

TIDES.

A LOVE STORY.

All Lives Have Favorable and Adverse Tides.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"Who is she?" "You will have to designate the particular object of your curiosity and question, Clair. There are several young ladies within range of my vision, and I am at a loss to know which you mean."

"Pshaw!"—impatiently—"as if there were one other in the group that would be likely to arrest a fellow's attention if she were present. The divinity in sea-green, of course."

"Oh! India Crawford. I might as well confess that it wasn't my purpose to introduce you just yet, old boy. I have a weakness in that quarter, myself, and fear you will prove a formidable rival. But stay, I forgot. You have forsworn marriage, I believe."

"Hush your nonsense, Frank, do! What eyes!" And Clair Corneil leaned back in the shadow of the overhanging ledge of rock skirting the beach at Grey Sands, and, unheeding the scattering of leaves from his sketch-book which had fallen to the ground, watched with fascinated eyes the graceful movements of the central figure of a bevy of girls gathering shells and bright, warm colored pebbles down near the water's edge.

A beautiful creature to look upon was this India Crawford. How well the name suited her. From the bright hair that seemed to have caught and imprisoned a sunbeam in the waves that swept her low, white brow to the ripe, carved lips and rounded chin, the young girl's face was a study.

"Come, girls. Let us return to the hotel. Aunt Jane will be uneasy." And gathering up the shining folds of her green tissue, looking like a resistable mermaid with her tiny basket formed of rich masses and filled with delicate pink and white shells, India prepared to lead the way.

"Oh, dear! I'm not half ready to go back. What's your hurry, India?" "I promised Aunt Jane to coax me, Myrtle. The beach has sufficient attraction to turn me from duty without assistance from you," with a low, rippling laugh.

"You're a strange girl, India," remarked Florence Wilde, as, linking her arm with that of her friend, the two girls slowly picked their way back over the sand. "I never knew you to leave the beach at any time save with turn of tide, and you always continue to lay your plans for a stroll among the shells and pebbles accordingly. Why is it?"

"India looked grave, then smiled. "You see I am 'one by myself,' Floy, and perhaps am bound by the spell of the tides. Who knows?"—mischivously.

"You're making fun." "You're a little goose!" And with these words, uttered playfully, and accompanied by a kiss, India Crawford effectually checked Florence's quizzing, although she was inclined to think her evasion of the subject served to increase her friend's curiosity.

"Miss Crawford, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Corneil," said Frank Bisworth, a few hours later, approaching that young lady, as she sat busily crocheting upon the hotel piazza, accompanied by Clair.

India's dreamy eyes were raised for an instant only to the face of the handsome stranger, as she acknowledged gracefully his salute and bow, then dropped upon her work.

"You have just arrived, Mr. Corneil?" with a blush and a smile. "I hope the society here may prove as entertaining as you could wish. We have quite a select coterie, as Mr. Bisworth has doubtless informed you."

"Yes, Frank sent me such glowing descriptions of Grey Sands and its beautiful devotees that I finally concluded to run over and see for myself."

"I am sure that you will find it could not overpraise Grey Sands, Mr. Corneil. This is my first visit, and certainly, to me, it is the most grandly picturesque bit of cliff and sand that ever opened its shell-gemmed arms to embrace the sea. Only look where yonder rock meets the waves! See that white capped monster—strength meeting strength!"

"I see," answered Clair, his artist-eye taking in the whole picture, prominent in which was a certain red-rippled mermaid, at a glance, and the strength of the rock fairly equalled by the persistency of the waves in their ceaseless clash. It is a good lesson for us, is it not?"

"What are you people prying about? There is no doubt of the rock's being the stronger of the two. The waves throw themselves upon it and are broken for their pains. That is all."

"No, it isn't all, Frank. If you will examine the rock that seems so stern and unimpeachable, you will find deep cuts worn by the lashing of the waters. It may be slow and yet nevertheless sure work—work that has been going on for ages."

