

New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES. OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE CAWING OF THE CROW.

BY L. B. HILLINGSPALDING. O well do I remember, in the month of brown September, As I wandered through the woodlands when the trees were all aglow...

O well do I remember, when fall's rare fading splendor Had wreath-like autumn's brightness that blushed at sunset's call...

O well do I remember, though life's varied September Hath tinted youth's bright summer with the sombre autumn's glow...

Sunday-School Pic-Nic.

The Sunday-school of our church is to have a pic-nic in a few weeks, which we trust will be a very pleasant occasion.

Mission School.

Mrs. Dr. Newman has organized a mission school in our chapel, which is held on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock.

From the New Orleans Advocate.

In looking over the files of this paper we find the following assumption: "We to-day present the following ticket."

From the New Orleans Advocate. H. C. Warmoth.

The enthusiasm of the country for Judge Warmoth is increasing every day and in all directions. In the country they know no other Republican candidates than the regular ticket.

They do of Judge Tallifero. Is it because the rebels will not vote for him? They will vote for Tallifero.

Every Radical Republican principle which the party is now fighting to maintain, Judge Warmoth has consistently maintained for years; has fought and suffered for them.

When General Sheridan was looking round for a representative of the colored race who had the capacity, beauty, and influence to represent worthily their interests, many gentlemen of high standing and worth proposed to him the name of O. J. Dunn.

From the New Orleans Advocate. Hon. O. J. Dunn.

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The better style of romance manufacture is vastly better in the present day than formerly. We are taught that true chivalry may as often be exhibited in the present day as in the dark ages; the noble action of daring to do right in spite of the frowns or sneers of society, standing by a friend whose good name is unjustly aspersed and according to an open enemy praise elicited by virtues he may possess.

Young people crossed in love do not die of "broken hearts" nor pine away in solitude as often as formerly. The way we avoid those things now a days is to give our friends change of scene or of association; the young gentleman goes hard to work at his previously neglected business, and the young lady probably finds a sphere of usefulness among her poor or afflicted relatives and friends, or perhaps in taking part in benevolent societies, not previously thought of or properly appreciated.

George Alfred Townsend writes from Washington. Buntwell is the acknowledged enemy of this imposture. Buntwell holds the helm; Butler is in the cockpit, with a career to pick the money up by his shaft; Stevens is the admiral, eyeing the bank; Wilson and Williams are the heavy weather; Logan is the headwind, who can yell the loudest, but Buntwell is the steady pilot, steering us to carry the imposture.

From the New Orleans Advocate. A Talk about What We Read.

America is still young in literature, yet cynical European critics have long since ceased to ask, "Who reads an American book?" Our present want is not standard works by native authors, for these we have in abundance; but the development of an elevated literary taste among our people; a taste for the pure, the beautiful, the truthful.

Our soldiers in the recent war represented the best class of the working people; yet in looking over a soldiers' circulating library, supplied by the "Sanitary" or "Christian Commissions," or as in this city, by the confiscations of General Butler, one could not help noticing the unsoiled appearance of the works of Irving, Cooper, and Walter Scott, while the morbid sensations of Sylvanus Cobb, Mrs. Southworth, and Charles Reade had been conned, read, and reread until the books were badly "dog-eared," and almost in pieces.

Suppose we call in at a bookstore. We find nearly all of them supplied with shelves for the trashy weekly papers of the present day. We find "Harper's Weekly" and "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," two gems of pictorial illustration of current history, quite lost sight of by the throng, who ask for the "Police Gazette," the "New York Ledger," the "New York Weekly"—weakly it is indeed, in yet another sense—a large portion of the purchasers being so far lost to shame as to ask for "Pomeroy's LaCrosse Democrat," and for "The Last Sensation."

