New Orleans Republican.
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

AUCTION SALES TO-MORROW.

BY SHERIFF HARPER, at 10 o'clock, on Exchange alley, between St. Louis and Conti streets, fishing tackle, etc. At 10½ o'clock, at No. 82 Canal street, goods, merchandise, fixtures, book accounts, etc; on Gravier, between Camp and Magazine streets, printing materials. At 12 o'clock, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, lot with buildings on Nayades and St. Patrick streets, and Henry Clay avenue; same on St. Joseph, between Camp and Magazine streets; brick store No. 190 Poydras street; two lots with buildings on St. Charles, between Girod and Lafayette streets; a lot with buildings on Toulouse, between Royal and Bourbon streets; same on Villere, between Ursulines street and Bayou Road; same on Rampart between Toulouse and St. Peter streets; same on Bourbon, between St. Louis and Conti streets; same on St. Philip, between Rampart and St. Claude streets; same on Greatmen, between Spain and Port; dwelling house and buildings on lot on St. Philip, between Robertson and Claiborne street; improved and vacant real estate for taxes.

Local Intelligence.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.—It rained too heavily yesterday for outdoor sports, so the twitlings of the Camp street afternoon issues betook themselves to labor. The *Times* seized upon keno as an available sensation, and straightway gave a column of puff to a certain gambling saloon not far from the *Times* office. As the black league massacre didn't come off as announced, and as outside *gore* did not abound, the *Picayune* was taken with internal hemorrhage and lost one of its reporters. The poor fellow became enthused with Hostetter bitters, and then effervesced with Rochelle aperient. He then found himself in an aqueous and normal condition. According to the reporter's own statement, he was piloted home by a goat, but it is suspected that bock beer had more to do with it. The writers of the *Times* and *Picayune* should retrain from inflicting their personal experience upon the public, even though, by such means, they advertise the things they most do love.

NAVIGATION AND CHEMISTRY.—Charles Paulsen, a Norwegian sailor, thought to keep his terrestrial bark afloat by the aid of certain chemicals, which he surreptitiously borrowed from W. Aureden. The problem of chemistry as applied to navigation will be solved before Judge Miller, of the Fourth District Municipal Court.

ROLAND A RENDEZVOUS.—J. Roland, who was robbed of $315 a few nights since, has made affidavit against Monroe Morrison, Mary McElroy and Lizzie Bernard, charging them with the abduction of his funds. The three accused, in default of bonds, were remanded to the Parish Prison.

BRIEF MENTION.—Francis Adams is charged by Mrs. McCoy with having obtained from her under false pretenses a certain sum of money. Officer Isabelle captured Francis Adams at No. 15 Josephine street and lodged him in the lock-up.

George Blackburn, a rural youth from Mississippi, is charged by Mr. George Lord with obtaining money under false pretences.

Yesterday morning Jack Johnson was found with two hams in his possession. The hour was quite early and the circumstances suspicious, so Jack was arrested and locked up.

A middle aged woman named Lizzie Whitehead died suddenly yesterday at No. 7 Treme street.

A young man, apparently not more than twenty-seven years of age, was brought to the first precinct station yesterday morning, in a raving and insane condition. Four officers were required to capture the maniac; so large a force being necessary to to prevent the unfortunate from injuring himself by his struggles.

NO RIOT.—William Chapman became infuriated with liquor. He raised a row; he threatened several riots. He entered Louis Soulverille's coffeehouse, corner of Canal and Wells streets, and behaved quite badly. William Carter, the clerk of the eighth precinct station, chanced to be passing by and captured William Chapman. Chapman flourished a razor extensively, but surrendered at discretion. In order to effect the arrest, William Carter, the porter, had to fire a shot at the bellicose Chapman, but the shot, fortunately for Chapman, and unfortunately for society, only grazed the neck of the riotor.

ST. JOHN CLUB.—The tub regatta of this club, which was announced to take place yesterday, has been postponed for fairer weather. A rainy washing day is never in favor, and so all bets must stand till a more auspicious occasion.

ELEVENTH WARD CLUB.—The boys are at work again. The other evening, they organized on the old Republican basis, for the new campaign. Mr. William H. Hunt was elected president, Mr. James McGauley first vice president, Mr. F. Laperrice second vice president, Mr. John F. McAllen recording secretary, Mr. Aristide Henderson corresponding secretary, Mr. Charles Brown treasurer, Mr. James A. Brennan marshal, and Mr. T. E. Smith sergeant-at-arms. If the club is only half so strong as the officers would indicate, we may look for a great success in the old eleventh.

In the
New summer scheme,
Louisiana State Lottery,
Are 260 prizes
Amounting to $70,400,
Among which
Are three capital prizes
Of $10,000 each.
Drawing to take place
Saturday, July 11.

