FELICIANA SENTINEL.

VOL. 2. ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA., SEPTEMBER 1, 1877. NO. 10

L. CROSS,
Attorney at Law,
Clinton, Louisiana.

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

OMAS J. KERNAN,
RNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana.
practice in the Courts of East and Feliciana.

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

J. POWELL,
Attorney at Law,
St. Francisville, Louisiana.
practice in the Parishes of West st Feliciana, and Pointe Coupee.

. WEDGE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana,
practice in the courts of East and Feliciana and the Supreme Court of te. feb17-1y.

. W. LEAKE,
Attorney at Law,
St. Francisville, Louisiana.
practice in the Parishes of West st Feliciana, and Pointe Coupee.

S. JONES,
TORNEY AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana.
e on the North side of the public . june 28, '76.—1y

ICKLIFFE. C. L. FISHER
CKLIFFE & FISHER,
Attorneys at Law,
St. Francisville, La.
practice in the Courts of West st Feliciana, Pointe Coupee and ing Parishes. june28'76.—1y

L. U. BALL,
YSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Bayou Sara, Louisiana,
at residence june 28, '76..1y.

TISTRY.
Dr. E. Green Davis offers his services to the people of this and adjoining Parishes. ders addressed to him, at his resi- will receive prompt attention.

TISTRY! DENTISTRY!!
I will attend all calls on the Coast, from Natchez to New Orleans; also the back , when accessable with a buggy. ns wishing my services, can pro- e same by addressing me, at my ce.
D. STOCKING, D. D. S., '76.—1y. St. Francisville, La

ARTINEZ,
un Street, Bayou Sara, La.,
DEALER IN
Goods, Groceries, Confections, To Wines and Liquors. , '76.—3m.

ROSENTHAL,
At L. Vresinsky's old stand,]
Bayou Sara, La.,
ONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKER ectfully solicits a share of the pub- ronage and guarantees satisfaction

Y HOTEL,
rner of Camp and Common streets,
New Orleans, La.
MFORD & WATSON.
PROPRIETORS.
ARD,—Two dollars and fifty er day. june 28,76—1y.

F. IRVINE,
Bayou Sara, Louisiana,
ESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN eries, Provisions, Western duce and General Plantation supplies.
ALSO
EIVING, FORWARDING OMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
TEAMBOAT AGENT.

HENRIETTA HOUSE.
BAYOU SARA, LA.
l can be procured by the day, week th, and at reasonable rates. In re as in the past, the table will plied with the very best fare the affords. Elegant and well fur- rooms. Accommodating servants tly in attendance. Patronage so- and satisfaction guaranteed.

US FREYHAN & CO.,
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AND
holesale and Retail Dealers in s dress goods, general dry goods, furnishing goods, clothing, boots, hats, groceries, provisions, hay, s, agricultural implements, bag- d ties, and a general assortment ware, china and glass ware. Highest market price paid for cot- ool and hides

LL DIGGING.
ould respectfully inform persons wells to dig, recurb or clean out e same will be promptly attended dressing the undersigned through st Office at this place.
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6m. St. Francisville, La.

John Roth,
FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKER
St. Francisville, La.

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

TO THE PUBLIC!
Knife, Side, Box and Bias Plaiting done nicely, expeditiously and cheaply by
MISS Z. CLEVELAND,
Mrs. Turner's residence, St. Francisville, La.

PICARD & WEIL,
Bayou Sara, La.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FANCY DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING, FURNITURE,
BOOTS, SHOES,
GROCERIES AND PLANTATION SUPPLIES GENERALLY.
☞Highest market price paid for cotton.

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Retail Dealer In
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, Boots and Shoes, Glass and Wooden Ware, Tin ware, Family and Fancy Groceries, Western Produce and Plantation Supplies Generally.
ALSO
FURNITURE AND SHINGLES.
☞Highest market price paid for cotton. July27, '76.—1y

C. BOCKEL,
Bayou Sara, La.,
Would respectfully call the attention of his friends and the public generally, to his large and superior stock of
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS. SHOES,
LADIES DRESS GOODS,
PROVISIONS, HARDWARE,
cutlery, crockery and glass ware, plows, hoes, western produce, and in fact everything necessary for family and plantation use, all of which he will sell at the lowest possible rates, for cash. I have also on hand a large and varied assortment of saddles and harness. Repairing done in a neat and substantial manner on short notice.