"Bah! Don't compare me to a wave, then, please. I place more confidence in one sharp, short onslaught, in an undertaking that I have anything to do with. Your quiet, methodical people never amount to much. If I conquer by an effort it must be by storm. Otherwise I would weary." And Frank Bisworth yawned, stretched himself, and sank lazily upon a cushion at India's feet, toying with her ball of crocheted cotton.

Clair Corneil saw the dreamy eyes rest full upon young Bisworth with an expression of surprise that gradually deepened into a something she could not fathom. Then the fringed lids drooped again; a slight curve hovered about the warm, red lips, and the small, shapely hands drove a silver hook through the lace-like mesh with redoubled speed.

"I do not consider an end worth gaining that is not worth striving at, Mr. Bisworth."

"What do you know about struggling for a desired object, Miss India? You, who have never a trouble or care? I should think you would coincide fully with my views. Your every motion speaks of ease and luxury."

age, advancing toward the trio on the piazza. "Perhaps you do, Aunt Jane, Mr. Corneil, my aunt, Mrs. Patterson. And the advantage of the little pleasantness passing between her aunt and Mr. Corneil, India turned away and hastily tore open her letter. Clair Corneil noticed the action, and a deeper flushing of the dusky red in the girl's oval cheeks did not escape his quick eye, nor was he slow to suspect that the missive was one of the heart, when he caught a glimpse of sudden pallor, and a wild, hunted look in the wondrous eyes that reminded him of a frightened gazelle's. "I declare! India Crawford, I'm half inclined to be envious!" exclaimed her cousin, Myrtle Rathbone, dancing up to where the young girl stood, folding up a closely written sheet of letter paper, and looking absent mindedly out to sea. "That's your seventh letter this week? What do those fellows find to write about? I am curiously personified."

"Seventh!" mimicked her escort, a dapper youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age, ascending the long flight of steps with a very easy and short tread, his balance, as he was by shells, pebbles, and wonderful wreaths and baskets of sea and cliff moss, resembling, as Frank Bisworth gravely informed India in an undertone, a "diminutive pack mule," which indeed, he was for the occasion.

"Seventh! why, to my certain knowledge it makes a round dozen. Isn't that so, Miss India?" "Undoubtedly, if you say so, Mr. Jackson," replied the young lady, dressed, in calm, easy manner that well befitted her oriental style of beauty. "Where is Florence, Myrtle?"

"Here, Queen India, at thy service! Am I favored above all thy maids of honor?" laughed the new comer, our friend Florence, of the beach, joining the party, and casting many an inquisitive glance in Clair's direction. "I might have added, courtiers, also," she whispered. "He is as handsome as a prince, India, when did the new star join your train?"

"Don't, Florence! you may be overheard." But there was no rigor or displeasure in India's face as she made the evidently wished-for presentation. Clair Corneil watched her with admiring eyes. "As generous as beautiful!" was his silent comment; "and she can well afford to be."

He was amused to see the pretty imperious, yet unconscious way in which she led her companions by her will. The girls seemed to adore her, and as for the gentlemen—well! At that point in his thoughts Clair whistled quietly to himself and wondered and wondered.

Days lengthened into weeks, and the aspect of affairs between India and her two admirers grew serious. The young girl evidently tried to conceal her preference, if she had any, for either; and yet there was no doubt of her perfect contentment in Clair's society. Her very innocence in the matter of showing her favor made the bright smile that always greeted Clair Corneil's approach ten times more bewitching to him. And still even he was puzzled. Beyond this little sign of pleasure India never suffered herself to go. She seemed like a wraith to Clair, in that, after having laid siege, and, as he thought, aimed well his guns and fired an effective broadside, he ventured in the flush of enthusiasm to take possession of neater ground, the lovely India, without even an apparent of defiance, still greater distance, and her hero, oiling his lips, and more madly in love than ever, was compelled to begin the work all over again, only to meet the same defeat at every trial.

Frank Bisworth's tactics were of a different order. He laid no plans, but dashed recklessly on in his wooing, elated to the seventh heaven if the young queen of beauty deigned to bestow a smile, or suffer him to lead her over the rocks in their seaside ramble, living on the memory of such favors, and never giving a second's thought, poor fellow! to the possibility of breakers ahead.

