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Select Miscellany.

AT THE GATE.

And where were you just now, Mabel?
Where have you been so long?
The moon is up, and all the birds
Have sung their evening song;
I saw you loitering down the path,
So lonely and so late,
Beyond the well and the lilac bush,
And hanging at the gate.
I love to hear the birds, mother,
And see the rising moon;
And, oh! the summer air is sweet
Beneath the sky of June.
My cow is milked, my hens are cooped,
And washed are cup and plate,
And so I wandered out awhile,
To hang upon the gate.
The gate is by the road, Mabel,
And idle folks go by,
Nor should a maiden brook the glance
Of every stranger eye.
Besides, I thought I saw a cap—
I'm sure you had a mate;
So tell me who was with you, child,
Just hanging at the gate.
Now you know just as well, mother,
'Twas only Harry Gray,
Hospoke such words to me to-night,
I knew not what to say;
And, mother, oh! for your dear sake,
I only bade him wait;
And mayn't I run and tell him now—
He's hanging at the gate.

Written for the Capitolian.

THE FRIENDS; OR, A HOME IN LOUISIANA.

By NORAH M. JONES.

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN ADAMS AND HIS FAMILIAR URBAN ORUM.

Who can, with patience for a moment see
This needless mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slavish blacks and democratic whites
And all the piebald polity that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?

A few months after the incidents related in the last chapter, the city of Boston wore its gayest aspect. Pedestrians and mounted horsemen were passing in gay confusion, for the Bostonians were preparing for a procession and parade, which was to take place next day, when Mr. Adams, the President, would proceed from his country seat at Quincy to the city of Boston. These demonstrations, where the President displayed specimens of his anostentatious dignity, were no novelty, for frequently when he entered the city numerous cavalcades and many of the citizens were accustomed to crowd around the President and address him rather as the sovereign of the world than the president of the new Republic.

"Perhaps," says a recent writer in describing one of these receptions, "the monarch of France never visited Versailles in greater state than Mr. Adams did Boston on these occasions."

The same writer tells us that a system of petty persecution extended all through the Union—every person holding office must either resign or look upon Mr. Adams as the Augustus of the New World.

It was just at this time, when Sir Robert Liston, the British minister, was in high favor with the President, that the "Alien Act" was passed into a law.

The day after this almost regal procession, Mr. Adams was closeted alone in a small room, in the most retired part of the princely mansion at Quincy. This room, with its plain furniture and uncarpeted floor, formed a strange contrast with its sumptuous equipments of the rest of the house. Four maple chairs with rush bottoms and perpendicular backs were ranged in a row, opposite these a settee with a back of plain boards served as an apology for a sofa; a small beautified with a glass door, through which some few pieces of delf were visible; the whole surmounted by a few indifferent pictures. In fine, this apartment contained the best furniture of the old house at Braintree, in Massachusetts, the humble birth-place of Mr. Adams. Now when elevated to the presidential chair, and receiving the unflinching homage, flattery and adulation of those around him, he would frequently retire to this room and remain here closeted for hours; it must, however, be remarked that these solitary meditations had no beneficial influence on the strange humor of the president. Philanthropists tell us that all men have some good point of character which lies latent under apparent evil, so we may charitably suppose that Mr. Adams retired to this sanctum to do political penance for the sins of corruption and tyranny which disfigured his administration.

On this particular morning, Mr. Adams was reclining on the old-fashioned settee, his brow was marked with a frown of displeasure; he held crumpled in his hand the last

issue of a popular paper, the "Time Piece." He was presently disturbed by a slight movement at the door, he had hardly time to assume an erect position when a person introduced himself, without ceremony into the apartment, and approaching the president, with a fawning manner, he preferred the salutations of the day. Mr. Adams pointed to a chair, and the visitor displacing one of the perpendicular seats from the row, seated himself.

