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A PROPHECY PREDICATED ON THE POSSIBLE.

Doesticks or some other American humorist has imagined the typical "New Zealander,"* whose civilization is jocularly supposed to survive our nationality. He is even supposed to survey the ruins of our national capital. Well, suppose some centuries hence he repeats the discovery of La Salle, and enters the mouth of the Mississippi. Finding its navigation impossible, he organizes a boat expedition. The scientific corps which accompanies this expedition reports the ruins of a city. The massive structures of granite evince a people of much architectural skill. Miles of brick buildings in ruins—streets worn with the tracks of commerce, remains of ironways long since wasted under the corrosion of weather or of junk dealers, churches varying in style but all apparently dedicated to the worship of the same Deity, grounds once cultivated and embellished were the haunt of the alligator, trees shooting up through cemeteries, parks and courtyards, rank vegetables through which the more timid reptile steals away, or where the fanged serpent recoils for a deadly welcome to the intruder. The botanical department of the expedition found in the abandoned swamps immediately above the impassable obstructions of the undoubted specimens of the *oryza sativa*, and *saccharum officinarum* which they readily determined to be identical with the plants known as rice and sugar. That these staples had been once cultivated was evident from the ruins of furnaces, works and engines. The whole country had however been long since depopulated apparently by the back or refluent water from the obstructions referred to.

This scene of desolation and ruin in the country and city showed that the latter had, like Palenque, been once the home of a prosperous and intellectual people. The commission further reports that this city appeared from inscriptions to have been once brought to a high state of prosperity by the American people; that about the year of Christ one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four certain interests inimical to the growth and grandeur of this—then known as the Crescent—city, employed an adroit and ingenious adventurer to conduct the whole commerce of this great river across its course and to the outlet of other great and rival cities. That this emissary first built an impediment, known as a bridge, across this noble stream. This arrested all the trade above the bridge and compelled it to go east by vast iron and water ways. He next descended to the Crescent City, then enjoying an immense commerce, and proposed to make that commerce even greater by building an immense structure of concrete beneath the outlet waters of this great river. The rival interests which had sent him on this mission having then the control of the government, which they called in that day their Congress, received permission to occupy these outlets with this experiment. It appears that, contrary to the remonstrance and protest of the property holders and business men of the city, the outlet of the river was so delivered over to him.

By this time other interests arose in the Dominion of Canada and the Empire of England perceived that to thus block the only outlet to the great valley would be to reverse and turn through the canals and iron ways owned by those interests and through the noble St. Lawrence all this commerce. They therefore cheerfully bestowed upon this adventure all the means necessary to *convince* Congressmen and Congress, to persuade the press and to provide the material necessary to block up and destroy this outlet.

The result was as follows:

1. The larger shipping of the port of the ancient city was for five consecutive years turned away from the most favorable channel, the city subsisting chiefly on fresh fish and oysters, and the population, which could not emigrate, gradually exhausting all their possessions available for such a purpose in the purchase of flour and hog products sent down from the farmers on the river above them. Money, stocks, jewelry, furniture were gradually absorbed and consumed in the hope that there would be "a change of administration," which seems to have been by the political sages of that day, watched intently in season and out of season as a summary relief for all their troubles.

After a period, the subfluvian works were partially completed. Then it appears the current cut under and, in the language of that time, "caved" the streets of concrete built on each side of the channel. These were buoyed at first, and such accurate charts made as enabled the mariners to avoid them. The number of men following the avocation of pilots multiplied, and the rates of the insurers, whose capital was chiefly at the East, increased. Then there came a new trouble. The emissary of the great ring, whose members were railroads, canals, and even cities, had built those subfluvian streets thus: [The diagram is omitted.] The width of the channel selected was half a mile. Its depth shoaled from sixty feet to the depth on the bar dredged out to eighteen feet. This extraordinary structure was of *beton coignee*, a cement of sand lime and shells, and of coffers known as caissons of iron, latticed, filled with sand and clay, and sunk in parallel lines on each side of the channel.

If the waters had been withdrawn these walls would have represented the two sides of one of those principal streets in the city of Chicago. This concrete street was prospected to converge gradually for five miles on each side of this channel to a space of about 600 feet. The impossibility of finding a sufficient foundation for any permanent structure on the surface of the ground near this river had been demonstrated by the emissary. What, then, was the possibility of erecting such a structure upon the shifting mud of the channel. As had been predicted by men skilled in the alluvial stratification of the delta, as it was called, the stream speedily undermined the street of concrete. It cut through, under and around it. It was as if Napoleon or Lord Nelson had broken the line and combination of an enemy. The concrete street was broken, twisted, tumbled into and across the channel. Mud accumulated around its broken masses. The drift wood, obstructed by the narrowed outlet, and beaten back by the ocean tide and wind, accumulated, dammed up and made what was at that day termed a raft. Year after year these obstructions accumulated. The charts become uncertain, the pilots were bewildered, insurance was raised to absurd rates, ship owners directed their vessels to go to various Eastern ports and receive cotton, corn and flour by rail across the Mississippi. Suddenly a serious storm arose. The river was, in the slang of that day, "booming." A strong wind set into the channel. The drift wood was piled higher than a mast. Large sections of the concrete street were tumbled in and across the channel, while the river cut in back of, and between, the street and the mud bank. A city meeting was called to demand relief.

