

# Louisiana Capitanian



TRI-WEEKLY.

W. A. LESUEUR, Publisher;  
L. JASTREMSKI, Editor.

Official Journal of the City and Parish.

SUBSCRIPTION:  
Tri-Weekly, \$5; Weekly, \$2 a Year

VOL. 3.

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1881.

NO. 31.

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**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.

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

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

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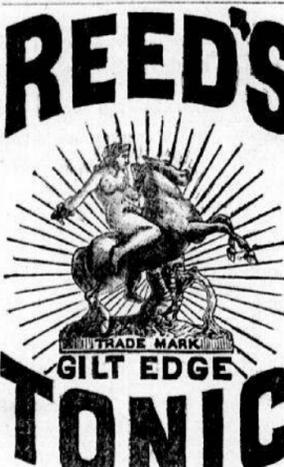
**MANUEL RODRIGUEZ,** Lafayette street, Manufacturer of Choice Cigars.

**TEETH! TEETH! TEETH!**

**DR. D. L. McTRICK,** Surgeon Dentist, Third Street.

**OPPOSITE** the Bank Hotel, and over E. Whiting's store, most respectfully informs the people of this country that, after an absence of over eight years, he has returned and resumed his dental practice at the above location. His office is fitted up with all the latest improvements and appliances in every branch of the art. Hundreds of people are carrying his fine gold fillings in their teeth that were made twenty years ago. Is this sufficient proof of qualifications? Motto—Low Prices. Teeth extracted without pain. jan20m

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



**REED'S GILT EDGE TONIC**  
IS A THOROUGH REMEDY  
In every case of Malarial Fever, and Fever and Ague, while in disorganization of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces, which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with triturated compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.  
PREPARED BY  
**DRUGGISTS, Grocers & Wine Merchants Everywhere**  
**HENRY BUSCH, Aet.**  
Will supply the trade at Manufacturer's prices.

### LINCOLN ON HORSEBACK.

Boston Times.

Mr. Lincoln wore what is commonly called a pug hat, and although it may have only been conventional length it appeared to be extraordinarily tall. Although it may be well doubted if any other species of hat would have better become him, I remember thinking at the time that the stovepipe added greatly to the oddness and grotesquerie of his appearance.

The troops were to be reviewed on the day of his arrival, and I remember the General was very much perplexed as to the character of the President's mount, and finally consulted him as to the kind of charger he would prefer. I remember his answer as plainly as if it were only yesterday.

"General," said he, "any kind of a quiet beast will do. I don't think I was cut out for a cavalryman, and I'm afraid a high-spirited war steed might prove a little too much for me."

In the General's stud was a little sorrel mare called Bonnie, the soul of gentleness and good temper, and he at once proposed her for Mr. Lincoln's use.

"All right," said the President; "I guess the mare will suit me to a T; besides, among horses, that sex is much the easiest to manage. This remark, however," he added, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "does not hold good of humanity."

When Mr. Lincoln was mounted on Bonnie his appearance was more peculiar than ever. The little mare was not more than fourteen hands high, and so great was the length of the President's legs that once fairly settled in his saddle his feet nearly touched the ground. As he ruefully remarked, glancing at the extremities, "if I was only two inches longer I think I'd get and walk."

Mounted by his side on a splendid stallion prancing, and rearing, and surrounded by a brilliant staff, Gen. Sumner looked like a veritable cavalier of old, while the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, by comparison, had the appearance of some quiet country parson who, in ambulating morning service, had fallen among military men by mistake.

A lecturer recently invited the street gains of Cleveland to come and hear the story of the Prodigal Son. In that part of the story where the father exclaims: "This, my son, was dead and is alive again," the speaker asked: "Was his son really dead?" One of the urbsians replied: "Not by a mill site—only dead broke!"

### FATHER RYAN.

Rev. Abram J. Ryan, the poet priest of the South, has recently visited Memphis, Tenn., where he delivered a lecture for the benefit of Rev. William Walsh's "frei schools," and one for the benefit of the "Jewish, Protestant and Catholic orphans of Memphis." The Memphis Daily Appeal (March 27) gives the highest praise to these lectures. Father Ryan presented the little ones of Father Walsh's schools (St. Bridget's) with the following verses, which the children subsequently sung for him:

ST. BRIDGET—REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

Sweet Heaven's smile  
Gleamed o'er the Isle  
That gems the dreamy sea—  
One far-gone day,  
And flash'd its ray—  
More than a thousand years away,  
Pure Bridget, over thee.

White as the snow,  
That falls below,  
To earth on Christmas night,  
Thy pure face shone  
On every one:

For Christ's sweet grace thy heart had won  
To make thy birth-place bright.

