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LOCAL DIRECTORY.

JOHN GASS, dealer in western produce, tobacco, cigars, dry goods, clothing, corner of St. Ferdinand and Europe streets.

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

JADOT & VAY, auctioneers, commission merchants, office and saleroom on Third, between Laurel and Florida streets.

MRS. P. KAUFMAN, dealer in dry goods, fancy and family groceries, crockery and tinware, Main street.

GEORGE S. BUCHEL, dealer in family groceries, liquors, dry goods and plantation supplies, corner Main and Jackson streets.

G. PICARD, New Orleans cheap store, dealer in dry goods, Laurel street, between Lafayette and Third.

LUCAS LITTY, dealer in fruits and confectioneries of all kinds, nuts, etc., corner of Third and Laurel streets.

G. & B. ENOCHS, tombstones, mausoleums, monuments, tombs, head and foot stones, Main street, next to Piper's.

S. MELUEN, dealer in staple and fancy groceries, liquors, tobacco, etc., corner of Main and Lafayette streets.

J. STEENSEN, Druggist, dealer in drug, medicines, chemicals, cigars, fancy and toilet articles, Third street.

A. ROSENFELD, dealer in dry goods, ready made clothing, boots and shoes, hats and caps, all of the latest styles.

ANDREW JACKSON, Cotton Buyer, and dealer in groceries and plantation supplies, northeast corner of Main and Third streets.

R. B. C. DUPREE, Dentist. Office on Main street, between Fifth and Church.

NICHOLAS WAX, wholesale and retail grocer, dealer in plantation supplies, fancy and staple groceries, wines, liquors, crockery, cutlery, cigars and tobacco, St. Louis street.

W. G. RANDOLPH, wholesale and retail grocer, dealer in western produce, wines and liquors, Main street.

JOSHUA BEAL, Family Grocer, dealer in fancy groceries, canned fruits and every article needed in the household, corner Third and Laurel streets.

GEORGE H. WILSON, dealer in western produce, groceries, plantation supplies, saddlery, harness, corner Third and Convention streets.

JOHN J. WAX, dealer in fancy and staple groceries, liquors, cigars, tobacco and Confectioneries, St. Ferdinand street.

J. J. CAPEVIEUX, dealer in groceries and liquors and ear corn, lime, hoop-pole and flat-boat agent, Front street.

E. W. WITTING, dealer in fancy and staple groceries, liquors, confectioneries, cigars, smoking tobacco, Third street.

M. CHAMBERS, Stationer, dealer in stationery, books, dealer in Violin and Guitar strings, and fashion papers, Third street.

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

PHILIP BOTT, proprietor of Bismarck Saloon and Lager Beer House, corner St. Louis and North Boulevard streets.

CHARLES WICK, proprietor Sumter House, dealer in the finest wines, liquors and cigars, corner Third and Laurel streets.

W. T. CLEVELAND, Druggist, Bogel's old stand, dealer in drugs, medicines, cutlery soap, garden seed and fancy articles.

F. M. BROOKS, Druggist, dealer in drugs and medicines of every kind, cigars, smoking tobacco, cutlery, etc., Main street.

B. A. DAY, proprietor Red Stick Drug Store, keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of drugs and medicines, corner Africa and Somerale streets.

B. F. BELMAN, dealer in Dry Goods and the most fashionable styles of ready made clothing, hats boots and shoes, Main street.

MRS. J. M. PARKER, dealer in Millinery and Dry Goods and fancy articles of all descriptions, Main street.

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

ALEXANDRE GROUCHY, proprietor of the Capital House. Board by the day, week or month, with the best market affords.

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

G. GESSELY, 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 GESSELY, worker in tin, copper and sheet iron, and dealer in stoves, tinware and crockeryware, cor. Third and Florida.

BATON ROUGE Oil Works, manufacture cottonseed oil, oil cake, cotton seed meal and tins, Front street.

A. D. LITTLE, Photograph Artist, Main st. Photocolors, frames, etc., kept on hand.

PIPER'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.

MRS. P. BERRAND, Milliner, dealer in Millinery Goods and Fancy Goods, Main street.

