

Tri-Weekly Capitolian

LEON JASTREMSKI.....Editor
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BATON ROUGE, NOVEMBER 5, 1891.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic regulates the Liver.

A lady can cut a pretty figure without being a sculptor.

Gladstone is about to retire from the British Cabinet, and from public life also, so 'tis said.

Two persons were killed and twenty wounded in the recent riot at Bell Mullet, county Mayo, Ireland.

No reply has yet been made by Lord Granville to Secretary Blaine's Monroe Doctrine-Panama Canal letter.

The U. S. Sloop Alliance, has returned to Halifax, after an ineffectual search of four months for the Jeannette.

The country will be rejoiced to learn that Cheng Tzao Ju has been appointed the Minister from China to the United States.

In Thomas County, Georgia, two drunken men had a quarrel. One of them, Pippin pulled the other out of his buggy, and cut his throat.

A chime of bells, the largest of which will weigh 3,035 pounds, is to be placed in the tower of Trinity church, Davenport, Iowa. They are to cost \$7,000.

Major W. W. Wharton, who figured prominently in Iberville parish during the era of Radicalism, has been appointed Clerk of the U. S. District Court in Northern Florida.

Revenge is a momentary triumph, in which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenge, entails a perpetual pleasure.

At Lawrenceville, Illinois, about their sweetheart, Albert Nichol's shot and killed John Leaban, at the close of a fight in which the murdered man had already been worsted.

Two dollars per thousand is the price being paid by purchasers of Confederate bonds, who hope to be in the proposed divide of the \$4,000,000 of Confederate specie deposited in the bank of England.

The International Arbitration and Peace Society, of England, passed congratulatory resolutions upon the receipt of the news that the British flag had been saluted at the Yorktown celebration.

Sam Coleman, a white man indicted for the murder of a negro in Caddo, in 1878, believing that the matter had been forgotten, ventured back to Shreveport, and was arrested on Monday last, by the sheriff.

The salmon-fishing of the Tweed, not a very large stream, rents for \$65,000 per annum. In addition to this, the lessees are compelled to keep up a police the whole length of the stream to protect the fisheries.

Ex-Senator Sprague says he was once advised to resign and go home and be vindicated by a re-election, but they couldn't fool him. Cocking may be the greatest masher, but Sprague knows the most about politics.

The Lewistown Journal says that the second crop of hay this season in Maine is one of the largest ever known. The fields have remained unusually green, and the second cutting will be equal in quantity to one-third of the first.

A dentist presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint. "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill." "Yes," replied the dentist, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so; and I have called now to get it squared."

Thrilling incident: Adolphus' courage was up. Falling on his knees he cried, "Angelina, dearest, make me the happiest of men by accepting my heart and hand." Casting one look at the great paw, Angelina thrilled in every fiber as she replied, sweetly: "Oh, Adolphus, this is more than I expected."

In the German Empire, correct complete returns from 375 districts show that of the successful candidates 44 are Conservatives, 22 Free Conservatives, 15 members of the Centre party, 51 National Liberals, 24 Secessionists, 35 Progressionists, 3 members of the Party of the People, 15 Poles and 17 Particularists and Protestants. The politics of four of the successful candidates are not defined. One hundred second ballots are necessary.

Farmerville Gazette: Judge Graham, in giving his instructions to the jury for the week, alluded to a custom which has prevailed since the war, of jurors accepting a treat from the party whom they had acquitted of a criminal charge. The judge very properly condemned this custom and gave strong reasons why no jury should accept a treat from a man whom he had just tried and acquitted. An additional one might have been given by the judge which is that in his experience he had no knowledge of a jury having been treated that had brought in a verdict of guilty.

JOURNALISM AND ITS DUTIES.

Number 1 of volume 8, of the Natchitoches Vindicator, is before us. It furnishes us a good occasion to say something about newspaper enterprise and energetic newspaper men.

While there are too many of the profession who content themselves by plodding along, filling their columns with advertisements and such matter as they have conveniently at hand, there are others who have the ambition to bring their journals to the front rank through hard work, and by advancing first and foremost the material interests of the community which is their field of operations.

