The Opelousas Journal.

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THE OPELOUSAS JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

J. W. JACKSON & J. M. GALE.

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PETER PARLEY.

O his pages enchanting were our delight
In the days long ago, in the days long ago!
When the rosy eve braided her long golden tresses
On the soft brow of sunset and folded her dresses
Of crimson-fringed silver away for the night:
When the gleams on the far-away woodland are fading,
When twilight the green earth's broad bosom was shading,
We bent o'er his pages in youth's early glow.

When sun-burned urchins we roved through the wildwood,
When the sere withered leaves of the autumn were falling
Like sad souvenirs of the summer departing:
We thought Peter Parley just then might be starting
Away on a journey, and merry young childhood
Followed the old man afar, day by day,
Over rivers and mountains and seas far away,
Pleasant bits from the scrap-bag of Memory recalling.

In the brown shade at noon-tide, our friend would sit down
On a moss-covered mound by the road side of time,
And gathering the wee ones close up to his knee,
Would tell his adventures by land and by sea,
Wherever in lands Trans-Atlantic a trace
Could be found of the children of Adam's great race
That have wandered in every condition and clime.

We had a rude play-house, my brother and I,
Constructed of fence-rails and rough boards together,
And oft with my treasured books clasped in my hands,
While the torrents of rain bathed the heat parched lands;
I sat like a queen in her proud royalty,
While down from the eaves of my palace there played
Miniature Niagaras in stormy cascade,
While we sat on the straw, nor feared the rough weather.

'Tis a long, long time since then, Brother John,
And still in the dust are our playmates to-day;
But with them we'll remember our loved, early friend,
The Old Man with his Cane, till life's voyage shall end
And we anchor or barks in a summer bay:—
And millions of children who read his dear books
And caught the love-light of his good-humored looks,
Aye, the whole nation blesses the Old Man to-day.

Long live Peter Parley! We said long ago—
Then the thunder of war and its red, streaming rain
Came down on the wings of the maniac storm;
But their ravings disturbed not the still, sleeping form
That lies with the laurel-wreath green on his brow:
While far in the kingdom of innocent day,
Where the loved and the pure of "lang syne," ever stay,
Live forever Old Friend! the heart echoes again.
S. M. W.

From the New York Ledger.]

THE FALSE FRIEND.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"This won't do," said Miss Ayliffe, resolutely to herself, as she drew down her well-worn trunk from its top shelf in the closet. "I must be married. Matrimony is the only gate to wealth, in my case. I will *not* throw myself away on any of these penniless, sighing swains who write mad verses about my eyes and lips. Love in a cottage never was my style. I must be married, and soon too! It will not answer to risk the premature appearance of my gray hairs and crow's feet! There is little Rosa Budd engaged at sixteen—a yellow-haired baby, with no more style than yonder tongs—engaged to a fortune, too; and I, with a face that ought to draw the highest prize in life's lottery—"

Blanche followed up the soliloquy no further; she merely set her pearly teeth close together, and the lids drooped still lower over her magnificent Circassian eyes. And so it came about that Miss Ayliffe was on a visit to little Rosa Budd, that April sunset.

Next to Harvey L'Estrange, Rosa adored and worshipped Blanche Wyliffe.

"I am so glad you are here, dearest," she said, laying her pink velvet cheek against Blanche's cold hand, and looking lovingly up into the deep, almond-shaped eyes. "I have told Harvey so much about you—you will like Harvey for my sake, won't you?"

"And when am I to have the pleasure of an introduction?"

"He is coming this very evening!"

Blanche Wyliffe sat in Rosa's drawing-room, her pink draperies floating out around her like rosy billows, and one great crimson rose in the purple-black masses of her lovely hair, when Mr. L'Estrange was introduced. She looked up with a sort of languid, pitying toleration at the man who had seen anything to interest him in Rosa Budd, but as she met his eyes, an electric thrill seemed to shoot through her whole being. And no wonder—for he was as handsome as Apollo.

Little Rosa, standing by, smiled to see how mutually "struck" were her friend and her lover, but never once felt that the shadow of fate was impending darkly over her life at this eventful moment.

"I knew you would admire her, Harvey," she said softly, when the evening was over.

"She is magnificent!" was L'Estrange's enthusiastic comment.

While Blanche, up in her own room, looked musingly out upon the purple darkness of the stormy sky, and felt the strange elation, the dreamy joy that mortals call love!

"And to think that this monarch among men—this crowned king of humanity should be sacrificed to Rosa Budd!" she murmured, disdainfully. "No—it shall never be! I love him, and I shall never love but once; Rosa is only a child—she will be far happier with some new lover, half a dozen years hence, while my heart, like a century plant, opens its inner centers of light, and bloom but once in a life time!"

