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**B. A. DAY, proprietor** of Led Stick Drug Store, keep constantly on hand a full assortment of drugs and medicines corner Africa and Sumter streets.

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**A. LEXANDRE GROUCHY, proprietor** of the Capital House. Board by the day, week or month, with the best market affords.

**VERANDA HOTEL and Restaurant** is supplied with the best viands in the market. Third street. C. Cronquist, proprietor.

**W. P. KIRBY, proprieor** of Ladies' Restaurant and dealer in fruits, confectioneries, cigars, etc., cor. Third & Florida streets.

**JOSEPH LARGUER, dealer** in foreign and domestic hardware, house-furnishing goods, corner Third and Florida streets.

**G. GESSELLY, 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 GESSELLY, worker** in tin, copper and sheet iron, and dealer in stoves, tin-ware and crockery-ware, cor. Third and Florida.

**BATON ROUGE Oil Works, manufacture** cotton seed oil, ointment, cotton seed meal and others, Front street.

**LOUISIANA CAPITOLIAN Book and Job** Printing establishment, on Third street, is one of the most complete in the State.

**A. D. LITTLE, Photograph Artist,** Main st. Photo-albums, frames, etc., kept on hand.

**PIPER'S** Furniture and Undertaking Establishment, Main street, well supplied with everything in this line.

**E. D. THOMAS, dealer** in Fancy and Staple Groceries and Dry Goods, at Tim Dugan's old stand, on Main street.

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**Mrs. C. MAILLOT, Third street,** dealer in Millinery and Dry Goods, Trimmings, Notions, etc.

**MARTEL RODRIGUEZ, Lafayette street,** Manufacturer of Choice Cigars.

**Robt. F. Hereford, M. D.,** Offers his professional services to the citizens of Baton Rouge and vicinity. Office—Corner Lafayette and Florida streets, Bonaparte Building. Residence—Africa street, between St. Ferdinand and St. Louis streets.

Honors by permission to Dr. T. J. Burlington, Hon. A. Herron, Andrew Jackson, Wm. Garrig, Rev. Dr. Goodrich, Major W. T. Claerins 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. (Jan-17-18) THOS. J. DUFFINGTON.

## Merry Christmas!

Certainly, the big folks have also a splendid chance to make the most of my present abode in the way of Holiday Presents. What, for instance, is more acceptable than Durable Silverware? WITTING'S Where can you find such an endless assortment of articles in Toys, Fancy Goods, Wood and Willow Ware, Crockery and Fancy Glassware as at WITTING'S? But when it comes to Fancy and Staple Groceries, I blush for my country to think that WITTING'S Choice Hams and Flour are going so fast that St. Louis has to put her best foot forward to keep up the supply. Groceries at WITTING'S are going with a Christmas rush, citizen. And if you are going to lay in a stock of Christmas or any other day comforters, don't wait till the last minute. I will esteem it an especial favor if all of my friends inspect and purchase WITTING'S WARE.

Yours forever,

KRIS KINGLE.

### CHRISTMAS!



1880.

### UNCLE NED'S STORY.

We had been driving for some hours along one of those beautiful valleys in Virginia that seam the foothills of the Blue Ridge, and came within sight of some Lombardy poplars off to the right below which was a dense growth of evergreens.

"Dar narse; dat am de place 'bout which I tole you. Wait till we get round de bend, and we'll see the house," said Uncle Ned, pointing his whip in the direction indicated.

I told him to drive up to the place, which he did with great willingness, though I heard him sigh, and from the expression of his venerable face, I knew there was something in the reminiscences and associations of the place that made him sad.

We drove between two stone posts, from one of which a great gate at one time swung, but only crumbling, rusty hinges remained to tell the purpose for which they were used. Up a weed covered curving drive, and the old man pulled in his horses before a large house, for the roof had fallen in, the windows were sashless, and the Virginia creepers trailing up the pillars, failed to hide the rotten capitals and the red spaces, like wounds, from which the plaster had scaled off.

The doors were down, and through the wide hall, before which we stood, we could see the servants' quarters beyond, all more tumbled down and ruined than the greater and stronger structure.

We hitched the horses and entered, the old man removed his hat and spoke in whispers, as if in a church, with the dead before him.

Cobwebs and bats hung from the ceilings of the many stately rooms, where once hospitality ruled with open palms and old time festivities were held. The chimneys had fallen down on the hearths and in the great parlor we found the hair of a fox, the sunken floor covered with the bones of his victims.

