

# LOUISIANA CAPITOLIAN.



W. A. LESUEUR,  
Publisher and Proprietor.

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, MARCH 13, 1880.

VOL. 2—No. 6  
Terms—\$2.00 a Year.

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practice in all courts of the State of Lou-  
isiana. jy19

THOMAS B. JUPREE, Attorney and  
Counselor at Law, Office No. 6,  
Pike's Row, Baton Rouge, La. Will  
practice in the State and Federal courts.  
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E. W. ROBERTSON, S. M. ROBERTSON,  
W. S. M. ROBERTSON, Attor-  
neys and Counselors at Law. Office  
on North Boulevard street, Baton Rouge,  
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HERRON, BIRD & BRALE—Attor-  
neys at Law. Office on North Boul-  
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FAYROT & LAMON—Attorneys at  
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## A STORM AT THE SEASHORE.

Down along the pebbly shore  
I watched the sea-gulls flying;  
While way off in the distant fete  
The western sun was dying.

The seashell-decked clouds overhead  
Swift through the air went cleaving.  
While on the ocean's placid bed  
The waves began upheaving.

Full soon the cloud high of night  
Began the sky's overwhelming.  
And nature seemed filled with fright,  
Marked by her labored breathing.

Anon, bursts forth the doleful sound—  
The harbor's awful moaning;  
And earth, and sea, and sky—all 'round,  
With agony seemed groaning.

Quick through the pall hung o'er the sky—  
The lightning's dart is flashing;  
While 'gainst the beach, the rocks so high,  
The waves are madly dashing.

Hark! what sound breaks on the air!  
The thunder's loud complaining;  
While with a force that comes but rare,  
In torrents now—its raining.

The morning mist begin to break  
On shores so white gleaming;  
While oceans stormy crested wake  
With placid smiles is leaping.

Above, the sun pours down each ray  
Through clouds of snowy whiteness;  
While here below a perfect day  
Assures us of its brightness.

## OUT IN THE STORM.

She stood with the open letter in her  
hand, trembling and pale, and at  
last had to clutch at the nearest chair  
to keep herself from falling.

"It is all over!" she cried, after a  
while putting her hand to her forehead  
with a dazed look, "all over—all over!  
and yet, oh, how I loved him!"

The match between Lydia Tren-  
tham and Leonard Drake had been a  
runaway one. Her family was richer  
than his, and ambitious that she should  
make a great alliance, for she was  
beautiful and accomplished, and had  
such a charming manner that every-  
body raved about her. When, there-  
fore, she fell in love with Leonard  
Drake, who had but a comparatively  
small competence, and no business  
knowledge whatever, her father an-  
grily bade her to dismiss such a lover  
for ever from her thoughts. But with  
Lydia, as with most romantic girls,  
this stern decree acted only as an ad-  
ditional incentive. She thought her  
father unjust, and went on loving  
Drake more than ever. She eloped.  
From that day her parents looked on  
her as the dead.

"She had made her bed, let her lie  
in it," said her father savagely.

There had been only one cloud on  
the happiness of the wife. She had  
come to her husband penniless when  
he had right to expect a fortune and  
she feared that some day he might  
regret his choice. All at once, like a  
thunderbolt out of a clear sky, came  
the crushing blow which destroyed  
her happiness in one hour.

In his bachelor days, and before he  
met Lydia Trentham, Leonard Drake's  
name had been associated with a beau-  
tiful girl who afterwards married a  
Mr. Dorchester, a banker. People  
said she had never loved him, but that  
her heart had been given to Leonard  
Drake; that Leonard had really loved  
her, and that Miss Bentley had only  
taken the rich banker "because," as  
she said, "Leonard and herself were  
too poor to marry."

Lydia, at the time hearing these  
things, had not been without jealousy;  
but the entire devotion of Leonard  
had, in the end, satisfied her; and  
for years she had forgotten even the  
existence of Mrs. Dorchester.

Suddenly Mrs. Dorchester had ap-  
peared at the summer resort where  
the Drakes were residing temporarily.  
Here she had renewed her acquaint-  
ance with Leonard. Mrs. Dorchester  
was a widow now; notes began to pass  
between her and Lydia's husband;  
and twice the wife had detected them  
walking together in the dusk of the  
evening.

For weeks she had struggled against  
conviction, hoping towards the last  
against hope, until this day, when she  
had found a torn and crumpled letter  
hidden between the pages of a book,  
the first words of which drove her al-  
most insane. She remembered now  
that she had surprised her husband  
that morning reading a letter, which,  
to her astonishment, had he shuffled  
into an open volume before him, but  
she had not noticed what book it was  
and it was by accident only she now  
discovered it.