A. T. GASTRELL,
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DEALER IN
PLOWS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, Bridles, Harness, Hardware, Guns, Pistols, Pumps, Pipes, Machine Fittings, Cocks, Valves, Castings, Ropes, Hollow Ware, Wagon and Carriage Woodwork, Blacksmith's Materials, Etc., Etc.
TIN COPPER AND SHEET IRON MANUFACTORY.
Also Agent for the celebrated
"CHARTER OAK" STOVES,
Urie, Garrett & Cottman, Brinley, Jas. H. Hall and other plows, Allen's Horse Hoes, Wood's Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes, all of which I will guarantee to sell lower than can be purchased elsewhere.
Grangers and others will find it to their advantage to call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

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The superb passenger steamer,
Gov. Allen.
J. J. BROWN.....Master.
S. S. STRECK.....Clerk.
Leaves Bayou Sara for New Orleans every Wednesday after the arrival of the cars from Woodville, and every saturday, at 7, p. m. Returning, leaves New Orleans every Monday and Friday, at 5, p.m.
JOHN F. IRVINE, Agent

UNITED STATES MAIL & PASSENGER PACKET.

The superb passenger steamer,
Robert E. Lee.
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Will leave Bayou Sara, on her upward trip, every Wednesday. Returning, will leave Bayou Sara every Sunday at 7, a. m., reaching New Orleans before dark the same day.
E. W. WHITEMAN, Agent.
June 28, '76-1y.

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMER.

The magnificent passenger packet,
NATCHEZ.
T. P. LEATHERS.....Captain.
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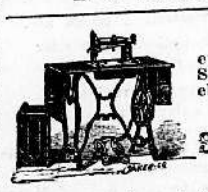
Will pass Bayou Sara, on her upward trip, every Sunday morning, at 8 o'clock. Returning, will leave Bayou Sara every Thursday, at 7, a. m., reaching New Orleans before dark the same day.
E. W. WHITEMAN, Agent.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The easiest learned, lightest running, most durable and popular machine made. Received the highest award at the Centennial.
Special inducements offered. Address
Weed Sewing Machine Co.,
No. 182 Canal Street,
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Jane 1, '77.—1year.

Feliciana Sentinel

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF WEST FELICIANA.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL CITY OF BAYOU SARA.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

S. LAMBERT...PROPRIETOR

JNO. D. AUSTEN.....Editor.
S. O. RHEA.....Publisher.

St. Francisville Sep. 1, '77

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year (in advance)....3 00
" " " 6 mo. " " 1 75
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Space.	1 w'k.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year
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The above scale of rates must be the basis of all contracts with advertising agents.

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A HUNT FOR AN EPITAPH.

He was a country-looking chap, with an odd mixture of sorrow and resignation on his lean countenance, he dropped upon the startled advertising clerk with the mysterious whisper of—

"She's gone!"

"Who's gone?" asked the clerk.

"Marier."

"Who in thunder's Marier?"

"My wife; she's gone."

"Gone where?"

"Up above—died last night, want you to put it in your next issue."

"What ailed her?"

"Lock-jaw. She lay for three weeks and couldn't speak. Never had such a quiet time in the house before. Just do the notice up fine, will you, and I'll sea that everything is fixed up all right."

Accordingly the clerk scribbled away for a moment, handed out what he had written for inspection, and curtly remarked—

"Dollar thirty-five."

The bereaved husband read it over carefully, and finally gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"That's all right," said he, handing over the required specie, "but I s'pose you could put a verse on the end, couldn't you?"

"Well, yes," ruminated the clerk. "I guess so; what kind of a verse do you want?"

"Sumthin' tender-like and sorrowful."

"How would this do?" asked the clerk, scratching his head with the end of his penholder:

A perfect female, folks did consider her;
She's gone and left a weeping widower.

"That's kinder melancholy, reflected the stranger, "but I reckon it's a leetle—just a leetle—too personal. Just you try again. I don't mind puttin' up hansum for sumthin' that'll rake folks' heart-strings."

The clerk gazed at the ceiling for a moment and then suggested:

The husband lost a wife,
The children ma;
Died on Friday night,
From the lockjaw.