Our entrance started an owl, that aster circling about in the room in a blind fright, struck by chance with the open space occupied by a window and flew away.

"Ef you don't mind, sah, I'll go out an' stan' by the horses," said Uncle Ned, as I was about to ascend the crumbling stairs from which the banisters had rotted away.

I saw the old man was nervous, as I went up alone, and in imagination tried to picture the ruin what it was in the good old days, but without success. It retards to fancy the dead old pauper a happy, handsome youth. What he is, not what he was, fills the mind.

I came down, and found Uncle Ned sitting at the foot of one of the pillars, his face buried in his hands. At my approach he looked up, and I could see there were tears in his eyes.

He had informed me that he once lived in this mansion—when Judge Lagrange was its head and his master.

Sitting down by the old man, I drew out his story; but I shall not attempt to use his language, while my own is wholly inadequate to depict the old man's simple pathos.

Judge Lagrange, well known fifty years before in Virginia for his wealth, hospitality and culture, built this mansion, and there entertained right royally his friends, or those who were fortunate enough to bear him letters of introduction.

His wife was a beautiful, accomplished woman, and they seemed to have but one object in life—the education of their sons, Arthur and George. The brothers were nearly of an age, and though educated by the same tutor, and under the same watchful and refining home influence, they developed into youths as opposite in appearance and disposition as if they belonged to a different race.

Arthur Lagrange, though strong and handsome physically, was gentle, refined and intellectual. While a good horseman, and fond of the sports in which the youth of Virginia then—as now—delighted, he had no passion for them. He had so far outstripped his older brother that he was sent to college two years before George was ready; and at college he stood at the head of all his classes, and first in the affections of his classmates.

George Lagrange, at the age of 18, was a short, stout youth, with a low brow, a heavy jaw and an uncouth manner. He was fond of roystering companions, preferred the saddle to study, and became an adept in the use of arms.

The quick temper and inclination to cruelty manifested in his boyhood, developed into a brutal domineering disposition as he neared maturity. The servants, who worshipped Arthur, stood in constant dread of George, whom even his father's stern will could not control. The parents comforted themselves with

the hope that George would change for the better when he became a man. But, alas! for their love and their care; the years only intensified his objectionable peculiarities.

When Arthur was twenty-four and George twenty-six—they had been a great deal apart, having been educated at different schools—Arthur was a doctor, and George would have been like his father, a lawyer, if it were possible to make him anything that required thought.

George bullied his brother when they were boys, and showed a total want of affection for him when they became men. Indeed, he seemed incapable of love, until Agnes Fleming came from Richmond to visit Mrs. Lagrange, her mother's old friend and schoolmate.

Agnes Fleming was a belle in Richmond, where beautiful women are the rule; her goodness and beauty had preceded her.

From the first Mrs. Lagrange saw, with alarm, that both her sons seemed enamored of Agnes Fleming, and she wished the innocent girl back again, but the Fates willed it otherwise.

With characteristic assertion, George forced back his brother, and seemed determined to monopolize Miss Fleming's time while opposing her with his ride, though no doubt well-meant attentions.

With fine delicacy Arthur remained in the background, but this very tendency won the admiration at first, and finally the heart of the beautiful girl.

One afternoon, about a week before Agnes Fleming was to return to Richmond, she and George took a horseback ride up the mountain.

With more feeling than he had ever manifested before, George Lagrange told her of his love, and asked her to become his wife.

"I cannot," she said, "give you a heart that is not mine, nor the hand on which another has a claim. But I hope to retain your esteem, and can promise to give you with pleasure what you can soon claim as a right."

"What is that?" he asked, hoarsely.  
"A sister's love!"  
"A sister's love!" he hissed.  
"Yes."

"Am I to understand," he asked, the blood rushing from his red neck to his heavy face, "that you are engaged to my brother, and without my knowledge?"

"I intended to have told you, but supposed he might have done so this morning. Until last night I only suspected Arthur's feelings," she answered.

"Very well, Miss Fleming. Let us ride home."  
Not another word did he speak to her from that time until she left.

Vain were the efforts his mother, father and brother to dispel the clouds from his face, or change the dogged madness that seemed to possess him.

He rode out every morning, and when he came home at night, his horse was jaded and foam-covered, and the young man staggered into the house under the double excitement of liquor and jealousy.

The wedding took place in Richmond, but George Lagrange positively refused to attend. When told that Arthur would bring his young bride directly home, George laughed like a hysterical madman, and swore he would give them a warm welcome.