It was but one part of a letter, how-  
ever, that she found. The paper had  
evidently been torn into several pieces  
and only a portion had been thrust  
into the book as if (so she reasoned)  
her husband's agitation had de-  
prived him for the moment of his self-  
control. Under any other circum-  
stances a paper belonging to Leonard  
would have been sacred to her, but  
when she saw the first significant  
words, "We must keep the secret,"  
she read Mrs. Dorchester's signature  
at the end.

Much was lost, all was more or less  
incoherent, but enough remained to  
convince the tortured wife that every-  
thing was over for her in the way of  
happiness in this world.

She remained there for nearly half  
an hour, dazed, crushed, not knowing  
as yet what to do. The door opened  
at last and old Dorcas came in. Old  
Dorcas had been Lydia's nurse and  
had followed her after marriage, the  
only one poor or rich, that had stuck  
to her fallen fortunes. She started  
back on seeing the ashy face of her  
mistress.

"What is it?" said Lydia, rousing  
herself.

"A note from Mr. Drake," was the  
reply. "But deary me, are you ill,  
ma'am?"

"No, I am quite well, answered  
the poor wife, with a great effort.  
"Ah, I see that Mr. Drake writes he  
is going to join a party to go up to  
Dover not to return till to-night, if I  
will excuse his coming back to dinner."

"Yes," Dorcas said vaguely,  
"The man who brought the note  
waits for an answer. Tell him to say  
to Mr. Drake, 'Go by all means, I  
haven't time or I would write.'"

Dorcas started off, but her mistress's  
voice again made her pause.

"When you have sent him away  
come to my room—I want you."

There was a little delay, but when  
Dorcas entered the room her mistress  
was busy with a traveling-bag.

"Dorcas," said she, "you have been  
with me all my life—do you want to  
remain with me still?"

The voice was so cold, the face so  
white Dorcas dared make no scene.

"I will go with you to the world's  
end, ma'am," she answered, feelingly.

"Then get ready, I am going to  
Boston—on from there as fast as I can.  
Tell nobody. Get your things out of  
the house as secretly as possible."

"For goodness sake! What is the mat-  
ter?" groaned Dorcas.

"If you can't be quiet and obey  
without a question you might stay be-  
hind," Lydia answered, in the same  
hard natural voice. "Be quick and  
choose—I have no time to waste."

She sat down and wrote a letter to  
her husband, inclosed the torn pages  
she had found, and poured out the  
mad jealousy of the past weeks that  
had this day culminated.

"I have done now, she wrote. 'Peo-  
ple were right; you loved her and not  
me; and now that she is rich and I am  
poor, I am too proud to wait till I am  
cast off. So I go, and you need not  
follow; you could not find me even if  
you wished. Remember that hence-  
forth your life is free from me. Think  
of me as dead, if you like. In your  
hands is the only proof of our mar-  
riage—destroy it; nothing will then  
stand between you and peace. I have  
only to beg you to forgive me for al-  
lowing you to link your fate with a  
miserable and impoverished wife in-  
stead of with an heiress, as you hoped'

The letter ended as abruptly as it  
began, and was sealed and placed on  
Drake's writing-table. Dorcas came  
softly into the room crying a little in  
a quiet way. Everything was ready  
—they could go.

Late that evening Leonard Drake  
returned to be horrified by the news  
that his wife was not there, though  
the domestic had supposed, from what  
Dorcas said that she and her mistress  
had gone to Dover to meet Mr. Drake.  
Leonard took a light and hurried to  
his room where the first object to meet  
his eyes was the letter Lydia had  
written.

Five years had elapsed since Lydia's  
disappearance. But she looked older  
even than that. The agony of that  
day, the horrid flight afterwards, the  
constant fear of discovery, and lastly  
the struggle for bread, combined with  
her never-ending heartache, had be-  
gun to etch wrinkles in her still fair  
face.

In all this time she had never heard  
of her husband nor of her early home.  
She was too proud to return to her  
father.

"I will starve first," she often said,  
clenching hands.

Whether Leonard was alive or dead  
she did not know nor did she wish to  
know. Sometimes she said to herself,  
moaning on her pillow at night, "He  
is with Mrs. Dorchester," and the  
thought went through her heart with  
actual physical pain, like the stab of  
a knife.

She and her faithful Dorcas were  
settled in Boston now, in an obscure  
corner, as the least likely place to be  
discovered. She earned a scanty liv-  
ing, and it was of the scantiest by  
coloring photographs. Into the more  
fashionable streets she never ven-  
tered, except when she had to go to  
sell sketches, or get orders. On one  
of the occasions she came suddenly  
face to face with Mrs. Dorchester. She  
turned and fled immediately, regard-  
less of her errand—fled down side  
streets and close alleys—and only  
stopped to breathe when she had  
reached her humble lodging in one of  
the most secluded parts of the city.  
But hardly had she begun to tell Dor-  
cas that they must fly when Mrs. Dor-  
chester unannounced forced herself  
into the room.