The Weather and Rivers.

OFFICE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVER, New Orleans, July 4, 1874.

The following is a report of the weather and rivers at 3:43 P. M. to-day, local time:

Place.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Cairo	86	S.	Clear.
Cincinnati	96	N. W.	Clear.
Davenport	97	W.	Clear.
Dubuque	97	.....	Clear.
Fort Sully	102	S. E.	Clear.
Galveston	84	S.	Threatening.
Indianola	86	S. E.	Fair.
Keokuk	99	W.	Clear.
Key West	91	E.	Fair.
Lacrosse	97	.....	Clear.
Leavenworth	98	S.	Clear.
Louisville	97	W.	Clear.
Memphis	93	S. E.	Clear.
Nashville	97	E.	Clear.
New Orleans	73	S. E.	Heavy rain.
Omaha	96	S. W.	Clear.
Pittsburg	86	N. W.	Fair.
Shreveport	74	E.	Light rain.
St. Louis	97	W.	Clear.
St. Paul	91	S. E.	Clear.
Vicksburg	79	E.	Cloudy.
Yankton	96	S. E.	Clear.
Augusta	79	W.	Cloudy.
Baltimore	91	S. W.	Threatening.
Mobile	74	S. E.	Light rain.
Montgomery	82	S.	Cloudy.
New York	75	S.	Threatening.
Savannah	81	S. E.	Cloudy.

THE RIVERS.

Stations.	Rise, inches.	Fall, inches.	Above low water mark. Ft.	In.
Cairo	3	..	12	5
Cincinnati	..	2	5	1
Davenport	1	..	6	3
Dubuque	..	1	9	2
Keokuk	1	..	6	2
Leavenworth	1	..	7	4
Lacrosse	..	1	7	1
Louisville	..	3	4	4
Memphis	..	6	10	10
Nashville	..	..	1	4
New Orleans	..	2	..	5
Omaha	2	..	11	3
Pittsburg	..	..	1	8
Shreveport	..	4	13	1
St. Louis	..	..	13	10
St. Paul	..	2	11	2
Vicksburg	..	10	19	10
Yankton	17	..	15	0

The river here is seven feet below high water mark of 1871.

The Temperature.

The thermometer at Louis Frigerio's, No. 50 Chartres street, on July 4, stood as follows: At 8 A. M., 71°; at 2 P. M., 77°; at 6 P. M., 77°. Lowest point during the night of July 3, 70°. Rain during the night of July 3 and day of July 4, seven and eight-hundredths inches.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE BRIGAND; OR, THE DEMON OF THE NORTH. By Victor Hugo. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. For sale by Kain & Co., No. 130 Canal street, New Orleans.

This story is one of the earliest of Hugo's productions, and when first published was called simply "Hans d'Iselande." It was written before the author adopted the crisp epigrammatic style which characterizes his later works, though it displays the same power to create and make vivid the horrible and grotesque. It is a wierd and powerful romance, and dramatic enough, according with the new title, to satisfy the lovers of the Red-Handed Avenger literature, or the pit-watchers sitting up with the corpse of a Bowery drama.

OUR FIRST HUNDRED YEARS. By C. Edwards Lester. Published by the United States Publishing Company, New York.

We have received from the publishers part one of this work which is to be issued in twelve monthly parts, and which gives promise of being a valuable history or written life of the United States of America. The four periods into which the history is to be divided will embrace colonization, consolidation, development and achievement: the first period bringing the reader from Columbus to the Declaration of Independence, and to the beginning of our first hundred years as a republic. Mr. Lester is a writer of ability, and has given to the reading world many valuable historical and biographical works, chiefly American in theme. He will doubtless make his present work one which will do him lasting honor in his riper years.

NEW ORLEANS MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL. Edited by S. M. Bemiss, M. D. Published by James A. Gresham, No. 92 Camp street, New Orleans.

The July number, being the No. 1 of volume two, of this valuable medical magazine, has been received from the publisher, and is found to contain a large number of articles interesting to the general reader and important to the profession. Dr. S. E. Chaille contributes a valuable paper on "The Vital Statistics of New Orleans," and Dr. H. C. D'Aquin one on "Dengue, a Typical Eruptive Fever." A large portion of the magazine is devoted to the "Proceedings of the New Orleans Medical and Surgical Association." The excerpta is made up from papers detailing accounts of the treatment of various diseases, to which is added reviews of new scientific works, with correspondence and editorial, in all making an excellent number, fully sustaining the previous reputation of this home publication.

Love and Music.

