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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. apr24 v213

THOS. B. DUPRE, ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law. Office—No. 6 Pike a Row, Baton Rouge, La. Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.

HERRON & BEALE, ATTORNEYS and COUNSELLORS 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. L. D. Beale, A. S. Herron.

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LOCAL DIRECTORY.

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, crockeryware and tinware, Main street.

GEORGE N. 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 Florida streets.

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

S. MELDELSOHN, 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. ROSENFIELD, 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.

D. R. C. DEPREE, 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 & CO., wholesale and retail grocer, and 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. CAPDEVILLE, dealer in groceries and flat-boat agent, Front street.

EDW. WITTING, dealer in fancy and staple groceries, fruits and confectioneries, cigars, smoking tobacco, Third street.

M. CHAMBERS, Stationer, dealer in stationery, books, cutlery, 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.

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

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

W. T. CLUVERIUS, Druggist, Bogal'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 Somers streets.

B. FEIBELMAN, 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, silver ware, pictures and picture frames, Third street.

ALEXANDRE G. ROUCHY, proprietor of the Capital House. Board by the day, week or month, with the best market affairs.

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

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

BATON ROUGE Oil Works, manufacture cotton seed oil, oil cake, cotton seed meal and flint; Front street.

A. D. LYTLE, Photograph Artist, Main st. Photo-albums, frames, etc., kept on hand.

DIPER'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.

MISS P. BERTRAND, Milliner, dealer in Millinery Goods and Fancy Goods, Main street.

MRS. C. MAILLOT, Third street, dealer in Millinery and Dry Goods, Trimmings, No Goss, etc.

MANUEL RODRIGUEZ, Lafayette street, Manufacturer of Choice Cigars.

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.

Flavoring Extracts, Lemon and Vanilla; Standard and Extra, at Family Grocery of JOSHUA BEAL.

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.

FOR SALE BY
Druggists, Grocers and Wine Merchants Everywhere.
HENRY HUSCH, Agt.
Will supply the trade at Manufacturer's prices.

THE ECCENTRIC SQUIRT.

Yesterday an up-town lad, whose pants were hanging by one button and whose nose had evidently recently been used to plow corn, decided to drink out the nozzle of a hose that was placidly coiled up in front of a store on Second street.

He had just wrapped his features around the nozzle, and closed his eyes to take a long, invigorating pull at the dripping fountain, when a clerk inside who had been watching the thing a little turned on the full pressure of one hundred and ten feet to the square inch.

There was a smothered gurgle and the sound of hissing waters for a moment, then all was still. The clerk came out with the door mat and wiped the water from the calm features of the boy as he lay there, then turned him over and opened his mouth so that the water could run out of him, tenderly spanked him with a pine board to restore animation, and sent him home.

We never bet except on a dead sure thing, but we are ready to lay a wager that the same lad will hereafter submit to the irksome customs of our modern civilization and drink out of a tin cup.

President Lincoln once met with a negro on the deck of a steamboat who illustrated these lines:

He that fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day.

The President, finding the negro had served in a regiment that suffered severely at the battle of Fort Donelson, asked if he was in the fight.

The colored man owned he had had a taste of it, and then the following colloquy ensued:

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sah; I runs!"

"Run at the first fire?"

"Yes, sah, and would hab run soona had I knowed it was comin'."

"If our soldiers were all like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes sah; dar would hab been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scale 'gainst any gubment dat eber 'zisted, for no gubment could make up de loss."

"Do you think your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"Maybe not, sah; a dead white man ain't much to these sogers, let alone a nigger, but I'd hab missed mysef an dat was de p'int wid me."

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Dyspepsia.

"LEONE, THE LION."

In a recent issue of one of our local papers appeared this item:

"NEW ORLEANS, La., July 6.—Giuseppe Esposito, alias Radazza Tona, a good-looking Italian, was arrested last Tuesday on extradition papers, and taken to New York and placed on board an Italian man-of-war. He turns out to be a daring brigand, for whom the Italian Government had offered a reward of \$25,000 livres, dead or alive."

