The Semi-Weekly Louisianian.

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

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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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The rooms of the Club are open each day to members and their guests from 7 A. M. to 12 P. M. Lunch will be served daily from 12 M. to 3 P. M.

POETRY.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

BY JOHN R. STATMAN.

O miracle of beauty, why dost thou,
Quickened and nourished by the warmth and light,
Hide from the sun the lustre of thy brow,
And show thy splendor only to the night?

Fearest thou lest the garish glare of day
Disclose some fleck upon thy snowy cup?
Or is it pride, when other flowers are gay,
That makes the hoard thy peerless beauty up?

Or, out of kind regard and modesty,
Withdrawest thou until the day is done,
That lilies may not die of jealousy,
Nor roses blush to see themselves outshone?

Or dost thou choose, for thy selectest hour,
The season when the stars look down on earth,
That they may know, by thy resplendent power,
What beauty in this lowly place has birth?

Through all the livelong day, like a fair bride
Who would not quit her coy and maiden ways,
When the night comes, thou drawest veils aside,
And then the dusk grows lustrous with thy gaze.

But why so transient? Tarry till the dawn.
Or dreadest thou to stay and be despised,
Knowing that what is often looked upon
In apt, alas! to be but lightly prized?

Then let me view thee, touched by no regret,
And bathe me with the fragrance of thy breath;
Shine in thy rich array while I forget
How near approach they splendor and thy death.

O short-lived glory! most transcendent bloom!
The beauty of thy flower is more to me,
Because thou wilt be sought for in the gloom,
And most, because of thy fragility.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

[Continued from our last.]

Having completed his year with Mr. Corey, he was hired out to another and more humane master. But the iron of slavery rankled in his soul, and he could not endure its galling restraints, however softened by kindness. After long rumination upon the subject, and conferences with four or five of his companions in bondage, he proposed and planned an attempt to escape. Betrayed, however, by a confederate, they were prevented from carrying their attempt into execution, arrested, and imprisoned. Instead of being "sold South"—that dreaded alternative of success, which held back thousands from making the attempt—he was sent again to Baltimore. Being nearly murdered by the carpenters of a shipyard, because of their jealousy of slave competition with white labor—a crime for which no indictment could be found, though sought, because no *white* witnesses would testify against his brutal assailants—he was sent to another yard to learn the trade of a caulker. Becoming an expert workman, he was permitted to make his own contracts, returning his week's wages every Saturday night to his master. At the same time—which was of more importance to him—he was permitted to associate with some free colored men, who had formed a kind of lyceum for their mutual improvement, and by means of which he was enabled to increase materially his knowledge and mental culture. All of this, however, did but increase his sense of the essential injustice of slavery, and make him more and more restive under its galling chains. Accordingly he made his plans, now successful; and on the third day of September, 1838, he says, "I bade farewell to the city of Baltimore, and to that slavery which had been my abhorrence from childhood." For prudential reasons the particulars of his mode of escape were withheld from the public knowledge as they were of little comparative importance; while, had they been known then, they might have compromised some and hedged up the way of escape of others.

Landing in New York, a homeless, penniless, and friendless fugitive, he thus describes his feelings: "In the midst of thousands of my fellow-men, and yet a perfect stranger! In the midst of human brothers, and yet more fearful of them than of hungry wolves! I was without friends, without work, without money, and without any definite knowledge of which way to go or where to look for succor." In the midst of his perplexities he met a sailor, whose seeming frankness and honesty won, as it deserved, his confidence. He introduced him to David Ruggles, chairman of the Vigilance Committee, a colored gentleman of much intelligence, energy, and worth, who, by his position and executive ability did much for his people. He advised him to go to New Bedford, Massachusetts, assisted him in reaching that city, and introduced him to trustworthy friends there. Here he was employed, mostly as a day laborer on the wharves, encountering the same shameful and unmanly jealousy of colored competition that had nearly cost him his life at Baltimore; and which would not allow him to work at his trade as caulker by the side of white men. Being a professing Christian, he was interested in religious meetings, where he was accustomed to pray and exhort, a practice which probably had something to do with his wonderful subsequent success as a public speaker.

The first demonstration of his eloquence which attracted public attention was at a meeting mainly of colored people, in which were considered specially the claims of the Colinization Society. Here began to be emitted specimens of that fiery eloquence from his capacious soul, burning with the unfading and indignant memories of the wrongs, outrages, and the deep injustices which slavery had inflicted on him, and which it was now inflicting upon his brethren in bonds. Of course, the few white Abolitionists of New Bedford were not long in finding out the young fugitive, appreciating his gifts and promise of usefulness, and in devising ways of extending his range of effort for their unpopular cause. Attending an anti-slavery convention at Nantucket, he was persuaded to address the meeting. His speech here seems to have been singularly eloquent and effective. Among those present was Mr. Garrison, who bore his testimony, both then and afterward, of "the extraordinary emotion it exerted on his own mind and of the powerful impression it exerted upon a crowded auditory." He declared, too, that "Patrick Henry had never made a more eloquent speech in the cause of liberty than the one they had just listened to from the lips of that hunted fugitive." Nathaniel P. Rogers, editor of the *Herald of Freedom*, thus characterized a speech made by him the same year. After speaking of his "commanding figure and heroic port," his head that "would strike a phrenologist amid a sea of them in Exeter Hall," he adds: "As a speaker he has few equals. It is not declamation; but oratory, power of debate.... He has wit, argument, sarcasm, pathos, all that first-rate men show in their master efforts."

