FELICIANA SENTINEL.

OL. 3. ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA, JUNE 28, 1879. NO. 52.

ROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A CROSS,

Attorney at Law,
Clinton, Louisiana.

ALHOUN FLUKER,

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

AM. J. POWELL,

Attorney at Law,
St. Francisville, Louisiana.
ill practice in the Parishes of West East Feliciana, and Pointe Coupee.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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ill practice in the courts of East and t Feliciana and the Supreme Court of State.

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ill practice in the Parishes of West East Feliciana, and Pointe coupee.

T. SEMPLE JR. JOS L. GOLSAN.
EMPLE & GOLSAN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW
St. Francisville La.,
ill practice in the Courts of West iana and Pointe Coupee.

WICKLIFFE. C. L. FISHER.
ICKLIFFE & FISHER,

Attorneys at Law,
St. Francisville, La.
ill practice in the Courts of West East Feliciana, Pointe Coupee and ining Parishes.

R. P. G. KAUFMANN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
idence in St. Francisville, Office at iste Wicker's, Bayou Sara.

S. McCRINDELL, M. D.,

YSICIAN AND SURGEON,
St. Francisville, La,

HAS. BALL, M. D.

YSICIAN AND SURGEON,
West Feliciana, La.,
ice at residence, five miles from the t House. feb.22,'79.1y.

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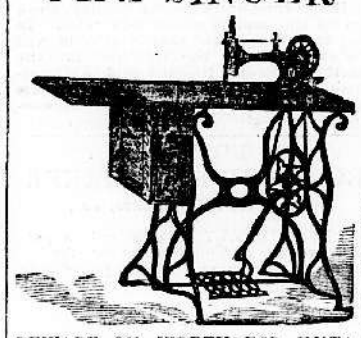

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THE FELICIANA SENTINEL.

OUTSPOKEN AND DEMOCRATIC.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF W FELICIANA

Official Journal of the Town of Bayou Sara

S. LAMBERT, G. W. REESE, } PROPRIETORS.

GEO. W. REESE.....Editor
WM. L. STIRLING.....Publisher.

June.....28

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Written for the Feliciana Sentinel.

LOUISIANA.

There is a land where cypress trees,
Are gently kissed by southern breeze;
Where flowers blossom all the year,
Yielding their fragrance to the atmosphere.
This land with beauty is ever teeming,
Beneath its azure summer's sky,
Fit subject for a poet's dreaming,
Fit subject for an artist's eye.

Often in my light canoe
I've drifted down some dark bayou,
Whose limpid surface day by day
Is never touched by sunny ray,
And as I viewed on either shore
The forest monarchs, old and grey,
I mused that when I was no more,
These still would stand in proud array.

Let others boast of their mountains high,
Or picturesque vales 'neath the cloudless sky,
Give me the land where peace is found,
Where nought but stillness reigns around.
Where smiling nature can be wood,
In spots that n'er by man was trod.
In silence and in solitude,
To view the handiwork of God.

Oh Louisiana! beautiful land!
I'll sing thy pra'se on every hand;
No land with thee can e'er compare
For scenes of peace and beauty rare.
Let him whose heart with pleasure warms,
When Nature's beauties he chances to see
But come and view thy peerless charms,
And then award the Palm to thee.

H. E. CHAMBERS.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA., June, 1879.

ADVICE TO GRANT.

After the arrival of Gen. Sherman in this city, on Thursday, one of our colored men visited him in the Larkin House parlor, and, extending his hand, opened fire thusly:

"How yo' is, general?

"How are you? how are you? Where did I first have the pleasure of your acquaintance?' replied the general, shaking hands.

"Oh, I was wid yo' down dar at Shilo! I reckon yo' must a seed me for I was dar."

"Who was your officer and what regiment were you in?"

"Well, now, I don't zac'ly 'member dat, but I was dar, an' was wid yo' up at Columby, Souf Keliny, too. By de way, genral what's Gen'ral Grant?"

"Ah, he is in Egypt, and is about to visit Eden!" was the reply.

"Haw, haw, haw,! Dat's too good, too good; but look here, Gen'ral Grant's a moughty smart man, an' we gemmen of de Souf would like to hab him for de three term, but if he gwine to Edum he had better stay dar, for he mought nebber git de chance agin."—Palatka Herald.