Clair Corneil was fully aware of what he was doing. Avowed old bachelor as he had been, he found himself for the first time swayed by a woman's will, and gracefully did he bow at the shrine of love; gracefully and daringly, resolved to win or perish in the attempt.

One afternoon in July, coming in from a crabbing expedition with several other gentlemen, Clair missed India from the group, and girls gathered in a knot on the hotel piazza, chattering like magpies over some marvel of feminine handiwork, and, unheeding the gratuitous information that "India had strayed off to the beach, as usual, without a word to anybody, and that Frank Bisworth had gone in search of her," the young man set his lips together, and with a determined air strode off in the direction of the seashore. He chose, almost mechanically, a path he had never traveled with India as a companion, and which led to her favorite retreat high among the rocks, where nature had carved a commodious armchair for the reception of visitors, who were also afforded from this position the finest sea view on the beach. One glance at the quiet figure in the chair, and then, satisfied that India was alone, Clair stood for a moment in contemplation of the scene before him. Robed in some soft, silvery stuff that floated around him like a cloud, the young girl sat, so motionless that, but for the soft flush in her clear, dark cheeks, and the rising and falling of the lace upon her bosom, one might have imagined that he was gazing upon a beautiful statue. Her straw hat, bound round with scarlet berries, lay upon the ground at her feet, and in the fair jeweled hand that hung idly by her side, she held an open letter. It required only a second look to convince Clair, that the bold, black characters were traced by the same hand that penned the letter he saw her receive from her aunt the day of their first meeting. The conviction sent a sudden pain to the strong man's heart, but he fought it back, and, stepping boldly forward, and raising his hat, letting the cool sea breeze kiss the short crisp curls from his moist brow, and tumble them down into his eyes, he asked, softly:

"Are you communing with the spirits of the sea, Miss India? The very waves seem to have hushed their angry roar, and cast their pure white caps at your feet with a gentle murmur, as if in submission. Am I intrusive? or will you bid me stay and share your throne?"

The beautiful eyes looked into his own with a half startled expression, and yet Clair saw that the dreams in their starry depths were not broken, only intensified by the interruption.

"You surprised me—almost!"—with a smile, at the same time slipping the letter into her pocket. "I always forget myself when I come here, and yet I can't keep away. There seems to be a sort of affinity between me and the ocean—the affinity of opposites, too, save in the tidal flow—that's just like me; I know it. I feel it. Somehow I

seem to be a new creation in thought and purpose when the tide comes in." "It is in now, Miss India," said Clair, earnestly, "and taking advantage of your mood, 'trusting your heart may be found in union with the flow of the waters, let me lay before you a subject upon which I have been longing to speak, but dared not venture until now. Ah, sweet one! do not tremble so. I know you love me even as I love, yes! adore you. Is it not so, my love?"

"Hush! Has it indeed come to this?" The girl had sprung to her feet and was gazing fearfully around with that same hunted look in her great deep eyes that Clair had noticed there before. The young man sat quiet still, gazing as in a dream, and dreading to awake to the reality.

"I would have spared you this pain," India went on hastily. "When Mr. Bisworth left me, one short hour ago, I breathed a long sigh of relief that what I had been expecting and trying to avert in his case was over, trusting it might be the last. God knows I have prayed to be spared this last trial; have begged my friends to guard against any encouragement of any save friendly attentions, and flattered my vanity with thoughts of success. I find that I was mistaken. Let me be plain now. It is time. I am to be married—oh! how I loathe the word!—in three weeks, to a gentleman who drew me into a betrothal contract when I was but a child. I did not know what I was doing, and was, besides, influenced by parental authority. Since becoming of age I found my intended husband's attentions, and pressing of his suit, very disagreeable, finally requesting release from my engagement. This was refused. I have tried to cultivate love, but the little god is willful and flies from me. Prevailed upon at last to name a day for our union, I resolved to have a few weeks of rest and quiet before taking upon myself vows that are hateful because of their mockery; and, as Aunt Jane and Myrtle, with several other friends, were coming to Grey Sands, informing my future low and master that for one month at least I was bound to be my own mistress, and bidding him molest or interfere with my pleasure at his peril, I came with them. Fate seemed to follow me. It was on the sea shore at Long Branch, at ebb of tide, that I first met Marshall Endcott. That was the first serious tidal-turn in my young life. The tide was coming in when you dawned upon my vision, bringing a glow of love with you. But now!"

