New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

May be had of the following dealers:

George Ellis, opposite the Postoffice.

C. C. Haley, No. 19 Commercial Place.

C. G. D. Holle, No. 61 Exchange Place.

A. Simon, St. Louis street, between Royal street and Exchange alley (under St. Louis Hotel).

James Ennis, Pontchartrain Railroad Depot, Third District; also, at Depot foot of Lafayette Street, First District.

J. W. Long, corner of Love and Enghien Streets, Third District.

Variety news-stand, corner Dauphine and Canal streets.

Local Intelligence.

The political exchequer at the Customhouse, it is understood, is again at a low ebb, necessitating another demand upon employes for assistance. And to add to the dismay of the hard-worked and poorly-paid clerks the *Citizens' Guard* cries out: "Help me, Cassius, or I sink." Political donations, held under such circumstances, can not be very pleasant. In fact, one of the unfortunates informs us that he means to vote for Greeley and Brown in revenge for the money the Grant party has forced him to contribute. He says his family needs all his earnings.

CARROLLTON ITEMS.—The Holly Waterworks Company has obtained a half square of ground, embracing the corner of Clinton and Levee streets, and commenced work.

Carrollton is so rural that owls take up roosts in shade trees in daylight, and are then shot.

Our pleasant sister city contains seven Last Ditchers, and three of them are voters. The seven pay taxes, "in a purely hypothetical way." Anything to elect Greeley.

The new police jury, parish of Jefferson, left bank, is digging among the rascally record is left by the old jury. We are promised some developments that will make folks open their eyes, and ask why some people are not in the Penitentiary instead of being candidates for office.

Liberals held a rousing mass meeting at the market-house last evening, and some wholesome truths were told. Several converts were made.

SPARKS.—At twelve o'clock Friday night fire was discovered in the small house No. 226 St. Louis street, occupied by Mrs. Allen Fox. Damage slight, but would have been great had not some of No. 7's members been around.

Soon after three o'clock yesterday morning an unoccupied dwelling house, corner of Perdido and White streets, owned by Mrs. Davis, was found to be on fire. It was entirely destroyed. An adjoining house, occupied by Mr. Hanly, was also completely burned, but the furniture was saved. The last named place was insured. It is asserted that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

Mr. Carbo, Ocean sawmill, Sixth District, has contracted to deliver a million feet of black walnut lumber before December.

FRAUDULENT.—It is the fashion for most lads who are arrested in the First District to represent themselves as newsboys. This is almost invariably incorrect, and it is time that the recorders be informed of the fraud.

A gentleman yesterday found an unstamped letter corner of Old Levee and Customhouse streets, and kindly enough took it to Captain Schreiber, harbor police. Had the finder quietly put a stamp on the letter and sent it on its way to Bay St. Louis, some trouble would have been saved. A three cent stamp has been donated, after taking a dime subscription among detectives, and the letter is mailed.

PICTURE OF OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.—In the large show case of Mr. Uter's picture store, Canal street, is hung a very fine oil painting of Mr. Greeley, which is worth looking at. Messrs. Persac and Poincy, of this city, are the artists.

Mr. Hyde, assistant clerk in the Fourth District Recorder's Court, informs us that there is nothing worth reporting in his bailiwick, as most of the frequenters are very busy, politically.

WIFE MURDER AND SELF-MURDER.—On the twenty-sixth of July John Lucien, residing at or near the corner of Cambronne and Levee streets, Carrollton, quareled violently with his wife and ended the dispute by stabbing her severely in several places, from the effects of which she died yesterday morning. He made his escape and was not found until Officer De Leon discovered his dead body floating in the river a few days since, and Coroner Creagh returned a verdict of suicide. Friday morning the widow died and a jury found a verdict of murder. Courts will not be troubled with this case, as the criminal has gone to a place several degrees hotter than is New York.

Pappabet, that choicest of choice game birds, are in first-class restaurants, but the price is so steep that a man with an ordinary bank account can not think of bdying even a smell.

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.—Thomas Finnegan and William Short had a hearing before Recorder Houghton yesterday for murdering the man Finnerty. The evidence, already published, warranted their commitment without bonds. Short has made a voluntary confession, in part, which fixes the deed on him and Finnegan, alias Harris.

YOUTHFUL IN YEARS, BUT SINFUL.—Little John Martin has made a commencement in sin, which, if well followed up, will easily lead to the Penitentiary or a worse place. Being aware that Mrs. J. O'Connor, No. 105 Julia street, possessed something like $200 in currency, he waited and watched for an opportunity to harvest the greens, she says. Finding her asleep, he pulled the precious dress from under her head and was making off with it when she awoke and captured him. He was remanded to prison yesterday by Recorder Houghton.

