

The Louisianian

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THIS PAPER

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Removal of the office prevents the LOUISIANIAN from making its appearance before Monday evening.

The removal of our office shuts out several communications from our friends which will appear in our next.

Gen. Elliott was invited to deliver the emancipation speech at James Chapel on Thursday evening last. On account of the postponement and the inclemency of weather the meeting at the Oakland Riding Park was a complete failure.

NOTICE

St. Philip's Church will open next Sunday October 21, with a full choir of trained singers, under the able management of Mr. Geo. H. Fayerweather; there is, therefore, a fine treat in store for lovers of good music.

In the evening the Rev. Dr. Thompson will preach a memorial sermon—subject: Lessons from the death of the late President Garfield. Service at 7 1/2—seats free—the public are invited.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Since our last issue made its appearance the remains of President Garfield have been consigned to the dust. From the day he was shot to the hour of his interment, in common with all civilized mankind our sympathies were with him and his stricken and bereaved family, and we have endeavored to show them every mark of respect in our power. We, therefore feel that our duty to the dead President is done and now turn our attention to the living President. In doing this we are glad to be able to say no charge of base on our part is necessary to place the LOUISIANIAN in accord with him. Esponsing the cause of the wing of the party to which President Arthur belongs early in the preliminary struggles of the campaign of 1880, we have never wavered in our humble support of that wing even when to do so was extremely unpopular if not actually ruinous.

Knowing last summer that ninety-nine hundredths of the Republican masses of the State were stalwart to the hearts core, we placed ourselves in accord with them and sought to give expression to their sentiments and wishes in all party matters as we have recently done on several grave questions of state; but our efforts were unavailing then as they were more recently owing to the peculiar forces used to compass our defeat. The will of the people, all powerful in free communities, has long since lost its force in Louisiana Republican parties. To effect a cure of this unhealthy condition of affairs will be among the first duties of the present administration. The Republicanism of the State are enthusiastically anxious it united and organized to form a tangible force not only competent for all National party purposes but able to give effective battle to the common enemy in every general election, State and National. The power to accomplish this desirable work exist. It is in the hands of President Arthur. Being an organizer of no ordinary talent, it is presumed he will use this power in the most judicious and effective manner. He knows the true condition of the party in the Southern States, and especially in this State, and we feel assured will make a bold, honest effort to lift it out of its chaotic condition. Republican from conviction, conscientious in the belief that the best interests of the Nation will be fostered and advanced by the continued ascendancy of his party, he will not desire to have it divided into administration and anti administration, wings or cliques. To make the party a harmonious whole will be his aim, and every good and true Republican should give him an earnest and honest support in the desirable work.

The LOUISIANIAN representing the masses of the party in Louisiana who have always been in accord with the President and his friends naturally considers itself privileged to champion the cause of the administration. But while this is true we will not seek to create the impression at Washington that all others in the State who have differed with the President in the past are his unrelenting enemies and cannot be trusted.

Of course, we cannot look upon the time serving scoundrels who were denouncing Gen. Arthur but yesterday and are to-day "Out Hurling Herod" in his praise with any other than feelings of contempt, but for all those who honestly differed with the President and were respectful in their differences, we offer the right hand of fellowship with the full assurance that the party is broad enough to hold us all. Our dearest wish is a united and once more powerful party in Louisiana, and we believe it possible to have it under the wise and judicious leadership of the present Chief Magistrate and to that end we propose to direct all of our energies.

A few weeks ago an Arthur or a Conkling man could scarcely be found in and around the Granite Building now the numbers are legion. "Truth crushed to earth will rise."

THE PRESIDENT POLICY

The New Orleans Democrat, one of the ablest and most conservative journals of the South makes the following sensible and honest statement relative to the President's policy: "There are a number of people who appear to think that Mr. Arthur must not only follow the line of national policy laid down by his predecessor, but that it would be indefinite and unbecoming in him to make any changes in the Cabinet. This is sheer nonsense. Mr. Arthur has succeeded to the office of President by virtue of the constitution of the United States and the will of the people, and being responsible for the conduct of the office, he must be left entirely free to select his own Cabinet officers.