Day after day Harvey L'Estrange returned to the evil fascination of Miss Ayliffe's presence—evening after evening he hung enraptured on the music of her voice, the dewy glister of her eyes. And Rosa was innocently happy in their evident mutual appreciation.

"I knew they couldn't help liking each other," she said to herself, as she wandered about the gardens gathering roses to deck the vases.

It was a soft spice-breathing morning in early May, when Rosa came into her friend's apartment, both hands full of meadow pinks and delicious wild honey-suckles.

"See, Blanche—" but she stopped short. Blanche was not there, and the dainty bed with its ruffled pillow cases and coverlets of pink silk had not been slept in, while upon the toilet-cushion lay a folded note, written on the lavender paper Blanche was fond of using—a note directed to Rosa.

She opened it and read it, with a gradually paling cheek—read that, reckless of honor, truth or faith, Blanche had gone off to become the wife of Harvey L'Estrange!

"And, after all, Rosa," went on the cruel note, "you are too young to know your own heart. Harvey never could have loved you as he loves me. Forget us both—I will not say *forgive*, because I think a man's heart belongs to that woman, and to her alone, who can win and keep it in the face of all obstacles."

"How could she? oh, how could she?" wailed the child, burying her face in the silken coverlets. "I would have given my heart's blood to serve her—I would have given her all I had in the world, save *his* love alone. Oh, why has she robbed me of that! If I could only have died, still believing Harvey to be true, and Blanche faultless!"

Ten years passed.

"You are not going down into the parlors to-night, Harvey?"

"Why not?" Harvey L'Estrange rudely threw off his wife's timid hand.

"Charlie is so fretful, and I am tired out."

"Very well—that is no reason why I should make a hermit of myself. You are altogether too exacting, Blanche."

Mrs. L'Estrange sighed. Ten years had sorely faded the dark, sparkling beauty of her maiden-hood. She had buried two little delicate children, and a third was pining away in spite of all the invigorating influences of the "sea air" the physician had ordered for it. Nor was Harvey as tenderly considerate as he should have been; but Blanche dared not remonstrate further.

At that moment Rosa Budd swept past the open door, when the lights of the wide corridor glowed brilliantly—Rosa Budd, as beautiful as Helen's self, leaning upon the arm of some devoted cavalier—and Harry L'Estrange, stepping gallantly forth, bent his lofty head over Rosa's other hand. While Blanche watched them with a pang sharper and keener than the pierce of a poisoned dagger.

How she had changed, that "sixteen-year old child!" Tall, large, and grandly developed, with golden ripply tresses, such as might have woven their burnished brilliance round Cleopatra's brow of old, and a skin fair as a damask rose-leaf—there was not one flaw or fault in her wonderful loveliness. And Blanche looked at her faded face in the mirror, and felt what an advantage he rival had over her. For Harvey L'Estrange was a beauty-worshipper—a shallow Sybarite—and his wife knew it.

It was late in the July evening—the moon was setting, a melancholy crescent of gold behind the salt-waves—and little Charlie had just sunk into a disturbed slumber. Mrs. L'Estrange rose up, unable longer to comb[illegible] were gnawing at her[illegible]; and, throwing a light shawl over her shoulders, stole down towards the hotel piazza below—whence the indistinct sound of her husband's voice had reached her more than once during the last hour.

It was even as she had dreaded. Rosa Budd stood on the piazza, in the full light of one of the ball-room windows, imperially beautiful, with the glitter of triumph in her blue eyes, and the restless crimson burning on her cheeks. Her white cashmere opera-cloak had fallen from one shoulder, revealing the ivory whiteness of its perfect outline, and her hands were mechanically toying with a silver bouquet-holder.

Close beside her, only shadowed by the pillars of the piazza, stood Harvey L'Estrange, pleading in deep, earnest tones.

"Love—love!" repeated Rosa, petulantly, after him. "I am tired of the ceaseless repetition of the one old idea. I have heard the same strain before, and from your lips too. Go back to your wife, Harvey L'Estrange, and tell *her* that you are tired of the beauty that once won you away from poor little Rosa Budd. Tell her that you have returned to your first love, and see what she will say."

"I care not what she says. Rosa—my queen, my pearl—listen to me!"

Rosa turned sharply 'round.

"Harry L'Estrange, do you really love me?"

"I love you better than my own life—you know that I do, Rosa! For your sake, am I not willing to cast to the winds all honor, reputation, or name—to leave wife, child, and home? I am selling my soul for you, Rosa—and you will not even grant me a tender look or word."