A committee of conference with the great Jetlander was appointed. He was not to be found. Rumor had it that he was at New York, Liverpool, in London—in his native Scotland or Jetland. It subsequently appeared that he had received ovations at the hands of the great ring cities and railroads named, and that his rewards were of even a more substantial character. He dwelt in distinguished retirement, and the honor was even accorded him of having closed the port of New Orleans, and concentrated the whole interior trade of the continent upon certain cities of the West and of the Eastern Atlantic.

There was found in a crypt, with many fragments of glassware, chiefly demijohns and bottles, a much mildewed file of an antediluvian journal called the *Picayune*, from which the following explanatory paragraph was exhumed:

We deeply regret to learn that the distinguished engineer who has for so many years been engaged in constructing that great work of the century, the subfluvian walls of *beton coignee*, near the bars of the Mississippi, has suddenly left upon a call of superior emergency which requires his presence elsewhere. [Sub rosa, we learn it is the work of the British government to close out Russia from any possible access to the Mediterranean. It has, therefore, employed our distinguished submarine architect to *improve* the port and channel of the Golden Horn and Bosphorus.] The sudden departure of the distinguished subject of this notice is the more to be regretted that we learn the late storm has broken down an aggregate of about a mile of concrete at different places. Pilotage is, we are concerned to learn, just about equal to salvage. The return of the distinguished principal is anxiously looked for.

Later—[Our sensation heading patented:] "Astounding Report—Failure of the Grand Sub Aqueous Aquavator. Concentrated Current and Wingdam Erodent Company, Limited—The Work Irreparably Injured and Abandoned—The River Not Navigable for an Oyster Boat—The President En Route for Ispahan via Constantinople."

It is with inexpressible indignation that we learn the terrible facts, obtained by special intelligence from authentic sources, only accessible to this paper. Can it be possible? A company so strong, an administration so able, a stock in such demand. We advise our fellow-citizens to prepare for the worst. There are, as we learn, considerable sums due for materials and services, professional and otherwise, of our citizens. We esteem as nothing the few insignificant thousands which may be due ourselves, for stock which we have earned by the sweat of our brains. The bills of advertisements for contracts and of official stationery due us we would cheerfully give for authority to contradict this deplorable tale of ruin. In the meantime, who is to take these masses of masonry, clamped and latticed together under the unhappy patent of Manico? We trust an infamous and oppressive government will pity us.

We hope the stupid bureau of hydrography may have sense enough left to dispatch immediately the saphead, who disapproved of the subaquean concrete street, but who has successfully blasted out thousands of rock at Hell Gate. Let him be sent instantly to do what he can to blast out these impediments. In the meantime let the oppressive and rapacious administration supply rations for our people until our commerce shall have been restored to the condition in which it was found by the rascally radicals. Would that we were attached to some paternal and conservative government of Europe.

Some weeks after follows the maledictory of the journal to the public, in which it announces the total closure of the port, the cessation of trade, the distribution of rations by an "imbecile and wicked administration," and the departure of an expedition, by which the government of the United States removes the surviving inhabitants, without regard to past color or condition, into the newly annexed and admitted State of Guajalahara, late in the republic of Mexico.

*Of Macaulay.

The dreary winter blockade on top of Pike's Peak is over, and one of the men who has been doing duty on that elevated weather post has come down to tell his experience. At times the thermometer was over thirty degrees below zero, the wind blowing so strongly that exposure to it was dangerous, and the snow driving in blinding clouds. The signal service men, in their substantial stone house, with plenty of wood and provisions, were secure from hunger and frost, and came out of their seclusion in good health.

The *Congregationalist* says: "It has long been our impression that it would be the truest possible epitaph which could be chiseled on the tombstones of some of the loveliest matrons whom death yearly removes from the church and the world: 'Died of overmuch hospitality to those who exacted more than they deserved it.'"

BOSSIER PARISH PROSPEROUS.