India paused suddenly, as a shadow fell across her face, and the shadow of a tall stranger, who advanced toward the two seated in the arm-chair, with anger visible on every feature.

Clair Corneil sprang to his feet. His face was ashen in its paleness, but his voice was steady as he said, coldly: "Presuming that I address Mr. Endcott, I will say that although I love India deeply and devotedly—love her as men seldom love—she is innocent of any attempt either to win or encourage attention from me, or any other gentleman. This is due her from me, and I give it; not as a right for you to demand—your whom she never has loved—but merely to shield her from needless censure. India"—turning toward her with a sweet, sad smile—"see! the tide is ebbing; I go! Farewell, sweet ruler of my heart!" and snatching her hand, fairly crushing it in his agony, Clair Corneil quickly laid it down and was gone.

"Upon my word!" sneeringly remarked the dark stranger, standing with folded arms, and looking down upon the trembling girl as she sat gazing after Clair's retreating form. "this is a fine piece of business, to be sure! High time I was looking after my beautiful runaway."

"Not another word." Marshall Endcott recoiled a few steps as India staggered to her feet and raised her eyes, full of withering scorn toward him. "You have done worse, Mr. Endcott. Heretofore I have been not only blind, but weak. At this moment I can see, and am strong. Your own action has broken the last slender cord that bound me to you. You knew the chain was galling; you took advantage of my stern sense of honor to hold me to a promise made in childhood, at a time when I really did not know I had a heart. Since coming to Grey Sands I have taken my first lesson in love, although I was an unwilling pupil, and, until you came had kept it from my mind. But you have now added insult to injury, and I place my foot upon the past, grinding it into dust. Let me never see your face again! Go!"

One glance into that beautiful determined face convinced Marshall that she was in earnest; and, with a muttered curse, he turned on his heel and strode away.

The hotel was in commotion when India made her appearance. Frank Bisworth had put out to sea in a slight row boat with a look in his eyes that made friends tremble for his reason. Clair Corneil had ordered his luggage to follow him, and gone off without a word of explanation. Eyes full of wonder and inquiry followed India's every step, but she made no sign; only, when alone with her aunt in the silence of the night, she pleaded, with white lips:

"Take me home, aunt! Please take me home."

The cliffs and rocks on the beach at Grey Sands were shrouded in the golden purple haze of a glorious Indian summer, as Clair Corneil made his second advent there in obedience to a summons from India Crawford.

"I have just learned your address," she wrote, "and hasten to tell you that I am free. If you love me, come!"

He went. And standing upon the white shell-strewn beach, Clair looked once more into the beautiful dreamy eyes, while India plighted to him her troth as the tide came in!

For carpets of the latest and most elegant designs, at prices that will astonish the buyer, go to Hoath, Pipey & Laras, 97 and 99 Camp street.

Mr. Henry Otis, as will be seen in our advertising columns, is not behind the age. He has carried the making of dry goods boxes to perfection, and offers them to the trade at lowest rates. See Mr. Otis' advertisement and give him a call. Interested parties will profit thereby.