"Yes," broke out the mourner, wiping his nose on a black-bordered handkerchief, "but I don't own any young uns!"

"What do you think of this, then?"

She always was contented,
At life she'd never carp,
Gone to be an angle,
And play on a golden harp.

"Don't believe that'll suit. You see Mariet couldn't even play on a pianner, an' I know a harp would stump her, sure. Poor woman! she had a tender heart, though, and made the most elegant biscuit you ever saw."

"Hanged if I won't have to charge you extra," growled the clerk. "I ain't a Longfellow or Tennyson."

"I know," meekly replied the "weep in' widower." "Jest try once more won't you?"

So the clerk did try, and at last ground out the following:

On earth could not stay Marier.
So she died and went up higher.

Sorter irreverent, ain't it?' anxiously asked Marier's relict. "I reckon I wouldn't grudge a couple of dollars for a bang-up verse."

Thus stimulated, the machine poet became suddenly inspired and exultingly produced:

Cry for Marier,
Alas! she is no more—
Joined the singing seraphs
On the other shore.

The afflicted one uneasily took a chew of tobacco, and whispered, "Beautiful! But here's one thing that spiles it. Marier hadn't any more mleody in her than an old plow, and it's deliberate lyin to speak of her as a vocalist. None of them other syrups (seraphs) you alluded to could keep time with her."

"Well," thoughtfully remarked the disconcerted rhymester, "if this ain't all O. K., you will have to employ a special poet, I'm played out:"

Afflicted sore
Long time she bore;
Physicians were in vain.
Lockjaw ketched her,
Death it fetched her—
Gone to rise again.

"Tell you what," enthusiastically exclaimed the widower, "that's tip-top, Here" your two dollars; you've airn't them. A young man that can make up such affectin lines as them has a glorious futur' before him."

And squeezing the exhausted poet's hand, the elated speaker left in search of a pair of black cotton gloves.

DEATH OF JULIUS D. LYONS.

RABBI OF THE SHEARITH ISRAEL SYNAGOGUE, NEW YORK, THE MOST ARDENT OF THE DISCIPLES OF OLD JUDAISM.

New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*: Julius D. Lyons, rabbi of the Shearith Israel synagogue, on West Nineteenth street, near Fifth avenue, died very suddenly at his residence about midnight, Sunday. Lyons was in his sixty-fourth year. For five weeks past he has been too ill to perform the duties of his sacred office, but his sickness was attributed to exhaustion consequent upon over-work, together with an affection of his heart, and until the moment he expired no fears of his death were entertained. During an active and laborious career of forty years in the Jewish ministry he had never been seriously ill before. In the death of Mr. Lyons, the American Jews have lost one of the orthodox committee. He and Rev. S. M. Isaacs, of the Twenty-fourth street synagogue, have been for nearly forty-five years the leaders of the school, opposing with all their power and influence the inroads made upon the ancient Jewish ritualism by the new reform teachers. Alone these two men have stood out against all attempts at innovation, preserving in the United States, to all intents and purposes, that practiced in the ghettos of Europe in the middle ages. He observed most rigidly all the fast-days and festivals in the calendar; attended the synagogue daily at sunrise, in the afternoon, and at sunset. He would countenance no changes in time-honored service of the synagogue; no organ was allowed within its walls; its male and female worshipers were obliged to sit apart. The men were required to wear scarfs, with the fringes of blue, and the venerable minister himself never took a step within its precints without bowing before the ark, the sacred receptacle of the scrolls of the law. He is understood to have written a for posthumous publication an exhaustive history of the Jews in America, containing extremely interesting facts connected with their earnest settlement in this country. The collection of facts bearing upon American Judaism was with Mr. Lyons a positive mania, and, in order to miss no point, he kept a diary, in which he recorded every event that happened during his forty years residence in the United States. These diaries alone constitute a large and important event of great importance to the American Jews. Of late years Mr. Lyons took great interest in the cause of Jewish education. He was one of the Jewish ministers also who met recently in conference to protest against the extravagant use of flowers at funerals, and he frequently interested himself in the cause of the poor Jews of Palestine. Of his public utterances his sermon at the funeral of the late Benjamin Nathan is perhaps the best known. The congregation is very wealthy and this is the only synagogue supported by Jews of Spanish and Portuguese decent in this city. The funeral will take place from the synagogue on Wednesday afternoon.

