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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 of mortgages, and to all other matters requiring the attention of an Attorney or Notary in the parish of West Baton Rouge.

H. S. LANG, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Donaldsonville, La. Will practice in all the courts of the State of Louisiana.

THOS. B. DUPREE, ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, Office—No. 6, Pike's Row, Baton Rouge, La. Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.

HERRON, BIRD & BEALE, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS 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.

FAYROT & 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.

E. W. & S. M. ROBERTSON, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Office on North Boulevard street, Baton Rouge, La. Will practice in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Judicial Districts.

GEO. W. BUCKNER, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Baton Rouge, La. Business promptly attended to.

ANDREW JACKSON.

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES—From the celebrated factory of Sayers & Scovill, Cincinnati. A fine and well selected stock of Carriages and Buggies, both top and open; also, Open Carriages, Doctors' Buggies, etc. Please examine stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

SADDLES, HARNESS, ETC.—All descriptions of Saddles, including the latest styles, and Harness combining the newest improvements, for sale at most reasonable prices.

GARDEN SEEDS—Of the justly popular crops of D. M. Ferry & Co., fresh and genuine. For sale by

SUGAR AND MOLASSES—By the hogshead and barrel, or by retail, at bottom prices, by

HOES, AXES, ETC.—The well known "Lynnden" Hoe, and Planters' Steel Hoes, Collins' celebrated Axes and other brands, Traces and Back Bands, Nails, Powder and Shot, Wadsworths, For sale by

CORN, OATS AND BRAN—Large stocks of the above, for sale low, by

COFFEE—In store: 50 bags of Rio Coffee, different grades, at lowest prices.

MEAT—Green Sides and Shoulders, Bacon, and, in fact, all articles needed by planters. For sale by

FLOUR—150 barrels and half barrels of Family and Choice Extra Flour, at the lowest cash prices, at store of

SEED POTATOES—In store and for sale: Peerless and Russet Potatoes, at store of

Robt. F. Hereford, M. D., OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Baton Rouge and vicinity. Office—Corner Lafayette and Florida streets, Bouscage Building. Residence—Africa street, between St. Ferdinand and St. Louis streets. Refers by permission to Dr. T. J. Buffington, Hon. A. H. H. Hereford, Major W. T. Cluverius and Messrs. Gouin & 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. (Saml. T.) THOS. J. BUFFINGTON.

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.

A CROSS TICK.
Fine Extracts for the Handkerchief.
Metallic Cartridges for Pistols and Rifles.
Brooks' Chill Cure, warranted to cure any case.
Rodgers' Wostenholms', Wade & Butcher's Catarrh.
Oil—Lime, Lard, Castor, Coal and Neatsfoot.
Odds and Ends—Saws, Powders, Paper Shells, Cigars, Lamps, &c.
Knives, Razors, Scissors and Shears.
Strutena, for mending broken China, Glass, &c.
At BROOKS' DRUG STORE, Main St.

Leaf Lard!
Sweet and pure, received this day at the Family Grocery of
JOSHUA BEAL.

ATTENTION!
Cheap Homes!
FIVE LOTS, with comfortable Houses on three of them, will be sold at public auction by the Sheriff, at the Courthouse, on Saturday, July 3d, 1880.

For Sale Cheap!
ONE GOOD YOKE OF OXEN.
DAVID & GARRIG.

Something New.
CELLULOID Eye Glasses, never breaks.
For sale at
JOHN JOHNSON'S.

WALTHAM Watches.
JOHN JOHNSON'S.

YOU can buy a Solid SILVER Watch for twelve dollars at
JOHN JOHNSON'S.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and a free dollar outfit free. Address R. Hall, Jett & Co., Portland, Maine.

Pen and Scissors.

The reports about the cotton worm doesn't seem to increase the price of the staple.

"Texas Jack," a noted scout and plainsman, is dead. He was buried with military honors.

During the past week there were forty-six deaths from yellow fever and two from small pox at Havana.

The Chicago census returns show that that city has not increased in people near so fast as her knowing ones predicted.

A young man who had recently taken a wife says he didn't find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

The darkies call him Garfish—the Republican nominee. "An' I tell you what," says one, "I never did like gar-fish—hit's too slickery."

Now is the time for people to escape to the North, where the mercury hovers around the nineties. It is cooler here, but that makes no difference.