MRS. C. MAILLOT, Third street, dealer in Millinery and Dry Goods, Trimmings, Notions, etc.

MANUEL RODRIGUEZ, Lafayette street, Manufacturer of Choice Cigars.

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 for 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

HENRY BUSCH, APT.

Will supply the trade at Manufacturer's prices

FOR SALE BY

Druggists, Grocers & Wine Merchants Everywhere.

The marriage insurance business in

Ohio has become very popular, and a

number of companies have suddenly

sprung into existence and applied to the

secretary of state for charters; but he

has refused them on the ground that

the laws relating to corporations do

not contemplate any such thing. The

companies are formed on different plans

The first was a mutual society, pledg-

ing to pay its members a certain sum on

their marriage day, thus enabling the

poorer classes to surround themselves

with all the luxuries of married life. The

society flourished for a season, but at

length those contemplating marriage

joined it in such large numbers, and secured

its benefits, that those who had no

girl picked out began to feel that the

burden was greater than they could

bear. So the mutual society disbanded,

and in its place one was formed on the

tontine plan, by which all members

must wait at least seven months, until

sufficient funds had accumulated in the

treasury to set them up in housekeeping

and if they married within the seven

months they forfeited all claim to any

aid, as well as the weekly dues they had

paid in. Then other companies were

formed, each extending the limit longer

than the other and making the dues

smaller, until at length a company was

formed that issued paid up policies at

the end of eleven years. That is, if the

members paid their dues regularly and

lived eleven years without marrying

they could draw out all they had paid

in. Under the workings of this system

it became evident that the greed of gold

would soon paralyze the matrimonial

industries of the State, and transform the

greater portion of the favored people of

Ohio into old maids and old mannikins.

Gen. Nash, of Columbus, has come forward

at this critical juncture, and pro-

nounces the whole insurance scheme

"against public policy, because against

public welfare, and if against public

policy it is unlawful." This is a wise

and statesman-like view of the matter.

The married state may be an unfortunate

condition in many instances, but it

beats an arctic expedition through

life by some sixteen thousand majority.

—[Peck's Sun.]

"Do you pretend to have as good

judgment as I have?" exclaimed an en-

raged wife to her husband. "Well, no,"

he replied, slowly, "our choice of part-

ners for life shows that my judgment is

not to be compared with yours."

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Dyspepsia

A STRAW RIDE.

In the calm and the beautiful moonlight,
When nature arrays her in white,
We forget the stern facts of the moonlight
And revel in fancies of night,
The clouds are silvered and fleecy,
Like kisses the balmy dew fall,
And I, though my perch is uneasy,
Am happy withal.

Sixteen of us there, cribbed and cabined,
Close packed like a spare set of spoons,
And if anything singular happened,
We'll say that the fault was the moon's.
The best of us only are mortals,
Poor puppets of absolute chance,
Our drive took us straight through the portal
Of summer romance.

Alas! How the moon on the river,
The cares of the cold world effaced,
And you—did you notice the quiver
That ran through the air around your waist?
Did you know, as the soft light was lessened,
And clouds hid the silvery beams,
How I clung to the tangible present,
And dreamed such strange dreams?

Impossible! Well, if we bounded
This life by a possible span,
If we fancied no wild flowers round it,
What a desolate pathway had man!
We pluck them, they crumpling to ashes,
Their bitterness only survives,
Yet we live in these transient flashes
The best of our lives.

I knew it was but a congestion
To questions of space and of size,
Nor could I detect the expression
That lurked in the depth of your eyes.
But I knew that the moonlight had drowned you
In dreams that were pleasant enough,
And I knew that my arm was around you
Without a rebuff.

Oh, moonlight, and midnight and river,
Oh, head half reposed on my breast,
Why could you not stay so forever,
That I might forever be blest!
For the touch on my arm of your fingers
My own blindly, wearily groped—
To-day but a memory lingers,
And scarcely a hope.

And the river will flow on forever
And mirror fall many a moon,
And your life and my life will sever,
Who knoweth how far and how soon?
And you, with the very next comer
Will flirt just as gaily—and yet
There's a moon and a stream and a summer
You should not forget.

PICKETT'S CHARGE.