(All this Blanche heard with a heart frozen to ice and a deadly despair chilling her veins)

Rosa turned scornfully away.

"Enough!" she said. "Years ago, you did me a cruel wrong—but I am avenged now. Henceforward, do not dare to address me, except as you might address the merest stranger. I despise and reject your proffered love. You have chosen your own lot in life, and now abide by it. See—as I fling this faded rose into the sea, I cast all thought and memory of you and your absurd infatuation from me!"

With the motion of a tragic queen, she threw the flower into the tranquil tides below, and swept into the house. Blanche shrank away, but Rosa saw her and stopped in front of her, with a withering smile upon her coral lip.

"We are well met, Mrs. L'Estrange," she said with mocking courtesy. "I was in search of some fitting depository of your husband's precious love-secrets—the letters he has written me in the past few days, imploring me to fly with him to some place where home, duty, and social obligation are unknown. Why do you turn so pale? they are only letters. I received a letter once, and its sentiments were strangely applicable to the present case. 'I will not say *forgive*, because I think a man's heart belongs to that woman, and to her alone, who can win and keep it in the face of all obstacles.' I have won your husband's heart away from you—but I do not care to keep it."

She passed on, coldly contemptuous,—and Blanche L'Estrange dared not speak a word of accusation. She knew she was but reaping the harvest she had sown.

And Rosa Budd's revenge was complete!

WHAT IT COST.—A gentleman in business in this city (New York) has for years made a practice, which is common with many, of inviting his customers and friends out to "take a drink" or a cigar. A friend endeavored to convince him that he was spending too much in this way, aside from other and stronger objections to the practice. The gentleman insisted that the cost was a mere trifle, but to make sure of it he adopted the following plan: Each time he spent any thing for this purpose, he deposited an equal amount in a box in his safe, keeping no account of it. At the end of three months he counted this deposit, and found there, to his astonishment, over *three hundred dollars*. The friend who related the incident to us said he had just left the surprised man, who was still looking at the heap of bills and thinking deeply. Perhaps he was reckoning the amount of comfort and pleasure the sum would have brought to the home circle, if properly used, or how it would have helped in taking up some note when he was "short." Probably he has received some new ideas which will do him much good, and not injure his customers.

American Agriculturist.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—Mr. Fessenden concluded his speech against conviction as follows:

To the suggestions that popular opinion demands the conviction of the President on these charges, I reply that he is not now on trial before the people but before the Senate. In the words of Lord Eldon upon the trial of the Queen, "I take no notice of what is passing out of doors because I am supposed, constitutionally not to be acquainted with it." Aad again, "it is the duty of those on whom a judicial task is imposed to meet reproach, and not court popularity." The people have not heard the evidence as we have heard it. The responsibility is not on them, but upo[illegible] impartial jus-[illegible]ing to the Constitution and the laws." I have taken that oath. I can not render judgment upon their convictions, nor can they transfer to themselves my punishment if I violate my own. And I should consider myself undeserving the confidence of that just and intelligent people who imposed upon me this great responsibility, and unworthy a place among honorable men, if, for any fear of public reprobation, and for the sake of securing popular favor, I should disregard the convictions of my judgment and my conscience.

The consequences which may follow either from conviction or acquittal are not for me, with my convictions, to consider. The future is in the hands of Him who made and governs the universe, and the fear that He will not govern it wisely and well would not excuse me for a violation of his law.

☞ Where can happiness always be found? In the dictionary.

Litigation--How to Restrain It.

We observe a movement in New York to supersede lawyers in their avocation by instituting a court to be composed of merchants to decide disputes among themselves, which might otherwise get into the courts.

The design is by no means a novel one, and, we fear, will result as all similar schemes have resulted, in increasing litigation. It will be like an effort we once saw in this city in a great public conflagration to extinguish a fire by pouring oil upon it. It is a great error, we believe, as a general rule, to imagine that lawyers are responsible for the multiplicity of suits. A knowledge of the law is not apt to produce such effect. It is ignorance of legal rights and responsibilities, and that conceit which is an American weakness, that every citizen understands the law as well as all other subjects, which drives people so precipitately into suits. Lawyers who regard their own time and labor, to say nothing of their consciences, have no motive or interest to engage in fruitless contests. If their counsel were always heeded there would be fewer suits. But contentious and conceited people get offended with the lawyer who tells them they have no case. They abandon the honest and conscientious lawyer and take refuge with one who thinks that every case is worth trying.

