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## Select Miscellany.

### A STRANGE STORY.

"The gentleman on the left, Kate—do you know him? He has looked frequently toward you."  
"Has he?"  
"I cannot tell. I have not seen him."  
"Suppose you look?"  
"I prefer not. I came to see the play. Is not Helen Faucit superb?"  
"So, so. I wish you would tell me who the gentleman on the left is. I am sure he knows you, and he is strikingly handsome."  
"At present the stage interests me. Besides, if men are rude enough to stare at strangers, there is no occasion for us to imitate them."  
"Your ladyship has no curiosity."  
"Not any; I exhausted it some time ago."

Her ladyship was not telling the truth; she was intensely curious, but it pleased her at the time to pique the Honorable Selina Dorset. That strange sympathy which makes us instantly conscious of a familiar glance, even in a crowded building, had solicited her regard just as Selina advised her of it. If she had not been asked to look toward her left, she would probably have done so; as it was, she resolutely avoided any movement in that direction.

The play was finished in a tumult of applause. Lady Kate Talbot forgot everything in her excitement, and, as she stood up, flushed and trembling, she inadvertently turned toward the left. Instantly she recognized a presence with which she ought to have been familiar enough.

The gentleman bowed with an extreme respect, Lady Kate acknowledged the courtesy in a manner too full of astonishment to be altogether gracious, and the elaborate politeness of the recognition was not by any glance implying a more tender intimacy than mere acquaintance.

My lady was silent all the way home, and for some reason Selina was not disposed to interrupt her reverie. It did not seem to be an unpleasant one. Kate's face had a bright flush on it, and her eyes held in them a new light—a light that resembled what Selina would have called hope and love, if my lady had not been already married, and her destiny apparently settled.

"Selina, when you have got rid of all that satin and lace, come to my room; I have something to say to you."  
Selina nodded pleasantly. She was sure it concerned the gentleman on the left. She had no love affairs of her own on hand or heart at present, and being neither literary nor charitable, her time went rather heavily onward. A little bit of romance—nothing wrong, of course, but just a little bit of romance, especially if connected with the cold and proper Lady Talbot—would be of all things the most interesting.

She was speedily unrobed, and with her long black hair hanging loosely over her pretty dressing-gown, she sought my lady's room. Lady Talbot sat in a dream—like stillness, looking into the bright blaze on the hearth. She scarcely stirred as Selina took a large chair beside her, and scarcely smiled when she lifted one of her loosened curls, and said: "What exquisite hair you have, Kate! True golden."

"Yes, it is beautiful. I know that of course."  
"Of what are you thinking so intently?"  
"Of the gentleman on our left to-night."

"Ah! Who is he? He seems to know you."  
"He ought to know me much better than he does. He is my husband, Lord Richard Talbot."

"Kate."  
"It is true."  
"I thought he was in Africa, or Asia, or Europe, or somewhere at the end of the world."

He is now in England, it seems, I suppose he has just arrived. I have not seen him before."  
"Where is he staying, then?"  
"I presume in the left wing of this mansion. I noticed there are more lights than usual in it to-night. His apartments are there."

"Now, Kate, do tell me all, dear. You know I love a romantic love affair, and I am sure this is one."  
"You never were more mistaken, Selina. There is no love at all in the affair. That is the secret of the whole position. I thought, as you were staying here this week and might probably see or meet my lord, it was better to make all clear to you. People are so apt to associate wrong with things they do not understand."

"To be sure, dear. I suppose Lord Richard and you have had a little disagreement. Now, if I could only do anything toward a reconciliation I should be so happy, you know."  
"No, Selina, there has been no quarrel, and you can do nothing at all between us. I don't want you to try. Just be kind enough to ignore the whole circumstance. Lord Richard and I understood each other nearly four years ago."

But it is not four years since you married?"  
"Just four years—yesterday."  
"And my lord has been away—?"  
"Three years, eight months and eighteen days, as far as I know."