We will not attempt to describe this man; for several years he had been in the service of Mr. Adams, and since the beginning of his administration he had been employed in reporting every word and action, that reflected upon the president or any of his adherents. This was the spy, Uriah Orum, and from his early visit this morning, we may infer that he had business of importance to communicate, however, he only fidgeted about shifting his position on the uncomfortable seat; in fact, he seemed to be feeling the pulse of his patron's humor. Mr. Adams waited a moment, as if unwilling to open the conversation; Orum, however, confined himself to some few flattering remarks on the late brilliant reception. "But what avails all this?" interrupted the president, petulantly, "when such articles as this have appeared in this morning's paper; and this paper has been widely circulated and read with pleasure."

"Have you seen it?" said he, presenting a copy of the "Time Piece." "I have seen and read that most obnoxious article," responded Orum, "in which the editors dare to differ from your political creed, and to disseminate the tenets of their own code, and I have to say," continued he, "that it depends upon your humanity and clemency whether these two obnoxious subjects remain in our midst or not."

"I have sought and obtained information; they are Irish rebels fleeing from well-merited punishment. Bernard O'Brien was even imprisoned on the charge of treason, when he made his escape to this country." "Ah," said Mr. Adams, hastily, "then this business is soon settled, he can be given over to the British vessel which now lies in the harbor, and we may hope that if summary punishment is inflicted, it will be a salutary warning to future offenders." "Slowly, slowly, sir," remarked Orum, "I have to say, that we cannot be too wary in this matter, you must remember that these men are sustained by Mr. Jefferson, and that this republican party must be handled cautiously, by haste we may defeat our own plans."

"In case we proceed openly, O'Brien only will be disposed of, his companion Power, who has a cooler and more calculating head, will I fear give us trouble in the end."

"I would suggest that they be severally arrested. They have but few friends, it will create but little excitement, and at all events, the proceeding is strictly in accordance with the law of the land; as aliens, they can be sent out of the country, and as the authors of the seditious articles of to-day, they are amenable to the laws of America."

"You counsel well, Orum," said the president, "only be faithful and true, and my favor will never be wanting, and I think that you may depend upon receiving the captaincy to the artillery which I promised you some time ago."

"These arrests had better be made quickly and secretly, I depend upon you who have so happily planned the thing to bring it to a happy issue." Thus the destruction of these two refugees who were seeking a sanctuary in our midst was connived at. For what offence? They differed from Mr. Adams in their political opinions; and for having dared to publish these opinions, they were about to be given up to an arbitrary government where they could only hope to be buried in dungeons, or pay the penalty of their aspirations for liberty, by an ignominious death.

CHAPTER VII.

MICHAEL CASSIDY DISPLAYS AN AVERSION TO PRINTERS' INK, AND DISCOVERS A PLOT.

"An Irish courtship's short and sweet,
Though it's sometimes foolish and indiscreet."

Michael Cassidy was seated in the yard, in the rear of the office of the "Time Piece." He held a boot in his left hand, his right was armed with a shoe-brush which he dipped from time to time in a broken can containing printers' ink. His countenance this morning wore an expression of comic perplexity, as the boot resisted all his efforts to bring out the polish, owing no doubt to his new substitute for blacking.

Mick soliloquized, "Oh! bad cess to you, I've been rubbing and rubbing for the last half hour and I can't get the shine on ye at all," every bit

of it owing to that same black ink; and sure harm enough ye've done, getting us into all kinds of scrapes and troubles, for sure if it had not been for that same writing o' papers, Master Bernard would not have been obliged to leave the auld country, and now when we ought to be making everything ready to bring back Miss Mabel and the mither, and be after settling them comfortably here, sure and I commence with his auld tricks agin, never tired of dipping in that same dirty black ink."

"Now the clock's striking six, and sure there is no time to be lost; and Mister Bernard is a calling after me; faix and I think the fairies must a run away with the blacking box."

Cassidy now deposited the boots side by side, and proceeded to the pump where he had hardly time to cleanse his hands and face from all vestiges of the obnoxious fluid, when he was again summoned to the room occupied by the friends.

They were already up; Bernard was busily engaged packing a small portmanteau, but Power being disengaged had more leisure to observe the look of perplexity depicted of Cassidy's countenance.