A Participant's Description of
What Will Live in History as
a Great Event

Capt. T. H. Owens in Philadelphia Times.

The command came along the line,
"Front, forward!" and the column re-
sumed its direction straight down upon
the centre of the enemy's position. The
destruction of life in the ranks of that
advancing host was fearful beyond pre-
cedent, officers going down by dozens
and the men by scores and fifties. Kem-
per has gone down terribly mangled,
but Garnett still towered unharmed, and
rode up and down the front line, saying
in a strong, calm voice: "Faster, men!
faster! Close up and step out faster, but
don't double quick!"

The stone fence was carried without
a struggle, the infantry and the skir-
mish line swept away before the division
like trash before the broom. Two-thirds
of the distance was behind and one
hundred cannon in the rear were dumb
and did not reply to the hotly worked
guns in their front. We were now four
hundred yards from the foot of Cemetery
Hill, when away to the right, nearly
half a mile, then appeared in the open
field a line of men at right angles, with
our own, a long, dark mass, dressed in
blue, and coming down at a "double
quick" upon the unprotected right flank
of Pickett's men, with their muskets
"upon the right shoulder shift," their
battle flags dancing and fluttering in
the breeze created by their own rapid
motion, and their burnished bayonets
glistening above their heads like forest
twigs covered with sheets of sparkling
ice when shaken by a blast. Garnett
galloped along the line saying: "Faster
men! faster!" and the front line broke
forward into a double quick, when Gar-
nett called out: "Steady, men! steady!
Don't double quick. Save your wind
and your ammunition for the final
charge!" and then went down among the
dead, and his clarion voice was no more
heard above the roar of battle. The en-
emy were now seen strengthening their
lines where the blow was expected to
strike by hurrying up reserves from the
right and left, the columns from oppo-
site directions passing each other double
along our front like the fingers of a
man's two hands locking together. The
distance had again shortened and offi-
cers in the enemy's line could be distin-
guished by their uniforms from the pri-
vates. Then was heard behind that
heavy thud of a muffled tread of armed
men that roar and rush of trampling
feet as Armistead's column from the
rear closed up behind the front line and
he (the last brigadier) took command,
stepped out in front with his hat up-
lifted on the point of his sword and led
the division, now four ranks deep, rap-
idly and grandly across that valley of

death, covered with clover as soft as a
Turkish carpet.

There it was again! and again! A
sound filling the air above, below,
around us, like the blast through the top
of a dry cedar or the whirring sound
made by the sudden flight of a flock of
quail. It was grape canister, and the
column broke forward into a double
quick and rushed toward the stone wall
where forty cannon were belching forth
grape and canister twice and three a
minute. A hundred yards from the
stone wall the flanking party on the
right, coming down on a heavy run,
halted suddenly within fifty yards and
poured a deadly storm of musket balls
into Pickett's men, double quickening
across their front, and under this terri-
ble cross fire men reeled and staggered
between falling comrades and the right
came pressing down upon the centre,
crowding the companies into confusion.
But all knew the purpose to carry the
heights in front, and the mingled mass,
from fifteen to thirty deep, rushed to-
ward the stone wall while a few hun-
dred men, without orders, faced to the
right and fought the flanking party
there, although fifty to one, and for a
time held them at bay. Muskets were
seen crossed as some men fired to the
right and others to the front and the
fighting was terrible—far beyond all
other experience even of Pickett's men,
who for once raised no cheer, while the
welkin rang around them with the "Un-
ion triple huzzas." The old veterans saw
the fearful odds against them and other
hosts gathering darker and deeper still.

