RO. S,
torney at Law,
Clinton, Louisiana.

N FLUKER,
torney at Law,
Clinton, Louisiana.
tice in the Courts of the 5th
strict. Aug.27'6.—1y

ARDEE,
torney at Law,
Clinton, Louisiana.

TRNE. CHAS. McVEA.
TRNE & McVEA,
COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana.

ONES,
RNEY AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana.
the North side of the public
june 28, '76.—1y.

POWELL,
torney at Law.
Francisville, Louisiana.
tice in the Parishes of West
eliciana, and Pointe Coupee.
.—1y.

EDGE,
TTORNEY AT LAW,
Clinton Louisiana
ctice in the courts of East and
iana and the Supreme Court of
feb17-1v.

. LEAKE,
torney at Law.
Francisville, Louisiana.
ctice in the Parishes of West
eliciana, and Pointe Coupee.
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LIFFE. C. L. FISHER,
LIFFE & FISHER,
torneys at Law.
St. Francisville, La.
ctice in the Courts of West
Feliciana, Pointe Coupee and
Parishes. june25'76.—1y

G. STIRLING,
YSICIAN AND SURGEON.
t. Francisville; La.
e at residence.

. BALL,
SICIAN AND SURGEON,
Bayou Sara, Louisiana.
residence june 28, '76.—1y.

H VACARO,
nter and Undertaker,
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s line in this and adjoining Par-
june 28 '76.—1y.

BROOKS,
GIST AND CHEMIST,
Baton Rouge, La.
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WEST FELICIANA SENTINEL.

VOL. 1. ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA., APRIL 7, 1877. NO. 41

West Feliciana Sentinel.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

LAMBERT .....GEO. W. REESE
LAMBERT & REESE,
PROPRIETORS.

J. D. AUSTEN. G. W. REESE.
AUSTEN & REESE.....Editors.
G. W. REESE.....Publisher.

St. Francisville. April 6, '77

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One copy, one year (in advance)....$2 00
" " " 6 mo. " " 1 75
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COMMERCIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

LONGFELLOW.

In that desolate land and lone,
Where the Big-Horn and Yellowstone
Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs
And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face,
"Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"
And the mountain dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide
By woodland and river side,
The Indian village stood;
All was silent as a dream,
Save the rushing of the stream
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war-paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves
Crouched in the clefts and caves,
Savage, unrelenting!

Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
And his three hundred men
Galloped headlong, sword in hand;
But not that gallant band
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them, like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire:
By the river's bank and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the fierce fled in the night,
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,
Uplifted high in air
As a ghastly trophy, bore
The brave heart that beat no more,
Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong?
Sing it, O funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,
In the Year of a Hundred years.

HAYES AND THE STATES OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND LOUISIANA.

[*Wide Awake.*]

Hayes has now been in office nearly two weeks, but beyond the empty promises of his inaugural, we have nothing good from him for the people of South Carolina or Louisiana. He has promised a commission, with Vice President Wheeler at its head, and of which Morton is to be a member, charged with the duty of reporting upon the political condition of those States, and he has suggested a new election for State officers, meanwhile trying to coax Chamberlain and Packard out of their assumed honors through Stanley Matthews, his unofficial mouthpiece. Now if His Fraudulency was honest in his inaugural statements he would not, after the loss of so many days, be haggling about the mode of redeeming his pledges. He would long since—on the first day of his official existence even—have solved what every day's delay makes for him a tougher problem. He would have withdrawn the United States troops and left Nicholls to deal single-handed with Carpet-bagger Packard, and Hampton to deal with Carpet-bagger Chamberlain. But Hayes is not honest in his promises. He does not recognize Nicholls or Hampton, for that would be to acknowledge his own guilt in accepting and wearing stolen honors, and he is too much of a negrophobist to withdraw the troops. On the other hand, Chamberlain and Packard refuse to give up unless ousted to do so by Hayes, and the Democrats and Republicans of both States are opposed to a new election. Thus the case stands. In the meantime the people of both Louisiana and South Carolina are living in dread of the evil any day may bring forth, having nothing stronger to build a hope of peace and good government upon than the barren promises of His Fraudulency.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

The following open letter to the President, from Joseph A. Craig, one of our prominent and consistent conservative colored men, will be read with interest by the friends of Louisiana, and we commend it to the careful perusal of Mr. Hayes' advisers:

NEW ORLEANS, March 24, '77.

To President Hayes:

This letter is written in behalf of the peace-loving, quiet, industrious colored citizens of our State, who claim you as their friend, and confide implicitly in your 'peace policy,' wisely determined upon, and enunciated in your inaugural address.

Mr. President, you are aware that the white men and the colored men in our commonwealth are nearly equal in number, but we are not arrayed against nor hostile to each other. Our interests are identical, and we are to suffer or prosper together.

A dual government does not exist within our State, but the elected of the people, from St. Tammany to Calcasieu, and from Union to the Balize, are administering the laws and executing the functions of their respective offices. Except Mr. Packard's 'aerie,' (the St. Louis Hotel) and throughout the length and breadth of Louisiana, but one, and the rightful government exists—that represented by Francis T. Nicholls.

