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BATON ROUGE, LA., TUESDAY, JUNE 22, 1880.

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ATTORNEYS.

C. W. POPE, ATTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public, Port Allen, West Baton Rouge, La. Special attention given to the collection of accounts, taking testimony under commission, and to all other matters requiring the attention of an Attorney or Notary in the State of West Baton Rouge. apr24 v213

H. S. LANG, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR at Law, Donaldsonville, La. Will practice in all the courts of the State of Louisiana.

THOS. B. DUPREE, ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law. Office—No. 5, Pike's Row, Baton Rouge, La. Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.

HERRON, BIRD & BEALE ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS at Law. Office on North Boulevard street, near the post office, Baton Rouge, La. Will attend to all law business entrusted to them in this and adjoining parishes. A. S. Herron, C. C. Bird, J. D. Beale.

FAVROT & LAMON, ATTORNEYS at Law. Office on North Boulevard street, Baton Rouge, La. Will attend to all law business entrusted to them in this and adjoining parishes. J. H. Lamon.

E. W. & S. M. ROBERTSON, ATTORNEYS and Counselors at Law. Office on North Boulevard street, Baton Rouge, La. Will practice in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Judicial Districts. E. W. Robertson, S. M. Robertson.

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Robt. F. Hereford, M. D.,

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Baton Rouge and vicinity. Office—Corner Lafayette and Florida streets, Bonanza Building. Residence—Africa street, between St. Ferdinand and St. Louis streets. Refers by permission to Dr. T. J. Buffington, Hon. A. Herron, Andrew Jackson, Wm. Garig, Rev. Dr. Goodrich, Major W. T. Claverton and Messrs. Gourrier & McNair. Baton Rouge, January 10th, 1880. Having known DR. HEREFORD for many years it affords me pleasure to recommend him to the citizens of Baton Rouge, as a gentleman and physician, entirely worthy of their confidence. (Sd) T. J. BUFFINGTON.

To Printers.

We have on hand a Franklin Paper Cutter (Press) that we will sell at a bargain, for Cash. Just suited to country publishers with small Job Offices. Address the CAPITOLIAN, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

ICE! ICE!

CHARLES WIECK Having just received a large supply of **Pure Lake Ice** is now prepared to furnish the same to the coast trade and supply all local demands at the most reasonable rates. All orders from Plaquemine, Bayou Goula, Port Hudson, Bayou Sara, Woodville, Jackson and Clinton promptly and satisfactorily filled. **City Ice House.** Open from half past five o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening.

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Has just received an invoice of Price & Lucas SWEET CIDER. Also, the best MINERAL and SODA WATER. Lovers of cold drinks can always find the above on ice. Next door to PIKE'S HALL.

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THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. Advertising Bureau (108 Spruce St.), where advertising

"AM MEER."

(Schubert.)

The long moan of the monotonous sea,
And ceaseless wash of never-ending waves;
The roll of foaming billows thro' dim caves
Skirting the unknown shores and hushfully
The lip of lapping wavelets in soft glees
About the moonlit sands. No wind raves
Above the solemn waste; the night is still
Save the sea-sound and casual sea-bird's shrill

Hark! the moan grows into a troubled cry,
The billows lash more suddenly, and leap
Like startled herbs that plunge before they fly;
A weird wind riseth swiftly and doth sweep
The salt sand from each wave-top toward the sky
And the great sea awaketh from its sleep.

The wild wind wails above the foaming seas,
The billows break in swirling clouds of white
The sickly moon, cloud-hidden, scarce gives
light,
And the dense mists are blown to shreds of
fleecy;
The whole sea panteth for a wild release,
Like some great brute with fleeing prey in sight;
And the harsh echo from the surf-beat shore
Blend with the boom where the great caverns
roar.

Hush! the wind shiver, moans, and dies away
The foam-wreath'd billows now no longer flee
Along the dismal track of swirling spray.
The stars come forth and shimmer mournfully
There is no sound at all but the soft away
Of long waves breathing on the sleeping sea.

TEMPTATION.

(San Francisco News Letter.)

"Halt!"
The command rang out loud and clear, and the measured tramp, tramp of a thousand armed men was silenced by its repeated echo.

