FELICIANA SENTINEL

VOL. IV. ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA, DECEMBER 13, 1879. NO. 24.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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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.—1

SAM. J. POWELL,
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St. Francisville, Louisiana.
Will practice in the Parishes of West and East Feliciana, and Pointe Coupee.

D. ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana,
Will practice in the courts of East and West Feliciana and the Supreme Court of the State.

ROBT. SEMPLE JR. JOS L. GOLSAN.
SEMPLE & GOLSAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
St. Francisville La.,
Will practice in the Courts of West Feliciana and Pointe Coupee.

J. 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.

S. McCRINDELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
St. Francisville, La,

DR. S. D. TONGE,
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OFFERS HIS professional services to citizens of Bayou Sara, St. Francisville, and surrounding country. Office and residence at the Gastrell house.

DR. R. R. RICHARSON has located permanently at Bayou Tunica, West Feliciana, and offers his professional services in all the branches of Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician. Office at the commission house of J. M. Rodney, Tunica La. sept 13.-'79-1y

DENTSITRY
DR. E. Green Davis offers his services to the people of this and adjoining Parishes. Any orders addressed to him, at his residence will receive prompt attention.

DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY!!
I will attend all calls on the Coast, from Natchez to New Orleans; also the back country, when accessable with a buggy. Persons wishing my services, can procure the same by addressing me, at my residence.
DR. STOCKING, D. D. S.,
St. Francisville, La

R. G. STIRLING, M. D..
SURGEON & OBSTETRICIAN,
Residence, Wakefield Station,
West Feliciana La.
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M ROSENHAL,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.
Sun Street, Bayou Sara, La.,
RESPECFULLY solicits public patronage and guarantees satisfaction every particular. jan18'79-1y

T. A. BARNWELL,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
St. Francisville,
West Feliciana, La.
Office—At residence. an27'79

JOSEPH VACARO.
CARPENTER AND UNDERTAKER
St Francisville, La
RESPECTFULLY solicits a share of public patronage and guarantees satisfaction. Orders for coffins will be promptly filled. j4'79-1y

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
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ALSO
RECEIVING FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANT
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Forks of the Road, St. Francisville, La
Proprietors Sam Cotton Gin
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Ladies dress goods, general dry goods, gents' furnishing goods, clothing, boots, shoes, hats, groceries, provisions, hay, corn, oats, agricultural implements, bagging and ties, and general assortment of hardware, china and glass ware.
☞ Highest market price paid for cotton, wool and hides

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Fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker,
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IN soliciting public patronage guarantees satisfaction. Boots and shoes of the very best quality made at New Orleans prices. Febl.'79 1y.

THE FELICIANA SENTINEL

OUTSPOKEN AND DEMOCRATIC.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF W FELICIANA

Official Journal of the Town of Bayou Sara

December.....13

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

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

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TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

Among those killed in the disastrous battle before Nashville, Dec. 12th, 1864, was a beautiful boy-soldier, whose uniform undecorated by any token of rank, marked him as a private in the Confederate Army: his face was of wonderful beauty, every feature being as delicate as a woman's, while his form was as symmetrical and graceful as that of an Appolo. Such a youthful victim to the awful horrows of war, was a sacrifice calculated to dim the coldest eye with teare.

On the hard-fought field, where the battle storm,
Had echoed its sullen thunder;
Lay a soldier-child with the golden thread
Of his young life snapped asunder.

He had comrades stark, in the gret death-sleep,
Dying cold in their bloody places;
But they were bearded men with stalwat frames,
And a man's look on their faces.

But the soldier-child with his silken locks,
O'er his smooth white fore-head sweeping;
With a horrid wound in his brave young heart,
Seemed too fair for death's grim keeping.

For his beard-less face in its calm repose,
Bore the mark of beauty's finger,
And his fine sweet mouth seemed the tempting spot,
Where a woman's lip would linger.

Like slender shadows o'er the fleecy snow,
O'er his cheek crept the fringing lashes;
Of the white closed lid's of his great gray eyes
All viewed with feint azure flashes.

