

The Louisianian.

T. DE S. TUCKER, Editors. JAS. D. KENNEDY, Editors.

BATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

All letters on business and communications should be addressed to the "LOUISIANIAN, 644 CAMP STREET."

No notice taken of anonymous communications. In all cases we require the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The proprietor of this paper will not be responsible for the sentiments of communications.

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Hon. J. Henri Barch is in Cincinnati.

Gov. Pinchback and family have arrived at Saratoga.

Miss Julia Simps is spending the summer at Bay St. Louis.

We understand Mr. Geo. H. Fayerweather is in the old Bay State.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Williams are spending their vacation in the country.

Mr. Horace G. Newson has severed his connection with the Freeman's Journal.

Mr. Samuel Ireland proposes to visit his friends in Washington about the 15th inst.

Miss Sarah Allen is spending her vacation at the home of Miss Rogers in Arroyales Parish.

Mr. J. M. Vance, Jr., is now the local editor of the Louisianian. The right man in the right place.—Columbian Eagle.

Mr. J. B. Gaudet is the New Orleans correspondent of the Odd Fellows Advocate, published at Harlingen, West Virginia.

U. S. Commissioner T. Morris Chamber, left for Baton Rouge Wednesday to hold a session of his court in the Vandy matter.

Mrs. Roxborough and family will leave for Plaquemine this evening in company with Mr. Chas. H. Gordon. They will make it their home.

Mr. Wm. A. Halston has returned to his post of duty in the Appraiser's Department in the Customhouse, after an absence of ten days.

Herbert Harris, Esq., familiarly known as "Judge" to the habitués of Washington died recently at Cap May. He was stricken with paralysis.

Hon. Mark G. Bobe, one of the members of the Constitutional Convention has left for his home in Delta. He made many warm friends while here.

Our thanks are due the Hon. J. H. Rainey for a copy of the New York Tribune containing an account of an interview had with him on matters pertaining to the South.

Mrs. Mattie Harvey who has been visiting her mother and sisters, is still here, the home authorities at Lake Providence having established a quarantine against this city.

Our senior editor, Maj. T. De S. Tucker, after throwing "What-you-call it" at us, left early in the week for a few weeks rest. Meanwhile the "boys" will run the paper.

The first number of The Educator and Reformer is before us, bearing for its motto, "Liberty, Impartial Justice and Equal Suffrage for all." It is owned and edited by Rev. Daniel Watkins, who formerly edited the Pilot. It is published at Nashville, Tenn., and presents a neat and attractive appearance.

Learn How To Save.

It is indeniably true that our people know how to work, but they do not know how to save. There lies one of the essentials for the healthy development of any race that hopes to achieve prominence and distinction either here or elsewhere. If a man makes a dollar and spends it in paying his honest debts, we are apt to say he is "doing well." He is doing well, for he is an honest man and reflects credit on his people. But this article is not intended to apply to that class of persons.

The crash which buried millions of our money in the "Freedman's Saving and Trust Co.," has caused on the part of our people, not only a feeling of distrust for other moneyed corporations, but has created a feeling of apathy in regard to saving and accumulating our money to spend in a round of pleasure, the earnings of a week, after the expenses of the household have been met. We were moved to write on this subject by listening to the conversation of a young man who was spending money lavishly at one of our recent pic-nics. On being questioned about it, he said he had lost several hundred dollars in the Freedman's Bank, and he did not propose to permit any one else to handle his money hereafter—that his wife and children had all they wanted to eat and drink—that he did owe a single dollar, and that he proposed to have his fan out of the money he might have saved, but for the feeling of distrust which the recent swindle engendered. All of our readers will at once see the false idea of economy in giving way and pandering to the appetites and passions. All will readily perceive the short-sightedness and reckless disregard for the future wants of his wife and children. In our judgment such an unseemly exhibition of doubt and distrust in the presence of friends who surrounded him, was far more pernicious in its influence than the breaking of a dozen banks. We are a race of spendthrifts. What is true in the individual case just cited, is also true of thousands of others, with the same and circumstances changed, but with the same easy, rapid flow of one of the potential factors so sadly needed to better our educational facilities, and through them the moral and intellectual standing of the race.