A cloud hangs o'er  
Thy Eden's shore—  
Ah! God! 'twas always so—  
Ah! Virgin fair  
Thy Heaven pray'r  
Will help thy people in their care  
And save them from their woe.

Thy art is light;  
They are in night:  
Thou hast a crown—they a chain;  
The very soul,  
Made theirs by God.

Is still by tyrants' footsteps trod:  
They pray—but all in vain.

Thou! near Christ's throne,  
Dost hear the moan  
Of all their hearts that grieve,  
Ah! Virgin sweet,  
Kneel at his feet  
Where angels' hymns their prayers will greet  
And pray for them this eve.

### THE WAY TO WIN.

Edward Stone stood patiently upon the top step of his Uncle Dan's stately residence. There was not the slightest sign of life anywhere around; the whole front part of the house was closed and darkened; and having rang several times without eliciting any response, he was about to conclude that there was no one within hearing, when a head was thrust out of one of the upper windows; "Young man, go round to the side door."

Considerably startled by this unexpected address, the young man obeyed. Upon the porch, brushing away the leaves that covered it, was a young girl of fifteen. She looked very pretty as she stood there, the bright autumnal sunshine falling on the round white arms and uncovered head.

Setting down her broom, she ushered him into a medium sized, plainly furnished room, which gave no indication of the reputed wealth of the owner.

The young man took a seat, brushed a few flecks of dust from the lapel of his coat, ran his fingers through his carefully arranged locks, and thus delivered himself.

"Tell your master that his nephew, Edward Stone, is here."

A faint smile touched the rosy lips, and, with a demure, "yes, sir," the girl vanished.

A few minutes later an elderly gentleman entered, with intelligence, strongly marked features, and a shrewd look in his eye, which seemed to take the mental measure of his visitor at a mere glance.

"Well, sir, what is your business with me?"

"I am your nephew, Edward Stone."

"So my daughter told me. What do you want?"

"I came to pay my respects to you, sir."

"Yes; but what do you want me to do for you?"

"I was thinking of going into business, and thought I would come and talk it over with you, and ask you to give me a lift."

"What better capital do you want than you already have? A strong, able bodied young man wanting a lift? You ought to be ashamed of yourself! What have you been doing?"

Edward's face flushed with anger at this unceremonious language; but, feeling that he could not afford to quarrel with his wealthy relative, he gave no other indication of it.

"I've been in a store since I left school, two years ago."

"Saved nothing from your salary, I suppose?"

"No; it's only five hundred—not more than enough for my expenses."

"Humph! You are able to dress yourself out of it, I perceive. I have known men to rear and educate a large family on five hundred dollars a year,

and if you have been unable to save anything, you certainly are not fit to go into business on your own account. When I was at your age, my income was less than three hundred dollars, and I saved half of it. What is the business you want to engage in?"

"Stationery and book. Six hundred dollars will buy it, as the owner is obliged to sell; a rare chance. I don't ask you to give me the amount—only to lend it; I will give you my note with interest."

"Young man, I have several such papers already. You can have all of them for five dollars, and I warn you it will prove a bad investment at that. I can give you some advice, though, which if you follow, will be worth to you a good many times over the amount you ask. But you won't do it."

"How do you know that?" said Edward, with a smile, who began to feel more at home with his eccentric relative.

"I'd like to hear it, anyway."

"Well, here it is: Go back to your place in the store, and save three dollars a week from your salary, which you can easily do—learning, in the meantime, all you possibly can in regard to the business you intend. At the end of four years you will have the capital you seek, together with sufficient experience and judgment to know how to use it. And better still, it will be yours, earned by your industry and self-denial, and worth more to you than ten times that amount got in any other way. Then come and see me again. You'd rather have my money than advice, I dare say," added Mr. Stone, as Edward arose to go; "but we will be better friends four years hence than if I let you have it. Sit down, nephew, the train you'll have to take won't leave until six in the evening. You must stay to tea; I want you to see what a complete little housekeeper I have, and make you acquainted with her. "Polly!" he cried out, opening the door into the hall.

In prompt obedience to this summons, a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl tripped in. The neat print dress had been exchanged for a pretty merrino, but our hero did not fail to recognize her, and his face blushed painfully as he did so.

"Polly," continued her father, "this is your cousin Edward. He leaves on the six o'clock train, and I want you to make his short stay with us as pleasant as possible. Polly's my little housekeeper," he added, turning to his nephew "I hire a woman for the rough work; and she does all the rest. When she's eighteen she shall have all the servants she wants; but she must serve her apprenticeship first. It may stand in good stead; she may take into her head to marry some poor man, as her mother did before her. Eh, my girl?"

