

TO-MORROW.

The setting sun, with dying beams,  
Had waked the purple hill to fire,  
And citadel and some and spire  
Were gilded by the far-off gleam:  
And in and out dark pine trees crept  
Full many a slender line of gold;  
Gold notes athwart the river swept,  
And kissed it as it onward rolled;  
And sunlight lingered loth to go.  
Ah! well, it causeth sorrow  
To part from those we love below;  
And yet the sun as bright shall glow  
To-morrow!

The tide was ebbing on the strand,  
And stooping low its silver crest;  
The crimson seaweed lay at rest  
Upon the amber-ribbed sand;  
Dashed o'er the rocks and on the shore  
Flung parting wreaths of peaty spray,  
Then fled away; yet turned once more  
And sent a sight across the bay,  
As though it could not bear to go.  
Ah! well, it causeth sorrow  
To part from those we love below,  
Yet thitherward the tide shall flow  
To-morrow!

Two hearts have met to say farewell  
At even when the sun went down;  
Each life-sound from the busy town  
Smote sadly as a passing bell.  
One whispered: "Parting is sweet pain—  
At morn and eve returns the tide;"  
"Nay! parting rends the hearts in twain."  
And still they linger side by side,  
And still they linger, loth to go.  
Ah! well, it causeth sorrow  
To part from those we love below—  
For shall we ever meet or no  
To-morrow?

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TOILS.

The ringing sound that came from a  
blackened smithy told that the steel was  
smithing steel. The smith who swung  
the ponderous hammer was a man of no  
common muscle.

He was young and remarkably hand-  
some; but there was an evil lurking in  
his cold black eyes which would have  
repelled the close observer.

The light of his forge fire rendered  
ghostly the objects in the remote corners  
of the shop; but it fell brightly upon the  
strange-looking piece of steel he was  
hammering.

It resembled the jaws of some im-  
mense trap, strong enough to hold a bear,  
and the wonder was that the strength of  
man could prepare it for its prey.

If any man in Middletown could con-  
trol such a trap, it was the man whose  
hands were fashioning it.

For a long time David Thrall had  
been working of nights, with his shop  
barred to visitors, and the clang-clang  
—clang of his hammer had sounded in  
the furthest corner of the growing vil-  
lage.

He was a man of strong passions, the  
first to resent an insult to a friend, and  
the last to give up an argument when  
he found logic against him.

No person had bothered him while he  
was swinging the hammer over the terrible  
steel trap which he was making.

It is true that a few boys looked in at  
the window at the inauguration of his  
work, but his maddening threats against  
them had kept the prying urchins away.

"I told her that she should never laugh  
at my love and live to boast of it to an-  
other man!" David Thrall said aloud,  
one night as he paused to wipe great  
drops of perspiration from his brow.

"She laughed then, and told me not  
to let anger get the better of me, and  
thought I would forget it. Forget! Never!  
And the hammer came down  
wrathfully upon the glowing steel.

"I am making this trap because you  
rejected my love, Agnes Temple. But  
it shall not tear your pretty skin. No,  
no! I would not injure one of your  
golden hairs; but I am going to teach  
you that there is one in Middletown  
whose heart cannot be trifled with."

Thus he talked to himself, while he  
stood over his anvil and swung his ham-  
mer, whose every blow told on his hor-  
rible mechanism, and hurried it toward  
completion. That night he finished it.

He held it in the light of his cold fire  
and pronounced it perfect; smiled upon  
it with pride, showed that he had  
strength enough to master its jaws.

"Now, my boys, we'll try it."  
David Thrall put his trap into a sack,  
smothered the fire and left the smithy.

He walked rapidly to the outskirts of  
the village, seen by no one, for the night  
was dark and the wind high.

It was in the autumn of the year, and  
the yellow leaves of the trees fell around  
him in golden showers. But he did not  
notice them any more than to brush an  
occasional one from his long beard, be-  
grimed like his face, with the soot of his  
shop.

