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GOURRIER & MCNAIR
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENTS.
FIRE, LIFE & MARINE INSURANCE.
BATON ROUGE, LA.

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 parish of West Baton Rouge.
H. S. LANG, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Donaldsonville, La. Will practice in all the courts of the State of Louisiana.
J. HOS. E. DUPRIE, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office—No. 6, Pike's Row, Baton Rouge, La. Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
HERRON & 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.
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.
F. 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.
GEO. W. HUCKNER, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Baton Rouge, La. Business promptly attended to.

LOCAL DIRECTORY.
W. M. GARRIG, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, dealer in plantation supplies and general steamboat, purchasing and collection agent, Front street.
ANDREW JACKSON, Cotton Buyer, and dealer in groceries and plantation supplies, northeast corner of Main and Third streets.
NICHOLAS WAX, wholesale and retail grocer, dealer in plantation supplies, fancy and staple groceries, wines, liquors, crockery, cutlery, cigars and tobacco, St. Louis street.
W. G. RANDOLPH, wholesale and retail grocer, and dealer in western produce, wines and liquors, Main street.
JOSHUA BEAL, Family Grocer, dealer in fancy groceries, canned fruits and every article needed in the household, corner Third and Laurel streets.
GEORGE H. WILSON, dealer in western produce, groceries, plantation supplies, saddlery, harness, corner Third and Convention streets.
JOHN J. WAX, dealer in fancy and staple groceries, liquors, cigars, tobacco and Confectioneries, St. Ferdinand street.
J. J. CAPDEVIELLE, dealer in groceries and liquors and ear corn, lime, hoop-pole and flat-boat agent, Front street.
M. C. WITTING, dealer in fancy and staple groceries, fruits and confectioneries, cigars, smoking tobacco, Third street.
M. CHAMBERS, Stationer, dealer in stationery, books, cutlery, Violin and Guitar strings, and fashion papers, Third street.
F. W. HEROMAN, Blue Store, dealer in news literary and fashion periodicals, stationery, and pictures, Main street.
J. PHILIP BOTT, proprietor of Biemarck Saloon and Lager Beer House, corner St. Louis and North Boulevard streets.
CHARLES WIECK, proprietor Sunator House, dealer in the finest wines, liquors and cigars corner Third and Laurel streets.
W. T. CLUVERIUS, Druggist, Bogel's old stand, dealer in drugs, medicines, cutlery soap, garden seed and fancy articles.
F. M. BROOKS, Druggist, dealer in drugs and medicines of every kind, cigars, smoking tobacco, cutlery, etc., Main street.
B. A. DAY, proprietor Red Stick Drug Store, keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of drugs and medicines, corner Africa and Semerols streets.
B. FIBELMAN, dealer in Dry Goods and the most fashionable styles of ready made clothing, hats boots and shoes, Main street.
MRS. J. M. PARKER, dealer in Millinery and Dry Goods and fancy articles of all descriptions, Main street.
JOHN JOHNSON, watchmaker and jeweler, dealer in jewelry, silver ware, pictures and picture frames, Third street.
ALEXANDRE GROUGHY, proprietor of the Capitol House. Board by the day, week or month, with the best of market affairs.
VERANDAH HOTEL and Restaurant is supplied with the best viands in the market. Third street. C. Crenonini, proprietor.
W. P. KIRBY, proprietor Ladies' Restaurant and dealer in fruits, confectioneries, cigars, etc., cor. Third and Florida streets.
JOSEPH LANGUIER, dealer in foreign and domestic hardware, house furnishing goods, corner Third and Florida streets.
GESSELY, Civil and Military Tailor, Latest styles, Third Street.
M. J. WILLIAMS, manufacturer of steam trains, strike pans, boilers and tanks, and all kinds of sugar house work, corner of Main and Front streets, near the ferry landing.
WILLIAM GESELL, worker in tin, copper and sheet iron, and dealer in stoves, tinware and crockery ware, cor. Third and Florida.
BATON ROUGE OIL WORKS, manufacture cotton seed oil, oil cake, cotton seed meal and linters, Front street.
LOUISIANA CAPITOLIAN Book and Job Printing establishment, on Third street, is one of the most complete in the State.
A. D. LYTLE, Photograph Artist, Main st. Photo-albums, frames, etc., kept on hand.

