

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.

Desiring of allaying animosities, of abridging 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 race, to an enviable position among the sister States, by the development of their 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 indiscriminating administration of justice.

TAXATION.
We shall support the doctrine of an equitable division of taxation among all classes, a faithful collection of the revenue, 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, so vitally connected with their own enlightenment, and the security and stability of a Republican Government.

FINAL.
By a generous, mainly, independent, and judicious conduct, we shall strive to preserve our paper, from an ephemeral and temporary existence, and establish it upon a basis, that if we meet "common," we shall at all events "deserve" success.

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POETRY.

LAST DAYS.

BY MRS. E. B. STODDARD.

As one who follows a departing friend,
Destined to cross the great, dividing sea,
I watch and follow these departing days,
That go so grandly, lifting up their crowns
Still regal, though their victor Autumn comes.

Gifts they bestow, which I accept, return,
As gifts exchanged between a loving pair,
Who may possess them as memorials
Of pleasures ended by the shadow—Death.
What matter which shall vanish hence, if
both

Are transitory—me, and these bright hours—
And of the future ignorant alike?
From all our social thrills I would be free.
Let care go down the wind—as hounds
afar.

Within their kennels laying unseen foes,
Give to calm sleepers only calmer dreams.
Here will I rest alone: the morning mist
Conceals no form but mine; the evening dew
Freshens but faded flowers and my worn
face.

When the noon basks among the wooded
hills
I too will bask, as silent as the air
So thick with sun-notes, dyed like yellow
gold,
Or colored purple like an unclipped plum.
The Thrush, now lonesome—for her young
have flown—
May flutter her brown wings across my
path;

And creepers of the sod with brilliant eyes
May leap beside me, and familiar grow.
The moon shall rise among her floating
clouds—
Black, vaporous fans, and crinkled globes
of pearl—
And her sweet silver light be given to me.
To watch and follow these departing days
Must be my choice; and let me mated be
With Solitude; and memory and hope
Unite to give me faith that nothing dies;
To show me always, what I pray to know,
That man alone may speak the word—
Paradise.

Harper's Magazine for December.

DEATH OF THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

Our readers will learn with regret of the sudden death of Lieutenant Governor Oscar J. Dunn. He died yesterday morning about six o'clock, after a brief sickness, at his residence in this city. He was taken ill on Sunday last and his family physician sent for immediately. The Lieutenant Governor had been afflicted with a cold for some time previously, but did not feel any serious sickness from the effects of it until Sunday, when his physician was called in, and pronounced his disease pneumonia. All that medical aid could then do was done for the distinguished patient, but it failed to give relief. On Monday the symptoms were of a still more serious character, and the family and friends of Mr. Dunn became alarmed for his safety. Other medical aid was called in and every attention given to the sick man, but he continued to fail under the very best of medical treatment. On Tuesday numbers of our city and State dignitaries, and among them Governor Warmoth, visited the Lieutenant Governor to pay their respects and inquire personally as to his condition. Many of them became painfully convinced of the very serious illness that affected their friend, while others saw unmistakable evidence of death stealing over the features of one, who, but a few days before, was in the vigor of useful manhood. There was a continual sinking in his condition from the time when Mr. Dunn was forced to call in medical aid, until his mortal career was finally ended. He died surrounded by a mourning family and many friends who had carefully watched over him in his last illness, and until he was called to a better and more lasting abode.

In the death of Oscar J. Dunn, how sensibly our people are reminded that "in the midst of life we are in death." But a few days ago he was among us, taking an active part in the scenes of this life. He was surrounded by friends in public life who wished to share his political fortunes, and was blessed with the true friendship of loving wife and children, who never failed to make home happy when he sought relief in it from the troubles of the world. As a colored man, Mr. Dunn was a remarkable type of his race. He had never been a slave, yet he fully appreciated the noble conduct of those who secured the emancipation of slaves in the United States. His intelligence