He did not come to a halt until he  
reached the iron track that ran over the  
road he was traveling.

Middletown had not been honored by  
the steam cars, which, as if to taunt the  
place, left it a half mile to the west.

David Thrall threw his burden down,  
and a sigh of relief escaped him. Then  
he struck a match and looked at his  
watch.

"He passes about nine," he muttered.  
"The passenger goes by at ten, then the  
lightning express."

He spoke with a fiendishness almost  
foreign to the human heart, and sat to  
work fastening the strong chain attach-  
ed to his infernal trap to the iron rails.

He had evidently studied his part of  
his infernal work, for he performed it in  
the darkness and then rested. But the  
end was not yet.

Throwing himself upon the spring, he  
set the trap, and the terrible jaws were  
ready to close upon their victim.

The wind threw leaves upon the trap,  
as if intent on aiding the jealous black-  
smith, and as the clouds scudded west-  
ward, he saw the star gleams fall upon  
the leaves that covered it.

It was a picturesque place that David  
Thrall had selected for the deed upon  
which he had set his heart.

The road was narrow—indeed not  
more than a path—that led to Middle-  
town, and the home of Agnes Temple.  
He knew the man he hated would tra-  
verse it before dawn, and he knew too  
that his trap would hold him to the iron  
track.

It was a revenge almost too terrible to  
be recorded.

"There!" exclaimed the smithy, as he  
stepped away a pace, and triumphantly  
surveyed the result of his night's toil in  
the sooty shop. "Now let the prey  
come! The trap is ready. I wish you a  
pleasant time of it, Julian Wingfield. To  
be plain, I should like to know how a  
man would feel between two such jaws."

Then he picked up the sack and start-  
ed back to Middletown. But he had not  
gone ten yards before he halted.

"The trap might have been set a little  
easier," he said to himself. "It has not  
been wound much and the easier it is  
set the surer I shall be of my prey."

Intent upon readjusting the devilish  
invention, the blacksmith retraced his  
steps, and for the second time in that  
lonely and beautiful spot he bent over  
the cross-ties.

He placed his knee upon the spring to  
prevent the jaws from closing and catch-  
ing their maker, while he tampered  
with the trigger.

He was in the midst of the work, when,  
from some unaccountable cause, his  
knee slipped from the spring, and—oh,  
horror! the mighty jaws closed on his  
wrist!

With a cry, indescribably full of ag-  
ony, the entrapped man tried to spring  
to his feet, but the trap, fastened as it  
was to the iron rails, held him securely  
down.

The sharp teeth seemed to cut into the  
marrow of his bones, and he was experi-  
encing the horrors of a human being  
caught in a trap.

He tried to crush the spring, but it  
would not yield to the power which he  
had lately owned, and then he had tried  
to tear himself loose.

But the pain occasioned by its efforts  
was so great that he was forced to desist  
lest he should faint, and in that condi-  
tion caught by the train.

"If it had caught my leg," he cried,  
"I could tear it loose; but oh, these pre-  
cious arms of mine!"

It was a terrible moment for the en-  
trapped man.

All at once, in that hour of terror, he  
thought of the man for whom he had  
prepared the jaws of unyielding steel.

He would doubtless reach the crossing  
and release him before the train was due,  
for Julian Wingfield was not a vengeful  
rival.

All thoughts of revenge against the  
beautiful Agnes Temple had left his  
mind, he looked up at the stars and they  
seemed to mock at his misery; he cried  
for help from the terror-stricken depths  
of his heart. But no footsteps sounded  
upon his ears.

Heaven and man seemed to have left  
the latter to his fate. Suddenly David  
Thrall started, and a cry of despair well-  
ed from his throat.

The shriek of the engine told him that  
the one dreaded hour of his captivity  
had passed away, and the end of all was  
near at hand.

"Heaven have mercy!" he cried. "Do  
not unto me as I have done unto an-  
other."

