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[For the New Orleans Republican.]

A PRAYER FOR HELP.

BY MAY CLIFFORD.

Have mercy, oh my God, my cup
Is brimming high with tears,
And I am bending low to Thee,
Bowed down by earthly cares.

My life is barren, Lord, of fruit,
I gather only leaves,
And reel beneath the burthen of
Unprofitable sheaves.

Thou canst remove the bitter grief
That taints my daily life;
Christ, I have called upon Thy name,
Still thou the waves of strife.

My brow is wet with drops of pain,
My heart is faint and sore,
Lord, who hath power all things to do,
Thy peace upon me pour.

The thorns are thick upon my way,
Few blossoms come to me,
My feet are wounded, bleeding now
I turn me unto Thee.

One by one my joys have left me,
Floated far beyond my sight;
I am groping, groping blindly,
Jesus guide me to the light.

Christ, my Master, hear my pleading,
Suffer me to come to Thee,
I am lonely and forsaken,
Thou my help and comfort be.

Lo! I'm bending, praying, pleading,
Have mercy, oh, my God, on me;
Guide me through the deepening darkness,
Guide me safely unto Thee.

See my hands are stretched toward Thee,
Wounded with the chains of care;
Take them in Thine own, my Saviour,
Bid them wreaths of glory bear.

Bind my brow with brilliant blossoms,
Fill my heart with heavenly love,
I am sick and wounded, weary,
Give me rest with Thee above.

Rest me on Thy gentle bosom,
Lift the burden from my brow,
Ease my soul of bitter sorrow,
Jesus, Saviour, near me now.

THE LAST BISCUIT.

Prudence Holmes sat alone in the wide, shady kitchen, busily engaged in picking over whortleberries. Without the sunshine of an August afternoon bathed the green fields and dusty road that wound away to the village, and touched with richer color the nasturtiums, sweet peas, geraniums and zinnias in the tiny garden, and the heavy Virginia creeper that climbed and blossomed above the door. Prudence made a pretty picture as she sat on a low cricket, with a big calico apron spread over her blue-sprigged muslin dress to defend it from the stains that had soiled her little brown hands. She was a petite, daintily-rounded maiden of eighteen, with great dark eyes, and glossy curls shading a fair brow and cheeks that had a touch of wild-rose bloom upon them. The kitchen, too, such a pretty picture, with its well-scoured floor and dresser, its asparagus-topped clock, its shining stove, with bunches of herbs hung behind, and the great bouquet of vivid cardinal flowers set on the snowy table. The kitchen was perfectly still save the buzz of the flies and the click of the clock; and outside the cricket and the locusts alone had disturbed the peace. Prudence believed that every one in the house was asleep but herself, and yawned somewhat wearily as she tossed over the berries, finishing the yawn with a bit of a soliloquy uttered half aloud:

"Oh, dear! this having summer boarders isn't very nice!"

"Miss Prudence," said a voice in the doorway so suddenly that Prudence nearly upset her berries in her surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth, is it you?" she said, bashfully, bending down to pick up a few berries that had rolled from her apron.

"I'll pick 'em up!" exclaimed a new comer, a tall and rather aristocratic looking youth of twenty-one, with merry blue eyes, short auburn hair curling closely under a straw hat—diving for the missing berries with ungraceful dexterity. "Yes, it is I, of course. Have you forgotten your promise to go after lilies with me, this afternoon."

"Oh, but I didn't say this afternoon, you know; only some afternoon this week," responded Prudence, demurely.

"Well, we will call it this afternoon, won't we?" was the persuasive rejoinder, as the straw hat was tossed on the chair.

"I can't; I've got these berries to pick over."

"I'll help you. Lend me half that apron, and we'll have them done in a trice."

"But I shall have supper to get. Mother's away, and there are biscuits to make," insisted Prudence, turning her face away to hide a smile that would curve her lips.

"Never mind that," responded Mr. Abbott Wentworth, bringing a chair to her side. "Tea's at six, isn't it? and it's now only half past two. We'll be back at five, without fail, and have time to get half the lilies in the river;" and he began to assort a handful of berries with much earnestness.

"W-e-l-l," assented Prudence, after a pause for consideration and a glance at the clock, "I can go for a little while, perhaps. Oh! don't stain your coat, Mr. Wentworth."

But Mr. Wentworth was sublimely indifferent to his coat, and worked with such a good will that the berries were soon picked over, and Prudence and himself on their way to the river. Five minutes later Prudence, with her draperies daintily bestowed around her, was seated in the stern of a little boat, which, propelled by Mr. Wentworth's practiced hand, shot swiftly down the stream. Although Mr. Wentworth said to Prudence five times within an hour that it was a lovely day, and although Prudence assented every time, I hardly think they appreciated the beauty around them, for Prudence was quite absorbed in the lilies and the reflections in the water, and Mr. Wentworth looked more at his companion than at the aspect of nature. They had gathered enough lilies to satisfy them, and Prudence was leaning backward and idly trailing one hand in the water, when she suddenly uttered a little scream, and sat erect, with white cheeks, from which the color had been frightened.