"Well, this is a most extraordinary thing, and very sad, I must say."  
"It might easily have been much sadder. I am going to tell you the exact truth, and I rely upon your honor and discretion to keep the secret inviolate."  
"My dear Kate, I would not name it for worlds."

"Listen, then. One night, when I was scarcely seventeen years old my father sent for me to his study. I had known for months that he was dying. He was the only creature that I had to love, and I loved him very tenderly. I must add also, for

it partly explains my conduct, that the idea of disobeying him in anything had never presented itself to me as a possibility. This night I found with him his life-long friend the late Lord Talbot, and also the present lord, my husband. I was a shy, shrinking girl, without any knowledge of dress or society, and very timid and embarrassed in my manners. Then my father told me that it was necessary for the good of both houses that Richard Talbot and I should marry, that Richard had consented, and that I must meet a few friends in our private chapel at seven o'clock in the morning a week afterwards. Of course these things were told me in a very gentle and considerate manner, and my dear father, with many loving kisses, begged me as a last favor to him to make no objections."

"And what did Lord Richard say?"  
"I glanced up at him. He stood near a window looking out over the old park, and when he felt my glance he colored deeply and bowed. Lord Talbot said, rather angrily, 'Richard, Miss Esther waits for you to speak.' Then Lord Richard turned toward me and said something, but in such a low voice that I did not catch its meaning. 'My son says you do him a great honor—and pleasure,' explained Lord Talbot, and he kissed me and led me toward the unwilling bridegroom."

"Of course I ought to have hated him, Selina, but I did not. On the contrary, I fell desperately in love with him. Perhaps it would have been better for me if I had not. Richard read my heart in my face, and despised his easy conquest. As for me, I suffered in that week all the torturing suspense of a timid school girl in love. I dressed myself in the best of my plain, unbecoming, childish toilets, and watched wearily every day for a visit from my promised husband; but I saw no more of him until our wedding morning. By this time some very rich clothing had arrived for me, and also a London maid, and I think, even then, my appearance was far enough to have somewhat conciliated Richard Talbot. But he scarcely looked at me. The ceremony was scrupulously and coldly performed, my father, aunt and governess being present on my side, and on Richard's his father and his three maiden sisters."

"I never saw my father alive again; he died the following week, and the mockery of our marriage festivities at Talbot Castle was suspended at once in deference to my grief. Then we came to London, and my lord selected for his own use the left wing of his house, and placed at my disposal all the remaining apartments. I considered this as an intimation that I was not to intrude upon his quarters, and I scrupulously avoided every approach to them. I knew from the first that all attempts to win him would be useless, and indeed I felt too sorrowful and humiliated to try. During the few weeks we remained under the same roof we seldom met, and I am afraid I did not make these rare interviews at all pleasant. I felt wronged and miserable, and my wan face and heavy eyes were only a reproach to him."

"Oh, what a monster, Kate!"  
"Not quite that, Selina. There were many excuses for him. One day I saw a paragraph in the times saying that Lord Richard Talbot intended to accompany a scientific exploring party whose destination was Central Asia. I instantly sent and asked my husband for an interview. I had intended dressing myself with care for the meeting, and making one last effort to win the kindly regard, at least, of one whom I still could not help loving. But some unfortunate fatality always attended our meetings, and I never could do myself justice in his presence. He answered my request at once. I suppose he did so out of respect and kindness; but the consequence was he found me in an unbecoming deshabille, and with my face and eyes red and eyes swollen with weeping."

"I felt mortified at a prompt attention so malapropos, and my manner, instead of being winning and conciliating, was cold and unprepossessing. I did not rise from the sofa on which I had been sobbing, and he made no attempt to sit down beside or to comfort me."  
"I pointed to the paragraph, and asked if it was true."  
"Yes, Lady Talbot," he said, a little sadly and proudly; "I shall relieve you of my presence in a few days. I intend to write to call on you to-day with a draft of the provisions I have made for your comfort."  
"I could make no answer. I had thought of many kind things to say, but now, in his presence, I was only fretful and dumb. He looked at me almost with pity, and said, in a low voice:  
"Kate, we have both been sacrificed to a necessity, involving many besides ourselves. I am trying to make what reparation is possible. I shall leave you unrestricted use of three-fourths of my income. I desire you to make your life as gay and pleasant as you possibly can. I have no fear for the honor of our name in your hands, and I trust it and all else to you without a doubt. If you would try and learn to make some excuse for my hard position I shall be grateful; perhaps when you are not in constant fear of meeting me this lesson may not be so hard."

