, and, her parents objecting to the match, "the young people," says Mrs. Dorsey, "took matters in their own hands, eloped together one bright moonlight night, and were married at Grand Gulf on the 4th of July, 1844." Four days after his marriage Allen fought a duel, and wounding his adversary was himself severely wounded. He was elected to the Legislature in 1846 and served with distinction. He was at that time perfectly happy, having been reconciled to his wife's parents and given a home on a plantation by his father-in-law. His beloved Salome, however, fell ill, and died after six years of wedded life.

Allen, at the death of his wife, left Grand Gulf and moved to a plantation in Tensas parish, Louisiana. He soon afterward went to Cooper's Wells, in Mississippi, for the benefit of his health, and there he met an old planter from West Baton Rouge, who took such a liking to Allen that he induced the latter to accompany him home. He afterward enabled his young friend to become the owner of a large estate. Allen went to reside in 1852 on his plantation, "Allendale," in West Baton Rouge, and in 1853 was elected to the Legislature. In 1854 he went to Harvard University for some time to study law, and in 1859 he undertook a journey to Europe. In his "Travels of a Sugar Planter" he described his impressions of the old world. In 1861 he went to Virginia, then to Havana, where he stayed till May.



On returning to Louisiana he immediately enrolled in the Delta Rifles, and shortly afterward, became lieutenant-colonel of the Fourth Louisiana Infantry, of which Robert J. Barrow was colonel. Four companies of the regiment were sent under Allen to Ship Island. They remained there several months and were thoroughly disciplined by their chief. Allen was afterward stationed at Fort Berwick Chêne, at the mouth of the Atchafalaya, and in March, 1862, the Fourth Regiment having been sent to Jackson, Tenn., Allen was elected colonel of the regiment and appointed military governor of Jackson by Beauregard. At the battle of Shiloh, on the first day, Colonel Allen was wounded by a minie ball which passed through his cheek. He put some cotton lint on the wound, tied his handkerchief around his face and continued to fight. On the second day he led a desperate charge of his regiment, and Mrs. Dorsey says that a gentleman on Beauregard's staff said of him: "There was Allen, his face tied up in a bloody handkerchief, with a bit of raw cotton sticking on his cheek—which certainly did not improve his beauty—one minute entreating, praying, weeping, tears streaming as he implored the men to stand; the next moment, swearing, raging at them, abusing them, berating them, giving them every angry epithet he could think of; then addressing them in the most affectionate words. But he succeeded in gathering together not only his own men but a number of stragglers from other



regiments, whom he coaxed or abused back into the ranks. The last I saw of him he was off with them like a whirlwind into the thick of the battle. It made me both laugh and cry to watch him. He was a regular Murat—but instead of the *white plume*, it was the white specks of cotton, and head tied up in the white handkerchief, that was always in the van.”

After Shiloh Allen was sent to Vicksburg, where he behaved with his usual gallantry. Let us here call attention to the heroic work done by the ram “Arkansas.” The little vessel was built on the Yazoo river, and on the 15th of July, 1862, she ran the gauntlet of the whole Federal fleet before Vicksburg, numbering “in all forty gun-boats, mortar boats, rams and transports.” She was attacked by the “Tyler” and the “Carondelet” and the “Queen of the West,” and the tremendous iron-clad “Essex,” but sped on, striking right and left, and moored at last under the batteries of Vicksburg. The city was well defended, and that part of the river was held by the Confederates. It was now important to free Baton Rouge from the Federals.

The capital of Louisiana was captured by Farragut on May 28, 1862, and bombarded, and in July the place was garrisoned by about 3500 men and protected by five gun-boats and a few transports. Gen. Van Dorn ordered Gen. Breckinridge to attack the Federals at Baton Rouge, and the latter took with him Allen and his Fourth



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of the river under the protection of their gunboats. Breckinridge was victorious, and waited anxiously for the arrival of the "Arkansas," without the help of which the land victory was fruitless. Alas! when about five miles from Baton Rouge the machinery of the vessel was deranged and the gallant ram was put on fire by her crew, and going down the river passed by the enemy's fleet and exploded. Such had been the fate of the "Louisiana," and "Stonewall Jackson," and "Manassas," and "Governor Moore" and other vessels while resisting Farragut's advance. Breckinridge retired to Camp Comite, then he fortified Port Hudson and left Gen. Bowen in command at the Comite river.

Allen's life was at first despaired of, but after many months he recovered sufficiently to offer his services again to the Confederacy. He was made brigadier-general in September, 1863, and sent to the Trans-Mississippi Department. Soon afterward he was elected Governor of Louisiana, and was inaugurated at Shreveport on January 25, 1864. He displayed in his new functions great administrative ability and labored incessantly for the good of the people. He prevented the cotton in the State from being burned and accumulated large stocks of provisions, medicines and objects of prime necessity, with which he relieved the wants of the needy. He provided the ladies with cotton cards with which they wove clothing for the soldiers in gray. "This gift," says Mrs.



Dorsey, "awoke unspeakable gratitude in our breasts." The *War Governor* inspired every one with his zeal and patriotism and sent re-enforcements to the army of Kirby Smith, whom he helped in every way in his power. Until the surrender of Lee and Johnston, Governor Allen stood at his post and was idolized by the people whom he served so well. After Appomatox he, the man with the martial spirit, was averse to continue a useless and disastrous struggle and he aided powerfully in bringing about the capitulation of the department. He had not thought of himself, for he knew that the end of the war was to make of him an exile. We wish to quote here a few lines of his farewell address to the people of Louisiana on June 2, 1865:

My countrymen, we have for four long years waged a war, which we deemed to be just in the sight of high heaven. We have not been the best, the wisest, nor the bravest people in the world; but we have suffered more and borne our sufferings with greater fortitude than any people on the face of God's green earth. Now let us show to the world, that as we have fought like men, like men we can make peace. Let there be no acts of violence, no heart-burnings, no intemperate language, but with manly dignity submit to the inevitable course of events. Neither let there be any repinings after lost property; let there be no crimination or recrimination, no murmurs. It will do no good, but may do much harm. You who, like myself, have lost all (and oh, how many there are!), must begin life anew. Let us not talk of



despair, nor whine about our misfortunes, but with strong arms and stout hearts adapt ourselves to the circumstances which surround us.

Governor Allen's noble words have been heeded by the people of Louisiana, by the people of the South. They have not despaired in their misery, but have labored bravely to repair the disasters of the past. They have succeeded, for in all their woes they had kept their honor intact, and the future was theirs, according to the words of the historian, Henri Martin, speaking of France after the defeats of the war of 1870: "Qui garde l'honneur, garde l'avenir."

Governor Allen went into exile in Mexico, where he struggled for a few months against poverty and pain. He established a newspaper and worked for a living—he who had had millions at his disposal when he was governor. He died in the city of Mexico, on April 22, 1866, and was buried in the Confederate uniform. His remains have been brought back to Louisiana soil and they now rest under a monument erected in front of the capitol of the State, not far from the place where he fought and fell in defending Louisiana.

“DICK” TAYLOR AND THE CAMPAIGNS ON THE  
TÈCHE AND IN THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DE-  
PARTMENT.

In his book, "Destruction and Reconstruction," General Taylor gives a most interesting account of his campaigns during the Civil War,



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people were all abroad—certainly all the women and babies. They were frantic with delight, only regretting that so many “Yankees” had escaped, and seriously impeded our movements. A buxom, comely dame of some five and thirty summers, with bright eyes and tight ankles, and conscious of these advantages, was especially demonstrative, exclaiming, “Oh, you are too late, too late!” whereupon a tall Creole from the Tèche sprang from the ranks of the Eighth Regiment, just passing, clasped her in his arms, and imprinted a sounding kiss on her ripe lips, with ‘Madame! je n’arrive jamais trop tard!’ A laugh followed, and the dame, with a rosy face, but merry twinkle in her eye, escaped.”

Taylor was sent to take command of the Louisiana District in 1862, and in his book, he gives an accurate and interesting description of the topography of Louisiana and of the character and customs of the inhabitants. He speaks very kindly of the Creoles, and after praising highly the heroism of ex-Governor Mouton and of Laclair Fuselier, the fiery and patriotic old man ever to the front in battle, he says: “I have dwelt somewhat on the characters of Mouton and Fuselier, not only because of their great devotion to the Confederacy, but because there exists a wide-spread belief that the Creole race has become effete and nerveless. In the annals of time no breed has produced nobler specimens of mankind than these two; and while descendants of the French colo-



nists remain on the soil of Louisiana their names and characters should be revered as are those of Hampden and Sidney in England.”

Gen. Taylor had to contend against great difficulties in his department, for the Federals had possession of a large part of the State, and after the battle of Baton Rouge, felt more powerful than ever. At Bayou des Allemands they had a post of two hundred men and harassed and plundered the inhabitants in the vicinity. Col. Waller, by the orders of Gen. Taylor, attacked and captured the post, where he found booty of all kind gathered by the Federals. The Confederate general complained of these robberies to Butler, who, says Gen. Taylor, gave orders that the pilaging should be stopped. It is probable that Butler wanted to have himself the monopoly of that kind of warfare.