The paragraph recalled with startling earnestness, an instance in my life that happened about three years ago. With a party of friends I was visiting Naples, and among our number were two persons who will, without doubt, learn the fate of Giuseppe with feelings of emotion. They were Charles Griffin and Helen Wentworth. Charles Griffin had been my college chum, and later, my partner in business; but being possessed of abundant wealth and a rather indolent nature, he was rather an honorary member of the firm than otherwise. Tall and full chested, with a head like Capello, a frank hearty disposition, a genial, good nature, well educated and refined, he had been lionized by the fair sex till he had become fairly satiated with their flatteries, and though he might have had wealth and beauty for the asking—for many a fair heart had beaten more rapidly at his approach, at the age of thirty-five, he was still a bachelor, farther, if possible, from the matrimonial sea than at twenty. Together we had visited many of the principal points of interest in the old world, but through the varied scenes he had passed, he had maintained the same nonchalant indifference to the smiles and flatteries which had been lavished upon him as at his own home across the water. In the icy realms of the Czar he had been whirled through the glittering moonlight in the gay equipage of a prince, and basked in the smiles of a princess of royal blood, and while I, awed by royal presence, confined my remarks to the extreme limits of studied deference, my friend chatted with the utmost familiarity with the far-clad beauties about us. Like St. Petersburg, so was Baden-Baden, with its gold-covered tables surrounded by beauties from all over the continent; Paris, with its gay throng of beauty and fashion; Madrid, in all the pride of its Spanish dignity; Berne, Munich, Vienna, and many intermediate places of amusement and interest, to sunny, sleepy Naples.

Here, in our breezy palace, whose windows overlooked the beautiful bay, we had met a party from our own distant American home, among whom was Helen Wentworth, who, with an invalid sister was making the tour of the continent, in hopes of restoring the latter to health. Like ourselves, they had determined to spend a short time in Naples, and, although in our own land we would have been strangers, here amid foreigners, there was a bond of sympathy that quickly placed us upon a footing of gradually dawning friendship.

I shall not attempt to describe the personal charms of Helen Wentworth. Her beauty was of that grand type that the masters loved to depict and that poets raved about. Byron, in his wildest dreams, never produced a greater conception of female loveliness than we found in our countrywoman. At their first meeting, I saw that my friend had lost his heart. The nonchalant manner that had always characterized him in society at once gave way, and he exerted himself to the utmost to win the heart of this new acquaintance. He met, however, with but little success, for though she smiled graciously upon him, he could not but feel that she vouchsafed to him only what she did to others of her friends. She was very gracious to all. Among the guests that we often met in the parlor of the grand hotel was a certain count Lanciotto, a reputed nobleman of great wealth in the city of Florence. The count was a man of perhaps twenty-seven years of age, of fine appearance and courtly manners, who seemed to devote his whole life to pleasure and personal gratification. His admiration for Miss Wentworth was unconcealed, and I at once saw that in him my friend had a formidable rival. A month passed, and my friend offered Helen his heart and asked her to marry him. His suit was rejected. Charles was despondent. He would have left Naples immediately, but at last I persuaded him to remain. About the same time we knew that the count had also proposed, and we were quite confident that he had also been rejected. This belief afforded a ray of consolation to my friend, and induced him to remain. One day Lanciotto left the hotel and Naples. He had been called to Florence,

so we were informed. That day and the next we missed his society, for he was an agreeable companion.

On the third day of his departure Miss Wentworth was missed from the hotel. In the evening she had gone out alone for a walk along the shore of the bay, and had not returned. Her friends were alarmed, and Charles was distracted. In spite of his rejection he still loved her. The head of the police department was called in to aid in the search. The man shook his head in a doubtful manner. Giuseppe and his band of followers had become very bold of late, and his retreat had been so carefully concealed that all attempts at his capture had proved a failure. Probably the bold brigand had borne the lady away and secured her in one of his hidden retreats where she would be held for ransom—unless the lady chanced to be beautiful, when the "Lion" would probably keep her for his mistress.

All that night and the next day, the search went on, but without success. On the evening of the second day my friend and myself were conferring with the head of the police to devise new work for the morrow's search, when we were approached by a slender youth. There was a wild expression in the boy's eyes that startled me at first and called my attention more closely to the regular and almost beautiful features before me. As he passed the young man made a sign to Charles, and the latter reluctantly followed him. Directly he returned and motioned for us to come. An eagerness altogether foreign to his nature seemed to have taken possession of the man, as he, followed by the boy, hurried us to his own apartment, and, after we had entered, carefully locked the door. The boy's (woman's, for it was a female in disguise) story was soon told. She was the wife of the brigand leader who had brought the American lady to the rendezvous to make her his mistress. So far no violence had been offered Helen, but the woman knew not how long such would be the case. The brigand's wife had endeavored to persuade her husband to let the captive's friends ransom her, he had refused, and she had sworn revenge. She would conduct a force to the brigands' retreat, and effect their capture. "But" she added, "many men must be brought, for the successor of Leone the Lion, has seventy men who will fight to the death."