"Oh, I almost lost it. How careless I am!" she exclaimed, replacing an old-fashioned ring, set with a tiny circle of rubies, on her finger.

"Did the water sweep it off your hand?"

"I suppose so. It's too large for me: I'm always losing it and finding it again. I wouldn't lose it entirely for the world, because it used to be grandmother's. She gave it to me."

"What a curious old ring it is!" said Mr. Wentworth, with interest. "May I look at it? Don't trouble yourself to take it off," he added, drawing his oars and leaning toward his companion. Prudence allowed her tiny brown hand to lie in his aristocratic white one a moment, then coquettishly withdrew it.

"Isn't it pretty?" she inquired archly.

"Very pretty. Shall I tell you how to guard against losing it in the future?"

"Oh, yes, if you please.

"Wear this little ring of mine to guard it; or, better yet, exchange with me. Give me yours and take this instead," said the young man daringly. Provoking Prudence looked at the heavily-chased gold ring he held out to her, and then looked back at the water with an innocent, "Oh, I don't think it would fit."

"Try it," suggested her companion, softly.

Prudence shook her head, but finally agreed blushingly, that it would do no harm to try, and slipped the ring on her forefinger.

"It's a perfect fit!" cried Mr. Wentworth, delightedly. "Nothing could be better. Why, Miss Prudence, you surely don't mean to give it back?"

"Of course I do," was the saucy rejoinder. "Why not?"

"Because," said Mr. Wentworth, speaking very earnestly and disregarding his oars altogether, while he tried to get a glimpse of the face hidden by the flat hat, "because I meant to ask you to wear it always for my sake. I meant to ask y——"

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth," cried his listener here, "do you see that lily on on your left—won't you get it for me?"

"I'll get you that and twenty others, if you'll listen to me first. Do you care for me, Prudence? Will you marry me?"

Prudence's face was turned away and her head bent lower. A crimson flush stole over her ears, neck and chin.

"Prudence."

No answer. Her companion leaned over her and took her hand again venturously.

"Prudence, will you wear the ring?" he questioned, softly.

But the hand was hastily drawn away, a pair of sauncy black eyes flashed into his own, and Prudence's merry laughter ran over the water.

"I'd rather have grandma's, please. I ought to go home, Mr. Wentworth, for I know it's almost tea time."

Mr. Wentworth put his ring in his pocket and took up the oars again energetically, without a word. He was fresh from college, and held the stroke oar in many a race, but he never made better time than he made that afternoon in rowing up the river. The light boat shot along with the rower's brow knitted and his teeth set. Not once did he look at Prudence, who sat in half-puzzled, half-alarmed silence, now and then stealing sidewise glances at the offended young Hercules from under her hat. Mr. Wentworth drew a breath of relief when the boat at last grated on the sand, and having assisted Prudence to land, and curtly offered to carry her lilies, he shouldered the oars and marched grimly toward home by her side. Prudence, somewhat bewildered and more angry, made no effort to break the silence, and studiously endeavored to keep from crying. When he at last left her at the door, with a cool "Thank you, Miss Prudence," and departed to carry the oars to the barn, it was well he did not look back, for Miss Prudence tossed the lilies aside with a petulant gesture and had a fit of crying with her head on the kitchen table.

When Mr. Wentworth returned from the barn half an hour later he did see a picture that comforted him a little through the hop-wreathed pantry window. It was Prudence, with her sleeves pinned up, molding biscuits in desperate haste, while the tears fell thickly on the high calico apron. This picture so amazed Mr. Wentworth that he retreated hastily behind a lilac bush to observe it, and lingered so long that he was late at tea. This was a model supper. There was the great dish of berries, with snowy cream beside, flanked by cheese and raspberry jam. There were two mountainous plates of snowy biscuit, contrasting with the sponge cake and the richer gold of the butter. Mr. Wentworth, who had supposed he should never have an appetite again, felt quite revived by the sight of this table and the memory of the picture. The rest of the boarders seemed to share the sensation, for the group of muslin was very hilarious, and the eatables disappeared rapidly. Prudence, presiding between the pots, seemed rather out of spirits, but Farmer Holmes atoned for her silence by unusual jollity.

When the biscuits passed a second time to Mr. Wentworth he saw that only one was left, and would have decorously refused, but the hospitable farmer pressed it upon him. "Don't be afraid of it. There's plenty more in the kitchen; isn't there, Prudence?" Thus pressed, Mr. Wentworth accepted the biscuit, and Prudence disappeared to replenish the plate. Mr. Wentworth divided the biscuit, then dropped it suddenly, with an exclamation that brought every eye upon him. There, imbedded in the light, white bread, lay Prudence's ruby ring.

