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as I see you, I saw Jim driving along the road; he stopped as if hesitating about following my instructions in regard to passing that place, then he deliberately did what I cautioned him not to do: he ran into that swamp, and my wagon is a wreck."

Calling a servant Mr. T. ordered him to saddle his horse and bring him to the door. Soon after he mounted and rode to the scene of the disaster and found everything to be exactly as he had seen it in his mental picture.

Here occurs to me another instance confirming Mr. T.'s capacity as a clairvoyant. He owned a very valuable and beautiful mare. With her young colt she had been sent to a distant pasture to be separated from the other stock above the plains. As a clear stream of water ran through the enclosure, and it was bordered with the finest grass, no special attention had been given the pair for several days.

In the cool summer afternoon Mr. T. was again seated in the midst of his family on his comfortable piazza, when, in the same sudden manner as before mentioned, he exclaimed: "Great heavens! The lady mare has fallen into that deep gully near the creek. She is on her back and won't get out. She will break her legs or sink if she don't get help soon."

As he called for his horse, and taking men to assist him, arrived in time to relieve the mare of her uncomfortable position before any serious harm had befallen her.

Many instances similar to the two related occurred in the after life of Mr. T., and it seems a marvel that he never made any attempt to reason out the cause for such a mysterious occult possession of power so suddenly manifested in his consciousness.

ELIZABETH SLAUGHTER.

MY LADY'S EYES.

For The Times. EYES! THEY

Mark and dance
With light and laughter and with smiles,
And all of love's concomitants—
With all coquettish Cupid's wiles.
But yet anon with softened light,
And silken lashes drooping low,
They put my doubts and fears to flight;
She loves me,—and they tell me so!

My Lady's eyes! How tender, they,
And full of shades, unfathomed, deep,
As reverently spiritual pray
For those that on her bosom sleep;
How watchful are, in dark or dawn,
Like stars calm light upon a lake,
Sometimes they sadden and grow wan,—
Speak of a heart about to break.

My Lady's eyes! They have grown dim
In watching earthly beauties fade,
They hold the light that angels limn
In eyes for heaven's glory made,
And in them is the after-glow
Of setting suns; yet lingering, fond,
They cast on those loved here below,
And lead them to the life beyond.

GARRARD HARRIS.

HISTORY OF A CREOLE FAMILY.

For The Times-Democrat.

THERE LIVED AT NOVA SCOTIA, some years before the French and Indian war, a family known as the Prejeans. Mr Prejean, the head of the family, was a descendant of a party of French settlers who had arrived in the colony in its early days, and the descendants of which had remained there till the period named above. He was a farmer, and possessed a large plantation, the exact situation of which cannot be ascertained. He had also been married several years, and had four sons—Charles, Adelin, Jean Francois and Francois Prejean, and four daughters—Cécile, Marguerite, Rose and Nathalie Prejean. All his sons died unmarried in Port-au-Prince, in San Domingo. His daughters, however, married. Cécile married Grégoire Pellerin, Marguerite married a Mr. Dubon, Rose married Jean Baptiste Dupuis, and Nathalie married Mr. Racla.

Mr. Prejean lived at a period when France and England were struggling for the maintenance of their respective colonies in the New World, and for which a deluge of blood had been spilled both in Europe and America. The last treaty of peace between the two nations had been simply a truce, by which they could rest and take breath, after which they would again pounce upon each other. In 1755 matters came to a crisis, and it became evident to all that the struggle would be renewed, and this time the conflict would decide whether France or England would possess Canada.

Acadia, now called Nova Scotia, had been conquered by the English during the war of the Spanish Succession, but as yet no colony had been established by them there. In 1755 a new expedition was undertaken against it, and it was again brought under British rule. About this time Mr. Prejean died, and his widow, with her children, remained in her native country until after were spilled by the British in 1756. After the new expedition had been accomplished, the latter formed a settlement at Halifax and began to colonize the country. Soon they began to get jealous at the industry and thrift of the Acadians, and formed a design of sending the poor people to the American colonies, Louisiana and the West Indies. Ships were placed at their disposal, and transes were located in the different towns to prevent any uprising that might occur. Then the unfortunate settlers, among whom were the Prejeans, were transferred to the ships awaiting them, and in the confusion of embarkation many were separated, never again to see each other. Included in this number were Mme. Pellerin and Dubon, who were separated from their mother, sisters and brothers. The English burnt all the crops and houses of the poor farmers, and then, after completing this last act of that sad drama, set sail with the exiles.