The next engagement in Louisiana took place at Labadieville. There Col. Léopold L. Armant, of the Eighteenth Louisiana, met, with five hundred men, a force of four thousand men under General Weitzel, and checked for a time the advance of the enemy. Armant was serving under Gen. Alfred Mouton, and no braver man ever lived. I can not help calling attention specially to the Eighteenth Regiment. While a boy during the war I heard continually my relatives and friends speaking of the famous “Dix-huitième.” At Shiloh it was commanded by Alfred Mouton as colonel, and my uncle, Alfred Roman, was lieu-



tenant-colonel. Mouton was wounded at Shiloh, and Roman became inspector general on Beauregard's staff at Charleston, and Armant became colonel of the regiment. His grandfather's plantation in St. James parish was adjoining that of my grandfather, Valcour Aime, where I was born and was living at the time of the war. A number of men from St. James were in the Eighteenth Louisiana, and I took a special interest in that regiment. The impressions of childhood are so strong that I shall always remember vividly the deeds of the soldiers on the Tèche and in the Trans-Mississippi, and the siege of Charleston, as related to me during the war. In Cornay's Battery were my only brother and my first cousins, George Ferry and Michel Fortier; in the Eighteenth Regiment were some of my best friends; at Charleston, with Beauregard, were my uncle Roman and my cousin, Capt. Albert Ferry. Although the operations in Virginia were grand and admirable, and although I reverence and love Lee and Jackson, I feel personally attached to the soldiers of the Trans-Mississippi, and to Beauregard and his men, as I heard them mentioned daily in my childhood. It is therefore a pious task on my part to devote a few lines of homage to the army in which served my brother Louis, the boy soldier, who did duty for two years on the Tèche and in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and died before he was twenty, two months after his return home.



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in driving away Mouton's pickets, and the "Cotton" after the loss of many men, was destroyed by Mouton's orders. This misfortune was compensated by a most daring expedition. The "Queen of the West," a Federal steamboat arranged as a ram, passed Vicksburg and entered Red river. There she was disabled by a shot from Fort De Russy and captured. This event had hardly happened, however, when the "Indianola," a powerful iron-clad, appeared below Vicksburg. The "Queen of the West" was repaired, and the "Webb, a fast and strong tug, was protected as well as possible, and Major Brent started on February 22, 1863, with both vessels to attack the "Indianola." Such an expedition, with such means, "seemed madness," says Taylor, but the boldness of the Confederates was rewarded. Their two vessels rammed the "Indianola," one after the other in the same spot and sank her. But this heroic action was of little use, for shortly afterward Farragut passed Port Hudson with several gun-boats, and the river up to Vicksburg was again lost to the Confederates.

The Federals, in April, undertook to dislodge Taylor's army from Bisland. The latter had less than three thousand men and was attacked by a force of sixteen thousand men; Weitzel and Emory with twelve thousand men advancing up the Tèche, and Grover by Grand Lake. On the 13th of April a desperate battle was fought at Bisland and the Federals were repulsed, but Tay-



lor's position was turned by way of Grand Lake and he had to retreat from Bisland. He retreated in perfect order to Opelousas, and the Federals were at liberty to throw their forces against Port Hudson. The gallant resistance on the Tèche had, however, produced an excellent moral effect, and the Louisianians still had some hope of preventing the enemy from spreading all over the State.

Porter passed the batteries at Vicksburg, and Fort De Russy on Red river was abandoned by the Confederates, and Alexandria captured by the Federals. Banks, however, soon abandoned Alexandria to march against Port Hudson, and a part of his army encamped at Berwick Bay. Mouton and Green returned from the Texas line to the Tèche country, and Taylor was ordered by Gen. Kirby Smith to try to "*do something*" for Vicksburg, now pressed closely by Grant. He moved on to the Tensas river, but could accomplish nothing against Grant. He returned to Alexandria, and there made some very successful raids against the enemy. On June 23, 1863, he carried the Federal post at Berwick Bay and captured twelve guns, a great abundance of arms and provisions and many prisoners. He sent Mouton to Thibodaux, Green to Donaldsonville, and his scouts even advanced on the right bank of the river to a point sixteen miles above New Orleans. An attack on the city might have been attempted, but news was received of the fall of Vicksburg on



July 4, 1863, and of Port Hudson on July 9, and the Confederate army had to withdraw into the Red river country *trans* Mississippi.

General Green, who was one of Taylor's most efficient officers, defeated the Federals twice—once on the Fordoche, in September, and once on the Courtableau, in October, 1863. In the winter of 1863-64 Prince de Polignac reported for duty to General Taylor, and was given the command of a Texan brigade. The men, at first, were opposed to him, but he soon gained their confidence, and showed himself later a worthy successor of Mouton as commander of Louisianians. General de Polignac, by his gallant conduct in the Trans-Mississippi, has wiped out the odium attached to his name by the narrow-minded, incompetent and despotic policy of Polignac, minister of Charles X.

General E. Kirby Smith was in command of the whole department, but his field of operations was so vast that, with his headquarters at Shreveport, he left the immediate direction of the troops in Louisiana to General Taylor. The latter now prepared to resist an attack of Porter's nineteen gun-boats and of Banks' army composed of 18,000 men under Franklin and 10,000 under A. J. Smith. The Confederates retreated from the Atchafalaya to Mansfield, a distance of two hundred miles. There Taylor resolved to make a stand against Banks and advised Kirby Smith that he would give battle on April 8, 1864, unless he received contrary orders.



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complished by these battles, Mansfield and Pleasant Hill are yet glorious names in the history of Louisiana. With a small army the Confederates had defeated Banks and inflicted on him very heavy losses. The question now was to cut off the retreat of the Federal army and fleet, and Taylor was anxious to begin the pursuit. He says in his book that Kirby Smith was not in favor of his proceeding too far from Shreveport, and did not co-operate with him as he should. However, an attempt was made at Blair's Landing to cut off Porter's fleet, which, on account of the low water, was advancing slowly in Red river, and in that engagement the gallant Green, the best general left to Taylor, was killed. The Confederate general, in his history of his campaigns, devotes a few touching words of regret to Green, and also to Captain Cornay, killed shortly afterward while attacking the gun-boats. "Captain Cornay," says Taylor, "who, with Mouton, Armant, and many other Creoles, proved by distinguished gallantry that the fighting qualities of the old French breed have suffered no deterioration on the soil of Louisiana."

General Kirby Smith having gone with an army of 7000 men to meet Gen. Steele, who was then in Arkansas, Taylor was left with an insufficient force and was unable to prevent the escape of Porter and Banks. He, however, harassed them considerably and destroyed some of the vessels and transports. The Federals succeeded on May



13 in building a dam to cross the falls in Red river at Alexandria, and on May 19, 1864, they crossed the Atchafalaya and were beyond the reach of the Confederates. Taylor had accomplished a great deal in that campaign with an army of about 13,000 men, reduced later to 5800. "Our total loss," says he, "in killed, wounded and missing was 3976; that of the enemy nearly three times this number.

After the retreat of Banks Gen. Taylor applied to be relieved from duty, and returned with his family to Natchitoches. There he was informed of his promotion to Lieutenant-General and assigned to command on the east side of the Mississippi. The end, however, was near; there were Sherman's march and Hood's defeat, the Confederacy was attacked on all sides, and the last few months of the war were nothing but a heroic struggle against overwhelming forces. Gen. Taylor speaks highly of the defence of Spanish Fort by Gen. R. L. Gibson, and he relates his surrender to Gen. Canby, and states how he met later in New Orleans Generals Price, Buckner and Brent, who had come to surrender the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Thus the war in Louisiana ended. No soldiers fought better than the sons of the Pelican State, and the history of her regiments is a long tale of heroism.



## II—A BRIEF HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN LOUISIANA.

## COLONIAL TIMES.

Great interest is always taken in looking toward the past and living, as it were, with the men and women of preceding generations. It is by observing their customs and manners and by studying their civilization that we are enabled to understand our own. Progress is but a gradual development of ideas and forces, and although some great men, some unforeseen events, may give a sudden and rapid impetus to civilization, there are always to be found some causes for revolutions and for the success of great men, independently of their genius. Was it possible that the condition of education should have been the same in the colony of Louisiana as it is in one of the sovereign States of the American Union? Was a complete system of free public schools possible in Bienville's days? Evidently no. The educators of France, in the eighteenth century, were the religious societies. If there was to be any education in a French colony it could only be given by the religious orders. Bienville, therefore, acted for the best interests of the colonists in his endeavors to procure education for their children, and our ancestors in French and Spanish colonial days were not as neglectful of the great cause of education as they are generally supposed to have been. Mother Austin Carroll, of the Sisters of Mercy, contributed to the *American Catholic Review* for 1886



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first girls' school and the first hospital in the colony.

