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ATTORNEYS.

C. BIRD, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Office on Convention street, between Third and Church streets, Baton Rouge, La.

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. ap24 v2m3

THOS. B. DUPREE, 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. A. S. Herron, L. D. Beale.

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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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JOHN JOHNSON, watchmaker and jeweler, dealer in jewelry, silverware, pictures and picture frames, Third street.

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

G. GENSELLY, 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 GENSELL, 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 flinters, Front street.

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

P. PIER'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, corner of Main and St. Anthony streets.

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JOHN GARVIN, general steamboat, forwarding and shipping agent, Front street.

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INSURANCE AGENTS
REPRESENTING \$70,000,000
FIRE, LIFE & MARINE INSURANCE.
BRIER ROUGE, L.A.
SINS INSURED AND LOSSES PROMPTLY AND SATISFACTORILY ADJUSTED

REED'S

GILT EDGE TONIC
IS A MALARIAL REMEDY
In every case of Malarial Fever, and Fever and Ague, while for disorganization of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbance 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.

W.M.S. BOOTH,
MANUFACTURERS' AGENT
Baton Rouge, La.
CORNER OF THIRD AND CONVENTION STREETS
Hornblows, Saddlery, Harness, Bladders, Carriage Trimmings, and Carriage Harness, always on hand. Also agent for Stegweick's Woven Wire Fence and Gates. Saddlery and Harness Manufactured to order. Repairing done with promptness. Call and see our work and get Bottom Figures on these Goods.

Mrs. Cooper, cousin of Col. Robt. Ingersoll, and a member of a San Francisco Presbyterian church, announced her disbelief of the story of Jonah and the whale. She was adjudged a heretic by the session of the church, and expelled. She retaliated by accusing the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Roberts, of bad conduct of various kinds; and particularly of preaching a sermon which was in effect an advertisement of his own business as a life insurance agent. There has been an acrimonious controversy and a trial before the Presbytery, in which Mr. Roberts incidentally accused a reverend brother of "bombast, malignity and ingratitude," and Mrs. Cooper remarked that she would rather have her cousin Ingersoll's society in hell than her pastor's in heaven. Mrs. Cooper was pronounced a heretic by a vote of nine to eight.

When I was a small boy I heard a minister say: "Children are like little tree-frogs." I wondered what he could mean by such words as these, for I could see no resemblance between children and tree-frogs. "It is said," remarked the tree-frog, "of whatever kind or tree they are on." And he said: "Little boys and girls are like them in this way: they partake of the habit of the children with whom they keep company. If they play with bad children, they will be likely soon to form the same bad habits which they practice." Oh, how true were his words.

—Dr. J. B. Thomas.

HALF TOLD DREAMS.

City Item.
'Twas the mystic bond, 'twixt the sleeping brain,
And the spirit's untrammelled flight
That conjured a fancy teeming train
Of incongruous dreams, one night.

There were unknown faces of false and true,
There were scattering scraps of talk;
A prim little maiden, whose eyes of blue
Most strangely directed my walk.

And my fancy led me—I know not how
(But dreams wield a magical wand),
To pass all the rest with a distant bow,
And to clasp the fair maiden's hand.

But, strangest of all, was the tender light
In her eyes—as an angel blessed—
And the earth seemed risen to heaven that night
When my hand with her lips she pressed.

Oh! pure little maiden with gentle eyes,
What mystery was locked in that kiss!
And why did you come from the far off skies
To tempt with such shadowy bliss?

Yet the dream still haunts! and the clasping hands
With the touch of thy lips remain!
But my step falls slow o'er the changing sands,
And the desolate, dreary plain.

Oh! dream of all blessings; oh! haunting hope,
Why, conjuring, come you to me!
My "hargus Esperanza"—no longer a boat—
Lies buried down under the sea.

But dreaming is past; the awakening chill
That comes with the skeleton doubt,
Destroyed the illusion, and fires my will
To put all such fancies to rout.

TRAGEDY IN THE FOREST.

The family of Cliffhurst were sitting at breakfast when Gresham, the district attorney, drove up to the door.

"Come with me to the forest," he said to Mr. Mordaunt, in some excitement. "There has been a terrible murder committed there, and I want your advice."

Mr. Mordaunt was a retired lawyer, who had been particularly celebrated in criminal cases, and who spent his summers at the estate he owned, called Cliffhurst, a few miles from Berkton.

"Willingly," he said, "I confess I still take an interest in all difficult cases."