This should not be. Heretofore our labor has enriched others. Why not enrich ourselves? It can be done, and is being done, but not in proportion to the labor our money brings. Instead of paying taxes on twenty five million dollars of property in this State, we ought to have doubled that amount. All of that property does not represent the savings of our labor. Owing to the peculiar condition of society in ante-bellum days, a large part of that amount was given to the "colored families" of some of our wealthy and distinguished planters at their death. These are well known facts. And yet Louisiana stands second to no state in the amount of taxes paid by her colored citizens.

The fondness for display, the desire for show, and the curse of pleasure carried to excess, are sapping the vitals and wasting the energies of thousands. It is sadly true of us. It is time to cry "halt." It is time to halt. If we ever expect to be a people appreciated for intrinsic worth, native ability, fragility, industry, and sobriety, now is the time for us to begin the laborious struggle that leads to that high eminence. It cannot be accomplished in a day, or a year, or in ten years; but step by step our ascent must be gradual, to the end that when the height shall have been reached, we can look down upon those below, who must profit by and follow our example, if they ever hope to attain the coveted station, reached only through exertion, self-denial and frugal habits.

Col. Jack Wharton, U. S. Marshal returned recently from North Louisiana, where he paid out about \$2,500 as witness fees in the recent political trials before Judge Woods.

What You Call It.

Our attention has been directed by a friend to a communication prepared by a "What-you-call-it" alias, nameless writer in a weekly paper published somewhere in this city. The spirit of the article is that of a "broken down politician," but the style is that of a gushing school girl. This assumption of a dual sex in addition to lack of identity, throws a triple veil of obscurity over the writer. It implies that if he is a man he has modesty at least to be ashamed of his wretched failure to handle with any show of ability; further, it shows that if it be a woman, she places herself, by virtue of consideration for her sex, beyond the pale of forcible criticism; and lastly, our unknown person feels perfectly safe from any possible consequence that may come of his or her effusion. The animus of the article, and the only marked feature of it which discovers the writer to be perhaps a man is the envious hatred of Pinchback, and the fact that he has a "mouth-piece." Pity that some of our politicians of the past regime, who, for years revelled in big salaries, have no mouth-pieces to-day to air their views on questions of public policy! That Mr. Pinchback has so offended is highly to his credit in the estimation of all fair-minded men.

Taking our second supposition, that the writer may be a woman, we find abundant evidence of this in the slush of sentimentalism which pervades the communication. She quotes poetry with a reckless disregard of its appropriateness to the topic she imagines she is treating as a school girl, whose brain is crammed with romance, can. She enters the realm of fairy land, revels in airy theories with the courtiers of King Dreamer, and fancies she is among elbowing, pushing mortals. She touches the strings of the harp of her composition, and the music of its fine words enrapturing her light imagination, fills her with the belief and the delight that she is an immortal heroine firing off cannon with unerring aim in a battle in behalf of that much abused thing called Principle. Fancying that she is fighting men while only exchanging pop-gun shots with fairies and goblins, she suggests that she would "have no objection to a tilt, provided the rules of chivalry are observed." We promise our fair antagonist the "rules of chivalry" will be observed, if she will promise to give us arguments and not essays. More than this, our columns are at her command to debate the question on hard-pan facts; but if the essay before us is a specimen of her capacity at argumentation, we beg leave to say, in deference to her sex, she would do much better to fit herself for a subordinate position as teacher in the State University for colored youth. On the whole, believing that "What-You-Call-It" is an utter failure at didactic writing, our advice to this unknown is the adage, "Shoemaker stick to your last."

