K. A. CROSS,
Attorney at Law,
Clinton, Louisiana.

CALHOUN FLUKER,
Attorney at Law,
Clinton, Louisiana.
Will practice in the Courts of the 5th Judicial District. Aug.2'76.—1y

D. C. HARDEE,
Attorney at Law,
Clinton, Louisiana.

G. KILBOURNE. CHAS. MCVEA.
KILBOURNE & McVEA,
ATTYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana.

JOE S. JONES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana.
Office on the North side of the public square. june 28, '76.—1y.

SAM. J. POWELL,
Attorney at Law,
St. Francisville, Louisiana.
Will practice in the Parishes of West and East Feliciana, and Pointe Coupee. June 28, '76.—1y.

D. J. WEDGE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana,
Will practice in the courts of East and West Feliciana and the Supreme Court of the State. feb17-1y.

WM. W. LEAKE,
Attorney at Law,
St. Francisville, Louisiana.
Will practice in the Parishes of West and East Feliciana, and Pointe Coupee. June 28, '76.—1y.

C. WICKLIFFE. C. L. FISHER
WICKLIFFE & FISHER,
Attorneys at Law,
St. Francisville, La.
Will practice in the Courts of West and East Feliciana, Pointe Coupee and adjoining Parishes. june28'76.—1y

DR. R. G. STIRLING,
PHYISCIAN AND SURGEON,
St. Francisville; La.
Office at residence.

DR. I. U. BALL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Bayou Sara, Louisiana,
Office at residence june 28, '76..1y.

JOSEPH VACARO,
Carpenter and Undertaker,
Will give prompt attention to all business in his line in this and adjoining Parishes. june 28 '76.—1y.

D. D. BROOKS,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,
Baton Rouge, La.
June 28, 76.—1y.

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BAYOU SARA, LA.
Board can be procured by the day, week or month, and at reasonable rates. In future as in the past, the table will be supplied with the very best fare the market affords. Elegant and well furnished rooms. Accommodating servants constantly in attendance. Patronage solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
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BOOTS, SHOES, GROCERIES
AND
WESTERN PRODUCE.
Highest cash price paid for cotton.
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To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c. I will send a recipe that will cure him, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discoved by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, Cooper House, New York. dec2.6m

WEST FELICIANA SENTINEL.

VOL. 1. ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA., APRIL 14, 1877. NO. 42

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A DEMOCRATIC PAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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LAMBERT & REESE,
PROPRIETORS.

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

St. Francisville, April 14, '77

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THE PRESIDENT'S TITLE.

[*New Orleans Democrat.*]

A Northern exchange before us reiterates the statement that Mr. Hayes cannot set Packard aside without impeaching his own title. It is hardly credible that Mr. Hayes will waste his opportunities in vain and idle efforts to cure the defects in his title to the Presidency. The world is too well acquainted with the defects of that title, too familiar with the mass of political fraud on which it is based, for Mr. Hayes to hope to give it even an air of fairness and legality. He cannot make one crime rightful and innocent by perpetrating another; he cannot make the perjury and bad faith through which the whole country was defrauded in the matter of the Presidency, right, and just, and logical, by now using the power of his high office to defraud the people of Louisiana in the matter of their State government.

Mr. Hayes' title is already impeached by the whole country, and it will be condemned by posterity. There is no law, human or divine, that can make it good. The establishment of the Nicholls government cannot damage it, nor the recognition of Packard improve it. Its weakness is in the fact that it exists in violation of the constitution and laws of the country, and the only strength it can acquire will be in such tolerance, by wisdom and conciliation, its possessor can secure for it from the people. Mr. Hayes should, therefore, if he wishes to strengthen his title, so shape the policy of his administration that it will secure peace to the country and give every section and State an interest in the success of its measures; and if he hopes to escape the most shameful and humiliating judgment of posterity, he must bestow some blessing upon the country, which impartial history may set against the crime by which he acquired his high place and authority.

So far from Mr. Hayes being logically bound to recognize Packard, such a course on his part would be the height of unwisdom. If he were to attempt to justify the course of the rascals who stole the Presidency, by recognizing the iniquitous pretentions of Packard, he would whiten not a single stain upon their records, nor add an iota of legality to his title, while he would plunge one State into bloodshed and ruin, likely convulse the whole country, wreck his administration and cover himself with infamy.