O'er his wounded breast with a touching grace,
His delicate hands were folded.
With a meek soft clasp, as if to a prayer,
Their dying shape was moulded

I thought as beside that warrior-child
My own young head was bending
That perhaps an Angel Mother's prayer,
Was Heavenward then ascending.

That the arm of the Father, who dweleth where
Sweet peace is never ending.
May be found in the battle's dreaded hour,
Her darling boy defending.

I thought how the voice of th false-faced world,
Would waft her this mournfu story,
With its pompous words fo a healing balm
And its mocking mead of Glory.

When a mother's heart with its hopeless grief
And its mighty pain is aching,
The chaplet Fame is a withred wreath,
To a mother's heart when breaking.

I turned away from the poor dead youth
On his gory pillow asleeping
And a weakness right from a saddened heart,
Sent tears through my lashes sweeping.

THE PORTRAIT.

Maurice was wandering aimlessly in the depths of the forest. It had ceased raining, but the drops of water were still rolling from leat to leaf with the light sound of a nearly-exhausted fountain trickling into its half-filled basn, and in the distance the darl path opened out into a wet gade of a deep green of exquite softness. The trunks of te trees were very black, teir branches blacker still, an the massive boughs of the chesnut trees above the young painter's head seemed like the high arches of a cathedral at te hour when all is lark in th chruch, and when the colore windows cast into the gloom beams of light so intese and so mysterious that you would think them lit up by fire of lire coals from without.

Maure loved this hour at the decle of day, when, after the rain the sun has not shone out, an when a gray tint is cast over eerything, blending outllnes, softening angles and investin every shape with a smoot and exquisite roundness. He walked slowly, discoveng every moment in the well-nown forest some beauty till then unknown, and he was thriled to the very depths of his leing by that tender admiration for nature which is one of the characteristics of genius. He looked around him. The grass was green and brilliant; the delicate leaves of the shrubs, shinning beneath the water which had washed them, formed a fine, lace like network against the dark background of the great forest beyond. He stopped in order to see better, to observe better and to take in better the impression of the wet forest, more impressive and more human, so to speak, in its great shadows than beneath the sunshine in all the splendor of the day.

The pretty and graceful figure of a young girl stood out against the foilage of the birch trees. She advanced with a supple movement, without perceiving Maurice, who, as immovable as the trunk of a chesnut tree, was watching her. When two steps from him the young girl perceived him. She started and let fall a few twigs from the fagot of wood that she was carrying on her head.

"You frightened me," said she, smilling; and her large black eyes shone out merrily beneath the tangle of her blonde hair.

He looked at her without answering. A complete harmony, which no words can render, reigned between the slender figure, the laughing face, the lace-like foilage of the glade and the tints of the landscape.

"Stand still," said the young man; "I am going to take your portrait."

She wished to push back her hair, which had fallen over her face, but he prevented her by a gesture.

"Remain as you are."

He seated himself on a stone and sketched rapidly the outline and features of his young model. She was a peasant, but delicate and refined as the young girls of the peasantry often are before their complete and often tardy development. The eyes were already those of a woman, the smile was still that of a child.

"How old are you?" asked the painter still working.

"I shall soon be sixteen."

"Already! I saw you three years ago a little bit of a thing."

"I was very little," said she with a pretty laugh, and frank and bold as a sparrow; "but I grew fast, and on St. John's day I shall have lovers."

"Why, on St. John's day?" asked the young man, stopping to look at her.

"Because one must have a bonfire."

So soon! That pure brow, those innocent eyes, that childish mouth, all these to be profaned by the boorish gallantry of a rustic! Maurice felt a vague jealousy dawn in his heart.

"Will you have me for a lover?" said he resuming his work.

"Oh, you are a gentleman, and I—I am a peasant; good girls do not listen to gentlemen."

That is the village code of morals; the young man answered nothing.

"I cannot see any longer; will you come back here tomorrow, a little earlier?"

"For my portrait?"

"Yes."

"I will come back. Good evening, sir."

She raised her bundle of wood and went away into the deepening shadows, beneath the archways of the dark chesnut trees.

Maurice went home dreaming of the fair-haired child. He had seen her often, and always looked at her, but with the eyes of an artist. Now it seemed to him that he looked at her with the eyes of a jealous lover. That night and the next day seemed interminable to him; and long before the appointed hour he was in the glade.