She was a music teacher. He played the piano fairly well. They lived next door. It was one of those wooden cities so common in this country, where each house stands alone in its little garden. It was summer time, and evening. All the windows were open, and from every side came scraps and bits of music from sundry pianos, voices and instruments. A flute wailed over the way, where the "engaged man" lived. A voice and a piano dueted where the young married folks lived, and the young thing who was "paying attentions" to the First Baptist soprano was trying the bass of a certain touching psalm. In the midst of it all, she, the music teacher, began a slumber song. Then the others paused to listen. When she stopped there was a little pause, and then he played a kinderlied. Silence all round. Then she indulged in a waltz. She felt better. Then he galloped, musically speaking. She did not seem to be in that mood, and she replied in a song without words. It was touching. Then he played a bit of the moonlight sonata. She took, and replied with "Five o'clock in the morning."

The flute-fellow, the young couple, and all the rest of the neighbors sat up in bed or in their chairs, held their breaths and listened. It was becoming interesting. Every note could be heard. The moonight fell through the trees, and it was very calm and still. The fire-fly roamed through the garden, and the dorbugs boomed fitfully. Then he played "Come, Rest in this Bosom," and some of them stuffed the sheets in their mouths to keep from laughing. Then there was a pause, as if she did not know what to give next. Then she played "O Fair Dove, O Fond Love," or music to that effect. There was a suspicion of laughter in the air, but the two heard it not. When she finished he, too, paused a moment, and then in a sweet, tender manner played "I Would My Love." It was too much. Some one laughed. Then somebody else laughed. Then the laughter filled the night with a din. A certain window came down with a bang, and a piano was heard to shut with a slam. For all that, they were married within a month.

Swift Retribution.

The following is from the Lexington, Kentucky, *Press:*

A widow lady, residing in Anderson county, had for some time been expecting money from Washington, for an army claim she had against the government, and one day last week she received the money, about $600. That night she was visited at a very late hour, by several men disguised as negroes, who, with drawn pistols and threats of death, demanded the money. Mrs. —— was compelled to yield, but begged the robbers to leave $125 to pay her nephew, from whom she had borrowed that amount some time previous, and whom she had promised to pay when her "army money" came. The robbers at first refused, but were finally induced to yield to Mrs. ——'s appeal, and agreed to give her back the $125 if see would get them something to eat. Mrs. —— went about preparing supper, and seasoned it heavily with poison she happened to have about the house. The thieves ate heartily, and two of them were found dead on the premises the next (Friday) morning, and Mrs. —— was horrified at identifying one of them as her nephew, from whom she had borrowed the $125. We have not as yet been able to ascertain any further particulars and give this as it was told by Mr. Hastings.

A Kansas paper gives the following report of a judge's sentence, lately past on a criminal: "Brumley, you infamous scoundrel! You're an unredeemed villain. You hain't a single redeeming trait in your character! Your wife and family wish we had sent you to the penitentiary. This is the fifth time I've had you before me, and you have put me to more trouble than your neck is worth. I've exhorted and prayed over you long enough, you scoundrel! Just go home and take one glimpse at your family, and be off in short order! Don't let's ever hear of you again! The grand jury have found two other indictments against you, but I'll dismiss you on your own recognizance, and if I ketch you in this neck of woods to-morrow morning at daylight, I'll sock you right square into jail and bump you off to Jeffersonville in less than no time, you infernal scoundrel! If ever I catch you crossing your finger at man, woman or child—white man or nigger—I'll sock you right square into the jug! Stand up, you scoundrel, while I pass sentence on you!"

A man sauntered into an apothecary shop in Portland, Maine, the other morning, and after spending a few moments looking into the showcases, and turning a piece of toothpick several times in his mouth, startled the clerk with the question: "What's good to cure poisoning?" "What kind of poisoning?" "Well, laudanum poisoning," says the stranger. "You see the old woman took a couple of teaspoonfuls of laudanum, and I kinder thought I'd better drop into a pill shop and see what's good for her" (all this in a drawling voice). "Here, John," shouted the clerk, "put up a strong emetic as quick as you can, and, sir, take it home, give it to your wife, follow it up with strong coffee, and call a doctor." "A doctor!" says the man, taking the medicine, "she don't waste no money on doctors, not if I know it."—*Portland (Maine) Advertiser.*

A PILGRIMAGE TO CONCORD.