The time was too precious, too seri-
ous for a cheer; they buckled down to
the heavy task in silence, and fought
with a feeling like despair. The enemy
were falling back in front, while offi-
cers were seen among their breaking
lines striving to maintain their ground.
Pickett's men were within a few feet of
the stone wall when the artillery deliv-
ered their last fire from guns shot to
the muzzle—a blaze fifty feet long went
through the charging, surging host
with a gaping rent to the rear, but the
survivors mounted the wall, then over
and onward, rushed up the hill close af-
ter the gunners, who waved their ram-
mers in the face of Pickett's men and
sent up cheer after cheer as they felt ad-
miration for the gallant charge. On
swept the column over ground covered
with dead and dying men, where the
earth seemed to be on fire, the smoke
dense and suffocating, the sun shut out,
flames blazing on every side, friend
could hardly be distinguished from foe,
but the division, in the shape of an in-
verted V, with the point flattened, push-
ed forward, fighting, falling, and melt-
ing away, till half way up the hill they
were met by a powerful body of fresh
troops charging down upon them, and
this remnant of about a thousand men
was hurled back into the clover field.
Brave Armistead was down among the
enemy's guns, mortally wounded, but
was last seen leaning upon one elbow,
slashing at the gunners to prevent them
from firing at his retreating men. Out
in front of the breastworks the men
showed a disposition to reform for an-
other charge, and an officer looking at
the frowning heights, with blood trick-
ling down the side of his face, inquired
of another: "What shall we do?" The
answer was: "If we get reinforcements,
soon we can take that hill yet." But
no reinforcements came, none were in
sight, and about a thousand men fled to
the rear over dead and wounded, man-
gled, groaning, dying men scattered
thick, far and wide, while shot and shell
tore up the earth and minnie balls flew
around them for more than a thousand
yards.

"Tell you what's the fact," said our
truthful man, the other day, "You may
say what you please about wonderful
things happening on railroads, but the
most wonderful thing I ever saw, was
just after the heavy rains last fall,
which washed up the railroad track on
the N. O. & J., for a half mile in some
places. Nick Greener was the engineer
on No. 2 that morning, and not know-
ing anything about the wash up until it
was too late, he put on all steam and
run right over that wash up and struck
the track on the other side without jar-
ring any of the passengers. But I don't
believe anybody but Nick could have
done it."

A young man whose moustache is like
faith, "the evidence of things hoped for,
the substance of things not yet seen,"
called on his prospective father-in-law
and gave notice that he intended mar-
rying the old gentleman's daughter at
an early date. "It had better take
place on some Saturday, so that it will
not interfere with your school hours,"
sarcastically remarked the old man.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic assists Digestion

A SUGGESTION.

Marksville Review.

We have, located at Baton Rouge, a
State institution of learning, an institu-
tion which deserves and requires the fos-
tering care of the citizens of Louisiana.
Louisiana is far behind her sister States
in the matter of education, both as to
public and private schools, and this la-
mentable fact is owing to the apathy of
her citizens in this great cause. The
attendance at the State institution falls
far short of the number necessary to
make the institution a success financial-
ly. We have a suggestion to make in
this connection to the Police Jury of
Avoyelles. It is not an original idea of
our own, for it has already been acted
on favorably, by some parishes. The
suggestion is this: Let the parish select,
after thorough and competitive exami-
nation of applicants from among the
poor, the brightest and most deserving
boy that can be found among the pupils
of the public schools, and send him as a
parish scholar to the State institution at
Baton Rouge, making, of course, the re-
quisite appropriation for same. We are
aware that this proposition will meet
with opposition, and for the benefit of
such, we will adduce some of the advan-
tages that readily suggest themselves to
us that will follow the adoption of the
measure, properly carried out. This
scholarship should be held up as an in-
centive to study, and to emulation among
the pupils in attendance at the public
schools that the standard of scholarship
in them may be raised, and an interest
aroused and sustained in the conduct
of our public schools. More than this,
a spirit of rivalry will be excited among
the teachers themselves, which will con-
duce incalculably to the public good.
Again, the State University will be sup-
plied with an excellent pupil, and if the
other parishes of the State should follow
the example, there would be added to
the number of matriculates of the State
University fifty odd boys intellectually,
the flower of Louisiana. Let us hear
from somebody on the subject. Let us
help, and build up if possible, home in-
stitutions.

A QUESTION OF TEST.

"You see," observed Dr. Slim, as he
banged the patient across the back of the
neck with a club, "you see plainly, gen-
tlemen, that there is no organic difficul-
ty. The functions are natural and this
is a plain case of hysteria."

"I don't know about that," said Dr.
Strout, kicking the woman a fearful lick
under the ear. "She may not manifest it,
but there is certainly sensation there."

