

# The Opelousas Journal.

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NO. 21.

## THE OPELOUSAS JOURNAL.

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## ON THE RIVER.

BY PHOEBE CARY.  
Darling, while the tender moon  
Of this soft, delicious morn,  
Watches o'er thee like a lover,  
While we journey to the sea,  
Silently,  
Let me tell my story over.  
Ah! how clear before my sight  
Rises up that summer night,  
When I told thee first my passion;  
And the little crimson streak,  
In thy cheek,  
Showed thy love in comeliest fashion.  
When I pleaded for reply,  
Silent lip and downcast eye,  
Turning from me both dissembled;  
But the lily hand that shone  
In my own,  
Like a lily softly trembled.  
And the pretty words that passed,  
O'er thy coral lips at last,  
Still as precious pearls I treasure;  
And the payment lovers give,  
While I live,  
Shall be given thee without measure.  
For I may not offer to thee  
Such poor words as mine must be;  
I performe most speak my blisses  
In the language of mine eyes,  
Mixed with sighs,  
And the tender speech of kisses.  
Heart, encompassed in my heart!  
How full, happy as thou art,  
Will I keep and ne'er forsake thee;  
Yes, my love shall hold thee fast,  
Till the last,  
So that heaven alone can take thee!  
And if sorrow ever spread  
Threatening shadows o'er thy head,  
All about thee will I be;  
Whate'er thy wishes be,  
That thy sight  
May be tempted earthward rather:  
From thy pathway, for love's sake,  
Carefully my hand will take,  
Every thorn that grows arising,  
And my hand shall be as a  
Sate from harm,  
Will I shield when winds are blowing.  
Fairest woman, holiest saint!  
If my words of praise could paint  
Thee as thou art, nature made thee;  
All who saw my picture sweet,  
Would exclaim,  
"He who painted, loved the lady!"  
Has the wide world anything  
That will take or I may bring,  
I will treat no work disdainful;  
Set me some true lover's task,  
"Dearest, ask  
Any service, sweet or painful.  
If it please thee, ever me,  
Fraidless petty tyranny,  
Furnish me as for misdoing,  
Let me make of penitence  
Sad pretence,  
At thy feet for pardon suing.  
Darling, all our life must be,  
Thou with me, and I with thee,  
Calm as this delicious weather;  
We will keep our honeymoon  
Every June,  
Voyaging through life together.  
But the stream is near its end,  
And the moon hastes to descend,  
Tired and wan with watching o'er us;  
Lo! our river journey's done,  
Dearest one,  
But life's sea is all before us.  
You and me, we need to say,  
We were two but yesterday;  
We were as the sea and river;  
Now our lives have all the sweetness,  
And completeness  
Of two souls made one forever!  
[New York Ledger.]

## AUNT BETSY'S ADVENTURE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a hot July afternoon, the air full of slumberous electricity, and the sunshine sleeping dreamily on the closest grass in front of the Merrifield hotel, while down in the glen, towards the railroad track, you could distinctly hear the first and ripple of the little trout-stream over its bed of mossy stones. Merrifield was a pretty, sequestered place, full of picturesque wood-nooks and pleasant rambles and, as yet, not overcrowded by the high-tide of summer fashionables. Moreover, the fare was low and the hotel charges moderate, and that was the reason Miss Betsy Whistleton had come thither with her handbag, her tortoise-shell cat, and her niece Elfrida.  
Miss Betsy was a tall, sparely-fashioned maiden lady, stranded somewhere on the debatable land between forty and fifty, with a leathery complexion, hair cut short in the neck, cold black eyes, glassy rather than brilliant—and thin, colorless lips. As the French say, "There are old maids, and old maids," some are perfectly irresistible in their sunny good humor and endowments—more bewitching than any sixteen-year-old girl, because their arrows are tipped with the barb of experience. But Miss Whistleton did not belong to this "rare and radiant" few. Miss Whistleton was an old maid—venomous—a radical

opponent to anything savoring of matrimony—a believer in catnip tea, total depravity, and the approaching end of the world. And above all things, Miss Whistleton detested—a man!  
Little Elfrida Martin was totally different. Elfrida was just seventeen, with a round, apple bloom face, eyes as blue as wood violets, and mischievous dots of dimple, coming and going, like the impress of Cupid's finger on her smooth pink cheek. And Elfrida wore white dresses, with lace ribbon fluttering about them, and roses at her belt, and read poetry *sub rosa*, and believed in man-kind—particularly in Tom Castlewynne!