It is only human nature for the gentlemen who are in charge of the various portfolios to desire to retain them, but as almost all of the members of the Cabinet have been notoriously antagonistic to the President, it is not to be expected that he will retain them longer than it will take to supply their places with men of ability who are on pleasant personal terms with him. There is no more sentiment in government than in other business, and the distinguished gentlemen who were so suddenly, and in some cases so deservedly, raised to eminence by Mr. Garfield, and who had hope to serve their country long and well, must now step aside and permit others, equally as deserving and not a whit less ambitious, to occupy their scarcely warmed seats in the Cabinet.

The country may deeply sympathize with them, but will, no doubt, learn in time to bear the loss with equanimity. This is certainly the only position that can be taken by any rational being. If Gen. Arthur is President we can see no earthly reason why he should be forced to retain a Cabinet which has not been in accord with his views, which he is surrounded by so many able, honest and judicious friends. Mr. Conkling would be the man above all others for the head of the Cabinet."

How The Presidential Obsequies were Observed in the Crescent City.

The demonstration in memory of the late President Garfield was the most imposing, and grandest affair of the kind ever displayed in the South, thousands of people were in line with the procession and tens of thousands congregated on the sidewalks and blocked the streets. Services were held in all of the churches and the expressions of sympathy were universal. Want of space forbids us from giving a graphic picture of the whole matter. The three colored division were led by Gov. Pinchback, Col. James Lewis and Judge A. J. Dumont with their aids. The colored Odd Fellows and L'Avenir Association presented the best appearance of any portion of the procession. We subjoin a brief synopsis of the services at several of the churches, with orations and resolutions of condolence as follows.

At the Union Chapel A. M. E. Church.

Memorial services at the Union Chapel A. M. E. Church on Bienville street, under the auspices of Rev. A. F. Albert. The following program was delivered by Rev. H. C. C. Astwood, and the accompanying resolutions adopted, which was ordered to be printed, and a copy furnished to the Secretary of State and the bereaved family.

SUBJECT.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. 7th, 17 verse.
My FRIENDS:—What an awful day. Filled with misgivings and sympathies the Nation humbly bows. Heaven itself has put on its mantle of mourning; dark clouds having stretched across the milky ways forming a curtain almost as dark as night, shutting out the brilliant rays of the noon day's sun. All through the morning hours nearly drops of tears have been dropping down in keeping with those of ours, which flows so bountifully here to-day. We look around, and we are led to ask, what is the meaning of this vast gathering here with anxious faces and tearful eyes? Hearts are throbbing with bitter sorrows, and the walls of this sacred temple are shrouded with badges of mourning? We walk down the business thoroughfares of this city and we behold the same sad tokens of grief. The air seems pregnant with the wails of millions of loving and patriotic people as the sad news is borne upon the breezes that James A. Garfield, our lamented President is no more. He has gone to mingle his voice with the voices of angels and archangels; side by side with Lincoln and Greeley, Garrison, Mrs. Stowe and other bright spirits who battle for the cause of freedom and right. He stands arrayed with his white robe and his crown breathing in the spirit land a prayer for this sorrowing Nation, and whilst we are shedding a sea of tears, and our hearts overwhelmed with sorrow, God has wiped away all tears from his eyes. His star was a great one. Like a blazing star rising over your towering hills upon and onward in its dazzling flight, it burst