"I have followed you," said the lat-  
ter, unceremoniously, as Lydia rose  
angrily. "I will speak Mrs. Drake."

"Have the kindness to leave my  
room," answered Lydia, tottering to  
her feet. "I don't know you nor the  
name by which you have addressed me."

"You have been mad long enough,"  
sternly exclaimed her visitor, sitting  
down. "Try to come back to your  
senses I shall not go until I have ex-  
plained. A few words will do it.  
Your husband and I, instead of being  
what you thought, were trying to  
keep a great misfortune from you, or,  
if that could not be done, to break it  
to you carefully."

There was an air of truth about the  
speaker that staggered Lydia. She  
saw nervously into a chair.

"I must tell the whole story in order  
to exculpate ourselves," said Mrs.  
Dorchester. "Your father got into  
difficulties, forged my husband's name  
to a large amount, and was on the  
point of exposure when Mr. Dorches-  
ter died. The affairs then came into  
my hands to settle."

Lydia sat leaning both elbows on the  
table before her, her face supported  
on her hands, listening and looking as  
if at her doom.

"I could have prosecuted your father,  
but it would have sent him to die  
in prison," continued Mrs. Dorchester,  
"and would have publicly disgraced  
all his family. You, I know by name  
the wife of my cousin, with whom I  
had been brought up in the country  
as a child and whom I loved as a  
brother, nothing more," she added  
emphatically, "besides I was a wo-  
man, and I hope not a cruel one, so I  
refused to prosecute, suffered the loss  
of the money and hushed the matter  
up."

A groan burst from Lydia.

Mrs. Dorchester went on: "Then I  
met your husband unexpectedly. He  
had received some hints about your  
father, and he insisted on knowing  
the truth. He then said you ought to  
be told. But I replied that it would  
only pain you needlessly; if you con-  
tinued estranged you might never  
hear the story. He answered that it  
would come to your ears, sooner or  
later. This is why you saw us talk-  
ing so much together, and why, on  
several occasions, he sought private

interviews with me. One evening he  
nearly won my consent to tell you the  
secret. But hardly had he gone be-  
fore I repented—I shrink from it you  
see, as a woman—and I wrote to him,  
telling him he must still keep our se-  
cret. That letter, it seems, or a por-  
tion of it, you found. He was tearing  
it up, when you came into the room,  
and he put what was left of it hastily  
into a book near by, as he afterwards  
remembered. As soon as he could, he  
hurried to consult me. You were, he  
said, getting jealous; you evidently  
misunderstood us; and he must tell  
the whole story now in justice to him-  
self. I was engaged with a party to  
Dover, and the room was full; so he  
joined us, in order to have an oppor-  
tunity to say all this. Of course, in  
this crisis, my scruples gave way.  
My reward is that you have believed  
me a vile woman. There, that's the  
whole. I've told the story, perhaps  
in a hard way; I'm sorry for you, all  
the same. Thank God, I've found  
you!"

She had risen while speaking and  
caught Lydia's dress in the excite-  
ment of telling her hurried tale.  
Lydia's gaze, which at first had been  
fixed on her so angrily, had fallen be-  
fore her; she hid her face in her hands;  
and now, as Mrs. Dorchester ceased,  
the wretched listener sank senseless  
to the floor.

When Lydia revived, Mrs. Dorches-  
ter finished. Leonard Drake had  
spent three years in searching for his  
wife, and the last time Mrs. Dorches-  
ter had heard from him he was living  
in Morrisania, N. Y.

The next morning saw Lydia and  
Dorcas on their way to N. Y.

It had been snowing when they  
reached the metropolis and by the  
time they left the railway-train which  
they had taken in Morrisania it had  
settled into a heavy storm. Lydia  
wanted to walk; so Dorcas wrapped  
a water-proof cloak about her, drew  
the hood over her head and did her  
best to shelter her.

"Ask how we go?" was all her mis-  
tress said. "Be quick—I want to  
start, but I must walk—I should go  
mad."

Dorcas stepped into a hotel near  
the station and made her inquiries.  
The road was straight enough. Mr.  
Leonard Drake, she was told, lived  
out beyond the town a little: she  
would know the place by such and  
such directions.

They were less than half an hour  
on the way. They reached the man-  
sion, a handsome dwelling, half town-  
house, half villa, with a long garden  
attached. They mounted the steps  
and Dorcas rang the bell.

"You ask," she heard her mistress  
whisper.

She caught a sight of her face. It  
was lined and seamed with pain; the  
dark eyes fairly strained and dilated  
with suspense.