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THE ADVOCATE OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1881.

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VOLUME 10.

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**SHIRTS**

## NO TIME FOR HATING.

Begone with feud! away with strife;  
Our human hearts unstraining!  
Let us be friends again! This life  
Is all too short for hating!  
So dull the day, so dim the way,  
So rough the road we're faring—  
Far better deal with faithful friend,  
Than stalk alone uncaring!

The barren fig, the withered vine,  
Are types of selfish living;  
But souls that give, like thine and mine,  
Renew their life by giving.  
While cypress waves o'er early graves,  
On all the way we're going,  
Far better plan, where seed is sown,  
Than tread on fruit that's growing

Away with scorn! Since die we must  
And rest on one low pillow;  
There are no rivals in the dust—  
No foes beneath the willow.  
So dry the bowers, so few the flowers,  
Our earthly way disclose,  
Far better stoop where daisies droop  
Than tramp o'er broken roses!

Of what are all the joys we hold  
Compared to joys above us!  
And what are rank, and power and gold,  
Compared to hearts that love us?  
So fleet our years, so full of tears,  
So closely death is waiting;  
God gives us space for loving grace,  
But leaves no time for hating.

A. J. H. Duganne.

## THE BASIS OF SOCIETY.

Equality in citizenship does not guarantee equality in social intercourse. Though they be twin brothers, they are distinct in fact, in theory, and in practice. The one is political equality and the other is social equality. The one is a legal and constitutional pledge of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; the other is mere fellowship in the enjoyment of that happiness, based on mutual consent. The one rests on penal law, the other rests on mental and psychological affinity. The one is a necessary and absolute requisition of government; the other is an *ad libitum* exercise of taste and congeniality.

Unless these distinctions be observed, social antagonism is inevitable. So, before we begin any suit under the Civil Rights law, we should be sure of not confounding social and political equality and the rights and privileges that grow out of them respectively. The term society, in its more comprehensive sense, includes the entire body politic, the whole people, without any regard to the personal inequality, degrees of development, and wide difference in the sentiments and tastes of the individual members of the State, but the social life, demanding special qualifications for its enjoyment, is within this aggregation. It is an *imperium in imperio*, and wholly voluntary in its institution.

The inalienable rights of the colored people of the United States, of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, have been secured by proper amendments to the Constitution, but are yet socially degraded. This is something that legislation cannot reach. God has ordained that the black man, like the white man, shall live by the sweat of his face, and no human edict can change or nullify that divine decree. But all men have similar aspirations for social enjoyment. The intensity of such aspiration is graded by culture. All men are, and of right ought to be, free to rise, by proper acquisitions, to the highest social enjoyment. Whoever neglects the means must blame himself and no another if he fails to get recognition in the higher walks of social life. His failure must result from a lack of those acquisitions that constitute the basis of society—brain, wealth, and godliness—practical justice, doing unto others as he would have others do unto him.

When the colored people of the United States shall have such intellectual, moral and material wealth as the white people have; when they shall possess the same basis of society, then they may expect a recognition of which they are now denied. However much we may differ respecting the cause of the denial, the denial is a stubborn fact. Color is not the real cause; it merely serves as an unmistakable mark of identification with a race that is proscribed, and generally ostracized; for if color is the real cause, then the Negro is doomed and socially damned: for he cannot change his skin any more than the leopard can his spots. This is not the cause. Social distinction is based on acquisition and independence. It is never questioned that causes produce like effects.

## Then just what gives the white man social distinction, will give the black man social distinction. These are truths. But these truths presuppose that the black race, as the white race, is able to defend itself, and will defend itself, against intentional insult offered to its color. Independence, then, is one of the necessary foundations of society. This obtains in government. The development is a logical series of sequences. Inalienable rights are original, God-given manhood rights—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. To secure these rights, governments are instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. These governments are the peers of each other, and maintain their independence by their respective arms and diplomatic treaties. Each has its own domestic, social and political institutions, and develops its own social life, which, by international law, based on recognized equalities, partakes of a cosmopolitan character.