Worshipers at the Shrine of Hawthorne and the Present Abode of Emerson and Alcott—The Last House Hawthorne Lived In.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton writes from Boston to the New York *Tribune* the following charming account of a visit to the home of the philosophers:

This world is not all a vale of tears, since it contains Concord. I went there yesterday and saw its pleasant ways for myself. There is a new club called "Our Club," of which Mr. Alcott is guide, philosopher, and friend, and he invited us to meet with him yesterday at Concord. We were to picnic in his grounds, had the weather been fine; as it wasn't, we passed most of the day in his house. Carriages awaited us at the depot, and we drove through the peaceful, pretty town, green with the fresh verdure of June, and white and fragrant with fruit trees in blossom. We passed the new library, which is the pride of the place. The literature of Concord is, no doubt, its religion; so, very appropriately, the library is built like a church—quasi-Gothic, and with an ambitious spire. Indeed some one one exclaimed, "What a pretty church!" but our smiling and gratified driver said, proudly and sententiously, "No, ma'm, that the library." We passed also Mr. Emerson's large, unpretending, yet most comfortable and delightful house, which has been rebuilt to look precisely as of old, before the envious flame devoured it. At last—driving along that road over which the British regulars marched in the sunshine, a hundred years ago—we stopped before Mr. Alcott's gate. The rustic fence, at which we all look curiously, is sacred, because the hands of the philosopher himself cut and arranged every stick. It is fashioned of graceful boughs, and quaint, gnarled trunks of trees. It shuts in a great green yard, and some wonderful elms, that must be hundreds of years old. It was in this house that Robert Hagburn lived—the early lover and at last the husband of Rose Garfield, in "Septimius Felton." Hawthorne speaks of the retreating hill behind; the great elms; and the old house, "which the magic hand of Alcott has improved by the touch that throws grace, amiableness and natural beauty over scenes that have little pretension in themselves."

Can you guess the delight of being welcomed at such a gate, at such a home, by a revered and beloved man, whose face is a benediction, whose silver hair is a crown of glory, and whose mild, persuasive voice never spoke, as I truly believe, one harsh or ungenerous word in all the many years he has spoken to his fellows? Behind him came his two tall and slender daughters—Louisa, who has told the story of herself and her three sisters in "Little Women" to the largest public that ever read any juvenile book, and May, of whose artistic gifts I have more to say hereafter. There are welcomes and welcomes. There is the polite welcome, of which you can not complain, but which does not set you at your ease, and there is the cordial welcome, which makes you glad you have come. The one we received was of the latter order. The barometer had been falling—we had been doubtful whether to go or to stay at home—but at the sight of these three friendly faces we were sure that we had not made a mistake, whatever were the weather.

We went in and rambled like explorers over the rooms, finding new attractions everywhere. I wish I could tell you how pretty and how peculiar it was. The house has been built between one and two hundred years. When it came into Mr. Alcott's possession, some sixteen years ago, he was told he would have to pull it down and put up a new dwelling on the old site if he wanted to live there. But he sent for experts to examine it, and they assured him that no builder of to-day would pretend to put up so strong a superstructure. The great beams were of solid oak and the nails of wrought iron, and there was no weakness anywhere to keep it from standing for centuries more. So, instead of pulling down, he repaired and beautified. He kept all the quaint, old-fashioned peculiarities, and made each one serve some purpose of adornment. Miss Louisa said, laughingly, that her father made Gothic brackets to set tin pans on; and, indeed, I did not see a single corner in the whole house that had not some artistic charm. Here was a quaintly-shaped jug: there a curious carving; yonder a vase of flowers, and everywhere pictures. This brings me back to Miss May Alcott, a pleasant person to return to, by the way.

She was born an artist. The walls of her own room were covered with her childish sketches, and the house was full of the more finished work of her later years. To look at her copies of Turner almost made you believe in the transmigration of souls. Others have copied form and color, but she had not alone rendered these external features, but had infused into them the very soul of the original, till I should think Turner's ghost must find it hard to tell which were his own and which were hers. I was not surprised to learn that John Ruskin—Turner's prophet and idolater—had taken Miss May to his heart (need I explain to a censorious world that I do not mean this literally!)—and considers her to be the one person who has a right to copy the works of his idol. These copies are so full of wonderful color that they would make bright the darkest day, and almost warm the coldest one.

Then there were lovely flower pictures—originals, these—painted on black panel, as is the pretty fashion of the present hour. This fashion has been scarcely introduced abroad as yet—give America credit for one novel idea in art—so that there is both an English and a French demand for these pictures, which Miss Alcott sends abroad, receiving foreign gold in return. Is not this an era, when America is exporting works of art to delight the "effete civilizations," etc.?

What with flowers and pictures, and philosophy, we were happy till lunch time, and then we had a new pleasure in being served with our coffee and sandwiches by the very "little men" of Miss Alcott's charming book. They are Mr. Alcott's grandchildren, such grave, courteous, sweet-faced, gentle and gentlemanly little men as a philosopher's grandchildren ought to be.