IF WISHES WERE HORSES.
"If wishes were horses," dearie,
How fast and how far we'd ride
On our beautiful snow white chargers,
Bounding with life and pride;
Straight as the light of an arrow,
Swift as the flash of a spear,
We'd travel forever and ever—
"If wishes were horses," dear.
To the top of the sunset mountains
E'er they flicker and fade away,
To the dusky halls of the twilight,
To the flush of the new-born day,
To the silent stars of midnight,
As they shine in the darkness clear,
We'd ride, like the flight of a fancy—
"If wishes were horses," dear.
Through the billows of western prairies,
And dazle of Arctic plains,
Through perfume of southern roses,
And mists of the sweet spring rains:
Ahead of the echoing thunder,
With the quiver of lightning near,
We'd ride in the van of the tempest—
"If wishes were horses," dear.
And into the lives we cherish,
To brighten their clouded skies,
Bring smiles to the sweet, pale faces,
And light to the saddened eyes;
To bring them a message of comfort,
And whisper a word of cheer,
Oh, how we would gallop and gallop—
"If wishes were horses," dear.

JOSEPH'S BROTHER.
They didn't call him Tom, or Jack, or Harry, but always spoke of him as "Joseph's brother." And it was just as singular that they didn't call him "Joe" instead of "Joseph" when speaking of the man.
The two had a wagon in the band, dragging itself toward the Black Hill, day by day and mile by mile. They messed by themselves, scarcely spoke to each other, and their lives and their actions were a sort of mystery to the rest, who were a jolly set, drinking, carousing, fighting and playing cards, and wishing for a brush with the Indians. Some said that Joseph was a fugitive from justice, and that he wouldn't fraternize with them for fear of betraying himself when interrogated. Others thought he felt too proud to mix with society, and between the two theories he had nearly all the men thinking ill of him before the wagon was four days' travel from Cheyenne.
"He keeps his brother hidden away in the wagon as if a little sunshine would kill the boy," growled one of a dozen gold hunters sitting around their camp fire in the twilight.
"Perhaps he thinks our language isn't high-toned enough—b—t his eyes!" exclaimed another.
"Ain't we all bound to the same place, all sharing the same dangers, one as good as another?" demanded a broad shouldered fellow from San Antonio.
"Yes" yes" they shouted.
"Then don't it look low-down mean for this 'ere man Joseph to edge away from us as if we were pizen? If he's so mighty refined and high-toned, why didn't he come out here in a balloon?"
There was a laugh from the circle and the Texan went on.
"I don't pretend to be an angel, but I know manners as well as the next. I believe that man Joseph is a regular starch ready to wilt down as soon as I pint my finger at him, and I'm goin' over to his wagon and pull his nose!"
"That's the game, Jack! Go, in, old fellow! Rah for the man from Texas!" yelled the gold hunters, as they sprang to their feet.
"Come right along and see the fun," continued the Texan, as he led the way to Joseph's wagon.
The vehicle formed one in the circle, and at a small fire a few feet from the hind wheels sat Joseph and his brother eating their frugal supper. As the crowd came near, the boy sprang up and climbed into the covered wagon, while Joseph slowly rose up and looked at them anxiously and enquiringly.
"See here, Mr. Joseph, what's your other name?" began the Texan, as he halted before the lone man. "We've come to the conclusion that you and that booby brother o' yours don't like our style. Are we correct?"
"I have nothing against any of you," quietly replied Joseph. "The journey thus far has been very pleasant to us."
"But you hang off—you don't speak to us," persisted Jack.
"I am sorry if I have incurred any man's ill-will; I feel friendly towards you all."
"Oh, you do, eh?" sneered the Texan, feeling that he was losing ground.
"Well, it's my opinion that you are a sneak."
Joseph's face turned white, and the man saw a dangerous gleam in his eyes. He seemed about to speak or make some movement, when a soft voice from the wagon called out.
"Joseph, Joseph!"
A soft light came into the man's face. The Texan noticed it, and slapping Joseph's face, he blurted out:

