

THE LOUISIANIAN.

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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 reproval have been lost, in consequence of the lack of a medium, through which these desiderata 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 reign; 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 treasury 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 LOUISIANIAN.

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

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APPEAL TO THE BARBER.

O, barber, spare that young moustache!
Touch not a single hair.
Your razor, brush and other trash,
Must never venture there.
At last the bud has burst out,
By much caressing taught;
Its frail young tendrils, how they sport!
Then, barber, touch it not.

Though well laid out and wide the field,
When this young moustache shoots,
The sickly soil no more can yield—
O, then, guard well its roots;
For should thy murderous blade sweep o'er
That curved lip's shadowy mist,
The tender plant would bloom no more:
Then, barber, O, desist.

Think of the fair young girl whose lip
Was wont so soft to press
That budding mouth—its sweets to sip;
O, think of their distress!
'Tis unfledged manhood's pride and joy;
With sighs and tears 'twas bought,
Let no rude stroke its life destroy—
O, barber, touch it not!

"OUR STORY TELLER."

IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES

By Miss F. HODGSON, author of KATELEY'S Love Story.

Miss Anna Manners drew her scissors from the collection of housewifely instruments which hung at her severe-looking girdle, and cut her thread with a little snap which was a thought vindictive.

"If you cared for women, John," she said, "I should think it necessary to warn you; but as you don't care for women, I merely tell you as a piece of information. She is a fascinating, handsome, unscrupulous flirt. That is all I have to say."

John Manners was a bachelor, whose only sister kept house for him. His residence was one of the most beautiful within thirty miles of Boston, and that is saying a great deal. He had just returned from a year in Europe, and Anne was speaking of a distant cousin, whom he found visiting his sister.

He smiled the quiet smile, which was peculiar to him, as he threw his paper aside and made himself a little more comfortable on his luxurious lounge.

"All!" he repeated, in a voice as quiet and peculiar, in spite of its faint amusement, as the smile had been. "Isn't it quite enough, Anne? Women are proverbially severe upon women, and perhaps—"

Miss Anne interrupted him with another snap of her scissors.

"Severe! don't talk nonsense," oratorically. "That girl is twenty years old, and she is forty as regards artfulness this minute. Three days showed me how to see through her airs and graces. She can't make eyes at me, you know! I know better. Didn't she begin with young Bellamy, and turn his ridiculous head upside down with her flowers and nonsense, and didn't that unfortunate simpleton propose to her within a fortnight? Severe, indeed!"

John laughed outright. His sister's irate description of her guest amused him. He had heard of Cecil Dare, before he returned home, and as it happened he was not unprepared to meet her; but the gentleman who had described her dangerous proclivities had described them with a masculine remembrance of her beauty, and had ended with something like admiration even for this modern Enchantress in his tone.

"You had better take care of yourself," had been his laughing farewell. "Miss Dare does not pay visits to her thirty-second cousin for nothing."

But, "forewarned forearmed," John had thought. Yet he felt a faint interest in this dangerous young person. As Miss Anne had said, he did not care for women generally, for he was thirty, well-looking, well-to-do, and still fancy free; but his natural gravity had been aroused into something of a pleasure in the anticipation of seeing, hearing, and talking to her.

"Where is Miss Dare now?" he asked. "I have seen no sign of her as yet, except 'Cupidon!'. Cupidon, be it known, was a tiny toy terrier, with no eyes to speak of to be seen under his shaggy, white hair, and was Miss Dare's private property."

"She went out this afternoon," said Miss Anne. "To do her justice, she thought, I suppose, that you and I would rather spend our first few hours alone together. She said she was going to the Ducres to see Laura and Josie. Those Ducres girls are perfectly infatuated over her, and Fred came from Harvard last week, so she took the pony-carriage after dinner and drove over."

John made no reply, but listlessly began to pull Cupidon's blue ribbon collar, though scarcely thinking of her mistress. Like all men he had an ideal, and his ideal was not a Cecil Dare. Perhaps he had a fancy for a soft-eyed, sweet-faced little girl, whom he might meet some future day. Certainly, he never dreamed of this fair, proud girl as his fate, and certainly on his first meeting with her the thought was further from his mind than ever.