taught him the full value of freedom to his race, and when left to pursue the dictates of his own good judgment he was a valuable instructor of the colored people. He had enjoyed some of the benefits of a common school education, and was blessed with considerable of common sense. When the Republicans of Louisiana were preparing for the first State election under the present constitution, Oscar J. Dunn was not known in the politics of the State. In the Republican Convention that met to nominate candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor and other State officers, Mr. Dunn was not thought of until Mr. Dumas had declined to accept the nomination of Lieutenant Governor, and then the friends of Governor Warmoth brought forward Mr. Dunn for that position. He was regarded by them as a fair representative of his race, and was elected on the ticket with Governor Warmoth by a very large majority over Mr. Talliaferro and Mr. Dumas, who were run as the opposition candidates for Governor and Lieutenant Governor. As presiding officer of the Senate it was soon discovered that Lieutenant Governor Dunn possessed in a rare degree qualities that well suited him for that important position. His well balanced mind enabled him to act, under the most exciting circumstances, with calm deliberation and good judgment, and his perceptive faculties were conducive to prompt decisions that favored speed in the work of legislation. He was at all times courteous, kind, self-possessed and dignified in his intercourse with the Senate, and did not fail to command even the respect of members of that body who were politically opposed to him. If Mr. Dunn committed errors, we are inclined to attribute them to the head and not to the heart. Like most men, he had his weak points, and they were liable to be taken advantage of by the more ambitious and designing bad men who are ever on the alert to promote their own interest at the public expense. He was a good man, and therefore his death is to be sincerely regretted.

[Republican.]

A NEW TRING IN PHILOSOPHY—WHITE MAN TURNING BLACK.

The San Francisco Examiner says a gentleman of that city, about twenty-five years of age, ruddy complexion and curly red hair, who had an intractable and painful ulcer on the left arm, resisting all previous modes of treatment, yielded to the request of trying the effect of transplanting a piece of skin to the ulcer from another person. The ulcer was prepared in the usual manner by his physician, and a bit of skin about an inch square was taken from the arm of a fine healthy man and immediately spread over the ugly ulcer, and then carefully dressed and bandaged. The skin transplantation had the desired effect. Healthy granulation sprang up, and the unsightly ulcer soon healed. A few months afterwards he went to his physician and told him that ever since the sore healed the black skin commenced to spread, and it was increasing. About one-third of his arm was completely negroed. The doctor himself is alarmed. The high probability is that the whole skin of this white man will become negro. This is a new thing under the sun. It would be rather difficult to explain the physiological process which takes place to bring about such a skin change as this. The problem is, how can the coloring matter of the skin be so radically changed? And how is this pigment change propagated? It is certain that the law of capillary attraction plays no insignificant part in the spreading process. Grafting pears on an apple tree has communicated to the apples a pear taste.

A MALICIOUS REPORT.—Some malicious person started a report, which was telegraphed from this city, yesterday, to the effect that there was a run on the National Freedman's Savings Bank, of this city. It was wholly devoid of truth, as nothing of the kind occurred. The bank is in a perfectly sound condition, and on hand always over a million in cash assets. There is not a safer banking institution in the country. —(Washington Correspondent of the New York Times, October 20th.)

Honesty the best Policy.

Where money is the universal object, the possessor of money will be practically honored. The honor will undoubtedly be affected in some degree by the method of obtaining the money. If it is a pirate's method or a highwayman's, if we know that throats have been cut and blood-guns used to obtain it, or if we see the thief actually rifling his neighbor's pockets, we shall hardly invite him to dinner, and that money will not become respectable until the next generation. But if the process is more artfully concealed; if the money is not labeled offensively, but is quietly converted into satin damask and champagne; if we do not read on the buhl and ormolu tables and cabinets an inscription stating that this beautiful work of art was taken out of the throat of a spanish trader opened for that purpose, or upon the inlaid ebony lounge that it was extracted from the pocket of a ridiculous old widow who had nothing else—if nothing of this gross kind appears, our well-bred curiosity is not impertinent, and we sit upon the sofa and quaff the wine without further thought.