"DeGolyer—Garfish—Garfield!" explains the ordinary colored female Radical; "dat sounds too much like war times, when they fed us on mule hoof hash!—I se a Grant man!"

Garfield is kept in hot water, explaining his little official side shows, by which he made so much money. But it won't wash down even the Republicans. He is the dearest duck that was ever winged for the Presidential race.

A veteran organization of St. Louis, largely composed of Grant men, propose to resent the treatment of the "old commander" at Chicago. They will do this by supporting Hancock. Sixty of them seceded from the Republican party in a body the other night.

A New York fool by the name of H. R. Tanner, has commenced a fast of forty days. If we mistake not, there is a law in New York against cruelty to animals, and it should be enforced in the case of this two-legged one. If not, we hope he will strike his level on the bone-yard.

The inveterate Phil Brasher, of "the Plains," was in to see yesterday. He was in the enjoyment of his usual large possessions, both in heart and body, and was as jolly as a tar. He brings encouraging news from the crops in his section—"just rain enough and growing beautifully."

It takes a Chicago mashed masher to write a neat love letter to his girl. One recently indited this beautiful sentiment: "Beloved Evelyn—Do come home soon. When you're away from the great metropolis of the earth and I can't see you every day, I feel as blamed miserable as a stub-tailed mule in fly time."

The Times reports the population of Shreveport as nine thousand. The showing is much better than hoped for by the most sanguine. We believe this will prove the case all over the South, thus knocking the bottom out of the Republican prayer that the South would lose and the North gain in Congressional representation.

That old and astute politician, Thurlow Weed, on being asked his opinion of the Cincinnati nominee, said: "I am unfortunately compelled, if I say anything, to say that the Democrats have stopped blundering and have made a strong ticket." When so eminent a Republican makes such an acknowledgement the strength of the Democratic ticket is assured.

The New York Truth grows sarcastic, if not a little eloquent. Listen: "Support Garfield, a man of bribes and perjury! One of those who joined the cause of thieves and corporations against the interests of the people! Sooner that our arm should be palsied so that the fingers of our right hand could never trace another word. Support Garfield! Sooner that Truth should never more be seen again. The choice of Hancock has not alone inspired us to the most outspoken and consistent enthusiasm—it has rescued us from an embarrassing dilemma."

SUMMER LOVE.

I know 'tis late, but let me stay.
For night is tenderer than day;
Dear love, sweet love, I can not go,
Dear love, sweet love, I love thee so!
The birds are in the trees asleep,
The Katydid their concert keep;
The woodbine breathes a fragrance rare
Upon the languid, dewy air.
The flies all twinkle in the vale,
The river shines in the moonlight pale
See you bright star—choose it for mine,
And call it my companion mine.
See you dim cloud above the moon,
'Twill veil her radiant beauty soon.
And look! a meteor's dreamy light
Streams mystic through the solemn night!
Ah! life glides swift, like that still fire—
How soon our gleams of joy expire;
Who can be sure the present kiss
Is not his last? Make all this
I know 'tis late, dear love, I know,
Dear love, sweet love, I love thee so.

THE FATAL RACE.

"Squire you've a splendid pair of horses," said Jones, "and a nice turn-out every way; why don't you let out on us a little when we are all out on the road in a string, fast teams and slow teams, like we was yesterday, comin' from Sue Miller's wedding? Sleighing's fine—broad road—no stumps—safe as can be. The women like it too, specially the young ones—all except Miss Jinkins and the young widdler Gray. But then they say the widdler's a little nervous, anyhow, so she can't be blamed. Do her good to break her in, though, some day, jest to let her see that horses is horses, and drivers is drivers. I'll drive the sleigh the widdler's in. But I've run off the subject, 'Squire. Now look at that off golden' moves like a dancer, Nigh one, too—gay as Gilderoy, and twice as handsome. Turn out on me some day, 'Squire. My team steps pretty well, to be sure, but I wouldn't feel a bit riled to have such a pair as yours pass 'em."

"I never run horses nowadays," says the 'Squire.

"Yes, but a little friendly brush on the road between neighbors can't hardly be called runnin' horses, 'Squire."

"No matter, Jones; I am done with that business forever."

"Why, 'Squire, you seem mighty earnest about it. I'm sure it's not because you're afraid, for the man that pulls a rein over them horses needn't be afraid of nothing."

"What's the reason, now, 'Squire? We're friends, you know."