Then how must it be with a people without a government of recognized independence? The black man knows too well by sad experience. But though a people suffer by reason of oppression, or goading proscription and social ostracism, if they have the means of freedom within their reach, as the black man has, they may hope and labor industriously for the acquisition of these means. Situated as we are, we need first, brain power; then money power and soul power. All these must be sacrificed, consecrated and made subservient to God as our father and to man as our brother.

We must thoroughly educate our children. We must maintain family purity, and family government, and make our own colored society as good in quality as any other people's. We must work and save; live soberly and piously to the end that we may acquire wealth as a people. That is the power of the Jews. Their wealth is the greatest protection they have to their social recognition. We must make our farms produce all they are capable of producing under the best cultivation, and then consume as little as possible without being stingy to personal comfort. We must maintain our churches and such public institutions and enterprises as other people find it necessary to sustain for their social good. We must make our own society, pro crated as it is, just as cultured, refined, tasteful, good and desirable as the other man's, to a recognition in which we may aspire. We must so build up, intellectually, morally and financially, as that it will be no elevation for us to go into the other man's house and take a social cup of tea, nor a condescension on his part for him to come into our house and do the same. In requirements we must equal him in kind, quantity and quality.—National Monitor.

## LAST DYING WORDS.

HOW SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE MET THEIR FATE.

"Help me!" are melancholy words, uttered by the man whose will a moment before was a paramount in the largest empire on earth, and to whom more than 85,000,000 of fellow-creatures were in subjection. Yet these were, we are told, the last words of the emperor, after the fatal bomb had done the work designated for it, on the banks of the Catherine canal. What words were last spoken by men who died in the field, or on the scaffold, or in bed. Many such we doubtless owe to the zeal of friends anxious for the final utterance to be in accord with the character of the deceased. Even when, however, the last words are beyond question authentic, they must not be estimated at too high a rate. The Sir Thomas More of the Madame Roland who perishes on the scaffold; the Mirabeau or the Goethe who dies in his bed; even the Sir Philip Sydney or the Sir Thomas Pictou who is killed in battle, meet with some degree of preparedness. Although nobody has served apprenticeship to dying, those names cannot be said to have reached their end unexpectedly. In the case of those to whom death comes in the shape of an assassin there is, on the contrary, an element of surprise which gives to the last words, often uttered in a stupefied and unconscious state, peculiar interest.

The cry for help of the dead emperor was a cry natural and not surprising. It proved kindred between an autocrat and the humblest peasant in Russia. There have, however, been men in ancient and modern times whose last words in similar circumstances have shown the character of the speaker with as much distinctness as any of the acts of their lives. That Brutus was among the conspirators against his life, was the cardinal consideration with Caesar when senators drew their daggers against him. It is said that after Caesar had stabbed him in the neck the greatest of the ancients nobly resisted. When Cassius, with furious rage, wounded him in the head, he still continued to struggle. But when he saw Brutus with a dagger at his heart, he ceased to contend with his assassin. "And thou, Brutus!" he muttered, as he covered his face, and fell. Have not these last words indescribable paths for all time? The concern of the man who through life had been true to friends was not that he was to die, but that one of his friends should participate in his murder. Cicero, when, after the execution of the second triumvirate, and the triumph of his party, he found his name on the bloody list of proscription, did not show, nor could he be expected to show, that firmness in face of death which a man of war from youth, such as Caesar, is expected to possess. At first he meant to kill himself in the house of Octavianus; but his courage failed him. He was not made of such stuff as his contemporary Cato, who fell on his sword; and who, when his friends, taking advantage of his fainting, replaced him in the wound, threw them open on coming to himself. He fled. Still in the final crisis, he comforted himself with dignity. When the assassins rushed at the litter in which he was being carried, he stretched out his neck and exclaimed "Strike," with more effect than he had ever before exhibited, and received the fatal stroke without shrinking.