"If ye ain't a coward ye'll resent that, snip!"
A boyish figure sprang from the wagon and stood beside the lone man. A small hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice was whispered in his ear:
"Bear it for my sake."
There was a full minute in which no one moved. Joseph's face looked ghostly white in the gloom, and they could see him tremble.
"He's a coward, just as I thought," said the Texan, as he turned away. The others followed him, some feeling ashamed and others surprised or gratified, and by and by the word reached every wagon that Joseph and Joseph's brother were cowards.
Next morning when the wagon team was ready to move, the Captain passed near Joseph's wagon on purpose, to say:
"If there are any cowards in this train, they needn't travel with us any further."
It was a cruel thrust. Joseph was harnessing his horse, and his brother was stowing away the cooking utensils. The strange man's face grew white again, and his hand went down for a revolver, but just then a voice called out:
"Don't mind it, Joseph, we'll go on alone!"
The train moved off without them; some of the old hunters taunting and joking, and others fearful that the two would be butchered by the Indians before the day was over. When the white-topped wagon got so far away that they seemed no larger than his hand, Joseph moved along the trail, his face stern and so busy with the thoughts that he did not hear the consoling words:
"Never mind, Joseph, we are trying to do right."
That night when the train of the gold hunters went into camp, they could not see the lone wagon, though many of the men, ashamed of their conduct, looked long and earnestly for it. They had seen Indians afar off and knew that the red devils would pounce down on a single team as they sighted it.
Darkness came, midnight came, and the sentinels heard nothing but the stamping of the horses and the howls of coyotes. At 2 o'clock the reports of rifles and the fierce yells of Indians floated up through the little valley, and the camp was aroused in a moment.
"The devils have jumped in on Joseph and his brother," whispered one of the men, as he stood on a knoll and bent his head to listen.
"Good 'nuff! Cowards have no business out here," growled the Texan.
The first speaker wheeled, struck the ruffian a sledge hammer blow in the face, and then running for the horses, cried out:
"Come on, come on! A dozen of us can be spared for the rescue."
Sixteen men swept down the valley like the wind. The firing and yelling continued, proving that the man who had been called a coward was making a heroic fight. In ten minutes they came down upon the lone camp, made light as day by the burning wagon. Fifty feet from the boufire and hemmed in by a circle of dancing, leaping, howling savages, was Joseph's dead body. The gold hunters heard the pop! pop! pop! of the boy's revolver as they burst into view, and the next moment they were charging down upon the demons, using rifle and revolver with terrible effect. In two minutes not a living Indian was in sight. Joseph's brother stood over the dead body, turning him over with his hand. The men cheered wildly as they looked around, but the boy looked up in their faces without exultation, surprise or gladness.
There were three dead Indians beside the wagon, killed where the fight began, and the corpses in front of Joseph's brother numbered more than the victims of the sixteen men.
"Is Joseph badly hurt?" asked one of the men, as he halted his horse beside the boy.
"He is dead!" whispered the white faced defender.
"Is he?" God forgive me for the part I took last night.
"You called him a coward," cried Joseph's brother, "and you are to blame for this. Was he a coward? Look here, and there, and there! We drove them back from the wagon—drove them out here! Joseph is dead! You are his murderers!"
Every man was near enough to hear his voice and note his action as he picked up the rifle of an Indian and sent a bullet through his own head. With exclamations of grief and alarm trembling on their lips the men sprang from their saddles. The boy was dead—dead as Joseph—and both corpses were bleeding from a dozen wounds.

"We'll carry them to the train and have a burial in the morning," said one of the men; and the bodies were taken up behind two of the horsemen. They did have a funeral, and the men looked into the graves with tears in their eyes, for they had discovered that Joseph's brother was a woman—yes, a woman with the whitest throat and softest hands. It might have been Joseph's wife or sister or a sweetheart. No one could tell that, but they could tell how they had wronged her; and they said, as they stood around the grave, "We hope the Lord won't lay it up against us."
"Playing Drunk as Papa Does."
"My early practice," said a doctor, "was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position. I married a lovely girl; two children were born to us, and my domestic happiness was complete. But I was invited often to social parties where wine was freely circulated, and I soon became a slave to its power. Before I was aware of it I was a drunkard. My noble wife never forsook me, never taunted me with a bitter word, never ceased to pray for my reformation. We were wretchedly poor, so that my family became pinched for daily bread. One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church and left me on a lounge sleeping off my previous night's debauch. I was aroused by hearing something fall heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes and saw my little boy of six years tumbling on the carpet. His older brother said to him: 'Now get up and fall again. That's the way papa does. Let's play we are drunk.' I watched the child as he personated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to any actor I arose and left the house groaning in agony and remorse. I walked off miles in the country—thinking over my abominable sin, and the example I was setting before my children. I solemnly resolved that with God's help I would quit the cup, and I did. No lecture I ever heard from Mr. Gough moved my soul like the spectacle of my own sweet boys, 'playing drunk as papa does.'"