It was a bright winter morning, and Jones and the 'Squire were flying over the hills behind the 'Squires' team, on their way to town, when the conversation occurred which we have related. Jones was a well-to-do bachelor of thirty. The 'Squire was a staid and wealthy farmer of fifty, and the magistrate of the borough. Their farms joined, and they were both noted as lovers of fine horses. Jones was fond of what he called a "brush on the road," as he was also beginning to be of the "young Widdler Gray. "I will tell you why," said the 'Squire, as he staided his beautiful bays. "When I was a young man of 22, one of the principal winter amusements in the neighborhood where I lived was sleighing. Not simply getting out a horse and cutter to go a mile or two and return, but the good, old-fashioned, neighborhood sleighrides, in which a dozen sleighs would be included. Neighbors were neighbors indeed in those days. The whole country seemed

"The first valuable thing I ever owned was horse. He was a perfect beauty, and very fast. I was still living with my father, but was preparing as rapidly as possible to make a beginning for myself."

I now refer to my 23d winter. I had during the previous summer formed a genuine and very ardent attachment for Julia Warren, the daughter of a wealthy farmer of our borough, with whom I had for some time been slightly acquainted. In the early fall we formed an engagement of marriage. My father had given me a nice little farm, and I had been at work during the fall repairing the buildings upon it, and putting matters in order generally. Julia's father approved the match, and volunteered the promise that she should have a handsome outfit; for he knew where we were to live. Our marriage was to take place after the holidays. On the first of the following March we were to settle down to the business of life. In short, there could hardly have been a better prospect before a young farmer.

Well, December came, and with it, of course, fine sleighing. I loved my girl, I was proud of my horse, and nothing gave me so much delight as to ride with her over the snows, drawn by my favorite gray. As is usual in such cases, my happiness excited the envy of some

of my neighbors; and for one of them to have passed me on the road, with an even chance, would have made the talk of the country side for weeks.

The first grand sleigh-ride of the winter was projected for Christmas Day, and was to close with a party at Mr. Warren's.

Christmas came, bright and beautiful—a keen air and sleighing like glass. People and horses alike felt their feet bounding. I think I never saw such exuberance of spirits.

Julia and I were of the party; not in one of the great double sleighs, crammed among a dozen people, but in a cutter, drawn by my own single gray. Marily on we went to the appointed limit of the ride, and were half way home again. I was driving about midway of the long line of vehicles. Three or four of the young farmers who drove good horses had purposely fallen in behind me at starting, that they might give me a "brush." I had noticed this, and was keeping an eye out. We had just entered upon a long reach of level, broad road—just the place to tempt a dash. By way of signal that the fun was to begin, a fellow just forward of me, who drove a rather lazy horse, made a feint upon the team in front of him by turning out as if to run by, and then fell back into his place. At a little rise in the ground, a gap was opened between me and the team in front, and at a point where I supposed no one would attempt to pass, a fellow with a quick horse and light cutter dodged by me, and almost before I saw him occupied the gap in front.

"This angered me, and I resolved to be avenged by passing him if possible before we should reach home. We had reached another long, level stretch of road. It was the last before reaching home. The fellow in front was watching me, and was prepared for a sudden dash. Both sides of the line were equally clear and open. I reined out upon his right, and the gray sprang to his work. Quick as a squirrel the fellow turned out on the other side, and was almost abreast of me. Away we dashed, each determined to come in first at the head of the line. The eyes of the crowd were upon us, and shouts following us. There was a low slate cliff upon my right. I was sitting upon the left side, which gives the advantage in handling a horse to a road cutter, by placing the driver squarely behind him. My horse was at full speed, and I felt sure of winning, when my left runner some obstacle under the snow, and quick as lightning the cutter was dashed against the rock. Both Julia and myself were thrown out. My horse ran on, but I took no thought of him. By some strange chance I was not so much stunned but that I got upon my feet. The first object I saw was Julia, lying still in the snow. I lifted her in my arms and spoke to her. She did not answer nor open her eyes, and I saw the blood drop from her temple into the snow. She was dead!

"I have never run horses since, and never shall again!"

"Give us your hand, 'Squire," exclaimed Jones, earnestly. "I always knew there was somethin' 't the matter; for you're no coward, and as for horses, why, you've got 'em. I respect you, sir."