But why "halt?" Was not this regiment of ten hundred gray-clad volunteers marching out to meet the blue-coated legions from the North? Hardship, privation and death every man of them all looked forward to, but a 'halt' at this moment they did not expect. This was the last gala-day that they might ever hope for. They were marching out of their native city to meet the Yankee invader. Here they had lived and were known, and every house-top and window and eigne of vantage was crowded with the fair, loved faces of the mothers, sisters, wives and sweet-hearts of those who were going down—though amid waving banners and blaring trumpets—into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Often, in the peaceful days, they had marched gaily through this very street, and even then a stoppage would have spoiled their triumphant procession. But this grim holiday was, as they well knew, to be the last with most of them. "Morituri te salutant!" cried the gladiators, as they strutted past Caesar, and the same brave despairing cry of the doomed echoed from the hearts of these poor boys as they passed in their glittering harness under the balconies, where handkerchiefs that could be spared from tearful eyes waved a last fond farewell. What wonder, then, that they were surprised when the music was hushed and the column halted in the most aristocratic and crowded thoroughfare of the city.

The spectators wondered, also, as they saw the Colonel dismount, turn his charger over to an orderly, and press his way through the throng to the entrance of the grandest mansion in the avenue. Could they have seen what passed a few seconds after the great doors had closed behind him, they would have marveled less.

The Colonel opened the door himself and when he entered was not surprised to find the house apparently deserted, for he knew that all the servants were at the upper windows and balconies. Yet it was evident that he was in search of some one, as with clanking sword and jingling spurs he strode hurriedly from room to room. He had explored every familiar apartment in vain, and was about to extend his search to the floor above, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and passing into the garden he basted across the lawn to a small summer-house which stood alone at the further end. At the entrance he stopped abruptly, and for a second or two stood silently gazing within. He had found the object of his quest. Upon a low rustic bench sat a woman, with her head bowed upon her arms over a little table. One would have said she was asleep but for an occasional low sob that made her frame tremble. The thick, soft grass had muffled the sound of his footsteps, and she was not aware of his presence till he murmured, "Gwendolen!"

With a little cry of mingled surprise and joy, she raised her head, drew back with her hands the heavy masses of golden hair which had fallen over her face, and stood looking at him as if she

'Why, Reginald,' she said, as soon as she could find speech, 'I thought your regiment was out of the city by now; and—and—' she added, as if apologizing for the tears that still streamed from her soft blue eyes, 'and—I was afraid I should never see you again.'

'Then why,' he asked, a little reproachfully, 'why were you not at the window to see me for the last time? When I said farewell to you last night, you promised to be there.'

She went up to him and placed her little hands upon his broad shoulders. 'My darling,' she said, looking up in his face, 'I could not do it. I wished to remember you as I saw you last night—here in the garden—when you held me in your arms and I promised to be your wife on your return.'

'Well, dearest,' he said, as he drew her to him and kissed her still trembling lips, 'not seeing you at the window, I feared that you were ill, and halted my regiment out there in the street, much to everybody's wonderment. I must hurry, Gwendolen. Once more, darling, good-bye—good-bye!'

From where she stood listening, she could hear his strong, rich voice give the order to advance, followed by the tramp, tramp of his legionaries; she could hear the gay music and the cheering crowd; but she did not go to the window, and had her lover returned five minutes later, he would have found her in the little summer-house, with her head bowed upon her arms, just as before.

II.

"Halt!"
The hoarse command broke upon the quiet of the night, and brought to a stand still a small party of soldiers who were escorting an ambulance along the street through which the Colonel had marched his troops to battle some three months before. And the halt was made where he had halted.

'This wretched old ambulance has broken down again,' growled the Corporal in charge of the guard. 'Guess it's all up with the young fellow inside, now. If he doesn't get under the doctor's care in half an hour, he's a dead man.'

The words were caught by a lady who sat in the shadow at a window of a great house opposite. She rose, and summoning a servant, sent him out to make inquiries. The man soon returned with the news that they had a Yankee prisoner in the ambulance—a young officer who had been wounded, it was thought mortally, in a skirmish some twenty miles north of the city. The officer was a personage of importance, and might, perhaps, be induced to give valuable news about the enemy, but the guard despaired of getting him to the hospital alive, now that that ambulance had broken down.