It matters not what the political opinions of an editor may be, whenever he works faithfully for those around him, he deserves their support and their absolution for the shortcomings which are inherent to man.

We have often disagreed with Gen. Cosgrove, who has, withal, shown that his personal friendship for us, had never been shaken "by the tilting." We've admired all along his devilish pluck and go-aheadtiveness, which he has directed in very great measure towards awakening the dormant public spirit of the people of Natchitoches, which his Vindicator has brought into a prominence rivaling that of any other parish in the State. He has done gigantic work for Natchitoches—a work that will soon bear substantial fruits: Therefore do we pronounce the Vindicator a journal that ought to live and prosper, because it has been useful and has repaid its patrons for whatever aid they have extended it. It is not our desire to give our friend Cosgrove a "puff." We wish only to do him justice by saying that he has given Natchitoches a paper which reflects credit upon her, as it does to its editor who is found among the foremost in every movement that is calculated to bring her "out of the wilderness."

We would like to see every journalist in Louisiana working as hard for his "base of operations" as the editor of the Vindicator unquestionably does.

HOW TO BRING EMIGRANTS.

The plan of speaking in glowing terms of the fertility of the soil and the genial climate of Louisiana, have failed to attract thither the emigrants whose influx would soon bring her to the acme of her greatness and prosperity.

The tide of emigration will continue to flow towards Texas so long as our people fail to set apart lands on which the emigrant can locate immediately upon his arrival.

Vacant lands abound in every parish. Yet no effort is being made to put them on the market at prices within the means of the emigrant, who, perforce, is compelled to go westward, where he takes up his abode on lands that are barren and sterile, as compared to those which lie idle all over Louisiana.

This drawback can easily be remedied by the formation of stock companies in every parish, which would make it their object to purchase at tax or other sales, the numberless acres of land that are frequently sold at nominal prices.

It would not be long ere these stock companies would own large areas which they could offer to emigrants at such prices and terms as would induce them to locate in the parishes of Louisiana.

Not only would these stock companies open up the State to emigration, but their stock holders would find that they had engaged in a profitable and safe speculation.

Emigrants can't pay fancy prices for land upon their arrival. Of course, after a time, when they would have amassed surplus funds, they would gradually advance towards the choicest and best located lands in their neighborhood; thereby enhancing their value.

But the first thing to do is to arrange for placing on the market the thousands of acres that are laying idle, and, in consequence, are almost valueless.

It is easy to see how the stock companies in question would effect the double purpose of attracting emigration and increasing the value of all lands, by establishing a market value for those now untitled and unoccupied.

How does our suggestion strike our readers and the press generally?

O'Connor, the Irish Land Leaguer, was feted lately at Waterbury, Connecticut.

Captain Willard Glazier, who is traveling over the Mississippi from its source to the mouth, in a canoe fourteen feet long, passed Vicksburg on the 1st inst.

AN EXTRA SESSION.

We take pleasure in reproducing, in another column, an article from the New Orleans Democrat, under the above heading, in which our contemporary begins to recognize that there are some good reasons for assembling the Legislature at an early day.

When the CAPITOLIAN declared itself for an extra session, it encountered the powerful opposition of the Democrat, supported by the hasty declarations of many other journals, who, appalled by the expenditure of thirty or forty thousand dollars, lost view of the deplorable condition of the State finances, through which, injury to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars was about to be imposed upon the State by prolonging the disastrous situation until the months of June or July of 1892.

From the information we had gathered, we honestly believed that if there ever was a necessity for assembling the Legislature, that necessity existed at this moment.

Hence, our unswerving advocacy of the measure, regardless of the criticisms—some of which were not of the kindest—levelled at us.

We believe that if the members of the General Assembly will set themselves to the work before them, they can, in two or three weeks, adopt such legislation as will, at least, place the finances of the State in such a condition as to take them out of the hands of the brokers and dealers in neurrent notes and promises to pay.