This language, especially that of Mr. Garrison, seems extravagant and the laudation excessive; nor could it be accepted as a general and critical estimate of Mr. Douglass as an orator, great as his powers confessedly were and are. His Nantucket speech was unquestionably one of those rare bursts of eloquence, little less than inspiration, which are sometimes vouchsafed to a man in his happiest moods; when the speaker seems to rise above himself and to take his audience with him. Besides, there was certainly much in the circumstances and surroundings of that meeting to impress the minds and stir the sensibilities of such an assembly. On that isle of the sea, at some distance from the mainland, it could easily imagine a picture of the nation overshadowed by the dark cloud of slavery, and prostrate beneath a despotism, pressing alike on the slaves at the South and on their advocates at the North. Indeed, the latter had just passed through a baptism of fire and blood, during those fearful years of mobs and martrydom, which had measurably ceased, but had been succeeded by what the earnest Abolitionists deprecated more than violence—and that was the general apathy which then reigned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Minister to Liberia.

On the 19th of September last Hon. J. Milton Turner, our Minister to Liberia, was received by president Roye at the Executive Mansion, Monrovia, and made the following remarks:

"In compliance with permission granted me by your Excellency, I now have the distinguished honor of entering your august presence in the capacity of Minister Resident and Consul General from the United States to the Republic of Liberia.

"In obedience to the expressed command of your good friend, the President of the United States, I take great pleasure in making known to the Republic of Liberia the sincere desire of the Government of the United States to strengthen and perpetuate the state of friendly feeling now so happily existing between the two countries.

"The Government of the United States will be pleased with the increased development of the equitable commercial relations now existing between the citizens of the two countries. I cannot allow the present opportunity to pass without offering to your Government the congratulations of the country I have the distinguished honor to represent. In the true spirit of progress you have planted upon these shores the germ of a Republic that is destined not only to develop a civilization worthy of the respect and admiration of unborn generations, but by means of the Christian religion to debarbarize and benefit for almost immediate usefulness thousands of human beings whose intellects are to-day debased by the destructive potency of heathenish superstition.

He concluded with renewal of assurances that it would be his pleasure to cultivate the most cordial feelings between the two Governments.

The *Liberia Register* says of the new minister: "It is a matter of considerable import that the honorable gentlemen is the first black representative that has been accredited to this Government from the United States. We sincerely hope that the honorable gentleman's stay may be extended indefinitely, and that the American Government will through her worthy representative, understand and feel that, though her offspring has arrived at the years of maturity, yet she does not fail to remember the 'rock from which she sprang, and the cistern out of which she was dug.'"

—*Exchange.*

QUALITIES OF A GOOD COLLECTOR.

Is on time to a minute when the debtor says "come to-morrow at 9 o'clock."

Sits on the steps and waits for his return when he says, "I am just going to dinner."

Insists on stepping out to make change when the man "has nothing less than a twenty."

Will go to an "old stager" every day for a month with a cheerful countenance "about that little account."

Doesn't mind edging into a crowd to ask a fellow.

Will take a dollar in part if he can't get ten in whole, and "credit it" with thankful alacrity.

Always suggests a check when the money is not in hand, as he can get it "cashed" to-morrow.

Always has that account "on top" so the man can make no excuse for putting him off.

Don't mind asking for it immediately after being "treated"—or pleasantly entertained.

Is never in a hurry, "can wait till you get through."

Cuts off the retreat of the dodger by crossing over to meet him, or follows him into a store where he goes to hide.

Can cough or salute when the "hard case" wants to pass without seeing him.

In fine—is patient as a post, cheerful as a duck, sociable as a flea, bold as a lion, weather-proof as a rubber, cunning as a fox, and watchful as a sparrow-hawk.

[*Columbus Index.*

Moral Gems.

Make your home sunshiny and happy, if you want to make it attractive. The young heart is boiling over with glee and frolic. God make it so, and it is your duty to accept it and provide means for its innocent recreation. Youth is the period of impression and imitation and then holy aspirations are most rapidly developed. Provide them books and papers and pictures and and flowers at home. Let your children feel that their father's house is the dearest happiest spot on earth; and as they pass out into life's activities and responsibilities, let them remember the home of their childhood not as the place of bitter words and hard drudging where they simply ate, and drank, and slept, but as the sunniest spot in all the past, where their sweetest and holiest affections linger, and where all their truest aspirations and their noblest principles were fostered, formed and fixed.