It was no easy matter for the Ursulines of Rouen to obtain permission to leave France, but through the intercession of Cardinal Fleury, that *benevolent* monarch, Louis XV, *graciously* gave his consent to the departure of the nuns. They met at the monastery of Hennebon, in Brittany, went to Paris in January, 1727, and finally embarked at Lorient on February 22. The nuns were twelve in number; their superior was Mother Tranchepain, a converted Calvinist, and among the sisters was the gifted Madeleine Hachard, to whom and to the mother superior with the singular name we owe the interesting and charming letters which tell us of these events in our early history. The expenses of the nuns were to be paid by the company, a plantation and a convent were to be given them, each received 500 livres, and 600 livres were guaranteed until their plantation should be in cultivation. They were, besides, free to return to France if not pleased with the colony.

After a long voyage they reached New Orleans on August 7, 1727. The description of the coast from the Balize to the town, by Madeleine Hachard, is most curious and realistic. On arriving at New Orleans the Ursulines were very cordially received by Gov. Périer and his wife, and all the inhabitants. The latter pointed out their town with pride, and comparèd it with Paris, an opinion which Madeleine Hachard hardly shared, although



she says that the ladies were dressed with "rich gold-striped stuffs." Bienville's house, the best in the colony, was given to them as a residence until their monastery was completed. The following description of the house, where was established our first girls' school, is interesting:

It was situated in the square now bounded by Bienville, Chartres, Douane and Decatur streets. It was two stories high; the flat roof could be used as a belvedere or gallery. Six doors gave air and entrance to the apartments on the ground floor. There were many windows, but, instead of glass, the sashes were covered with fine, thin linen, which let in as much light as glass, and more air. The ground about the house was cleaned, it had a garden in front, and a poultry yard in the rear, but the whole establishment was in the depth of the forest; the streets, marked by the surveyor some years before, had not yet been cut through as far as Bienville street, on which the nuns' garden opened; on all sides were forest trees of prodigious height and size.

The Ursulines remained seven years in Bienville's house, and removed in 1734, amid a great pageant, to their new building on Condé street. The venerated mother Tranchepain had died a short time before the transfer, but Bienville, the real founder of the school, was again governor for the third time, and accompanied the sisters with his brilliant staff to church, and then to the monastery. On July 13, 1734, when the Ursulines entered the building, where they were to reside



ninety years, they had twenty boarders, three parlor boarders, three orphans, seven slave boarders to be instructed for baptism and first communion, many day scholars and "many black and Indian women, who attended our school every day for two hours." As wives were very scarce at that time the girls married at thirteen or fourteen, and most of them must have preferred attending to a husband's household than obtaining a higher education, "but henceforth no girl was allowed to marry without being first instructed by the nuns."

Their school was certainly an excellent one for the age, and they seem to have been particularly successful in teaching music. The girls educated by the Ursulines were superior in culture to the boys, who had little opportunity of obtaining an education, unless they went to France. With a keen appreciation of the disadvantages under which the men were laboring in Louisiana, and wishing to make them the equals of their wives, Bienville and Salmon wrote to the French government on the 15th of June, 1742, the following remarkable letter, which must be quoted in a history of education, however brief:

It is long since the inhabitants of Louisiana made representations on the necessity of their having a college for the education of their children. Convinced of the advantages of such an establishment they invited the Jesuits to undertake its creation and management. But the reverend fathers



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colonists mention them as being "refined and elegant." Ulloa, the first Spanish governor, was a distinguished scholar, but could do nothing for education on account of the hostility against him. O'Reilly patronized schools, as did every other Spanish governor. The Spanish officials took a great interest in the Ursulines, as most of them married Creole girls, pupils of the good sisters. The government established Spanish schools, to which were sent as teachers some able scholars from the universities of Spain; but such was the attachment of the colonists to the French language that the Spanish schools were little patronized. The Ursulines, also, although they received among them several Spanish ladies, remained so devoted to the French language that Bishop Péñalvert says, in 1795:\*

Excellent results are obtained from the convent of the Ursulines, in which a good many girls are educated, but their inclinations are so decidedly French that they have ever refused to admit among them Spanish women who wished to become nuns, so long as these applicants should remain ignorant of the French idiom, and they have shed many tears on account of their being obliged to read in Spanish books their spiritual exercises and to comply with the other duties of their community in the manner prescribed to them.

When Louisiana was ceded to Napoleon the nuns were terrified at the prospect of living under

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\*Gayarré, page 378, Vol. III.



a government born from the French revolution, and sixteen of them petitioned Charles IV for permission to retire to Havana or Mexico. They left in 1803, in spite of the friendly remonstrances of Commissioner Laussat. The sisters remaining in Louisiana, being anxious for their rights, wrote to the President, through Bishop Carroll, and received very kind letters from Madison, then secretary of state, President Jefferson and Governor Claiborne. They left their monastery on Condé street in 1824, and went to the spacious building which they now occupy. There they continued to prosper, and received visits from Jackson and many distinguished men. Their old convent was for some time occupied as a State House, and is now the residence of the Archbishop of Louisiana. Colonial education was almost entirely in the hands of religious societies. We shall now see the efforts of the people, represented by their Legislature, to establish a system of popular education.

#### COLLEGES AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS BEFORE THE WAR.

The legislators of the Territory of Orleans and of the State of Louisiana took a great interest in education, but made the mistake, for a number of years, of establishing too many colleges and academies, instead of laying a broad foundation to an educational system by establishing elementary schools. They made, however, attempts' in that



direction, as will be explained in the article referring to public schools.

Of the colleges established by legislative enactments, so many have had an ephemeral life that it would be useless to refer to them. In this short sketch only those institutions will be mentioned which have exerted a decided influence on our educational history. All the colleges, academies and schools which have lived and died in our State have doubtless played their part in the development of the education of our people, but from want of space they can not be included in this sketch.

Prof. R. M. Lusher, who for many years was an efficient State superintendent of education, wrote in the *Louisiana Journal of Education* a series of articles on "Legislative Education in Louisiana." The writer desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to him for matters pertaining to legislative enactments concerning education. In 1804 projects were formed for establishing a college in New Orleans, and in 1805 the celebrated College of Orleans opened its doors to the youth of the territory. It had an existence of twenty years, and was the *alma mater* of many of our distinguished men. The Hon. Charles Gayarré, the historian of Louisiana, has given an interesting account of the College of Orleans in his "Fernando de Lemos." He speaks of Jules Davezac, who was principal in 1812; of Rochefort, principal and professor of literature, who was passionately



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In the room containing the archives of the city of New Orleans are the files of several old newspapers. It gave us great pleasure to look over the pages of papers published from 1804 to 1819, but we found in them little reference to education. In *l'Ami des Lois*, of September 24, 1819, is an announcement of the literary exercises and examinations of the College of Orleans. On September 24, public examinations in arithmetic, geometry, algebra, mechanics; September 25, Latin, English, French, Spanish; September 27, the pupils of the first English class will deliver addresses on the following subjects: Love of Country, The Defeat of the English at New Orleans in 1815, Eulogium on Washington, The Advantages of Public Education, The American Independence, Eulogium on Franklin. Nothing certainly could be more patriotic than the subjects of these addresses; one could see that the Louisianians remembered with pride the battle of New Orleans.

The pupils of the French class were to read essays in verse. It is expressly stated in the announcement that the addresses to be read were composed by the pupils, while those which were to be recited were composed by the professors. A French comedy in five acts and in verse, "Les Incommodités de la Grandeur," par le Père Du Cerceau, was also to be played by the students. Father Du Cerceau is now forgotten, although his works were popular for a century. He was born in 1670, and was killed in 1730 by the accidental



discharge of a gun in the hands of his pupil, the Prince of Conti.

The names of young men and boys of our best families are to be seen in the list of pupils who won prizes. Mr. Gayarré, then fourteen years old, won the prize for algebra, and the best pupils in the first class seem to have been Antoine Dolhonde and Edward Fortin. The poem, "L'Oranger," published in *l'Ami des Lois* of September 4, 1819, was probably written by Dolhonde or Fortin, the two best poets in Prof. Rochefort's class. The poem, written in French, was certainly very creditable in a young student, and shows that much attention was paid to the muse in the oldest secular college in Louisiana.

In February, 1825, the College of Orleans was superseded by the College of Louisiana, established at Jackson, East Feliciana. The latter institution became later the present Centenary College of Louisiana.

In 1840 and 1841 large sums of money were appropriated to the following colleges and academies: College of Louisiana, College of Jefferson, College of Baton Rouge, College of Franklin, College of Alexandria, Montpellier Academy, Johnson Female Academy, Spring Creek Academy, Claiborne Academy, Poydras Academy, Providence Academy, Minden Seminary, Springfield Institute, Plaquemine Academy, Franklin Academy, Catahoula Academy, Pine Grove Academy, Greensburg Female Academy, Vermilionville



Academy, Clinton Female Academy. "For the support of education," says Mr. Lusher, "prior to the establishment of a general system of elementary free public schools, *i. e.*, from 1812 to 1845, inclusive, it will have been seen that Louisiana expended \$1,636,897.61." This amount had been expended chiefly for fostering academies and colleges; but, says Mr. Lusher again, "no appropriations of public funds were ever made to those institutions (private academies) save on the condition that they should board and instruct, free of charge, ten or more indigent pupils," and "a similar obligation was imposed on most of the colleges."