Instantly all was hurry and excitement. The head of the police conferred with the commandant of the fortress, and an entire brigade of Italian troops were placed at his disposal. By eight o'clock the troops were ready to start. Charles and myself, with two or three gentlemen from the hotel accompanied them. Nearly all night we marched, following the wake of the slender figure of the brigand's wife, who led us on—for what? Revenge!

In the still, gray dawn of early morning, our force had surrounded a secluded mountain glen, where the banditti lay encamped. The sentries had been captured without an alarm being given, and every arrangement made for a complete surprise.

In the evening Helen had strolled down to the beach, and sat down upon one of the low benches in the cool shadows of the overhanging branches of the trees, that lined the water's edge. For a time she held undisturbed possession of the place, then a party of noisy pleasure seekers came down, and their merry laughter rang out among the still waters of the bay. Helen wished to be alone. Their presence irritated her. At first she thought to return to her room, but changed her purpose and walked slowly down the beach. In the distance she saw the deep shadows of the high bluff that looks out toward Vesuvius. Slowly she walked on, and gradually the voice of the revelers died away, and she stood alone among the shadows. The sun had long since sunk below the distant waters and the long twilight had gradually faded and deep shadows hung over the ravines, and encircled the basis of the hills. A low murmur crept up from the bay, a sort of low soothing monotone, that entranced the senses of the fair girl as she sat upon a huge boulder just out of reach of the waters. Then a form crept up beside, a hand was placed over her lips, and she was borne to a boat near by in which a number of men were waiting. The boat was pushed off and rowed rapidly across the waters and again brought to the land in a little inlet that ran in from the bay. Helen was placed in a litter and borne rapidly across the country till a rude encampment was reached. She knew that she was in the hands of the Italian banditti. The men bore her to their chief, and she stood face to face with—Count Lanciotto. The outlaw, disguised as a noble-

man, had endeavored to win the love of the fair American. Falling in this, he had resorted to force. In three days she must either be his wife or his mistress.

The third morning had arrived, and the brigand and chief stood before his victim. But even as he approached her side, a wild shout broke the morning stillness. The shout was followed by the report of arms. The brigands were surrounded. With an oath the chief sprang out to protect his camp. Fierce and deadly was the fight that ensued. No quarter was asked or given. In fifteen minutes the encounter was over, and nearly all the seventy brigands were killed; a few, among whom was the leader, were wounded and captured. Early in this fight Charles had set out and borne Helen to a place of safety. When the fight was over, the traitor wife of the brigand chief had disappeared: After a long rest the troops took their way back to town, bearing in their midst their wounded prisoners. Amid the darkness of the following night Giuseppe Esposito, aided by his wife, effected his escape.

Three months later Charles and Helen were married.

A SWEET, SAD STORY.

A Romance of Two Countries.

The end of a sad and romantic career, says a New York correspondent, occurred near here this week, in the death of Edgar Von Schroeter, a well known and clever journalist, and one of a noble Prussian family, whose ancestors had distinguished themselves as diplomats and warriors. His grandfather was Chancellor during the reign of King Frederick William the III. His father made a great career for himself in the Prussian army, and his uncles on both sides had won renown as statesmen and soldiers.

With his elder brother, now Baron Von Schroeter, Edgar entered the army, where he won distinction, and became a great favorite with his brother officers through his courage, unflinching animation and good nature, while, his handsome presence and winning manners made him popular in the drawing room. Both in love and war he was called the "The Lucky Darling," but at last fortune in one of her freaks changed from smiles to frowns, and the poor fellow was shot in two places at once, his ankle and his heart. The weapons were different to be sure, a carbine and a pair of honest, brown eyes, but the latter proved more fatal than the former.

It happened in this way, that one day at a military maneuver a carbine, which a soldier near him was carrying, exploded prematurely, and the bullet struck the young Lieutenant, almost shattering the ankle bone. It was in the summer weather, and

LEAVE OF ABSENCE

was granted him until he recovered. He went to the suburbs of Koningsberg, to the chateau of an old friend, for rest and care.

Among the inmates of the house, was a young girl as nursery governess by the name of Barbara Holet, originally a peasant girl, but one whose remarkable intelligence and thirst for knowledge had attracted so much attention that some of the townspeople had paid for her schooling, and finally procured her a situation far superior to that which is usually attained by her class. Beside a lively wit and well-stored mind, she had a sweet and flexible voice, a beautiful face, and a naturally winning manner.