When we were seated safe in the carriage, Mr. Gresham said:

"I was not more explicit before the ladies, because the accused is one they know—Miss Stray. She has killed her father."

"Impossible," cried Mr. Mordaunt, in an accent of horror and incredulity.

"So I said, when I first heard of it. But the proof is unanswerable. She is now in Berkton jail."

"I don't believe a word of it," retorted the other. "We know her slightly, yet well enough to make sure that there is some mistake about it. No, it can't be."

His companion shook his head. "I fear you are too sanguine. But you will see and judge yourself. There is to be an inquest at the Locks."

The Locks, as the name implied, were on the canal. There had always been a small settlement there, but since the railroad had been built, a depot, followed by a postoffice, the hamlet had grown considerably. Close by was a gap in the South mountain, which led to what was called the forest, a wild stretch of woodland, from five to ten miles wide, running between nearly parallel hills, and extending for some thirty miles from northeast to southwest. The name was well deserved, for excepting a few small houses, scattered here and there, the whole district was covered with its original growth of oak and chestnut, with here and there grim hemlocks and pines. The settlers were principally of German descent, their ancestors having come from the Palatinate a century and a half before. They retained, in a remarkable degree, the manners and customs of the fatherland. Their houses were generally of stone, frequently with overhanging stories, and often with stone staircases built outside.

In one of the wildest parts of this forest, high up on a spur of the sandstone hills, lived or had lived, old Wilhelm Stray, a usurer, a miser, the cruellest of creditors, it was said, and a tyrant to his family and all under him. He was supposed, however, to be the richest man in the country; and it was his only child who was now accused of his murder.

"It seems," said the District Attorney, "that his daughter had been clandestinely meeting a young man, and that her father hearing of it fell into a rage, and threatened to turn her out of doors. There was nothing against the lover, unless it was his poverty. His father, Col. Wolcott, was once a member of Congress for the adjoining district, and he himself a rising young lawyer. The girl had first met him at the house of an old schoolmate. She was at Mrs. Colingwood's boarding school, as you perhaps you know. Stung as old Stray was, he appears to have wished his only child to be brought up liked a lady. What passed in the interview between father and daughter is not fully known. The servant girl overheard angry words,

but could not distinguish their purport; she was sure that just before the altercation was over, the father threatened to disinherit the daughter. Shortly after, the old man left the house to walk to the Locks where he intended to take the train to Berkton. Almost immediately Miss Stray followed. Within twenty minutes, a forgerman, going home, came on her in the gap, standing over the dead body of the father. Her agitation on being detected was, he says, conclusive evidence of her guilt. But this is only opinion. The damning facts of the quarrel; an intelligent motive of the deed; blood on the linen cuff of her right hand; and the finding of an oriental dagger, which she had long used for a paper cutter, in a thicket close by, as if flung there when she heard the forgerman coming. The dagger was still wet with the crimson stain, by-and-by when found."

"What does the daughter say?"

"Oh! she denies it of course. Says she had just discovered the body, and that she was horrified at the sight, a horror which the forgerman mistook for proof of guilt. The dagger, she declares, was last seen by her that morning on her table. The blood on her cuff she explains by saying she had stopped to see if her father was really dead, and so stained the linen."

"Well, I believe her."

"That's because you know her and pity her. Who else could have done the deed? Who had any motive? Really, you are too old a man, too experienced a lawyer, to let sentimental motives cloud your judgment. The best that he said of her is that she did it in a fit of sudden passion—they say her temper is high; she was godded to it perhaps. Another Beatrice Cenci."

"God forgive," said the other. "But come, we'll say no more until we have seen for ourselves."

The two gentlemen first visited the scene of the murder. There were no signs of a struggle such as both expected to find. But Mr. Gresham said: "The stroke was too quick and sure for that, I suppose. The old man fell and died like an ox, stunned by a single blow."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Mr. Mordaunt. "See, here is where his shoes were firmly planted in the soil; the deep indentation is unmistakable; it looks to me as if there was some little resistance at least."

"But there is no sign of any other footsteps."

"No. Perhaps the assailant stood on this rock here. By-the-by, the moss seems to be slightly abraded."

"I don't see it. I rather think the assailant wore shoes that would not make indentation; a woman's shoe in fact."

"But what is this?" cried Mr. Mordaunt. He stopped as he spoke, and picked up, about two yards from where the body had lain, a curiously shaped button, with a small fragment of green cloth attached to it. The button lay just at the edge of the thicket, concealed by the overhanging laurels. "Here is something that may give a clue. It looks as if the button had been torn off in a struggle."

