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# THE LOUISIANIAN.

"REPUBLICAN AT ALL TIMES, AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES"

VOLUME I. NEW ORLEANS LA., SUNDAY APRIL 23, 1871. NUMBER 37.

ALICE CARY. BY SARA G. CHAPA. The world has lost a splendor From the starry realms of song; The voice whose thrilling sweetness Has charmed the world so long. E'en the lowly widow daisies As they nod on prairie free With miss the breezy fragrance Of her wonderful melody. In woodland nooks and hollows, Where violets shade their blue, Will Nature shed her tear-drops In drops of crystal dew And stars that come out nightly, On the firmament o'erhead, Will shine in softer glory O'er the spot where she lies dead! But when Spring time brings the flowers, Looking upward to the sky They will speak with prophet voice Of her immortality. While beyond the sunset's splendor She will list with radiant eyes, And return her heavenly lyre To the airs of Paradise.

"OUR STORY TELLER." OUTGENERALED. BY MAGGIE MARIQOLD. It was a cloudy warm morning in June, and Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy, a newly married couple, sat at their tiny breakfast table, lost for a moment in their respective newspapers.

Jack and Gill, two gold-tinted canaries, sang joyously in their cages at the open window, and a mass of morning-glory vines, wet with dew, thrust themselves in at the breezy opening, laden with blue, and white, and pink blossoms.

Mr. P. was devouring a thrilling anti-woman's rights article, in the Eruption, by the editor, Mr. Katchumandankinum, whose wife had just made her debut in the arena of strong-minded females.

Mrs. P. was anxiously conning an advertisement of "Lightning's Beard Accelerator," which promised to grow a ferocious mustache, in three days on face or hand, or money refunded; and had decided to surprise her liege-lord with a bottle that very day.

Mr. Pomeroy having followed Mr. Katchumandankinum through a series of like articles, and being now thoroughly imbued with the editor's opinion, cleared his throat, threateningly, glanced cautiously across the table, and delivered himself of the following speech: "Minta, I cannot love you as well when you read the newspapers."

"She didn't raise her eyes. "It is a good sign," he continued, mentally, "she will do anything for my love." Then shoving his coffee-cup three inches to the right, and his chair as many back, he continued:

"Like the rose that peeps over the garden wall at the onion patch beyond, and partakes of its perfume, so woman loses her sweetness when once she steps from her proper sphere. Will my little wife be contented with her husband's love and leave the newspapers to coarser minds?" This last "coarser minds" was the sugar coating that was to make the pill go down easily.

Mr. Pomeroy run his white fingers leisurely through his curls, rose slowly from the table, watching his wife's countenance, and taking his pet beaver from the rack at the door, brushed an atom of dust from its shiny rim. Imagine his chagrin when his darling Araminta, leisurely putting down her paper, said: "My dear Charley, I beg pardon, but 'pon my honor, I haven't heard a word you were saying. There! 'tis beginning to rain. You had better hurry and get into a stage," walking him rapidly toward the door. "Don't forget to secure seats for the concert this evening, dear. Now don't look so amazed if the rain has caught you for once, before you get down town."

that she was alone, this speck on their matrimonial horizon made her heart sink to zero. "What if Charley should grow fanatical on the subject of rose-bud wives, with two ideas in their heads?" she mused, anxiously. "Oh what shall I do?" Early in the afternoon, Dick Pomeroy, her husband's youngest brother, arrived, radiant in light green duck and gold-mounted eyeglasses, with a three-cornered note from his married brother, to the effect that he wanted to bring three classmates home to dinner—nice old fellows, all married and settled—and Minta must look her prettiest.

"But do tell a sympathizing fellow what's the matter?" exclaimed the messenger: "you look blue. Has Charley been kicking up a row?" "No, Dick, there isn't any storm, only one is threatening, I fear" and then she related the conversation at the breakfast-table.

"Now let's fix up this matter in short order, Minta," he replied, with a twinkle in his eyes, as he laid down his cane and hat on the lounge. "I can't stand coolly by and see either of you martyred, or witness a play of the Kilkenny cats. Let's put our two heads together. Surely the united forces of a couple such ought to upset the such an insignificant young spooney as that husband of yours."