through the air, it courses along, effulgence of light emanates from its bright rays illuminating every object far and near. Men, women and children are gazing upon it, the learned and the unlearned are pondering over the mysterious one, whilst wrapped in thought over the lustre and achievement of this bright satellite it reaches the zenith of heaven, and before we can realize the reality of its presence it has gone, it has buried itself behind the hills of eternal ages to be revealed no more until the final day. Such was the life of James A. Garfield. He came not in greatness, not surrounded with luxury and plenty, but as a poor boy in the humble walks of life, treading the path of want and toil. Who can but admire the canal boat boy as he toils weary days and nights, battling with the storms of life, as he plows his way up and down the Ohio river's banks, with a future before him as dark as midnight; but in his young heart is implanted a righteous seed: throwing himself upon the reliance of God and his Christ, he marches on the rugged pathway, with but one gleam of light pouring forth from the distinct doors of education, but what a gigantic struggle! As he battles on it succeeds, it is a mighty struggle, trouble and want in every side, but the prize must be won. Toil by day and study by night, he forges his way along until the goal is reached. It was an eventful life. From the canal boat, to village school, having the faith in God he raises up for him a friend in the person of Samuel D. Bates, by means of which he enters the Academy, he is nearing the beacon light ahead. Struggling and battling for an education, toiling at the carpenter's bench to administer to his daily wants, one step further on, he becomes a teacher, a disseminator of education. Leaving the Academy, he finds another friend, who is impressed with the intellect and zeal of this wonderful boy he assist him to enter college. He selects the Williams College of Massachusetts as his Alma Mater. Having by economy and zeal raised a sufficient amount to insure his life, he placed the policy of his life in the hands of his friend as a security for the priceless boon he was then seeking with the memorable words: "If I live I will pay you. If I die you will suffer no loss. He enters the college, nothing behind him but a mother's prayers, nothing before him but Christ, the poor boy's friend. He toils amid jeers and scoffs for two long years, the result of which was to bare off the honors of his class in metaphysics; which was the highest tribute that the Institution could pay to its most distinguished votary. This proud tribute doubly paid him for all of the slights he had received and these very haughty classmates would have gladly and enthusiastically follow this poor canal boat boy who would present to the country such a wonderful and remarkable history. He presented all such teachings of a christian mother without which no young man nor young woman can succeed. Not carried away by pride and ambition, but seeing that whilst he obtained the priceless prize of education which would eventually make him a great man, there was something needed to protect and shield him from the shafts of the world, from the temptations and allurements of youth, the voice of our loving saviour ringing in his ears, "seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you," he rushes to the foot of the cross, and becomes a child of Jesus. He became the target of religious and political slanders, but true to his master's will, he struggled on. Having become a follower of the renowned Dr. Campbell, he joined the church of the disciples, he became first professor, and then president of the Hiram Electric Institute. Whilst thus employed with the happy approbation of all, he became a preacher of the Gospel, and whilst he labored hard to fill youthful hearts with the knowledge of the arts and sciences, he was leading them up to God, by pointing them to Him who would one day wipe away all tears from their eyes. Reaching this stage of life he unites himself to that loving companion who has so faithfully watched around his bedside whilst passing through the valley and the shadow of death. She has ever been a ministering angel to him as he strived through life. He is now a rising young man. Filled with ability, energy and integrity, he is chosen to represent his State in the State Senate. His fertile brain and well trained mind makes him the leader of that body, and when the war broke out he became one of those distinguished heroes who poured out their life's blood for the Union and for freedom. In that trying hour of the country's great need, when true and brave hearts were needed in the legislative halls of the Nation, James A. Garfield was chosen as Congressman from the Western reserve district of Ohio, he leaving the army covered with glory, he entered the halls of Congress. He now entered the sphere where he would shine forth as one of the Nation's brightest sons. His eloquent voice was often heard, but never to a better advantage than when he replied to Mr. Long of Ohio upon his proposed measure to recognize the Southern Confederacy. We will quote a portion of this eloquent reply. Mr. Garfield said: "Mr. Chairman—I would be obliged to you if you would direct the argument-at-arms to bring a white flag and place it in the aisle between myself and my colleague who has just addressed you. I recollect on one great occasion when two great armies stood face to face, under a white flag just placed, I approached a company of men dressed in the uniform of the rebel Confederacy, and reached out my hand to one of the number, and told him, I respected him as a brave man.

Though he wore the emblem of his disloyalty and treason, still underneath his vestment I beheld a brave and honest soul.

"I would reproduce that seen this afternoon. I say were there such a flag of truce—but forgive me if I should do it under other circumstances: I would reach out this hand and ask the gentleman to take it, because I know his bravery and honesty. I believe what has just fallen from his lips is the honest sentiment of his heart, and in uttering it he has made a new epoch in the history of the war; he has done a new thing under the sun, he has done a brave thing. It is braver than to face cannon and musketry, and I honor him for his candor and frankness. But now I ask you to take away this flag of truce, and I will go back in the Union lines and speak what he has done. I am reminded of it by a distinguished character in paradise lost. When he had rebelled against the glory of God, and led away a third part of heaven's sons conjured against the highest. When after terrible battles in which mountains and hills were hurled by each contending host with "jaculations dire," when, at last, the leader and his host were hurled nine times the space that measures day and night, and after the terrible fall they stretched prone on the burning lake. Satan lifted up his shattered bulk crossed the abyss, looked down into Paradise, and silotquizing, said: "Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell." It seems to me he expressed the very sentiment to which you have just listened; uttered by one less brave, malign, and fallen. This man gathers up the meaning of this great contest, the philosophy of the moment, the prophesies of the hour, and in the sight of the paradise of victory and peace, utters them all in his will of terrible despair, which way I fly is hell, he ought to have said myself am hell." This is but a part of this memorable speech which placed Mr. Garfield in the front rank as a Republican leader. From there onward he shone brighter and brighter until he became a mouthpiece and defender of the Nation.