Consequently, it may be easily inferred, that Elfrida led a dolorous life of it with her aunt Betsy and her aunt Betsy's peculiar views.  
This particular afternoon, Miss Betsy sat bolt upright, engaged in a hid-on-piece of patch-work, which had been Elfrida's "black beast" ever since she was tall enough to wield a needle, and scolded her niece persistently.  
"Don't talk to me, Elfrida Martin!" she said, energetically—which was quite unnecessary, for poor Elfrida had not opened her lips in a quarter of an hour.  
"I know perfectly well that it is all through your doing that Thomas Castlewynne, and his riotous, cigar smoking friend, have come down to Merryfield and taken the room next to ours—the very next room! I should think you would be ashamed of yourself, Elfrida, to be walking about the piazza with him, and the house full of respectable boarders!"  
Elfrida colored up here.  
"I am sure, Aunt Betsy, Mr. Castlewynne is respectable."  
"A petting, dissipated, good-for-nothing lawyer—and Frank Ermine is no better. Elfrida, if you don't stop taking such long stitches I'll make you rip it all out again. What I want you to understand is this: that this love-making business has got to stop. I won't tolerate Thomas Castlewynne's presumptuous attentions—no, not for another day! I'll pack up, and leave Merryfield sooner! Do you hear me, Elfrida!"  
"Yes, Aunt Betsy, I hear you."  
"Very well; then I'll trouble you to heed me as well. Perhaps you think I didn't see you linger on the very threshold of their door this morning, talking nonsense about the trumpery wild roses you had been gathering. On the threshold of a *young man's room!* Elfrida, I don't know what you are coming to!"  
"But, aunty, the door was wide open, and Mrs. Glenn was in the hall, and Isabella Raymond, and Major Parker's daughters—"

"I don't care if the twelve tribes of Israel were there, it makes it none the less improper for you"—and here Aunt Betsy rolled up her eyes in a fearfully cataleptic manner—"Now stop dropping those big tears over the turkey-red joining of the quilt. I never saw such a lady in my life—never."  
"What a relief it was to poor, hunted little Elfrida when Mrs. Major Parker came in, with her stiff, rustling silks and her basket of knitting-work, and she was allowed to steal away into the inner room, with pricked finger, aching spinal-column, and eyes wet dewy with tears.  
"I'll be married as soon as ever I can," thought Elfrida, with an indignant pout of the cherry lips. "If I thought I should ever live to be an old maid like Aunt Betsy, I'd jump into the river—I would!"  
And Elfrida crept away for a walk, low-spirited and enugh.  
The afternoon was well advanced before Mrs. Parker departed; and Miss Betsy Whistleton, politely seeing her guest to the door, stood looking after her pretty retreating form.  
"I wonder where Elfrida has gone to," pondered the spinster-aunt. "Down in the glen, flirting with that odious Castlewynne. I've no doubt—dear me, what a trial girls are! Castlewynne's out somewhere, I know, for the door of his room is half-open. Now I wonder—"

Miss Betsy Whistleton stretched her long neck earnestly towards the neighboring apartment—she looked up the hall, and down the hall, but there was not a soul in sight.  
"I don't really believe they exchange notes," said Miss Whistleton, but if they did—and it's really, a very excellent opportunity—"

She paused again and listened; still no sound, save stray footsteps in the hall below.  
"I think it's my duty," said Miss Betsy, setting her colorless lips together, and advancing on tip-toe into the apartment of Messrs. Castlewynne and Ermine.  
"I never was in a man's room before," thought the lady, "and I don't know what a variety of boots and slippers, right in the middle of the floor! Is this brandy-and-water? No, it's lemonade—and a box full of cigars, as I live, and a novel! Oh, the depravity of young men! I really hope I shall not be contaminated by this awful atmosphere. And what's this curious winking thing? Oh, I suppose it must be a boot-jack! A dressing-case, too, with chased silver stoppers to all the bottles—dear me, this cologne is really very nice. I wish I had brought that empty paragonic bottle with me, I don't believe they'd ever miss a few drops. Pink Pomatum, too, as I live and breathe needles and spoons of thread. My goodness, if it isn't lined with the very broad, broad silk that belonged to my grand-wother's wedding-dress! I thought that