Such a shout of laughter arose that brought Prudence back from the kitchen in haste, just in time to see Mr. Wentworth coolly remove the ring from the biscuit, amidst the merry chorus, and drop it into his waistcoat pocket, to "be kept till called for," he said, with a significant glance at her scarlet face. Poor Prudence! There was no peace for her after that. An army of jokes quite overwhelmed her protestations and disclaimings, and she was thankful to beat a hasty retreat to the kitchen when the meal was over. But even there she was pursued by a laughing trio of the ladies, harrassed with questions, and wonderment and merriment, until the last dish was set away, and she had seized her hat, with the excuse that she must go to the village for letters. Instead of going to the village, however, she stole along the hedge, climbed the wall, and ran to the furthest end of the orchard, where she flung herself on the ground and cried as if her heart would break. She had, perhaps, cried half an hour, when a step crushed the dry grass at her side, roused her, and the very voice she most dreaded to hear said:

"I've come to return your ring, Miss Prudence."

Poor little Prudence sat up hastily, and took the unfortunate ring with a faltering "Thank you," then immediately hid her face again.

"You needn't thank me; I should have brought it before, but I couldn't find you. I hope you're not troubled about those ridiculous jokes," he added, dignifiedly.

"N-o," responded Prudence, miserably, between her sobs; "I—I thought you'd think I did it on purpose."

"How could I have thought so? It was a mere accident, my getting that particular biscuit. I'm very sorry you've been so annoyed in this way. I'm going away to-morrow, Miss Prudence."

The sobs partially ceased, and Miss Prudence said, surprisingly, "Are you?"

"Won't you bid me good by?"

Prudence said "Yes," unsteadily, but did not raise her head.

"You will shake hands, won't you, Miss Prudence?"

No answer.

"I can't go away while you are offended with me. Won't you at least tell me way you are crying?"

"Because I—I lost my grandmother's ring," sobbed Prudence, making a great effort for composure.

Mr. Wentworth laughed in spite of himself. "Why, it's safe on your finger, and not a whit the worse for its baking. Is there really no other reason?"

"N-no."

"But there is. I shall never have another happy moment if I've offended you," said Mr. Wentworth, tragically. "I was a brute to treat you as I did this afternoon; but I'm going away, and I shan't annoy you again. Won't you forgive me now and shake hands?"

Another long silence. Mr. Wentworth turned away in despair, but was detained by a faltering voice, "I—I'll forgive you if——"

"Well?" was the breathless interposition

"You—won't—go—away."

The more observant boarders noticed at breakfast the next morning that Mr. Abbott Wentworth wore the ring that he had found in the biscuit on the little finger of the left hand, and that Prudence wore a heavily chased gold circle in the place of her lost ornament. To use the words of one of the before-named boarders, "that tells the whole story."—*Rural New Yorker.*

Senator Conkling in the Field.

The movement to make Senator Conkling a candidate for President is assuming formidable proportions. Nearly all the leading Republican journals of the State favor his nomination. In Utica, Mr. Conkling's home, a club made up of the best citizens of the place has been organized for the purpose of promoting his nomination. The Utica *Observer* says it is probable that a dozen more clubs, with the same object, will be organized in Oneida county in the course of a few weeks. So it will be seen that the gallant Senator from New York is fairly in the field, backed up by devoted and enthusiastic friends.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The name of George Goulet is fast becoming a household word, through the introduction of the sparkling and delicious champagne which he gives to cheer the soul of man and drive away dull care from the gloomy corners of the heart. Messrs. Paul Gelpi & Brother, No. 41 Decatur street, are the sole agents in the South for this seductive beverage, and have also for sale other choice brands of wines and liquors, the least tempting of which is more invigorating and luscious than the famed nectar of the gods.

OUR LOUISIANA LEVEES.

BY J. S. WHITAKER.

The first settlers of this State, a century and a half ago, found along the banks of our great river an almost impenetrable forest, covering a soil of unsurpassed fertility. To redeem this wilderness, to relieve it of its jungle of cane, vines, trees and brushwood was a work of no small moment; and when thus relieved, and the first planter had prepared his land for cultivation, he found he had a foe to encounter yet more difficult to subdue than those he had already conquered. This enemy was found in the rushing waters of the mighty river, which, at certain seasons, overflowed its banks, prostrated the labors of the husbandman, and swept away his habitations. To meet this foe, and to preserve the result of their labors, it was found necessary to raise embankments where the lands were most exposed. We can conceive that this was first done by the voluntary labor of the colonist who cast his fortunes in the wilderness. But, as new accessions to the inhabitants came and the population increased, the first governors of the province provided by ordinance for the construction of these embankments and keeping them up, compelling the riparian proprietors to do so at their own charge and by their own labor; and threatening, if not done, that the lands occupied by them on the borders of the river and its tributaries would be taken away, and restored to the king's domain. This state of things continued through the entire period of the French and Spanish common, down to the commencement of the present century. Thus were commenced and raised the first levees constructed in Louisiana. We can scarcely conceive of the amount of labor required. It must have been constant and unremitting.

