

# Semi-Weekly Louisianian.

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

VOLUME 1.

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## PROSPECTUS OF THE LOUISIANIAN.

In the endeavor to establish another Republican journal in New Orleans, the proprietors of the LOUISIANIAN, propose to fill a necessity which has been long, and sometimes painfully—felt to exist. In the transition state of our people, in their struggling efforts to attain that position in the Body Politic, which we conceive to be their due, it is regarded that much information, guidance, encouragement, counsel and reproof have been lost, in consequence of the lack of a medium, through which these deficiencies might be supplied. We shall strive to make the LOUISIANIAN a desideratum in these respects.

### POLICY.

As our motto indicates, the LOUISIANIAN shall be "Republican at all times and under all circumstances." We shall advocate the security and enjoyment of broad civil liberty, the absolute equality of all men before the law, and an impartial distribution of honor and patronage to all who merit them.

Desirous 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 reigned, and seek for fairness and justice where wrong and oppression prevailed. Thus united in our aims and objects, we shall conserve our best interests, elevate our noble State to an enviable position among her sister States, by the development of her illimitable resources and secure the full benefits of the mighty changes in the history and condition of the people and the country.

Believing that there can be no true liberty without the supremacy of law, we shall urge a strict and undiscriminating administration of justice.

### 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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### HOW WE CAME TOGETHER.

BY WM. C. WILKINSON.

Thorwaldsen's Lion, gray and grim,  
Rock in his rocky lair,  
Oh who would read his lily from him,  
Glowered out with angry glare.

I mused awhile the sculptured stone,  
My pilgrim staff in hand;  
Then turned to hold my way alone,  
And lone, from land to land.

But God had other hap in store:  
Even as I turned I met  
A manly eye ne'er seen before—  
I seem to see it yet!

Vanish the changeful years between,  
Like morning-smitten rack;  
As, morning-like, that crescent scene  
Comes dawning swiftly back.

Again, above, that mellow noon  
And soft Swiss heaven doth yearn;  
Frowns still on us in pilgrim shoon  
The Lion of Lucerne.

Once more each other's hands we take,  
The pass-words fly betwixt;  
Though slack the speed that speech may make,  
When heart with heart is mixed.

I see the green Swiss lake asleep,  
And Right in her dream;  
We cross the lake, we climb the steep,  
To watch the world a gleam.

The paths are many up the slope,  
And many of the mind;  
We catch the flying clue of hope,  
And wander where they wind.

The paths are fresh, the pastures green,  
In walk or talk traversed;  
The Aipland meadows' grassy sheen  
With many a streamlet nursed;

And the fair meadows of the soul,  
Forever fresh with streams  
From the long heights of youth that roll,  
The Right Cult of dreams.

We speak of summits hard to gain,  
And, gained, still hard to keep!  
Of pleasure bought with glorious pain,  
Of tears 'twas Heaven to weep;

And of a blessed Heavenly Friend  
That struggled with us still,  
Breaking the blows else like to bend  
The lonely human will;

Or with some sudden vital touch,  
At pinch of sorest need;  
Lifted our little strength too much,  
And energized our deed.

Our talk flows on, through strain or rest,  
As up the steep we go;  
Each untried track of thought seems best  
In hope's prelude glow.

We loiter while the sun makes haste,  
But we shall yet sit down  
To watch the gleams of sunset chased  
From mountain crown to crown.

Too long, too late—the splendor went  
Or e'er we reached the goal;  
But a splendor had dawned that will never  
be spent

That day on either soul!

The Independent.

### MENTAL NUTRIMENT.

There is a never-failing law pervading nature, that whatever results are to be produced are dependent upon and proportioned to the labor, energy and wisdom expended. Every farmer recognizes this in the preparation of his land. He knows that he can only receive from it in one form what it possesses in another, and he hastens to restore, in the shape of fertilizers, the elements which he has drained from it in his last crop. So if we would obtain muscular power from the horse, or rich milk from the cow, we must feed them bountifully with nutritious food; and according to the quality and amount of the nutriment we give will be the results we receive.

All human life is governed by the same unflinching law. Civilization is the result of the nutriment afforded to the whole receptive powers of man. His physical, mental and moral nature receives food of infinite variety, and of different degrees; hence the various developments we witness. It is strange that we are so ready to acknowledge the operation of this law, and to follow its teachings in all that is physical, and yet so slow to admit its equal potency in our mental and moral organization.

We see, for example, the man of busy cares shutting himself gradually away from social life, giving up his friends, relinquishing his reading, denying himself recreation, and devoting all the energies of his nature to the one engrossing purpose of making money. Is it any wonder if his mind shrivel, and his heart contract, and his whole manhood become small and thin? As well might we expect to raise a luxurious plant without enriching the soil, or to develop muscular power without giving food, as to produce a full, rich and generous nature without giving it the varied sustenance it craves.