"Pshaw!" said the district attorney. "A mere coincidence. The button has been there for years, probably. Don't you see it is quite unlike any you ever saw before?"

The place next visited was the house of the murdered man. The corpse was still on the bed, but with the clothes on, awaiting the coroner's jury. A constable kept watch to prevent any interference until the inquest should have met. He was as garrulous as Dogberry himself.

"I'll take my 'davy' that I will," he said, "that gal's sweetheart put her up to it. The thing stands to nature. But they do say she has a temper of her own. There's where the dagger went in," he added, lifting the sheet.

"A single blow seems to have been sufficient," remarked the district attorney.

"It was a much stronger one, in my opinion," said Mr. Mordaunt after a pause, "than a girl's hand could have dealt. 'Ha,' he added after a pause, "what does he mean?"

"What?" asked Mr. Gresham, while the constable, having replaced the sheet, walked to a window.

"Don't you see? The blow was a left-handed one. Now, Miss Stray, as I happen to know, is not left-handed."

"This really does look like something, at last," said the other, reflecting.

For even he could see that the cut, instead of going from right to left, which would have been the case if the blow had been dealt in the usual way, went from left to right, as if a left-handed person had struck it.

But Mr. Gresham's incredulity returned after a moment.

"Don't let us be too quick," he said.

"Is it not impossible for a right-handed person to have struck such a blow; once in a score of times it might happen; perhaps oftener. Besides you can't explain away the dagger; that damning fact remains."

"It will all explain itself in good time," answered Mr. Mordaunt. "I had faith from the first in the girl's innocence. Now I am sure of it. At present I am going back to the Locks, where everybody about here is known. I am looking, you see, for a left-handed man, who had some interest in this murder."

Mr. Gresham shrugged his shoulders, but quietly followed his friend.

The inn at the Locks was crowded. Everybody from a circuit of twenty miles around, had been attracted thither by the report of the tragedy. "The real criminal," Mr. Mordaunt argued, "will most probably be there; for he will be anxious to hear the coroner's verdict; I wonder if his manner will betray him to me."

But amid all the throng he saw no one who showed the least sign of guilt. The beer mugs circulated freely, and the room was filled with tobacco smoke. A dozen voices at once discussed whether the lover had been an accessory, for the opinion was universal that the daughter was guilty. No, not quite universal, for one man, a hill farmer from the forest, ventured to dissent.

"For where is the money?" he said: "I paid him \$356 the evening before; some money I had borrowed from him last year. He was I saw, afraid to keep it in the house over night; he feared robbers; he told me he would take it to the bank the first thing the next morning. Now there is no money found on him."

"The girl robbed him after killing him," said a harsh voice, in answer. "No doubt of it."

Mr. Mordaunt looked around quickly. The man spoke in German, with a Bavarian accent. As if to emphasize his words he plunged his beer mug down on the table with a vigor that made the pipes lying there rattle. More than this the button which Mordaunt had found was the button belonging to the uniform of the railway employes of Bavaria, as he happened to know.

Mr. Mordaunt turned to his next neighbor.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked.

"Well, I hardly know. A new comer here: just from Germany; lives off in the forest by himself. They say he's been making up to the servant girl at old Stray's however; she's believed to have saved money. She has probably told him that her mistress robbed the old man; he seemed so positive about it."

But this solution was far from being that of Mr. Mordaunt. On the contrary he attributed the accusation of the man to a desire to screen himself. As if by flash, the whole tragedy from this moment became clear.

Mr. Mordaunt rose, and leaving the room, sought the district attorney.

"I want two search warrants," he said. "One for the trunks of the servant girl at Stray's and another for the house or cabin of a Bavarian, living, I am told, at the three mile crossroads in the forest. Three or four officers, also, as we may have to make arrests."

"This is rather unusual, as you will know, but we'll stretch a point to please you," said Mr. Gresham. "I'm afraid your zeal for once, however, has outrun your judgment."

"Trust me for that," replied Mr. Mordaunt. "My intuitions in these matters have never misled me."

Accordingly, he found, on searching the Bavarian's house, just what he had expected; the green uniform of a flag-station guard in Bavaria, with one button missing. The button had evidently been violently wrenched out. The bit of cloth attached to the button which Mr. Mordaunt had picked up, exactly fitted the rent.

