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PROSPECTUS OF The Louisianaian.

In the endeavor to establish another Republican journal in New Orleans, the proprietors of the Louisianaian propose to fill a necessity which has been long, and sometimes painfully felt to exist.

POLICY. As our motto indicates, the Louisianaian shall be Republican at all times and under all circumstances.

Desires of allaying animosities, of obliterating the memory of the bitter past, of promoting harmony and union among all classes and between all interests, we shall advocate the removal of all political disabilities; foster kindness and forbearance, where malignity and resentment reign, and seek for fairness and justice where wrong and oppression prevailed.

TAXATION. We shall support the doctrine of an equitable division of taxation among all classes, a faithful collection of the revenues, economy in the expenditures, conformably with the exigencies of the State or country, and the discharge of every legitimate obligation.

EDUCATION. We shall sustain the carrying out of the provisions of the act establishing our common school system, and urge as a paramount duty the education of our youth, as vitally connected with their own enlightenment, and the security and stability of a Republican Government.

FINAL. By a generous, manly, independent, and judicious conduct, we shall strive to rescue our paper, from an ephemeral, and temporary existence, and establish it upon a basis, that if we cannot "command," we shall at all events "deserve" success.

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THE LOUISIANIAN.

"REPUBLICAN AT ALL TIMES, AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES."

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FAREWELL. BY L. L. Farewell!—we may not meet again As we parting now! I must my beating heart restrain— Must veil my burning brow. O, I must coldly learn to hide One thought, all else above— Must call upon my woman's pride To hide my woman's love! Check dreams I never may avow Be free, be careless, cold as thou!

"OUR STORY-TELLER." TOLD BY AN OCTOON.

Once out of the grounds, with a long breath of relief, I put my horse into the swift, loping gallop to which he had been trained. The solitariness, and yet the hopefulness of that long ride! The lonely roads lay bare before me in the white moonlight; my horse's hoofs sounded regularly in the stillness; the only other sound was the occasional piping of some bird of the night which made the stillness, more marked. At last I became aware that I was approaching the camp to which my errand led me, and immediately after, my horse was stopped by a picket, with a suddenness that appeared supernatural to me, for I had not at first seen the soldier.

breast, where his heart was beating its last throbs. "Now I know why I felt that I must be brought to this spot to die. They thought it was a whim, and so did I." The men stood back respectfully, leaving us two alone, with only the moonlight between us. I could not speak, I could only look at him, knowing, realizing that in this last moment all that could have separated us had dropped from him as a garment unworthy of him. "Ah! the path love pointed out was the only right one," he said never for an instant taking his eyes from mine. "All my soul?—all my love?" he murmured. "All. Does not my own soul tell me?" I asked, with something of the passionate tenderness that I felt, my voice murmuring through tears that I could not shed. He lay in silence a moment, then said: "My property is nearly all lost, save a few thousands deposited at the North. It is willed to you. Promise that you will go North—to New York. Here is the address of my lawyer there." He put my hand on an inside pocket of his coat. "Stay no longer in the South." "I will not," I said. "I will go."

MEMORANDA. By Mark Twain.

I never can look at those periodical portraits in the Galaxy magazine without feeling a wild, impetuous ambition to be an artist. I have seen thousands and thousands of pictures in my time—acres of them here and leagues of them in the galleries of Europe—but never any that moved me as the Galaxy portraits do. There is the portrait of Monsignore Capel in the November Galaxy; now could anything be sweeter than that? And there was Demarek's, in the October number; who can look at that without being purer and truer and nobler for it? And Thurlow Weed's picture in the September number; I would not have died without seeing that, not for anything this world can give. But look back still further and recall my own likeness as printed in the August Galaxy; if I had been in my grave a thousand years when that appeared, I would have got up and visited the artist. I sleep with all these portraits under my pillow every night, so that I can go on studying them as soon as the day dawns in the morning. I know them all as thoroughly as if I had made them myself; I know every line and mark about them. Sometimes when company are present I shuffle the portraits all up together, and then pick them out one by one and call their name, without referring to the printing at the bottom. I seldom make a mistake—never, when I am calm. I have had the portraits framed for a long time, waiting till my aunt gets everything ready for hanging them up in the parlor. But first one thing and then another interferes, and so the thing is delayed. Once she said they would have more of the peculiar kind of light they needed in the attic. The old simpleton! it is as dark as a tomb up there. But she does not know anything about art, and so she has no reverence for it. When I showed her my "Map of the Fortifications of Paris," she said it was rubbish. Well, from nursing those (rare) portraits so long, I have come at last to have