There is another serious obstacle to the full exercise of this beneficial influence of the legal profession in this country. It is that lawyers are not generally paid for that counsel which ought to command the highest rate of compensation—that which keeps parties out of court. Here is an interest in favor of litigation which does not exist under the better regulations of the profession in England. There, when you consult a lawyer on ever so small a matter, whatever may be his answer, you must have your fee in hand and pay him on the nail. Here, however, the conscientious and honest lawyer who tells his client that the law is not on his side, and he would incur heavy expenses and vexation as well as costs by going to law, not only gets no fee, but he is lucky if he does not forfeit the good will and respect of his client. No wonder, then, if hungry and avaricious lawyers, with small dockets, sometimes prefer advising their excitable clients to bring into court disputes which ought to be settled outside.

That great lawyer, Col. John R. Grymes, used to ask all persons who brought suits to him whether they wanted him as a lawyer or counselor—the one he said was a more artisan and the other a philosopher. If they wanted a suit brought he was ready to do the best to gain the case; but he would take no responsibility for losing it. If lost, it was by the incompetence of the judge or jury, or precipitancy of the client. In case, however, he, as counselor, advised the suit to be brought, then he would have a share of the responsibility for its failure.

Let all persons who have disputes with their fellow-men, which they would determine in a satisfactory manner, and who would avoid the vexatious, the expensive and harassing involvement of a lawsuit, bear in mind this distinction between the lawyer and the counselor, and be careful always to stipulate to pay for good counsel, whether in favor of or against their preconceived ideas of their case; that, in short, they will pay as liberally to keep out of a suit as to get into one. Let this course be generally pursued, and the most happy effects will fellow in diminishing and restraining litigation, and in rendering the profession of law more honored and honorable than it is.—*N. O. Times.*

Of the five Governors elect of the reconstructed Southern States, four are carpet-baggers. This fact is in itself so indicative of oppression and injustice, that the more respectable among the Radical prints cannot longer conceal their disgust, and are out in mild but open remonstrance. The *Nation* says: "Nothing but trouble can come of the elevation of that class of people who have gone South to push themslves into offices that at home they could only sigh for. Some of them are the most odious people in the world."

When we recollect, in connection with this, how Warmoth and the apostate Conway were snubbed by the leaders in Washington, it really would seem to indicate that the sober second thought of the people was about to assert itself in repudiation of the entire infamous ma-[illegible] government which has been thrust upon the Southern States. We confidently expect to see this sentiment take form at no very distant day—perhaps in the formation of a new Republican party, with the details of which, if we are to credit Washington letter writers, Messrs. Fessenden, Grimes, Trumbull, and Chief Justice Chase are already engaged.—*N. O. Times.*

Before washing almost any colored fabrics, it is recommended to soak them for some time in water, to every gallon of which is added a spoonful of ox gall. A tea-cup of lye in a pail of water is said to improve the color of black goods, when it is necessary to wash them. A strong, clean tea of common hay will preserve the color of French linens. Vinegar in the rinsing water for pink or green, will brighten those colors, and soda answers the same end for both purple and blue.—*Scientific American.*

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Maintain[illegible]e just co[illegible]itutional p[illegible] of the Gen[illegible]overnme[illegible] on one han[illegible] reserved r[illegible] the Stat[illegible] on the other[illegible] fident th[illegible] ion ca[illegible] be preserved [illegible]ly while th[illegible] ach s[illegible]ll be respect[illegible] by both [illegible]lity [illegible]sce[illegible]ed by either [illegible] the WEE[illegible] [illegible]INTELLIGE[illegible]ER will a[illegible] [illegible]ion of the So[illegible]ern States [illegible] Union, on the basis of a j[illegible] [illegible]tation in the National [illegible] electoral college, an[illegible] section[illegible] pacification a[illegible] means [illegible] restoring ha[illegible] to all parts of the cou[illegible] [illegible]elopment of its vast [illegible] industrial resour[illegible] as a miscellane[illegible] WEEKLY NATIO[illegible]ER will in every [illegible] a *National Union* [illegible] be *the only weekly* [illegible]*racter published at the* [illegible] It rests with the friends [illegible] Constitution to secure to [illegible] shall enable it to [illegible]he patriotic [illegible]ple in every State, county, [illegible] fireside where truth and patriot[illegible]e appreciated.

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

B. A. MARTEL. GEO. W. HUDSPETH.

B. A. MARTEL & HUDSPETH,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Opelousas, La.

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

JOHN E. KING. EDMOND D. ESTILLETTE.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

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

JAMES M. PORTER,

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Office in Opelousas, near the Court-House,

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

THOMAS H. LEWIS,

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

GEORGE H. WELLS,

Attorney at Law,

Lake Charles, Calcasieu Parish, La.

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

Notice.

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

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

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