☞At McIntosh, Liberty Co., Georgia, on the 9th instant, a terrible riot took place between a party of negro excursionists from Bryan Co., and those belonging to the place. The riot originated in a fight between two negroes, whereupon Jno. Randall, captain of a negro militia company, from Bryan, which company formed part of the excursionists, ordered his men to charge, which they did, Randall himself killed one man by running him through with his sword. The Liberty Co., negroes, exasperated at this outrage, rallied in large numbers, drove the military company into the cars, opened fire on them killing four and wounding many others, and only desisted when the train moved off, which they endeavored to prevent by tearing up the track. All parties engaged were negroes.

☞The French Legation at Port-au-Prince, consisting of Count Julian Roche Chourat, his private secretary, and the first secretary of the Legation have all died of yellow-fever.

JUST IN TIME.

When Charles Hollingsworth, then only a young clerk, married a banker's heiress, against her father's will, and took her home to the few poorly furnished rooms he was able to hire, they were very happy for a time.

All seemed to go smoothly until a small legacy was left to the husband, which was expended in furniture far too fine for their present condition, and in dresses which were unsuitable for a clerk's wife. Then, indeed, the young people began to compete with the more wealthy families, and the young wife never knew into what terrible debts they were plunging.

Charles went home one evening to find Rosa in tears.

"I've been so frightened, love," she said. "A dreadful crazy creature has been here and declared that our great mirrors are not paid for. I ordered him out of the house, and he shook his fist at me, and said that we owed for everything. What did it mean, Charles?"

"That he was crazy, as you say."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said foolish little Rosa, smiling. "I thought there might be something at the bottom of his talk; and since it isn't so, you'll give me that new garnet velvet dress I spoke of and a pearl for my hair—pearls become me so well. You'll let me have it to-morrow, Charlie, in time for Mrs. Rushland's dinner?"

If I can, Rosa," said Charles, "but suppose I were to ask you to wear your old dresses this winter!

"What a joke!" cried Rosa. "But you told grandpa I should never want for anything. You can't be growing stingy, love."

"You shall have the money, Rosa."—His face had turned very white, but she did not see it. After awhile he arose and put on his coat.

"I must go out awhile," he said. "I have business to attend to." And she saw him unconsciously take from his bosom the keys of his office desk.

"Going to the office TO-NIGHT?" she asked.

"No, no. Why should you think so?" he said, and turned fiery red.

Rose felt frightened. She could not tell why. She went to the door with her husband and watched him down the street. Then she went back to the parlor and picked up the morning paper.—The first paragraph her eyes fell upon was an account of the arrest of the confidential clerk of a certain firm for embezzlement.

"He was honest, until extravagant women made him their prey," added the writer. "Extravagance is the road to ruin."

The paper fell from Rosa's fingers. Suddenly a flood of light illuminated the darkness of her life.

"I am an extravagant woman," she said. "I am driving my dear husband to ruin. To-night he may do something to supply my foolish wants that will cover him with infamy and part us forever. I will follow him."

A great waterproof cloak with a hood lay upon the chair near by. Rose seized it and wrapped it about her and flew into the street.

She turned her steps as by instinct toward her husband's place of business. It was a large building and the janitor stood at the door.

"My husband is in his office, is he not?" she asked.

"Yes, walk up, ma'ma," said the old man, and Rosa flew up stairs. She opened the door. The gas had been lit, and its rays fell over the head of her husband as he sat at the desk. She crept softly up behind him and peeped over his shoulder. An empty check lay before him, and opposite stood a paper bearing the signature of his employer, which he with careful strokes was copying letter by letter.

"Charles!" shrieked Rosa, and her white hand descended upon the paper. "Charles."

The man started to his feet.

"God led me here, Charles," sobbed his wife, "Oh, Charles, is this the first time?"

"The very first, Rosa."

'It is my fault,' said Rosa. 'My extravagance had maddened you. Burn that paper and came away.'

In a moment more the check was a little heap of ashes, and Rosa sat upon her husband's knee, hiding her head on his shoulder.

"We will sell all the furniture—all that we owe. The rest we will give back. My jewels shall go, I will wear calico. We will be honest and forget our vanity,' she said, "and I will be a true helpmeet to you instead of being your bane and curse, as I have been."

They went home together.