a perfect infatuation for art. I have a teacher now, and my enthusiasm continually and tumultuously grows, as I learn to use with more and more facility the pencil brush, and graver. I am studying under De Melville, the house and portrait painter. [His name was Smith when he lived West.] He does any kind of artist work a body wants, having a genius that is universal, like Michael Angelo. Resembles that great artist, in fact. The back of his head is like his, and he wears his hat-brim tilted down on his nose to expose it. I have been studying under De Melville several months now. The first month I painted fences, and gave general satisfaction. The next month I whitewashed a barn. The third, I was doing tin roofs; the fourth, common signs; the fifth, statuary to stand before cigar shops. This present month is only the sixth, and I am already in portraits! The humble offering which accompanies these remarks—the portrait of His Majesty WILLIAM III, KING OF PRUSSIA—is my fifth attempt in portraits, and my greatest success. It has received unbounded praise from all classes of the community, but that which gratifies me most is the frequent and cordial verdict that it resembles the GALAXY portraits. Those were my first love, my earliest admiration, the original source and incentive of my art-ambition. Whatever I am in Art to-day, I owe to the GALAXY portraits. I ask no credit for myself—I deserve none. And I never take any, either. Many a stranger has come to my exhibition (for I have had my portrait of King William on exhibition at one dollar a ticket), and would have gone away blessing me, if I had let him, but I never did. I always stated where I got the idea. King William wears large bushy side whiskers, and some critics have thought that at this portrait would be more complete if they were added. But it was not possible. There was not room for side whiskers and epaulettes both, and so I let the whiskers go, and put in the epaulettes, for the sake of style. That thing on his hat is an eagle. The Prussian eagle—it is a national emblem. When I say hat, I mean helmet; but it seems impossible to make a picture of a helmet that a body can have confidence in. I wish kind friends everywhere would aid me in my endeavor to attract a little attention to the Galaxy portraits. I feel persuaded it can be accomplished, if the course to be pursued be chosen with judgment. I write for that magazine all the time, and so do many able men, and if I can get the Galaxy portraits into universal favor, it is all I ask; the reading matter will take care of itself.

COMMENTS OF THE PORTRAIT. PICS IX.

There is nothing like it in the Vatican. It has none of that vagueness, that dreamy spirituality about it, which many of the first critics of Arkansas have objected to in the Marillo school of Art. The expression is very interesting. (Keeps a macaroni store in Venice, at the old family stand.) It is the nearest thing in still life I have seen for years. The smile may be almost called unique. I never saw such character portrayed in a pictured face before. There is a benignant simplicity about the execution of this work which warms the heart toward it as much, full as much as it fascinates the eye. One cannot see it without longing to contemplate the artist. Send me the entire edition—together with the plate and the original portrait—and name your own price. And would you like to come over and stay a while with Napoleon at Wilhelmshöhe? It shall not cost you a cent.

Dr. R. K. Smith, recently elected Parish Judge in Ascension parish, has tendered his resignation to Governor Warmoth, but so far, the resignation has not been acted on. The experience afforded by the "innocents" of Ascension parish is certainly not very cheering to resident Republicans, for it is not altogether refreshing to be shot at in a moment of friendly playfulness, and then have it proved that there was no gunpowder within twenty miles of the occurrence. It is a matter of news to the people of this State, and a matter of deep solicitude also, how it is possible for a citizen of the State of Texas to have the presumption to resign a position which he could not under any circumstances have filled. He should hide his blushing face behind the men who were his unprincipled backers and were the direct means of all the rascality—the villainous frauds, which have been committed in the Parish of Ascension in the late election—as well as Assumption and some other parishes—and who have, by their bad practices, caused so many votes to be thrown away for a man who cannot even claim to be a citizen of Louisiana. We think we can see a trick in this resignation of Dr. R. K. Smith, but hope for the sake of decency that the Governor will find it convenient to appoint some better man. The Judiciary of the State should be composed of honest men.

ANSWER TO AN INQUIRY FROM THE COMING MAN.

"Young Author"—Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you would want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good middling-sized whales. Poor, fault-finding, sore-headed Dennett! If ever man was disgusted with the entire workings of Providence he is the man. He is in a bad way. He most decidedly has the mulligrubs. Only to think of his going back on "our rich planters," as he has done in two or three instances lately, and taking up a quarter of a column in praise of Jean Pierre, a colored citizen of Brashear, who needs no help from Mr. Dennett. If Jean were not so well and so favorably known we should fear for his reputation with such an idiosyncrasy. Poor, unfortunate Daniel. He has our pity.

The Alexandria Democrat tells the following: One of the defeated candidates was asked how he liked being beaten. He replied that he felt pretty much as the man who had been killed by a billy goat. Said he, "I care nothing about dying, but I do hate the idea of being butted to death by a d—d old goat." Applicable to other localities also.—Ed. Rep.

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