Poultries on the sore places, in the shape of vouchers at a ruinous discount would only make confusion worse confounded.

Vigorous treatment is absolutely demanded.

And the sooner it is applied, the sooner will Governor McEnery and the State officials generally, be enabled to do full credit to themselves, by re-establishing order out of the long existing chaos.

The Legislature has all the power it needs to effect the end in view.

If its members will go to their committee meetings, instead of going to the club rooms, the restaurants and other places where life is made joyous, as compared to the monotonous though more praiseworthy existence in their country homes, they will relieve themselves of the odium that has been attached to them for the glaring blunders and failures of the session of 1890.

We take off our cap to the Democrat for having receded from its former position regarding AN EXTRA SESSION.

TO BE CONVENED AT NEW ORLEANS.

The proceedings of the Capitol Commissioners, which will be seen elsewhere, indicate that it has been determined to assemble the Legislature in New Orleans.

We have great respect for the views of Gov. McEnery, because we believe that he has at heart the welfare of the State. Yet we cannot agree with him, or anybody else, in the opinion that the extra session can be held in New Orleans, because the State House here is not in readiness to accommodate its members and the State officials.

The Constitution says that "the seat of government shall be and remain at the city of Baton Rouge."

It says, too, that "extra sessions shall be held at the seat of government."

New Orleans is no more the seat of government than is a buzzard's roost.

So much for the legal aspect of the matter.

The legality of the extra session need not be jeopardized and its action, if it should happen to be beneficial, possibly nullified, by holding it in New Orleans, on the plea that the State House couldn't be sufficiently completed to comfortably receive the Assembly.

Baton Rouge affords all the accommodation necessary for the General Assembly. If the halls of the capitol could not be put in readiness, what would prevent the House from occupying Pike's Hall, and the Senate the court house or city hall? Committee rooms could easily be provided at the capitol or elsewhere. This could all be done at little or no expense.

For that matter there are the vacant U. S. Barracks, with halls for the Houses and more rooms suitable for committees than would accommodate two Assemblies. Surely these could be obtained for twenty, thirty or sixty days, under the circumstances through the President or Secretary of War.

As to the furniture belonging to the State, it will be safe here, even out of the capitol, until that edifice is ready to receive it.

We had hoped that Governor Mc-

Enery would bear in mind that the ancient Franks held their assemblies in the open air and deliberated on a horseback. In these days of ease, nothing of that sort could be expected from our Legislators.

Yet, we did expect that for the sake of Louisiana's relief they would put up with some inconvenience and forego this time, the sweets of the Crescent City.

We don't believe, that the Legislature, meeting in New Orleans, amid the dinners, the drinking and the revelry, will do anything more than they have in the past, legislate for the benefit of the few against the many, the people.

State paper is where it was when Warmoth and Kellogg were running the Government to hades. And we are nearly in 1892, or six years after the redemption of the State.

We know that it is herculean work to carry away the Government from New Orleans, where its record will stain Louisiana's escutcheon forever, yet we had hoped that Governor McEnery with Roman fortitude would have done it.

We hope that future events will show that our gloomy forebodings were ill founded and have not been verified, but we would have felt better assured that twenty days of honest work, were at last to be given to Louisiana, had the Assembly been convened at "the Seat of Government," where Louisiana's most distinguished men used to come BEFORE THE WAR.

CALIFORNIA SCENES.

CRESCENT CITY, DEL Norte, CAL., 1891

I wrote you a short letter before leaving San Francisco, with the promise of a longer one when we reached Crescent City, but have been so busy seeing the country and, being entertained by these hospitable people, I have found little time for writing. We had a pleasant voyage of two and a half days and reached this place in the early dawn. We found our young doctor improved in health. He looks happy and rugged and says he is stouter than ever before—weighs 170 pounds. He thinks there is nothing like prosperity to restore health and spirits, especially the latter. He expects to lay aside enough in a few years to study in the German Universities.