Our Colored Senator.

Senator Bruce is in hot water. A war has been opened on him by Washington correspondents of some of our cotemporaries, because he does not see fit to invite every colored person who deems himself a "representative" man to his house and board. It is extremely unfortunate. The advancement of the race, its social, political, and religious development depends on its "representative" men being received and entertained at Senator Bruce's residence. The very thought of criticizing a person on such an issue is ridiculous in the extreme. Because we are all as a race in the same boat of social proscription as regards the whites, does not imply that there are no gradations among us, any more than that we have not different tastes and affinities. We admit there is a certain amount of social obligation imposed on a public man, which brings a larger number of persons within the sphere of his recognition; but this duty does not invade his domestic rights. If Mr. Bruce, the Senator, has a public entertainment

and invites to it only such as have access to his private table, there might then be some room for criticism; even then, it is doubtful if such action could justify censure, much less bitterness of feeling. We know nothing of matters in detail which have originated this warfare; but observing from a general standpoint, we would suppose that Mr. Bruce, the sole representative of five millions of people in the United States Congress, would have need to spend more than his salary each year, if he were to invite each time to his receptions all the representative men of the race that may happen to be at Washington. Senator Bruce has, we think, too much good sense to studiously ignore leading gentlemen in the pleasure of his home; but he should not be expected to perform what no white collector of his own day would think to entertain every white man of their respective and limited constituencies that may get to Washington.

In our judgment this assault on the sanctity of a home is unjustifiable. For one, we are glad to see the Senator and his wife receive social recognition at the hands of the whites; and if he does not see fit to invite those of his own color, to share this recognition, we do not see why other peoples should object. In other words, "a man's house is his castle," and he has the right to invite whom he pleases to it.

Hon. T. B. Stamps has gone on a canvassing tour through several of the Southern States in the interest of his business as forwarding and commission merchant.

Mr. J. W. Wilson has retired from the editorship of the St. Louis Tribune. Mr. Arthur D. Langston, son of Hon. John M. Langston, now fills the editorial chair. We welcome him to a new sphere of usefulness.

We understand Mr. L. Laminier is a candidate for the presidency of the Jeunes Amis Society. He is widely and favorably known, and we have no doubt will poll a large vote. His election would reflect credit on the organization.

The agony in Washington is over. The Advocate says Mr. John H. Brooks has been re-appointed as one of the trustees of the public schools. It alludes to him as a man "whom the public execrate, the teachers hate, and whom posterity will—Forget." Mr. William E. Matthews denies being the author of the letter which recently appeared in the National Tribune at St. Louis, denunciatory of Senator Bruce. The letter was signed "W. E. M." This denial is timely, for we confess the initials caused us and other friends here to attribute the article to him.

The trustees of the Central Church wanted a hearing. We have given it to them. "Anon" has had his say. We have had ours. In a nother column they seek to extricate themselves from an unenviable position. Whether they have done so or not, we leave an impartial public to judge.

Collector Badger narrowly escaped death Monday morning. Wm. Brown an ex-Metropolitan policeman, driven to desperation, fired a shot at the General because he would not give him employment. Verily Nihilism is in our midst.

The first number of the Emigration Herald and Pilot is before us. Rev. W. W. Young is its editor, and A. Menefee Business Manager. It says, "Daniel Watkins' Sunday Items will not be found in our issue this week." That's enough. You are bound to succeed.

On the 25th instant the American Club, assisted by a large number of churches and other organizations, will give its first excursion to Pass Christian for the benefit of the Auxiliary Sanitary Association. Fare for the round trip only 75 cents. The cheapest excursion that ever left this city. The laudable object for which it is given, and low rate charged will no doubt make it the largest. Don't fail to go.

Orin Jackson's best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

MILFORD'S SCALP DANGLING AT NANNIE CLIFFORD'S BELT.