There are some who not only themselves endure this mental penury, but inflict it on their families. They are so thoroughly imbued with a miscalled spirit of utilitarianism as to discourage all that does not immediately tend to economy of time or money. Taste and beauty do not adorn their dwellings. Flowers, pictures and music are despised as frivolous and time-consuming. Their families are deprived of the eloquent lecture, the pleasurable concert, the interesting paper or magazine, the elevating volume, because they cannot appreciate the coin in which their cost is repaid.

### EYES AND MOUTHS.

It is generally conceded belief that to these two features we must look for some indication of a man's true character—Noses shapely, or shapeless; brows low as the Greek Demeter's, or high as the dome shaped forehead of Olympian Jove himself; chins peaked, rounded or square; all go to make up certain forms, or contours—nothing more.

But to the eyes leaps the subtle undefinable thought of man. Tutor them as you will, brighten their surface with shallow smiles, or false tenderness, there will be moments when the guard is down, and the true soul of the man looks out through these windows so trebly glazed by art. It may be but a second of time, but it will be like the flash of lightning which makes visible the fearful chasm. After this revelation the man can never deceive you into a belief of the peaceful smiling life he seems to lead.

Some writer has truly said, "Other features are made for us, but we make the mouth for ourselves." Its lines never lie. The eyes are tractable to the will, save at intervals, but no amount of art or duplicity can disguise the expression of the mouth. Day by day, hour by hour, the passions and propensities of men mould the facile lines until they harden into a key to their most secret soul.

There are imperious mouths, either curved or straight, but with the signet of pride on every hard line. Sensuous mouths, with full voluptuous lips, which seem to hold the savor of animal enjoyments. Avaricious mouths, dawn together as tightly as a miser's purse strings. Weak, capricious mouths, with flexible, changing lines, which are never at rest. Sensitive mouths with a little quiver in the lips, like heart-beats, and which are never far from tears either shed or unshed. There is the vain conceited mouth with a smirk upon it, and the pitiful mouth, with its grief bent corners like the Psyche's as she watched the flight of Love.

If these two features, eyes and mouth, contradict each other, trust the last alone. The eyes are sad liars, and can be schooled to any part. We have seen them tender and dreamy, as if full of gentle memories of pleasant places, whilst the mouth was a veritable "sans merci," which seemed clamped by an iron will and cruel heart. A noted English criminal was marked by these contradictions. In confessing his crimes in their most disgusting details, his eyes placidly smiled on, whilst the mouth, vile and brutal, was in itself a revelation, without the fearful words which issued from it.

There are certainly mouths which express nothing, but then the character is drawn in neutral tints. Others too pretty to be criticised, so rich are they in color, so graceful in lines and curves. But we have seen a perfect Cupid's bow express ill-nature and folly, and another, both large and pale, yet so eloquent of all sweetness in its expression, that we thought of Minna in the fairy tale, and almost looked to see a pear ripple as she opened her lips.

There is one fact, however, in connection with this subject upon which there can be no dissenting voice. However tastes may differ as to the shape, beauty, and even expression of human lips, we would defy a mouth as perfect as that of the Clytie to utter a tale of scandal, or a malicious insinuation, and retain its charm in the eyes of men. Like some of the illuminations in old MSS, a few graceful lips held in themselves a world of evil meaning. As time passes on, these soft lips of youth with the signet, day by day, growing more manifest, harden into the one ruling expression of the soul. Time works with a stylus, and all men can read his characters when old age has deepened them beyond change.

### HOME CIRCLE.

#### BEAR IT LIKE A MAN.

There used to be some meaning in this advice. I propose, in this year of our Lord, 1871, that it be amended after this fashion: Bear it like a Woman.

The papers are full of accounts of men who, having failed in business, or been crossed in love, or having had their shirt bosoms ironed the wrong way, or failing to see the same number of plums in the conjugal pudding that their mothers used to put in, have fled from wives and children into the far unknown, where shirts and puddings are not.

Now when I look about me, and see the number of patient, toiling women, hoping against hope every day, and bravely struggling on, with only God and their own consciences as witness, or encouragement of their quiet heroism, I feel as though it were about time the above proverb should be expunged from books of advice.

Bear it like a man! Did you ever see a man sick? Did you ever listen to his "oh's!" and "ah's!" and "dear me's!" at passing twinges of pain that would never have elicited a wink from a woman's eyes? Did you ever trot up and down stairs, and into my gentlemen's chamber, to bring this footstool and that pillow, and this blanket and that comforter, to be rejected as soon as brought? Did you ever pull down curtains, only to pull them up again; open doors only to close them; bring newspapers only to have them thrown down; cook messes only to have them declined—and all for a little bilious derangement, that no woman would think on mentioning?

Ask any dentist whose teeth he has the most trouble in filling or drawing, those of men or woman? Ask any physician if he ever knew one of his sex who didn't expect to eat and drink all the same. spit of pills and potions: who didn't want every medicine sugar-coated; in short, who wasn't utterly unbearable and incapable of anything but a growl, especially if his tobacco were cut off, until he was on his legs again, when the first use he made of them was to leave the wife who had been worn out with his childish complaints, to take care of herself, while he went off with Jack Somebody, "to take a little relaxation."