After lunch we waited for Mr. Emerson, who was to join us and hear Dr. Bartol's paper; for to read a paper, you know, is the one thing without which a Boston club couldn't meet, even in Concord, where all the birds were singing, and all the trees in bloom. As we waited, we talked; how wisely and how well I will leave you to conjecture. At last came Mr. Emerson, his wife, and some guests; and we went into the library. Fancy a cozy room with crimson carpet, and all the deep seated, comfortable chairs and lounges covered with crimson likewise, with crimson cloth on the great table with books where there were not pictures, and pictures wherever there were not books, and the odd spaces full of flowers. A cheerful fire burned in the chimney, by way of recognition of the cloudy day, but all the windows were open, and all the merry birds tried to outsing Dr. Bartol, and pretend that they knew more about Shakespeare than he did. For this subject was "Shakespeare's Personality in his Poetry." There have been many commentators on Shakespeare's works, but few of them have ever so intimately divined from the works the man.

Said Papillon, an accomplished French critic, lately deceased: "It is reported that an English contemporary, sending his groom across the way to call his friend Shakespeare, was asked by the servant how he should know which was Shakespeare. 'You will know him perfectly well,' was the answer. 'He alone looks like a man. All the rest are animals.'" But it is very singular how little we do know of this representative man—this man of might, whose kingly nature included and comprehended all other men. Our American essayist, Mr. Emerson, was once, after a glowing tribute of praise to the great dramatist which no one has ever surpassed, constrained to add that, after all, Shakespeare must go into history with a more than doubtful reputation, having led an obscure and profane life, a mere master of revels, and fit subject thus for Mohammed's reproach, in the name of the gods, to such as turn existence into merry-making: "Think ye we have made the heavens and the earth for sport?" With this notion of Shakespeare as but a master of revels Dr. Bartol gently took issue.

Not that a mighty master of revels need be a poor object; but, if that were all of Shakespeare, he would not have written the plays that bear his name, for their author must have been a historian, philosopher, lawyer, archæologist, physiologist, acquiring many things, and divining more. But no doubt Shakespeare was a player in the very essence of his nature. No doubt, too, he loved men of all kinds. The master was blamed for associating with publicans and sinners. Socrates, too, consorted with the disreputable. Shakespeare had illustrious precedent for finding his lesson book in all humanity, and not simply among the genteel. Not from the genealogy or the history of his associates shall we learn the nature of the man Shakespeare, but out of his own mouth, as it were, will we approve or condemn him. What has he taught us to admire—what to shun? Are the wicked glorified by him, or is nobility of soul the one thing needful? Have you an opinion of Iago, Othello, Shylock, Richard III., and do you think that he, their creator, had none?

The millions of flesh and blood die and pass away—Henry and Elizabeth, and Buckingham and Wolsey, and Philip and John had faded out of misd long ago, but for the bard's strange embalming, beyond the art of the Egyptians; while out of the realm of imagination he summons Hamlet and Lear, and Imogen and Desdemona, and, oh royal giver, confers upon them immortality. Shakespeare was a painter—human nature sat to him, and the world was his studio. No pleasure lover or debauchee could he have been. From what but an immense sobriety could these works of his which we call plays have come? Through what big, chaste, well-ordered apartments must the characters from his ever conceiving, restless imagination have trooped? The puritanic conscience cross-questions Shakespeare's piety, and doubts if he were a religious man. But shall we not find his faith, too, in his works? Behold in his poetry his personality. Himself—what constitutes his power and informs his life—is all in his work, and can not help being found there by every discerning eye.

And thus inviting us to hear the king of men and of poets bear testimony of himself, the doctor, for an enchanted hour, read to us selections from the different plays and sonnets—extracts full of revelation, showing to us a man of devout faith, of lofty ambition, of sad sagacity, of a heart strong to love, generous to forgive, and full of sympathy for all the world—a man whose genius was no greater than his trust and his justice. Between these extracts Dr. Bartol sandwiched the subtlest comments of his own, revealing, like the sudden flash of a bright light, much that had been dark before.

When the discourse was over, Mr. Emerson said that he believed he had not missed a word; this, at last, was a portrait of Shakespeare worthy to be painted—done by aid of all the telescopes. Indeed, the doctor had carried with him all our sympathies. We forgot that any spots of petty last-testament, or curse on him who should disturb his bones, had ever dimmed the brightness of this glorious sun on which we had been invited to gaze. We offered at this shrine our silent, full-hearted worship, and then the talk fell, as was natural in such presence, into the familiar discussion of the noblest themes—of poets and poetry and thought, and metaphysics, of "life and death, and the vast forever."