It is gratifying to be able to announce that adversity, from one cause and another, has not been able to prostrate all portions of Louisiana; that neither a flood of water, politics, or even hungry politicians of any kind have been sufficiently powerful to shut off all prosperity in our State. A voice from Bossier in the person of Judge Baker, who recently arrived here, gives a most cheerful picture of the growing prosperity of that parish, and that too, under Republican rule; a prosperity that owes its existence almost alone to the efforts of the freedmen of Bossier parish. It would appear from this that in Bossier the freedmen early accepted the situation presented by the results of the late civil war, and by a close application to the cultivation of the soil have managed to become the possessors of a large portion of the lands of that parish. There is no good cause why white men, with their superior intelligence should not have taken hold and accomplished as much, if not more, than the freedmen have done since the conclusion of the war; yet it is apparent that this has not been the case in Bossier, nor indeed in any other part of the State. In proportion as the negro has striven to advance under the rule of freedom and equal rights in the South, it would seem the white man has been determined to retrograde, rather than submit to the new order of things and earnestly labor for his own prosperity, thereby adding to the prosperity of the State. As this is something that government can not control in this land of freedom, it certainly should not be held responsible. And yet government is blamed for the want of prosperity in the South. The condition of Bossier parish at this time clearly demonstrates what can be done in every other parish of the State—only much more effectually because upon a much larger scale—if whites and blacks would till the soil with a determination that is necessary to secure prosperity. The black tillers of the soil in Bossier have been growing wealthy in lands, etc., by labor, while the white inhabitants, those who once possessed all the lands, have been growing poor. Now, there is only one fair and reasonable way to account for this condition of things in Bossier—and the same exists throughout most of the Southern States similarly situated as Louisiana—and that is that the whites have not industriously applied themselves to the cultivation of the soil which in most instances belonged to them. If they had commenced to do this, even on a small scale, when the war was over, they would have been in a prosperous condition now, far more prosperous than the freedmen who had to commence under many comparative disadvantages, chiefly among which was the want of land to cultivate. The freedman owned no land at the close of the war that made him free; and the prejudice was so strong against him that for a time it was impossible for him to rent land. It took several years to dispel this prejudice sufficiently to allow the freedman to go to work on his own account, and that time did not arrive until the white landholder found himself compelled to sell land to raise the means to live upon. The landholders of Bossier were among the first to break through the prejudice that has worked so seriously against the peace and prosperity of many portions of our State, and the consequence is that to-day that parish is in a growing state of prosperity. Judge Baker is authority for saying that the rich lands in the southern portion of that large parish are almost entirely owned and cultivated by colored men, formerly slaves, who have become wealthy within a few years by raising cotton, the result of their own labor. And as they have advanced the agricultural interest of their parish by adding, through labor, to their individual wealth, they have been the means of aiding in establishing a mercantile interest, on a sound basis, to meet the wants of themselves and neighbors. They have supplied the money that has established merchants now in the enjoyment of a flourishing business, thus linking commerce with agriculture for the benefit of their parish. This is business, made prosperous by honest labor, under Republican government; and what is being accomplished in Bossier can be done in every other parish in the State more effectively if whites and blacks would go to work with an equal determination to became prosperous.

For many years, numbering from the commencement of civil war in this country, the white people of the South have been growing poorer. Up to the close of the war this growing poverty was the effect of war. Since then it may be said to be more the effect of the want of industry and a sensible disposition to accept properly the results of the war than otherwise. There is no reason why this should not be reversed if those who are most interested so determine. A change from growing poverty to growing prosperity can be effected whenever the people so determine. As it has been effected in Bossier, so it may be in every other parish in the State. And with general prosperity will return peace and happiness; for when men learn that wealth comes easier and with more certainty by cultivating the soil or following some useful pursuit than by holding office, the desire for public place will gradually grow less until there will be an end to strife for office. Then the State will have peace, crowned with prosperity, and "the Committee of Seventy" will find better employment than constant political agitation made in the interest of office seekers.

For Guatemala.

Dr. D. P. Fenner, one of our leading physicians, left Saturday night, on the steamer Selma, for the city of Guatemala. He goes at the urgent solicitation of Colonel George Williamson, United States minister to Central America, whose family physician he was when that gentleman resided in Shreveport. He goes on a prospecting trip, and expects to be absent some three months. His family remain here. The many friends of the doctor extremely regret to lose him, both from personal and professional considerations. Probably, however, he will conclude, after investigation, that Shreveport is about as good a point as the Central American city.—*Shreveport Times.*

Many of the best London ballads are composed in America.

THE AMBER SPIRIT.

Pour it out from the decanter,
See the merry bubbles float;
Can you tell me, boon companion,
As their glittering you note,
Whence appear the yellow sparkles
Which upon the surface rise?
Disenthralled, the Amber Spirit
Is revealed to human eyes.

In the broad Kentucky lowlands,
When the summer sun was high,
When the very breeze was listless
And went drooping idly by,
'Mid the soughing and the sighing
Of the gaily tasselled corn,
Was the spirit of the liquor,
The bright Amber Spirit born.

Hidden in the yellow beauty
Of the serried golden ears,
Passing through a heat infernal,
And distilled in fiery tears,
'Prisoned in the Bourbon barrel,
Lying silent and "perdu,"
Now, released, the Amber Spirit
Is revealed to me and you.

And, as once the old apostles
Were subdued by sudden light,
You and I, my boon companion,
Yield submissive at the sight.
Blushing Venus from the sea-foam
Issued not a fairer birth
Than this sparkling Amber Spirit,
Beaming daughter of the earth.

Spirit with a spell as potent
As the light in women's eyes,
Spirit which the strong man wooeth,
And from which the wise one flies—
Wise should we be, boon companion,
But too potent are the wiles,
And we "smile," my friend, together,
As the Amber Spirit smiles.

ADMIRAL D. G. FARRAGUT.

An Oration by J. R. G. Pitkin, Esq., of New Orleans.