Mary's only reply to this was a smile and a blush. Our hero was considerably embarrassed by the recollection of the mistake he had made; but the quietly cordial greeting of his young hostess put him at ease.

At her father's request—who was very proud of his daughter's varied accomplishments—Mary sang and played for her cousin; and his visit ended in singular contrast to the stormy way it commenced. Edward refused the five dollar note tendered to him by his uncle at parting, for his traveling expenses.

The old man smiled as he returned the note to his pocket-book.

"He's a sensible young chap after all," he remarked to his daughter, as the door closed after their guest. It's in him if it can only be brought out. We shall see, we shall see."

"A good deal for father to say," was Mary's inward comment, who thought her cousin the most agreeable young man she had ever met.

Three years later, Mr. Stone and his daughter paused in front of a small but neat-looking shop, on the plate glass door of which were these words:

EDWARD STONE,  
STATIONERY AND BOOKSTORE.

It being too early in the day for customers, they found the proprietor alone, whose face flushed with pride and pleasure as he greeted them.

"I not your card, nephew," said the old man, with a cordial grasp of the hand, "and called round to see how you were getting on. I thought it was about time I gave you the little lift you asked me for about three years ago. You don't look much as if you needed it though."

"Not at present, thank you, uncle," was the cheerful response. "Curiously enough, it is the same business that I wanted to buy then. The man who took it had to borrow money to purchase it with, getting so much involved that he had to sell at a sacrifice."

"Just what you wanted to do."

"It isn't what I have done, though. I've saved four dollars a week from my salary for the last three years; and so

was not only able to pay the money down, but had fifty dollars besides."

"Bravo!" cried the delighted old man with another grasp of the hand that made our hero wince. "I am proud of you! You're bound to succeed, I see, and without anybody's help. I told your cousin Polly that when she was eighteen, I'd buy her a house in the city that she should furnish it to suit herself, and have all the servants she wanted, and I've kept my word. Come round to see us whenever you can; you'll always find the latch-string out."

Edward did not fail to accept the invitation so frankly extended, a very pleasant intimacy growing up between the three during the twelvemonths that followed. Our hero's business grew and prospered, until he began to think of moving into a larger store. His uncle had given several liberal orders, as well as sent him a number of customers, but said nothing about assisting him any until Christmas eve. Entering the room, where Edward and his daughter were sitting, he said:

"Mustn't delay any longer, the 'little lift' I promised you, nephew, and which you have well earned."

Edward glanced from the five thousand dollar check to the lovely face at his side, and then to that of the speaker.

"You are very kind, uncle—far kinder than I deserve; but—"

"But what, lad? Speak out! Would you prefer it in some other form?"

Edward's finger's closed tenderly and strongly over the hand that he had taken in his.

"Yes, uncle—in this."

The old man looked keenly from one to the other.

"You are asking a great deal, nephew. Polly, you've been encouraging this young man in his presumption?"

"I'm afraid I have, father," was the smiling response.

The father's eyes moistened.

"Then go my daughter. I give you to worthy keeping, and if you make your husband's heart as happy as your mother made mine during the few short years that she tarried by my side, he will be blessed indeed."

It is a rare occurrence for a man to spend over eighty years in an insane asylum, yet such an event is noted in France. One Jabissier, known as the "Man of Glass," has recently died in the lunatic asylum at Bicetre, where he was admitted in 1797. He was 103 years old. Jabissier's insanity resulted from a blow on the head with a stone. Most of his time was passed in an almost lethargic state. Soon after his admission to the asylum he became possessed by the delusion that he was made of glass, and from the moment in which this conviction established itself in his disordered brain down to the day of his death he never spoke a word nor moved of his own accord from a crouching attitude in one corner of his room, except for a few days during the bombardment of Paris, when the noise of the cannon appeared to agitate him distressingly.

"Seizing the gigantic Indian around the waist, the brave boy lifted him into the air and flung him headlong down the chasm. Panting, the boy stood and watched the Indian's body fall from crag to crag until it disappeared in the darkness below. Just at this moment the father of the boy who was reading this trash came along, lifted the youngster by the ear, and in the woodshed matinee that followed, the boy had no thought of flinging the old man down a chasm. There was no chasm handy.