"None of that sir. He's a magnificent darling creature, and I won't hear him abused. He's only afraid I will grow strong-minded, and the fear carries him to the other extreme." "Now," continued she, settling in a corner of the sofa, "if I had been born with any other hair in the world but red, and a turn-down nose, I would enter the rostrum of Woman's Rights at once, and strongly advocate not voting, not holding office, not wearing an outlandish bloomer costume, not digging sewers, laying pipes, and running engines, as some delicate gentlemen pretend they fear we shall do, when they know we won't; but simply to change places with the lords of creation for one month. No longer. Oh, no—I'm not cruel. Then let them enjoy having their reading prescribed to them. Throw the newspapers out at the back windows, and when they are hungry for brain food let them regale themselves on a skim-milk fashion article, or a magazine story. Why do so many men try to make their wives think they are their inferiors intellectually?" and the blue eyes flashed.

"Afraid! afraid of 'em!" ejaculated the tall strapping, complacently examining his luxuriant growth of black hair in the mirror. "Only," continued Minta, "when Mr. High-and-mighty has been outwitted and quenched in an argument by some fair one; when he is driven to the wall with his brain at a stand or whirling in eddies, and only his gall in active play, does he acknowledge her his equal in intellect."

"Hurrah for Pomeroy! Pomeroy for e-v-e-r!" laughed the young gentleman, tossing up his hat. "That isn't bad, Minta. Do go into the woman meetings, despite the red hair, just to plague Charles." "Mercy!" ejaculated Mrs. P., "it is two o'clock, and I haven't thought of dinner. Clear the track quick and let me run to the kitchen. Good-by!" she called gayly, as her heels rattled lightly down the stairs.

Dinner time arrived, as did the guests, three tall, spare individuals, all lawyers, who eyed young Mrs. Pomeroy keenly, to ascertain how Charley's wife compared with their own, and then fell to devouring her superb cooking, and addressing all their conversation to her husband.

Minta Pomeroy was not only an amiable young lady, and a superior cook, but a high spirited creature; and this ungentlemanly treatment made her blood boil. "Do they think me a simpleton," she whispered to Dick, who sat at her right hand.

"Probably they have married little idiots who let their husbands think and talk for them," he returned. "Let's show them that Charley's wife knows something. You start a subject, and I'll push it through." Minta's eyes flashed beneath her drooping lids, and at the first lull in the conversation she politely collared the gentlemanly skeleton at her left, by inquiring how gold had closed that day. He looked surprised, but answered politely, and the subject of public finances thus started, enlarged and grew beautifully under the skillful management of Minta and Dick.

The reins of conversation once in their hands, the two drove a fast team, soon drawing in another lawyer, and finally the last, in company with Mr. C. Pomeroy; Minta growing brilliant and attracting the admiring gaze of her husband's friends one of whom remarked to his neighbor afterward, that Pomeroy had married a superb woman; not a beauty at all, but a perfect diamond of a wife. Her husband looked proud of her. This alone made Minta happy.

He overheard Dick say softly to her in the hall: "I don't believe Charles will ask you again to give up newspaper reading. You talked like an oracle, Minta." "Then she really did hear me this morning?" gasped Pomeroy to himself, and at his first opportunity he caught her and whispered: "My star, I'll never ask you again to give up your reading. I am so proud of your conversational powers. You were enchanting at dinner." To which she replied only with a lovely blush, seeing one of the lank lawyers leaning toward them, with eyes buttoned back with curiosity.

"Haven't you two young people got over love-making yet?" he whispered knowingly. WHY A MAN MEASURES MORE IN THE MORNING THAN IN THE EVENING, &c.

There is an odd phenomenon attending the human body, as singular as common: that a person is shorter standing than lying; and shorter in the evening when he goes to bed, than in the morning when he rises.

This remark was first made in England, and afterwards confirmed at Paris, by Mr. Morand, a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences in France, and by the Abbot Fontana likewise.

The last-mentioned person found, from a year's experience, that ordinarily in the night he gained five or six lines, and lost nearly as much in the day.

The cause of which effect, so ancient, so common, but so lately perceived, proceeds from the different state or condition of the intervertebral annular cartilages. The vertebrae, or joints of the spine, are kept separate, though joined by particular cartilages, every one of which has a spring. These yield on all sides, without any inflexion on the spine, to the weight of the head and upper extremities; but this is done by very small and imperceptible degrees, and most of all when the upper parts of the body are loaded with any exterior weight. So that a man is really taller after lying some time, than after walking, or carrying a burthen a great while.

For this reason it is that, in the day and evening, while one is sitting or standing, the superior parts of the body weigh or press upon the inferior, press those elastic annular cartilages, the bony jointed work is contracted, the superior parts of the body descend towards the inferior, and proportionably as one approaches the other, the height of the stature diminishes.