Under the territorial government, at the commencement of this century, after we became a State and till 1866, the front proprietor still continued to construct at his own expense and keep up his levees; the police of parishes and towns bordering on the watercourses compelling, under heavy penalties, this work to be done. The result of all this was that, through the energy and untiring labors of a century, the State of Louisiana emerged from a wilderness, and everywhere along the borders of her rivers and bayous existed these walls of defense raised by the industry of the planter; and these defenses, when the war came, were measurably complete. As well expressed by Judge Merrick, Chief Justice in 1856, in Lyons vs. Hinckley: "It is a matter of public necessity, and to shelter the inhabitants against inundations. As the property would be of no value without the levee, the Legislature had the power to compel such riparian owners to make these levees and roads in front of their plantations without further compensation than the increased value which such works would confer on their property."

The accomplishment of this grand result was the work of the African, acting under the intelligent instruction of the European. The relation that existed between the two races, making force subordinate to mind, brought about the great result, cleared the forest and raised those artificial walls to protect the lands. Had not slavery then existed, which enabled the planter to bring a large force to bear in a particular direction, this work could not have been accomplished. Who shall say that Providence did not design and permit here, for a favored people and for the creation of a paradise, the institution and the event?

The war came. It sundered the long existing relation between the two races. Our labor system crumbled into dust; and the river, no longer restrained by the bounds that had been fixed to its progress, and no longer kept within limits by the sleepless vigilance of the planter and his serfs, again resumed its sway over the lands, destroying pitilessly those puny barriers in its wayward and ungoverned course. Four years of war, with its accompanying devastations, accomplished this result. Plantations were overflowed; the labor of years swept away; and the crevasse carried devastation and ruin where once smiled the bounteous harvest and the rich rewards of agricultural industry.

Up to this date no debt had been created, no ruinous burdens to keep up these artificial barriers. The people themselves had, as we have seen, whether willingly or under compulsion, taken care of this matter. At the breaking out of the war, in 1861, the State did not owe a cent for levees. Seven years later she had issued her bonds for the object of building and repairing levees to the amount of nearly $10,000,000. The construction and repair of their levee where taken out of the hands of the planters and placed in the hands of commissioners, boards of public works, and the like, and the State, throughout its borders, taxed to pay the interest of these bonds. In 1867 we find an issue made of $4,000,000, the Legislature failing at the time to appoint properly authorized persons to disburse the same, or attend to the works. What became of this money was the subject of investigation in a future Legislature. Little result appears to have been derived from the vast expenditure. The system which had carried safely the State and its people in former years, was lost sight of, to wit: The placing in the hands of those most interested this charge. Had the portions of the State requiring levees been divided into districts, and placed in charge of proper parish officers, interested the soil, or left entirely to the care of the proprietors, how different would have been the result. It appears, however, that this system, the only one successfully tried, has not been thought worthy of consideration.

In 1871, a number of public spirited individuals, seeing the wasteful expenditures that had been made of the means of the State, and the bonds that had been so recklessly issued to the injury of the unfortunate taxpayers, organized themselves into a company, and benevolently (?) offered to take charge of these affairs for the State, and to construct and keep in repair all the levees for twenty one years. They offered no money, but they had a nominal capital of $20,000,000—none of the stock paid up. They neither offered nor gave any security that they would accomplish what they proposed.

The year 1871 was a remarkable year for speculative monopolies created by the Legislature, and this was perhaps the most remarkable of that remarkable year.

But the work could not be done without money, and sixty cents was gracefully agreed on as a proper price for moving a cubic yard of levee earth. True, this could have been done by contract for from twenty to thirty cents, but that was a small consideration. A few millions of dollars, more or less, was not to be considered as weighing in the balance against the opportunity of having the work done by these benevolent people.

In 1870 the State constitution was amended so as to read, "And prior to the first of January, 1890, the debt of the State shall not be so increased as to exceed $25,000,000;" but in 1871, notwithstanding said amendment and the existence of indebtedness above the amount, the State, through its Legislature, made the contract above stated. It was estimated that the number of cubic yards required to construct the levees would be 15,000,000. This amount, at sixty cents, would cost $9,000,000 for construction, and this the State agreed to pay to this company. When I agree to pay money for work, a certain amount, I certainly owe that amount until paid; and, by the same process of reasoning, I arrive at the fact that a debt was thus created by the State to the Levee Company to the amount of $9,000,000. But the Supreme Court has decided to the contrary, and it is needless to discuss it.

In addition to the construction of the 15,000,000 of cubic yards, there were, besides, the repairs to be paid for, and a tax was levied by the State on all taxable property throughout the State, of two mills for construction of levees and two mills for repairs—the amount of said tax, under assessment of that year, being in the neighborhood of $1,000,000.