It was about three months after this conversation that Jones and the 'widdler' began, together, to keep step to the Wedding March. 'The 'Squire' pitched the tune for them.

Capt. Tuttle, the great explorer of the North Polar region, gave an intensely interesting lecture Thursday night, in the basement of the Methodist Church. His personal adventure and intelligent observation constitute a theme of once captivating and wonderfully instructive. The Captain reserves the brightest gems of his extended discoveries and personal thrilling adventures for his second lecture, to be given at the same place at 8 o'clock, to-night, and we bespeak for him a large auditory upon that occasion. Come out, and hear what will interest, elevate and instruct.

We learn that the State House Commission has awarded the contract for the wood work to Mr. Richard H. Burke, and the supply of the brick, lime and cement to Mr. Wm. Garig. We are more than happy to note this, as it is evidence of commendable enterprise on the part of the gentlemen who have secured the contracts.

A Bangor, Maine, barber, has been arrested for cutting a man's hair on Sunday. He got off with a moderate fine, but it was a close shave.

If you want to send a family to the poor house, tell 'em that they have a large fortune left them in England.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Chas. Gay, a Texas pedestrian, who wagered \$300 that he could walk from St. Louis to Fort Worth in fifteen days, arrived at Fort Worth at 11:45 a. m., making the trip in twelve hours and fifteen minutes ahead of time.

The cotton spinners of Moseley, England, have struck for an advance of five per cent; 8000 persons are now out of employment.

Wm. Kirk, employed on a farm six miles north of Pilot Point, Texas, on the Whitesboro road, was shot and fatally wounded, June 30th, with a shotgun in the hands of a man named Kitchen. It is the result of an old feud. A woman is implicated in the difficulty.

The Sny levee, which begins at a point between Quincy and Hannibal and ends near Alton, broke June 30th at what is known as the "out-off," just above Cincinnati landing, fifteen miles below Hannibal. The crevasses were 500 feet wide and constantly increasing in size.

An explosion occurred June 30th in the office of the Dittman Powder Company, No. 24 Park Place, New York. Three employees were slightly injured.

The famine continues in the districts of Bayazid, Ashgord and Var, and the inhabitants are flying to Russian territory. Ten thousand persons, chiefly Kurds, are reported to have perished from hunger.

J. B. Omohundro, better known as Texas Jack (a noted scout and plainsman), is dead. He was buried with military honors.

The American Union Telegraph Company are putting up their poles in the city of Montgomery, Ala., June 30th and are at work on their office which is just two doors from the office of the Western Union. They will be ready for work, and will send their first telegram soon; they will push through to New Orleans as rapidly as possible.

The population of Houston will now exceed 17,000 persons.

New York car drivers are on a strike. They threaten violence.

The wife of Gov. Williams, of Indiana, died at Wheatland yesterday.

C. B. McCrosky committed suicide, at Sherman, Texas, yesterday, by taking morphine.

The race at the University regatta, on the Schuylkill river yesterday was won by the Columbus crew, Pennsylvanians second, Princeton's last.

Geo. Elliott, an insanely jealous lover on Saturday evening, at Elkhart, Ind., shot his affianced bride, Miss Mattie Darcy, and then killed himself.

Resolutions denouncing the conduct of the posse which killed Will Jones on Thursday last, and demanding a full investigation, were adopted at Red Oak, Ga., yesterday.

Cornelius Mayer, of Brooklyn, a well-known glass manufacturer, was stabbed and killed yesterday by a gang of roughs at a saloon in Williamsburg, New York, John Brady, Thomas Foster, Frank Marley and Wm. Hanley were arrested.

Gross receipts from the Internal Revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, estimating receipts for the two remaining days will be, in round numbers, \$123,000,000. This is an increase of \$10,000,000 over last year and of \$3,000,000 over the estimates. The increase is derived from whisky, cigars and cigarettes.

City Treasurer Williams, of Rochester, New York, committed suicide yesterday morning by drowning himself in Irondequoit Bay, after first unsuccessfully attempting to take his life by opening veins in his wrist. The appointment of a committee to investigate his account unsettled his mind, although his accounts were found to be correct and his integrity unquestioned.

About fifty delegates, from all parts of the United States, representing the Irish Revolutionary Convention, assembled yesterday morning in the hall of Shear & Staub, Eighth and Walnut streets, Philadelphia. Temporary organization was obtained by placing Judge Brennan, of Iowa, in the chair. Judge Brennan made a speech defining the object of the convention to be to devise measures for the liberation of the Irish people. Committees were appointed, and adjournment had until 7 o'clock last evening.