An Old House Under a New Name.—Every one knows where D'Arcy's hat store is, at the corner of Canal and Chartres streets, which for years past has been the favorite resort of our citizens in quest of the latest styles in hats and caps. Messrs. Reinert & Montardier, having purchased the premises, have determined to take possession of that extensive establishment on the 27th inst., when they will be fully prepared to meet the wants of their customers and the public generally, at prices remarkably moderate and reasonable. Mr. Reinert has just returned from the North, and has selected the most fashionable styles of hats, and a description, embracing everything that is fashionable and stylish. The members of the above firm have had a long experience in their line of business. Mr. Reinert being a partner of the well known hat house of Albert & Reinert, corner of Chartres and Customhouse streets; and from all persons or associations that enjoy special privileges and emoluments from the State, and who, like the office-holder, are interested in maintaining the status quo. Opposition will come also from a certain class of politicians who will be controlled by the apprehension that some change may be made unfavorable to their personal influence and advancement; and, finally, from all who have an interest, present or future, in resisting the abolition of useless offices, or the reduction of the salaries of those retained; and from all persons who, making a business of politics, will foresee that the inauguration of a thorough and rigid system of economy and retrenchment will make politics as a pursuit no longer profitable to them.

To the only argument against a constitutional convention worthy of consideration—that of its expensiveness—we answer briefly that a convention of a number of delegates equal in number to the lower House of our Legislature, and sitting for sixty days, ought not to cost more than one hundred thousand dollars, including mileage and per diem of members, contingent expenses and publication of proceedings. Let it now be borne in mind that the changes proposed in the judiciary system will alone save to the State more than this amount in one single year; and when we take into account the many other reductions that are proposed and ought to be made, the objection to a constitutional convention, on account of the expense, will indeed appear to be "penny wise and pound foolish."

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More Sugar Mills Wanted.

[Louisiana Sugar Bowl.]

By contact with planters of all classes we learn that there is an almost universal desire on the part of even those remote from sugar mills, water courses or timber to make cane culture their principal occupation. To overcome the natural obstacles named, the prairie planters have commenced to discuss the feasibility of building cheap wooden

As an encouragement to these enterprising people, we will say that we consider their plan most feasible. The railways could easily be built by their united labor, and made available for the transportation of cane to the mills, as well as of fuel and the shipment of their crops. We do not see how we can will encourage these proposed enterprises, for a reliance upon cotton or corn alone does not pay. Our prairie lands are all destined to be cultivated principally in cane, as soon as railroads are built to supply the fuel, and we are confident that at least two lines, from New Orleans to Texas, will ere long pass over the prairies of Western Louisiana.

Jurisdiction in Catahoula. [Catahoula News.] Several of our exchanges quote the paragraph from the News in regard to a certain justice who was about to fine an attorney for taking an appeal. Why, there's nothing remarkable in that. The jurisdiction of Catahoula is a system sui generis, and cannot be appreciated by those who do not make a special study. In some of the more enlightened courts of the parish the usual legal delays are dispensed with, and citation, judgment and execution all issue at once. We have in mind now exactly such an instance which occurred in an adjoining ward. It is in criminal matters, however, that our system displays itself in all its asymmetry and beauty. Some months ago an individual was arraigned before one of the justice's courts for hog stealing. As our justice courts are tribunals in that resort in most cases, a regular trial was had, and the party acquitted on the ground that hog stealing was the custom of the country. In another case a man was arrested and prosecuted criminally for trying to get out of paying a debt, and the justice actually sent for some law books in order to determine whether or not to have the man hung. In the mean time the accused took the alarm and left for parts unknown. For the truth of this statement we do not vouch, but we have been informed by some of our most reliable citizens that the facts are as stated.

The Shreveport Immigration Meeting. [Minden Democrat.] The meeting called at Shreveport for October 10, for the purpose of organizing an immigration society for the parishes of North Louisiana, is a step in the right direction. And if the same class of citizens in all the parishes take hold of this project, as those who have taken the initiative in Caddo, its success is already assured. Next to a railroad, this is of more importance to Louisiana than any enterprise that could be inaugurated. Any one who has not recently traveled in the older States would be astonished at the ignorance of the people as to the climate, health and productions of North Louisiana. One of the great objects that can be accomplished by an immigration society is the collection of statistics, showing the advantages we have to offer those who are looking for homes, either as laborers or capitalists. We think North Louisiana, taking into consideration all its advantages and disadvantages, offers much more inducements to the poor or rich, than Texas. Then let us collect all the facts and necessary information and scatter them broadcast through the land, and try to turn at least a portion of the immense tide of immigration this way. All we want is to get those who are in search of new homes, to look at the advantages we have to offer, and we are willing to risk the result. We see from the proceedings of our police jury, that at their last meeting they appointed a delegate to attend the Shreveport meeting. These are representative men of our community, and we have no doubt that they will reflect the sentiment of the people of Webster parish.

