Tri-Weekly Capitolian

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A through line of railroad from Brunswick, Ga., to Shreveport, is one of the future possibilities.

It is stated that deaths in New York exceed births by 10,000 a year. During last week the births in that city numbered 422, and the deaths 660.

Small pox is cured by the Mexican doctors in three days, and no marks left, it is alleged, by treating the patient to cold drinks of cream tartar first dissolved in boiling water. The Mexican method is worth looking into.

A man named Palmer, traveling under the cognomen of Warhawk, was arrested in Constantinople. Palmer has exposed many conspiracies of secret organizations in Turkey. He was arrested so that he could be silenced.

Owing to the great reduction of the rents of farms in England on account of American competition cutting off the incomes of the landed gentry, it is predicted that there will soon be a large emigration of that class of people to this country.

"Pertinent paragraphs" in the Morgan City Review contains this item: A most excellent chicken feed is made as follows: Boil catfish to a jelly, skin out the bones and mix, while boiling hot, enough rice bran or corn meal with it to make a thick dough. Add a little salt and pepper. Try this, and if it does not make the hens shell out wonderfully we will pay the bill.

A ghost who clanks chains is a nuisance, but a ghost who throws bricks is positively dangerous. Such a muscular spirit has lately been masquerading about a deserted house in Chicago, beneath which money is supposed to be buried. This sanguinary apparition brings to the pastime of brick throwing considerable skill and admirable discrimination, for on a recent evening he knocked Policeman Martin O'Connor off a board fence at the first shot, and subsequently came within an ace of disemboweling an inquisitive reporter.

The Thibodeaux Sentinel tells the following story of a mad man: There is a man in this town, who has been unwell for some time. His friends advised him to go over to Texas and visit Sour lake, as the waters there would certainly relieve him. He decided to go about the first of May. So strange was his faith in the virtue of those waters that he began to improve right away, and when June arrived he was well, and now he is the maddest man in the Parish because he has no need of making a summer trip.

A Cuban planter visiting New York saw a charming woman on a Brooklyn ferry-boat and fell in love with her. He traced her to her home and learned that she was a widow, respectably connected. He was called to Cuba, whence he wrote a letter full of affection. Her friends inquired and found that he would make a desirable husband. They replied to the letter. He responded. She wrote until there was an offer of marriage and an acceptance and the wedding day was fixed. She prepared her bridal robe and returned to New York. They met at the house of one of her friends, she wondering how he looked, he anticipating a second vision of beauty. She saw a handsome man; he looked and screamed, "You are the wrong woman!" And so it was.

The Morgan City Review makes the following suggestion: "The new ands are plowing pretty well this rainy weather, but corn and cane have suffered much in old land, for work. The grass has some crops at its mercy, and labor threatens to charge $1.25 per day for field work. Many planters are relying upon contract job work for wood, while some are using field hands for same. If anything needs the refreshing balm of a strong system, 'tis our labor. Fair wages is necessary and just to the working man, but when a planter throws open his field to high-priced labor, wears his mental and physical self out, planning to meet the lofty money demands of these dear mediums of success, in raising his sugar crop, and at the year's end finds he has had a year's trouble and vexation merely to "keep the plantation up," —well--hadn't he better give his field a rest?

GEN. SHERMAN'S SPEECH.

At the meeting of the Army of the Potomac, on the 8th inst., at Washington, Gen Sherman, in replying to the toast "the Army and the Navy," took occasion to attempt the vindication of his character, from the charges of vandalism contained in Mr. Davis' "Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy,"

He referred more particularly to the burning of Columbia and endeavored to show that his army was not responsible for that catastrophe.

In the same breath, though, he threw out the inference that should South Carolina again cause a Federal army to approach Columbia, and the interests of the Government required it, he would so act as to leave no doubt as to the party who did the burning.

Gen. Sherman may say what he pleases but the desolation which marked the passage of his armies in Mississippi, Georgia and through the Carolinas, weird-like, will follow him through life and accompany his name on the darkest pages of the history of his country.

This fierce soldier tries to show that President Davis' order to Johnston's army to retreat across the Mississippi into Texas was prompted by an utter disregard for the lives and sufferings of his soldiers.

Gen. Sherman, though, does not say that he attempted to prevent the violation of the terms of the capitulation of Johnston's army, whereby the soldiers of the Confederacy were to be allowed to return to their homes and enjoy the peace which a reorganization of their State Governments, by the hands of their citizens, would have secured.

Instead of protesting against the infamous Reconstruction, which his brother was sustaining, while Grant stolidly directed it, he, Gen. Sherman, acting in concert with his commander-in-chief, sent the Sheridans and the Merrills to force the thieving Carpet-Baggers down the throats of the Southern soldiers, whose rights and liberties he was pledged to protect upon his honor as a soldier.

It is best, possibly, that the people of the South threw down their arms, everywhere, after reading Sherman's pledges. Yet, he permitted the treachery to be perpetrated, and by so doing he justified President Davis' want of confidence in the sincerity of his foes, by his stern resolve to carry on the war to the bitter end.

And it is doubtful to-day whether Mr. Davis was not right in endeavoring to keep up the struggle at least until sure and positive guarantees had been given that his people would not be given up to the tender mercies of freebooters.

Mr. Davis' name will go down to history as a patriot with a heart of oak, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

What will become of Gen. Sherman's?

THE DAILY MAIL.