He worked alone, and when the was already playing the coquette—she was surprised.

"It is really myself!" said she. "Will you give it to me?"

"No, I will make you a little one for yourself."

"And that one, what will you do with it?"

"It will go to Paris; it will be put in a large frame; it will be hung in a beautiful gallery, and every one will come and look at it."

"Ah! yes, I know, in the exhibition?"

"Have you heard of the exhibition?"

"There are gentleman painters here who work for the exhibition, as they say, but they never took my portrait.

Daylight was fading gently; Maurice found, as on the preceding evening, the exquisite soft tints which had so charmed him, and his work advanced a hundred cubits towards posterity.

He saw her again several times beneath the checkered daylight of his improvised studio, and took pleasure in making this work his best one. Already celebrated, he had no need to make himself a name, and yet he was sure that this picture would put the seal to his renown.

By the time he was quite satisfied with it winter had come, and Maurice loved his little model. He loved her too much to tell her so, too much to sully this field flower whom he could not make his wife, but enough to suffer at the thought of leaving her. She had none of those qualities which secure the happiness of a life; neither the depth of feeling nor the devotion which causes us to forget everything, nor the passion which is an excuse for everything; she was a pretty field flower, a little vain, a little coquettish, with no great faults, nor yet great virtues. Maurice knew that she was not for him, and yet he loved the graceful lines of her figure, as yet scarcely developed, and which her home-spun gown chastely enfolded without disguising. He loved the deep eyes, the laughing mouth, the fair hair that was always in disorder, the little handkerchief tied across her breast—he loved it all, and it was with reluctance that he went away. We always go away with reluctance when we have nothing to hope for on our return. It is so hard to leave behind a bit of one's life of which nothing is to remain.

He carried away his picture, however, and it was before that he passed his happiest hours that winter, always perfecting a work which was already perfect. The picture was admired. The critics, who were unanimous in their enthusiasm, declared that such faces could not exist excepting in the brain of a poet or in the imagination of a painter. Maurice listened, smiling, and kept for himself the secret of the sweet face that had inspired him. He received brilliant offers for his picture; never had so high a price been offered for any of his works; but he refused, and he refused, also to allow it to be copied. Since he was never to possess anything of his model but her likeness, he intended that that should be his alone.

Autumn was drawing near when he returned to the village. Twice had the fires of St. John seen the whirls of the merry dance since he had painted the portrait, and when he thought of the young girl, it was with a smile that was something sad, as he asked himself on which of the village rustics she had fixed her choice.

His first pilgrimage on arriving was to the forest of chestnut trees; at the fall of day—night comes quickly at the beginning of October—he wandered down the long path; but it was no longer dark; it was traversed by an amber sunbeam, which seemed to have lingered on every one of the leaves which quivered on the branches or crackled beneath his feet.

The odor of the dead leaves brought to him a whole world of regrets, of remembrance, of bitterness, stirring up within him an unspeakable sadness, and a more competent disgust with everything that he had sought up to that time. When he had reached the glade he sat down on the spot where eighteen months before he had made the sketch which had since crowned his renown. The cold stone seemed to laugh at him ironically for all that he had suffered.

A peasant girl—a coquette—a matter of great consequence surely! She would have loved me if I had chosen. Many others have loved painters, and have followed them to Paris, and then have disappeared in the scum of the great city without loading with chains the one who had initiated them into the mysteries of art and of intellectual life. . . . . He is a fool who sacrifices to chimeras the real goods of this world; the love of a beautiful girl, the glory which talent gives, the fortune which success brings.

While he was thus denying the gods of his youth, he saw coming towards him, in the well-known path, the young girl of other days, who had grown up, who had become a woman in one word. She was not alone; a rustic was walking beside her holding her by the little finger; a fine fellow, for that matter, strong and well made, and richly-dressed for a peasant. He bent towards her, and from time to time wiped away with his lips a tear from the young girl's cheek.

On seeing Maurice they stopped, confused and surprised.

"And it was for this," thought he, "that I respected this flower!"