A SENSIBLE WOMAN.—A plainly dressed little lady from San Francisco recently appeared at a California watering place and was snubbed by all the ladies. She sent home for her best dresses and all her diamonds. After her trunks arrived she went to breakfast in a magnificent morning dress made by Worth, and profusely ornamented with diamonds, and her two children were dressed in the height of fashion. Everybody seemed anxious to make amends for past slights, but she was extremely distant to one and all. She cut them in this way for a week, then packed her nine Saratoga trunks and sent them home, and resumed her plain and comfortable vacation clothes.
A Cambridge boy, after a week's absence in the country, wrote to his mother: "I got here all right and I forgot to write before; it is a very nice place to have fun. A feller and I went out in a boat and the boat tipped over and a man got me out and I was so full of water I didn't know nothin' for a long while. The other boy has got to be buried after they find him. His mother came from Chelsea and she cries all the time. A horse kicked me over and I have got to have some money to pay a doctor for fixing my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night and I should smile if we don't have bully fun. I lost my watch and am very sorry. I shall bring home some mud turtles and I shall bring home a tame wood-cock if I can get 'em into my trunk."

A man at Antwerp, Michigan, thought he discovered a way to throw his sister-in-law out of his house without committing what the law would regard as an assault. This was to take up the chair in which she sat and dump it through a window, including its occupant. He had a legal right, according to his theory, to do what he pleased with his own furniture. He executed this plan with violence. Though he was very careful not to touch the woman, she was badly hurt by the fall. A justice disregarded his argument, and fined him twenty-five dollars.
A farm servant plowing near Roosenberg, in West Prussia, a few days ago, turned up an earthenware pot containing about six thousand gold coins. They were so-called "hollow pennies" of the old Teutonic knights, and belonged to the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. The "hollow penny" is a silver coin with a raised rim around it; the centre displays the arms of the Grand Master of the Order for the time being. There were twenty-one different sorts among the coins found.

A girl, having fallen out with her lover, sent him the following lines, which are expressive, if not beautiful:
There's a land that is hotter than this,
Where never a collar would stand;
Where the people all bubble and hiss—
O, go to that beautiful land.
There is a colored widow at Lexington, Ky., who, on account of her ex-husband's services, draws a pension of eight dollars per month. An ambitious suitor recently popped the question, and she replied: "If I does, de gubment will take my poushuh 'way, an' nary nigger in Kaintuck is wuff eight dollars a month to me."
If Adam had been created a boy instead of a full-grown man, he would have clubbed all the apples off from that tree before the serpent had a chance to get through the fence, around the garden.

Garfield has voted for the payment of over one hundred millions of Southern war claims. But these were in the hands of the "trooly loil." It is the rebel claims which vex his righteous soul.

\$320.
Boston Post.
Mr. A. G. Chase, an ice merchant, temporarily in Gardiner, Me., has been arrested, charged with defacing private property. He was detected in the act of chalking "329" upon the window shutters of a jewelry shop belonging to a well known Republican of Gardiner. Mr. Chase was arraigned before the learned Magistrate of the Police Court and the trial was attended by a large number of curious people. The attorney for the respondent took advantage of the presence of a good number of pious Republicans and in explaining the meaning of the cabalistic figures, gave a very interesting account of candidate Garfield's connection with the great scandal of the nineteenth century. Even the Magistrate, a Republican, learned some truths about his candidate's career which he had not known, and which must have shaken his confidence in that great adjunct of society—Christian statesmen. After learned arguments by lawyers who rather enjoyed the fun which "329" had produced, and by lawyers who didn't, the Magistrate announced that he was stuck, and must reserve his decision. He could not satisfy his own mind as to whether or not a shutter was a "fixture" within the meaning of the statute. The case was therefore postponed, and gentlemen worth six millions of dollars stepped forward, offering to furnish whatever amount of bail was required. The Magistrate politely remarked that \$329 was all that was necessary, and that amount was promptly furnished. Mr. Chase says in case the Magistrate should decide that a "shutter" he shall appeal to a higher court, and will keep on appealing, even if he has to do so 329 times.