We have no idea that Mr. Hayes will make any silly effort to validate his title by recognizing Packard. The issue is no longer one of title. Nothing the President may do can change that. The only question is, has Mr. Hayes the sagacity and honesty to attempt to pacify the country, heal its dissentions, and give the South peace and a new career of prosperity?

— The Spanish Consul at New Orleans, Don de la Barrara, died from the effects of poison. It is generally believed that it was administered by his own hand, though the facts are wrapped in mystery. The Coroners jury have not as yet, rendered a verdict.

An old saying (and not altogether an untrue one) is, "a peny saved is two earned" according to this two saved is four earned, and in purchasing an organ if you can save $50 it is as good as $100 earned, which would go a great way towards the purchase; you can do this by buying the Star Parlor Organ. See advertisment in another column, and send for circular and price list. 1y.

MEMORIAL FLOWERS.

The following beautiful poem, from *The Land We Love*, is from the graceful pen of Mrs. Fannie Downing:

The Lord of Light, who rules the hours,
Has scattered through our sunny land
Mementoes of His love in flowers
With lavish hand.

This month they bloom in beauty rare,
And more than wonted sweets display,
As conscious of the part they bear
The tenth of May;*

On which the South, in plaintive tone
Of pride and sorrow mixed with bliss
Speaks: "As a *Nation*, I can own
No day but this!"

I give on it my glorious dead
The tribute they have earned so well,
And with each bud and blossom shed
A mystic spell.

I lay the *Laurel* wreath above
The cedar with its sacred ties,
And place them, with a mother's love,
Where *Jackson* lies.

The *Lily* in its loveliness,
Pure as the stream where it awoke,
And spotless as his bishop's dress,
I give to *Polk*.

To *Albert Sidney Johnson*, *Moss*,
And *Rosemary*, and *Balm*—to these,
Entwined in a simple cross,
I add *Heartsease*.

The *Fleur-de-lis*, in song and lay
The emblem of true knighthood's pride,
I place, commingled with *Jessamine* spray,
By *Ashby's* side.

Fresh *Morning-glory* buds I twine,
With scarlet woodbine beneath,
And mingle with them *Eglantine*,
For *Pelham's* wreath.

The *Honeysuckle's* rosy drift,
Whence fragrance-dripping dews distill,
I offer as the proper gift
For *Ambrose Hill*.

O'er *Pender's* pure and sacred dust
Let *Bleeding-Hearts* and *Bays* be swept;
He well deserved his country's trust,
So nobly kept.

Let *Ramseur's* native pines drop down
Their native leaves and odorous gums, displayed
To form with *Ivy-flowers* a crown
Where he lies laid;

While *Orange blossoms* fall like snow,
To fill the air with fragrance ripe,
And form for *Margey Gregg*, below,
The truest type.

Where *Doles* and *Barton* rest in death
Strew *Hyacinths* and *Mignonette*,
And scatter with balmy breath
The *Violet*.

The fairest of the radiant dyes,
Which paint in living gems her sward,
The land of flowers well supplies,
To honor *Ward*.

The grand *Magnolia's* blossoms fall,
Mingling with *Fern* their snowy loads,
And form a freshly fragrant pall
To cover *Rodes*.

Let *Stars of Bethlehem* gleaming lie,
As pure as *Barksdale's* soul, which soars
While he exclaims: "*I gladly die*
In such a cause."

Granbury rests in dreamless sleep,
And heaped upon his grave's green sod
I let the *Crimson Cactus* creep
Round *Golden Rod*.

Of *Zollicoffer*, who went first
To plead my cause at heaven's bar,
The *Amaranth's* buds, to glory burst,
Fit emblems are.

For *Morgan* let the wild-wood *Grape*
Afford a dewy diadem,
And with its drooping tendrils drape
The *Buckeye's* stem.

Missouri, from the fertile fields
Washed by her giant river's wave,
The gorgeous *Rhododendron* yields
M'Culloch's grave.

Around the stone with *Cleburne's* name
Wreathe *Daisies* and *Golden Bell*,
And *Trumpet flowers* with hearts of flame,
And *Asphodel*.

For him who made all hearts his own
The sweetest *Rose* of love shall bloom,
In buds of blushing beauty strewn,
On *Stuart's* tomb.

Each nameless nook and scattered spot,
Which hides my children from my view
I mark with the *Forget-me-not*,
In heaven's own blue.