Thus, by the law passed in 1871, this enterprising association was employed for say $20,000,000, to construct and keep in repair the levees of the State for twenty-one years. They were to construct levees estimated to require 15,000,000 of cubic yards of earth, which could have been built by contract for $4,500,000, and to keep the levees in repair, and were to receive $21,000,000. It was a magnificent enterprise, and on its face a profitable one, the first years costing much, but thereafter a small amount. This simple statement of the contract shows the benevolence of the projectors, and their admirable foresight as to their future advantages.

This plan was, under subsequent legislation, somewhat modified. In 1873, the rate was changed to fifty cents per cubic yard for all levees constructed after October 1, 1873; and in 1874 the Levee Company, upon agreeing to accept a reduction of the tax of four mills for construction and repair of levees, to three mills, were relieved from liability for damages that might be incurred by riparian proprietors by the company's not maintaining the levees at the standard dimensions fixed by the commissioners, under acts of 1871, where injury resulted to proprietors from said neglect; and in 1875 the Legislature required them to be paid out of the issue of the consolidated bonds, under act No. 3 of 1874, any amount that might be found due them on the first of October, 1873, under the original contract at sixty cents per cubic yard.

As thus modified, the law as to levees now stands.

Under this state of facts the city of New Orleans, with an assessment of $119,000,000 pays the Levee Company the sum of $357,000, besides her pro rata of the annual interest on the State bonded debt, including therein the levee bonds issued by the State of Louisiana prior to the passage of the act contracting with said Levee Company. The city of New Orleans, as a corporation, has no interest whatever in this vast expenditure; the law governing her drainage, providing for canal and levee protection, and the Administrator of Improvements being compelled to expend what may be required to keep up her landings and the levees that border her limits.

To all intents and purposes the same law should govern within the city as when Judge Martin gave his decision in Morgan vs. Livingston et als, 6 Mart., 265, where he says: "The levee, roads and streets of the city of New Orleans under the Spanish government were made and kept in repair at the joint expense of the owner of every lot in the city—the farthest from the water contributing as much thereto as the nearest. Not so as regard rural estates; the law and a clause in the original grant burden those contiguous to the river, with the confection and repairs of a road, its ditches and bridges and the levee."

It may be asked with great propriety why should New Orleans be thus compelled to contribute to the building of works beyond her limits and in which she has no interest, and why we should, out of our means, be required to increase the wealth of those who already possess the best portions of the State? It may be said that in enriching the planter on the river we add to our general wealth; but can we be said to add to the general wealth when we take from one individual of the State what we give to another—when we actually impoverish one citizen to enrich another? Has New Orleans not reason to complain of an act that thus drains her of her means for the purpose of enriching other portions of the State? What in common have the parishes of Cameron and Vermilion, on the Gulf of Mexico, or the parishes of Calcasieu and Sabine, on the Sabine river, with the parishes of Concordia, Tensas, Madison and Carroll, on the Mississippi river, compelling the first to contribute to the improvements of the last? Every dollar taken from the citizens of Cameron for the construction and repairs of levees, impoverishes him just so far as it enriches the citizens of Carroll. The one is impoverished in pocket, and so much is taken from him that he might expend upon his own land, while the other finds through this contribution his land just so much increased in value.

We have nothing to say as to the motives of the men who formed this Levee Company. We say nothing of the inefficiency for accomplishing the desired end. But we do say that the whole system is wrong, and not one which will ever attain the objects desired.

If the United States do not come to our aid and engage in this work it will never be done under the present system, and I need not say that national aid is exceedingly doubtful. The government may improve the navigation of rivers, but whether it can improve the banks for the benefit of the owners thereof is a question of more difficulty.

It becomes us in this uncertainty to use such means as are in our hands to accomplish a great result. The end in this case, I am persuaded, can only be reached by those immediately interested. When single efforts will not accomplish the result, there must be brought into the field of exertion the united efforts of the many who are interested; and this can only be effected by a division of the State into levee districts, where required to be formed, all inhabitants of such districts being compelled to contribute. The present burdensome system should be dealt with by the Legislature without gloves. The great principle of taxation regarding its equality and uniformity, should be not only invoked, but made through the Legislature, active; so that neither Orleans nor other parishes, be made to pay a double tax under the oppressive levee system that now prevails and that speculation and monopoly receive such a rebuke as to prevent them from again imposing upon the people.—*Orleanian.*

The Pilgrim Printer.