But no deliverance came, and the  
sound of the whistle died away with a  
mocking echo.

Within five minutes the iron monster  
would be upon him, and the most terri-  
ble drama ever enacted in that lovely  
country would have reached its tragic  
finale. He heard the roar of the train,  
which seemed to approach on the very  
wings of the wind.

He raved, he cursed, and tried to  
wrench his wrist from the jaws of steel,  
and tried to break them off, and bear life  
and the blessed stumps away, but in  
vain. With the tenacity of death itself  
the trap held him down.

The engine shrieked again, and David  
Thrall panted and looked over his shoul-  
der.

He saw the headlight now; it dazzled  
his eyes, and he could not shade the  
precious orbs with his hands. Then he  
shrieked at the top of his voice; but the  
cars came on.

"No deliverance! Oh, Heaven!" he  
exclaimed, "I have merited this. What  
a terrible thing retribution is! He will  
be happy, and she will smile upon him  
with all her dazzling beauty. But—I—  
oh, Heaven pity me! Chained to the  
track—caught in the trap made by my  
own hands for a fellow-being. It is just.  
Heaven forgive me, and comfort my  
poor—"

The rumbling of the train had scarcely  
died away in the distance when Julian  
Wingfield, returning from the home of  
Agnes Temple, crossed the track.

He stepped where the instrument of  
death had been placed, and passed on  
without noticing its handiwork. If he  
had but glanced down he might have  
seen the two battered steel jaws, closed  
now upon the lifeless hands only of his  
rival, the blacksmith.

The remains were discovered on the  
following day, and the presence of  
the trap told the awful story.

David Thrall's widowed mother soon  
followed him to the grave.

The little smithy still stands in Mid-  
dletown, and the superstitious say that  
at night David Thrall can be heard beat-  
ing steel before his forge.

Julian Wingfield is a happy husband  
and father now, but he never thinks of  
that one night's walk without a feeling  
of thankfulness as well as of horror.

COMING HOME TO ROOST.

The young chickens of Louisiana rad-  
icalism are coming home to roost, and  
Acton stands a fair chance of being de-  
voured by his own dogs. J. Madison  
Wells and Alcee P. Dumas, intimately  
associated with him, have been indicted  
by the grand jury of the U. S. Court, in  
New Orleans, "for malfeasance in office,  
and selling positions in the custom-  
house."

Wells was arrested at his resi-  
dence on Custom-house street, but being  
too ill to be moved, the officer paroled  
him.—*Alexandria Democrat.*

A lady passenger once asked the late  
Capt. Judkins the name of a passing  
steamer. "I don't know," was the gruff  
reply. "Go and ask the cook." "Why,  
I thought you was the cook," she an-  
swered quickly.

The Louisiana Capitolian, published  
at Baton Rouge, is a beautiful model of  
typographical skill.—*Magnolia Herald.*

WHAT THEY SAY OF THE CAPITOLIAN.

The Louisiana Capitolian, a very neat  
7-column paper, makes its appearance  
from our old and future Capital. Of  
course it is Democratic, and, when we  
say that Leon Jastremski is editor and  
business manager, it needs no higher  
praise.—*Port Vincent Livingstonian.*

By a majority of 6334 Baton Rouge has  
been selected as the future seat of gov-  
ernment for Louisiana. What is to be  
done in the matter? *Shall "Red Stick"*  
*be evicted out of the honor due her, and*  
*our State made to suffer thereby? We say*  
*not. We be unto those who attempt it.*  
*—Clinton Patriot-Democrat.*

Several numbers of the first volume of  
the Louisiana Capitolian have been  
received at this office. It is a large,  
well edited and well printed sheet. The  
name of its editor, Leon Jastremski, is  
a sufficient guarantee for its Democracy  
and fidelity to the best interest of Lou-  
isiana.—*Washington News.*