Much to my surprise I found this an old town, most of the old settlers having been here from twenty-five to thirty years. It was once the rival of San Francisco, but has fallen far behind in the race. All of southern Oregon at one time made this a shipping point, and there were also several mines in active operation. Other more accessible ports have been opened, and the mountain range around this valley cuts them off from the interior, except what is brought over the mountain trails on pack mules, so much of its former enterprise has drifted to other places and left this a dull town to what it was twenty years ago.

Now it has some new enterprise and is looking forward to railroad communication with San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, by way of the Northern Pacific Route. Extensive dairies and lumber mills keep several schooners and one steamer running between here and San Francisco. The Salmon canneries are also another industry of importance. We saw the whole process of catching them in nets as they come up the river from the ocean—cutting them up, and packing them in cans, sealing them and heating them to boiling heat and packing them in boxes marked "Oregon Salmon." As we were still in California, I naturally asked the reason. They told me they were in four miles of the Oregon line, and the Oregon Salmon had the best name abroad. So if you get Salmon so marked you may know what is the matter if they are not up to the standard. A small party of us took a stage and went over to the mountains to another point on the river where there had been some remarkable events in the early history of California. As I rambled from my party and stood on the banks of the river, the ferryman's little boys came along and asked me to take a ride. Always ready for a frolic, I jumped in and away we rowed for the rapids. They regaled me with blood-curdling stories of Indian massacres that had been handed down to them. I gathered some Indian souvenirs. The squaws of that tribe paint three stripes from their mouth downward on their chin, plait their hair over each ear, and loop it up in a peculiar way, and wear on their heads a little round cap, woven in fancy pattern, and some pretty designs in yellow, gray, brown and black colors. I imagined they were made of some very fine water reeds,

but was told it was the inner bark of a tree. Mine is finished with a Grecian border of brown and black on a ground of yellow. The squaws carry their babies strapped to their backs in a little, long, narrow cradle made of the same material. When I got home I dressed my hair in their peculiar style, put three stripes of soot on my chin, twined a red shawl about my shoulders, put on my cap, and lo! I was a perfect specimen of the tribe.

The face of the country, the varieties of trees, the queer undergrowth, the luscious berries, the "Digger" Indians, retaining many of their primitive habits, are all new to me. The size of the trees, principally redwoods, is something enormous. My brother bantered me the other day for a horseback ride over the mountains, warning me that it was worse than anything I had ever seen or heard of, but that the scenery was fine. Fortunately these horses are trained to climb like a wild goat, but the climbing was not the worst. The trail is used principally for pack mules, and their feet have worn holes from six to eighteen inches deep, and as a horse takes a longer step than a mule, it is rough—besides, great roots and rocks lie in the path, and there is no possible chance to get around them. The great redwoods cover the sides and top of the mountain. It inspires one with awe to see these monarchs of the forest fifteen to twenty feet in diameter (some more, many less) and looking like they have been there since the creation.

I mentioned the fact of having been over the worst road in the State but was assured, that was the great turnpike, the main road leading to all points of the interior, but my friends said if I would try the "Klamath trail" down the coast, I would admit that mountain trails of Del Norte were something to boast of. After being assured by all C. C. that it was frightful, and that only men went over it, and they had to walk down hill and up hill by their horses tails, and that I would be scared into fits as we climbed the precipice that overhung the ocean, I concluded at Johnnie's earnest solicitations to try it, so one morning last week, equipped with an opera glass and a substantial lunch we set out. The first five miles was on the beautiful ocean beach. Then the climb began. I sustained myself with the constant hope that we were going over the worst and that it was better just ahead, but it was worse and worse, with few exceptions all the way to a creek of ominous name. We stopped from time to time to rest the horses and take a view, which was well worth the climb. That side of the mountain next the ocean was too steep for anything to grow, except a few shrubs, so we had a full view of the ocean, and the roar of the great white breakers about five hundred feet below us did not sound like music, as one misstep would have sent us whirling down into the midst of them. As I was clinging for dear life to my horses mane, afraid to take a long breath, I saw below me a sight that set me laughing. John had taken off his coat and secured it to his saddle and was being pulled up the mountain by holding on to his horses tail. If that tail had broken off, and he had gone flying to the bottom into the ocean, I should have been less astonished than shocked. A little farther on where I did not wish to spare one inch from the width of the trail I saw a horse heavily packed just ten feet before me. I screamed to John, (women always scream where men only turn pale and shudder.) Well in a moment the owner of the horse, a Klamath Indian, and a traveler leading his horse turned a sharp corner, and there we stood. The Indian led my horse to the safest side and made his go around, the traveler politely tipped his hat and wished we might never meet again till we had more room. At last we reached the top. I would have said the climb up that mountain was one mile and a half, but John assures me it was less than a half. It was the second ascent and the end was not yet. For several miles we were on top of the ridge, on one side lovely woods, ferns, flowers and berries which we gathered from our horses, and below us great deep valleys or rather mountain gorges covered with trees of fir, redwood, and something they call pine, but it is not like our old Alabama long leafed scaly bark pine. Alder and cedar are the only trees that look natural. Directly we would cross the ridge again and find the ocean a few hundred feet below us. At last we started down the great mountain to Damnation Creek. It has no other name. An old moun-