AN UNNATURAL MOTHER.—Yesterday morning about half past eight o'clock a colored girl named Harrison was seen to drop a child at the corner of Carondelet and Jackson streets, after which she went off at full speed toward the back part of the city. Joseph Johnson, who saw the cruel desertion, took the child, which is about eighteen months old, to his residence, No. 648 Dryades street, between Third and Fourth streets, where it was afterward found by Sergeant Vankirk and Recorder Billings. Johnson stated that he took the infant home with the intention of advertising it in the morning papers. After some inquiries the child's grandmother was found residing on Bernard street, between Jackson and Philip, with whom the child was left. The inhuman mother has not yet been heard of.

Last Sunday's *Picayune* contained seven verses of jingle, dedicated to Miss Jennie Marretta, headed "Dreams of Thee." As Jennie is one of the worst of the bad of Basin street, it is very proper that the rehashed rhyme should be given to those who read the Sunday *Picayune*. A man about town informs us that the woman is rated as very low, even among her low companions, and has been repeatedly shelled roaded for her vile conduct, and once thrown into the pestering water of the canal to purify her; yet our soda pop neighbor glorifies her in its poet's corner.

CRIMINAL COURT.—The war about Jimmy Reynolds' $100, which his mother has sent him to pay counsel wich, to defend him in the grave charges before this court, but which have been seized by order of Judge Abell, to satisfy a bond which Jimmy forfeited some time ago, has assumed a new phase.

Justice Evans has attached the $100 on a suit of counsel for Reynolds, who sues him for a fee. In the meantime the point, can money be sent to a prisoner to enable him to engage counsel for his defense, was argued by counsel, and the case continued.

The case of manslaughter against Charles Smith, in running over a boy named Nicholas Coleman, on the corner of Elysian Fields and Levee streets, was continued until Monday next, and F. G. Chamberlain, Esq., appointed to defend him.

Louis Brown, who pleaded guilty to larceny, was sentenced to twenty-four hours in the Parish Prison.

Thomas Brown, alias Richards, and J. H. Kane, convicted of assault and battery, were fined $10 each or four hours Parish Prison.

Michael Geiss, convicted of a similar offense, $20, or five days Parish Prison.

Mrs. Hawkins, convicted of assault and battery, but recommended to the mercy of the court, $5, or twenty-four hours Parish Prison.

Alfred Johnson, convicted of larceny but recommended to the mercy of the court, one month Parish Prison.

The case of Dave Williams alias Dave Norman, the man who is charged with robbing and attempting to murder Benjamin Humphrey on a flatboat some time ago, was taken up, but the jury failed to agree.

Nancy was Willing, but Josh was Bashful.

A correspondent of the *Herald* from Ashtabula tells the following story:

On a farm not many miles from Ashtabula there resided until recently a brown-haired, blue-eyed, fair complexioned, buxom country maiden, who would have been happy as the day is long but for the fact that Josiah ——, a bashful country lad, the owner of a large farm and a little colored moustache, the admiration of the girls and the envy of the boys for miles around, had been persistently courting her at the paternal mansion for two years, but could never be brought to propose. Yet Josh wanted the girl as bad, if not worse, than the girl wanted him; and he was always on the point of saying something, but never yet had it got to his expectant listener's ears. At length, at the end of two years, Mary Ann got so excited over it that she could hardly wipe her mother's dishes, while Josh would stop and lean upon his hoe in the cornfield and think to himself, "Why am I such a born fool? I really think she would have me if I had only gumption enough to ask her." With this he resolved to take her to ride that very day, and have a settlement once for all. At first he thought he would hire a livery rig and go in style, but the expense deterred him. "Darned if dad's shay and our nag won't do, she needn't have me." So said Josh, as he threw down his hoe, put on his coat and started to the house to hitch up old "Nancy" and get his sweetheart. The chaise which had done service for many centuries, was drawn out, and Josiah, arranged in ruffled shirt front, scarlet necktie, dark blue vest, and white linen pants, with swallow-tailed coat, and stove-pipe hat, the colored moustache displayed to the best advantage, stepped in behind his fiery steed and drove for his Dulcinea. She seemed coquettish about "going out in the hot sun with a man she wasn't engaged to, even if he had gone with her so long;" but she was persuaded, and Josh helped her into the "shay." Without a word of conversation between them, the first mile was passed. Mary Ann sat in one corner of the vehicle blushing, red as a peony, while Josiah was hesitating whether to pop the question now or wait a while. A second half mile was passed and still silence reigned, broken only occasionally by the crack of Josiah's whip against "Nancy's" lean sides. They now entered a forest bordering on Josiah's domain, and out of the sunlight Josiah grew bolder. He began to talk about his crops, and another mile was passed; still he could not muster up sufficient courage to say the word which must decide his fate. For two long and weary years the lassie had also waited and watched for the question, and now "Barkis was willing," yet unable to ask her. Outwardly silent, but inwardly fretting and fuming, this queen of country damsels sat revolving in her mind how she could bring matters to a crisis. At length, as the horse stopped for an instant on the brow of the hill to nibble a bit of grass, she bethought herself of a plan. She begged her lover to go to a farm-house not far distant and bring her a cup of cold water. Then the sly creature kept watch until he was half way back to the carriage with the cup and partially hidden from view by a clump of trees, when she seized the whip and punched it into the horse's ribs with such force as almost to cause them to crack. "Nancy" gave a spring forward and rushed madly down the hill, Josh hastily dropping his cup of water and flying in hot pursuit. At length he reached them, after a hard run. The "shay" lay broken and overturned in the middle of the road, the horse was quietly browsing the grass near by, while Mary Ann her face as pale as marble and her beautiful white dress soiled with dust, lay apparently insensible a short distance off. Josh's attempts to rouse her were of no avail until, becoming thoroughly frightened, he began to cover her cheeks with impassioned kisses, calling upon her to live for him. Then, and not till then, did the beautiful thing deign to open her eyes, when, with tears gushing forth, she said: "Oh, Josh! if you'd only said it afore, this never would have happened."