He was still lying upon the couch, with Cupidon on a cushion at his feet, when he heard the sound of wheels rolling up the carriage-drive, and the ring of a refined, musical voice. A moment after the little pony-carriage stopped at the door, and somebody got out. This was Miss Dare, John Manners decided, as he listened, and she was talking gaily with some one who had evidently accompanied her, and whose first speech confirmed his belief that it was Frederick Ducres.

"You must let me come in, of course," he was saying, "after that solemn promise that I should perform Laura's behests. But may I not be allowed to call to-morrow?"

"Certainly," said the clear, incisive voice. "Any time you like. Don't forget to tell Laura how miserably I kept my promise. Wait a minute—here is a flower for you. The last rose of summer, or the last but one. *Au revoir*."

And turning his head to the window, John saw a handsome, stylish, young fellow pass down the gravel walk, fastening a creamy pink rose in his coat.

He did not see Miss Dare, of course, for the parlor-door was nearly closed, but he heard her light feet in the hall, and caught a glimpse of a fluttering dress as she ran up the staircase.

In spite of Miss Manners' remark upon her brother's non-susceptibility, it must be confessed that she felt no little fear of her young relative's fascinations. An ordinarily pretty or charming girl she could have trusted, but not one like this—this young lady was not an ordinary girl in any sense of the term; accordingly, I am convinced, you will agree with me that it was rather trying to be called away at that most critical of times, the first interview, by a troublesome rheumatic pensioner. But so it was, Betty Flanagan was "taken powerful bad," so said the messenger, "and wants to see yez badly."

Miss Anne put on her bonnet with decided air. Severe as she was, she was never behindhand in rendering assistance to those who needed it. She sent an apologetic message up stairs to Miss Dare before she went out; and the young lady, with a calm during which no other person on earth would have dreamed of playing, replied through the servant girl that, "There was no need of apology. She would go down stairs as soon as she was dressed, and pour out Mr. Manners' tea for him."

And so she did. Twenty minutes after his sister left the house, John Manners who was reading in his easy-chair, heard Miss Dare's bedroom door open, and a light, decided feet coming down the stair-case, with the soft sweep of a train over his wake. He stood upon his feet with book in his hand, looking very courteous and imposing when she entered, and had just time to see her fully in the brilliant light of the chandelier before a spoke. She was a tall, supple girl, with an air of cool ease expressing itself in a gracefulness, and he had a quick conception of a wonderfully fair face, with wonderfully artistic coloring, bronze eyes, bronze hair, and a trailing dress of gray stuff, which swept the carpet.

She looked at him calmly for a moment, and then extended a hand like a bit of sculptured marble.

"It is hardly necessary I should introduce myself, I suppose, Mr. Man-

ners," she said, with perfect ease; "but in case it should be, I will tell you I am Cecil Dare, and I have come to pour out your tea for you."

John Manners was disarmed. If there had been a suspicion of elaborateness in her dress, or a touch of ceremony in her manner, he would have felt that he needed to stand on guard; but what could have been more elegant in its simplicity than the soft, gray robe, what more natural than her graceful self-possession? She came to the hearth when he had made his grave, pleasant reply, and she certainly looked more at home than he did, as she pulled the bell as a summons to the servants to bring in the tea.

"I am sorry cousin Anne was called away," she said, when she took her seat at the head of the table. "That terrible Mrs. Flanagan is the bugbear of her existence. She has had every ailment that I ever heard of during the last month, and now she is beginning with rheumatism again. Do you take cream, Mr. Manners?"

There was not a touch of affectation or embarrassment in her manner, as she paused with the silver cream-jug poised in her hand, and her bronze eyes raised to ask the question. Miss Anne herself could not have spoken in a more matter-of-fact style; but one thing is certain, namely, that Miss Anne would not have made the commonplace speech so effective. As was to be expected, John Manners made the natural mistake of trying to reconcile report with the evidence of his senses. This girl in her quiet dress and unscrupulous admiration seeker! This girl, who poured out his tea for him, with as indifferent a face as if he had been a friend, reticent, red-lipped mouth, and then at the bronze eyes, and his strong admiration for her beauty made him so unwise as to feel inclined to set report at defiance.

"You have been with Anne several weeks, I believe," he said, at hazard, feeling it necessary to say something.