While the people thus seek for literature that portrays the crime and weakness of poor human nature, how can we expect anything else from them than sneers about the degeneracy of human nature and the corrupt times our fate has associated with it. It is a mere repetition of the difference of the two knights, each claiming that he was right and the other wrong; the one was observing its silver-white outside and the other its golden-yellow lining. These opponents of ours may be quite correct in claiming that human nature is often weak and sinful, while I think we may safely affirm that there are more real nobleness and worth of character now existing in the world than has ever existed at any time before. One swallow does not make a summer, no more should we acknowledge that the existence of a few scoundrels in it proves our social system all corrupt.

A book-publishing house that issues cheap editions of the works of standard authors does a great good to the community. Let us have the whole-some works of Irving, Scott, Dickens, Mrs. Oliphant, and Miss Malock, and scattered as broadcast and as cheaply among our people as the worthless and unnatural productions of Dumas, (the elder and the younger,) George Sand, and unnumbered anonymous scribblers, and combined with an effort to best people to initiate a new order of things; then we may expect the growth of a wholesome taste for the natural, the probable, the elevating among our story readers, and the occupation of sensationists would be gone. 'Tis true, "stolen fruits are sweetest;" perhaps for awhile, our school-boy friends would continue to hide "Sixteen-string Jack," or "The Three Guardsmen" behind their class books at school, or smuggle them under their jackets in going home; but by-nature is not altogether so dishonest as we often be forgiven if good wholesome stories were allowed them openly.

In no country in the world is there such a profusion of infidel books, of improbable romances, and of corrupting plays, as in France. What other Christian country can we possibly find where the common people are more ignorant or degraded and the higher classes more heartless and superficial.

Fasting on this community, preserving perfectly his incognito, is some individual evidently connected with the city press, who as correspondent of the Chicago Tribune has been systematically traducing our people for months past.—N. O. Times.

The following article is probably what made the "galled jade" of the Times wince. Referring to the compliment paid to General Hancock by the two hundred copperhead or conservative "carpet baggers," the New Orleans correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says:

Among quite a number of the signers claiming to hail from the North are about a dozen with "Maryland" placed after their names. One of these is Henry Green, the financial manager of the New Orleans Times, who has previously lived in the South for nearly half a century, and is a bitter a confederate as it contains. Another is Edward Hancock, of the same paper, another bitter confederate, who passed his time at Kansas and Havana during the late unpleasantness. Another is W. H. C. King, controlling editor and proprietor of the same rascalous and unscrupulous sheet.

The Memphis Avalanche gives a list, including the names of General Leggett and General Burleigh, and other rebels distinguished for their gallantry in behalf of the rebellion, as "braves and nobles" who cease on their bellies and eat the dust from the feet of the tyrant who are grinding the Southern people into powder.

of New York, since 1861, collate into a "Yearly Cyclopaedia," the current events, discoveries, and social changes of the age. Several excellent journals, devoted exclusively to the arts, sciences, and higher literature, are ably edited and well supported, and the tone and talent of our leading weekly and daily newspapers have markedly improved.

As Americans let us cultivate and patronize our own literature, just as we ought to first see the glorious beauties of scenery of our own rivers, plains, valleys, and mountains, ere we rush off to visit Switzerland, Italy, and the lochs of Scotland. I appreciate the writings of Mr. Dickens and of Sir Walter Scott very highly, but I have yet to learn that they surpass in beauty, truth, or pathos those of our own beloved Irving or Prescott. Our Bancroft and Motley take rank side by side with the illustrious historians of this or any other age.

It has been said, and I believe truly, that Washington Irving as a writer is more highly esteemed in Great Britain than in his own country. It is to our shame that it is so. His own life early blighted by the untimely death of the lady he loved, yet though he lived an old bachelor he did not become sordid. We find ever in his writings genial good nature, a keen humor, and set forth most prominently a reverent regard for the God of nature, and the enunciation of pure principles of goodness for our fellow men.