Last night Hazlet, known everywhere as the "Pilgrim Print," came up the *Ledger* stairs and walked into the composing-room just as naturally as if he had never worked anywhere else in his life. As soon as he crossed the threshold he was welcomed from all sides, for everybody knew him by sight or reputation. Without taking the slightest notice of the chaff thrown at him from the case, he shuffled up toward the centre of the room and leaned against a composing stone, looking about like Marcus inspecting the ruins of Carthage. To him a well regulated printing office, where men work systematically for wages, is an abomination and a disgrace. He would scorn to be subservient to a master. He never took orders from anybody. When he strikes a place that suits him he tackles a column of type and begins to distribute it. When he doesn't like his work or his company he throws on his coat and walks off, scorning to ask for pay. An old, dingy printing office, with worn and blackened cases, battered type, and cracked composing stones, suits him best; where the galleys are all shrunk out of shape, the chases all indented, the quoins all mashed, and the foreman's mallet beaten down almost to the handle. Cobwebs on the wall give him genuine delight, and big breaks in the ceiling, denoting the long absence of plaster, are well-springs of pleasurable emotion. An expression of intense disgust shadowed his features as he saw that it was not over a month old. The newness of the racks made him shudder; the air of cleanliness paralyzed him. When he saw the printers around him taking orders from one man he cast a sad look over the place, such as Napoleon might have thrown on the galley slaves of Toulon. He concealed his contempt as best he could, not desiring to wound their feelings, and when he sneered he did it so softly that few noticed it.

"Where did you hail from last?" asked the foreman.

"Portland."

"How'd you come down?"

"Steamer."

"Throwin' off on the old route?"

"Yes."

It has been usual for the Pilgrim to walk instead of ride, but the quiet sarcasm was lost on him. Thinking he had a history, a reporter invited him down in a beer saloon, just below, and ordered the liquids. He drank a couple of bottles of beer without saying a word, and then began to drum on the table with his knuckles and think.

"Been round much lately?" queried the reporter.

"Yes."

"All over, I suppose?"

"Everywhere between the two oceans. Let's have another bottle," and swinging his foot to one side, he sent a stream of tobacco juice on the floor that scattered the sawdust for a square yard.

"Been everywhere, worked for everybody."

"Of course, you have worked for Greeley?"

"On, yes; years ago, before he died. But here comes the beer; help yourself. Never liked Greeley much; his copy was like Chinese and his swearing worse. They have got another man there now. His name's Reid, and they called him 'The powerful Mind.' He writes plainer than Greeley, but not half so sensible. Haven't been in the office since they built the Tall Tower. The place ain't what it used to be."

"Been in Cincinnati, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; I've stuck type for Murat Halstead. That man's crazy; believes in inflation. One day I was setting up one of his rag-money editorials, and I thought it would be in keeping with the general gait of business to space out the matter with two-em quads, and double lead it all the way down. At that rate I snatched up a column of type in short order. Says he: 'What's this?' 'That's your inflation article,' says I. 'Do you expect to be paid by the thousand for this?' says he. 'I do,' says I, 'if you pay me on an inflation basis I must set up my matter to match, so I stretched it out. You get a column of matter, so what's the odds?' 'Get out of my office.' And so, after teaching him a wholesome lesson in nuance, I went over to work for Deacon Smith, feelin' that I had done my duty."

"Were you ever in Omaha?"

"Oh, yes; worked for Doc. Miller, of the *Herald*. He's a snorter; cusses worse than Horace Greeley, and writes his editorials on brown paper with an old dinner fork. Let's have some more beer."

"Why don't you stay longer in one place?"

"Well, I like change; I'm a little struck after scenery. It's the change of air, view, and climate that makes a man. Now suppose you have a son and want to spend ten thousand dollars on his education. You may send him to college. I say buy him a railroad ticket and start him traveling. That will make a pretty smart man of him in a few years. But if you take an interest in him and want to see him amount to something out of the common line, go through his pockets, take every cent, and kick him out of the back door, and tell him never to show his face again about the premises. In ten years he comes back a made man, and his bank account will surprise you some. (Yes, don't care if I do.) That's my plan of education. Look at those duffers with diplomas, scourin' dishes in restaurants and clerkin' in dry goods stores. (You'll break that cork if you pull it in that way.) Combine printer with pedestrianism and you've dropped right upon the philosopher's stone. (Fill your own glass, too.) I have been all over the United States, and now I'm going to roost. Good night."

In another moment the pilgrim threw back his head and tossed a glassful down. Then he slid through the door like a ghost, leaving the reporter surrounded by empty beer bottles. Taking him all in all you will find him a man hard to duplicate anywhere. Calling no man his friend, he wanders over the face of Nature, oblivious of his poverty, proud in his rags, and glorying in his independence. Some day death will lay friendly hands upon him. The Pilgrim will manifest the usual indifference, believing that there is "nothing serious in mortality," and the world will be minus a character of which the Wandering Jew forms the nearest and closest counterpart.—*San Francisco Morning Ledger.*

Are Yeast Powders Healthful?

[From the Pacific, November 4.]

"That adulteration in all the more important articles of our daily food widely prevails, all must acknowledge; and that it is an evil that seriously affects the public health none will deny." During the past year several of the leading journals in the West have agitated this subject to such an extent that manufacturers who are not afraid to let the public know what they offer them to eat, have had their productions analyzed by several of the most prominent chemists of Chicago and St. Louis, and have published their certificates concerning them. We publish some of the testimonials awarded to Messrs. Steele & Price, the importance of which the public will appreciate.