"And I could not say a word in reply. I just lay sobbing like a child among the cushions. Then he lifted my hand and kissed it, and I knew he was gone."

"And now, Kate, that you have become the most brilliant woman in England what do you intend to do?"  
"Who knows? I have such a contrary streak in my nature. I always do the thing I do not want to do."

"Certainly it seems like it; for in spite of her confession, when Lord Talbot sent the next morning, to request an interview, Kate regretted that she had a previous engagement,

but hoped to meet Lord Talbot at the Duchess of Clifford's that night.  
My lord bit his lips angrily, but nevertheless he had been so struck with his wife's brilliant beauty he determined to keep the engagement."

She did not meet him with sobbing this time. The center of an admiring throng, she spoke to him with an ease and nonchalance that would have indicated to a stranger the most usual and commonplace of acquaintanceships. He tried to draw her into a confidential mood, but she said smilingly, 'My lord, the world supposes us to have already congratulated each other; we need not undeceive it.'

He was dreadfully piqued, and the pique kept the cause of it continually in his mind. Indeed, unless he left London, he could hardly avoid constant meetings, which were constant aggravations. My lady went everywhere. Her beauty, her wit, her splendid toilets, her fine manners were the universal theme. He had to endure extravagant comments on them. Friends told him that Lady Talbot had never before been so brilliant and bewitching as since his return. He was congratulated on his influence over her."

In the meantime she kept strictly at the distance he himself had arranged four years ago. It was evident if he would approach any nearer to his beautiful but long-neglected wife he must humble himself to do so. Why should he not? In Lord Talbot's mind the reasons against it had dwindled down to one. But this was a formidable one. It was his valet. This man had known all his master's matrimonial troubles, and in his own way sympathized with them. He bitterly avers to my Lord Talbot's making any concessions to my lady. One night, however, he received a profound shock."

"Simmons," said Lord Talbot, very decidedly, 'go and ask the Lady Talbot if she will do me the honor to receive a visit from me.'

My lady would be delighted. She was in an exquisite costume, and descended to exhibit for his pleasure all her most bewitching moods. It was a two hour's visit. The next night he staid still longer. My lady had no other engagement, and he quite forgot the one he had made to present a the Marquis of Stair's party."

The following week my lady received a basket of wonderful flowers every morning, and a little note with them containing a hope that she was in good health.  
One morning she was compelled to say she was not very well, and Lord Talbot was so concerned that he sent Simmons to ask if he might be permitted to eat breakfast with her. My lady was graciously willing, and Lord Richard was quite excited by the permission. He changed his morning gown and cravat several times, quite regardless of Simmons' peevish face, and, with many misgivings as to his appearance, sat down opposite the lovely little lady in her pale blue satin and casimere and white laces."

It was a charming breakfast, and during it the infatuated husband could not help saying a great many times very sweet and flattering things. Kate parted them prettily."

"It is well," she said, 'that no one hears us. If we were not married they would think we were making love.'

"And if we are married, Kate, why not love, dear? We had no opportunity before we were married."

"Ah, Richard, in fashionable life we should make ourselves ridiculous. Every one says that our behavior is irreproachable. I should have dearly liked it when I was only a shy, awkward country girl; but now my lord we should be laughed at."

"Then, Kate, let us be laughed at. I for one am longing for it—dying for it. 'Time shall run back and fetch the age of gold,' why not love? Let us go back four whole years and a half. Will you, Kate?—dearest, sweetest, Kate?"

"We should have to run away to the country, Richard. And now I think of it, I have not been at Esther since we were—married, love."