Matilda Heron.

A sad scene was witnessed in San Francisco lately, when Matilda Heron had a "complimentary benefit." The hall was well filled, and the poor, broken-hearted and disressed actress did her utmost to please by reading selections from "Camille," "Hiawatha" and the "School for Scandal." Her dress was of black tulle, elaborately trimmed with white edged ruffling, with low neck and short sleeves. Her long gray hair, frizzed and powdered, hung upon her shoulders. She seated herself in an arm chair and began "Camille." A correspondent said that the play of her features was wonderful, as she by turns represented the poor, loving, self-sacrificing *Camille*, the heartless, ambitious father and *Armand*, the lover; but her voice was low and feeble. Those even who sat on the front seats and listened very attentively could not hear all that she read. Half way down the ball not a word could be heard. The picture was too painful, and many felt constrained to leave the room. Before the conclusion of the programme the reader begged to be excused from the remaining recitations, and the sympathizing audience willingly granted the request.

The following is the passenger list of the steamship Yazoo from Philadelphia:

Mrs. N. B. Hutton and daughter, L. A. Holburn and W. H. Simpson.

Parish Committee of the Regular Republican Party.

Mr. F. A. Johnson, secretary ad interim, furnishes to us the following report:

The Parish Committee of the regular Republican party met last night pursuant to adjournment, Hon. H. C. Dibble, in the chair.

Twenty-three delegates answered the roll call, and the reading of the minutes of the preceding meeting were dispensed with.

The resignations of Messrs. Thomas Isabelle, of the first ward, William Vigers and William J. Moore, of the fifth ward, J. V. Winters and M. C. Carroll of the twelfth ward, and J. H. H. Camp, of the fifteenth ward, were then read.

Mr. Patrick Creagh moved that they lie over until the next meeting, a rumor having been circulated that the members of the committee, who as delegates had absented themselves on the thirteenth instant from the regular Republican convention, on the decision of the vote tabling a resolution indorsing Greeley and Brown, and the nominees of the Liberal convention lately assembled in this city, were to be expelled.

No such assertions having been made or entertained by the committee, a lively debate ensued upon the suspension of action.

Mr. P. H. Boyle remarked that such a rumor was current; he was an interested party with those who had departed from the convention; but, that, instead of resigning, he had the moral courage to attend the meeting and note the result. The majority conceiving that the gentlemen tendering their resignations certainly had the privilege of resigning, and were not debarred from being present to explain the cause of their action, it was then moved and adopted that their resignations be accepted; the chairman authorized to appoint temporary substitutes, and the secretary instructed to communicate with their respective clubs, and request the vacancies to be filled by election at once.

Mr. Joseph P. Murphy then offered the following resolution, pending the reading of which Mr. P. E. Bechtel was called to the chair:

Resolved, That we the members of the Parish Executive Committee of the regular Republican party of the parish of Orleans indorse the action of the regular Republican State convention, presided over by Hon. H. C. Dibble, and pledge our earnest support to secure the election of the ticket nominated by said convention.

Resolved, That we fully indorse the platform of principles put forth by the national Republican convention which assembled at Philadelphia, and ratify the nomination of U. S. Grant for President and Henry Wilson for Vice President of the United States.

Mr. Wilson, of the thirteenth ward, moved to table the resolution. Lost.

A motion to adopt brought Mr. Wilson to the door, who consumed much time in an eloquent endeavor to convince the committee that Messrs. Greeley and Brown, and the delegates who went down stairs from the regular Republican convention, and the nominees of the Liberal State ticket, were Republicans of the most unquestionable standing.

A voice—Do you know all the nominees of the Liberal ticket?

Mr. Wilson—No.