"A month," raising her beautiful, indolent eyes carelessly. "Cousin Anne was kind enough to offer me an asylum until my affairs were settled. I have not the remotest idea what affairs are meant; but on the death of my guardian, his lawyer gave me to understand that something needed 'settling.' I suppose he meant money."

He scarcely knew why it was, but before the meal was ended he had begun to feel that she set his admiration aside as if it was something which was no novelty, and that there was something more than indifference in her careless grace. If this air had been more decided, he would have almost fancied that she wished him to understand it; but as it was, he could only wonder if her coldness merely existed in his imagination, or if it was something real; and he ended by observing her more closely, and by feeling a thought more interested.

She drew Miss Anne's favorite chair to the fire when they rose from the table, and took a seat in it, holding a dainty inlaid hand-screen between her wood-rose tinted cheek and the blaze, letting her soft, dark eyes rest upon him with quiet interest as she listened to what he said, and occasionally answered in her clear, refined voice.

When Miss Anne returned from her errand of mercy Cecil was sitting there still, the folds of her soft gray robe sweeping the gay-hued hearth-rug, and Cupidon, the favored, curled up on her lap, blinking his black dots of eyes luxuriously under his shaggy, turrier eyebrows. She did not move when Miss Anne entered, except to glance over her shoulder with a gay, easy welcome, which made that lady catch her breath.

"Ah, cousin Anne!" she said, "back at last! I was afraid your patient would keep you all night."

"Were you?" said Miss Anne, gravely, as she untied her bonnet-strings. "You have had tea, I suppose?"

"Certainly" was the quiet reply. "We had it soon after you went away. Mr. Manners and I."

"Just as I suspected," thought the far-seeing spinster. "You couldn't let him alone."

harmless and sufficiently charming as she sat in the glow of the fire. The brilliant light of the chandelier brought out the wood-rose tinting wonderfully, and lighted up the rich, sparkling ring on the fair, smooth hand which caressed Cupidon. Altogether, circumstances were making a picture of her, and John sat opposite, forgetting the book he held in his hand, and looking at her. But his sister's arrival put an end to his vague enjoyment, for Cecil rose almost directly.

"I have some letters to write," she said; "so you must excuse me for to-night. Good-evening, Mrs. Manners." And the supple, gray-robed figure passed out of the room in as matter-of-fact manner as it had entered.

Miss Anne took the seat her guest had vacated with an air of grim resolution.

"Well," she said, as if she was prepared for any amount of weakness which could be displayed. "Well, what do you think of her?"

"She is a very beautiful girl," said her brother slowly. "Quite a remarkably beautiful girl."

"Of course she is," snapped Miss Anne. "I know that."

The handsome face in the seat opposite to her colored slightly.

"She is very graceful and lady-like," said the gentleman, gravely.

"Very," was the curt reply. "No young lady more so." John, with sudden energy, "are you going to follow Fred Dare?"

John opened his fine, dark eyes. "My dear Anne," he said, "what a very extraordinary question."

"Not at all," proclaimed Miss Anne. "If you knew Cecil Dare as well as I do, you would say it was a very ordinary question. Will you be kind enough to answer it?"

"Certainly," was the reply, as the gentleman shut his book and laid it on the table. "My answer is, No!"

"Very well, then," said Miss Anne, concisely. "Don't say she is beautiful and graceful—don't even think it! It will be by far the safest plan." And taking up her bonnet and shawl, she departed in state.

In default of having nothing else to do, John Manners turned to his book again; but as he opened it, he glanced with something of interest at the chair on which the gray-robed figure had been seated.

"I hope Anne does not show her prejudice," he said. "It seems prejudice to me." And being an honorable, unsuspecting gentleman, he believed what he was saying.

He did not see much of the young lady until the following evening. In the morning she made her appearance at breakfast, with a late white rose in her bronze puffs, and a little sleepy softness in her eyes, which was very becoming; but the faint touch of indifference which John Manners had noticed the night before was more decided; and, breakfast over, she went back to her room to finish her letters.