Many writers have tried to apologize for this action of the British government, but no apology can suffice to excuse such an atrocious deed, and it will ever remain on the pages of history as an evidence of the greed and cruelty of the English nation. What had this poor, suffering people done to deserve such treatment? Nothing at all. Some say that they were descended from the French, and as France was at war with the English, the latter thought it best to remove the Acadians, as they might aid the former. This is not true at all. The Acadians never once entertained a thought of helping their countrymen, and were contented simply with working in their fields and performing their various duties. But, admitting that they would help the French, could England—which at that time had arrides at her control, and which ruled both the land and the sea—be afraid of 3000 Acadian farmers? If so, then shame be upon that nation.

The ships, after voyaging in several places, touched at Philadelphia, where Mrs. Prejean, with her sons and daughters, were deposited. From Philadelphia they journeyed to the West Indies and settled in Port-au-Prince, in the island of San Domingo. A few years after their arrival in that beautiful isle Mrs. Prejean had three of her sons, and—to herself did not long survive them. It was at Port-au-Prince that Mrs. Jean Baptiste Dupuis, née Prejean, who had been a widow for several years (having lost her husband before the exile from Canada), married Mr. Francois Pécot. Mr. Pécot was a Frenchman, a native of Nantes, France. By this marriage there were born three sons—Luc (Cadet), Charles and Jacques Pécot, and four daughters—Marie Rose, Marie Antoinette, Marie Louise and Marie Ann Pécot.

After the death of Mrs. Prejean in Port-au-Prince, her remaining son and daughters retired to the country and purchased a plantation. Soon after Francois, the last surviving son of the deceased Mrs. Prejean died, as also Mr. Francois Pécot. The two sisters remained on their farm till the breaking out of the civil war in the island, when they sold it, and returned to Port-au-Prince. They remained there during the terrible war that followed, and when, at last, the English arrived, they sailed for Jamaica.

They remained in Jamaica seven years, and when the English proclaimed that all the French must leave the island, M. Boullet, a son-in-law of Mrs. Pécot, purchased a sloop and conveyed the family to New Orleans. On their arrival there Luc, or Cadet, as he was called, together with a schoolmaster named Mr. Eulin, left for the parish of St. John the Baptist. Here they met Mr. Alexander Frère, who was himself a schoolmaster on the Pellerin plantation, in the parish of St. Mary. Mr. Eulin was then staying with a German in the parish of St. John, and in conversing with the latter he happened to produce the family papers which Mrs. Racla had intrusted to his keeping, at the same time giving a history of the family. Soon after the German related what he had heard to Mr. Frère, who was then on his way to New Orleans, and the latter concluded that the lady with whom he was sister of Pellerin, might be perhaps found to Mr. Mrs. Pécot. On examining the papers, Eulin, and were expelled, and it became all doubtful the long-lost sisters had been found. Mr. Frère started on horseback for New Orleans for the purpose of seeing Mrs. Pécot and Mrs. Racla and acquainting them of their good fortune. All preparations were perfected, and the whole family sailed in a large barge for St. Mary, where the long-for meeting was to take place.

The barge stopped at Mr. Desmarest's, on the lower Teche, where Mr. Pellerin, who had received a letter from Mr. Frère, telling him of the intended arrival, was awaiting them. They were immediately placed in a number of cabriolets and transported to Mr. Pellerin's plantation, which is now owned by Mr. Bosworth.

The carriages stopped in front of the house, and there the meeting took place. The Chetimachas Indians were present, with their chief, and nearly all the inhabitants of the Teche country were assembled. The Indians had built large bonfires along the Teche, on both sides, and with the smoke and flames curling up to the sky it made a spectacle altogether grand and imposing. The four sisters who had been separated for fifty years, who had suffered all kinds of miseries and hardships, were again to behold each other on the shores of the beautiful Teche. What a touching spectacle! These aged sisters, with wrinkled foreheads and hair of silvery gray, embracing each other and shedding tears of joy, form a scene sad and pathetic. Separated fifty years before, still they resigned themselves to their fate, and God, in His goodness and mercy, granted them the privilege of beholding each other before the tomb claimed them. Though they suffered every hardship that humanity is subjected to, still they never despaired, and bore up under all this with a fortitude and courage truly sublime. But their case was an exception. Their courage never forsook them, and though it was many years after, yet they received their just reward, and now could pass the rest of their days in peace, happiness and contentment.