The chairman ruled Mr. Wilson out of order, as none of the gentlemen alluded to were before the meeting. The resolution of Mr. Murphy, of the first ward, was then adopted by the following vote: Yeas 21, nays 4.

Mr. A. M. C. Hearsey, of the eleventh ward, arose and tendered his resignation, which was as promptly accepted.

The secretary was instructed to publish the foregoing proceedings in the REPUBLICAN and the *Louisianian*, when the committee adjourned to meet Tuesday, the twentieth instant, at 12 M.

The Way Hungary Manages Matrimonial Affairs.

An enterprise called "Society for Dowers and Trousseaux for Newly Married People," has of late come to exceeding grief in the town Borsad-Miskolez, Hungary. This society was established by a parson, a bankrupt and a lawyer without clients, and was entirely on the mutual benefit order. According to the rules, anybody could become a member and at his or her marriage would receive double the sum subscribed. The statutes of the society were approved by the Hungarian minister. The success of the enterprise was immense, and the marriage furore spread throughout the country. Blind men and hunchbacks, the lame, the bandy-legged—all looked about for wives in order to join the society and receive the offered premium. The heads of households—masters and mistresses—married off their servants and shared the premium with the newly married couples. The society did an extensive business, and branch offices were established in all the principal cities of Hungary. There were no fewer than 105,000 names upon the list of membership, and the immense sum of 12,000,000 of florins had been subscribed. This bold speculation finally met the fate of all similar enterprises. The society became bankrupt, throwing much pecuniary trouble among many of the subscribers, and its conductors, who had enriched themselves in so scandalous a manner, were with difficulty rescued, when the announcement of bankruptcy was made public, from the fury of the poor people whose savings had been placed in their hands, and of whom many are now reduced to want.

River Report.

The signal service of the United States army reports, for the benefit of commerce, the rise or fall of the rivers, at 3 P. M. yesterday, as follows:

Stations.	Rise, inches.	Fall, inches.	Above low water mark. Ft.	In.
Fort Benton	..	..		6
Omaha	1	..	6	4
Davenport	..	..	2	8
Keokuk	..	1	3	9
Cairo	1	..	11	3
St. Louis	2	..	11	3
Pittsburg	..	2	3	1
Cincinnati	..	10	5	4
Louisville	..	3	2	9
Memphis	..	3	6	3
Vicksburg	..	13	16	5
Shreveport	..	4	11	4
Nashville	15	..	5	10

The river here is eleven feet five inches below high water mark of 1871.

The Temperature.

The thermometer at Louis Frigerio's, No. 50 Chartres street, yesterday stood as follows: At 8 A. M., 84°; at 2 P. M., 86°; at 6 P. M., 84°. Lowest point during the night of August 15, 77°. Rain August 17, one-quarter inch.

The following is the list of passengers per steamship Western Metropolis, Captain Quick, for New York:

Mrs. George H. Fletcher, Miss Dora Hamilton, Horatio Lange, Lewis Hamilton, G. Smithson, Miss Kate Kelly, F. Taylor, Miss Barbara Kronberg, William Jessen, S. Levy, R. Rutledge, J. J. Ward, P. Kelly, R. Freeman, E. Eichinger, and seven in the steerage.

The black coat is always *de rigueur* in most of the Paris fashionable ceremonies, and shares with the blue the favor of society only on the occasion of marriages. Some of the Parisian *elegantes* have decided upon adopting a black coat that will distinguish them from those of the multitude. It is understood that the coat worn at a wedding ceremony is always to be worn with light-gray-colored trousers and a white waistcoat. The shape of this coat resembles that of the former "habit Français," cut straight round the neck, the collar and the *revers* being in one piece. In this warm season the coat is lined with silk, and in winter with velvet.

In Worcester, Massachusetts, E. B. Fairbanks was on trial for assault on a diver named Henry Adams. The latter testified that he was thrown down and choked until he became insensible, and said, "I was very near dead, I expect." "You needn't tell what you think about that, it is not evidence." The city marshal quickly replied, "Yes it is, the witness is a diver, and we can put in his opinion as that of an expert." The objection was withdrawn.

"I want to buy a sewing machine," said an old lady, entering a shop. "Do you wish a machine with a feller?" inquired the shopman. "Goodness, no!" she exclaimed. "Don't want any of your fellers about me."

MARSHFIELD.

An Enchanted Voyage—The Marshfield Meadows—Fletcher Webster's Place—The Webster Mansion—The Herd—The Elm—The Homestead.

The New York *Tribune* is publishing a series of letters from the Old Colony, one of which we reproduce because it relates to Marshfield, the home of Daniel Webster:

STANDISH HOUSE, Duxbury, July 27.