Without a moment's hesitation, Gwendolen, for it was she, gave orders to bring the wounded man into the house, where the guard could also stay. This was done, and in a few minutes the young officer lay insensible upon a more comfortable bed than he had known for many a long month. A doctor was summoned, and Gwendolen asked permission to watch by the patient's bedside during the night. After some kindly protests the physician yielded. 'There will be little to do,' he said; 'I doubt if the poor young fellow will ever be conscious again. This, however, my dear young lady you must be very careful about; if, by good luck, he should regain consciousness, wait about fifteen minutes and then administer the contents of this little phial. Upon that his life depends; without it he will surely die before morning.'

Alone in the still chamber, Gwendolen sat and watched, thinking of her absent lover, and praying that some good Samaritan might do as much for him in case of need. At about two o'clock in the morning the patient began to move restlessly on his couch and to moan feebly. At length he opened his eyes and gazed with bewilderment about him. Seeing Gwendolen by the bedside, he asked her where he was.

'Among friends,' she answered gently, 'but do not talk yet and you will soon feel stronger.'
'Stronger?' he groaned. 'No, no, I shall never grow stronger. I feel that death is at hand.' She thought it best not to answer him, and he lay silent for several minutes. Then suddenly he turned to her and said: 'Young lady, whoever you are, you have been kind to me, a stranger taken in arms against your people. I am sure you will not refuse one more favor to a dying man. Before I die I wish you to accept a commission which I am pledged to perform. Will you promise?' She bowed assent, knowing that to oppose his talking would only excite him more. 'Listen, then, a

petition organized to surprise the garrison of some building held by a Southern regiment. I was ordered to take a small party and advance upon the officers' quarters. The night was very dark, and we succeeded in creeping past the sentries without being discovered. On our hands and knees we crawled up to a little building, from which a light was shining. Through the open door I saw an officer—from his uniform I knew he was a Colonel—seated at a table, with his back to me, and reading a letter written in a woman's delicate hand. What foul impulse seized me I know not. I could easily have taken him prisoner, without killing him, but my sword was in my hand, and, gliding up to him, I ran him through before he could turn. Next moment the garrison was alarmed, and, rushing out of the room, I joined in the fray. The position was soon taken, and it became my duty to post our sentinels. In doing this I again visited the room where I had committed the murder—for a murder it was. My victim lay there, gasping his last. He beckoned to me, and with a great effort drew from his breast a locket. 'Take this,' he whispered hoarsely, 'and her—give it to her—her name is—' but his voice grew so faint that I could not catch the name, and a moment later he was dead. But, over his dead body, I swore to do his bidding, though I sought through all the world. He came from this city of yours. Perhaps she lives here. Will you find her? The locket is in the little pouch on my sword-belt over there. Get it.'

Gwendolen rose and crossed to where the sword glittered in a corner, and shivered as she touched the weapon that had done such foul work; but she found the pouch and in it a little paper which she carried over to the lamp and opened. As she did so, her face grew pale as death, and her hands trembled terribly. God have mercy upon her, poor child! Her heart had divined the dreadful truth. Too well she knew the monogram upon the locket and the silky curl of her own golden hair within it. Long ago she had given it to her Reginald upon his birthday!

Her back was turned to the wounded man, and he did not see her agony, nor did he see, a moment later, as her eye fell upon the little phial on the table the indescribable expression that swept over her fair face. Well for him that he did not. Judith must have looked upon Holofernes and Jael upon Sisera with much the same expression. Suddenly she took up the phial and carried it to the open window. Her hand was lifted to throw it out. Why did she hesitate? Did it not hold the life of him who had slain her beloved? Slain him, not in fair fight, but his back to the foe, as cowards are slain. Had not the doctor said that without this draught the wounded man must die before morning? Should she give life to him who had robbed her of all hope and happiness?

Who shall describe the struggle that took place in poor Gwendolen's heart? What woman that ever lived achieved a nobler victory? Turning from the window with a white face and dry, tearless eye, she hastily poured the draught into a glass and held it to the patient's lips till the last drop was out.