"If you notice," chimed in Dr. Green,
dropping a hod full of bricks on the sub-
ject's head, "she does not act as though
she were conscious, though that may re-
sult as much from hysteria as from spinal
derangement."

"This test," remarked Dr. Sapp, as he
started a charcoal fire on the woman's
stomach, "has been found infallible. If
under this treatment she kicks, it is hy-
sterial. If she don't kick we find that
even more potent tests must be applied."

"In that case my system is the one to
employ," said Dr. Flat, running a light-
ning rod through the patient.

"Under this treatment we inevitably
arrive at results."

"I'm not sure but what we will have
to resort to heroic remedies," suggested
Dr. Gruel, emptying a gallon of vitriol
down the woman's throat. "These mild
tests do not appear to conduce to con-
clusions."

"Have you noticed any particular
symptoms?" asked the faculty in chorus
of the weeping husband.

"Only—one—gentlemen," sobbed the
spouse.

"What was that?"

"She—died about—twenty-four hours
—ago!"

And the question now is whether she
died of hysteria or spina, with a prepon-
derance of evidence on both sides.—Ex-
Topnoody made up his mind to-day
that he was not going to be bossed any
longer by his wife, so when he went
home at noon he stalked in and called
out imperiously: "Mrs. Topnoody, Mrs.
Topnoody!" Mrs. T. came out of the
kitchen with a drop of sweat on the end
of her nose, a dishrag tied around her
head, and a rolling-pin in her hand.
"Well, sir," she said, "what'll you
have?" Topnoody staggered, but braced
up. "Mrs. Topnoody, I want you to
understand, madam—and he tapped
his breast dramatically—"I am the en-
gineer of this establishment." "Oh,
you are, are you? Well, Topnoody, I
want you to understand that I—and
she looked dangerous—"am the boiler
that will blow up and sling the engineer
clear over into the next county. Do
you hear the steam escaping Topnoody?"
Topnoody heard it, and he meekly in-
quired if there was any assistance he
could render in the housework.—Sten-
benville Herald.

A DOZEN WATERPOUTS.

A gentleman who recently arrived at
New York in the steamer Aloo, has the
following story to tell: "We left Aspi-
wall on the 11th of May for New York.
The weather was good until the 17th.
At about half-past two o'clock in the
afternoon of that day Captain Williams
and a number of the officers, crew and
passengers were astonished by the ap-
pearance of a large waterspout. I have
seen this remarkable phenomenon before,
but never on such a gigantic scale. The
first one we saw was about six miles
away. A stream of water seemed to rise
from the level of the ocean, and at the
same time another stream descended
from the heavens and depended from a
dark raincloud like a great circle. The
two streams met about midway between
sky and water, and then began to move
rapidly to the eastward. The base of
the waterspout appeared to be nearly a
quarter of a mile wide, and then it tapered
toward the middle into an almost im-
perceptible line. Suddenly it broke, and
there was a mighty heaving and tum-
bling about of the waters in the vicinity.
We saw twelve spouts that afternoon
during some heavy rainy squalls. At one
time I saw four of them at once. They
looked like the lofty spires of a cathedral.
Through our glasses we could see that
the tops of the spouts were lost in the
clouds. It is a scientific fact that the
discharge of a cannon in the neighbor-
hood will always cause these water col-
umns to break. The passengers insisted
that the discharge of a pistol would
create sufficient vibration in the air to
destroy a spout which was a mile away.
I loaded my revolver and fired twice at
the spot. At the second shot it broke."

AN ACT OF HEROISM.

Philadelphia Times.

The following incident of the battle
of Fredericksburg is well authenticated.
It may prove that, though the North
and South were at war, a spirit of chiv-
alry did exist among the Southern sol-
diers. On the 15th day of December,
1862, the Sixteenth Regiment and three
companies of the Second Battalion of
Featherstone's Brigade were sent to the
front to relieve a Brigade posted at the
foot of Marye's Heights to the left of the
plank road leading from the city to-
wards Orange courthouse. Between
them and the city was a tanyard and
many outbuildings.

Much sharpshooting was indulged
in on both sides, opportunities being
afforded us by squads of Federals, who
in twos and threes kept rapidly mov-
ing from behind extemporized