Other remarkable speeches characterized this great man whilst a member of Congress, until for his personal worth the people of his State elevated him to the distinguished position as U. S. Senator. Before he could occupy this new and honorable sphere to which he had been chosen, destiny called him up higher still, when at Chicago in June last during that memorable struggle, he was nominated President of the United States. In November 1880 he was elected President of the United States, and on the 4th of March 1881. He was sworn in as President of the Nation. There he launched out a career of usefulness, having reached the highest post of honor possible for him to attain in this life, the country looked forward to an era of prosperity and greatness. When he had been installed but a few months seeming to be beloved by all, on the second of July last he was stricken down by an assassin's bullet. This great and highly Nation was stricken to the heart; weary and anxious days did fifty millions of people keep vigil over this beloved chief a prayer from every fireside altars and praises from every temple swelled the grand chorus as their ecumenic sped heaven ward in behalf of the beloved one, from every altar sweet incenses were offered up to God that he might be spared, but my friends we look around us and the tale soon is told, these tears, these rights, these awful token of sadness reveals the heart heartrending fact that James A. Garfield is dead. Just up there his spirit has gone when you and I must go, and here we meet with broken hearts to offer up this meagre tribute in memory of the great man.

The Nation weeps, from across the waters fraternal greetings of sympathies reaches us from queens, and potentates of the earth, and we can truly say how he was beloved. But can a more beautiful and solemnizing picture present itself, there to behold the Crescent City draped in her garb of mourning with ever hushed bowed low in sadness, here when the din of battle raged, when the foe met in deadly array, where Federal and Confederate pour out all their blood for contending side when bitter hatreds and malice reared the hearts of both alike, but now to day they meet around our common altar and all discussions are buried in the death of James A. Garfield.

A few hours and a long procession will fill our streets. With funeral and Confederate pour out all their blood for contending side when bitter hatreds and malice reared the hearts of both alike, but now to day they meet around our common altar and all discussions are buried in the death of James A. Garfield. A few hours and a long procession will fill our streets. With funeral and Confederate pour out all their blood for contending side when bitter hatreds and malice reared the hearts of both alike, but now to day they meet around our common altar and all discussions are buried in the death of James A. Garfield. A few hours and a long procession will fill our streets. With funeral and Confederate pour out all their blood for contending side when bitter hatreds and malice reared the hearts of both alike, but now to day they meet around our common altar and all discussions are buried in the death of James A. Garfield.

pages, written there in letters above brighter than the noon days sun, man precious than gold, as priceless as life, lay let us dedicate to our memories of his writ: upon the tablets of our hearts a sacred word of sympathy for the immortal dead, with our eyes of faith, let us look up behold him there in that bright galaxy of saint gone on earth side by side with the immortal Lincoln who like him fell a martyr to cause of liberty, by the red head of two lamented devils they poured out their life's blood as a sacrifice for the Nation. Let us behold them there in that better land where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, let us prepared ourselves to join them so that in the final day, we with them all may be "sweeping through the gates in the Sweet Bye and Bye." In conclusion we inscribe to his memory the beautiful poem:

HOPE TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

BY CAMPBELL.

Unfading Hope! when life's last ember burns,—
When soul to soul, and dust to dust returns,—
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth born nature fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day?
Then—then, the triumph and the trance begin!
And all the Phœnix spirit burns within!