It is in this way that honesty has ceased to command that respect to which it is proverbially entitled. Indeed, to look at many a city congregation, recognizing many of the persons, and knowing their careers, and bearing the precepts of integrity and self-denial, of personal holiness, and even of martyrdom if need be, which are eloquently urged upon them, inevitably suggests the allusion of Carlyle to the hypocrisy which is so confounded when it is suspected of being hypocritical. Men measure conduct by the real esteem in which it is held. If a foul-mouthed, profane Thersites, who flings his dinner-plate upon the floor at a public hotel to express his dissatisfaction with the banquet evidently forfeits no social consideration, profanity and ill-behavior will not seem to be things to be strenuously avoided. If a sharper who gambles in stocks and cheats his neighbors airily is laughed at pleasantly as an eccentrically queer fellow, an immense impulse is given to the resolution to be eccentrically queer in the same way. If a politician with the conscience of a fox and the honor of an adder bellows his devotion to the dear people, and vociferously appeals to the moral sentiments, while his career insults them all, is thought, first of all, a confounded smart fellow who may not be too nice upon some points, but who always falls upon his feet, such politicians will abound, and public affairs falling into their hands will inevitably suffer.

All these figures are well known to us in this country; and when the eloquent preacher exclaims, "Beyond peradventure, brethren, honesty is the best policy," we all turn and look at the richest man in the congregation, whose invitations we do not dare to refuse, who leads us chained to his triumphal chariot as the Roman generals led Dacian kings, and whose money was all stolen, not earned. And near him sits another whom we should not care to invite to our houses, but for whom we vote, upon some theory that a political intriguer and briber will make good laws. And in next pew behold the unjust judge, whose health we publicly drink in his own wine when he sends it to us at table. We see them, we meditate their careers, we consider their prosperity, and we gaze at the good preacher who repeats, "Once more, dear brethren, lay it to heart, honesty is the best policy." Might he not as profitably murmur "Mesopotamia?"

But when circumstances, as lately in New York, suddenly scatter the glamour of prosperity and reveal the naked dishonesty, then the old truth which is lodged in the very substance of things appears, that honesty is the best policy, and that, indeed, there is no other. The time comes when, as we seat ourselves in the dazzling drawing-room, upon the luxurious sofa, we suddenly suddenly see the inscription frightfully legible, "Stolen from poor widows." And as we rise in trepidation and move toward the buhl cabinet, the legend flashes out

all over it, "Stolen from starving orphans." And in terrible light, outdazzling the dazzling drawing-room, we see blazing everywhere around us, "This is a thief's house, and these are his spoils." The moment that is seen the prove-b is vindicated. The buhl remains, but contempt stays with it. Dishonesty has bought its prosperity at too high a price. It has bought money at the cost of every thing that makes money valuable. The prosperous gentleman at whom we all looked when we heard that honesty is the best policy is recognized and branded as a thief. Was not the preacher right? Is not the dishonesty bad policy? The great national benefit of the developments in New York is moral. Events there have destroyed the prestige of "smartness," and have shown practically that mere money is not enough even for success, and that prosperous swindling is not good policy.—Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine for December.

What is an old Maid?

Never be afraid of becoming an old maid fair reader. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife; and "single blessedness" is greatly superior, in point of happiness, to wedded life without love. "Fall not in love, dear girls, beware!" says the song. But we do not agree with said song on this question. Of the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love or get in love, if the loved object be a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for a man to fall in love with a virtuous and amiable woman; and what could be a more gratifying spectacle than a sight so pure, so approachable in its devotion to the celestial. No; fall in love as soon as you like, provided it be with a suitable person. Fall in love and then marry; but never marry unless you do love. That's the great point. Never marry for a "home" or a husband. Never degrade yourself by becoming a party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself, body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it ennobles all conditions. With love, the marriage rite is truly a sacrament. Without it, the ceremony is a base fraud, and the act a human desecration. Marry for love, or not at all. Be an "old maid" if fortune throws not in your way the man of your heart; and the wildest may sneer and the jester may laugh, you still have your reward in an approaching conscience and a comparatively peaceful life.