Following this we give our readers a condensed report of the very excellent oration delivered at Lyceum Hall last Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, for the benefit of the Chalmette monument fund. It will be seen that the speaker looks forward to a period when New Orleans shall contain a statue of our illustrious naval hero. In more prosperous times this suggestion may become an accomplished fact. Having been introduced to his audience by Colonel William Wright, chairman of the lecture committee, Mr. Pitkin spoke as follows:

War is a grim anvil, upon which we lay a solemn purpose, drawn forth glowing from the national heart, and shape it to a javelin. We hurl the javelin forward, and lo, it stands erect over the impaled error as a staff, whence thereafter floats a standard, unchallenged, perhaps, in its moral sovereignty. To advance the staff we were constrained to propel it as a javelin—once implanted it remains simply a flagstaff. It is really the method of progress ever since the world began, and the Romans told the moral daintily in the fable of Camillus. Men or nations thus plant their mile posts forward and then march up to them. They must needs be aggressive to daunt doubters and revilers, or they must needs rescue their hope from stifling atmospheres by casting it into a future.

We can not all expect to project great aims, as a lad does his ball—just far enough to have them rebound promptly to our hands. We must, at times, dart them over within new horizons, and it is the utter impulse that gets them there. We must even be content to forecast, that in our pursuit along the weary path thither, we may relax in a grave, over which better men shall leap, in quest of the same great end. Whatever, then, the staff may be; whatever cheer we may hope to unfurl upon it; a rhyme, a tenet or a law, let it be resolutely hurled, and that is enough for us. Though we fail of the goal we aspire for, a sterling truth never died for lack of kindly care; the posterity it nurtures claims it as a hereditary right.

I have said that war is an anvil. Old Pythagoras caught hints of music from a smithy and from the greater anvil, on which we smote our ruddy purpose as a people into a deadly implement of defense, came forth a rare metre, stern and measured, that timed the tramp of armies, the foot-beat of sentries, and the throb of ten thousands of widowed hearts. It was a wail and a thud, a grief and a might, a tender heart and a clenched fist, a shrill tenor and an angry bass, a woe beaten into the very iron of the guns as a dangerous ingredient! This song was ours—ours, all of us—a song which must henceforth tingle in every heart, a solemn pride for the past, an exultant courage for the future.

The better to quicken these two grand emotions is, it seems to me, the true mission of a great countryman's statue. His history is a constituent part of national history, nay, one intrinsic reason for it. Inseparable from it, it is the property of the whole country. He can not take it with him into his grave, if he will. His image stands out upon the frontier of his epoch, a symbol of all our sacrifices and triumphs, and faces the future with a dumb eloquence of forecast that can not but chasten and inspire the good citizen. The resurrection of his form through a quarry in the very earth, down in which his bones moulder, cheers us to dare justly for ripening days. His loyal power never declines, death does not interrupt it, his service to the nation is continuous with her existence, he mounts the pedestal to assert the same high faith, to wage the same moral warfare, to descry far off the looming of his old prophecies, to pronounce the same admonitions. The lip is silent and the sword sheathed, but the purpose they espoused is pent in the statue that finds it speech in the testimony of coming events.

As you have heard your voice reverberate from mountain walls, so the great man, who shouted his warning against wrongs he may even have failed to subvert, hears, erect upon his monument, loud echoes of himself in the later results of his labors.

If ever a man lived, who remembered that his services and life were wholly his country's, who not only foresaw results, but with magnificent impatience clenched them, and whose statue would embody much of what the American people best may boast, that man is Citizen Farragut.

If marble entomb the man Farragut, can not in marble survive as well the neighbor Farragut? Let us confirm his citizenship among us in his graven image.

George Anthony Farragut, the father of the Admiral, was born on the island of Minorca, and of Spanish parents, came to this country and so distinguished himself at the battle of Cowpens as to be made a major. Subsequently wounded in North Carolina, he was borne to the house of Jonathan Shine, whose daughter—the Admiral's mother—is thus introduced.

It might be interesting to dwell upon this period of his retirement, and surmise the gentle influences that awakened a new and strange zeal in his breast. The tender offices of the household—the grateful regard therefor attaching him to those within it—the subtle hunger for an especial presence—the miserly estimate of a word, a look, a touch—the final awakening to his need—all these are old chapters in life. Your Roman Antony, your Scandinavian Frey, warriors though they were, surrendered to the mysterious power, and how much better might the stricken soldier when he had entered woman's choicest and most hazardous camp, the sick room, where a beautiful compassion thrills in her tender ministrations. Suffice it to say that the wounded soldier was not only made whole, but doubly whole. He went forth with a new Shine in his heart—it was the betrothed Elizabeth Shine.

They were not married till several years after the war, when they moved to Knoxville, Tennessee, where, in 1797, their first child, William A. C. Farragut, was born; thence to Stony Point, where were born all the other children, David Glascoe (the Admiral), Nancy and Elizabeth, both of which daughters now reside at Pascagoula, Mississippi, and George Anthony, who was drowned off Biloxi, Mississippi, in 1815.