"So far, so good," said Mr. Mordaunt, "now for the servant girl."

On examining her trunks a roll of notes was discovered, which the farmer from the forest, who was brought to the house for the purpose, identified as part of the money he had paid to the old man. "See, here is my mark," he said, showing a peculiar cross on each note. "I always put that on every bill."

When this was made known to the servant, the bravado which she had shown at first gave away, and she confessed all. The murder had been suggested by the Bavarian, who was in the kitchen when the farmer came to pay off his loan. "The miserly wretch has lived long enough," he argued; "his death won't harm anybody; this money will make us rich. He's sure, you say, to go to the bank with it to-morrow. We will throw the suspicion on his daughter."

It was then, in discussing this part of

the tragedy, that the girl spoke of the dagger of her mistress. "That is just the thing," cried the Bavarian. "Get it for me to-morrow. I will hide in the edge of the woods, watching till I see the old man get out; then I will steal down to the back door and get the dagger from you. Leave the rest to me."

The Bavarian was arrested, tried, condemned and hung. The girl, by turning state's evidence, saved her life. It was not, it was discovered, the first serious crime of the murderer. He had fled from Bavaria to avoid arrest for a homicide committed there. He had never worn his old uniform, except on the day of Mr. Stray's death, and he put it on thinking it a disguise. "But 'twas the devil who suggested it," he said, wrathfully; had I not worn it I never would have found been out. Yes, the old man held on tight and cried for help; it was some time before I could make a sure stroke; and I was going to make but one."

Miss Stray lived in the strictest seclusion for more than two years after the tragedy and then was married to her lover in the quietest way, only the Mordaunts being present. Her husband is now one of the leading members of bar at Berkton, where they reside, for she never went back to the house in the forest. The old edifice is falling to decay, and it is said to be haunted, strange noises being heard at night, wailing groans, prayers for mercy, so the excited imaginations of the neighbors fancy.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S FATHER IN-LAW.

Mr. N. P. Minor writes from Louisiana, Mo., to the St. Louis Republic:

"In your issue of to-day, in an editorial headed 'President Arthur,' you allude to his marriage to the daughter of Capt. Herndon, whom you erroneously state went down at sea on the steamer San Francisco. Permit me to correct this mistake and to state briefly the particulars of the death of this gallant sailor. It was the theme of song and poetry at the time it happened, as exhibiting the highest type of manhood, but twenty-five years has nearly thrown the veil of oblivion over the touching scene of his death.

Although a captain in the United States Navy, Herndon was permitted to take service in the line of steamers then running from New York to Panama. He left New York in command of the Central America, crowded with passengers. Off the coast she was wrecked. Capt. Herndon knew she would sink. With a coolness perfectly characteristic of the man, he made arrangements to save all his passengers and crew. He found a place for each and every one but himself, for the boats, loaded down, threatened to sink. Handing his watch to a New York friend entering the boats, he asked him to deliver it to his wife, and the boats were pushed off.

"Dressing himself in his naval uniform, with swords around him, he ascended to the highest part of the vessel and took position. Thus dressed, under the flag of his country, the last thing the fleeing passengers saw was Herndon, the flag and the ship all going down together into the quiet deep. Thus perished Lewit Herndon. Ought this record, like the heroic sailor, be lost, or will you refresh the recollections of the public?"

Says the Austin (Texas) Statesman: At Dallas a nicely-dressed and very handsome young man, on his way home the other night, after calling on a young lady, was met in a dark place by two fellows, who leveled pistols at him, and told him to hold up his hands and be searched. He told them they had struck the wrong man, for he hadn't a cent about him. They went through him, and found nothing but a key. They told him they would let him go, but if they caught him moneyless again they would kill him on the spot, and told him that if he would stop visiting the girls, and do more work, he would have more money.

The Petaluma (Cal.) Argus says: "It may not be generally known outside of the neighborhood where it is situated, but it is nevertheless a fact, that in Sonoma County we have an original and successful piece of railroad engineering and building that is not to be found in the books. In the upper part of this county, near the coast, may be seen an actual road-bed in the tree-tops. Between the Clipper Mills and Stuart's Point, where the road crosses a deep ravine, the trees are sawed off on a level and the timber and ties laid on the stumps. In the centre of the ravine mentioned two huge red wood trees, standing side by side, form a substantial support and they are cut off seventy-five feet above the ground, and cars loaded with heavy saw logs pass over them with as much security as if they were framed in the most scientific manner."