The Capitolian, Vol. 1, No. 1, is wel-  
comed by us, and cheerfully placed upon  
our exchange list. Its first appearance  
is quite promising, and gives positive  
indications of a vigorous career in the  
new Capital of the State. We wish  
Messrs. LeSueur and Jastremski abun-  
dant success.—*Carroll Conservative.*

The Capitolian is one of the handsomest  
papers in the South. The materials are  
all new, and the mechanical work on the  
paper is superb. But this is the least to  
be said of the new paper. Its columns  
are full of excellent and newsworthy  
matter and the editorials are written  
with clearness and vigor.—*N. O. Dem.*

We have received the first number of  
the Louisiana Capitolian. Its politics  
are purely Democratic and devoted to  
the claims of Baton Rouge for the lo-  
cation of the State government. We en-  
dorse the position of the Capitolian on  
this subject, and extend it our con-  
gratulations and best wishes for its success.  
—*Sphinx Southern.*

We received, this week, the Capitolian,  
a neat and well edited paper, published  
at Baton Rouge, which we gladly place  
on our list of exchanges. The Capitolian  
has selected its name, in view of the fu-  
ture location of the State Capital at Bat-  
on Rouge, in accordance with the will  
of the people, as expressed by the adop-  
tion of the first amendment submitted  
last fall, and it proposes to urge this  
matter upon the Convention.—*Calcutta*  
*Gazette.*

Baton Rouge having received a major-  
ity of the votes cast at the late election  
for State Capital, has produced a jour-  
nal bearing the significant title Louisiana  
Capitolian. It is a handsome 7-column  
folio, printed from new type, thus pre-  
sents a handsome typographical ap-  
pearance. W. A. LeSueur appears as  
publisher, and the name of our old friend  
Leon Jastremski, now mayor of Baton  
Rouge, and who learned the *ars artium*  
*conscriptoris* in this office many years  
ago, is editor.—*Abbeville Meridional.*

The Capitolian is the name of a new  
journal printed at Baton Rouge, the  
third number of which is on our table.  
We owe our esteemed contemporary the  
amende honorable for not noticing it sooner.

However, we do it now, *de bon coeur*,  
and congratulate the Democracy of its  
parish, and of our State, that they have  
one more true and faithful advocate of  
its principles. The Capitolian has al-  
ready made its mark as a first-class  
Democratic and live newspaper, and we  
wish it abundant success personally and  
politically.—*Alexandria Democrat.*

The Meridional is filled with a degree  
of pleasurable satisfaction, difficult to  
express to its readers, in having occasion  
to note the appearance of the Capitolian,  
a new sheet, or rather a "spring rose"  
that has just opened under the auspices  
of its friend, Leon Jastremski, a gentle-  
man so well known here. This new  
organ will always be welcomed in our  
midst, because it defends what we love,  
and is with us fighting the ring that  
opposes the transfer of the capital where  
it logically should be.

Courage, friend Leon, the Meridional is  
with you, and though the Legislature was  
either powerless or too corrupt to act and  
decide upon the amendments, we hope that  
our delegates to the Constitutional Con-  
vention, will display more wisdom, and that  
they will give us Baton Rouge for State  
capital.—*Abbeville Meridional.*

THE CAPITAL AT BATON ROUGE.

SECRETARY STRONG'S REPORT.

In compliance with Secretary Breaux's  
resolution of inquiry regarding the vote  
on the amendments to the Constitution,  
the Secretary of State submitted to the  
Senate the following, his special tabu-  
lated report; which shows Baton Rouge  
to have been elected the Capital of  
Louisiana, by the handsome majority of  
6329.

It will be observed that all the other  
amendments, some of which are desired  
by the people, were defeated by over-  
whelming odds, with the view of com-  
pelling the assembling of a Constitu-  
tional Convention, a measure loudly  
demanded by the public interests. No  
better evidence is needed to fully estab-  
lish the people's will, in connection with  
the removal question.