About 12 o'clock at night, June 30th, a meteor, as large as a barrel, starting from the zenith, plunged down the north-eastern sky, and exploded near Macon, Ga., with a report that reverberated for thirty seconds, and shook the earth even at this point. The meteor was about five seconds in falling, during which the city was lit up as though by a powerful electric light. Much excitement prevailed in negro quarters: the inhabitants rushed into their houses and

closed the doors, filling the air with screams and prayers.

The proposed canal between the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean will probably be taken up, or at least be assisted by the French government. The canal will start at Bordeaux, and, after a course, of about 250 miles, will enter the Mediterranean at Narbonne. It will be of sufficient size to allow the passage of ships of over 400 feet in length, and will have a width of 184 feet at the surface level in the narrowest parts. It is calculated that it will save four days' steaming; and, as it will enable vessels to avoid dangers of the bay, there is no doubt that it would be well patronized.

The steamer Leawanochoke burned to the waters edge, off College Point, L. I., at five o'clock yesterday afternoon. The steamer Omeo saved a majority of her passengers, but about forty were lost. The Leawanochoke plied between New York, Sands Point and Roslyn.

A News special from Dallas: West Pollard, a colored man, arrested for the murder of an old man named Shumaker six miles west of Dallas, together with Adam Thompson, died in jail yesterday. Thompson has been convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged.

The steamer George M. Clyde arrived at New York on Saturday from Charleston, S. C., and took fire in the hold at nine o'clock yesterday morning. The fire was extinguished in an hour. The cargo principally cotton, had been almost entirely unloaded. The damage will not be very heavy.

The Republic of San Domingo has sent a small part of the ashes of Christopher Columbus to Genoa, where the great navigator was born, and to Pavia, where he was educated. The precious vase will arrive in Italy soon, and a monument to Columbus will be erected in the University of Pavia.

The King of Bulgaria has married Mile. Yunsoff. Their united income is about \$3,000,000.

An eight-year-old girl of Rochelle, Ill., who has been making a savings bank of her interior, recently had a stomach upheaval which caused her to disgorged \$2 in silver ten-cent pieces, two glass beads and a glove-button.

A dispatch from Houston, Texas, of June 30th, says: Yesterday morning a young man named Barksdale was killed at Danman, about twenty miles from here, by Frank Pierce. It was the result of an old feud between them: About eight o'clock in the morning, Pierce rode up to the house of Fayette Markham, where Barksdale was stopping. He had a shotgun with him. Barksdale went to the gate and asked Pierce to let him see the gun on the pretence of trading for it. Pierce refused to comply, when Barksdale said he would make him, and drew his pistol and shot Pierce while he was on his horse, the ball taking effect in the arm. Pierce immediately fired both barrels of his gun, killing Barksdale on the spot. He made no attempt to escape. The officers went from here after him to-day.

O'Connor, an itinerant school teacher at Harrisburg, Texas, was recently arrested for attempting to rape two little girls, pupils of his. There is much indignation over his intended crime.

A special from Buena Vista to Denver, Col., says: Saturday night an incendiary attempted to burn the Lake House, but was caught in the act and charged by a mob, who fired several shots, fatally wounding Calvin Moon and S. A. Matthews. The crowd also attacked Judge Casey, but he escaped. Their intention was to murder him. A short time ago a petition signed by citizens, caused the dismissal by Judge Casey of some members of the police force. This was the cause of the attack on him. More violence is likely to ensue.

It has been decided in Chicago that real true love is fully tested when a girl is willing to nurse the young man through a case of small-pox.

To dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are aware; and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day.

At Chambers's Bookstore!
VIOLIN AND GUITAR STRINGS, a fresh supply. Steel Pens, A. W. Faber's Lead Pencils, Columbia Pencils, Tips, Indelible Ink, Adhesive Ball Files, Ball Paper, Time Books, Toilet Soap, Shoe Blacking, Letter Copying Books by the dry process.

Handcock Grand March.
Sheet Music furnished promptly to Order.
M. CHAMBERS, Baton Rouge, La.

Flour, Flour.
My Stock of Flour is all Fresh Ground and adapted to first-class Family use. Prices and samples furnished on application.
JOSHUA BEAL.