Of all the varied vernal race
I give the cherished dead a part,
Except the *Cypress*—that I place
Upon *my* heart.

* The day set apart by North Carolina for decorating her soldier's graves.

—Some good, loving, self-sacrificing deed will transform the homeliest face into beauty and sanctity.

A NURSERY TALE.

[*Washington Capital.*]

Once upon a time there was a man named Grant and he was remarkable for three things, viz: Good intentions, bad judgment and a marvelous tenacity of purpose when in the wrong.

And it came to pass that Grant, while in the enjoyment of high official station, did water the truth, and although convinced thereof by the testimony of seven wise and good men, he did persistently refuse to acknowledge the corn.

Therfore the party of great moral ideas chose Grant to be President, and there was against him no popular majority of 264,000, nor electoral majority of twenty-three.

And Grant said I am no politician, neither will I be President of a party, but of the whole people And he called unto him certain men, wise and frugal in the arts of trade, of good repute among all the people, but unskilled in the jugglery of party politics; and unto these he added the Chorpenning claim

Said he likewise unto the people, I will reform the civil service; and he called unto him certain other wise men, the wisest of whom was called Curtis.

But the party of great moral ideas, lead by Marshal Morton, and Generals Cameron, Logan, Chandler and Sherman, did assault the President in force, and capture his Secretary of the Treasury before he entered the building; and they put in this place a man named Boutwell, a worse man than Butler, and only less incompetent than Richardson.

And the party of great moral ideas communed thus with themselves: "We have captured the Treasury, which controls half the patronage and all the cash of the nation. Let us now rest and entrench ourselves, while we consider our plans for the future." And the remaining wise men, and the Chorpening claim, were permitted to remain with the President for a season.

And it also came to pass that a certain Hoar, surnamed E. Rockwood, who was the Attorney General, expressed, in an unguarded moment, a respect for the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof, when he was set upon by the party of great moral, &c., and was driven out of the Cabinet; and in his place they installed a man who knew no law, which pleased them greatly, but he lacked the wit necessary to be a thief, and they chose in his stead one Landaulet Williams, and him they loved much.

And there was in the Interior Department, Jacob the faithful, surnamed Cox. Now there was much spoil in this department, and the Indian rings and surveying rings did strive in vain with Cox, for he would not steal; whereupon the party of great, &c., did assault and drive Jacob the faithful across the Ohio river, and did install in his place one Delano, chief of all the thieves.

In like manner they drove Borie from the Navy Department, and put in his place an old salt Rotund by name, who could see a "job" as far as the average "new member" can see the frill of a Washington petticoat.

And after these things came to pass, great peace reigned between Grant and the party of great moral ideas for a little season.

But when it was found that Curtis and his wise men still remained hostile to the thieves, the great party of moral, &c, drove them from the capital in great dismay. And great rejoicing came upon the marshal and the generals, and all their captains and soldiers. And Grant said, take all, and damed! and it was so. And again there was peace for a little season.

But it came to pass that there was a great uproar among the people; and the party without moral ideas, and the good men who had been driven out from the party of great moral ideas, ceased not to cry because of the stench which assailed their nostrils from every branch of the public service. For there remained unto the President but one honest man, Sardine by name, and he was securely salted down in the State Department, where there were no spoils, but from which he could lend a certain air of respectability to the administration.

And the newspapers did join mightily in the uproar, and ceased not to expose the evils which afflicted the people, and to cry, 'This is Grantism; down with Grantism!' For they wist not that Grant had fought stubbornly for every inch of lost ground, and that the party of great moral ideas alone was responsible.

And Grant was filled with wrath, and smote the chief of the thieves, Delano, and Richardson, the tool of the thieves, and the Chorpenning claim; and did raise up in their stead Bristow, the honest; Jewell, the tanner, and Chandler, the wise and good.

And it came to pass that Bristow and the tanner made war upon the thieves until the public places became vacant and the jails were made full. And great fear came upon the party of great moral ideas.

Then Chandler, the good and wise, called unto him the marshal and generals of the party of, &c., and they went unto the President and spake in this wise: "Great is Grant of Galena! But seest thou not the great trouble which thou bringest upon us and thee? Thy servant Bristow is smiting thy servants and followers even unto the doors of the White House. Yea, he is ambitious; he seeks to be thy successor, and could he but show cause, would smite even thee, and rise in thy stead amid the applause of the people. Moreover there is one Tilden, mighty among thine enemies, who is seeking thy place; and will he not triumph over us on election day if our friends be all in jail? We pray thee, therefore, to smite Bristow and Jewell that evil come not to us and to thee."