With regard to money derived from lotteries for the support of education, one can not but approve heartily the following words of Mr. Lusher: "On the same memorable day (April 1, 1833), the General Assembly of Louisiana wisely dethroned the genius of folly which had so long presided over the cause of education in Louisiana, by decreeing that the privilege of drawing lotteries for the support of schools should expire on January 1, 1834, and that thereafter lotteries should be prohibited."

With regard to private schools and teachers existing in the beginning of the century, we believe that the best way to give an idea of their course of studies is to copy some old newspaper advertisements. The following is from the *Louisiana Courier* of October 15, 1810:



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The importance attached to mythology in 1810 should induce us to pay more attention to this interesting and necessary study.

And here is still another from the *Louisiana Courier* of September 12, 1810:

A person well qualified to teach the French wishes to procure a few scholars, and having some knowledge of the English, he would undertake to instruct American gentlemen in the rudiments of that language. Apply at this office.

It is not probable that the specimen given of the teacher's knowledge of English brought him many American gentlemen to instruct.

The *Louisiana Courier* of June 30, 1819, has the following announcement:

FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS,

*Corner of Poydras and Magazine Streets, Suburb  
St. Mary.*

That school disposed for the reception of young persons of both sexes can not fail to be acceptable to the inhabitants of the Suburb St. Mary, since it presents to them the double advantage of having their children instructed on moderate terms and at a short distance from them.

There will be taught there for \$4 per month reading, writing, grammar and arithmetic. The director of the school having procured the assistance of an able teacher of the English language, that language, as well as history, geography and drawing, will be taught for \$3 a month more. The pupils will, besides, provide themselves with



books, pens, ink, etc. The school will be opened on Monday, the 5th of July, at 9 o'clock A. M. For further information apply to Messrs Roufignac and Layet, at the Suburb St. Mary.

It is evident by the wording of the notice that the English language was not included in the regular course of studies, and that the reading, grammar and arithmetic referred to were taught in French. It is also curious to note the fact of a school session opening on the 5th of July.

We find, also, in 1819, notice of a day school for young ladies and an evening school for young gentlemen, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Bournos. In *L'Ami des Lois*, of July 5, 1819, Mr. Cuvillier announces:

“ That he has just opened a school in which he teaches to read, write and the first elements of arithmetic, in two months at the soonest, three months at the latest. He corrects also the most vicious handwriting, in six, seven or eight lessons, according to the method known by the name of writing in six lessons.” He further declares “ that any engagement contracted with him will be considered null and void whenever a person not unprovided with intelligence will not have learnt in the time prescribed.”

The classes were held from 5 to 9 in the morning, and from 4 to 7 in the evening. It is a great pity that Mr. Cuvillier's method, for which, says he, he had exclusive rights for all the United States, should not have come down to us. Perhaps, however, it frequently happened with Mr.



Cuvillier's pupils that they were "unprovided with intelligence." It was their fault, and not that of the method, if they did not learn in the time prescribed.

Among the earliest schools in New Orleans was that of Jeannin & Dubayle. Mr. Jeannin was a graduate of the Polytechnic school in France, and an able teacher of mathematics. When the Ursulines left their first convent on Condé street, l'abbé Portier, who afterward became a bishop, kept a school in the former monastery of the nuns. This institution became, a little later, a central school, with J. B. Moreau as principal. It was there that Dr. Alfred Mercier, the distinguished physician and author, was educated. Many elderly gentlemen in the city were educated at Mr. Boyer's school in the thirties, and many middle-aged men went in the fifties to the Audubon college, kept by Prof. S. Rouen, who was an excellent teacher of French. The best school for girls in New Orleans, before the war, was that of Miss Hull.

#### PUBLIC SCHOOLS BEFORE THE WAR.

We have seen that from 1805 to 1845 numerous colleges and academies were established in the various parishes of the State by the Legislature. Let us see what were the provisions, however meagre, which were made during that time for elementary public schools. In 1808 an attempt



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exceed \$1350 yearly, nor the minimum to be less than \$800.

In 1829 the Poydras College for indigent females was established in Pointe Coupée from \$20,000 left by that philanthropist, and \$1800 added to the amount by the Legislature. The college building was unfortunately burnt a few years ago.

In 1831 appropriations for public schools were \$43,705.07, while only \$10,000 were given to colleges. From 1831 to 1835, inclusive, more money was appropriated for public schools than for colleges, and in 1834 the secretary of state was made *ex-officio* superintendent of schools to receive reports from parish officers and have them brought before the grand jury if derelict in their duties.

In 1836 the president of the board of regents of the public schools of New Orleans was authorized to draw on the State treasurer for sums to meet current expenses of the schools until regular appropriations could be made, provided the amount should not exceed \$10,000. In 1837 Louisiana accepted the surplus revenue from the Federal government, and the faith of the State was pledged therefor. Later, part of that fund was appropriated for colleges and academies. In 1839 appropriations for public schools were \$45,663.02, while nearly \$80,000 were granted to colleges and academies. In 1841 the councils of the municipalities of New Orleans were required to levy taxes as might seem just and proper for the



establishment of one or more schools in each municipality for gratuitous instruction of children, and the State treasurer was to pay the municipalities \$2.62½ per taxable inhabitant, provided the aggregate should not exceed \$10,000. In 1841 the public schools received \$44,487.64, while colleges and academies, as usual, were granted nearly double that amount.

The reports of the State superintendents of education to the year 1869 having been lost during the war, the following figures from the United States census of 1840 are interesting and important:

Orleans parish, city of New Orleans (three municipalities), universities and colleges, 2; number of students, 105; academies and grammar schools, 10; number of scholars, 440; primary and common schools, 25; number of scholars at public charge, 130; number of white persons over 20 years of age who can not read and write, 171; State of Louisiana, total number of universities or colleges, 12; total number of students in universities or colleges, 989; total number of academies and grammar schools, 52; total number of students in academies and grammar schools, 1995; total number of primary and common schools 179; total number of scholars in common schools, 3573; total number of scholars at public charge, 1190; total number of white persons over 20 years of age who can not read and write, 4861.

In 1842 appropriations for public schools were \$15,668.05 and for colleges and academies double



that amount. In 1843 and 1844, for public schools, \$22,966.74 and \$28,459.71; for colleges and academies nearly three times as much. The mistaken policy of fostering higher and secondary schools to the detriment of the primary schools was, however, soon to cease. Already the patriotic governor, A. B. Roman, had uttered these wise words in 1834:

Common schools, wholly free, are the only ones that can succeed under our form of government. They break down the odious distinction which exists in those in Louisiana between the children of the poor and those of the rich, they oblige the rich as well as the poor to be interested in the selection of competent teachers to take charge of them, and they offer the best of all possible guarantees, to-wit: experience. This infallible teacher of all statesmen of the land has proved that the project of educating the indigent class gratuitously, in schools opened for the children of the opulent, who pay for their instruction, is an illusion in a country where the first ideas imbibed by man are those of liberty and equality.

The Constitution of 1845 really created the public school system in the whole State. In that year appropriations for public schools were \$48,420.70 and for colleges only \$12,500.

The Constitution of 1845 ordained that a superintendent of education should be appointed to hold office for two years, and by Article 134 it was ordained that the Legislature should establish



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## PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN NEW ORLEANS.

We are greatly indebted for the following facts to the kindness of the Hon. William O. Rogers, who has done more for the city schools than any other man ever a resident here. The city of New Orleans was divided by the Baron Carondelet, in 1792, into four wards. Its revenue amounted to less than \$7000. In 1804 New Orleans was made a port of entry, and Bayou St. John a port of delivery. The city was incorporated by the legislative council of the territory in 1805. At that time, and for several years after, the city did not extend below Esplanade or above Canal street. There was not a paved street in the city. This was the old first municipality. The increase of trade caused many English-speaking people to move above Canal street, as far as Gravier street, and this led to the establishment of the second municipality. It was called the Garden District, because the residences were scattered and surrounded by cultivated land. At the time of the war these four districts constituted the city of New Orleans. Their organization was unique. Each municipality retained some features of individuality. Each had its separate system of public schools, its board of school directors, with a school superintendent and a system of high, grammar and primary schools for which they were separately responsible. At the same time these separate districts were in close relation with the common



council of the city, to whom reports were annually made, and upon the basis of these reports the annual appropriations were made, the directors elected and the interests of all protected. The annual cost of maintaining the public schools of the city averaged about \$250,000; unnecessary expenses were naturally incurred. The public schools were first organized in 1841. Samuel J. Peters, Joshua Baldwin, Dr. Picton, J. A. Maybin, Robert McNair, Thomas Sloo, were prominent in this movement. They were distinguished for public spirit and for energetic devotion to their work, giving much time and labor to the details of opening the public schools. The best systems of Europe and of the Northern States were carefully studied. They called to be first superintendent, Mr. Shaw, of Massachusetts, and had the guidance of Horace Mann, then at the height of his fame and usefulness as a great educator. As a consequence of these labors the public schools of the second municipality soon acquired a great reputation. They were patronized by all classes, rich and poor. The high schools, one for boys and the other for girls, were especially aided by the scholarship and devotion to them of the distinguished Joseph A. Maybin, a brilliant lawyer, an eloquent speaker, and an honored citizen.