An excursion, however beautiful, is not always its own excuse for being, but requires an objective purpose. Most of us, also, have an instinct to see with our own eyes, and in our own way, localities which pen and pencil may often have described; to catch their spiritual atmosphere by actual inhalation of the winds that hover about them. From a double motive I have thus been led to visit the almost forgotten home of that large-molded statesman who, more than all his compeers, was the nation's pride and sorrow; that best-beloved, adopted son of Massachusetts upon whom she lavished her heart, her loyalty, and her treasure, freely and unregretfully, to the very last. She could not else, as a mother cherishing him in his strength and weakness; and though she might not follow him in the path where himself had guided her, it was tenderly, and with no averted eyes, that she laid him in his homestead sepulchre, and consecrated it thenceforth to the possession of those who inherited his blood and name.

A translucent July morning beaconed me upon my pilgrimage to the historic downs of Marshfield. Who, going thither, would follow weary miles of dusty turnpike, when the blue ocean could bear him to its very border by the same unfurrowed path which Webster loved to take—across the bay, along the winding inlet, and up the reedy river whose sedges seem to murmur of him still. And so on this "sheeny summer morn,"

"The tide of time flowed back with me,
The forward flowing tide of time,"

as, in company of an eager-eyed American boy whose possibilities of life are all before him, I pushed my shallop from the beach, and, with the wind abaft, soon was gliding over the flats, and headed for the Clark's island channel that enters Duxbury bay. A clear, fair sky and steady, favoring breeze. Look over the gunwale, and see all the marvels of Eden glimmering beneath! "Sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and palms of the ocean," with pointed feathery plumage, compact of gorgeous dyes, bend slowly to the current, like a wind-kissed tropical forest, under the waves; and in open, rock-strewn places the star-fish, mussel shells and cockles have a prismatic, mingled beauty; and even the huge, ungainly sculpins nosing among them—so hideous above seas—are here in sinuous keeping, and renew for us the lesson that

There is in nature nothing mean or base
But only as our baseness makes it so.

On our right the waters about the Gurnet are so placid that you wonder how the ship-channel can rage so wildly there in a stormy time. Longfellow must have made close study, whether in his library or on the spot itself of the scene of his Old Colony hexameters, his topography is everywhere very correct, and you can here plainly see how the Mayflower

—"sailed from the harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic."

"The Gurnet" is a name so resonant and distinctive that I have been moved to ask of its origin, and have asked in vain—obscurity of local tradition prevailing here as elsewhere. After all, it seems to be derived from the toad-headed fish which I have mentioned. Turning to the Unabridged, I find that the gurnet is a horny-headed species found along the Devon coast, England, whence came the Pilgrim sires. The old fishermen hereabout tell me that sculpins were often called "gurneys" until within a score of years. Great numbers are caught around the point in question, and I doubt not that the explorers, mistaking them for their English cousins, gave their name to the headland whose waters are their haunt.

But we have crossed the bay, steering through the guzzle of the shoal, upon which the current is roaring, even in this calm weather, like the crack of doom. We heed it not, but shoot like Argo between the jostling rocks, and in a moment are under the lee of Saquish, and have a flood-tide to help us over the shallows and up the tortuous channal still before our prow. We speed past Duxbury; the scattered houses of Marshfield break into view; while our boat, flitting over submerged lowlands, enters Cut river—a passage open to the tide, half creek, half canal, by which, going northward, you can reach Green's river, and thence again the ocean above the glorious Marshfield beach. Winding up this salty stream, on either side of us lie bottom lands, where in the fall all kinds of marine fowl are wont to congregate or fly over within the sportsman's range. Beyond them, far as the eye can see, are the woods, downs and windswept waters, that constantly afford Webster the chase of wing and fin and all the zest of out-door life so essential to his vigorous, primeval nature. But we are opposite the wooded hummock where the French cable lands, and can see the barracks of the officials who have the cis-Atlantic station in charge. The county map shows that at a lonely bridge before us is a good place to let down sail and fasten painter; so, taking to our feet, we find ourselves upon a meadow road, lined with blackberry bushes, alder and sweet fern, with but a mile's walk yet further to the Webster Mansion.

In a few minutes we reach a straggling, gabled farmhouse, painted white, to which leads a shaded by-walk; it was the residence of the late Colonel Fletcher Webster, the statesman's last surviving son, who was killed at the second Bull Run fight—a man of brilliant parts, but handicapped and overweighted from the first with the prestige of his father's glory, and born to a changeful, easy-going, somewhat purposeless life. He died for his country in the end; and he who has fulfilled that Spartan ambition never yet has lived in vain. The initials "D. W.," deeply graven in a poplar near the gateway, catch the quick eye of my boy, who asks if the great Mr. Webster cut them? No; those letters are done in sprawling, boyish style, most likely by Daniel, Fletcher Webster's son, on whom were fastened the hopes and name of the grandfather, but who died some years ago, in sorrow and obscurity, after a brief, unrestful manhood. His crayon likeness, as a youth of eight or nine summers, hangs in the parlor at Marshfield—an exquisitely chiseled, girlish face, classical in beauty, but with something, I know not what, of passionate weakness about the mouth and chin.