And he was thinking with contemptuous pity of his folly when the young girl addressed him:

"They will not let us marry, sir," said she, her voice broken with sobs. "I am poor: he has some property, and his mother will not have me for a daughter-in-law. She talks of disinheriting him."

"And you, too, do not wish him to be disinherited, do you?" said Maurice ironically.

"Indeed," answered the lad, "we must live!"

"That is only too true! I pity you, my chrildren."

They went away. Maurice, left alone, with his head bowed down on his hands, thought for a long time.

His idle fancy had flown away—nothing remained of the slender young girl but a peasant, who was still handsome, but very near becoming an ordinary matron.

"So it is with our dreams!" said he, rising. "The only sure thing that we can gather from them is to do a little good with them."

The same evening he wrote to Paris, and a few days later he presented himself at the young girl's house.

"I have sold your portrait," he said to her, in the presence of her astonished mother; "I received a large sum for it. It is quite a fortune. I have brought it to you in order that you may marry your lover."

☞ Mississippi and Louisiana will stand side by side in the great contest in 1880

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 3rd, 1879.

Thus far Congress has not done anything of importance. On the first day the message of Mr. Hayes was read. There are but two matters of interest in this message. The first is in a recommendation that greenbacks be retired. Yesterday two Republican Representatives introduced resolutions in effect condemning such a course. Evidently the measure will have slight support. The *Republican* of this morning condenses its advice upon the subject as follows: "Let well enough alone."

The second notable point in the message is its labored commendation of "Civil Service reform." The brass statute of Jackson in front of the White House must have blushed while Mr. Hayes prepared that piece of impertinence. No other administration has so frequently and boldly defied the laws and rules of decency as this one in meddling with politics in the States. It removed a man from a trumping Custom House office in New York because of his unfitness for it, and then forced his election as Governor upon a State more populous and wealthy than was the whole country at the time our civil service rules were made. Every member of the Cabinet, except Secretary Schurz, has disgusted the country with political affairs. Mr. Hayes has had a finger in every personal and political contest in Ohio since his inauguration, and is now instructing the people of Ohio as to their choice of a United States Senator. Yet one fifth of his whole message is taken up with commendations of 'civil service reform.'

Yesterday in the Senate Gen. Gordon introduced a preamble and resolution on the subject of the Nicaragua Canal. The resolution is as follows:

"That the Government of the United States pledges to accord full and entire protection to the company, to which shall be granted a concession by the government of Nicaragua for the construction of said inter-oceanic canal, and will secure to said company the peaceful enjoyment of the rights conceded by said grant." The last word of the resolution is the key to its meaning. This is the proposed company which has offers of unlimited capital from abroad, and of which General Grant is to be the President.

General Burnside whose resolution affirmed the Monroe doctrine, had its point extracted by the virtual abandonment of the scheme to build an Isthmus Canal under the protection of foreign nations, moved to discharge the Committee on foreign relations from further consideration of the resolution. He spoke briefly and well upon the subject of the honored Democratic principle of non-interference on this continent by foreign nations.

One of the Louisiana Republican witnesses in support of Kellogg's right to a seat in the Senate, confessed yesterday on the stand that he had been indicted for murder, perjury and forgery. He was one of the leading Republicans in the State.

DEMOCRAT.

NATIONAL SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—The annual visit of an Examining Surgeon from this well known Institute will be made to New Orleans December 1st, 1879. He will have skilled assistants from the Home Institute, and will remain until December 25th, 1879. Preparations for this visit are amply sufficient to meet any increased demands. Surgical cases and those requiring personal attention should come early, that they may have attention for the whole month if necessary. In its chosen specialties, club feet, spinal and hip diseases, paralysis, contraction, and diseases of the joints, piles, fistula, private diseases, catarrh, diseases of the eye ear, etc., this Institute is unexcelled.—Refers by permission to the many well known citizens of New Orleans who are its patrons. Rooms, as before, at No. 166 St. Charles Street, where we will be pleased to see our old patients, with as many new ones as may choose to come. For further particulars write to National surgical Institute, Indianapolis, Ind., Philadelphia, Pa., or Atlanta, Ga.—n15-1m