The success of this movement gave an impetus to public education in the districts, and soon each was vying with the others in efforts to increase the number and efficiency of the public schools.



Having separate boards of directors and school management, the schools partook of sectional environments. Below Canal street the lessons were given mainly in the French language, and the teachers were required to be examined first of all in their knowledge of the French language and literature. In those days many families never crossed into the American portion of the city. Above Canal street French was taught in the high schools, but the main part of the education of the children was in the English tongue. In these two grand divisions of the city the schools were as distinct, the tastes, aims and aspirations of teachers and pupils as different, as the peoples of England and France.

When, in the civil war, the city fell into the hands of General Butler, he abolished these district lines and made one of his adherents the superintendent of the schools of the whole city. It has continued to be the form of government to this day, thus bringing our city in accord with the grand sweep of the educational work of the whole country. Where there were once ten or twelve high schools—the neighboring cities of Lafayette, Jefferson and Carrollton having been united in the corporate limits of New Orleans—there are now three high schools, one for the boys and two for the girls. Among those who have contributed to the success of our public schools, before or after the war, should be named, Gov. L. A. Wiltz, Robert Mills Lusher, William O. Rogers and A. R. Jennings. The



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movement, large companies of parents visited the schools and required the obnoxious classes to withdraw. Great excitement prevailed in the city, and it looked for a time as if serious trouble would result. By degrees the excitement subsided and colored children were placed in their own schools. An equitable distribution of school funds and buildings was made, and the arrangement has since existed to the satisfaction of both parties. No attempt of a general nature has since been made to mix the races in our public schools.

The schools are now conducted by an efficient board of directors and superintendent and are doing very good work. The number of children enrolled, December 31, 1893, was: boys, 11,216; girls, 12,272. Total 23,488.

The school buildings in New Orleans are very fine, thanks to the generous donations of John McDonogh, whose history is too well known to be repeated here. Mr. William O. Rogers, as already stated, contributed powerfully by his energy, his tact and his good judgment to the success of the city schools. He is now secretary of the Tulane University, and is still doing good service for the cause of education in Louisiana.

#### PUBLIC SCHOOLS SINCE THE WAR.

In 1860 an annual allowance of \$6.50 per child enumerated was required for the support of the free public schools, and \$650,000 were appropriated by the Legislature out of the current school



fund. We see then how prosperous were the schools in the year preceding the war. From 1861 to 1865 little could be done for the cause of education, but in 1866, with the Hon. R. M. Lusher as State superintendent, the schools were recovering from the effects of the war, when the infamous Constitution of 1868 threw everything in a state of chaos. Mr. Lusher was ousted from the position which he was filling with so much profit to the State and credit to himself and replaced by an inexperienced and injudicious officer, T. W. Conway, whose endeavor was to please the politicians who were ruining Louisiana, the carpet-baggers who had managed to obtain the control of affairs through the ignorant negro vote, and who, from 1868 to 1877, misdirected the affairs of the people of the State. Conway and Brown, as superintendents of education, were influenced by their superiors, Warmoth and Kellogg, and the schools were in the same wretched plight as every public department. The State was called upon to instruct an immense number of negro children, while the whites, who alone bore all the burden of taxation, were impoverished, and the school fund was misappropriated by the miserable men at the head of affairs. It is not to be wondered at that for several years the schools were entirely inadequate to fulfil the purposes for which they had been established. In New Orleans, under the able direction of the Hon. William O. Rogers, and thanks to the devotion and patience of the faithful



corps of teachers, the schools rallied sooner than in the country parishes, but we have seen what trials were undergone by the patriotic people who were endeavoring to rebuild the city public schools. On September 14, 1874, the men of New Orleans broke the shackles which bound them to the Reconstruction government, and although the White League was met with the power of the United States government, and had to yield to force, on January 9, 1877, the work begun on September 14 was completed, and Louisiana was freed from partisan rule. She accepted the condition of things brought about by the war, and resolved to instruct, as far as lay in her power, the white and the black children in the State. The Constitution of 1879, however, was not sufficiently liberal and wise with regard to public education, and only appropriated about one mill for that purpose. It is certainly a difficult task to educate with limited means a large number of children, but the work has been going on bravely. There is some progress every year in the matter of the duration of the school term, and with local taxation courageously borne, we can be assured of arriving at success. Let us count on our own efforts, on our energy, to educate the children of Louisiana, and on no external aid. He alone deserves to succeed who has faith in himself and in his own State. The white children must be educated, that they might become intelligent citizens, and the blacks must be instructed in



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such great importance, has a compensation entirely inadequate, \$200 per annum. The salary of the State superintendent and of the city superintendent, \$2000 each, is also too small. The following facts with regard to the school funds are copied from an address delivered by the Hon. W. H. Jack, on June 3, 1891:

The public school funds are also fixed and established by the organic law. These are expressly declared to be: First, the proceeds of taxation for school purposes as provided by the Constitution; second, the interest on the proceeds of the sales of all public lands heretofore granted by the United States for the use and support of the free public schools; third, of all the lands and other property which may hereafter be bequeathed, granted or donated to the State and generally for school purposes; fourth, all funds or other property than unimproved lands bequeathed or granted to the State, not designated for other purposes; fifth, the proceeds of vacant estates falling under the law to the State of Louisiana;" also "proceeds of all fines imposed by the district courts throughout the State, and amounts of forfeited bonds, collected in criminal cases, less costs and commissions.

The taxation for school purposes does not mean more than one and one-eighth mills and consists also of a poll tax. With regard to the trust funds we may state that the proceeds of school lands, sixteenth sections, etc., were considered a loan made to the State, on which 6 per cent. interest was to be paid. In 1872 this sacred fund was out-



rageously sold at auction, and the amount realized was used to pay fraudulent bonds. The Constitution of 1879 recognized the free school fund of \$1,130,867.51 and promised to pay 4 per cent. interest; also the seminary fund of \$136,000, proceeds of the land granted by the United States government to establish a seminary of learning, on which there is an interest of 4 per cent.

In an address delivered in 1880, Mr. E. H. Farrar, in the case of the agricultural and mechanical fund, said:

There was not only a reduction of the interest from 7 to 5 per cent., but the principal, which had already been reduced 40 per cent. by the funding law of 1874, was not restored. The convention of 1879 decreed that this interest (on the last three funds), amounting even in its reduced form to nearly \$60,000, should be made a burden upon the funds annually raised for the purposes of public education.

We may say, therefore, that in reality no interest whatever is paid.

In concluding this article on the public schools since the war, we take pleasure in quoting the following words from the address of the efficient State Superintendent, W. H. Jack:

We do not pretend to say that our system is by any means perfect, or that its success is commensurate with our desires. We do mean, however, that the people, black and white, throughout the State, are thoroughly alive to the importance of public education, and that instead of illiteracy



being on the increase, we are stamping it out faster than any other State in the Union, except Virginia.

### COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS SINCE THE WAR.

#### TULANE UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA.

Of the colleges and schools since the war Tulane University of Louisiana must be placed first, the following account of which is chiefly derived from a history of that institution written by President William Preston Johnston:

The Tulane University of Louisiana came into existence as such by operation of law in July, 1884. But its origin is just half a century earlier. Its starting point was the organization of the "Medical College of Louisiana," in September, 1834. This was chartered April 2, 1835, and in March, 1836, issued the first degrees in medicine or science ever conferred in Louisiana or the Southwest. In March, 1839, it issued its first degrees in pharmacy. The first faculty consisted of Thomas Hunt, dean and professor of physiology and pathological anatomy; Charles A. Luzenberg, surgery; J. Monro Mackie, theory and practice of medicine; August H. Cenas, obstetrics and diseases of women and children; Ed. H. Barton, materia medica, therapeutics and hygiene; Thomas R. Ingalls, chemistry; John H. Harrison, adjunct professor of anatomy, and Warren Stone, demonstrator of anatomy. A gradual reconstruction of the faculty occurred, and we find Dr. Warren Stone filling the chair of surgery from 1838 to 1873, when he was succeeded by Dr. T. G. Richardson, who had, however, entered the college as



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building was erected on Common street, now Tulane avenue. The Constitution of 1845 ordained as follows:

ARTICLE 137. An university shall be established in the city of New Orleans. It shall be composed of four faculties, to-wit: One of law, one of medicine, one of the natural sciences and one of letters.