Bay St. Louis, Aug. 5, 1879. EDITORS LOUISIANIAN: On looking over your last issue, I found that some one had taken the initial step to correct abuses in the colored portion of society in New Orleans—especially the part known as the "Upper Ten." "Milford" came to the front like a warrior bold to direct and lay bare the hideous deformities that lie hidden in the fabric, on which our "society" rests. To us who work for a daily living in what is known as "menial service," the advent of such a warrior betokened a rattling of dry bones in the sarcophagus of fashion, gaiety and frivolity. But imagine our surprise when, on close observation, we detected in "Milford" the plagiarist and fraud. In the first place we suspect the non de plume beties his sex. We do not believe any man wrote it, but that he (she) simply assumed a masculine garb in order that the theft, if detected, might fall to the lot of those who have enough burdens to bear, God knows, in this life of struggle and disappointment. Did I say imagine our surprise? Yes, yes, Messrs. Editors, there is a strange similarity in the ideas and language of "Milford" and "Catharine Cole," of the Times. I wonder if they are first cousins? It may be that the narrow and dwarfish mind of "Catharine" only anticipated the expansive brain and depth of thought of "Milford." But how is it thou dear "free lance," when the identical language of sweet, fascinating "Carrie" is interpolated in the letter of naughty "Milford," and given as his (her) own. Oh, "Milford" do you not know of all the mean and contemptible things, that the theft of another man's language is the lowest? If you propose to teach morals, practice honesty. If you are to sit in judgment on those who "once were, but now are not," please preserve the gem of originality in your criticisms. Do not trim over and dress up the ideas of Catharine Cole or Florinda in order that you may receive the appellation of a "smart young woman." Don't do it. Remember that we are a reading public, and that no matter how long a Sunday dissertation may have been read, that some one will recall it, and show up to an intelligent public the difference between honesty and dishonesty, between plagiarism and original thought. Meanwhile, Messrs. Tucker and Kennedy, you cannot afford to allow the use of your columns for any such purpose. It is wrong in principle. It engenders hate, and breeds dissension just at a time when forbearance and charity should be exercised. Think it over, then, and if you don't put a quietus on that dear, delightful duck who signs herself "Milford," we'll stop our subscription, and then, of course, that will stop the paper.

Yours truly, NANNIE CLIFFORD.

The Pride of Thibodeaux Lodge G. U. O. of O. F. will give an excursion to this city some time during the current month. The Pride of Jefferson Lodge here will give an entertainment in honor of the visitors. Due notice will hereafter be given.

It is reported that the Republican Convention will meet some time in October. Now the "professional" will button hole, and the "big" office holder will flatter and cajole the ward bummer.

There will be a Wm. Lloyd Garrison meeting, at Morris Brown's Chapel, corner Villere and St. Anthony streets, (3rd. District.) on Wednesday evening August 13th, 1879. Enlogies will be delivered by—Rev. A. M. Newman, Mr. H. C. C. Astwood and Hon. William G. Brown. The public are cordially invited.

We understand that Mr. J. B. Gaudet entertained P. N. F. Chas. Gordon of the Pride of Iberville Lodge G. U. O. of O. F. at dinner on last Friday. It is reported to have been a very happy affair.

MAIL LETTINGS.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Proposals will be received at the Contract Office of this Department until 3 P. M. of August 19, 1879, for carrying the mails of the United States, in the covered wagons prescribed by the Department in the City of New Orleans, La. (being Mail Messenger and Transfer service from November 1, 1879, to June 30, 1882. Schedules of service required, specifications for wagons, instructions to bidders, with forms for contracts and bonds and all other necessary information will be furnished upon application to the Postmaster at New Orleans, or the Second Assistant Postmaster General. D. M. KEY, JOHN KUGLER, Merchant Tailor

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Friday evening's train makes no connection for Chicago.

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Arrive at New Orleans at 9:20 a. m. Sunday, and 10 p. m. Monday.

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