When the doctor came in the morning he was of opinion that the wounded man would live—and he was right. But the worthy physician blamed himself greatly that he had permitted Gwendolen to tax her strength by keeping this vigil, for she was unaccountably seized with a violent delirium a few minutes after his arrival, and when she rose from her bed a month later, her youth and beauty had gone forever. SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 3, 1880.

TO GIRLS.

Now that you are being courted, you think, of course, it is all very well, and it will be nicer when you get married. But it won't. He thinks he's going to keep on this high pitch of love all the time. But he won't. He doesn't know himself and you don't know him. It can't last. It must cool down. When he sees you as many times a day as he wants to, and maybe more; when he sees your head done up regularly every morning in curl papers and the bloom is all off the rye; when your head contains a good deal of wash tub, cradle and cook stoves, he won't stand for one hour in front of the house out in the cold watching your light in your window. He'll be thinking rather of getting out of the house. Young woman, protract this courtship as long as you can. Let well enough alone. A courtship in hand is worth two marriages in the bush. Don't marry till

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

A dispatch from Deatur, Texas, says that G. E. Henry, who was committed to jail last Friday, charged with bigamy, was identified by Squire Dunham, of Forresburg, Montague county, as the leader of a party that robbed and murdered Mr. Stratton, of Pilot Point, fifteen years ago, in the Boston Mountains, Arkansas.

A special from Hackensack, N. J., says that Charles H. Voorhies, Republican Congressman from the Fifth Congressional district of New York, has been arrested on an indictment for embezzling \$5,000 from the defunct First National Bank of Hackensack, of which he was president. He is in custody of the Sheriff.

We learn through a special dispatch from Gold Hill, that a terrible accident occurred at Yellow Jacket mine, occasioned by a car load of tools falling from near the surface to the bottom, where eight men were at work. Four of them were instantly killed, and all the others more or less seriously injured.

Miss Florence S. Martin and Senator Zebulon B. Vance, of North Carolina, were married at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Samuel Steele, in Oldham county, Kentucky, on Wednesday evening.

The Courthouse at Starkville, Miss., was discovered in flames Saturday morning, and in a few minutes the fire district of Main street melted to the ground. The loss is at least \$100,000. The insurance is almost \$30,000. The whole town, men, women and children, were seen on the streets, and all hands went to work to stop the ravages of the dreadful flames. No one knows the cause of the fire. The Courthouse, Odd Fellows' and Masons' buildings were totally destroyed. For six hours, the streets were a scene of confusion. All praise is due to the young ladies of our town for their faithful work, as at the same time at least a dozen men exhausted themselves, and called for medical assistance. The town is quiet, and everybody looks as if they felt sad and disheartened.

A man in Palatka, Fla., has a contract to furnish the Boston police with orange wood clubs, and the Savannah News says a Boston policeman has no right to knock down a loyal offender with a rebel club.

Joseph Casey, a white farmer living near Warronton, Miss., was shot and killed on last Wednesday by another farmer living in the same locality, and whose name is John Russell. The murderer made his escape.

The camp meeting at Crystal Springs, Miss., on the New Orleans and Jackson railroad, will commence on the 12th of August next.

The heaviest yield of cotton to the acre on record was obtained by T. C. Warner, of Washington county, Ga., in 1873, when he gathered from an acre 6891 pounds of seed cotton, yielding 2090 pounds lint, or a little over four bales of 500 pounds each.

Mrs. Senator Bayard is said to be a very polished, graceful and attractive black-eyed lady, who devotes her whole time to the culture of the minds and hearts of her children. She has two grown daughters who are highly accomplished.

Mr. T. C. Broughall, traveling agent of the Picayune, gave the editor of the Brandon, Miss., Republican a call which concludes its acknowledgment as follows:

"With a merry red face,
And a round little belly,
That shakes when he laughs,
Like a bowl full of jelly."

Samuel S. Howard, colored, was hanged at Bastrop, Texas, Saturday, for the murder of his brother-in-law.

NEGROES KILLING ONE ANOTHER.