[From C. Gilbert Wheeler, Professor of Chemistry, Chicago University.]

LABORATORY UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, March 31, 1875.

I have made a chemical examination of Dr. Price's cream baking powder and other well known baking powders, which were purchased by me in the open market. The result shows Dr. Price's to be richer in carbonic acid gas and freer from foreign substances; therefore the strongest and purest powder, and entirely worthy of its high reputation.

C. GILBERT WHEELER,
Professor of Chemistry.

OFFICE OF JAMES V. Z. BLANEY & SON, Analytical and Consulting Chemists, Corner Dearborn and Randolph streets, Chicago, December 4, 1871.

Messrs. Steele & Price:

GENTLEMEN—Since I made an analysis of your baking powder in November, 1869, and became satisfied of its purity, its freedom from adulteration, and the care taken in its preparation, I have had it used in my own house, and with an occasional exception, when another brand has been sent us by mistake, I have continued to use it with the most satisfactory results. It is perfectly efficient (used as directed), and will keep any length of time—the last teaspoonful in a five pound can, which lasts my family many months, being apparently as efficient as the first.

I can cheerfully recommend it as being a pure, wholesome and unadulterated baking powder.

Truly yours,
JAMES V. Z. BLANEY.

[From Professor H. W. Scheffer.]

ST. LOUIS, April 17, 1875.

Messrs. Steele & Price:

I have analyzed Dr. Price's cream baking powder, and several other of the leading baking powders in the market, samples of which I obtained from dealers in this city. The analytical figures obtained prove conclusively that Dr. Price's cream baking powder is superior as regards efficacy and purity, for it contains more carbonic acid gas—the important agent for which alone baking powder is used—and less inert foreign matter than any of the others. I am, therefore, compelled, from a scientific point of view, to fully recommend the use of Dr. Price's cream baking powder.

Respectfully, H. W. SCHEFFER.
CHICAGO, July 31, 1874.

Messrs. Steele & Price:

GENTLEMEN—This is to certify that I have examined, analyzed and tested your Dr. Price's special flavoring extracts of vanilla, rose, orange, lemon, anise, ginger, allspice, almond, mace, celery, nutmeg, clove, coriander, peppermint, coffee, cocoa wintergreen, cinnamon, and find the same strong, fine, made of good material, and well put in bottles of full measure. Your fruit coloring is free from any deleterious substance. Therefore, do gladly commend the above named products of yours for family use.

Respectfully,
PROFESSOR M. DELAFONTAINE.

We are using Dr. Price's baking powder in our homes, and can truthfully say, that we prefer it to any other kind. We are also convinced that Dr. Price's articles are all that they profess to be—free from deception, made from the purest materials, and not injurious to health.

If the body is weary or the heart heavy, there is no better place to refresh both than at Nos. 11 and 13 Bourbon street, where Mr. H. Wenger has, at great expense, fitted up in the most beautiful style a place of entertainment unsurpassed in its line by any in the country. The furnishings of the different apartments are extremely elegant, and the visitor will always find on hand files of the latest European and American papers, choice wines and liquors, Best's celebrated Milwaukee beer, at five cents a glass, and all the delicacies of the season, served in first class style. Give him a call, and it is advisable to go often.

Heath, Pippey & Lara, Nos. 97 and 99 Camp street, have had a general marking down in prices throughout their entire stock, and invite attention to the remarkably low figures at which they sell. A good floor oil cloth at forty cents per square yard, and wall paper, window shades, cornices, lace curtains, rugs, mattings, etc., proportionately low are sufficient inducements to buyers; and should cause this popular establishment to be crowded during the business hours of they day, as no doubt it will when the above facts become known. The first who goes will have, of course, the best choice.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

OF THE

FIFTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY

OF THE

STATE OF LOUISIANA.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Sixteenth Day's Proceedings.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, New Orleans, January 22, 1876.

The House met pursuant to adjournment, and was called to order by Hon. E. D. Estilette, Speaker, in the chair.

On the call of the roll the following members answered to their names, to wit:

Speaker Estilette, and Messrs. Aldige, Booth, Byrne, Burkhardt, Bayley, Blaffer, Bower, Butler, Beasley, Billio, Brice, Carville, Collins, Carmouche, Cousin, Carloss, Dupre, DeBlanc, Davidson, Delhommer, Dunn, Edwards of Tangipahoa, Edwards of Richland, Elliott, Grant, Gracien, Gilmore, Hall, Hubeau, Hill of Ouachita, Honore, Hammond, Jeffries, Jourdan, Johnson of Caddo, Johnson of Lafourche, Jones of Lincoln, Koontz, Kummel, Keeting, Kelly, Kidd, Lane, Luckett, Lowell, Levisee, Lafargue, Maginnis, Meredith, Mitchell, Matthews of Franklin, Martin, Milon, Matthews of Tensas, McCollam, McAlpine, Magee, Nunez, Pascal, Piles, Pipes, Roman, Richardson, Randall, Ridgley, Smith, Sutton, Self, Snaer, Sartain, Seeman, Sibilski, Schenck, Stafford, Scales, Schuler, Thomas, Voorhies, Vidrine, Walker, Wiltz, Wilson, Woods of Ouachita, Woods of West Baton Rouge, Walters, Wells, Webb, Yorke, Young—90.