State Capital for Baton Rouge.....27,957  
For New Orleans.....21,625  
1st amendment—for.....11,650

" " against.....13,966  
2d " " against.....25,034  
3d " " against.....50,543

4th " " against.....29,705  
5th " " against.....55,774  
6th " " against.....27,350

7th " " against.....48,218  
8th " " against.....25,686  
9th " " against.....49,394

10th " " against.....30,213  
11th " " against.....45,016  
12th " " against.....31,161

13th " " against.....43,815  
14th " " against.....33,120  
15th " " against.....42,149

16th " " against.....33,993  
17th " " against.....40,663  
18th " " against.....19,767

19th " " against.....55,774  
20th " " against.....30,947  
21st " " against.....44,576

22nd " " against.....10,452  
23rd " " against.....66,545  
24th " " against.....30,571

25th " " against.....54,524  
26th " " against.....30,598  
27th " " against.....54,529

28th " " against.....28,665  
29th " " against.....47,213  
30th " " against.....21,190

31st " " against.....53,691  
32nd " " against.....55,524  
33rd " " against.....53,383

34th " " against.....27,369  
35th " " against.....42,329  
36th " " against.....32,176

37th " " against.....40,988  
38th " " against.....37,718  
39th " " against.....41,223

40th " " against.....55,922  
41st " " against.....47,325

**WILLIAM GARIO,**  
**FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,**  
—DEALER IN—  
**PLANTATION AND FAMILY SUPPLIES,**  
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STEAMBOAT, PURCHASING & COLLECTION AGENT.

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COTTON BOUGHT, STORED AND SHIPPED. feb8

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PIPER & BRADFORD'S OLD STAND,  
MAIN STREET, - BATON ROUGE, LA.

**DEALER IN BEDSTEADS, ARMOIRS, BUREAUS, CHAIRS**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
**Parlor and Bed-Room Sets, Kitchen Furniture,**

And various other articles at the lowest market price. Metallic and Imitation  
Cases, Coffins of all kinds with Hearses when required, furnished at any hour.  
Also, Woven-Wire Mattresses. These Mattresses are so well known that it  
is not necessary to enlarge upon their merits. Their superiority over  
all springs is, they are Elastic, Noiseless, Durable, Cleanly,  
Healthful and Economical. The Gray Wire is an improvement,  
consisting of a large wire put on the fabric, which  
makes a stiff edge, and prevents its being pressed  
on the rail. No other Mattress possesses this  
excellent feature. Guaranteed for five years. feb8

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**DEALER IN WINES, LIQUORS, ETC.,**  
NO. 7 - - - MAIN STREET, - - - NO. 7  
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STEAM PIPE AND STEAM FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS,  
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Main Street, Baton Rouge, La.  
ADVANCES MADE ON COTTON IN STORE OR FOR SHIPMENT.  
TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

We invite your attention to our large and complete stock of goods, consisting  
of GROCERIES, PLANTATION SUPPLIES, STAPLE HARDWARE, WOOD  
and WILLOW-WARE, SADDLERY and HARNESSES, etc.—we enumerate as  
follows:

**FLOUR**—In barrels and half barrels. Our Flour is bought with great care  
from Mills direct, or through Agents in St. Louis. Our principal brands are as  
follows: **CRACKED CORN MEAL**, as fine as any in the market.  
**WHEAT MEAL**, a Choice Family Flour.  
**MAGNETA**, a very good Family Flour; also, other brands of good quality, at  
lowest prices.  
**TOBACCO**—In this class of goods we also have our own trade marks or brands:  
**CRACKED CORN**, a choice Chewing Tobacco, in 1 lb. plugs, bright,  
**DIGNITY**, a very good  
**TOBACCO**, in 1 lb. plugs, dark.  
**GRASS JUNK**, "Diana," a very good Chewing Tobacco, in 1 lb. plugs, dark.  
**SILVER SEAL**, "Free Trade" Smoking Tobacco, in 1 and 2 lb. bags.  
**VIRGINIA FINE**, and half Fine-Cut Tobacco, all kinds of papers.  
Some of the above are not copyrighted brands, but are standard goods, and are  
constantly in stock at lowest prices.