"Well, Cassidy," continued he, "come, cheer up, man, we will keep house alone for some time, O'Brien is about to leave us, he is going to Louisiana and will soon return, with the rest of the family."

"But what is the matter, man? If you continue to look so bothered, we must conclude that the pretty girl to whom of late, you have given so much of your time, has turned you off, for some handsomer man."

"Oh! Master Power," it's just that now, that's perplexing me so this blessed morning, and sure that same Patience Jackson is as nice and handsome a girl as can be—but thin you see—and sure I'll have to consider the matter before I'll consent at all, for the Saints preserve us from harm, but the poor creature is as ignorant of her duties as a heathen from the Indies."

At this, O'Brien looked up impatiently, he needed Cassidy's assistance in arranging for his hasty departure, but he knew but too well, from past experience, that the best course was to allow him to proceed, and talk himself out of breath.

"Come, come, Cassidy, hurry up, old boy," said Power, "Bernard is waiting for you to help him in arranging these things."

"Oh, but sure, and when I get through telling your honors all about it; it's more than one, that will get getting out o' this same country this day."

"Well, go on," interrupted O'Brien, "and tell us what you mean; we will presently be called to breakfast."

"Well, as I was saying, the creature can't even dress herself, and small blame to her, as she's never had any instruction at all, and sure she is just as ignorant as can be, though she comes of an auld family in these parts; and she was telling me how her grandfather had the top of his head pulled off by a bloody Ingins, and more betoken, he ran away with the same."

"Silence!" cried O'Brien, "I am in haste, and I never can understand you."

"Aisy, aisy," said Cassidy, deprecatingly, "sure I only want to tell you that the girl's not to blame at all, for sure a better and a truer-hearted woman never drew the breath o' life—and as I was a telling you last night, we were a sitting together on the bench just outside the house where she does be employed, and I was trying to make her take the sense o' some things, which she did not understand at all. When all at once, says she to me, 'Mister Cassidy,' says she, 'Ye look like ye was very much attached to them two gentlemen, who does be a conducting that newspaper called the 'Time Piece.'"

"And, indeed, but I am, says I, and haven't we all been raised together, and when trouble or distress comes to either of them, sure and Mick Cassidy's the man to do all he can."

"Well," and says she, speaking quite low and coming quite close up to me, "Well," says she, speaking confidential-like, "trouble is a coming upon them, black bitter trouble, and that very soon too, and all on account o' that newspaper, they do be publishing."

"Now, Patience dear," says I, "can't you be aisy, and sure weren't you a telling me that since the British and the bloody Ingins had been routed out of the country, that it was the freest and the blesseddest spot."

"I know that I told you all that," says she, "but you see the Ingins is out, but the British and plenty o' the likes of them is here yet."

"Well and then she told me that she was mighty uneasy about something she had heard. She said that she was standing by the large cupboard, in a back room of the public

house, fixing and washing some dishes and plates, and that the door was pushed back so that she could not be seen at all, when some gentlemen came in, and as the front room was full o' company, they just stepped into the back room and seated themselves at a little table, near the spot where she was standing, and she was just going to push the door and come out, when she heard your names mentioned, she thought she would hold the door close and listen. Then she said that the gentlemen they call Mr. Orum, the one who does be always visiting about was a telling the others that both of ye was to be arrested and given up to the English ship, that is stopping here, and he told the others that they had nothing to fear, but they must go boldly on, and that they had law and justice on their side. Then she got so frightened she did not stop to hear any more; but just made haste to tell me all about it."

"And," continued Cassidy, "sorra a bit I've slept all night thinking about your honors, and this new trouble that we are all in again."

There was an interval of silence. O'Brien was to have left on this very day for Louisiana, and intended to return with his mother and wife; but the friends now began to realize the imminent danger of their position. They determined to leave immediately, as the country was even now violently inflamed by the two opposing parties, and it was difficult to know what course to pursue. They consulted with some of the adherents of Mr. Jefferson and other prominent leaders of the Republican party. The necessary steps were taken, as they found that the orders for arrest had been issued, and that the officers on the vessel were preparing to receive them as prisoners.