A wise man will never rust out. As long as he breathes the breath of life he will be doing something, for himself, his country, or prosterity. Washington, Franklin, Howard, Young, Newton, all were at work almost to the last hours of their existence. It is a foolish thing to believe that we must lie down and die simply because we are old. The man of energy is not old; it is only he who suffers his energies to waste away and permits the spring of his life to become motionless, on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the vestment of gloom. There are scores of gray heads living to-day that we would prefer in an important enterprise to those young gentlmen who fear and tremble when shadows approach, and turn away at the first harsh word or discouraging frown.

I gazed upon the face of an old man whose cheeks were furrowed with many cares, and upon whom old age had set its seal, and whose hoary locks told that youth, with its fascination had forever fled and as I listened to his tottering footsteps, each footfall seemed to say—passing away. I stood beside the couch of a beautiful girl, upon whose check the hectic flush of the fatal destroyer—consumption—could be seen, and as the setting sun threw a flood of glorious light upon her face, her faint moan seemed to say—passing away. All earthly things are passing away. The sparkling fountain, the towering mountain, the gorgeous snow-clad hills, that tower to northern skies, are all passing away.

The drunkard is the most pitiable object in creation. Losing by intemperance, his natural spirits, he flies to artificial stimulants to recruit them. Each dose, like a slow poison brings him nearer his end, while the folly that has taken possession of him still draws him with all the fascinating powers of the rattlesnake, along the fatal path, till the sure follower of intemperance—an untimely death—carries him off, scarcely lamented by his nearest connections. He leaves the world in which he has been useless, and almost as helpless and as ignorant as he entered it.—*Exchange.*

Psychic Force.

Writing about this mysterious force, Mr. J. Gillingham says: Two weeks ago a patient applied for an artificial arm. The natural arm was taken off just below the shoulder.

"Can you feel your hand, asked Mr. Gillingham.

"Oh! yes," said the patient.

"Allow me to try an experiment?"

He took a small electro-voltaic battery and applied one pole to the deltoid muscle of the arm and the other to the stump.

"Oh, sir, my hand!" he exclaimed, with an expression of agony.

"I can't see your hand; where is it?"

"Why, down there, sir."

"Where, my good man?"

"Wh, down there, where it used to be. I know I have got it, for I feel it plainer now than I ever did in my life.

"Then," asked Mr. Gillingham, "to you it must be a mental fact that you have a hand and arm as perfect as ever, though its material covering has been in the grave some years?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now put your stump against the wall. Where is your hand now?"

"Why, sir, it is out through the wall, on the other side."

Another Good Month's Work.

Secretary Boutwell's last monthly statement shows a still further reduction of the public debt of about $13,500,000, and increasing the reduction for the two years and seven months of General Grant's administration to nearly $265,000,000. This diminishes the annual interest on the debt about $800,000 more yearly, and makes the whole annual decrease of interest $15,750,000. Every month since General Grant's inauguration has shown a decrease in our interest account of half a million of dollars—that is, each month during that time the people have been requierd to pay half a million of dollars less interest than they paid the month before. And this reduction will undoubtedly continue while the Republicans are in power, if the resources of the Treasury remain as they now are. While Republicans have been diminishing the national debt at the of more than $100,000,000 annually, the copperhead Democracy of New York city have been increasing the debt of that city at the average rate of full $35,000,000 a year. And so they are plundering the people wherever they are in power, and so they will plunder the people of the nation should they ever regain control of the National Government.

[*New National Era.*

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—Away up among the Alleghanies there is a spring so small that a single ox on a summer's day could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads into the beautiful Ohio. Thence stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities and many a cultivated farm; then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the emblem of eternity. It is one of the greatest tributaries to the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence—it is a rill—a rivulet—an ocean, and as boundless and fathomless as eternity.

Octavius V. Catto.

This gentleman, one of the victims of the riot on election day in Philadelphia, is another addition to the long list of martyrs who have been assassinated for their fidelity to the principles of liberty. Mr. Catto has, during the campaign in Pennsylvania, labored zealously in the work of preparing the colored voters in that State to understand the issues dividing the two parties, and thereby called down upon himself the envenomed malice of the Democratic party in Philadelphia.

Mr. Catto was a scholar and a gentleman, having been for a long time a teacher and Principal in the Colored High School of Philadelphia, quiet and inoffensive, but firm and able in his advocacy of the principles of the Republican party. The leaders of the Democratic party, no doubt, considered Mr. Catto a man in their way, one who had the ability and will to expose the sophistry of the "new departure," whereby it was expected votes would be drawn from colored men in sufficient number to place that party of murder, and its accompanying crimes, again in power. Believing this, assassins were put upon the track of Mr. Catto, and on election day as he quietly passed along the street he was shot dead. Shooting colored men in Philadelphia seemed to be the order of the day on Tuesday last, thus, as in the South, the Democratic party North resorts to murder and intimidation of voters opposed to the villainy and treason sustained and upheld by its leaders.

At the present writing (just as we are going to press) we have not full particulars of the assassination of Mr. Catto, but hope to be able in our next issue to give a biographical sketch of this noble and devoted young man.—*New National Era.*

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Two	7	9	12	20	35
Three	9	12	20	35	50
Four	15	25	35	50	70
Five	20	35	45	60	85
Six	24	42	50	70	100
1 Column	45	80	120	175	250

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