The Fletcher Webster place has passed into strange hands, and is sadly neglected. The hedges have run to waste, and the thicket near the entrance is like the copse that hid the sleeping palace during a fated hundred years. We turned away and followed the road through an open farming region, with houses few and far between, but lined with fragrant bay fields, and affording here and there glimpses of ocean to make us less forlorn. Suddenly we came upon a noble herd of cattle, ranging a twenty acre lot; some two score head in all, mostly cows of mingled breed, but with four great oxen towering above the rest, high-shouldered bemoths of the field, sprung, it must be, from the loins of Webster's favorite bulls. There was something heroic about these monsters—sacred to Helios, it seemed, and facing the four winds—"distinguished," as one of Homer's pupils sang, "amidst all the trail-foot kine." So many descendants of the cattle whose breath was grateful to the farmer statesman, whose flanks he loved to fondle, yet remain, and others of the same stock are to be found on certain of the neighboring farms. Beyond the pasture, of these Augean warders we enter a narrow, winding road, leading up to the centre of the Webster domain, and pass between two noteworthy houses—one, on the right—a brown modernish residence, with trees in front, from whose branches lazy, foreign-looking gentlemen are swinging in hammocks—is the abode of Miss Phillips, our favorite American contralto; and Azucena could find no more sequestered spot on which to pass Bohemian days. The weather-beaten, reddish farm house on the left is the venerable Wirslow homestead, held through many generations by descendants of the famous Governor, who secured his freehold here. A furlong more, and we are at another gateway, flanked with rough, low masonry, the entrance to the Webster place, and may pass at will and saunter along the carriage path to the mansion door.

The lawn, on either side, rises in knolls here and there, and, interspersed with spreading, isolated trees, is bare of fences, and resembles an English manor lot. The avenue, also, is overhung with shade trees, among which are beech, tamarack, poplar, fir, cedar, maple, oak, in fact, almost every species known to the Northern woods. The path is nicely rolled, and we are pleased to observe that the approach is generally in wholesome order. The mansion—a long, low, cross-roofed, wooden pile—has been so often pictured that I need only speak of it as owing its attractiveness to an appearance of having grown, foot after foot, by alteration from some old building, and of not having been made bran-new and at once; to the long piazzas, where posies and the Virginia creeper wander at will; to its peaked gables; lastly, to the indefinite feeling one derives from it, that here has been a sturdy presence of manhood in the past, now gone forever, but leaving its potent individuality stamped upon the less transitory inanimate objects which surrounded it. "We are what suns and winds and waters make us;" but here nature is as Webster transformed it. The house grew with him; the trees, except the "Peregrine white apple tree" and the famous elm, were planted by his hand; and the rolling acres, the unbroken lawn, are the impress and reflection of the man himself. The elm, under which Mr. Webster used to place his chair, and was painted sitting in the country farmer's garb, differs from any specimen of New England's royal tree that I ever have seen. The trunk is of the largest, but the limbs shoot out not far above the ground, and, whether by art or nature, are trained to cover a circle of 100 feet in diameter, drooping low, so that the tree casts a shadow beyond that of any Windsor oak, and enhouses you like a banyan. The great limb has yielded to a recent blast, and touches the ground, with leaves still green upon it. As if a servitor, smitten in defense of the mansion, had sunk his wounded limb to earth, the tree still holds its proudly, and wards off the tempest's onset with its unharmed branches.

The present inmates of the house are Mrs. Fletcher Webster; her son Ashburton, a young man of twenty-five years; her daughter, Caroline, who is married to Mr. James Geddes Day, of New York, and with her husband resides here on the family estate. Mr. Day is a lawyer, but at present devotes his time chiefly to the care of the farm and grounds, and for keeping the latter in order is said to possess the qualifications of a taste for art and landscape gardening. The interior of the house is kept precisely as the dying statesman left it. I chanced to visit it as a private guest, and to such its hospitalities are generously extended; but as it is daily visited and examined in a public way, and as the lives and record of the few surviving members of the family constantly form the topic, not only of local gossip, but of much printed criticism, wherein the inevitable moral of genealogical decadence is none too delicately drawn, I neither am inclined nor bounden to repeat much hearsay. Rather let me in another letter speak to your readers of the varying impressions made upon my own mind during a pleasant flitting visit to Marshfield, where I was the recipient of nothing but courtesy, and, for one, saw nothing that could jar upon the feelings of the most reverent worshiper of a great man's fame.

E. C. S.

LOOK OUT FOR THEM.