The speaker traced the course of the family to New Orleans, the father and senior son, when but ten years of age, anteceding the rest about a year; the entering of William and Glascoe here into the navy as middies by Captain David Porter; the devotion of Porter to little Glascoe and solicitous care for his tuition; the latter's experience on the Essex in the Pacific, her capture, his wound and parole; the notable parallel between Porter's and Glascoe's lives; the latter's marriage in 1833 to Susan C. Marchant, and in 1841 as a widower to Virginia D. Loyall, still living, and his numerous assignments to inconspicuous duty, down to the beginning of the rebellion, when, in the words of the speaker, "the season was to cull out the saps within him into leaves of laurel."

The first official mention of Farragut occurs in Porter's report of the British capture of the Essex in Valparaiso bay, in 1814, namely: "Midshipmen Isaacs, Farragut and Ogden exerted themselves in the performance of their respective duties, but they are too young for promotion."

The career of Farragut down to the beginning of the rebellion was then traced in brief.

In introducing a succinct rehearsal of Farragut's approach to the city, the speaker related that "when at Tunis, and a middy, he was presented with a Turkish ataghan, on whose scabbard was represented a frigate passing between the fire of two forts. An unsuspected omen! It is thus great deeds wait in a great man's hands, though he be unmindful of it and laugh as we may at palmistry."

Here followed an extended analysis of Farragut's character, with askant glimpses at his old patron, Porter, by which it was largely leavened. After dilating upon the difference between the warrior like Farragut, who unselfishly made his country himself and the warrior like Bonaparte, whose unholy ambition made himself his country, the speaker remarked, "St. Helena is the moral quarry of all future Pompey's pillars, at whose base mad Cæsars must fall." Of Farragut's promptitude in the discharge of duty he declared "his head was surmounted with a percussion cap."

Of his gentleness, "he was a humane man armed cap-a-pie—patriotism his energy and religion his temperance." We can present but one point in this connection: "It becomes us as a people, proud of our civilization, to remember that Farragut daily knelt in devout humility and besought God's blessing and guidance. Fortified by faith in his country and exalted by faith in his Maker, his zeals were all grand, passionate and unselfish.

The cause of the rebellion derives much of its imputed sanctity in the minds of many to-day from the known religious character of men like Generals Lee and Thomas J. Jackson. Such characters stand to such minds as a warrant for the use to which they lent their swords and as a pledge for the worth of their cause. Ever since the days of the Ironsides we like camps better that can be prayer meetings, and it is the religiously honest man in a cause, good or bad, who is its most formidable champion to extinguish or abate in history.

And again, Farragut was great in that goodness of which his valor was but an impulse. He was a large equity in himself. He sailed to conserve, not avenge.

After detailing his ovation abroad after the war, his gradual decline and retreat to Portsmouth, New Hampshire to find medicine in the sea breezes there, the orator adverted to the Admiral's closing hours: There, in the sultry summer days, with devout lips whispering religious cheer at his ear, with the old sea murmurous with a song of his glory and breathing her benediction upon him; with a loving nation at hush for tidings of his restoration; on the Sabbath noon of August 14, 1870, the hand that had seized treason so fiercely by the throat, the hand that within three short years King, Czar, Sultan and Pope had been proud to press, the hand, prayerfully imprisoned now in a wifely clasp, drooped an idle, impotent thing. The old Admiral had drifted out seaward. "Yet," saith a rude ancient chronicler, "some men yet say in many parts of England, that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu in another place; and men say that he will come again." I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say, "Here in this world he changed his life." Our chronicle can but add of Farragut, that he has come again and is ever with us.

Returning to his initial suggestion of a statue of Farragut in this city, Mr. Pitkin said: "The generous traits that the old mariner disclosed, are alone called in exercise in this project of a memorial. As the benefit he achieved inured to all—friend and foe—so, it seems to me, all might join in tribute to a common benefactor. We are all brethren to-day in the body politic, and girt about with defenses he served to re-establish: we are secure and prosperous, and sanguine, because he made himself, with others, a reason why we should be so. A monument, surmounted by Lee and some of his fellow-chieftains, has lately been reared in our midst, and it is not for us to take moral exception to it. The two enterprises can not conflict. The memories of Farragut and Lee are not rivals. Lee in marble would simply testify for Farragut in marble. Lee, drawing forth his sword in '61, not with the readiness and grasp of his previous years, but with reluctance and pain, and standing between the Union he cherished and a State, frankly confessed to his sister, he saw no reason for the strife. His image will stand forth a witness with Farragut's that there was no reason. Lot's wife became her own penal monument for looking backward; it would seem a greater kindness not to erect in effigy the proudest, saddest foe of a Union he had loved and served so long and well. I dare almost believe that it was this old love that smote him the more in that the Republic dealt so graciously with his error. There was a sorrow in him that perhaps lamented the surrender of his arms in '65 less than the surrender of himself in '61. The federal armies seemed almost to a man to suspect it and even spoke his name—as I would speak it with melancholy kindness.

A statue to Farragut should delight the constant citizen and could not affront the manly enemy. It would stand not a taunt but a gracious pledge. It would enjoin simply what the Admiral substantially proclaimed here in 1862—the flag of the Union overhead, the soil of the Union underfoot, and for every man between them the liberties of the Union.