Colfax Chronicle.
There seems to be 'blood in the moon' for the negroes in this section lately, as they are apparently engaged in a war to exterminate their own species. On Mr. C. A. Pierson's place, in Natchitoches parish, up Cane river about two miles from Colfax, one day last week, several negroes got into a fight, in which Joe Joiner killed Martin Jones by breaking his neck with a plow beam, which Joe used as a club. Martin Jones, the negro killed, is said to have been a bad man in every way. He was one of the ring-leaders among the negroes in the 'Colfax riot.' Joe Joiner's wife severely wounded Martin's boy by striking him with a rake while the fight was in progress.
Another fatal affray also occurred last week between negroes living on Mr. Andrew Craikshank's place, in ward two of Grant parish. On the night of May

went to the house of Friday Donbar and raised a row, when Donbar ordered them off. Instead of leaving they showed fight, and Donbar took down his gun, when Shelton and Harrison closed in upon him. In the scuffle Shelton was shot in the thigh. Harrison got hold of the gun and used it as a club, breaking Donbar's leg below the knee, and otherwise severely beating him. A few days afterward Shelton died with lockjaw brought on by the gunshot wound in his thigh. Harrison is in jail, having been taken in custody by Sheriff Teal.

CHARLES A. HILL.

A WELL KNOWN ST. LOUIS LAWYER ARRESTED FOR COUNTERFEITING.

A well known lawyer of this city has been arrested as a counterfeiter, and the evidence against him is damning. Some two years ago the dry goods merchants complained to the United States officials here that many bank bills a little shorter than the proper series were in circulation, and a lookout was instituted at once. Capt. F. D. Tyrrell and two local detectives worked up the case and obtained evidence leading them to suspect Mr. Charles A. Hill, whose office is at 610 Pine street. A room was rented by the detectives just across the street from Hill's office, and there they watched from day to day, and saw the nefarious work going on with their own eyes. With a good glass there was no trouble to see just what Hill was doing. His desk was close to the window, and he would manipulate the money in plain view, the window being open most of the time.

Last week, Messrs. Tyrrell, Stiles and Bennett, accompanied by Capt. Goggin, of the United States Marshal's office, proceeded to make the arrest. They went up the gloomy little stairway, at the head of which, on the left hand side, was Hill's door, with his sign as an attorney. The door was open, and the officers walked right in and caught Hill in the very act of getting a bill. He made a start to cover up his work, and turned as white as a sheet, but not saying a word. He at once saw the jig was up, and quietly submitted.

On his desk was an old account book, the back of which was covered with paste and slits, and had evidently been used for a long time. On the inside of it was a lot of one and two dollar bills, some of them cut and others unruled. The cut ones are in two or three pieces, the edges of which were dexterously pasted together. Each bill so made was shorter than a perfect bill. There was also on the desk a law book entitled, "Greeley's Equity," evidence, and in this were a dozen or two more bills.

The room was thoroughly searched, and in Hill's trunk was found a regular counterfeiter's outfit of plaster-paris, antimony, block-tin, lead, and moulds for five and ten-cent pieces. Hill is a showy man, has been something of a politician, and, two or three years ago, took an active part in the Greenback movement.

AN AGRICULTURED CREED.

The agriculturists of Canada met in convention not long ago, and adopted for themselves the following creed:

We believe that the soil lives to eat, as well as the owner, and ought then to be well manured.

We believe in going to the bottom of things, and therefore deep plowing and enough of it. All the better if it be a subsoil plough.

We believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it, making both the farm and farmer rich at once.

We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

We believe that the fertilizing of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence; without these, lime, gypsum and guano would be of little use.

We believe in good fences, good farm-houses, good orchards, and good children enough to gather the fruit.

A fond mother, hearing that an earthquake was coming, sent her boys to a friend's in the country to escape it. After a few days, she received a note from the friend, saying: "Take your boys away, and send along the earthquake."

If a husband is rude or inattentive to his wife, his politeness to others is a mere surface sham. If a young man is rude to his mother, he is not truly courteous to anyone else. If he does not act as rudely towards some others, it is because he is a coward, as well as a ruffian. He who is rude to a sister or a younger brother, will be rude to every one else when occasion offers, and he is not afraid to meet the consequences.

Conrad's Budweiser bottled here at the