People of New Orleans who pay five-eighths of the State taxes, see to it. Impoverished people of the country parishes, see to it. The holders of State bonds, at home and abroad, see to it. It might be suggestively added: see to what! See that the rotten hulks of a past political power don't cumber the way: see that the voice of the people, chained down by those who do none of the voting and all of the growling, and who are in the first rank to get a fat office, to which their interest does not entitle them, see to it that these public demoralizers have no chance at the bellows, no finger in the pie again. The State indebtedness has not been increased one cent by H. C. Warmoth. On the contrary, villainy in the Legislature, by which the debt could be increased, was killed off by the $25,000,000 amendment, suggested by Governor Warmoth, who has destroyed by his veto more jobs than ever have passed. The State debt is but $23,000,000, all told. See to it. The State taxes are levied to pay the interest of the bonded debt, and we say, bully! We believe in paying debts—see to it. The augmentation in the city debt has been made by the rose-watered Democrats—see to it. With the bad deeds of past administrations cumbering the records, and for which the present administration has to pay—echo answers, see to it.

M. No. 2.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Office of Firemen's Charitable Association, New Orleans, August 17, 1872.—The Board of Delegates of this Association are hereby notified to attend a special meeting to be held on TUESDAY, the twentieth instant, at half-past seven o'clock P. M., in the hall of Louisiana Hose Company, corner of Perdido and Carondelet streets. Business of the utmost importance will be transacted.

C. C. FLANAGAN, Secretary.
au18

Morbid Predisposition.—Thousands of human beings are affected with an inherent predisposition to disease. They are the weaklings of the flock; the vital spark burns but feebly in them, and will be likely to go out prematurely unless nourished and protected. To this delicate class, above all others, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an article of prime necessity. It imparts nervous energy, vital power, constitutional stamina, and these are the attributes that such weaklings require. Nature must be reinforced under such circumstances, or the machinery of life will soon run down. For the debilitated, the dyspeptic, the bilious, the rheumatic, the nervous and the despondent, there is nothing comparable to Hostetter's Bitters. au15 3t eod w

Citizens' Bank of Louisiana, New Orleans, August 1, 1872.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a semi-annual dividend of FIVE PER CENT on the capital of the banking department was declared, payable to the cash stockholders on and after Monday, twelth instant.

aug 13t J. L. DELERY, Cashier.

Batchelor's Hair Dye.—This superb hair dye is the best in the world—perfectly harmless, reliable and instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints or disagreeable odor. The genuine William A. Batchelor's hair dye produces immediately a splendid black or natural brown; leaves the hair clean, soft, beautiful; does not contain a particle of lead or any injurious compound. Sold by all druggists. Factory, No. 16 Bond street, New York. jy13 1y

POLITICAL NOTICES.

Headquarters Regular Republican Party of Louisiana, No. 16 Dryades street, New Orleans, August 17, 1872.—The newly elected and appointed members of the State Central Executive Committee of the regular Republican party, are requested to meet at these headquarters on MONDAY, August 19, at twelve o'clock M.

WILLIAM G. BROWN,
au18 1t Secretary.

Rally, Rally, Rally.—All citizens of the first ward who are in favor of the Liberal party are requested to meet at the wigwam on St. Charles street, between Polymnia and Felicity streets, on MONDAY EVENING, the nineteenth instant, at half-past seven o'clock, to organize a new auxiliary club.

au17 1t MANY CITIZENS FIRST WARD.

Notice.—The Liberal Republicans of the Sixth Senatorial District are hereby requested to send delegates to the courthouse in St. John the Baptist, at twelve o'clock M., on SATURDAY, August 24, 1872, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for State Senator in the coming election. The district and parishes will be entitled to the same representation as in the Republican convention of August 9 last.

Delegates from the Sixth District of New Orleans, Jefferson and St. Charles parishes can take the morning train on the New Orleans, Mobile and Texas railroad, and return home the same day.

E. HENDERSON,
au17 4t Secretary of Called Meeting.

Liberal Parish Executive Committee, New Orleans, August 16, 1872.—Regular meetings of this committee every THURSDAY EVENING, at half-past seven o'clock, corner Common and Dryades streets. Business hours daily from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. The sub-committees will meet daily at one o'clock P. M.

GEORGE G. GARNER, President.

Attested:
PAUL B. WOMBLEY, Secretary. au17

MEDICAL.

ON MARRIAGE. — HAPPY RELIEF FOR young men from the effects of errors and abuses in early life. Manhood restored. Impediments to marriage removed. New method of treatment. New and remarkable remedies. Books and circulars sent free, in sealed envelopes.

Address Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania—an institution having a high reputation for honorable conduct and professional skill. au13 2m eod

MISCELLANEOUS.

HARDWARE ..... HARDWARE.

NO. 74 GRAVIER STREET.

A well assorted stock of hardware, suitable for country and city trade, will be sold in bulk, with the fixtures, below cost, or apportioned in lots to suit purchasers.