stopping until she was safe in her own room.  
"Auntie!" cried the astonished Elfrida, "where on earth have you been?"  
"But that was just what 'Auntie' never would tell her."  
"Elfrida," said Miss Betsy, when she had calmed her agitated nerves by green tea and a nap. "I've changed my mind about young Castlewynne. If you and he are really bent on making a match of it—here Aunt Betsy involuntarily grimaced, as if she was taking medicine—"why, you must 'have your own way, I suppose.'"  
Elfrida's countenance grew radiant.  
"Dear Aunt Betsy," she cried, with a shy kiss on the paragonic forehead of the older lady. "I am so glad!"  
"There, there, go along!" said Miss Whistleton, ungraciously. "I want to rip up my eyes for the wish, and I can't be bothered with kissing!" "I do hope," she added, mentally, as Elfrida tripped away, "he won't tell that child the whole story!"  
But there was a mischievous sparkle in Elfrida's eye, when she came up to bed that night, which filled Aunt Betsy's soul with dread, and convinced her that Castlewynne had betrayed the secret of her siege and surrender.

And thus Aunt Betsy's sordidly against her will, was forced to help Cupid's bark float down the stream of True Love. Alas! poor Aunt Betsy!  
THE NOBLEST OF MARTYRS.—A writer in *Encour's Magazine* wickedly says: "An immense amount of ingenuity is fruitlessly expended by that noblest martyr, a mother with a daughter to marry—nobler, or only to be rivaled by the mother whose quiver is full of such. I am not much addicted to sentiment (I don't think I have actually wept since I read 'The Bride of Lamormoer' in my boyhood) but the angels themselves might regard the spectacle of one who is a good woman at bottom (though over-ferocious, perhaps) stuck like a scarecrow against the wall of a crowded ballroom from 10 p. m. till 4 a. m., with companionate pity. She sits there like a Turkey merchant, with her merchandise about her. Some of the wares, it may be, are rather the worse for wear; even the newest was fresher last winter than this. 'Oh, public dear, will you not come and buy? This is Milly, my eldest born; she is not bright, but she is good, which is far better.' And so till dawn the weary auction goes on; a comely singly, not quite destitute of oaths to the contemplative beholder. She is a good woman, I say, and yet sorely necessary has driven her to this. She is fair, to dress her daughters like ballet dancers, to trot them out like young fillies, that possible purchasers may become acquainted with their prices, to offer them without remorse or shame in the public market. And yet it is all in vain. Buyers are shy. This is not the sort of juxtaposition that begets love. In the crowd of the ball-room one girl looks coolly like another, white muslin and false flowers being wonderful levelers, and even a clever girl can not show that she has either heart or brains when going at the rate of an express train."

CHINESE MAXIMS.—To cultivate virtue is the science of men; to renounce science is the virtue of women. You must listen to your wife and not believe her.  
If one is not deaf nor stupid, what a position is that of a father-in-law? If with a wife and daughter-in-law, one has also sisters and sisters-in-law, daughters and nieces, one ought to be a tiger to be able to hold out.  
The happiest mother of daughters is she who has only sons.  
The minds of women are of quicksilver and their hearts of wax.  
The most curious women willingly cast down their eyes to be looked at.  
The tongues of women increase by all they take from their feet.  
The finest roads do not go far.  
When men are together they listen to one another; but women and girls look at one another.  
The most timid girl has courage enough to talk scandal.  
CARPET-BAGGERS.—A special Washington Dispatch of the 12th says: "Official information, which has now been received and will be read before the House to-morrow, shows that one hundred and twenty members of the South Carolina State Convention collectively paid \$700 taxes; of this amount one hundred and ten members paid only one dollar each. The entire carpet-bag Legislature just elected will pay, collectively, one hundred and ten members, \$160 taxes. Suggestive facts."

Gen. F. J. Herron, United States Marshal for the Eastern District of Louisiana, appointed by Andrew Johnson, has a startling surprise in store for his friends and whilom supporters, we understand. In a few days he will make his debut as a politician of the Radical carpet-bag school in the character of a Chicago Convention delegate. He started for Chicago with several other new-fledged Radicals last evening. Truly, the President has cause to exclaim, "save me from my friends!"—*N. O. Times*, 16th.

BOTTLED YEAST.—Boil down one quart of hops in two quarts of water, one-half; boil and mash 12 potatoes to this liquid; add one cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of flour, one-half cup salt,

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PRACTICES in Calcasieu, St. Landry and Lafayette parishes. Dec 7/67.

## Notice.

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

GEO. H. KING, E. H. MARTIN.

Opelousas, La., December 7th, 1867.

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