In all history, modern as well as ancient, profane as well as sacred, innumerable instances are found of men who have exhibited what the first Napoleon called "two o'clock in the morning courage" in the presence of the assassin. On the evening of that December day, in 1170, when the countess of Henri II, arrived at Canterbury, and found Thomas Becket at the altar in the cathedral, the prelate's last words were in keeping with his life. As the assassins advanced to ward him with their drawn swords he exclaimed that he died for the cause of God, and in defence of the rights of the church; and, he added, "I charge you, in the name of the Almighty to do no hurt to any other here, for none have any concern in the late transactions." Perhaps the most noble last words ever spoken were those uttered by William the silent, the founder of Dutch liberty. Unlike Counts Egmond and Horn, he escaped the scaffold and perished by the hand of a man assassin. When Balthazar Gerard, after having obtained an introduction, on the plea of being a messenger of mercy, and duly turned and shot the prince with a pistol loaded with three bullets, William fell, ejaculating, "My God! have mercy upon me and my poor people!" Taken by surprise and sent to his reckoning without warning, his concern was yet with the country to which his life had been devoted and whose liberty he had secured, and when it had to be left to the care of others, his thought was of his country, and "My God! have mercy upon me and my poor people" were the very words that have been expected from the greatest benefactor who, when the prince made a progress through Holland and Friesland, was received by the peasants as "Father William."—London Globe.

**JOURNALISM OF TO-DAY.**—The progress, fast made, the march of education and thirst for knowledge have built up the press, a modern institution, profession and craft in one, which over shadows the small strips of place-buffers, because it typifies the people. The journalism of to-day offers within its own limits all possible opportunities for advancement, all prou or incentives to ambition, all worthy rewards to those who deserve them. It embosoms in its ranks—thanks perhaps to the absence of protection for the other forms of American literary industry—the best heads, the clearest minds and the most facile pens in the land. As an instructor and mentor it has dwarfed the school-room, the pulpit and the rostrum.—Union Observer.

## INGERSOLL.

There is, of course, little likelihood that Mr. Garrison will give Bob Ingersoll any place within his gift. He would not mind meeting Bob in the kitchen, or doing him a good turn, as something deserved for good turns done; but he will never bear the clamors of the orthodox and the calm disapproval of those who care nothing for strict orthodoxy and a great deal for common sense and decency, and respect established truth and principles. Many a man who cannot go with the pulpit in their method of reaching and sustaining conclusions, or in acceptance of all their conclusions, yet condemns the insane iconoclasm of a man who avers there are no conclusions. Ingersoll does not from any standpoint or for any reason deserve the recognition his appointment would be. An American David Hume, if there were one, could be appointed to office without the sanction of his opinions which would now be implied in Ingersoll's appointment.

Mr. Ingersoll is simply a brilliant, shallow, epigrammatic, ribald, for whose existence there is no reason. For the negative work of Voltaire there was a necessity; for the negative philosophy of Hume there was a place, but for Ingersoll's shallow rebash of Voltaire-Paineism—which only appear fresh and original to the shallow and ignorant—there is no more necessity than there is for chimney sweeps at the equator. As a nihilist he goes beyond Voltaire, without his freshness, originality and genius. He is the devil's own apt earthly representation of pure negation. In the economy of things the principle called devil has a useful mission and a place, and must have incarnation now and then in the Voltaires and their like, but if there is any use for Ingersoll at this time it can only be to remind rebuilders that there was a tearing down era and may be again. The services of the devil do not appear to be specially required just now.