He tells us that the gun-flashes of the forts below alone enabled him to direct his shots through the fog. With her torch of rebellion the South became not only the recruiting sergeant, but the unconscious guide of the republic in her progress down the age. The Union had faltered for years and driveled apologies for reasons; but for the Southern beacon she might falter and drivel still. The rebel thus reinforced the national soldier in the moral battle of the century, and the two have won together something better for the future than a few forts and customs seats, something better than the republic itself aspired for, to wit: The great Christian principle that the man whom God has made no statute can make less than man. * * * * *

I feel the poverty of my tribute to Farragut when I know history will jealously hold his name as one of its peculiar boasts. Long after your children's children and mine shall slumber in the soil he reclaimed, the American people will affectionately revere him who has risen from beneath the standard he defended in freedom's name to the clearer blue of that heaven whose service is perfect freedom. We have the old Union ship left, thanks be to God. Is his spirit in the maintop, in promise of invincible futures? I devoutly believe it.

Horrors of Burial in Paris.

[Paris Correspondence of the New York Times.]

What shall be done with the dead? Our larger cemeteries are full. A portion of them is parceled out and sold to parties *a perpetuite*, but for those who are unable to pay the price the limit is five years, and although the dead may be left a little longer, they are soon driven out, the ground is overturned, and room is made for others. The bones of all the poor who died ten years ago now lie in one common heap, and once more the cemeteries are filled. But the soil refuses to do its work any longer. It has become saturated, and will no longer absorb. The graves are now dug in a mass of putrefaction, and exhalations are constantly rising to poison the living. Only a thin layer of earth separates the graves, and a few days ago a young and beautiful girl, the idol of her home, was lowered into a grave which filled the minds of every assistant with horror. A stream of liquified putrid matter was running in from the grave beside it. Two grave diggers recently struck too near when opening a grave, broke open a coffin, and died in a few hours from the poisonous exhalations. Great precautions have to be taken in digging ordinary graves, for, as I have previously stated, the ground is thoroughly saturated, and can absorb no longer. The condition of the atmosphere and of the water in this vicinity is something horrible to think about, and it is not astonishing that the sickly quarters of the city should be near these great cemeteries.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

I PRAY THEE.

Thou who hast died for me,
Jesus of Nazareth,
Hear me, Immanuel,
King over death.
Send now thy Comforter, swift as the dart;
So let my faith in Thee never depart.
As thou hast shed for me
Tears of blood agony,
Christ of Gethsemane,
Comfort my heart.

Thou who hast lived for me,
Jesus of Nazareth,
Hear, Star of Bethany,
What my heart saith—
Thou who hast done what I never may dare,
Thou who has borne what I never can bear.
Help or I faint and die.
Only to Thee I cry,
Son of the Lord, Most High,
Oh, hear my prayer.

Oh, how I long for Thee,
Jesus of Nazareth;
Blessed of Golgotha,
Give me yet breath,
That I may sing for Thee, Fisher of Galilee,
That I may speak of Thee, oh Lamb of Calvary;
That I may weep for Thee, Baby of Bethlehem;
Welcomed of children, oh King of Jerusalem!
Oh let me see Thy face,
Always in every place;
Thou only Grace of grace,
Ever—Amen.

Overflow—Reproduction of Crops.

NEW ORLEANS, May 14, 1874.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:

Now that the deluge of waters has already capped the climax of previous overflows in our State, and has commenced receding, though but little shrinking of its mighty volume, withdrawing sullenly and slowly, yet hope, with beckoning hands, begins to be seen and felt. And it is true that the immediate direful effect that has been produced by the present overflow on so large a portion—comprising as it does nearly all the alluvial lands of the State—has been, and is, much mitigated and relieved by the prompt and generous munificence of the government, and the no less nor less prompt, warm-hearted and noble munificence of the different cities, churches, and humane and sympathizing citizens all over our great country, which is well calculated, and no doubt does, inspire every heart in Louisiana with gratitude and thankfulness.

Yet our troubles and distress from the results of the present overflow are not ended, and the worst is not yet come, unless the same be provided for by the continuation of the same munificence, both by the government and the people. True, the suffering are to-day being satisfied with bread and meat, and the waters are withdrawing, and it is equally true that to-day the waters are yet over the best alluvial lands in the State at a depth from one to six feet; the fencing all gone, houses washed away in many instances; the laborers and occupants of the lands gathering moss and willow leaves to feed and keep alive their mules and horses; they thin and haggard from long starvation, for I know of hundreds of instances myself that the plow stock have now been kept alive the last six or eight weeks by the gathering of moss and willow leaves by the laborers and proprietors of plantations. This is entirely the case on all of Black, the lower part of the Ouachita, Tensas and Little rivers.

Now, this does not look much like reproducing—even when the water leaves. These people, in all that part of our State referred to, are not able, now, nor neither will they be able to feed their plow stock. They must have corn and hay—unless we can procure provender for the work animals—and provisions for the people. The only basis of a credit that the people can present is the probabilities of a forthcoming crop; and, of course, considering the lateness of the season and other unfavorable circumstances, looks hazardous. Our merchants, who have always been liberal in advancing on the production of crops, from many unfavorable circumstances, are unable to take the risk now. Their indulgence and liberality to planters and farmers in our State for many years past have long since made them distinguished as a commercial class.