When such a conversation as this was prolonged for five hours, it was little wonder that my lord's valet and my lady's maid received orders to pack valises and trunks, or the next day that Esther Hall was in a happy tumult of preparation."

Love comes better late than never, and Lady Kate always told herself that she never could have been as happy in those sweet old gardens with her lover as she was with her husband. Probably they were both as perfectly satisfied as it is possible for human love to be; for greatly to the amazement of the fashionable world, they not only spent the whole summer alone in their country home, but actually, when they came back to London, had the courage to appear, in the same box at the opera."

"Really, Kate," says Miss Selina, "I never was so astonished. The gentleman on your left—?"

"Is always at my right now, dear. He will never be in the opposition again."

"How delightful?"  
"For us! Oh, yes. Charming."

Teach your boys that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet. Teach them that a common school education with common sense is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggary "professions." Teach them that honesty is the best policy, that it is better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of "crooked whisky," etc., and point your precept by your example of those who are now suffering the torments of the doomed. Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they can not too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless."

Subscribe for the Capitolian.

## A HISTORIC DAY.

THE FOURTH OF JANUARY, 1874, AND ITS HERO.

[New Orleans Democrat.]

After taking a survey of the situation Mr. Wiltz went to the caucus room and informed the members that the situation was desperate, that under the circumstances no plan could be predetermined upon, and that everything depended upon their implicit confidence in their leader, and that if he was to be that leader, they must signify their confidence by a vote. The caucus at once passed unanimously a vote of confidence in the man who we are now told has not fulfilled the expectations of some newspaper critics and patriots. In this critical and dire emergency, at this supreme moment when the very lives and liberties of the people were in jeopardy, the eyes of every member of the caucus and the people of New Orleans turned to Mr. Wiltz as the one man who could be relied upon to guard their rights. There was no question of his courage or fitness then, and, when in response to the vote of confidence, he replied: "Gentlemen, inasmuch as you have placed your confidence in me, and as the organization of the House belongs rightfully to us, I pledge myself to take possession of the chair and to organize the House or be carried out a corpse." Every man felt that it was no idle boast, but a calm and deliberate purpose to faithfully perform the responsible and dangerous duties that had devolved upon him.

It was a solemn and sad spectacle when the Democratic and Conservative members, headed by Mr. Wiltz, and attended only by ten persons to act as officers and messengers, filed into the narrow, bayonet-guarded doorway of the State House, or Fort St. Pierre. It required no stretch of the imagination to see, over that entrance, the inscription which Dante saw over the gates of hell. It was, indeed, marching unarmed into the very citadel of a perfidious and desperate foe, who were emboldened to attempt any deed of violence by the presence of the troopers of Sheridan and Grant."

The scene that presented itself in the House was well calculated to daunt the bravest heart. The Speaker's room was filled with armed Metropolitan, the lobby with the most desperate hired negroes and white bullies in the whole city, while armed bodies of soldiers tramped through the corridors, and the ominous sounds of marching troops without were plainly heard."

After the roll was called by the old clerk, a member nominated Hon. L. A. Wiltz as Speaker pro tem. He was declared elected, and at once took his seat in spite of Vigor's remonstrance and amid much excitement in the lobby, which however, he soon quelled. After much turmoil the House went into a permanent organization, and Mr. Wiltz was duly declared elected Speaker. This enraged the Radicals, and thereupon many of them left amid such excitement and turmoil as has perhaps never been witnessed in any other legislative body. The screaming and shouting of the foiled henchmen of Kellogg were deafening, and threats loud and deep were made, while weapons everywhere gleamed in the hands of men whose bloody records made them dangerous. The awful tension of that moment, the imminence of almost absolute certainty of a conflict, which would result in the murder of every Democrat in that hall, made men who had braved death on a hundred battle-fields realize its nearness. Those who were there still speak of it as the most trying emergency through which they have ever passed, and recall the frightful incident with a shudder."