Preparations were privately made, the office of the "Time Piece" was closed, and they left for Louisiana relying through the influence of the Bishop, on the protection of the Spanish Governor, Manuel Guiso de Lemos.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A BROKEN HEART.

Miss Prince was the only daughter of a Pittsburg merchant and two years ago was wedded to Mr. Savage, of Baltimore. Six hours after the ceremony the train upon which they had started on their bridal tour was wrecked and the husband of less than a day was killed. The shock of the terrible calamity robbed the young wife for a time of her reason. From this mental death she recovered to go into a slow decline. All the blossoms of her life were withering, and the world once so robed in beauty and delight became a prison from which her spirit longed to be free. They took her across the sea, but the panorama of scene and incident had no power to renew the love of life and the young thing faded as a flower fades. At last they took her to the south of France, amid the bloom of flowers—on the spot where Petrarch once sang song to Elvira—in the home of Leonardo da Vinci's exile—this fair American girl found the peaceful quiet of the grave. Our correspondent who relates the incident draws a vivid picture of the sorrowing family around the death-bed. The father overwhelmed with grief, the mother wild with despair, while a young sister clasping a hand of the dying girl looks with pallid face and rigid lips into the glaring eyes.

"The anguish is nearly over—my race of life is done," came in a feeble intonation from the lips of the dying.

"And you are willing to die?" asked a minister, bending low to catch the whispered utterance.

"Oh, so glad! Listen to me, I die, as many other of my sex have done, of a broken heart. I had but all of my life and hope on the hazard of an earthly love and God has smitten me for my sin."

"It was no sin to love."

"No, not to love—but to build an idol as I did—and to worship the creature instead of the Creator. I have been terribly punished. The horror of these two brief years no words can tell."

There was a flutter of the feeble heart. The blue eyes sheathed themselves beneath palely tinted waxen lips, and the fair young form, once so full of subtle life, was frozen into death.

A KING'S ILLEGITIMATE SON.

"Virginia," a New York correspondent of the N. O. Times, gives this short sketch of an illegitimate son of the King of Italy:

Leone Ferrucha, said to be an illegitimate son of the late Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, died in this city on Thursday morning last. He was thirty odd years of age, and bore a striking resemblance to the late king, having the same cast of features, especially the large nose, and wearing a huge moustache and imperial.

Ferrucha's mother was the daughter of an olive and wine grower in the town of Orsolet, Sardinia, and she met the king on one of his visits to that place. Her son was educated in Rome at the expense of his royal father, and liberal allowances were made him. He was named after the family of his mother, and developed a thorough spendthrift. When nearing his majority he went to Paris and took up the study of art in the Latin quarter. Here he entered into the wildest sort of dissipation, but was finally brought to a standstill by the stoppage of his allowances.

Being forced to work, he became designer of costumes at the theatre, and was soon spoken of as the rival of M. Henri Grevin, then and now the most famous costumer in Paris. His career here was cut short by an attachment he formed for a beautiful Polish actress, the Princess Grozesko. He was madly in love with her, and a dreadful scene of violence followed when he found that the object of his affections was the mistress of one of the ministers of state. Ferrucha was arrested and privately sent out of France.

His wanderings over the world then began, and he was not heard of again until 1871, when he became involved in a difficulty, while serving as artist on a Portuguese survey of the Madeiras, with the Prince Don Jaime da Cahva and struck him in the face with a champagne bottle, disfiguring him for life. The prince considered that he had been partly to blame at least, and would not permit Ferrucha to be punished. He was, however, set ashore at Funchal and ordered to leave the Portuguese possessions by the first vessel. He came to the United States, went to South America and returned in 1873, arriving at Charleston with a large amount of money. He again plunged into dissipation, and accidentally run across his old love, the Princess Grozesko, who was then traveling in this country with a Russian lady of rank.