Mr. Packard and a band of political highwaymen hold forth from within the limits of the old St. Louis Hotel. They claim much but master little, and their existence as a government or legislative body is due as much to forbearance on the part of the people of our city and State as to the pressure of Federal troops.

The property owners of Louisiana are the staunch supporters of our present State Government; they are cheerfully paying their taxes to appointees of Gov. Nicholls, and the tax-payers are, after all, the sustainers of our commonwealth.—When they loosen their purse strings the machinery of Government is lubricated—working smoothly on, but when they tie them up, clogged become the wheels. THE SHERIFF NEVER HAD A LOUISIANA UNDER THE HAMMER, AND NEVER WILL HAVE.

Thousands of us, colored Conservatives voted for Mr. Nicholls and the State ticket headed by him, the Returning Board to the contrary, notwithstanding. We claim him rightfully our Governor, and have no apprehensions as to our lives, liberties or happiness during his administration; nor has the vilest carpet bagger or demagogue, if he would go home and place himself on his good behavior as a citizen.

The foregoing expresses the sentiments of a majority of the electors and of the best citizens of the State, white or colored, and I trust will be accepted by your Excellency as such. The truth can be and is as often expressed by an humble individual as by a committee or community, and the future of Louisiana, be it weal or woe, will bear me out. Your obedient servant.

JOSEPH A. CRAIG.

'Do you understand the nature of an oath?' a juryman was asked in a St. Louis court-room. 'Of course I do,' was the reply. 'Do you mistake me for a Republican member of the Electoral Commission?'

'How are we to reach the pockets of the people?' is the leading question asked by the managers of the Boston Moody revival. Our suggestion is, that if all other means fail, a few Republican post-masters and custom House officers might be employed on commission.

FROM THE COUNTRY PRESS.

PATRIOT-DEMOCRAT:—A difficulty occurred on Saturday last between Alonzo Brooks and Lawson Hausberry, (two radical negroes) which resulted in the former shooting and instantly killing the latter.—Brooks surrendered himself to the Sheriff.

We are informed an attempt was made on Sunday night last, by some party or parties unknown, to fire the store of Mr. Joseph Wolf, of Port Hudson, La. An attempt was also made a few nights previous to destroy the store of Mrs. M. Frank, a widow lady of the same town.

Clinton is in need of a tailor.—An industrious and experienced one could do well.

A heavy hail storm passed over this section before daylight on Sunday morning last.

Small pox, which has prevailed for some weeks near Capt. J. A. Norwood's, in this Parish, is on the decline.

Pointe Coupee PELICAN:—Last Saturday evening, a young man aged about 20 years, named John Baker and a resident of Carrollton, engaged in rafting timber at Hog Point in this Parish, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. His remains were placed by his friends on board the steamboat Katie, on her way down to New Orleans, and taken to his late residence in Carrollton.

Now the next thing on foot, so far as heard from, is a dozen marriages, to take place in this Parish after Lent.

One of our prominent physicians informs us that the health of this Parish, with the exception of a few cases of pneumonia, is excellent.

District Court for this Parish meets on next Monday, a heavy criminal docket will have to be gone through with, including some 12 murder cases.

Port Gibson REVEILLE:—Last Tuesday the anti goat, hog and dog law went into operation. All the dogs we saw seemed to be peeping around the corner to see if chief Jordan was on the war path, and as often as we saw the chief, he was peeping around the corner sketching and catching dogs. A dog without a collar went under for a dollar. The hogs are promenading around, and like the aborigines, have rings in their noses. Sir William Goat has transferred his fragrance to unknown parts—and 'departed from thence.'

A gentlemen from Jefferson informs us that the Fayette people are not so enthusiastic in the matter of extending the railroad.—When it is given out that the road is to go beyond Fayette, it is thought it will check the tendency to settle in that now improving town, and eventually smash up Fayette. Shouldn't wonder.

Tensas JOURNAL:—A most distressing casualty occurred last Saturday night on the Waveland plantation, in this Parish. One of the houses in the quarters near the gin was burned to the ground, and an old colored woman and her two children perished in the flames.—There was a horse tied to the back gallery, and it also became a victim to the devouring element. It made the most frantic efforts to get loose, and when finally released, it tottered around to the front of the house and before it could be prevented, rushed into the fire and was destroyed.

Marksville BULLETIN:—The finances of the town of Marksville can well be compared with those of any other incorporated town in Louisiana; our paper is worth dollar for dollar. Where is the other town that can boast as much?

Woodville REPUBLICAN:—On Friday evening of last week, while Captain Jack Pecodts was building a fence to enclose a small piece of ground adjoining the Odd Fellows Hall, in digging a post-hole he dug into the arch of an old Cistern, in good condition, bricked up from the bottom, but filled up. There are few, if any, of the old citizens who remember anything of the existence of it. The Odd Fellows were going to have one dug but found it ready-made.