How stood Louis Alfred Wiltz in those crucial moments that tried men's souls? Calm and perfectly collected, he maintained his position, and his fearless and undaunted bearing did much to prevent bloodshed and inspire others with confidence. In the midst of this stormy scene, knowing that Gen. De Trobriand was in the corridor a motion was made and carried to ask him to preserve the peace of the House."

When the General entered, accompanied by a staff officer, Speaker Wiltz addressed him as follows: "General, the House of Representatives is organized, with me as Speaker. I have been asked by members to invite you here, and request of you (if your order and duty will permit) to say a few words to this unruly lobby and to preserve the peace in the lobby. I feel that I can maintain the dignity of this House, but it might cause bloodshed, and as it is not my desire or the wish of my party and people to shed blood, you will much oblige me by speaking to those unruly people."

There are those who find fault with this action, but it is enough to say that those carping critics were not present on that extremely critical occasion. In an armed citadel of the enemy, cut off from all human aid, a handful of resolute men against a hostile army, their lives threatened by hired assassins, in the midst of a tumult which would have ended in indiscriminate slaughter but for one pistol shot fired, there was nothing left but to call upon the representative of the only authority recognized and feared by the rioters to quell them with words, not with bayonets. The gentlemen are hypocritical who object to this action, for which by the way, the House of Representatives, and not Speaker Wiltz, is responsible. He but carried out the mandate of the House, as was his duty, and did it with consummate skill and address."

When the final outrage came and the booted and spurred representative of Federal authority rejected by force of arms and in spite of the protest of the Speaker, several members of the House, and stationed troops around the Speakers desk, Mr. Wiltz arose, and in impassioned tones uttered the following protest, which

went ringing through the country like a blast from a bugle, awakening freemen everywhere to a sense of danger to Republican government. He said:

I have, as the legal Speaker of the House protested against the occupation of this hall by United States troops, and now again, in the name of my down-trodden people once free, in the name of my bleeding State, in the name of God and in the name of justice, I enter my solemn protest against this interference. Gentlemen of the General Assembly, your legislative hall is in possession of the soldiers of the United States. You have seen your brother-members forcibly ejected at the point of the bayonet. Under the circumstances I do not consider it my duty to longer remain."

Stepping from the chair amid enthusiastic cheers, he left the hall, accompanied by the Democratic members."

Thus closed one of the most extraordinary scenes ever witnessed in a civilized country. The consequence of this Federal outrage, heralded through the country, as it was, by this ringing and dignified protest of Speaker Wiltz, we are reaping to-day, in a government of our own choice, free from the glitter of bayonets and from Federal dictation."

Everywhere throughout the land, the people rose and protested against this outrage upon civil liberty, and the Governors of numerous States caught up and re-echoed the superb protest of our Speaker and memorialized the legislature on the subject."

This is the simple and unvarnished record of that historic day. Are we to be told that the man who on that occasion so zealously and patriotically guarded the honor of his State, taking his life in his hands and being ready to offer it, if he had, on the altar of liberty, is not now to be trusted—is not the man to be Governor of Louisiana?

Away with such folly! The people of Louisiana can nowhere find a man in whom their interest can more safely be reposed than in Louis Alfred Wiltz, who has never faltered nor failed when duty called, and who has always risen to the full height of every occasion, however responsible, critical or dangerous. Let us make him our standard-bearer in the next campaign, and he will lead us to certain victory. SCOTTO.

## THE GERMAN GAZETTE ON THE GOVERNORSHIP.

"TOO MUCH ZEAL WILL HURT!"

Those gentlemen who have undertaken to secure the nomination, at Baton Rouge, of Gen. Ogden for the Governorship are just now doing their best to injure their favorite candidate by the inconsiderate zeal they display in their advocacy of his claims.

The very papers which supported at the election last year the candidates of the "ring" whom they are now engaged in fighting as against the candidates of the "Citizens' Association," are now busy in pushing an alleged "anti-ring" organization in such a one-sided way, with such a display of dictation and intolerance as cannot fail to effect a decided popular reaction against them."