At last Mr. Alcott said: "And you, lover of Hawthorne, would you like to see his house—the last home he had in this world?" My hat was on in a moment. The house is the next one to Mr. Alcott's, but not very near. A true inhabitant of Concord brooks no neighbor under his windows. This Hawthorne house is the one where "Septimus Felton" lived, at that time, as Hawthorne himself described it, "a two-story house, gabled before, but with only two rooms on a floor, crowded upon by the hill behind—a house of thick walls, as though the projector had that sturdy feeling of permanence in life which incites people to make strong their earthly habitations, as if deluding themselves with the idea that they could forever inhabit them."

As we walked, Mr. Alcott told me that a man really used to live in that house who fancied he was going to remain alive forever; and Hawthorne's romance had this much foundation. The house is now used as a girl's school. "Would you like to go in?" asked my indulgent guide. Oh, would I not? And so we rang the bell. A kindly lady came to speak to us, and seated us in Hawthorne's down-stairs study; the room whence, at the undesired approach of visitors, he used to escape so rapidly, and climb steep and narrow stairs to the square tower-room which he had built himself as a refuge from intruders. Could we visit that room also? Yes, certainly, but two of the young ladies now occupy it. She would see if they were there. In a moment she came back to us with permission, and we climbed the stairs the dead magician had climbed so often, and stood, at last, in the very holy of holies, where dwelt this genius, sad as a tear and subtle as a flame. I looked from the windows whence he had looked. I leaned on the desk at which he had stood and written. I seemed to be sharing the place with a mighty ghost, and I was almost glad to go down again into the light of common day.

Then we climbed the hill where "Septimus," in the romance, was wont to pace to and fro; where he found the strange flower growing on the grave, and where he met the strange white maiden. The path here was worn by Hawthorne's own feet; for day after day, summer and winter, he used to walk there, dreaming his strange dreams, seeing visions such as no mortal eye ever saw before, sad, shy, sagacious cynic that he was. The day suited his memory. It was cloudy and gray, with now and then some sudden flash of light, which faded as quickly as it came. I gathered a sprig or two of green from a tree on the summit of this hill, and went down. The cheerful beauty and cordial hospitality of the Alcotts' home gave me a strange sense of contrast. I fain would have stayed there, in the cheerful fire-glow, among the flowers and the pictures, companioned by those who had been the "Little Women" once, and drinking unlimited cups of coffee handed about by the "Little Men;" but railroad trains wait for no sentiment, and I found by an inexorable time table that my "Day in Concord" must needs be over.

Getting Them Out.

A family named Prather, says the Detroit *Free Press*, occupying a house on Croghan street, have paid no rent for three months, and the landlord has been trying to get them out. He took away the front steps as a gentle hint, but they lived right on. Then he got hold of the front door key, but they went around to the side door. The landlord then put a carpenter in the parlor to make repairs, but the family moved into the kitchen, and were still happy. After due consideration the landlord took the windows out of the parlor and bedroom, but the family had a good stove and plenty of wood. Next, after learning that he hadn't discouraged his tenants, the owner of the house went in and removed all the doors and windows, leaving the pure air of heaven rushing through the old coop like a runaway mule. He thinks they will leave in a day or two, but it is doubtful, as pedestrians who passed the house in the afternoon saw the children playing horse in the windows and father seated on the bed mending a rat-trap.

The *Contemporary Review* says:

A poet without pathos, either natural or acquired, seems to us one who will utterly fail in reaching the highest ends of his being. It was anguish which sublimated the genius of Dante, and led to what is grandest in his divine compositions. He was an example of what we should call acquired pathos; that is, the pathos begotten in the spirit through suffering. An example of natural pathos is to be found in Wordsworth, whose life was singularly free from the ordinary sadness of humanity, but who yet possessed, as it has been so beautifully expressed, and he might have claimed for himself—

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

A man who had recently been elected a major of militia, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head on the morning of parade to exercise a little by himself. The field selected for this purpose was his own appartment. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed: "Attention, company! Rear rank, three paces, march!" and he tumbled down into the cellar. His wife hearing the racket, came running in, saying, "My dear, have you killed yourself?" "Go about your business, woman," said the hero; "what do you know about war."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Chamber of Commerce, Monthly Meeting, MONDAY, July 6, at 7:30 P. M.
jy5 1t W. M. BURWELL, Secretary.

Special Notice—New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad Company, Office Freight Agent, New Orleans, July 3, 1874.—On and after this day all freights to be forwarded by the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad will be received at their levee depot, foot of St. Joseph street.

Combustible articles will not be received until further notice.
jy4 5t E. A. BURKE, Freight Agent.

Office of the Mississippi and Mexican Gulf Ship Canal Company, No. 37 Camp street, New Orleans.—An election for nine directors of this company will be held on MONDAY, July 20, between the hours of 12 M. and 2 P. M., at the office of this company. S. D. MOODY,
jy4 td Secretary.