The prospect at present for a good crop of fruit of all sorts is very flattering.

Circuit Court will convene on next Monday week.

Donaldsonville CHIEF:—Yesterday afternoon, as the steam ferry boat was approaching her landing on this side of the river, she struck the sunken end of a sycamore log that had lodged near shore, and the blow stove a hole in the bow of the boat a short way below the water line. She was quickly run ashore and drawn up on the bank, where her hull will be thoroughly overhauled, repaired and repainted before she is again put in service. The owners intended to renovate the hull and make some improvement in the machinery a few weeks later in the season, but owing to yesterday's accident, the work will be commenced at once.

Dallas, (Tex.) HERALD:—The tide of immigration now pouring into North Texas is astonishing.—Even as late as the present day, every train from the North which crosses Red river comes burdened with hardy farmers from the grain and bacon producing States of the West.

All the present indications point to an immense crop in this State this year. Our farmers are in earnest, and every particle of muscle in the State is strained to its utmost tension to accomplish this desirable result. From every quarter we hear of the progress of farming operations, and in every instance they are satisfactory.

GOOD ADVICE.

In the pocket-book of Hon. Stephen Allen, who was drowned when the 'Henry Clay' was burned on the Hudson several years since, was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy. It is worthy to be engraved on every young man's heart:

"Make few promises. Always speak the truth. Never speak evil of any one. Keep good company or none. Live up to your engagements. Never play a game of chance. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Good character is above all things else. Keep your own secrets if you have any. Never borrow if you can possibly help it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.—When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old. Avoid temptation through fear you may not withstand it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again. Small and steady gains give competency with a tranquil mind. Good company and good conversations are the sinews of virtue. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speak evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him. When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day.—Never be idle; if your hands cannot be employed usefully, attend to the cultivation of your mind.'

Read over the above maxims carefully and thoughtfully at least once a week.

Joe Coburn, the pugilist, convicted for shooting with intent to kill a policeman, has been sentenced to ten years in the State's prison,

DELIVERING THE GOODS.

[*Washington Capital.*]

The music of the Union that was heard through such a flourish of trumpets when our mock President was inagurated has already died into the dismal squeak of a penny whistle.

The party of the first part to that contract, which was signed, sealed, witnessed and delivered, is now sitting out in the cold, forlorn enough, with strong symptoms of a loss of confidence in presidential humanity. In the language of the Hebrew chronicles, they are saying one unto the other. "We wot not what has become of this man Moses."

The labor of the mountain that brought forth the mouse was nothing in the way of exasperating disappointment to the labor of a Cabinet that gives birth to a commission. The question to be solved was not the recognition of a State government, but the withdrawal of troops—the use of which His Fraudulency pronounced unconstitutional the first day of his usurpation. Can a commission help him to further information on that subject? We fear not. On that other question, with which the Government has no more to do than the wherabouts of Charley Ross—the true State government of Louisiana—can a commission throw any additional light? Even Dawes, with his senatorial assurance—the only thing senatorial about him—would hesitate ere he answered yes.

This promissory note, given through an accredited agent by a President, did not have even thirty days between issue and dishonor.

The gentlemen who were so hasty in their eulogies of the Executive fraud, and so bitter in their denunciation of Blaine, awaken to the unpleasant fact that after all the eminent bulldozer of Maine was master of the situation. We saw this when we heard that this oratorical son of Yankee thunder had his stout legs under the President's mahogany, and after grace by Brother Newman, was hobnobbing with the good Mr. Rutherford B. This came to be confirmation strong as proof of holy writ when that brilliant son of Beelzebub, Bob Ingersoll, suddenly changed from bitter denunciation of the Andy Johnson developed in twenty-four hours to songs of praise.

We feel sorry for our friends, the Confederate generals, who rebuked us for our warning editorials, that were so violent and insurrectionary. With a written contract hid in their manly bosoms they went about saying, "The business of the country requires a peaceable settlement of this presidential complication. Let us settled on any terms.'

To be whipped in a fair fight is disagreeable, but it may leave one's manhood untarnished. To be cheated in a business transaction is disgusting, for it is an imputation on one's sagacity. But to be the loser in a miserable drop-game, where both sides meant to swindle, is so forlorn that it calls up only pity and contempt.

What a spectacle this, of gallant gentlemen going about with their written agreement, saying piteously, "Oh! look here now, is this fair dealing, say?"

The academy that graduates its pupils, on experience is a most expensive school. Its learning is of the too late sort, generally as useless as it is exasperating. Our friends have learned, however, that to divide plunder with thieves in possession is to get all the discredit and no spoil. They knew that to expect a mild, inoffensive gentleman, nominated by accident and elected through fraud, to grow great in a night, is a foolish expectation.

When Rutherford burst into tears at Columbus, over "the poor colored man,' they should have taken warning that a Job Trotter was on hand, and the parties controlling him would be of the old organization that does the devil's work under the cloak of religion, and are restrained by no conscience and no consideration save their own greed.