The light crops of last season on the alluvial lands and unanticipated low price of cotton from our financial distress and disruption, have left our farmers, particularly in the overflowed districts, in debt, and in a corresponding manner crippled our commission merchants, and they are now unable to come to our rescue with advances, to feed the teams and the people. And from these causes, the results and effects of the present overflow, are more fearfully distressing than any preceding flood.

Now, what we want is reproduction of crops. A half crop may yet be made of cotton, and perhaps a whole crop of corn and peas, if the bud worm should not destroy the corn. All and every interest is deeply concerned in the assuring of a crop this year. Our ability, as a general thing, to pay taxes and live depends entirely on the production of annual crops. Our people, or the farming or planting classes, never have laid up money. They have always been accustomed to receive supplies to make crops by advances from the commission merchants of New Orleans, and hypothecate their crops. A very unthrifty manner of living, I admit; but, nevertheless, true.

The relief committee here, composed of some of the best men (and gentlemen, too, having large material interests in the city and State), in this or any other community, are distributing with zeal and industry provisions and supplies generally to the distressed and suffering all over the State. But their means are too limited, and can only so far apply to the present wants of a suffering and half famished people. But it is doing a world of good in satisfying hunger and sustaining life. But what is now addressing itself to the thoughtful is how we are yet to make a crop; how we are to feed the teams and the people when the water has withdrawn. If a crop is not made on the lands in the overflowed districts this year, the people who are now occupying these lands will still have to be fed, and no increased ability realized, or these people will have to seek an asylum and employment elsewhere, and the fairest and most fertile portions of our State become a wilderness and desolate.

The truth is we must reproduce and these valuable farming lands must be preserved, these to-day mutilated plantations must be refitted and reconstructed from the effects of the waters and a crop assured. The life and energy of the State require it. The business interests of the city require it. And humanity demands that the people and teams on those lands should be supplied. The citizen owes allegiance first to the government. The government owes protection of life, liberty and property to the people. Life is not worth much without liberty, and liberty not much without means of subsistence. A severe affliction has overtaken the best part of our State and hangs over it and the people like a funeral pall. We want now provender for work stock and supplies for the people. The government, under the circumstances, should and certainly will provide these means, so that the people can become relieved from permanent pauperism, and these fair lands be made capable of reproduction and continued homes for a large part of our population.

Cotton is to-day, and long has been, the basis of our national exchange; its production and reproduction furnishes a home market—the best market in the world—for the sale and consumption of the surplus of grain, provisions, and many other articles of the varied production and articles of the Great West. The great interests of the Western dealer, and producer, is deeply interested in our reproduction, and in the supplying of our present wants. Then let us have provisions to insure the making and gathering a crop on these lands. Then we will be able to commence paying something back in return. Our country restored and resuscitated, and our people with smiling faces and thankful hearts, will begin to look up again, and the whole country benefited thereby.

I am satisfied or fear that some may think that in the districts alluded to we might supply ourselves in some way or by some hook or crook after the water goes down, and make some crops. But I assure such there is no possibility for us so to do. The present circumstances are unparalleled. There is, so to speak, not a dollar in the country, in those districts, and it is utterly impossible to employ any credit, from the causes above mentioned. I am perhaps in as good a situation as any of those owning and working lands. I have some fifteen places and plantations in the overflowed district, all under water yet, and about 300 people depending on a livelihood by working these places. I have supplied them up to the first of the present month with the purchase of teams, tools and supplies to the amount of several thousand dollars, which fact the books of some three commission merchants in the city abundantly disclose. My means, however, are exhausted and hundreds and thousands of others are in a similar situation, and worse. The merchants here are not in a situation to advance under such unfavorable circumstances, as the fencing has to be done, the places righted up and the crop planted over—in short, everything has to be done, and done quickly. The water can not be off in those districts so that plowing and planting can recommence before the first of June, and there is not a sprig of grass or a shrub for the work animals to feed upon. The laborers will have to work from early morn till dewy eve to rush the crop in. Now comes the tug of war. Man and beast, to expect work to be done, must be well and regularly fed. The relief of rations, now so generously afforded, will not be sufficient. It comes for a few days at a time, but no grain comes, or can come, from the present resources of the relief committee. These rations sustain and satisfy the present want of the distressed, but are quite insufficient to make a crop. In those districts we are willing to waive our previously acquired privilege on the crops of this year to any parties now furnishing supplies necessary to make and gather the crops. I am willing to waive my privileges on all the places I have in the overflow, and surrender the use of team, and tools and rent of land this year, so that some crop may be made on the lands, and teams provided for. There are none here able to do this. Therefore we call upon the government to do this in order to afford employment for so many of our people, and prevent so large a portion of our most valuable and productive lands from going to waste. I can supply my own family, but am wholly unable to continue to supply of so large a number of destitute persons, and laborers on those places alluded to. Although the land, teams and tools are adequate to make a good crop and enough laborers on the same to work them, and, too, after expending as much as I have this year toward making a crop—it all has to go for naught unless grain and supplies are now furnished necessary to plant, grow and gather the crop. This I deem our darkest hour of distress, for if these people are not furnished and grain furnished the work stock these lands will, as it were, be abandoned, and hundreds and thousands of our people permanent paupers. The taxes can not be paid on these lands, and virtual confiscation of them will be the result, and the material interests of the State prostrated.