H. V. R., a newspaper correspondent, tells an anecdote as follows. It was of an old Tennesseean, who ran for the legislature had no more to do with the tariff laws than with supplying the White House with carpets, it followed that these laws were discussed during the intellectual canvass that always precedes the election of members. The old Tennesseean to whom I refer made a speech one day of three mortal hours in length. It was burdensome to the hearers, but they took it on the installment plan; one squad would listen a while, go out and rest, returning to relieve those who had served their turn. After having spoken three hours on this thrilling theme, the orator concluded thus: "Fellow-citizens, you've heard me; if the tariff is a good thing, I am for it, and if it's a bad thing, I am agin it!"

A Nevada paper gives voice to the desire of the community it represent by a demand for a religious teacher. It says: "We want a good, muscular Christian, who can snatch sinners by the scruff of the neck and drag them howling up the plane of righteousness; one who will not drink more than he can hold, and who will not copy after Beecher or further than to steal his sermons. Such a man will get a right smart lay-out here." Parson Conway should accept the call at once.

The Cincinnati Commercial says of the Democrats and of the position of the Republican party: "They are not fit to govern the country AND SHALL NOT DO IT WITH OUR CONSENT." This is equivalent to a declaration that the Republican party will rebel against the United States Government if HANCOCK becomes President. It is certainly Mr. Hayes' duty to nip this Republican treason in the bud.

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A GOOD DEFINITION.
Jackson Const.
Eighty years ago, Thomas Jefferson thus defined a Democrat:
One who maintains equal and exact justice to all men: The support of the State Governments in all their rights; The preservation of the general Government in its whole constitutional vigor; a jealous care of the rights of election by the people; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense; the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; freedom of religion; freedom of the person under the protection of the habeas corpus and trial by jury impartially selected.
The definition stands good to-day though the man that uttered it has been in his grave more than half a century.

Economy on the Farm.
The period of low prices through which farmers have passed during the past few years have taught many of us valuable lessons in economy. It has shown us more clearly than we have ever seen before the importance of practicing careful economy in all the affairs of life. We mention a few points where some farmers may practice greater economy in their management and thereby save what otherwise might suffer loss or go to waste altogether. One of the most common wastes about a farm is in relation to the various home-made farm fertilizers. Badly-constructed and improperly-managed barnyards are a source of great waste to fertilizers on some farms. Manure heaps that have been allowed to heat until they have become seriously injured by being "fire fanged" are quite common. Great waste in fertilizing materials may be traced to our pig pens and hen roosts from which might be gathered with the right care and management large quantities of valuable manure that would cause our fields to yield better crops and hence more profit. A compost heap should be made in the vicinity of every house and garden. It should consist of a large box, holding fifty or more bushels, made without a bottom. This box should be a receptacle for grass and weeds taken from garden and all of the large class of substances which are usually thrown from back doors and door yards. In this way a good load of valuable manure may be collected each year which would otherwise be worse than wasted, for when kitchen slops, etc., are thrown carelessly about they must needs pollute the air with noxious odors and cause much unpleasantness.

Woman's Glory.
In one of his recent lectures in London Dr. Erasmus Wilson exhibited the photograph of a woman 38 years old, and five feet five inches high, whose torso, when she stood erect, enveloped her entire form in a golden veil and trailed several inches on the ground. The longest fibers measured six feet three and one-half inches. Thirty inches is the mean length for females, and three feet is considered a very remarkable length. This instance is exceeded, however, by two American women—one whose hair measures seven feet six inches, and another, the wife of a druggist in Philadelphia, whose luxuriant chevelure is almost as long and so thick that when seated upon a chair she can completely cover herself with it.

TURKISH BEAUTIES.—In general they have oval faces, clear olive skin, glistening dark eyes and beautiful hands, soft as velvet and white as snow—beyond this nothing. They lack the natural grace and pretty coquetry of our Levantine belles, and the firm tread, elegant manners and becoming modesty of European woman. Their figures are clumsy, their features somewhat harsh, their lips full and often thick; they walk with a roll, their legs being bowed, and even their natural attractions depend more or less on artificial aid. They thickly powder their faces, blacken their eyelids and lashes, so that when half veiled by the yashnak screen, they are certainly striking and presents a dazzling effect; but under other circumstances most of them would pass unobserved.
The Paris Figaro tells how when Louis Napoleon, in June, 1848, alighted at a Paris railroad station, he found himself stopped by a crowd who, under the surveillance of the Garde Mobile, were demolishing barricades. "Come, citizen," exclaimed a portly dame, "lend a hand, and put a paving stone back into its place." "Two rather than one," said the Prince. "It's just what I came to Paris to do."