Apply on the premises. au18 3t

NOTICE—THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT I WILL not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Marie Fontain, as there is a separation of property between us.

JEAN MARIE LACAZE,
au19 1t* Jefferson City.

HORSES ..... HORSES.

Arrived from Texas,
FIFTY HEAD OF FINE TEXAS HORSES,
Can be seen at No. 137 Baronne street,
AT W. HIPPER'S LEXINGTON STABLES.
Also—A fine lot of choice KENTUCKY MULES.
au16 3t

IRON COTTON TIES.

ALL APPROVED POPULAR PATENTS.
Arrow, Anchor, Wallis, Alligator and Dunn.
For sale by all dealers of New Orleans, Mobile and Memphis.

BARTLETT & RAYNE,
au10 1m General Agents.

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES

OF WARD CLUBS IN WANT OF BADGES
Would do well to call on the undersigned, as he has facilities not common to others in the city. Samples and designs constantly on hand at

A. HIMMEL'S SILVERWARE MANUFACTORY,
au9 1m No. 196 Poydras street, New Orleans.

ALABAMA LIME, CEMENT, PLASTER.

In store and for sale—
2500 barrels fresh Shelby, Alabama, LIME.
2000 barrels fresh Louisville CEMENT.
500 barrels Rosendale CEMENT.
500 barrels fresh W. R. Brown's Newburgh PLASTER.

By SAMUEL JAMISON, Sole Agent,
au9 3m No. 69 Carondelet street.

NOTICE.—SUBSCRIPTION TO THE CAPITAL stock of the New Orleans, Magazine and Carrollton Railroad Company, running from Toledano street to the upper line of Magazine street (say to Carrollton). There has been obtained a privilege of a ferryboat to cross the passengers over the Mississippi river to New Orleans, Mobile and Texas railroad depot, so that this railroad will be the main line for passengers going to Northern Louisiana, Texas, etc. This road is already completed from Toledano street to Joseph street, with running stock, say two miles double track, and the extension to Carrollton will be completed as soon as possible. The charter of the company and plan of the road can be inspected at the office, No. 49 Exchange alley, between Customhouse and Bienville streets, where the books are also open for subscription and all information.

J. H. EHRMANN,
au2 2m No. 49 Exchange alley.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE—

100 cases Kentucky SCHNAPPS,
100 cases Brady's COCKTAIL BITTERS,
200 cases Brady's FAMILY BITTERS,
100 cases Brady's GREELEY BITTERS.

By WILLIAM M. FINCKARD,
Corner Common and Tchoupitoulas streets.
au3 eod 1m

SUGAR KETTLES—SUGAR KETTLES.

Wrought and Cast Iron SUGAR KETTLES, from the celebrated Iron Works of Messrs. R. & J. Rankin & Co., of Liverpool. For sale by

M. A. DeLIZARDI & CO.,
jy26 1m No. 25 Carondelet street.

PEOPLE BUYING WINDOW SHADES complete, and put up for $7, that took the highest premiums at the last Louisiana State Fair, 1872, over all competition. The "SOUTHERN SHADES" have no rollers, springs, pulleys, catches, or brackets; consequently, impossible to get out of order. Shades made any size to order. Awnings and wire screens to order. Orders from city or country filled with dispatch. Address or call on the SOUTHERN WINDOW SHADE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Nos. 22 and 24 Claiborne street, between Canal and Common streets, New Orleans. N. B.—Country agents wanted. Right to manufacture for sale. jy21 1y

ZINC IRON DISINFECTANT HAS, BY all eminent chemists and physicians, been pronounced the best and cheapest DISINFECTANT now in use. It deodorizes, vaults, gutters, stables, alleys, water closets, etc., and has been adopted by the Board of Health of this city, and recommended to the citizens for their use on account of its great chemical action and permanent value as a disinfectant. Price, per single gallon, $1; by the barrel, seventy-five cents per gallon; per bottle, twenty-five and fifty cents each.

Prepared by THOMAS PICKLES,
No. 219 Tchoupitoulas street,
Opposite St. Mary Market, New Orleans.
jy 9 2m eod

NOTICE ..... NOTICE.

MIRAMON,
Dealer in All Kinds of Furniture,
NOS. 99, 101 and 103 CHARTRES STREET, New Orleans.

Has constantly on hand an assortment of Cottage Bedsteads (extra make, with 2½ inch posts), with tenslets, $12.
Solid Walnut one-fourth Marble Bureaus, $30.
Solid Walnut Portable Armoire, with two drawers in bottom, $20.
Victoria Bedroom Sets, in Walnut, Mahogany and Imitation Rosewood, ten pieces, $120.
Spring Mattresses made to order, $25 and $30.
Parlor Sets, in Walnut, Mahogany and Imitation Rosewood, ten pieces, at very moderate prices.
Also, an assortment of Looking-Glasses