A Constitutional Convention. [Opelousas Courier.] Before proceeding to the discussion of the changes that, in our opinion, should be made in our organic law, we will take occasion to say that we look for much strong opposition against assembling a convention; not, however, from the farmers, land owners, mechanics and merchants, who constitute the body of the people, and who chiefly feel the burden of heavy taxation, but from the few who honestly doubt the wisdom of that step; from the large and influential officeholding class throughout the State, and from all persons or associations that enjoy special privileges and emoluments from the State, and who, like the office-holder, are interested in maintaining the status quo. Opposition will come also from a certain class of politicians who will be controlled by the apprehension that some change may be made unfavorable to their personal influence and advancement; and, finally, from all who have an interest, present or future, in resisting the abolition of useless offices, or the reduction of the salaries of those retained; and from all persons who, making a business of politics, will foresee that the inauguration of a thorough and rigid system of economy and retrenchment will make politics as a pursuit no longer profitable to them.

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As an encouragement to these enterprising people, we will say that we consider their plan most feasible. The railways could easily be built by their united labor, and made available for the transportation of cane to the mills, as well as of fuel and the shipment of their crops. We do not see how we can will encourage these proposed enterprises, for a reliance upon cotton or corn alone does not pay. Our prairie lands are all destined to be cultivated principally in cane, as soon as railroads are built to supply the fuel, and we are confident that at least two lines, from New Orleans to Texas, will ere long pass over the prairies of Western Louisiana.

Jurisdiction in Catahoula. [Catahoula News.] Several of our exchanges quote the paragraph from the News in regard to a certain justice who was about to fine an attorney for taking an appeal. Why, there's nothing remarkable in that. The jurisdiction of Catahoula is a system sui generis, and cannot be appreciated by those who do not make a special study. In some of the more enlightened courts of the parish the usual legal delays are dispensed with, and citation, judgment and execution all issue at once. We have in mind now exactly such an instance which occurred in an adjoining ward. It is in criminal matters, however, that our system displays itself in all its asymmetry and beauty. Some months ago an individual was arraigned before one of the justice's courts for hog stealing. As our justice courts are tribunals in that resort in most cases, a regular trial was had, and the party acquitted on the ground that hog stealing was the custom of the country. In another case a man was arrested and prosecuted criminally for trying to get out of paying a debt, and the justice actually sent for some law books in order to determine whether or not to have the man hung. In the mean time the accused took the alarm and left for parts unknown. For the truth of this statement we do not vouch, but we have been informed by some of our most reliable citizens that the facts are as stated.

The Shreveport Immigration Meeting. [Minden Democrat.] The meeting called at Shreveport for October 10, for the purpose of organizing an immigration society for the parishes of North Louisiana, is a step in the right direction. And if the same class of citizens in all the parishes take hold of this project, as those who have taken the initiative in Caddo, its success is already assured. Next to a railroad, this is of more importance to Louisiana than any enterprise that could be inaugurated. Any one who has not recently traveled in the older States would be astonished at the ignorance of the people as to the climate, health and productions of North Louisiana. One of the great objects that can be accomplished by an immigration society is the collection of statistics, showing the advantages we have to offer those who are looking for homes, either as laborers or capitalists. We think North Louisiana, taking into consideration all its advantages and disadvantages, offers much more inducements to the poor or rich, than Texas. Then let us collect all the facts and necessary information and scatter them broadcast through the land, and try to turn at least a portion of the immense tide of immigration this way. All we want is to get those who are in search of new homes, to look at the advantages we have to offer, and we are willing to risk the result. We see from the proceedings of our police jury, that at their last meeting they appointed a delegate to attend the Shreveport meeting. These are representative men of our community, and we have no doubt that they will reflect the sentiment of the people of Webster parish.