On motion of Mr. Snaer the reading of the minutes was dispensed with, and on motion of Mr. Billio the adoption of the minutes was deferred until Monday next.

RESOLUTIONS.

Mr. Murrell submitted the following preamble and resolutions, which were ordered to lie over under the rules:

WHEREAS, Reports have been circulated against William Murrell, a member of this House, involving him in a charge of bribing the jury in the case of the State of Louisiana vs. Clinton and Clarence Travis, tried for murder in the Thirteenth Judicial District;

Resolved, That the Speaker be and is hereby instructed to appoint a committee of three, who shall cause to be made a thorough investigation of said charge, and report upon the same to this House

Resolved, That said committee shall have power to send for persons and papers.

Mr. Hill, of Ouachita, submitted the following preamble and resolution, which were also ordered to lie over under the rules:

WHEREAS, It is charged and generally believed that on the trial of Clarence Travis, in the parish of Madison, indicted for the murder of two colored men in the parish of Richland, the venue in which case was changed from the parish of Richland to the parish of Madison, that the jury was bribed to acquit the accused through the instrumentality of Cramer, sheriff of Madison parish, and his two deputies, William Murrell, member of the House of Representatives, and Crawford; therefore be it

Resolved, That a committee of three members of the House be appointed to investigate said charge of bribery with a view to address said Cramer, sheriff, out of office, and to expel said William Murrell from this House if found guilty of the charge, and that said committee be authorized to send for persons and papers to aid in said investigation.

Mr. Martin submitted the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the special committee appointed by the House to investigate the books and accounts of the Superintendent of Education shall be increased to seven, and be authorized to appoint sub-committees, with power to send for persons and papers, whose duties it shall be to proceed to different parishes outside of Orleans, without expenses to the state, to take testimony and collect evidence.

NOTICES OF BILLS.

The hereinafter named members respectively gave notice of their intention to introduce, at an early day, the following entitled bills and resolutions:

Mr. Woods, of Ouachita:

An act regulating the assessment of State and parish taxes on the barren lands of this State, and repealing all laws in conflict therewith.

Mr. Booth:

An act to amend and re-enact section 2568 of the Revised Statutes of the State.

Mr. Byrne:

An act to repeal articles 671, 672, 673, 674, 675 and 676 of the Code of Practice, and to amend and re-enact article 680 thereof, and to regulate the appraisement, at forced sales, of property throughout the State.

Mr. Thomas:

A joint resolution, "for the purpose of directing the Governor to order a special election in the parish of Bossier, that a majority of the legal voters of said parish may select a parish seat."

Also, a bill to be entitled "an act to incorporate the town of Benton in the parish of Bossier."

Mr. Kummel:

Resolution regulating the mileage and expense of committees to be allowed them.

Mr. Elliott:

Resolution to amend rule seventy-three of the House so as to read as follows:

Unfinished business of any session of the Legislature shall not be considered at a subsequent session, but such matter shall be commenced *de novo*, and the Speaker shall not sign nor certify to any bill or resolution, nor shall the Enrolling Committee enroll any bill or resolution passed by the House at any preceding session, and not passed by the Senate at the said session.

APPOINTMENT OF A SELECT COMMITTEE.

The Speaker announced to the House that he had appointed on the select committee to investigate the accounts of B. Bloomfield & Co. against the State of Louisiana, Messrs. Beasley, Maginnis and Baker.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

The House resumed consideration of the unfinished business of yesterday, being House bill No. 48, entitled an act to provide for the time, manner and place of holding elections in this State; to provide for the appointment of commissioners of election, and directing the mode of counting and compiling of votes, and making the returns of the election, and directing the promulgation of the results of elections; to provide penalties for intimidation and violence at the polls, and other attempts to prevent a fair, free and peaceable election; to provide proceedings for contest for office, and to repeal all other laws inconsistent with the provisions of this act.

The same was taken up.

The pending question being on the adoption of Mr. Keeting's amendment to the thirteenth section of the bill, and which was offered on yesterday, on motion of Mr. Byrne, the vote given yesterday rejecting Mr. Elliott's amendment to the thirteenth section was reconsidered.

On motion of Mr. Koontz, the thirteenth section was amended by adding at the close of the section the following words, to wit: "Except that in the parish of Jefferson, left bank, the registered voter may vote at the poll nearest his residence irrespective of the wards