A SAN FRANCISCO TRAGEDY.

A HORRIBLE SUNDAY MORNING SCENE IN A HOTEL.

San Francisco Mail, 7th.

Yesterday forenoon, about ten o'clock, the guests of the International hotel, Nos. 824 and 826 Kearny street, were startled by the report of a pistol. There was a general rush to the second story of the house whence the sound came. Smoke was seen coming through the open window of one of the inside rooms. Before any one could enter the pistol was discharged again. The door was found to be unlocked, and the people who entered were confronted by a horrible scene. A man, his head in a pool of blood, lay upon the floor, and across him was stretched the body of a woman. He was breathing his last in unconscious ness and she was in the agonies of death, but able to speak. Her clothing on the left side was burning, and in a few moments more both would have been wrapped in flames. The fire was quenched, and the doctor sent for. In the meantime, the woman was questioned, and she gasped out that the man had shot her, when she died. The man was also dead. This was the close of an unlawful love. The man, Henry A. Rosewarn, an Englishman, forty-one years of age, was the superintendent of the St. Lawrence mine, in El Dorado county, of this State. The woman, Mrs. Jessie Lewis, an Englishwoman, about thirty-three years of age, and her husband kept a boardinghouse in the neighborhood of the mine. Rosewarn, a fine looking man, and Mrs. Lewis, a handsome woman, became friends, although he had a a wife and family in England, and she a husband with her, they became too intimate. The husband, instead of resorting to the shotgun, chose the more peaceful and prudent course of retiring from the field, and betook himself to Los Angeles. For sundry reasons, which may easily be conjectured, Mrs. Lewis closed her boardinghouse, and in October last came down to this city, put up at the International hotel, and has lived there ever since. From time to time Rosewarn paid her a visit, and it is presume. that he supported her. According to some of Rosewarn's friends, of late the connection became distateful to him and he was anxious to break it off. Mrs. Lewis, a woman of intelligence, is said to have made persistent efforts to get work of some sort, that she might support herself, but after doing her best could not earn sufficient to pay her board and lodging. She had sacrificed everything in the world for Rosewarn, and no doubt to him she attributed the blame of her trying situation. This was bitter enough, but added was the misery of jealousy, and the suspicion was forced upon her that she had met the fate that usually overtakes a woman who throws aside honor and friends for a man's sake—had become a hateful burden to her lover. On the nineteenth of last month Rosewarn arrived in the city from the mine, and registered at the International. It is probable that there was a scene between them, for he left the house the next day, and up to the time of his violent death, occupied other lodgings. Before Rosewarn's last arrival Mrs. Lewis had always been able to pay her bills at the hotel, but during the last few weeks she was without money, and she grew desperate. The people of the hotel say that latterly she acted oddly, as if the difficulties of her position were driving her mad. It is known that Rosewarn gave her to understand that he wished to sever their connection. They were seen a few evenings ago on Kearny street, near the hotel, walking together and talking excitedly. She suddenly turned down a side street and left him, but presently ran back and rejoined him. That scene expressed the situation. She could not and would not let him go. He had brought her to what she was, and she determined that she would not be deserted and forced by poverty into the net that opened before her. On Saturday she applied to Rosewarn for assistance. Whether he gave her money or not is not known, but a friend of his informed a *Mail* reporter that he advised Mrs. Lewis to return to her husband. Yesterday morning Rosewarn, in company with his brother and friend, walked toward the International. On the way he stopped to have his boots blacked. On entering the hotel he paused in the office a few minutes and talked with a gentleman, saying, among other things, that he thought he should go to church that day. Then telling his brother that he would be down presently, he went briskly up stairs. About ten minutes afterward the pistol-shot was heard. Notwithstanding the dying statement of the woman there is hardly a doubt that it was she who shot him and herself. Everything goes to show this. An examination of the bodies by the coroner showed a wound in the back of Rosewarn's head, where it would be next to impossible that he could shoot himself. She was shot in the left side, and the weapon was held so close that the powder set fire to her clothing. The revolver was found lying upon her body, and she lay upon the corpse of her seducer. Although her friends assert that she did not have a pistol in her possession, a search of the room resulted in the finding of a box of cartridges in a reticule belonging to her, and the cartridges fitted the chambers of the revolver. On the table before which the body of Rosewarn was found lying, and at which he was no doubt sitting, a sheet of paper, on which, in pencil, and writing, was the beginning of a letter to the woman's husband, beginning, "My dear George." From the end of the final "e" a long pencil-scrawl was drawn down the paper, as if the writer had been shot while in the very act of writing, and the fingers had retained their hold upon the pencil as he fell backward. That he did fall backward was evident, as the back of the chair was broken off by his weight. There is, therefore, little doubt Rosewarn went to the desperate woman's room for the purpose of having a decisive interview, and that he renewed his advice that they should separate, and that she should endeavor to make her peace with her husband. Insisting upon this, he sat down to pen a letter making that proposal to the man they had both wronged. It would be hard to conceive anything that would sooner make a fiend of a woman than such a suggestion from the man for whom she had forsaken a husband, and it was at the moment that the outraged creature saw her seducer sit down to coolly pen such a message to the husband that she sent the ball crashing into his brain, and then turned the pistol upon herself. The hotel people say that Mrs. Lewis was an exceedingly pleasant and ladylike woman, although always rather melancholy and latterly a little wild and excitable in manner. Her body lies at the morgue. The remains of Rosewarn were at Gray's undertaking house. The coroner will hold an inquest to-day.