ARTICLE 138. It shall be called the University of Louisiana, and the Medical College of Louisiana, as at present organized, shall constitute the faculty of medicine.

ARTICLE 139. The Legislature shall provide by law for its further organization and government, but shall be under no obligation to contribute to the establishment or support of said university by appropriations.

The act of organization (Act of 1847, No. 491, page 39), with some trifling changes, was re-enacted in 1855, and is substantially embodied in the revised statutes of 1856 and 1870. The control of the university was vested in thirteen administrators, of which body the governor, the chief justice and the mayor of New Orleans were *ex-officio* members, and the others were appointed by the governor, with consent of the senate. With some small changes, this remained the governing body.

The first board of the University of Louisiana was composed of the following members: George Eustis, chairman; A. D. Crossman, Gov. Isaac Johnson, Maunsel White, Isaac T. Preston, Levi Pierce, W. P. Hart, Preston W. Farrar, R. C.



Nicholas, Isidore Labatut, M. M. Cohen and W. C. Micou. Their first meeting was held April 27, 1847.

The law department was organized under a plan presented to the board of administrators by Judge Isaac T. Preston, May 4, 1847. The first law faculty was constituted as follows: Judge Henry A. Bullard, Richard Henry Wilde, Judge Theodore H. McCaleb and Randell Hunt. Prof. Wilde died in November and was succeeded by Judge Thomas B. Monroe.

In 1850 Christian Roselius became a professor; in 1851, Daniel Mayes; in 1854, Sidney L. Johnson; in 1855, Alfred Hennen; in 1865, Alfred Phillips; in 1869, Carleton Hunt; in 1870, Thomas Allen Clark; in 1873, Thomas J. Semmes. Since then, Charles E. Schmidt, Henry C. Miller, James B. Eustis, W. F. Mellen and Henry Denis also filled chairs in this department.

At the law school the common law is taught, but the civil law is made a special study. The degree of bachelor of laws granted by the university entitles the person on whom it is conferred to admission to the bar of this State. The graduates of the school constitute a large number of the most respectable practitioners of law in Louisiana. Some of them occupy high judicial positions.

The history of the academic department before the war is one of failure, although strenuous efforts were made by competent men to establish a good college. A committee was appointed by the



board of administrators to "report on the expediency of organizing the department of letters and natural sciences, and on the means that can be commanded to that effect." Rev. Dr. Francis Liston Hawks was elected president of the University of Louisiana, and served as such until his removal from the State, May 1, 1849. Plans were also formulated to raise funds, but the only amounts subscribed were \$500 each by Glendy Burke and Judah Touro. The minor expenses were paid by the administrators. A preparatory department was organized on November 23, 1847, and George C. Anthon was chosen as principal. The school was supported by tuition fees, supplemented by private subscription. The Legislature appropriated \$35,000 for books, buildings and apparatus, on condition that no portion of that money be paid for salaries of professors, teachers or officers of the university. The minutes state that \$3839 were paid for books, furniture and apparatus for the preparatory school. George C. Anthon resigned April 25, 1850, and was succeeded by C. W. Sears.

Judge T. H. McCaleb was elected president of the university on June 25, 1850, and held this office until his resignation, June 25, 1853. In the meantime a large part of the university buildings were put under lease, and again sublet as ice-cream saloons, and club rooms, with music, dancing, beer and wine, and for other inappropriate purposes. This state of things was not remedied



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Dr. Thomas Hunt was unanimously elected president of the university on March 2, 1866. He died March 23, 1867. His brother, Randell Hunt, was elected April 30, 1867, to succeed him as president.

In 1877 the following board of administrators was appointed by Gov. Nicholls: Judge J. H. Kennard, president; Judge H. N. Rightor, W. E. Seymour, Alfred Moulton, Thomas A. Adams, E. F. LaVillebeuvre, D. C. Labatt, J. B. Lafitte, and Gov. F. T. Nicholls, Chief Justice Manning and Mayor I. W. Patton, *ex officio*.

In 1878 the board of administrators organized again the academic department, and it was opened on November 4, 1878, with R. H. Jesse as dean and professor of Latin and Greek and of English literature; J. L. Cross, professor of mathematics and natural science; M. P. Julian, professor of French and French literature, and R. B. Montgomery, professor of penmanship and commercial course. The courses were modeled after the system of the University of Virginia, and were elective. There were three classes—junior, intermediate and senior—and a diploma was given for the completion of the course of studies in each school. Graduation in a certain number of schools entitled the students to degrees. In the first year sixty students were matriculated, and the convention of 1879 having been memorialized by the board, the Constitution contained a provision which recognized the University of Louisiana in



its three departments, and authorized the Legislature to appropriate for its support an amount not to exceed \$10,000 annually.

In November, 1879, a preparatory department, or high school, was organized, with Prof. Alcée Fortier as principal and Prof. E. L. Bemiss as associate. In 1879-80 there were 89 students in the high school and 88 in the academic department. It was therefore necessary to increase the corps of instructors, and in October, 1880, both departments were reorganized. L. C. Reed was appointed principal of the high school, with five associate teachers, and in the academic department, Brown Ayres was appointed professor of physics, mechanics and chemistry; Robert Sharp, of Greek and English language; J. H. Deiler, of German, and Alcée Fortier, of French language and literature. Considering the limited means at its disposal, the institution was exceedingly prosperous until its absorption into Tulane University in July, 1884. The building formerly known as the Mechanics Institute was bought for \$20,000, given by Mr. Tulane, and is now Tulane Hall. The Fisk library was transferred by the city to the university, and has been exceedingly valuable to the public in general and to the students.

The dean of the academic department of the University of Louisiana, from 1878 to 1884, was Prof. R. H. Jesse, a man of remarkable executive ability, force of character and of excellent judgment and scholarship. The success of the insti-



tution under his charge was so great that Mr. Jesse, in 1891, was appointed president of the University of Missouri. The university was also greatly indebted for its success to Judge J. H. Kennard, president of the Board of Administrators, a man of great intelligence and energy.

The University of Louisiana became the Tulane University in 1884, through the munificence of the great philanthropist, whose life, from a sketch placed at our disposal by Col. Johnston, we shall narrate briefly.

Paul Tulane was the son of Louis Tulane, who was born in 1767, at Rille, France, and whose father and grandfather had held the office of probate judge at Tours. Louis Tulane immigrated to San Domingo, where he had a brother-in-law, who was a wealthy planter. The latter was murdered with all his family during the insurrection of the slaves, and Louis Tulane, in 1791, escaped with his wife to the United States. He settled in 1792 at Cherry Valley, near Princeton, N. J., and there his son Paul was born in 1801. His mother died in 1813 and his father in 1847. Paul Tulane had only an elementary education, and at the age of fifteen he entered the store of Thomas White, at Princeton. In 1818 his cousin, Louis Tulane, of France, came to the United States and took him as a traveling companion. They visited Jackson at the Hermitage and Clay at Lexington, and Paul Tulane met on the first steamboat from New Orleans to Louisville some Creole gentlemen who



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war to 1882 his gifts made for the education of young men and women averaged \$15,000 per annum. He never married, and his life in New Jersey was plain and unostentatious.

It was on April 18, 1881, that Mr. Tulane told Gen. R. L. Gibson that he desired to give his property in New Orleans for the education of the youth of Louisiana. Gen. Gibson drew a plan by which the donation was to be put into effect, and Mr. Tulane approved it. The plan, and a letter from Mr. Tulane expressing his intentions, were sent to Dr. T. G. Richardson, "with the request," says Gen. Gibson, "that he would call in consultation Judge Charles E. Fenner, Judge E. D. White and Mr. James McConnell, who had been designated by Mr. Tulane, and put the whole matter into shape according to the laws of Louisiana. Their advice was also desired in the selection of additional administrators and for the execution of the trust." The first board of administrators chosen by Mr. Tulane consisted of the above named gentlemen and of Messrs. E. H. Farrar, P. N. Strong, Rev. B. M. Palmer, Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, Charles A. Whitney, Samuel H. Kennedy, Walter R. Stauffer, Cartwright Eustis, Henry Ginder, John T. Hardie, R. M. Walmsley and William O. Rogers.

"Mr. Tulane's first donation," says Col. Johnston, "was valued at about \$363,000. He subsequently made other donations, until the amount given by him aggregated \$1,050,000. It was his



expressed intention to add largely to this sum, but as he died without a will, these intentions were never carried out." He died March 26, 1887, and was buried at Princeton, N. J. Great honors were paid to his memory in New Orleans, and he is considered in Louisiana as the greatest benefactor the State ever had.

Mr. Tulane had stated in general terms in his letter that his donation was for the education of the white youth of Louisiana. The Board of Administrators concluded to found an institution of learning, and in January, 1883, they selected Col. William Preston Johnston as president of the proposed institution. Col. Johnston was at that time president of the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, and had been formerly a professor at the Washington and Lee University in Virginia.

