FELICIANA SENTINEL.

L. IV. ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA, NOVEMBER 29, 1879. NO. 22.

ESSIONAL CARDS.

CROSS,
Attorney at Law,
Clinton, Louisiana.

OUN FLUKER,
Attorney at Law,
Clinton, Louisiana.
ractice in the Courts of the 5th District. Aug.2'79—1

J. POELL,
Atorne at Law,
t. Francisville, Louisiana.
ractice in the Parishes of West Feliciana, and Pointe Coupee.

WEDGE,
ATTOINEY AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana,
ractice in the courts of East and Feliciana and the Supreme Court of e.

MPIE JR. JOS L. GOLSAN.
LE & GOLSAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
St. Francisville La.,
ractice in the Courts of West and Pointe Coupee.

KIFFE. C. L. FISHER
KIFFE & FISHER,
Attorneys at Law,
St. Francisville, La.
ractice in the Courts of West Feliciana, Pointe Coupee and Parishes.

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DR. S. D. TONGE,
SICIAN & OBSTETRICIAN.
RS HIS professional services to izens of Bayou Sara, St. Francis- nd surrounding country. Office dents at the Gastrell house.

R. R. RICHARSON has located rmanently at Bayou Tunica, West n, and offers his professional ser- all the branches of Physician, and Obstetrician. Office at the ion house of J. M. Rodney, Tuni- sept13,-'79-1y

TISTRY

DR. E. Green Davis offers his services to the people of this and adjoining Parishes. rs addressed to him, at his resi- ll 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. s wishing my services, can pro- ume by addressing me, at my e.
DR. STOCKING, D. D. S.,
St. Francisville, La

G. STIRLING, M. D.,
EON & OB-TETRICIAN,
Residence, Wakefield Station,
West Feliciana La.
ce at St. Francisville every Wed- day from 10 until 12 o'clock, and undat Brooks' drug store. And fords' drug store in Bayou Sara, until 1½ o'clock p. m., same day. ean time all calls left at either ce will be promptly attended to

M. ROSENHAL,
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ECFULLY s licits public pat- nage ad guarantees satisfaction artic ular. jan18'79-1y

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NOTARY PUBLIC
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MISIONER OF DEEDS
t. Francisville,
West Feliciana, La.
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JOSEPH VACARO.
PENER AND UNDERTAKER—
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ECFULLY solicits a share of blic patronage and guarantees tion Orders for coffins will be plied. j4'79-1y

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ble Boot and Shoe Maker,
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ting public patronage guaran- satisfaction. Boots and shoes y best quality made at New Or- ces. Feb1,'79'1y.

THE FELICIANA SENTINEL.

OUTSPOKEN AND DEMOCRATIC.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF W FELICIANA

Official Journal of the Town of Bavou Sara

November.....29

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

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

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THE DYING SOLDIER.

BY L. R. HAMBERLIN.

I am ying, comrades, dying,
Fast my life-blood ebbs away;
Yes, my body grows aweary,
And my spirit scarce can stay.
Cold and damp a chill comes o'er me,
Burdned, heavy comes my breath,
And my eyes are growing dimmer—
Ah!, know this must be death.

Come and stand near by me, comrades,
Come and press my cold, pale brow,
Hate, my voice is growing fainter,
Ah! I feel life leaving now.
See yon sun-set's glowing, comrades?
See the shadows as they grow?
With them is my spirit effeing.
With them doth my warm life flow.

Oh! how this great gash doth pain me,
So how near 'tis to my heart;
But its pangs will soon be over,
Son, my comrades, we must part.
Still stay by me, for the shadows
Round me denser, thicker fall;
Take me by my hand—and listen!
Do you hear the boatmen call?

It seems weary of this waiting,
Nay he grasps me by the arm—
Tell me, tell me, ere I leave you,
Oathe river, is there harm?—
Hold thee, boatman, be not hasty,
Let me gasp a parting word;
I am leaving earth forever,
Let my voice once more be heard.

Comrades, take this blade form off me,
Bear it to my only born;
Tell him cherish, love it, keep it,
Tell him heed it not with scorn.
Tell him when his country calls him,
Then she needs his youthful aid—
Tell him how his father used it—
Tell him buckle on the blade.

There's another, comrades, listen,
Hold still nearer while I speake—
Raise my head a little higher,
For I'm feeling very weak.
There's another, yes, my darling,
O her eyes in tears I see,
Yes, I see her heart, torn, rifted—
Ah, yes, al, 'tis all for me.