A Constitutional Convention. [Opelousas Courier.] Before proceeding to the discussion of the changes that, in our opinion, should be made in our organic law, we will take occasion to say that we look for much strong opposition against assembling a convention; not, however, from the farmers, land owners, mechanics and merchants, who constitute the body of the people, and who chiefly feel the burden of heavy taxation, but from the few who honestly doubt the wisdom of that step; from the large and influential officeholding class throughout the State, and from all persons or associations that enjoy special privileges and emoluments from the State, and who, like the office-holder, are interested in maintaining the status quo. Opposition will come also from a certain class of politicians who will be controlled by the apprehension that some change may be made unfavorable to their personal influence and advancement; and, finally, from all who have an interest, present or future, in resisting the abolition of useless offices, or the reduction of the salaries of those retained; and from all persons who, making a business of politics, will foresee that the inauguration of a thorough and rigid system of economy and retrenchment will make politics as a pursuit no longer profitable to them.

To the only argument against a constitutional convention worthy of consideration—that of its expensiveness—we answer briefly that a convention of a number of delegates equal in number to the lower House of our Legislature, and sitting for sixty days, ought not to cost more than one hundred thousand dollars, including mileage and per diem of members, contingent expenses and publication of proceedings. Let it now be borne in mind that the changes proposed in the judiciary system will alone save to the State more than this amount in one single year; and when we take into account the many other reductions that are proposed and ought to be made, the objection to a constitutional convention, on account of the expense, will indeed appear to be "penny wise and pound foolish."

A Constitutional Convention Premature. [Tribonian Sentinel.] Undoubtedly, there are many things in our present constitution that could be improved, especially in our judiciary system, so far as criminal processes are concerned, and in reduction of some of

the salaries paid to a portion of the public officers. The simple question is whether it would pay to have an early convention. If there is anything with which the industrious, quiet people of Louisiana are disgusted, it is politics and political agitation. They are satisfied with their gallant and honest Governor who they elected for a term of four years, and they wish him to serve out that period. After ten years of bitter political strife and constant annoyance, ill-feeling and dissatisfaction, they want peace and tranquillity. A new convention necessitates a new election, to be followed by another for the offices created by the constitution, which will rekindle the smouldering fires of prejudice and spite now dying out, interfere with the labors of the farmer, interrupt trade and commerce, and perhaps give us another constitution that will not improve matters much.

Let us try the present under the direction of honest officers for a couple of years, and learn from experience what the defects and advantages are, and then, at the end of the term of the present State officers, hold a convention, if deemed expedient and wise, three years hence. The idea of a new convention is suited to the objects of politicians and seekers after office; it is repugnant to the mass of men who desire to pursue their own business in peace and quiet.

These are two prominent standpoints from which to discuss this question. Three years hence will be soon enough for a new convention.

Against a Constitutional Convention. [Union Record.] Many of the leading journals of the State are advocating a call for a constitutional convention. Our present constitution is imperfect, objectionable, and in some respects objectionable; but the high taxes which have been wrung from our people, the oppression which has been heaped upon them, and the shameful legislation which disgraces our statutes, has sprung not from defects in the constitution, but from the ignorance, extravagance and corruption of our officials.

The calling of a constitutional convention at this time, from either a financial or political standpoint, seems to us to be premature. After eight years of hard fighting we have at last obtained the right of self-government, but we have not had time to revolutionize public sentiment, or by our acts convince the negro that we are his friend.

At the last election, when the State was in a blaze of excitement, when we were striking for "liberty and life," when every Democrat was aroused and exerted all his influence, we were only able to elect a majority of one to the Legislature.

The strength of the two parties to-day is unknown, and should we have a convention at this time would we be able to arouse the people? Would not many Democrats neglect to vote? And is it not possible when that convention assembled, a majority of its members would be Republicans? In that case we would lose what we have struggled so long for, and made so many sacrifices to gain.

The State would again be in the hands of the Radical party, and we know with what tenacity they hold to office and power, and judging from their past acts, we could not hope they would submit to the people a constitution that would be acceptable.

If the Nicholls government will but pursue a wise