Neither ever forgot that evening. And though people pitied the banker's daughter for her humble surroundings, she was happier than she had ever been in her life.

☞The National Board of Health have, upon the representations and solicitations of Dr. Choppin of the New Orleans Board, recommended the appropriation of $12,500 in aid of the State Board of Louisiana.—$10,000 for the construction of quarantine buildings and $2,500 to pay for attendants.

THE GRECIAN FIRE.

An invention which would naturally spread terror and consternation in the ranks of an enemy has been exhibited at Frogmoor, by the inventor, Mr. C. J. O'Hara, of New Orleans, in the presence of several distinguished military men, one of whom was Gen. Beauregard. The exhibition of this terrible and seemingly irresistable instrument of death and destruction is reported by the New Orleans *Democrat* as very satisfactory. That paper gives the following description of the inventor's claims and the projectiles that may be of interest to our readers:

The shell is an ordinary cast iron cylinder, and in this case to fit a three-inch or ten-pounder Parrot gun, the shoulder or point of which is semi spherical. The fuse or percussion cap is substituted by a metalic cone, an inch in diameter at the base and about half an inch thick—from base to apex. This cone, which is of highly tempered steel, is groved from base to apex into an octagonal shape, presenting much similarity to a screw-hole *reamer*, the function of which it indeed performs. The shell contains some liquid composition known only to the inventor, which concussion causes to explode and to tear the shell into fragments the liquid igniting anything inflammable with which it comes in contact. The reamer is capable of perforating iron several inches thick, and from its peculiar construction will enter iron plating placed at a very small angle.

The target used yesterday, however, was a veritacle one, eight feet square, and composed of four-inch pine scantling, clad with street rail road iron, which varies from one to two inches in thickness. Behind the target a lot of shavings, chips and other combustible matter had been heaped.

The firing was done at one hundred yards, the first shot striking the target, perforating the iron and wood and breaking the shell into fragments and igniting *instantly*, the combustible material.—Some of the pieces of the armor were projected a distance of one hundred yards beyond the target, one piece of which bore the well-defined imprint of one of the sides of the *reamer*.

A second shot missed the mark, probably owing to the fact that the flangs of Mr. O'Hara's shells are not wide enough to fill the grooves of the Parrot's rifling, which is one of the requisites of momentum and accuracy, and yet the shell exploded on striking the ground beyond the target. The third shell pierced the target, as in the first case, exploding a few yards beyond it, and scattering the inflammable liquid among the grass and weeds, where it continued to burn for some time.

A forth shot was fired, this time into the water of Bayou St. John, at a depression of about twenty degrees, the shell striking the water about seventy yards from the gun, exploding in the water, scattering its fragments and ricochetting only the flange, which whirred its way into the swamp. This last experiment was made in the presence of Col. J. B. Walton, who had been prevented until then from attending the tests.

As to the result, Mr. O'Hara has the assertion of Gen. Beauregard that it is a success, Mr. O'Hara having performed with his projectile all that he claimed to be able to do under the circumstances.

Regarding the capability of Mr O'Hara's projectile to pierce armor at an angle-in other words, to avoid glancing—and his assertion that on shipboard or in casemotes it would be impossible to extinguish the material contained in his projectiles, there are no means of determining at present; but yesterday's experiments will doubtless prompt such a report to the Secretary of War that ought to afford the inventor an opportunity of experimenting with his projectiles scientifically and thoroughly, and on a large scale.

STRUCK DEAD.—One of the most terrible instances of a scoffer struck down in the moment of his blasphemy was revealed before Mr. Carter, at the Rose and Crown tavern, East street, Lambeth walk, England, recently. The deceased was an engineer, named Thomas Hudson, aged 67, who resided at 24 Saunders street, Lambeth, and had been employed at Messrs. Maudslay's for 25 years. He returned home at a quarter past 5 o'clock on Thursday evening and askad his daughter-in-law to get him an egg from the fowl house. On proceeding into the yard he became excited, and after using a frightful oath in reference to his death, he ran into the parlor, vomited blood, and fell dead into the arms of a female who had been nursing his daughter. Mrs. Fall stated that deceased did not say "God strike me dead," but he used words of a similar character. The jury found a verdict of "Death from excitement," and the coroner's experience enabled him to narrate a parallel case. A number of persons had assembled in a tavern at Putney, when a man charged another with taking from him twopence. The man after being accused, said, "May God strike me dead if I did it," and he immediately after fell dead. On being picked up the missing twopence was found firmly clutched in the deceased's right hand. He would strongly advise men against taking such wicked oaths.