See this picture I have carried,
Lo! these many, many years!
See that face all beauteous, smiling?
But I see it bathed in tears.
Take, my friends, the treasure to her,
Say, "He gazed upon it last;"
Tell her that her "Freddie" loved her
While the life was was wasting fast.

Say that I have bravely fallen,
And my form is red with gore—
Tell my darling I will meet her
On the river's distant shore.
Now, my comrades, I am dying,
Grasp my hands in yours once more,
For I'm really on the river,
And the boatman takes his oar.

You cannot come with me over
This broad stream so cold and deep;
Do I see the tear-drops startling?
For me, comrades, do not weep!
Now I hear the gliding river,
There's a light on th'other shore;
Now my weary heart doth quiver,
While sweet music wafts me o'er.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Z. H. C. IN DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.

Among the pictures that adorn the walls of my grandmother's sitting-room is the portrait of a young and lovely woman, my grandmother's sister. She is dressed in the quaint and peculiar style of the days of the First Empire, the days when the charming Creole of Martinique gave her sanction to the fashions of the *beau monde*. A narrow silk skirt is banded around her delicate waist, high up under the arms, by a girdle of rose color; the short waist, of about a finger in depth, is made of some thin gauzy tissue that shows to perfection the admirable molded bust and shoulders; the *gigot* sleeves, of the same material, cover, but do not conceal her lovely arms, and a headdress of azure tissue, thickly studded with pearls, confines the luxuriance of her nut-brown tresses. But no old and ugly fashion can disfigure the rare beauty of her form and face; the large brown eyes, the delicate skin, the rosy lips and dimpled chin and cheeks, are as perfect as one can imagine them. As you gaze into the pellucid depths of her eyes, which the artists has so well portrayed, you see, what may have escaped your notice, the shadow of some great sorrow, and, while admiring the painter's art in having so admirably caught the expression, you wonder what grief could have saddened so fair and young a creature, seemingly possessed of all that beauty and wealth could give her. Until I heard the story, I used to amuse myself by inventing all manner of probable and improbable theories to account for the cause which has so perceptibly saddened the sweet face. And as I heard the story from my grandmother, the Louise of the narrative, so I tell it here to you.

In May, 1790, the year whose days are numbered in blood on the calendar of France, there was born in Paris, to Rene Leon, Count de Sevignac, and to Melanie his wife, one of the ladies attached to the household of the unfortunate Austrian princess, their third daughter. Scarcely were the baptismal ceremonies over when the little Marie Irma Antoinette was conveyed, by her foster-mother, Jeanne Labord, to her cottage, some distance from Paris, to be nourished and tended until she should have reached a suitable age to be placed in the the convent at Paris, where her elder sisters then were. As the mother pressed her lovely babe for the last time in her arms, what wonder that a presentiment of coming sorrows filled her heart, and she bade *Mere* Jeanne again and again to devote herself solely to the little Irma.

The remainder of the memorable year '90 was conspicuous for the scenes of anarchy that daily transpired throughout the city of Paris. At length the fatal 6th of October arrived; the preceding day at Versailles had been ones of sickening anticipatation and terror. Madame de Sevignac, separated from her children and her husband (who, as an officer of the King's body-guard, could not leave his post to sympathize with and allay the fears of his terrified wife), felt thankful that one at least of her little family was safe from the dangers that threatened Paris and Versailles, her little Irma, who with her nurse was still in the country, the safest place, her parents thought.

Finally seeing that the inevitable end had come, M. de Sevignac made haste and secret preparations to embark his family for some safe assylum. Under the protection of his wife's brother, they were to proceed to the nearest seaport, and from thence, if a vessel could be found, sail for a West Indian estate which belonged to Madame.

Preparatory to the departure, the children were to be summoned from their several homes—the elder ones from the convent, and the babe from her foster-moth r's care. A messenger was dispatched to Jeanne Labord's for the infant, but soon returned without the child, and with the direful intelligence that the village in which Jeanne lived was a theater of turmoil and turbulance. Already was seen arising the cloud that was to darken the whole land of France. And that Jeanne and her charge had disappeared two days before, and her whereabouts could not be traced. The despair of the poor mother can be imagined. They dared not wait for the missing babe, and speedily procuring disguises for her elder daughters, the Countess sent to the convent for them. Dressing themselves in their coarse costumes, the trembling children, under the guidance of a faithful domestic, set out for their uncle's home, where in fear and anxiety their mother awaited them. Poor, innocent children! they were not to accomplish the short journey without encountering a scene of horror, which forever was engraved indelibly upon their memories.