This should not be, therefore let our members of Congress see to it immediately. Let the Governor, who has hitherto acted promptly in reference to the suffering people of the State (this addresses itself to the suffering and threatened interests of the State) represent and urge upon Congress to now make suitable provision for supplying the planting interests in the overflowed districts of the State with grain and supplies adequate to insure a crop in the same, and let the press in the city and State do the same, and I am satisfied that it will be done. The efforts and generosity of the humane in many of our cities and by many noble individuals is being distributed to the suffering in many portions of our State by the relief committee, and falling like manna from the heavens, causing thousands of hungry people to rejoice and be glad. Yet it is too feeble and small to insure the reproduction of a crop in those districts.

Now, may we not hope that as Congress is in session yet and will be for some time, that by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, ample and full provision will be afforded by Congress, and the anticipated blight to the interests of our State be avoided.

A. W. FAULKNER.

Parish of St. Helena.

The parish convention met in the town of Greensburg, May 9, 1874, to elect a parish executive committee, and was called to order by Elder Reese, who was elected temporary chairman, and Allen A. Goins secretary.

The chair appointed the following committee on credentials:

Pearsen Phillips, R. F. Primus, D. S. Gorman, Norvell Terrell, Peter Atkins.

Hon. W. D. Floyd and J. B. Davis were invited to address the convention.

The committee on credentials made the following report:

First ward—Peter Atkins, Jack Pipkin, Thomas Mixon, Jerry Robins.

Second ward—Elder Reese, Norvell Terrell, Alex. Brown.

Third ward—D. S. Gorman, Jesse Taylor.

Fourth ward—Berry Robinson.

Fifth ward—R. F. Primus.

Sixth ward—P. Phillips.

The convention went into an election for members of the parish committee, when the following named gentlemen were unanimously elected:

First ward—Isaac Jordan, Thomas Tucker, Prince Nelson, Peter Atkins, Thomas Mixon, Jerry Robins.

Second ward—Elder Reese, Norvell Terrell, Alex. Brown, J. C. Watson, Isaac Foster, Leonard Smith, Peter Jenkins.

Third ward—D. S. Gorman, Allen A. Goins, Jesse Taylor, Richmond Terrell, Joseph Johnson.

Fourth ward—Miles Morgan, George Tabor, Caleb Vining.

Fifth ward—R. F. Primus, George Hart.

Sixth ward—Pearson Phillips, Ben Strickland.

The convention then adjourned sine die.

Immediately after adjournment the committee met for the purpose of organizing, when, on call of the roll, seventeen members answered to their names. Elder James Reese was unanimously elected president; Allen A. Goins, secretary; Richmond Terrell, treasurer; D. S. Gorman, assistant secretary, and Isaac Foster, marshal.

JAMES REESE, President.
ALLEN A. GOINS, Secretary.

Reunion of the Ninth Army Corps.

The survivors of General Burnside's old command met last Monday, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania:

General Burnside expressed great pleasure in meeting the corps, and intimated that he would have occasion to speak to them at greater length on a future occasion during the week. He alluded in very complimentary terms to the fact that a member of the ninth now occupies the executive chair of the State of Pennsylvania. He introduced Rev. D. H. Gressinger, of Lancaster, who made a brief prayer, after which, in a few appropriate words, General Wilcox was introduced, and was received with applause. He addressed his comrades, referring to the services of the corps during the war in the Carolinas, in Virginia, and in the different localities along the front, which thrilling scenes he enumerated; then he referred to the more agreeable enjoyment of peace and good-will throughout the land.

He suggested that an invitation should be extended to the late Confederate corps (Longstreet's) which he had most frequently encountered to come up next year and have a patriotic time of it and bury the hatchet together and forever. [Applause.] He referred to the loss in battle of Stevens, Reno and others of distinction among the leaders in the various conflicts, and to the many thousands of the rank and file who sacrificed their lives. They did not die in vain. The four millions of liberated slaves now in the enjoyment of citizenship bear testimony to the fact that the blood was not shed in vain.

He warmly congratulated the corps that one of their comrades, General Hartranft, an honest man, now enjoys the highest honor that the great State of Pennsylvania is able to bestow upon any one of her citizens. He hoped all would enjoy and properly appreciate the blessings of liberty and peace, which, in common with all our people, we are permitted to enjoy.

The society then proceeded to business.

A very rich coal merchant in England has written to several of his customers who purchased coal of him for brewing and other purposes connected with the manufacture of beer, regretting that he is unable to continue serving them, as "being an abstainer and a Good Templar he can not conscientiously supply coal for the manufacture of the articles of such a trade."