The meeting occurred in the corridors of the Charleston hotel, and Ferrucha, who was under the influence of liquor, sprang at the woman, caught her by the throat, and had nearly strangled her before he was torn away by the bystanders. After this episode he drank deeper than ever, and a day or two later spoke very disparagingly of the princess in a bar-room. An acquaintance of the princess, a young cotton factor, was present, and struck Ferrucha across the eyes with a heavy riding whip. The sight of one of them was completely destroyed, and the other became blind from inflammation. In time he found his way to New York, and for some years played in the orchestra of different theatres.

Drink and an ungovernable temper lost him place after place, and he at last became a wandering street musician. But he always made enough money to live comfortably, and his faculty of finding his way through the crowded streets of New York was truly wonderful. His skill as a violinist was considerable, and he was well known in the popular haunts of beer drinkers. One day last winter an old schoolfellow found Ferrucha playing in Fourteenth street and took him to his house, where every luxury was lavished upon him, but his constitution was broken down and he slowly declined, dying of consumption.

His friend, who is a wealthy Italian resident of this city, in speaking of Ferrucha, said: "He was an extraordinary man. In our early days there was no better soul living. Brave, generous and tender-hearted. It was when he learned the secret of his birth that he first changed. Then he became morbidly morose, with fits of almost madly saturnine gaiety. He sought to forget himself in every possible excess. The knowledge of his identity was a curse that hounded him to his grave."

Some parts of this man's story may seem improbable, but the whole of it is well credited.

A short time since, a workman, who is noted for his great moderation, fell a distance of fifty feet, and escaped with a few harmless scratches. A waggish friend hearing of the accident, remarked: "The fact is he is too tarual slow to fall fast enough to hurt himself."

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Around her waist I put my arm—
It felt as soft as silk;
"Oh! dear," says she, "what liberty
You printermen do take!"
"Why yes, my gal, my charming gal,
(I squeezed her some, I guess,
Can you say aught in love, against
The freedom of the press?"
I kissed her some—I did by gum!
She colored like a beet;
Upon my living soul she looked
Almost too good to eat!
I gave her another buss, and then
Says she, "I do confess
I rather kinder sorter like
The freedom of the press."

FLORIDA'S SINGULAR RIVER.

One feature of the St. John's river, in Florida, is somewhat remarkable, in not an actual puzzle to hydrographers. It has been ascertained by actual scientific survey that the surface of the water at its mouth is only three feet six inches lower than what it is 250 miles above. In other words the river has but an average fall of less than a sixth of an inch to the mile.

Another singular fact worthy of consideration is that it has a course, taking its many meanderings into account, of between 300 and 400 miles, yet its source is not more than twelve miles from the shores of the same ocean into which it empties itself. Some of its tributaries, yet unexplored, may be found with their heads still nearer the sea.

The current of this stream is of the most sluggish kind, scarcely ever more than a mile to the hour, and often so stagnant that the traveler may think himself sailing upon an inland lake. Its great breadth, in many places quite a league, leads to this delusion; which, indeed, is not altogether a delusion, for, instead of a river, it might justly be regarded as a series of lakes, with a slight difference of elevation, flowing one into another.

Some of its more open expanses are so characterized, having the names of lake given them. The principal, as also the most celebrated, is the St. George, 150 miles from its mouth. Further up are Lakes Enterprise, Monroe and Harney, with many others, that have lately been placed upon the maps.

SOWING AND REAPING.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," both in the natural and in the moral world. Every seed in the one and every seed in the other yields fruit after its kind. This principle of sowing and reaping is especially important to the young, who are just beginning to shape their character and destiny. In the spring time of life we sow what we must reap in the autumn of age, and perhaps through the endless ages of eternity. The chief possibilities of good or evil for all the future are bound up in the period of youth. The sowing may be done thoughtlessly and carelessly, but it will report itself in due time according to this law.

Men in age often say, "If I could but live my life over again how differently it should be." While this is impossible, still the young may have the advantages of a second life by trying the counsels and experiences of the aged.

It is of the utmost importance for them to understand this relation of sowing to reaping, which is affixed to our physical, mental and moral nature.

