

A SONG.
 STELLA WHEELER.
 In any one garden in the world, I wonder
 Does any one sleep on a day like this,
 With the sun above and the green grass under,
 With the birds above and the bees about,
 With the sun, and the sky, and the birds above,
 With the birds that sing and wheel as they fly,
 With the winds to follow and spy they love me,
 Who could be lonely? O, how not I?
 Somebody said in the street this morning,
 As I opened my window to let in the light,
 That the darkest day of the world was dawning,
 But I looked and the best was a gorgeous
 sight.
 One who claims that he knows about it
 Tells me that the Earth is a vale of sin;
 But I, and the bees and the birds—we doubt it,
 And think it a world worth living in.
 Some one says that hearts are fickle,
 That love is sorrow, that life is care,
 And the reaper Death, with his shining sickle,
 Gathers whatever is bright and fair.
 I told the truth and we laughed together,
 Laughed till the woods were all a ring,
 And he said to me, as he plumed each feather,
 "Well, people must croak if they cannot sing."
 Up he flew, but his song, remaining,
 Rang like a bell in my heart all day,
 And silenced the voice of weak complaining,
 That pipe like insects along the way.
 O world of light, and O world of beauty!
 Where are there pleasures so sweet as thine!
 Yes, life is love, and love is duty,
 And what heart sorrows? O, how, not mine!

FIELD AS A MAN OF PLUCK.

During Mr. Field's legislative days in the California legislature the members were little else than walking arsenals. Two-thirds of them carried either bowie knives or pistols. When a member entered the house he unstrapped his revolvers and laid them on his desk. It was done with as little concern as hanging up a hat, and it excited neither surprise nor comment. There was a hot debate over the proposed impeachment of Judge Turner. At the conclusion of Mr. Field's argument, B. P. Moore, of Tuolumne, arose to reply. He opened his drawer, cocked his revolvers, and laid them on his desk. Then he leaned himself on a sea of cyprus, Mr. Field wash and led without gloves. The most offensive epithets were used, and the speaker openly declared himself responsible for his language at any time and place. Mr. Field answered Mr. Moore's argument, but made no allusion to his personal remark. After the adjournment, however, he asked S. A. Merritt to bear a note to Mr. Moore demanding an apology or satisfaction. Mr. Merritt refused through fear of being disqualified for office. Mr. Richardson, another member, also declined. Happening into the Senate chamber, the jurist saw a stone-cutter seated at a desk writing. He was David C. Broderick, president of the state senate. They were having acquaintances. "Why, Judge, you don't look well," said Broderick, "what is the matter?" "Well, I don't feel well," responded Field, "I don't seem to have a friend in the world."
 "What worries you?" inquired the stone-cutter.
 The jurist gave the particulars of Moore's assault upon his character and said that at all hazards he was determined to call him to account. "Well, I'll be your friend," Broderick replied. "Write your note; I will deliver it."
 The jurist wrote the note at an adjoining desk, Broderick placed it in Moore's hands. The latter gentleman crawled. He said that he expected to be a candidate for congress, and that he could not accept a challenge, because that act would disqualify him. I have no objection to a street fight, however," he added. The stone-cutter replied that a street fight was not exactly the thing among gentlemen, but if Moore would do no better, he should be accommodated. He forthwith named time and place, and Moore promised to be on hand. Within an hour, however, he changed his mind. He informed Broderick that the Hon. Drury Baldwin would act as his friend, and deliver a reply to the note of Mr. Field.
 On the next morning, the stone-cutter tested the jurist's skill in the use of a pistol. With a navy revolver, Field plumped a knot on a tree at a distance of thirty yards three times out of five. Broderick expressed his satisfaction, and urged the necessity of bringing the matter to a speedy issue. "Bring it to an issue at once," Mr. Field responded. Broderick quickly called upon Drury Baldwin and asked for a reply to the note. Baldwin replied that his principal had made up his mind to drop the matter. "Then," said the stone-cutter, "as soon as the House meets, Mr. Field will rise in his seat and repeat Moore's language as to his responsibility. He will state that respect for the dignity of the House prevented him from replying to the attack in the terms that it deserved when it was made, and after detailing Moore's refusal to give him satisfaction, he will denounce him as a liar and a coward."
 "Then," said Drury Baldwin, Judge Field will be shot in his seat."
 "In that case," rejoined Broderick, "others will be shot in their seats."
 At the opening of the House, Mr. Field took his seat at his desk as usual. Broderick was seated near him with eight or nine personal friends, armed to the teeth and ready for any emergency. When the journal was read, both Moore and Field sprang to their feet and shouted "Mr. Speaker." That officer recognized "the gentleman from Tuolumne,"

