

The Louisiana Capitolian.

LOCAL MATTERS.

On Tuesday last, while Mr. Trimboud Babin, Jr., was getting out timber in the swamps in West Baton Rouge, a tree fell, crushing him to death.

Nicholas Wax, on Courthouse Square, keeps a first-class grocery establishment, fully supplied with the very best of goods.

The Southern night, a new weekly journal devoted to the order of the Knights of Pythias, graces our table this week.

Don't let it be said that you sent your job printing off to get it done, when the CAPITOLIAN is so well prepared to do the work.

At Feibelman's dry goods emporium can now be found one of the most complete and largest stocks of spring and summer goods in the State.

Myneer Philip Bott keeps the favorite saloon across the line. In view of the early commencement of work at the State House, he has replenished his commissary department and runs things a la Capitol style.

There was a gentleman in our office this week who remarked, in reply to our enquiry concerning the "times": "Blooming, sir—everything blooming."

The Richard Beacon gives the following advice to the people of Rayville: "If you wish to become a bankrupt and see the business of your town decline until it assumes the appearance of a deserted village and every enterprise languishes, do not advertise in your local paper, and send to some other place to have your job printing done."

Thursday morning last the western horizon looked "eyelish" for awhile, as huge dark clouds seemed to be gathering for an onslaught on the Capital City. We reefed all our topsails and pulled down the blinds about our office in a jiffy; then we calmly awaited developments.

Our neighbors in Plaquemine were subjected to quite a serious conflagration a few days since, so we learn from the Iberville South, the office of which was damaged to a considerable extent. Several buildings were burned, together with some valuable public records and newspaper files.

RICHARD H. DAY, JR.—We were pleased to meet on our streets this young gentleman, who has just returned from a cruise on board the U. S. war vessel Constitution. He had been away for nearly a year, and returned home last Saturday, looking the very best of health.

On last Saturday evening, near New Orleans, the steamer Charles Morgan ran into the John W. Cannon, carrying off the starboard wheel, wheelhouse and shaft. The accounts thus far received indicate that the collision might have been avoided had the Morgan stopped her engines, which could have been done with ease.

The Advocate man, when brought to task for his frequent bolts from the Democratic line, throws himself back upon his past heroic services, when he cautiously hurred for Democracy in the wake of everybody else.

Brother Hyams, of the Sugar Planter, paid us a visit on last Saturday morning, while we were all topsy turvy, arranging a lot of material and other office furniture, just purchased in view of the forthcoming appearance of the CAPITOLIAN as a tri-weekly.

Major Hearsey's paper, the New Orleans Daily States is winning fresh laurels from every issue. It is an exceedingly interesting journal and a fearless exponent of popular rights and honest government.

IN MEMORIAM.

Last Monday, April 26th, was the day which, for several years past, has been set apart for the holy mission of strewing flowers on the graves of the unselfish patriots who gave up their lives in defense of the Lost Cause.

There were many who believed that the inclement weather would cause a postponement of the exercises, so the attendance was small, much smaller in numbers by far than ever before.

At 3 P. M., however, the clouds had vanished and the sun of Manassas, Shiloh and Baton Rouge shone as radiantly as when on those fields it cast its blazing light on the swaying lines whose glittering steel sent back to the heavens the flashes invented by man for the destruction of man.

At 4 P. M., the battalion of Louisiana Cadets, led by their gallant Commandant, Lieutenant Jamar, U. S. A., at the roll of the drum, took up the line of march towards the cemeteries, accompanied by a number of gentlemen and ladies, whom naught could deter from paying their respects to our beloved dead.

The cortege first entered the Catholic Cemetery, where every grave was visited and marked by a miniature Confederate flag, under which bouquets of fresh flowers were laid.

Then the march was again taken up to the Magnolia Cemetery, where a stand had been erected for the accommodation of the speaker and the officers of the Confederate Memorial Association and its guests.