As is well known, the *poissardes* and rabble of Paris made an assault upon the palace of Versailles. M. de Sevignac, who, by the King's permission, had conveyed his wife to Paris, was returning to his post at Versailles, when he was met by a part of the mob, on their way back to the city. His uniform betrayed him; with cries of A *bas l'aristocrat!* they seized the unfortunate officer, ere he could defend himself, stripped him of his uniform, and slashed him with swords and axes. What need to prolong the horrible recital? In a few minutes, he, who a short time before had been so full of gallant life and hope, was a disfigured mass of bloody flesh. One of the mob hacking off the head, elevated it on a pike, and with brutal gibes, and blasphemous oaths and songs the riotous procession proceeded on its way.

It was at this time that the poor little girls were fearfully seeking their mother As they turned to enter one of the large thorough-fares, their steps were arrested by the song of

"Ah! ca ira, ca ira, ca ira!
Les aristocrats a la lanterne!"

shouted in stentorian tones by the mob With childlike curiosity they turned to gaze upon the procession. What was their horror to see their father's head on the pike! Although the features had stiffened in death, still the noble countenance of M. de Sevignac was easily recognizable. The hapless orphans were paralyzed with fear and dismay. In vain the trembling domestic urged them for word; with distended eyes and blanched cheeks they remained rooted to the spot, still gazing at the object of horror, till it was lost in the distance. Happily for them, the mob had not seen the crouching, trembling group. Dragging her charges along, the servant finally reached her destination, and delivered them to their mother's arms. But what pen con'd depict the agony of the bereaved widow, when the awful tale was told her? Her husband dead, and such a death! and her youngest child parted from her, perhaps also by death! However, there was on time for tears and lamentations. Madame de Sevignac's brother, the Vicomet d'Archi, was all anxiety to leave France ere it became too hazardous to do so. She could only direct her friends in Paris to prosecute the search for the missing babe, and so with aching hearts the little band of *emigres* left their native land.

The following sixteen years belong to history. In this time, as my readers know, the King, his hapless Queen, and devoted sister, fell victims to the headsman's axe. The Jacobin party innagurated the *Reign of Terror*. The guillotine grew dull with overwork, and all France was drunk with blood. The Corsican arose, and, like the waxing moon, grew greater as he mounted to the zenith of the military and political world. During this time the de Sevignacs were living in exile. No intelligence of her lost child ever reached the mother, and she had come to think of her as dead.

At length Napoleon gave permission to the *emigres* to return to France, and with others the Countess de Sevignac and her eldest daughter, Louise, who by this time was happily married (the second daughter had died a few years after their arrival at St. Domingo) availed themselves of the opportunity to revisit once more their native land.

They had been in Paris but a few months, when one day a servant informed the Countess that a peasant from Normandy was below, with some articles of knitted work which she offered for sale. Madame directed her to be shown into the *salon*, where she was seated herself.—The peasant entered, a large woman with black eyes and ruddy skin, but with a good natured expression of face. Clattering *sabots* were on her feet, and a huge though picturesque head dress shaded her face. She was accompanied by a young girl, slight and delicately formed, attired in a dress the counterpart of her companion's; but not even the heavy woolen petticoat, the chemisette and neckerchief of linen as coarse as sailcloth the large cap or rough wooden shoes could diminish her bright, rosy beauty. Perhaps it was the contrast or some secret indefinable attraction that led the Countess to regard the young peasant so attentively, and to bid her sit down, and rest herself for she seemed footsore and weary. As the girl unconsciously pushed the heavy cap back from her heated face Madame was suddenly struck by a marked resemblance she bore to a miniature of the Count, and which she even then wore upon her person. She demanded from the elder woman the name of her companion, and was told it was "Irma." Irma! What wonder that a rush of contending emotions almost choked her utterance, as she eagerly demanded if the girl were her daughter.

"No," said the woman, with the volubility of her class, and in her strange *patois*. "No, though dear to me as my own flesh and blood, the saints forbid that I should claim her by an untruth. Fifteen years ago, I remember it was the year the murrian killed our best cow, the Cure of our parish, Pere Michael, came for me, to see if I would take care of a poor infant that had well nigh perished with cold on its mother's breast, who, poor woman, was found dead in the barren tract that spreads just beyond our village. Poor creature! She was well covered with snow, which that winter fell fast and thick, and the child was near death also. I took it and nourished it as my own, for I had one her own age, my Martin, who," she added with an air of pride, "is a drummer in one of the Emperor's regiments."

"Fifteen years ago!" marmured Madame, pressing her delicate fingers to her heaving heart. "How old was the child when she was found?"