As an evidence of the wishes of the people in regard to the mail line supplied by the dashing propeller, Morning Star, we reproduce the following from the Pointe Coupee Banner:

Our mail arrangements at this place are horrible. The mail from New Orleans for this place which reaches Pointe Coupee post-office at 9 o'clock Sunday morning lies there till one o'clock Monday and only gets here at 2 o'clock P. M., Monday. All mail matter deposited in this office after 3 o'clock P. M., Friday, remains here till 3 o'clock P. M., Monday, then goes to Pointe Coupee and is retained there till Tuesday night or Wednesday morning. This is an outrage on the community and we hope that the Postoffice Department at Washington will come to our relief. We would be glad if a daily mail were established between Baton Rouge and Red River Landing and a daily mail between New Road and Waterloo.

From the above the Postmaster General will understand how necessary a mail line of this character is to this section. Immediate steps should be taken to secure its continuation to Donaldsonville until the Pacific Railway is in complete running order to this point, after which it can be transferred and placed in successful running order to and from the mouth of Red River.

Spanish history says that a ship sent to South America in 1800 to collect tribute from the colonies of Spain was sunk near the mouth of the Rio de al Plata, with $9,000,000 aboard. The money is supposed to lie to-day at the bottom of the ocean, in a strong iron safe. An expedition has just sailed from Philadelphia to recover the treasure. The leader is Captain Charles A. Jones, who has already made a fortune in the South American wrecking business. He goes in an iron steamship, supplied with apparatus for removing the deep mud supposed to cover the dollars.

SHERMAN VS. THE SOLID SOUTH.

"I don't see that it makes much difference to us," said a Virginia Democrat yesterday, "how this New York fight comes out. We can't lose anything. Conkling will fall very suddenly below the political horizon, whether he fails to receive the indorsement at the hands of the Legislature, or refuses to allow his name to be used after counting noses. The same epitaph will be written over the grave of Mahone, when we bury him by about 30,000 majority this fall, which we are certain to do. Ever hear what Sherman said about the Solid South before he left the Treasury."

"No. Was it anything good?"

"Well, it struck me as good coming from such a source, and goes to show two things: First what radicalism can do when organized by the help of dissensions in the other ranks, and what it can't do under any natural state of affairs. When Cornell was elected through the Kelly bolt, Sherman said to a friend of mine who told it to me: 'I've repeatedly warned then and I'll do it again for the last time. They talk about the Solid South as if it was not an element to be considered. They forget the important fact, it has once practically secured the votes necessary to elect a President. Next time it will not do so, because I regard the election of Cornell as a certain forerunner of another split in the Democracy of New York. We'll get our next President on this account, but I don't believe we can run the gauntlet again. Before that time comes you will see the Democracy in line for the plain purpose of self-defense, and when that is done the Solid South will settle the controversy. As Mr. Sherman has never been classed among the idiots of the country, his prophecy will be watched with no small amount of interest.

The Richland Beacon gives the following item with a "moral" conclusion: He was a colored man and was going to marry; had bought a suit of clothes, but his merchant had no shoes that would fit him and refused to buy them at another house for him; he had no money and was terribly distressed. We tried to persuade him that it would be better to marry in his brogans than go in debt for finer shoes, but he said that would not be fashionable and he could not violate the rules of fashion on such an important occasion. He compromised on a pair of cowhide boots. This incident has a moral for both races. Do you see it?

The Latest News.

Within ninety days lookout for "big" water on the lower Mississippi—buy your brooms and water buckets at Wittings. Ireland's revolutionary state promises to continue indefinitely—The cows of New York, Ohio and adjoining States having failed to come to time, the milkmaids of that section are "bowed down with grief;" and at last accounts were engaged in the healthful occupation of viewing the scenery from the fence tops; Neverless, at Witting's may be found the choicest cream cheese and finest Goshen butter at lowest quotations—The whale catch this season having proved unprofitable, many wiseacres are laying in a supply of Witting's boneless codfish—Last week the streets of New York were so slushy that many ladies were carried over them in good-looking policemen's arms—Ward off the evil effects of a damp atmosphere by partaking of Witting's finest imported wines and liquors, prepared expressly for family use — The South America confederations have fortnightly "meets" on the field of battle—Chili has swallowed up Peru—Buy the most durable and reasonable cutlery at Witting's—When the railroad to Clinton is an assured fact, will the cows continue to walk in at the front door, mother? Not if you buy condensed milk at Witting's child—The up-river packets are loaded down to the guards, a fact which seems to herald a prosperous Spring —Witting's have sold three-fourths of that tinware spoken off last week. A score or two of good bargains still left—each member of the New Orleans Mystic Crew will wear a badge with the words "Witting's Wares" inscribed thereon—The new reduced-rate ferry has no doubt hastened two or three prospective marriages—Cheap crockery ware ar Witting's—Cotton is going up in price.—The rice crop last year was a poor one—3 pounds of the best for a quarter at Witting's—The Rocky Mountain mining camps are hidden in snow—Oatmeal is the best muscle builder, try Witting's—It has been ascertained through the late census returns that printers receive more presents and still more abuses than any other class of millionaires.—Do you wish to increase your weight?—Indulge in Witting's Wares —A goodly number of travelling dramatic companies have come to grief during the past winter—Have you seen the beautiful play of "The Best Five Cent Segar" at Witting's? Played daily to almost empty boxes?—"The Best Five Cent Segar" or the sugar-cured, air pressed, one-bit Ham!—The depressing influences of a rainy day have often been averted through the medium of Witting's best coffee—A cup of good coffee! —You can buy either at Witting's—Sitting Bull has surrendered himself for the price of one mouth-organ—Cheapest assortment of fancy and staple groceries at Witting's. Commodore Vanderbilt once said that he attributed his longevity to the daily use of stewed cranberries — "they must be good," he added—Finest cranberries at Witting's — Under the central arch of the great St. Louis bridge there hangs a sign with the letters "W. W" on it. Why does it creak with the winds?—And what is its object?—Shall we with the coming Spring's ethereal mildness keep abreast of the times by dealing at Witting's?