I am of the same mind as the woman who, when hearing the sufferings of our Pilgrim Fathers elaborated, popped up and inquired, "What of our Pilgrim Mothers? They had to bear all this, and the Pilgrim Father besides." "Bear it like a man!" There have been hundreds of cases of wives whose husbands having been sent to the State-prison for a term of years, have faithfully toiled to keep their little families together, and lay up a sum of money for the graceless husband to begin life again when his term was out; and that, although the law in such cases divorced the parties. Did you ever hear of a man doing that? Not he. He would have sent his children to anybody that wouldn't bother him too often about them, and married again; or else he would have "drank to drown his trouble, poor man! For what can a fellow do when he has a bad wife, but drink, or cut his throat, or drown?"

Stay—there are exceptions to all rules. I did hear of a husband once who had a wife given to drink. Did he hang round her neck, as you would have done, your husband's, ma'am, in a similar case, and bother her about temperance, and ask her what had become of her self-respect, and what would become of her children and of him, if she kept on drinking? Not at all. He kindly filled her empty jug whenever the contents were gone, asking no questions, and went his way, allowing her to go her. As to his motive, I dare say he had one, but there's no denying that he bore it—*"like a man!"*

FANNY FERN.

### THE DEMOCRATIC CONSTITUTION.

Milwaukee Sentinel, May 3.

Article I. Niggers are not people.  
Article II. Scalawags are not people.  
Article III. Carpet-baggers are not people.  
Article IV. Shanghais may be people, but very misguided ones.  
Article V. Butchers like Grant may have been people, but they have forfeited their right to be people by their crimes.  
Article VI. Democrats are the people.  
Article VII. Government belongs to

the people. When they are not in power the government has been usurped.

Article VIII. The people are downtrodden when they are not allowed to rule.

Article IX. When any portion of the people revolt because they are not allowed to rule, they shall be regarded as heroes and patriots.

Article X. It shall be deemed lawful and commendable for the people to shoot niggers, scalawags, carpet-baggers or others who are not people.

Article XI. Any laws enacted in contravention of the great principals here laid down shall be deemed unconstitutional and void.

Article XII. This constitution may be amended thirteen times, but no XIVth or XVth amendment to it shall ever be made.

By the way of commentary on Article IV., it may be remarked that shanghais are potentially regarded as people, from the fact that some fools among them have been known to turn Democrats. For a Democrat to turn shanghai is unconstitutional.

### FUN AND FANCY.

"ALL SORTS."

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
And smoked his pipe of clay,  
And bet his money on the bobtail nag,  
When the moon am gone away.

I'm lonely since my mother died,  
With the murmur of the mill,  
So I'll peel a bag of 'taters, O,  
With the sword of Bunker Hill.

It is the hour, when from the bower  
I kissed my Molly Ann;  
So run Elija, and hurry up Pomp—  
Or any other man.

Oh, what are the wild waves saying?  
I cried all the long night through;  
A voice replied far up the heights,  
A little more crier too!

The harp of nature's advent strung  
Is coming through the rye;  
Then kiss me quick and go, my honey,  
Said the spider to the fly.

My Willie's on the dark blue sea,  
With five hundred thousand more,  
And my days are gliding swiftly by  
To the old Kentucky shore.

Dumas, pere, and Monsieur V——'s celebrated Parisian wit, were sworn enemies. The Marquis de X——, an intimate friend of both, invited the rivals to dinner; but V—— refused to come unless Dumas would promise to speak only once during the dinner. The Marquis informed Dumas of this ridiculous proposal; but to his surprise, the novelist accepted it. During the meal V—— distinguished himself particularly by a rolling fire of wit. Every one remarked Dumas's silence. At dessert V—— helped himself several times to cakes, every time the plate was passed taking two or three. A lady seated next to him passed the cakes once more, when V—— excused himself saying: "No madame, I have eaten almost as many as Samson killed Philistines." "Yes," said Dumas, "and with the same weapon." That was enough. V—— left the table.

... At Oxford, some twenty years ago, a tutor in one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day last summer at a railroad station, he was accosted by a well known politician who recognized him, and asked him if he was not the chaplain at the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said the interrogator, "and I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems that my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk, rather than by his conversation."

... The other day the front door of the New York Tribune office had to be closed for some purpose. So Mr. Greeley wrote on a piece of paper, "Entrance on Spruce street," and sent it down to the man who does the painting of the bulletins, to be copied. The man studied over Greeley's horrible writing all the forenoon, and finally, in despair, wrote, "Editors on a spree," and posted it up.

... The Waterbury American says: "It has always been a mystery to us where all Smiths came from; but while visiting in a neighboring city the matter was satisfactorily explained by the appearance of a large sign over the door of a factory with the announcement that this was the 'Smith Manufacturing Company.'"

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