Mr. Ingersoll denies every thing, connected with one vast field of human development. The most illogical feature of his negative labor is that he seats himself on the ground built by ages of human progress to deny its existence, forsooth, from a seat on the apex to remove it. Being a man and living in the nineteenth century, he cannot escape a position on that structure which underlies civilization and progress, and he swears it is all delusion and deny its very existence and sets himself to remove it. He has seated himself on the end of the limb to saw 'twixt himself and the tree. It is an amusing part of his raving diatribes against all that is and ever was of thought and systems of thought and sentiment, formed upon the relations between man and an omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, and all good first cause, that a careful reader can see that he unconsciously and against his will compelled to accept as a whole and *sub modo* that which he denies in every part and as to every particular. In that respect he is not unlike other and greater men with the negative stamp, for none can live and escape it more than one can live and avoid the atmosphere; but the circumstances, minuteness and particularity with which he denies every part, contrasts ridiculously with his enforced acceptance of the whole at least in a certain manner.—National Republican.

## A FABLE.

THE FOX'S ADVICE TO THE HARE.

One day a Fox discovered a fine chance to capture a pullet for his dinner, the only drawback being the fact that the Farmer had set a trap just in the path which any predator must travel. In this emergency the hungry Reynard hunted around until he found a Hare, and after a few remarks on the state of the weather, the scramble for office, the Whittaker investigation, and the Turkish question, he said: "I was just thinking, as I overtook you, what impediments some folks have."

"How?"

"Why, I met Miss Pullet a short time since, and she boasted of being able to outrun you."

"The brassy creature!" exclaimed the Hare. "Why, I can run as fast as she can fly!"

"Certainly you can, but she's doing you great injury among your friends by her stories. If I were you I'd see her and warn her that this thing must stop."

"I'll do it! I was built for speed,

## and everybody knows it, and I won't have no Pullet boasting that she can outrun me. Come along and show me where she is."

"Well, I'll go as a special favor to you, of course," humbly replied the Fox, "and to show Miss Pullet what the Foxes think of the Hares, I will let you take the lead and follow in your footsteps."

As they neared the coop the Hare began to arrange a little speech of greeting, but he soon had other fish to fry. He walked into the trap with eyes wide open, and ere he had recovered from the shock the Fox had secured his dinner. "Say! Say! I'm caught!" yelled the Hare as he struggled with the trap.

"So I observe," was the reply.

"And what is your advice?"

"To get away as soon as you can!"

## MORAL.

Every neighborhood scandal has three lies to one truth. No person becomes a tale-bearer except to forward some scheme of his own. When a fox is anxious to preserve the reputation of a hare, let the hare look out.

## SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers; this is insanity. Thus it is that in early English history persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping always died raving maniacs; thus it is also that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are three:

Those who think most, who do most brain work, required most sleep.

That time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate.

Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all who are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake of themselves, and within a fortnight nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule, and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself; great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer, under the regulations just given.

## WHY HE PERCOLATED.

When Henry Longfellow Towne sent pat in an appearance things looked decidedly against him. His clothing was torn and covered with mud, his hair was full of straw, his boots were tied up, and he had the air of a man way down at the foot of the hill. His Honor gave him a good looking over, and then said: "The charge against you is vagrancy."

"What's dat?"

"Having no home, no friends, no wealth—wandering around without employment—beating the public out of your bread and butter."

"Kin I defend myself, s'hr?"

"Yes."

"Kin I make a speech?"

"Yes."

Henry removed his ragged old coat and laid it carefully on the floor, drew his belt a notch tighter, and then waved his right arm in the air and began:

"Why do I percolate?"

"There was a dead silence as he slowly looked around the room."

"Did Gawge Wash'ton alius have an ax or saw in his hand when he met the perleece? Did Napoleon feel obliged to take his meals at any place? Did Julius Caesar alius sleep in the same bed? Did Henry Clay alius walk around with his Snoddy does on? Did Dan'l Webster alius have money in his pocket?"

He looked at His Honor for an answer, and the Court room was so still that one could hear a pin drop.

"Why do I percolate?" demanded the prisoner at last.

"I don't know, replied the Court. "At first glance I took you for a vagrant, but that speech convinced me that I was wrong. I shall suspend sentence and let you go, and I presume you will have the decency not to come back here on the same charge. You can now percolate out doors."—Detroit Free Press.

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