and Mr. Field resumed his seat. Moore read a written apology, full, and satisfactory.
 Broderick afterward befriended Mr. Field on many occasions. They were at the lot in San Francisco in 1852, when Broderick saw a man throw back his Spanish cloak and level a revolver at his friend. In a twinkling, he hung himself between the two men, and pushed Field out of the room. The prompt action undoubtedly saved his life.

MALICIOUS MURDER.

Serapely had the festivities attending the wedding of Mr. Harston and Miss Hattie Meyer, on Tuesday, drawn to a close when our town was thrown into excitement by the report of the murder of a trusty negro man, in the vicinity where but shortly before so much happiness and gaiety had reigned.
 The firm of Messrs. J. Freyhan & Co. have in constant use some twenty wagons, over which had presided in the capacity of "boss" one Andrew Jackson, a comparatively young colored man, distinguished for his strict regard of duty to his employer and a general favorite with both white and colored citizens. On the day he met his death, Andrew, in company with his fellow teamsters, were acting as waiters at the wedding dinner. After the dinner was over and the table had been spread for the servants, one Frank Flowers, a bad negro, noted for being quarrelsome when drinking, took exception when Andrew told him to behave himself, deliberately went home (some 1 or 2 of a mile) and got his pistol, telling two or three persons that he was going to shoot Jackson. Matt Pratt's wife, a colored friend of Andrew, becoming alarmed at Flowers' manner of speech, hastened to put the man on his guard. Andrew, however, paid but little attention to her admonition, and remarked that "Frank won't shoot me." Flowers soon afterwards followed Jackson to the street, cursing him. Jackson turning around, Flowers still advancing until he came up to Jackson, cursing as he advanced. Jackson simply collared his instiffer, when Flowers attempted to draw a pistol, which attempt Jackson endeavored to frustrate. The result, however, proves he was not sufficiently on his guard, for Flowers did draw the pistol and attempted to use it when Jackson endeavored to knock it from his hands, but falling, Flowers fired, the first shot, it is said, passing the lower region of his heart, and inflicting a mortal wound. A second shot immediately entered the mouth, ranged upward and lodged in the skull. Jackson walked off a few feet and fell dead. Thus ended the life of one of the best colored men of the parish. Coroner Ball held an inquest over the dead body on Tuesday night, at which the facts as above stated were subscribed to without a single word in rebuttal.

A LONG HILL.

A tavern keeper on the San Bruno road was aroused one night by an antiquated old granger, who sat over the wheels of an open lumber-wagon, and was evidently disturbed about something.
 "Isay, mister," said the rustic, scratching his head with the butt of his whip; "this here's the road to Frisco, ain't it?"
 "Certainly; but, old man, what have you done with your hind wheels?"
 "Great Scott!" exclaimed the old party, rubbing his specs and looking behind him, "if I hain't gone and lost them wheels. That explains the whole thing, though, stranger; seemed like I'd been going up such an all-fired long hill I was beginning to think I had lost the way."

HOW TO SPEND EVENINGS.