Germania National Bank, New Orleans, June 30, 1874.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a semi-annual dividend of SEVEN AND ONE-HALF PER CENT was declared, payable to the stockholders on demand.
jy2 6t HERM. ROEHL, Cashier.

Louisiana Savings Bank and Safe Deposit Company, No. 51 Camp street, New Orleans, July 1, 1874.—At a meeting of the directors of this bank the following gentlemen were elected to fill vacancies, viz:

MR. SAMUEL JACKSON, President New Orleans Gaslight Company.
MR. ED. CONERY, of E. Conery, Son & Co.
MR. THOMAS SMITH, of Smith & McKenna.
The board is now composed of the following:

ED. CONERY.	THOMAS SMITH.
JAMES JACKSON.	DAVID WALLACE.
JOHN S. WALTON.	W. H. THOMAS.
ED. C. PALMER.	

JOHN S. WALTON, Cashier.
jy1

Notice.—New Orleans, July 1, 1874.—All powers of attorney granted by me, except those to John A. Stevenson, John H. Stevenson and Charles K. Burdean, are from and after this date revoked.
jy2 6t* J. T. BURDEAU.

Office of the Home Mutual Insurance Company—New Orleans, July 1, 1874.—Notice is hereby given to the scrip holders of this company that in compliance with a resolution previously adopted by them, Certificates of Stock—in lieu of scrip—have been issued, and are now ready to be delivered to them upon the surrender of their certificates of scrip.
jy1 1m CHARLES LE SASSIER, Secretary.

Southern Bank, New Orleans, July 12, 1873.—Notice is hereby given that the unredeemed notes issued by the old "Southern Bank" must be presented for payment within one year from the first publication of this notice, at the office of the Auditor of this State, who, on receiving satisfactory proof of the publication of this notice for one year, as aforesaid, will surrender any funds he may hold for the payment of the said unredeemed notes.
jy12 eowtw J. GARR, Cashier

Hibernia National Bank, New Orleans, June 27, 1874.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors, this day, a dividend of FIVE PER CENT out of the earnings of the last six months was declared, payable on the thirteenth of July, proximo.
jy23 7t JOHN G. DEVEREUX, Cashier.

Louisiana Savings Bank and Safe Deposit Company, No. 51 Camp street, New Orleans, July 1, 1874.—At a meeting of the Directors of this bank, the following gentlemen were elected to fill vacancies, viz:

Mr. James Jackson, president New Orleans Gaslight Company.
Mr. Edward Conery, of E. Conery, Son & Co.
Mr. Thomas Smith, of Smith & McKenna.
The board is now composed of the following: Messrs. Ed. Conery, James Jackson, Thomas Smith, David Wallace, W. H. Thomas, John S. Walton and E. C. Palmer.

JOHN S. WALTON, Cashier.

Referring to above notice, in which the name of our Mr. Thomas Smith appears as director of the Louisiana Savings Bank and Safe Deposit Company, we beg to submit to the public the following extract from letter received this date.

SMITH & McKENNA.

NEW YORK, June 30, 1874.

My Dear Mack:

I am in receipt of your telegram stating that I have been elected as director in the Louisiana Savings Bank and Safe Deposit Company. I have not consented to serve, nor will I under any conditions whatever. State this most positively. Very truly,
THOMAS SMITH.
jy5 1w

Notice.—Office Board of Underwiters, New Orleans, June 9, 1874.—At a meeting of this Board, held this day, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That no claim for loss under our fire policies be paid until SIXTY DAYS after satisfactory proof of the same, excepting sums not exceeding $1000; provided the fire shall not have originated on the premises.

The following was adopted October 13, 1873:

Resolved, That the Fire Wardens be and are hereby instructed to investigate, judicially, the origin of all fires, in accordance with act of the Legislature, No. 153, section four, A. D. 1855.

The following companies compose the Board of Underwriters:

Crescent Mutual Insurance Company.
Merchants' Mutual Insurance Company.
Factors and Traders' Insurance Company.
Mechanics and Traders' Insurance Company.
Commercial Insurance Company.
Teutonia Insurance Company.
Hibernia Insurance Company.
Germania Insurance Company.
Louisiana Insurance Company.
New Orleans Mutual Insurance Association.
New Orleans Mutual Insurance Company.
Peoples' Insurance Company.
Sun Insurance Company.
Home Insurance Company.
Hope Insurance Company.
Union Insurance Company.
Delta Insurance Company.
C. N. Welshans, Agent.
P. A. Barker, Agent.
S. A. Moritz, Agent.
By order of the Board.
jel3 Su 1m GEORGE MATHER, Secretary.