After the floral offerings had been deposited, the assemblage was called to order by Major John Preston, who introduced Rev. J. T. Sawyer, who delivered one of the most fervent and soul-stirring prayers we have ever heard on such an occasion.

The address was brief, too brief, so the listeners expressed it—for it was full of flowery pathos, feelingly said by one who himself had been in the front of battle beside those comrades—"whom the sound of the drum will never more awaken."

It happened in full view of the historic Capitol of Louisiana. It was at the hour of nine the other evening, with the full light of the moon beaming upon them, that a couple halted on the sidewalk for an explanation:

"You must swear it!" said he, pre-emptorily. "I won't," she replied with equal emphasis. Here followed a lengthy discussion between the loving couple. And at last the frail one triumphed; she would promise, but "would not take the Lord's name in vain."

"Kiss me, then," said he; and smack came the lips in token of reconciliation. They walked on a little farther, when another halt was called, followed by a repetition of the scene just described. After this another dispute arose, when the lover was heard to exclaim: "Go, leave me—we part here forever."

And she walked away at a rapid pace. He called to her to stop; she wouldn't obey; then he trotted off towards her, and she consented to listen to his dulcet tones. They quarreled long and bitterly, and then came the final dozen kisses, and the happy pair moved off lovingly arm in arm.

The moral of the incident is: "Don't quarrel, especially on the street; and more especially still, when the moon shines so brightly that one can see you four squares off."

They Didn't Come Home Till Morning.

Monday last the Odd Fellows of our neighboring town, Clinton, celebrated their anniversary in grand style. The Independent Silver Cornet Band of our city was in attendance, as also a large company of excursionists from here who, on their return, gave a glowing account of all they saw and the friendly treatment they received at the hands of the hospitable people of that lovely and picturesque inland town.

We would have taken great pleasure in being one of the number, had it not been the day for decorating the Confederate graves in our city.

We learn, further, that an elegant ball was given at night, at which the far-famed beauty of East Feliciana shone with unusual brilliancy.

A Just Complaint.

One of the attaches of the CAPITOLIAN, like our humble self, is a widower. Like our humble self also, he is an enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex. A better christian than we are, he is a regular attendant at divine service, and as a natural sequence, being a courteous gentleman, he is at all times ready to volunteer as an escort to any lady who, after church, would be likely to feel lonesome while wending her way home.

Capital Ice Cream.

On Thursday morning last, a neatly fitted ice-cream wheel-barrow, labelled as above, halted in front of the CAPITOLIAN office. It was nothing more nor less than the perambulating confectiory of our enterprising young colored friend, Thomas Washington, who soon came up with a lot of saucers filled with delicious ice-cream of his manufacture, which he presented as a treat to the entire editorial and typographical corps.

The lands around the Capital City must soon attract the attention of those settlers, who, each year live in fear and trembling behind the Mississippi levees. They are well timbered with every variety of wood, and will produce cotton, corn, tobacco, sugar cane, vegetables and fruits of every description.

MAGNIFICENT CABBAGES.—Mr. Alex. Stokes, a practical and enlightened farmer, located within a few miles of this city, is raising some of the finest cabbages that we have ever seen. This early in the season, he is sending them to town by the cart load. His success goes to show what can be accomplished on our East Baton Rouge highlands.

Capitalists and others seeking an advantageous location wherein to invest, will do well to pay a visit to the new Capital of Louisiana. The city and the magnificent country that surrounds it offers inducements unsurpassed by any section in this or any other part of the State.

Dr. F. M. Brooks, we are reliably informed, is about to construct a handsome iron front brick building on Main street, near his present drug store. We note this fact as another evidence of the spirit of enterprise that is everywhere visible since the Capital question has been definitely settled.

Our real estate owners should bear in mind that almost every comfortable dwelling is occupied. The coming of the State government will necessitate the erection of many buildings to accommodate new comers.

WM. GESELL, WORKER IN—Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron!—AND DEALER IN—STOVES, CROCKERYWARE AND TINWARE.

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