Let a young man tell us how he spends his evenings and we will tell him what his future character will be. More depends upon the manner in which this important season is passed than upon almost anything else. Whoever has been an observer of men and things, can point out many a youth who has caused weeping and sorrow to his family, disgrace to his name, and become an outcast in the world, or sunk into a dishonored grave, who commenced his career of vice when he broke away from wholesome restraint, and spent his evenings in the company of the abandoned. Young man, listen to us. We would not deprive you of a single pleasure, or debar you from any amusement. We treat you to be particular where and how you lounge about the bar-rooms, partaking of the vulgar conversation that is introduced, and join the ribald song, or stand at the corners of the street using profane language, you will soon habituate yourself to a low blackguardism and vile conversation, so that no young man who respects himself will be found in your company.
 A Philadelphia factory girl is thus described in the Sunday Mercury by a correspondent: Among the fresh and blooming girls that at the time thronged the thoroughfare, was one more fresh and blooming than the rest, a pert little pet, a delicious little dame, as plump as a pullet and exceedingly pretty and captivating, with eyes that danced with mischief and sparkled intelligence; a pair of round, ruddy, peachy cheeks, and the prettiest, juiciest cherry-red lips that ever were kissed; a little dimpled darling, with her hair plastered in great fish-hooks all over her forehead.

Godley's Lady's Book.
 The July number of this ever-popular magazine, which opens its 51st year, comes crowded with attractions suitable for the season. Darley contributes one of his selections from the poets—a scene from Trowbridge's "Vagabonds," full of power and pathos. For toilet suggestions "Godley" is always unrivalled, and this number contains both illustrations and chit-chat that will be a reliable guide for a summer wardrobe of taste and beauty. The "Novelties" are especially attractive, and the embroidery on fan or belt can be altered to coloring to suit any costume, or can be worked as companion articles in the same dowers. Nothing finishes a light summer dress more tastefully than one of the lights in contrasting or delicately harmonizing colors. We are sure the ladies will agree in this opinion. The literary matter is, as ever, of the very best, including two entertaining serials, stories and poems of great interest, and a most charming description of a summer room of luxury and one of taste without expense. Every department is perfect in its specialty, and contributors will welcome the July Godley with delight.

A HORRIBLE CRIME.

HENRY PATTERSON SHOTS CONSTABLE WILLIAM CUNE.
 Houma Courier.
 Last Tuesday morning, bright and early, Henry Patterson, colored, called upon Judge Aikens and swore out an affidavit against a man on the Dannis plantation, Bayou Black, charging him with attempt to commit rape. In the evening of the same day Constable Cune started out to make the arrest. On the Dannis plantation the culprit could not be found after diligent search; so, after a thorough search in the quarters, Mr. Cune went to a country store near by, and while there in conversation with one or two gentlemen, Henry Patterson called him out saying that he wanted to see him (Cune) on particular business. When Mr. Cune went out, Patterson asked him if he had found the culprit, and Cune answered in the negative. This did not suit the fiendish Patterson, for he said to Cune, "Damn you, if you cannot get him, I will get you," and snatching the action to the words, he fired upon Mr. Cune a load of buckshots, five of which penetrated in the body.
 Patterson has left for part unknown. Mr. Cune was brought to his home, in Houma, Wednesday morning, and died at 8 o'clock p. m.
 Mr. Cune has the sympathies of all our citizens, without distinction of race or color—a good recommendation for the poor sufferer who was trying to perform his duties as an officer, and who was also on the scene of tragedy to protect the home and life of his murderer.

THE ELMIRA GAZET.

The Elmira Gazet relates a pathetic story of the three-year-old child of Express Messenger Gregory, who was recently killed while in the discharge of his duty. When Mr. Gregory's remains were brought to his home the little child toddled into the room where the body was placed, and when told it was 'papa,' said: 'No 'tisn't, papa walks in when he comes home.' Then taking hold of the arm of the dead father the little one said: 'Tam, papa, get up and walk.'

Pat—Do you buy rags and bones here?

Merchant—"We do, sir."
 Pat—"Then, be jabbers, put me on the scales."

A new pair of shoes came home for a little five-year-old. He tried them on, and finding that his feet were in very close quarters, exclaimed, "O, my! they are so tight I can't wink my toes."

A Texas gentleman traveling through Arkansas, gives the following as his unbiased opinion of that State: "It raises the finest crop of ticks, chiggers, dog fennel, snakes, tarantulas and centipedes I ever saw."