By an agreement with the State of Louisiana, the University of Louisiana served as a foundation for the Tulane University. The right of appointing to a scholarship was given to each representative and senator in the State, so that a great number of students are educated without cost at the university. By an amendment to the Constitution voted upon in April, 1888, all the property belonging to the Tulane educational fund was exempted from taxation.

"Tulane University," says the catalogue, "is divided into the university department of philosophy and science, Tulane College, Tulane High



School, H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College for Young Women, the Law Department and the Medical Department.” In the university proper the student “must receive the inspiration of the scientific spirit and pursue his studies by the scientific method, under the guidance, but not under the authority of a professor.” The university work leads to the degrees of Master of Arts, Doctor of Philosophy, and the engineering degrees.

Tulane College offers four courses of study: Classical, literary, scientific, and engineering; each leading to a baccalaureate degree. A manual training school has been established, and a thorough course in drawing is offered.

\*Tulane High School prepares the students to the college; the instruction is given in two parallel and equivalent courses of study, to-wit: First, classical; second, literary and scientific. The faculty has fourteen professors, assistant professors and instructors. Prof. Ashley D. Hurt has been head master since 1884.

Tulane University, in all its departments, is progressing rapidly and is destined to be a most important factor in the development of the civilization of the State. Mrs. T. G. Richardson has made a donation of \$100,000 to the medical college, and a new building has been erected for that department on Canal street. A large lot has been bought on St. Charles avenue for the university

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\* Tulane High School will be discontinued at the end of the session of 1893-94.



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colleges of the first rank in other parts of the United States, and its various courses of study are devised in accordance with this purpose.

The college was opened for the admission of students in October, 1887, in a large residence, bought for the purpose, situated on Howard avenue and Camp street. Here it remained for three years. by which time it became evident that more space and better facilities were required. These were secured by the purchase and building of its present home on Washington avenue, in the choice residence portion of the city. Here it is finally located on a large square of ground, more than three acres in extent, shaded by numerous live-oaks, palms and other trees and shrubbery. The main building, in the Italian style of architecture, contains, in addition to numerous class rooms and studios, a large assembly hall, a chapel, library and memorial room. The physical, chemical, and biological laboratories are well equipped, and placed in a separate building.

Besides the usual college courses, classical, scientific, and literary, special facilities are offered for the study of art. The normal art course is similar to that of the Massachusetts Normal Art School in Boston, and a specified amount of art instruction forms a part of each regular course of study. Industrial art receives particular attention and includes among other features clay modeling, casting in plaster, wood carving, perspective model and architectural drawing and design. Excellent



opportunities are likewise offered to special students in other branches of art, such as drawing from cast and from life, painting in water and oil, etc.

Owing to the want of suitable academies and fitting schools in its locality it was found necessary at the outset to organize a preparatory department and to modify somewhat the usual college course, but the growing appreciation which has been shown to this institution, and the increasing demand for advanced study on the part of its students, has enabled its officers rapidly to raise its standards of admission and of graduation to those which are maintained by the foremost colleges elsewhere.

With its steady advance in grade and equipment and its rapidly growing corps of students, it is attracting wide-spread attention throughout the Gulf States as the representative women's college of that section.

#### THE LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY AND AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE.

The following historical statement of the Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College is taken from the catalogue of the university:

The Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College had its origin in certain grants of land made by the United States government in 1806, 1811 and 1827 "for the use of a seminary of learning." In 1855 the Legisla-



ture founded the Louisiana State Seminary of Learning and Military Academy, locating it three miles from Alexandria, in the parish of Rapides. The institution was opened January 2, 1860, with Col. William Tecumseh Sherman as superintendent. Its exercises were suspended June 30, 1861, on account of the war, but were resumed October 2, 1865. The college building was burned October 15, 1869, and on the first day of November following, the institution resumed its exercises in Baton Rouge, where it has since remained. The Louisiana State Agricultural and Mechanical College was established by an act of the Legislature approved April 7, 1873, to carry out the United States act of 1862 granting lands for this purpose. It was located at the Chalmette battle ground, but temporarily opened in New Orleans, June 1, 1874, where it remained till its merger with the university. On January 2, 1877, the act as passed by the Legislature of 1877, uniting the State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College, and locating the same temporarily at Baton Rouge, became a law, and was promulgated June 1, 1877.

The two State institutions, as thus united and constituted into one and the same institution of learning, began their first joint session on October 5, 1877, under the name and legal title of the Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College.

The United States government generously gave up the splendid buildings and grounds of the military garrison, at Baton Rouge to the State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College, August 27, 1886, where the institution is now domiciled.



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America. The Jesuits had a residence in New Orleans, indeed, but it was only to serve as a centre from which to draw mission supplies. The second very evident fact that we see in Bienville's letter is the opposition of the French government to any Jesuit college in lower Louisiana. A Jesuit college had, however, been granted to upper Louisiana. Three different historians are witnesses to this fact. Rosier, in his "Early Settlement of the Mississippi Valley," page 27, tells us that the missionaries (Jesuits) had a college and monastery at Kaskaskia, in Upper Louisiana, in the year 1721. And Bancroft, "History of the United States," Vol. III, speaks of a Jesuit college in Quebec.

"Its foundation," writes he, "was laid under happy auspices in 1635, just before Champlain passed from among the living; and two years before the immigration of John Harvard, and one year before the general court of Massachusetts had made provisions for a college."

In Heriot's "Canada," page 30, the author says:

The college of the Jesuits at Quebec was long considered as the first institution on the continent of North America for the instruction of young men. The advantages derived from it were not limited to the better class of Canadians, but were extended to all whose inclination it was to participate in them; and many students came thither from the West Indies.





From all the early documents of the colony, thus far accessible, we gather that no university or college or high school existed in lower Louisiana under the French domination. The colonists and their governor, Bienville, petitioned the home government for a college, to be in charge of the Jesuits, and were refused. The Jesuits, indeed, were expelled from the colony in 1763, and the college dreamed of by Bienville was to become a reality only in the following century.

Hardly had freedom asserted its sway in Louisiana under the American flag than the Society of Jesus reappeared after an absence of sixty years. In 1823, at the suggestion of John C. Calhoun, secretary of war under President Monroe, Bishop Dubourg, of New Orleans, invited the Jesuits of Maryland to christianize the Indians of upper Louisiana, by establishing missions and schools among them. Later on one of these schools developed into what is now known as the University of St. Louis. Already in 1834 may be seen upon its rolls as many as fifty names of students from the vicinity of New Orleans, whilst in 1837 more than half of the entire number on the rolls were from Louisiana. These Jesuits of upper Louisiana gradually extended their labors southward to lower Louisiana. They established colleges at Cincinnati, Bardstown (Ky.), and at Grand Coteau, La. This latter was the first college established by the Society of Jesus within the limits of the present State of Louisiana.



The College of St. Charles, Grand Coteau, La., dates back to 1835, when Archbishop Blanc, of New Orleans, desired the Society of Jesus to take charge of a college at Iberville. They acceded to the request of founding a college, but did not regard the proposed site as favorable. The claims of Donaldsonville were also considered, but preference was given to a beautiful spot in the Attakapas country which, on account of its slight elevation, was called Grand Coteau. At its opening in 1835, the establishment consisted of one log house and one large frame building. In their stead are at present two large, imposing edifices, many outhouses and one of the finest churches in that section of the country. Over sixty boys, boarders and day scholars, answered the first announcement of the new institution. In after years the roll usually varied with the varying fortunes of the State, but the average number of pupils was about 130. This was considered highly satisfactory in the midst of an agricultural country, where prosperity depends upon the annual crops, whose condition is ever fluctuating.

The programme of studies was the same that usually prevails in Jesuit colleges. The professional staff included from twenty to thirty professors. This college is said to have enjoyed the singular privilege of being the only one of the Confederacy, west of the Mississippi, not closed during the war, thanks to the protection of both governments that successively ruled in those parts.





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years of its existence the programme of studies usual in Jesuit colleges was followed as closely as possible. A competent faculty was in charge and all that ability and zeal for education could accomplish was done to secure success. Though the number of students on the rolls often went beyond a hundred, still this attendance was too scanty and irregular to answer the hopes of the faculty. The town, was also at that time, a fever centre, and on account of the ravages of sickness amongst professors and pupils studies were, on several occasions, entirely suspended. Thus a combination of reasons caused the closing of the college. This the faculty did with great reluctance in the autumn of the year 1856. The members of the staff went to reinforce the faculties of other Jesuit colleges in the South, whilst numbers of the pupils sought admission into these same colleges in order to complete their interrupted course of studies.