And again the second time was Grant filled with wrath, and being moved thereto by envy and jealousy, and uttering great cuss words, he put forth his hand and smote Bristow and all the faithful, and set all the captured thieves at liberty. And he caused a proclamation to be sent broadcast over the land in the words following: "Let no innocent man escape." And it was so; and every man who loved not a thief was smitten, and every thief was exalted. For he spake thus unto himself: "I am weary unto death of this warfare against such odds. Henceforth I am the President only of the party that elected me. Let us have peace."

And turning himself about, he reached forth his hand and took up a little primer that had been the companion of his childhood, and he saw written therein this truth:

A stream cannot rise higher than its fountain nor the creature above the creator."

And he said: I see.

TRADDLES.

THE NIGHT-STINGING SPIDER.

[*New York Mercury.*]

The insect pest known as the Colorado beetle made its first appearance in the streets of this city last summer, as some of our readers no doubt learned to their sorrow. Although his brilliant striped, bronze covering renders him a credit to the beetle family, he is vicious, and his bite is poisonous. Wherever he bites a vegetable or vine the plant dies. Whenever he bites a human finger a painful swelling ensues. There will undoubtedly be a largely-increased production of these dangerous pests in this vicinity during the coming summer, and amateur naturalists that are anxious to inspect them at close quarters will do well to use great precaution lest they be bitten and poisoned.

A more dangerous visitor than the Colorado beetle has however, located himself in our midst. During the recent spell of warm spring weather a well known entomologist —Mr. C. J. Bethune, M. A.—discovered in Central Park, near the 7th Regiment memorial monument, a pair of remarkable looking spiders. He watched them for some time, and found that they inhabited an underground mansion; that, in fact, they were burrowers. Provided, as enthusiastic entomologists invariably are, with a tin case for the reception of specimens, the two active spiders were transferred with some little difficulty to confinement together with a portion of the soil in which they had evidently passed the winter. Mr. Bethune has since been studying his prisoners, and he has now no doubt whatever about their identity. When in New Zealand he had seen a spider seemingly identical with his specimens; but the insect in question, so far as he knew, was peculiar to New Zealand, and had seldom or never been seen even in Australia. "As I watched the pair of little wretches," said Mr. Bethune to the writer, "I knew I could soon test the question of their suspected identity with the New Zealanders. I had but to present my finger, but I was unwilling to include the probable consequences of the experiment. I had a spitz dog. I took the large spider in a delicate wire tweezer and I applied it to the inside of the dog's ear. The insect was nowise loath. The dog howled in agony, its head began to swell, its mouth to froth, until death relieved it in five hours. I had resolved to destroy the dog anyhow. The spider thus became the executioner of the canine and identified itself. Unquestionably the spider is the New Zealand terror. The Iatrodectus katipo, or night-stinging spider, is the most dangerous creature in that distant island, and the dread of European immigrants and Maoris alike." Till within late years comparatively little was known of the katipo, except on the hearsay evidence of the aborgines, whose hair raising stories of the deadly effects of its bite excited great and natural alarm. The name, katipo, signifies "night stinger"—being derived from two names, kakati, to sting, and po, the night. The range of this spider has always been regarded as somewhat local, and in the island has been thought to be confined to the seashore. Dr. Buller, of Willington, in a recent article on the subject, states that there is a small extent of sandhills near Woikenae, on the West coast, noted among the natives for the abundance of katipo. "A settler residing there, named Jenkins, assured me that he could, without difficulty, fill a quart measure in a few hours. In 1867 I collected in the same locality a considerable number, and kept them alive for several weeks in order to study their habits. And here I may mention a circumstance illustrative of the wonderful tenacity of life possessed by this formidable member of the Arachnida family. I shut up a druggist's chip-box on May 11, and placing it among other objects in my cabinet, it was overlooked and forgotten. I consequently did not open the chip-box again until October 8 following; when I found the spider alive and active and apparently none the worse for a five months' fasting! I am inclined to consider the above corroborative of the native account that on the approach of cold weather the katipo returns to a cell underground and passes the winter in a torpid state, and that in this condition it may be handled with perfect impunity."

It will be seen that the underground residence of the pair of katipos in Central Park entirely

[Continued on fourth page.]