New Orleans Canal and Banking Company, New Orleans, Monday, June 22, 1874.—At a special meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a semi annual dividend of FIVE PER CENT was declared, payable to the stockholders on the first Monday in July next.
je25 18t CH. JUMONVILLE, Cashier.

POLITICAL NOTICES.

A Call for a State Convention.—Rooms State Central Executive Committee, Republican Party of Louisiana, New Orleans, July 1, 1874.—At a meeting of the committee it was

Resolved, That a convention of the Republican party of Louisiana be and is hereby called to meet at New Orleans on WEDNESDAY, the fifth day of August, 1874, at twelve o'clock M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for State Treasurer, choosing a new State Central Committee, and to transact such other business as may come before it.

Resolved, That at this convention the delegates elected from the first, second, third and sixth congressional districts shall nominate candidates for Congress for their respective districts.

Resolved, That the several parish committees of the Republican party in the State are hereby authorized and required to call elections of delegates to said convention, and forward to the president of the State Central Executive Committee the proper credentials of the delegates elected, countersigned by the secretaries of their respective committees, on or before the time fixed for the holding of the convention.

Resolved, That the basis of representation in said convention shall be as follows: Every 500 Republican votes, as cast at the last general election in each parish and in each ward of the city of New Orleans, shall be entitled to one delegate, and an additional delegate for a remaining fraction of over one-half of that number; and, provided further, that each parish and each ward in the city of New Orleans shall be entitled to at least one delegate; provided further, that if in any parish or ward of the city of New Orleans the number of Republican votes cast at the general election of 1870 should exceed the number cast at the election of 1872, then the basis of representation in such parish or ward shall be computed upon the vote of 1870.

APPORTIONMENT OF DELEGATES.

Ascension	4	Orleans—	
Assumption	4	Seventh ward	4
Avoyelles	4	Eighth ward	2
Baton Rouge, East	5	Ninth ward	2
Baton Rouge, West	2	Tenth ward	2
Bienville	1	Eleventh ward	2
Bossier	2	Twelfth ward	1
Caddo	3	Thirteenth ward	1
Calcasieu	1	Fourteenth ward	1
Caldwell	1	Fifteenth ward	4
Cameron	1	Sixteenth ward	1
Carroll	3	Seventeenth ward	1
Catahoula	3	Ouachita	3
Claiborne	2	Plaquemines	4
Concordia	3	Point Coupee	3
De Soto	2	Rapides	4
Feliciana, East	3	Red River	2
Feliciana, West	3	Richland	1
Franklin	1	Sabine	1
Grant	2	St. Bernard	2
Iberia	2	St. Charles	2
Iberville	4	St. Helena	2
Jackson	1	St. James	4
Jefferson	4	St. John Baptist	2
Lafayette	1	St. Landry	4
Lafourche	4	St. Martin	2
Livingston	1	St. Mary	4
Madison	4	St. Tammany	1
Morehouse	3	Tangipahoa	2
Natchitoches	4	Tensas	5
Orleans—		Terrebonne	3
First ward	3	Union	1
Second ward	3	Vermilion	1
Third ward	5	Vernon	1
Fourth ward	2	Washington	1
Fifth ward	4	Webster	2
Sixth ward	2	Winn	1

S. B. PACKARD, President.
T. W. DE KLYNE, Secretary.
Republican papers throughout the State please copy.
jy5 1t

Attention Republicans of First Ward.—There will be a special meeting of the First Ward Sub-Club No. 1 at Brown's Hall, on Melpomene street, between St. Charles and Prytania streets, MONDAY, sixth instant, to which all good Republicans of the ward are respectfully invited.

ZENOS JONES, President.
D. CROWLEY, Secretary. jy5 1t*

Hall of the Republican Sub-Club No. 5, Sypher Guards, Seventh Ward, New Orleans, July 5, 1874.—The officers and members of this club are hereby notified to attend a meeting at their hall, corner of Rocheblave and Columbus streets, THIS EVENING, at four o'clock. All Republicans are invited to attend.

By order of G. BRUNIG, President.
F. W. LIGGINS, Secretary. jy5 1t*

POLITICAL NOTICES.

Hall of the Third District Central Republican Club, New Orleans, July 1, 1874.—Pursuant to a call published in the New Orleans Republican of the thirtieth ultimo, a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Third District Central Republican Club was held at the hall, on Spain street, near Love.

The meeting was called to order at 7:30 P. M. by the secretary, Mr. W. H. Green, who called Mr. J. B. Jourdain to the chair temporarily, Mr. Kinsella not being present.

A recess of half an hour was taken to enable those desirous to enroll themselves as members.

The recess having expired, it was ascertained that there were 636 enrolled members, and, on motion adopted, the club proceeded to the election of officers by a