[Exchange.]

Dead-Heading.

Dead-heading ought to be put a stop to, or at least there should be limit put to it. How very anxious people are to obtain any thing, if they can get it free. Supposing there were no payments asked for any commodity, how should we progress at all, and what would be the use of money? Theatrical managers, circus proprietors and the like craft, are pestered for "orders," "passes," etc. This is not right; the caterer of a good entertainment, like the laborer, "is worthy of his hire," and he should receive it, but he cannot support himself if this wholesale dead-head system continues. His expenses are very large, and the dead-heads cannot aid in the payment of them; if they could, they would be of some service.

How much better a person feels to walk up to the ticket office, and to pay for his ticket, than if he went and requested "a free order" of the box office keeper! Managers love to oblige, but they cannot sacrifice their livelihood for the sake of pleasing a few, who are able yet unwilling to pay for their admittance. If you buy articles at a store, you expect to pay for them, and if the goods are of a decent quality, you do not find it hard to do so. Why is not the same rule applicable to the amusement world? But, if the manager does not distribute his hundred "complimentaries," he is set down as mean and stingy, without one spark of generosity in his composition! This may seem slightly exaggerated, but

we assure you that it is not. Experience would teach you to credit it.

And will not this sponging for papers free come under the title of dead-heads? There are numerous insane individuals who imagine that it costs nothing, or next to nothing to publish a good paper. The books of the firm might convince them of their error, but, not until such an examination is made, will they let go their idea.

Some persons get their year's reading free by sending for specimen copies of periodicals—never for a moment thinking they will subscribe for any of them. Perhaps they will pay a visit to the editor's sanctum, on publication day, so as to get a look at the paper without paying for it.

They would like to get their preaching gratis, too, and keep their pastors on a niggardly allowance, and even go so far as to brag about how little it costs to keep their church open! They seem to think it a charity to give to the man who is endeavoring to lead them to Heaven. Do they ever think how he is toiling for their good? Yet, when he gets superannuated and broken down, they may look on his poverty as the effects of their dead-head selfishness.

Did you ever place the matter in this light before? Do you not consider that that which is worth having is worth paying for? Take for your motto, "Live and let live;" but, how is it possible for you to let others live if you sponge and dead-head at the rate now so prevalent? This is a matter worth thinking about, and if prevented will put an end to "dead-heading."

F. S. F.

English Honors to Journalists.

The elevation of the proprietor and editor of the London Times to the peerage is an honor to journalism the profession has hitherto failed to secure. It is more than has ever been done for journalism in the United States, where, without doubt, political parties, politicians and administrations owe their success to the influence of this power, and yet the facts show that no class of intelligent men rendering the most invaluable service in public affairs are less rewarded. To be sure, there are journalists who content themselves with places at nominal salaries, and others, again, who are satisfied if permitted quietly to make money out of the success of their party. This has tended to depreciate the profession, so that when the name of a great journalist is connected with a great office, he is either directly snubbed or his claims are treated humorously. Hence it is that we seldom if ever see journalists in legislative bodies—they are not called to cabinets, and are passed over when foreign missions are to be given away. But when candidates for office are nominated, ambiguous platforms are to be expounded and advocated, then it is that the American journalist becomes a favorite. To cudgel his brains in order to infuse intelligence into political organizations, to make bad men look pure, and give respectability to a worthless cause, are the honors to which our profession is generally invited; but when a victory is won, and the substantial rewards and distinctions of the party are to be distributed, it is generally seen that some favorite individual who delivered a "stirring" speech which an editor wrote for him, is the lucky recipient. However, as we are given to English precedents and authorities, we hope the elevation of a London editor to the peerage is the signal for nobler recognitions of the editorial profession in this country.

Our National Progress, the organ of the colored people of this State, has just completed the second year of its existence. It is now in a flourishing condition. Prof. Wm. Howard Day, its editor, and C. M. Brown publisher, have established the paper on a firm basis, making it one of the most readable weeklies of this State, and they deserve the success they are nowing with.

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