**WHISKIES**—In barrels and at retail. Our own brands in this  
article are:  
**CRACKED CORN**, a very good Bourbon.  
**DANIEL BOONE**, "Orange," a very good Whisky.  
**W. L. Weller & Son's MAGNETA**, a very choice Bottled Whisky.

We call attention to the fact that Whiskies with similar brands are sold in this  
market which are not our goods. See that our name is on the head of each package,  
if you want the genuine article. We have also a full line of fine HONOLULU  
and ST. LOUIS, which have as superior as any in the market.

**SUGAR AND MOLASSES**—In this line of goods, we handle only a choice  
article, and feel convinced we give our customers better satisfaction. Cheap  
goods are dear at any price. We have now New Crop Goods of both these articles,  
and will continue to keep them during the entire season, as we buy direct from  
plantations, we are enabled to give our customers Rock Bottom Prices.

**MEATS, LARD, ETC.**—In this line we are prepared to offer better induc-  
ments than ever before. One of our firm having visited one of the largest packing  
houses in this country, and made special prices on all goods in this line. Our  
stock at present is large and will continue so. It consists, in part, as follows:

**PORK**—Clear New, Standard New and Back Pork.  
**BACON**—Clear and Rib Sides, Shoulders, etc.  
**D. S. OF GREEN MEATS**—Sides, Shoulders, etc.  
**SUGAR-CURED SMOKED BACON**.  
**LARD**—This article is in short supply, kegs, buckets or pails, and tin buckets, from  
one to ten pounds, all of choice grade. These are **CARL** goods, and purchasers  
to obtain bottom prices must pay cash for them.

**SOAP, STARCH, CANDLES, ETC.**—All these goods which we keep are  
standard brands, and bought direct from manufacturers. We give our friends any  
benefits in prices which we obtain.

**CANNED AND BOTTLED GOODS**—Goods put up by responsible packers  
ONLY, are handled by us, at short weight or inferior goods; we sell by case, dozen  
or single, and at the lowest prices to all classes of buyers.

**POWDER, SHOT, CARPS, ETC.**—These goods form a very important feature  
in our business; we claim to have superior facilities over most houses in this city.

**SADDLERY AND HARNESSES**—Our stock, selected in person, is complete and  
will meet the wants of every one in article and price. Wagon Harness and Cart  
Harness, Single and Double Buggy Harness, Fine Saddles, Good Saddles, Common  
Saddles, Buggy, Wagon, Ox and Riding Whips are among the leading articles in  
stock.

**OUR RETAIL DEPARTMENT**—Has been filled up to meet the requirements  
of the business; complete, but not expensive. Choice goods at low prices to suit  
the taste and not the sight. Families will find all they require, at living prices.  
Thanking a generous community for the liberal patronage bestowed in the past  
few years of our business, we pledge our customers to serve them by close atten-  
tion in all the future, and will use our best efforts to retain the good will and patronage  
of all who entrust us with their business. We are, **DAVID & GARIO.**  
feb8

**RED STICK CHEAP STORE.**

**JOHN J. WAX, PROPRIETOR.**  
DEALER IN

**FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES,**  
**LIQUORS, CIGARS.**  
TOBACCO AND CONFECTIONERIES,  
Corner of St. Ferdinand and Europe Sts.,  
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**JOSEPH LARGUIER,**  
(Established in 1849.)

—DEALER IN—  
**FOREIGN & DOMESTIC HARDWARE,**

House-Furnishing, Cutlery,  
Oils, Paints, Agricultural Implements,  
**GLASS,**  
Coopers', Blacksmiths' and Carpenters'  
**TOOLS,**