The Judge and his wife began to think their oldest son insane, and the former determined to have his case inquired into immediately after the wedding.

All the young people in the valley were at Judge Lagrange's to welcome home Arthur and his bride. The mansion was flooded with light, the trees in the ample grounds bore illuminated globes for fruit, and music started tripping a hundred happy feet. The servants were out in their best, and George's gloom was forgotten in the blaze of so much happiness, and his mutterings unheard for peals of merrily laughter.

At midnight, Arthur Lagrange and his wife were alone in the large chamber at the eastern corner of the mansion, but still the music and the dance went on below.

Why did the music stop so suddenly and the color fly from the faces of the dancers, while they stood to listen? One shot, and a woman's cry; and another shot, and the sickening thud of a man's body, crashing through the branches of a tree and falling on the ground.

From a tree that commanded a view of the interior of the room, George Lagrange had slain the bride and groom and then shot himself. The house of joy became the house of mourning. The Judge and his wife soon followed their sons to the grave. The servants

were scattered and the house left tenantless forever.

This was Uncle Ned's story, told through tears and with choking voice. A sad story, dear reader, but it is a record of life and chance, deserving to be recalled for the sake of the lesson it may teach us.—Point Pleasant (West Va.) Register.

### A Home for His Mother.

Business called me to the United States Land Office. While there a lad apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age came in and presented a certificate for forty acres of land.

I was struck with the countenance and general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir."

I then inquired where he had got the money. He answered, "I earned it."

Feeling then an increased desire to know something more about the boy, I asked about himself and parents. He took a seat and gave me the following narrative: "I am the oldest of five children. Father is a drinking man, and often returns home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help my mother and brothers and sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work clearing land, and I have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land."

"Well my good boy, what are you going to do with the land?"

"I will work it, build a log house, and when it is all ready, will bring father, mother, brothers, and sisters to live with me. The land I want for my mother, which will secure her from want in her old age."

"And what will you do with your father, if he continues to drink?"

"O, sir, when we get him on the farm he will feel at home and be happy, and I hope become a sober man."

"Young man, God bless you."

By this time the receiver handed him his receipt for his forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said, "At last I have a home for my mother."

—Examiner and Chronicle.

### An Incident.

Human nature is a curious study. The other night at the Union depot one of the depot hands, while sweeping out, thought he saw a twenty-five cent bit under one of the benches. He went down on his knees immediately and covered the piece with his hand. While he was in this position a well-dressed lady tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"I just dropped that."

"What is it, madam?" was the gentlemanly interrogatory.

"I think it was a quarter."

He placed it, without farther parleying in her hand, and she tightly holding it, went away. What was her dismay to find it was a peppermint lozenge.

It is said that one preacher at the recent session of the North Georgia Conference reported his salary for the year as \$149 and another as \$130. The first has a family, too. Cheap preaching.

It's funny to hear the people of Philadelphia calling for an honest election and an honest count, when, if they had no beans in their eyes, they could find so much to complain of at their very doors.

An American lawyer is now Attorney General to the Sandwich Islands. If in two years he doesn't own the entire country and hold the King's note for a large sum, he is no credit to the American bar.

A Georgia young man asked his sweetheart if she had ever read "Romeo and Juliet." She replied that she had read Romeo, but she didn't think she had ever read Juliet. Next.

It is rumored that Judge Billings will be Judge Woods' successor on the U. S. Circuit Bench, in the event of the latter's confirmation as Supreme Judge. It is also said that Judge Don A. Pardee will succeed Judge Billings as District Judge.

South Carolina has fourteen thousand more women than men, and Texas has fourteen thousand more men than women and a Texas paper proposes that the women emigrate to that fair land of promise.

Ben Thompson, a famous desperado, has been elected city marshal of Austin. He promises to reform and perform his duty zealously.

A man can get along without a stitch in his side, but a patch on the pants is often a stern necessity.

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

**Christmas and New Year Cards**  
A large and beautiful assortment at  
CHAMBERS' BOOKSTORE  
Photo and Autograph Albums, new and pretty  
Scrap-Books, Scrap Pictures, good assortment,  
just received at  
CHAMBERS' BOOKSTORE.  
Box Paperettes, some of the loveliest and cheapest  
you ever saw. Call and see them at  
CHAMBERS' BOOKSTORE.

**RAMON DIAZ,**  
DEALER IN  
**FRUITS**  
Confectioneries and Fancy Goods,  
Corner of Main and St. Hypolite Streets.  
BATON ROUGE LA.