I will now proceed to trace the genealogy of one of the most illustrious families in Southwestern Louisiana, all descendants of one of the four sisters named above. In order to do so, I will begin with the sons and daughters of Mrs. François Pécot.

The first of her sons, Luc, never married. The second, Jacques, married a Miss Elise Arcan. Jacques had three sons from this marriage, Edouard, Pierre and Octave Pécot; and also two daughters. The third and last son, Charles, married a Miss Félicité Sigur (a daughter of Pierre Sigur), and of this marriage there were born seven sons, Frederick, Alfred (father of the present sheriff, Paul Pécot), Alcide A. Edouard, Hermogène, Ernest and D. Mozart Pécot; and also three daughters, Elvélina, Célina and Cornelie Pécot.

The first of Mrs. Pécot's daughters, Marie Rose, married Jean Armelin. They had four sons, Dr. Jean Arsédis, Charles Armelin, Théodore Armelin and Achicide Armelin; and three daughters, Josephine (who married Mr. Laurent Sigur), Coralie (who married Joseph Alexander Frère), and Aspasie (who married Alcide Pomiès).

The third daughter, Marie Antoinette, married Gabriel Boullet, and of this marriage there were born one son, Solly, and one daughter, Hermina (now Mrs. B. Martell).

The third daughter, Marie Louise, married Alexander Frère, and there was born to them one son, Adrien (father of ex-Sheriff Frère).

The fourth and last daughter, Marie Anne, married Frederick Pellerin (a son of Grégoire Pellerin and Cécile Prejean), and of this marriage there were born one son, who died quite young, and two daughters, Hélide (who married Dr. Solange Sorrell), and Coralie (who married Martial Sorrell).

The first of the Prejean sisters, Cécile, married Grégoire Pellerin, as spoken of in the beginning of our narrative. They had two sons, one of whom was called Frederick, and the other died when quite a youth, and my informant does not recall his name. There were also three daughters, Emilie, Eugenie and Mathilde.

As the reader knows, we have already traced the family of Frederick Pellerin, and therefore we will only refer to his sisters. The first, Emilie, married Pierre Sigur, and of this marriage there were born ten children, six sons, Laurent, Alexander, Edouard, Achille, Théville and Noma Sigur, and four daughters, Félicité, Amanide, Adele and Hélidée Sigur.

Adele Sigur, daughter of Pierre Sigur, married first Dubreuil Collery, and had two sons, Gustave and Ernest Collery. After the death of her husband, she married Joseph N. Rousse, and by this marriage were born a son, Emile, and two daughters, Emily and Estelle Rousse. The former married Dr. Lambremont and the latter Austin Hunt, both of the parish of Iberville.

Hélidée Sigur, sister of Adele, married Théodore Denis Fays, and had a son and two daughters, Théodore Fays and Alcide Elvina and Elodie Fays.

We will now return to the Pellerins. The second sister married a Mr. Oger, without issue. The third and last, Hélidée, married Alexander Frère (who at her death married Marie Louise Pécot, as stated above), and of this marriage there were born Joseph Alexander Frère, and a daughter, Indépendie Frère, who married Gabriel Lucinée Fouillet, one of the most prominent citizens of this parish (St. Mary), and one of the wealthiest sugar planters of ante bellum days.

GABRIEL J. MARTEL.

MISS HUBERWALD'S SONG RECITAL.

The song recital by Miss Theodore Huberwald, assisted by Miss Aletta Boudet, pianist, and Mr. Rene Salomon, violinist, will take place at the Y. M. C. A. Hall Monday, April 11, at 8 p. m. Miss Maude Mahony will be the accompanist.

An excellent musical programme has been arranged for the occasion. The reputation of the participants as artists is sufficient to attract a large crowd.

History of Pecot Family

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