tain told me it was a "well" at that. I could readily understand it as we slowly wound our way downward. Fortunately it was not on the ocean side and if we had fallen, the great trees would have kept us from going to the bottom, the roots and rocks and holes seemed to make the road impassible, but by letting our horses pick their way we managed to get over it at last. I have some magnificent fern roots which are to be transferred to my San Francisco fernery.

Very beautiful pebbles are washed up by winter storms and are gathered here in early spring. My friends have contributed generously, so I have quite a supply. If you were only a girl cousin I should send you some, but you might not appreciate such baubles. My friends also proposed putting each a page in my "sea-moss album, and by that means I have succeeded in making a choice collection. It is such fun to hunt "sea moss" on the beach, and have a big wave chase you up hill or catch you and give you a dousing. Too bad! you are not the right kind of a cousin to appreciate some of my sea moss too—John says he will have to charter a schooner to take home the treasures I have gathered here.

R.

The town of Alexandria, Iowa, is submerged by the flood in the Mississippi.

WANTED.

WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN WHO is at leisure after six o'clock, P. M., a small set of books to keep. Best of references given. Address ENTRY, care Capitolian.

A PRIVATE Family desires to take several Bo-rooms. Single gentlemen preferred. For further information, apply to "M." at the Capitolian office.

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A Splendid Opportunity. TO FURNISH THE GENERAL INTER-est of the Hollywood Central Factory, we have concluded to offer for sale in desirable tracts, the larger portion of the plantation known as "Hollywood." Parties desiring to cultivate sugar cane, will find this property possessing great advantages for investment. Terms liberal. Apply to H. VON PHUL.

A SPlendid HOME IN MAGNOLIA. Miss. For location and beauty it is not excelled on the Railroad from New Orleans to Jackson, Miss. Also 34 acres of pine land, 30 in cultivation, well adapted to truck farming, and would make a fine sheep ranch. Would exchange for property in Baton Rouge or a small farm near the town limits. Will be sold at a great bargain. Just the very place for a delightful and healthy summer residence, being located near clear running streams that are bordered on either side by beautiful groves. For particulars, apply to Messrs. W. A. LeSueur and L. W. Gentry, Baton Rouge, La. E. McNAIR, Magnolia, Miss.

FOR SALE—RAISE CHANCE—A 1 Garden, in good running order, containing 4 reports of land, New House, Stable, Good Well, etc. Situated on Continuation of North Boulevard, Square 28. Apply to J. COMBOUTOU, on the premises or at the Capitolian Office. apr20.

STOLEN.

\$10 REWARD. STOLEN—From the undersigned, on the night of the 2d inst., a Light Bay Mare, of short, heavy-set form, branded with an "R" on right shoulder; on her right hind bone she has a white spot about the size of a silver dollar; she is about ten years of age. The above reward will be paid for her delivery to me at Baton Rouge, or where I can get possession of her. R. M. FEARSON.

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