**OYSTERS** Fresh and delicious, always  
on hand in any quantity  
desired, sold so low that every one can feast  
on them. Everything kept on hand that will  
contribute to the table of the most fastidious.

**Silver-Plated** Having a very large  
stock of Silver-Plated  
WARE. Ware on hand, I will  
sell the same for the next thirty days, at a reduction  
of TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. Now is  
the time to buy TEA SETS, CASTORS, CAKE  
BASKETS, WATER PITCHERS, BUTTER  
DISHES, etc., etc., at a GREAT BARGAIN.  
The above goods are warranted to be the BEST  
that is made.  
JOHN JOHNSON.

**THE CELEBRATED FOUR**  
Syrups!  
for Coughs and Colics, is prepared and sold by  
W. T. CLUVERUS, Druggist.

**BAGGING AND TIES**—I have in store a  
large supply of Jute Bagging  
and Arrow Ties for sale at the lowest prices.  
ANDREW JACKSON.

**AT STEENSEN'S! JUST**  
RECEIVED  
A lot of "the Mystry" Turner's Hair-Fixer,  
the most reliable coloring extant. Also JURGEILLE-  
WIX'S Anti-Rheumatic Mixture, a wonderful  
preparation.

**LADIES' Mis-ers** and Children's Shoes, from  
the lowest grade to the best made, at rock  
bottom prices at ROSENFELD'S.

**CHEESE!** CHEESE! The finest Cheese  
ever produced is now on sale at the  
first class family grocery of  
JOSHUA BEAL.

**FOR** an elegant Cassimere, Basket Kid, Foxed  
or French Kid Button Boot, we would advise  
the ladies to go to ROSENFELD'S.

**LADIES' Cloaks and Dolmans**  
at FEIBELMAN'S.

**THE BUGLE.**  
The air is keen, the life is long,  
The quick advance rings clear and strong;  
The Zouave column ebats the prayer:  
The solemn wood that crowns the hill  
Looks down and listens, silent, still—  
And Prussians wait us there.

Our Bugle is a battle-bird,  
That din of many a fight has heard  
Midst shot, and smoke, and fire, and flame,  
He fits the wheel with cheerful call,  
To rally round where comrades fall—  
Brave bird no foe can tame!

Another order! hark the tone!  
Oh, never bolder bird were known!  
'Tis "death or glory" once again:  
Your breath of passion stirs the soul,  
And courage rises to the goal,  
Where foes too long have lain.

We charge at double, shout and climb  
To where the bullets bite their time.  
Ah! now the Prussian snipers speak:  
We close in ranks, and now the cry—  
'Advance with bayonet, do or die!'  
The wood is gaped with Zouave-shriek.

A rush, a pause—on Bugle struck:  
A moment only—Zouave pluck  
Gives never in to ought but death.  
Then, sounding high 'mid strife and cheer,  
Unconquered notes, and always near,  
The Bugle breathes his passion-breath.

And though with breath the red blood flows  
Yet blast on blast the bugle blows!  
His hand clenched round with iron will:  
He puts off death some paces yet,  
And pressing back each foe-man met,  
The brave old Bugle leads us still.

Ah! there upon the turf at last  
He lies, but still the bugle-blast  
Rings shrill from blood-stained lips that press  
Disinlaid, stretched on gory ground,  
Guarding his Bugle—still the sound  
Wells forth, and urges none the less!

And now, upon his elbow leant,  
He sees the Zouaves backward bent  
On ground where all his blood has run.  
Then—not till then—the Bugle stops:  
His task is done—he bends, he drops:  
Defeat in death—death nobly won.  
—From the French of Deronlede.

### Vonched For.

The Morning Mail, Lowell, Mass., tells its readers, that "Warner's Safe Nervine is an A. No. 1 remedy for headache, neuralgia and disordered nerves, and that it is vonched for by hundreds who have tried it."

At Lick Branch, Texas, two brothers in law Dock Pitts and McGee, engaged in a bloody fight resulting in the death of both parties.

By the explosion of an oil stove a handsome \$8,000 hotel was destroyed by fire at Lake Charles.

A discriminating public will patronize merchants who have faith in Printer's Ink.

Gen. Schofield will be assigned to the command of the Department of the South, with headquarters at New Orleans.

A night gown is nothing but a nap sack.

Plain and fancy printing is a speciality in the Capitolian office.

Go to Pike's Hall to-night, Boys.