"About a year's age, a crying, feeble babe, too fair and delicate *I* thought to be the child of the woman with whom she was, though she cried peevishly for a fortnight for her Mamma."

The Countess then anxiously asked the peasant to give her a description of the dead woman, as she remembered her, which she did, and which tallied admirably with the Countess's recollection of Jeanne Labord. Madame de Sevignac, who by this time was beside herself with excitement and dawning hopes, begged the woman to remember if the child had when found, any article of dress or ornament which she had retained.

"Yes, one," replied the peasant, "a medal of our Blessed Lady's, a golden trinket; show it to Madame," she continued, turning to the young girl, who had curiously been watching the excited gestures and looks of the Countess. Thus bidden, she blushingly opened the neck of her chemisette, and taking thence a small leathern bag, suspended by a ribbon, opened it, and abstracting a small golden medal, placed it in the Countess's outstretched hand.

"It has her name on it," said the elder woman. "Our Cure called her by the name he said was written there."

Madame eagerly examined the trinket. One side represented the Blessed Virgin with the Holy Babe in her arms. But on the other side the crest of the house of de Sevignac was plainly visible, and in minute characters was inscribed the name of Irma. The Countess was convinced her child was before her. "She is indeed my child," she cried, throwing her arms about the young girl's neck, "for with these very hands I placed this medal on the neck of my babe." She pressed the trembling and scarcely less agitated girl again and again to her heart, while Louise, the elder daughter, was hastily summoned to the room to rejoice in the recovery of her young sister. It was clearly proven that the girl was truly the long lost Irma, who so mysteriously had disappeared over fifteen years before. The Countess made a journey to the little Normandy village, and saw Pere Michael, who still survived, he fully corroborated all the woman had told, and showed the Countess the spot where Jeanne Labord was interred. No one could decide why the nurse had acted in so singular a manner, though it was conjectured by the Countess that perhaps, hearing rumors of the dangers that threatened the nobility in Paris and at Versailles, and becoming alarmed at the unsettled condition of her own little village, and fearing to take the child to its parents in Paris, she had hastily and stealthily left her home, to convey her infant charge to the protection of some relatives of the Count's who lived on the seacoast. But the cold and the long journey on foot were more than she could endure. And while she died, the wailing, feeble infant by some mysterious providence was spared. Nestled in the dead woman's bosom, and wrapped in the garments of which she had stripped herself, the Cure returning from a visitation, had found the dead nurse, and scarcely breathing infant. He tenderly carried the child home, and gave it to the care of the good wife of Mathurin the miller, who had a child about the age of the little foundling. Procuring assistance, he had the corpse decently clad in the habilments of the grave, and interred in a corner of the village cemetery.

The infant rapidly recoverd from the exposure it had undergone, and, under the good management of her new foster-mother, Elise, and the guidance of the good old Cure, grew into a comely maiden. Neither, of course, knew or guessed her parentage. Elise, after the death of her only daughter, a child of three or four summers, and which occurred soon after Irma became an inmate of her house, thereafter was content to look upon the little girl as a *Dieu-donnee*, a "gift from God," to replace her own daughter, and the gentle old priest was better acquainted with his beads, and his Pater-noster, than with the legends of the noble houses, or he might have learned much more than her name from the medal around Irma's neck. In those perlious times, news was long coming to the obscure little hamlet, which, from its very obscurity, escaped the fury of the Revolution; so it chanced that Irma was as safely hidden from the search of her friends as though she had been in the antipodes But Elise's husband, the worthy miller, became possessed of an uncontroleable desire to behold Paris. Year after year the wish grew stronger, till, one fine summer's day, he donned his miller's best, and brushing the floury dust from his Sunday *chapeau*, he bade his wife and adopted daughter attire themselves in their gala dresses for he was bound for Paris. Elise, who had a mania for economy and bargains, thought it a good opportunity to dispose of some of the many nicely knitted petticoats and jackets which she and Irma had spent the long winter nights in manufacturing, and in that way put by a little money toward the *dot* of her adopted daughter. So alternately riding a little in the miller's creaking cart, and jogging more on foot they finally reached the goal of the miller's ambitions—Paris. Thrifty Elise, work in hand, went from door to door offering her goods for sale, till finally she chanced upon the Hotel de Sevignac, with what result to Irma we have already seen.