Oh! the p-enchanting prelude to repose!
The dawn of bliss! the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious words, untraced by the sun,
Where Time's far-wandering tide, has never run!
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears:
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust!
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The surging waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake! arise! thy issue
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt and dispel, ye specter-hounds, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Disney,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heaven, unblazed by the blaze,
On heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody:
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan lull'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, In the inscrutable disposition of an all wise Providence, this Nation has been deprived of her Chief Magistrate, James Abram Garfield, by the hands of a brutal assassin; and,
WHEREAS, The sad intelligence of his most tragical death has been received with profound horror and sincere regret; therefore,
Be it resolved, By this vast assembly convened in memorial services to the immortal memory of our late President James A. Garfield. That, mournfully bowing in humble submission to the divine behest that deprives us of our chief, we regard it our highest duty to join with our fellow-citizens of every race and condition, to add a tribute of honor and respect to the memory of the illustrious dead, whom a family, a Nation, and the world profoundly mourn.
Resolved, That our tenderest sympathy is herein extended to the bereaved family and the Nation in this hour of their supreme sorrow and the Nation's gloom.
Resolved, That these resolutions properly inscribed be forwarded to the bereaved family as a token of our

profoundest sympathy and condolence.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be furnished to the press for publication.

A. E. P. ALBERT, Chairman.
L. A. MASON, Secretary.

Mr. James D. Kennedy remarked on being introduced that they were about in the very presence of death. True the form of Garfield was before them, cold and silent, yet the memory of the man in his exalted station as our highest ruler, made all feel as if they had suffered a personal bereavement. There were few perhaps who had not at some time felt the loss of father, mother, sister, brother, husband, wife, a friend, but he doubted whether any death caused more grief, than when the wire flashed the news, stating in its "electric suddenness the sensibilities of the Nation," that Garfield had passed beyond the clouded veil. The booming of cannon, the tolling of bells, the closing of places of industry and trade, the general suspension of all business and the habitual modes of mourning was that greeted one on every hand, told of a sorrow more deep, and an affliction greater than any which he might after could describe. He said in many respects the dead President was a remarkable man. He had united in him that rare union of mental, moral and physical power which made him a leader among men and an honor to his family and country. This was due in no small measure to his early training—the principles instilled in him by his mother, than to any other circumstance in his life. The domesticity of his mother's home together with the safety which her works inspired, made it possible for our martyred President, although at times suffering the pangs of hunger, to unfold and develop those magnificent possibilities which lie hidden in the brain and heart of all who have the right conception of life, with its responsibilities, trusts and duties. In this instance the son had reached the zenith of power and fame, and his noble standing upon the brink of his open grave trusting in the power that had reversed the ordinary course of nature by cutting off the child before the parent, could see behind him a deathless name, and before him the peace and the grandeur of that other life above, which is said to be Eternal. He dwelt at considerable length upon the domestic place of Garfield's life and with considerable feeling and effect. He said his death was another evidence of the mysterious workings of Providence, and that after all the honors and fame which this world could bestow, his death proved that all alike, the rich and poor, high and low must die at last, and thus verify the truth, "that death's but a path that must be trod.

If man would even pass to God," President Garfield was not without his human weaknesses to have them. It is charitable to forget them, for he has beautifully expressed his idea of the grave when he said, "burial is every error, extinguishes every resentment and covers every defect." He concluded by saying that among the illustrious and great Americans who had filled the Executive Chair of this Nation, none had a more remarkable character—none could outlive in ability—none could live in memory—the character, ability and memory of James Abram Garfield.

LAFORCHE.

EDITOR LOUISIANIAN:

Thibodaux, La., Sept. 29, 1881.

DEAR SIR:—As a correspondent of yours, allow me space in your highly appreciated journal to note a few of the incidents of Lafourche.

To all whom it may concern, let it be known that there was rain at Thibodaux recently; and the sugar planters were much animated by the showers in the parish and fervently hope that they will be more frequent, especially between this and grinding season.

The rice planters have been very successful, this season being favorable; they have harvested their crops with but little loss; thus, while the rice planters may be grateful the sugar planters are embarrassed.

While robbery, pillery and plundering is being perpetrated in other portions of the country we are effected by the same plague in Lafourche.

We are officially informed that, on Sept. 14th inst., Mr. Davis, a grocery keeper about 17 miles below the town of Thibodaux, was brutally assaulted by a band of desperadoes; after intimidating the proprietor and severely wounding his clerk they retired a drunken squad with such spoils as gratified their barbarous appetites.—Where is justice, equity and protection?—It is like the vox et proterva nihil.

We are pained to narrate and the incident of the week the death of the wife of our worthy P. N. F. Anato's Panhandle D. M. of the La. State District Lodge.

We sympathise with him in his sadness and grief, which must evidently follow such occurrences as have recently transpired: In having lost by death a child and in one month and seven days his wife has been called from labor to re-