AN AMERICAN MAN EATER.

A cannibal would apparently create a sensation in most any civilized community, but a man with the most cannibal and heathenish tastes is living in peace and security at Otis, Massachusetts. He is about 50 years old and calls himself Smith. People think he is crazy, but he denies this and says his habits were formed by a twenty years' residence among the South Sea Caribbees, having been cast upon one of their islands by shipwreck while he was quite young. He openly shows his preference for human flesh, but says he has not gratified his appetite for it since he left New Jersey, where he ate a man several years ago. The circumstances under which he obtained his favorite dish there he declines to tell. He says, however, that he will yet eat some of the fat and handsome young people in town, preferring those who do not use tobacco or wear whiskers, and he has done his best on several occasions to induce men and children to become his victims. Once he offered to work six months for a little girl, if she would promise to let him eat her afterward. He is also a man with an iron jaw, and chews up pie-plates with the greatest of ease, while he seldom takes the trouble to remove the bones from beef which he eats, and, as a native says, "he chaws hens right down without ringing their necks." He prefers raw and unseasoned meat, always eating the fish which he catches right off the hook, without sa't and pepper. When he finds a snake he bites it through the back and then devours it, and his disgusting taste never allows him to discard meat or eggs which are rotten. Smith is also an idolator, and up among the hills, hidden in the forest, he keeps a wooden image, his fetich, before which he performs his ablutions (the only washing his person gets, one might judge from his appearance) and other ceremonies every Sunday at 10 o'clock. At home he worships a stuffed squirrel, while gnarled trees and almost everything strange and uncommon are objects of his adoration.

ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

One day last week an old colored woman was seen slowly and painfully dragging her way out of town along Boulevard street. She had evidently been making some purchases, as she carried a little old-fashioned satchel that seemed well filled and too heavy for her aged limbs. Old and decrepit and bent with age, her white locks shining afar, she wearily plodded her way with the assistance of a staff. She was very tired—the effort to return home was too much for her tottering frame. At last, under the friendly shade of a large spreading oak she falls helplessly upon the wayside to rest. With a groan she hides her face in her trembling hands and pray for help. Many passed with vehicles loaded and empty, but none seemed to heed her distress until the cheery tones of a well-dressed farmer, driving a splendid span of horses, sang out:

"Hey, old aunty! what's the matter?"

"Ole aunty berry tired, young massa—wont you car' dis satchel for her?"

"Yes, and will carry the old aunty, too, if she is going my way. Are you going out the main big road?"

"Yes, sir, dat's de road what I libs on."

The old woman then made an effort to get in the wagon, but her limbs were stiff, and she gave it up. Whereupon the gentleman said:

"Hold—I'll put you in."

And springing out upon the ground, he carefully took her in his arms and placed her tenderly in the wagon. A scene for the gods! A sunbeam in human life to cheer into song and rejoicing the angelic hosts above.

Who was this nobleman, were the first words that sprang to our lips upon being told the story of this gallant act. But the witness knew not, and we must forever remain in ignorance of the man who faced the world's scorn and threw a ray of sunshine across the threshold of a heart that was gathering thick with evening shadows. What joy he brought to that despairing soul, and what blessings gushed from her heart when she uttered the words:

"Bless you, young massa—dis is like old slabe-times, when old Dinah want for nothing. But dem times am gone—gone forever."

It was only a little kind deed, yet the pent up springs of a joyful fountain were burst that poured a healing balm upon the desert waste of an aged colored women. God bless the man who did the noble deed. Though unknown to the world, his name is written upon the Great Book of Life in letters of gold, and at the end of time we shall all see and cherish it as one of the grandest productions of East Baton Rouge Parish.—B. R. Capitolian.

—You! who want to buy jewelry at factory prices, should send 10 cents to Ed. L. White, Wadsworth, Medina Co., Ohio, for his large book, containing over 2,000 illustrations of fine plated, and solid jewelry, and silverware, and fine American and Swiss Watches. This book is well worth the price. Shows all styles, and tells you exactly the quality of the goods. He is reliable, and sells at lowest factory prices. Cost of book refunded with first order.