Hence it was, that a fellow enlisting for a soldier, by being measured overnight, was found deficient in height, and therefore refused; but by accident being gauged again the next morning, and coming up to the stature, he was admitted.

On the contrary, in the night-time, when the body is laid a-bed, as it is in an horizontal situation, or nearly so, the superior parts do not weigh, or but very little, upon the inferior; the spring of the cartilages is unspent, the vertebrae are removed from one another, the long jointed work of the spine is dilated, and the body thereby prolonged; so that a person finds himself about half an inch, or more, higher in stature in the morning than when going to bed. This is the most natural and simple reason that can be given, for the different heights of the same person at different times.

MARRIAGE LOTTERY. It has often been said figuratively that marriage is a lottery; but we do not recollect to have met with a practical illustration of the truth of the simile, before the following, which is a free translation of an advertisement in the Louisiana Gazette:—"A young man of good figure and disposition, unable, though desirous to procure a wife, without the preliminary trouble of amassing a fortune, proposes the following expedient to attain the object of his wishes. He offers himself as the prize of a lottery to all widows and

virgins under 32. The numbers of tickets to be 600, at 50 dollars each. But one number to be drawn from the wheel, the fortunate proprietor of which is to be entitled to himself and the 30,000 dollars."

HAVE CHILDREN ANY RIGHTS GROWN PEOPLE ARE BOUND TO RESPECT? That children should respect their elders is a maxim profoundly and sometimes painfully impressed upon the youthful mind. Is it not equally the duty of elders to respect the children? All rights are reciprocal. Nobody can fairly claim what he is not willing to concede—or in the homely terms of the proverb: "it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

This is a sound principle having scarcely an exception. Certainly the relations of the juvenile and mature members of society do not offer an exception. If grown persons demand respect from, they should also give it to children—not merely for the purpose of teaching by example, but from a sense of justice.

In the first place, children are human beings and therefore entitled to the thoughtful consideration always due to humanity everywhere. Boys and girls are men and women in embryo. If you snub a boy or girl you snub the coming man or woman. Children are further entitled to respect for the essential importance of their social place and functions. What would any age or nation be without its juvenile element? Children are at once a study and a discipline: a present strength and a promise of future power. They are ornamental and useful. They brighten the leisure hours of life and they are an object which stimulates its business pursuits. While accomplishing a great deal of good they do far less harm in the world than their elders. Let nobody thoughtlessly call children nuisances. Men are much greater nuisances.

True, children are sometimes noisy and inclined to mischief. The child who does not develop those tendencies is unhealthy, physically, mentally and morally. But how much more noise men make, and how far more serious the consequence of their mischief! Children do not plunge nations into war, shedding rivers of blood and clothing continents with mourning. Men do. Children do not misgovern cities, States and empires for their own selfish and ambitious purposes. Men do. Children do not plunder the public treasury. Men do. Children do not maintain political, railroad and mining "rings" at the expense of the people, and create monopolies of a few for the oppression of the many, so that a small number may grow rich while the masses starve. Men do. Children do not commit the great variety of individual and organized crimes, some of them venial and some of them infamous, from which society suffers. Men do. The contrast might be illustratively amplified to any extent. Who, then, are the real nuisances, men or children? It might be shown that children are actually entitled to more consideration and respect than any other class of the community.

Then let them be encouraged rather than suppressed. Let their improvement be carefully provided for. Let parents tolerate childish sports and even participate in them, instead of selfishly abating them as vexatious annoyances, so that the parental appearance superinduces a terror-stricken silence and a sudden gloom in the domestic circle. Let nature have free course in the children, who obey natural laws rather than the edicts of sham conventionality. Above all, let their rights be enforced. For instance why should this boy be expected to leave his seat in a car and stand for the convenience of an older person who crowds into the conveyance already full? He is an incarnation of humanity, he is a coming man, and therefore entitled to respect; he has paid for his seat, and should not be called upon to relinquish it. And this girl, condensing in her small frame the woman of the future, has a like right to her seat in the court-room. Children have rights grown people are bound to respect, and should be protected in them.—N. Y. Weekly.

The peacock has one of the beautiful tails in the world, but I take notice he don't drag it on the ground when he walks out.—Joak Billings.

—An honest lady in the country, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed: "Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone! It ain't a week since I lost my best man, and now Mr. Hooper has gone too, poor man."

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