Mathurin and his wife, though loth to give the maiden up, yet seeing it could not be helped, returned sadly home, their small income, however, much increased by a generous pension from the Countess. Madame found her daughter had but little rustic roughness to polish off; the simple-hearted but kind old Cure had taught her to read, to write, and to cast accounts; she possessed innate refinement and delicacy, and with surpassing grace and beauty, the mother saw she had no cause to be ashamed of her rustic-bred daughter though she were. A few months devoted to the acquirement of some fashionable accomplishment, and to the bleaching of her country-tinted skin, and Mademoiselle Irma was all that could be desired. Nay, not all! there was one thing which troubled her noble friends not a little. Irma was a *fiancee*. A certain Henri Laurens possessed her affections. He and Irma had been playmates together, and the childish affection had strengthened with their growth. A few years before the youth had left his paternal home, and repaired to Rouen, there to live with an uncle, a silversmith, and to learn his trade.

Madame in vain begged her daughter to annul the engagement; in vain, in eloquent terms, she pointed out the misfortunes that pursued poverty and *mesalliance*, and the wealth and ease that would be hers, if she would but look with a favorable eye upon any one of the noble suitors that already worshiped at her shrine, Irma was firm: either Henri Laurens or the gloomy walls of a convent. The poor Countess was in despair. She advised with her brother, M. the Vicomte d'Arci, and he too urged Irma to give up her rustic lover, but with no better success. At last, finding that nothing could be done with the obdurate girl, M. d'Arci paid Henri Laurens a visit, and found his neice's lover to be a handsome, manly specimen of the *haute bourgeoisie*. He was as determined to wed Irma as she was to marry him; such obstinacy the noble uncle had never seen. "All that one can do," the Vicomte said to his sister on his return, "is to make the best of a bad case. Through the influence of Marshal —— I may be able to procure him an officer's commission in the army, he has bravery and the qualities to win success, and may work his way up in his profession, particularly as he has an incentive to do so. How many," he continued, shrugging his shoulders, "of these new upstart generals have risen from the *canaille*! Why may not Laurens do as well? Anything is possible under this *regime*." It was done, the commission procured, and, with elated heart, the young officer joined the command to which he was a signed. Irma was content to wait, if need be, until her Henri should have become a Marechal of France. No presentiment of gloom shaded the brightness of her hopes.

Frederic of Prussia at this time was measuring arms with Napoleon. Already, Henri had distinguished himself at the battle of Jena, and had been promoted one grade. The lover's hopes were high. Napoleon entered Berlin in triumph, and, on the 8th of February following, defeated the Russian troops at Eylau, a signal victory that should have gladdened all French hearts. Alas! it brought sorrow to one. Henri was slain. What matter that all Paris rang with rejoicing acclamations. To one sad heart they sounded as death-knells. My story is ended. Irma faded away. All that wealth and love could do to restore her to health was done. But what skill or art can heal a broken heart? Scarcely a year after Henri's death, her spirit fled to join his in that land, where

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

MR. KEY'S WAR ON THE LOTTERIES.—The Postmaster General has assumed a very remarkable power in throwing from the mails letters addressed to men who are connected with lotteries. Leaving out of view the morality of lotteries, a question arises as to how and why a department of the Federal government can declare that lotteries are violative of Federal policy when there is no power in the Federal government to prevent a State from chartering them It is impossible to limit the obstruction to mail correspondence when it is once admitted that the Federal government may decide for itself what is moral and what is immoral. It would seem under our system of government that whatever a State permits must be regarded as moral by the Federal government. Once, a number of States permitted slavery; could the Federal government during the existence of slavery have closed the mails against newspapers advocating or defending slavery? There is more in this question than appears upon the surface.—*Mobile Register.*

A VISAGE RIVIALING YELLOWNESS.—That of a "heathen Chinee," if belonging to one of our race, can scarcely be described as attractive. But worse than this, it is the index of a disorded liver, of a liver that needs arousing and regulating. The enemy is at hand, prompt, efficacious. A course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will expel the misdirected bile from the blood and divert it into the proper channel, open the bowels, remove the dyspeptic symptoms which invariably accompany biliousness and counteracts the rapidly developing tendency to dangerous congestion of the liver, which must always exist when the skin and whites of the eyes assume this yellow hue. The pains through the right lower ribs, side and shoulder blade, the nausea, furred state of the tongue, and unpleasant breath which indicates liver complaint, in short its disagreeable concomitants are soon remedied by this sovereign corrective, which in addition to its regulating proprieties is a superb invigorant, and a pure and agreeable medicinal stimulant, oppetizer and ner vine.

—The members of Feliciana Lodge No. 31, F. & A. M., are requested to attend the stated meeting on Dec. 6 h, 1879, at 7 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. By order of the W. M.

☞ Delinquents please call and settle.