There were no young people in the family of his friends, and it fell to Barbara to perform many little services for the wounded soldier. The consequence was, she so lovely and lovable as well as good and sincere, that the young soldier, whose heart had been pricked many times but never felt a wound, fell madly, desperately and genuinely in love with her, and knew before long that his love was returned. The selection was a bad one, for a man of his family to marry beneath him,

WAS A CRIME,

and as an officer it was against the law of the country to marry without his bride bringing a dot. Little time was left for deliberation, for in some way an account of the affair reached his relatives, who, however, after the manner of the European aristocracy, were ready to laugh at a liaison, but when they found he was even dreaming of a marriage treated him like a madman.

On his recovery he fell in with some daring republican spirits, joined in their movements, resigned from the army, and finally made up his mind to come to America, to win fortune for himself and the sweet Barbara, who was to follow him as soon as he had won a position.

A brilliant mathematician and skilled

engineer, he soon obtained employment as a surveyor, and at the end of a year, with a heart glowing with happiness and anticipation, sent a steamer ticket to

THE FAITHFUL BARBARA,

whose love had cheered him in many a sweet, tender letter. He had saved enough money to begin life modestly, and his spare moments were spent in fitting up the tiny cottage soon to be graced by the presence of his bride.

All her little fancies were remembered, her favorite colors used, and with his own hands, the lover carved the picture frames for his sketches for the mother land, and brackets for vases filled with her pet blue corn flowers which flourish in the pleasant fields of Germany better than in our gardens. At last the cozy nest was ready for his singing bird, the mate who should make his life complete, and eagerly he awaited the steamer on which he had begged her to sail—the very first after receiving her passage.

The day came, the great boat steamed in, and with a throbbing pulse the young Prussian waited on the dock, watching for the face of the girl he loved, but he saw it not, waiting until all the passengers had landed, wended his way home chilled to the soul; but though the ship had not brought her whom he longed for, it carried a letter for him in its mail. It was a short letter, but oh! such a fearful one, for it told him how his heart's love had died with the ticket he had sent in her hand and

"EDGAR" ON HER LIPS.

She had not been able to live to meet her happiness in a present so full of woe, and she would not write to him how she was wasting away because she feared to unnerve the brave arm that was battling for her.

Innocent but treated like a criminal: alone, with the sea between her and her lover, the trial had been too bitter, too great. And now years after when he had conquered life, met with success as a journalist, was loved and honored by many, he follows her. They say to the last he wore around his neck a tiny lock of hair holding the picture of a fair girlish face, and a tress of wavy brown hair.

Galveston News: "Willie Lee came to his death by a pistol fired by John W. Green, and Green came to his death by a knife wound inflicted by Lee." Such was the verdict of the jury of inquest, at Petersburg, Virginia, on the 5th, held over the dead bodies of two prominent gentlemen—Green, of Petersburg, and Lee, of Littleton, N. C. Both were drunk, had just been introduced, quarreled over a drink, went out to settle it, Lee slapped Green's face four times, Green shot Lee, Lee jumped on Green, wrenched the pistol from him with one hand and stabbed him with the other. Both died in less than ten minutes. Whisky still lives.

A former President of a New England college after getting a seat in a horse car noticed one of the freshmen of his college up in front of him, and exhibiting obvious signs of vinous exhilaration. A close inspection revealed the fact that the state of inebriety was not hastily put on, like a hat, but had been worn closely, like an undershirt, for several days. For a few moments the President surveyed the under graduate with an expression of mingled commiseration and disgust, and finally he exclaimed: "Been on a drunk!" The half-conscious student rallied his straying senses, and with a gleam of good-fellowship in his eye, somewhat unexpectedly ejaculated: "So—hic—have I!"

The St. Charles Herald publishes a very good historical and descriptive article in reference to St. Charles parish. It says that there is scarcely a plantation or homestead on which some new improvement, useful or ornamental, has not been made during the past year. All over the parish signs of energy, enterprise and returning prosperity are visible. "The sweet light of our future prosperity," they say, "is dawning; the day of Louisiana's glory breaks."

When a fellow goes to see his girl waiting half an hour in the parlor for her to come down is about as disagreeable a thing as can happen to him. And when the old lady is sitting in one corner of the room, scowling at you with her lips shut as tight as an ice box, and the old man is perched on a high chair in another corner, trying in vain to grind out a few ideas regarding the weather, it is positively Hades. We have been there and we know, says the Washington Republican.

Some clergymen in England have rather an easy position. The rector of a London church, who receives \$5000 per annum, employs a curate at \$600 to perform his functions, while he lives at the seaside.