☞ An editor is the happiest being on earth. He has little or nothing to do, and his pay is all that heart could wish. His sanctum, with its Persian rugs and Turkish carpets, its costly rosewood furniture, its magnificent mirrors, its beautiful pictures, its complete library of splendid bound books, its buffet stocked with the finest of wines, liquors and cigars, which cost him but a puff or two, its silver bell to summon an attendant whenever a julep or cocktail is wanted, and, in short, with its everything that human ingenuity can devise for his comfort and pleasure, is a perfect paradise, where he sits on lounges and reigns a young lord, with the world of pleasure and fashion at his feet. And then anybody can be an editor—no study, no preparation, no brains, nothing but a little money to start with, and once started the money pours in upon you in a steady stream, and the chief labor of your life is to spend it. As for the labor of editing a newspaper, that is mere moonshine. A mere glance at the columns of a newspaper is enough to convince you that it requires no labor to edit it, and less brains. It is certainly a glorious life, that of an editor; a life of luxurious ease and of elegant leisure—a life for the gods, filled, like that of the young lover in his first stweet dream of requited love, with flutes and rose leaves and moonbeams.

"While not a wave of trouble rolls
Across his peaceful breast,"

and that all men are not editors is one of the strangest things beneath the stars. True, there must be doctors and lawyers, merchants and shoemakers, and peanut dealers and the like, and all these callings must be filled by somebody, but there are enough to fill them, and why they don't become editors and lead the life of opulent princes is a thing that stagggers us. But after all, it may be that it is a matter of taste. It may be repugnant to some natures to be clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, and of course it would never do for such a nature to become an editor; the life of ease and elegance and luxury, and exemption, from all care and toil and debts and duns, would soon become a bore to him, and he would spend his nights in dreaming of plows and pitchforks and reaping machines, and squander his days in devising some plan for swapping places for a blacksmith's apprentice or a street-car driver.

SOUL HARROWING.—A London dispatch of August 15th says:

The Times's Bellary correspondent, describing the awful effects of the famine in southern India, says the great bulk of the people are now emaciated, their ribs are sticking out in painful prominence, and their skins covered with a dirty looking desquamation of cuticle, described in the Irish famine of 1846-7, by Dr. Donovan, as a peculiar famine eruption. If we look at the thousands of people collected on the relief works, these famine-marks are of almost universal prevalence. The superintendent of the relief operations in Adoni reports that the journey over one of his roads resembled a path of the great battles in numbers of the dead and dying. If the people had been smitten by local outbreaks of cholera in ordinary times they would have fled from the works and never returned, but so severe is the pressure for food that none could afford to leave the works and lose their pay even for a single day.

☞ The United States, with a population of about 45,000,000, produces about 344 bushels of cereals to each inhabitant, while Europe, with a population of 297,000,000, produces only about 16½ bushels to each person.

☞ Misery loves company—so do young marriageable girls.