The single, all-important question as to which of the two candidates brought forward by this city possesses in a more eminent degree those qualities which would make him the best candidate for the very responsible office both aspire to, is entirely left out of view by those who engineer this so-called "Ogden boom."

By publishing interviews with a number of more or less—rather less—"prominent" people, taking good care, though, not to let any of the friends of the opposite candidate have their say, the friends of one of the candidates are actually creating a kind of artificial enthusiasm and artificial public opinion that must and will, on account of those one-sidedness, displeasure and disgust every one who likes to see "fair play" prevail.

This is dealing in "sentimental politics," and this is entirely out of place, when the very serious question is before us as to who possesses the most experience and ability to make a good Governor?

The candidate of the *Picayune* and *Times* has rendered valuable service to the people of the State, as the organizer and commander of the White League, and by his military deeds on the fourteenth of September and on the ninth of January. No one will belittle those services or begrudge him the credit he deserves for them."

But to conclude therefrom that Gen. Ogden will be equally successful as the head of the civil administration of the State—or that he should be elevated to the office of Chief Executive as a token of gratitude for those services—would be neither good policy, nor would it show statesmanship."

This "Ogden boom," by the way, reminds us of a very similar "boom," which was engineered by the very same performers three years ago, shortly before the State Convention met at Baton Rouge, which nominated Gov. Nichols.

The headquarters of that "boom," which, by the way, exploded on the first ballot like a bubble, were then, as they are now, in New Orleans. Lists of names by the newspaper column of more or less, rather less, "prominent" business men recommended the "boom" candidate of 1876 as "the first and last choice of the commercial community of New Orleans."

His opponent happened to be the very same gentleman who opposes the "boom" candidate of 1879.

What was the result? The country delegates in the Convention dropped both city candidates, and nominated an esteemed military gentleman from the country, to whose credit it was said, as now, that he was no politician."

We may witness now a repetition of what happened then. We know in politics no personal sympathies or antipathies, nor will we allow ourselves to be influenced

by purely sentimental talk. To further the best interests of our State, as we understand them, is our only aim and object.

We wish, therefore, our next Governor to be a man of practical experience and knowledge of all the various branches of the administration of the State; that he be familiar with the legislation, with the finances, needs and wants of the State and City; that he be conversant with the details of the routine of the office he aspires to; that he be personally acquainted with all prominent public men, and that he be a man who has acquired in public service that knowledge of men as will make it easy for him to select the best men for the right places, where they can most efficiently aid the State."

It is for the electors to decide as to which of the two gentlemen of this parish who aspire to the gubernatorial nomination at Baton Rouge answers best to the picture we have here drawn of the Governor of our choice.

## HOW AN OLD-TIME ITINERANT SLEW THREE INDIANS.

Wilkebarre Record.

According to tradition, a number of Indians were massacred at the mouth of a little stream now known as Grove Run, and a few hundred yards above Sinnemahoning Station, by Peter Grove, a comrade of Capt. Sam Brady, and one of the most relentless Indian haters of that time. The bloody incident occurred over 100 years ago, and is related as follows:

Peter Grove, who was well acquainted with all these mountain defiles and streams, discovered the trail of seven Indians who had been making a foray on the settlements below, and he pursued them up the Sinnemahoning.

One evening they encamped at the mouth of this little stream on the bank of the creek and built a fire in fancied security. As he came down Elliott's Run, which empties into the First Fork near here, and passed around the high knob of the mountain, he discovered the smoke of their fire and knew that the foe was encamped there. He waited patiently till they were asleep, when he crept up like a panther, and rushing upon them, succeeded in killing three. The others were so surprised, and not knowing how many were in the attacking party, they fled for their lives. Hastily seizing the arms of the slain, he threw them into a swamp near by, and entering the creek, waded down stream some distance to avoid being tracked by the wily foe, and then crossed over the mountains to Beech Creek and escaped. This adventure was one of the most daring in the life of this bold hunter, and was equal, if not superior, to any of the exploits of Brady.