Men who in early life overtax the brain or body in the frenzy to get rich; men who overload the wheels of life by gluttony; men who bestialize themselves with sensuality; men who burn out the vital forces with damning fires of alcohol; all such are liable to a strict account in after years. When remembrance and retribution come upon them, then too late, they begin to realize that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

WASN'T THAT SORT.

While Gen. Thomas was inspecting the fortifications of Chattanooga with General Garfield, they heard some one shout:

"Hello, Mister! You! I want to speak to you!"

General Thomas, turning, found he was the "mister" so politely hailed by an East Tennessee soldier.

"Well, my man, what do you want with me?"

"I want to get a furlough, mister, that's what I want," was the reply.

"Why do you want a furlough, my man?" inquired the General.

"Well, I want to go home and see my wife."

EXPENSIVE DUCKING.

"Are you the man who shot those two ducks here day before yesterday?" asked a farmer of a young Nimrod.

"Yes, that was me," said the sportsman, rather proudly.

"Well, those ducks belonged to me. They want any of your wild ducks, but tame ones."

"Will you pay me for the ducks?" said the farmer coolly.

"No, sir, I won't. You can't prove the ducks were not wild ducks."

"All right," and the farmer started off to the nearest village.

"Where are you going? What do you intend to do?" asked the other.

"Well," said the farmer quietly, as he leaned against a tree. "I am going to a squire to make an information against you for killing wild ducks out of season. If you insist that them ducks was wild, it will cost you five dollars a duck. If you come to the conclusion they were tame, it will cost you two dollars a duck. Now, what'll you do?"

The sportsman struggled with his feelings for a moment and then remarked that the birds didn't seem very scary. He concluded to settle on the tame basis.

A lady living in Chenango county, N. Y., met with a peculiar accident recently. Her provisions were all in the cellar, the bottom of which was covered with water to a depth of twenty inches. She could not live without eating, but wade she would not, so she launched two tubs, and putting a foot in each, set sail for a submerged port barrel. Somehow the tubs seemed to have no interest in common. One took a northerly course, and the other steered due south. The fair voyager, unable to maintain herself in the attitude of a Colossus of Rhodes, gave up the ships and sank between them in the waves. She sustained some bruised and experienced a severe nervous shock. The tubs at last advices were hull down on the horizon.

A darkey was once attempting to steal a goose, but a dog raised an objection, and Sumbo retired. The next night during a thunder shower he attempted it again, and just as he was on the point of getting away with his fowl, the lightning struck close by and the noise nearly frightened the poor fellow to death. Dropping the goose, he started away muttering, "Peers to me dar's a heap of fuss made about one old goose."

"My darling," says Mr. Sandrake, who has been ostensibly duck-shooting all the day and night previous, "did the office boy bring you those ducks I shot? I told him." "No sir, he did not," replied Mrs. S., in an icy and appalling manner, "but the butcher's boy has been here to say that, as he can not fill your order for wild duck to-day he sends you a half-dozen tame ones instead."

A man having fallen into a slough, his friend called loudly to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a bog, and wishing to procrastinate, inquired, "How deep is the gentleman in?" "Up to his ankles," was the answer.

"Then there is plenty of time," said the other. "No there's not," rejoined the first, "for he's in head first."

A western paper tells of a man who claims to have swapped horses thirty-seven times and cheated the other man every time, and yet when his wife died the other day he promised to meet her in heaven.

The national debt of Brazil at the end of April was eight hundred millions of dollars, of which two hundred millions consist of government paper money, some eight millions of which has been issued within a year.

"You politicians are queer people," said an old business man to an impetuous partisan. "Why so?" asked the politician. "Because you trouble yourselves more about the debts of the State than your own."

A well-digger in Waco, Texas, finds out where to dig for water by scattering crabs on the ground. Wherever they commence to burrow there water is sure to be found.

Uncle Jumbo was caught with a stolen chicken hid in his hat, and when asked how it came there, he replied: "Fore de Lord, boss, dat fowl mus' a crawled up my breeches leg."

It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bombshell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

Those who trample on the helpless are disposed to cringe to the powerful.

Fine Job Work at the Capitolian.