It is awful hard to realize that a woman is an angel when one sees her pick up a clothes-prop fourteen feet long to drive a two-ounce chicken out of the yard.

POCKET KNIVES
RAZORS, SCISSORS!
 The Best made at the LOWEST PRICES!
Fish Hooks and Lines!
 BASE BALL BATS,
 Violin and Guitar Strings, Blank Books, Time Books, Memorandum Books,
 FASHION PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.
 New supply just in at
CHAMBERS' BOOKSTORE,
 Next door to Pike's Hall, Third Street
 Baton Rouge, La.

BATON ROUGE STRING BAND!
 MUSIC FOR BALLS, PICNICS and all other Entertainments. All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.
 Prof. CHARLES G. PAGES,
 Box 222, Baton Rouge, La.

W. P. KIRBY
 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, E.
 \$72 A WEEK Twelve dollars a day at home easily made. Address The & Co. Augusta, Maine.

CAPITOLIAN
PRINTING OFFICE,
BATON ROUGE, LA.

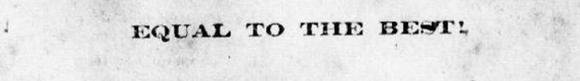
RECENT LARGE ADDITIONS OF STATIONERY,
 TOGETHER WITH—
CARD AND PAPER CUTTERS,
LIGHTNING PRESSES, ETC.,
 RENDER THE JOB OFFICE OF
THE CAPITOLIAN
EQUAL TO THE BEST!
 We are Prepared to Print—

LETTERHEADS,
 NOTEHEADS,
 BILLHEADS,
 RECEIPTS,
 DRAFTS,
 NOTES,
 BRIEFS,
 BLANKS,

PROGRAMMES,
 BILLS OF FARE,
 BILLS OF LADING,
 FUNERAL NOTICES,
 CATALOGUES,
 HANDBILLS,
 POSTERS,
 TAGS,

FANCY BALL INVITATIONS, PROGRAMMES, ETC.,
 IN BLACK AND FANCY COLORS,
 ON SHORT NOTICE.

AT CITY PRICES!



THE LOUISIANA CAPITOLIAN,
 PUBLISHED
 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

TRI-WEEKLY.....\$5.00 PER ANNUM
 WEEKLY.....\$2.00 PER ANNUM

LEON JASTREMSKI, Editor.
W. A. LESUEUR, Publisher.

ASL
Take Notice!

This is the only Lottery in any State ever voted on and endorsed by its people.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

This Institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes in 1858, for the term of

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!

To which contract the inviolable faith of the State is pledged, which pledge has been renewed by an overwhelming

Popular Vote

Securing its franchise in the new Constitution adopted December 24, A. D. 1879, with a Capital of

\$1,000,000!

To which it has since added a reserve fund of **\$350,000!**

ITS GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DISTRIBUTION WILL TAKE PLACE MONTHLY ON THE SECOND TUESDAY.

IT NEVER SCALES OR POSTPONES!

Look at the Following Distribution!

AT NEW ORLEANS,
 Tuesday, July 13th, 1880

CAPITAL PRIZE,
\$30,000!
 100,000
 Tickets at \$2.00 Each
 Half Tickets, \$1.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 CAPITAL PRIZE.....	\$30,000
1	10,000
1	5,000
2 PRIZES OF 2,500.....	5,000
5	5,000
30	10,000
100	10,000
200	10,000
300	10,000
1000	10,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES	
9 Approximation Prizes of \$300.....	\$270
9	200
9	100
1857 Prizes, amounting to.....	\$110,400

Applications for Agencies or Rates Clubs should only be made to the office in New Orleans.

Write clearly, stating full address, for further information, or send orders to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.

All of our Grand
EXTRAORDINARY

DRAWINGS

Are under the supervision and management
 of **Gen. G. T. BEAUREGARD,** of Louisiana
 and **Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY,** of Virginia

Capital Prize, \$1,000,000. Whole Tickets, \$10.