But in the evening, as John was laying aside the book he had been reading, there came a rustle of silk in the corridor, some one tapped lightly at the door, and in answer to his, "Walk in," Cecil Dare opened it, and stood upon the threshold, with a book in her hand. Her dress was gray again, but it was gray silk, and a wonder of a train rustled in its wake; the wood-rose color was brighter than ever, and there were some artistic puffs of scarlet velvet in her hair.

"Do I disturb you?" she asked, quietly. "I will not come in if I do. I only wished to return a book I had borrowed from your shelves."

"Pray come in. I am only reading."

She entered at once, stopping a moment with perfect coolness to replace the borrowed book, and then took the chair he offered her.

His first sensation on seeing her had been something of surprise, but certainly it sunk into insignificance before his amazement at her first speech.

"And so cousin Anne has warned you?" she said, after a minute's silence, lifting her cool, superb eyes.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "But I really do not understand—"

But he had never been more certain of anything in his life than that he did understand her, and she was perfectly aware of it.

She went on as coolly as ever, scarcely noticing what he had said, and toying with the heavy gold bracelet on her round, white wrist.

"I went into the break-fast room last night to look for a letter I had left there, and I heard her talking to you—the door was half open. Perhaps she was right," arching her brows. "People have said it so often, that I really begin to believe I must be a dangerous person."

"I am very sorry—" he began, stiffly.

She interrupted him.

"Oh, no! Pray don't! There is no need of your feeling annoyed. I am used to it, you know. Besides, it is probable it is quite true. I have no doubt cousin Anne was right. I merely thought I would tell you my presumption had not extended to you. That is all."

To say that John Manners was astonished would be to say very little. If there had been a shade of wounded pride in her face, he could have understood her, but there was not; if she had seemed hurt, or embarrassed, he would have known how to reply to her, but she did not; and when she clasped her bracelet again, with her steady, white hand, and looked up at him, he could only flush, and feel that he was looking rather ridiculous.

He was beginning to try to say something, he scarcely knew what, when she stopped him again.

"Oh!" she said, with a certain nonchalant candor, "I only thought it best to be frank. We shall be the better friends for it, and cousin Anne will be more comfortable." She was woman enough, in spite of her indifference, to fire off this quiet shot. "Cousin Anne is not very fond of me. Perhaps we don't understand each other, or perhaps," an old little smile crept in here, "we understand each other too well."

She did not remain long after this, only long enough to set the subject utterly aside, and sit talking for a few minutes in her perfectly musical voice. Then she rose, and taking up the book she had brought from the shelves and laid it on the table, went out of the room, leaving John to his new train of thought.

From that time Miss Anne had little to complain of, at least so far as her chief care was concerned. She could not prevent Miss Dare making a picture of herself in trailing soft, tinted dresses and delicate laces; she could not prevent her dropping into her perfect attitudes, and caressing Cupidon with that wonder of a supple-jointed white hand; but she was very much consoled when she found that nothing of this was directed at John. But there was another thing she could not do, which was to shut John's eyes. From his first sense of annoyance had grown a constant desire to watch this girl, who was such a novelty to him. She had piqued and astonished him into wishing to know more of her, and so he was betrayed into an interest which would have been dangerous to any man. She never avoided him; indeed, it seemed as though her indifference was too complete to allow of such a thing; but if he had been sixty years old, her manner could not have been more utterly devoid of any womanly coquetry. The quick faculty she had for brightening and lightning up brilliantly for other people, and which was her chief charm, never showed itself to him.

Among the many people who liked and admired her, there was one person for whom she seemed to care more than for the rest, and that person was Laura Ducres. With a school-girl's enthusiastic love of beauty, Laura had adored Cecil from the first, and in observing the girl's affectionate fashion of making her idol the confidante of her fancies, John Manners had noticed that Cecil had a wonderfully tender way of treating her. It was something affectionate and girlish of itself, and in some way it pleased him. She would dress as Laura wished her, arrange her hair as Laura liked it best, wear the very gloves that Laura proposed, but at the same time the girl's faith and reliance in her were unbounded.

Now, he was not a sentimental man, this John of ours; he had never been a susceptible one; he had cared little for women; he was a man of wealth and leisure, and loved science, if he loved anything, and hence it was that so much of his time was spent in his library; and yet, before a month had passed, he found that he had been mistaken in his fancied security, and that this fair guest of his sister's, who cared less for him than she did for her father, was