The College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, La., situated on the corner of Common and Baronne streets, and in the centre of the city of New Orleans, dates back to 1847. Common street, upon which the present structure is partly situated, is said to derive its name from the fact that 150 years ago it was the boundary line or common between the city of New Orleans and the historic Jesuit plantation that covered all the land now known as the First District. In 1847 the Jesuits re-entered New Orleans upon the invitation of Archbishop



Blanc and secured the present site for a church and school. A brick building, three stories high and 40 feet wide by 150 feet long, was immediately erected, and together with an adjoining frame house formed the new college. Where are now the parlors was then a large hall that for long years did the duty of parish chapel. With time the primitive establishment yielded its place to the present vast structure, and the modest chapel gave way to the present magnificent church. The college opened in the autumn of 1849 with a professional staff of ten members and an attendance of 100 pupils. From that time on to the outbreak of the civil war the average number of students was 250. And from the close of the war on, this number slowly but incessantly swelled. The system of studies existing in all Jesuit colleges has been followed as faithfully as circumstances permitted. In Louisiana circumstances have not yet permitted full development, or allowed their programme of education to expand into a university. The aim, therefore, of the Society of Jesus has thus far been to offer to youth a collegiate course. It ordinarily includes the primary school, the high school, and the college proper, and, therefore, its classes are usually the following: The rudiments, the grammar classes, then the poetry, rhetoric, and philosophy classes. The plan of studies embraces the following courses: Post-graduate, classical, and commercial. There is also a preparatory department, to which are admitted students who



know how to read and spell creditably and who know the elements of arithmetic. In all classes the day's work begin and ends with prayer. The Catholic religion alone is taught, but non-Catholics are also welcome and their religious opinions are studiously respected. The Jesuit colleges count among their graduates many of the most distinguished men in Louisiana.

### THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

The following sketch of the State Normal School is taken from the catalogue:

The Louisiana State Normal School was founded by an act of the General Assembly approved July 7, 1884. Under the provisions of that act the State Board of Education selected the town of Natchitoches as the domicile of the school, and appointed as its Board of Administrators the following residents of the place: David Pierson, E. E. Buckner, L. Caspari, T. P. Chaplin, H. B. Walmsley. The board organized with Judge David Pierson as president, and on December 29, 1884, elected Dr. Edward E. Sheib, of Baltimore, president of the faculty. The school began its first session in November, 1885, and Dr. Sheib continued in charge until May, 1888. By an act of the General Assembly, approved June 20, 1888, it was enacted, "that the Board of Administrators of the State Normal School shall consist of six competent white citizens, who shall be selected and appointed by the State Board of Education, one from each of the first five circuits of the courts of appeals and one from the city of Natchitoches." The Board of Administrators, appointed under



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000 was secured for completing the new university building on Magazine street. Says the catalogue:

In view of this special appropriation the annual appropriation of \$10,000 was cut down to \$7500. The university is organized with the following departments: 1. Grammar school, composed only of the seventh and eighth grades. 2. The normal department. 3. The high school department for boys and girls.

The establishment of the Southern University is a proof of the good will of the whites toward the colored people, and of their desire to see them as well educated as possible.

The catalogue of the Straight University says:

The Straight University dates back to 1869, when the American Missionary Association purchased the ground on Esplanade street, upon which to establish a university for the higher education of the colored people. A building was erected by the United States government, and dedicated in February, 1870, receiving its name in honor of Hon. Seymour Straight, who was a liberal donor to the institution, and who has always been its generous friend. In 1877 the building was destroyed by fire, and almost immediately ground in a far more desirable situation for the purpose was purchased, and the present university building erected on Canal street. It was ready for occupancy October, 1, 1878.

The Straight University has done much good to the colored people in Louisiana. It has an industrial department with good promise for the future.



The Leland University catalogue says:

The Leland University owes its existence to the wise forethought and broad generosity of the late Holbrook Chamberlain and his estimable wife. It was incorporated in 1870. The school was opened in 1874.

The courses comprise the following: Theological college, college preparatory, normal, intermediate, and model school. The institution belongs to the Baptist denomination. It is situated on St. Charles avenue.

The New Orleans University is mainly supported by the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church. It opened in 1865 and received a charter in 1873. It is situated on St. Charles avenue. The institution possesses a theological department and a normal department, together with the usual college courses. It has also a good beginning for an industrial school. With four universities in New Orleans, and with public schools throughout the State, the colored people in Louisiana have an excellent opportunity of acquiring a good education.

#### COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS IN RURAL LOUISIANA.

The colleges and schools in rural Louisiana are numerous; and it is impossible in such a brief sketch to mention all the schools in the State or to give an idea of their courses of studies. Only the most important institutions will be named, and the date of opening given: Jackson—Centenary Col-



lege of Louisiana, opened 1839; Methodist Episcopal South denomination. Keachie—Keachie College, opened 1856; Baptist denomination. Shreveport—Thatcher Institute, opened 1870. Coushatta—Male and Female Institute, opened 1887. Mt. Lebanon—Mt. Lebanon University, opened 1853. Mansfield—Mansfield Female College, opened 1855; Methodist Episcopal South denomination. Clinton—Silliman Female Collegiate Institute, opened 1852. Minden—Minden Female College, opened 1850. Jackson—Feliciana Female Collegiate Institute, opened 1850; Presbyterian denomination. Shreveport—Shreveport Seminary. Arcadia—E. A. S. Male College and Arcadian Female College, established 1886. Homer—The Methodist College, established 1856. Natchitoches—St. Joseph's College. Thibodeaux—Thibodeaux College, established 1859. Fort Jesup—Masonic Institute. The sisters of the Sacred Heart established a convent at Natchitoches in 1846. Besides their large institution in New Orleans they have a convent in St. James parish. The Daughters of the Cross established their first convent at Cocoville, or Hydropolis, in 1855. They have established institutions at Fairfield near Shreveport, Shreveport, Monroe, Marksville and Mansura. The order of St. Joseph has convents in New Orleans, St. Martinsville, Opelousas and Charenton.

Jefferson College, in St. James parish, had so great a reputation before the war that it is proper



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that distinguished planter and philanthropist, Valcour Aime, aided by Governor Roman, Florent Fortier, Septime Fortier, A. Ferry, J. D. Denègre, Valcour La Barre and others. The college was very prosperous under the presidency of Louis Dufau, and took again the name of Jefferson by an act of the Legislature on March 5, 1861. C. O. Dugué, one of the best French poets of Louisiana, was president of the revived Jefferson College. In an address delivered on September 6, 1860, he pays a well deserved tribute to Valcour Aime, the principal benefactor of the college.

Jefferson College closed its doors during the war, as all the students who could bear arms went to fight for the Confederacy. In 1865 Valcour Aime, who held the greater part of the shares of the college, about \$25,000, being anxious to see the institution revive, most generously gave his shares to the Marist Fathers. The latter purchased some of the outstanding shares, and, taking possession of the college, again opened its doors to the youth of the State. It is, however, a matter of surprise to the writer that the Marist Fathers do not acknowledge publicly in their catalogue their debt of gratitude to Valcour Aime, and trace the history of the institution to its origin in 1831. It would be strange indeed if the Tulane University were ever to forget Paul Tulane. Why have the present owners of St. Mary's Jefferson College apparently forgotten Valcour Aime, the pious man, the friend of education and of the poor?



Louisiana has also institutions at Baton Rouge for the deaf and dumb and the blind.

#### SCHOOLS IN NEW ORLEANS.

One of the best commercial schools in the South is the Soulé Commercial College and Literary Institute, founded in 1856 and chartered in 1861. It receives students of both sexes, and its graduates are thoroughly prepared for commercial life.

There is also the Southern Commercial and Literary College.

Among the best private schools for boys in the upper districts of the city are those of T. W. Dyer (1885), L. C. Ferrell (1888), H. S. Chenet (1892), and Louis Lêche. In the lower districts we have the schools of Durel for boys, St. Isidore school of the Christian Brothers (1879), the Pinac school for boys and girls, the Henrionnet school, the Vatinel school, and the Picard school with separate departments for boys and girls. For girls we have the Guillot Institute, founded in 1868, the Cénas School, the Columbian Institute and the Augustin Fortier school, and many others.

In the upper districts, among the numerous schools for girls, may be mentioned the Carnatz Institute (1865), Southern Academic Institute (1881), the Dykers School, the School of Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Chapman, the school of Mrs. Nixon, and the Home Institute conducted by Miss Wright.



The Sylvester-Larned Institute for Young Ladies, established in 1868, exerted during its existence for a number of years the greatest influence on the education of the young ladies of the upper district. Prof. William O. Rogers was president of the school and of the board of directors.

The Union Française has a flourishing school for girls on Rampart street. It gives free tuition to many children, and asks of the others but a nominal fee.

The convents of the Sacred Heart, of St. Joseph, of the Sisters of Mercy, and other Catholic institutions, have a large number of pupils in their establishments.

In 1866 A. V. Romain established his Classical and Commercial school, which soon became an excellent institution. The writer was a student there, and desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to the teachers who labored for him so faithfully and ably—A. V. Romain, George Gessner, L. A. de Montluzin and William Walker. When Mr. Romain died, in 1872, New Orleans lost one of her foremost educators. Of his associates only one is still teaching; it is Prof. George Gessner, now connected with Tulane University, than whom no one has ever been more devoted to his pupils and more zealous in his work.

In a history of education it is proper to mention Mme. M. D. Girard, who for half a century has been teaching in New Orleans, and the brothers



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# HISTORY

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