In regard to the increase among us of purulent literature, few of us have so little influence but that we can do something to check its spread. We can recommend the better class of journals and of light literature—for people must be amused, if not innocently, still amused. It is neither necessary nor desirable that, like certain periodicals and papers of doubtful character, we should so far go into particulars about the objectionable features of the satiric press as to excite the curiosity of the young on the subject. Let us use common sense on the subject; who in society is more disliked or more dreaded than the unscrupulous scandal monger? who from lack of brains or want of good nature can see none but evil intentions in the acts, remarks, and tones of those he associates with, and who deliberately perverts the signification of things said or done.

While it is, of course, our duty to discourage vice, and whenever proper to expose the heinous detestation of it, I should yet be charitable enough not to impute bad motives where we may reasonably doubt their existence, and still less not to close unalterably the doors of repentance and return against ever the evil door.

As Webster has said, "Tis employment that makes people happy." An idle population is always corrupt; but the present state of corruption in our country is, I doubt not, greatly exaggerated; and it must abide upon the suddenly-enriched "shoddyites" and "gold-brokers." So let us, in our literary recreations or studies, may exclude all that does not breathe a spirit of fairness and of good feeling toward our fellow man.

I should be very sorry to be understood as excluding from the scope of literature satire, when necessary to expunge by this effective weapon some social blot, as for example Mr. Thackeray's onslaught on the military and civil social snobs of the present century. Serious diseases sometimes demand severe remedies.

When we read let us read something instructive, or if we are weary and need to be exhilarated by the spice of wit or humor, let us choose those wits who display good feeling for their fellows.

At a regular meeting of the board, held on Friday, March 27, 1868, the following resolution was adopted: "On motion, resolved that the final settlement of the tax collectors and sheriffs throughout the state with the state treasurer, as fixed in the original tax ordinance adopted by the constitutional convention December 14, 1867, section 4, be extended to the first day of May, 1868."

OFFICIAL. The Board of Registration.

ORDINANCES, CREATING THE BOARD. NOTICE TO TAX COLLECTORS AND SHERIFFS.

COMMITTEE ROOMS, BOARD OF REGISTRATION, New Orleans, March 26, 1868. The board of registration was organized by the election of S. B. Packard, chairman, and H. C. Richardson, secretary.

It is further ordained, etc., That it shall be the duty of said board to elect a chairman from among its members, and a secretary, and that all public notices, proclamations, and orders shall be signed by the president and attested by the secretary.

It is further ordained, etc., That they shall be the duty of said board to regulate the duties of said officers of the office of registration, and the issuing of commissions to act in case of vacancy or the non-attendance or omission to perform their duties of any of the said officers.

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TELEGRAPH COMPANIES.

THE NATIONAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

A new enterprise to be known as the Nation Telegraph Company has been organized with valuable franchises conferred by a recent act of Congress, for the purpose of establishing trunk lines of telegraph on all the principal railroads and mail routes in the United States.

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PIANO FORTES.

WM. McCAMMON, SOLE OWNER OF THE PATENT MANUFACTURER OF OVERSTRUNG, GRAND SQUARE PIANO FORTES.

BOAIDMAN & GRAY'S PATENT IMPROVED INSULATED IRON PIPE. FRANK PIANO FORTES, ALBANY, N. Y.

PIANOS FOR SMALL PARLORS, BIRMINGHAM, SCHOOLS, ETC. All our large round corners, full sized, modern style and artistic touch, elegant and ornamental appearance—a beautiful piece of furniture.

WOOD RIMS have no superior in quality of work. They have the overbridge on the inside, and give to the upper notes a purity of tone unobtainable in any other Piano.

Extract from a letter received from Prof. E. Robbins, Composer and Author "New Music Teaching Piano." WRENTHAM, Mass., March 10, 1868.

Mr. Wm. McCammon, Albany, N. Y. Dear Sir—I had intended to have written you before this, with reference to the New Piano I purchased of you; but this time I have had my mind so much occupied with my business that I have not had time to do so.

THE FOLLOWING LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE PIANO FORTES, BIRMINGHAM, SCHOOLS, ETC. Mr. Wm. McCammon, Albany, N. Y.

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Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including various notices and advertisements.