How rapidly some foreign habits are copied in the United States. There was a time when lager beer was drunk by only a few Germans. It has now become the national drink of Americans. Our Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Rochester beer is preferred by connoisseurs to the best brewing of the old world. Another foreign fashion which has proved very popular is the use of the cigarette. The smoking of the paper cigar has become all but universal. In 1870, according to the official returns, a tax was paid on 13,881,417 cigarettes. In 1880, the consumption was 408,708,365, an increase in ten years of 394,826,948. We consume more than any other nation, for the annual sale in France amounts to only about 200,000 cigarettes.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Dyspepsia

"Oh, smile as thou wert wont to smile," sung the old of little Toddlekin's soul one evening, as he sat on the lounge in the parlor. He had recently, at her earnest request, sworn off the use of intoxicating fluids. As she repeated the refrain, he looked up calmly, with a strange, far-off look in his thirty eye, and reached for his hat. "You don't know, Maria, you don't know," said little Toddlekin, "what a weight that song has lifted from my heart." He smiled that evening as was his wont, but she never again sang so touching a ballad.

### SNARING AN ALLIGATOR.

A correspondent, who has been fishing in the Florida waters, tells in Forest and Stream of his adventure in snaring an alligator. "We procured," he says, "a strong seven-eighths manilla rope, forty feet long, a small halter chain (twisted links), eight feet long, and a piece of well seasoned hickory. The latter we cut to a length of eight inches, leaving the diameter one and a half inches, and we sharpened each end. At the center we girded it with a quarter-inch groove, leaving the diameter still one inch. The stick of wood we securely fastened to the link. To the other end of the chain our rope was fastened. Our snare now had the appearance of a cap T with the upright stoke very much elongated. We now procured a ten-pound chunk of beef, into which we securely fastened the piece of hickory, and then, bringing one end of the stick parallel with the chains we fastened it there with a bit of yarn. Repairing to the 'reserve' we selected a spot, secured our rope to a pine tree growing near its edge, and then by the aid of a canoe we carried the bait out as far as the rope would permit. To insure the floating of the bait near the surface of the water, we laid the rope across a five-foot strip of plank. Everything completed, we retired to await developments. Early next morning we were at the reserve, and there, sure enough, we had a gator on the hook. Judging from the mucky condition of the water, he was a whopper, and had been there some time. The rope was moving through the water in quite a rapid manner, and without fastening it we made a pull with all our strength, but we might as well have tried to lift an elephant by the tail. After much talk, it was suggested and agreed to that we make use of a small wagon and a pair of mules belonging to the party. I went for the team, and in my haste did not take time to put the body on the wagon, it having been removed for the purpose of hauling wood. Hastily throwing a plank across the holsters I seated myself and drove over to where the party awaited me. The rope had been secured by a slip—low, without passing it around the tree, so we had only to fasten the loose end to the axle and drive away, and thus slip the knot and make a direct pull on the 'gator. After securely fastening this rope to the axle, I seated myself on the plank, and gave the mules the slack. The mules were young, fiery and hardly broken to harness, and had repeatedly run away, endangering our lives on more than one occasion; but we had not thought of this in our excitement. For a moment after starting the team, there was a strain on the rope, and then out came the huge monster, covered with mud, and lashing the water into foam with his tail, the noise he made resembling to some extent the beatings of a huge propeller. The mules both looked around; and as they did so, the monster gave a roar that made the very earth tremble. The team, alligator and your humble servant, started for home. The distance was two miles, and I think if Rarus had seen us, he would have left the track with a broken heart. The mules left the road—in fact, made a new one without the aid of a surveyor—and that alligator bounded in the air as he never bounded before. Now and then, he would rap against a tree, but he scarcely touched the ground, and I had serious fears for a while that in his anxiety to go ahead, he might put a head on me; however, we reached home at last, and the mules, completely winded, stopped of their own accord. When we came to sum up, we found all the 'run' taken out of the mules, one tire gone, three spokes in an other wheel broken—in fact, the wagon a wreck. My suit of clothes was torn to rags, and my person bruised, torn and bleeding by the terrible whipping of the trees and bushes over which we passed. A fourteen-foot alligator with every bone broken, was almost skinned by his constant banging against the trees."

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic prevents Malaria

"Lenora" sends us a poem, beginning: "I ask but one small share, in that 'great heart of thine.' You had better emigrate to Utah, Lenora, while they keep such material in job lots. We do a strictly wholesale business."

A minister out West, who had been troubled a good deal of late by fees, issued the following card, and price list: "One marriage, plain, \$2. Ditto, kissing the bride, \$3. Ditto, trimmed with one groomsmen and one bridesmaid, \$4; fifty cents extra for each additional groomsmen or bridesmaid. Bachelors past forty will be charged extra. Maid of same age ten per cent off. Mileage will be charged in long distance matches. Liberal reduction to clubs. Payments in cash; no notes or securities accepted. No money refunded or rebates made for poor goods. Come early, and come often."